



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 13, 1917

My dearest Ruth

I had your letter this morning. I'm glad you are so patient. But I hope I shall find you happy with a baby when I arrive on Saturday. I'm not sure in point of fact when I may arrive - quite possibly on Friday evening, but more probably I think not; anyway by lunch on Saturday.

I dined with the Garbuths last night & made my over.

ture about the motorbike. I am  
to have it right enough - but I  
can't be sure exactly when nor  
do I feel supremely confident as  
to how free from trouble I may  
be when I come to mount a  
bribe the beast. I couldn't of  
course press for time; but early  
next week I have little doubt it  
will be at my disposal. It  
was an agreeable evening.  
Garbutt is an old hand &  
wholly intelligent.

I called on the way, punctiliously,  
since I was within the week  
on the Caustreys & received a  
extended impression of their  
domain. The view was playing  
up & there's not much wrong  
with that; & the house I feel  
quite to have its charm & to  
be a success. Caustrey was in  
Mr Newton's office - have you  
heard of him? I dare say your  
father knows his name.

This has been a fairly busy  
day of odd jobs for me, as  
orderly officer. I was late for

Early parade at 6.15 a.m. - I had  
trusted to my servant who did  
call me before 6.15. Unluckily  
an offensive creature, as I hear  
by reputation, the brigade  
adjutant looked up & reported  
my unpunctuality. But happily  
I was leniently treated in the  
matter by the o.c.

God my denials I feel inclined  
to reclaim when I think of letting  
you know often the horses are  
groomed & fed & watered. It  
seems rather a question of cer-  
tain short intervals when they  
are immune from such



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

attentions (good! I find this is a dry sheet of paper). But all the same it can't be said that an order of officers, who must allow nothing no item of such performances to escape his observation, has an arduous job; & he has, for the first time at all events, the interest of poking his nose into the larder & kitchen.

My hand is cold from this

last shell in the rain, & I'm  
afraid I'm writing more  
croakily than usual. I heard  
from David this morning  
& he referred to 'bad news or  
absence of news' about  
Geoffrey Jagg; I am feeling  
anxious about him.

The War Office letter you  
forwarded was sent from  
Cox & Co, answering my

inquiry as to a second pip  
- seemingly indicating that an  
announcement would appear  
in due course in the Gazette.

I must go to another little  
job now. Fare well David  
& love. Keep your heart up.  
I know you will.

Your loving George