

APR 16 1942

March 30, 1942

My particular darling,

L-133 p1

Letter number eight came and letter number six came two weeks ago so I am worried about letter number seven. However, the world is sunny and laughing and cheerful and grinning and howling with suppressed mirth and gleefulness because letter number eight I love and I love you and I love the whole damned world. How unladylike of me to put it that way, but on the other hand that's how I feel about it. Do you mind too awfully if every once in a while I break out and become unladylike in my enthusiasm?

Sweetheart, let's begin from the beginning... or is it the end and the middle and the sides also? I love you most dreadfully, and apparently we are both thoroughly and completely hooked by the other. How unusually fine, in a world where the large proportion of the people go around hopelessly loving the wrong people! You can bring on the temptations of Babylon and Saint Anthony and the fleshpots of Egypt, but they just look rather pale pink to me, with very little of the breath of life. YOU, in short, are a flaming red in comparison. Miami is, as you have surmised, rather strong on temptations, which is how I earned the title of "Fatihful Philinda" from Mr. Bliss. By the way, Mr. Bliss (twice a grandfather, by the way) dotes on and is very good at composing, all kinds and shades of limericks. Here is one he wrote the other day:

A gorgeous brunette named Philinda
Had a boy-friend who thought he had won her
But this is Miami
And therefor goddame
He's there, but I'm here,... What's to hinder?

Of course I was highly flattered and all that sort of thing, and everyone was much amused. Mr. Bliss can knock one of those off in about fifteen minutes, which is a distinct social asset on parties.

The great news of the week is that my wonderful room-mate from college has come down to visit me for a week- Tebby. I wish I had more time to spend on her, but most of the day and night I spend at the Dinner Key Airport. She is right here with me, and says hello to you and adds that she wonders how anyone could like such a silly girl as me. As you can see, she knows me very well. It's nice to have some one in the house when I come home from work, and some one with whom one can do up one's hair at night. Since she arrived we have been on the move constantly, with the result that I have had (actually) only eleven hours sleep in four days, which is the world's record for people like me who like nothing better than sleep. I have to be up by four thirty in the morning to be at work on time, and the combination of all these factors may partially account for a certain incoherence in this letter.

Now almost all the news is over- oh no! I nearly missed the news event of the century! I went up in an airplane for the first time in my life last Saturday! One day last week one of the prospective ferry pilots came in to have smallpox shots at the airport clinic and I ushered him into the doctor's office. The next day he came around to the counter where I work and asked me if I would like to fly the next day- just like that! Well, said I, I certainly would, when do we start? Saturday afternoon at three, said he, and that's just what happened! I loved it, but we only stayed up an hour, and couldn't

fly anywhere in particular because of wartime regulations. He has a private plane, which made it all the more fun.

L-133 p2

Now all the news of the week is over I can get down to the really serious business of telling you that I love you and that while I manage to exist without you it wouldn't be worth the struggle if I didn't know the someday somehow I shall be able to live with you and love you in a tangible way. You ask me if I will keep on loving you if we are apart for a long time, and in answer thereto I refer you to my friends and acquaintances here, who can tell you that I will or they'll have the surprise of their lives. In answer I also refer you to me, who assures you that no one in this well-populated world will ever mean anything to me except you no matter how hard they try, or how lonely I am. I told you once before that I am lonely at all times and everywhere, because you are home and you are far away.

I can't drive. Do you still love me?

What a lovely life. We both are fond of a spot of history with our bull sessions.

