

27th Field Ambulance,

Malaya,

28. 6. 41 (Saturday)

Lileen my darling,

Another Indian and European mail arrived to day and still there is no news of you. What on earth has happened to your letter? How I hope and pray that it has not been lost en route, it would break my heart to know that I had lost one of your letters. You know how precious they are to me - they mean everything to me so far away from you. I sent you another long, boring 12-page letter this morning but haven't even known when it will leave Malaya because the Honolulu Clipper is not due in here for another two weeks yet; then it will come and carry off about four letters from me to you!

It must be very near your vacation time, Lileen, and your poor students will soon have finished their exams. I want you to write and tell me all about them - if they have gone well; I want to hear all about your breaking up day at Dماغ and what an animated scene it must present. Sometimes on that day one always gets the holiday feeling. Have you got any really nice girls in your form? I might fall in love with them if you should ever be so foolish as to show them to me! My darling, I could never fall in love with anyone but you. I shall always love you, Lileen, and only you. Your love is too dear to me that I should ever risk losing it; all my love, such as it is, is all yours and it will always be yours. I am all yours and I shall always belong to you. I have so little to offer you in return for your love, but you shall have everything that I can give you.

At last we have succeeded here in getting in touch with the priest (Frenchman) in the local town fifty miles away. Normally he visits this district three times each year but now he has promised to try to come up at least once monthly. It is good news for me, because I have never had to miss Sunday Mass in my life before.

I was working hard all day today and did not emerge from the eternal twilight until 5.15 P.M. It was pay day and the day I like best during the month. It seems that I am Postmaster of the Post in spite of my numerous other jobs in Camp. If I were really efficient I should not have time to be bothered with the main pay! But I cannot endure seeing chaos and confusion and missing money during pay day! I had some Grand Tennis today - played six sets without even sitting down once! I feel so wonderfully fit, clean, and I do not forget to thank God for it. It is a very special favour always to be in good health and have the facilities for keeping fit. They were all men's doubles matches and my side won each time by 6-0; 6-0 etc. We were fed up with our food and so we had decided to dine out at the local rest house. We had a wonderful meal and I have just returned home from it. We are living in Army Station here because we are in active service and we find too much bully beef in the mess! Our cook is a shocking fellow and can produce amazingly bad dishes. He makes gravy twice a day and then has the nerve to call it soup; our beef is like leather because he cannot cook it properly. So to night we had our first decent meal since coming here! It is good to get away from the butler mess for a while! Good night and God Bless you, Helen Brown.

SUNDAY - JUNE 29th

Sunday can be quite dull in the wilderness as there is not much work to do. However it was quite hectic enough for me - I was sleeping all day till 4 p.m. Then I rushed off to play a football match. Wonderful to relate my team won by three goals to nil! The regiment we beat got quite a shock because they had been the local "giants" and we were an unknown quantity. Immediately after the match I had two hours tennis, rushed back to camp and had tea at 7.30 p.m.! And now, Eileen, you have my whole day in pieces and it was quite thrilling - yet I have not told you what I was thinking about.

Everyone had decided to have a sleep in this morning and so I did not get up at 1 p.m. as arranged but slept soundly till 8 a.m. I hate lying in bed till that unearthly hour, I feel quite changed for the rest of the day. I had my usual dream about home and you, my darling - the dream that I want to come true. We had met again after so many years of separation and I dreamed that we were so very happy together. I dream about you and my dreams are always happy ones. Nothing in this world could ever make me change my love for you; I can only love you more, the longer we are parted. Now I pray and hope that we shall meet soon again and ~~be~~ never be separated again. If I did not love you so very much it would be long but Eileen, loving you has become the only thing in my life which counts. Here I am writing and writing - and nothing ever happens. Eileen my darling I love you a terrible awful lot and yet it can never be enough even though you are a terrible awful girl!! If I could only see you now just for a moment or two; if I could only hear your voice - but what is the use of wishing my life away? If the war should end while I am still in Watanya do you know the

