"A" bay. 1st Aust. Inf. Brg. Bn.
A. I. F.
Abroad.
4th. Jan 1941.

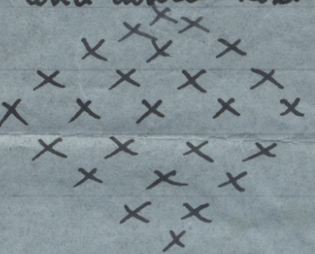
Dear Dot,

Well haws my little mystery lady going ok? here I am once more with a few more lines, I will do my best but I dont think I'll get very far dark as there is still very little to tell you, however here goes. I dont know if you received my last letter on time as I'm not sure if it caught the mail or not, I hope its not late, and I wouldnt count on getting them regular every Saturday if I were you sweet because as you will no doubt find out some will take 14 days to reach you and others 28 days its quite a common occurrence as a matter of fact and the same thing is liable to happen to yours, however I received your last one on the 2nd Jan, gosh it's good to get them. I had to laugh dark you mentioned that since I could put the date on my letters, it was unnecessary to number them as we could refer to the date if we wanted to know anything, then blow me if you didnt forget to date your own, your getting worse than I am sweet, I'm terrible sorry I disappointed you and I do try to catch each mail, and as far as I can remember my last letter is the only one that even looked like missing it, but I do hope your not disappointed again, and as a conciliation I will post this one early and you should receive two in one week then, haws that? I'm certain certainly glad to find out your would sell, and also glad once again that you liked the snaps, and as for the one you refer to that was taken at Nablus, well when we put our film in to be developed we received that one back by mistake we did take one of the same place from the opposite direction thats probably how it got missed up, I gave the chap back his neg but refused to give him the print, you will find the one we took enclosed

its the only snap Im sending this time dear as I have also run out of snaps though I have a few being developed and printed at present, you will probably get them in the next letter or the one after. As I told you in the previous letter I had a good time at Christmas though there was one thing I missed and I could have done a lot better. Ok Dot just to please you definately no mo, not that I intended to grow one in the first place. Your wrong dear, you say you had a job to get me to leave on that night long ago, sorry to disillusion you sweet but you didnt get me to leave at all, it was your Dad, remember how he kept calling you? and anyhow you cant blame me for not wanting to leave. Pleased to hear you have not forgotten that photo I looking forward to receiving it so dont wait to long to get a good brown up, and you can take it before or after swimming and tell Betty she certainly dont know me which she proved by suggesting that I wouldnt own you, if you had the snap taken after the swim without any paint or powder on. Well sweet getting away from your letter I passed through another Arab Village yesterday, and you must remember me saying in one of my other letters that we could not complain about the hygiene in these Villages which is quite right as there isnt any well heres an example of just what they are like, its not very nice but it just shows how filthy and lazy these people are, well we were passing around the outside of the Village when we came across a donkey on the side of the road (if you can call it that) well all, or practically all around this donk there were these native dwellings, not 20 yds distance from it, well I guess that would have been ok only for the condition of the donk, you see it was dead how long it had been I dont know but all that was left of it was its head and part of its neck, its back bone and ribs and its rear legs and the rest had either rotted away or been eaten by jackals but the stench was unbearable, and yet these people just left it there and didnt worry, they were to lazy to even dig a hole and bury it, as Ive said before

I cant stand them, and its only things ~~that~~ like that, that makes myself and other people feal like I do, as for myself I wont let them even touch me if they come near me I chase them away. Well sweet at present there is still very little to tell you, but I will be going to Haifa this week end or the one after on leave so after that I should have a bit more to write about, and another thing dont forget five pages is a long letter for me. So Dot dont forget to wish everyone at home etc all the very best for me, and take care of yourself and have a good time, believe it or not dear but I have drank three bottles of Ginger Beer while I ive been writting this letter. Last night dear I was wondering just what it will be like when we sail through Sydney Head again I wonder.

So sweet this is the finish once again, Tats all I have and until next week when I take up the pen again its "Big Rheenio"



Very Sincerely Yours

Mac

A. F. W[illegible]

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Name only }

M. Keshan

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9

Address :—

Miss. D. Williams.

~~37 Byrnes St.~~

C/O E. J. Williams

~~Barclay~~

Upper River

~~Sydney~~

Kangaroo Valley.

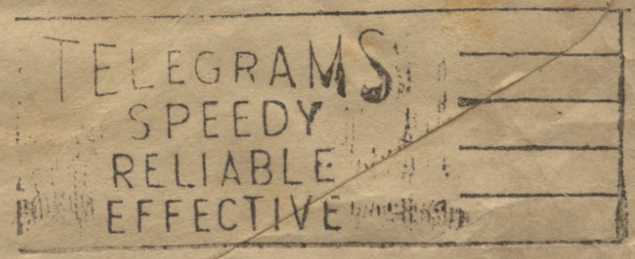
N. S. W.

N S W

Australia

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14





S.A.G.

Received:
Jan 22nd in
the Valley.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

A Coy. 1st Bn. Inf. Trng. Bn.
A. I. F.
Abroad
14th Jan 41.

My Dearest Dot,

Stop dont say it, I know, and you have every right to go crook at me, and please dont think I'm trying to get in good with you by starting my letter the way I did, but, yes there is a but, even if it is a week late I do have an excuse besides as the old saying goes its better late than never, anyhow this is number nine and as I mentioned one week late, I hope your not disappointed darl and also terrible sorry honest, as you may know I wouldnt disappoint you if it was possible not to, as a matter of fact I did write your regular weekly letter but after looking it over I decided it was terrible and you would probably be more disappointed if you received it than not. The reason for all that was I'm back in another school, when I left school a few years ago I thought I had left for good but I thought wrong as usual and I never did like it, but thats getting away from the point as you have probably noticed, let me see now where was I, are I have it at school, well in the past week I have done that much study that when I started to write to you my head was in a whirl, so to speak, and I got one page finished and just couldnt get any more, the old brain just refused to carry on it must have been to much for it all the study I mean, or maybe you didnt know I had a brain, I've often doubted it, but then I was told that everybody is born with a brain so I must have one, anyhow sweet thats my only excuse when I finished it I decided it was not good enough to send you and so I didnit, besides I jist couldnit post one page, I'll try to make up for it in this one though I doubt it, but thats one I owe you, ok? Speaking of letters

its a long while since I had a letter from you sweet, or it seems a long time anyhow, as they have to be posted on to me and it takes about a week longer down it, but keep sending them to the same address as I will be back there in three weeks, I can't tell you anything about the school dark, you know how these things are, anyhow it wouldn't interest you in the least if I could, I don't know what I will write next week, but still I had better think of the present for the time being, as I have to finish this one before I start on the next. The weather hasn't been the best lately yesterday we were almost blown away first then next minute we were almost washed away, and it has been raining on and off all day to-day. I would have done this letter on Sunday only I decided I had to have a bit of a break from study and at the same time find something to write about so I went to Haifa, I went up by bus from Tel Aviv the road runs right along the coast for most of the way and its not a bad ride, its a funny place though the road runs through the centre of a prison camp and as the bus goes through you can see the prisoners working, it takes about 2½ hrs to get there from Tel Aviv and Haifa is built mostly on the side of Mt Carmel its not much of a place though, I was disappointed myself its big enough and I can't exactly explain just whats wrong with it, but give me good old Sydney any day theres plenty of night clubs in Haifa none of them are much good though not worth going to, I'd <u>much</u> rather spend my nights in Bexley or didn't you think so they could have all there night clubs I only visited a few clubs and then went back to my hotel and to bed, next morning I decided to have a quick look at the place and return to camp so I caught a taxi to Mt Carmel, and you can get a marvelous view from there you can see Haifa all layed out in front of you it looks just like a small model town and the people look like flies you can see the harbour and everything its the best view I've seen since coming to this country though thats not saying much, you can also see a mountain

from there I dont know the name of it but its not in Palestine and its covered in snow, its a marvelous sight to see and I do believe it has snow on it for the best part of the year or even all the year round. I could have got some wonderful snaps if only I could have got a film for my camera but it seemed quite impossible, however when you receive the snaps that are on there way by boat mail you will find a few snaps of Haifa etc, but I dont think you will get them for at least a month yet. I have a few snaps taken at Cairo of Mac(the other one)-taken by the Pyramids the names of them are on the back but I cant tell you anything about Cairo yet darl, and I will have some more from Jerusalem in the next letter. How is everyone at home wish them all the best for me will you, how's the tennis and swimming going and the holidays etc boy do I wish I was with you last night. I was reading your letters over when I came to a part in one where you said that you were equally as confused as I was well that bad and I dont like to see you that way so Ill tell you what to do to find out how I feel there is a certain song not swing, and the name of it is a girls name now if you can figure out the name of the song, cross it out and put your own in, its place it fits perfect if you want any more clues let me know, when you do it you will probably say desert madness has finally got a hold on me but it hasn't.

Well darl I'm afraid this is the end once more so it lots of love and take care of yourself and until next week until I will be writing again Great Big Bless'o.

Very Sincerely Yours
Mac

P.S. How's George going in camp still enjoying it.
Mac

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A. F. W3078

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Name only

CARLTON N.S.W.

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Address :—

Miss D. Williams.
~~97 Burnes St.~~
~~Bexley~~
~~Sydney~~
~~N.S.W.~~
~~Australia.~~

c/o Mrs E. J. Williams
Glen Murray
Upper Kangaroo River
Kangaroo Valley
Via Moss Vale

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S.A.G.

Received. (In the Valley)

20/1/41.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

"A" bay. 19th Aust. Inf. Tng. Bn.
A. I. F.
Abroad
20th Jan. 1941.

Dear Dot,

Here I am again darl with pen and pad to see if I can fill a few page or two with a little news etc, there is not very much to tell you, and I doubt if I will get very far, but I'll try, I'm not feeling as good as I could to-day, a little cranky, so please excuse any mistakes you may find.

I don't know if you are still getting my letters regular darl I hope you are, but there seems to be a bit of a hold up with yours I haven't had one for a long time now, it must be fully eighteen days since the last, they may be getting held up back at camp, still I don't mind them being a little late as long as I get them, and if I don't, well, I won't say any more.

The weather here hasn't been the best lately we have had a fair bit of rain and believe me this place is bad enough with out rain, it has also been very windy and when its windy the air is full of sand, so taking it all round this place gives me the fits, maybe I have been thinking to much the last few days.

Some of the chaps went up to Tolaifa last week end and when they came back they said it was a great place, so maybe I missed something while I was up there, or it might be that they have different ideas of whats good than I do, you see I'm not to easy to please, I wasn't feeling the best the week end I went up a little

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a little homesick, that might account for it I dont know, if I like I can go up again over the week end, or to Nazareth, I may visit one or the other it all depends on the old study it might be necessary to fill my time in doing a bit, I did intend to go up through Haifa and across the border into Syria but I believe they have closed the border so that end that idea.

Enclosed you will find a few snaps the names of the places are marked on the backs of them, I hope you like them, some are not to good, we had to get a Wog to take the one in Trans Jordan and he moved the camera, thats also a good snap of me in the one taken at the Dead Sea, by the way I have a few more refills I'm picking up on Saturday and I will send them as soon as possible, by the time this reaches you, you should have received the Album.

Haws is everything going did you enjoy your holidays, its silly of me to ask that question because I know the answer, you know I think I will have to visit Australia one of these days, and go down to the Valley to see just what the big attraction is, maybe its an old flame so to speak, I wonder. Tell me Dot did you figure out the name of that song.

Wont be long now darl its getting very hard to think of something to write, by the way don't forget to wish your Mum and Dad all the best for me will you and also B and George when you see him, how is he going still liking it.

Well sweet try as I may I cant think of anything to tell you so I'm afraid I will have to sign off now not that I want to but I just cant get the old brain to work So its Lots of Love and until next week "Big Cheeria"

P.S Sorry its so short and hope you will excuse. Yours Very Sincerely

mk Mac

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Sgt Kesham
NX11067

Received 10/2/41.

S.A.C.

A.F.W. 3312

EXAMINED BY

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

"A" boy. 19th Aust. Inf. Trg. Bn.
A. I. F.
Abroad.
27. Jan. 41.

Dear Dot,

Once again I'm about to rack the old brain to see if I can think of something that is of interest to write about, and when I say rack the old brain I mean it, but however here goes, you cant say I didnt try, and good or bad which ever it may be your going to get your letter

Well up to date I still havent had a letter from you dear, at least that is not for just on a month, and believe me it seems a lot longer I guess they must be getting held up some where, or wait a minute maybe you are sending them by boat mail its silly of me not to have thought of that before, trust me not to think of it. I guess I must have been forgetting that it costs money to send letters Air mail and besides I'm not worth nine pence, I'm sorry sweet.

Do you remember in my last letter I said I would probably go to Haifa or Jerusalem over the week end that was if things were going ok well I didnt go anywhere not that it was necessary to study I've got this next exam all sewn up and in the bag, I think, but I just didnt feel like it, I may go next week end it all depends. I have to go back sometime next week end.

All I have been doing lately is going to the pictures during the night time I seem to be picture mad, but then its all they have around here to take your mind off things, and in that manner they

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

are very useful at times you get very down in the dumps after doing a bit of thinking, some times I go four times a week, the pictures are all old ones too, and cut is not the word for it, in some cases if they showed the pieces they cut out you would see more than they actually show.

I was standing outside the theatre last night waiting for a taxi and listening to the music when it suddenly occured to me that I will have to learn to dance all over again & when I get back, not that I ever could dance, but its that long since I have danced that I just about forget how

Enclosed you will find a few more snaps, once again I hope you like them, some were taken in Cairo and others in Jerusalem, I still cant tell you anything about Cairo even though Im sending snaps from there, on the back of one of the Pyramids, you will find a small circle, well if you could see that circle on the other side, you would find there was a chap standing inside it, its true, no not me the other one standing on the Pyramid, his tunic is the same colour as the back ground so he is hard to see.

Please excuse the mistakes etc dear, you will probably find plenty of them but even though I have this exam in the bag I have to do a bit of study as the exam is on Wednesday.

Once again Im getting near the end sweet and dont forget to wish everyone all the best for me will you, and dont forget that photo I feel ashamed of these letters dear honest they are so short, and I should be able to fill page after page.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Well I'm on the third page dear, but only just and thats all, well I guess thats the last sweet I was going to keep it until to-morrow to see if I could add a little to it but to-morrow will be a bad day for writing letters dear so I think I will post it to-night, and if there is anything to tell you well I can put it in next weeks letter

So once again its until next week when I will be writing again lots of love and take care of yourself "Great Big Cheerio"

Very Sincerely Yours
Inez



P/S How is George going still liking it

Inez



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

[redacted]

Received 16/2/41

S.A.C.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

"A" Coy. 19th Aust Inf Tng Bn
A. I. F.
Abroad.
4th Feb. 1940.

Dear Dot,

Gosh darl, you remember me going crook about not getting any letters at the school, well when I arrived back at camp there were three waiting for me, and I received another the very next day, just as well I was getting worried, but gee it was great to get them. I dont know what I would have done if they had not been there. I'm glad to hear you are still receiving mine regular, and I'm sorry they are not bigger and better, but honestly darl there is so little that I can write about, of cause I could write certain things that would help to fill the pages, but you would only get mad at me, and above all I dont want you to do that. Well anyhow I'm going to read through your letters once again, one at a time and answer the lot so here goes the first one is dated 28th Dec well I'm glad you liked my number four and that two days certainly was a bit of a break or holiday which ever you like, but I would have preferred one night with you sweet it would be better than any leave they could ever give me. Well I'm sorry but I cant answer the next question because I dont know why they have concrete dance floors, that is unless it because timber is so scarce in this hell hole, wood is very hard to get and I think a good dance floor would be rather expensive, but thats the only reason I can think of. I'm glad you liked my discription of the Garden of Gethsemany etc but to be honest I thought it was perfectly rotten my discription I mean of cause

When you first see these things it makes you or shall I say gives you faith in a lot of things that before you only read about, but when you see how everything is commercialized it tends to shatter that same faith everywhere you go they ask for buckshees (money) but then I suppose if it wasn't that way it wouldn't be there. Now sweet just let me straighten you out a little you mentioned an album and a few other things etc, and said you would have to put a stop to it, well forget it. I get more pleasure out of, as I told myself, doing something for you than you think, and being so far away there is very little I can do, so please don't say I shouldn't, because it won't make any difference. Well I won't go over Christmas as you have already heard about it or should have by now and I won't repeat myself, but I'm glad to hear you had a good time, and strange as it may seem I do remember Chard, quiet well as a matter of fact. Gosh you certainly are fond of that Valley, I wish I were as popular and you say you lazed about after the beautest Christmas dinner, I suppose you had to That chap George Brooks has my sympathy he don't know what he is in for believe me but then that his worry now. Well after reading your letter no wonder you are fond of the Valley what with all the swimming riding dancing etc, and a man practically perfect what more could a girl want. It was just as well it was Hamilton that ~~it was~~ found you and not me when you were sleeping, I couldn't have missed the chance to get some of those hundred matches that you owe me back, well at least you reckon its matches but not I. Boy am I unlucky just think of it your Dad away at Bowral which means no one to call you in early, and I had to be in Palestine I was a bit disappointed at not getting a photo in these letters dear I'm looking forward to receiving one so don't forget it next time will you.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

You make me feel ashamed of my letters sweet, in yours you say, I'm on my fifth page and already I'm running out of news, and in other only four pages thats all, and I only write two in most cases but this one will be nothing under five believe me. Ray still works in Grace Building, but not for Grace Building he is working on the second floor now and he drives a truck instead of a lift so you will probably see him around. As usual sweet you made a mistake in referring to the New Year maybe I did play up a little but as for nice girls the only time I see them is when I get a look at your photo and thats the only one that interests me, and as for night clubs, not interested. I sound like an old crank don't I sweet but I'm still the same old person you knew before I haven't changed a bit, and what's more the cap didn't fit. Well sweet you will have to excuse the writing etc because this is a rush letter, I have to hurry because I'm liable to be cut short at anytime and just have to sign off or I hope you will excuse it. There you go again, you say although its only six pages, only six but boy do I get pleasure out of those six, and once more cut out this bored stuff you know you couldn't do it if you tried, so why say those things. Next on the list is dated 7th Jan, and as a matter of fact I like the way you started it, I wish you meant it. You say you hope I didn't take you seriously in reference to drink, well I did and even though you say you were not serious, I know just how you detest the stuff, a little bird told me. I laughed when I came across the part where you said you were glad Mac and myself were back together, I don't know why I did but I did, you see I expect to leave him in the next few days, and it might be for good you never can tell, but there is a chance that I won't leave at all, the last time I was about to leave, they stopped me at the last minute.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

I knew I would get roared on for saying that about your dog but I couldnt resist the chance why the first day I visited your place he wanted to have a piece of me, gosh you scare me stiff saying you will put him onto me. Yare o say dont get fed up, but I cant help it, but I dont let things get me down to easy and as for the stripes well just dont worry I often say things like that when I cant get my own way but it wears off after a while besides so far I have managed to get out of instructing and I looke like getting out for keeps. Another little faint you keep on saying your letters are in a frightful mess well they are not, your must have bad eyesight. Theres no doubt about you and Bett when you get to-gether I wonder who it is thats the bad influence fancy running around at that time of the morning throwing stones into peoples places and cooeeing milkman, what would mother say, its a wonder you didnt get a policeman after you. So you can cook I'm just busting for a chance to try you out. You couldnt get any body photos off my mother because she wouldnt part with them but if thats all you want to see wait until I get back I'll show them to you, it wouldnt worry me any. I'm sorry to hear your mother has been sick and I hope she is as fit as a fiddle, by the time this reaches you or at least long before with her and your Dad all the best for me and B to. And so the 14th Jan well you dont roar on me so much lately, maybe you think I'm not worth roaring at, any how believe it or not I like it that is at times. Now listen I told you once before lay off that talk about getting my foot taken off by a camel, and whats more you need not worry because I wont get it taken off to please anyone Yorh I dont know what you must say when you get my letters this one was four pages and it seemed terrible short. June I will look the same nothing

could change that funny face of mine unless a camel had a bite at it, he'd do his teeth in even then, what's more I still act the same and I am the same. And am I waiting for the day I can get back and talk to you instead of write I can talk a lot better than I write I think. Well there wasn't much to that one dear the next is 21st Jan So your on your holidays at last I'll bet you have a good time and your not the only one who wishes I could have seen that wire, I do also for more reasons than one. Your getting as bad as I am sweet, that is so far as eating goes I'm very much after your style that is never satisfied. Do you mean to tell me your on holidays and you get up at 5 AM in the morning why in that case its a waste of time going to bed, do you know it almost kills me getting out at seven so I'm afraid I would never be able to see the farm at five. Well at present dear I feel great I think, and I'm in the best of health. Those horses were Arabians and the ones I sent you would look like mules along side them. Good on George, congratulate him for me will you I was pleased to hear that it makes a lot of difference tell him to keep it up. No one wishes I could answer the next question more than I do dear, but I'm wondering <u>when</u> myself. Well I'm getting near the finish sweet, That damned old censor had a hide he went an opened one of my letters can you beat that: The weather has been terrible to-day windy and the dust has been blowing over everything. How am I going sweet, not bad for boy am I, five pages By the way I'm going to repeat myself dear, just remember keep writing even if you don't hear from me for a month or even more, you never know what might happen that will stop me from writing so don't forget. By the way I have some more photos coming out for you if I'm not here when I leave I will get old Bullet head (Mac) to post them to you ok, and believe if or not he has

grown a mo, I haven't had time to try and shave it off yet but I will. Well I'm afraid this is the end sweet I'm going to post another letter at the same time as this with snaps only in it. Once again its best wishes to all Tats of love and take care of yourself "Big Bheenie"

Sincerely Yours Forever
Mac



P.S. I did make the sixth page but only just.
Mac
X

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

A. F. W3078

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I certify on my honour that the contents of this envelope refer to nothing but private and family matters.

