



Major C. E.
Sladden.
Evesham.
Wounded,
third time.

Lt Cyril Sladden

Letter A

HMT Cawdor Castle
Atlantic Ocean,
June 28th 1915

My dear Mother,

I believe our first mail will be dispatched very soon, so I must write without further delay. We left harbour the night after I last wrote to you, but didn't really get on the move till afternoon. We have really been extremely lucky with the weather and so have had quite a respectable voyage so far in spite of the general crush on board. Yesterday the sea was without a wave & we only had the long swell rocking us gently. Earlier the boat was pitching a good deal and a large number of the junior officers being quartered in second class cabins right over the screw felt it. Quite a lot were rather bad for a day or two and for about 24 hours I was off my food and not very cheerful, but kept going and didn't miss a meal. The really trying thing on board this ship is the mixture of smells which is extremely potent in most parts, & very difficult to escape entirely anywhere. I understand that it is not worse than is usual on these ships.

Letter B

Sunday July 18th 1915

Today we are being relieved by another battalion, and move back to the shore, I expect for a day or two. It is a wretched rest camp, very little room to move, but very nearly safe from artillery fire.

Everything is extremely quiet and on our flank nothing to speak of has occurred for a week or more. We were never shelled all the time we were in the trench & so far as fire went we had a p.....? of it. The flies are our great trouble & give us no peace at all; they swarm everywhere, prevent our sleeping during daylight (one doesn't get many hours sleep at night) make our meals a nuisance. You might make me a muslin bag to put over my head to fit quite loosely & hang down loosely over the shoulders. It might turn up in time to be of some use, as the flies wont get fewer for a long time to come.

Letter C

Sunday Aug 15th 1915

After midnight on Thursday I got a bullet through my left shoulder. The wound is clean, and the bullet has come out, and I don't think any bone was touched, so it is quite a minor affair. I am writing on the off chance of being able to post, but don't know whether a letter will go. The official news of my wound will probably say nothing about severity or otherwise.

I have just transferred to this ship from a regular hospital ship, & cannot tell where I shall be taken. I am not bad enough for a trip home I am afraid though that is what I should like.