

Monday June 25 7.15 a.m.

My dearest Ruth - I feel peculiarly ripe for communicating with you; the morning seems so soothing after a night on duty. I was busy continuously after lunch yesterday, except when I was arranging ammunition on the guns & attending to minutiae, with seas of figures which lasted me more or less through the night - spent for the most part in the Map dug-out with an acetylene lamp for companion. It was very noisy - field batteries again firing over our heads (of course there are plenty in front of us too) & most annoying of them a 60 pounder which had a nasty trick of blowing out the lamp with its vigorous blast. I took a good look round in the middle of the night from the top of our bank, it was a moving sight to see the flashes of many guns like numerous flickers of lightning. Fritz sent very little over in this neighbourhood & has shown no signs of getting of aiming at our particular locality. And then before light our guns had to fire for ten minutes at a rapid rate & with their biggest charge & that made a very fine show. Alas! we've lost a gun over that - no. 4 out of action & a matter of days I fear. All the same I think the guns will play up. Shooting again at 5 a.m. I'm feeling quite stung up & full of hope.

No mail from you yesterday - but I'm quite in hope we may get some letters & possibly this may get through to-day. I can't tell you what a pleasure it was

to get Chas Am Brooks' book two days ago - even find
time in bed for dipping into it. I hope you'll read it too.
I fear the spiritual life does not have a very good chance
out here - not the intellectual or aesthetic part & to
read C.B. again has a revivifying effect.

Now I'm beginning to feel sleepy & it's almost time
for breakfast. Perhaps I shall find some moments later
on - but I doubt it. Anyway I have had a little
chat with you & you may know that I feel happy.

— Later - The dispatch rider is just
going off now so I shall take my chance of
sending this on it.

Your loving George

