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My dear love,

Your letter #26 made me very happy. One) because it was long and seemed to represent the outpourings of your heart, which, in the oddly meaningful mid-victorian phrase, is my treasure. Two) because it contained the germ of so much action, and I am very anxious to pass from the passive voice to the active in these matters. Three) because it appeared to my hopeful mind to be frank and truthful, as ever. Four) because you asked to be excused for boring me with so much long-windedness. Well, you are excused. It is unfortunately my painful duty to bear with you at all times, and under the circumstances it is a very good thing that I have a well-developed martyr complex complimented by a tendency to the masochistic. How else can one explain the phenomenon that I actually rather enjoy your letters? Yes, my young friend, ENJOY them! In my pathological way I get unholy joy out of them. How strange! How inexplicable! Boo to you my love! You're a silly old darling and I would greatly enjoy reading a rendition of the Koran in Old Arabic if it had been typed out by you! Boring indeed!

Oh dear, I almost forgot point number five: My god has feet of clay. You spelled a word wrong, and so my universe comes tumbling down. You spelled epitome "epitomy". But don't worry for fear this unfortunate slip will cool my love for you- on the contrary, it's lovely to know that you can be human!

Such a nice letter, it was. I love you, my dear, and you are just what I want. If you were only here, or I were there, how loving and affectionate I would be, and how I would spoil you with attentions, and how completely happy I would be to be your wife!

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It was interesting to hear about how Jack Mac feels about not being in the army or navy. I can vaguely imagine how he must feel about it myself. I think it's emotional rather than mental, however. It is an obvious fact that one necessary job is as important as another necessary job; in fact the whole thing's more than an obvious fact-it's axiomatic. But a lot of men in uniform are doing much less vital work than you are, and it wouldn't change things at all if you happened to be wearing uniforms.

I had a hearing before a master, who recommended my case to the judge's favorable decision. As yet I have heard no more, but should know the answer in a few days. If everything goes as well as we hope it will, I will start passport manoeuvres sometime next week, following the advice you gave me.

My mamma is coming down to visit me, beginning a couple of days from now. That will be nice, because I am always so lonely. I called her up the other day to find out exactly when she would be coming. She is enormously pleased, sweet mamma that she is, that her daughter is anxious to have her come. It's amazing how little I have seen of my parents in the last five or six years. They are almost like memories to me now, and when I am with them I feel strange to some extent, as if I were talking with ghosts.

I loved what you sent me. Principally because you sent them to me. Also because they are interesting and look well on my tables, although they are not precisely finished, civilized work, naturally. So much the better.

"Good old Captain Jim" is in the hospital with appendicitis, although he called up to-day and told me he is getting out to-morrow. I have been wanting them to come over to my house for many weeks, but circumstances have prevented it. Perhaps during his convalescence he

will be able to make it.

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My father sent me a hundred dollars, trying to make a kept woman out of me. I shall try to buy Janie a present with it. I haven't the faintest idea what to get her, nor yet where to send what I get, not knowing how or where she is planning to live. It was fun talking to your pal Francis about her. Poor old Francis admitted he was a broken-hearted man about the whole matter, and further stated that he had left a large contingent of broken-hearted men in Newark, crying into their rum and bitters over Janie's wedding. Or is it gin and bitters? In any case, I don't know what to get Janie.

I will send a letter off to Mr. L'Heureux, care of the State Department. Is that the right address?

Tell me if you want me to send some thing else for you, my dear darling love.

None of your letters have been opened.

So far PAA has sent no women outside the United States, the old stoops! You can't tell but what your friend Jesse Boynton's aid in getting me over there might not come in handy, although I have the graveest and best founded doubts that PAA would ever send me there themselves. But my theory is that it's best to work on all angles, possible or impossible. Tell me, did those missionaries you mentioned as having been given passports, have priority to travel by air, or did they go shipside all the way over? If they went shipside I ought to be able to, darn it! Answer this question quick like a bunny, angel, because I'm terribly anxious to know how they did it.

If it's any hotter and humider in Lagos than it is right here and now, it is really hot and humid over there!

Now you know what Mr. Bishop looks like. His disposition is just as sunny and happy and philosophical as it would appear to be in that picture I sent you via Robert Francis.

I care very much whether you jump in the lake or not. I don't want

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you to go around jumping in lakes, darling. I want you to live and be my love. I am certain, positive, happily sure that you are everything I love and want and admire, and that we will be very happy together. I ~~have~~ have no doubt whatsoever ~~but~~ that we will someday have been married fifteen years and be rather smug about things in general and us in particular, and secretly pleased as heck about the way things turned out. Well, I wish it were fifteen years from now, because although we've never been "us, unlimited" yet, I miss "us" just the same. Heavens, it's not right for us to be separated, is it!

I'm overflowing with love for you, dear. I guess everything will be all right for us someday.

Phyllis