



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 26.
[1917]

My dearest Ruth,

Thank you very much for
your loving letter which I
received this morning. Some-
times one feels expressive &
sometimes not; I like you
both ways; you are very
dear to me.

I have little to tell you today.
I spent a rather distressing
evening last night because
the worst of the piano friends

drummed out his nauseating
tunes for about two hours!

[Another of them is at it
now, but I don't think he
is timed to go on for so long]

It's rather wet here today
as I haven't been out this
afternoon, but have spent
most of the time in my cubicle
reading a novel - *Sonia*, by
Stephen McKenna, son of the
late minister; he is a Wyke-
hamist, & the book begins

about life at Winchester - but
it's heavily disguised & might
be any hip school - it is quite
interesting. This morning I
began doing some work for
my course next week - I obtain-
ed a large packet of type-written
'notes' by the man who runs
the show; but they don't seem
to me to deal with very obscure
questions or to be particularly
difficult to understand or
particularly illuminating.

I think I must now
get some fresh air; I wish

That you to walk with me -
how long is it since we had
a good walk together?

Goodbye dearest. All my
love to you

Your loving

George

