



NATIONAL PATRIOTIC FUND BOARD.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

22/5/44

19088

2 Lt. R.T. Street,  
33 (N.Z.) Bn.,  
2 N.Z.E.F.  
M.E.F.

9 April, 44.

Dear Mum & Dad,

Today is Sunday  
a lovely sunny day too, very  
pleasant with the sun not too  
hot, no flies & a gentle wind.  
I find most of my time  
inside unfortunately, as my  
work keeps me at my desk  
from 7.15 in the mornings till  
4 in the afternoon & often each  
evening after drinks. I've  
just spent an hour or so on  
next week's training syllabus.



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It takes a bit of working out at times.

at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we have afternoon tea, & after that - the C.O. & I sometimes have a game of tenequoit.

It is played with a net, similar to tennis, but instead of a ball, you use a rubber quoin which is thrown over the net. The C.O. is very keen & can usually beat me. Was I stiff after my first game? But I'll beat him yet.

We now have several newly commissioned officers with us. Just 5 of them were in my old battalion. They will have leave & come



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back to us to help with the training. We went out on manoeuvres during the week & spent two nights under the stars. We took mules with us to carry the boxes of ammunition, as we marched over rough country, where it was impossible to take trucks or carriers. There were six of them, with a Sgt. in charge. He was a Nelson had called Ken Poggore & I taught him at the Auckland Point School in 1929. I hadn't seen him for years, & yet I recognised him when he called in the afternoon with his mules & mule-deers.

On Friday - Easter Friday, we lay up in an area, having marched by - the light of the moon



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the night before. The chaps slept & in the morning. In the evening the Padre held a service. I went & found in a brown carrier during the day & said they started line for the attack on the following morning.

We slept till 10 on Sat. morn-  
-ing when we had a mug of  
cocoa, put on our gear & marched  
five miles to the start line.  
For the attack, we had an artillery  
firing over our heads, with the  
shells bursting ahead of us as  
we advanced, & it was a good  
show, & the chaps fired their  
rifles, tommy guns, Brown guns,  
A.H.K. guns & mortars when  
they reached the objective.  
I returned to camp on the cook's



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touch, as I had papers to sign & work to do in the office, but the others marched twelve miles back to camp, arriving in time for dinner at 1 o'clock.

I had four pipe band go out to meet the chaps, & they played them home. We have a good pipe band here, about 20 strong with eight pipers & the rest drummers.

They play on battalion parades in the mornings, & when we march down to the Pall Mall cinema for Church Parade on Sunday mornings. Sometimes they are invited out to play in Cairo, at some function or other.

The Sgt. in charge of the band has a friend at an American camp in the vicinity of Cairo.



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We went out a day or so ago to this camp & while there young me to say they had a thousand jars of coddy & piles of magazines if I would send a truck in to collect them. It was all free they gave us boxing gloves, footballs &c. &c. The monks certainly get the goods. We are sending most of the stuff over to our chaps in Italy.

I posted a book to Dad today - "Rambles in Givis" by Mrs. Devonshire who had had 80th birthday last week. I passed in a cutting from the paper which appeared a few days ago. Now I seem to have come to the end of my news. At



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present, is strange to say, I have a  
muddled cold in the head -  
the first I have had in Egypt.  
I must have caught it when  
we slept out.

Apart from that I'm O.K.  
Hope to receive mail from you  
soon. Some letters I wrote from  
Palestine in Feb. have gone to  
the bottom of the sea, so it has  
been officially announced. I  
think I have lost only two.

I trust these lines find you  
all O.K. in Helson.

Love from your son,

Rewair