

26 August.

my own dear Hazel,

I think

these envelopes are intended to give a man a chance of saying personal things which he wouldn't care for his company commander to read. At any rate I am using this one to send you my love - far more love than I can send at the end of an ordinary letter. I believe I loved you, dear, before I ever met you. Anyhow our first game of tennis together settled

it, and I knew it right from the beginning. And I had the cheek to hope to win your love, and yet you say I am not ambitious. There is only room for one supreme ambition in one's heart at once. I am not ambitious as a soldier because I am not a soldier. This war is only an unwelcome interlude, and I am only waiting and waiting till it is over. That is my first thought when I wake, and indeed it is with me always

in my dreams. I never doubt that I will come back all right and find you just the same, but I do often wonder how long, how terribly long it will be. Your letters used to be a great consolation to me, but they have stopped coming now. The last I had was written fifteen weeks ago. I would like to have a word with the man who is to blame. However, no doubt most of them will reach me in

the end, and I know you
will still be writing
regularly.

This will reach you
about college exam. time,
when you will be swotting
hard - but not too hard
I hope. My chance of
spending Christmas at
Haritane is not improving.
However, I have memories
of another Christmas
time to console me, and
for the future there is
always hope, and plenty
of it. Good-bye, my Hazel.
With more love than ever before
from
Becil.