

JUN 29 1942

3071 Indiana Street  
Coconut Grove, Fla.  
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Dear love,

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I love and miss you very much, William.

And that is the burden of my plaint for today. Other than that, there is little to say. It is raining, as it has been doing off and on for the past two weeks, this being the rainy season. We had a monumental thunderstorm this morning, complete with gigantic crashes of thunder, blinding flashes of lightning, occasional failures in the electric light system, and incredible down-pours. It was nice to be in a warm, dry house watching it. Luckily it doesn't scare me abit- but just put a spider in front of me! I am now in the heart of a dismal, melancholy cold, and sad to say I am bleary-eyed from it. I am beginning to lose faith in the advertisements that say if you absorb enough orange juice and sunshine you will never get a cold. Science has proved unreliable, and I am disillusioned. So disillusioned, in fact, and sunk so low, that I have taken to smoking your brand of cigarettes- which by the way cost three cents more than the ones I usually smoke. The horror of it all.

Yesterday I bicycled down to the beach to absorb some more of sciences sunshine (with no appreciable result,) but had to give up and be driven home because it looked like such a long ride home. It's amazing how much longer it is going back than it is coming- and by the same route at that! So one of my colleagues put Isolde on the front of his car and home we went in a quarter of the time it would have taken me to pedal Isolde. The more I contemplate the matter the surer I am that I am not the athletic type. But you should see the amazing number of bicycles that have appeared on the road since the gas rationing came in. You can't buy them anymore, so I suppose they have all been dragged out of attics and cellars, where they were put when Junior got too old for a bicycle. I was terribly lucky to have bought mine when I did, because although she is second-hand, she's quite new and good-looking, and I got her for only twenty dollars. Now they sell for sixty or more, if you can find one.

All of which is merely beating around the bush. The fact of the matter is that I love you and am terribly lonesome for you.

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Isn't that an exiting row of asterisks? Just like the kind they put in books at the more poignant moments. It indicates the passage of time, for it is now June eighth. Sweet my love, some day I hope to be able to talk to you fascinatedly about something beside the fact that I loved you when you were with me and I haven't been able to forget you for more than a half hour since then. Perhaps I shall be able to after we have been married a year or so, but right now I feel as if the only thing I can tell you is love, and talking about other things is like the kind of conversations one holds in a drawing room when two people are present who are bitter enemies. You must hurry up to think of ghastrly pleasant trivialities that are as effective in hiding the tenseness in the atmosphere as a kettle full of hot water poured over a glacier. This evening as I came home from the Bliss's I saw your letter in the mail box and immediately began thinking of the bills if might be instead of the letter of May 27 which it eventually and happily turned out to be. Brief, concise, and to the point, angelpuss. I'm glad you want me, darling,

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and the same goes double, in the words that are current these days. Absolutely double. I don't know whether I should call it an easy thing or a hard task to stay faithful to your vague dream for an indefinite period. It is certainly easier for a woman than it is for a man, to get down to hard facts. In any case, I have felt no desire to break loose from the dream and on the contrary have been revolted by the thought of doing so on various occasions. So it is actually easy for me to be faithful to you and I cannot demand a medal for heroism. But on the face of things I have changed my life completely in the last half year or so, and should be feeling the effects. I am. But instead of tearing my hair and being noble I just naturally drift into the vague dreams and do not wish to be interrupted by anyone. All of which is ambiguous, however I think you will understand me, William.

My cold is still with me, and a fever has been added. I get a fever every once in a while, heaven knows why. I like to call it undulant fever, because those are such poetic words. When I feel rough and adventurous I call it dengue fever, which is less sweet to the ears but ever so much more rolisome. The colored cleaning woman at PAA is a pal of mine, and she diagnosed it most unromantically as "the miseries". In any case I get it once or twice a year, and it is over in a few days so there is nothing to worry about. It is in its last stages now, for I coddled it by staying in bed yesterday while one of the boys worked for me. The Blisses coddled it and me some more to-day, for I spent most of the day over at their house reading and talking up a storm while they fed me delightful "invalid food" such as home-made tomato soup and cinnamon toast, of which I am passionately fond. I had a lovely day, and they wasted their precious tires and gas on bringing me back and forth, for which I shall be eternally grateful. The evening before one of my colleagues (how in heck do you spell that any way?) brought me a nice turkey dinner from his home, for I didn't go out at all. In toto, I feel like a spoiled daughter of the gods to-day. To-morrow I shall work my full day before someone thinks I am a hypochondriac.

It becomes increasingly difficult for me to see how I am to continue without being near you, to return to the heart of the matter. My goodness what a funny thing love is. Other young gentlemen are kind, good, handsome, intelligent, amusing, etc. etc. etc. but the strange thing is that none of them has any effect on me other than a negative one: i.e., I think what does the best of them are in comparison. Now perhaps I am wrong about this, but it's useless for me or anyone else to try to argue with me about the matter, because my little one-track mind has decided on the point. It has made a conclusion and refuses to budge an inch: There is no one like WLKrieg. Other young gentlemen are kind, which is something I look for and appreciate perhaps above everything else: Well, says my one-track mind, Krieg would be even kinder. Other young gentlemen are good: Huh, sneers my mind, absolutely nothing compared to how good Krieg is! They are handsome: Well, say I, a handsome man is to be mistrusted, with the exception of Krieg. Other young men are intelligent: I don't even stop to ponder about that, because I know you could beat anyone of them on that score. Other young gentlemen are very occasionally slightly amusing: there's where they all fall down lamentably, because I won't be in the mood to be amused at anyone until I see you again, so their best efforts are in vain. In any case, none of these young gentlemen ever combine all five virtues as you do. If I'm wrong about all this, it doesn't really matter at all, because I love you and that is how I feel about you, and if other people don't agree with me completely it's their own silly fault if they don't see what they are missing.

In short, you're president of me and I'll keep on voting for you if you run for sixteen terms.

Philinda