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thing I would like would be to rush off to Singapore and ring you up on  
the phone. Then I would get out of Malaya as quickly as a plane would  
take me and fly home to you. I want that day to come quickly, Helen; it can  
never come soon enough for me. My darling, I do need your photograph very  
badly; I want to see you as you are today. I only knew you when you  
were a schoolgirl and yet I loved you so much; but now that you have  
really grown up I love you so much more. There was a time when I was  
on the borderline of becoming a cynic and despising love as a stupid thing.  
How near I was to this you may never know, Helen. That phase in my life  
only lasted a very short time after I had left Ireland for the first time. And  
now there is no man in the whole world who loves a woman as much as  
I love you, my darling.

The snags did not come today as they do Sunday  
and there is no post. I wish this were India from the postal point of view  
because there are deliveries on Sundays there! I have discovered that a very good  
friend of mine is in Malaya and I must write to him. He is a Captain  
in the R.A.M.C. and one of the nice people whom one readily meets with  
away from home. We would have a holiday in this station and I must write  
him to stay here for a week or two. I don't feel quite so much alone now  
that I know of my friend's whereabouts.

Please write to me often, Helen. I do need your letters  
as much as I need your love - and I need the latter desperately. I don't care  
what you write about - all I want is a letter from you, my darling. It  
will make me very happy for many moons to come. God bless you,  
Helen - Good night!

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Monday - June 30th - Cileen, my darling, I did not think that I could love you as much as I do tonight. What am I going to do about it? It just grows and grows as the days roll by and I am wondering what it will be like when this war is over and we meet again. I cannot help myself, Cileen. May be you think I am over-romantic and let my imagination run away with me, but it is not so. I do not love you because you are only a dream of the past. It is very real and I have thought it all out years ago with care. My darling, I love you because you are my Cileen; because I have always loved you and could never manage to love anyone else but you. To be very honest I have tried to love other people when I thought that you no longer cared for me, but I just could not do it. I always found something wanting. I have never found another Cileen, because if I had, I would have loved her and married her. I know that there can only be one you and I love you! So many people must have loved you, Cileen, while I have been away from home and I like them for it; but why you did not get married, really surprised me. I do not say this in a vain mood, Cileen, but I could have been married long ago. Somehow I thought it would only bring unhappiness because I could not have loved my wife properly. It would have been unfair to all. Now I thank God that He has always made me do the right thing and given me the only thing in life that I wanted. I have prayed for your love, Cileen, and my prayers have been answered. For a long time I thought I was asking too much, because I knew it would make me the happiest man on earth.

Please do not think me quite mad to have written all the above to a very sane young lady, but I have to tell you all my thoughts because they are all of you.

It is a hot night (10 P.M.), not a breeze stirring in these trees. I am having another quiet evening as all the officers have gone off to see or Chinese Show. The said "Shows are not worth looking at, otherwise you would find me at them all! I am happy sitting here on my rounds writing to you - I would not be happy at the Show. Even my darling, I can enjoy real fun much better than most people. You should have seen me at the Bostman Hills Circus at Olympia in January 1939! I did the wildest maddest things at the Fun Fair there - you would not believe it was Frank Murray at all! I should warn you in good time that I am always liable to do wild and mad things occasionally; I also do very unconventional things. So now you know the person to whom you have given your love. However I shall try to improve for your sake, Celestia!! I would change all my bad habits for you, my darling, but you would not love me then because I would not be natural or human at all.

I have spent my whole day in the wide open spaces and though it was quite hot in the sun I loved it all. I had a very big job on with my men and thank heavens it was very successful. I had time to rescue a very young Quail from the clutches of a Sepoy and set it free among the long grass! I had no time for tennis today and besides I felt too tired. I wrote away for some more prints and enlargements - the whole camp is in an uproar about photographs. Every man now wants a Snap taken. They love to send them home to India to wives, ~~parents~~ parents and all their relatives. Please Teacher, may I go off to bed now, 'cos I is very tired! Good night my darling and God bless you for making me so happy.

