



OFFICERS' MESS,

T LINES,

AVINGTON PARK CAMP,

WINCHESTER.

Sept. 11 [1917]

My own dearest Ruth, I had
your loving letter this morning
& see the parcel. I am constantly
thinking of you & long to get a
telegram telling me it's all safely
& happily over for you & the baby.
Perhaps Edwin-Arabella is about
tired of keeping the secret & will
be pleased to announce his sex.

I've been sitting in my
hut alone this afternoon - the wind
blows away from the sun - it
seems the coolest place; I sat
busily at the table & worked at

my Skipness legend. I've now written
9 find in all between 170 - 180 lines.
I intend going down to Winchester,
calling on the Bear who was in
the other day & possibly another Win-
chester master. I shall probably
bathe & I may conceivably go up
for the motor bike as I shan't
be able to go on Thursday & it
is on Friday that I shall want
it - perhaps.

I witnessed last evening some
excellent boxing here. A ring
had been pleasantly erected

in a field over against the wood
& the sun set upon the contests,
these were about 8 good fights
& we saw some good knock out
blows & not a little blood flow
from the combatants' noses - that's
the one part of the business I can
bring myself to think I should
easily put up with.

This morning I met with a
small misadventure - we heard
this morning that the colonel
steed had slipped his head strap
during the night & made off;
suddenly when we were on
parade this morning he appeared

very protestly beat by a gunner. I
approached him with the air of
one who welcomes a lost sinner
& was muttering words about his
right out when he snapped at
me in a most spite manner &
got me near the top of the arm &
gave me quite a nasty little pinch
- treacherous beast.

I shall now go on my way
with joy & vigor very fresh
in my mind dear love

Always your loving

George

From Mother's letter it appears that
my father was at Wykebridge. I
have written to him.