

March 6 1917

My dearest Ruth I will write you at least a few lines before turning in. I had two good letters from you this evening, forwarded from III Corps H.A. - & David's letter enclosed which I haven't yet read.

I do like your loving letters dear. I wish you could come & kiss me in reality, but you often do in my imagination & to night you shall be especially near.

As to the war ending - I think it very very likely that it will end this year. We have been disillusioned too often to feel any certainty about it. It's not a time of mere waiting for me, because I am down - it's much worse for you I know - especially now that you are obliged to limit your activities. I wonder if you feel irritated by that - I rather fancy not, because your body doesn't want to do much, and in the other sense you are down as much as any woman can. Any way you mustn't do more than a very little & I'm sure you're good about that. I hope the Mothers Welcome won't overburden you - but I'm sure you ought to keep it on if you reasonably can.

I haven't often thought of Venice lately. Yes, it does seem far away; - and yet we come back

to that in a way when we're together - that kind of happiness I mean. Don't we?

I've not had a wildly exciting day, but quite pleasant - hard at work on maps this morning & late in the afternoon as I did my observing from a tree - it was very little use as I didn't know the country and the officer who was to meet me from battery nearly a show me the ground was no use - still I rather enjoyed the distant view of P, though I shouldn't have recognised it from what I remember of Quentin Droward; and I enjoyed being blown by the wind. I walked through a large wood afterwards down to another battery to have tea (by invitation); the little fresh promise leaves have just begun to show which please me very much. I expect a good many partially broken down woods like this one will be green again in the spring.

March 7. A dull day - nevertheless I am going out to an O.P. to look round.

It is a great advantage of the battery life that it provides more objects to take one out. We live entirely by artificial light in the mess - acetylene or paraffin & one wants daylight every day.

To-morrow I shall be jump over to the other half - 4 miles from here, where I shall find Dunbar & Johnson. It's rather a nuisance to move again, but I shan't mind when I get there. It here is very muddy - worse than this - but one gets accustomed to slopping about in gumboots. It's a good deal further from the line & less sheltered.

I seem to be very much behindhand in the matter of correspondence just now. I've written to none but you for ages. I shall really have to settle down & do something to keep up with the world. I've heard nothing of Charterhouse. I've written Hoenni a letter; he wrote to me very kindly at the end of the holiday. ^{Is Mr} Fletcher carrying on all right? I'm going to write to Mary & get you to forward the letters.

By the bye I had a parcel of sausages three days ago. I expect I shall be rather glad of parcels now -

Whenever the roads get muddy we
'adopt thaw precautions' - which means
that hardly a vehicle ~~is~~ is allowed on the
road & we feed on bully beef & biscuits.
The battery car & all the motorbikes seem
to be out of action so it's difficult to get
supplies. I'll certainly see that the
Ginger gets to me.

I haven't after all been to the O.P. today -
it was too misty to make it worth while,
but I shall go up tomorrow afternoon and
stay up two days - which I expect to
enjoy very much - only it will probably
rain.

Good Night & much love to you
Your loving George.

