

MAY 27 1942

Dinner Key

Coconut Grove

May 12, 1942, 2:00 P.M.

Hello Angel!

L-147

It's too bad I didn't have the fountain pen etc. ready for you, but I haven't bought them as yet. If you don't know Captain Blakely yet you might cultivate him, because on a very short acquaintance of perhaps fifteen minutes he sounded very nice indeed to me, and one of the Friend-In-Need School. He told me he had seen you at the Consulate, or what he thought was probably you, and announced to my muffled satisfaction that there were no girls in Lagos to get jealous about, and while he distinctly remembered seeing a young lady at the Consulate, he allowed as how the situation looked pretty good for Our Side. He didn't seem to recognize you as the "one with the halo", however, but perhaps it's just that his eyes aren't good enough. I wish I were on duty to-night to see him off or something, but I'm planning to leave this with one of my co-workers to give to him before departure time.

I spent last night busily upholstering some more chairs in the same happy if somewhat violent shade of red with which the sofa is garnished. The effect is striking, naturally enough, but may I modestly add that my friends say it is WONDERFUL! I don't contradict them, because I think so too. It's an enormous amount of fun having a real live house all your own to fix up as you will. I am investing a small amount of ready cash in a coffee table and a deer (pottery) to sit on top of it, the deer to be called Guillermo, Spanish for William, and you are hereby officially appointed its ~~godfather~~ godfather. I had another deer which I called Oscar, who was broken while moving from Coral Gables, so I suspected immediately that the gods on Olympus had it in for me and Oscar both because of his somewhat silly name. Result: the new deer will be Guillermo, and will undoubtedly have better luck.

In our files here I saw the other day that Bill Doyle, the boy who was a courier for the State Department while we were in Lisbon, just left for Buenos Aires the other day. His pink sheet said he was an "attache" to the Embassy there, which might mean anything considering the very vague idea of State Department procedure here at PAA. I never saw him, because he left from the other airport. I am beginning to suspect that if I stay here long enough I shall hear about the movements of all the people I ever met anywhere. I can't quite make up my mind whether I am glad or sorry I see so many people going to Lagos- it depends on whether I am in a mood to "take it on the chin" or in a mood to stow away passport or no passport. Captain Blakely kindly said he would be willing to put me in his overnight bag, but the physical problems which that would entail sort of stumped me, so I declined with thanks. While not enormous, I am still a trifle large for an overnight bag. I shall have to go on a strict reducing- and-shrinking diet, if I am to work things that way!!

This will be in your hands in six days, and I wish I could say the same for me. Speaking metaphysically, I always am; but in a world where Euclidian geometry still holds the fort, I am a long, a too long way apart from you. The word is apart. Be that as it may, I still love you and still will love you in a year or twenty years, whenever we see each other again.

Remember, darling.

Philinda