

Dearest dearest .

Friday Aug 18th

Friday - isn't it funny how we divide time into pieces and ^{with} put little pieces of string ^{as the cat} around each and put them into cubbyholes & file them away? Why is Friday different from Thursday or Saturday? Why does it have a separate cubby-hole of its very own? Is it because we can't bear time - any more than we can bear eternity - so we take little pieces and think they are ours? But no - your foolish little wife knows better - she only dates these letters so that Bill will give you one each day and you will say how very efficient the air-mail is becoming!

(Bet is still dolofully embroidering - it is now half-after one - we have had no lunch - time has passed us by - this must stop - where was I) — Oh yes - it is Friday Aug 18th you are on the ocean blue and

I beside it. I have packed my lunch -
Taken my towel and climbed down to
the beach where I shall have a busy day
gathering shells and scattering them. Will
it be like Spanish Wells do you think - with
simple fisher folk and young women having
babies? If so, I shall be happy. In a few
weeks you could hardly tell me from
a native - put me down where you will.

"Vera" was and will be one of my favorite
places - I am glad we shall have an
investment there! Then there may be more
reason to stay longer. I think I shall
call myself Miss Staylonga!! It seems
my eternal cry. The sea-gulls will
bring me news of you - tell me who
loves me - who - who - who o o o o? .
Everything answers across the blue -
you - you - you?
(very bad meter. but true!) ?