Signature }
Name only } Mr. Keshaw.

PASSED BY CENSOR No. 3389

[Up to th
Cover, but t
writer. The
case to the Ba

Address :—

Miss. D. Williams.
37 Byrnes St.
Bexley.
Sydney.
Australia

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Received 19/2/41.

S.A.G.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

"A" boy. 2/4th Batt.
A.I.F.
Abroad.
24th. Feb, 41.

Dear Dot,

Well here I am at last, you have probably been wondering what has happened to me, seeing it's three weeks since the last letter, but this is the first chance I've had, in the last three weeks I've covered a fair bit of ground, and I haven't finished yet. but the worst of it was I couldn't write, and even if I had been able to write I couldn't get stamps or post the letters anywhere

As you will notice by my address I'm no longer in the reinforcements but with my unit, even though you may not think so it's just as well, I think I would have gone crazy if I had been there much longer, actually I almost sent them crazy trying to get to the unit, or at least Mac and I well the 2 I.C. a nasty piece of work by the way, told me I could only go up as a Pte as no N.C.O's are taken in the Batt from the reinforcements, so I decided to join the unit as a Pte, at first they didn't know what to do with me, but then they decided I would have to go back to the ranks, but thats nothing it won't be long before I rise again as soon as there is a vacancy I'll start to rise again, they can't keep me down

Since I last wrote I have been through Egypt and right into Libya, and I had a real good time on the way up to, believe me I visited Alexandria one afternoon, I wasn't supposed to but I did

its not a bad place very big, but I still have to see any place with the town as good as Sydney, the thing that spoils most of these places is the Wogs, with there filth they would spoil anything honest, but the town itself isn't bad there are dozens of night clubs, I visited a few to see there floor shows which weren't much good, there taxi service consists mainly of the old horse and cart, Gharries I think they call them, the horses are specially trained owing to the road being made out of big slabs of rock and very slippery, you see all kinds of people there and hear just about every language spoken, the main one being fren French, some things are cheap, and others dear but you have to be very careful or you get robbed, I'm glad I don't drink as its one of the dearest things in Alex. Just outside the town they have big lakes, and every now and again they pump water into them from the sea, then they wait until the water evaporates and by continually doing this they get a big lake of salt and that's the way they supply the city. Well from Alex we went on to Tobruk when we arrived there the place was in a hell of a mess the Harbour was full of wrecks of all shapes and sizes, and there was one ship still burning, the town had been blown to bits in places and there were no civilians there at all, not even Wogs and everywhere you looked you would see burnt out trucks and tanks left by the Italians in there retreat there were hundreds and hundreds of them, and ammunition, rifles, big guns, they must have lost thousands and thousands of pounds worth of stuff at Tobruk alone there were that many trucks you couldn't count them and they were big

ones to each truck would have cost no less than seven hundred pound some of them they ably destroyed the engines, and lots of the chaps got to work on them, and finally got some of them to work, and in the end almost every one had a truck or a motor bike, we also did a bit of shooting while we were there with Iti rifles & ammo we just collected it up and went out in the hills and blazed away, the country there is not much good all desert, nothing but sand and rocks and every third day there is a dust storm, its a great place, to keep away from. The only bath you could get at Tobruk was a swim in the med which I did quite often, and boy was it cold, but it was good. I started to write to you from there and had just finished a page and a half when we had to get ready to move so I was unable to finish it, and I did learn one thing dark, that is its not very wise to carry your letters with me, you see everywhere we went there were Iti letters, and photos of there girl freinds etc, and anyone able to read Iti and mean enough, could have read them, and I know for a fact some people would if they could I'm just hunting for some mail, I haven't had any since I left Palestine and I don't suppose I will get any for a while yet as it all has to be posted on to me and it takes time. Well we continued our trip and headed for Derna as you get near Derna the country starts to improve you see a few bushes here and there and now and then a house or two there is nothing much to see though all the country is just hills and scrub that is until you get to Derna Pass and then you get one of the best views I have seen, the pass itself is an excellent piece of engineering it winds around and round down the side of the moun-

-ntain to the floor of Derna Valley which is about 1000 ft down, they had blown parts of it up but our chaps soon fixed that up, the Valley is a fair size and had been colonized, from the top of the mountain you could see the full length of the Valley with the town on the sea shore and a wall built right around it, all the houses are flat topped and white, and I think just coming out of the desert would make it look a lot better than it actually was to us, but it certainly was a pretty ~~sight~~ sight, we didnt stay in Derna just passed through, and it wasnt damaged much at all, once again the Wog spoilt the place, we had to go up another pass to get out which was much the same as the first only not so steep, that night we stopped and had tea then rolled into bed under the stars fully clothed and ready to move at a moments notice next morning up before the sun a cold breakfast and on again, you dont have time to wash or shave, and even if you did, you haven't got enough water. I'm sure if you were to see me some times you wouldn't know me, with three ~~of~~ or four days beard on my face loaded like a pack horse and covered in dust, why I don't know myself when I finally do get a chance to shave. Well from there we pushed on through Barce, there we had to go down yet another pass and this was even better than Derna there was a lot of argument about it some saying it was better than our own Bulli, personally I won't say but it certainly was marvelous, a great big stretch of green fields dotted at equal distances by white houses and the town built in the centre it was the best piece of country I had seen so far we didn't stop just passed through then on through Tocra which is more or

(continued on back of page (1))

less a Wog Village, from there on the type of country improves a lot but there is very little to see just a cottage here and there nothing of any interest though. I finally caught up with and joined my unit just this side of Bengasi. Looking at Bengasi from the distance it is a very big place and being white looks very impressive but when you get into the place its not so hot a real dump of a place, once more the Wog is very prominent and a pain in the neck, and in the finish nearly all of them were wearing Iti uniforms which they had found. well we lived a life of leisure there for a few days everyone had as much tin fruit as they wanted and all kinds, though you could not compare it with Australian stuff I had a little of everything we got it all buckshee (free) to, just a matter of finding a way of getting it home from town, it was no trouble to get a push bike or anything like that, whilst wandering around one day we found a big base which had been a tourists spot, it was an excellent place for a swim and had electric light and everything, when I say excellent place for a swim I mean it led to an excellent place, we managed to get the light turned on and went down as far as we could and came to a beaut underground pool of fresh water, there was a platform leading out into it and two rowing boats, the lights were coloured and shining on the walls giving the place a great appearence the rock was all white like chalk and the water crystal clear, and boy did we have a good time, later we found out that it was an underground river called the Lete which ran into the River Sticks and there was some

(back of page (2))

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sort of a yarn attached to it but I didn't take much notice of it, to me it was a good swimming hole and thats all I wanted, well we stayed there for a while and then they decided to head back so now Im on my way back again.

I don't know whether you have received any snaps from Mac yet, but he is going to post some to you for me you will probably have them by this anyhow I hope you like them, and incidentally the date to-day is the 28th Feb 1941 so you see its taken me four days to write this letter. you will also have to excuse me for writing on both sides but paper is scarce and I wanted to get a few pages away even if they did happen to bore you. Im informing sweet, don't you think six pages, I could have got more in still only I didnt want to bore you to much. What I am mild at was I left my camera at Palestine with Mac and I could have got some beaut photos but thats just like me. And another thing I had a little celebration the day we left in the Sgt Mess not much though, so I hope you will let me off this time.

How is everyone at home going dont ok, wish them all the best for me, and how's George, getting up any higher yet, still plenty of dancing etc I suppose. Well once more I have something to tell you. I have decided that we are going to a Ball shortly after I get back ok, that makes two things now the Races and a Ball and I wont take no for an answer, I made up my mind last night. but just in case you would like to know there will be no beer ok.

I know Im taking a lot for granted in thinking you will still want to go with me, but I hope Im correct, I say these things and hope for the best.

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I often wonder just what it will be like to see you again sweet you know it's a long time now, since I last saw you, have you changed at all, I hope not, I bet I dont know just what to say the first time I see you, but then it wont take long for me to think of something.

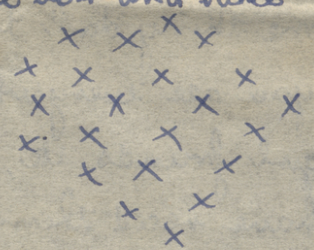
By the way did you get those snaps off Ray yet, and what about that one of yourself your were going to send me, dont forget it Ive been waiting for it.

Well darl there is not much more I can bore you with I'm in the best of health at present, even if I am a little sick of this land of sin for thats about the best name I know of for this country. and I hope I'll be back with you soon the sooner the better Well darl once again its lots v lots of love all the best and take care of yourself "Great Big Cheerio"

Very Sincerely Yours
Mac

P.S Please excuse the writing and mistakes
Mac
X

P.S.S. Did you find out the name of that song.
Mac
X



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A. F. W 3078.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL
AWM2019.22.14

"A" Boy. 2/4th Bn.
A. I. F.
Abroad.
10th March 41.

Dear Dot,

Well I have just had the very great pleasure, of receiving another one of your letters, the one dated 29th Jan, and the first for about a month, and it seems like three honest, gosh they take a long while to get to me sweet, I think I'll have to complain to the postal athorities about the delay. I was glad to hear that you are having a good time on your hols. I knew you would you always do down in the Valley. So far I'm doing ok over here, in the best of health and all that, but it certainly is a case of "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home" has been for quiet a while as a matter of fact dark. I'm worried that some one may get in on me, so to speak, catch on, you'll probably say dont be silly but I still worry, another thing I found a big hole full of trouble, and jumped into the centre of it, or I'm about to. You remember I told you I had been reduced to the ranks, well so far I'm still a Sgt even though I dont wear the stripes its still in my pay book and I'm still getting a Sgts pay, and I went poking my nose around and found out, that seeing that my rank is confirmed, and is a promotion and not an appointment, they can not reduce me to the ranks unless they give me a court martial first, unless I happen to be inefficient, which I am not, or if I am there are a terrible lot of inefficient Officers

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anyhow they haven't given me a chance to prove myself, and I'm sure I'm not going to take it lying down, they are pretty hard to beat but I'm going to give it a fly, you never get anywhere by letting them down you every time you get up. besides it's only being fair to the other reinforcement Sgt's, so keep your fingers crossed, because if they do down me I'll probably be down for keeps. So you got the photo's off Ray ok, he told me he had passed them on, glad you liked them and by the time you get this you should have received the album to, because a parcel I posted home at the same time has arrived ok. I've just been thinking after reading your letter, when I get back which won't be to soon, about 18 months in my estimation I will have to learn to dance, (not that I ever could) play tennis, and everything all over again. Don't forget those photos of yourself I'm waiting for them, and as for my snaps I didn't take them all only about half of them, some of them I couldn't possibly take myself, I'll tell you all about them when I get back. I can't place some of them you refer to. As for asking questions, ask all you like sweet, and I'll answer all I can, as for that question you asked before and I wouldn't answer well I think I know what it was, but I'm not sure so if you still want to know ask again but I don't say I'll answer it. You say I have a habit of getting my own way well that remains to be seen. I think I explained in one of my letters, about these things over here the Christmas Bells, and Manger etc, its very hard to explain, so I think we will make that one of the things I'll tell you all about when I get back ok. Now listen you tell your

cousin to lay off you whilst you are writing to me, or she will have me to answer to, that ought to scare her, I don't think. have, this chap you young ladies ~~wish~~ wish to know about, well he's a nice chap and all that, and very fond of women, but I honestly don't think he would suit your cousin, however his name is Pat Gowen and you have him in one of the big snaps you once said you though he was mac, and referred to him as a dreamy looking chap. Sorry to disappoint you dear, as you say one never knows, we might arrange a wedding between us, it would be easy all I would have to do would be ask the question, and you say yes very simple don't you think, I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch that. Don't you worry sweet the only thing I say when I get your letters is, what only one, and I'll never say know that Williams gal no sir. Well dear, since I wrote last we have shifted on again, I'm still in Libya though and doing a spot of guard work on a food dump, its what you would call a soldiers seventh heaven, there is tinned fruit of every kind, and milk, everything you can think of, and all Australian but I'm getting fed up with eating tinned food and I'm sick for the want of a decent meal. Tell George if he would like any souvenirs let me know I don't say I can get him many but from the last stunt I got a pile of Iti badges all different only ten but that don't matter, and a beaut 38 Automatic Pistol, I'm not supposed to have it, its off an Italian Officer, but until they catch me with it they won't get it. you probably wouldn't think much of it but I reckon its a beaut some of the chaps offered me £4 for it.

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Things have been pretty quite the last few days, we have had a few air raids, two German planes came over one day to bomb the town and when they flew across our camp, we shot one down, his mate must have got wild because when he finished bombing the town he flew back and machine gunned the camp, he didn't do any damage anyhow, I wasn't in camp at the time, funny thing but when ever anything happens, I seem to be some where else, we had another air raid last night, there good to watch, its better than the 4th July, with all the search lights in the sky and flashes coming from every where its a great sight. if it only wasn't so serious. The weather over here is getting terrible hot once more, at times during the day the heat is unbearable and at night its just like winter again. This is terrible country, if I walk out the door and look around all I can see is a barren country, all that's on it is a house, a food dump, and about 30 burnt out trucks, nothing else not a tree not a blade of grass, and about every third day a dust storm blows up and at time its hard to see 50 yds in front of you, and you get covered with a film of dust in your hair in your eye brows, you look like a ghost. Yesterday two of us were siting down talking, and as it always does, the old question came up, what would you be doing if you were in Australia now? well as per usual I took a lot for granted and said after working out the time, I'd be in Bexley enjoying myself, the time was 1.30 AM. Well dark this letter is getting very near the

end now, there is not much more I can tell you at present, the next time you get another letter you will probably find I have moved again. I hope everyone at home is ok, and with them all the best for me, tell Bub, I'm sorry if I disappointed her, and if you want a better description let me know. There is a terrible lot of chatter going on around me at present and its getting hard to concentrate, its also getting dark and I am now writing by candle light, the talk is going from Australia, back to Egyptian magic then back to Aussie again. Well dear I have a fair few letters to catch up on dear I owe you about four now dont I well I'll catch up on them you just see and dont be surprised any time you get two letters in one week because I'm going to catch up on them I dont say they will be long but I'll catch up. Well sweet I'm afraid 4½ pages is the limit this time I'll try and do better next time however, so it tats of have once again, you will be hearing from me again next week or even sooner and until then "great Big kheerio" I think I'll have to finish my letters of different for a change they all seem to finish off the same I bet when you look at the slant you say to yourself I know how it finishes up. Flash dear there is an air raid on right now, I have to beat it for a while. Well its all over for the time being dear and no damage done, he didnt even drop a bomb I still reckon its a pretty sight with all the pencils of light penetrating the sky and flashes and blasts going it is a great sight, I think he will be back again to-night the bomber I mean. Well dear once again its tats of have r a "Big kheerio"

P.S. Do you know that song yet. Very Sincerely Yours Mac



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Miss. D. Williams.
37 Byrnes St.
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S. M. C.

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1/4/41.

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S. 331

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

37 Bayview Street,
Bexley.
Wednesday Evening 12/3/44.

Dear Mac,

Hullo there! How are you, stranger? Do you know, I haven't heard from you since February 19th. I'm feeling very neglected about it all too. I wonder what can be holding them up Mac. The only thing I can do is re-read some of your other ones I have stowed away, although that's not to be compared with receiving a fresh one from you. Don't be getting worried about it dear. There's not so much need for you to feel sorry for me - as for Mum. I pester her to death when I get home from work - in case she's having me on - and hiding your letter until after tea. Poor Mum. I do give her a time. But you see Mac, one night I came home in a terrific hurry - had to be out again in about a half an hour. So Mum held on to your letter until I got home again. So do you blame me?

Now tell me - are you receiving my letters O.K? Yes I hope you are. If you're not, just let me know, and I'll have a few things to say to the Postmaster General.

How do you like this week's photo? Let me introduce you to Sponge - that's the dog. Next Spring - it was taken down in my Plant Valley. That's our swimming pool Mac. It's quite deep too - well over my head. I've dived off that board, but I'm afraid we can hardly call it a spring board - there's little or no spring in the darn thing. You just should see that dog take off. I tried to get him to do a running dive

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so we could snap him, but he was far too shrewd. There must be something to jump in for that dog. Come to think of it, most dogs think human beings plain crazy. Diving in & out of the water for no apparent reason. But then, nuf said about photos & dogs & human beings.

I wouldn't have believed writing a letter to you would become so hard, Mac. Uh, I'm still doing things as before. Still going to flicks & tennis & dancing & all the rest, but when I come to write them all down, they appear to be so trivial & meaningless. Now don't be getting cranky. I know you've told me dozens of times that you're not bored by my letters, but it does take some believing. I'll have to go exploring, or win a lottery or something exciting, so that I can write you a dozen pages straight off.

