

4-64-278

Wednesday, September 1, 1949
at 11 a.m.

Dear wife,

another month ushered in - and another long month gone by without my seeing you. We'll almost forget what July and August could be like together! This is a now that we're mind. But there'll be no more, I hope.

I can't concentrate on anything. We're about to eat tonight - on tomorrow at the hotel - there should be a big pile of letters waiting for me. The last I have was written August 3rd. About a month during which I hear nothing of you. Have you changed greatly? I hope not; I care you're always as dear profit as a man mortal like me can stand. But now I will know. Does you not tell me how you are spending the second half of the summer, and how you are writing - or have written - French class, and how the gardens grows, and how Danna & George are reacting to your writing, and how good a writer you are, and how you planned your diet and how you still love me. And I hope you still do love me. Every letter I want to turn to the back just to see if you are still my own. I know you are, and yet I cannot be reassured too often. Most of all is your letters I want to know that I am still all in all to you as you are to me. All the other things - the deeds and the thoughts are directed to that goal. If you did not still love me this would be no empty - intentions is an unachieved

4-65-281

Tuesday, September 1, 1945
Panama - at anchor

Dearest, dearest, wife -

Did you get my last letter telling you how happy I was going to be tonight? Well the anticipation was nothing to the actuality. I shall write my address a bit - & next if I can to have the handwriting reader of my pen to something reasonably legible. Perhaps the best way would be to record the day's activities in orderly manner: P.

I wrote last just before supper. After supper I sat out to a dock and waited the hour come down. I was making a cigar. Since we were coming in I knew the ship might want to use his dock. Also I was too excited to study. Finally we dropped the hook and seemed to settle for the night. Then a "boarding party" - that's actually what they called them. Some of yell. brach came aboard to see the captain. Nothing seemed to be happening. It was very hot now we stopped moving. I went up to the ship's room to see if he wanted to play some dice. He was long but said a little later. I had to do something. The boarding party said the company agent would bring out our mail. Since it was Saturday night (the holiest night is the week!) with a long weekend

4-6-3-24-

writing up, and I am rather distressed of all company. I didn't know who we'd get the mail. I was nervous - I knew it was coming and it would be wonderful when it did - but I couldn't seem to relax very much. So I read for a while and then A did said he'd play and we started a game. We had a couple of interruptions and he doesn't concentrate too well anyhow, but it settled out like a dice game. But I still never knew how it would have ended. For suddenly somebody said "mail call!" There was a long wait until the delegates voted it out by departments, then B got come down to A's marshall and passed it among us. And my chair was full of envelopes. I could hardly carry it all. Two letters from others, and 16 from you. Wonderful, wonderful. Everything up there reaches to me within only 36 days ago. Just think, only last Sunday you were writing your notices to me. And today, less than a week later, I am answering you. How wonderful it is to be alive, when life offers you. But now I'm torred talkies about everyday things like chores and such and the heavy is back in my head. Maybe if I light a pipe it'll help calm me down.

But I don't want to calm down. The meaning exists
existential inasmuch as is so glorious that I want to keep it clear.
But I want to tell you about it and ~~and~~ I do that

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4-10-301

Fridays, September 7, 1945
at sea

Darling,

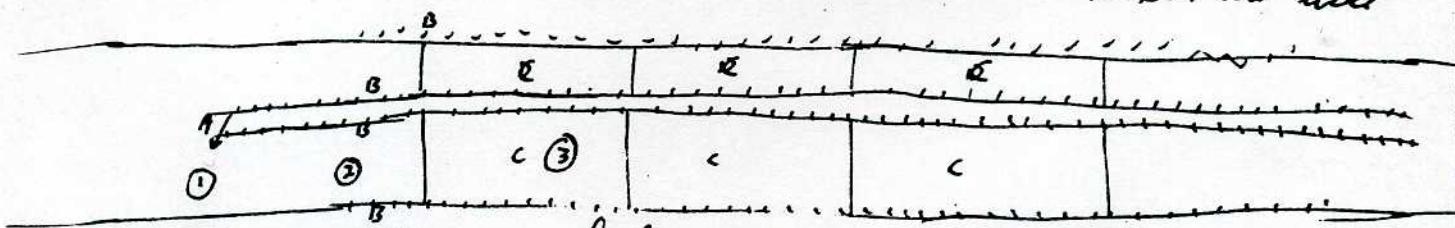
at last we are really started on the long, long journey. and although I don't like it is the best the best of it. I am glad we are on our way. For all we know we go the winds will be back, and that's all the matter to us.

The wind was sometimes. I have heard that there is no more exciting of mail. so I left demand it to the best of my ability.

Before we headed up our anchor we took about a pilot, a group of men and women, and a large number of coal miners. The men and women were to receive rooms. They treated us well. They stood around the ship with loaded guns and never let it think one could get them as easily as this. one in the bridge and one in the engine room, with a special signal phone connection to make sure all orders are transmitted correctly. The coal miners do everything involved in running the ship looks good for the actual running of the vessel. which is a task for us. Well this, we prepared we set out. The first looks are very near me what went on, and it was extremely quiet. as we came into the harbor the engines were on "stop" and the only sounds were our own voices and the slow creaking of the ship being turned up. Such silence is always exciting at sea, but it was very necessary surrounded, as we were, by jagged. as soon as we entered it was a desert place. Tumid vegetation right down to the water's edge. We were on the lookout for crocodiles. but saw none.

and as round at all from the jingle. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ an occasional run. Little lat or headed north added to the destination - as though man had attempted to settle and had been beaten by the jingle. Of course the Illinois was only mountains. A jeep or a truck would whip by on higher tracks to here that is a way man had required the jingle. A gentle ~~at~~ rain started to fall. It was with the mule I had associated with the wastes as it went of desolate down for hours. But it was a welcome relief from the heat, since there was no breeze at all.

