

MAR 2 - REC'D

222 Phoenetia Avenue  
Coral Gables, Florida  
Feb. 5, 1942

Dear William,

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Please note that I address you as dear William, in order to avoid calling you darling, adorable, sweet, admirable, wonderful, incredible William, which is my natural impulse and which would be most undignified. Your letter of Jan. 24-25 came to-day, letter no. 3; but letter no. 2 has not yet come. You call yourself a bad boy for not writing. I am not exposed to those sins, because my favorite work as well as my favorite sport is writing to you, and the only sin I am exposed to is that of writing you too often, which would bore you and make you concieted (O.K., it's spelled wrong, but what difference will it make in a hundred years?) But at any time at any point in the day or night I feel like writing to you, so I hope you will forgive this little foible and let me do so at reasonably disreeret intervals. The price of the stamp is probably the only thing that deters me from sending off one letter a day, but fifty cents is a lot of money to a girl who has not yet succeeded in finding a job.

Not that I haven't tried. It kills me even deader than it kills you to meet people, to hunt for jobs. I get panicky and blue in the face and inarticulate when I am job-hunting, but luckily enough I have found me some very nice and helpful friends who have sort of shoved me along and done some of the hunting for me. Mr. Bishop, who is in my Spanish class, is an old resident of Coral Gables and knows everyone around here. He has taken me out to dinner, has introduced me to some Army men who can possibly assist me in the attempt to wrangle a censorship job, has driven me around to the place, has encouraged me in general. Mrs. Page, the lady from Virginia who lives in this same apartment house, has also encouraged me to an enormous extent, and her son has taken me around to his office where I have been offered a minor job which I think I shall not accept unless there is no further hope. In short, every prospect pleases but only I have no courage. In the mean time I have been taking bridge lessons from Mrs. Page, visiting and talking with her a lot, and going out to the beach with her and her son of a Saturday or Sunday. Mr. Bishop has given me a sort of "forged" letter of recommendation, because of course I forgot all the ones I got from Paris when I left Orange. You know me enough to know that I really prefer to have a job than not to have one, regardless of the financial benefits.

So you don't have a kitchen. How terrible. Do you think you'll be forced to stay in that same joint for the rest of your sojourn in Lagos? It does so please me to think that someday I may be with you there, even though it be in the distant future. Right now it seems so impossible as to be almost like a dream of Utopia. I am very anxious to be told what I must do in order to get permission to go over there, so don't forget to look the matter up and tell me as soon as you know pretty definitely. And please tell me all about the climate (temperature at noon, temperature at night) how many and what kind of white people there are, what you eat, and what you wear, although being a very normal woman, I am more interested in what the ladies wear! I hereby give you my official permission to examine the clothes of a few ladies over fifty!

For the past three months I have been debating the problem of whether or not to send you a cablegram announcing the amazing new fact that I love you. As you notice, I have not done so yet, first because you had not yet reached Lagos, and second because it's so expensive a whimsey. So now you may consider that you have received a cable from the USA signed by



me, to the effect that I love you. It's just as true as if I had really sent it the very first time I thought of doing so, 'way back in Grafton. Never fear that I shall fall in love with some one else. If I were capable of doing so, I should have done it long ago, but now I am hooked for good and all. I seem to have captured the fancy of young Mr. Page, the son of my friend Mrs. Page from Virginia, and a worthy youth withal, but worthiness is comparative as are other virtues, so he can keep right on being worthy for some other woman as far as I'm concerned. I always say, when you have a good thing stick to it, and you are my Good Thing personified, so young Mr. James Cary Page has my permission to go jump in Lake Okechobie, the largest lake in Florida.

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Janie wrote me a very nice letter the other day, while incased in a blanket up in Rutland. She says her store hasn't opened as yet, but that she is preparing a speech to make to the ladies of Rutland, apparently on how to decorate the home. Imagine our Janie making a speech! I know she could do it if she put her mind to it, because she has an enormous amount of social presence, but the very idea of making a speech chills me completely. It looks as if she is still thinking quite seriously of marrying Norman the Soldier in June, but I hope that she doesn't fall into the same error that I did, that of marrying too hastily without thinking about it calmly in a normal atmosphere, for a long time before hand. Marriage looks easy on the surface, but it isn't.

I wish you could come up and visit me some evening. I do so love to have guests for dinner, and it seems a shame that the particular guest I most desire has to be so far away that he can't come, while all the unimportant ones come in every day. My living room is now quite complete, or as complete as I can make it on the small amount of money I have to spend, and looks quite cheerful, if nothing else. Some low glass incased shelves separate it from the dining room, where I do all the typing, there being no suitable table in the living room. The kitchen is my special prize, even though it is quite small. I have an electric stove, and I'm not used to cooking on electricity, but in time I shall learn to judge it more successfully than I do now. Every time I have a new guest I try out a new recipe on him or her, as the case may be, so that when I am cooking for you I shan't have any "losers", as they say in bridge.

I've been staying up nights with Wells' Outline of History. I bought the first volume in the Five and Ten, and got the other two from the library here. History is my pet passion, other than you (I've forgotten whether you liked it or not) and the result is that I get so interested that I hate to go to bed. When I was young and earnest and a History minor at Swarthmore I always looked down snobbishly at outlines of history in general, considering them a menace to the exact knowledge of history, and feeling that anyone who read such a brief narrative of such a long period of time brought it on himself if he misunderstood the whole thing, but now I feel that they are very useful and though they may be even more biased and neglectful than a history of a shorter period, they serve the same purpose as Mercator's projection does to a map. Anyway, you get the general idea and a certain amount of perspective. I hope you like history, because I do.

Well, William, I've been chattering on for ages, and now I'm sleepy. Needless to say, I love you very much and wish you were here every moment of the day. Perhaps by the time we have been married twenty years or so I'll have worked up a desire to be without you for an hour or two.

Lovingly,

