

Monday May 29

France

My dearest Ruth We are moving to night - southwards I believe to the 1st Army - but I'm not sure about that yet. It is now 10.15 p.m.; we only received the order at dinner & we shall be off before light. The life of a soldier you see! And only this afternoon ~~at~~ I planted with a fellow in the battery all the seedlings sent from Westbrook & sowed a few seeds too - *Psoltchia Lunin* & *Nasturtium*. No chance now I fear that we shall ever see them grow. Alack, alack! And our strawberries to be ripe so soon. Only half the battery is to move, so that Lithgow & Bell only will be my companions; I'm very lucky so far as that goes as they are the two I would have chosen to be with.

No more bricks & mortar either. I feel a trifle sad about that; I should have liked to see the end of the job or I think less than three weeks would have done it.

I suppose we shall be foraging the country on motor lorries for a couple of days.

now - I expect to enjoy that in a way; but
I fear it's going to be very wet. What a lot
I shall have to tell you when next I write

I am glad of a servant now; he has packed
my belongings like an angel & he will come
along & unpack them like an archangel. Mr
Churchill would admit I'm sure that he's
one in two hundred thousand.

I like to think of you with Arie. I wonder
what on the whole you think of her home.
To me there's something rather barren about
it & I feel a sense there that things haven't
quite grown - in spite of three children!
But they'll make it grow. Do write me a
full letter about Rathlin when you can.

Now I must go tend my gun & generally
be prepared to act the shepherd.

Dear love I shan't hear from you now for two
or three days I expect - so it must be a long
Good Night with many kisses.

Every moment your loving
George