

Apr 3. 44.

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Pte R. Wilson

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Christchurch

Dear Albert, Hello you son of a
gun sounds better. By
your remarks in a recent
letter I gather you are
plenty sick of being punted
around the globe and
wantin' to get back to the
Valley. Well fella, between
you and me that feeling
is mutual. In a
more fortunate position per-
haps I do receive mail
from home more regularly.
Say about once a week
and believe me this is
a big thing. Mum writes
along with Fiddy now
and then and gives me
always a good report on
the family. As well, she

is able to ^{2.} tell me as an
independent though really
wholly interested spectator
- that's Irish - just how
Tid and the Boys are
progressing. And they cer-
tainly are too. Young
Roy looks a dinkum boy
much older than he
really is. Lance, a chubby
cheery chap has got the
jarlov ring-in and bears
close resemblance to your-
self. Now Uncle do you
feel flattered. Or flattened.
Tiddy is just the grandest
lass on two wheels. So
as I gaze at Kodak re-
plicas of my trio I surely
can't be blamed for grow-
ing homesick now can I.

3.
Some of the chaps here
have had a fortnights
furlough in new zealand
recently and now feel
pepped up enough to
stand the place for a
while longer. I am in
high hopes of making
the trip myself this
year.

Say, what type of
timbers are available over
there with you. That is
apart from the spaghetti
tree. North of here a
goodly way, mahogany grows
like nobodys business, and
almost criminally this
timber is used for all
types of rough carpentry
and for bridge-building.
Wouldn't it slay you.

Often a piece of strap or
bullet lodged in the log
tickles up the saw's teeth.
And you will know how
the benchman will like
that. Football started
here yesterday though the
nearest I got to it was
to play on the sideline.
And that's easy, except on
the throat.

The Powers - that - be have
smiled on us this year as
far as the weather is con-
cerned. For the customary
rainy season which by
now should be at least
half way through has
been but a few showers.
all the time the weather
has been perfect, our only
complaint is a chilly

morning. ^{5.} Even then I
don't suppose it gets colder
than 50°. That's warm
weather back home.

So Lindsay has made the
grade eh, and now steps
up to the elite (?) class,
of husbands. You're next
mate. It's a great in-
stitution Albert.

Well old cock let me no
more bother you with my
pen pushing. Better that
we get together again in
the Vally and chew the
fat over there. Only make
it soon.

So long woodpecker
yours tropicallly
Roy.