

AUG 11 1942

3071 Indiana Street  
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Dearest William, puss,

The day has come, and I am now a free and untrammelled woman. So, not to waste any time, I shall go into Miami with the letter to the Passport agent there to-morrow afternoon, thoroughly prepared to be laughed at uproariously. I shall certainly make a most noble effort to succeed, because as I have often mentioned, this walking around without touching the ground is getting to be such a bore! I am likewise going to speak very seriously to my Super-boss, Mr. Grossman, about going shipside to Brazil preparatory to going shipside to Africa. I am very anxious to learn if those three lady missionaries you mentioned went by plane or boat, and if by plane how they did it. It occurred to me that it would not be necessary to go all the way by "oeing, perhaps. Boeings would be hard to go shipside on, because of their lack of definite schedules. If I could go down to Brazil by the Eastern Division planes it would probably be relatively easier. I.e., I know when planes are going to San Juan, to Trinidad, and to the Brazilian stops, and with patience and not much baggage I could get on one of them. After that I would be offloaded all down the line, undoubtedly. First at San Juan, then at Port of Spain, and so forth. At each one of the places where I was offloaded I would have to go through the same situation again, but the consolation is that at no place in the Eastern Division is the situation quite as bad as it is out of Miami itself. This would not be a cheap process, by any means. I would certainly strive desperately to make it on as little money as possible, and at the places down the line the expenses would probably not be as high as they would be right here in Miami. One thing I would be prepared for, and that is the waiting! I would be an expert shipside-goer, from having watched so many poor souls in their agony. Once in Brazil, my hopeful theory is that it wouldn't be too desperately difficult to get the rest of the way. Whether this is actually true or not, I really don't know. Right now I feel so very tired of this life without you that I would be willing to take one of those boats- but of course if it were possible to do it the other way I should certainly prefer not to risk my life.

Anyway, it's lovely to be embarking on the second phase of this battle! My goodness, angel-pie, what a nice love we are going to have when all this business is over and we are to-gether! Something we have worked over and striven hard for, something we have suffered and waited for! I have a feeling that I shall always be a trifle smug about Us, Unlimited (OK, that's not how you spell it!) and feel quite superior to other couples who have met at a Fraternity dance, gone around together for six months or so, announced their engagement at tea dances, gotten married and ploomp, that's all... Oh my, I'm smug already. How dreadful. We shall have a fine feathered life with variety and spice and love and companionship and nothing ordinary except the things we want to be comfortably ordinary. Shan't we, William, puss? And you shall be very lucky and I shall be very lucky and we'll never be alone again! With time, and effort.

My mother finally has come down to visit me, so we are in the midst of a long, perpetual bull-session. It's wonderful to have someone in the house when I come home from work, and someone to share things with. Mamma, who is DEFINITELY not the type, has rented herself a bicycle and is pumping herself around town on it like a trooper, much to everyone's surprise and glee- most of all her own. She is at present exhausted after every ride, but undoubtedly she will begin

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to get stronger at it after a while. She has not ridden one since she was sixteen, and the thing that made her get on it in the first place was my reminding her that what the Queen of Holland can do, she ought to be able to do! Whereupon she hopped on and precariously rode off! To me it is a very incongruous sight, but other people who don't know it's my mamma who has never ridden a bicycle within the memory of man don't think anything of it.

I have been introducing her to my friends little by little one at a time, so she will be able to get used to them. My landlord came over last night and I made supper for them. They talked up a storm and seemed to get along fine together, although there again it wasn't exactly Mamma's speed. My landlord is a very kind and helpful man, but he's an ex-pilot and barnstormer, with dipsomaniacal tendencies at times. We get along fine together because he is very lonesome too, and wants to get married except he can't seem to find a woman. You would disapprove of him in one way, however: he is always (unsuccessfully, of course) trying to marry me off to one of his other tenants, feeling as he does that no one should be unmarried! He can't understand why I'm not interested, just as your Mr. Jester couldn't understand why you weren't simply fascinated by the local belles. Mr. Johnston thinks it's wonderful and terrible that I should be that way, but he's giving up all hopes for me bit by bit.

