

Manila P.I.,

Tuesday,

September 1945.

My own darling,

I am growing weary of staying here - and little news about any more in the near future. I have heard that I might leave Manila next Friday on H.M.S. "Indomitable" - an Aircraft Carrier. This ship is due to reach Vancouver on October 17th. Then four days would be spent on the train across Canada, followed by the ~~train~~ boat across the Atlantic. That should complete my trip around the world which began on January 9th 1940! Darling, I really should not complain about this delay in getting home to you because there are so many thousands of released men to be taken home. Besides we are being treated like kings by the Americans and Australians. We have good accommodation, excellent food, free beer, soft drinks, chocolate, two packets of Chesterfields, four cigars, tobacco, shows, cinema, trips to Manila - all free, kitem. They are doing their very best by us, here. Oh, my darling, I am not ungrateful, but can you blame me for wanting to be back home quickly to you. If I had wings I would fly to you this moment.

Darling, I want you to keep on thinking of

the happiness our reunion will bring to us, the happiness of our marriage, our honeymoon, Christmas together at long last, our birthdays - oh everything is too sweet in contemplation, - it almost hurts to think about it. I need not tell you over and over again how much I love you and how much I am longing with all my heart to see you.

I have been in Manila today for the first time and what an awful sight it presented. All the large buildings have been wrecked - mostly burned by the Japs. Yet the people seem to be happy enough. The men are not attractive but the women are very pretty, well dressed, and graceful. I visited the Military hospital and saw some of the men I knew in Singapore. They are all longing to be home again.

Just a small thing about my prison life - I have carried with me day and night in my cigarette case your smiling self, your miraculous medal, a lock of your hair, and a four leaved shamrock! Not to mention a St. Francis medal. How could anything happen to me and yet my darling, it could easily have been God's will that I should not return to you. Darling, I wanted so much and prayed that you would not suffer while I was in a prison camp. I have been lucky - I was not even beaten once while in Japanese hands, and not many could say that. Yet I was intensely anti Jap and they know it.

Give my congratulations to Frances and Roland on their new addition to the family. I know they will be



enjoyed. Give my love to all at Spring Villa, Felix  
and Anna, Mollie, and Jerry. Tell them I shall be home  
soon. I am still worried in case they are disappointed  
in me - the fact that you love me seems to be  
sufficient reason for them to love me too.

Adieu, my darling, and may God and His  
Holy Mother watch over you always for your  
ever loving Frank.

P.S. I have sent you 22 letters which took 3 1/2 years to  
write! These you will find reading material to  
last you until I come home. All my love, Frank.