

Brockenhurst  
17 October

My dear Hazel,

I am just beginning to fall from grace and grumble and sigh all day. My patience is wearing thin. And this morning the boss surgeon gave me a hard word, for although he was very well pleased with my progress he decided that it was best to wait a long time before attempting amputation. So I am feeling slightly discontented, though I am ashamed of myself when I consider how much I have to be thankful for. I have two very nice sisters who look

after me particularly well, and there are some English ladies who come round regularly and bring us fruit and books. I have read "The White Company", the setting for part of which is here in the New Forest. At present I am reading "The First Hundred Thousand", by Ian Hay. It is a grand book, written with rare sympathy and humour.

My platoon commander, Mr Rout, is at Forest Park, the officers' hospital here. I had a note from him yesterday, and he gave me some news of our poor old platoon. When he was hurt there were only five left, and I have seen the name of one



of them in a casualty list since. The only bright feature of it is that the proportion of wounded to killed is very good.

I have not had any mail sent on yet, but I am expecting it any day now. I am still getting plenty of visitors.

This is a dull letter, but I simply can't help it today.

With best love, dear, from  
- Cecil.