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27th Field Ambulance,  
Malaya,

13th June.

Eileen, my darling,

I am starting another six-day diary and still there has been no letter from you. I have been waiting and expecting that letter for so many months now and each mail has brought nothing but disappointment. It is five months now since your first letter came, Eileen, and nothing has come since then. I hope and hope that the next mail will bring something but my hopes are always dashed. We can only blame Hitler and the Germans for this awful delay in the mails. Normally in peace time a letter should reach Malaya about 9 days after leaving home, but now it is a matter of months. I love you such a terrible lot, my darling, that it is almost unbearable waiting so long for a letter from you. You can now realize what one single letter from you means to me; it is the only thing that I can see and touch and read that has come from you. Oh, Eileen my darling, it would not be so awful if I did not love you so much.

I am sorry now that I have written in this doleful strain. I am normally happy especially at my work but today I had too much time to think and that has made me sad. I should never feel sad or depressed because I love you and, more important, you have given me your love. That is enough to make me happy all day and every day. I have lived for the day when you would give me your love and now that it has come, I am really the happiest man in the world. I have



Always worshipped you from afar, Celine, but I never dreamt that it would be as far away as Malaya! This war must end sometime and somehow and when that comes we shall be united again never to be separated. How can I ever love you enough for the happiness you have given to me; how can I give you enough when you have given so much to me. I shall never betray your trust in me, Celine; I shall never cease of loving you as long as I live. All my love, all that I am or have are yours and they will always be yours and never anyone else's but yours. If I could only give you some idea of how much I love you, but it was not meant to be put into actual words - you will know it when we meet again.

To-day must have been glorious outside the plantation but I saw little of it. I had a big inspection to-day by a General and so I spent my whole day hidden away from the sunshine and the wide open spaces. I sent off my weekly (sunday) letter to you this morning and if the S. S. Clipper does not speed all the way with it to you I shall be furious! Some day I shall stop writing letters to you and instead I shall fly home to you - then you will not be troubled ever again with my awful letters! I shall haven't got the courage to read a single letter ever once I have written it. I hastily put it in the envelope and send it off, and if I didn't do this I would tear up all my letters to you. They must make awful reading for poor Celine. I take 12 whole pages to tell you a sentence of three words - "I love you"! That is all I want to say in my letters to you and what a way I have of telling it to you. Can you understand and forgive these lengthy epistles. I must get into bed now, Celine because it is late. God bless you, my darling, and good night.



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Saturday - JUNE 14<sup>th</sup> :- Another long weary day in the tropics and nothing to tell you of note. A game of football with the troops was the event of the day - so you may guess how exciting my day has been! I have been in this station about 10 days now and I haven't had time to even read a line of Mother's "Spanish Rattle-Tattle". I love reading your books and it makes me furious when I cannot read them for want of leisure - and yet I can always find a few minutes each evening to write to someone whom I love very much. I never thought I could love you so very much, Eileen, as to want to write to you every day. I have always been a very erratic and inconstant letter-writer as all my people at home can testify and now you have changed all that! I do want to tell you about my day when it is done; I want to tell you my thoughts of the day; I want to tell you over and over again that I love you and that I could never love anyone but you my darling. I feel that you should know everything that has happened to me - so many things I write are for you alone, Eileen, and nobody else.

I am so very sorry about yesterday's diary; I am really ashamed of it now. I was a bit depressed but not much and today all is well again. Please do not misunderstand me, Eileen; I am not grumbling about getting no letters - I know there are several letters on their way from you and you are not to blame for the delays in transit. I shall have to have more patience and wait. The very thought that your letters are coming nearer to me every day, can make me so happy because it is something to look forward to. I am living now for the day when your next letter will arrive. It must have gone to India and been delayed there somewhere.



I have planned a trek in the jungle with other officers tomorrow morning; I intend getting lost if possible and then trying to find our way out of the place. I am in charge of the party and intend leading them a dance! Do you remember our dancing days in Banofast, the Ard Scot and Queens? Do you remember how I used almost pull your poor arms out when swinging you around in the Col Sergeant's Drog? I had better tell you now, my darling, that I am not very keen on dancing; you will find me doing long walks, playing Golf, Tennis etc etc or any outdoor game. I would be content with one dance per month but Cullen, if you should want more dancing you will always find me ready to go dancing too. No matter what we do together, my darling, no matter where we go together, I shall always be happy with you. We shall always share our spoils, Cullen, whether they be joys or sorrows. That is why we must be happy because we hold the secret of happiness. We have true love and everything else follows automatically from that. Let us make a bargain now to have all our undertakings on a 50-50 basis - there will be no rows, there will be no boss. Life is much too short for quarrels and so we must have none. My darling, I shall always love you no matter what happens. Should I find myself in the joy room, please remember that my last thoughts were of you. I love you because you are a lovable person and because you are Cullen O'Hane whom I have always loved. I shall love you much more when you send me that photograph you promised to have taken!! Please write me many letters because I do need them just as I need your love - and I can never do without that. Good night and God bless you, Cullen.



