

27a. Field Ambulance,

Malaya,

Thursday 19th June.

Kileen my Darling,

I am still in love with you and I am still writing to you every day! When, oh, when is your letter coming? It seems like years since February when your last one reached me in Raisalpundi. A letter from you can make such a difference to my life in this wilderness where nothing ever happens. If I had not lots of work to do in this place, life would not be worth living and yet life is always worth living no matter what it is like. I have so much to live for because I live for you and the day when we shall be united again. How could I ever love you enough when you have given me your love - the only thing I have wanted in life. We shall always be happy together, Kileen, and we shall not have to try very hard to be happy because it will all come naturally to us.

I have spent most of the day in green fields training with the men. I have discovered a lovely country lane recently and I make it the training ground. It is well outside the jungle and just like home - winding, partly overgrown with grass, overhanging trees on either side, and beautiful flowers everywhere. The rains came at 1 P.M. but are welcome the rain in Malaya because it is cooling and refreshing. However all games were spoiled for the evening and so here I sit on my floor-mat in the gleaming darkness off a few lines to my best girl. I must hurry as the black-out will soon be upon me. Can you please tell me if the hills

of Ireland are still as green as they were when I last saw them? The hills of Malaya are green and pretty but cannot compare to our Irish hills. Some day I hope to see them again and I shall never leave them or you, Eileen, as long as ever I live.

Eileen, there is actually a small golf course a few miles away from here! And of course I have no clubs and if I had I should not have time in the evenings to play. However I am going to have a try because I must beat you at golf next time we meet! Can you guess what my latest idea of sport? Well, it is getting up at 6.15 a.m. and running around a field for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour! I am trying to train our football team for the local cup competition. It is not a joke getting up so early in the morning, Eileen, but I suppose you get up early every morning.

My darling, it is now dark and I am indoors stretched on the floor beside a very very dim lamp. The jungle insects and animals have begun their noise - and so has this awful cricket in my hut! Do you have black-outs in Dماغ and is Dماغ considered a military objective? All seems quiet in Belfast nowadays and I pray that it will continue. They must have had a dreadful time during the air-raids. I have heard nothing from my people in Belfast since the air raids began and I am worried in case something has happened to them.

My day is almost over and I have loved you so very much today and thought of you. When I see something very nice, such as my country here today, I think of you and wish you were by my side. I must away and dress for dinner (trousers + shirt only!). Good night Eileen and God bless you - See you tomorrow!

FRIDAY, JUNE 20th : Eileen alannah, what shall I call you next?

I have been calling you every day in my diary but you never seem to hear me. Writing like this is almost the same as talking to you every day and it makes me happy doing it. You would smile if you saw me now sitting out on my verandah with my oil lamp at my elbow (the black out is over). I am glad in pyjamas and I am as happy as it is possible to be under the circumstances, so far from home and you. I can hear the low murmur of the troops' voices chattering in their native tongue and singing their Indian songs. They must feel sad and homesick but they always seem cheerful. I have just returned from visiting them at 9.30 p.m. and I always love this part of my day. I have made at least two of them happy today and that means a lot to me, Eileen. It is so peaceful to night because all the officers have gone off to another show in a small village 9 miles away. I decided to have a quiet evening with you, my darling, because I can love you so much more when we are alone together. I had quite enough of shows last ~~last~~ Tuesday night when I went to one with my O.C.; I had to be very firm this time and refuse. I find that I can be quite happy and contented with an evening at home; besides it is such a waste of time going to a rotten show, coming home late with a sore head, and feeling very bad at 6 a.m. the following morning!

I really did get up at 6.15 a.m. this morning. It was an awful struggle but once I got out of bed all was well. We had a grand time passing the foot-ball up and down the field for 1/2 hour. I had a cold shower when I came back again and the bacon and eggs tasted so much sweeter than usual (Sorry I have to leave you for a moment to go