It's exactly twelve o'clock sweet & I'm sneaking a moment to tell you where I've been. It was a glorious night, and as I said, I just couldn't get going on this letter, so when George came in to see if I would like to play night tennis, I jumped at the idea. I'll resume this in the morning though, and tell you all about it then. 'night 'n' love.

Thursday. Mum has woken me early as I asked her too, and I'm half sitting, half lying in bed to finish this. The trouble is, I can't make my hand write properly. And at every word I give an enormous yawn. Any mistakes I make, just put it down to my sleepiness.

We had some good sets last night Mac. And the court staff was hanza. The chap who owns it, must have spent

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3.

all his spare time on it. The "shed" is a model. It has the trickiest cupboards fitted into the walls, and a wireless (that really goes) and clock set in the wall also. You can imagine what its like playing tennis & listening to the wireless at the one time.

George is out of camp - and hating work. He has camp fever properly. They wanted him to join an officers training school, but he won't be able to, on account of his work. That's not making him feel any better either.

Joan - at work - & I, are going to tea at our latest co-workers place to-night. Did I tell you previously, that we have an evacuee from Japan working with us now. She is British, but has lived all her life in Japan. Golly we have some fun with her. My only hope is that we won't have to eat with chopsticks - 'cause you know my appetite, & wouldn't it kill you if the food was there before your eyes, and you couldn't make use of it, simply because you couldn't pick it up. They eat raw fish & cooked eels & all sorts of things over in Japan. Heaven help me, if I have to eat raw fish.

Things are coming on. Here I am talking about tea, when I haven't even had my breakfast.

Betty goes away on holidays next Saturday. Her firm is getting up a party to see "Susan & God" at the Minerva. I've been looking forward to going & now she tells me she'll be away for it. George will come I expect, only G. isn't Betty (Ungrateful wretch aren't I.)



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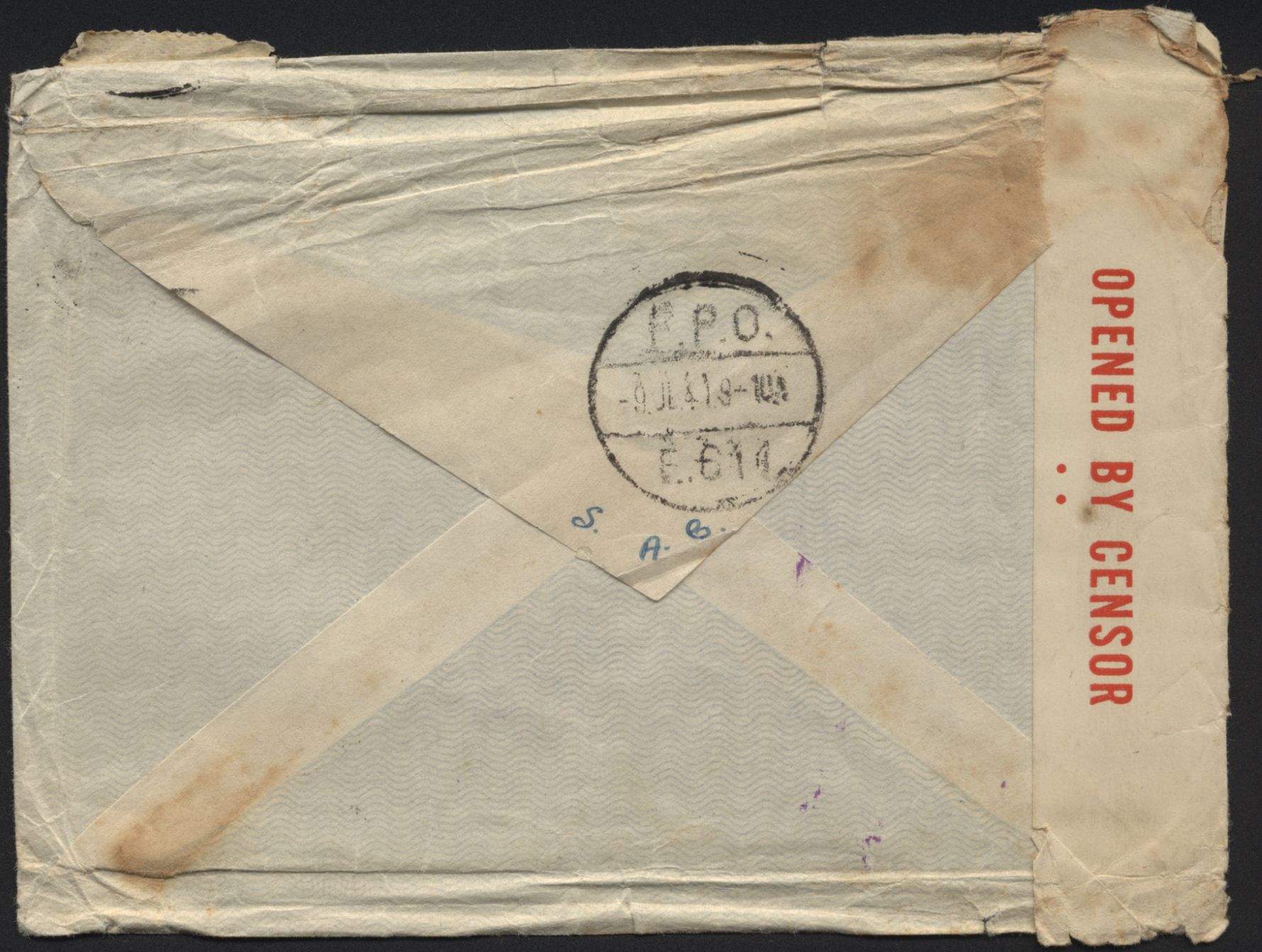

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AWM2019.22.14

Letter incomplete ×

No Enclosure

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S. 445

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AWM2019.22.14
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

"A" Bay 2/4 Bn.
A.I.F.
Abroad.
16th March 41.

Dear Dot,

Things are getting better every day sweet, the day after I wrote your last letter I was lucky enough to receive another one from you and eight pages to, thats just what I like to see eight pages or even more, keep up the good work darl the more there are the better I like it. So at last you have received the album, I was a bit worried about it for a while and I was pleased to hear you got it ok, I hope it was not damaged in any way if it was let me know, now don't forget. I thought I mentioned it before but evidentally not, so here goes, don't be deceived by those snaps, as to the nature of this country, in some of those photo's this place looks ok, and you might get the idea that its a nice place to visit, well there are plenty of places of interest to visit, hundreds of them as a matter of fact, and if you could just come and see them and then leave its ok, but when you have to stay its not so hot, as for the country itself its terrible honest, its a land of dust, filth dust and robbery, or better still its a land of sin nothing less, personally I wouldn't live in this country for all the money in the world, theres certainly no place like good old Aussie and you begin to relize that when you see these towns over here, its definately a true saying.

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You say think of the hours we can spend looking over the album when I get back, its very rarely that I think of anything else dark, thats one of the things Im looking forward to. Well dark at present Im still in Libya, Im sorry but I can't say where at present but I will probably be able to tell you where I was in my next letter so for the time being silence. You say I got you in a tangle as far as that song was concerned, well you only thought you were in a tangle, and you were not flattering yourself when you said "Rose Marie" because thats it, so now its your turn to laugh. You ask me why did I join up, well that would be telling you something dark, I might tell you when I get back, but I wont promise, it all depends, perhaps it was an ill will will will, as you say if I hadn't joined up I may have missed out altogether, but now I take a lot for granted once more and say I have a rough chance, right, but just think how long I tried beforehand, and I could never get any where, but boy would I get wild. So Harold is 21 wish him all the best for me, I bet it was a good party and by the way how is Norma going wish her all the worst for me, I wasn't gone to say best even though I was only joking, you certainly have me scared, but don't try and put anything over me saying you wouldn't have kissed Harold if you had caught him, what beats me is why did he run, you wouldn't be able to chase me because I wouldn't run, you would probably be the one who would finish up doing the running and I would be doing all the chasing, so take care.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Well dark there wont be any more snaps for a while, as at present I have no camera we are not allowed to carry one so naturally no photo's, but when I get back to civilisation I'm going to get a knew camera, and you just wait you'll have no where to keep them all. How did we go listening in to "Rebecca" the other night, did everything off as planned, or would dir I wash up, I did enjoy the hamsandwiches, even though they were a little burnt. funny but I couldnt concentrate on the show at all not with you sitting along side of me, and the lights turned low, it was to much to expect me to listen to it, you should have knew better than to think I would, and if you dont want to go out into the cold before we go. ok well we can stay inside only it will take me longer to leave, but I dont mind. Your right I told you to ramble on, so keep it up its good and I like it. So you are interested our freind Pat again well I told you who he was but after reading this letter evidentally its not enough, you want a better discription, well its not the general thing but for you ok, so here goes, now for a start he's a very good hearted chap, but very spoilt, he has lots of money (any good) and he's never done a days work in his life, doesnt have to, lucky him, in the summer he does noth-ing but swim and in the winter goes to the mountains, he's very untidy, and very fond of drinks, also a bit to fond of women, well I hope that will do dark because thats all I can tell you. Remember in my last letter I told you we had an air raid whilst we, or at least I, was writing well our Anti Aircraft Defence

got one of the planes, we didnt know about it until the next morning, we had another raid last night which lasted for about two hours when they flew over our camp I dont think they knew we were there it was to dark, and they would have passed on only some fool opened up on the with a machine gun, so the pilot turned back, and if he must have said to himself if your want to play Ill be in it, and he dropped four bombs right in our area, but he still didnt do any damage. This is the second time I have wrote this letter dear, I made a copy of in in pencil and then done it in ink the first chance I got I made the pencil copy on the 12th March and now its the 16th terrible isnt it, the reason I didnt do it in ink before was I couldnt trust it. I hope you got the last one ok I had to give it to a stranger to trust as I couldnt get into Tobruk so let me know if you received it, if I had kept it I would have only been able to trust it yesterday. When I wrote your letter in pencil I was in a funk hole (its a dugout) with a few Iti ground sheets over the top to keep the dust out, outside there was one of the worst dust storms I have ever seen blowing it lasted for about 36 hrs Gosh Im getting lazy dear I havent done any real hard work for a long while now, not that I ever did but now I do less Im out of Libya dear and in Egypt once again, I hope to get leave to Cairo in the near future, then Ill start sending snaps once more Well dear this is not a very long letter but its better than they usually are four pages the last one was five the one before seven Im definately improving, dont you think so? and this will be five

How is everyone at home going dont wish them all the best for me will you, how is George going still enjoying the camp life I think I'd enjoy it if I was back in Aussie now, nothing would worry me after being over here, tell George a lot of what they teach you in Aussie is just dropped over here, that is in the infantry, he's in the digs isn't he. I still dont know my position in the unit I gave them a bit of a surprise when I aired my knowledge, they have done anything yet however and its up to them to make a move so its still Sgt Kerhan. Well there is little more I can tell you sweet very little my information has a silencer on it so to speak but you will hear from me again soon probably from a different place again, I'm certainly moving around a bit lately. So dont its lots of love once more, dont forget to take care of yourself, and let me know if there is anything I can do for you over here, maybe you want to know about something I may be able to answer for you Well I finish off with a great Big cheerio again, hoping all is well

Very Sincerely Yours

Mac



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

A.F. W3078.
P.A. & Co. Ltd., London

AIR MAIL

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Signature
Name only

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Address :—

Miss. D. Williams.
37 Byrnes St.
Bexley.
Sydney.
Australia.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S. 17. C.

Received
2/4/41.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

37 Byanes Street,
Bexley. N.S.W. Aust.
Monday Evening 17/3/41.

Dear Mac,

Hullo there! Consider yourself privileged my sweet. There is nobody to whom I would write two letters in succession and yet here I am, writing my - is it fourth, or third - and I haven't had one from you in between. I reckon I must be able to "took it" I have the miseries well and truly to-night though, Mac.

Remember, how I used to sit down & write you pages on how lovely the night was, coming home from Physi, & how grand it was just walking along, thinking. The nights are still lovely, but somehow I'm all wrong - out of touch with it, or something. I'm getting stale I think dont - lacking the vital spark, that gives things "oomph" Perhaps that vital spark is all wrapped up in one small word with three letters in it. (If you know what I mean) But this is no time to be unloading my sorrows. My job is to brighten you up. (I'm kidding myself I do this, and that you need brightening up.) Do you mind me weeping on your shoulder? Just say the word, you know & no more moans will be heard from this gal. All set - well let's go then.

How's my soldier being behaving? Worse than usual" or is that "possible?" Now don't hand me that - I wasn't born yesterday, and I know your opinion of the beautiful girls

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of the East. If you ask me, (I know you didn't, but we'll pretend that you did) when your Bullet Head get to town, I'll guarantee the girls get going as fast as they can - in the opposite direction. — — Why Mac, I didn't know you could say a thing like that; you're not the "little boy" I used to know. Coming home from work to night, as I crossed over York Street, I suddenly thought of how you used to tear after me, & say very quietly "May I walk with you." Do you know Mac, I think I must be missing you - a dam lot. (Or maybe you haven't noticed it before.) Before I go into a weeping act, shall we change the subject?

How are you keeping Mac? Daddie has you definitely eaten by a camel, while Mum has you married to some glamorous maiden Lair. I just tell them to stop teasing & clear off out of my bedroom so as I can get your letter written. (By the way, you haven't married a glamorous maiden Lair, by any chance, have you?) This is a beaut letter isn't it - full of absolutely nothing. To tell you the truth, it's very hard to concentrate. Jack Davey on the wireless is distracting my attention with his "Yes, No" Jackpots. Now they have finished so I can really get down to business.

I told you in my last week's letter of how Joan & I were going to dinner at Eileen's place (Eileen being of course, our vacuee from Japan.) Mac, I never dreamt I would eat some of the things that I did eat. And we did use chopsticks as I feared. At least the others used them. I just made a mess, & a fool of myself with the dam things. First of all we had fish, together

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

B.

with the inevitable bowl of rice, which came with every course. The fish was bean; only cooked in such a way so as to fool everyone - fools like me. Then we had meat & "vegetables" - that's what they called the stuff; which was cooked on a primus stove on the table in front of us. Of course the meat was cut in pieces too big for me & how the dickens could I cut it with chopsticks. They had some laughs at me, I assure you. It was a good job they took things in such a fine spirit. But Mac I really couldn't help making faces when I ate some of the food. And what do you think Mac! You'll never guess what I tasted --- Seaweed! Truly Mac - seaweed, and it almost made me ill. That was my first and last time I'll ever eat that stuff. And instead of eating bread & butter we had rice. Take my tip sweet - stay away from Japan. They even have a different tea from ours - green tea that tastes for all the world like hot water & scent.

I do sound horribly catty I know, but I didn't mean it that way Mac. I had a marvellous evening; and the meal ("shi-ar-hi" they call it.) was certainly a novel experience, and one I shall never forget.

Well ole dear, our luck at tennis didn't hold out for very long. We lost on Saturday, by seven sets to one. It does sound terrible, but it wasn't quite as bad as all seems. We gave them a run for their money & had a marvellous afternoon's tennis, which after all, was the main thing.

Dancing held no attraction for me on Saturday night, so

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instead, George & I went to the theatre at Carlton. It was a bonza programme we saw – "Untamed" starring Ray Milland, Akim Tamiroff & Patricia Morrison. and also "I Love You Again" with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Yes, I still like pictures as much as ever. How bout you?

Betty went away to Lithgow last Friday night, and I won't be seeing her for a fortnight. I guess I won't die. But I sure will miss ~~her~~ my gal friend – "awful bad".

Dear Mac, I have run out of news already. You see I haven't any questions of yours to answer nowadays & you have no idea how I miss them. But each day brings another hope that you'll be home soon.

And just think how lovely it will be to see every place & every face that for months now have only been vague memories. Jack in the lift was asking to-day how you were. (I told him what a wild time you & your pal were having. Don't you believe me – no I was only teasing you too.

"And so the time has come when we must say farewell to this fair city" – etc etc. Be good Mac, and look after yourself – as best as you know how.

Big Cheerio – and I'm still hoping for a letter from you to-morrow.

Lots of Love – Your very own pal

Dorothy

+ + + +
+ + +

P.S. Please forgive such a brief note, but as I previously said I haven't a drain ~~[illegible]~~ more of news. (Honest to goodness!) Dof.



SYDNEY
4 -PM
19 MAR
1941
N.S.W.AUST.

AUSTRALIA
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POSTAGE

Return to Sender on Military Board Instructions

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For O i/c District Records Office

Sgt. Keshan, M. W.

NOT WITH 2/4 BN.

8/2/41

~~"A" Coy., 19th Aust. Inf. Trng. Bn.,~~

A. I. F.

17-3-41

1 C

Abroad.

17

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S. P. C.

F.P.O.
-8.JL.41.9-10A.
E.611

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NOT OPENED BY CENSOR

NOT OPENED BY CENSOR

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

A boy 2/4th Bn.
A.I.F.
Abroad.
18th March 41.

