

MAR 4- REC'D

222 Phoenetia Avenue  
Coral Gables, Florida

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My dearest,

There are two things wrong right at this moment: I can't make this typewriter write single-space without doing it by hand myself each time and 2) I have just made myself slightly sick on pop-corn, which is my secret vice. Oh, and then of course you know all the other things that an unkind Fate could do for me if it were not quite so heartless. It could put a letter into my box tomorrow morning, or in a pinch (literally) it could put you in the box in person. So far Fate has steadily declined to do either, with the result that I've been drowning my sorrows in untold bowls of popcorn, and here I am sick unto death, or nearly.

In a mild, calm, mouselike way I've been having an enjoyable time. The Spanish class I joined has proved quite interesting, if not because of what I learn (since the people have only been studying for six months or so) at least because the professor and the students are quite nice and friendly and then it's always heaven to me to hear Spanish! I've been out to dinner with some of them, and with Jimmie's parents, and with some of my neighbors here in the apartment. Jimmie's father and mother came down here (on Jimmie's orders, I have a feeling) a few days ago and left yesterday. We tactfully avoided the unpleasant subject of my divorce, and so got along quite well. It was the first time I had met his father. Jimmie's aunt, who is a very amiable and intelligent woman, has been very nice to me since I arrived (she lives here) and I had her over to dinner here a few nights ago to repay that and to try to present my side of this unfortunate battle. I don't know whether I ever told you that last July, quite awhile before I met you, I told Jimmie that if he didn't watch his step I would depart suddenly one day. We hadn't been getting along as well as could be wished, and in addition he had come home very, very drunk twice. To tell the truth, I said if he did that once more I would actu-

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ally leave him. Well, he did and I didn't, because that sort of thing is a lot easier to say than to do, especially for mouses. All this makes highly unpleasant reading, but then it was even less pleasant in actuality. I imagine that sooner or later I might have gotten my courage in my hands and done the deed, but luckily for me you came along (figuratively speaking, on a white charger <sup>wearing</sup> and/gleaming armor) and gave me the courage and a lot more. I told Jimmie's aunt that, but I haven't told anyone else, not even my father who thinks the whole matter sprung up after you appeared on the scene. I certainly didn't want to talk about it to Jones' parents, and yet I did want at least one member of his family to realize that it wasn't the result of brutal fickleness. So that's where Jimmie's understanding aunt came in. And that's the end of the sad story for today.

A very nice lady from Virginia lives in another apartment in this building, and she and I have been getting along beautifully. I ride down to the markets on my bicycle and get her groceries when I get mine, we have lovely endless discussions together, we listen to the radio in her living room, we exchange recipes (only she hates to cook and I love it). She is living with her lawyer-son, who drives us out to Miami Beach Saturdays and Sundays to swim and sunburn. Last night we went to the movies together in Miami, and saw an amusing job called "Ball of Fire" about a professor of English who meets and falls in love with a night club singer while he is out on an investigation of modern slang. All very improbable. Afterwards we came home and had a highball apiece in their apartment, settling world problems the while. I like to be with a lot of people so as not to get too lonely, and they are both very nice to me.

I am a ghastly job-hunter. I get scared and timid and red in the face and act stupider than I am at the very thought of approaching some one who is a prospective employer, heaven knows why. It's a miracle that I ever got a job at all, and I would so love to have one right now! I think I'd be timid at the thought of applying for preliminary vows in a nunnery. I wonder if you are like that to any degree, but I suppose not.

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Sweetheart, here comes the love department. I feel it coming on. It's getting towards evening and my particular malady always gets worse around now, although any old time will do. Great New Development: I love you! After all this time and all that space, I still get the funny feeling in my tummy (and it's not popcorn, this time) when I think of you. Amazing. Other young men can look like Gary Cooper ~~xxxx~~ all in vain, because I must have some sort of subconscious handkerchief tied over my eyes. I just think that the poor things aren't a bit like you, and they'll probably have to go through life not being like you, and it all seems rather tragic. I wonder if they can tell that I'm comparing them to someone they can't hope to come up to? Deary deary me, before this is through I shall have made you impossible to live with. Special doors will have to be built to accomodate your monstrous head, and oversize hats to put on your head. Speaking of which, I hope you've bought yourself another sunhelmet.

I got a letter from Mr. Parry the other day, in answer to one I wrote him asking for Mrs. Parry's address here. She left New York without telling me. He said that Mr. L'Heureux has been in America since about the eighteenth of Decmber, and that he(Mr.Parry) still hopefully plans to leave in March or thereabouts. I've been hoping to get a letter from the girls in the file room, but so far I haven't. I hope they are not mad at me for some reason.

My sweet, I hope you are busy but not so much so that you can't spare a moment to think of me and keep on loving me, because it's so ghastly necessary that you do. Every time I'm not reminded by you that you do I am horribly positive that you have repented of your error and are contemplating the joys of single blessedness, with a heavy sigh for the foolishness of the days in Lisbon. Please tell me if you have, so that I can prepare a hole to crawl in and drag in after me. Maybe your mother loved you more than I do, but I have a feeling it's neck and neck.

I remain, Sir and Dear Colleague,

Very respectfully yours,

Philda

MAR 4- REC'D

Jan. 27, 42

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Dearest William,

It's two A.M. I spent the evening with a gentleman from my Spanish class and some friends of his at a Czeck restaurant, came home, took my bath, went to bed. So far all well. As I was trying to sleep my thoughts turned to you in the way they always do, and I thought of that last day in Lisbon. I decided that I have forgotten you beautifully, just as everyone said I should, if forgetting means remembering every hour or so how much longer the hours have grown since last summer, and how interminable the months have become since October thirty-first. But I don't think that's forgetting, nor is it forgetting to long for you and pray for you and want you as I do constantly. I never had you really, but I miss you quite as much as if we had been together for all our previous ~~xxxxxx~~ lives.

In short, my dear, I love you and I hope you've forgotten me just as much as I have you. This is merely to remind you that if you have been more successful than I have at what I considered my duty for quite a while in Lisbon, you really should tell me now.

But I hope you haven't, my dear love, because nothing in life is separate from you in my mind, and life would simply cease of itself without you. I feel and have felt all this time that since we went away I have been walking through an endless dark corridor because someone told me that if I walked for a year or so I should see a ray of light at the end of the corridor. It's so very dark, it doesn't seem possible that such a thing as light could exist!

Perhaps now I can sleep.

*Good night, darling!*