

Spring Villa,

195 Springfield Rd.,

Belfast.

22: 9: '42

My darling Frank,

Yesterday was an outstanding day in my life - yesterday morning a letter reached me from the War office to say that a card written by you was now in transit to me from Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa. On the evidence of this card you have been recorded as a Prisoner of war. By the same post your father received a similar letter and darling when I cycled over to him immediately after my breakfast (during which he had rung me) I never found so happy and relieved a father. He looked 20 years younger. Although it was then only 11 A.M. he had notified both Maureen and Margaret & telephoned me. When I saw him he said "Was it really you I was speaking to 5 minutes ago?" I promised to go again to-day. You, dearest Frank, occupy so completely our thoughts that we two - your father & myself - find wonderful pleasure in its other company. Immediately after your father's visit I went to see Gerry McGuinness and Frances. Everywhere the news was received with wonderful enthusiasm. You may not know it, but you are a very much talked of gentleman these days. I wrote letters all evening spreading my good news to the ends of Ireland and England. The information that you are now a prisoner of war and not missing as already posted has been published in last night's Telegraph & the morning Irish news. I have the cuttings out and shall keep them for you to see. I wrote Una & Anne a long letter which they shall have to-day.

Can you appreciate darling how excited and thrilled I am - to hear that you, whom I love so much are safe and that a post card written in your own dear handwriting is on its way to me. Thank God for his goodness to us both. He has never let us down and He never will, I know. May He speed this letter on its way to you, so that you may share in the rejoicings of all those who love you so much and especially

Your loving Eileen

God bless you, darling - all my love.