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at night the world below is void of matter ^{441003-150.} except occasionally the pinpoint light of some Arabian ~~campfire~~ campfire.

The mail situation is rather annoying to the extent that I have not received mail since I left my last station. Possibly when I reach my destination I will find your daily letters waiting. It is so remarkable that they can keep track of me let alone my mail, but it will not be long until conditions will be normal and regular mail service reestablished.

Collected several miscellaneous items, included among them a wicked looking thorn. These thorns are closely arranged on the limbs and stems and make a solid compact mass around the base of the bush, some of the individual thorns seven and eight inches long and as sharp as a needle. The type of tree appears to belong to the locust family with typical leaves and bean pod-like seeds. I had wondered at the time if such a scrub ~~was~~ was used in the incidence of the torture of Christ during biblical times. I do know that the natives formerly constructed fences of these formidable spikes to ward off the lions and wild beasts. Also picked up some large land snails found around the base of these bushes where the conditions were such as to permit their freedom from predation - maybe so - it sounds logical to me.

Must close now but will pick up the conversation again at a later date.

Loving
James.

P.S.

David - I am getting now so I can recognize some of those fine creatures you make but on the kitchen table. Maybe you can make my favorite ship when I come home again. Is it a deal? How is our young pianist. I bet you have already picked out some nice pieces that you are planning on mastering this winter - wish I had a piano. Edith - I still admire your ability to make such rapid strides in overcoming your recent surgery. My conviction is that you are one to overwork & underrest so 'take it easy'. Hello to all our good neighbors and especially our kin on Shakespeare Avenue.