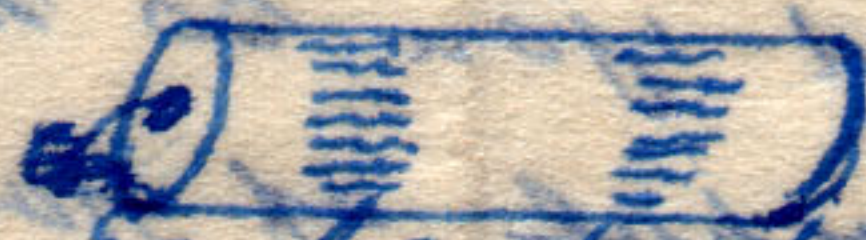


P.S. The P. office declares this over  
the 4<sup>th</sup> of 20 I must remove  
for ever & snuff for next letter  
All my love  
Eileen

P.S.S. Am posting Irish Weekly  
with this letter.

9, Holmview,  
Campsie,  
Omagh.  
Friday, Feast of Little Flowers  
Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup>

My darling Frank,  
It is such an age since I last heard from you - on Tuesday  
next it will be 5 weeks. I wonder has the "Clipper" failed us or have you been unable  
to write often. You are more than good Frank to write me every day and especially  
on those particularly heavy days. I love your letters and I love you and as  
each day passes I find it becomes stronger and better - it is wonderful how  
love grows - becomes deeper & more sincere as we get to know one another.  
I feel that when old age creeps upon us both we shall love each other  
more than we even do now and that is saying an awful lot. You are  
never out of my thoughts. I am still at mass & Holy Communion each  
morning and the bulk of my prayers are for us, darling one. This is  
mother Genevieve's Feasting day and as I was giving her a mass card she said  
"I did not forget, Frank today, Eileen" She is a little saint, but I fear like  
all good people she is not too long for this world. For the past few weeks  
she has been in bed threatened with pleurisy. She suffers a lot but never  
complains. She is the most self-less person I have ever met. God bless her  
for she has been such a very good friend to me.

To-day I attended my first cooking class at the Technical. I  
loved every moment of it. Eileen, Mrs Murnaghan and I set out  
immediately after school. Mrs Ray prepared our ingredients. There are 20 of  
us in the class, half of whom I know, not to mention 2 past pupils. The  
Technical is only built about 3 years & the cooking kitchen is a treat  
in which to work - bright, airy and very well stocked. The beams  
pass the heavy windows. We made a meat roll & jam rings. Eileen did  
the meat roll & yours truly the rings. It is only 2 hours later & there is  
n't a ring in Holmview. Mrs Ray, Celeste, Mary (maid) Major, Eileen & I  
- in other words our household - devoured them hot and did they  
taste good? said she boastingly. Being Friday, the meat roll is still in the  
land of the living. Next week (Friday) we are making Apple cake and  
Dropped scones. Do you think you will like these? Tell me your dear  
Frank because I must perfect myself in your special favourites. On  
Monday we attend the sewing class. When I produced my supper cloth  
Miss Lyons declared it to be beautiful. She says when I have it  
finished it will be priceless. There is a terrific amount of work on  
it but how I am enjoying doing it. Now, although I brought our cloth  
along last day to class I do not intend to do it there. Instead I am  
attempting a "bolster cushion"  something like this shape. I want  
to insert 2 panels of smocking so last day I learnt my stitches and  
practised them on a piece of material. Next day I start the real thing.



The cushion is of black satin and the smocking will be done in many gaily coloured threads - or perhaps in one shade, gold. I am undecided yet. The latter sounds very rich but the former colour scheme would mean that it would fit in with any furnishings. You shall see it some day soon. I hope it will turn out as nice as I have dreamt it to be.

Now to tell you the story of my tea knives, bought to present to the golf club. They are so lovely that I am not going to give them away but keep them for our home. This is on the advice of all my friends. Should some of the nursed handicapped people win them I believe it would break my heart. So now, with the competition on Tuesday next I have no prize. I must go shopping to-morrow. Aint you glad Frank I kept the knives? The Jeweller, where I got them told me I got the best bargain in the shop. Cutlery is so poor now and then there is scarcely any to be got.

