Letter No. 35

No. 1 Can. Stat. Hosp.
British Medit. Exped. Force.
Dec. 11th 1915.
4 a.m.

Dear Mother,

One of our officers being invalided home, expects to leave any day, & has offered to post mail for me in England, giving me a chance to escape the Censor, & so making it safer to enclose a few films, which please have printed, giving one copy to Mrs Burrill, sending another to Gerald, one for yourself, & one to keep for Mildred until she gets backs.

The snap showing the sea is the spot I spoke of when we took

our picnic lunch, & is only the 2nd place on the island where I have seen a sandy shore. The house showing is the ~~custom~~ custom building - quite isolated & solitary. Just why it is built so far from anywhere I don't quite know. The others were mostly taken @ Castro the day we were there. I'm so disappointed we can't get them printed, for I was anxious to see them, but the photographer in the village charges such exorbitant prices, & has spoilt & lost so many plans don't pul like trusting him; printing paper cannot be bought, & so it goes. The boy who develops them is a member of our unit, but he also has no

paper.
I have just written Tolly a line, but same had these days except to you find letter writing most difficult, we really do so little, & I feel we've told all there is to tell if we leave out forbidden subjects.
Well parcels are beginning to come in fast & furious. Yesterday writing paper posted ages ago by Mrs Arnold arrived - one to Mildred from Tavies, another from England, & most important fall Mildreds birthday cake etc. Tiny parcel from Mrs Claxton. He really sent two beautiful parcels, & chose just those things that we like most.
So far Tavent tasted the cake, for being on night duty one doesn't

enjoy extras in the same way. However we have only three nights more, & then somebody else takes a turn, & we will then celebrate & have a real party. Since these parcels arrived I feel more hopeful about receiving our packages.

Well I wrote you last the night of the 7th I think. On the morning of the 8th one of the girls called out asking if anyone could go for a run in a motor, so Mildred Brock (a western girl, good-hearted as you make them but frightfully ordinary) & I yelled out yes, thinking a little fresh air would do us good, & the chance of riding in a motor on Lemnos

too rare an opportunity to miss.
The motor was to have been here about 10 a.m. but didn't arrive until 11. Mildred in the meantime decided to go to bed, so it left only Brock & myself, & to our disgust found there were five men going also, one a Lieut. we had met before, & the other a Capt. Ousilow whose boat was in the Harbour. I imagine he's rather a "Somebody," judging by various ~~the~~ things he said also that he lacks tact in his profession. He really was quite a character — most interesting to meet, being in touch with so many well known people, but he talked so much didn't know when to believe him & when not! However we engaged

Had lunch at the one & only possible eating place in Castro, a fearful mixture of food badly cooked, did a little shopping & got back @ 3 p.m. So didn't have much time to sleep. Before parting Capt. Onslow asked us to come & have tea on his boat the following day, as he expected to leave the following night. This we did luncheon joining us, & as always enjoyed the change. He sent a boat over for us at 3 p.m. His boat is earlier an old cruiser & now being used as a troop ship & really it was most interesting to see how they manage to pack

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so many men into so little space. His own quarters were most comfortable, fitted up with carpets, stove built so as to look like an open fire place, etc. Tea was served in much grander style than we have seen for some time. Altogether it was very nice in spite of the fact that two officers invited to meet us had disappointed @ the last minute being detailed for duty. That night I nearly died on duty I was so sleepy, & decided the game wasn't worth the candle.

The Mahrai left last Thursday with one of the Sisters (Hunter) for Cairo — the trip taken as a

necessary business are to buy warm clothing for us here. It makes me rather mad, but suppose there's no use talking about it, & the less said the better, for she is hearing all kinds of things from Canada, about what we've written home regarding her, & she's so damned clever in her own peculiar way, the first thing some fus know she'll be suing us for libel; & by jove she'd win her case too in spite of its not being true!!!

I'll have heaps & heaps to tell you when I get back, but ful it is rather foolish to write.

Galt is still with us but may leave any day for England or Cairo.

By the way I almost forgot to
mention my boots had arrived
from Oakes & I want you to go &
give them the devil, for they've
sent me in the first place a
different boot & in the 2nd a
width wider than ordered,
which means they are far too
large. Am afraid I won't be
able to wear them. The double A width
I bought were too large for me,
& to think of their sending me
A width, especially without
saying anything. It makes
me so mad! And then think
of the price of the bally old
things — all for nothing!! I hate
to bother you, but feel they ought
to know about it, & even if they

will do nothing about it, but it will make them more careful another time. The way things are going now we may be here another year, & dear knows in that time what I might need.

We have an orderly in the unit whom everyone rather jokes fun at, he seems such a weakling, rather the degenerate type, with loose mouth & ~~rather~~ quite a vacant look. Imagine my surprise to have him come up & tell me he was Reggie Moore!! To say I was surprised is putting it mildly — & when I look at him just it is really a tragedy — & yet knowing what he was like as a boy can quite

understand it. Sait for heavens sake let it get back to the Moores what I have said, for while they might feel the same way about it, they wouldn't like my saying it. I do feel rather badly I can do nothing for him, for the orderlies have rather a rough time of it - but it is very awkward & practically impossible to take any special notice of him - as there has been quite a bit of trouble regarding the orderlies attitude generally, his lengthy a tale to explain now, but it means we are frightfully criticised if the least bit familiar with any of them.

That rather sounds as though the fact that he is an orderly is the tragedy — which isn't what I mean at all — it is just himself — And yet I don't think he is a boy with an vices — but just not quite all there — Laurie Shear has been made a Lieut Col. & so far although in France for ages has escaped being wounded. Ethel Dam told is in England. We have been told to prepare for another big rush, but whether they are evacuating the Peninsula or going ahead no one seems to know. In any event it will probably mean surgical patients, & so those dressings

are going to be mighty sandy.
To-night I have a very sick pneumonia in the Tent - talking incessantly of parades, drills, shooting etc. He's one of those just back from the Peninsula, but hasn't mentioned that part at all. Of course he's delirious -
I'm so sleepy I can't write any more, but must get up & move around. Good night & good bye for the present.
Love to Uncle George & your own self. As ever Lottie.

L. Holland.

Have you heard of or from Mexico?
L.H.

P.S Came across enclosed picture in English paper. This is typical of here - the fairly similar to this around the hospital - just loose stones gathered from the surrounding ground & laid in a pathway. Not comfortable to walk on, & avoided at all times except after heavy rains, when it is a relief to get away from the clay like mud.