

Monday 8-30 p.m.

14 Royal Terrace
Weymouth.

Dearest Ruth, Not a moment before this for writing to you. The breaks are too short, by the time one has washed & eaten & smoked a sociable cigarette, for even half a letter. I expected this; it's a rush, a noisy one. We've had about $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours Gun Drill to-day - really a splendid business & with a comic side! I must explain to you sometime exactly what happens - roughly half-a-dozen men stand round the breech of an old gun & among them load & fire (no charge of course), 2 guns - shuts the breech with a great handle; 3-5 stick in the shells weighing 100 lbs alternately; 1 or 4 ram it home with a long ~~pole~~ pole (it falls out of the other end of the breech where the barrel ought to be into an iron tray with a fearful clatter. Whenever one gives an order he shouts at the top of his voice so as to be heard above the noise of imaginary guns going off all round. All this

in a Drill Hall, like as you'll expect it -
with painted brick walls & infernally
resonant. A deal of exercise taken that
way, half the time you aren't at the gun
- ie carrying round the 100 lb load for those
who are. I was afraid for my lumbagged
back; but it's survived so far - I think is
really better this evening. So far as all that
for I've no reason to be ashamed of my per-
formance; indeed if you saw some of the
stiff & awkward gentleman half-pated or
healy so I daresay you would have thought me
a bit less chunky than some. In this same
hall is one sight to please the eye - a real
like six-inch gun on its iron mounting.
I say 'like' because that's just what he is -
and beautiful. I believe you'll think so too.
An hour or a half at least was spent,
in midst of the reverberating racket,
listening to explanation of the parts of
this monster & his stores. I make no

Comment - Incidentally I may say that
it's part of my present mood not to do so;
I dare say that's unreasonable - perhaps it
won't endure, but at present I'm very
happy with my critical faculty if not
suspended at least compartmented - The
key turned in the lock. I'll probably attempt
an explanation of this phenomenon in
my next letter (don't expect it for a day or two)
Meanwhile I'm still of opinion that this is
a good Christian job. The lectures
to-day have been elementary - as they have not
been interesting I'll say nothing about them.

I was delighted to get a letter from you
at breakfast time - I wasn't expecting one
then; the day's work has put it out of my
head, but I'll read your letter again & bed.
I'm glad you've got through the job at the
Holt without hating it too much. What was
all the load I wonder! Please don't

worry about travel if they be difficult
to get at - I can buy some new ones here,
but as the shops seem to be. But please
send calling cards - we've got to drop them
upon a general, a Colonel - the mess.!

Now Good Night dearest - I must
write somewhat before bed, & I shan't
be too late this night.

All my love to you dear Ruth

Yr. loving George

