

222 Phoenetia Avenue
Coral Gables, Fla.

About Jan. 22, 1942

L-333

Dear people,

Oh, I promised I wouldn't say "people"! Well, what's done's done.

Yesterday I was kept in almost all day by rain and the arrival of that Letter, God bless it and its author. Odd as it may seem, the answer is already on its way to Lagos. In the evening I made up an article on the same subject as the other one I wrote while I was in Orange, but quite different as to the method of saying the same thing. Anyway, it was fun, and who knows, quoi. Sunday night I treated myself to the movies all by my wild lone (in fact everything I do is naturally all by my wild lone). My little house still intrigues me, and I still have fun cooking all by myself and for myself.

This morning I went job-hunting in Miami, and filled out applications right and left. Into the bargain I put my name in at the YWCA free employment service and talked quite a while with the lady there. After lunch I came home to Coral Gables and -- bought myself a second hand bicycle!! Coral Gables isn't perhaps large as far as population goes, but the distances are truly magnificent. It takes me fifteen minutes to walk to the nearest grocery store, and twenty down into the center of town. The beach (where I rode to this afternoon on my new acquisition) is a forty-five minutes' ride on Isolde, as I have named her. I plan to sell her when I leave, thus gaining back part of the twenty dollars I spent on her. She is black and fed, and I dug her up after asking for a ladies' bike in two other bicycle store, all to no avail.

This evening I am going to attend a Spanish lesson down in the center of town, which is to be held in the real estate office where I got my apartment. I'd like to get some practice in, because every one says they are really interested in people who speak Spanish in the Business World. So far I have been unsuccessful in my attempts to find a place where I can learn plain and fancy dressmaking. I'm afraid all the ladies around here plan to go right on buying theirs ready made.

It was a lovely day- warm and sunny. I wish I had bought more of those summer dresses I saw, because they are the only ones that can be worn down here. Everyone was too pessimistic about the weather in Florida as far as I can see now. Perhaps, howsomever, it will get colder in time.

There you have the situation. Thank you, mamma, for your lovely letters. I miss you too, and hope fervently that you will be able to come down soon quick. ~~XOXOX~~ You'd love it, and so would Aunt Jondie if you could persuade her to do the same. If you can come down, I wish you would go to Fourteenth Stree beforehand and see if you can find me a nice dress or two size fourteen, and perhaps even another one of those pocketbooks I found west of Fifth Avenue for about a dollar ninty. The one I have has proved very practical and a lot of people have admired it. The store was on 14th between Fifth and Sixth as I remember, and looked rather ratty. It was primarily a shoestore. If you find it, get one for yourself. They are quite handy little bags.

Love to you and Jimmy,

L.P.