

9, Holmview,

Omagh

Wednesday 5 p.m.

My darling Frank, I felt so miserable yesterday but to-day after speaking to you I felt deliciously happy. I was so excited at 12.30 that I told Bessie at the Hotel that I would scrap the main course of my lunch. She smiled — a smile which said "I know just how you feel." She arranged to let me have my phone call in the office, alone. It was she who answered the operator first.

Should I commence to tell you of my love as in my previous letters then no news would be given. Now darling should you come to Omagh on Wednesday you would only have 2 days, as I am free to go Belfastwards on Friday evening (the 8th, your anniversary being Saturday). Already invitations are

flowing in and I realize that it would be very unwise for you to visit some and not all of my Omagh friends. As I have already told you, Tyrone folk are particularly touchy in this respect. The alternatives are two — either you postpone your visit to Dr Duff and come to Omagh on Monday next (I don't like asking you to do this) or you postpone your visit to Omagh until the following week. What do you think of this? As Lore's breaks

up on the 18th December, this week will be my last in the old town and your introductions and my farewells will take place at the same time. I booked provisionally at the Melville for you to-day but can change that quite easily.

Our Domestic Science teacher (Violet Busack from Fermanagh) married last April insists that we give herself and Jim Wednesday night. She is inviting her friends and must be sure of our

arrival. The friends consist of Dr & Mrs Johnson (He is in charge of the Tyrone mental hospital - his wife was Domestic Teacher at the Omagh Academy & a friend of mine) and Dr & Mrs Lynch (She also is a doctor. He practised in Scotland before the war. He got up & was invalided out later. They live permanently in Omagh & their children are at the Convent. I am to let Violet know our plans before the invites are issued.

Mrs Ray has just popped in to say that she begs another of our precious evenings & you are to come for whatever meal you like, afternoon tea or dinner. Major Ray is dying for a chat. You will like him, I know.

I could go on in this strain for pages but already I think you have got the idea - your visit to Omagh has resolved itself into a round of visits - studied so that no one must be hurt. What a girl you are going to marry! It is a weakness of mine - I simply cannot hurt anyones feeling. My real friend in Omagh is the little invalid girl Kathleen Cunningham & she is dying to meet you. Her P.O.W brother had to go

to move a military hospital for
observation (something about worms
from which all the men suffered in
Hong Kong) I had just received
yesterday's disappointment so we
consoled one another last night.

It broke upon me to-day in school
that I was leaving Loreto forever
when Mother Teresa came from the
children to question me about my
Loreto in pictures. The purchase is to
be made in Magees (opposite City Hall)
and Miss Kelly, the art teacher
is delegated to make ^{the} arrangements
about framing delivery etc. I should
have liked a Madonna by one
of the masters but the only one they
had I did not like. I always liked
pictures by the Dutch artists &
Magees are fortunate in having the
recognised framing for such pictures.
I never knew until to-day that there
is a correct and incorrect frame
for pictures of master artists. How
would you feel about a visit to Magees
next week with Miss Kelly? I am to ring
her at the weekend but we can talk

about meanwhile. They dose Saturday.

I suggested to Mother Teresa to-day to allow both the children and me off our Christmas lists and she agreed. I am to give them oral lists in class and know all then. accordingly. This will be very easy to me & incidentally will give me more free time to make a peaceful withdrawal from the town.

Isn't this a wonderful stroke of luck. No more lists whoopee!!

Don't worry darling ~~out~~ about the mix up over O'Kellys It doesn't really worry me in the slightest except that your poor father - who notes so rarely - was upset. Auntie "Kate" is a strange woman - a curious mixture of genuine good nature and possible selfishness. your father killed her always & she is my godmother.

Such a small space in which to tell you what you mean to me! Did I tell you that I went up town on my list to-day & forgot to come home on it. It lay at the hotel door for 4 hours!!

Oh I do love you Frank more than I ever thought possible. I will never change
god bless you darling mine Eileen