Darling William, I should feel dreadfully honored and happy if you were to complain to me and tell me absolutely everything that goes wrong. Please do, my dear darling love. And nothing would make me feel more contented than helping you, although exactly how I could I don't know, since all I seem to be capable of doing really well is a high-powered job of hindering. Every day I set Pan American Airways back about a month's progress, but they haven't fired me yet, on the other hand, so perhaps you wouldn't fire me either if I tried to help you. I'm so sleepy I can't think straight, but what I mean is that I intend to devote the rest of my life to trying to make you contented.

rem
in
As
w/ You would be quite correct in not believing me if I told you I didn't remember the night we walked and sang songs like Blue Hawaii, and the night Bill Stewart's apartment when I kissed you, discreetly on the brow. I look back on it I think that the first mentioned night was that in which I first had to admit to myself that I wasn't being fair to myself concerning my feelings toward you. In short, I was lying to myself by thinking you were just another good type (that's how you spell it) and that if ever you left it wouldn't mean a thing to me. The feeling I had when we were walking alone was hardly anything you could disguise under words like "friendship", by any manner of means. On the contrary, I blush to say that I felt like a predatory madwoman and considered at length how extremely surprised you would be if I acted the way I wanted to and kissed you with out being invited to do so. Ha ha, so you want to know why I came over and kissed you in Bill's apartment, do you? Perhaps you're too young to know about such things. Perhaps I should keep you in boyish innocence concerning such matters. The horrid truth is-- have you prepared yourself for a blinding steak of white hot truth?-- I wanted to very much!

Tebby is hungry and wants to go to dinner. Excuse me a minute!

Hello darling, back again. To continue re the matter of the highly indiscreet kiss- or rather the first in a small series of two highly indiscreet kisses: I wanted to be kissed so extremely much that it behoved me to do something desperate before I did something even more desperate, with the result that I bided my time and pounced upon you that time when we were alone for a second or two. Poor William, you really did look surprised. And what a particularly bold hussy I was! I despair to think what this younger generation is coming to while that state of affairs exists. Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to very bad ends, and I just love to whistle.

it being late and dark when we are through work. The other night I went out with one of the sailor gentlemen, and we got talking. In the course of our conversation he asked if my husband's name was James Jones when he was still my husband, because if so he used to know a boy named Jimmie Jones from Jacksonville in College, all of which goes to prove that it's a small world after all. He said the Jones he had known was small and sort of medium blond with rather dreamy eyes and a glass in his hands at all times, whereupon I said without a second's hesitation that that must have been the identical same Jones. Now we are on the subject of Jones I will try to answer your question in letter number eight concerning how Jones was taking it. He's getting better, I think. The other night he called me up again, however, and asked me if I was lonely enough to think it over, which of course I wasn't and can't be. He has had a raise of salary and seems to be living quite well, thank goodness, and says he has acquired himself some ladies on the string, which is all to the good. When I was in Washington he put on his best Sunday manners and was out to make a good impression, but just the same I thought he was doing very well in his struggle. He won't talk about you at all, naturally, and I still don't know how he feels exactly beyond swear words. He was up in New York a couple of days ago and went to pay a social call on Daddy, who said he seemed much improved.

with

I can tell very plainly when people ~~in~~ whom I'm not in love are in love with me, but I imagine that the reason I couldn't tell you even liked me reasonably well was that I wanted it so much to happen that it seemed too good to be true. Sometimes Jimmie used to say he didn't like you to be so affectionate with me, and I answered and meant it that you were like that with every one (surpressing remarks like "dammit") and that it didn't mean a thing, boo boo boo. I was gloomily convinced that it didn't mean a thing, and tried to take a cool, calm, and collected attitude about it ~~at~~ all. Failing miserably, most of the time. And working out my frustrations by hugging your pillow when we were up there bull-sessioning, if you remember. Darling, the first thing I must do when I see you is hug you. Remind me. Only I probably won't need reminding. My my, imagine how wonderful it will be to be able to love you with a perfectly clear conscioune. That's not how you spell it, I know. It's with "e", but what the heck. With a clear conscience and the knowledge that it will go on until we are both too old and feeble to stir ~~and~~ ~~inch~~.

I was taken driving the other afternoon after work (I'm on a variegated schedule, sometimes early morning, sometimes late at night) to a lovely place on the edge of the sea in a palm grove. It was raining and the view was enchanting and I wished you were there most awfully. It's a terrible thing to be ~~away~~ from your love when the world is so beautiful.

Sweet darling, I kiss you.

Philippine