

MAY 17 REC'D

If you don't know my address
By this time you never will
April 3, 1942

L-134 p1

My dear love,

This week two letters came from you, eight and nine respectively. It was a wonderful feeling the like of which I have unfortunately not experienced before, although you seem to indicate that my letters come to you in large bunches. Where, angelpuss, is number seven?

Wouldn't it be fine to be able to sit down and talk to each other about the cares and whatnots of the day? People are awful stoops not to get married when it's so much happier to be so, or am I just prejudiced in favor of matrimony because I hope to be married to you? Imagine how monumentally dull it would be to have to spend your life having "dates". After a few half-hearted tries at them I have decided that they have become about the most boring and difficult pastime imaginable, so from now on I shall know enough not to get roped into any more. One has to be very young and giddy to enjoy them, apparently, and now that I am an old woman I find them encroyablement stupide. All of which is a preliminary to the announcement, doubtless new and amazing to you, that I love you with all my heart and wish to goodness I could do something about this overflowing love instead of just sitting here ten thousand miles from the source of my sweet discontent, thinking how lacking in charm is every other young man in the world. See how effectively you hooked me? Did you realize when it was happening and later that we were doing a most remarkable thing to leave each other for perhaps years of waiting after only a day or two of knowing? It didn't seem remarkable to me at the time, but then everything that was happenign was so remarkable that several facts like that escaped me. They don't escape my freinds, who can hardly believe the story. I know perfectly well that I am going to wait as long as is necessary, unpleasant as the waiting is, because it is the only thing I ould possibly do. If I didn't want to wait I would have to, since for some deep and rather unusual reason no one else pleases me at all, absolutely not the slightest. It's very funny to feel yourself in a prison that is welcome to you- as Alison's internement prison was welcome to him when he first went there, in The Fountain. A good, cool prison where nothing can touch you and nothing can escape you and the bars are a consolation. Probably somewhat the same feeling that an unborn infant has toward his nice warm womb. But I want to be with you so terribly much that sometimes I have to go out and walk around the block briskly to air my soul a bit, although happily most of the time I'm so busy working I have no leisure to brood. The idea of working for and with you absolutely overwhelms me, love. I'd help you lay bricks were you a bricklayer, of course, but you know I especially like the sort of messes you run into in a Consulate.

I'm horribly sorry your father was hard hit by the news, altho it's quite understandable that he was. In spite of all the divorces I have seen and become accustomed to, it still makes me feel subconsciously that something was wrong with the people involved if their marriage was not a success, and I know to my annoyance that I should probably feel uneasy if a not-to-impossible daughter of mine, or son for that matter, should announce she or he loved someone who was about to get a divorce from a previous spouse. How silly one is, but none the less one is that way!

It's now April 4th

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The bottom of that page got spoiled.

My dear room-mate just left for the station in a blaze of glory and a flurry from all the things ~~she~~ had forgotten at the last moment. It was nice to have some one in the house when I came home from work, and anyway we always did get along together very well inspite of the fact that we are most unlike. She is an outdoor girl of the acceptable and pleasant variety. She has a mathematical mind and I most definitely don't. She is as sentimental as a timetable and there again we differ. Nonetheless we enjoy each other enormously on the rare occasions when we see each other these days.

I brownd myself to a turn today at the beach. Tebby and I went in the car of a fellow PAA worker who mistakenly thinks I can be ~~persuaded~~ into changing my mind about WLKrieg. Tebby also acquired herself a reasonably good tan in the week or ten days she was here, and intends to take it home with her to Boston and wow her little friends with a sunburn in March. Personally I can't imagine it's being ~~winter~~ anywhere any more, which is a lovely thing as far as I'm concerned because I like it hot and can't bear cold weather.

Sweetheart, I miss you and want you so very much! If only things ~~would be right and~~ normal and we could be with each other all the time! Unless a minor miracle occurs we shall not see each other for a year or so, just to face facts. I can't imagine loving you a year more than I do now, but from experience I can say that I will- yet only five months have passed and it seems, just as you said in letter number nine, five or fifteen or fifty years since October 31st! What will a year seem like? Sometimes I wish you could think yourself into a slight painless fever that would scare people so that they would send you back here on a fine big plane. One of my favorite sports is ~~sitting~~ sitting around imagining that it is some ordinary night at the airport, I am in the immigration room checking in the arriving planes from all over the world, when all of a sudden a large unscheduled flight arrives from -----, Brazil and further censored points. First the Captain and crew arrive, then several uninteresting generals and ~~colonels~~, then Vice Consul W.L.Krieg. Naturally I faint dead away at that point, but happily I am easily revived and fall into your arms, after which we climb into a convenient jalopy and drive away. After that point my imagination fails me, unfortunately. This waiting is horrible and painful, my darling William. Something must happen to make it right. Things have come to such a pitch that the boys where I work let me make out all the tickets to Africa. Perhaps I could give myself a priority number, make myself a reservation, make myself out a ticket, one way naturally, to Lagos, and just quietly slip off some fine day. But then I wouldn't have a passport, so that wouldn't work. Chatter chatter chatter, mumble mumble mumble. And only time can work things out... the same time that I dispise so ardently will slowly, oh so very slowly bring us together. It would be nice to hibernate, to freeze my mind and body for a whole year and wake up next April 5th, jsut in time to dress and comb my hair and go to meet you.

The combination of sun and salt water and getting up at five in the mofning is having the natural result. I'm direly sleepy, William my angel and love. I am planning to send you a ghastly little picture of me in the hope of receiving one of you in the near future, because I should like to furnish an entire room with pillows to sit on and nothing but pictures of you and still more pictures of you on the walls. So far the room would be very bare indeed, a situation which I earnestly hope you will endeavour to correct.

Remember I love you constantly, and will wait indefin-
itely if it is necessary. Goodnight, sweet love.
PHILIPPA

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THE LATEST SPELLING!