

Brockenhurst  
8 December

My dear Hazel,

There is a New Zealand mail just arrived, but it will take several days to get sorted, so I had better not wait for it.

I have had a good time this week, with several nice outings. On Tuesday there was a vaudeville matinee at Southampton, which I did not care much for, but I enjoyed the trip and the bun-fight. There must have been about two hundred of our patients there, and about the same number of Tommies from the local hospitals.



On Wednesday I had three opportunities, and was very much disgusted at having to refuse two of them, especially as one of them was a trip to Bournemouth with Capt. Dron. However, he is going to take me another time. The invitation I <sup>had</sup> accepted was to go with our V. A. D. nurse to her home near Lyndhurst. (In each ward there is a trained N. Z. sister and a volunteer helper, most of whom are English girls living in the neighbourhood.) We motored through the Forest about six miles, and stayed several hours at Mrs Beaver's. They have a lovely place, a typical English country home,

combining beauty with comfort. We in New Zealand know simply nothing of architecture and furniture.

<sup>On Thursday</sup> Yesterday a friend and I went to Lyminster, four miles in the opposite direction. It is quite a fair-sized town on the coast of the Solent, and is the ferry port for <sup>this end of</sup> the Isle of Wight. There is a convalescent home there, where the patients live in clover, and I hope I have the luck to be transferred to there before long. The journey was rather an effort, but I was none the worse for it. I am getting quite proficient on crutches.

<sup>yesterday</sup> Today I just went down to



the village to a tea-party given by Miss Orbell, a South Canterbury girl who is acting as a "visitor" at the hospital for the N.Z. War Contingent Association. Altogether it has been quite a lively week, and a day at home, <sup>tomorrow</sup> will be a restful change.

There is nothing further to report about my foot, except that it is healing slowly but satisfactorily. It was X-rayed yesterday, and that will decide whether it needs another operation, but there is not much danger of that. Major Acland was heard to mutter something about boarding me, but they

won't tell me anything definite. There is not much doubt that I will get to New Zealand in the long run, as it is not customary to keep a man in a base job against his will, and I will put up a fight against it.

I am enclosing some post-cards which are not very good, but perhaps they will give you some idea of this beautiful district.

With much love to you, dearest  
from  
Becil.