

88A Bellegrave Rd.
Wellington.

Darling

This parting business is
torture isn't it? I shall never
get used to kissing you good-
bye - at least not while the
war lasts. May be different
when its on our own front-
porch & you are only on your
way to the office - ah me!
Sweet dreams. Gill, never fear,
angel-mine, those days will
come some time, and they'll be
all the more heavenly in
comparison with these present
black days.

I am wondering what sort

of a journey back you had.
I hope it wasn't too tedious.

For my part it took me
until 6.15. to get home to the
flat! We stood for quite 30 mins.
outside New Cross, and I began
to wonder if we'd strayed off
our course & been lost by the
Signalmen. See I wasn't sorry
to sit down before a lovely fire
& bring my feet back to life.

If that's what travelling is
gonna be like for a few weeks,
I shall pad to work in my
bootees. I have cleaned &
polished them & generally given
them the once-over tonight.

We've collected quite an amount

I stuff for the laundry over the
past 14 days & that too I've
sorted out since I've been home.

In fact, honey, until now
I haven't wanted to sit down
much. - once I thawed out. I've
just kept on the go the whole
time, that way one has less
time to think. I guess I'll
get used to this new turn of
late in time, and adjust my
ideas. - Heigh ho!

I forget what we decided
that I should do about the
photo & anyway I'm not
sure of your address, so I'll
hang on until I get your
phone call. I do hope you
manage to ring me in the

morning. And I hope you are
feeling better soon darling. I
don't like you being 'sleazy'.
Do as the M.D. tells you &
you'll soon be right as nine-
pence - I hope.

Queer how all the things
one plans to say on these
occasions seem to stick in a
lump in the back of your
throat. "Bye darling" is usual
my utmost. So I'll say now
darling I love you with all my
heart.

God bless you & keep you
Safe,
Clas

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THOMAS THORNET.

POST OFFICE

THANKS.

