

BE STRONG—PLAY THE MAN.

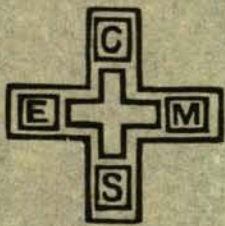
Regimental Institute,

22 September 1914

Dearest Hazel,

I am feeling so exhausted with the effort of getting you on the telephone that I have concluded that writing is a better means of communication. I had to wait forty minutes in the first place for my turn, then I collided with Mr Macleod, withdrew in his favour, and took my place again at the tail of the queue. After some difficulty in getting pennies, I found myself again in touch with Mr Macleod, so I thought he did not understand the 'phone, or something, and stood my ground accordingly. I hope it was not very rude of me to keep him waiting, but another wait would have been too much for me.

It was very decent for the mounteds, getting such generous leave tonight. I only hope we are equally lucky tomorrow evening.



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I can hardly believe that the leave this afternoon was our last opportunity of seeing friends - surely we would have been explicitly told so if it was. Perhaps all we will get will be some short leave in Lyttelton, and in that case the difficulty will be to let you know. I am afraid I shall be a grumbler till we sail: after that I think I will manage to take things as they come.

As usual - since my one offence - I was back unnecessarily soon this afternoon. And nothing whatever happened - we might just as well have had leave till ten.

You can guess what I wanted to say, if I had had a more favourable chance. You know that I love you with all my life. I would not ask you for a definite promise under present circumstances, but will you think about it and give me all the hope you can?

Your loving becu?