

195 SPRINGFIELD RD.,

BELFAST,

8. 7. 43

My DARLING FRANK,

It is now 2 weeks since I wrote you see I have been away with my bike cycling in Wicklow. It has been an outstanding holiday. Four girls of us made the party, EDNA MCKENZIE (A FRIEND OF JO'S) NELLIE O'FARRELLY FROM VIRGINIA JO AND MYSELF. THE WEATHER WAS EXCELLENT. WE DID THE TRIP AS YOUTH HOSTELERS - OUR 1ST ATTEMPT AND WERE WE THRILLED! WE BOUGHT AND COOKED OUR OWN EATS. YOU WOULD HAVE LOVED IT DEAREST, AND ALL THE BEAUTY I SAW I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT ALSO.

HERE IS A SHORT SUMMARY OF THE TRIP. WE WENT BY TRAIN TO DUBLIN ON THE 26<sup>th</sup> JULY. AFTER LUNCH WE CYCLED THROUGH DUNDUM TO ENNISKEBBY and on to the hostel on the SLOPES OF GLENCEE. NEXT DAY WE DID THE FAMOUS DEMENSE OF LORD POWERSCOURT AND SAW THE SCENE AND SOME OF THE EXCITEMENT OF THE SHOOTING OF LAWRENCE OLIVIER'S LATEST FILM "BATTLE OF AGINCOURT" - THE COUNTRY IS HIVING WITH BEARDED MEN EVER SINCE. IN THE EVENING WE PUSHED INTO BRAY & BACK TO GLENCEE. ON WEDNESDAY WE SET OUT FOR GLENDALOUGH & PICKNICKED ON THE SUMMIT (ALMOST) OF THE



Sugar Loaf mountain. The hostel - the best in  
Wicklow - was crowded with lads from Cork  
who made us push off to see the seven  
churches lakes etc of the "Glen of the 2  
lakes" we sang all the way back. Next day  
we did all these beauties again & the old  
guide ~~en~~ insisted on me climbing into St. Kevin's  
bed. This was contrary to all your father's  
warnings to me. So I wrote a card to him  
telling, even boasting of my courageous(?)  
crawl. ~~Next day~~ After a topping lunch in  
the Scendalough hotel (we actually sat at a  
table again) we went on to Avoca, calling  
at the famous Lavagh House with its  
swimming pool, golf course, tennis & croquet  
pitches. We had tea with cousins of Mammies  
in Rathdrum - they want us to call as soon

as you get home so hurry Love. From  
Avoca we went to Arklow & got in the  
pictures and a hop. As it was the August  
Bank holiday the town was alive. From here we  
went to Aughavannagh - away in the hills  
at the foot of Lugnaquilla. I forgot to say  
I bathed at Arklow. From Aughavannagh (the  
hostel is a castle - the home of John Redman)  
the home ruler) we cycled through Tullow to  
to Basenaltown and Auntie. Strange to relate  
the weather broke and we couldn't cross the  
door again. We got back home last night.

We shall do Wicklow together soon again. How  
happy we shall be then! Though a card and letter  
have arrived from Billie McSinley there is  
still no word of you dear. Yes, I love you very, very,  
dearly & shall never change  
All my love your own Eileen X.