



OFFICERS' MESS,
T LINES,

Sept. 20. 1917

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,
WINCHESTER.

My dearest Ruth, I had your letter this morning & am glad to know that all is well with you. I shall be surprised if I don't find you sitting up on Saturday. We've just had a long cold job - what's called a 'muster parade' at which the roll of every blessed man is called out. It took about an hour or a half or I feel rather cold after standing about doing nothing.

I went to bed rather early last night & made a little adjustment to my bed, which is now more comfortable - perhaps as a consequence I was up earlier than usual this morning, & was able to take an agreeable little walk between breakfast & parade at 8.45. It was a beautiful day then & the view from above the amphitheatre was splendid.

I'm going into Winchester at 4.0 - no ~~here~~ comes the adjutant asking me to do a job at 4.30 & that will take me an hour - only a matter of taking some signallers over to be inspected by some bloke - but rather inconvenient.

I have just had a letter from Arie who says she seems some prospect of her house being settled with a good cook & a nursery governess - so I hope she will be able to get away before long. But she

confirms what Mother said about
John & evidently is more than
usually anxious about him.

Bobby thinks we shall call the
new baby Althea - a new name
for our list! I shall expect
to find you have made up
your mind by Saturday.

I shan't write to you at greater
length - I don't feel anything
but very stupid & I must now
set some tea before attending
to the signaller.

Great love to you

Yours lovingly
George.