My Dear Dot,

Hello dark, here I am once more with a bit of news, and in answer to the last two letters of yours I received yesterday dated 26th Jan & 16th Feb the mail is not what you would call regular as at times I may get a letter frosted early in Jan before one frosted early late in Dec and so on so you can see just how it is. Yosh it was good to receive them, but after reading one of them I wasn't so pleased, you said you frosted another one at the same time containing two snaps, well the dam thing hasn't turned up yet, as soon as I found out I raced up to the post office and made inquiries only to find out they knew nothing of another letter, so all I can do now is wait and hope. Well dark you start off by saying don't worry about the length of my letters, well I do because they are so short as well as bad I can't help it, but I seem to be improving lately, don't you think. As for George Brooks, and the tight up per lip, don't worry I was only joking, and I remember you saying once, its not what a girl tells you about that should worry you but what she don't, or words to that effect, right. So Betl is up in arms, I wonder why it is I always seem to put my foot in it so to speak its a bad habit of mine, but as long as its only B it's ok. As for what I did on New Years night well I can't say off hand dark, but I know

it wasnt much, it seems a terrible long time ago now, do you know that at times I dont know what day it is, its a fact darl you loose all track of the days in the week and the date. Gosh darl I dont know how long its going to take me to write this, every few minutes I have to go and do something or other, but the last time I was called away I didnt mind in the least, it was a pleasure because I collected your other letter with the two snaps in, and were they good to see, honest darl I've never seen better, there beaut., I was as pleased as a pup with two tails, to see them and Ill probably wear them out looking at them, they were just what I wanted, you all on your own and looking better and nicer than ever, the only trouble was they made me feel terrible lonely darn it, and I feel rather down now, but when I received them gosh I cant tell you how pleased I was. Well darl in the Valley or anywhere else you wouldnt get me out at A.A.M. not unless you kept me up all night, that is of course unless it was to go some where with you, then Id get up at any time. Referring to old Bullet Head he is a sport one of the best but its not because he puts up with that name, he has to whether he likes it or not, he calls me Irapsy the Cheeric Red Head just because I wouldnt get my hair cut off when he did, can you beat that. You keep saying in your letters, I have a way, of getting my own way, well all I can say is as long as I finally get my own way in the finish its ok, I've been trying to get my own way for a long time now, and I just cant seem to do it, but Ill still try

& and nothing will stop me, I've been trying for a long while now, and I'll get or, well just or. Blowed if I can place that incident you refer to about biting my finger dark it's got me stuck, I guess I must be slipping, because you would probably be surprised at some of the things I do remember. Its funny reading your letters dark. you say summer is just leaving you, and it's just coming to us, but I only seems a very short time since summer arrived over there. Well dark as I said before it will be 18 months before I will be home in my opinion, actually I wouldn't care if they dumped me at Darwin without a penny to-morrow I'd soon get back, but as you said before I have a job to do, it is a waste of time as there can only be one end, but your wrong when you say its not a waste of time for you or I, but mainly married men, I was just getting a chance to get what I really wanted when away I went, from in my opinion the best little person in the world, and now what about when I get back, will I still have a chance with that person they may be different, you can never tell, might even be married but the married man has his wife and children waiting for him for sure, his children may have changed a little but they think no less of him, only more, and after all thats what counts, I think we had better change the subject dark, I'm getting like an old hen. So you say I can't strike a woman, that right, then you say I'm not game to strike Bullet-Head so what I don't have to he's my freind <u>but</u>, you may remember saying in the lift in Grace Building one

day, that I would not be game to join the army if a war started well you were wrong then, remember I said at the time, if they started a war they could finish it without any help from me. Seeing you consider yourself a nuisance & annoyer, you had better be a bigger nuisance and annoy me something awful because there is definately nothing I like better. Dont let being a bit late worry you dark, as long as its not to often and you do write, I we been a lot latter than you dark, besides worry makes wrinkles, and I dont want to see any wrinkles on that pretty face when I get back. Sorry to keep you in the dark sweet I didnt mean to honest, but I havent been in Cairo yet, but I hope to in the near future, and as soon as I do, you will get snaps of Cairo the Pyramids etc. I just had to laugh when I read the next part of your letter sweet, I did do well at the school, I even surprised them, they must have thought I was pretty ~~keen~~ dumb when I entered, but I knew all the time I had it in the bag, but the part I laughed at was where you said before long you would probably be addressing your letters Colonel and at present its a bit doubtful if I will remain a Sgt. I couldnt help laughing sweet it seemed so funny, all I can say is this army is crazy, I just cant make them out at all, but after there latest performance well once I was energetic and made sure that everything was done correct etc and I used to do my share of worrying, but now nothing could worry me as far as the army is concerned. Well dark I was quite a made for a while but, circumstances have altered things a little lately and I havent seen anything for quiet a while now.

(Back of Page One)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

glad to hear George got ok after his sickness wish him the best for me I could just imagine me being keen to get back to camp after being off on sick leave, the thought of it would probably make me sick again but then I dont think I could get sick if I tried honest. I only hope the rest of those snaps are as good as these two dark, and dont forget that one in your costume, Ill be waiting for them. As for going to a show early and sitting in the lounge talking, it's a great idea and definately a date. I hope you will excuse me for writing on the back of these pages dark, but I want it to go air-mail and if I put any more pages in it may be over weight, and I have no way of finding out, enclosed you will find a few souvenirs of Libya not much good though. The trip down out of Libya from Tobruk wasnt much, it was rather miserable, I would have preferred to go back the same way as I came up, by sea, but it was land instead and there was a bad dust storm on when we left which lasted until about an hour before we arrived at our present destination and everyone was covered in dust, it even got into my pack. There wasnt much to see, only ruins where our lads had advanced on Tobruk and blown them up a bit, we had to go down another pass to a steep one but there wasnt anything worth seeing even there, Sidi Barani had been blown to pieces, there wasnt a single house left standing, though the English blew it up before withdrawing early in this war, and when we advanced again we blew it up again, so you can just imagine what it was like, nothing but ruins, there were guns and tanks lying all over

the place all the way down, Sallum wasnt knocked about quiet so much, though by the looks of it, it had a bit of a knocking about though. By the way have you received those photos from Bullet Head yet dear, let me know when you get them dear also let me know if the old censor has been playing about with my letters. Theres not much more Im allowed to tell you dear, there's lots of news but its all taboo. It was that long since I had a choclate dear, that the other day when they bought some into camp I got a whole box of choclate frogs, I still have half of them and I'll probably make myself sick eating them but gee they were good. Next time you hear from me dear I will probably have shifted on once more. How is everything going at home sweet, everyone ok wish them all the best for me once more also B, and once again dont forget those photos, though by the time you get this I will probably have them. Well sweet Im afraid its only six pages this time and once again its lots of love take care of yourself and dont get any wrinkles, just stay like you are dear. So until the next letter which will be next week "Cheerio".

Very Sincerely Yours
Mac



P.S York I wish I could see you now dear, but I can only look at the snaps still they are good.
Mac X

A.F. W.2078.
P.A.& Co.Ltd., London

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Name only

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Address :—

Miss. D. Williams.
37 Byrnes St.
Bexley,
Sydney.
Australia.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S. A. C.

Received
4/4/41.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

37 Burnes Street,
Bexley.
Monday Evening 31st March '41.

Hullo there Mac!

How are you? Where have you been - Lilya, Palestine or where? I can't keep up with you these days - you're moving so rapidly. I sit glued to the wireless when the news session comes over - especially now that there's some news of Lilya coming over. But won't it be grand when you're back and you can tell me all about it, instead of writing. Have you planned it all out - just what you'll say when you do get back. I often lie in bed & think of what I'll say, but then the next night it all seems wrong. Anyhow, most likely I'll howl, and spoil everything! Wait and see.

I've just returned from Shipi - my usual Monday evenings pastime as you know, & a few minutes ago was sitting on the floor, reading some of your letters you wrote me, before you left. Didn't you know I kept them all? They keep me going when I don't hear from you. And right on the top of the bundle is the telegram - "Leaving Soon - lots everything & greatly cheered" I know it off by heart. I'll never forget how mild I was - with myself, because I missed our last night together. I've gone over it dozens, no - hundreds of times. Do you mind if we change the subject dear. When I think of it, I don't feel so good.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Mac, would you think me rather forward if I asked you to do me a favour? Would you let me have your mother's address? You see, its like this Mac. (Don't say I'm being morbid, now.) Waiting those five weeks or so for a letter from you, I thought all sorts of things had happened to you, and of course I had no way of finding out. In the natural course of events, if anything should happen to you (Heaven forbid) they would send word to your Mother immediately, and I thought perhaps I could get word from her, if you wouldn't mind. Oh, I really wouldn't pester her Mac, wouldn't be writing every fortnight if your letter didn't arrive. But you do understand what I'm trying to tell you don't you? Do you think Mrs. Keehan would mind Mac? Please don't be afraid to say so, if you would rather not sweet. This isn't a very nice subject either. Lets have another try shall we.

Well my sweet, I've won my fourpence halfpenny. I didn't fall even once on Saturday night! And I even went in the fast, too. It was great to be on the ice again. (Make a note of it - that's another point of call for us - if you like (skating that is.) And there was a huge crowd there too. A lot of the old faces, some in uniforms, with lots of the hockey boys & good skaters conspicuous by their absence - overseas most likely. There going on Wednesday night next again, so I'll try & keep my record clean & have no spills. Let you know

next week how I get along.

Daddie's working back these nights - at the Showground. It's going to be a bumper show this year Rohe says. I'd like to go one night to see the Exhibits - before Easter, & then again on the Tuesday night after we return from the Valley, to see the ring events. I wouldn't miss the ring events of a night, for the world. Anyway I'll see how time & the budget fares.

We lost our match on Saturday last Mac. We're just a lot of ring players I'm beginning to think. That's two we've won, & two we've lost, so far. Still, you never can tell!

I suppose you've seen some pretty wonderful sights since I heard from you last. That's something they'll never take from you - lucky you.

Outside Mac, the searchlights are like so many shafts of silver, piercing a star spangled sky; it's the prettiest sight - I wish you could see them. They cross-cross and then cast themselves out again, only to form weird patterns straight away.

As I write this, my eyes are attracted by a certain brilliant colour moving across the page with my pen. You wouldn't appreciate that brilliant colour though you've no doubt guessed it - I've my finger nails painted red. Remember the last time I had them done with red nailpolish? You hated them. I reckon they look gay & sparkling against a coloured frock. Only the

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

4.

trouble is, nobody else seems to think so. And you just showed Jean Bep on the subject. He's as bad, if not worse than you were.

There is no news this week Mac. I hate these short letters as much as you do, but it's no good filling a page with rubbish (more rubbishy than usual I mean) I hope sincerely that you are behaving - moderately well. (Of course I know you're no angel.)

Reading some of your early letters & then comparing them with your later ones I can't help noticing how you're grown older Mac. Don't think I've gone silly - it's a fact, you have got older. Don't ever change will you Mac? 'Cause the world needs nice folks around. To make up for all the Rotweillers that haunt the place.

It's getting late dear Mac & Mum has said I must go to bed by ten thirty to-night or else there will be no dancing for me to-morrow night. Not that that would worry me, if I had any more news to tell you, but I honestly haven't. Betty was here for a few minutes this evening - looking brown & very fit after her holiday at Lithgow. When I read her parts of your last letter she made the same remarks as I did "It's better than a newspaper". So keep it up darlin. No horse play - do take care of yourself Mac. No Else? Everyone wishes to be remembered to you. And you will write as often as you can won't you? On account of - because. Lots of Love to you. My regards to your pal Bullet head (has his hair grown yet?)

Thanks received for snaps. Alright the way. Your snaps I mean.) It's time to pay. Goodnight and again sweet dreams & Au Revoir. Au Revoir Mac. Yours sincerely Shenan / Sincerely Yours Shenan Au Revoir. Goodnight.

x x x

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVI

G.P.O.
12 SEP -1 AP 41
N.S.W. 1 AUST





Return to Sender on Military Board Instructions

MW

For O i/c District Records Office

No. NX 11067,
Pte Keshan, M. W.
"A" Coy., [redacted] Batt.

31-3-41

A. I. F.

Abroad

12/7/41 [illegible]

NOT WITH 2/4 BN.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S.A.C.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

A boy 2/4th Bn
A.I.F.
Abroad.

2nd April 41

Dear Dot,

Well dark its taken me quiet a while to write this letter I hope you dont think I'm getting to lazy to write, or anything like that; I'm definately not, as I've said before I get great pleasure out of writing to you, and if I could I'd write every day dark, I simply must keep that contact, or I'll loose altogether, and I just cant do that, its about the only thing in this funny old world of ours, that's worrying me, and believe me it does, but you cant say I didnt try, I'd better cut it out or I'll be getting you confused dark. Do you know I haven't had a letter from you since the one with the two beautiful snaps in it, and gosh that seems a long while ago, I was going to write this as soon as I came back from leave but we couldnt post them so I didnt write it in case it went astray, at present I'm on a boat, bound for, ?, I dont know, but I have just been told that we may not be able to send mail for a few week after we land, and there is doubt about the Air mail, it is said there may not be any air mail from where we are going, so dont be a bit surprised if my mail takes longer to reach you sweet, I'll post this as soon as possible, I wish we would hurry and get into the fighting that has to be done in this war, so I can get back home, right now I'd give anything to be able to see you, I'd just like to sit

Love 2 you.

and look at you, and listen to you talk, thats just my bad luck though isn't it. Well darl I'm feed up with the army I've been mucked around that much lately and now I dont know what my position is at all a whats more, I definately dont care, they call me Pte, I'm doing a Cpls work, and getting Sgts pay, so you work it out if you can, there like a lot of dogs fighting over a bone and I'm sorry I didnt take the stripes off and throw them at them. They also promised me leave to see Cairo if I would do a spot of work for them a few days ago and when it was finished wouldnt give it to me, well there was only one thing left for me to do then darl, and that was take it, which I did. I often think darl, its funny how different some peoples luck is, take that Pat Garvin fellow for instance, your cousin sees his photo and immediately wants to know all about him, as you said practically a case of love at first sight, in other words he's done more without even seeing your cousin, than I have in about 3 years right; as a matter of fact he dont even know she inquired about him I havent seen him for a long time now, I had a great time on leave we flew up to Cairo via Port Said, its a great trip, the planes good and the scenery wonderful, the Nile Valley which is all irrigated is a real picture, its just like looking down on a huge toy farm, we only stopped at Port Said for about 10 minutes just long enough to stretch the legs then on to Cairo, a car was waiting for us at the air port to take us to a Hotel. We hadnt been in Cairo half an hour before we were caught by a guide, though through rogue-

ing us he done himself out of a good client; he started of by saying he would take us to an old church which was the place of places in Cairo, then we went through all the dirty smelly narrow streets in Cairo finally arriving at a church that was of no interest at all and then he started to spin his yarn, which finally with the usual he wanted money for us coming in, also for him taking us there and for the chap who kept the place, he was badly disappointed however because we flatly refused to give him anything and walked out, then we got a guide told him what we wanted to see and asked him how much he wanted we were not getting caught twice, We had a look at King Farauks palace, which is much the same as Buckingham Palace, then we went on to the Citadel as you get near it its like a big old castel, I wanted to take a snap of it but its against the Wogs religion to take snaps of it so I was out of luck. Its a high building and before being allowed to enter you have to wear slippers over your shoes, then you enter the court yard, a big white place in the centre of which there is a wash stand and a well 300 feet deep, before entering the main part the Wogs draw water from the well and wash there faces three times there hands and arms three times and there feet 3 times then they are supposed to be clean and are allowed to go in and pray, personally I reckon they would have to be boiled three times to make them clean, and even then they might not be clean.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

I hope I'm not boring you sweet, I'll take the risk however and continue. Inside the Citadel is really wonderful place-the colours are beautiful most of the working however is done in real gold and hanging from the centre of the ceiling is an enormous chandelier the floor is covered with a beaut. red carpet, then in one corner they have Mahommed Ali's tomb all closed in and with carvings all over it; after that we visited Mahommed Ali's old palace, which is behind the Citadel, from the windows you can see practically all Cairo, the Pyramids etc in a great view and once again I wasn't allowed to take snaps, the palace is very old and knocked about and there is very little of interest there, he had a bath carved out of solid marble, and I think gold must be their favorite colour because every thing had a touch of gold painting on it, after that we had a quiet lunch and the headed for the Pyramids, you can see them a long time before you get there, and when we arrived we hired Arab horses to ride around, they are lovely animals but very lazy but I enjoyed the ride, the Pyramids are interesting to see and certainly big we climbed to the top of Cheops just to find out how far it was and I'm still stiff it took us 25 minutes to get to the top and when you look back down it looks practically a straight drop, climbing up I never thought I'd reach the top, then we went round and had a look at the Sphinx its a high thing though it don't look so big from the rear, it has recently been repaired.

(back of page 1)

I took a few snaps dark but so far I haven't had them finished I'll send those that turn out ok as soon as there finished, this place is not what its said to be dark and shots of it are very deceiving but it is better than Alex which is not hard in my opinion, in saying not hard I mean not hard to be better than, that night I visited a few night clubs none of them were any good, but I got a laugh at one, there was an Aussie in there a little under the influence and doing plenty of mucking about, whilst on the stage there was a girl trying to sing, she was singing the song and he was doing the actions anyhow she was in the middle of the song when she couldn't hold herself any longer and burst out laughing it was the only time I got a laugh that night, then the next day we caught the plane back to Alex arriving at 4 in the evening its a 3 hour trip, anyhow I decided to stay in Alex and return late that night, so we wandered round and found an excellent club where we went for tea, they had a decent orchestra and some very good floor shows, they had a balancing act which was marvelous, a good singer, a spanish dancer and a few others after a few hours there we went to a show to see The Sea Hawk, not a bad show as you know remember I was telling you they smoke in the theatres over here well that's not all, they serve beer in there also, this certainly is a funny place, or at least now its that was a funny place instead.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Well dark hows my little girl keeping, I hope this find you in the best of health, I know it will, and how is everyone at home wish them all the best for me, hows George is he out of camp yet I suppose you have been cleaning everyone up at tennis.

Well dark its getting late and I'm getting tired, not tired of writing to you I couldnt do that but I cant think of anything else to tell you. I'll write again as soon as I get a chance and I hope you receive this soon but I doubt it, I'll let you know where I am in my next letter if possible.

I wont bore you any longer sweet hats & hats of have take care of yourself and I hope to be with you soon, so until the next time "Big Cheerio".

Very Sincerely Yours
Ina



P.S. Please excuse the writing etc dark.

No 4

A.F. W3078.

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Address :—

Miss. D. Williams.
37 Byrnes St.
Bexley.
Sydney
Australia

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

S. A. C.

Received 20/4/41.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

37 Byrnes Street,
Bexley. Aust.
Monday. April 7th, 1941.

Dear Mac,

Golly, am I being spoiled - and do I love it! Just listen to this - Tuesday evening (1st Apr.) when I got home there was a letter for me (not yours.) & I just took it as I passed, saying to Mum "Any more mail for me" No, there was no more mail according to Mum. Anyway before I went out Mum asked me if I'd get something for her, - in my bed was under the quilt on my bed. Unsuspectingly I marched into my room, threw back the quilt & surprise! there was your letter (Dated the 10th of March by the way.) I must Mum to hide it from me though. But, as they say - "you ain't heard nuthin' yet." Wednesday evening I was late home & as we were going to the Glen, I was rather in a rush. I didn't dream of getting another letter from you - that was expecting too much; so imagine my amazement when I was handed an envelope as I tore out the door. Letter No. 2 addressed, Pardon, I mean dated the 16th March. I read it going to Central, amid questions, wisecracks & laughs from the gang. Not that that worried me - I had my letter and they didn't. My third letter, dated the 18th March I had the next day. By this time I was up in the clouds. And this time, Mum hide it under my plate at the table of all places. I wish I could make you understand how thrilled I was to get three in one week Mac. Yes they were great letters too. I'd better post them out & take them one by one. It seems strange to hear you speaking (if only I could - hear you speak, I mean.) of my holidays now. They seem ages away, in fact next Thursday I'll be back in my precious Valley, for the Easter holidays. Then

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I'll be having some funny things to tell you. Most of the gang will be going down too & we always have a wonderful time down there (or haven't I mentioned it before?) I'm so glad to hear you're so well, and also that you still love Aussie best. I'd hate my Mac to fall in love with some dirty greasy country "over thataway". Sure, there's no place like home - it's the best in the district, that's all. Right here and now, we will clear up a point that seems to crop up quite a bit in your letters, every one of them. Listen sweet stop worrying - please. If you could but see the look on my face when I'm opening your letters, you would just know, it would have to be a pretty miraculous person who could "get in on you" as you put it. People like you shouldn't oughta be built, that's what. What chance do we poor gals have when you're around. Are you clear on that point now? O.K. then! Quit your worrying! And I paid no bets. Cheers for you Mac. Both Georgy & I were tickled pinks to hear you are still a Sgt. That will put them in their place for a while. By now I hope you have your stripes back on your arm, as well as in your pay book. Keep at them Mac, & best of luck dear.

I'll say you will have to dance & play tennis & everything too. Not that you will have forgotten though - nonsense. And don't go saying you never could dance either. I have recollections of a heavy waltz one night at a certain dance, with a certain lad, and he wasn't Mickey Rooney. Betty & I went to a dance over at Hurstville Grove last Sat. night by the way. We had a great time & afterwards Betty slept at our place. We did some giggling that night too - in bed I mean. We get some fun out of life my B. & D.

