



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 4. [1917]

My dearest Ruth, I forgot to send you the Reader's address yesterday - it is 181 Queen's Gate, W. I had another letter from you this morning. It appears that I am better off in that respect than you if you don't get mine till the afternoon - & I wonder why that should be, since yours presumably catch the 10.0 p.m. from Godalming & mine a corresponding post here. I have

found my pouch! It was in
the suit-case. Now there's
a mystery.

This morning I have been very
busy - not only have I watched
horses being groomed but I
have helped to count them -
get them into line for an
inspection. Eventually a body
of veterinary officers turned
up & looked very wise as the
horses walked by & I sloped off
unable to hear any more. I've

no doubt that later on they would
go round patting their buttocks
- lift up their feet & looking
at their mouths, & looking
wiser & wiser. This
establishment amazes me more
& more. Yesterday I discovered
an officer sitting in the mess
who has a wife on a farm
about two miles away. I asked
him what he did & he replied
"Oh, I come up after breakfast
not too early & sit in the mess
reading the papers; then I
go back about 12 o'clock
for lunch & come up again

a sit in the mess till the after-
noon mail comes in (that's about
3.45) & then I go back" Such
is his day's work. I begin to
think that the army is able
to resemble very closely a horse
- it has an attitude of patient
wonder which occasionally
experiences the physical need
to be frisky.

I spent yesterday evening very
pleasantly - in a gentle fashion.
I wandered out after tea with
the fixed intention of finding
a quiet place & warm where
I could lie down & write.



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On the way I met a young officer on a horse who stopped - talked to me & offered me a ride - so I had a gay canter for quarter of an hour which made me feel very happy. Afterwards I carried out my plan & wrote some more of 'The King's Seven', which is getting on rather well. By the by, if you could manage to deal with the other roll of films & prepare a complete set of prints

for Frances Gordon that will
be a good thing done. It was
a lovely evening again & I
enjoyed the glorious view.

I had an invitation by this
morning's post from Custney's
people. I wrote to him two
or three days ago hoping that
he might be in England, or
possibly here, - but it appears
he has been with a battery
in Macedonia for a year

& has kept well. I have a feeling
that his people may turn out
to be very nice.

I think it likely that I shall
accomplish a bathe at Gunner's
Hole to-day after evensong in
the Cathedral. I hope this
weather isn't too hot for you.

Much love from
your loving
George.