

4 March.

My dear Basel,

The mail which was due last week has not arrived yet. We hear that it missed the boat at Sydney. I am hoping for a double mail tomorrow, but the chances are it won't come, so I am writing this evening to be sure of catching the outward mail.

I have never known such a dearth of news as there seems to be this week. I have just been trying to write to my sisters, and could hardly raise a single item of news. There is a good deal I could tell you about the reorganisation we are going through, but that is barred by the censor and anyhow it probably wouldn't interest you. Sufficeth to say that I am still remaining in the same unit. It has not interfered with our course of training, which has been much as usual. I have had a tolerably interesting week training a new lot of scouts. They pick up practically ~~the~~ information readily enough, but stick at anything in the

scholastic line, such as mapping, calculations etc. I don't know whether I will be carrying on the same work next week - the changes I have referred to may come into operation early in the week. I have been to Esmaïtia Wednesday afternoon and today - it is always worth while for the change. I got "Madame Bovary" (Flaubert) this afternoon, but have precious little inclination for reading lately.

I am in first-class health - the best since this time last year - and almost enjoy the long marches and hard training. The life is particularly monotonous at present, but with good health one never feels out of spirits. This is a poor apology for a letter, dear. I think the healthy, active life makes me disinclined to write much. I will do better next week, when I have your two letters to answer. With lots of love to you, my Hazel, and best wishes from
Cecil.