Mr Gore left last week so Eileen has gone to her own room. I am glad to have my room to myself again. I can write to you oftener and feel more beside you when doing so. Yesterday afternoon I enjoyed myself thoroughly. With the aid of Mary we changed all the furniture in the room - I should say re-arranged it. So you have filled too my sparring partner. Your beautiful photograph stands in a most prominent position. I can see when I come into the room, as I write my letters as I lie in bed. You are with me always. Have snaps of yourself taken more often. I love the view of your beloved Malaya but I must admit I love you to be in their midst. You can never send me enough images of yourself.

I am afraid I have disappointing news about my photographs. The proofs of one were so disappointing that I would rather not send it. It is not that I look a show in it but that it doesn't look like me. The brock looks very well - it is an American one - light navy with very attractive white colour & cuffs (short sleeves), my hair looks remarkably well too but my expression is not good. As Eileen said rather tactlessly "It is a photograph of a very nice girl, Eileen but it is not you". There is no twinkle in the eye but a sad far away expression. The photographer touched it up too, to make me look sort of glamorous. Surely that could not be me. Now about the second group. I had word from home to say they were lost. Now isn't that provoking? They were lost by the photographer himself so I have got to sit again when I go home for my next week-end.

There are rumours floating around the convent that the boarders Retreat will take place on either the week-end of October 11<sup>th</sup> or 17<sup>th</sup>. I am quite excited at the thought of going home. I have loads of things I want to do but I will tell you all about them later. Drowsiness has overcome me so I will wish my best boy good night and send him myself with all my love. God bless you, Frank darling. Do hurry home to me soon. I need you so much. I could never bear to lose you so do be very careful of your precious self. You are a part of me now and that the most important part.



Sunday, Oct. 5.

Since I was speaking to you last I have received another of your marvellous letters - how I love to get them. It was dispatched on Aug. 25, only one week after your last letter which I received 5 weeks ago. Can you explain this young man? With it arrived a long 10 page letter from Anne telling me how much she and your father enjoyed the huge letter I wrote them last week. They are both well and happy. Your cousin, Pat, she tells me is back in the shop with your father and is living at Beechwood. He appears to be a very quiet type of man. Philip is preparing to recommence his studies at Queens. He is growing a mustache (is that the correct spelling?) When I write letters in the future I want dearest, you must be prepared to hear me call to you "How do you spell 'this' and how do you spell 'that'". I can hear the retort, already "What woman, can't you see I am busy??" I will answer "Imagine Mrs So & So knowing your wife cannot spell such an easy word". Then you will scratch your head, look the very essence of overtaxed patience and spell my word. I will smile, continue the good work until the next word baffles me. Are you wondering how I have kept my job so long? Anne tells me she is praying for us both every day - she is a little Saint, Frank. I hope, but perhaps this is wrong of me - that she will not enter a convent as you predict. We want some good people in the world you know!! Next time, I go home I intend to ask her to take me to your mother's grave. We will visit it together you and I, some day soon. They had received no letter from you in Beechwood since I left them.

Frances shall have your letter by this time. I had a nice letter from her last week. She is spending next week end in Belfast with the de Meulemeesters and she is persuading me to go home. Roland wants to take us both to the St. Brigid's dance which, I presume is on then, but unless the Lord inspires our Rev. Mother to arrange the Retreat for the 11<sup>th</sup> then dancing is off for me. I have also another invitation for my famous week-end - to the McEvoy family who are now living in Ardglass. The two girls, <sup>are</sup> at the convent here. The older members of the family have jobs in Belfast. They are all keen on dancing and have some dance arranged for my visit. I am undecided about going, because I want to spend most of my time with, Daddie. Marnie has gone to Curlew for a wee holiday to see Aunt. I hope to have Anne over to meet him. She has met none of our numerous family up to date. Perhaps during the Christmas holidays it may be possible to have Anne and your father meet us all. The unfortunate thing is that, as yet I know not where we are going to spend the festive season - in Belfast or Killough. I imagine it will be Killough, but the long lull in air raids over the city may make both my parents rather bold and they may think Belfast & home the place of our reunions.

