

They have left me no room but all my  
love must be squeezed in. You know  
you have it all, darling. Tom Smiley  
is reported a prisoner.

your loving  
Eileen.

Spring Villa

195 Springfield Rd.,

Belfast.

January 1<sup>st</sup> 1943

My darling Frank,

At midnight last night I wished you with all  
my heart a very happy and peaceful New Year and now with the  
New Year - 1943 - 37 hours old I am writing it to you. As all the  
family rang out the old & rang in the New Year I asked God that,  
if it were His Will, that peace & our happy reunion would be  
accomplished in the year that has just dawned. The others  
are all at peace devotions in blonard but I volunteered to  
entertain our guest - Sheila Mary Okane, who rudely enough is  
lying fast asleep in an easy chair!

You will be sad to hear that Mr Louis J. Walsh died on Dec 26  
(R.I.P.). I have kept the paper cutting of his funeral for you. Ireland  
has lost one of her finest sons & I, a very dear friend. I am  
proud to possess one of his books, autographed by himself.

Mamie & I went down to the Grumlin Rd., Covent to  
visit Margaret & Maureen. This was Mamie's first visit. Anne  
was the only representative of the Murray family she had met.  
We came away laden with beautiful pictures & the praise  
was high about my two sisters to be.

Frances spent yesterday afternoon with us. Ita, Peggy,  
Gabrielle (Roland's sister) Frances, Josephine Rainey & I are  
arranging to have a big day in Town next week pictures, then  
tea. My heart is not in most of the pleasures I appear to be

Having. I cannot really understand why I should feel like this because I know you are safe & that you will come safely home to me. Do you feel like this Frank? In the midst of so many, I feel so much alone.

This morning I had a very nice letter from Mrs Ray, my landlady in Omagh. She says "We were very disappointed to hear of your decision not to come back this year & I can tell you from inside information that the children do not think it is for their good, in fact the opposite" How I long to have you here, Frank, just to talk things over with you. You would understand all my problems & solve all my difficulties.

Our bottom drawer got a few additions this Xmas. In my shopping prowls I unearthed a beautiful large light oak tray (17/6). Josephine & Mairead gave us the sugar duster & Fergus the little Sanctuary Lamp. Auntie presented me with a lovely aluminum kettle - these are priceless now, if procurable at all. & Joe gave me his own kitchen scales (he never - at least his housekeeper never uses them) my cooking necessities accurate measurements of ingredients!

Here are some of the family wanting to wish you a happy New Year: - I really don't know what to say, Frank, except that I wish you'd hurry home - we're all dying to meet you. Could you give me any suggestions as to what I should sing at our festive in the Ardara on Monday night. I've been asked to perform, s' help me! Love Mairead.

Frank - your photograph is sitting in a very prominent position in the living room here & you don't miss a thing that's going on. I've heard so much about you recently that I feel as if I've known you for years. Come home quickly - we're all as anxious to meet you & have you with us as Eileen is, all the best in 1943. Come to Omagh 5<sup>th</sup> May