

Sept 26, 1947

Winchester

My dearest Ruth, I have deserted the Press which now that it is so splendidly nothing less than a brilliant saloon is by the same token rather a reposeful place. I've just had a game in a tournament which is taking place & got beaten. I am, I won't say annoyed, but disappointed - partly because I wanted to play against a particular opponent in the next round - also I could certainly have beaten this man 9 times out of 10 & I did myself justice - but you can't win against bad leaves & a series of flukes.

I had an enjoyable evening yesterday - I was lucky enough to find Randall in & we walked about Mead's for an hour or so; he explained the various schemes for a war memorial about which there has evidently been endless discussion. I find myself quite in agreement

with him about the main point - that if the money is forthcoming there is everything to be said for doing the thing on a grand scale - what after all is £40,000 so spent from the point of view of national expenditure, I'm all against being niggard on such an occasion.

I dined afterwards with the Coustays - kind people. We talked much of Italy which I enjoyed. They are a nice family - Mrs Cousteau charming.

It transpires today that I am to go onto an Senior Officers Course starting next Monday - it will last a month - a long boring I expect - but at least it will give me something definite to do, & I won't start grumbling yet.

Today, good day, I am wearing my spurs. However I displeased one whom I call 'our drinking captain' - an extraordinarily stupid red faced old soldier - by adopting an attitude not precisely correct when standing 'tattler'.



on parade - The only way I now know of carrying  
a 'stick at attention' is horizontally under the  
arm. These boys wear carry-cane - but I  
retain the preference for a walking stick -  
imagine the absurdity of carrying my ash  
with its square handle in such a position.  
Oh! God! Montreal! Can we really ever  
win the war?

I went out this afternoon with Grand  
leave & enjoyed the beauty of the day. It  
was very lovely in the woods; I ate bluetongue  
& nuts & eventually found myself seated on  
a threshing machine where I worked for  
a bit at my poem. I wonder if I shall  
ever finish that work; it certainly gets  
on very slowly.

I sent you a little present last evening  
don't you think it will be to your  
taste. Best love to you

Your loving George