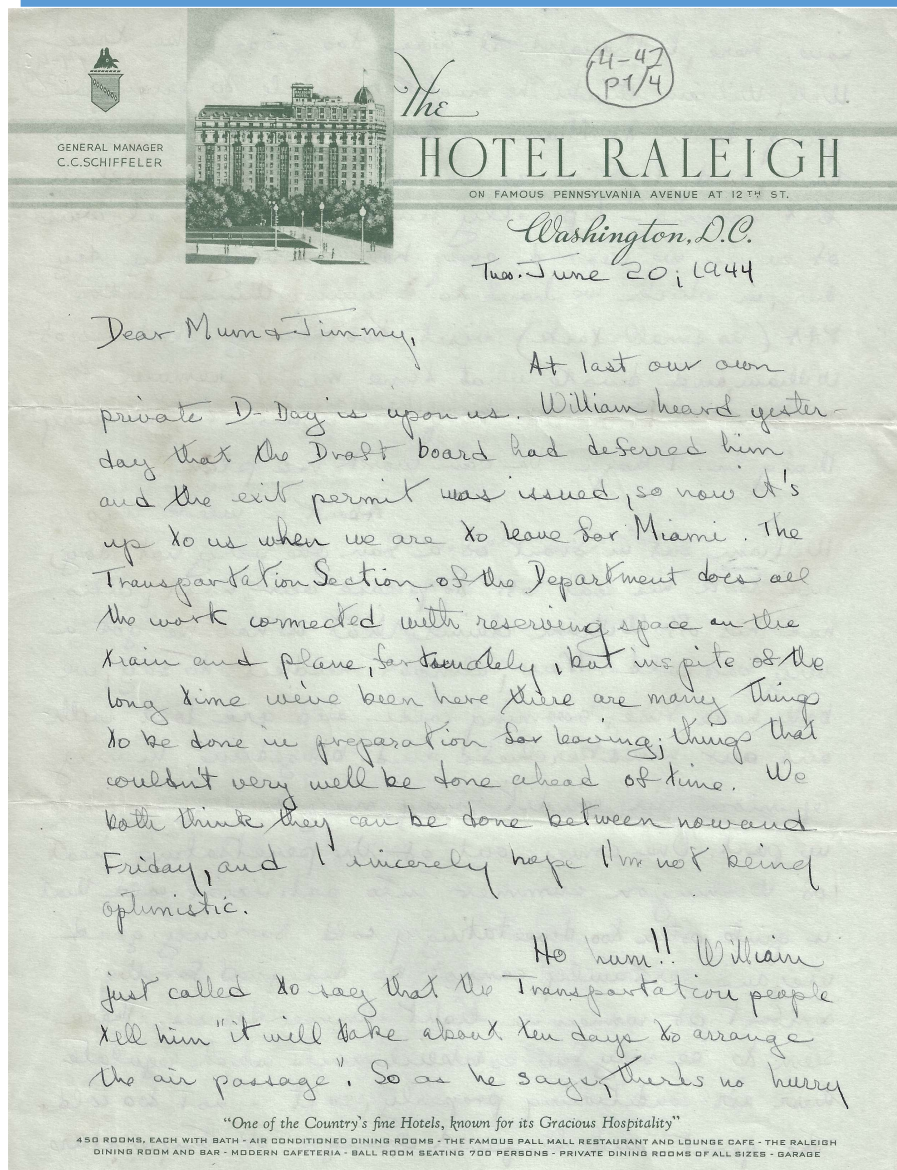


Tues. June 20, 1944



Dear Mum & Jimmy,

At last our own private D-Day is upon us. William heard yesterday that the Draft board had deferred him and the exit permit was issued, so now it's up to us when we are to leave for Miami. The Transportation Section of the Department does all the work connected with reserving space on the train and plane, fortunately, but in spite of the long time we've been here there are many things to be done in preparation for leaving; things that couldn't very well be done ahead of time. We both think they can be done between now and Friday, and I sincerely hope I'm not being optimistic.

Ho hum!! William just called to say that the Transportation people tell him "it will take about ten days to arrange the air passage".

So as he says, there's no hurry

now. There, I thought it was too good to be true! Well, William thinks he might be able to arrange ⁴⁻⁴²_{22/4} going down to Miami a couple of days ahead of time, and I of course would absolutely revel in that scheme - Especially since in the normal course of events we would only have one very busy day there, in which we have to arrange things with PAA (no small task) visit two elderly relatives of William, and devote what time might remain to The Blissies. It would be quite a task to get everything in. I hope he can work his plan.


About a week ago William sat in front of a fan one very hot day, and took his coat off to please our host, who had his off. William claims that is how he got a very bad cold. Now, almost needless to say, we both have fine, blooming colds and are lost without our handkerchiefs and benzedrine. In my opinion air conditioning may be responsible in part. One comes out of the penetrating heat of Washington summer into artificial cold that is quite often too devastatingly cold for any good use, and certainly cannot be designed for the comfort of women in light summer dresses. There seem to be very few establishments which regulate their air-conditioning properly, so it is not too cold. The great and frequent changes of temperature

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4-42
p3/4

GENERAL MANAGER
C. C. SCHIFFELER



The
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ON FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 12 TH ST.
2 Washington, D.C.

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it seems to me. In any case, William and I have
acquired two healthy cold germs, and have been
feeling low and mean for the past few days.

William said he
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old Fletcher School friend of his who used to
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DINING ROOM AND BAR - MODERN CAFETERIA - BALL ROOM SEATING 700 PERSONS - PRIVATE DINING ROOMS OF ALL SIZES - GARAGE

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7/4/4

We have been leading an enforced life of complete quiet since the colds came. Saturday night, however, we went to dinner at a French café not far away, and that turned out to be a great treat. Boeuf Bourguignon the way it should be made, the way Florence taught me to make it in Paris! Heavenly. Onion soup au gratin naturally, and a half bottle of burgundy. I enjoyed that meal as meals should be enjoyed. It was soul satisfying.

Last night to the home of another of William's old Fletcher School pals, an earnest blond-thatched ~~youth~~ of well, man, with glasses whose general physiognomy reminded me somewhat of John's. He is an Army lieutenant now, in the code-breaking section of the signal corps. It must be interesting work if you have the requisite type of mind. His wife is a nice big soft middle Western girl on the general line of Aunt Isabel and is now literally knitting tiny garments.

I must close and get ready to meet William for lunch.
The great day is not far off!

Love,
LPK

P.P.S. William has prepared a power of attorney in mama's name.
P.S. Don't forget sheets + pillowcases, my dear, and many, many thanks!

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