

Oct. 9 1916.

My dearest Ruth, I must scribble a few lines to you before I set out to Amiens. I had four splendid letters from you when I got back yesterday, one from Brother Giles & one from Mother, & one from Arie - Arie's quite delightful about her little John - I think I must send it on to you. Giles has been quite near me here & tried to get into communication on the telephone - but without success. He doesn't sound very happy. I should very much like to hear from Mrs B-B - it's a real pleasure to get a letter from almost anyone & becomes more so as time goes on; it's interesting that she should be so convinced that she will end before next summer - what are her reasons? I think it quite possibly may end as soon as she thinks; but I don't see that anyone has very much to go on - after all how is it going to end? I had a tiresome day yesterday. It was dull for the most part

and very difficult to see. I went to one  
place, not so very far from the guns, in  
the morning & ranged on Pys Church,  
we knocked a good bump out of the tower  
& generally speaking the results were  
satisfactory. Then I had a long tramp  
across country to a trench from which  
I was to register the thin front line.  
Then everything went sour; it was  
very difficult to make out a point to  
range on, but eventually I succeeded in  
seeing & identifying a point where the  
trench crosses the Bapume road. They  
began firing & I could see nothing, so I  
asked them to have a go at the Thistle  
de Waslen court first - a very easy place  
- but everything seemed to go wrong &  
I only saw half the rounds - till  
eventually we discovered that the  
sight of the gun was out of order.

Let gun be ready to start now  
so I must away.

Yours lovingly George.