

The Office.
Tuesday.

Sweetheart

Yesterday was a lovely
start to the New Year - a letter
then phone call from my
everloving husband. Nice.

I had been wondering
whether to send you a telegram.
I'm afraid that phone talks must
be a little disappointing for you
when I am in the office, I
don't exactly drip with love, do
I honey? But you know how
I feel and I try to put all
the feeling possible into my
monosyllables. But I guess its
not the same as those three words.
Auh?

I was sorry to hear that your
tummy has not yet fully
recovered. Do you know that
Boxing Day, when we staggered
out into the cruel world as far
as Catford, was the coldest day
of the Century! No wonder we
got cold feet - &c. Phew!

I couldn't write the usual
screed last evening as Joan &
Baby were there, but I'll try to
get this posted off before the end
of the day.

It's a queer thing that I
started off 1944 with a feeling
of dread. Each month I used
to think, That's another twelfth
of the year behind us, and wonder

how things would be with us by
the time the next month was through.
lets hope, darling, that we never
have another year like it.

I've got a bubbly feeling about
1945. The feeling that things are
going to come right at last. Even
if we are parted, angel, I think
this year will be a happy one
because it is going to take us
well on the road to peace,
security, a home of our own,
and all our other dreams for the
future.

Lindy: Darling, I feel very ashamed
of my mail this week. Old
meanie - considering the letters I've
had & our phone calls. I seem
to have been unable to settle

down this week - kind of "on the
go" all the time.

See I hope we aren't
disappointed over the weekend.
As far as I can see it will be
lovely weather if a trifle cold.
But what care we? As

long as we're together.

Missing you, baby.

and missing you,

Love

5/11
Jan



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