

Friday June 30

Dearest Ruth, I'm sitting in a car
at a village on a main road which
acts as our advanced base - whilst
I have been sent on an errand to
the field cashier. I can get this potato
here, & have a few moments.

This also in past a foraging expedition
& the driver luckily knows of a farm
house where many things are sold
- quite a number of farmers however
have become provision shops. but the
usual difficulty is that they have no
provisions. To day we have been very
lucky & I have somewhat prepared
for forness knows what future

We are afraid that correspondence
is going to be difficult; but I think
I may get letters from J. at intervals
of 3 or 4 days on the average - J.

See our boxes have to bring us provisions & ammunition at frequent intervals & the ordinary way is for the ration boy to bring the meals.

Of course I can't guess what may happen. I don't suppose we shall be in Berlin in a fortnight. But it's clear that life will be a very different affair for us if the Army advances - digging in shattered trenches & so on.

I think it would perhaps be a good plan to write^{to} me every other day for the present. Will you try & tell me as much as you can about the people about you - who seem to be very nervous just now. I am glad you should have the feeling towards her that makes you want to have her to yourself all the time - but you won't let her come to

much in the way of other sides of
life will you my dear? We're talked
of that - still I think from your
last letter that you seem to be almost
too absorbed in care at the moment.
Your letters were very much (I expect
mine do too) - sometimes more
thoughtful than others - so that I
sometimes feel that your mind has
contacted - sometimes the feelings
have it all their own way. I do hope
you haven't many despairing moments
- I expect you keeps pretty cheerful
- interested too, that's the main
thing.

This must end. I haven't

th... All my love -

Yours George