

APR 14 REC'D

222 Phenetia Avenue
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L-130 p1

Hello darling:

A quiet evening at home for a change. Living alone and being of a sociable turn of mind, I don't like to spend too many evenings in the privacy of my apartment, no matter how weary I may be after the day's work. It's too conducive to brooding. But to-night I had a good book and an insistent urge to write to my love, so I didn't go out. The book is Sackville-West's The Edwardians, and the love is always and forever you. You must have noticed that some days you can speak a foreign language more easily and fluently than others for no explainable reason, and the same feeling comes to me every once in a while with my work. To-day was one of the days when I completely forgot everything except what I was doing and learning, when I was able to put out of my head entirely the thought that time is slow and years are interminable, and was even capable of thinking of Lagos as a stop on the Pan American route rather than the place where you are! You needn't fear that I'll ever be able to keep that up for any great length of time- it's just a novelty that rather intrigues me, the same way it intrigues me when I can express myself reasonably well in a language that is fundamentally strange. My natural language is English, and my natural thoughts are all for you and about you. Still, once in a while it's a piquant surprise to find oneself speaking another language! The cause of all this unusual interest in my work is that I have changed jobs at PAA, and am now in a very interesting branch where the work is much more varied and interesting than it was in Central reservations, where I was before. Also, thank goodness, less intense and continuously strenuous. It's not exactly sedentary now, but it's not dull as the other was, and I have an opportunity to speak to the public and specifically the passengers arriving and departing. If I keep this up long I shall be speaking French with a Haitian accent, and Spanish like a Cuban (horrors)

How voluble I am. Excuse me, my love, for talking shop. I wish you were here to tell me it doesn't interest you and that children should be seen and not heard. In fact, when it comes to that I wish ~~you~~ you were here to tell me just anything that came into your head. Some one left me part of a bottle of whiskey the other day, and I could palm it off on you, because I hate the stuff. There I go imagining you're here again! But it is so fun! The psychologists say that insanity results from living more and more in a dream world of one's own creation, where things are ordered as one would like to have them ordered... and it is becoming more and more obvious to me that I am crazy about you. I wonder if this sort of thing keeps on forever when one is in love, or if the mad dream-world eventually fits itself neatly into reality and things become "normal" again. I can't imagine falling out of love with you, but I can picture a future which is the real counterpart of what are now just dreams, one in which possibly I might accept the fact of seeing you daily and being with you all the time, and might take it as a matter of pleasant, contentful course. I wouldn't mind getting used to you (now don't laugh, I mean it in a serious way) because I am slightly fearful of my own inflammatory emotions, which are new and strange to me.

The Edwardians sounds more like a French novel than anything I have read in English- something like Stendhal and something like Balzac. Without the passion of the former and the moral lessons of the latter. Perhaps you would like it, if you haven't read it. But probably you haven't time nor opportunity for reading- as I seldom do these days.

L-130p2

The case of your friend Elsbeth is interesting, although I don't see why she couldn't ~~have~~ simply fall in love with the gentleman without benefit of all the Freudian explanations you ascribed, William, my analytical angel! I suppose when you come down to mournful and unromantic facts, there is an equally Freudian reason for anyone's falling in love. I've known lots of relatively young girls ~~xxx~~ who have vowed and sworn they would never look at a man unless he were not a distinguished twenty or so years older than they, and while most of them don't live up to their girlish ambitions, I suppose some of them do. Perhaps Elsbeth was just toying around with you while she was actually on the lookout for just such an "older man", although personally I can't imagine how anyone could look at you and think deep thoughts about someone else. Admittedly, I'm prejudiced. How sad it must be to have to wait eagerly for an innocent person to die! That's what seems to me the worst of the matter, not the fact that he is so much older than she.

Mr. Bishop has a genius for people, and has a group of highly satisfactory friends, all of whom I have found entertaining and out-of-the-ordinary. Last night I went to dinner at the home of my very favorite couple, who have a charming home here with a comfortable patio in the middle and three dachshunds who all want to be patted at once. They have an outdoor grill built into a wall from which drip the most riotous floral vines that have ever struck my eyes. We toasted frankfurters and rolls in the grill last night, and drank large but not excessive quantities of red wine while we all talked merrily at once and settled innumerable world problems. By the by, they are a very happy couple and he is at least ten ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ or fifteen years older than she is - for what that's worth! I hope it will please you to know that the Blissesses (that's their name) have dubbed me "Faithful Philinda". You guess why!

