

May 2. 1917

My dearest Ruth, You deserved a letter on May Day - did you get one; I had three; but I didn't write yesterday; I was at the O.P. - really had such an idle morning that I might well have managed if I had had my paper. May Day is my one anniversary - you know why. I suppose I must have been in this country about a year now. Holidays aren't so frequent now as they used to be; it would be so bad to get a month now would it! Supposing I were to come upon you quite suddenly - just walk into the orchard and find you lying under the trees - that would about fit the season. It would be almost equally fitting for you to join me in the wood near here among the starry heaven of flowers. Real life however despoils of us more merriment from a malignant point of view - yesterday when of all days in the year our lips should have met with kisses I was condemned to sit all day in a dry trench (better to be than a wet one)

while you no doubt were sewing in the nursery
— perhaps sipping as you sewed. Still real
life has sometimes pleasant surprises. My great
surprise on the whole is to find how easily
endurable it is.

I can't say that the
surface of life is very exciting just at present.
We are having a slack time & enjoying the
sunshine. Things go along quite smoothly &
nicely. We are quite happy together in the
house now — I'm bound to say Tombar's absence
has a soothing effect all round. I finished
off Wells on the war two days ago — it's only
very interesting work; but the end part about
European civilization as a whole is not very
satisfactory to me; it's too vague & too far from
life as we find it. It hardly requires saying
that if everyone serves God in whatever each
person puts up as a substitute the world
would be very much better. But what we
have to do is to make ^{for} a world out of material
a large part of which is sure to be non-moral

our religion. We'll want sehyin without
the Church & there as you know I'm very
much with him - but that's not more
easy to teach than the old way but more
difficult, because more intangible. A propos
of the Church I rather amused myself two
days ago when I went to visit the canteen at
P. in company with the group padre & signally
officer. We fetched up for lunch at a Church
Army Room - a most unsatisfactory institution;
instead of a sensible meal which one pays for
they provide or don't provide as the spirit
moves them a ragtime meal which one puts
money in a box for. Those other parsons turned
up, 2 R.C.s. They began talking shop; I chimed
in & said to the R.C. sitting next me, But why
don't you give it up. Here's the finest chance
you've ever had of working your differences.
We laymen don't care two straws whether
you're R.C. or C of E or what you are; we don't

want that sort of talk out here. One wants
religion" Poor man I ought to have
been sorry afterwards, he looked so dismayed
but I felt no remorse.

I had three letters from you & one parcel - Dussey,
McNeil - camp pie - very useful & prof
many thanks. I'm much amused with
your account of Marjorie's last place; it is
indeed a changed world! But I suppose it's
rather annoying for M - still she'll easily
find another place. I'm much interested
in Chilton Brock's views on the war, but don't
feel altogether in agreement. I don't see why
everyone should be starving by the autumn,
& the Germans will probably get the Rumanian
wheat. The sort of aid we have must be
conditioned by what we can do; but its no
use hoping that because the German people
are fed up with the war that they will
put things inside Germany.

and until we get them put right & have
self governing states in place of the various
oppressed members of the Austro-Hungarian
Empire & until we break down the German
power in Turkey & Bulgaria we are actually
worse off than we were - Germany & all that
is meant { that word now will be stronger.
I'm afraid I don't believe in the power of
any democracy or any revolution to put
Russia straight. If only one could know
that by going on we could put matters
straight ; at present we must go on
till it's evident we can't ; it's not
pleasant.

How fond Wells is about thinking in
the army ! It's quite true all that
part - with exceptions of course.

Now dearest I must close to a

close' on the gunners say - I wish
I could draw you to a close hug.

Much love to you always darling
Your loving George.