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27th Field Ambulance,  
Malaya,  
May 15th.

My dear Eileen,

I sent you a telegram when I arrived in this country but since then there has been that terrible Air Raid on Belfast and Northern Ireland. You have no idea how awful it is to be away from home when such things are happening. How I prayed that nothing had happened to you or your people. I cannot imagine bombs raining down on Belfast and killing hundreds of people - people who could not defend themselves. Eileen dear, can you understand me wanting to fight against such cruelty and savagery. It makes me mad to think that German airmen may be killing everyone dear to me at home and everyone dear to you. It does not make sense somehow. I wondered if you had gone back to Ormsay or if you were still in Belfast at the time of the raid. You know that no matter where you were or are at such times that I am always with you.

I have been worried about you because I haven't heard from you since I sent you that "trans-Pacific, trans-Atlantic" letter! I was in Rawalpindi then. I wrote to you later from Southern India and now I have changed my address again. It must be all very confusing to you Eileen, but all this wandering over the world is not of my own choice. I would give anything to be at home now and be near to you. There



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is a war on at home and no war in Malaya. You would like this country because everything is green and fresh. It is such a contrast to an Indian Station (plains) where everything is brown and baked up with the sun, where the heat is stifling at this time of year, where the dust is appalling and the people dirty. Malaya is covered with trees and jungle; the country is beautiful, there is no dust because it rains every day and the people are clean. Did you know that most of the people are Chinese and the more I see of them the better I love them. They are really a wonderful race and ~~far~~<sup>much</sup> more civilized and progressive than Indians. When the war is over and we have some holidays you must see Malaya! It will take a lifetime to show you all the things that I have seen during the past year. I sometimes wish I hadn't so much work to do and then I might be able to see more of Malaya. I finish my day at 7 P.M. and have my "afternoon" tea at that unworldly hour too. However I like my job very much and it is so much better to be working all day than doing nothing. The heat is nothing compared to India, the rain keeps the temperature down BUT the humidity is about 100% and so everyone is drenched in a continuous bath of perspiration. The nights are pleasant and cool. The planters (rubber) have a strange existence and lonely one too but they don't seem to mind being "buried" in the heart of their plantations. They have a glorious time every week-end in the nearest town - dances, pictures etc. I have been to one dance but did not dance because there were no partners - all Chinese dance hostesses and it seems



we are just allowed to dance with them. The local priest is a Frenchman with a long flowing white beard; you would love him, Eileen. His name is Father Francois and he must be a saint. His Chinese flock just seem to adore him.

I am becoming impatient waiting for your letter because it means so very much to me. You know that I love you and that I could never love anyone but you, Eileen; but I do want to know how you feel about it. I want to meet you again soon and tell you that I love you. You will see that it is real love and you will know that it is more precious to me than life itself. I want to go on loving you and I don't have to try very hard. I know that should you love me that in return I could never love you enough. I am useless at paying compliments even when deserved, but you are everything that woman should be. You will never change, Eileen, and I shall never want you to change.

I cannot give you any news, nor can I tell you where I am stationed in Malaya. In this ultra-modern town there is a racecourse, Golf course, Tennis Club, Cricket Club, hockey and Swimming Club. In many ways it is Americanised but that helps it a lot. I haven't a moment to spend during the day in any kind of sport but I have plenty of exercise. I have a little Austin 7 for my own use - of course it is an Army one but it's a grand little toy. My long legs are apt to get entangled among gears and clutches! I thought of a little blue Austin 7 you had once upon a time; I



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even remember the number (A2 6049). I can never forget that number because I was ever on the look-out for it all over Belfast!

Please write to me soon and give me all the news. I want to hear about you, your work, your play, your people and your friends. Tell me about Frances and her Roland. I should like to see her settled down. Give her my regards when you see her again; but maybe she does not love me any more. I forgot to tell you that I had a photograph of myself taken (for my father) and I sent you a copy too. It was taken in a small Chinese shop here so do not expect very much.

And now, Lillian, I must bid thee adios again because mine eyes are closing with sleep. God bless you my dear and may you be always happy.

Love yours,  
Frank.

P.S. My letters are censored but yours are not.  
Frank.