

Oct. 13. 1916.

Dearest One I have had two long & lovely letters from you this evening - Oct. 4 & 6. I am very glad Robert is to stay with you. I only wish I could be with you for his visit. You seem to be all right with Violet again - I very much hope so.

I also heard from Hugh Wilson's mother - enclosing two photos & the notice of him which appeared in the Rugby school magazine; all of which I am very glad to have. Her letter is dated Sept. 14, the anniversary of Hugh's death; I have had no communication with her since then & feel I must write now; I wish her letter hadn't been so long on the way. Apparently Hugh's brother Stewart was wounded on Aug. 20; David told me in his letter that he was at Rouen between life & death & Mrs Wilson confirms this but says she trusts he has turned the corner. I don't know which news is more recent. Poor people; it is a terrible time for them.

I had a delightful letter from Mr Hoenni yesterday - nice affectionate creature. He tells me evidently with some pleasure that he saved a child's

life from during the holidays by jumping into the Thames. Apparently the Headmaster has been very ill - did you know?

This is not going to be a long letter as I want to finish it before I turn in. I shall be busy at the battery to-morrow. We are having a preposterously idle time just now. Yesterday I actually went for a walk - a regular constitutional in the afternoon. I crossed the Ancre & its broad flood waters by a wooden bridge or causeway perhaps. I ought to say with tall gay poplars springing out of the water on either side, & then turned to the right along the railway & followed a path beside the water & in the shade of Avebury Wood. Except for a great gun which occasionally went off with a big bang it was wonderfully quiet. I picked some Ragged Robin - or pink Campion I suppose it may have been & Meadow Sweet & also got some very fine autumnal ^{Chestnut} leaves. I thought of you all the time or nearly so.

We seem to be getting on slowly here now & I don't feel so happy about the war. The enemy seems stronger again on this front.

With all my love dear Ruth. Your loving
George