

Sept. 9. 1916

My dearest Ruth Mails have been scarce these last days for some reason; but I had a letter from you - waiting my return from the trenches - last night, in which you gave me an enchanting picture of Clare at the seaside. My dear you must be enjoying yourself - or rather her.

Things seem to be moving here. The noise of heavy firing has been incessant since the advance a few days back when the French did so well. I shall be disappointed if we don't get on a bit on this thin part of the line & I don't expect to remain in this position for ever. The batteries has joined up again now much to our relief; altogether things have been going well with us these last days; for my part I seem to have been very active & perhaps consequently am more than usually happy.

I have recently read a little volume by Henry James called the Coxon Fund - not by any means one of

The great novels but sufficiently amusing
I was delighted by by one ~~remark~~^{phrasing} about
women - "the unfastidious sex." You'll
entirely that wouldn't you? or at least
you'd make the corresponding statement
about the male. I have been thinking I
shall be more than ever so p.b. (please
adopt this convention for post bellum). The
effort to make life decent makes one
so jealous of the little deficiencies. In fact
I expect I shall be quite intolerable, I'm
about threatened ~~you~~ with laziness & the
near threat with you very well with that
you'd be expected to walk the garden with
the dimness of a Watteau lady & more
about our thinking room with an exquisitely
pressed & elegant manners, casting an
occasional sparkle for me to set, before the
sun's chin & up or, if they aren't swine
become the fine sparkle of conversation
about ~~the~~ the as the diamond reflects
the light. ~~Start~~ ✓ I had quite a thrill
in the trenches yesterday on seeing a
really beautiful face. What a subject
for a poem (which will never be written).
Generally speaking most of the officers
to be seen there either have an air of
intending to fight, an assistive pugnacity

or, what is more unpleasant to see,
they obviously hate the whole business
more pitiful at all events. This R.F.A.
man was sitting quietly beside his
signaller waiting on events; he had
a rare dignity, for him clearly there
were things beyond his surroundings,
he had beautiful visionary eyes which
glared at me thoughtfully before he
answered my remarks. I felt that
if I had timidly asked him 'Do you hate
it all very much' he would probably
have replied with infinite reserve
'Why yes, sometimes. I hate cheese
without bread, tea without milk, and
meat without potatoes' / End

I had a long stirring day in the trenches,
much wandering in the morning in
search of information & then many
hours of clear observing till the light
failed; it was exciting work too, we
were expecting a counter attack & both
sides were firing on the area to my

right, literally, for all they were worth.
Actually the attack must have begun
just after I left & the noise as I came
down was like the thunder as I should
imagine of Niagara Falls. Please note
that the 3.00 work has been much
less dangerous lately.

This letter must be sent off at once
to catch to day's post. I don't
know how many days it will
take to get to you. After all these
autumn letters are sent and
at least yours are
gone.
Your loving George.

