

Beechwood,

Thursday

11 am.

My own darling,

I am walking on air today because I know that this is the last day we shall ever be separated. This has been a long dreary week and I never want one like it again. There has been worry and disappointment which I shall tell you all about when we meet. I find that I am useless, unless you are by my side - I have no confidence in myself at all. So now you see how strong your beloved Frank is - he is really a weakling and will always be as long as he is not with you. I am so happy when your letter arrives in the morning and then when I hear your dear voice over the phone. Thank God letters and phone calls will not be necessary when tomorrow comes. We shall find our real



2.  
happiness in each others' company.

Darling, I felt awful about your poor  
tooth. To think that I sent you a letter yesterday  
and didn't even mention it at all. I am far too  
much of an egoist; my letters are all "I," and not  
nearly enough "you," in them. And yet I adore  
you and every single thing about you, and  
that includes your faults. You have no faults  
compared with mine. After what you told me  
on Sunday I am afraid to kiss you, Eileen, you  
are so good. I feel so very unworthy of you,  
my darling; and really tucked when in your  
presence. You will have to make me as good  
as yourself, because only then can I be deserving  
of you and your love.

It is now 4.30 P.M., so I must  
explain myself. Finucane arrived at 11.30 a.m.  
I made him his breakfast - fried ham, eggs



fried bread, fried pancakes etc. I really envied  
 him this feast. Darling, would you like me  
 to make you such a breakfast some day just  
 to show you that I am not entirely useless.  
 I know you would like it in bed on Sunday  
 mornings! Well, I rushed off to the dentist  
 at 11.45 am., had my felling polished, and  
 back to Beechwood. (Gilmore would not  
 accept any money for the felling). Trina  
 and I then went to Spring Villa where we  
 had lunch with Mamma, daddy, Jo and  
 Rufe. My visitor has not much to say for  
 himself but the climate is not to his liking  
 besides I cannot take him off to Sallie to  
 show him the sights. He can't even go to  
 these places because of his uniform. Anyhow  
 your Mamma made him feel at home  
 - everyone did. I showed him our Malaya



snaps. Then we went shopping in town where I bought him some nice Irish souvenirs - Irish calendar, brooch with Shamrock, and Irish stamps. Back to Beechwood where he met Father and Anne. And now we are at Beechwood's fine writing. I was up before the lark this morning and waited at the Liverpool boat for 1½ hours for Fimcane; he came via Heysham at 10.30 a.m.!

I am not going to the Newmarket dance tonight and nobody tried to coax me. Jo is not going either as she will be teaching late. Hannah and Hugh are going - the former in Jo's pack (a bit of a squeeze!) by the way darling, you will be disappointed to hear that your shoes are "non est". The lady in the shop sold them, but said they were a size too small for you, anyhow.



Darling, the first person I want to dance with is you, Eileen, and until you are available I will not dance. I was so very sure that I would not go to the New Year dance without you, Eileen. I have no frock, anyway, as dress is formal! (to keep out the dirt!). Do you know that I have "tails" in India that have never been worn yet. My dinner jacket, though, is old and grey.

Darling, would you be fit to go to this luncheon party on Saturday at the Alverton at 12.30 p.m.? I hope your face will be better by that time because I want you to meet Roy Evans. It will be rather awkward for us this week end with Tom Finucane, but we shall have to make our sacrifice and offer it up. However we must have that walk over Nighttown which we promised ourselves



Darling, I am looking forward to seeing you tomorrow, because until you are in my arms again I shall know no peace. Somehow I am very restless and unreliable while you are away - so never go away again. I had about 7 letters today, but they will keep till the week-end. It will soon be time to ring you up and tell you how much I love you; but that is not possible to put into words. But I do love you, Lilien, more than any man could ever love a woman. I must tell you again that we have a very exceptional love and people do not make love nowadays in the very wonderful way in which we do. Darling, it is a sacred, holy trust and will never, never change it. It is pure and good in God's sight and it will bring us true happiness.

God bless you, darling,  
Forever your own Frank.