

May 9 1917

My dearest Ruth,

This has been a busy day at the O.P. - there's little time left for writing to you - Street from the Corps H.A. has been up here & I have been showing him the country. Just now we tried to hit some very distant Huns but I'm afraid our efforts failed & they got away. I was really disappointed. We have fired quite a lot these last two days - but we don't get much forader here all the same - & they seem to be doing very little up north too. It's still lovely & warm here & I'm feeling quite surburant. The larks are singing like anything just now & there are any number of swallows about; poor things they can't find a home in the eaves of the houses now, because there are none, & so they try to make their nests in our humble habitations; a pair were in and out of our little hut early this morning, & the men

is the haunt of another pair. I'm afraid rather
hungry too. I had two letters from you last night.
I'm very glad you have seen Trafford & Doris -
I didn't know Trafford was going home - by the
last I heard of him he was to get a job in France.
Trafford - major! It would seem passing strange
in his family: but I'm afraid promotion is
rapid in the R.F.C. just now & I'm very glad
Trafford is safely back. I'm rather
surprised Mary is having another baby now
she is in such a delicate state of health.

My mind is too much divided to write you
much of a letter up here. I can't help looking
at the Hun planes which our Aschmeis are
trying to hit (I've never seen one brought
down) & I have to keep a look-out as well -
which duty is delegated at the moment
to a signaller but, doesn't altogether relieve
me.

God Night dearest one

Yours loving George