

13th Frontier Forces Rifles

JHANSI . U.P.

13th November . 41 .

My very Darling Mother,

I have just received two such very nice letters from the darling Girl . Also lots from you, darling, at times and which I have never found time to answer . I really don't know what has happened to my letter writing, but it does not mean that I do not think about you all the time .

The photos of dear little Tessie were simply grand and did me all the good in the World . In fact I have been so proud about them that I have been showing them to everybody including my Pathan orderley who agreed with me that she really is a dear little thing !

I know how you hate receiving typed letters but I had to buy this little typewriter for my work as it is really quite indispensable and also my writing gets worse . I only got it the other day, and so am not really too hot on it yet but I find it quicker than writing, and also easier to think when using it .

I am feeling a little sad to-day as I got rid of my dear old bearer , Fazal Rakhman Khan, (Rakhmaninoff or Piano player for short!) yesterday . The reason being that if and when I go overseas, I will have to take only an orderley, and if I have them both about the place, it means that the orderley does not learn as much as he would if he were working on his own . I have written to Bill asking if he could give him a job or get him one . I am sure that he will try, as he knows the old boy quite well and likes him as much as I do, and F. R. K. simply loves Bill . When I went over to Lucknow to take my Urdu exam (which I believe I told you I passed) he bought Bill about a dozen very pretty coloured silk handkerchiefs . Kind of the old man . When I travel by train he always buys me fruit, and never a penny charge .

I cannot tell you the job I am doing at the moment, but you would laugh if I told you, as it is quite a step up in my 'Military' career . I quite like it but hope that it is only temporary, as I would far rather be commanding my Pathan boys . It is one of these stories of having greatness thrust upon one . My instructors at Belgaum would also laugh like drains, as they had no opinion of me there at all ! The trouble was that I expressed my opinion a bit too freely . Both Eric and I got poor reports there - but he has now a most exalted job which also makes him laugh!! Of course ever since the drilling of 'old D's' I have had an anti-schoolmaster complex which usually puts me on the wrong side of the Authorities ! Irish blood too I guess !

Did I ever tell you that I was buying a tiny little bit of land up in Kullu ? It will be just big enough to have a house and garden on . But with one of the most lovely views in the World . It is almost fixed up now, and I expect to get the papers any day now to sign . After the War when my shack is built you will come and stay with me in it . I know you will love the Kullu people as they resemble the Gypsies very closely: actually they are about the straightest strain of Hindu blood you get in India . Almost straight East European where of course the original Hindu stock sprang from . They are so kind and un-grasping - happy and never thinking of the 'morrow .

Thank you so much, darling, I have just been handed a letter from you written on my birthday . I am afraid that you were a bit under the weather at the time ! I do hope that you have not fallen out with Mrs. Townsend ? That would be a pity . You said that you felt a bit 'woolly' from fire watching . Poor darling . Also had such a nice letter from dear little Suzanne .

Good bye darling . My best love
to the darling Girl & Cherry.
Ever your loving,

Michael