

Nov. 26. 1918.

My dearest Ruth, I fear this will be rather a sleepy letter. I've been reading 'The Dynasts'; I think that may be taken as an adequate explanation. We have now accomplished our move; we started last evening after tea & covered the five miles or so to Mersault by 9:30 p.m.; but the remaining two miles took us till lunch time today. Our delay, as it turned out, were fortunate as we thereby escaped an inspection by the G.O.C.R.A. This is rather a pleasant part of the world - it was a great place for battery positions before the Arras offensive in April '17. I believe the valley was simply thick with them; but the Boches apparently left his counter-battery work till too late & they were hardly 'strafed' at all. I would certainly far rather be here than at the Railway Triangle, Arras where we were hemmed in by a belt of land beset with pins of barbed wire & crows' feet.

I am going to Trifford's celebration to-morrow evening - if, that is, I am fetched in a suit-car for we have no available transport. It is possible that I shall sleep there or go on to Anniers next day or so to Paris - otherwise I shall have a sort of transcontinental train-journey from here to Rouen. I'm not much looking forward to the whole expedition - but I have a sort of feeling that one ought not to miss an opportunity. I daresay I shall enjoy it well enough when I get there. If only you had been well, you might have joined me there.

I'm afraid I have missed a day in writing to you in consequence of the move - I knew we shouldn't be able to post letters this morning. And we had no mail to-day, though Pembroke & I went with Arsas (by motor-bus) this afternoon & called for it.

Wed. morning.

A most beautiful fresh morning after rain. I greatly enjoyed my cold bath

set for me in the open country so to say amid
such turf & weeds. I have to go into Assas
again this morning to attend a court of
inquiry; it is rather annoying because I
could have made myself quite busy here.

We have to give up some of our trucks now
& there is a question of finding sleeping
quarters.

As the time goes on & no word comes
through of my release I grow more & more
anxious about it - I do want it early
next month; it seems such a waste
being out here now, & we might have
such a nice long time together.

My love to you always.

Yours loving
George.

