

27th Field Ambulance,

Malaya,

Tuesday, 23rd September.

My own dearest Lileen,

I am so very worried about you that I spend my whole day hovering around the office waiting for your telegram. You see, my darling, I have sent you four telegrams within the past month and have had no reply yet; I am terrified in case something has happened to you - that would kill me, Lileen. I never knew how much I really loved you until the past few weeks; it has made me realize what you mean to me and what my life would be like without you. I know in my heart that the delay is due to that awful address which I have to send you in the back of my letter - a telegram now takes a month to reach me instead of a few days. My own darling, I cannot help worrying in spite of this because I do love you such a terrible lot. You have all of me, all my love - you have always had it and you always shall - it can never belong to anyone else but you. Oh why did I ever leave you and run away to England - and then to India and Malaya, further and further away each time; and now I have never loved you so much, I have never been so near to you. My heart is just breaking with love for you; I want to give all and sacrifice all for you to make you happy. If only I could see you again and speak to you again and tell you all about the love I have ever had for you. I have lived you how happy I am since we have found each other; I have been living in a different world entirely, in a world of dreams with you alone. This dreaming will soon end please God and we shall meet again never to be parted. Surely He will not fail us now after showering down so many blessings upon us and our love. I have never prayed so hard in all my life as I now do; it is so important to our love that we must

ever be praying. Much as you ~~will~~ want me back home again, I cannot come and would not until the war is over. What happiness or peace could we ever have until the war is ended; it is my job to remain here and much as I love you I cannot leave my post - you would not be very ~~for~~ proud of your husband. It is no selfish of me to wish myself at home again with you; it will all come in God's own time. Surely it will all be worth while waiting for - the happiness of our re-union, our marriage, our home, and our future. At the moment I am not sad - only worried about you, my darling. How could I ever be sad with you and your love and your prayers to make me happy.

I sent you off a 14-page letter this morning - and it was only a 3-day letter too instead of the usual five days. I cannot help loving you more and more each day; I want to put more and more love in my letters to you, I can never tell you often enough about my love. I had two letters from you at the week end one dated July 15th and the other August 11th (trans. Atlantic) - the happiness and consolation they brought to me I have tried already to tell you about. Life can never be dull or lonely or desolate for me in this wilderness as long as your letters reach me and even should they not come, I would still be happy in the knowledge that you love me. I have a 20-word letter all ready to be sent to Annette to-morrow morning. I have also written to thank my little trucky friend for the compasses which he sent me; I promised that we should pray for him. He is such a good man and does a lot of good work in bringing back the stray sheep to his flock. I have been in camp all day and yet there was not a dull moment. I tried a rebury today for a minor breach of discipline for which he was very sorry - and I let him off with a lecture! I could not be hard or cruel - that's why I must not remain in the Army; I am too soft! I could be a real success in the Army if I were to remain on in it when the war is over, but it would not be me, Helen - you would be marrying an Army

Doct^r called "Capt. Murray R.A.M.C." and not the Frank Murray whom you love. I love you because you are the same Helen O'Hane I have loved for so long, because you are good, and generous and unselfish; because you pray hard, you love the life that I love, that you want the things in life that are dear to me, that you are sincere and true, and that you love with your all just as I do. Now have you some idea of why I love you - you asked for it in your last letter. May be I love your funny eyes when you smile, may be I love your voice, your honest face, your neat short set figure and your plain, tidy dress too - these latter are small things compared with your character and your goodness.

Good night my darling and may God watch over you this night.

WEDNESDAY - SEPTEMBER 24th - I sent Mattie's letter this morning by air mail to India; I told her that all at home were well and happy and that we were engaged to be married - and sent our love to her. I wonder will she ever get that letter and if so, shall I ever get a reply. That poor child is so near to you and yet she is more an exile than I am in far off Malaya. I have been reading "What Happened to France" and it is heart-rending to see such a mighty nation in the dust under the heel of Germany; surely it is not possible to keep 40 million people in subjection. When I think of what Irishmen would do if they were so much stronger and their country was occupied by Germans - the latter would grow weary of ambushes, sniping, revolts; they would be up against real men and real fighting. Our little sister Bernadette de Cornet will soon be rescued from her exile, please God, and so will all the other prisoners of Europe and all their prisoners. It was wonderful that Mattie was not interned and your prayers must have been the cause of it - you seem destined to get everything you pray for in this world. You can get me by prayer and I know so well that I am not worth praying for; it seemed as if you paid a personal visit to Heaven and arranged everything with all the good people up there. Our good God made me send my love to you on that Christmas Card - I thought that nothing would ever come of

it; He made you write to me in December last and tell me that you loved me (at least I read it in between the lines!). We owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for everything, Cilean. I have told you of the Scintilly Irish priest at Kawalpundi who said that we would meet and love each other so very much. It was his words of wisdom that sent me overseas from India full of joy and hope. You must meet my Ingr. O'Donohue some day when he comes home on leave to Ireland - he is one man in 10 million, he is a great priest. How could I praise him more than that.

