

March 1 1917

My dearest Ruth, I'm an old beast not to have written to you yesterday - the time all got used up. I went over to a village some little distance from here to attend a little conference of intelligence officers that took most of the morning; and in the afternoon when I thought I should have time to write Colonel Kelly asked me to walk with him - I can't say very well refuse - we weren't back till late & then there were things to do. However I've come off very well for exercise there last two days - two miles - a walk. The day before yesterday I visited my battery - which gave me great pleasure. I found my Wood in when I arrived and after I had taken tea with him Glen came in from the O.P. - he is in command now as Littlejohn is home on special leave & won't be back before the middle of the month. They are doing very well - a lot of good shooting - & seemed very happy. They also seemed pleased to see me & Glen was very anxious for me to return to go when I leave here - as I shall do very shortly - though as a matter of fact they are not short of officers, as two reinforcements were added to their number not long ago (an architect - & a chartered accountant). I think I should thoroughly enjoy being with the battery again. This soving life is all very well but I'm feeling demotivated. I've not great hopes of the staff job - It may turn up but I shan't set my heart upon it - & anyway it will probably take some time. Russian changes are impending.

These last days have been very happy ones - chiefly because stacks of letters have been rolling up - also I have had those addressed here very quietly - I received one dated 25th yesterday. I don't know where to begin in answering all you have said. I'm very glad you approve of my note book - only regret it has no entries since I came here. By 'outfit' of life I mean not exactly one ruling purpose but rather a view for a melody as it generally is in music; I don't think it need always be the same. Though it must no doubt, after a certain age, always have something of the same - the elements of a philosophy of life.

I am delighted with what you say of Clare. She certainly strikes me as thoughtful. I'm glad she can walk but you will be wonderfully happy when you have two - I suppose you'll go chucking about like any young hen & puffing out your feathers. It's astonishing what may happen to what one messes. Perhaps I shall be a good deal garrisoned only anxious that my peace shall be disturbed by noisy children.

Dozing it would lighten my eyes to see you now. I would kiss you a hundred times. When shall I come back to you finally. I would like to find you waiting for me at the Holt. How happily we would step out into the loggia & watch the play of sunlight in that lovely valley & stroll round our little domain where you would show me all your plants coming up; & then the nursery! there'll be two infants in it before that happens - that will be an adorable place when lit by children's laughter.

Are the woods alive yet with you? They're still dead here - a few birds in the Bois des Lignes

Yesterday but burst a green thing. I love to hear of
your crocuses & cyclamens & snow drops - acornites -
have you them yet? I suppose the earliest grape
hyacinths will want 3 more weeks. How was it you
were picking primroses in the woods the other day
Sweet this frost must have killed them off long ago.

I expect we shall be fighting before the spring
but no one knows. If the Hun goes back he puts
off the evil day - that is evident. I don't much think
he will go back on a wide front, or not on the French
front at all.

I must send off this by the post now - I believe
it makes a day's difference posting at 5:0 pm
instead of by the later orderly. I spent this

lovely afternoon motoring over to Ol - a village
not many miles away & placing a marble plaque on
a grave - it sounds a strange employment, but
Captain Vancouver asked me to do it when I was
with the French. I can't tell you how the decorations
made with lead stung on wire & on flamboyant
shapes - disgust me. One was hanging round
the corner of this grave & I wanted to throw
it away - but the soldiers 'camarades' had had it
put there. I daresay things are better done among
educated French people when they can take more
care about them.

Goodbye dear love with my full heart
Your loving George