



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 6. 1917

My dearest Ruth, I have just been making arrangements for the week-end - & it appears that with the aid of my bicycle I may be able to get to Westbrook in good time - probably about 10.30. And if its fine I'll stay for supper on Sunday. The risk involved will be extremely small; and the prospect is most pleasing. I wonder if you had a thum-

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WIMBORNE
der storm yesterday? It rather
sprilt the afternoon here; the
atmosphere was so sultry that
one literally had difficulty in
putting one leg before the other.
I went out after tea [I slept
for a good part of the afternoon]
and tried to shake off my
lethargy, but I didn't get far
before I succumbed to the
invitation of a grassy bank
bordering a lovely meadow &
there wrote some more *Clauway*
lines & eventually made my

way to a copse in the skyline
which appeared to be a likely
place for blackberries. ~~This~~
speculation turned out a very
good one & I ate plentifully
before the rain came on &
drove me back. I manage
to get through a fair amount
of reading here as you may
imagine; I sweated somewhat
last evening at an important
chapter in the League of Nations
on 'The Economics of Peace'. It
is extremely interesting especially
a discussion about tariffs, for
what purposes they should &

should not be used. You really
must read that book some time
- it is the best war book I'm
sure it would interest you. I've
also been reading Rupert Brooke's
American Letters; there is a
very interesting introduction
about him by Henry James who
seems in the end to think that
ultimately he wasn't a person
who got to the bottom of things
& that I'm afraid was true.
The letters are full of bright-
flashes, but they don't go very
far. I'm sorry I
shan't see Uncle again - but
that was hardly to be expected.



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However I conceive that there may after all be a limit to my desires to see Ursula. She is apt in some way to grate upon one. I think I know one way she has of irritating me - & that is by a too ready curiosity - she can't bear an allusion to any thing of which she hasn't a part without immediately demanding a full explanation - a rather importunate manner. She is also too fond of making pseudo-intellectual remarks.

without thinking. However
she's a good woman.

This afternoon I shall probably
avail myself of Pearson's invita-
tion to tea - 'the Bear' we
used to call him; I remember
him sitting in front of his
study chair wagging his red
slippers while he talked to me
earnestly about the wickedness
of this world - that was ~~to~~
prepare me for Confirmation.
His wife, a saintly but not very
ornamental woman, was

Commonly known as 'the Vulture's
sister' - the Vulture being the
wife of another master & a
more pronounced character -
but I believe the correct notion
for her was Holy Mary.

And afterwards I propose to
myself a pleasant detour on
my bicycle, involving a bathe
at one of my favourite spots
of the river on the way back
here. It's a perfect day.

I suspect that most of the
officers are now asleep in
their little chambers. Their
illness is less abated there
than in the Mess where I

am writing, & where my sole
companion is the orderly officer
who with his head thrown back
& his mouth wide open occasionally
emits a prolonged snore.

I shall not write to you tomorrow
as I shall see you on Saturday,
& if you write to me I should
get your letter before Monday.

Yours lovingly
George.

