

Dear Dad - Mum,

I was so

19088 - 2 Lt. R.T. Street,
B. Depot - Adv. Base,

2 N.Z.E.F. - M.E.F.

18 Feb; '45.

pleased to receive mail on my return to Adv. Base last evening. There were two letters each from you & Dad, dated 21st. + 28th. Jan.; three from Edna, one from Mrs. Bartholomew & one from my friend Desmond Mc Govern (of Te Awamutu). He will be calling on you & Edna in the near future - a really fine chap. My goodness, what a miserable sort of Xmas. & New Year you both have had. We heard of the railways taking over the B.B.C. one night & every one here was terribly annoyed about it. What if we all went on strike for an increase in pay! Never mind, a good time's coming, be it ever so far away; that's what I say to myself, say I, jolly good day, hurrah! as the song says. Well, I wrote you two hurried letters while in Rome, but I'll be writing a long surface one telling of my experiences. We left Rome on the Friday morning - a glorious sunny day & went bawling along route 67 which took us through the Pontine marshes & so to Naples which we reached in mid-afternoon. Then we went round the harbour to Pompeii to see the famous ruins. You can imagine how I took every-thing in. The marks of the chariot-wheels are there on the cobble-stones of the streets. Even the lead pipes for the water can be seen. I bought a good book with photographs, a glass-tube containing ash from the big eruption of last year & also an original water-colour of part of a frieze on the wall of one of the houses 2000 years old. The artist was there at work.