

Lisbon, Portugal

[Tuesday] November 4, 1941

IN REPLY REFER TO
FILE NO.

4-26 ptr



THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AIR MAIL

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL

Lisbon, Portugal
November 4, 1941

Philinda, dearest:

Here is just a note to tell you that nothing has happened since the last writing (Sunday) except that I continue to miss you more and more and when I think of you, I'm afraid the waiting period is going to be even harder than I expected. Friday when I looked into your lovely eyes, I was filled with a sort of a serene and lofty confidence. I was sure that you would not change your mind and that we would be together in a comparatively short time. I am not really any less confident of this now, but, darling, it would be a great consolation to hear you say again, "I'm your woman. I love you." I do love you so very much, my dear, that it's going to be a perfect hell until "Us, Unlimited" really gets together. I am getting to be as bad as you are. I want to have your assurances of love every single moment of the day - and night, too. My sweet, I will love you forever - never forget it.

This morning, in accordance with my promise, I went down and bought a beautiful white sun helmet to protect my worthless head for you. It seems strong and sturdy, but I have no idea whether it will be the right kind or not. When you travel, you can't help getting gipped, and it's better to

Philinda, dearest:

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be reconciled to it. It's the price one pays for experience. I wonder if I will have this hat on when I meet your boat docking at Lagos? It will be like the old stories of the young Colonial receiving his bride from England. As I remember there were usually all sorts of complications - the man falls in love with his fiancée's maid, and she goes head over heels for his Number 1 Boy, but we are not going to carry it too far. We are having our troubles and our grief first. After we have paid the price, we will enjoy our reward in the form of eternal love and companionship.

The ship arrived this morning with J. Klar Huddle and wife on board. You may recall that Huddle was in charge of the Foreign Service School when Bill Cordell and I were there, so after office hours, Bill and I are going to call on them at the Aviz. I suspect we will find them surrounded by bigger guns than we, but we are going to make the gesture anyway. Nothing else has happened. Sunday night I stayed home and read "Time" (courtesy of Mr. Cordell) and last night I read a mystery story which has been hanging around for a long time on my dressing table. Tonight I don't know what I shall do - maybe just sit around and dream of you until sleep comes. Then my dreams of you will be less tied to reality, and I will repeat "I love you, I love you" with every beat of my heart. I do love you, my darling.

Always yours, Bill

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