My darling, I have been so very thoughtless not to realize fully how you must have been and probably still are being hurt by people saying that I am married or engaged to someone else. How can they be so unkind. My own precious Cilean, it is you I love, it is you I have always loved and there never shall be anyone but you; I have always wanted you and needed you ever since I first saw you. God would not allow us to pass each other by on our journey through life. You could have been married years ago and had a lovely home; I too could have been married to someone just as you could - and yet we did not. We have always belonged to each other and we always shall. I did not mean to hurt you ever my own dearest and God knows that I would rather die a thousand times over than hurt you in the slightest degree. You must have your engagement ring soon; you shall choose it as you have so desired to do so. I am a bit lost at the moment and do not know what to do about the money - would it be an awful breach of etiquette if I were to send it all to you and let you manage everything, or would you rather I sent it to you Daddy, Mammae or Felix to give to you. Before this letter reaches you something will be done about it - by that time your telegram should have arrived from India. I had a wild idea this morning that during your next summer vacation you might fly out to Malaya, become Mrs. Frank Murray, and then fly back

hence again! You are such a bric that you would do this without a moment's hesitation - you love me more than I deserve, Eileen. Of course, I could not ask you to travel such a distance and all the way by air; I love you too much to ask you to take even the slightest risk on my account. You see, my darling, it would break my heart and kill me if anything happened to you on the journey. I would lie to blame for it all, and nothing would ever console me. Officers are not allowed to bring their wives to Malaya but I could get special permission for you to come here, to marry me, and then go back home again. This is just a day dream of mine, Eileen, and day dreams can be so sweet and bring such joy. Do you ever have day dreams of our next meeting and the happiness it will bring us?

I must not forget my diary! I had a hard day and oh, it was so hot under the rubber after the night's rain. Relief came at 4 p.m. when I set out for town with two lorry loads of men to play my first hockey match. I have never played before today and yet I had the audacity to put myself in the team! The result of the match was a draw 1-1, in spite of me playing right full back! I had misses, and "kicks" and "kicks" all over the place; I was handicapped by having played hurling first. Hockey is tricky and skilful but is a poor game compared with hurling! I feel much brighter since my game - not that I am ever very bright - but it is good to get into an open field and chase a ball around!

Good night my darling and God bless you.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 25th. I was very thrilled this morning when a parcel arrived for me from Kuala Lumpur. I knew immediately that it was from my friend Fr. Girard. You can have no idea what a parcel or a letter means to me in this wilderness; it is just the biggest event of the week! I ran across to my quarters and hastily opened the parcel; I nearly cried when I found that my precious statue was

broken in two pieces. There was a note inside explaining that as there were no statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary available, he was sending me of the Sacred Heart instead. It is such a beautiful one - all white and 10 1/2 inches high. I set to work immediately with my tube of Secotine (Belfort made!) and in a very short time it was mended so well that the break is scarcely detectable. It looks lovely in the centre of my shelf - now at least my room looks complete; I only need your photograph now to make it perfect. I am so proud of my crucifix and my statue - they show up so well at night by lamp-light that they can be seen a long way off. By the way, Eileen, I am learning to play chess and had my first real game this evening with a major who lives next door. How do you expect me to concentrate on games which require lots of thought, while all the time I am thinking of you! It should be very enasperating but I find it very pleasant. My own darling, I shall never stop thinking of you and loving you as long as I am alive. You are part of me - you are all of me, just as I am you. I cannot explain myself better than this and yet it is all so simple. I love you so much that everything I am or have belongs to you and it will always be the same no matter what happens.

You are so good, Eileen, already preparing for our future home. Well, my darling, you have seen 'Beechwood' and you may have some ideas as to what you could make during the winter months. At the moment I can only think of tea-cosies and tea cloths to be embroidered! My own dearest, it does not matter what you ever make - I shall like them all because they are yours. I shall have some surprises in that line when I unpack my bags on my return home; it's all very secret now and you must not be told about it! Our home will be a castle and it will be the happiest home that has ever been. I do not have to even tell you that there will never be any cross words spoken within its walls. Our happiness will lie in our love, its selflessness,

it makes life so much easier and happier when you always have someone beside you who loves you and is willing to share everything with you, joys and sorrows. Then there is our holy religion and our prayers, we could not be happy without these and I know that they shall come first always. Our love and our marriage will be blessed and holy. We shall ever be in love with our Sarah Rosaleen. "Do not sigh, do not weep" say Eileen because I shall soon be on the ocean green and speeding home to you.

