

Rec'd Jan. 24 '42

222 Phoenetia Avenue
Coral Gables, Florida
January 17, 1942

Dearwst William,

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When your cable saying that you were "safe, well" came, I didn't dare hope that you were already in Lagos, therefore I am now terribly pleased to learn that you are, and that my worrying since December 20th was for naught. Mother called me up to-night from Orange, saying that she was forwarding a letter from you. Mamma is a great little reader-of-other-peoples'-letters, so she told me in outline what was in the thing, which I am eagerly awaiting. Oh dear, after all the letter writing that I did, to think that when you arrived there was only one waiting for you! If you feel as lonely and love-lorn as I do, you will have wanted to see a huge stack of them sitting in the box eager to be read.

Darling, it's nice to know that you have at least some hopes of coming back here on leave sometime this year. I had just about drowned myself in a morrass of depression on that score, and was about willing to pack myself in ice, put myself in the refrigerator, and wait till called for- by you. It's uch a sad thing waiting around for months and months for life to begin again, that I was beginning to feel that hibernation was the only answer. Knowing that you have some faint glimmerings of hope makes the whole thing seem much better. Speaking of which, did I ever tell you that I love you very much, and gruesome and ghastly as it is, I want to wait for you just the same? Well, if I neglected to inform you of all this before, you know it now and can be justifiably cocky and self-satisfied about it. Here and there in the course of a checkered career I've met and liked other men, but deary me, they never had this effect no matter how hard they or I might have tried. Sometimes it rather appals me. (Whoops, another word mis-spelled!)

I left Orange last Sunday, Jan. 11, went down to Washington to give Jones some papers to sign, stayed there over-night before I could get reservations on a train coming down here (this being the busy season), and arrived in Miami on Tuesday. I stayed in the "Y" there for two nights, then luckily found a lovely place out here in Coral Gables, which I much prefer to Miami. Dear old Miami reminds me too much of Broadway at Times Square-all noise and cheap glitter, nothing at all dignified nor restrained in the whole town. My lawyer has his office here, and the town is all residential and quite pretty, so it suits me more in all ways. This apartment I have found is quite nice. It has a good kitchen, a living room, bedroom, bath, and is furnished fairly completely. Naturally it had a sort of furnisgd-apartment look about it, so I bought me some bright red material and made slipcovers, took down all the pictures (they were the regulation variety of gloomy engravings, too too standard) and hung happy-colored gourds in their places. Now I have a nice home, made complete, or as complete as possible under the circumstances, by your photograph which is on the living room table and can be seen as soon as I open the front door. Now my only problems are 1) finding a job 2) keeping myself from going quietly mad because your'e not around. The former problem may perhaps be solved soon, according to a friend of mine here, who says that the government is looking around for people who speak Spanish and other languages for censoring letters. He is taking me down to see the man in charge of that sort of thing to-morrow. My Spanish, as you may remember, is on the rusty side just now, but I'm hopeful that it might easily come back to me given a little time, and anyway I can still read it almost as well as before I went to France. My French might come in handy also. Anyway I'm dying for a job to

bring in some cash and take my mind off things. "Also, I should like to meet some people down here, because it might be a lonely life with no, or practically no, friends. My little legacy is rapidly dwindling to nothingness at this point.

The airport from which these letters went and are still going, is only about a mile from here, I think. But according to the local authorities they are going to change it. Here's your chance to cotton up to that Pan-American man who is going to bring me news about how you're looking and whether you still love me! It's nice to feel this much closer to you, even though I'm just about as close as ~~xxxxx~~ one is to the lions in one of those trick modern zoos without bars. There is a distinctly impassable space between us.

It's fun to be back at the housekeeping game again, and to be able to cook for myself again. I've got out a book from the library that professes to teach you how to be ghastly efficient about the home, but I fear I'll never be very good at anything except cooking and enjoying life. Anyway, I'm doing my best to learn so that you won't have too horrible a shock when you first discover that I've forgotten to send your shirts to the laundry.

What a change in climate between New York and here! It was all snowy and cold up there, but here it is balmy and quite warm enough to go in swimming, if I ever get the time ~~xxxxxxx~~ to do so. Once again I am constantly aware that this would be something in the line of an earthly paradise were you here to keep me company, William my dear. Not to indulge in exaggerated speech, almost any place would be, under those circumstances. I'm afraid that one effect of this nasty waiting period will be making me forget all your minor failings (I can't remember one of them already) and leaving in my memory only your kindness, intelligence, and good-disposition. A fine kettle of fish. Still, maybe if I sit down for an hour or so of hard thinking I'll remember something that you did which annoyed me. Ah, now I come to think of it it seems to me that you sang a trifle off key after five whiskey and sodas! But then that could be easily remedied by a short course of voice-training, and anyway it isn't of very great importance in the building of a successful marriage.

William my pet, I'm getting sleepy, I can tell because I'm getting silly, as I always do when I'm sleepy. Your grandfather's watch tells me that it's eleven thirty and therefore time to go to bed.

Good-night, my sweet.

Philinda

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