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2 April '16.

My dear Hazel,

I got your letter of Feb. 6<sup>th</sup>, which I mentioned last week was missing, on Monday; and with it the Balacava and a box of cigarettes. - or did I mention that parcel last week? I really forget, but anyhow it is worth thanking you for again, and I am really very grateful to you, my Hazel, and I won't lose the cap this time. You know, the days are so much alike here, including Sundays, and days and dates matter so very little, that I sometimes get confused and forget what parcels I have to acknowledge. I know the letters, because I simply keep them in my pocket till they are answered. I also got a very nice long letter from Miss Livingstone, and she said she was very sorry she had not seen you before you went to Nelson. She seemed to think there was some misunderstanding between you and me about a Diploma Day song addressed

to a Flapper. I remember the thing, but would probably plead not guilty, if I knew what the charge was. However, our correspondence is too slow and broken to carry on an argument, and anyhow I never knew you as a proper flapper, except at Karitane, and then I never dreamt of begging you to pin. Miss L. also expected to see the main body back for a holiday, but it is perfectly useless for us to expect that - it is out of the question.

In a week or two I will safely be able to write direct to Nelson - I suppose this will find you at home or somewhere on holiday. I hope your first term has been a happy one - I am sure it has not been so dreadful as you feared, and you must be sure and have an absolutely perfect holiday.

The war is certainly dragging nowadays, but I bet there will have been big happenings before this reaches you. I think, and hope, that this will be my last letter from Egypt, good friend as Egypt has been to me. I had leave this week and went to say good-bye to Cairo. Reached there at midnight on Wednesday.

and was supposed to return next evening, but the usual train was cancelled, so we did not get back till Friday ~~evening~~<sup>morning</sup>. Thursday was terribly hot, but still I enjoyed the day in town. Just loafed round and did some shopping in the morning, and ate and drank an awful lot. In the afternoon I visited my friends, whom I met when I was at Giza. They were all at home, were pleased to see me and gave me a hearty welcome. Mlle Rose is very, very good-natured, and could not do enough for me. She had a woollen scarf and a pair of pyjamas ready for me. The latter are very acceptable here, but of course I will drop them when we get to work again. In the evening, after returning disappointed (?) from the station, we had a fairly good time at a café chantant, though it rather gave me the blues to think of the good times we had at the same place in the main body. Perhaps the best part of the outing was the good bed and the hot baths, of which I had three!

The heat has been very severe all the

week, and the pity of it is that people are sending us winter clothing from home. One day we could do simply nothing but lie gasping and sweltering in our tents. I mentioned the streams and waterfalls at Peel Forest, and found that my platoon sergeant, Jim Barton, came from there. Do you know the family? He is a splendid fellow.

Of course we have the lake to bathe in, but it is rather far from this camp. To make matters worse, we were inoculated for something yesterday, and are feeling the effects rather severely. I am very drowsy and feverish, and I think I will have to have a siesta.

Good-bye for the present, dear.

With much love from  
Cecil.