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3071 Indiana Street
Coconut Grove, Fla.
May 25, 1942

My fine-to-the-point-of-breathtakingness-darling,

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Yours of the fourth inst. belatedly received and contents noted with the habitual loving care. I also have word from Mr. Bledsoe that another one is on the way from Coral Gables to Coconut Grove. These two little towns have become quite distant since gas rationing has put us back to the Age of Walking. I went over there this afternoon to see my lawyer, and planned to stop in at the Bledsoe house after the conference, but a threatened downpour made me think it was perhaps wiser to head for home at full steam. It took me three quarters of an hour each way on Little Isolde. Pardon me, three quarters of an hour going and half an hour coming, under the impetus of the quaking fear of getting soaked through. I had a letter already (what I really mean, my dear, is "all ready") then to give to him, and the speed I worked up coming home combined with a high wind contrived to blow the letter out of my purse, but since writing to you is a pleasant task I don't really mind very much. I had previously telephoned to the Bledsoe place and asked the Ethiope serving maid please to tell her master and mistress that I was unable to go over there that afternoon or the next (which was today) so would they please mail the letter to me. So I didn't expect to find it over there anyway.

Sweet darling, I'm still as much yours as the first time I told you I was, and my inexcusable and reasonless loneliness continues unabated. The strange phenomenon of day-sleep goes on and grows more every day. Day-Sleep is my own patented word for the feeling of not being in the same place mentally as you are physically, and the feeling that the scenes you see and the people you meet are just characters in a dream with no real substance, through which you could probably stick your finger if you ever woke up long enough to try doing it.

Here it is May 27

Things keep interrupting me. I didn't get the letter I was expecting from Captain Bledsoe, so Mr. Bishop took me around to his house the other day, where the letter turned out to be two little silver bowls which are even now sitting in front of me. Thank you, my dear, and they have found a loving home as well as a prominent social position, right beside Guillermo the Deer on the coffee table. When I came home last night from Spanish class with Mr. Bishop and the Professor I saw your letter number 18 of May 17 on the table. It had been brought over from the airport by a special delivery service I have arranged with one of my pals the mail truck drivers, who realizes the supreme importance of getting those letters to me the minute they arrive. This same mail-truck driver appeared in our history once before, having popped up with a handkerchief the night Mr. Jack Mac-Sweeney passed through Miami. A most kind and understanding mail-truck driver, whom I shall miss when he goes in the army next month. It was a lovely letter, my darling, and I hardly need to tell you that it contained just what I wanted to hear. I wished that Captain Bledsoe could have told me more about his visit to you, but you know how uncommunicative he is, probably, so all I know is that he had dinner with you and went to Mr. Jester's house.

One of these days I am going to approach the assistant head of the Eastern Division Traffic Department on the matter of the poss-

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ibility of going "shipside" to Lagos. As you say, being right here at all times and knowing a trifle ahead of time when the Boeings are coming southbound from New York, I would stand a better chance than most people of being able to grab unoccupied space. I should undoubtedly be "off-loaded" at every conceivable spot between here and Nigeria, but it is barely possible that I might be able to get somewhere a bit nearer than Florida with patience. Without priority it ~~is~~ a pretty hopeless task to try to get anywhere on an airplane, let alone to a place where everyone and his brother is trying to get with high priority and all the trimmings. Perhaps it is just that I work for PAA and you work for the State Department, but it seems to me that the chief hurdle is not so much the passport as the transportation. There are blank passports galore, but very little available cabin capacity to spare, especially in the Atlantic Division. Captain Bledsoe, who very possibly doesn't know the problems they undoubtedly have in Natal, said that it seemed likely to him that if I could get as far as the hump of Brazil it would be less of a problem from there on - always with patience, due to the fact that traffic between Natal and the other side is being more adequately taken care of. This is a theory I should dearly love to believe wholeheartedly, and would like to take up with the chief of the Eastern Division, who hired me and is always very pleasant. So, one of these days I shall get up my courage to speak to him about it.

Your typewriter has many moods, as you can see.

