

Oct. 16. 1916.

Dearest Ruth, I've again had no letter from you for two days. Perhaps I shall get one today. But I've had a parcel - a beautiful Chocolate cake. I must write a little note to Mrs Woolton. Also a case of apples has arrived - somewhat broken, but luckily without having lost its contents, which except for a few of the rotten apples arrived in very good condition. I ate one after breakfast this morning; it was very nice, but not sweet, so I take it they are cookers. I had a long and energetic day yesterday. I started at 7.30 & had a long job reconnoitring a lot of ground with the object of finding a suitable spot for digging some Hun trenches & then laid a wire to the spot chosen - that took me till about 1.0 o'clock & then before I had had time to look around [one wants half a day for that in a new place] both batteries [we do this work with 109] wanted a registration;

It was quite a satisfactory piece of work I think.  
On the way back I went to see 109's officers. They  
are quite a pleasant lot & it's pleasant to get  
to know fresh faces. They are now commanded  
by Captain Sayers who was with 141 & was here  
with the half battery that relieved our fellows.

I'm afraid this will be a poor scrap of  
letter. I had to spend some time this morning  
recovering a protractor which I managed  
to leave about yesterday - dropped through the slit  
of my mackintosh I expect instead of into the pocket.  
The weather cleared yesterday afternoon & we  
had a bright sky - after many dull ones. It is  
glorious again to-day - very cold. It is never  
fine, I make out, in this country except with  
north - east winds - it is a cold part of the  
world - I'm sure much colder than England.  
I shall write some more this evening.  
All my love to you dearest one  
George