

The Flat.

Sunday.

Sweetheart

Our holiday together  
seems all part of a very lovely  
dream now angel. It was,  
as I said before angel, short  
but very sweet, and for many  
nights to come I shall send  
myself to sleep dreaming over  
the happy moments.

I lay in bed on Sat:  
morning, and wondered what you  
were doing, and smiled at the  
sight of your pipe in its stand,  
and my lovely dressing gown

knocking on the door. I shall  
sneak down into it shortly  
when I get out of my bath.

Yes we are back home  
again, and I am all set for

the office in the morning. It  
will be strange seeing all the  
old faces and meeting the  
new boss and trying to  
catch up on all the correspondence  
that will have accumulated. But

don't get me wrong, darling,  
I am going to take life a  
little easier at the office in  
future. Doctor's last words  
were "Don't get right down  
again."



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I wondered if that early train  
which you caught managed to  
get you an earlier connection at  
the next junction. I hoped so,  
sweet. And I'll bet you snoozed  
in the corner all the way down.

Did you find some cones,  
and parcels waiting for you  
sweetheart? Poor you! You didn't  
relish that return journey, did  
you, angel, and watching you go  
down the line is like losing part  
of me. Ugh! I'm just going to  
keep praying that you will  
soon be home in my arms  
again.

I had a terrifically busy day

yesterday. Always the best course  
when you don't want your thoughts  
to creep up on you.

I turned out our room,  
saw the doctor, lunched with  
Joan & mum, who then went off  
to the hospital, leaving me to  
return to the flat & more housework.  
The old insurance man did not  
turn up after all, so I made  
my way back to the Dine, accom-  
panied by Laddie.

We all went to the Regal  
in the evening, and Gee! when  
we came out, was it a hectic  
night!! Gale blowing!! Wind  
whistling around the old pins,  
albeit a warmish wind.



5 But we were in luck. A large  
cane a 132 almost immediately  
and we were soon snug indoors  
sipping Ovaltine. I was thinking  
of you, maybe rolling about on  
the sea in that gale and probably  
feeling like nothing on earth.  
What a war!! What a beastly  
war!!

Docking in case this letter  
is delayed in the Xmas rush  
of mail, I want to wish you  
all the happiness in the world  
to come. If this can't be the  
most wonderful Xmas eve, and  
it won't be if we are to spend  
it apart, then I know we will

both make the most of it, and  
keep a bright dream in our hearts  
of the glorious times we will  
spend together in the future.

Thank you hubby-mine, once  
again for my lovely dressing  
gown, and every night & morning  
when I snuggle into it, I'll  
close my eyes and dream that  
it is your warmth & love  
enfolding me,

Old Westy chin up? That's  
good, I love you, angel, with  
all my heart, always,

Love

xxxxxx  
x

Po. Mum. K.

P/mx 500000

4thm NIB. 710,

Sp. G.P.O. Kanda



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