



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 5. 1917.

My dearest Ruth, I had a job to do this morning - a really useful one - but you would never guess what it was; it consisted in sorting over a lot of kit rejected as useless - dirty socks, boots, puttees, shirts, underclothing, coats & caps. A dirty job, but not uninteresting. I had the boot-makers up to consult about the possibilities of repairing some of the boots; we only managed to save 5 pairs. But

I think there must be an enormous waste through boots being allowed to go too far without repairing - which incidentally is contrary to orders. I found a number of socks which had obviously been cut - the reason of that practice is that men are supposed to darn their own socks if the holes are not excessively large - it may therefore be wise to make a large hole of a small one; but it's rather difficult

to deal with men who are about to go overseas.

I went in to Winchester yesterday evening - in time for the 4.0 p.m. evensong in Cathedral - but it turned out that the choir are away for holidays at present & there's no music so I went hungry away & did one or two small jobs in the town & then to bed. The sun was beautifully warm & the Corporation bathing place which I have never visited before is in no wise inferior to our Gunners Hole of which

we used to be so proud. Then I
went to call upon one Du Pontet
- a French Swiss master, a good
scholar - I went to him more
out of curiosity than friendship,
but I had a thought that he
might turn out to be more
interesting than I remembered
him. On the contrary, though
eminently 'a recent white chip',
as I had envisaged him, he
seemed the most utterly shrunken
& dry of the shrunken class. A
poor low ~~down~~ specimen
he always was, highly bullialle
& not a little bullied. One por-



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ceived finally that he saved himself somehow by retaining his self-respect as a scholar - but as for any blossom or fine growth of intellect or human understanding from that, there seemed simply to be no trace. He talked to some extent of views of Devonshire & even walked me round the house showing me photos he had taken in the Alps; but it was all so hunch the things he did to be saved, passionless & dead.



And why shouldn't he be interested in me? - he wasn't interested in the smallest degree. I was just to him one of the rather dangerous crowd; he found out in what rank I was to be placed or no more - Meanwhile of course I was behaving as charmingly as possible.

It is very stuffy here to-day & I feel inexpressibly heavy & leggy; it looks as though we might have a thunder storm. I'm also somewhat depressed

by the Riga news. It will buck up the Huns - & besides it's always more than possible that they will succeed in forcing Russia into a separate peace - if they fail it will only be that they are too hard-pressed on the Western front - it stands to reason with all their disorganisation that the Russians are good almost for nothing now.

I hope your baby will arrive soon dear me & relieve you & at the same time bring nearer the time when you

will be able to get about freely
again.

I can find
nothing to do this afternoon in
the battery - but one is supposed
not to leave the camp till 40
I believe so I shall stay in.

Much love to you.

Your loving George

