

WHEN SHE COMES HOME

When she comes home again! A thousand ways

I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble--yes;

And touch her as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise

Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:

The room, will sway a little, and a haze
Clog eyesight-soulsight, even-for a space,
And tears--yes; and the ache here in the throat,

To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me, and the sobbing note

I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

James Whitcomb Riley.

April 14/48

Dearest Pal

Just a few short lines to tell you I love you. Just 8 more days and you will be here. I spoke to Pearl last night & she wants us to go to dinner at her place on Monday evening. She says she knows you will be tired after your journey and want feel like cooking so she wants you & the kids for dinner. OK? Under separate cover I've sent pictures addressed to you distribute them as you wish my darling I'm going over to the house either today or tomorrow to see what I have to get.

See darling I love you so very much and a week is a long time I'm sending herewith a little poem that I found it expresses things much better than I do

If you like the poem keep it. It expresses
my thoughts so nicely

Love to Mother & family

Love to Diddy & Etta

I love you

Kay

REGINA, SASK.
APR 14
2:30 PM
1942
TERMINAL A



Mrs. R. Thomson
Co 3569 - West 28th Ave
Vancouver

BT

**BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION**