

Sept. 10. 1916

My dearest Ruth, I'm going to write
you a mere scrap to go by this post. I've
been very busy all the morning in the
idlest possible manner. You'll under-
stand what I mean by that, & have every
reason to be angry with me. However
I have had a most interesting conver-
sation with the cook, prolonged by
the circumstance that I was warming
my bottom, a thing that hasn't happened
since God knows when, at the kitchen
fire (the fire consists of two tins
placed side by side a foot apart & filled
with glowing wood ashes; a third tin
makes a lid to the so-called oven which
has a fire on each side); furthermore
I am beautifully shaven & well groomed,
my nails are clean & my hair is probably
still tidy - quite the British officer
at leisure; sundry papers have been
sorted & certain computations made
which I call accounts but nobody else

would. I am now sitting at the
writing table, described to^m before in
its naked condition & now covered first
with a green canvas cloth & secondly with
a litter of newspapers. The corner seat
also is a great success, & the whole place
has rather the air of a studio kept by
a methodical member of the Royal
Academy. I shall be off immediately
after lunch in the car ~~to~~ - the
caterer going to town - with quite
a number of commissions, & probably
shall hardly return before dinner time.

Such is a rest day - made restless
by the extremely hard work of writing
letters to mother first & then to you.

The sun has come out after a dull
morning. Really these last days amount
to a fire spell & I shall have to begin
feeling grateful to God again.

Perhaps I'll be able to write some
more this evening - but it won't
be able to tell you more than this
that I love you dearly -
George