While I read your last letter for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time, this morning I made



4, myself believe that you actually would come home next Spring. How marvellous it would be, my own darling to have you home again? I shall never forgive you, if you do not warn me. The shock would be too much for me and besides the anticipation of your homecoming would be too much of a pleasure to be missed.

I hate to think of you living in such a horrible climate. Surely you will not be left there too long! It is unnatural to ask a white man to live for long periods under such climatic conditions. I am so happy because you are happy. Do not feel sad about things happening around you. We all have these small annoyances and disappointments but it is grand to be above them all. Now that we have each other we must see every thing through "rose-coloured Spectacles". Our contentment and happiness makes this possible. People tell me I am always in the "same form" - they think so but really I have my 'ups' & 'downs'. I do try to turn the best side out & you know it helps me. Is this auto-suggestion or is it?

So your Mater Hospital days were not your happiest ones? Poor, Frank. Isn't it such a pity we did not know each other then as we do now. We could have been such a help to one another. I nearly died of loneliness when I came Omaghwards first. How often I set off to walk to the Station, go home & thereby throw up my job, nobody knows. I think it was the thought of looking rather foolish which prevented me. I seldom visited anywhere in my first year but Una Walsh & I walked miles & miles each afternoon, each trying to console the other. Week end about we went to each others homes and the break helped us. Occasionally we went to Derry on a Saturday afternoon & sat a whole host of Una's Donegal friends. I was 2 years in Omagh before taking up golf. I remember writing to Frances one Sunday, I had a most frightful fit of the blues. Page after page was rattled off but that letter never reached her. I kept it and ages afterwards I enjoyed reading it. My first impressions of Omagh, its people, my seven colleagues at the convent and my pupils were rich.

To night there is to be a party at Birchfield (Murnaghans) We are to spend a profitable Sabbath playing cards. Before going I hope to attend the Holy Hour in Omagh's beautiful church for our intentions. I must say adieu now for the time being as I promised to call out at Hughes. Annie is home from Fortwilliam for the weekend. It will be a break from home. Tomorrow Monday will be a busy day. In the afternoon, there is our sewing class & at night Rosa Murnaghan (the girl in your snap) & Mattie Marshall (my cousin) are coming to Holmview for a "chin wag". I hope to do a few more of the daisies for our cloth during it. God bless you, Frank



5, Monday 6<sup>th</sup> Oct.

So you see my dearest one I have found a few moments during my busy Monday to write you a few lines. The ladies have not arrived for the fireside chat as yet, so here I am with you again. Frank, does it tire you to read these closely written pages? Do tell me & I shall try to write a little larger & space the lines more generously too. - but if I do I cannot get everything I want to say into the letter - & I always feel like saying so much. When I commence your letter I could go on & on for hours. I never seem to get tired & I am never lost for something to say. It shall be the same when we meet. I know I shall never want to part from you except of course where your work calls you to one part, while mine calls to another. Yes, my good man, whether you like it or not I do not intend to sit by & let someone else do my housework. Unless I do the thing myself I never believe it to be done correctly - said she conceitedly. (now don't blame me for giving you my thoughts - you must know me on all sides good & bad) I have so much to find out about a house, its care, its furnishings, the daily work it entails, the cooking, the washing & the mending. It is all so exciting to delve into the unknown & find things out for ones self. I shall not be lonely when you go off each morning to earn "our bread & butter" to use your own dear words. I shall go prowling around my home - our home - & I bet when you return I shall have many interesting things to relate. How on earth could you imagine this to be a dull time?