2.

One, two, three - say did you mean it when you said about eighteen months. Mac, eighteen months is a lifetime almost I'll not only have wrinkles by then, I'll be grey with it. How would I go with grey hair? Do you know, you have a heap of things to tell me when you get back, so be prepared won't you? Better make notes on the various subjects 'cause you'll be bombarded with questions.
Now you hound, we come to another matter that I wish to discuss with you. Yes, you aught to look guilty too! I don't care a hang for this wretched Garven person, whatever you may think to the contrary. I was afraid you might think that. Anyway, he sounds alright - to meet on a holiday, or on a picnic but every day - no thanks. Playboys would bore me horribly. (even with their pots of money (no good)) My cousin can go fish next time she wants information about strange men. With regard to this wedding business which you refer to - haven't I told you dozens of times that one day someone will sue you for a breach of promise case. Then you'll be in a mess. And it was just as well, for me, that you didn't hear what I said after reading those lines. You say - (this is a different subject, I'm changing it for the other one for obvious reasons.) you say Mac, to ask George if he wants any souvenirs. If George didn't want them, and I know he does, I do. I'm terribly proud of the Italian money you sent me (many thanks darl.) and if there is a chance of getting any badges etc over to me, well I know you would (would you?) George, incidentally was very interested in that little souvenir you mentioned in

4.

your previous letter, and agrees that it must be a good one.
By the way - have you still got it Mac?
Those ~~waist~~ must be sights alright - those air raids. Only they're the kind that I hope never to see. Especially here in Australia. We ought to thank heaven every day, that we were born in this heaven on earth of a country.
So the time was 1.30 a.m. & you were going to be in Bexley were you? You were taking a lot for granted sweet, weren't you? And I thought you knew my father, too. That was all for letter No. 1 in this week's mail, but you certainly kept your word, when you said you would catch up. I wasn't so surprised to receive two in one week, but three, - well I ask you! And I like the way you finish off your letters, although I have noticed you don't experiment with the commencements now. Scared or something?
The album was creased a little bit Mac when it arrived, but Mum had fixed it up before I saw it, & apart from a slight dent in the brass (am I right?) inset part, its perfect. But the dent doesn't spoil it Mac so don't frown so.
I didn't laugh when I found I had guessed correctly about that song. When will you "learn" fellow? A person doesn't laugh about something so - pardon the word, but its the only adequate one I can think of - sweet as that was. And it was fun guessing too. I'm improving don't you think? First guess and I scored. Did I ever tell you - I'm a world's champion runner, especially when I run away from boys (no I'm not in the habit of doing so - not that I stand still, but they don't - oh heavens, now I'm in a mess. Skip this part darl please)
But maybe I'd get tired, maybe & have to stop. Or maybe

I wouldn't get tired, but would just want to stop. And maybe I wouldn't so I will take care as you said. You ask, how did we go, listening to Rebecca. Fine, just fine. Oh yes, you washed up - after I had to fight you almost, & if the sandwiches were burnt, it was your fault, cause you were supposed to be watching the toast.

I'll say you were a handful. You wouldn't concentrate on the play, not you. Thank goodness the play finished when it did, that's all! Mac sweet, you know I loathe the cold weather – what can a girl do. If I go outside I freeze & probably if I stay inside, I may only will legit, but most likely I'll need air. Shucks its a problem I hadn't thought of before.

You sound as if you're having plenty of fun with your air raids down there. For heavens sake keep well & tucky inside those funk holes you spoke of, or else, something might hit you. But then, only the good die young don't they. What did you say? Well! And I thought all this time that I was writing to a gentleman. Dear me.

Thank you for all those little bits of information which I can pasture to forge. He's very keen on your letters dear. That is, very keen on parts of your letters. I want to know about everything. It's a tall order, but I know it won't frighten you because you know what I mean by everything. Things you think will interest me, and if you're not cute, then just fancy me you're a devil & as big a nuisance as ever. Tell me mac, does he still shave his chin off. You don't do you. Pure as you do. I'll love someone else, so you'd better be careful of your looks. How are your eyes standing up to the strain. It's awful, the agony I put you through. Tomorrow I must buy a pad with some very thin paper in it, so that I can write a respectable eight page letter, & one you'll be able to read. When I read your letter telling me you hadn't received my photos I was worried, but then I read further on & found they had arrived after all. I'm so glad you liked them sweet. (Don't feel rotten though, I won't change – even in eighteen months.) I know how you felt though, it's a crash dash. You have a memory like a sieve dear. It happened in the U.S. one day, & something happened & you were pointing your finger. Can't say at what, but anyway, at the time I said "Don't that finger & I'll bite it off." You dig & I do. And the two young flaks from Down Under happened along & caught me chewing a chew at your finger. Naturally they misconstrued the action & remember being indignant at the time. Are you any the wiser now? Did I really say that you wouldn't be game to fight? I don't mean it, honestly I must have been teasing you at the time I think.

I don't think much of your Libya, at all. Never did like dust anyhow. It's a rotten mess, isn't it mac? Nothing civilized people could let such a thing happen is incredible. The good old Blows are getting it now. The news was released last night that Germany had proclaimed war on Yugoslavia & to-day we learn that our lads are in Greece. Well even Mussi, Hitler, Stalin & Co. are all terribly proud of you all mac. There is no one just like you, in our eyes. So keep it up – and above all, keep smiling. How did you get on with the chocolates? Hope you didn't make yourself ill. The cream has dried quite a few of your letters, but none have been crossed out,

5/ or in any way altered so as to be illegible. I don't want to think of you in any other light than as my own sweet mac. Isn't this bright weather? Just the sort of day I love. On a day like this I could run for miles & miles, & only have to stop when I came to the sea. Then I'd have a swim, but I'd hope to find something to keep off the sun. Fancy me asking you such a thing, you'll be thinking I'm getting sunstruck. Mac, I'm so glad you're not in the desert. I'm sure it's hell. Any way I don't think I could stand this heat, & only have to

(TOP OF PAGE 2.)

(Contd. from Page 5.)

you can. My eyelids are falling, try as I may to keep them open. Everyone wishes to be remembered to you, hopes you are in the best of health etc. And what is there left for me to say that I haven't said before? Eighteen months oh heavens - eighteen years. I had an awful dream last night dear. Apparently you were coming home - I had spent about a month getting a gorgeous outfit ready, in which I intended meeting you. The day dawned & I looked out of the window only to find it was raining. I thought to myself "Raining huh: Oh well I'll just wear my old dress & put my coat over it", and it wasn't until I was in the train before I realised that it was the day you were coming home. I was frantic I can tell you. All of which just goes to show that dreams are crazy. As if I could forget what day you were coming home. As if I could. The trouble is, I shall probably be racing along a street, with my hair flying, & then I'll burst into you, unexpectedly. I may only say "Hullo Mac" but I'll be feeling strange inside of me, - you'll understand won't you?

This week's letter is just drawing to a close. Take care of yourself sweet. Lets hear from you soon, if you can make it, and once again the biggest of cheerio's to you and -

Lots of Love.

Always Sincerely

Dorothy

XXXX
XXXX
XXX



SYDNEY
N.S.W.AUST.

IR MAIL
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"A" Coy, [redacted] Bn.,
A. I. F.

7-4-41

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL
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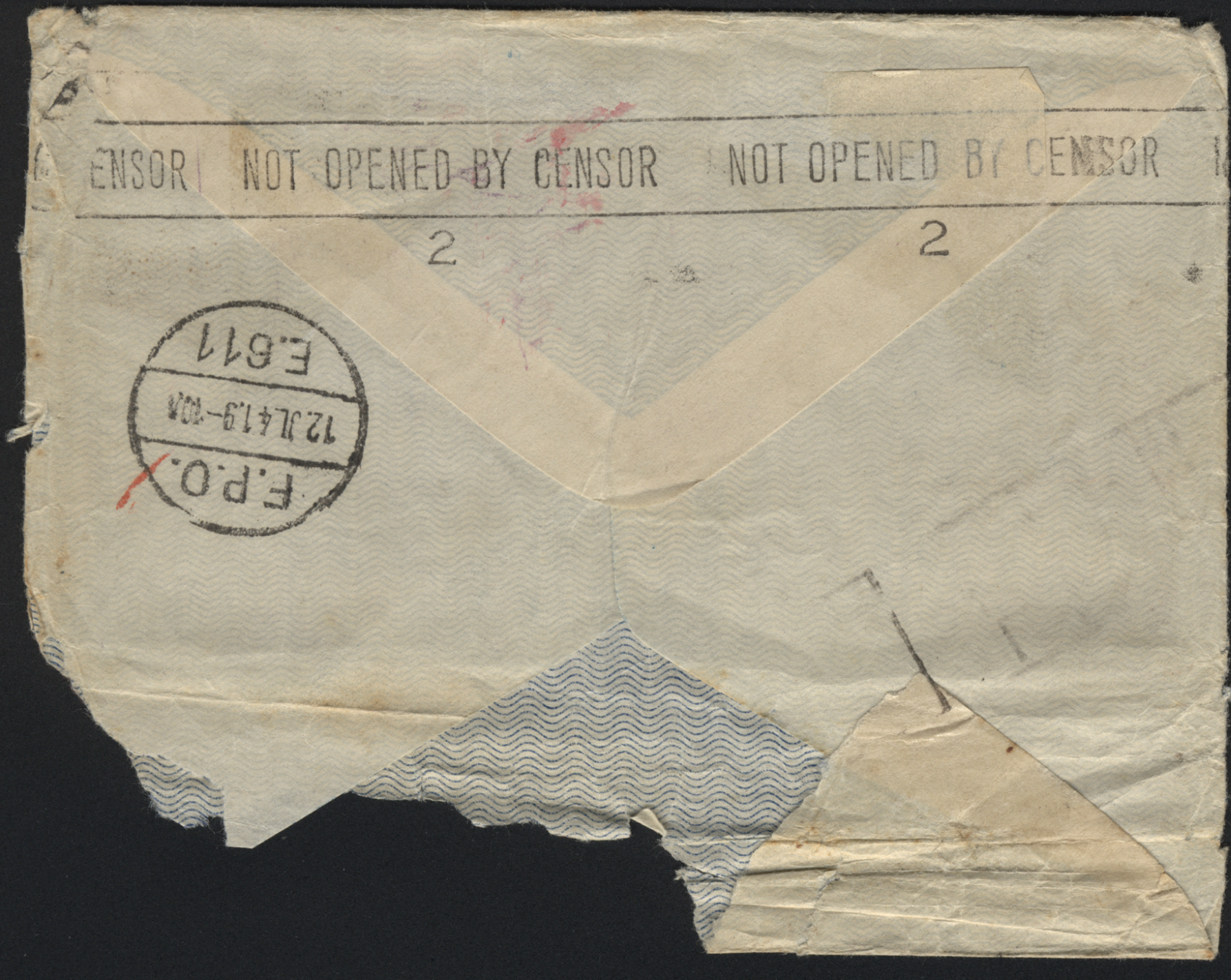
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL



AWM2019.22.14

37 Byrnes Street,
Bexley
Saturday afternoon
(26th April 1941)

Dear Mac,

Here I am - late again with my letter, and just as I was beginning to think I was improving. But there was a reason this letter done (I said reason not excuse.) If I don't have a few hours to spend on your letters, they hardly ever reach the seven page mark, which (you agree) is not a fair thing. So I said to myself - this time I'll save it until Saturday, and make it a decent length. All of which, isn't getting us anywhere, but I hope you're not too cranky, & above all, hope you're not been kept waiting too long.

How are you sweet - who do you love? (That's my latest greeting for one another - hey a 'who do you love?' It's a trump isn't it?) The army is treating you very well I trust; tell me Mac, are you wearing your stripes again. I get very annoyed when I think of how they tried to rob you. The hounds! Perhaps in your next letter, I'll hear more about it. I still haven't received a letter from you, by the way. Either you are away from any mailing depot, or something else is holding it up. However, Monday's mail may have something for me, & I'm living on hope.

It was Anzac Day yesterday, which meant of course

a public holiday for us - which no one minded in the least. Golly Mac I missed you yesterday - horribly. I kept on thinking - now if only Mac were here, he'd know what I mean & he'd laugh at that, & he'd tell me if that were right. But my poor old hoper just had to hope along & nothing came of it. I didn't suddenly look up & see you standing there - with that look in your eyes, which always made me feel that you were thinking out some new way to tease me. Miracles just don't happen like that & not once, but often I've dreamed of that happening, but then when one dreams, one must always awaken. So at the end of the day, I think to myself as I lie in bed & look at my best pal - one day nearer to the end of this ghastly mess. (But you thought I was looking at you when I referred to "my best pal". Nuong! This time I mean & the lights outside our place. That's my best pal - friend in need sort of thing.) I started off talking about public holidays & now the subject is on to electric street lights. I can see myself how I roam around. I'm staying this week-end at my auntie's place, on Carlton Parade - (about five minutes walk from the station) as Mum & Dad are away at Bowral for the three days. (I know - and you're miles away - too bad isn't it sweet?) One of my married cousins has a girl friend "flatting" at Kings Cross, so we went into town to see the Anzac March & then went on to Ed's place for lunch.

It was a very sad Anzac Day dear - they all are

really, only yesterday was more so. Earlier this week, some of the men who were invalided home, arrived in Sydney - Wednesday it was. And seeing those men, old Anzacs marching - old, most of them - but every one of them erect - with chin up, - it made me think of - oh lots of things - you mainly, and the poor Anzacs of this war, fighting desperately in Greece. Things aren't so good mac, are they? Although there is something in what Churchill says, the war won't be won by one naval victory or by the capture of one city. Judging by events lately, it will be every part of next eighteen months before its over - and by that time I will be old and wrinkled. And then what will you say? Perhaps you'll be old & wrinkled yourself though. Then everything will be fine. Tell you what mac! If I have to cold cream my face to keep wrinkles at bay, its only fair that you should too. So get Ageing!

Where was I - Heavens I must tangle you up. I get lost myself. After the march, as I said before, we went to lunch at Kings Cross. I think its the third time I have ever been the place - you wouldn't believe it would you - but its a fact. And even then I have only once before alighted from the tram - when we went to the Minerva it was. It's the most fascinating place don't you think mac? There are such strange people, strange clothes, and the whole day could be spent wandering around the place. Some of the chaps

looked as though any moment they would cut your throat. But they were all older than I was Mac. Olga had her husband (my cousin) with her & Ed's sister, had her boyfriend up, and they all drank & smoked while I sipped water, so to speak. Don't go thinking we had a wild party or anything like that - 'cause we didn't, honestly. No one went "under", but boy they drained the bottles that afternoon. I sat & laughed at the funny things they were saying - not stupid - but they had a "glow" and became rather witty. It was a good day, on the whole Mac, only a waste of a holiday really. I could have thought of much better ways of filling in a holiday (P.S. I still dislike beer & smoke makes me choke. That wasn't the right thing to say there. Straightaway you'll think I've been on the spree ('mad') but truly sweet. I can't go for that stiff. It's a gorgeous colour though.)

Mac sweet, guess where I've been? Done quite a bit of gadding around since I wrote you last. My cousin Glen was down from the Valley last weekend & he & I went to the Twist. I have never been there before (I don't get around much I know) Golly I laughed Mac. There weren't many jokes that went over my head. A few times I heard some people laughing away and try as I may, I just couldn't see anything funny in what he said. One or two came to me suddenly the next morning at home, so I didn't do too badly. But hate

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well. That's one place we don't go to. It's definitely suitable for brothers sister or cousins. I'd get used to it after a while I guess, but whew, they don't mince words any. Heavens how we laughed at that silly George Wallace. There was something in particular that I wanted to tell you about but I can't think of — wait a sec' I know. Cast your mind (apology for one I meant) back a few years, to the last night we went to the Regent theatre. Remember? There was a girl — Jenny Howard — singing on the stage. Right? She sang two songs, — "Oh Johnny" & "Til the Lights of London Shine Again" (and I remember your saying you bet I could swing "Oh Johnny") Well anyway she was co-starring at the Tivoli the night we went. Her main song was "The Last Time I Saw Paris" — do you know it sweet? "The Last Time I saw Paris, her heart was young and Gay." It's a lovely number & as she was singing it the curtain swung open revealing a dark stage, blackened out, excepting for a shaft of light which fell across the body of a French soldier, lying at the foot of an empty flagpole. (The song, incidentally was dedicated to the Free French soldiers) As she finished her song, the orchestra broke into the Marseillais (In case you can't understand broken English — that means the French National Anthem) As if hearing the music, the French flag began to slowly ascend the pole, awakened the soldier as it did. He slowly stands up, stands to

attention & Salutes. Reading it, its hard to visualise it I know, but it was indescribable anyway. You would have to see it.

This letter isn't as simply done as I thought it would be. I've been at it for hours now. You see its like this Mac. Everyone down here is talking. Gee its a woeful business. A minute ago I was mixing butter & sugar together for to make "Yeo Scones" but we don't know the antidote, so pity help us when tea time comes. Tell you what I'll do. I'll eat a couple for you, shall I. Or maybe you'd rather not eh? Hang on for a few minutes will you Pal, while I 'phone Betty & see what she's doing to night. I'd like to get to a show. Lets see what her ladyship wants. There I am back again & yes, Betty is coming to the Carlton theatre with me to see "North West Passage". She said to give you her love, but I objected, so she's changed it to Kind Regards. I objected.

(Bess tells me the Scones are coming on well. Won't be long now). Everyone else in the house is sound asleep, except we cooks. I'm getting very domesticated sweet. I might meet you at the wharf with a batch of scones. There I go again, when I meet you at the wharf. Better shift that subject, yes?

Dear Mac, what can we talk about. I just have to make Page 7. George tells me our team lost at tennis to-day - by five games. Wouldn't it! It would be won't

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long now. There. Lucie made Page 7. I'm contented.

Old Mother Nature is playing tricks with the weather lately. Here it is, almost the end of April and Summer hasn't yet left dear old Sydney. Most likely we'll wake up one morning and find ourselves frost bitten, & then everyone will say "winters come". I wish I were with you, just about to have Dinner. I'm dreading the cold weather Mac. What was it I had to do about my chilblains? You tell me, 'cause I don't know.

They want to set the table now, so I'll have to run along now Mac.

Take good care of yourself. Best wishes from all at home and of course Loads of Love from yours Truly.

I almost forgot to tell you to behave but you'd know even if I didn't say so, I'd think it.

Bye for the time dear.

Great Big Cheerio XXXX
XXXX
Dorothy



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22/7/41

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"D" Coy., 2/4th Batt.
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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL



AWM2019.22.14

37 Byrnes Street,
Bexley
Wednesday night.
April 30th, 1941

Dear Mac,

(I'm rather tired of starting off your letters that way. But how else can I start them "My Dear Mac" - no that's too formal. "Darling Mac" - no that's definitely not me, is it? "Dearest Mac" - that's better - which do you prefer? Just make your pick and your instructions will be carried out, sweet.)

