

23/2/16

Dear Girl,

I am still out in the sand. Today I rode out some 5 or 6 miles further. The sand storms here must be something to remember. The grains are as fine as those in an hour glass, and on the sand dunes it seems like spray. Viewed from a distance, each peak seems a miniature volcano, with the fine sand drifting in the wind. The atmosphere is remarkably clear; objects miles away are magnified in a most bewildering manner. Well, Girlie, I got the reply to my wire sent Saturday, yesterday morning, and was intensely relieved to learn that all is well with both of you. The same mail brought a note from Cec. who has had 'flue' but is now O.K. I hope to see him this week if I get to Cairo.

Have you received my photos

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yet? I expect to develop some of the large films tomorrow, and have at last managed to secure a 'tank' for same. There has been an enormous demand upon all camera requisites, with the result that some lines have been completely sold out.

I borrowed a gramophone from the 20th Bn, - so much do we crave for music, and, of course, no bands out here for obvious reasons. Some of the records are really fine. We are going to buy one for the Bn.

Well, Girlie, I suppose you will be back at Vaucluse to receive this, and probably we shall be on our way to France. - Things should be lively over that way soon.

Well, Girl, I'm waiting for your letters, to tell me all you think of our little one.

Good Night Fond Love.

Your loving

Geo.