Now I have a very big crow to pluck with you. Are you ready? How dare you declare that you bet I haven't done a thing about our bottom drawers. I wish with all my heart that you had made your bet known because then I should have collected it with alacrity. Do you know, young man that I have lost all my interest in clothes & now all I want to buy is something for our paradise. I wish I had more time to prowl around Belfast Shops. I intend to make quite a few purchases during my week end & also to take them to Killybegs where I have left my ~~trunk~~ trunks to take the place of our bottom drawer. I am very proud of the same lovely trunks. I have never had a trunk - we always used a family trunk at school. First it was Felias at Armagh. When my turn came a black stroke was painted at the tail of his F to make it into an E. for our initials were rather similar - and so the cumbersome trunks passed down from one to the other. Well this summer I decided to invest the money I earned while superintending in Strabane, in a trunk. I got it in Erskines of North St. It was old stock (everyone looks very for old stock these times because the new stuff is usually inferior) & there was no purchase tax on it. yet it cost £7. I made my purchase all by myself but when it arrived in Killybegs all agreed it was worth & well worth the money. It is dark blue hide and is fitted beautifully inside. It is now Tuesday night, last night I was forced to end my letter rather abruptly. Who do you think walked in while the ladies were engrossed with their needlework knitting the dance Corporal Harold Andrews. I think I have told you about Harold. He is just 21 years old, lives in Belfast but about a year ago he was



6; stationed in Omagh. He was then a budding architect. He was in the same digs as myself & we were very good friends. He taught me to paint, to shoot, to play darts & many other such occupations. He painted me a lovely picture of a Donegal scene which I since have framed. Well, to make a long story short he was transferred to new work in Postadown. I had many nice letters from him. The next thing I heard was that he had joined the army & was being sent here. Since his arrival he has had many interviews & the outcome of these is that he has been granted his Commission. He is to become one of the Engineering Corps. His one desire is to get out to the East, particularly India so who knows you may run into him some day soon. He has promised me to let me know, if he is going & when so I shall send all kinds of messages with him. I wanted him to put me in his pocket & he was agreed!! I showed him your photograph, Frank & although he likes you, he is disappointed that I am going to get married. He says he does not believe in this marriage business!! Harold is a Plymouth Brother & is very religious. You are not jealous of Harold, Frank? Our friendship is truly a platonic one.

Our Sunday night party at Murnaghans went off very well. They taught me to play a new card game called Bezique. It is a game for two so they told me it would be useful for me to know such a game. I thought it was a very difficult game.

To-day was my competition at the links. The weather was not too good. I had a quiet time sitting in the clubhouse while the others were all out playing. However I tried to make myself useful by preparing the tea. Some hungry men arrived in & persuaded me to give them a part of our "scrap" tea (each lady brings something). The competition was a "bogey competition" so I had quite a lot of calculations to make as each pair of cards came in. My poor old brain is rather tired to night as a result. I did not get home until 7 p.m. & was I feeling cold? Guess who won? Joan Moorhead. The sad part about it is that we only succeeded in pulling her handicap down to 33. So ends the competitions of the season. Black out now is about 7.30 and it is quite dark in the mornings getting up. You should have seen me setting off for school this morning complete with oilskin coat, oilskin hood & gum boots. It was the fair day in the town & I almost "fell" badly for two cows.

The Mother Provincial of the hotels order arrived to-day. She is going to parade around the classes to-morrow. All the girls are to appear in their Sunday frocks - navy with white collars. This has been a very interesting 2 pages. I am very content & happy to-night my own darling and it is because I love you so much. Our separation can only make my love for you grow stronger & better. God bless you to-night and always.



1 Wednesday, Oct. 8

I have a grand surprise this morning dear Frank when I received a letter from Daddie enclosing 2 grand letters from you, the first posted August 31<sup>st</sup> & the other September 1<sup>st</sup>. Believe it or not I had not a moment to read them as the post arrives in at 9.15 or thereabouts & we are due in school at 9.25. How I longed all morning to open them but I did not. I hurried home at 12.30 (you should have seen the speed at which I came down our "court-house hill" & of course forgot to make a call in the local grocer for some provisions he has promised me to make an Xmas cake. I warned Aileen that I intended to read them at our lunch & very rudely I sat perusing them while I gobbled my lunch. I could only manage to read the first. On my return at 3.30 I delved into the second and I have just finished it.

