

Mudros

Sunday 10 October  
1915

My dear Hazel,

This is doomed to be a very ~~to~~ dull letter - or note. With no home letters to reply to, and no notion how you have been faring for the last five months, I find the deadly monotony of this life makes me disinclined for letter-writing. If I ~~got~~ could just get a post-card to send you my love, I would be tempted to give up the attempt to write letters, and yet I know you would be disappointed if I did. So I will try to keep the weekly scrawl going, just so that you will know I am doing my best.

I have never lived anywhere where the life from day to day

was so absolutely without change or incident as here. After breakfast we wait for the doctor's round and dinner; after dinner the time seems interminable till tea; after tea there are practically twelve hours' sleep, for we get no candles. It is a restful existence, pleasanter than one would expect, and only occasionally maddening. There are eight colonials and six Englishmen in the tent, and the contrast between them is very noticeable. The colonials are fairly well informed on any subject under the sun, and always discussing means of making money. The Englishmen are quiet, steady, ignorant, and hopelessly content with the miserable existence they have been used to.

One of them has hardly been known to speak a word in five weeks; he worked ten hours a day, pick and shovel, for a pound a week, and has no future but that. Yet he is a fine dependable, unselfish fellow, and would not have been so dull in a happier environment. That is just the pity of it: the men are good enough, but the ~~so~~ economic system is a shame. Naturally, among the English troops our men are accused of "skite"; they never question their own boundless superiority: but really it is beyond question.

I hope to get to the convalescent camp about next Saturday, and to rejoin the battalion a few days later. I am keeping perfectly well, only suffering from weakness and lack of exercise. Many of the

patients have relapses of various kinds, but I have never been "off colour" since the first few days.

Next Saturday will be the anniversary of our departure from Wellington, and it is over a year since I saw you last. I wonder if it will last another year. Somehow I think Christmas of next year will just see us home. I will not say that I am always longing to return: peace will be unspeakably welcome whenever it comes, but I have become tolerably used to being away from you, and can take a philosophical view of it. That is not a lover-like thing to say, but when one is truly in love one need not make pretences.

Good-bye, my Hazel. I send you all my love.

Yours truly  
Cecil