

Aug 4. — where were we two years ago?

My dearest Ruth, I have just spent a night on duty down at the guns — that's five minutes walk from here. It was indescribably noisy — heavy fighting all night; I believe we have had some success; but of course one never knows so soon as this. I hate the sounds of battle. And one feels very responsible when so completely in charge (Lithgow has not joined us here at present). I was up at intervals from my little hole down there — or rather the Section commander's hole — sniffing the air for gas & watching the rockets to discover if I could whether the enemy were attacking. Oh! Oh! La Guesse!

It's a very comforting change to spend three days in the battery. There is plenty to do. Our works are scattered & require a good deal of superintendence. And then of course the guns are often firing. We have arranged now that one of the sergeants does practically speaking an officer's work on the guns. Either he or one of us has always to be on the spot there & we work in reliefs. The Hun occasionally sends over shells of the most horrible nature which have come quite near our position. I hope he won't send anything else — but if he does we have our trenches.

Good news of Glen - he ought to be back shortly.  
But Quinn died of his wounds. The battery he went  
to has been pursued of the most malignant fate.

I don't feel like writing you a long letter this  
morning - I am writing now in the hope that  
this will get to Lill you & Co this afternoon & on  
to post town to day - I'm afraid my last letter  
was a day late? I had your last in the Xc.  
dig out when things were a trifle quieter shortly  
after midnight. In talk of black crows - I  
wonder would they travel? We are on iron ration  
for two days - a thing the men dislike very much;  
but I have contrived to get up some chocolate &  
biscuits for them, which will be sold at some time.  
It would be profitable to hold an auction!

I hope the chocolate etc will arrive to-day - I shall  
take thanks to the O.P. ; I shall be there to-morrow

I wonder if you could find & send a Troop Comfort  
called 'Cold Spring Brist Saline'. Some signaller  
gave me a drink of it the other day & I found it  
delicious.

What a lot about food! I don't  
think life really gets reduced to that level but  
that is the tendency & I sometimes think men  
would put up with anything provided they  
were well fed. Farewell for this moment.

George  
Always your loving  
George  
Perhaps I may add a p.s.