

Jan. 31 1917

My dearest, Life is of a very undecided nature just at present. Mr. Leod, the Doctor & myself are in one place, the Colonel & Ribbin in another - & these two will join us to-morrow I hope. But whether we shall occupy our present quarters is another question; some R.E. have authority from someone else to occupy them. Anyway we're here.

I had a lovely walk yesterday over frozen marshes. It was a day of wonderful blue lights & cold showers of snow - it is cold these days. I saw deep blue water swooshing under a bridge out into a great pool till it met the white edge of snow covered ice; everything was very hard & clean & beautiful.

At the present moment I'm sitting in a very warm room by a stove - quite comfortable & I hope we

shan't have to leave it. We are just
going to eat our hunk of bully beef.
There is very little to do at the moment
because of the uncertainty as to our quarters.
I am very happy with this lovely view.

I had two letters from you yesterday.
I'm very sorry to have such bad news of
your father & you might tell him from
me that I'm afraid it will be necessary
to dye his hair in order that the yellow
skin may become him - but whether
it ought to be dark brown or jet black
I hardly know.

I have such a lot to tell you which
must wait, that it seems almost impossible
to write much. I didn't think there would
be any chance of sending a letter to you or
I would have written last night.

Much love to your parents,

Your loving George