

RAF Galle  
Ceylon  
11 March 1942

Dear Mum

The last letter you received must have left you rather worried. Not to say anything of the cable I sent to you from Singapore. However you can take it from me, I'm still fit and well enough to still cause damage to the Japs. I was shot down over Singapore, but was able to land safely without a scratch at one of our aerodromes. Then I had to crash land at an island south of Singapore through lack of petrol. I got away with that except for one or two slight cuts which healed almost immediately.

Its ages since any of us received any letters or cables, and I don't even know your address. I just had to trust to luck and address cables and letters to the National Bank in Nelson, whether you received them or not, is hard for me to say, but the chance has to be taken.

I could write a book on all the things I've done and seen. It will make interesting telling if ever New Zealand sees me again. We are all beginning to realise this war is a potent thing. Not at all healthy for the unwary. However we are all ready to fight, to the end here in India against those dastardly Japs.

I wouldn't be giving duff gen if I was to tell you the Japs are taped. We can practically guess their next move. Our machines are superior to theirs, the only thing being their numbers. There are literally thousands of them all over the East and polluting the place like maggots on a carcass.

No words can be too descriptive of the devils, there are lots of tales of treachery and wanton murder I have seen and heard about. It all makes us want to get to grips again with them and give them everything we have got.

Remember I wrote things would be different when we reached Singapore. Well they weren't But that in itself is another story. As long as it is complex and disheartening. It's a tale however which will be told after the war. It is in itself a tale against democracy rather than for it. And the mass execution by the Russians of their own army, air force and naval high officers takes on a completely new light.

The Russians are doing wonderfully, it's the only bright thing about the whole war.

At one stage there were hopes of me getting back to NZ to help in the defence there. It's a remote chance now especially as every available pilot is required here in India. God, we will give those Japs hell once we start on them, with anything like equal numbers.

But enough of the war. Tell me, how are you, if out there in Nelson. You see, news is so scarce I don't even know where you are.

If the war goes on much longer, I can see John and Dessy shouldering a rifle and doing their bit. That will be a terrible blow to you mum and dad. Especially you

mum. I can't explain the sorrow I feel for you. Another thing, I hope the Japs don't decide to take NZ. Staunch as their sons are, flesh cant stand against a wall of steel mechanical monsters. That has been our trouble right through the war, and it will not change until we have the monsters ourselves, and thousands of them.

Where is Eileen these days, there's been no news of her for well nigh a year, and how is Doreen, did she get that long letter I wrote to her while aboard ship. The 26 page one I mean. I was telling her I had a camera bought in Khartoum. That and a pair of gloves Muriel gave me, are the only possessions I saved from the Japs. All the rest and my trunk which had only arrived in Sumatra from England and which I had never even seen, fell into their hands. It's a bit of a blow, but it was even risky to get my camera. An American thought I was dead or captured, and he saved it for himself, giving it back to me when I turned up.

Well mother, all the best and I still don't know my permanent address, the above should do.

From your loving son, Denny. xxx