Well to-day has been a red letter day for me. From seven thirty onwards that is. I didn't get home until late, but who cared about that, when I had a letter from you! It seems years since I've heard from you dear. You have no idea how thrilled I was to eventually receive a letter. And I hope by this time you will have received all of mine too. If you are anything like me, you must drive the postal authorities cookoo. Speaking for myself - Mum is my postal authority & she claims that any day now she will resign. Maybe as we get older, we'll be more patient. (Anyway who wants to be patient.)

You certainly drive me frantic, trying to guess where you are Mac. Don't worry, I realise it can't be told & besides, it gives me something to figure out. My only hope is that you weren't on the way to Greece I think I may be getting just a little scared sweet. More than a little too. I hate to touch a newspaper these days. On Sunday last I picked

9

up the Sunday paper & found straight away a list of casualties & "believed missing." From Libya it was too & boy, was I shaking at the knees! I searched desperately for a name starting with H & upon finding none, once more breathed deeply. Thank heavens your name wasn't there dear. I found one name I knew - an old friend of mine whom I played tennis with, a few months before he left. Goodness knows what has happened to him. Oh Mac, whats the good of it all! Why ever was Flamin' Hitler ever invented. Hurry and finish them off soldier & come home.

Apparently you haven't received any of my later letters. It seems your greatest, or, as you say, your only worry in our funny old world is that you will loose contact with me. Stop it will you! Or else you'll have me jittery too. You know perfectly well such a thing just couldn't happen. So, here & now I'm warning you pal. One more word and I'll jump on you. All Clear? Fine!

Mac darling, don't get so fed up with everything. Don't let them get you annoyed. And please don't go doing anything rash. You worry me an awful lot, do you know - when you're away even then I can't give you a talking to like I used to. How I miss that, Mac. Sometimes I feel I want to howl, honestly I do. Especially when I think of how lovely it was to sit in a theatre with you, just before the show started & talk to you & listen to your voice. I enjoyed those talks with you more than the actual show. Even then I knew that. Maybe thats why I don't

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enjoy the pictures these days. Oh do hurry home Mac. If you have no objections I shall change the subject. Waiting isn't so easy when it becomes blurred, is it?

For a moment listen to me hard. Do you really think Pat Garvin has done more for himself without even seeing my cousin, than you have in three years. Surely you're not serious when you say that sweet. Does she think about the wretched Garvin lad, every day? Does she hope as she walks in the gate of a night "Perhaps there's a letter there"? Does she get down in the dumps if weeks pass without any of those letters? No, you're slipping up there old pal. Definitely wrong. It's not possible for her to think of that Pat Garvin as I think of you.

How I envy you your plane trip to Cairo. It sounds like a dream. Lucky you to get to Cairo at all, much less to fly down. And fancy letting a guide rogue you, too. Shame on you, Soldier! I was highly amused & relieved the others in the family at your saying that the wogs would have to be boiled three times before they could be anything like clean.

George has just come home from drill - or sergants mess or something & when I read him the part of your letter where you say you're on board ship & he seems to think it will be Greece. For goodness sake Mac, watch out for yourself, old thing. I hate harping, but I can't help it. The waiting is worse than the actual business I think. It's vile Mac, really it is.

Your last leave sounds marvellous dear. It showed

last you for a while. I hope you got some good snaps of the Pyramids, & I'd have loved to have seen you after your climb to the top of Cheops. I'll challenge you to a race up there one day Mac.

Sweet, I fancy your perspective is somewhat out of focus even there. After all, five feet eight or so inches could hardly be regarded as a "little" girl; but then if you like to call me that - O.K.

Jenni hasn't been so good lately. Seem to have lost interest for everything lately - except, I think, getting & writing letters. So keep them coming Mac - I need them.

Our home has been turned into a nursery & is now ruled by a eight months old babe. Golly Dutch you could see her Mac, she's a pet. My aunt is in hospital with pneumonia & Mum is minding the baby & a little girl, three years old. Sue one all going to miss her when we have to give her back to her mother. She's so soft & cuddlesome & the good kid hardly ever cries. You just can't help loving her, little wee helpless thing she is. And can you tell me of anything sweeter than a baby out of a bath & all powdered up. You do like them don't you; I think I remember hearing you speak of your brother's children. Speaking of your brother, Mac, I have never seen him around, since you left the building. Is he still in Australia, or did he manage to get into the army? He was toying at one stage wasn't he. Only occasionally see Kay. His new job must keep him

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5.

busy these days.

Eastern Standard time is now eleven fifteen p.m. Any minute now Pop will be in to see if I'm still up. But I'll keep going for as long as I possibly can. My Auntie Mary from the farm, is down & consequently we don't get to bed very early - but we never did. The fire is lit now & its certainly hard to leave for a cold bed. Then again of a morning, bed is hard to leave for a cold floor. Remember I said it was still warm weather out here? Well on the Sunday following my last letter, it was enough to freeze a person. I shivered all day. Its winter this time right enough.

Often Mac, when I see sailors around the city, I feel thankful that you're not a sailor darl. It would be twice as difficult having to say goodbye again & again. The break would be harder each time. Or don't you think so?

Mac, tell me something? Why did you join the army? Do tell me Mac. Please! You always say you're a trier, - well so am I. So do tell me darl. 'Cause I want to know. If you don't tell me, I'll thump you, (but would probably make it better again.)

Time is sneaking onwards and still Daddie hasn't said a word. We're doing well sweet.

How are you keeping track of all the things we're going to do. Have you got a list made out. You'd better get one Mac, then as I think of more things.

6.

I can tell you, and you can add them on. 1960 will find us still working our way through the list.

I'm hoping to have my cousin - Jocelyn - down for a holiday soon. Very soon. We have a grand time to-gether. We fit in perfectly with one another. So I'll most likely be forced to enquire for more information on this Garvin lad. (Hang my cous.!)

Sorry darlin' but there goes 11.30 & my Dad also. He's awakened with a bump alright. Another week has slipped past sweet. One more week nearer home. And once more I have to leave you Mac. Until next week-end, or sometime next week anyway.

Kindest Regards from all at home. They all send the usual "take cares". You will won't you though. I get so darned worried Mac. Honest-to-goodness I do - can't be helped.

So my dear its with Lots & Lots of Love & the very fondest of wishes to you. You may be far away, but you're with me every day - very near - in thoughts.

Biggest of Big Cheerios.

Always — Sincerely

Dorothy

xxx xxx
xxx xxx

P.S. Your last letter was dated 2nd April. In case you'd like to know. Love Dot.

P.P.S. I almost forgot. Hiya - Who do you have?



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S. A. G.

2

NOT OPENED BY CENSOR

2

NOT OPENED BY CENSOR

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

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COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

T.G. 42.

FUNDS MAY BE QUICKLY, SAFELY AND ECONOMICALLY TRANSFERRED BY MONEY ORDER TELEGRAM.
(PLEASE TURN OVER.)

RECEIVED TELEGRAM

The first line of this telegram contains the following particulars in the order named.

OFFICE DATE STAMP

Sent at

Ch'nl No. 30 MY 41

By

ASHFIELD N.S.W.

Office of Origin.	Words.	Time Lodged.	No.
2 SYDNEY	48 /1	1 41p	

POSTAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT DELIVERY PERSONAL.

Remarks.

Sch. C.2233.—11/1938.

This message has been received subject to the Post and Telegraph Act and Regulations.
The time received at this office is shown at the end of the message.
The date stamp indicates the date both of lodgment and of reception unless otherwise shown after the particulars of time lodged.

To

MR JOHN KESHAN
15 SHEPHERD ST
ASHFIELD.

6686 ...

52777 ACTING SERGEANT KESHAN MISSING I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT NX11067 ACTING SERGEANT MALCOLM WILLIAM KESHAN HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING THE MINISTER FOR THE ARMY AND THE MILITARY BOARD EXTEND SINCERE SYMPATHY

MINISTER FOR THE ARMY

1 59pEA

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

APPRECIATION.

The Post Office is happy to acknowledge the ready help which it receives from business firms. At no point is that help more valuable than in the posting of correspondence at frequent intervals instead of as an accumulation at the end of the day.

Early posting lessens the strain on the Post Office Organisation, improves conditions for the staff and ensures the maintenance of extended mail closing times.

NOTE.—The standard time for the Eastern States of Australia (Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania) is half an hour in advance of the standard time for South Australia and two hours in advance of the standard time for Western Australia.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

From A Williams.

37 Byangee Street,
Beverley N.S.W. Aust.
Thursday 22/5/41.

My Dear Mac,

Hi there sweet! How are you going? And where oh where are you? I think I've given up guessing where you might be stationed. It's not so good for the old ticker, when bad news of that place comes through. So I'm still hoping for you Mac, & still watching the post for any word from you.

I haven't had a letter for, it must be over a month now. But even so, if you're receiving any letters I won't mind half as much.

Well my dear, what's new? Had any interesting leave-trips lately? Or are you well & truly in the thick of it. You must be, by now, I guess. Things are pretty terrible Mac, but we over here don't seem daunted any. We seem prepared for bad news if it should come, but the old chin is well up (mine almost scrapes the ceiling when I walk into a beam). There's a enormous recruiting dance going on at the moment. Loud speakers are yelling in the streets to join up or if that's impossible, to put all your money into war savings certificates. Every Friday there is some dance for comforts Fund & what not & men spend the day dodging women selling badges, in spite of which

by the end of the day. Everyone seems to be wearing one. It's hopeless trying to work out a budget. Rich to-day - poor to-morrow is the way it goes. But if it's helping you lads somehow — then it's O.K.

Mac will you do me a favour? Or should I say, another favour? Now promise you will! If there is any little thing I can send you — papers, magazines or anything you need, will you tell me? This is very important Mac (Stop laughing!) If I only knew what you want I'd be set, but as it is, I'm completely in the dark as to what you need. They tell us in the papers what to send & then the next thing, I read letters from soldiers sent in to various newspapers, in which they plead not to send socks so as it's not really required. So in your next letter don't forget! make a list of things you could do with: not only necessities, but anything at all that you may want.

And another thing too, dad. Lately I have been wondering if I have been addressing your letters correctly. Do it ~~write~~ right to put Dgt. on them and should they have a Div. number on them as well as the rest? You didn't put anything extra on your letters so I reckon it must be alright. But lets know Mac will you?

I'm writing this, under difficulties I'm afraid, my little shadow (our three year old "boarder")

will insist on talking to me while I'm at this - asking me "why am I writing" - "who am I writing to" ("Cause I want to write") ("To a soldier") "what soldier?" ("You don't know him dear - his name is Mac") "where is he" ("Way across the ocean Eileen - goodness knows where") "How much more are you going to write" (I don't know - until I run out of things to say I suppose) "Are you going to finish that page" (Oh heavens, why were kids invented) "will you play with my dollie now?" (Oh Help! Run outside + play Eileen) Writing letters + answering questions just won't mix.

We'll have to adopt a baby after we send little Beagle home. Golly Mac, she's a tartar. The funny little ways - we never know what she's going to do next. Daddie says he's going to haunt railway stations looking for deserted babies. If he went on with us like he does with Beagle, then it's a miracle we were ever allowed to grow up, at all.

Since Joan left work, we've been frightfully busy. But I'd much rather be busy - running around from nine until five, than sitting around twiddling my thumbs. When one's busy, there is no time to think about things. Things like "wonder where he is" "Is he alright." (Don't ask me who "he" is, dummy. I'll jump on you if you do, that's all.)

George goes into Hamilton next Monday, Mac. I

fished out the Pix, in which the article on how A.I.F. officers are made, appears. Did you even see the photos mac? If I remember rightly you had left before the issue was printed. But anyway I'm saving it for you mac 'til you get back. Do you think it will be really that long mac? It's one month less anyway.

Mac, I can't tell when you'll receive this letter. So I'll have to keep wishing you many Happy Returns until I get past June 24th. So just in case it is the 24th date. — Many Happy Returns to you — and may your next birthday be spent home in good old Aussie when I can tell you instead of write you. W. H. R.

Brrr. it's certainly cold mac. Don't you wish you were back among the good clean air. I read in the "Sun" to night that the biggest enemy to our lads besieged in Tobruk consisted of heat, boredom, dust and flies. Are they eating you too. You need Dad over there. He never misses out on a flea. Just the wonder's best flea catcher, that's all.

Sweet — why did you join up? Told you I'd keep asking didn't I. And boy, if it's a matter of asking, I'll certainly find out.

I often wonder, don't you, what old man Censor must think of some of the letters he reads. Bet he

5.

calls most of them trash, but Dll' bet too, that he receives the same kind himself. I don't envy him, his job though.

This is the 5th page, but I'm afraid I'm stumped sweet. Already I have run out of news, so I will have to keep any last minute pieces until next week. I'm hoping to hear from you soon, but I realise the difficulties you're having, and as long as you're getting mail Dll' rest contented.

Please don't forget my favour will you? (Don't put me off!) You must admit that I don't ask much (much!) so you must tell me Mac.

Until next week then, so long sweet. Be good and take care won't you. Everyone here at home sends kindest regards - also Betty, who often asks after you, along with Norma.

Lots of Love & Great big cheerio

As Ever

Sincerely Dorothy

xxx
xxx

P.S. Did you get the other photos Mac?

Dot xx

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

SYDNEY
4 -PM
8 23 MAY 8
1941
N.S.W. AUST.

DON'T DI
T
MOVEMENTS!

NOT WITH 2/4 BN.

No. NX 11067,
Sgt. Keshan M. W.,
T. McKellar "A" Coy, 2/4th Bn.,
A. I. F.
Abroad.

22-5-41

Missing
Bel POW
8/7/41

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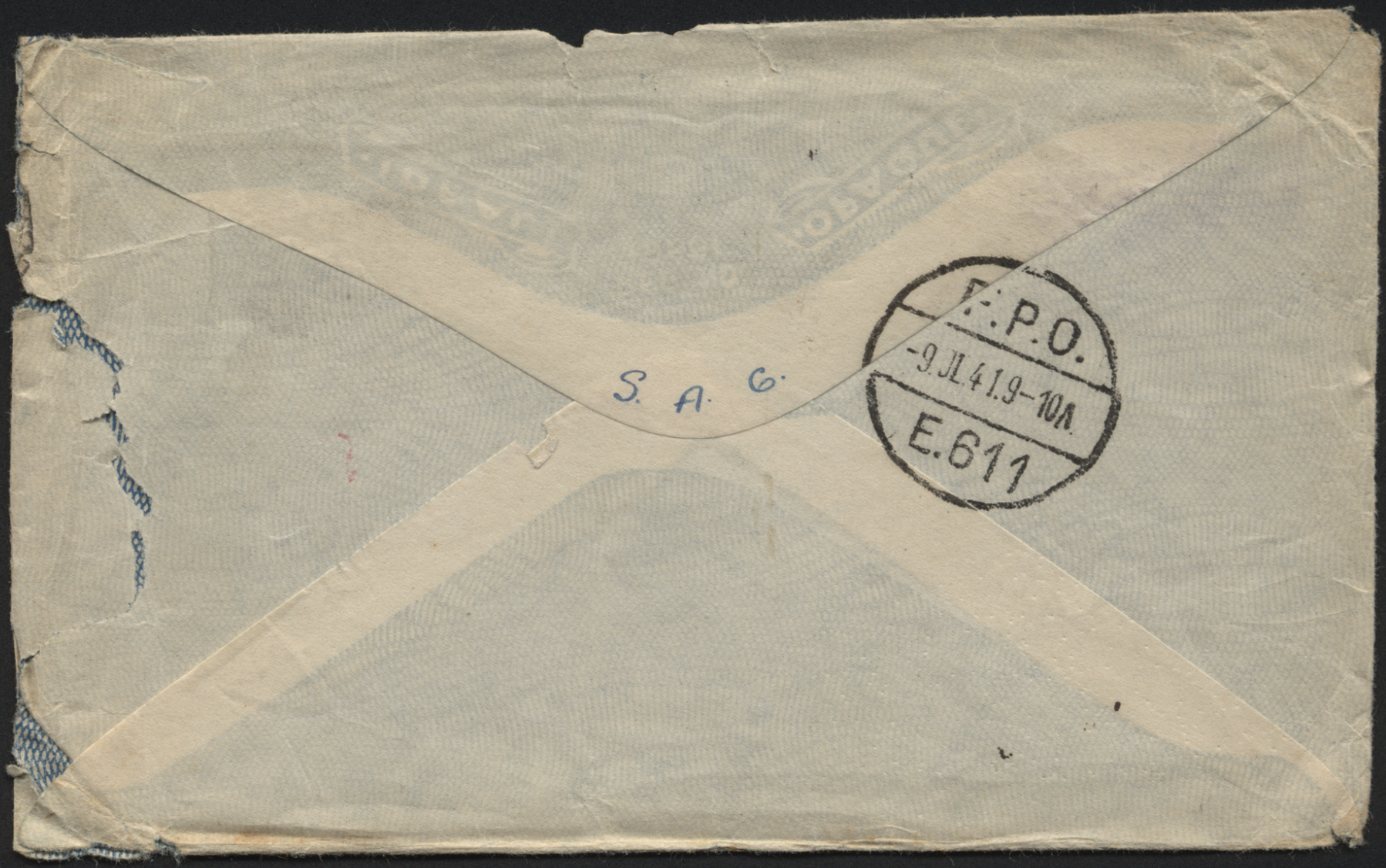

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL
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From: D. Williams,
37 Byrnes Street,
Bexley. N.S.W. Aust.
Thursday. 29/5/41.

Dear Mac,

Hello there dark, how's things? It's the coldest night here, what's it like there? At present, I'm sitting in front of the fire, getting my hair dry & writing to you at the same time. I said I won't get very far to night because the heat of this fire is gradually putting me off to sleep, but if I get a few lines done, I can finish the other six pages to-morrow.

How are you, my Mac? I still don't know where you are, or what you're doing, for I haven't had word from you for weeks now. However, every day brings me nearer to receiving one, & no matter how late it is, just as long as I get it, I'm satisfied.

It's hardly any use asking what you are doing. You may be in Libya, Palestine, or Crete. Don't think me an old stick in the mud - but I'm hoping it's Palestine. There's only camels, wogs and fleas to worry you there. I'm not game to think you might be in Crete. That place must be worse than Hell (pardon the language.) but we are all praying that our Anzacs & the rest can hold on to it in spite of the terrific daing they are getting.

War news over here is mainly centred around the sinking of the Bismarck a few days ago, and President Roosevelt's speech last Monday. Revenge is sweet they say, and when applied to the sinking of Germany's biggest battleship "they" are pretty right. Naturally, when the "Hood" went under

(Same 2: you)

we started clearing our throats, & shifting our collars around, but the score was evened off with the Bismarck sinking. Poor wretches that went down with the Hood though. I'm not a bit concerned about the B. crew - they're Germans - and Nazis all - 'nuf said.

It's a quarter to eleven Mac, and as I'm going out to-morrow night to a 21st birthday party (to-morrow night being Friday) I'd better get off to bed & spend a few hours sleeping. It's an awful waste of time, but being necessary, and, according to you, a good way of wasting time, I guess I'll be off. So for to-night my sweet, and until to-morrow morning, I'll say "Goodnight m' love."

30/5/41. (Friday.)

