

No. 1 N. 3. General Hospital
Brockenhurst, Hants.
5 October '16.

My dear Hazel,

I arrived here yesterday afternoon, and am settled down in thoroughly comfortable circumstances. It was a pleasant surprise when the doctor at Rouen gave me my ticket. I fully expected to stay there a month for another operation, and was not looking forward to it, because they were so dreadfully overworked that one could not get much attention. In the finish they became so crowded that everyone who could possibly travel was pushed out. So I left there on Tuesday morning. The train journey to Havre was rather rough, but I was delighted with the scenery. I didn't see much of Rouen, of course, but drove through some of the main streets, past the famous cathedral and the docks, and got a good general view of the ~~town~~ town as the train circled round a hill. The country

landscapes were simply perfection, and some of the towns and villages too. Towards the coast it becomes more commonplace, more like N. Z. country. We got on board the boat about four, but she did not sail till nearly midnight, on account of submarines, which were known to be along that coast, and which they say are not to be trusted, even with hospital ships. We reached Southampton about nine in the morning, and came on here in the middle of the afternoon. Brockenhurst is a little village about fourteen miles from Southampton, on the edge of the New Forest. This was originally an Indian hospital, and was only recently taken over by New Zealand, just in time to take in a good number of the Somme casualties. You can imagine how pleased I am to be amongst the boys, instead of with Tommies. As soon as we reached

the station here I had a glorious surprise, for who should step into the carriage but my dear old friend Peter Parr. He is on the staff here, also Mr Morton from College House, who is sergeant-major dispenser. It was almost like a home-coming. Then we got a warm welcome at the hospital. The sister in this ward is a Canterbury girl, and knew me by name. She is very nice indeed. As far as I can make out, there are three or four hospitals here, besides convalescent homes. This is the main one, and there are seven hundred patients in it. It is called Tintown, being built of corrugated iron. They say the district is very pretty. I am enclosing a couple of post-cards which a V.C.D. sister kindly gave me.

My wound - they are all practically healed except the right foot - is doing splendidly, the doctor says.

In a few days it will be ready for a second operation, then it can go right ahead and heal up. I am sure I will have a pleasant time here, so under the circumstances I am well pleased with myself. Only I can't hope for any mail for a week or two, as the company will be terribly disorganised. It seems they met disaster (no, not that, because they won their objective) two days after I left. I wrote to three men from Rouen, but it seems they are all casualties.

I am rather tired now, but next mail I will tell you something about our doings the last month. Good-bye for the present, dearest.

With much love from
Cecil.