



ASHBURTON HIGH SCHOOL.
ASHBURTON, N.Z.

Cheshire Ridge
Anzac
15 November

My own Hazel,

At last! After five months my frantic impatience is partially rewarded. I received a batch of ten letters some days ago - two of them from you. They were mostly written early in September, so they belonged to the last two mails I had missed. Yours were dated 1/8/15 and 7/9/15, but I gathered from internal evidence that the first was a mistake for 1/9/15. There is still a long period of time of which I have no news whatever, but it is a great relief to get letters of so recent date and to know that you are all well. Perhaps I will never get all the old ones, but I am still hoping; and meanwhile I would be well content, but - there is always a but - another new mail arrived yesterday and I drew a blank again, so it looks as if there is still going to be trouble. If ever I got ~~to~~ invalided to Egypt, I would like a job on the



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postal staff, just to show them how such work should be done. It would be a labour of love, and I would take infinite pains with it. ~~But I don't mean this to be a grumbling letter, because that mail was nearly such a thing of joy.~~
~~Many thanks for the tin of cigarettes enclosed with one of your letters: they were much appreciated, and the tin itself is useful. The stationery happened to come at a time when I have plenty, but I may lose all my gear any day, or there may be another paper famine, so I hope you will continue the plan.~~

Your troubles over lodgings and Anglo-Saxon and exams, ~~will~~ and all the other worries of modern woman, will be over by now, and you will be home for the long vacation, or longer. And I think you will admit that home is the best place after all. Christchurch may have social advantages over

Ashburton, and college over any other community, but that the N.Z. University offers any real educational advantages is a much-to-be-exploded fallacy. So I am rather glad you are finished with it, though you will miss all the friendship and fellowship, no doubt, as I did at first.

I gathered from Geanie's letters that Mother had had rather a serious illness, but was pretty well recovered. I don't know any more than that, so I am still rather anxious about it. I don't believe they would tell me if her condition was serious, and yet I would prefer to know the truth.

I rather like the lolly-shop scheme, on second thoughts, because you could send me baksheesh. I can't promise to be a paying customer till the end of the war - and not then, because when I get back I will promptly do away with the whole concern, or any other such enterprise you may be contemplating. So just learn to make up your mind to that. As for compliments, you know very well how utterly futile I consider them in your case. Granted I haven't the art, but anyhow they are only worthless words.

Whether I remember those afternoons on the hills? Well yes, but 'tis folly to

remember" under present conditions, and I am continually trying not to remember too well. From which you may deduce that my boasted philosophy sometimes fails, and I feel something suspiciously like old-fashioned home-sickness.

You must locate that tea-room of Broadway (I am still sceptical about it) and take me there some day before I will believe.

You will see that we are back in the firing line, just next to the last position we held. We have only been here a week, but so far are having a better time than ever before - though there is much work to do, making ourselves snug for the winter. Perhaps I will tell you more about it next week - if the censor will let me. I am in the best of health again now. The last fortnight's rest I had did me the world of good. We are beginning to think about Christmas, and hope to make it a merry one. I know the folks at home will be thinking of us, and if good wishes count we will fare not badly.

Now my time is up, and I must say good-bye for the present.

With lots of love
from
Becil.