Go and see a patient!). I had to trot across to the camp hospital to see a not-very-ill man - and of course I was clad in pyjamas. Not much medical etiquette about that, but I have done it so many times when in practice in Birmingham. I have had rather a sticky day among the trees and it was hotter than usual. However I did manage four hectic sets of tennis with three other chaps late in the evening. I always intend taking snaps for you and the day has gone before I can look around. I must take a few of some Malay kids who chase the tennis balls around, and also some Chinese people in the district. The trouble is that I have to send the films 65 miles away for developing and printing. I am still waiting for your photograph, Cileen; & it is all I need to complete my wooden hut! I am still waiting for you and you will always find me waiting so because I could never change. I shall always love you and only you, my darling. You know that I am all yours and I shall be yours forever and ever. For the thousandth time, Cileen, will you please marry me? Yes, I have proposed once again and I don't care if all the devils in the wide world are reading this proposal because they will have many more to read in my letters. If you are getting tired of my proposals, Cileen, please let me know and they will cease forthwith! If you are growing weary of my long and boring letters, I could change them and make them shorter but I could not make them less loving! I love you more dearly now than ever before and I shall go on loving you more each day I live. The war will soon be over and we shall meet again. I may be detained out here for a year after the war has ended and if so you are going to fly out to me, young lady, during your vacation! You wouldn't

kind very much would you, Eileen? I want to see you again, my darling, and it cannot be soon enough. God's gift and God bless you.

SATURDAY - JUNE 21ST - Another post came from India today and still no letter from my Eileen (one would think that I owned you). As the "blepper" is leaving Malaya for America on Thursday or Friday I must post this letter tomorrow (Sunday). It will not ^{be} the usual 12-page epistle and you will understand why. I must send you as much love in this letter as ever I can. You know that you have all of my love, Eileen, and you will always have all of it and all of me. I wonder will the "blepper" be able to carry so much love on board all the way to you in Ireland - it is a terrible load to have to carry! Many things will happen in the world before this letter reaches you and that should only be about 2 weeks, but no matter what may happen I shall be loving you the same as I have always done. Please do not imagine that I am the same idle streamer of many years ago. I shall not haunt you by day and night and claim you as my private property! My love for you Eileen is deep and sincere and not meant for public show. What I mean is that you will not find me going to dances with you, clinging to your side and dancing only with you; you will not find me gazing at you adoringly at parties and having eyes for nobody but you! I have changed a bit in that respect. Our friends with sense and know that we are very happy together and that we love each other as two people have never loved before. Our love will never be cheap, Eileen; it will always be sacred and holy and so very personal between us. It is when we are alone together that you will know how much I love you; it is then that I can say to you everything that is in my heart. You will hear

of my joys and sorrows, of my love for you, of all my successes and disappointments. Poor, Eileen, will have to listen to all of this because she is the only person in the world to whom I can tell all these things. I am warning you not to marry Frank Murray; he will give you too much love and anyhow, why should you have to listen to his tale of woe each day of your life? I shall always want to lay everything at your feet, my own darling, because everything in my daily life that I think and do, belongs to you. They really belong to God first and then to you because I love you as He wants me to love you. And when we meet again I shall not have to tell you every few minutes of the day that I love you. May be I write about it too much in my letters to you, but Eileen, you must realize that that love keeps me alive in the wilderness. I am happy here while so many are miserable and it is because I love you that I am happy. It is a natural thing that happiness should follow a love like ours. I can be happy no matter where I may go in future. People around me do not understand why I have no desire to spend a week-end in the nearest large town or city "beating-it-up" as they call it. It is so easy being happy while I have got your love, Eileen.

I am the Commanding Officer for a few days as my O.C. has gone off on special duty. I take my responsible job rather lightly and spend very little time sitting at a desk in a hot, dark, wooden office! I have made two more men happy today - I really must start chalking up the score!! Also in making two men happy I have caused one man to be rather bitter and resentful, but that will not last very long. I have been busy all day long and instead of a half-holiday, I had more

work to do than usual! I had some good tennis with another doctor here - we were playing hard for 2 hours and only managed two sets! I had my usual morning training in the dewy grass of the football pitch. Thank heavens I did not go to the show last night; it was awful, I heard; it ended at 1 am. and the lads reached camp at 2 a.m. this morning! They looked a sorry lot this morning. What I hate about a late night is the following morning!! I had good news today that a priest may come up here some day in the near future to say Mass - that is if there are enough Catholics in the units and in the district. To-morrow will be another Sunday without Mass. I shall soon become a Buddhist if that priest does not hurry up! I pray hard for you every day, Cileen, and I shall never forget to do so as long as I live.

I am ashamed of my seven pages when you deserve so many more, my darling. I shall go on writing every day as usual but this letter must reach the "blepper" not later than Monday morning and so it must be ended to night. Give my love to all at home even though they have never met me. When you meet the little Frances again give her my best and tell her that I wish her all the happiness in the world. I can never thank her enough for being so disloyal as to show my letters to you!!

Good bye, Cileen, till the next time. You have all my love and I am all yours. God bless you now and always. May your pupils come out on top in the exams and may you have a very happy vacation.

Over yours,

Frank xxx.