Did I tell you of my new found friend? Every morning while I am washing by the open window I can see a little figure running from tree to tree. He is a little Chinese boy, tapping the rubber trees and he always brings me a big smile for me and a friendly wave of the hand, which I never fail to return. He is a comical little chap under that large felt hat and I am a close friend of his! I have nothing more to tell you of today except that I held a practice fire alarm and pretended that the store was on fire, the lads were so keen that I almost had a bucket of water thrown over me!

God bless you, my Eileen, I do love you so very, very much.

FRIDAY - SEPTEMBER 26th My dear darling, I am so terribly happy this evening and now I shall tell you why. So you remember I wrote and told you about the half-letter which father sent me, well the other half arrived today by train - Atlantic Air mail. Poor man, it cost him 10/- to send that letter in two instalments - I am sure he has never spent so much money on a letter in his life before! So you may guess how important the second half of that letter was to my father. It was all about you, Eileen, and your first visit to Beechwood. I shall quote part of the letter, even though it might give you a grand opinion of yourself: "I had a visit from Miss O'Hane last Friday, just for a short time, but she will be back again soon. She is a beautiful young lady. I think she is the most suitable girl I have ever seen to be your wife. She is a splendid character, modest, nice, and plain - not one of the modern type and she belongs to a splendid family. I do

admire her very much and she is a very suitable person for you. You could take her into
any company and none would surpass her. All I can say is that I am very very
pleased with your selection." Eileen, my dearest one, if you knew my father as I do and
how very much committal he can be, how slow to give praise, you would marvel at
what he has written about you. A literal translation of the above means that he thinks there
is not another girl in the world to compare with you and you know that I agree with
him. He does not mean that you are really beautiful to look at - he means your character
is beautiful; he does not mean that you are plain-looking - he means that you are
honest, straightforward, and simple and have no airs about yourself. All I can do is to
hope and pray that your parents will like me as much as my father likes you, Eileen.
I had written to him and asked him to inquire from Uncle Eddie about you, so he now
replies "I will not bother asking Eddie O'Kelly about Miss O'Kane - the look of her and my
conversation with her are sufficient for me". He wants to see me home again and
married to you, my darling. He also gave me good advice about prayer and says that
"all things are got by prayer". My dearest one, you cannot imagine how glad I
was to read all the above coming from my father; it makes our love and our
marriage so much easier and happier. You poor child, you were dreading meeting
him in case he should not approve of you. Is there anyone in the whole world
who could not approve of you? I am so proud of you, Eileen, so proud to know
you and to love you with all my heart and soul. I love you because of your own
dear self, for what you are in God's sight - that is so very important to me. Now
I tell you again that I am all yours forever and ever and that I shall always love
you and nobody else but you.

I wrote a letter of thanks to Fr. Givins today to thank him
for the lovely statue. I would not dream of mentioning about the statue being broken; he

would be so sorry to hear of it. My C.O. arrived back today after 6 days absence on "leave & business & dentist trip"! This evening he has invited me to join him during Christmas leave and go off to Cameron Highlands or Fraser Hill (you may see these on a map). He insists that I must get away from camp for a rest in the hills where it is so cool and fresh; where there are lovely walks, golf, tennis, and beautiful scenery. They even have two blankets at night up there and wonderful log fires! I have not seen a fine side since coming to Malaya. Do you think I should accept the C.O.'s invitation? There is a comment at Cameron Highlands and so there should be men up there, so if I go it must be to that spot! This was my night for putting the "children" to bed and I had to use my stick (in a friendly way) to smack all the bare arms and legs I saw in my rounds - you see it is so dangerous at night sitting around like this because of the mosquitoes. Today has been hot and sultry. Tomorrow is another day and I can look forward to a hockey match against the local Chinese team in the village!

God bless you my dearest one.

