

April 7, 1916

My dearest Ruth, I'm sorry I was unable to write to you yesterday. I started immediately after breakfast for O.P. work. When I got back to the new position naturally found plenty to do. O.P. work is very different from the old job of sitting in a trench somewhere. One has to take infinite pains to escape observation & probably ends by taking up a position on a long hilltop - at least that was my experience yesterday - but I suppose it will not be repeated very often. With care I think it is no more dangerous than the other way - you may be sure I shall take every conceivable precaution; and it is a more interesting game. I came back in the evening to find the guns simulating the appearance of a disintegrated shell & the men settling down in cellars - not all the men of the half battery & no officer besides myself, the rest remaining in the old quarters - I am there now & the Major has gone up to the guns. I settled down quite happily in a cellar myself with my servant

for company & cook. There was everything  
like done for our comfort. I had a great  
success with the fire; a hole discovered  
in the roof & cleared out served as chimney  
& what must have been a large cooking  
utensil when I had stabled it separated  
with a tin bayonet acted as a brazier.  
Luckily it had two handles & I was able  
to suspend it in a shallow recess in  
the wall below the so-called chimney. We  
had a splendid fire (in spite of wet wood)  
& our first act was to warm up some

of your last consignment of sausages -  
my servant had brought up your parcel,  
it was quite a godsend - a splendid  
cake, a mug & a torch both very useful.  
The torch is exactly what I wanted - the  
best I have seen. Thank you very much  
dear me for getting it so promptly &  
so nicely.

It wasn't a wholly  
restful night as I was up on the furs  
with the snow  
from 11-30 p.m. till after 2.0 a.m., but  
I had a comfortable sleep after that

in my wash tub. We've still having doses  
of liquid snow & cold winds - most  
unpleasant.

I'm not altogether pleased with life this  
evening. My ankle has 'gone' again -  
I'm afraid it will take some days before  
it will be strong for walking again; at  
present I can only limp about miserably.  
It's quite inexplicable: two days ago it  
was as well as ever it is. I hate being  
half-crooked like this.

Another  
I have lost a Secret Code book; that  
really is the devil. You may imagine  
my anxious face hunting through my  
kit! In ordinary times I should just  
say 'lost in the move' & though I very  
seldom do lose things that would pass  
for an explanation. But this is wanted  
now by a higher authority. I shall  
probably be shot at dawn to show other  
folks how not to.

I had two letters from you to-night. I'm  
very glad Ralph's measles are only Hum ones.  
It sounds as if that trouble ought to set

itself - but it's a nuisance for him

I'm sorry you had such a hunt for  
the tent - I hope I shall use it after  
all that.

I'm glad America is now <sup>at least</sup> better off  
at last. I consider that the President  
has behaved very well since the German  
submarine declaration. He has come  
now with the greatest possible amount  
of common consent & given himself  
time to take anti-German measures  
within while the hypocrites have  
had their hands tied not knowing  
what he intended. I wonder if

you'll have more interesting news  
than that before this reaches you.

Now Good Night dear love and  
all my heart to you -

Your loving George