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SUNDAY - JUNE 15TH :- I have had a real day of rest

today, my darling. I actually had a sleep-in till 8 a.m. because it was raining so hard. It was rather nice lying in bed with rain beating in through the open window on my face - of course there are no windows in my hut, nothing but a large square hole in the wall! I went trekking in the jungle with a few other officers for two hours this morning and it was deliciously cool after all the rain. I led the "expedition" and I had grand fun watching the wild animals scurrying away into the undergrowth as I approached. I collected my usual souvenirs on my leg - a leech; it had penetrated through my hose-sock and stuck to me! I was bleeding for many hours afterwards. Another Sunday and still no signs of brass or a priest. I must write to my last station to the French priest there and ask about it. Of course, I am about the only Catholic in these parts and priests are busy enough elsewhere without turning up here to see me. I indulged in a lot of sewing and darning in the afternoon (not more than one hour!) and I considered myself excused because Sunday is the only afternoon I have free. If I ever get back to civilisation again I shall never sew another button on a shirt or darn another sock as long as I live! I don't like it much but it has got to be done. I have now got an Indian boy as my orderly but he would be useless at mending my things. He brings me tea every morning in bed at 7 a.m.; then comes my hot water - in fact I am living like a king here!

My darling, I have been thinking of you all day today - because I had more time for thinking than usual. I was trying to picture what our next meeting will be like and it has made me happy.



My darling, it will be a wonderful day for us - seeing each other again after so many years and seeing each other as we should have done long ago and now loving each other. Helen, I have loved you in a very special way today - more tender than ever before and more true. I live only for you and for our future together. I shall try so hard to be worthy of you and never could I stop loving you for a moment of my life.

When out walking this morning I was thinking about your letter and would it be waiting for me at the camp on my return. I knew it would not but still I went to see if it had come but alas it had not arrived. I live from day today waiting for a letter to come by the next post. I would go crazy in this place, Helen, if I had not got your love - it keeps me alive. My planning time is a good thinking time and today I have been planning a caravan tour of Ireland with you, my darling. Do you like the idea or not? We must buy one sometime and hitch it to the back of our car when we get married. I am very presumptuous in assuming that you would ever think of marrying me but, Helen, love only means one thing to me and that is, that the natural sequence leads to a happy marriage. I can make you happy, my darling, and I will make you happy as no woman has ever been before. (I am boasting again! You must not pay any heed to me when I boast!!). I shall always love you in the same way as I now love you; I cannot change now after so many years. Loving you, Helen, has been the only thing in my life that has ever mattered or ever will matter. I can only love you more the longer I am alive. Good night and God bless you my darling.



MONDAY - JUNE 16TH -

It is now mid-Summer at home and my Eileen is in the thick of her Exams - but the happy prospect of holidays is looming up before her eyes too! May be you think that mid-Summer in Malaya is terribly hot; well, its not a bit! I have not realised it, but this Station must be the coolest in Malaya. A blanket is actually needed at night on my bed; the day is not hot even in the sun; the trees do afford lots of shade but they are disappearing. This evening as I walked down the road from my evening tennis, I stopped and looked around me. The sun was setting behind the hills and the sky was a wonderful blue with lots of fleecy clouds scattered around. Everything was fresh and green and cool; the slanting rays of the sun made the trees look their best. I met another officer on the road and we agreed that the scene was perfect and that we were very lucky people. I have no yearning for a large town or a dance or a cinema as long as I have this beauty to look upon daily. I came back to my wooden hut very happy. The secret of keeping fit in this place is to get out of the trees as much as possible. Before our tennis today I had football with the troops and it is good to see them flashing around like children; they are so full of life. It is the only fun they have and they do make the best of it. By the way let me introduce you to my tennis colleagues! This is Police Inspector "So-and-So" (a Malay); this is the A.D.O. (Asst. District Officer), Mr. So-and-So who is quite a famous tennis player in Malaya. To-morrow evening we have fixed up for a good men's doubles match and I am eagerly looking forward to the fray.

Can you picture a long wooden hut with a verandah; it is raised up from the ground by bricks? Three officers are



Sitting in canvas chairs around a small folding table drinking Lemon Squash - they are the O.C., myself, and another officer. The wooden hut is our mess and we are waiting and expecting somebody. An ambulance car trends its way among the trees and approaches us; an officer emerges from it and he is laden with parcels! He is a welcome sight to us because we have been away from civilisation for two whole weeks and here, at last, is a link with the outside world. We eagerly open the parcels and each man claims his share - it reminded me of Father Christmas! A patient was sent to a large city many miles away early this morning and he was accompanied by one of our officers. Poor Chop was given long lists of things required in the city. When he arrived back this evening he was exhausted - had spent the whole day in shops and didn't get any lunch! We asked him many questions about the city and its people, but he did not have time to see it at all! And still I like my home in the trees; and more especially the wonderful scenery outside the tree line.

You thought I had forgotten you today! Well, my darling, you have been loved more today than any other woman in the world could have been loved. It is so easy and so nice loving you, Lileen. I can always love you no matter where I may be but in my present surroundings I am nearer to you than ever before. I have given up the idea of ever being able to tell you how much I love you and yet you must know without being told. I have never loved anyone but you, my darling; I never shall love anyone but you. We have got something that will last the test of time - it is a very wonderful love and we should be thankful to Him who gave it to us. Oh, my darling, I feel that I can never love you enough





no matter how hard I try. And now I must try to go to sleep. God bless you again and again, Eileen, because you deserve all His blessings.

