

Nov 26. 1916.

My sweetkest Ruth; I had two letters from you today. It makes me too sick for words to think of the disappointment mine of yesterday will cause you. And yet I have nothing to add to that; until leave begins in earnest I can have no definite idea when my turn will come. I presume Bell must go before me now & there may be a number of other officers in the group - I believe it is in that unit that seniority counts. Oh! my poor darling I know what this delay must mean to you & it makes me sick to think of it both ways. For my part I intend to be as busy as ever I can to make the time pass quickly; & you must do the same.

A great misadventure befell us this morning - the wall of the Captain's dug-out or map-room as it had come to be called & the partition wall between that & the telephonists' place fell in - waterlogged. I've had to carry my B.C. work from here, the mess-room & here both the captain & two signallers will sleep tonight. It has been pouring wet yesterday & half to-day - really the deluge again. My dug-out has survived fairly well - only a very mild stream down one wall making a puddle under my bed, & some minor

damage to the staircase walls. The big new work
did not get covered in time & is now in a bad mess -
still a few more dry days will rectify that.
We're beginning to think about Xmas & I am going
to arrange tomorrow what shall be provided
for the men's feast & festivities.

The news from Roumania these last days depresses
me beyond words - it's almost too hateful to think
of. I have just the faintest hope of a counter
blow from Russia; it's a mobile warfare there
& the Huns must be taking risks. Still; that
it should have come to this! The results of the
complete occupation of Southern Roumania
are almost incalculable & might mean an
altogether undecisive end to the war - I can't bear
to think of it.

Nov 27. A cold misty morning - but the sun trying to break
through. I don't feel by any means disposed to shudder
at the discomforts here. They will be nothing like so
disagreeable as those last winter at Weymouth; - my
dug-out for instance is a much nicer place than the
sordid room I shared with Hooper there - and the general
messiness of life at N. 4 makes me shudder to think of.

the dirtiness of our meals & the noisy crowd. And then the skating rink, sitting in the cold with nothing to do. You at Abbotsbury redeemed it all - how nice Abbotsbury was! And then it was a new start in life & one was strung up to it - just as this is a heroic phase of life for everyone concerned & one is strung up to this. But the very name of Weymouth gives me the shudders - although I enjoyed the latter end when we were together.

I'm glad you find time for some reading & like Browell - I think it's quite time now that you read my book & then the Tars in the Hebrides. Anne Veronica made rather a sensation when it came out - I remember reading it at Cambridge - & shocked a good many people. I think the real problem is the connection of ~~love~~ a girl with her family - how it may be right and will probably be dangerous to seek an independent existence. Quite one of the best Wells; it was followed by Tom Bungay - have you read that? You would enjoy that I'm sure - more than Anne Veronica.

I heard from Polly yesterday - a long riprap of trivialities as you might expect - still I noticed nothing unusual. I shall certainly write to her soon. She must have loved the Brooks; how well

Hot water - can you imagine a more hopeless proposition out here. However, I have
sometimes bathed it for 2 or 3 minutes in very cold water. with rubbing manipulations
exercises have brought it to a fair state. Many thanks to you my love
to be patient - it still may be fairly soon. We give many of

can imagine it! Even Chubb-Brooke's Christianity
must have given way. Its extraordinary, how slow
he is to perceive that people are likely to be bored; I
now quite well from what he once said to me that
he didn't suspect Polly. Now I have the keenest
possible scent for that failing - my protective instinct
is awakened at once and I'm prepared for any
manoeuvre to escape the infliction of a bore at the
present or in the future. I suppose that is why
I never answered a long letter from Wimberley -
I'm glad however you saw him - please ask his
mother if you see her again to send a kind
remembrance from me.

Just instructions for finding Bob Morgan will I
affair'd be thrown away, for, whenever the wonderful
occasion does arrive, I shall be sent by the
other route.

I have now a favourable report to give you about my
anole. The trouble & relieve was simply adhesions;
the joint has a way of getting stuck if it's not
exercised & then a muscular effort may produce
slight strains because the muscles & tendons are not
free to act. The great difficulty has been that when it
is in an inflamed state the manipulation required to
ease the joint increases the inflammation. The right treatment
then is to hold it under a cold water tap & then bathe it in