

Revere's letter (copy)

The night before

Saturday eve. (18th)

CU5417/21-21

Dear Dad

I would have written yesterday had I not had so much to do. I relieved the brigade forward observing officer at 5 pm, and spent the night observing. We take out two bombardiers, as look-out men, and two telephonists. It was a bitter cold night, freezing & snowing until 12 o'clock. I took my turn at watching and then retired to the dug-out leaving the bombardiers on watch. I had two blankets, a thermos full of tea & some wood & had several hours sleep thirty feet under ground. It is a rum little dugout about the size of your small room but lower & not quite so broad. With a fire & three others, we were quite warm & comfortable. I rather fancy there were some German critters about of the Berlin variety so I shall have a good shake at my clothes tonight. At dawn I watched our barrage of shrapnel put up on the German trenches - then a pause, a retaliation & rush, & then the prisoners began to come & were herded in a big trench to my right. They looked at first supremely happy but were soon frightened by the shells from their own lines, which were dropping all about. Our own wounded then began to straggle past, looking very sorry for themselves poor fellows. I was relieved at 9.30 am by another officer, and the Major who had come up to observe. Unfortunately just after I left the trench a shell burst near him, a splinter of which caught him on the head. The signallers got him back to the battery & the surgeon has just tied him up, and he is now sitting at the brazier, as cheerful as can be. Anyone else would have gone to the Hospital. I do hope he may be all right but I fear the shock may upset him. There is a great deal of talk of going to rest billets, & I think we shall move within a week. It will be delightful to see trees & grass again & to get away from this pandemonium.

No letters yesterday, but I expect them tonight when the pack-horses come up. Everything comes to the battery by pack & the letters come with the rations in the late evening. It is raining now & much warmer, which is a comfort for the cold is almost worse than the mud. We have a brazier in the mess now & are burning about ten ammunition boxes a day. It is really very comfortable.. I am thankful to be here among such delightful men. There is a good atmosphere about this battery. Goodnight. much love. Do not let M^{am} worry

REVERE