

Water.

Garcia.

25<sup>th</sup> July 1917.

Dear Walt

Mother is writing to you, so

I'm just sending you this note to thank you for the photographs. I like them very much though one or two may be a bit dark, not nearly so bad as you make out, & it's a very poor puzzle to find the team, though certainly the driver has hidden himself rather against the pine trees. That photograph of John Reid & Eagle is awfully good - the horse looks so well. Mona looks taller than I thought her.

By the way, D.V., when translated means "God willing" but what D.V. itself means I don't know. Perhaps it would be Deus volens

You know more Latin than I do, so I'll leave it to you. D. was <sup>rather</sup> because I played tennis & enjoyed it, played with three girls who play the same sort of tennis as I do & a schoolboy & an office boy (who wants to enlist in the Sportsman's Unit, but is only eighteen & not allowed to) & a plump young soldier of only just nineteen who is in the artillery & looks as though he ought to be at school. That all the "out" balls within reach & thus irritated my opponents & partner but enjoyed it thoroughly. Yesterday afternoon & Monday morning I went out in the Red Cross kitchen car with a girl who has been driving it for about a month, & through Centennial Park & out to Randwick she let me drive each time with the idea of teaching me the management

of a Ford. Afraid I'm rather a  
dense pupil, but she is very  
painstaking, & next week if  
we do it again I feel that I  
may improve, & if I should ever  
become proficient enough, she  
would offer to share her job with  
me, which would be more to  
my taste than cake making.

I must go to post this now.  
Thanks awfully for the photos.  
It's drizzling here as well as  
at Coombil. I shan't expect  
to see you before October.  
Much love from  
Tah.