

Orange, New Jersey
January 9, 1942

Rec'd Jan. 21 '42

L-104

Dear Williampuss,

Well well, the great day has nearly arrived. The lawyer gave me the papers for Jimmie to sign yesterday, I made my reservations of the train, and Sunday I embark in the morning. I stop off four hours in Washington, just time to have lunch, have Jones sign them, and leave for Miami at five-thirty. So you see that this side of the matter is being handled as well as can be expected from an inefficient person, and by the same token you see that I wasn't fooling you when I said I loved you. Huh-uh. I mean't it. After that is over with there will still be one or two minor problems, such as the war and the State Department. I wish they were as relatively easy as this one is; just matters of time and money. Luckily I have plenty of the former and sufficient of the latter.

Your sister called up to-day from New York to excuse herself for the other night when she didn't show up for dinner. We had a nice long talk, and ~~she~~ she said that she had been to Washington with Norman the Soldier after leaving Newark, and further that she had just nearly married him! He sounded like a very convincing talker, but I guess he wasn't quite convincing enough to make her jump into the chasm of matrimony. Poor old Norman! The Vermont store has asked her to wait till the end of the month before coming up, so she is still in New York at present writing. I was secretly pleased to hear that she had resisted the poor innocent soldier, thus saving herself for the Foreign Service gentleman I'm always talking about, whoever he is. Anyway I think marriage is bad for young girls, don't you? I'm about a year older than Janie, and therefore beyond such worries.

There was a great long line at the ticket agency when I went to buy the ticket to Miami, and the result was that I had to wait inline for an hour and a half. The war doesn't seem to make people any less eager to go to Florida. It was almost as bad as the queues in Paris in front of the meat shops, only more expensive. When I get down there I shall have to live in an inexpensive fashion, but I shall have paid the lawyers and have a return ticket, igitur practically no worries. Maybe I can find me a job of some sort, indeed I hope so, because one is always so much more contented when one has all sorts of things to do- at least this one is. I have decided that I must read Henry Esmond on the train- I love all Thackeray except Henry Esmond, so my duty is clear before me. A sense of duty in regard to books is a most dreadful thing: all the time you read a nice novel you feel you should be reading the Anatomy of Melancholy or Boswells Life of Johnson.

Speaking of duties, I should be packing my suitcases right at this very moment. The only thing for me to do is stop this immediately and go up and do so. So, my pet, when you write, do so in care of the YWCA, Miami, Fla instead of Orange, New Jersey.

I love you very much and pray that you're safe.

Philinda