

Aug. 4. 1916

Dearest beloved, I'm still in the battery; neither Bell nor I was up on the line yesterday & he is taking his 3rd day now - to-morrow my turn again. The men are digging themselves in very comfortably down here, & most of them have very good places to sleep in - much more agreeable than the old dug-out a little way apart up the hill in the trenches! but not so safe. I am sitting in the evening sun on the steps of the Xc's post & much busyness is going on all round me - the making of wire etc. This forenoon weather with a clear cool breeze is the greatest blessing. I only wish the night were as peaceful as the day. But we have good news from the Infantry again to-day & Bisman helmets & prisoners

are in evidence. The men here at once
say that he was with the over for a foot
night, ~~but~~ & evidently some of them do
quite definitely entertain the happy thought
without really believing such an event
probable. What a sum total of
thoughts there must be about the end
of the War!

I'm with you very often in Westbook
Garden in the drawing room too &
many a time Clare is with us. I like
all you tell me about her. You don't
seem to understand why she doesn't
crawl - but can't you see the heredity
in it or how would you expect a daughter
of mine to be crawling - did you ever
see me stick my knee against a rock
giving foothold almost sure? Naturally
she won't put her knees along the floor
when she sees other folk walking.
I imagine the garden quite glorious

Now in the golden Sunshine, I want
to see the great elm trees looking
dark above the valley on the far side
of the corn field - or is it not corn
that one may see this year from the
look-out by the spring garden? I know
what the heart will leap to most
readily - just cultivation - to see land
solidly well cared for, teams of cast-
horses at work in the fields, the
farm hand sowing or reaping - it doesn't
matter which, & good manure being
applied well in. I think I should fancy
Herefordshire for these countries after
this plague-spot - or the team valley
which we will assuredly one day visit
that would do me.

I wonder if you'll find me different.
I think not. Slightly more self-indul-
gent perhaps, a bit easier going - I was
wanting to be that before ever I came

out here. But I don't think I shall
ever be a person to let myself off
easily - because if ever I'm finding
excuses for myself I'm desperately
unhappy, & that gives the show away.

Levy - You may find me very lazy,
I hope not. One thing has come upon
me lately - its no good pretending I can
be satisfied with life if it offers too few
opportunities for deep thinking; nothing
amusing, no more than not to be efficient
at yet. I perceive a real opposition between
what is usually meant by efficiency
& the experience of thought as I under-
stand it; its no use any more pretend-
ing there is none. I can very often get
myself to do the correct a number of
little things, which efficiency demands
(I mean only referring to the soldier's life)
- but they give me no satisfaction
when done; my mind is in a state

of constant rebellion. I believe that
always will be so.

Yesterday in some spare moments I
began a poem; I don't imagine it
will ever be finished. perhaps never
continued; but when I tell you what
it is about you will understand my
state of mind. It is called, 'BED'.
Not that I am as a rule particularly
fatigued - merely that Bed is the
nesting place of ideas. There I can be
alone in high solitary state & simply
think. That is part.

Well, my dear Ruth, I want you
more & more & see my life as it were
from a considerable distance. I see you
more & more clear as the one person
fit for me. Dearest, how I love you!
How the great understanding has
grown between us! Don't you feel
that? I'll never lose you & you

sure you're the one person in the world
who would fit.

Fare thee well beloved
Kiss Clare for me & bless the
Westbrook household

Yours loving George