

April 25 1917

My dearest Ruth, I have received four letters from you since I last wrote - including the 19th in which you hail the advent of Spring. It seems to have reached you before us - we still have a cold wind, but it is warm whenever the sun shines. You seem to be, on the whole, very happy just now with your two babies & Diana. I'm not sure that I quite understand what you mean by saying you feel completely grown up - but I suppose it is just that life has filled out, which is what it ought to do. But I suppose it will go on filling out a good deal more for both of us. I'm not sure that I feel older since I came out to fight; but on the whole I think I feel less puzzled by life & more certain of ~~some~~ the better of it.

We are having rather a easy time here now, & have begun to dip - as the Hun shows a slight disposition to nastiness. I shall be sorry to take to a dugout, but I must have one ready in case it becomes necessary. Yesterday I was

on duty in the battery & didn't get a chance to begin
& to-day I can't do much my servant, as well as
many more has been inoculated. I spent a
lot of time yesterday trying to find cellars under
the ruins of a large villa; a large cellar at the
end of the house has fallen in (the house was
burned down) & it is difficult to believe that
one part of the house only had cellars. I set
some men to work digging down the outside
wall & we tried to get through about 3 ft below
the ground floor level, but found everything
quite solid there; & I tried the floor of one room
but found solid ground there too, so I had to
consider myself defeated. The chief object of
this exploit was to avoid the necessity of writ-
ing a work order for Let's go - which consists
in clearing out the aforesaid cellar - about 12 ft
of bricks & rubbish - a week's work I should
think, of a very tiresome & dusty nature.

Your parcel containing Mellis' book etc
arrived last night. I have plenty to send now
as 10 numbers of the New Europe arrived

two or three days ago. It is a masterly performance of someone to mend the out-silk cape. I'm very glad to have some chocolate. Many thanks dearest. I will try & remember to let you know about the Sausages when they come. Will you please send along 2 more refills for Tommy, his cooker before many days - they don't seem to last long & Wood has the loan of it to day which won't help matters. I shall be at the O.P. again to-morrow; O for a warm day in that wood!

We still hear little news of the battle. The French appear to be doing nothing more at present & it looks as though we had no present opportunity for snatching much more territory. No doubt the Hun has his reserves up in strength by this time. It now we want the Russians - but how much are they good for?

Dearest love I'm glad you recalled to my mind that perfect spring day we spent together

When we visited Wivichelsea & Rye. By the
same token do you remember the look of Ham
Street with the blossom out? There are half
a dozen daffodils out near here now - but
vulgar double ones. I would like to see Chibba-
Brock's Queen of Spain. Your bowl filled
with yellow polyanthus & grape hyacinths is -
front of me as I write - perpetually reminds
me of you.

I must now go - look after my gun
which is firing at the hostile battery -
with aeroplane observation.

Great love to you my darling

Your loving George.

Heather writing paper

