

Jan. 28. 1917

My dearest Ruth, This is only a brief note, as I am busy - to tell you firstly that not improbably my next letter may be rather late in reaching you.

I also want to express the general appreciation by the mess of the sausages - so please send the same kind again.

We seem to be living chiefly on ration rations just now - bully beef & biscuit so that sausages are especially welcome.

It is desperately cold here. The snow has been lying on the ground for ten days now & for the last four we have had a bitter N.E. wind. Very good except for the wind.

I believe there's something important I wanted to say - but I can't think what else it was unless that I think

Your letter address me 30 H.A.G.
till I was you again. A nice
Irishman of 109 lbs was badly wounded
today just after he left the O.P. I'm
very sorry, he's a nice fellow, & he got it
in the stomach poor man.

A chance came along today of applying for
a job on the staff - do you know I don't
think I could wear red tuts, they would
make me blush. Somehow they don't seem
to belong to the world of war, except the
big pots.

Good Night darling. I love you.
I want you. Your loving George

