

Oct. 22. 1916.

My dearest Ruth, I'm afraid I have missed two days this time instead of one, but I'm not sure. Anyway I would have written to you last night if I hadn't been dining with 109 & I would have written to you this morning if I hadn't been observing & I hadn't expected to.

I had three letters from you this evening - with satisfactory news of both Clare & myself of which I am very glad. It is a curious experience to read the account of your illness & recovery all in one batch! And a cake arrived yesterday - the parcel is in good order but won't be opened for a day or two as we have enough to go on with: but perhaps now I know that Grifer is inside I shall get it out.

And now my dear to a subject of great importance: - according to the calendar this is the season of autumn - but apparently someone has made a mistake for at night we now have a hard frost & during the day the temperature scarcely rises above 40° - if this blunder is to take effect with progressive severity during the winter

we are likely to feel cold & I for one am resolved to take measures to defeat this purpose of the evil one. It is all very well to rejoice in bracing frost when you can play football & return to a hot bath and a fire but when it's a case of standing in a damp trench all day with one's eye to a telescope which has not the habit of taking exercise to warm its lenses, & coming home to moist walls of clay (mine are still glutting) the only way to establish your superiority is simply to pile on the layers & achieve warmth that way. I intended to make provision for the winter months when I was home on leave, but the experience of these last three days have given me a certain disinclination to do quite so much hoping as that sort of wait might involve. In short I want soon; -

2 pairs warm pyjamas,
2 short woollen drawers (probably very difficult to get), 2 medium woollen vests, 2 thick flannel shirts (collars 17 or $16\frac{1}{2}$). I also want 1 more face towel to replace a poor object which is apt to catch in my nose & extend its sad gaping wounds pitifully.

I'm sorry to be writing such a highly practical & entirely uninteresting letter. I am overwhelmed

by the diversity of topics which seem to arise for discussion - many of them suggested by your letters.

I'm interested in the Arts & Crafts Exhibition. I take it you went to a private view? You say nothing about the china. What about your bowl? My dear one it would give me quite a special thrill of pleasure to see it there. What a memorable time we spent under the saunders roof at New Romney! I expect I should like much in the exhibition - a what more can one hope from any such show? I want very much to see it & with you.

I saw East to-day - even more depressed & tired of the job than last time; I don't believe in his attitude altogether & of course rag him about it - all the same he does I believe dislike the whole business more than most folk & also belongs to a particularly uncomfortable battery, - or so I gather. I'm glad we haven't 'mine-twee'; their ammunition is such damn'g great stuff & causes them endless trouble - & they don't get the compensating advantages of still bigger guns which have a bigger range

stay further back a fire less. I mentioned your gift to him & he seemed duly delighted at the prospect of receiving it. Will take it along in a day or two.

I've been quite busy since we joined up. With Low is giving himself a rest more or less & Bell & I do most of the ^{O.C.} work (he of course responsible). For three days in succession I have been to a place we sometimes use for observation - only $\frac{1}{2}$ hr's walk - to carry out some work on a particular spot - not at all dangerous, or except today when I must have descended 150 yds in very difficult light, at all strenuous. It is amazing what one can see at even 5000 yds in a misty light when one knows the ground & really fixes his eyes to the place for a few minutes.

Well, my dearest one, I must now take some violent measures to restore the circulation to my feet & then before they get cold again I think I shall turn in.

Great love to you dear, dear Ruth & oh, a kiss.
Yours lovingly
George