Back once again, this time borrowing some of the firm's time to get in a few lines. (You notice I said "borrowed") Well, anyhow to get back to our letter writing, & what little news there is to tell. We lose our babies on Sunday next. It will seem so funny to be able to bang doors & put the wireless on full power. For the past month its always been "Turn that wireless down, you'll wake the baby" or "Stop singing Bub, the baby's asleep" Even the poor old dog has to be chained up, for fear he'll bark at something in the front, & wake her ladyship. York though, I'd put up with all the bother, if we could keep her. You should see her in the bath Mac. She's a regular water churner when she started her kicking. And does she love it!

3.

when I lie her on her tummy, her legs spring back underneath her, for all the world like a frog. I'd better not bore you though – I must be sounding like a doting parent.

There will be two of us learning to skate all over again, Mac. I haven't been for a month now. Not that I've tired of it – no fear. I can't seem to get the time to make it that's all. But Norma & I will be going Thursday night next (if I get my new dress finished that is.) So don't be surprised if my name appears on the Home Casualty Lists.

Dancing still takes up a lot of my time nowadays. I've got a proper craze for it. Betty doesn't come so much; weddings fill her time. (Not her own stuff.) Besides, there's a certain guy – Geoff Stow by name – who seems to monopolise lots of her time. Of course she tells me its only a friendship, but nevertheless she seems to do a lot of talking about him for just a friendship. I think B's a bit of a die hard. (Doesn't the situation sound familiar to you, sweet)

Getting back once again to the subject of mail. How's the G.R.O. man treating you? Do you get a fair share of it, Mac? Golly, I'm longing to get one from you (N.B. a Letter!) I've re-read your letters dozens of times, but even that doesn't fill in. This will be about the fifth week if I don't get one before to-morrow. I realise I must harp a good

4.

deal, but heavens how I miss them, when they are late!

Don't forget to tell me what you need Mac, will you? (Just a reminder from my last letter.)

I hear sounds of activity outside, so I'd better adjourn for a while - do some more work. (I heard you laugh - hound!)

(Sunday 1st June.)

Well, that was two days ago, - its Sunday round again, and I still haven't finished your letter yet. But I hate rushing letters. (as you know.) The 21st party I was telling you about in the earlier part of this serial, was a huge success. The girl was an old school pal of mine - the captain of our school. I met quite a few of the old crowd & we congregated in one corner of the hall & held a real pow-wow. We hadn't met for nearly five years, so you can imagine the din. It's remarkable how a person can change in five years. Some of the frumpish looking creatures had grown into "dashing lives" as you boys say.

George is home on leave from Marellan this week-end. Apparently it hasn't changed any since you were there. They slave from eight ~~under~~ until ten - they're the set periods, but on top of that they often have expeditions all over the countryside, finding directions with the help of "a clump of trees on a small rising to the left" etc. Just as you used to tell me. I dug out some of your letters written

5

while you were at N., & we have compared notes, so to speak. Incidentally Mac, are you wearing your stripes again. I'm mad at that business. Leave it to the army to fool around.

Have you ever had any parts of my letters cut out Mac? I received one from George Brooks (starting in case you're interested Dear Dorothy and all at 37) & in one part where he was describing the size of the ship he was on, the stupid old censor had cut a couple of pieces out. For the life of me, I can't think what it might have been, but apparently it wasn't just right so out it came.

Here on my lap, I've heaps of your letters - re-reading them. This one - there's no date - was written at the time when you were still a Cpl" & doing a horse out of a job" acting as a dozen Cpls. You finished up by saying I probably wouldn't know you when next I saw you, as you were gradually growing grey hairs. (That was when we were talking about that Ball - remember? & was before I ever went out with you, sweet.) Then there's that incident in one of your letters, when you let a "prisoner" out of the jug, to make up a fourth at a game of 500. I trust you are a better soldier than you were in those good old Greta days. And do you remember how mad you were when I told you not to ring me at the office? Then there was the time the boys wrote S.W.A.L.K on the envelope. Has it ever happened again? I didn't

think it was necessary to tell you S.W.A.L.K. If you couldn't guess - well.

Then I come to the telegrams. Good dane, how you showered me with them. I quickly put away those two, asking me to ring your sister. That lump in my throat was coming into action.

Here's one - dated Greta Monday - written after you had sent me my precious Donald & Pluto. You refer to that week of weeks. Oh Mac, it was a grand week, wasn't it. Just about the best week of my whole life. I don't suppose you tear up my letters these days. Lucky if you have a moment to breath I guess. In them thar days "you said "the general thing is to write one, read it tear it up & start all over again."

Most of the letters written from Hamellan were cranky. I'm not sure if it was me, or the school. Fifty fifty I think. You accused me quite a few times of writing cold letters. Am I still at fault dane? Did you ever pay back those pals, who smeared tan boot polish over your face? I had a giggle when I read that letter. I'll never forget either, how worried I was, for fear you might miss that last train. Little did I dream that you didn't mind missing it. And even the lights outside didn't daunt you did it.

Well my sweet, I hope you haven't been bored thinking back with me. For me, - I never tire of re-reading your letters, and I have them all.

7.

It's easy to note the progress you made, too. The finish of your letters now is so different to those first ones. You had to apologise for every word in those days, dear. It's hard to believe it was only last year to me anyhow; it seems a lifetime ago.

Well mac dear I've reached my seventh page too, I've run out of breath. Once more, I send you the kindest regards from everyone at home. Mind crossing the road sort-of-thing, no horseplay and please take care of yourself.

Lots of Love to you and write as often as you can make it. Big Cheerio dear - until next week.

Sincerely Always.

Dorothy.

xxxxx

xxxxxx

P.S. How is your pal "Bullet Head"?

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

RETURNED TO SENDER:—

Mr. D. Williams

37 Byrnes St

Bexley

FROM
DEAD LETTER OFFICE,
SYDNEY.

Undelivered letters will be returned to the sender unopened if the covers thereof are endorsed "If not delivered in (7 or more) days return to (name and address of sender)."

Sch. C.3023.—2/1941.—1126....

OPENED BY CENSOR

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE

RETURNED SURCHARGED LETTER

The surcharge on this letter must be collected before delivery. Refusal on the part of the person to whom the article is now directed, to pay the amount involved, renders him liable to a penalty of Forty Shillings. In case of such refusal, the letters should be forwarded without delay to the Head Office with a report of the matter.

To facilitate the return of undelivered letters, without their being opened, business people and others concerned should endorse the covers of all correspondence posted by them with a special request for its return in the event of its remaining undelivered at the expiration of a specified period, which must not be less than seven days. In each case the name and full address of the sender should be appended to the request.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE SYDNEY N.S.W.

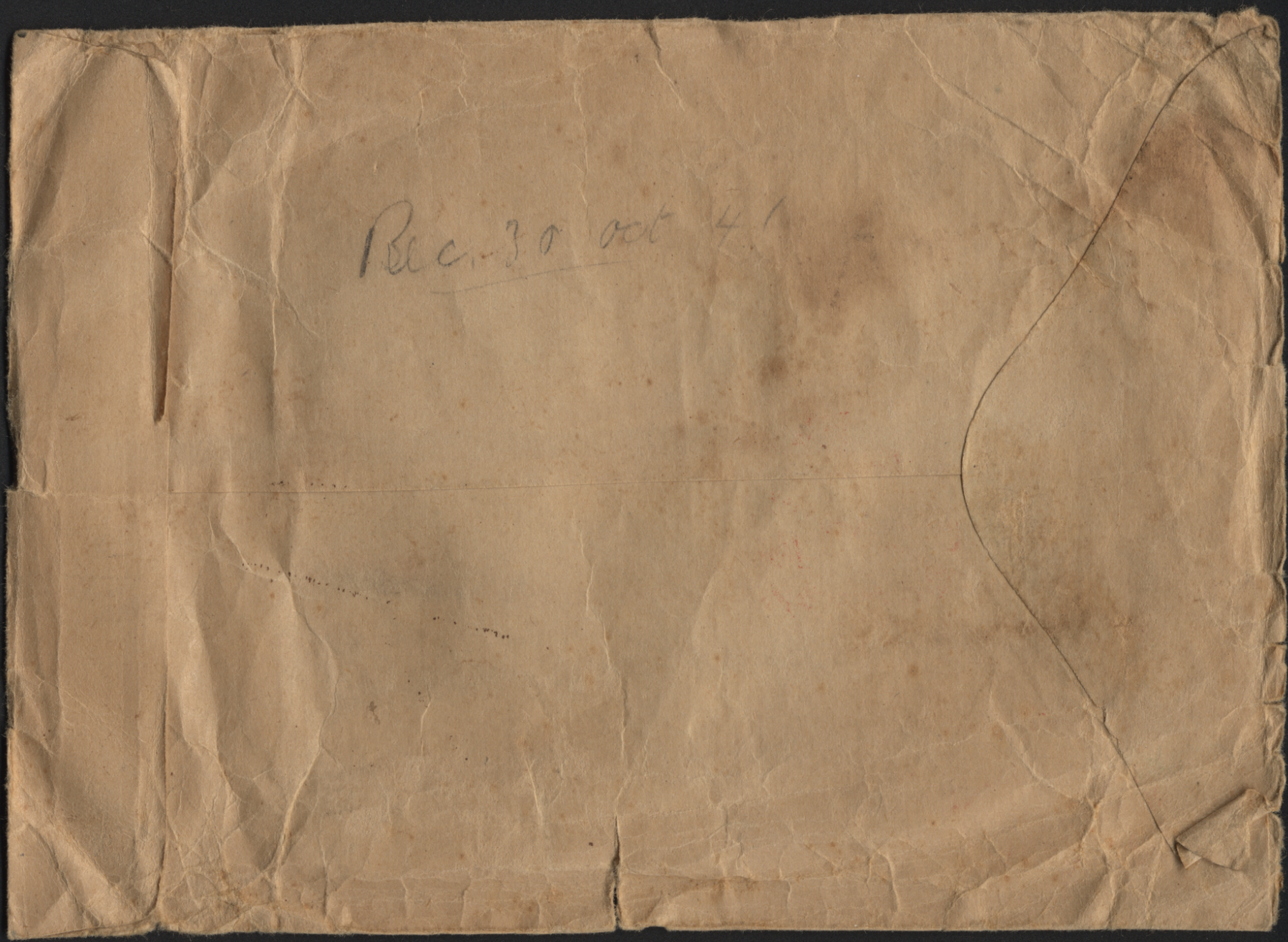
"Dorothy"
34 Byrnes St
Bexley

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT
DEAD LETTER OFFICE, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL



AWM2019.22.14

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Dorothy Williams

4

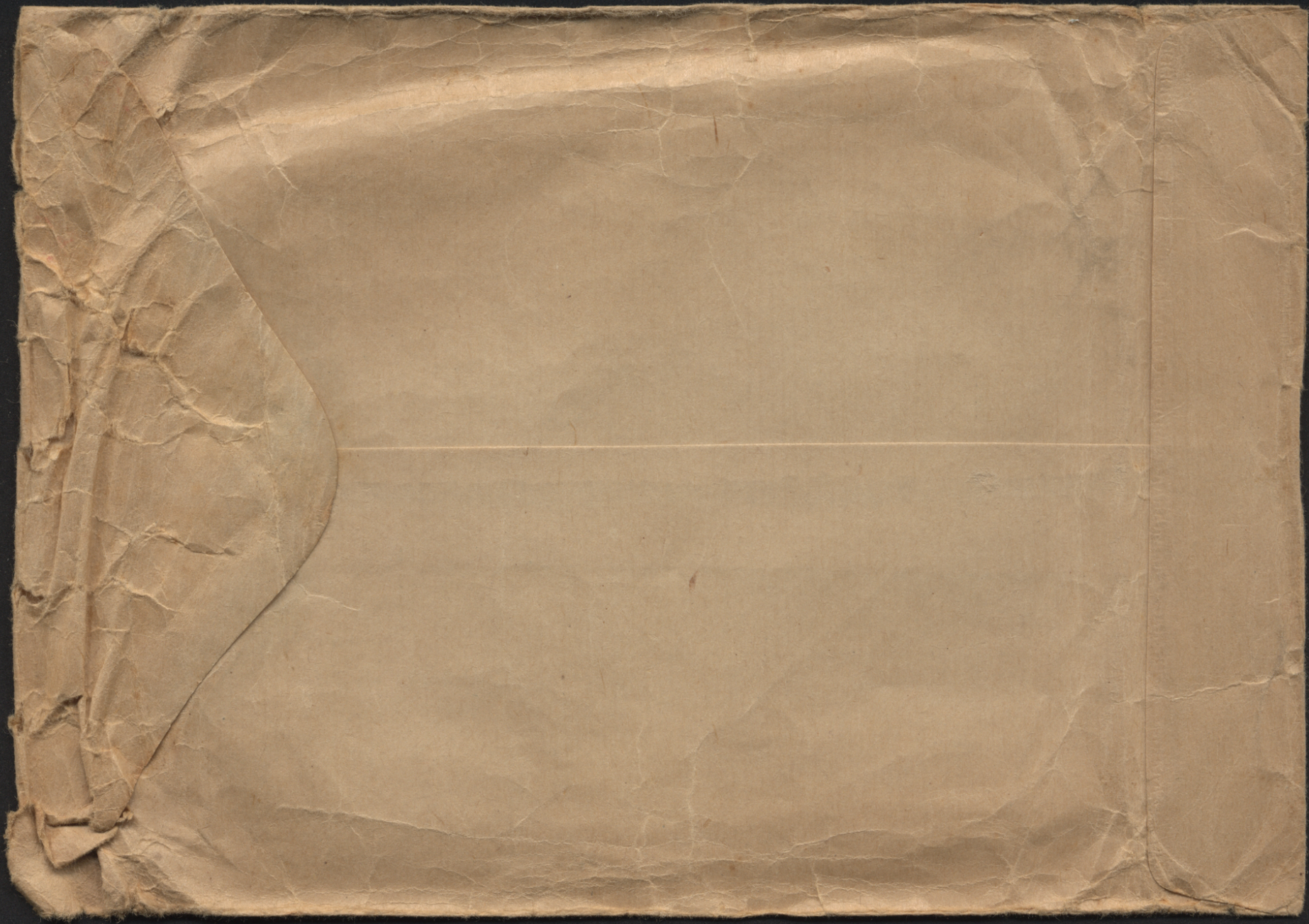
37 Byrnes St

Bexley

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT
DEAD LETTER OFFICE, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

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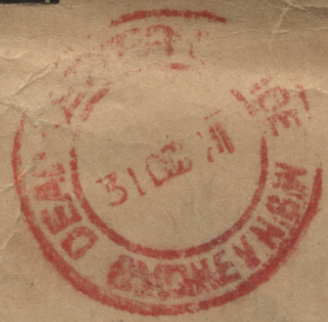
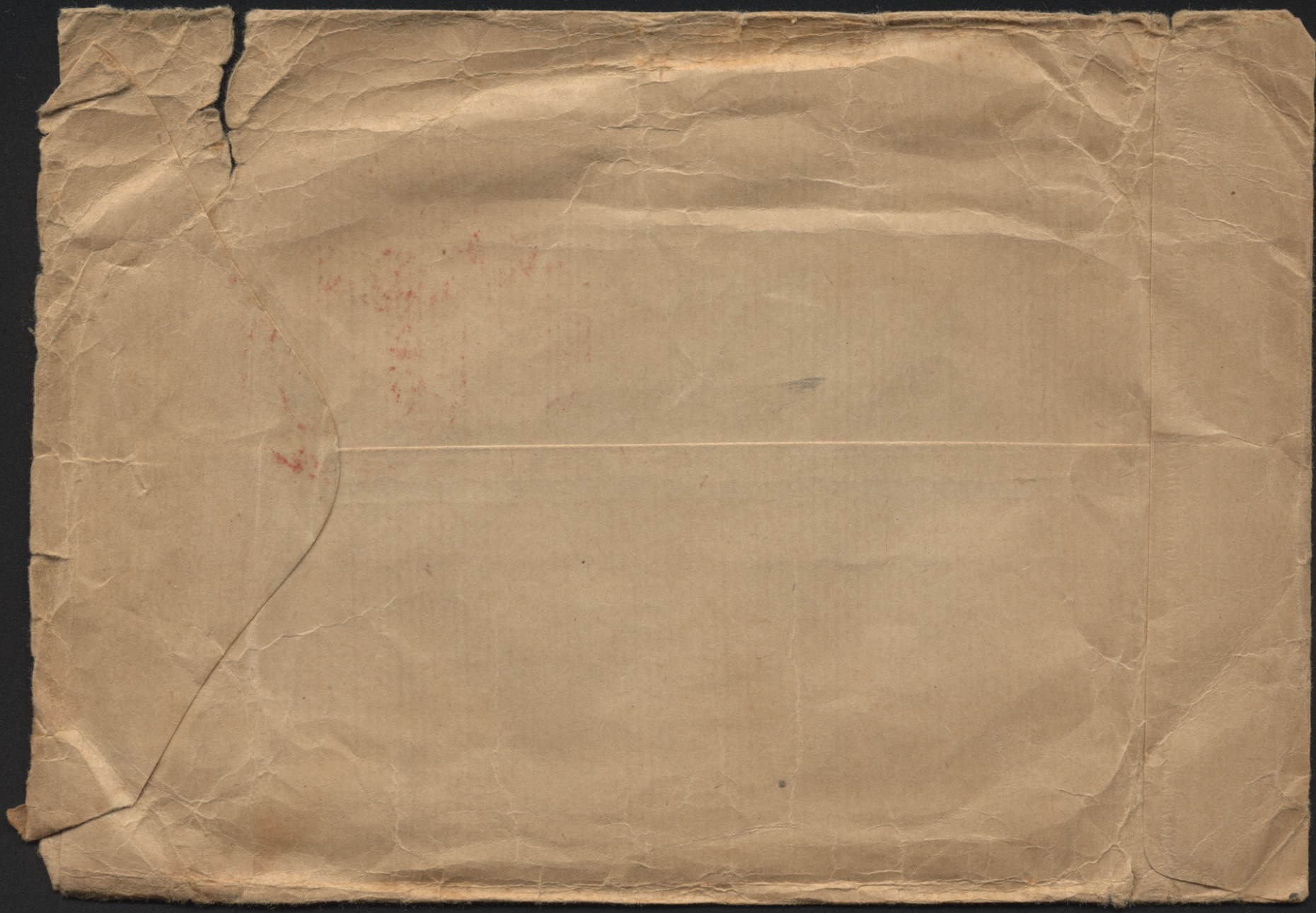


Dorothy
7 Byrnes St
Bexley

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

POSTMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT
DEAD LETTER OFFICE, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

(C[illegible])

AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES.

PHONE : F0433
N.Line FL4609.

Records Office,
N.S.W. L. of C. Area,
R.A.S. Showground, SYDNEY.

Dear Sir,

NX11067 KESHAN, Malcolm William. - A.I.F.

Further information regarding the abovenamed, reported as a Prisoner of War, has been received at this Branch.

The advice states that this soldier is now interned Stalag XVIII B.

Yours faithfully,

Lieut.
(R.R. ROCHE).
for Officer i/c, Records.

Mr. J. Keshan,
15 Shepherd Street,
ASHFIELD.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

FUNDS MAY BE QUICKLY, SAFELY AND ECONOMICALLY TRANSFERRED BY **MONEY ORDER TELEGRAM.**
(PLEASE TURN OVER.)

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

RECEIVED TELEGRAM

The first line of this telegram contains the following particulars in the order named.

