

CUS417/21.24

Dec. 26 [1916]

Dear Muz -

I had barely a moment yesterday, or I would have written.

We had a splendid time. I came back from the infantry on Sunday afternoon, and have had two whole days free. We worked all Christmas morning, and had a long night firing on Christmas eve. The men had herring for breakfast, fish, meat and plum pudding for luncheon, and beer as an extra for their tea, besides 50 cigarettes each and an ounce of tobacco. They all seemed very contented and happy, and had no firing in the afternoon and evening so that they were able to have a good evening in the gunpits. They all had tinned things brought from the Canteens, and I think that the beer made the day a success. We ourselves had an enormous lunch, in fact we started our Christmas meal at breakfast by having tinned haddock and sausage - for lunch soup, stew, plum pudding, mince pies and tinned fruit, and one of the cheeses you sent. The parcels all came except the mince pie - but they will do for New Year. Everything was delicious, especially the plum pudding. Bulmer got his parcels and thanks you very much. He will write you when he has time, but he is very busy now. I have a new servant, as Bulmer was really only temporary, as he was a good gunner and useful in a detachment. I changed him for my present servant Cartwright. He is very good, and looks after me well. We had our dinner at 8 P.M. Sumner, our wagon line officer and an infantry officer was with us, making five in all.

We had real glasses for four and a table cloth bought for the occasion. We started with soup, then roast pork with beans, tinned turkey and asparagus, your plum pudding and brandy sauce (it came in alright) then mince pies, oranges, nuts, raisins, coffee and liquors. Afterwards,

Williams played a stringed musical instrument which he bought at Amiens, and for which no name has been found, and we sang until midnight. We really had a very pleasant day. I was thinking of you and of Oxford all the time, and wishing I were at the Open Arms. Your birthday letter and Dad's have just come, and I am waiting impatiently for the day after tomorrow. So glad about Dad's "Sir T. Browne". The razor and the other socks came this morning.

Thank you very much.

The new mess is most comfortable. I wish you could see it. We have hung sacking on the walls, put benches and shelves about, and pictures on the sacking, a fire place and mantle-shelf and all kinds of conveniences unknown before. I only wish we had a better place to sleep. It is a very healthy place, but O so cold!

Rather a sad thing happened the day before Christmas. Our senior and best sargeant, to whom we and all the men were devoted was killed by a shell. Fortunately it was in action, and fell close to him, and he was killed outright. We were able to get a parson today, and have a decent burial at the nearest registered cemetary. It is a comfort to think he is decently buried at least.

So glad Dad's cold is better, and that he had a good time in bed.
Good night - much love

Your loving

Revere