

3071 Indiana Street

SEP 21 1942

Coconut Grove, Fla.

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Dear Darling,

All this week I have been wondering when a letter would come from you, and have been ghastly disappointed daily. Ah well, your cable arrived. You hardly have to tell me that arranging priority is difficult. I have been struggling with it myself over here; till I finally decided that you would be in a better position to get somewhere than I am. In fact, I have gotten exactly nowhere. Let us hope that you are more successful than I was. It appears that you even need priority to go on a boat! of course when I learned that I immediately set about trying to find out who it was that gives out this ship priority. I found out that it is a gentleman in Washington, named E. A. King, of the War Shipping Administration (His title is "Director of Traffic", which sounds to me like what a boy scout does on Saturday afternoon in order to learn to be a good citizen). I wrote our little friend Mr. King a letter telling him my sad tale, but he has not answered it as yet. So for a week, more or less, I have been sitting around twiddling my thumbs idly. Well, not quite. I have started some typhoid shots, and had a smallpox vaccination, and plan to have the rest as soon as possible. Because, you see, I get them free through PAA, and my Scotch ancestry just loves to get something free, even if it's only something like a nasty old shot. But I don't like this waiting around at all- you can imagine why. Teh months of waiting around is beginning to make me somewhat restive, and figuratively speaking I am walking on hot coals till such a time as I may be able to get my teeth into something constructive to do- along the lines I want. And the lines I want, my dearest darling Williampuss, are the lines that take me straight to you. Or had I already hinted that such was the case?

I can't remember whether or not I told you that I got a very kind letter from Mr. Jester, which I immediately answered. He explained that he had gone to see Mrs. Shipley in Washington about my passport, so apparently he was the one that wielded the little hatchet. Anyway, I thanked him for that and explained what I had done in the transportation battle, hoping that since he had been so effective about the passport he might also be effective about the other little matter. Pan American annoys me intensely by being absolutely un-helpful. I went around to see the PAA-Africa man here, and he said they could absolutely not do anything like hire me to work for them over there. He said that if the office over there needed me, it had the right to hire me, however. All of which does us no good while I am eight or ten thousand miles from there. The Passenger Service Department likes me very much, and is most unhappy that I am going to leave, especially since they got a letter from some Lt. Commander in the RAF about the lovely service in PAA, and the wonderful woman named Jones who met and guided him through Customs and Immigration. Since they got that famous (and very nice) letter from the Comdr. they are even surlier about my going off into the wilds and leaving them to their own resources, so they are no help at all at all, as our friends the Irish would put it.

The Park National Bank of Newark Ohio sent me a communication the other day, enclosing a check, the largest I have ever seen, let alone actually possessed. With trembling hands I took it immediately to the Coconut Gove Exchange Bank and proudly deposited it in a savings account for safe keeping. I hope with all my heart that I will be able to take it out again almost immediately.

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Mamma is still with me, and we two are leading a quiet home-body sort of a life, with me working most of the time. She wants to stay as long as possible, and I should love her to stay to the bitter end. Her Jimmy, who is the best possible step-father, is willing to wait for her even though he is awfully lonely. I feel sort of mean to keep him up there in Orange without a wife. Periodically he sends pathetic little telegrams hoping we are having a wonderful time together and by the way when is mother coming back? Mother and I still take our little bikes and go down to the beach every so often- in fact we did so this very morning, acquiring on the way quite a touch of sun and an enormous quantity of sand in our shoes. We went into Miami on my last day off to see Mrs. Hines, the lady who lived ten years in Liberia. I hoped I could get some more definite "info" (as we say in PAA) on the climate over there. But she was willing to make no definite statements concerning Nigeria, so I got nowhere in particular. The concensus seems to be that it is no hotter than is Miami in summer time, which seems entirely possible since it appears to me that no place on earth could be actually hotter than Miami in summer time. Most people object to the heat here, but I don't mind it much, because I am rather fond of warm weather, and definitely opposed to cold in any form, even lovely white snow that you can slide down hills on.

Angelpuss, it's lovely to learn that you still love me. But as I remark'd to mamma the other day, I'd rather get a letter a day from you than a daily check for fifteen hundred dollars- and that in spite of the aforementioned Scotch ancestry. I love you, too. In fact I adore you and can't wait to see you. In fact you are wonderful, beautiful, handsome, glamorous, intelligent, kind, absolutely everything, as far as I'm concerned. It seems so fine that our dreams might be coming true soon- so fine I can't even imagine it. In a month it will be a year since we first planted those powerful dreams, and perhaps in six months they will be realities at last, and we won't have to just think about being together. I want to be with you constantly for weeks, till I get used to the idea that you aren't a mirage, till I can look at you without being amazed. You will probably wish you could get me off of your neck after about a week, poor William. But I'll be good and do anything you tell me to, so if you want to send me off home while you go out with the boys or the local equivalent, I'll follow instructions like an automaton.

The other night we had a PAA dance, a happily corny affair which was held in an enormous joint called Moose Hall. It was one of those things where they announce so-and-so's birthday, and play the Happy Birthday to You song while everyone claps like mad. I enjoyed it a lot, not having danced for many a moon. Afterwards a large party of us went out and ate arroz con pollo at a Spanish restaurant and did some more singing till it was time to go home. It all reminded me of my long dead youth, which is why I mention it.

Well, darling love, that's all the news and comment I'm possessed of. Beyond the usual, obvious, and eternal fact that I love you, and always will. Please work hard to get me over there (if you still want me to come) because I very very very very much want to kiss you.

Lovingly,

Philinda