

July 17 1916

My dearest Ruth I had a wonderful budget of letters from you yesterday; one by the ration box, & three others by the despatch rider which came in just before dinner.

Your letters are a great joy, dearest - particularly by what you wrote in answer to my letter about religious education. To have that great question to approach in common will be a wonderful spiritual experience for us. I'm very glad you agree with the general tenor of my remarks. It will be a little hard to make religion as you say definite - but the differences between beautiful & ugly, morally good & bad, true & untrue must be clearly put & the choice of the beautiful, the good & the true presented as an end in itself - the great end.

Yes, we must make the atmosphere surrounding Class as perfect as we can - not too solemn though. I don't think there's much danger of that, though to read our letters a stranger might imagine that poor Class was in for a dull childhood!

Shall I be older after the war? Well, my dear, that has already happened before I came out here. I often think how much more gay I used to be before - but then perhaps I shall be no less gay again afterwards. At present this healthy life of action is wonderfully youth giving - I'm sure I look extra-ordinarily well & happy. We had curiously little to do yesterday & are still idle today - I suppose

there'll be another effort very soon. We haven't yet
got the whole of the enemy 2nd line on this part, &
further north as far as I can make out nothing
has been gained. I imagine we shall try to push
north from here taking those positions from the
flank. Evidently the part just in front of us has been
very tough & it is necessary to go slowly. You seem to
be very sensible about this 'Push' in England. The point
is as you say that we're hammering the Germans all
round & the Russians are splendid. You were wrong
as you must have gathered from this, if not before, in
your guess as to my locality. We are in the thick of
fighting here; half the places mentioned particularly
in the papers either are or have been in our area
of fire & almost all are visible from our O.P.

Thank you for two parcels - especially for the tea.
Some more soup tablets next time please. The cake
this time is superexcellent - please tell Mrs Wootton.

Not weather here - so much the worse for our
offensive. Bell is now playing the flute in the mess tent
& I am sitting with him in somewhat post-prandial mood
after lunch. I wrote to Mother yesterday; I let you know
this so that you may let yourself off perhaps in copying
my letters for her [copying with me] - It's not usual
use embarrassing on that subject I know - still I
can't withhold the remark ^{that} it sometimes offends those
to see the English language standing, so to speak, on its

head. And while we're on that topic would it be a great labour to you my dear to read over what you've written; sometimes your omissions are so important that it's difficult to make out what you mean. I hope you treat other people better than you treat me in that respect because I really don't think it nice to let your thoughts go forth in a careless fashion - compare the clothing of them to the clothing of your body -

There! I've been quite severe. You really write very good letters you know & I wouldn't for anything in the world have your general manner of writing different. I particularly liked your account of Clare playing with Kit & John Brock.

I'm sorry Clutton Brock's review in Lit. Sup. does not satisfy him - (which token are you going to send me the Lit. Sup.?) or do they go on to someone else from Westbook?

I seem to have spent a lot of time writing this letter - but then part of it so to speak, was spent over the mess accounts. The Canteen by the bye is a very simple affair. I merely get or order the stuff to be got from the Canteen & hand it over to the Quartermaster Sergeant (Q.M.S.) who sells it; only a dry canteen you see - no drinks. If you could come & make them soup in the evening.

they would certainly be delighted.

Farewell dearest one - by the bye have you had the
photo of me which Sayle was to send from
Cambridge? I have one of you pinned onto a
sandbag in my dug-out; the damp makes it curl
up but I don't think that matters.

Great love to you from

Yours loving George.

Please don't forget to address me simply 405B
- not 1st Echelon

