

Mudros

18 Sept.

past caring, and they lost my kit for me once again. On the hospital ship I got into pyjamas, and coming ashore here on a dark night they lost the very clothes I had been wearing. With the clothes went my fourth attempt at a diary. I am now possessed of a suit of pyjamas, an overcoat (temporarily lent), with not a thing in the pockets, and an old pair of slippers. There is a touch of humour in being so absolutely on the rocks, but I hate having to cadge for necessary things. Most of the kit will be easily picked up again, but there are a few things that only money can buy, and I may say we have only had five

My dear Hazel,

I am absolutely destitute this time, and no mistake. I had to cadge this paper and pencil, and I have to borrow a razor and anything else I want. Since I am not fond of cadging and nobody has much paper to give away, you will understand why I am not writing so much lately. I lost all my kit at the time of the last advance, when we had to leave all our packs in a heap and mine went astray like plenty more. I scraped together a fair kit during the following month, then I got this fever. I set out to walk away down to the beach with my belongings, but I finished the journey on a stretcher, helpless and

shillings pay since the first of April. There will be a big cheque some day, and I hope my condition will be bettered before long.

(It is always necessary to assure you in these letters that I am not really grumbling, - appearances notwithstanding.)

Well, as for this fever, I am doing fine - eating my head off and lying loafing all day. I would like to get some clothes and go for a walk occasionally - that is my only complaint. We will have to stay in isolation for some weeks yet. I hear that our lot are over on this island for a rest, so I may be right in time to join them here. I am hoping,

but hardly expecting, to get to Egypt to get my teeth fixed up. I lost my plate while swimming a month ago, and don't get on too well without it. The trip would do me good too - I am very weak and stale. However, the army is a hard master, and I am not expecting much consideration.

I don't see any chance of getting a letter from you till goodness knows when. The last I had was three months ago, dated, I think, May 5th. It is a horrible nuisance, and I don't seem to get reconciled to it.

Cheer up! I have lots to be thankful for - and I am. All your photos were lost with my clothes - please send some more if you can. Now good-bye dear. I am thinking of you always.  
With lots of love from Cecil