

Oct. 27. 1916.

My dearest Ruth, This has been an idle & a pleasant day. I was busy with my dug-out this morning & have at last got things tolerably straight. The table-cloth has made its first appearance, I like it very much; the colour goes beautifully with my clay walls & I feel more of you about it than anything I have. The pot-pourri stands on the table with the lid off while I am 'at home'; and the lavender bag has found its place among my clothes. I can sit at the table on my cartilage case or beside it in my arm-chair with an excellent light in either case - a merit almost peculiar to this dug-out. When I get my stove, which Lithgow or Dunbar is buying, I hope, in Amiens to-day I shall be more comfortable so far as that part of life is concerned than I have yet been out here. If only you could occupy one seat while I am using the other! I was thinking of you very particularly when I happened to be awake last night. You're better to live with than to meet - as I meet you in your letters. I want you as a shining presence & the rest fits in with that

harmoniously & beautifully - your untrained intellect
& your right sense of things & your love of beauty.
How fresh the day seems to have begun when we sit
at breakfast together & how serenely it closes with
you in the other armchair beside the fire in our
drawing room hearth!

Lithjorn is away to Annens today with Dunbar
& East & West will be making it up busily - they
certainly have not got on well of late. I spent
the latter part of the morning & the early part
of the afternoon writing to Mrs Wilson in
answer to the letter I told you of. I should like
to see those people again & I wouldn't mind
spending a night of my leave in Worcester -
I wonder how you would like it. I then
went on a voyage of discovery to a neighbours
battery in search of one Plattner, a young master
at Winchester in civil life; I had only met him
once for one minute but I knew we should
have lots of mutual friends. He was alone
fortunately; I quite like him - not enthu-
siastically; but quite sufficiently well to have hopes.
I stayed to tea & after dinner I am going round

again to play bridge - wonderful dissipation! how
all that does take me back to the other world
where it belongs - but it is away of sociability
& I want that.

You will wonder from
this letter what officers of a siege battery find to
do on a wet day. My duties to-day have been
practically NIL - & I expect that during
the winter there will be many such days.

A great parcel from Mother arrived two days
ago with the promised waistcoat - it is a great
success & I now feel impervious to cold. I have
recently had a new pair of breeches from my tailor
& a new coat which is big enough to accommodate my
woolly waistcoat & this new one at the same time -
it is simply a lamb-skin so far as I can make out
wool with the short curly white wool turned inward
& outward a surface very much like 'shammy' leather.

Oct 28. I had a very nice letter from
you last night. I am sorry Clara isn't herself
again. By the bye did I ever tell you how
very much shocked & grieved I was to hear

about Persis; thank God we haven't yet had any misfortunes of that sort. I suppose the child will always be delicate or anyway an illness like that must affect her while development. And from what you said it seemed likely that they were far from being at the end of their troubles.

The war is too disgusting to think of just now. The Germans are too good at the game — in spite of our boasted effort here & the offensive on all the fronts they calmly muster an army & capture the port of a new enemy. It's time we gave up talking about a fight to the finish, as the U.D.C. folk have said all along. However, the French capture of Douaumont is a good knock. The weather is simply the personal devil in whom I have the profoundest belief.

Farewell dear one. All my love to you
Your loving George