

"Beechwood,"

Monday Afternoon

Eileen, my own Darling,

What have you done to me? Since you have gone and left me there is a large vacancy in my heart - and you have only been gone a few hours. Heaven alone knows what I shall feel like on Friday! I thought yesterday that my poor being could not contain any more love for you, but I might have known differently.

Oh, my darling, what has been happening to us during the past week? Surely we have not been dreaming of such happiness. I always imagined the happiness of heaven to be like that - how could it be possible on earth?

And now I am missing you terribly, Eileen. I feel like a man who has lost his right arm. You have gone off to Ormskirk and you have taken a large chunk of poor me with you and as a result I cannot attempt to do anything properly. Don't you feel just a little bit

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ashamed of yourself? You are the only one in all the world who knows how happy I was last week; and only you can know what it means not seeing you every day as usual. Your love makes me so very happy even though I cannot see you. So do not imagine that I am being miserable without you, because I'm not! Here, Darling, how could we be miserable in days like these. Your week-ends will be all the more wonderful when they come.

You will laugh when I tell you what happened on the phone this morning. When I had lost my first half-crown (it was really yours) in small change, I had to race across to the barber's shop get another $\frac{1}{2}$ crown changed and dash back again to you. I was sure it would take another $2\frac{3}{4}$ minutes to find you again! It was such a relief to hear your voice at the other end. I agree that ringing the convent is not a big success and that the hotel would be much better.

Darling, I had a grand time at the dinner last night. I met Bradley, Magazine,

Marron, Fitzpatrick, Felix, O'Kane, Scott, O'Neill, Fr. M. Kelly, John A., Coleman etc. They gave me a great reception and were all genuinely glad to see me again. All this limelight is going to my head. Jackie O'Kane tried to drag Felix and me off to the Ceilidh but without success. However we were firm and went off to Campbells' to collect Mona. I had a "nasty" shock there when I found no less than six ladies awaiting us. Well you would know, being a lady, what happens to two poor defenceless men when they fall foul of six ladies!! But, I did enjoy myself and the supper too. All the while I was composing them with my best girl and though they were nice and I liked them, they were found wanting. What an awful habit I have of dissecting people! It is almost ghoulish. We left Campbells about midnight.

On reaching Beechwood I found a supper party in full swing - 5 females and a priest from Magherafelt. Nellie Lunden was one of the former. Again my dissection was continued with the inevitable result! And then

At 12.30 am. Anne and I discovered (when the party had left), Philip's and Anne's coats on the back of the door!

I met Anne this morning and I think she is a grand girl. She seems so capable and sensible too. She will be a mother to Philip as well as a wife - and that's what he needs. Father and I went to the bank and closed our joint account, transferring £129 to his account. I refused to touch a penny of it. He still raves about a practice over the shop! He plans to leave everything to me and says that I am to dole it in small quantities to Anne or Philip as they need it! He says they are spendthrifts - Anne spends £40 a year! Anne agrees to all the arrangements because she knows I want nothing to do with the money or the houses! She told me this morning that she is very happy and contented - thank God for that.

Philip and Anne are due to go to Bangor this evening. They have invited me down to visit them. Darling, Philip showed me our present, the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. It is lovely, Cateen, and

I only hope we can have one like it too.

Everyone is in love with my Dressing Gown
- all the ladies want to wear it as a coat.

I must bring it up to Mammaie tomorrow
when I have my bag again. I shall go up
to Spring Villa for tea today (uninvited) and
see them all. Maybe they will give me a
picture of you for my room if you want!

I have written to all my boys in
England this afternoon and now I have the
cramp. You must excuse this paper etc.
and you must not expect such long letters
daily from me.

Please, my darling, have plenty of rest
and sleep. Take care of yourself because I
am selfish and do not wish to die of a broken
heart.

God bless you, Eileen,

All my love,

Frank.