

JUL - 2 1942

3071 Indiana St.
Coconut Grove, Fla.
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Hello darling,

Mr. Krieg, this is so sudden. Yes, I think if my mamma and poppa approve, I'd be delighted to marry you. Tell me, do you have any vides? Do you have any debts, have you ever been an inmate in any institution for the care and treatment of the mentally deranged? If not, hold your hats boys, because Mr. Krieg and I are going to get married! I hope you don't mind my hinting in the other letter, but it all of a sudden struck me that it would be a fine idea if we were to get married, and I didn't feel it was necessary to wait around till you asked me. I'm glad you thought it would be a good idea, too.

You're a darling and a ducky and a dear, and I see right through your subterfuges! Thanks very much, say you in letter number nineteen, for taking all the trouble to buy the bathing suit, etc. Or, briefly, where in ---- are my bathing suit, faountain pen, etc? Well angel baby, they were bought and carried home about a week after I got the letter, since when they have been waiting around for someone to take them over. When I saw Mr. Bledsoe last I had a letter for him but not the package, and none of the other gentlemen have been around, unfortunately. Perhaps I shall have to wait till Mr. Bledsoe comes back, for he said he would come over to my house with his wife then, on which occasion I could probably convince him that the combined weight of the fountain pen, needles, and bathing suit is practically nothing. Mickle I have never seen at all, and Bennett hasn't been around for a month or so, so that narrows the field down to Bledsoe. Anyway my sweet, tactful love, you will really get them eventually, and I really am terribly sorry to have been so long about getting them to you. It was a pleasure to buy them for you, and I don't mind doing it as much as you like, because it's fun to think that they are for you.

What a wild night I had last night! I worked with the immigration officers inspecting the incoming passengers, and there were three detentions (a horrible thing for PAA, who has to lodge and board all detentions). Two were French priests and one was a weepy Venezuelan girl who needed a lot of comforting. There I was in a milling mob of exited travelers, with two priests and a fountain of a venezolana hanging on to me, one crying out to me betwuxt her sobs in Spanish and the other two complaining vociferously in French, while I tried desperately to explain simultaneously in French and Spanish that it was no terrible thing to be detained by the immigration authorities, that their way would be paid on the house, that it would probably be all over by this noon, that unhappily for everyone concerned PAA could do nothing about it, and that all they had to do was stop worrying and follow directions. What a party! At last at ten thirty I packed all three into one taxi and said "Adios- a revoir" with great relief. The venezuelan girl said her father would remember me in his will, and the French priests said they'd personally see to it that God blessed me, but I think I'll wait around a bit before giving up my job, because I don't imagine her father's will is going to include me, and I have always heard that God helps those who help themselves. Anyway, it was a macabre kind of fun. I suppose you run into that sort of thing every day in a consulate. To-day a man offered me a dollar for having found his lost briefcase for him, but though it killed me, I gave the dollar back with a proud, martyred smile. Amazing things happen!

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Yesterday afternoon we had a tropical rainstorm just as I was leaving the airport on Isolde. I had on a red dress, with the result that when I came home my legs and stockings were dyed bright, happy red. Most effective, in a barbarous sort of way, reminding me vividly of a painted Indian brave on the way to the war-path. The dye came off the dress easily, but won't come off my legs or my stockings. Boo, Boo!

Darling love, I had lunch in the drugstore opposite the executive offices of PAA yesterday. Mr Grossman, my super-boss (i.e., the boss above my boss,) sat down on a stool beside me and we had a nice long talk on subjects ranging from cabbages to kings, including the ways a young lady might possibly get to Lagos. It was the fact that any person, whether young lady or old man, should want to get there in the first place, that struck Mr. Grossman with particular force. He said it was useless to think about trying to get there as a passenger, assuming in the first place that I could get the fabled passport. But, said he, if anyone ever says anything about sending young ladies to Africa as company employees, I shall certainly speak up and say "I know one young lady who would do it in a moment." All of which is just as nice as it is nebulous. He went off mumbling "Lagos, Nigeria! She wants to go to Lagos, Nigeria!" He is apparently passed the stage in life where you can see in an instant why it is imperative to be with your love, be he or she where she or he may. All I can say is that I pity the blind in heart. And Lagos, Nigeria, seems to me to be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, so it just proves that differences of opinions make horseraces.

Ye gods, I never wrote to thank MacSweeney for the flowers! How ghastly nasty of me. And I did so appreciate his thoughtfulness in sending them! I wonder if it's too late now to write him a letter for the flowers of a month or so ago? Treat him respectfully and kindly, my sweet love, because he is very nice.

I think I told you I was a jealous cat. And you asked me when had I ever been jealous of you. The great moment has come when I shall divulge the occasion: Remember one night at the Casa de Santo Antonio of treasured memory, when Pamela Taylor the girl who worked at the British Embassy and lived there at the Casa came and had dinner with us? At that point, my angel, I was a raving, tearing, howling maniac from the effects of smothered jealousy. But I'm proud to say that I think I was able to smother it. Anyway, when you asked her wouldn't she please come out walking with us, I also begged her to do so. Insistently. And hypocritically. How horribly pleased I was when she said she thought she'd better go up to bed instead, no one will ever know. Not even you, my love. I was a mental wreck for an hour afterwards, recovering slowly from the chilling and burning effects of my bitter jealousy. Poor old Krieg, you never knew. Or (ghastly afterthought) did you? I am a low-planned soul, angelpuss, but in future I'll try to keep my worst features from coming to light. There was also another occasion on which I came near to committing hari-kari because of an unreasoning jealousy, but the details are too horrible even to mention.

Yes, my pet, I'm thoroughly hooked. And completely convinced that you are the best and finest man that ever wore a shirt. I love you most awfully, and as far as I'm concerned every other man in the world is good only insofar as he partakes of one or more of your innumerable virtues. My goodness, how are we ever going to find time to love each other as much as we should? Remember anytime you may feel lonely and slightly melancholy (if you ever do) that you are never alone and that I am always loving you to capacity. It's hard to remember, being so far

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away. But it's true that every moment of the day I'm very busy loving you. I'm amused and you'd be pleased how completely immune I am to the wiles of other gentlemen. I'd think I were a strong character if it weren't for the fact that time is impossible"- it's impossible for me to do anything but keep on loving you and feeling that everyone else is a very poor third or fourth- and there just isn't any second!

Re the ring: I'll wait for the ones you spoke about, much preferring something with a memory behind it.

I hope the enclosed stamps will not bring the postage up beyond fifty cents, because I'm a poor woman, especially this month. But I'm afraid you will be left without stamps and won't be able to write to me. A contumely devoutly to be avoided.

You know, my dear, I'm very fond of the photograph you sent of W.L.K. reclining on his chair and reading "TIME". In it you look like the same old Krieg who used to loiter around and discuss God, the Universe, and Politics, in the Casa de Santo Antonio. One of my favorite manifestations of Krieg, by the way. I like the way you argue, even when I don't agree with you completely, which if I remember correctly was about a third of the time. I think you were a trifle more conservative in your politics than I was. But we agreed about the irreconcilability of the omnipotence of God and the presence of a definite and tangible evil in the world. I imagine in spite of all these delays we will still have time enough in our lives to get our respective politics straightened out to our own satisfactions.

Heavens, I'm a poor typist. Also, if you don't mind my saying so, your typewriter has seen better days. In any case I can always console myself by blaming fifty percent of it on your typewriter, of which I am very fond in any case.

Goodbye, my dear. I love you as much as ever before, but in the words of the 17th century poets, less than I will tomorrow.

Philinda