For some obscure reason I have been feeling relatively optimistic about things in general lately- probably the enlivening influence of mother's presence. Somehow I feel that it's just a matter of getting about things, and everything will turn out all right. At the same time I realize sinkinglly that all is just beginning. But William darling love, there will come a day when we shall see each other, won't there? Some day we shall go to lunch together and talk to each other and be able to reach out and touch each other as simply as nothing at all. This business will be all over and in the remote past as soon as I see you for a moment, I know. It's so easy to forget unhappiness or discontent. Then everything will be sunny and beautiful things will be twice as beautiful and the incredible stupidity of the world in general will seem fundamentally simply disposed of. We shall carry sanity and hopefulness around with us in a small invisible bag, and enjoy everything we do because we are together and everything's rather new and exiting, or rather old and pleasantly familiar, as the case may be. If you were to consult me on the matter, I should undoubtedly say that all this is something to fight for, something that must at all costs be won. I should also say that what is impossible and inconceivable is a life under the best of circumstances, without love and companionship. I am perfectly willing to be quoted as having said all this, although I realize that there are very few people who don't already know these things from experience. Has the thought ever struck you that it is impossible ever to learn anything, even the most obvious things in the world, except from having experienced them personally? It's a ghastly situation, but everyone born must forcedly learn each trite, age-old bit of information all over again for himself! Things ought to be arranged differently, so as to save time for the really important and difficult things that have to be learned.

Deary me, I'm become dully philosophical. Bear with me,

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angel-pie, it's a passing phase. You're too sensible to get that way, and too earnest. Did you realize that you were about to embark on a life with a woman who has not yet discovered finally whether she is earnest or frivolous? What confuses me is that sometimes I'm ghastly, horribly earnest and at other times I'm a particularly gruesome flibbertygibbet. I hope you don't mind, love. I won't mind how you are, because I will love you so persistently that I will weave a cocoon around anything that might displease me about you- if anything~~x~~ turns up later. So far nothing has, but it will probably ~~turn out~~ that you don't see anything in a poem I delight in of that you break out in a strawberry rash at the mere sight of red nail polish, which I adore, in my frivolous way.

Mamma and I are enjoying a ladys-lunch of iced coffee and salad with pumpernickel and cream cheese. Ladies get pleasure out of different foods than gentlemen do, or hadn't you noticed? Which accounts for the Tea Rooms that men find so nauseating and women love. By the way, what kinds of food do you eat there in Lagos? I hope it's not all silly canned goods and ersatz nonsense. I still haven't gotten used to canned stuff- even if it's good I still don't trust it. But frozen foods are wonderfully good, unfortunately. I say: fortunately because I know I won't be able to get them where we will be living, and so it is better for my morale to ignore their existance entirely. Sorry to bore you with matters that can't possibly interest you, but it all rather fascinates me. Sometime if you remember you might tell me what kind of things are available in the food line in Lagos, so I can brood happily over whatever I am going to get you for supper if the day ever comes that I will have to worry about it. It's such a pleasant, domestic little worry. I'd like to be able to fondle it. "What in heaven's name shall I get him for lunch? Can't have beans, because we had them last night... Can't have spinach- he doesn't like it. How about asparagus... etc., etc." It's all very dull except to the initiated. Once again, bear with me.

I must come out of my warm domestic womb and emerge into the world of work. It's almost time to go to the airport. Darling, at least one hurdle is behind us now. One hurdle, and nine months. I shall continue to love and wait for you until we are together.

Philinda

P.S. YOU ARE A DARING & I LOVE YOU.

P.S.

P.P.S. MR. BLEDSOE IS UP & AROUND  
AFTER HIS OPERATION.