TUESDAY - JULY 1ST

We had a big inspection today by a very important Army Medical man called O'Dwyer. Everything went off well and of course being a Dublin man he got on famously with me. We tramped for miles around inspecting drainage and water supply etc. I must have seemed very tall beside him cos he is only 5ft high! He knows many of my friends in the medical and sporting world. It seems that a hook doctor in the Army here (called the inevitable Murphy) blames me as a close friend and sent his regards to me today for O'Dwyer. He was President of the Irish Students' Association in former years and remembers me at both Cork and Belfast playing football. The world becomes smaller and smaller - and some day soon I would not be surprised at meeting a Queen's man in the middle of the jungle!

I am terribly busy just now as our training is in full swing. I spend all my day in the field and then home I come to dress accounts, letters, returns, quarter-master work, and plans for the following day. I had a glorious trip this evening in a lorry with my O.C.; we set off at 5 P.M. and did a 25 mile trip of reconnaissance. If you could only have seen the beauty of Malaya as I saw it to day - mountain peaks 2000 ft high rising straight up from the plains, all solid rock and left covered with trees; mountain streams that looked so cool and inviting; glens and valleys full of wonderful vegetation; the padi fields submerged in water with the Chinese coolies toiling away knee deep in water and mud; strange wild looking natives clad in loin cloth gazing vacantly at us as we sped past; Chinese and Malay children smartly saluting us - and I always return their salute, even though the O.C. does not like it! Oh, Lulu, my darling

I was very happy and I wanted to share my happiness with you. If I am so happy now what will it be like when I meet you again.

My "indoor" maps came back today and I am very pleased with them. Now I can show you everything in my wooden hut; you will see my table, my side board, my clock, my rockshaw, my calendar, my flasks, my Seltol, my washstand, my chair, my bed and the mosquito net - and millions of other things. You will see my front door and my back window and the view that I can see each day from them! In fact you might as well be Frank Hurway though I hate wishing you such misfortune! Yet another post arrived today and still no news of my Celine. It is now July and the months seem to slip by. Some day your letter really will come and then I shall be so terribly happy after waiting so long. When it comes I shall begin all over again waiting for the next one; and then I shall be waiting for that wonderful day when we shall meet again. Imagine what it will be like, Celine, after so many years - all the love that we have been piling up will suddenly break forth. The thought of that day alone keeps me alive and makes me realize that life is worth while. It makes me realize how much I love you and how much more you deserve to be loved. My friend the small lizard who comes to see me each night as I write <sup>to</sup> you, he agrees with me in everything I think about you. The crickets have deserted me and I do miss them at night! Tell me, Celine, when you write again are you really bored with my letters - tell me how you would like me to write. Good night and God bless you very dearly.



Wednesday - July 2nd - Coler, will you please tell me whether  
 these letters are too long and uninteresting for you? I should hate to think that  
 they are boring for you to read. I never have anything exciting or interesting to  
 tell you or really good snaps to send you, because all such things are more or  
 less concerned with the war and the Censor would not pass them. You do  
 realise, my darling, that nothing ever happens in a place like this! I want to  
 tell you all about my work and yet I am not allowed to because it would  
 give information away. I can tell you this much - a Field Ambulance is the  
 best medical unit that one could be working in during a war or even under  
 peace conditions. It is a sort of happy medium between all the jobs that one  
 could have. A regimental medical officer has rather a dull time because he  
 has never enough work to do; a job in a Field Hospital would be very  
 monotonous - either too much routine work to do or else nothing at all!  
 A field ambulance is quite a big affair and the work does show some variation.  
 It is grand fun for me just now because my company is training hard  
 and we get out every day. I have to organise the whole show and I find  
 it very absorbing work. To day I must have walked about 10 miles on our  
 training - I have to see that everything is running to plan, that all hands are  
 working. It is a fine healthy life and it suits me fine. After a hard day's  
 work we had a foot ball match from 4-5 pm. - the men love to race  
 along on the Green turf; they all rush wildly around the field and follow the  
 ball like a lot of sheep! I had two sets of tennis to end my day with  
 and I was just a tiny bit tired.

