



"Oh, he is so nice Vi., just too sweet for anything!"

his name is. Perhaps you know him (he said he was once stationed at Oldlove). Oh, he is so nice, Vi, just too sweet for anything! We're just a match at tennis, and yesterday afternoon when we were having a quiet single, he called out "Love One!" Oh, I did blush terribly; it was the way he said it, you know. Fortunately there was nobody about except the gardener, so it didn't matter (but what a waste of blush, Vi). Oh, I forgot to tell you; Mater is going to give a big

"At Home" to-morrow night. Of course Reg is coming, and I've found such a grand place in the garden for sitting out—I must drop Reg a line this afternoon and tell him. There's one point I admire about him, he talks very little about himself. Once he told me that his people lived on their estate in Ireland, but that was all I could get out of the darling. I can see the postman coming along, perhaps he's got something for me. I'm so happy, Vi. I wish you could know