

Spring Villa,
195 Springfield Rd.,
Belfast
16/2/43

My darling Frank, Yesterday, February 16th was the 18th anniversary of our complete separation, it was then that all correspondence had to cease abruptly and here I am with some 9 of my own letters to you returned. One was lying open & the memorium card of your dear mother was peeping out. The others I have not opened - they are yours and shall only be opened by you - I hate reading my own letters so darling never show me my boring & long-winded epistles.

Did you ever hear of a book called "Malayan Postscript" by Ian Morrison. The author was a professor of English in a Japanese University before the war. Later he became foreign correspondent to the Times in Malaya where he surveyed from the forward areas the whole Malayan Campaign from December 8 1941 to February 15 1942. Seeing a criticism (favourable) of the book in the press I ordered a copy through the Linnenthall Library & for the past week I have been delving through its gripping pages - I have come step by step with you through the whole campaign. The chapters are punctuated with excellent pictures and photographs. I think I shall try a copy for you to peruse - perhaps darling you would prefer to forget about your experiences during those dreadful months.

You will be pleased to hear that Mamie is coming over to meet your father, with me on Sunday. He has been asking Sueb, a lot about her. I must go out now darling to visit a school friend who was married lately. Yesterday afternoon I was free so Franco & I did an hour shopping, had a snack and went to the pictures. Afterwards we went up to Mt. Charles where Gabrielle had a lovely tea for us - it was all so pleased. Do you know what I bought - two foot lengths of material for my Trousseau - now I won't tell you anything more because everything must be a secret until you see it on. All my love darling Good night.

18/2/43 To-day, my half day was a glorious one - the sky was blue and cloudless & the sun shone warmly. Mairead and Sumas Mc Mahon, a friend of hers tried to persuade me to go cycling with them round Cavhill to the graveyard where Francis Joseph Bigges was buried but alas I had some shopping to do in the town. My golf jacket is being cleaned & was to be called for. Josephine was in bed with a touch of flu so when my message were finished I invested in some flowers &

for her and came back. Was she thrilled? The poor fellow who sold them at the City Hall was a very charitable object. Nowadays old frocks must be renovated in order to save coupons for essentials so I bought a green collar & belt to brighten up an old frock - the collar is the special type that needs no starch - it is ironed wet & is quite stiff.

This day week, four of us have planned a golf foursome in Barnalea. We intend to lunch at the office & go straight down by train or bus. After the 1st nine holes we shall have tea at the clubhouse followed by a second nine. I hope the day is fine.

I ordered "Malayan Postscript" to-day for our library. You will read it to me some winter night while I sit doing the family mending & I can hear you interrupt the reading with your own personal experience in that same campaign. Your Oibiki troops received high praise from the author. How I long for those days to come for it is only then this ache at my heart will cease. I shall ^{not} be happy until we meet again. These months are so long in passing. I wish I were a Rip Van Winkle & could go asleep to wake up with this awful conflict had ceased and our loved ones returned to us.

Holy Mass was offered up this week for our joint intentions. Now that I am working again I hope to have mass said every week to thank God for all the blessings he has bestowed upon us both & for our individual & joint intentions. My letters are very boring these days because I do not even know whether you ever receive them. I have not got a single letter since February 2nd 1942 (post) except the card telling me you are a prisoner. Oh why won't the Japanese ease our anxiety & send us your letters.

I am having some embroidery done on my linens - stamped with initial "M" who said I had lost my confidence in prayer?

Why weren't you home to take me to the Mates Students Dance in the ballroom on Friday last? Felix & Mona were there but I cannot rouse up my old enthusiasm for dancing.

Your father's friend Mr. Carthy's son has gone abroad. He also is in the R.A.M.C. but had a long spell at home. When you read this terrible letter just remember that I only wanted to tell you that I love you still and always shall but please, oh please dearest Frank write to me, if you possibly can. God bless you my dear one

Your loving Eileen all my love.