SATURDAY - SEPTEMBER 27th. Do you remember what it felt like waiting for our first letters to reach each other? It took months and months before they began to come regularly. I thought those months would never end and that your first letter would never come - waiting day by day and watching every post with eager eyes. And now, my darling, your letters reach me regularly every week or fortnight but the time seems to drag endlessly on between them - a week seems like a whole month of the early days of this year and the days seem like weeks. When your letter does reach me I just live in an ecstasy of joy reading it and reading it over and over again - days later I am still reading it. Then I begin looking forward to the next one and begin expecting it long before it is due. I do become impatient as the days roll by - and yet that is the cure of being impatient. Oh my darling, it shows that I long for your letters more and more

and that I am loving you more and more as time marches on. I have now got 11 letters and one post card from you and I read through the whole lot each week - it can make me so very happy. You will surely like the lovely piece of blue ribbon with which my precious bundle is tied. And now my darling I do want to see your photograph on my table; I want to speak to you just as you speak to me in your room. Your little snap still holds pride of place in my room, I do love it because it is you; I still say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" to you. Each time I enter or leave this room I say to you "I love you Eileen, God bless you". Don't you see, my dearest one, that you are my all and you mean everything in the world to me. I just could not love you any more than I do this night because it is not humanly possible to pour out any more love than this from a human heart. I know and feel that we shall meet again soon and be married and we shall have happiness untold and undreamt of by us. I shall make you the happiest bride in all the world; you and your happiness will always come first above all things in my life. I shall work so hard for you, Eileen, that you may have every joy and comfort. We shall never be rich in this world's goods but we shall always have riches of love which the world cannot give and which are so important to us. Do not imagine that I have no ambitions in life. My first and only ambition has been to make you love me and become my wife; hand-in-hand with that is my ambition to go to Heaven some day with you. I love my work as a doctor and I shall always do my best for every patient and ask for little reward.

I have some strange ideas about life that I have never told to a human being before except you, Eileen; nobody but you would understand. I have the gift of seeing God in anyone and everything around me. I know that He has made those poor coolies slum at the Ferry who toil all day in the heat and humidity and bitten by mosquitoes. I love those men because they are lowly and insignificant in the eyes of

the world. They are my friends and I never fail to give them a smile and they never fail to give me a smile and a salute - I am proud to say that I am the only officer in the whole district who gets my recognition from them (and that includes a general!). These things all make me happy and I would rather have the smile of a coolie than the smile of the greatest man in the army! And now, my darling, surely you will laugh at my strange outlook on life and surely you will not marry me now! What a husband to have to live with - he has not with coolies!!

My next door neighbour (a major) has just looked in and asked me did I have a good mail from home ^{today}? It seems that he had lots of letters and he was really sorry that none came for me! Oh, if only he had not mentioned letters at all, I would never have known that a mail came in today. Still, I am a much happier man than he at this moment and every moment of every day. We had a great hockey match this evening and beat the local Chinese by two goals to one. I played a little bit better than last time, but I am still very bad! The men are very keen and so I have promised to buy lots of new sticks and balls etc for them from the Sports fund. I read good news in the local papers today that the Pan American Clipper will soon have a weekly service leaving Singapore for U.S.A. That means that my weekly letter will not have to wait for 2 weeks here as before and should reach you at weekly intervals at home. It makes me so happy to know that you will have my letters so soon after posting - I want you to be happy as I am. For quite some time I am glad that the war clouds over Malaya have vanished; thank God there is now no immediate threat and our correspondence can continue as usual and always be the source of our happiness during separation. The Clipper leaves on Tuesday and so I must finish this letter to night and post it to morrow morning. I am enclosing the cards of my two good friends - one a Frenchman and the other a Malay, and I shall never forget them.

Did your mamma (my mother) receive the letter I sent to her recently? I have a very clear picture of all your dear ones now - your mother so loving and so good, your father so kind and understanding; Joseph so holy and quiet and steady; Hugh so boisterous, so gay, and so manly; you know what I think of Felix and Mattie. But, my darling, you have yet to tell me about Josephine and Maudie; I know the former is a Domestic Economist and the latter a Masseuse - but I want to know them better, what they look like, what age they are, and all about them. I must know them all and I do love them without even meeting them. In your letters you always write about them and this I want more and more, just as I want your love more and more each day of my life. I live only for you and your love, Eileen, and for the day when we shall meet again. It will come soon, my darling, and we must pray for patience and resignation; our love can only grow more beautiful and pure the longer we have to wait for each other. Please God you will not live to regret giving me your love and your own dear self - they will ever be the treasures of my life and I shall treat them as precious gems. Surely our waiting is worth while when we think of the happiness that awaits us at the end of the road.

Give my love to all your dear ones at home and also to Frances and the McHabb family. Love them all but they are friends - your home all my heart and all of me. I shall always be yours and yours alone. God bless you, Eileen.

Yours loving
Frank.