

BE STRONG—PLAY THE MAN.

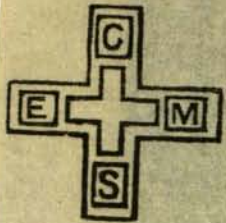
Regimental Institute,

25 August 1914

My dear Hazel,

There is a rumour going round that we are leaving tomorrow. I don't believe it for a minute but I am writing just in case. I am thinking I was a fool when I rushed into this business - I never thought or realised what the parting meant. It only came upon me when I had to say good-bye at home on Saturday, and my sister-in-law was weeping. However, it is too late now to be sorry, and on the whole I am not sorry - I think it will be all for the best.

I am afraid I was rather out of humour this evening when you came, but your visit made all the difference. I had a grievance which would take too long to explain, and besides our day's work, or loaf, was dreadfully tedious - just standing in the ranks, with hardly a break, from daylight to dark, and another hour of the same



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this evening. We were dismissed at eight, and I have written four brief epistles—this is the fifth and last.

I hope you will take any opportunity you can of visiting the camp. I will ~~be~~^{accept} the favour with all humility— not in any spirit of vain pride, but thankfully, as a convict might receive a visitor. There is a patriotic concert going on in the room tonight— a big choir of ladies and an orchestra. It is very nice, but positively distracting to a letter-writer, so I think I will retire to early roost. With more love than ever before— because I realise it more—

Yours truly
 Cecil.