

JUL -1 1942

3071 Indiana Street
Coconut Grove, Fla.
June 17, 1942

Hello love:

L-157 p1/2

Letters number 21 and 22 came this week, two days apart. It's a nice feeling, but sort of like eating the frosting first in three or four big bites and then having to spend the rest of the meal on the cake.

Accra seems to be quite a spot- Poor Andy! My how I'd like to see all those places! Or else find a more communicative PAA man, who could give me an impression of what they are really like, that picture of the consulate at Lagos impressed me very favorably, and your little pal Bud Francis told me he thought you had quite a nice apartment, which fact pleased me enormously after all the rather luke-warm things you had said about it. "aybe you just don't appreciate the place! But Mr. Bledsoe says it's ghastly.

So Mr. Jester is coming home. I wish I knew what he is like, the better to impress him. I suppose he's coming through Miami, from what you said. I certainly will be on my company manners if I see him. Bud Francis was a nice youth, and I wanted him to come over to my house and talk about you, but he couldn't make it then, however he said he'd call me up as soon as he arrives in Miami on his way back, and then I hope to be able to bribe him into doing some talking about you over there and you in Newark as a mere child. The trouble with most of these people is that they are like Mr. Bledsoe, and can only say that you are in good health. That's fine, but I'd like elaborations.

Life has been creeping in this petty pace from day to day, and there is no startling news, on any front. I have bought a new scrubbing brush to clean my floors, we have had a new plague of mosquitos, so that I am forced to sit behind my desk at PAA with a Flit gun and a bottle of citronella. It's a losing battle, I'm afraid, but the boys now call me Citronella Suzy, and ask me if that's the latest Schiaparelli perfume. I spent Sunday afternoon on the beach with my little pals talking shop, and Monday evening there was a big party at the Blisses, at which everyone had a perfectly gorgeous time as usual, and at which Mrs. Bliss and I had a fine feathered argument about politics. We - that is she and I, always do when we are having a good party. Occasionally the others join in, but mostly it's just she and I battling it out while the others listen. We sit in the patio with a cool drink and argue up a storm. I went to Spanish class last night, previously going to eat Spaghetti and drink red wine with Mr. Bishop, another member of his harem, and an army lieutenant that came into the party from somewhere. The professor now has a bicycle, so he and I are planning to ride down and back to the beach next Monday. Saturday night I spent on a juke party with one of the local youths who is going into the army and was leaving for camp next day.- you know him, he's the sympathetic mail-truck driver I've been telling you about. Last week I finally saw "Tortilla Fat, after many attempts. Unfortunately I found it rather on the corny side, and particularly disliked the fake accents the actors put on, but I suppose they did their little best, and that I was expecting too much.

One of the pilots loaned me a fine new edition of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" which I had never read. It's wonderful, and has

a lot of references to the Napoleonic wars that conform to my pet theory that those wars and these are alike in seventy-five percent of the case. It's just as if you were reading about the present. I suppose you read it long ago, but I never had, and ~~xxxxxx~~ it has the merit of being nice and long, so you can really get to know the characters (yowie, that's an amazing way to spell it!). I am very much pleased with it.

L-157 P2/2

As for this theory about my thinking a man in Miami is worth two in Lagos. It's correct in that you are worth two men, but it's wholly incorrect in all other ways. The people who tell me I'm old enough to know that all men are alike, so why worry about one and waste what are commonly referred to as the "best years of my life" (and similar foolish remarks) ~~are~~ are, as I have previously remarked, wasting an awful lot of breath. Even if it were true I wouldn't believe it. The only people who agree with me are the Misses and Mr. Bishop, which accounts in some degree for my partiality to them. I have made up my mind that the man I want is you, and all other will kindly step aside, because even though long-distance love is painfully barren, in this case it happens to be one-hundred percent better than anything else, and that's what I thought in the beginning and that's what I know now. So you can just tell that to the scoffers. And by the way, the only thing you have to do is keep on loving me and writing to tell me that you do.

Any day now I'm expecting the "unpleasantness", as you so aptly put it, to be through with. It will be a joyful thing to be able to start things moving so that we can get together, even though I am very doubtful about the success that I may have. OK, success. How do you think your chances of getting back here sometime are? The last time you said anything about it you said that you were "due for home leave" after February, 1943. Do you think there is any chance that you might be able to get back? Or are you pessimistic about that?

Angel pie, I love you. And some fine day we really will be together, in which case I shall probably go off the deep end and kiss you, or do something equally rash and unlady-like. And won't that surprise and shock you!

Have a nice time, darling, but don't forget me.

Philinda

As you see, I've tried a new route. PRR is wonderful!