To morrow we have ambitious plans for a field day.  
 We shall have all the Mess Staff and branches out with us on training and

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All meals will be taken in the open or under canvas. I am looking forward to it all because it is really a picnic for me and not terribly hard work. How I thank God that I have things to occupy me all day long - both sport and work. It is an awful thought to me that some day there will be no work to do in this country. I would not know what to do with myself. I am not a work fiend, but I like to be doing something or other. I can quite imagine that you feel the same way about things? I want to know whether you like sewing and darning or not - I have lots of things that want repairs and I might send them to you. I found my orderly darning my socks with thread yesterday, and my housewife is full of wool! I wish I could find time to do these things myself. The weather has been dry recently and I take full advantage of it by keeping out of doors as much as possible because when the rains come I shall have enough time to spend indoors, on my socks and shirts! I have heard ugly rumours that we might be removed from this "heaven" soon and put down on the plains again in a hot, sticky city. Now I am hoping it is not true, I never want to leave this place; it has the best climate in all Malaya.

I am sending you a letter full of snaps along with this one and I hope you will like them. The air mail via Dewban has begun again and you will have an occasional letter that way; but I want to send them all via America because then you will get letters almost weekly and they only take 2 weeks in transit. I is weary tonight, Cecil and I has to get up very early to-morrow morning. Good night and God bless you.

Thursday - July 3rd - I have had yet another hectic day in the field and now I am pleasantly tired. We set out early and when the morning's work was finished we had a Gormier lunch awaiting us in our tented mess. We even hadiced drinks! The day ended at 5 p.m. when we returned to our camp in the trees. I had a cold shower and stocked <sup>off</sup> for those good sets of tennis on the local court.

I want to tell you something, Cileen, before I close this letter. You have read it millions of times in my letters and I never grow weary writing about it. The trouble is that you might grow tired of it! I love you, my darling, more than any man has ever loved before. I shall always love you and nobody but you. I am all yours, Cileen, and I am yours forever. There is just no end to my love for you. I cannot believe that it is 11 years since I first met you in Kanafast and fell hopelessly in love with you. At that time "I wanted to carve your name on every tree" - that was the kind of love it was then. It has grown deeper than that now and so much stronger; it is real love. Cileen, my darling, no letters have come from you as yet and I do need your letters so desperately now - as much as I need your love. Won't you please write to me as often as ever you can. A letter now would make me happy for about a year! Tell me all about yourself. I do want you to have a really grand time during vacation and I know that you can enjoy yourself when on holidays. Tell me all about it when you have time. I want to hear of your golfing successes and that your handicap is now +2. Tell me what you do all day long and what you are thinking about all day long. I love you so much, Cileen, that all these little details are very precious to me. My darling, won't you please send me that photograph soon.

I was not vain when I sent you mine. I know that if you loved me as much as I loved you, then you would want a photograph of some kind. It has always been you whom I have loved and I knew so well that I would always keep my own news to myself anyone except you. Do not think that I am bestowing a great honour on you by asking you to marry me - it is quite the opposite because you have given me your love and nothing that I can ever do for you or give you, will repay that love.

Give my love to your people - I shall know them soon and love them as much as you do. I shall have a very special love for your mother, Eileen, because I have lost a mother who was very dear to me. I shall always love the little Frances in a very brotherly way and I can never thank her enough for bringing us together again. Little did I dream that her words would prove true when she said that all would be well in the end. Give her all my best and tell her that I still love her!

It has come to the end of another diary. I have thoroughly bored you again but like a very selfish man I can honestly say that it makes me very happy when I write to you.

God bless you, Eileen, and may He keep you safe from all dangers.

All my love,

Ever yours,

Frank x x x