



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Oct. 3 [1917].

My dearest Ruth, I'm very
sorry my letter to you didn't
get posted yesterday - I took it
into Winchester & there I suppose
it was put out of my head
by a misfortune which befel
me on the way - as I was
rounding the corner on St
Giles hill my back wheel
locked & skidded 3 or 4 yds
sideways - whereby I suffered
a violent fall. The cause of

WINDSOR
AVINGTON PARK CAMP
T LINES
DEPT. OF DEFENSE
this disaster was an insecure
back-lamp bracket which must
have swung inward as I
turned a jammel hard. The pieces
of my lamp were distributed
over a wide area but luckily
the bike escaped damage & I
was very fortunate in getting
off to some damage to my left
hand, chiefly a sprained thumb
- it is difficult to see why
I wasn't shot down the hill
over the handle bars - I was

going about 20 mph so it would
n't have been pleasant.

This morning's work has been
disorganised, as the whole
camp has been attending a
lecture on Venereal Diseases
- a most disagreeable subject
but rather well done by a
chaplain. The statistics he
produced are appalling; but
is there any person who doesn't
indulge in oratorical tricks?
This man ended with an
emotional appeal which to
my mind quite spoilt all

the good sense that came before.

In consequence of all this we had no work at the gunnery school - I was able to spend an hour - a half learning gun drill - a slow process with me, but still I've got 2 pages done out of about 5; my difficulty will be to remember it ever till tomorrow.

Last night I went to see Aric's doctor for whom she has a considerable respect & affection - he is now medical officer in the battery next to



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this. A kind, sympathetic
• charming man he must be;
but it came back to me, as
Clutton Brock said the other
day that we are so bad at
the technique of conversation -
at least I felt that he was
• he went on prating with
hardly the least interruption
about the medical organisation
of the camp, the other medical
officers & his own position
• I came away knowing next

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to nothing of his ideas & notes &
he learnt nothing at all about
me.

Dear me I
must tell you that I was
afflicted by a morbid & terrible
dream about you last night - it
seemed you had died; the sense
of loss was overwhelming & I
felt that some infinitely cruel
thing had happened like the
tearing apart of flesh that has
grown together. But how
sweetly it comes out of that

in the end that we have grown
together. Do you ever have
such reflections in dreams or
consciously?

Profr Uncle Hawes - Aunt Jessie
- it might be better for them
to leave Trinidad. I don't
know how their finances
would stand it - Canada is
a long way off & it mightn't
be cheap to live in. I hope
they'll fix up some better way
than the present; but they
have got the summer over
now & the Canadian winter

might be very trying too.

I must go off to the Gunnery
School now -

Goodbye dearest

Yours loving

George.