T.G. 42.

OFFICE DATE STAMP.

Sent at.....

Ch'nl No.....

By.....

Office of Origin.	Words.	Time Lodged.	No.
Ashfield	21	10-35	

Sch. C.2233.—11/1938.

Remarks.

This message has been received subject to the Post and Telegraph Act and Regulations.
The time received at this office is shown at the end of the message.
The date stamp indicates the date both of lodgment and of reception unless otherwise shown after the particulars of time lodged.

To Miss D. Williams
Astoria
27 Byrnes St Bay.

6685...

mack prisoner of war in
germany

Mrs B. Kiesham
15 Shepherd St
Ashfield

11.25

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

INSTALL THE MODERN HANDSET TELEPHONE!

It is shapely in form and convenient to use.

It combines grace of line with efficiency in working.

And it costs only 2d. per week more than an instrument of the ordinary pedestal type.

THE DEPARTMENT WILL GLADLY REPLACE YOUR EXISTING TELEPHONE WITH ONE OF THE HANDSET TYPE.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

T.G. 65B

ORNAMENTAL telegram forms
are available for
BIRTHDAY, EASTER & MOTHERS' DAY
greetings.
CONGRATULATORY & SOCIAL messages,
as well as
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GREETINGS
— WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE —

TELEGRAM

Miss D. Williams

37 Byrnes St

FOR QUICK SERVICE, REPLY BY TELEGRAM.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

PLEASE POST EARLY

— BEFORE LUNCH AND —

BEFORE 4 O'CLOCK

Received 19/7/41.

CHANGE TO —

THE MODERN HANDSET TELEPHONE

IT COSTS VERY LITTLE EXTRA.

NO REPLACEMENT FEE.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum: 30 - 8 - 41.

Dear Dot, Well how is my little girl friend getting on still in the best of health I hope, I've got behind a little with my weekly letter haven't I and I'm afraid I won't reach eight pages this time, but I haven't changed one bit since I last wrote you and I won't [redacted] by the way I think you may be able to write to me through the Red Crossmake enquiries. that

~~AIR MAIL~~ FROM
BAGDAD

Kriegsgefangenenpost

Postkarte

STALAG 306 (XVIII D) 9 GEPRÜFT

Taxe perçue
0.40 Sh
[illegible]

An

Miss D. Williams

Gebührenfrei!

PASSED BY CENSOR
5 110

Absender:

Vor- und Zuname: Malcolm William Kesham

Gefangenennummer: 3768

Lager-Bezeichnung:
Stalag 306 (XVIII D) / 132 GW

Deutschland (Allemagne)

Empfangsort: 37 Bynes St. Bexley

Straße: Sydney

Land: Australia

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST.

NO. NX11067,
SGT. M.W. KESHAN,
AUSTRALIAN PRISONER OF WAR,
STALAG. XVIII D. GERMANY.

MISS D. WILLIAMS,
37 BYRNES STREET,
BEXLEY. N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.

23rd September, 1941.

Dearest Mac,

A thousand "Hellos" to you, and a big hug - to make up for all those you have missed. It has been such a long, long time hasn't it? And go I have dozens of letters to catch up on, I had best waste no space, but get to it! How are you my sweet? Did you come through it all in one piece? It may be months before my questions are answered, but each night I pray that you have escaped injury & that very soon we will be together once again. I think somebody stuck a knife and cut out my heart - at least it felt like that when I heard you were missing. Poor old world, it was so empty and meaningless until we received news of you. Didn't you realise you were so important, darling? Well you might here and now, to this person at least, you are terribly important, so don't forget it! Cheer up Mac. The clouds will soon pass over, and our sun is still away up there, beaming as hard as it can. Can you read my writing alright. And that goes for all the censors too. I think I would take a fit if anything went wrong with this letter. Mrs. Keshan said she had written to you, and told you all about our fine friendship. She has been so grand to me, sweet. You have no idea how much I have pestered her for news of you, and through it all she has been a brick - both she and Gloria. A long time ago, you once said I wouldn't know her from you, and that she was the lady of ladies. When I first wrote to her I remembered your saying that, and it helped such a lot. Even though I have as yet, only spoken to her over the telephone, and through letters, we are fine friends. Here is something which I know will interest you Mac. Months back I had a letter from Mrs Cocker. Remember he had to send me some snaps? Well I got them, and was I delighted too! Then after, when he heard you were posted missing he wrote me the loveliest letter, telling me to keep my chin up, and keep hoping for the best. I am treasuring that letter Mac, and when you come home I will show it to you. It seems we think alike, Mrs Cocker & I - on one subject anyway. She both have developed a passionate fondness for a certain Malcolm Keshan, only I leave him at the post. Doesn't this letter remind you of when we wrote airmail, before the paragraphs, tiny writing, and headaches for the censors. Those dear old letters, I have them all, almost worn out from re-reading them & never each time I read them. It is over twelve months since I saw you darling. Twelve months - and each month a century. But buck up - think of our date at the Racecourse, and the theatre and Cronulla Beach and the Trocadero - and our long talks we are going to have. Smile my darling - and keep smiling. Mum & Dad Clark asked me to send you their very kindest regards, and also George, Norma and Betty of course. They should be awarded a medal; I talk 'Mac' at them morning noon and night and still they come

back for mac. Dave often asks after you, mac. I give him any news I can, which unfortunately isn't very much. Just now, I keep wondering will I get a letter from you at all. Oh gosh how I hope they let you write, because I want to hear from you, more than anything else. There is no need for me to say I will keep the letters going at this end. You know that. Well my dear, once again dearold Aussie has put on her new spring dress. The azalea bushes are blooming in the gardens, and all the fruit trees are a mass of blossoms. I guess even a war can't stop Mother Nature when it comes to spring. It's awfully lonely - more so now that I can't hear from you. And mac - remember all those matches I owed you when I lost our bet? I'm saving them for you and each week they are gaining in interest. Maybe I had better hide when I next get back. You have such a habit of getting your own way. The summer tennis competition is in full swing, and as usual, we are only winning a match here and there but nevertheless the game is keen. With George away I don't get much chance on dancing on; which is a good thing, as I have lost enthusiasm for such amusements. Last week, Jocelyn my cousin was down from the valley, and we went into town to the Regent Theatre for a show. They still have the man whom you & I hated - conducting the orchestra. That was our second last night to - gether if you remember. Forgive me if that word "remember" has popped up a lot in this letter, but you know how it is. memories are all I have just at present, to keep me company. Will you laugh if I start poetry at you, sweet? I found this one morning cut of ours, so as to send a copy to you and here goes. "You ask if I'll remember your kiss, cherished thought, or well I may, This love so beautiful and new That you and I have found. When you have gone with soldier's pride and time rolls on and seas divide my prayers will be your silent guide And keep you safe and sound. For memory has a thousand ways Of bringing back romantic days, a song... a scent in twilight's haze... an old familiar view. A laughing man in battle dress your eyes, your smile, your soft caresses Claimed more from me than tenderness. Yes I'll remember you. If looking into future years our hearts are strung to sudden tears, There'll still be love words in our tears That none can take away. Our dreams of love are ours to keep, For every dreamer must sleep. For 'tis he wakes 'tis time to weep. We have no fear of day." There you are mac - imagine me reciting poetry! Believe it or not, I know that off by heart. Whoever wrote it, must have a mac somewhere overseas. Well dearest, it seems I have almost run out of space. Look after yourself my mac, and have faith. It is always darkest before the dawn. So cheer up! Watch out for my letters. how I have your address I will write as often as I can, sweet. Love from all the family. Mac. We are all thinking of you and looking forward to the day you will be back again. I don't want to flinch but have no alternative. So for awhile it is Cheerio my mac. And much that Cheerio I am sending you all my love. Dorothy.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE.
KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST

18 Nov 41
14 JAN 41 – 42?
25 DEC 41

1747

12. Jan. 1943

283

164

NX 11067 Sgt. M. W. Kesham
Australian Prisoner of War No. 3768
in Germany.

STALAG XV111D GERMANY

M Stammlager XVIII-D
Marken und Streifen zwecks
Prüfung entfernt.

AUSTRALIAN
RED CROSS

D

PRÜFT

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

D.Williams, 37 Byrnes St. Bexley. N.S.W. Australia.

3 Opened by Censor

3 Opened by Censor

3

283

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Dear Dot 28-9-41.

Well here I am once more I'm just like the bad penny I always turn up. How is everything going at home ok, good, wish everyone all the best for me will you by the way how am I doing still got a chance or have you got a boyfriend since I left I only wish I could still called a letter from you every week or so. I was informed by a chap captured later than I that I was believed killed I hope the did not send that news back I don't know how it could have happened anyhow at present I'm in the best of health in case you would like to know, and I hope its not long before we spend our day at the races I have a few more [illegible] and I was informed that we [illegible] to send a snap of our selv[illegible] letters so don't

TALAG 306 (X VIII D)

be surprised if you get one. Well Dot there is very little I can tell except that I hope its not long before we can go to shows together once more as believe me thats one thing I'm looking forward to so until then a Big Cheerio Sincerely Yours.

Inal.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Dear Dot 28-9-41.

Well here I am once more I'm just like the bad penny I always turn up. How is everything going at home ok, good, wish everyone all the best for me will you by the way how am I doing still got a chance or have you got a boyfriend since I left I only wish I could still collect a letter from you every week or so. I was informed by a chap captured later than I that I was believed killed I hope the did not send that news back I don't know how it could have happened anyhow at present I'm in the best of health in case you would like to know, and I hope its not long before we spend our day at the races I have a few more snaps for you and I was informed that we will be allowed to send a snap of our selves in one of our letters so don't

be surprised if you [illegible] Dot there is very little I can tell [illegible] I hope its not long before we can go to shows together once more as believe me thats one thing I'm looking forward to so until then a Big Cheerio Sincerely Yours.

Inal.

Kriegsgefangenenpost

AIR MAIL FROM BIGGARD.

Taxepergue
-2 X 41
40 Pf

283

STALAG 306 (XVIII D)
1
GEPRÜFT

An Miss. D. Williams

Empfangsort: 37 Byrnes St. Bexley

Straße: Sydney.

Land: Australia.

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

Gebührenfrei!

Deutschland (Allemagne)

Lager-Bezeichnung: Stalag XVIII D | 132 GW

Gefangenennummer: 3768

Vor- und Zuname: Malcolm William Kirkham

283

Absender:

3 Opened by Censor

PASSED

3 Opened by Censor

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum: 9-11-41.

Dear Dot, Well I have received your first letter but I'm not going to ment-
ion it on this card except to say it's the nicest letter I have ever had there is
not enough room to say more so I'll wait till I get my long letter you should
get two of these cards & one long letter a month I'm still in the best of health
and looking forward to the time when we will be to-gether again Wish
everyone all the best for me once again and tell them I'll see them soon
So until the next time Cheerio Lot of love Sincerely Mac.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14



Kriegsgefangenenpost

Postkarte

Air-mail from Bagdad.

Luftpost – Par avion

Taxe perçue
Rpf

An

miss D. Williams.

~~Gebührenfrei!~~

Absender:

Vor- und Zuname:

Malcolm William Kerham.

Gefangenennummer: 3768

Lager-Bezeichnung: Stalag XVIII D/132 E.W.

4

Deutschland (Allemagne)

Empfangsort: 37 Byrnes St Bexley.

Straße: Sydney.

Land: Australia.

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST.

AIR MAIL.

FROM:

NO. NX11067,
SGT. M.W. KESHAN,
AUSTRALIAN PRISONER OF WAR, No. 3768.
STALAG. XVIIID. GERMANY.

MISS D. WILLIAMS,
37 BYRNES STREET,
BEXLEY. N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.

18th November, 1941.

Hullo Mac Dearest, —— Once again I take up my pen, to write you - this funny old one way telephone of ours. How are you sweet? So many thousands of miles away from us, sometimes at night as I lay in bed, I wonder - "what is he doing now, how is he, I'll bet he's thinking of me now, perhaps wondering exactly the same things." Did I say "sometimes at night." I'm always thinking of you, day and night and living for the day when you will come back to us, and I can say "Hello Mac" and hear you say "Hello" back. Every night to me, is just the finish of another day, bringing that day nearer. What's your favorite colour darlin'? Tell me, and then the day your boat swings in beside the wharf you can watch out for that colour & you will know it's me. Will it be necessary for me to wear a red rose, or will you remember me after all this time? Do I seem to be wasting space on this subject? Sorry darling, but that's all I can ever think about these days. A few weeks back I sent you some games, and two books - they are from David Jones, so watch out for it Mac, and you'll know who sent it. "Little Lyn Ben" and "Crooked Trails" are the titles of two, and if I remember rightly there is another one, a pack of cards, a game of minitote, and a game of "Cantach". If there is anything in particular that you want sent, please don't fail to mention it when you write to me sweet. As yet, I have not received word from you, but I still watch the post from day to day, hoping for one. To-day especially, I held my breath as I looked at the spot where my mail is put. Remember that date, darling? It's my birthday to-day, and because I believe in miracles happening, I thought it quite possible that your letter

may chance to reach me to-day. No such luck! Poor old Betty is down with the mumps, so couldn't come & see me to-night. Can't you imagine noisy Bett with mumps. It's disastrous to laugh isn't it Mac? Dad has threatened he will pay a visit to Betty's place, with intentions of teasing her until she does laugh. It has just occurred to me sweet; do you wonder because I don't say much about tennis or dancing or the theatre? (Especially after my saying its not what I tell you about, but what I don't tell you about that should worry you.) You see, it takes up so much space Mac dear, writing about all these silly unimportant things. Therefore, because I cannot waste space, set your mind at rest. Those things I still do, but to me the best times, are those which are to come. When you are back again, and we can dance, swim, skate, or walk - to-gether. On our last night to-gether Mac, you said, would I still want to go out with you when you returned? The answer was then, and is now, tenfold "Yes." So pray with me darling Mac that it won't be very far off. And look forward to those talks we shall have, and the hours we will spend lazing on the beach & yelling to one another in the water. Mum & Dad and George, in fact everyone here at home and all your friends at work send their very kindest regards and say that they hope to have you back amongst them very soon. Hardly a day passes without somebody enquiring after you. How do you become so popular darl? I could fill pages telling you my version, but maybe the censors would become bored. And above all we must never bore our old pal the censor. There are six letter awaiting your return Mac. They were written by yours truly, to you, before we had word of your being posted missing. I have put them by for you sweet. It does seem strange reading my letters over. Little did I dream as I wrote those, that I would be writing to you in a prisoner of War's camp. Strangely enough, in one, I asked you for your mother's address, in case of anything unforseen happening. Often I wondered why you failed to send it. You never received my letter. And now, the more I know of the Keshan family, the more I like - the Keshan family, with perhaps the slightest emphasis on the young, red-haired son Malcolm William. (No teasing sweet) How is "Star Dust" in your memory - and "Rose Marie"? Incidentally, does that still stand? - the latter I mean. It does scare me Mac, to think that perhaps you might change. Don't change darling - even. I like you too well. Until next week I fear I must say "so long" to you. "So long" but never "goodbye." And even if you may be so many thousands of miles away, in my thoughts, I'm holding out my hand to take yours tightly & I whisper "Hurry Home my Mac." Always my Love

Dorothy

Dearest Dot. 14-12-41.

How is my little girl friend getting on these days still in the best of health and enjoying life regained all your old enthusiasm for skating and dancing etc. I suppose you are busy getting ready for Xmas by when you receive this sweet both Xmas and New Year will be over and you'll be back at work however I hope you had a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year by one and only wish is that we can spend the next one together nothing would please me more it's about the one thing I really look forward to. Often just lay back and think of our next meeting darling my idea is to send your mum and Dad also George to a show then we can have the place all to ourselves and have a nice long talk most of all I can have you all to myself it sounds very greedy but I don't want to share the pleasure of our first night together with anyone. Mail is coming in fairly regular now and I'm looking forward to receiving a few more of your letters I only wish I could get one a day I've just about worn the writing of your first one I read it that much By the way you can send photos on I'll be looking forward to a few dark also if they return any of your letters posted before I was missing

---

please keep them for me if it's not to late I do hope you get all my letters ok when I say all I only mean one of three per month and one card it's not much is it but still it's something Well darling I'm still in the best of health and doing well though I hate the cold and it's certainly getting cold over here now Don't forget to wish your mum and Dad George and everyone all the best for me and take care of yourself I want to see you looking as nice as ever I keep lots of love mac.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

29

Kriegsgefangenenpost

Airmail from Baghdad.

PIELDPOSTAMT

-6.1.42

An Miss D Williams

Empfangsort: 37 Byrnes St Bexley

Straße: Sydney N. S. W

Land: Australia

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

Gebührenfrei!

4

Absender:

Vor- und Zuname: Malcolm William Kesham

Gefangenennummer: 3768

Lager-Bezeichnung: M.-Stammlager 306 (XVIII D) /132 GW

Deutschland (Allemagne)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST. AIR MAIL.

To:
SGT. KESHAN, M.W.
No. NX 11067,
AUSTRALIAN PRISONER OF WAR, No. 3768,
STALAG 306, (XVIIID), 1326 G.W.
GERMANY.

FROM: Miss D. Williams,
37 Byrnes Street,
BEXLEY. N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.

25th December, 1941.

Dearest Mac,

Hullo there my sweet, how are you? If you were here now, instead of saying "Hullo", I would probably say "Meany Christmas". Already Christmas is round again, only this year it doesn't seem like Christmas somehow. Of course we had the usual things, including good old Santa Claus, but this is the first in nine years that I have been away from the Valley, and I suppose it grows on one. How I wish you were home Mac, all the Valleys and Santa Clauses could stay away, and I wouldn't care one bit if only you were here. Yesterday I had the loveliest present I could ask for, something I prayed for, to make it really Christmas - word from you. It was strange to see your writing after so long, I was so terribly glad that I simply howled. Just like a goat though. Your mother had forwarded me a letter from you and a postcard. From those I have guessed that you are unable to write to me direct, and of course I was very disappointed to find this, but nevertheless, to know that you are well is one consolation at least. Perhaps you

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL AWM2019.22.14

could send me a word in Mrs. Heehan's letter. Thank you for remembering me in your first letter darling. I felt as if I hadn't been altogether left out when I read that portion. Everyone here at home sends their best wishes to you, Mac. And I hope it won't be long now before you are home with us again. And don't worry sweet, our chins are up a mile into the air. Coming home from work, as I was coming out of the building I had to smile a little, because I was remembering how you waited the year before. Remember dear, the enormous box of chocolates you gave me, I can still see you laughing when I protested I would be sick for weeks. I used to love your laugh Mac, even when it was getting me mad. But then, I love you, so maybe it isn't so strange. Ylona and I are going to see each other one night soon. I hope she is like you Mac, to tell you the truth I am just a bit scared. Just as I was scared that time you asked me to go home to the party. Our week was pretty lovely wasn't it Mac? The nicest week I ever had. Thinking of that week, and remembering your laugh and the paws we had, only make me miss you a hundred times more. But some Saturday I will come home and find an urgent telegram waiting for me, telling me to meet you at so and so. Darling I won't wait, I will fly to meet you. So be prepared, because in the rush I will most likely knock you over. Until that day sweet, Lots of Love and great big Cheerio. Dorothy.

AWM2019.22.14
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL