



RAJINATH PESS,  
RAJGIRI PRINT.

Secunderabad,  
Hyderabad State,  
Deccan,  
7. 4. 41.

My dear Eileen,

I have migrated to the South of India since I wrote to you last. You shall have a telegram before this letter reaches you and it will explain why I am moving about so much. I am leaving India soon, but before going away I wanted to tell you just once more that I love you now as I have never loved you before. I still want the whole world to know it and that is why I am not shy about Censors or anyone else who may read this letter. I still read your letters as if it had only just arrived and I do find such happiness from reading it. Now, Eileen, do you understand what your letters can do for me? I do need them and I do need your love. I have wanted you to love me since the first time I saw you and I know you could spare me just a tiny corner in your heart. I remember a schoolboy - a very shy schoolboy - tracing your name in the sands at Ramafort so many years ago! Every schoolboy has romances like that and dreams a lot. Maybe I still dream a lot, Eileen, but my love is very real now. It has lasted all these years - surely it must be the real thing and not just a dream. I remember confiding my secret to my favourite sister (Una) - she was a Dominican nun in Dublin. Even she was satisfied that it was the right kind of love. She explained the different kinds of love -



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companionship, love of a pretty face etc.; but all these were not how I felt towards you. My love made me pray hard, so it could not have been bad, Eileen. If I could only talk to you now for 5 minutes I could explain it all ~~so~~ so easily. You would understand without a word from me at all. I know and always knew that I could make you happy but in the old days I went the wrong way about it.

I am now in very hot country where the daily temperature is  $103^{\circ}$  in the shade. My job is an out-of-doors one and though I feel the heat I have become used to it. This is a native state and is ruled by His Exalted Highness, The Nizam of Hyderabad - the richest man in the world. The city of Hyderabad is a perfect combination of the old and the new. In many ways it is more modern than any English city. The roads leading into it are cement; on either side are beautiful trees and flowers; the lighting is by means of two rows of huge Globe lamps. You have no idea of the splendour of its buildings. Also the rich are very rich and the poor, very poor. Yet the people seem happy and contented. They are a friendly race and much darker in colour than the northern people. There are many more Catholics among the natives here than in the north - this may be due to St. Francis Xavier and also to the nature of the people themselves. The native costumes are lovely. You would have been amazed if you had seen what I saw in Church yesterday (Palm Sunday). I was the only white person in the whole congregation! The priest was a native, the Deacons native,



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the news were native. There were no seats in the church as all the people sit upon matting on the floor. All the ceremony of blessing the palm, the procession, knocking at the church door etc was carried out perfectly. The procession was the finest sight I have ever seen, Catechumens, waving palms, a wonderful choir, the children (hundreds of them) reciting the Rosary. I just cannot describe it, but how I wished you were kneeling beside me. I wonder did you hear all the prayers I said for you, especially after Communion. And yet I would not have you come to live in India because it was not meant for white folk to live in. I have told you the hopeless sort of life people lead in the Cantonments (military stations) - I don't think it would appeal to you much.

I was promoted to a Major recently and this is to date from February 15th. It was not any military genius of mine that earned these laurels, but sheer luck. Anyway it is only a temporary affair and I am not a bit flattered.

It is now midnight and you have kept me out of bed! I have to get up at 5.30 am. and am usually in bed at 10 P.M. Please write often, Lilian, because I love your letters as I love you. Good bye, and may God bless you always.

Ever yours,  
Frank.

P.S. If you do not receive a telegram before this letter arrives you will know that only one thing could have happened. Love, Frank.