

Beechwood,

Wednesday. 4 P.m.

My own darling,

My head is going round and round
and I don't know where to begin. I am terribly
ashamed of the letter I scrawled to you yesterday.
Please, darling, never go away from me again.
I love you too much to allow it. I just
cannot do anything without you. Never
did I dream that my love for you would
reach these dizzying heights. I, above all
people, who was so independent in the past
now find myself entirely dependant upon
you, Lileen. Do you mind if I lean upon
you for support in my awful plight? I
refuse to attempt to tell you how much I
love you, but I do love you with my heart
and soul. I felt you beside me all day

yesterday and that was no consolation for your absence. But it must never happen again this way because we must be together forever and ever and never be separated.

I had a nice wet day at Portaferry yesterday. Frank and Violet were overjoyed to see me again - they prayed for my return morning and evening. They lead a very quiet life down there - no dances, no company much, but they are happy. However I could see at a glance that we shall be much happier than they. Darling, they gave me lots of advice about the practice and about being married to a doctor! "He promises to be back for lunch at 2 P.M. and turns up at 3 P.M."! Will you be very annoyed, Helen, if I do this sort of thing. Also I was warned not to go off places

without taking my wife with me. Oh my darling, how unnecessary to tell me this. It seems that Frank used to go off playing badminton and left Violet alone many evenings! They forced me to stay the night because Frank had afternoon and evening surgeries and wouldn't have had time to talk to me. I did not envy them because we shall have a happier home please God.

I have just had a wire from Jimmie saying that he's coming tomorrow morning. He should have been here today and daddy had a seat booked for him at the play tonight, but Mamma has cancelled the booking. I am due at Spring Villa at 5 P.M. this evening.

I have received an invitation to Mr. Evans' wedding on Dec. 31st at

Carrickfergus. He was a Sergeant in the prison camp. You will like him Cileen. He has invited us to lunch with him on Saturday. What on earth poor Finucane will have for entertainment this week I do not know. Darling, I don't know where I am today.

Anne says father has shown this War Office letter to every customer that came into the shop in the past 24 hours! And he also tells them that I am starting a practice above the shop. A big secret - Anne is talking of getting married to Stanley Wood a naval officer who wishes to become a Catholic. I think she is really doing it to solve her problems. You will not tell anyone, Cileen? Poor kid does not know what to do. I am to meet

her boy friend to-morrow evening at Kelly
Bennett's house. Again, will poor Jimmie
be invited? If not I cannot go either.

I had an official letter from the War
Office saying that it is official that I have
been a Major for the past 4 years and paid
as such. Of course pa is charmed! I had
two birthday cards from Birmingham - one
from Mrs. Day and her mother (90 years) and
one from Dr. Lucy. Apparently they still
love me. Paddy is married and is
having a baby this month! So you need
never be jealous of Violet, Paddy, or Mary!!
- they are all married and have babies.
So they couldn't have loved your beloved
Frank at all!

Sarling, it will not be possible
for us to have a practice at Beechwood

for many years to come. I haven't told father this, but according to Frank Duff it will take nearly £2,000 to start a practice equip a Surgery. So we could not equip two places at once. Besides, what are we going to live on for the next two years? Darling mine, it is a terrific problem and all we can do is to pray.

Lillian, darling, I shall ring you to night at 6.5 P.m. as you suggest. We certainly need to save our money in every way. But how I hate being miserly about anything where you are concerned. I must be off to Spring Vella.

God bless you, darling,
 All my love,
 Frank.