

COS 417/21.25

Dec. 27th evening

Dear Dad

I am so glad you are better and have had such a nice time in bed. Your colds really are a blessing after all. I am waiting impatiently to open your birthday letter. I will probably be up late tonight, and will open it at midnight. Your letter came today, and I knew for the first time that I had got the Cotton Poems. I hope it is a good copy.

We have recovered from Christmas, though the men are still talking about their beer.

We are very busy digging an auxiliary gun-position, and work from 7.30 A.M. till dark with an hour off for lunch. We have a new officer who joined us this afternoon. He has been adjutant to our brigade, and is having a change by coming to a battery. Sumner, our wagon line officer, is on leave, and Williams is going soon, perhaps to Canada for two months, so we are rather short handed.

I wish I could write more often, but one has so much to do all day, and in the evening there is always some thing that has got to be done before turning in.

I am F.O.O. tomorrow for twenty-four hours. It is a good way to spend the first day of my twenty-second year, and I hope I will be able to do some good. We expect to go out of action during January, and if we are in rest for two months, as is quite possible, I ought to get my leave in March. I cannot imagine anything more delightful than to have a few days at home. I never knew how much I loved you all and Oxford before now. All this worry and trouble will make things doubly pleasant afterwards - whatever the result of the war - - - - -

Your living

Revere