

Dear Angel-Pie,

L-127

I went ver to the Bledse huse this morning on Isolde. What's happened to the o's on this typewriter? Or what's happened to my faultless typing? Echo answers Idunno. Mrs. Bledsoe told me Jim was going to Africa this evening or sometime soon, so I am adding an annex to this letter, to tell you I'm sorry I was so nasty and frigid in the main part. Well, relatively nasty and frigid. Only you know how it is, I get cold feet every time I'm not reminded that you love me as much as I love you, and I ask myself am I sticking my neck out in this matter? The result is that I chatter on about everything except what I'm thinking about, which is that I love you to a turn and that I'm scared to death that you've found yourself a beauteus black maiden or that you have decided to live a monastic life and devote yourself to uplifting the heathen. And I start thnking abut how maybe in that case I better begin to think about encouraging some worthy local youth instead of picking all my dreams off of the same dream-tree. Whereupon I become morose, which in my case takes itself out in the form of light hearted chit-chat that only succeeds in being poisonous.

I've got a wonderful sun-burn from being n the beach all day yesterday with Mr. Bishop and five or six of his friends. We had a very nice and peaceful Sunday, and I was able to forget the nerve-wracking week at Pan American, another of which begins to-day at one o'clock unfortunately. Mother and Daddy got so exited about my being over-worked that Pop called me up Saturday evening to say they would support me willingly if I wanted to give up the job, but of course that takes a ~~xtg~~ lot of thought, because it's so much better to earn your own money and not be dependant on a long-suffering family which has been supporting you for years and years and deserves a rest. However, if some other company wanted to hire me I should be very pleased.

Williampuss, it's high time I tookthis letter over to the Bledsoe house and went to work. Try to forgive me for being such a silly about things in general and you in articular, and remember that actually it's all your fault for being so ghashtly irresistable!

With all the above-mentioned love,

Philinda

My Darling,

I take it all back! Excuse me for being so hasty.

Obviously, another letter came at last, so all is once more rosy and blooming and life is happy again. I haven't read it yet. Got to rush to work.

One second has passed. I love you one second more!

Me