

Oct. 6. 1916.

My dearest Ruth, No letters from you yet; apparently two, of which one had 'per L.N.W.R.' or something of the sort written across it, have gone astray here: but that was on the day the cake arrived; no doubt correspondence is getting held up on the line. Meanwhile how are you faring? My letters seem to have been rather scrappy lately. Nothing further has yet happened to us. The weather is a most unpleasant preventer of movement at present. I had a muddy time at the O.P. the day before yesterday; luckily it rained so hard in the morning that it wasn't worth while starting till it ceased at noon. But it is a job getting there & back. Either you must walk steadily through seas of mud on the roads, or at the roadsides where the ground is usually too slippery to be endured for more than a few minutes or one must track across country ~~over~~ through & round the shell holes — a very uneven ploughed

field provided with manifold traps of
wire baskets & otherwise & soaked
with rain. It was dark before we
reached the battery, not without crossing
I found that Bell had left in the car
for these quarters a few minutes before
- so there was the prospect of another
half hour jostling traffic on the muddy
road; I simply boarded a car full of
officers - they might have been ^{generals} ~~generals~~
for all I could tell & insisted upon
standing on the footboard.

Yesterday was fairly fine until night
when rain fell, but not very much.
I was with Littlejohn in the morning
- working over my observations of the
previous day & then working the guns
for Bell, who was observing. It was a
long business as our line was constantly
out of order. I sat for half the day I
should think on Littlejohn's bed waiting
to give orders so soon as we could get

through. It's a queer deep hole which
now serves for the Captain's office &
bed chamber, ^{covered} a passage about 6 ft by
& 10 ft high, ^{18" broad} connects it with another
excavation where two signallers work
the telephone sleep eat, & have their
being. I wish you could see these places
- it would give you an idea of our life.
What will it all be like in the winter
when we have to dig ourselves in in
wet weather or perhaps have no time
to dig at all - if we move faster.

I feel quite inclined to get back to
my book this morning as Littlejohn
has no duties at the battery for me -
however I am sent on a commission to
[redacted] that will be rather agreeable.

I shall have lunch there & see my
friends at the vegetable garden & have
a josh with my lady of the omelette, &
finally buy some flour for the men,
& lots of papers. We've been very short
of papers just lately. The Russians

& Russians both seem to be getting on
by the last news we had - Oct 7. I think

I wish I had your letters dear. it seems
quite different writing to you when I
haven't heard for some days (Sept. 27 was
the date on your last) as though you be some-
how further away. Letters help to make
your qualities become a person; I don't
know why it is, but you're not ^{you} very easy
to imagine; I suppose I've observed ^{you} in a
way too closely & my impressions are apt
to be confused by detail. Anyway it's quite
time I had some more impressions. Oh!
my darling I do want your presence, I want
you to hold long & love dearly; I want to look
into your eyes; I want to hear your voice
caressing me & to feel the touch of your lips.
So strong & sweet! Ah! Nearest me we'd
have to wait a little yet. & [REDACTED]
waste our ten days together.

Ever yours lovingly

George.

Did the bundle of letters reach you all
right?