

March 25 1917

My dearest Ruth, Just a line to tell you that what I hope to enjoy is coming about. I rather wish I had written to you before for my tent. But as it is I have got so much to take along that I shall probably have to jettison ~~it~~ half of it before long. Books have accumulated monstrously. But I'm no worse than anyone else.

Luckily it is fine - not very cold this evening. I forgot yesterday to tell you of an incident which amused us greatly. Imagine three officers busting with eager desire to acquire information about the new country; they meet a cyclist a hustled, perspiring individual, who has the air of having travelled far; - 'Which road have you come by?' says the Major - 'The Wrong' Un, Sir'.

As I sit at the table writing this I have before me your lovely bowl which I have rescued from the mess tent & am going to pack in my satchel to-morrow. It's nearly a year since you painted it at New Romney. I'm glad to think that it

is so easy to face another year after  
this last; but I could do with those  
weeks of New Romney to start with.

I expect the post will treat you  
badly now - You must be prepared  
for that. I don't expect a dangerous  
time for the present.

Great love to you my darling  
Your loving George.

