

April 12 1917

My dearest Ruth I simply haven't found a moment for writing to you during the last two days. But now we have no firing to do & it is snowing solidly - good for several hours anyway, so there's nothing doing. I had a very successful move with the left half the night before last. We had everything fixed up comparatively early & everyone was sufficiently well accommodated - one detachment in a tent & the other in a cowbyre I found which has since been converted into an officers' Mess for the good reason that the pigsty which abuts it makes an excellent kitchen. I was on the point of having my little tent pitched when an engineer I had been talking to told me of a little shanty not far away - it turned out to be an excellent place so that I was able to spend the short night very comfortably in a bed & it was supplied with a stove which served to cook my food next day - I say it was good but I can hardly call it perfect even now that the lower portions of one end which were gaping badly have been boarded up.

It was probably never a very grand place
& then, apparently, the Hun attempted to
set fire to it & succeeded in burning part
of the laced paper which had been used for
water proofing, so that the roof in partic-
ular is not much to boast of now & leaks
a good deal. Dunbar who came along
yesterday now shares this abode with me
& if the weather weren't so foul I should
consider it a palace; at all events it has
a table, & a that table is a cloth you know
& that gives me pleasure to look at. It
will have a further decoration to-night
- an Easter-card sent me by Brother Giles
- St Francis preaching to the birds -
Gile is now in hospital recovering from
an operation removing the cartilage of his
knee - shortly to be released. when he
will have a commission. The Major
has a little brick cabin near the guns -
a warm place & very convenient - so we are
all very happy except for the Mess which
is like the cave of the winds. I had to
get up as soon as it was light yesterday

to lay out the line of fire - the guns are not in action till this is done - & later on we fire. I was quite pleased with the result. It is satisfactory to bring a gun to a place, put it in a certain position & say it will now hit so & so & then in the end to find by experiment that does hit or very nearly hits the point selected.

I suppose you are thrilled by the news of all this big fighting. It is evidently a good start & I suppose before many days we shall be able to estimate in some fashion what it means. We had news last night of the capture of Hentcourt - Rieneourt - that seems to me very important as it involves a much longer line; and then today we hear vaguely that a combined French & English attack has broken the Hindenburg line which is thus giving way at two separate points already. I don't imagine the full extent of the attack has yet been developed. I wish we had more to do here.

I'm very sorry my letters are taking so long to reach you. I had three from you this morning after an interval of four days

I'm glad you are so pleased about America coming in. It is a kind of assurance of victory & surely Fritz must see that that's the one hope for him now lies in submarines - & I must say I am more anxious about that point now than I was when he announced his intentions - still however successful submarines may be it must take a long time to put us into a really awkward hole, especially now that the American merchant fleet is now obliged to help: and meanwhile everything depends upon the Western front & it's there we must win the war. If only the weather wasn't always against us. It is worse this evening than it has been for some days - settling in for rain - it's tumbled to rain now - & that matters much more than wind & storms because it makes us blind or nearly so. A snow storm - the enemy's face is not after all so bad!

My fire here is going very well & I am drying my gum boots which had got very wet & cold, & my stockings.

The ankle is not better yet - not that is very bad; I can walk quite well in gum boots or shoes, but I can't wear a boot - so I'm doing no O.P. work.

I seem to be enjoying life very well at present; I get on very well with the Myer now; I think he still trusts me & thinks me useful. We ought really to be having a very pleasant time now & surely it must be coming soon - the wasson walk I mean, for all the comfort of this sort of life, the joy of it I would rather say depends on that. Of course the great thing is not to mind beforehand & I really think I don't mind at all. I may at any time have to give down in some dirty outback hump of a place & get wet & cold & all the best of it - but I feel that I'm up to that & I positively enjoy the fun of getting the best of it. Yesterday I found some moments to tear down a little wattle shelter, useless as it was & provide some material for the wall of this hut. It was quite a considerable pleasure.

Well, my dear, I must end this so it
will miss the post. I am full of love
for you & long to see you, my beautiful one.
Gods Might

Ever your loving
George