The consulate is not at all like what I had imagined, and much pleasanter looking - I'm glad to see that you are so comfortably installed. That chair you are sitting on in your picture looks marvelous, but then I don't suppose you can see the heat and the humidity in the atmosphere. And speaking of tropical rains, we have them ourselves, especially right now. It's raining solid sheets at this point, just when I had hoped to lie on the beach till time to go to work!

You want to be reminded that I love you. If you could only know, I'm reminding you all the time. I always used to congratulate myself on living so much in the present, and getting so much pleasure out of little daily things, but now I find myself changed around so that I am living in the future, and getting my pleasure from thinking about what's come. I should very much like to be able to enjoy the life here, which is certainly a good, full one taken in the abstract. But I can't, for all my thoughts are about you, and all my pleasures derive from you, and you aren't here. One more new experience. I was always able to snap out of depression faster than a second hand on a watch, and now it's a most unaccustomed struggle. I know this will cease when we are together, and I hereby give you my official permission to chide me severely if I am not constantly cheerful from the day we meet till the day I die. And what's more, my good man, I simply won't allow you to refer to yourself slightingly, because I love you and know completely that I have good reasons for doing so, in addition to my natural bent in that direction. Not having enough paper to tell you the reasons right now, I'll wait till we are together and I have a lifetime to devote to the matter. I feel so strongly about it that I will overlook the possibility of making you conceited in so doing.

Mr. Shaws "Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" has been occupying my attention the last few days. I rather enjoy his paradoxes and the impossible little situations he conjures up as illustrations. But

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have you noticed how a book even only ten years old gives the impression of being hopelessly out-dated now? Some kinds of time march on and others don't. History-Time goes fast and the particular section of time on my hands moves along as slowly and aimlessly as an amoeba under a microscope. A fact which I resent and should like to take up with the Powers That Be, as highly unjust.

There is a small patch of blue sky appearing, and the rain has stopped. Such a nice thing. Perhaps we shall have sun to-morrow and I'll be able to go to the beach and acquire myself a discreet mahogany tan. The beach is five or six miles away, very lovely, and at all times one meets one's colleagues in fantastic numbers, for all PAA employees have unusual hours. One bumps into them swimming under water, one tramples on their reclining bodies as one crosses the sand, one dives into them from the platform, one finds them in the branches of coconut palms, one gets their sandwiches at the pavilion instead of one's own, they are just about as numerous and omnipresent as the sand. Good old PAA. I suppose it's the same in Lagos. After the war I suppose it will be the same in the four corners of the earth, or am I becoming PAA-conscious?

Last Saturday night I went to a night-club in Miami Beach (where they have quite an effective little black-out, by the way) and proved to myself quite conclusively that they bore me to extinction, which is quite a feat because I'm not easily bored! Naturally it wouldn't have done anything of the sort had you been there, but the underlying principle is the same: they bore me. I kept thinking idiotically of all the many and varied and better ways of spending all that money (idiotic since it wasn't my problem). Also I suppose were I on a desert island or in an outpost of civilization of some sort I should long for the smokey, noise-filled atmosphere of a jernt. The humble juke-joint seems nicer and healthier somehow, although the difference should be mainly one of price. But the clientele is younger and more interested in dancing than in drinking. The dancing they do is amazing, really! Much more like a country dance of the old-fashioned type than the sort of thing that's called "ball-room dancing". They tell me the ways of doing these new exercises vary all over the country, with each section having it 's own steps.

I think noone in the world except you and me know that we are going to wait for each other and that we will get together somehow if it takes years. But we are. Incredible and strange as it appears. People say to me "But you're young and healthy and far away, and a year or two can change so many things, how do you expect me to beleive you are going to wait all that time?" I wonder if they say the same things to you. I can't answer them other than to say that I know I can because I want to, and I am incapable of forgetting you, and time only makes me surer of myself and surer that no one else even remotely interests me. All of which only satisfies me as an answer, because the only real fundamental answer to their question is that I know I'm going to wait. And that sounds like intuition, or metaphysics, or what is commonly and slightly referred to as "a woman's answer". It isn't very logical, I'll admit, so the best thing to say isv "wait and see".

The strange things this typewriter does!

I've got to go back to work. I love you.

Philinda