

MAY 21 Rec'd

May 10, 1942

3071 Indiana St.

Coconut Grove, Fla.

L-146

p 1/2

Dearest William,

Yes indeed, a fine new house all to myself and lovely as it can be! I moved into it last week, and have been busy ever since molding it nearer to the heart's desire, to which it was pretty near in the first place. A real, life size house. One and a half stories high, with a living room that reaches to the roof, a balcony bedroom with a winding staircase leading to it, a kitchen separated from the living room by a set of shelves with a bar top. All new and shiny with nice modern furniture in it. I am busy upholstering the furniture now, surprized at my own boundless cleverness, of course.

And don't say you spell surprized with two s's instead of an s and a z, because I know it perfectly well but just happen to prefer my own private spelling!

Hello sweetheart. Thank you for the nice letter of April twenty-eighth, received at PAA the other morning, where I had asked them to forward my mail because when I moved I forgot to look at my new address. The brains, my dear William, of a limp lizard. I knew where I was moving to, but I didn't know the number of the house. Which you will one day find to be a perfect specimen of the muddy and confused thinking I indulge in on the rare occasions when I indulge in it at all. Moderation in everything, quoi! To chage the subject rather abruptly, I love you. I think you are a darling and a duck and a dear and I want to marry you. Will you marry me? You will find me a loving and devoted wife, and I can practically guarantee that the only trouble will be that I will hang around you all the time, and the theory is that you will like that anyway. Well, as I was saying, the letter came to the airport, and the Mail Truck driver brought it in and said, this isn't for a passenger, is it? I said no as I scudded across the room and buried myself in a corner with the letter.

On my next day off I shall gox into Burdine's and get you what you asked for, Angelpuss. Then will come the problem of finding a joe to take it to you. Bathing trunks don't weigh much, nor does a fountain pen, but the problem is finding the joe. I shall take them to the airport to be ready at all times, to shove them into the surprized hands of the first one that comes along.

In case you were beginning to have the same feeling I get when I haven't heard it for a week or two, I love you. And always will. And have no desire to change the status quo in this matter. And am waiting impatiently for the days and the weeks and the months to ooze by so that we can finally see each other. How incredibly fine and impossible that sounds. I wish I could grow wings on my feet, and four motors on my forehead, and a landing gear arrangement somewhere or other. Then I wouldn't even need a ticket, and perhaps they would let me into Nigeria without a passport, a visa, a health certificate, certificates of various and sundry vaccinations, and heaven knows what all. If wishing were as effective as a lot of people would have it, all those trifles would have been taken care of long since, and I would be competing earnestly (add one "a" to that last word and you're all set) with that lady in Lagos who made a nice home out of nothing in partic-

ular;- the lady you spoke of in your last letter, number 15. L-146 p2/2

You asked when the nasty business will be completed. I think I have answered that question previously, but in case I merely thought I had, the latest word is that it should be through by the last week in June or thereabouts. My lawyer says so, anyway. Darling, how can I say how much I want it to be through with, and our troubles over, and our lives begun! I am weary of being far away from the only thing in life that matters, among people that don't know and can't know that they are ghosts and shadows. It is now more than six months since I saw you last, and time being a relative thing, six months in this case is an eternity. It seems shorter to the time I left Paris, eleven months ago, than to the time we drove down in a taxi to the Export Line pier. Or does it. No, on second thought, it doesn't. It is right here with me, the dirty leather of the cab seat, and the rocky streets, and the climb down to the river from the Rua Duque de Palmela, the meter ticking off the escudos and the minutes together, the women trying to sell decrepit flowers on the wharf, the muddy water under the gangplank, the is-this-really-happening-at-last-feeling, the baggage piled up in the stateroom, the end. Thank goodness I didn't know at the time how long it was going to be before you would be with me again, or I should have done something stupid. It's odd how one remembers the smells and the sounds one heard in crises, rather than something or things more important. I don't remember your kissing me, but I remember the big piles of cargo on the wharf when I looked out the window, and the smell of wool from your suit. Of all things, I distinctly remember the feel of the padding in your shoulders. Highly annoying, because I wanted to remember what you said and how you looked, down to the last detail. And I'm sorry, but it's no consolation whatsoever to remember that I shall be seeing a lot of you in the next thirty years. I wonder how many years of my life I would give to see you tomorrow, if it ever came to the point where I could choose between the sight and the years. Offhand, I could offer you ten or twelve easily, and perhaps more after I'd thought the matter over.

They are trying to cut my hours down nearer to the regulation forty-eight a week. And my boss is trying to wangle a higher pay-check for me, also, feeling with a certain amount of reason that a hundred a month is not enough for a growing girl who does as much solid work as I do. Of course, if I had the initiative of a turtle I would start looking for a nother job, just to scare them, but I don't; and anyway there at Dinner Key I feel nearer to you than anywhere else in the USA. It's a melancholy kind of fun to see the planes that you see and talk to the people you eventually talk to.

I ride Isolde to work these days, and find it quite amusing to go whizzing down the streets at six in the morning, feeling the cool air messing up my coiffure and seeing the sky grow pinker and pinker with dawn. Also at night, when I come home late, to watch the unlit houses and the trees standing up against the sky dark and fearsome looking, but really not fearsome at all. It is actually lovely here in South Florida (you can tell in a minute I am now a resident of this fair state, can't you?) just as they say in the advertisements. Some fine day perhaps we can come here together.

Dear love, don't let the months make you forget me, because they don't have that effect on me at all, and I would quietly fold up if you stopped loving ~~xxx~~ me.

Goodbye for now, William.

Philinda