

Mudros  
1 October

My dear Bazel,

Writing paper is still at a premium, so you must excuse me for not writing sooner. I am still in hospital here. I am feeling very well, but weak, and we have to stay in bed most of the time, just in case of a relapse. It is getting rather monotonous, but we get a few weekly papers - not too many - and play "five hundred" ~~at~~ morning afternoon and night. There are a very decent lot of fellows in our marquee - twelve altogether - so one might be much worse off. I have not been here a month yet, and have to stay six weeks, so it is no use getting impatient. The food is pretty good, but not enough of a change from the ordinary



army rations. We often amuse ourselves by talking about what we would like for dinner, making up beautiful menus of New Zealand dainties. I have a great desire to get away to Cairo or some civilised town for a short holiday, then I would go back ready and fit for the winter. There has been some rough, windy weather lately - just a taste of what is coming - but today it is perfect weather.

Needless to say, I have not had any letters. I suppose dozens of them are gone for ever. I am writing to the base post office today for the fourth time, but am quite hopeless about it. You will be finished with exams by the time you read this, and home for the long vac. I hope you have a beautiful long holiday. Remember me to all at home, please. Lots of love to you, dear, from  
Becil