



2/Lt. RT meddings

1st Bn the Lancashire Fusiliers

Quetta,
India.

15 May 1941

Dearest Mother and all,

So, at long last I am here. You will have got my cable from Bombay before the other letters — one addressed to Kitty and one to Margie — from Base Town, and about two to you written at different stages of the journey.

We continued our uneventful journey from Base Town and, about a fortnight ago, arrived in Bombay Harbour and another meddings had reached India. I need not, I think, try to describe Bombay to you — in any case we were only there about 6 hours before entraining for Quetta. Indian Trains are quite good. Three of us shared a compartment — but compartment conveys a false impression. It was more like the cabin of a ship, with two long seats on each side which made up into beds and two more bunks above which let down from the roof. There was a lot of drawers and on armchairs also

there was a lavatory adjoining - with
 wash-basin and a shower, six
 electric fans helped to keep the
 air cool, but even more than that
 we bought vast chunks of ice in a
 tin container - because this country is
 more than somewhat hot.

We had a train journey of three
 days and travelled via Delhi and
 Lahore. We were met at Quetta
 station and found quarters temporarily
 opposite the Club. The battalion
 was away in camp up on the
 frontier. Quetta is 5,000 feet up
 so that the altitude had quite
 an effect - shortness of breath,
 irritability, ~~to~~ and bleeding
 noses. We fed at the Club and
 spent our days getting rigged up
 and on evenings usually at
 the Club also although we twice
 visited one of the town's two
 cinemas. Three days ago we
 left by truck to join the Batt. and
 are now in Camp, after an eight-hour
 journey, part of which was on a
 nightmare mountain road. So here I am

sitting on my camp bed in my little tent,
 waiting for lunch. The tent is tiny -
 about 7 feet by 6 feet. My bed
 takes up precisely half the space, and
 in the rest I have a suit-case and
 a camp-chair, whilst on the earth floor
 I have a ground-sheet and sacking.
 Various garments hang ~~to~~ on coat-
 hooks from the roof and a few
 belongings are balanced on an
 earthen shelf carved out of the
 fit ~~over~~ which my tent is placed.



I have, of course, a native servant.
 He is called Ghulam Mohammed Khan,
 is about fifty and looks as simple as
 Fu Manchu. He tells me he is married,
 lives about 40 miles from Rawalpindi,
 has one wife (he says he can't afford
 more than one - he's lucky, I can't
 afford one) and about three children.

We met the C.O. when we
 arrived. He is called ~~called~~ Col Greenford
 and is not very old. The other officers
 seem a nice crowd - not all regulars
 I am temporarily in D Coy., and the
 Company Commander is a ranker - Capt Melick

who seems very decent.

~~was~~
Having fed, I am now back in my tent, settling down for the afternoon's siesta.

Well, that brings me about up to date.

I haven't been here long enough to say whether I am going to like it or not, but for the moment I have no complaints.

Anyway I am quite fit and going several sheds browned. I haven't yet met anyone who knows Dad but I probably will.

I hope you are all fit and happy.

I will write to Roy and enclose a letter for Harry.

Please give my ^{regards} ~~love~~ to the relations, and to ^{a boy} Jack, Mrs. Preston, etc. Please give my love to Dad, Kitty, Majorie and Joan.

Your loving,

Donald.

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