

[3rd line] 25 June

My dear Hazel,

I have just made the valuable discovery that it is permitted to enclose as many letters in a green envelope as it will hold, so I am sending this with some others to my mother, and she will post it on to you. So far as I can calculate, it will reach New Zealand just about the end of the term, so I had better send it and the next two or three to your home address.

There was a partial mail sorted yesterday, but I had no luck. Perhaps the rest of it will arrive this evening, and it is nearly a month's mail, so I hope I am not disappointed again. My letters are always half

full of complaints about overdue mail, aren't they? It must be rather wearisome to you, but it means so much to me that I can't help referring to it. And there is nothing else to write about. I can't think of a single item of news since last week which would not be barred by the censor, except that we are still in the trenches and "I am quite well, and hope" — the same old hopes. And I am too dull and bad-tempered lately to use my imagination and make an argument or a sermon out of nothing, so I am reduced to writing to explain why I have nothing to write, and behold two pages filled already with nothing at all. I tried to write a letter to Mother yesterday, and

failed completely, but then I was
in a rotten temper and shouldn't
have tried. I got one page written,
but it was so full of grumble
that I was ashamed of it and
tore it up. Today it is such a
perfect summer day that I feel
much better, thank you, and am
able to sit out in the sun. You
can't realise what it is to live
in a combined bed and bed-room,
six feet by four and eighteen
inches high, for a week of rainy
weather, with a huge farmer
for company, and eating your
meals etc in a crouching,
sprawling attitude. When the
sun comes it is a different life
entirely, but we have not been
much favoured so far, so if
I sometimes feel a bit war-weary,
perhaps it is excusable. We

have had rather a long term
in the trenches, and I am
looking forward to going ^{dowry} town
in two or three days.

I suppose you have seen
Bairnsfather's sketches in the
"Bystander" or in book form. The
second instalment of "Fragments
from France" is just out here, and
is as good as the first. In spite
of the caricature, he hits the
spirit of trench life better than
all the prattle of the war correspondents.
I think these gentlemen must keep
well out of danger's way, or surely
some of them, sometimes, would
get some insight into the
conditions of life out here. But
their descriptions always ring
false, and their knowledge of
human nature is nil. However, I
doubt whether you care much

about them. I believe you would prefer me to write about myself, but I am a barren subject at present. I prowl about the trenches all night and spend the whole day trying to sleep, but can never escape interruption. A sleep of more than three hours is a notable event. Between whilsts I sometimes read a French novel, of which our officers have a good stock. Down town I take some pains to improve my French. There are no men to talk to, but there are some nice girls, and of course I have to be friends with all to avoid losing my heart to one. So far I have escaped that danger. My moods are many, but mostly pessimistic, so I won't worry you about them, and I don't think there is anything else to tell you at present. With lots of love to you, dear,

from
Cecil.