Speaking of faithfulness reminds me that you never did tell me whether or not you have ~~it~~ discovered a new and better method of keeping warm at parties. Remember I told you about meeting the girl from Newark at Janie's who said oh yes, she remembered William Krieg, then ~~a~~ cold my horror and astonishment that she had never noticed you catching ~~it~~ at social gatherings? Well, well, well, thought I as I turned a ghastly shade of green, so that's the score, is it? I never have quite recovered from that blow, but I try not to brood about it! And it's a consolation to consider that Africa has a much warmer climate than Ohio, and maybe you don't have to take such far-reaching measures of protection there... I'm sorry, I'm afraid I've been teasing you. Or trying to. Which reminds me, can people tease you easily? I myself am God's gift to all potential and actual teasers, and have been looking for years for someone whom I in turn could tease. How cosy it would be if I could tease you mildly from time to time!

I have been thinking that I didn't properly tell you how very pleased and touched I was by the check you sent me - or rather, the idea behind it. The money I have put in the sock, figuratively speaking, until you tell me whether or not you approve of the ring idea. But the thought behind it I have kept with me all the time. You know the story behind my particularly favorable reaction to unrequested generosity. That scene you witnessed in Lisbon was just one of a series of small incidents of no real importance, but which I suppose affected me more than I realized. All of which simply tells you that I love you/how I felt about the matter without my telling you.

What awful typing. I'm afraid I'm not mechanically minded.

My dear, think of me every ten minutes of the day and you'll

still be several laps behind me in my thinking about you. L-130p3

I've acquired a rather muddled-headed but sympathetic girl friend who always refers to you as being a "Foreign Agent" ever since I told her you were in the Foreign Service. Which practically makes a Fifth Columnist of you. I'm afraid to correct her for fear it will spoil her unsullied innocence, but at times it is disconcerting to think that some one might overhear her and report you to the FBI! The odd part of it is that thought this young lady is, as you can imagine from the above, quite whacky about some things, she is very intelligent about a great variety of other things. Music, for instance, and her own job, which is very well done without a trace of the confusion which I first thought would be evident in all her activities. She and I are drawn together by the following bond: She has never found a good substitute for a young man who is now languishing in Alaska, and she lives from letter to letter.

If I don't go to bed right this minute I shall be sleeping in my chair all night.

Be good, my dear. Excuse me for rambling so.

PHILINDA

Light of my life and Superman:

Here I pop up again to ramble some more, because I never got around to posting this. And here it is Monday the 23rd! Let's see, what's

the news? Well, I still like my work even though I do have to get up at four A.M. some mornings and other days I have to stay till midnight. I still love you madly, passionately, devotedly and hopelessly and still secretly fear that one fine day you'll turn into a bird of paradise and fly away (or don't they fly at all?- a small matter.) The other night I went to another party at the Bliss' house and ate too much again. One of the dachshunds tore a hole in my dress in her enthusiasm and I burned a hole in Mrs. Bliss' sofa, but not out of a spirit of revenge- just out of carelessness! Mrs. Bliss let me cook dinner, which was fun, and we had Welsh rarebit with beer for them and wine for me. What else is news? Oh, I am the first and only girl who has worked at the particular place I am, so as a result I am very much teased by my co-workers- as usual. It looks to me as if I am going to go through life being teased by all and sundry. Do try not to do too much of it yourself, Ange!puss! Even if you have the urge. Right now I am always referred to as the new counter-boy, and called Jack for no apparent reason, other than that they are not used to female names being bandied about there at the airport.

Mother just wrote that she has finally gone around to collect some pictures I had taken at a Department store in Orange, and that she is going to send them down to me soon quick like a bunny so I can send one on to you, if you still love me. Unfortunately she had them all colored, and while I ~~don't know~~ about you, I don't like colored pictures, because they usually look cheap. However, having paid my five dollars I shall send ~~them~~ ^{one} on to you nevertheless, just so it makes me look gorgeous and glamorous and luffly and whatnot. If not, of course, I shall keep it here with me so you won't know the awful truth- on second thought maybe I'll compromise and send them to you if they just don't look too ghastly.

The beans are boiling over- I'm having the Spanish professor to dinner so I can practice my Spanish and my cooking and also feed the poor man without it's looking like charity, because Mr. Bishop and I are afraid he doesn't get enough to eat. No more paper. Paper or no I must tell you that you are my only love and will remain so till hell freezes.

Philinda