

Nov. 2. 1916.

My own Ruth, I was too sleepy last night & I have been too busy this morning to write to you - I'll merely scrawl a few lines now before lunch - which I am to take with a carthusian whom I met this morning, one Chamier; you never can have met him, I think; he was a member of my old modern sixth & a particularly nice boy though I never had him among the most select number of pals, partly perhaps because he left Young for Woolwich. He has apparently been living within 300 yards of me for a month & I have only seen him once when I spied him from the car as ~~he~~ I was passing through A. & he didn't recognize me.

Yesterday night have been much more disagreeable. I started out in mist & it was raining before I had gone any great distance & so we went along rather drearily in the mud to a sort of half-way house where we use an old Hun dug-out as a 'tapping in station'; we spent most of the morning happily enough there writing on the weather & then with

The first signs of clearing set out for a certain trench. I expected to find it half full of liquid mud, but fortunately the infantry had cleared it of the worst & it wasn't a particularly unpleasant place. No shelling of us all day. It seemed a very heavy walk back, my ankle being badly. I found no letter from you when I got back! What a feast I am expecting to-day or to-morrow.

Platnauer came in last night just as I was turning in; I was very sleepy, still it was friendly work setting over my oil stove and when I wanted to get rid of him I asked him to dinner to-night, & he is coming - so M&P is very much in evidence just now.

The previous night we had a 'brige' at the right half for Casey's twenty-first lot - quite a messy evening till about 1.30.

Farewell for the present.

Your loving  
George