

29.3.44

The Drive.
Wednesday

Dad, Saying goodbye to you will never get any better for me. No matter if we parted a million times I should never get over the sheer misery of watching your train steaming away into the distance - every second getting further from me.

Funny how little control one has at these minutes - with a hundred things to say -

"Dad, I love you", "Take care of yourself all the time", "See you soon" - all one can manage is a shaky word or two that probably doesn't make sense. But you know how I feel sweet and what I mean to convey in that last kiss. Being with you, for a day, a week or all time will always mean heaven for this girl.

Arriving home I settled down to knit, and listen to Vic Silvester playing

Sweet music - including "Time on My Hands".
Did I dream that you were sitting in that
armchair this afternoon singing that sweet
number to me?

I hope your trains connected at Chatham
OK. - or if not that you were able to spend
the time quaffing a pint & napping a cheese
roll or sump'n. Gee whizz honey, when this
war is over I shall be the happiest wife in
all the world - all the time - instead of in
short spasms.

Thinking of you all the time, and
I'm getting tired so I can sleep -----

All my love is yours,
forever

Carl

29.5.42

xxxx
xxx