



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 19. 1917.

My dearest Ruth, It is certainly not the least remarkable item in the code of my present companions that any one with a tune in his head has a right to parade that fact for all its worth - & its worth a lot - on the piano. After lunch we witnessed the public exercising of a powerful rumpus accompanied all too wonderfully, but comparatively speaking in a quite subdued key by a fiddle.

I diligently made out on the spot an able plan by which the members of a society formed for the purpose should successively invite them to dinner in Winchester & by that act leave the remainder as I hoped, in peace ^{for the evening sessions.} I began to have a doubt about my design when I heard that a banjoist was to be added to the 'orchestra'. And now after tea I realise that the musicians will probably prove numerous

enough to break the bank - for a fresh performer, happily I must own a degree more tuneful than the other, is now industriously seated at the piano & threatens to accompany himself with his own vocal instrument.

This seems to be even less to do here on a frost day than on a fine one, & I find myself most of the day dawdling in the beautiful froust of this amazing saloon. I wrote quite bravely to Geoffrey this morning; I had his address

from his father who wrote grateful
in reply to my letter; G. it
appears repeatedly is 'going on
well' & his people don't seem
to be anxious.

I've had rather bad news from
~~the~~ Mother about Arié's Job.
He's had 3 heart attacks
recently & has not recovered
normally from the last; and
he is 'thin' & weak'. I'm afraid
it looks as though his trouble
will get the better of him in
the end. Curiously enough
Arié's doctor, as he always was
till recently he 'joined up', is
stationed here, though not in
our mess; he called upon me



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Yesterday I propose to go round & look him up presently; I believe he's a charming man.

My experiences last night were not particularly happy. The train was late at Basingstoke where I had again to change and at Winchester there was a further delay of $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. in getting my bike from the cloak room. I strapped my machine on, as it was fine,

and immediately it began
raining heavily; my lamp blew
out in the gale; and finally
as I was taking the sharp
corner into the camp, too
fast because my brakes were
inadequate & because I was
taken by a violent gust, &
in almost pitch darkness,
I suffered a severe ~~slip~~ ^{skid} -
with more dirt than injury
it's true; but I was feeling
rather lashed when I got in at

12-30.

A letter from Geoffrey Keynes by
this afternoon's post with a
postscript from Margaret sending
love & congratulations to you.
She has a baby on the way.
What a ~~lot~~ popular world it
will be after all! Alas I
shan't see these good people
this time, as they have preferred
Sussex to Hampshire.

I have been thinking still of
the good business to be done in
getting Jelli for a concert at
Charterhouse - our concert
it will be. And what letter

thing in the world could we do?
And how splendid you were when
I proposed it. I feel quite delighted
at the thought that anything so
nice could happen through us.
I haven't of course heard yet
from Edward Rendall; but I
have little doubt it will
come off.

Well, Goodbye dear love &
my blessings to you every
way. Yours lovingly
George.

