

25. 8. 18.

My Dear Dornie,

Your welcome letter to hand yesterday dated 26. 2. 18. and was so glad to know you are still in the front.

All right Dornie, at your request I won't mention being knocked again, one never knows, you might straffe me, but when did I mention it? I cannot ~~not~~ recollect not saying it but I suppose I'm guilty as one is apt to say all sorts of silly things when down in the dumps, anyhow I'm still kicking, not over the traces, we don't get an opportunity and seldom feel fresh enough.

Yesterday we discarded all clothing we could with decency, it was so hot, but to-day it all went on again. The past week was very hot but to-day we had a cold change. and a little rain, which has made the trenches very sticky.

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They say we may get a rest soon Dorrie,
we are entitled to it if anybody is.

I have not sent along that long promised
photo yet, never mind Dorrie I may get a
chance to get my face on paper when we
get out again.

Has any news of Milton Gamack come
to hand yet? Auntie told me some time
ago that he was posted missing poor chap,
my experience is that there are only dim
hopes for a chap once he is posted missing
but of course I would not tell his people that.

Well how has the world been treating
you all this time? Parramatta must be
a sleepy old place these times, but you can
always find amusement can't you, even
if you have to run up to Sydney.

What is the latest play out there now
Dorrie? I saw quite a number in London
after being in hospital, but there was no
one little girl to accompany me, that's
the truth. Another Officer, Lt. Mahoney &
myself used to go together.

Well my dear girl until next time
Aussie-ooli.

Yours sincerely,
Harold.

Aberdeen.

Scotland.

10th Sept. 1918.

My Dear Dorrie,

To-day I am many many miles away from the theatre of war, away in the North of Scotland and a bonnie place it is too.

How did I wangle it? well on the 2nd inst I was granted 14 days leave, and after staying in London for a few days to get a rig out so that I would look respectable, another friend and myself caught a train for the land of

2.
The "Joaks."

No not a girl friend
Dorrie, an artillery chap
who also was inclined
to roam in the gloamin,
so we went along together

It's a glorious country
Dorrie, and the people are
so nice, so different from
the English.

We do not intend staying
in one spot but to see as
much as possible. This
afternoon we catch a train
for Inverness, and then
we are going to travel
down the West coast which
is the prettiest part of
Scotland.

3.

If possible I will get some
leather and views for you.

I am addressing this
to Parramatta as I do
not yet know your new
place of abode

Well my dear the train
leaves at 3.35 pm and
it's now lunch time so
must pack my suitcase.

Best wishes to all at home.
with love

Yours

P.S.

Harold. x x x x

I do wish you was up here
Dorrie we could have a
fine old time.

Geo

Wynberg,
South Africa,
18/7/19.

My Dear Dorrie,

You will be surprised to
Dorrie that we are in camp once again,
but this time in South Africa.

You probably read recently of the Themisocles
colliding with the Edersyde off the South
African coast. What a win for the superstitious
people, we left England on Friday the 13th of June.

It was at 11.45 pm about 18 hours out of Capetown,
that a dense fog descended and almost
simultaneously there was a crash + a violent
trembling of our boat that brought all hands
on deck to see what the trouble was, but
nothing could be seen or heard. The officer on
the bridge said we had struck a ship of
some description. Our engines were reversed
and everybody at his boat stations for it was
not then known whether we were sinking
or not. Our whistle roared at short intervals
& flares were lit but the fog was so dense
that we could not see anything, however
cries of men in the water we afterwards
heard, but some distance away, so our boat
cautiously cruised in their direction as the

same time some of our boats were lowered & made off to pick them up. It was a tedious job but they rescued all but 7 men.

It afterwards transpired that we had collided with a Norwegian barge with a cargo of 2,000 tons of coal on. & sunk her in 3 minutes. We stood to until daylight in case some of the crew were still clinging to the wreckage. Then our winged ship returned to Capesown to re-coal & land the survivors. Our bridge was broken, half the wireless gone, planes badly dented, & the tail shaft & one of the propellers broken. Next day we steamed round the coast to the naval dry dock at Devonstown, 6 hrs run. After she was docked all the troops were moved to this camp but we expect to embark again next Saturday. This is an ^{long} established camp & was used by British troops during the Boer war.

The population is chiefly foreign, and I think all the nice girls are married so there is no chance of me bringing home a South African wife since I got clear of England minus one. I'm afraid Dorrie

that I will feel very bashful if I ever find myself kissing a girl again, it's so long since I had the honour that I won't know how. But it's wonderful how quickly one picks up isn't it?

Since we have been in Capetown we all have seen & heard of the doings aboard some of the family boats & all I can say Dorrie is God help some of the Diggers who have married on this side. There are very few who will ever be happy unfortunately when a young married woman becomes drunk on whisky things are pretty bad.

Did you get my cable Dorrie? I sent one to Alma too but the Cape Office advised me that the address was insufficient. It should be alright as it was addressed the same as yours, however it may reach her. Had all gone well with us we would have been home next Sunday, but never mind my dear little girl I hope to see you very soon now.

Things are O.K. with me Dorrie & hope yourself & all at home are well.

With love.

Yours.
Harold. xxxxxx

"Oulwulla,"
Wanno. Pt.,
Central Bay
18/12/19.

