

Nov. 17. 1916.

My darling, I've heard nothing more yet about leave, so there's no use talking about it.

It's wonderfully cold here - a bitter east wind. I'm glad to say that the climbing boots turned up yesterday & I've every hope of keeping my feet warm. Also a cake & the bun of yesterday's mail; great thanks; no doubt we shall find the buns as good as they look at tea to-day, when Austin East will be with me. He came in just now while we were having lunch but wouldn't eat any because he had only just finished breakfast, he said. We seem to be doing very little at present considering how fine the weather is. I dug for an hour with the men this morning & spent most of the remaining time before lunch in my dug-out reading 'Pan-Serbianism' - a very interesting part about the population of Southern Serbia. I had my curtain wrapped round my knees & it made all the difference to my warmth. As the

Supply of paraffin is by no means unlimited I can't  
burn my stove by day as well as by night - I prefer  
to use it after dark. The mess room is not a warm  
place - I am sitting there now.

Chambers & Shepherd came in last evening - but  
not to dinner. I liked the latter very much - he  
has a real aesthetic interest & came at once to that  
in talking of the Dardanelles & the coast of Asia  
Minor. He is evidently doing very well too.

We had Dunbar & Wood round to dinner to eat  
a brace of pheasants which came from the Captain's  
shooting - - made quite a gay evening of it. Oh

Daddy Wood as we call him is not a bad sort &  
always looks very content on these occasions - though  
he says almost nothing that is a great thing.

Dunbar had been to the O.P. & found it cold -  
my turn again to-morrow. I don't expect to have  
such good luck on last time.

I must get to work on the diary now.

Farewell sweet, dear wife

Yours lovingly George.