

Aug. 7. 1916.

My dearest Ruth, I've had quite a field day of letter writing - Bell & I together here to-day & not much doing. Trafford, Arthur Kern, Geoffrey Joy & Graves. And now you - last. That's reason I know. But I am glad to get these folks written to - though I'm afraid this will suffer in consequence. I may add that I have had no letter from you for 3 days. What can have happened?

I haven't yet been to the front line again. Partly through changing arrangements as to the manning of an O.P. And now I hear a new officer has arrived, & Mr. Glen is expected back, & I hope we shall all be together again quite happily. I shall expect less of that work than I had before. I'm sure dearest one you'll be relieved to hear that I forgot to say "Thank you" in my last scribbled note for a quite lovely pair of socks. I think however I shall keep them for winter wear; they are on the thick side, & my ingrown toe-nail is troubling me somewhat which is another reason for keeping plenty of space in the boot. Another gorgeous day & not too hot. Nothing could be healthier!

than these cloudy days with a cool breeze I hope they
will all be like this till the end of October.

The question of leave has just sufficiently
come on the horizon now for me to brood over it
in the most distant fashion. I can't tell you
anything about the prospects - I know nothing.

I suppose you haven't left West Hook yet
for 'holidays'! May all your days be always
holy!

I'm quite pleased in the
end with my dug out. I spent a little time
this morning sorting things out; one result
of that occupation my des me has been that I
seriously begin to wonder if it will ever be possible
for me to return to England - It's a question
you see of what I have to take with me; I can't
possibly leave behind your letters & yet I hardly
know what piece of baggage will contain them
- seriously you can hardly believe what a bulky
package they make & I'm wondering whether you
could find it equal convenient to write upon
a thinner paper?

I quite enjoyed writing to Geoffrey just now

about the Alps. It amazes me what a desire I
have for all that risk of life again. One might
expect to desire adventure less keenly for a time
after this - but I don't feel at all like that. I
want you to know the great life out there,
we must bring it off. It's just now one ought
to be there. Think of it, this glorious month
of August being wasted. & I so fit. That
much at least one must grant to the war.
I have never a moment's indignation to complain
of or anything of the sort & I feel just as
strong & well as you could want. I pray for
a letter from you by the mail this evening; it
makes just all the difference to me.

Good Night beloved not unkindly me

Yours lovingly George.

I had the Round Table from you. Thank you
I haven't looked at it yet. It's always a little
formidable.

