

that you had to tear up
the letter you had written
me. That is not a sign of
a healthy, sensible manner
of living. You really must
not take your work too
seriously. It is good, useful
work, of course, but it is
not of such terrible importance
that you should make
yourself a slave to it. Why
even I, who do many foolish
things, am never "too busy
to write;" and yet I am
engaged in more urgent
work than yours at present.
As for your missing a letter,
that is only a small matter,

[frontline] 5 July '16.

My dear Hazel,

I am going
to scold you this time before
I thank you for your last
three letters. I am not a bit
angry with you for missing
one week, but I am annoyed
that you should be too busy
to write. After all the advice
I have given you and the
injunctions I have sent you
about making your work
as light as possible, I can
plainly see that you have
been deliberately —
completely overworking
yourself, to such an extent

because anyhow I received them all in a bunch, and if I did expect four and only got three, they were such nice ones that I find it nearly impossible to be angry with you at all - only it is for your own good.

Now I must hurry up and tell you what a dear girl you are to say such nice flattering things about me - I liked them very much, and you are ~~every~~ every permitted to say some more such things whenever you like. They

are not true, but perhaps it is as well you don't know the truth about ~~you~~ me, and I will do my best to prevent you from ever knowing it.

(There is some shrapnel flying at present all round my bivvy, but it is a good safe one - trust me for that. Thank you very much also for the little Matthew Arnold. It is a very handy edition, and one or two more of the same series, at intervals, would be most acceptable. You see I am unblushingly taking you at your word, and telling you what I would