

27th Field Ambulance,
c/o Base Postal Depot,
Bombay,

27th July (Sunday)

My dearest Eileen,

You must be weary of me calling you a darling so often and so it is 'dearnt' for a change today! I want to explain about my new address. I am still in Malaya but we have been ordered to use this above as our address in future. It will delay the delivery of your letters to me but 'orders is orders'! Should I be changed from Malaya to another country I can always let you know of my destination.

I am still reading your wonderful letter which arrived yesterday - it was dated May 23rd. Your letter of May 8th has not arrived yet but I know it must come eventually as you may have addressed it to India. I finished my usual 12 page epistle last night but I cannot send it till Friday. I want you to have this note along with it so that you may not be confused about my address. Please do not laugh at me, Eileen, for enclosing a lock of my hair. It may sound silly and sentimental but I only wanted ~~you~~ you to have me little part of me because I belong entirely to you. I am sorry that I cannot send all of me to you by post but if we have patience that will come too. All this waiting must come to an end some time and may be it will be sooner than we expect. I know and feel that we shall meet again. Surely God could not allow such a love as ours to end in tragedy. You know that I am not afraid of death, Eileen; I am only afraid for you and what you might suffer. For your sake and because you ask me I am being careful about my health - I take all anti-malarial precautions and I am making doubly

now that I shall not get Typhoid or Diphtheria by having all known vaccines injected into my poor arms at regular intervals. I take no risks when driving a truck or car because I love you. And yet my darling (!) I know no fear of anything on earth and may be you know why. I shall always love my religion and I shall always love you, Helen. What more could I ask of life than to have two such loves. I have felt much more contented since you told me that your home is now in Killough and that all those dear to you are safe. However I am sure that Spring Villa will always be regarded as your home. I intend addressing all my letters to Springfield Road and then your father could forward them. I sent you a reply paid telegram about 2 weeks ago but have had no reply as yet; there was nothing of importance in it but I fear that it has reached Spring Villa and returned as there was nobody at the house.

My quest for knowledge about Malaya has already begun because your young ladies at Omagh Convent are relying on me for first hand information about this country! I shall send you a copy of the Straits Times Annual when I can get one; you will find it very absorbing and contains lots of fascinating pictures of life in Malaya. I shall write away for back numbers too and you shall have them all. I have also heard of a very good book (periodical) on the geology of Malaya and you shall have that too in due course, if available. I have collected plenty of snaps and they are ready for despatch to you tomorrow.

And now I must tell you of a very interesting day I have just spent. The O.C. and I set out at 9.30 am this morning in his car (V8) bound for a small town 32 miles away. The District Officer resides there and it was on his invitation to me that we went on this expedition. Being such of

that 32 miles is through jungle. The first 9 miles was easy because the road was good but the rest of the way was really nothing but a narrow path - just wide enough for us to pass. We crossed over about 20 very narrow bridges, but it was all new and exciting for me. When we emerged from the jungle at the other end we found our destination to be a very pretty town nesting in a valley between two magnificent peaks. The panorama was tremendous - wooded hills and peaks stretching to the horizon. The town itself is amazing because it is a miniature London in its design - there is a Patten Row, a Whitehall, a No. 10 Downing St., and a Berkeley Square! The District Officer, of course, lives at No. 10 Downing St.. Also when we reached his house we found that he had gone away on tour for the week-end and was not expected until tomorrow. I left a note for him. We had a look at some of his books and it was there I noticed the Times Annual and the Geology book. To my surprise I found his library full of Catholic books - this was a very welcome discovery for me because there is not another Catholic European in these parts except myself. When dear you should have seen his house - it is perfect in every way. It is the essence of comfort and yet there are no luxurious settees; it is decorative and yet there were no ornaments; the rooms seemed full of books of all kinds and yet there were only a few altogether! There is a grand tennis court and a swimming pool. I just cannot describe it all. We had a good lunch at the local rest house and came back home for time for the football match in which our Green and White were successful by 2-1.

You would have loved it all my Cileen - the quaint little villages in the jungle with their wooden huts raised high above the ground on blocks, the shy children peeping at us around the door-ports, the Malays waving a friendly hand, the Coolies (Tamils) uncovering their heads as we approached and bowing to us, the Open School (Sekul Malayan) house with branches of dusky sunbaking Malay

children at their lessons, that Chinese mother with baby in arms pointing to the green
 coloured car as it flashed by at 10 m. p.m., and then that old Chinese man by the
 roadside beating a snake to death. These are a few of the things that I have
 seen today, my dearest, and I wonder how you see them too with me or how my
 hopeless descriptive power let me down again?

It is 11.30 p.m. young lady, and I have a hectic day ahead
 of me to-morrow. So it is good night again until the next time (24 hours hence!).
 God bless you, my darling, and may He protect you from all harm. I shall always
 love you, Helen, and nobody but you.

All my love,

Ever yours,

Frank.

P.S. I still write every day. Love to all.

Frank.