The snaps you enclosed were wonderful - the most wonderful being the Snap of yourself seated at the wheel of your Austin. Why did you give me the wrong impression of it? It looks very posh indeed! and ~~quite~~ <sup>instead of</sup> looking funny, you look very well indeed - the cheek of them laughing at you!! I am glad you are above such annoyances. I am afraid I am not quite aloof from the sayings of my fellow men. I should love not to care a jot for what other think of me. I must admit I do not like other to dislike me. I do not dislike anyone in my own heart & no matter how people have wronged me I cannot bear them any hatred or even snub them. Other think I am too soft but it is not softness, as they call it. I learnt my lesson in forgiveness many years ago when I was a very little girl. I do not admire sulky people or those who hold spite against their neighbours. It seems such a waste of time. The enlargement of the beach with the waving palms was a remarkable Snap. Are you sure you did not buy it as a post-card at the local shop!?? The "Wild Waves" could be the Atlantic breakers at Ranafast. It is very like a Snap you gave me years ago at the Irish College. All the other snaps you have mentioned have not arrived as yet. I am dying to see your 500 mile journey through beautiful Malaya.

So you got my "Trans Pacific" letter. By now I suppose you have my second one with the medal attached. For goodness sake, Frank don't say you are ashamed of your letters. They are all marvellous & full of interest for me. No matter what you might say I know my own limitations as regards letter writing - but if they convey to you how much you are being loved each day by this poor heart of mine, then I am perfectly satisfied. You can never send me enough love in them and I do not mind in the slightest being called darling - as a matter of fact I like it very well indeed.



I had Daddie's letter in front of me as I write. He is looking forward to my week end at home with him (Oct. 18<sup>th</sup>). I told you about Felix & his ~~etc~~ thoughts about the Milloughs & or Ballynahinch practices. Well, this is what Daddie writes "The Ballynahinch practice is still in the lap of the Gods. Felix & Mona were at the dance in Fruit Hill last night & met Dr. J. A. McAuley, who is doing locum in Ballynahinch. Felix had a very interesting conversation with him, after which Felix's chances seemed better. He is advised to keep as much as possible in Belfast this week. He is also advised, if this fails to start in Milloughs at once." I will surely give Daddie & Mamma your special message & shall be very proud to deliver such a beautiful message. You speak very nicely about them & I love you for it.

I was very interested to hear your news on Mr. Walsh. Strangely enough I am to go up to the convent to meet himself & his wife this very evening. I shall quote the high opinion you hold of him. Knowing him, I know just how he will be interested. He is the most simple man I have ever met. He was up in Dublin to give a broadcast on Sunday night last which unfortunately clashed with benediction in Omagh so I missed hearing him. When passing through he sent me very nice messages. Did I tell you he gave me a very nice book written by himself "The Next Time". Perhaps you have read it? He autographed it & wrote "It is better to have lived & to have been loved as she had been". This is an extract from the book I was given to me quite a few years ago.

Our boarder's Retreat is the week-end after next. We are off from mid-day, Friday until mid night. Monday (this is the unearthly hour the train reaches Omagh, but don't be worried. Aileen will be with me). I have written Anne & asked her to ring Spring Villa that Friday night. She is lonely, Frank and feels your dear mother's death very much. I love her very much and if I were candid I would say that one of my chief reasons for going to Belfast is to spend my time with your father & Anne. They seem anxious that I should go up to Beechwood very often. Mairead, our masseuse in Dublin, beseeched me in her last letter to come down to her in Dublin. She even blackmailed me into going but she has failed. I shall have all the latest news of both our homes for you when I return.

It was very stupid not to think of sending you a paper



Poor Frank must ask for it. Please forgive me, I shall post off one to-morrow & when at home I shall order each week's paper to be sent to you. Are there any other papers you would like? Don't be afraid to ask me to do anything for you. It gives me the greatest possible pleasure - how don't deprive me of this.

Snapshot albums are not very plentiful here so I am asking Maiead to buy me one in Dublin. During my Christmas holidays I shall insert all your lovely snaps. I shall have them all ready to show you on your return.