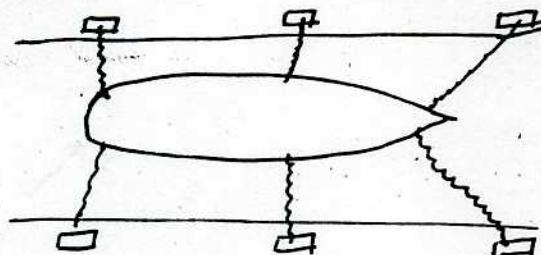
There were a group of men over found, one off, and one and ship. As we approached the ~~the~~ first took ~~to~~ a main road wagon back from the box (I ~~we~~ didn't go far and needed up again later). The road was lit this having been down thru a door and a hot case out from ~~less~~ the water strip. There are double sets of doors and the reversible arrow told us to take the right hand one. When we were



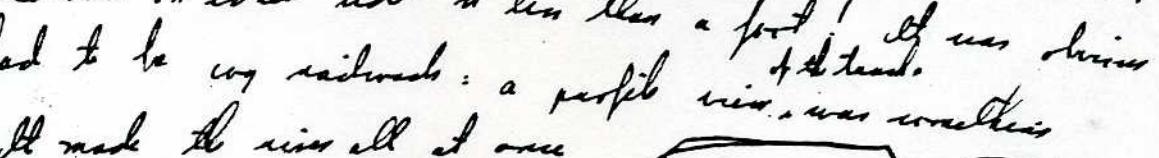
- A. lighted arrow telling us which way to go
- B. tracks for cog railway
- C. doors

and at ① the man took case out with three lines. They tied the first one to the box having box and draped bed to the other boxes. The case was pulled in the end of the box, bed it to the wind and heaved. He

4-10-302
other end was attached to a cable which came from the one of the cog-wheel engines. Mr. Gallaher is the cable and made it fast about this time another boat came from the shore side and the process was repeated as before. Ninety minutes they were home and ship and astern, and our digger was now turned in like us. The wind



The railroad engine
were silly looking. They had
tremendously powerful. The cable
was on a winch on top of
them and could be reeled in
or out, in addition to the
the door to the first load
gives, they call them I pulled us in
us right in the middle, not too
us, but again in a halting.
then a foot! It was driving
profile view, was something

engines moving along the track. ~~over~~ ^{one out,} in addition to the
new ones and the engines (donkey engines, they call them) pulled us in.
It looked like a tiny job beginning us right in the middle, not too
fast, not too slow. Not too hard with us, but easier in a hothouse,
where the distance on either side is less than a foot! It was driving
why they had to be my railroads: a perfect ^{at least.} view, was something
like this: It made the river all at once 

ashore. This pulled us safely into the harbor, and as the big gun shot behind us, we set a mooring line ashore on either side, bow & stern. One would think the engine enough to hold the ship, but I guess the line we are in can't. This goes wrong for a reasonably short time we had since — about 30 feet and the next done was being opened, and the whole process was repeated.

as we went from land to land they would cut off the various trees from shore, let
leaves & boughs lie scattered, and a guy would walk along and clip them
it, unless to tie up in the next boat.

There were three such boats, with a total rise of 85 feet, I think.
houses and figures, and as we came out the last one in the lake we were nearly
at the top of our journey. and then the long boat came, which I think was very
good timber.

and now it had trees, so you'll have to wait a while for the second
installment of the trip thru the canal.

and you'll have to wait a while for me to tell you what is my
news again. But when I do.....!

I love you.

Philip

... the long list of meaningless names and positions on the ballot. my only view was to
set up the one not by party - and neither is conducive to good government. the
federal post is as it should be - it is the state and local posts that are
bad.

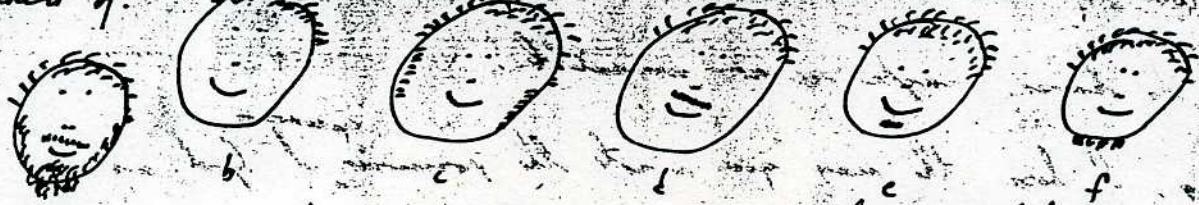
The general council should be to vote for legislative positions only, and
probably the chief executive (although the city managers, or the British prime
minister have much in their power). But judicial and administrative posts
should be filled entirely by ~~parties~~ or appointment, as non-parties as
possible. Then also make the police should be directly responsible to the public
will. & those who carry them out should be experts who carry out the
laws as made. and the judiciary the which interpret them should definitely
be non-parties and of fixed tenure.

I read a little book by James K. Polk from Thorndike's Book. It's very
amazing is a way, and to anyone who knows the Tennessee river bottom is
terrifying as well. But to me it seemed very long drawn out, although only
a hundred odd pages or less. As though he had material for three or
four novels-type enough and had stretched them into a book.

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473-345

... how you'd like me to look when I get home? Marshall^(A), Ward^(B), and
Lums^(C), & you^(D). All will work^(A), or does have^(B) or any combination
of them^(C).



a

just to give you an idea of the possibilities!