

CUS417/21.23

December 7, 1916.

Dear Dad:

I had such a delightful letter from Bob written in Paris, on his way back. He was most enthusiastic about your catalogue, and about his visit to Oxford.

My ankle is much better and I have been walking about today and helping with the new dug-out we are building. The major left for England today, looking extremely dirty, and almost sorry to leave his battery, now that is is having so many changes. I have no news as I have scarcely left the mess for three days, and everything has been quite quiet. I hope I get some of the books on which I bid. If I do, I expect they will have reached you by now. The Angling Bibliographies should be good.

Our new mess is going to be splendid. It is dug into the chalk and has an entrance from a deep narrow trench which is covered over with heavy iron rails and sand bags three or four feet thick. We have a fireplace and chimney out into the wall, benches round the sides, and a real table and some chairs from German dug-outs. There is a great heap of earth in front which will catch any small shells before they reach the roof itself. The Major's sister has sent a complete set of meals for Christmas Day, and no doubt we will have a quantity of other things and will have a good time. I do hope it is not our time to be observing officers, and have to be away.

I hope Muz is not worrying about the water and typhoid and dysentery. We have not had any men ill from it yet, and only use the shell-hole water for washing, and get the drinking water from a tank near by, and even then we never use it except for tea.

Goodnight, love to Muz and Aunt Sue.

Your loving

REVERE.