

September 10, 1942

SEP 26 1942

L-187 p 1/2

Dearest William,

Here we are writing September on our date lines. Somehow time passes, in spite of my firm held belief that it stayed in the same place or went backward. With the months I seem to have ceased to be ~~living~~ living in a dream, which is perhaps all to the good, considering the enormous amount of rousting about which must be done if we are to get anywhere in our particular problem. In fact I am now a woman of action- if it's only standing in one place and whirling around like mad. Every day I write at least one letter to at least one person who might be able to do something- and the rest of the day I spend hoping that you are doing the same. Well, part of the time I work. I am inclosing a clipping from the Miami Daily News showing me at my dubious work, along with the accompanying blurb which states flatteringly but incorrectly that I can converse with enormous ease in the Portuguese language- a black lie, as you know. The whole thing is a product of our Public Relations Dept, affectionately known as Pubrel, in the company, and a department much given to exaggeration and flattery. (All right, you win: flattery)

It was an enormous relief to get your letter, delivered by Mr. Watts. Unfortunately I was not there at the time he came in, so I wasn't able to see him, but my co-workers crowded round me when I arrived next morning, all anxious (they really are nice) to tell me the letter was here, and all almost as pleased as I was that it did arrive. I was about to give you up and go find myself a handsome co-pilot, so there, Mr. Krieg! My infinite patience was worn to a thread and what's more I was afraid you were sick, angelpuppy. Well, come home, all is forgiven.

Mr. Jester wrote me another fine feathered letter- he and I are getting to be inveterate correspondents. He suggested that I write to a certain Mr. Finch of American West African Lines, which I promptly did. Mr. E. A. King of the War Shipping Administration came back with a reply to mine of the somethingth, and wasn't as annihilatingly discouraging as everyone else has been- he said he would turn my application over to the aforementioned steamship lines for consideration, merely adding that military requirements made things difficult, and suggesting that I work through "my own organization" to obtain passage. Dear old Pan American is about as helpful as a dormant rattler, being most put out that I am leaving their lovely company just as I was getting to be an old hand. So that's out, very definitely. I am working on the boat angle for the simple reason that I see no more leads in the plane line, but I am firmly determined that come what may I'll show the whole discouraging crew that where there's a will there's a way. You see, angelpie, I intend to go to Nigeria, and so far no one has proved to me that it can't be done- so as far as Philinda is concerned, she's practically as good as there. And that goes for the torpedoes, too. I wish you would start working on the boat angle also at the same time as the air priority angle. You once said it would be "fairly easy" to arrange transportation. OK, let's see you do it. Mr. E. A. King, Director of Traffic, War Shipping Administration was, as I said, not too discouraging. Mr. Thomas Burke of the State Department came back with a smashing no to the question of air priority via the S.D.- but when it comes to that what else could he say to an unknown young woman named Philinda Jones who ups and asks him will he please arrange priority. Perhaps you will do better with your try. Anyway, you can't lose a thing by trying hard. Speaking of which, ask him about boats when he says no to the other matter. As our

L-187 p 2/2

friend Mr. Jester says, "a way will be found", and as Roosevelt puts it "we can, we must, we will!" Anyway, the dear little boats seem to be a lot more hospitable than the planes, so do your best and realize that while I can do the same, it doesn't mean as much coming from me as it does from you.

Yup, it was my birthday on the second of Sept., and I celebrated by going to work as usual. Afterwards I went out with one of our PAA captains to a joint much frequented around here, and doing a spot of dancing. This captain is very interesting, having captained all over the world, and for PAA chiefly in the Pacific Division, where he saw some of the recent turmoil when ~~it~~ it first began last winter. Anyway, I am now twenty five and feeling awfully decrepit and elderly. I sent a telegram commenting on this fact to my dear friend Rufus Lindsley, who has the same birthday as I and who was the friend of my bosom all through school. She is one of those incredibly nice people who do no wrong and yet aren't at all annoying about it. She replied post haste that she also was feeling infinitely old, and sent me a hair ribbon on a comb with earring bows to match, to keep me from losing touch with the younger generation.

My love, the idea of time is perpetually on my mind; first it annoys me, then it pleases me, but I never have learned to make out just what it's getting at. The one thing I am positive about is that whether or not it wants to, it's going to take me to you. Did you know that you had plighted your troth to a most stubborn and willful girl, who is so used to getting her own way that she no longer believes that any other way exists? Ponder the matter, William, and escape while yet you may. What have I said! Well, anyway darling, I have all sorts of compensating features, such as sunny disposition, good health, normal intelligence, amiability (my spelling creeps up) when not crossed, and good strong teeth (if they help any, other than to be handy in the event of hand-to-hand fights). Now you've gotten this far into the matter, perhaps you'd better go all the way and make an honest woman of me, because with practice I could be an excellent cook, and I'm very good with babies, and in the long run you can't hope to escape matrimony entirely anyway. Think it over, and in reply we beg you to refer to Z-47, Ponderable Matters.

Work hard at the transportation battle, because I love you and want inordinately to kiss you not at all gently. By the way, thank you for saying you love me too- although I'd rather suspected it for the past year, which is why I'm still anxious to see you.

lovingly,

Thilinda