

Spring Villa,

Wednesday. 7 Pm

My very own darling,

I cannot rest until I tell you that you are more dear to me than anyone or anything or life or death. You must have had a terrible time in the dentist's chair with those awful roots. Thank God it is all over now - you will be much better for it. But my darling, you should have waited and had it done in Belfast where I could have been with you in person. You must promise me that we will always be together no matter what we face together.

And now they are calling me to go to the Group.

All my love,

Frank. x x x x