Are you trying to frighten me off from Malaya? Apart from accomplishing your object you have made the country of your adoption a very enticing one. I must admit however, that the "Snake in the Grass" disturbed me quite a bit. Don't worry about my eight Stone. It can be no longer that figure as I feel so strong & fit. I must tell you now, Frank that had the Convent Staff remained at No 15 John St. we should have been skeletons. No joking, we were almost starved. The nuns got real worried about me & eased my timetable. Mrs Hughes invitation to Rozelle was well-timed indeed, otherwise I should probably have been sick. She knew this, like the kind hearted soul she was & she even tried to persuade me stay out with her. They are very good friends to me slipping me "pats" of nice country butter, taking me away for car trips, visiting me out so often, giving me cream to drink. Do not think that "drinking cream" is a pleasure. I adore cream - by the way there is no such thing as cream to be bought now. Slimming never appealed to me, my good man! I eat all I can get by fair or foul means. There goes the tea gong as excuse me for this evening. God bless you always.

Here I am back with my beloved one again to-night. It is a weird night. The sky is murky & overcast, the rain is falling heavily. It is a night one would feel depressed but not your Eileen. I am as happy as a Queen sitting in my room, all alone and finishing my letter to my own darling, 7000 miles away so that I may send it off to him in the morning with all my love. I missed seeing Mr Walsh this evening but saw Mrs Walsh. She was most interested to hear all about you, Frank. I gave her the gist of your words about her husband and she was mightily pleased. Did I ever tell you that Mrs Walsh once confided in me that she would have loved me for her son, Louis. It was quite an honour to be so selected. However her hopes were doomed. That was about 5 years ago and even then I knew my heart was no longer mine to give. The keeper was away in one of England's large & important cities and the sad part of it all was that he didn't know for years afterwards. Had you known then, I wonder would you have given me up for the son of the man, of whom you think so highly. Woe betide you if you would!!



Looking through an old album of mine I unearthed this miniature  
Snap, taken when the O'Kare family numbered three. You have me as a  
school girl as a grown up school teacher so here is one of me aged  
3 years. I am seated on Daddies knee, Felix is behind & Mattie is on  
Mammies knee. How do you like Daddie & Mammie? Mammie has  
grown much fatter but has the same beautiful face. She has lovely brown  
eyes, just like yours. Daddie is very little changed and to day looks as  
young as ever. Which of them do you think I resemble?  
You asked about the address for my letters. Either the Convent or  
Spring Villa will do. You know we shall go on holiday about Dec. 20<sup>th</sup>  
returning about January 10<sup>th</sup> so those posted to arrive in or around  
these dates would come to me directly, if addressed to Belfast. I  
still think it is marvellous of you to sit down every evening to  
write me. If you only knew the pleasure I get from reading your  
letters but when your O.C. invites you on this trip or that please go  
with him and when you return tired get under your mosquito  
net right away. My letter can wait.

Never say you are not good enough for me, Frank dearest.  
You are too good. It is I who falls so miserably short. I am not  
opening humility when I say this. I know my own limitations so  
well. I always think that people who like me must be blind to these.  
The main thing is that I love you Frank and I want to make you  
happy. If I succeed then it is I who shall be the happiest girl on  
earth. I pray so earnestly for this. Do not worry about my over-  
doing the praying. I love my prayers and always they have been  
my greatest consolation. When I was ill, all advised to me to ease off  
the prayers but their words fell on deaf ears. I went to mass & Holy  
Communion every morning during the year I was at home. I offered  
up a lot of these prayers then for you, dearest Frank. The last  
letter you wrote me from Birmingham reached me on my birthday  
morning during this time. You must have been at home that  
Christmas. Had you known I was ill, would you have come up  
to see me? It thinks there would have been no need of an American  
holiday had you come up and told me that you still loved me. I  
should have been better right away. But the good God who loves us  
both saw differently. He wanted to make our separation more complete  
so that our reunion should be the happiest one in the world. God bless  
you Frank for giving me such happiness already. I shall write out &  
enclose our special prayer. I say it every day. What more appropriate  
picture could I write it on than one of the Holy Family. May our family  
be always try to imitate the beautiful family of Nazareth. You have  
St. Joseph as your patron & I have Mary.  
God bless you and may He watch over you every minute of  
every day and forever  
your ever loving Eileen.