

3071 Indiana Street
Coconut Grove, Fla.
August 13, 1942

Hello my dear Williampuss,

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It has been approximately a generation since I heard from you last, and even though you carefully explained that you probably wouldn't be able to write frequently from Accra, the horror of not hearing from you is seeping in. Because, angelpuss, in my admirable and Patient Griselda way, I still love you as much as the night I was so pleased to be able to kiss you in the elevator of the Casa de Santo Antonio, and to the same degree as I did the day we walked from the Casa to the waterfront and back again. I am constantly being reminded that all this is remarkable, unheard of, and slightly fantastic by the vociferous and growing crowd of "Love My Neighbor" clubbers. Sometimes it seems that way to me also, and I sit in wonder and contemplate my achievement- but most of the time I just don't think about it at all, but only feel: feel that it is good and fine, feel that it is undoubtedly worthwhile, even though painful, feel that one fine sunny day I'll look straight at you with no miles in between us and be able to say haha, Philinda my chickadee everything's quite all right and all that pain and profitless waiting was quite justified. Please don't forget that I love you, but even more important, don't forget that you love me. I can take care of my love for you as long as you hold up your end- I'm wonderful at it, as a matter of fact. People come up and ask me if I'm still true to you after so many months in Miami (apparently considered a hotbed of the other angle of things) and marvel at my answer. There now, I'm probably making you horribly conceited, which God forbid. Well, what's done's done. But Williammy particularly fine feathered love and darling, you must remember to handle our dreams with gloves and put them back in their cotton-lined boxes after you've dusted them off. As far as I'm concerned they are the world's dreams and the things you refer to in arguments with cynical people, in order to disprove their bleak theories.

But deary me how lonely I am for you! I'm such a low character at this point that I contemplate with green and glowing eyes the domestic bliss of other and more fortunate lovers. I'm terrible, I'm envious, I go into corners and sulk. I wish I were in a world composed entirely of females, where I wouldn't have to look at the Blessed. Or in a cold-storage vault. As a matter of fact that last idea isn't at all bad, because it combines several advantages: it has been quite hot here recently, and cold is said to numb the brain centers. Speaking of the heat, one of the PAA-Africa boys was complaining to me the other day as he got off of the plane that it was hotter here in Miami than it had been in all the journey from distant and censored points. Although he added that it smelled better! If I ever get to Africa I shall have been through a good training school, apparently.

The new job still annoys me, but the big executives seem to be putting a great deal of stock in it. One of the vice-presidents of the system came down from New York the other day to give us some instructions, a luncheon at the Hotel Columbus, and a sight of his august personage. He mentioned that we four girls might get a week's trip to New York in the near future, going up in one of the big clippers. That would please me enormously, naturally, as well as being very instructive as to exactly what this new job is all about.

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The Great Man said we would be put through intensive training, have Elizabeth Arden experts work on our appearance, be presented to all and sundry, and probably eventually (say in a year or so) be sent "down the line" to tell them how to do it in Trinidad, Brazil, what have you. Don't tell anyone, but I don't plan to stay that long! After buying the uniforms for us, the vice president decided they weren't dignified and lady-like enough, so he is taking us out of them and will have one of the big New York Stores design us something classy. Our little lady-like hearts are discretely fluttering at all this, naturally. It is very nice to have the admiration and respect of all the colleagues in PAA, but I rather preferred the kind of respect I got for taking over a drafted man's job at the Traffic counter, where no woman had trod before. I felt secretly very proud of the way the men gradually accustomed themselves to me, after their initial doubts and sarcasm concerning the ability of a girl to take over in that particular field. However, God disposes although man proposes, and it looks as if I am to be made into a Public Relations Representative whether I like it or no.

Since turning the passport application in I have not been around there at the Agent's office to find out about it, feeling very sure it would take a great deal of time to get any action at all. My attitude is pessimistic, but you and God know how much I want the answer to be favorable. If I don't see my love soon I shall go quietly mad.- and that after ten months of comparative patience!

