

Monday July 25

My dearest Ruth, I don't know what to tell you of yesterday - it was certainly a sufficiently adventurous time with a wire to be mended & shells to be dodged; and an infernally noisy one - so that my head began to ache & when an opportunity offered for half an hour in the early afternoon, I just closed my eyes in the next stage to deep sleep. I had two very nice young fellows with me most of the time - a fact which made all the difference almost to the point of enjoyment.

The exciting time was over by about 4.30 p.m. & I was back at another point which we have been using as an O.P. & there carried out what appeared to be a successful registration. I was back here at 8.30 & went to bed very tired after food. Before I went to sleep I ~~had~~ heard distinctly from the museum of voices in the tent some mention of our troops being shelled out of a trench ^{by our own guns} & then Bill came in with a letter from you which had fussed up some where & confirmed my suspicion that this battery was accused of the mistake. I can't tell you what a miserable time I had after that. You see if my

registration had been untrue, it was my fault. The conditions for observation had been very difficult - a lot of smoke blowing across at intervals, & other shells bursting near the point at which I was ranging. I went over & over again in my mind all the circumstantial evidence that it was really our shells I had seen bursting & had heard thuds & puffs before I could really convince myself that I could have come to no other conclusions than I did. And then this morning it turns out that it couldn't possibly have been this battery, so all is well so far as we are concerned.

I am much amused by Bob Morgan's remarks. Certainly there has been a mistake somewhere - in not supplying us with potatoes. It is comforting to hear that my regiment has the knack of dealing so successfully with the A.S.C.

I can't imagine how labour difficulties will be solved after the war. The most startling thing that has come out is that among so many trades-unionists all moral sense about work is lacking. I suppose employers have known this well for long time. I hadn't realised it before the war, & I'm sure there are many like me who are shocked to learn it now. It cuts so deep into the nation's life & that a very large number of her

citizens make it a main business of existence to
do as little work as possible - a very different
thing from casual idleness among a small democ-
ratic class.

I am not feeling in a mood for writing - so
shall break off here.

Three copies of the Times just came - for
which many thanks. I'm afraid however
there's a parcel overdue.

Ever well dearstone

Your loving George

