

MAY 12 REC'D

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Dear Love,

The other night at work I got the Bennett-sent letter. It was a queer, mixed-up sort of pleasure to see some one who had seen you so very recently. Naturally I was disappointed that the pictures were the same ones I had at home, being enormously hopeful that I might have a good new one to admire.

Mr. MacSweeney was a darling, and enormously tactful. I am glad to know you will be living with a gentleman of such wide understanding, my dear sweet. I must find time to write to him personally, but until then let him know that the flowers were almost as lovely as the thought.

I have been working and playing very hard, especially working. My mother and father became anxious because I hadn't written to them for lack of time, and they called me on the telephone the other night to see if I was all right, which of course I was. But time and sleep are lacking, and when I am not working I like to snatch a calm afternoon at the beach or sailing in the bay, so that sleep is the thing I have least of. I like it here in Florida, if I don't see too much of Miami, which is merely cheap and vulgar; the days are either warm and friendly or full of driving tropical rain, which is pleasantly stirring when it comes, because it makes a radical change from the softness of the usual days. I know now that I shall stay here until I can come to you or you come here. There is no reason to do otherwise, and I feel certain that New York would be a slow poisoning to me, quite irrationally. I love my parents very much, but all three of us have branched away from each other so distinctly that while we still know and love each other, it is as if there were a mist between us. I am better away by myself where I can still be in fairly close touch with them.

Letters number 7 and 13 finally arrived, yesterday, and were waiting for me patiently when I came home from work and supper ~~and~~ at midnight. The picture of you is fairly good, though it hardly does you justice in my estimation, which is admittedly very high. I love you. You are a darling and the more I see other gentlemen and their ways the more I approve of my choice. It appears that I am forever busy at making you into a concieted old Angelpuss, but I always say in my vulgar little way, a little of what you fancy does you good, and what I want to do is tell you all about everything. So on I go like a juggernaut. Thank goodness there is very little time to tell you all there is to say re Krieg, W.L., Perfections of.

On the news front, all I can recount is a round of pleasant idiocies. I have met several interesting people at PAA, some of whom have invited me out, and a select few of whom I have honored by my company on various occasions. Last Thursday evening after work I went to a party at the home of a couple who lived in China most of thier lives, and who have a collection of interesting tales. Friday night, I went to dinner in Miami Beach on one of the delightful made-islands in the bay, where there is a good orchestra to dance to, and one can eat out on a terrace and get the night breezes. Saturday afternoon I was off work, and went swimming with a meteorologist who is being transferred to Brazil very soon. Saturday night, to vary the diet, I went "jukung" as they say here. It's a simple matter of going from one juke joint to another lazily putting nickles in the machines and lazily drinking beer or, in my case, red wine. It has become a national instituti on on Saturday nights to do just that, and if you don't do it too much it is reasonably enjoyable and full of local color. Sunday morning I joined Mr. Bishop and his harem at breakfast in the local drugstore we always

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patronize, bringing with us the Sunday papers and a week's supply of idle chatter. In the afternoon I sailed across the bay to Virginia Key, with a good strong wind, plenty of sunshine, some sandwiches, and a radio, after which I came home and cooked supper, which was very fun. And there, unfortunately, the weekend ended. As you can see, nothing of world-shaking importance ever happens, but the time is passed reasonably pleasantly. Time rears its ugly head once more. Sometimes I think it is passing fast, and then again it seems that the weeks drag by on caterpillar feet, with no sense of the direction in which it ought to be heading. Still, in two months the matter of the divorce will be cleared up, if all goes as well as it should, and from now till next February it is only nine months, which is something definite to look forward to for a change. Sweet, I shall be so glad to see you again and be able to give up this pathless life and begin the supremely lovely task of loving you for the rest of my life! Sometimes I try to think how it would be to lead this life and not have the thought of our eventual happiness constantly in the background. It is an appalling thing to contemplate. Our young and noble friend James Page was drafted last month, but since then two of my colleagues have fallen for my subtle wiles, which is all very flattering and all that, and makes me wish I were younger and could get a great big pit-apat thrill out of it all. I find it a trifle mournful; although, as I said, very flattering. Looking on the practical side of things, there is always someone to take me home after work, and I hate the long bus ride home. However, in a few days I think I shall have the bus-ride problem settled, as well as a part of the unrequited-love problem, because I am planning to move to Coconut Grove much nearer the Air Base, where I can ride to work on my bicycle and won't have to accept the offers of rides in the cars of my loving friends. I have found a nice little house there which I can rent furnished for thirty-five a month. It is quite new and modern, in a little court all in a palm grove, as the Elizabethan poets would have put it. The idea of having a house all of my own absolutely thrills me, so I think I shall move in within a week or two. That being the case, it would be a good idea to send your next letter to P. Jones, Traffic Dept., ~~XXXXXX~~ Pan American International Airport, Coconut Grove, Florida. I'll give you the address later

Heavens, I don't think I told you that I have had a \$10 per month raise, and am now earning the enormous sum of \$100 each and every month! I certainly work hard enough for my stipend. Sometimes ten to thirteen hours a day, beginning at six-thirty in the morning.

William, my love for you is as strong and solid and powerful as it was last October, and as it will be for the rest of my life. I am beginning to think that the "stuff that dreams are made of" is the strongest and most durable stuff in the world. Nothing whatsoever has been able to take my mind off this lovely dream of ours and nothing has seemed real except the thought that I am yours and exist in you wholly- that the world I am living in is the transitory and ghostly dream, while our eventual life together in the future is the reality. I think I could go on for the rest of my life if it were necessary, thinking all the time that nothing was real except you and love.

But what a nasty thought. I want to be with you RIGHT NOW, and I want as little as possible of waiting and wasting time with unimportant details, and people that don't interest me really, and scenes that don't have you in them.

(Bath time has come.) My love, let us hope that this will be over next year this time, and perhaps already forgotten.

Remember I love and think of you always.

Philinda