^propos of nothing whatsoever, a pome by Mr.Bliss:

There was an old fellow names Sydney
Who drank till he ruined a kidney
He shriveled and shrank
The more that he drank
But he had a good time at it, didn't he?

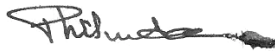
I am being forced to get up earlier and earlier, with ghastly results in my social life. Now once in four days I get up at three A.M., and once in four at four A.M. So I hardly am able to go out in the evening at all, and have to go to bed by day and dress by yellow candle-light, just like the unhappy small boy in the poem. Mother wakes up also, but goes to bed again. I wish I had more time to devote to her, for she can't stay forever, but as it now is I am away much longer than I am at home. I shall be ghastly lonely when she's gone, I know. Quite a few of my friends have gone away recently- mostly to the army and navy. My sympathetic friend in the Mail Room I miss particularly, because he was always handy to take me to the beach or in shopping. However, I suppose that is just as well in that particular case, because it turned out that he was, in the Victorian phrase, far too fond of me. The Blissés and Mr. Bishop, I'm delighted to say, are still with us, and my co-pilot pal Mullen sometimes takes over where they leave off. But all of this ersatz business has long since palled on me, and what I want is YOU. May I repeat, my dear Mr. Krieg, or should I say my dear Vice Consul Krieg, you are my love and my life, and without you there is no contentment in the best experiences and the finest relationships. I constantly marvel at the small things that happiness hinges upon. If you were here in Miami, had gone off to work in the morning, and I went to the Blissés house in the afternoon for a bit of conversation and a glass of wine, I could be the happiest woman in the world, even though you weren't there actually. I should have in the back of my mind the fact that in the evening you would be home, and I could tell you what monumental conclusions we had

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(well, what I was saying was "conclusions we had reached") during the course of the afternoon's conversation, and everything I did would be rosily colored because of it. My heart would be twelve pounds lighter, and happy things would be genuinely happy. How sweet it would be to work hard and succeed in what I aimed at doing, if we could talk it over and enjoy it together later! How particularly funny jokes would be, and how extraordinarily beautiful hibiscus would grow! My conclusion is that you are a brute and a beast to make me so unhappy by staying away, when you realize so well that I can't enjoy anything without you, and no one else has the power to transmute living into gold! Boo to you, why don't you let me alone or be with me?

There now, that's enough spoiling for you to-day. Now a little moral lesson. Write to me more frequently, because I'm the most important thing in your life. Don't work too darned hard. Keep healthy and blooming because that's the way I want to find you. Don't give up the ship it's taken so much effort to build, but put an extra anchor on it every so often. Remember I love you and you love me and everything's going to be all right.

Most lovingly,



Happy P.S.

Mr. D. Fisher or something of TWA, Accra and Lagos, has just come into Miami and he and I have indulged in a fine long talk about you and Africa and love and my chances. He is a lovely man full of information, pleasing on the whole, concerning life over there. He told me you were being a good boy, which made me ecstatic, and that the main entertainment over there was drinking, something which I faced with mixed feelings. He said he had known you in Lagos in February and that only a week or so ago he had met you again in Accra. Oh how particularly fine to hear such direct and complete information! He said he thought, however, that I had no chance whatsoever of coming out there unless it were by reason of some war job such as the YMCA or whathaveyou. Please, my dearest, try something along those lines, won't you? He also said you were reasonably hopeful of being able to come back soon after February '43, which would be delectable, luffly, gorgeous, fine, nice, consoling, marvelous. But then it's such a long time till February '43-six months! Still, if I could know you were coming it would be 80% better, if not perfect.

En tout cas it was grand to talk to him, and we got along beautifully. Do you know, my dear, since this morning I love you a little more? Well, I do. Farewell, angelpuss. Remember to be ghastly good and keep away from women, so I won't have to go to the expense of sending them all arsenic chocolates. Likewise so I won't be forced to cut your head off, an expedient I would be regretfully forced to take in case I heard of anything sub rosa.

Mr. Fisher or whatever his name was is a most discerning joe who said you were a fine upstanding man. What understanding, what comprehension of character!

More love,