My Darling Little Love,

It grieves me to write this letter my dear, but I have thought over it for days now and finally decided it was the best and only thing for me to do for I'm afraid that you don't care for me as I always thought you did. Little do you know how much I love you my darling. I have a heart dear and cannot bear to see and talk with you and yet know that you are for somebody else and only to be a friend to me.

Perhaps I am not worthy of you dear but I cannot help that. You will not attribute this to selfishness or jealousy on my part I know dear. For I'm sure you will understand how I feel dear. We have been so much together in the past that I have learned to

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love you dearly and build all sorts of "Castles in the Air" only to be brought to earth again, which I never anticipated.

Our times together have been very happy one for me darling and I used to lie awake and think of what the future might be, and how thoughts of you would help me through my two years at College.

Thoughts of you are always with me, and your dear little face haunts me wherever I go.

so I must not see you and try to occupy my mind somehow.

It was a few weeks ago that I felt your attitude changing towards me, which has made me so unhappy. By asking to see you I think I am only spoiling your happiness, so have decided not to, as your happiness comes first my dear.

My one hope is that I have not taken a wrong step but I don't think so, as you told me how

matters stood with Gordon.

I will always love you my little sweetheart. and if ever you should part, do let me know dear for I think I'm perhaps at least second in your thoughts.

Should ever Gordon or yourself need a friend in any capacity whatever you know I will always do what I can for your sake.

I would love a photo if ever you have one to spare dear.

I will be at Neutral Bay until 16th Feb and then I go to the Royal Military College at Canberra, and afterwards back to Sydney.

Buni. Adieu my Darling and may all sorts of Good Fortune attend you.

With love as ever.

Yours.

Harold. XXXXX

P.S. I have sent you a little present which I hope you will wear sometimes just for old times sake.

H.C.

"Gulwulla,"
Wanns. Av,
Neutral Bay.
2/1/20.

My Dear Dorrie,

It is ages since I saw you last Dorrie so hope you won't mind me dropping a little note, will you?

I got your phone message on my return from the country but you were not in when I rang. My visit to the country was a land seeking expedition and not a pleasure trip. I went about 400 miles South West and then covered 100 miles of country by car but up to date have not come to any definite agreement on the matter.

Just having recovered from the drought and being winter, the country did not look too bright but one should not go wrong down there during good seasons.

I don't know what Aunt must

think of me, I have not been up to P^r mata to see her for some time now, but if I do leave Sydney I will pay her a visit beforehand.

Lately I have had a lot of amusement from a few lines which appeared in last Saturday's Herald, in the Births Deaths & Marriages column, which read as follows:—

Cole. — June 15, at Coovinda private Hospital, Neutral Bay, to Mr and Mrs H. J. Cole, of Bellambi-street, Northbridge — a daughter (June Sheila).

I did not see it in the paper but Tom and myself went out to our Aunt's for dinner and they put the paper before me and wanted a full explanation but all I could do was laugh.

Miss Ryan, (the lady who keeps "Culwilla"), knows the family which is referred to in the paper.

and explained it to me. A. Mrs H. J. Cole who is 60 years of age used to stay at "Culwulla" 3 years ago and is still in Neutral Bay somewhere. She had one son who also went to the war and later married and at present they live at Northbridge. This is the couple referred to and not "his ribs" but the embarrassing part about the thing is that I keep on getting congratulatory letters from Officer friends with enquiries as to why I kept it so dark etc so that I am doing nothing but writing to explain. If they only read the thing closely they would see that the family lives at Northbridge and not Neutral Bay. It is a coincidence that in England I came into contact with a Capt. H. J. Cole of a Middlesex Regiment who lived at Unbridge, England, note.

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Similarity of the two places,
so I have now decided to use
my third initial too, which is
"D." I don't mind my name
being confused with others
under ordinary circumstances
but it's rather tough when it
comes to matrimonial confusion.
Anyhow I have had a lot of
fun out of it, so cannot
complain.

I don't think this weather miserable
for any people, it is so damp
and mild "flu" seems fairly
prevalent. Tom was in bed for
3 days with it but I never seem
to get those things, must not appear
too soon etc.

How has your dear little self
been keeping Dorrie? when they
said you were not in, I thought
perhaps you may be ill, want
a nurse?

Well so-long dear with love from

Harold. XX

"Tarawera".

Elsmere St.

Kensington

13. 11. 20.

My Dear Dorrie,

Just sending these few lines expressly to offer my most sincere congratulations Dorrie and trust that both yourself + Gordon live a happy and prosperous life together. Although I have not met Gordon you might tell him that I consider he is a lucky devil. I just laughed to myself over a little recollection of a few months ago, do you remember telling me that Gordon saw us in town one day and felt like hitting me? well one of us must have been hurt in the rough + tumble this so just as well it did not come off. Well I hope he does not bear any ill-feeling towards me now Dorrie. because you know that I was unaware at the time that he was attached to you in a way. otherwise I would not

have allowed our friendships to grow.
& so interfere with his affairs. However
it's alright now. Yes Dorrie I would
like to meet Gordon some day
providing he has no objection.
Again wishing you both all
sorts of Good luck!

Yours
Dorrie!