TUESDAY - JUNE 17th - It is very late, my darling, and I am very tired and sleepy. I have been out with my o.c. to see a Chinese "show" in a small town about 10 miles away (a one-street village, actually!). I was more or less dragged into it because I knew it would be a wash-out. We set out in the rain at 9.15 P.M. and reached the place at 9.45 P.M. - what speed! It corresponded to a village travelling show at home - a large tent, improvised stage, oil lamps, wooden forms etc. When we entered there was a very fat and awkward Chinese girl trying to do a modern tap dance, and she was not succeeding! Then came a Chinese juggler who was mediocre; then a one-act tragedy which ended with four young men and a young lady all lying dead on the stage; another young lady sang "God-bless my love" in many languages and thank heavens it was God-bless. The show was so very bad as to be laughable; if it had only been fair I would not have looked at it. The only other Europeans present were the local District Officer and the local "king". I should explain that each village, town, and district in Malaya has an unofficial "king" - usually the richest man in the place and he either owns a tin mine or a rubber estate! Well, we were invited up to the king's "castle" which is perched on top of a hill above the village as all mediaeval castles should be! The road up to it winds like a cork-screw for over a mile. However we found the "king" had a palace and not a castle. There were marble floors; glass floors; wonderful woodwork and furniture - everything ultra-modern and new. We just gaped at it all in amazement. We listened



in to the news from London at 11.20 p.m. - the radio set, of course, was a super-de-luxe model! And so we said good-night to the "king" and his quest and sped home at 18 m.p.h.! The rains had caused a tree to fall across the road and we spent quite a time dragging it to the road-side. And here I am writing to you - you terrible girl, you who keep me out of bed night after night writing long letters to you; you whom I love with all my heart and whom I shall always love no matter what the future may hold. Cilem, my darling, I could not love you any more than I do now no matter how hard I might try. Loving you is the only thing in my life that really matters to me and it will always be the same.

I had lots of good tennis this evening - six long sets without a break or a rest and I felt very fresh when it was all over. They were all grand games and it was the best tennis I have had since leaving India. My partner and I beat the D.O. and the A.D.O. and that was quite an achievement! I have arranged for more tennis to-morrow evening - a men's doubles. Please don't get the idea that I am not working at all but spending my time at tennis. I have all the work to do and my tennis is played "after hours". I miss my swimming more than anything else. I had thought of entering for the Singapore Amateur Athletic Sports because I feel much stronger now than when I was at "Queen's" but I suppose my D.C. will turn down the idea because.....! I cannot give you any secret information!!

Whether my best girl likes it or not I am going to bed to dream about her. God bless you, my darling, and sleep well. Good night, Cilem.



JUNE 18th - WEDNESDAY - Eileen O'Hane, do you know what I am doing now? I am sitting on my wooden floor writing to you! My oil lamp is blacked out to night, so I have put it on top of my suit case, cut a tiny chink in the paper and propped myself up against the wall! You are not a terrible girl after all, you are an awful person to make me love you so much that I cannot go to bed at night without writing to you! You, know, my darling, that I would do anything in the world for you. I only hope you are receiving my letters regularly and that they bring you some joy (but I doubt it!). My letters must make frightful reading and yet once upon a time my sister in Dublin said that I wrote her very good letters!

My darling, there is an ~~swallow~~ in my room and he has been here for several days now! He is making an infernal row just at present and I cannot see him in the darkness though I have thrown my felloe and tennis racket in his direction to night. He is a cricket but I don't think it's "cricket" to keep me awake at nights with his noise! There is a black out to night and I have just come slowly across from the Press for dinner. We ~~could~~ not see what we were eating and just hoped for the best! I like camp life so much that I am dreading going back to civilization again; a feather bed has no attraction for me because I have become used to my camp bed. Have you ever had Bully Beef, mashed potatoes, and onions for lunch? Well, I did today, Eileen, and it was grand! You are missing all the good things in life and I am having them all!

The tennis was called off today because the ground was rather soft after the morning rains. The rains were torrential today and I thought we would be washed away. Another mail today and another



Disappointment for me - no letter from Eileen. I am used to it now but still I look forward to the next post with quiet confidence that your letter must come. You see, my darling, I love you so very, very much that one letter from you means an awful lot to me. I can read and re-read it; it can keep me alive for months afterwards. My letter could never make you so happy as your letter can make me, Eileen. So please take pity on me and send me heaps of letters! I want letters all about you, my darling; your work, your play, your stances, your thoughts and your love. I need you and I need your love. I want to know that all is well with you and all those dear to you. The war seems to spread and spread Eastwards, but soon it will stop spreading and then it will all be ended. Then you will find me wishing back home to you my darling and never to leave you again.

I love you even more tonight Eileen and I shall love you a little bit more each day of my life. God bless you and may He keep you safe from all harm.

Ever yours,

Frank xxx