



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

Sept. 12 [1917] AVINGTON PARK CAMP,
WINCHESTER.

My dearest Ruth, I'm sorry
you had no letter from me by
yesterday morning's post. But
I suppose you had it in the
afternoon? It surely must
begin for you to-day. I hope
it will. I can't tell you how
much I hope that this time
will be ever so much easier
than the last. My poor
darling, perhaps by the time
you get this it will all be
over, & you will be rejoicing

in a new book beautiful baby
- any baby of yours must be
beautiful. My chief
job to-day is to attend the men's
meals - watching the animals
feed is quite an entertaining
job; they feed on the whole so
nicely. There is nothing in the
nature of a scrimmage for
food. The men are divided about
14 to a table & at each table the
food is divided onto plates
before anyone begins to eat.
This is of course merely a

precaution to secure equal dining
but it works for some dignity
of restraint. And the men
are not exceedingly voracious
nor dirty feeders - how much
more refined, I thought, they
must be than any other people
one knows much about; I'm
sure the Huns would look for
more gluttonous at a similar
performance & the French
much dirtier. The food here
is excellent - for breakfast this
morning a kipper, a large
portion of bread - butter & a small
portion of marmalade for each

man, & a great bowl of tea -
the most generous thing I'm sure
that the army does. For
dinner beefsteak pie and
rice pudding with custard; the
supplies were abundant particu-
larly of vegetables. More than
800 men were feeding on only
two complaints - of small
helpings. I was especially
struck by the arrangements
for washing up; - buckets
full of hot water are placed
at various points in the
rooms & each man after he
has finished his meat dips



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his plate in a bucket & so washes it with miserably less labour than the domestic servant uses, chiefly because it is washed before the grease has had time to dry; cloths were handy, but not everyone used them for drying; those that did were scrupulously careful not to wipe before the plate was clean.

I carried out only a part of my programme yesterday

afternoon as we were visited
by a severe thunderstorm. The
Bear seemed quite glad to
see me; his wife is very
deaf which made it rather
a difficult call; but we got
on quite well. I afterwards
went to the haberdasher's
to buy some braces as I left
mine at Westhook & needed
them urgently; when upon
I had a sad lapse as you'll
be surprised to hear - bought

an expensive & very beautiful
pair of gloves to keep my
hands warm when winter
comes.

The Russian news is absorbing
interesting - but too long for
a letter; we must talk about
it. The tragedy as it appears
at present is that the
army is divided. I can't
believe they will get to civil
war - or not more than
one brief action - if they
did it would be the most
deliberate political suicide

recorded in History.

I must now go a look after
another little job.

Best love to you my dearest one.

Your loving
George.

