

April 12

My dearest,

L-135

I had high hopes of sending this off with one of the ferry boys, but his flight kept being delayed and I never had it with me when I met people going off to Africa at the Air port. By this time you will have received the two little notes I sent you from the office. Thank you again for the photographs, and please let me repeat that what I am looking for is more and better of the same.

The problems that were weighing me down when I sent off the latest little missive were as follows: last Tuesday as I was sitting at the front counter there at Dinner Key who should walk up but Jones. For four days we went over the same old arguments and everything was very bad, because I thought he had given up the idea of getting me back and he hadn't. Why he came down here I don't know, but it was a ghastly idea in the first place and the only result was mutual hard-feelings. I had to ask Johnny Moore, my very nice and sympathetic boss, to help me send him away finally, which was most unpleasant as you can well imagine. Thank goodness Johnny Moore is one of the kind of people that are just made for crises, and what I was unable to do alone I did with his assistance. He collected me in his car every morning and brought me home every evening, and stood by the telephone in case I needed him, which on the last day I did I felt awfully sorry for Jimmie all the time, but all he did was antagonize me and try all the wrong methods, so that it was a great relief when he left for good at last.

There now, I don't want to talk about that anymore. It was awful.

Yesterday afternoon I was off early, and went sailing on Biscayne Bay with some co-workers at PAA. It was a lovely, a perfect afternoon, but there was so little wind that we ended up on one of the little islands in the bay, where we sat down on a deserted little beach and opened coconuts for several hours, happily if idiotically, and watched the planes landing in the harbor in front of Dinner Key. As it got later the sea became even calmer, till you couldn't tell where the sunset ended and the water began, because everything you could see was sunset-colored. Very nice indeed. If we are ever here together we must go to that little island.

Janie is now back in New York and very much more pleased with life than she was in Vermont. She seems quite excited about getting married, and quite sure she will, in June. She kindly asked me to go with her to Newark and see the wedding, but unfortunately it's impossible because 1) I shall be in the midst of the divorce 2) I don't want to give up my job even if the divorce is over with. I need the money; also it is much safer not to move away just as soon as the thing is done, since that is what is causing so much trouble in the courts right now.... How I hate all this horrible business!

Sweet love, I want calm and peace and you so very much! I suppose I won't be able to attain the first two until I get the last. I want to get a stable, permanent contentment, which only you can give me. As I have been telling you constantly, you need never worry in the smallest degree about my being unfaithful to the idea we have built up, because it is probably one of the strongest things in the world, and nothing or nobody could turn me from it. I am beginning to think that if I knew I'd never see you again at all, I'd still be true to that ephemeral idea. Which is amazing to me, because I never had an ambition and a purpose before, nor a thought so very strong that I couldn't live without it.