

May 23, 1942

Dear Pop,

L-337
P 1/2

A letter came from you this morning, much to my pleasure, arriving in my own little mail box, also to my smug gratification. I hasten to answer although there is absolutely no news to report.

The house is just about as complete as I can make it now. The upholstering is done, the unpainted tables have been varnished and are now sitting in the appointed places/ What is needed but will not be forthcoming due to the expense involved is a rug for the living room. My energies have not so far carried me away to the extent of doing my own weaving.

As for the work, there is an unfortunate recent development. Due to the fact that the Navy has decided it could use some more seaplanes, our Dinner Key Seaplane base has become the nearest thing to an elegant morgue that exists in Miami, and we poor Traffickers here just sit around and gossip after our one plane leaves in the morning, or else write letters, as both of us are busy doing right now. All the work has been shifted to the other airport, the landplane one. When the telephone rings both of us rush to it, and we converge on the

the few visitors that arrive asking questions like so many vultures, over carrion. Pretty simile, eh what! In the morning when our plane leaves we are busy, however, until it leaves at eight o'clock. We check their tickets for errors, collect excess baggage money, if any, check the passports and other documents, tell the passengers what windows to stop at, guide their faltering footsteps in general. In the evening when the planes arrive we stand by at the immigration and customs desks ready to help any passenger who might be in need of aid there. If they are detained by the authorities, we must pay, so we are very careful to see that they get away from the immigration and customs authorities. We translate for them, collect head tax, write out a report of their origins and destinations for some obscure bureau that is interested in that sort of thing, tell them where to stay the night, make plane, bus, train reservations for them, write out exchange orders so they can purchase their tickets through us! We are very good to them. At times it is highly interesting, since passengers arrive literally from ALL over the world. Of course I try to snag the ones from and to Lagos.

Well pop, there really is absolutely nothing of world-shaking importance to relate. I am gaining weight, to my intense horror. I have had many letters from my love, to my joy.

With Love, LPS