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222 Phoenetia Avenue  
Coral Gables, Florida  
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Dear Old Darling,

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My my, how I've been missing you. Not so much as a hint that the breath was still working itself regularly ~~xxx~~ in and out of your lungs in almost two weeks. I hope it still is.

You should see me right now. Or rather, in the interests of propriety, you shouldn't. It's hot, for a change, and here I sit in the garments that nature gave me with all the windows open and only a whisper of a breeze. I've just come back from work on the evening shift, and it's eleven o'clock. Before I forget about it I must tell you a limerick I read in a book the other day. I know this is one of the few you don't know already, because it was only published a few weeks ago:

Said a nasty old man of Freehold  
"The youth of to-day, I am told,  
Are so used to the nude  
That they ~~xxx~~ don't find it lewd,  
Oh gee, but it's great to be old!"

This book is a detective story by the brother of my friend Mr. Bishop, who is quite a card himself, in a mild way. His brother's name is Morris Bishop, and he writes those "Limericks Long After Lear" in the New Yorker. Mr. Bishop has been circulating the book around among his friends and we have all found it very good, especially the intervals of limericks, which are quite frequent.

Most of my life is now spent at the office, sad to say. I'm bearing up nobly, but the work is rather exacting. We sit in a small room, completely surrounded by cards on which are written the names and departure times of the various planes. Beside each of us is a telephone and various kinds of telegraph blanks. The telephone is constantly ringing, the telegrams pour in endlessly from the various offices down the line all the way to Buenos Aires, you just get started on one booking when another telephone rings and another urgent telegram comes in, no one can get on the plane he wants to get on, or else he's got on the one he thought he wanted and since then he's changed his mind and simply must get on another one, no one who ever made a reservation has yet failed to cancel it at the last fatal moment, in short life is quite hectic from eight in the morning till ten at night. The worst of it is for me, every time I make a reservation for someone I want to go too, and fret and fume that someone else is going to Rio of Santiago ~~xx~~ or Merida while I sit there more or less mouldering. It's the kind of a job for some one who likes to stay at home and tend to his knitting, from which group I am happily or unhappily excluded.

In the brief hours of leisure at my disposal I've been gathering as many rosebuds as possible here and there. My uncle left for Ohio last Sunday night, and in the afternoon he took me to the Miami Biltmore Water Follies, a most amazing institution that goes on year after year and is a species of mongrel, half Roman Circus and half Billy Rose Acquacade. We were priveleged to see Miss Florida and her charming court walk, or rather sway, back and forth first in bathing suits, then in evening dresses. We also saw some very nice champion diving, some amusing clown dives, and a Seminole Indian capturing with his bare hands a rather bewildered aligator which had

been brought ~~on~~ in a crate and dumped forcibly into the pool. After the show was over everyone was invited to go and shake hands with Miss Florida and the other young ladies, but we didn't. I wondered what the aligator thought of it all.

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Here it is the 14th. I got sleepy last night, and got to thinking about how I had to get up this morning at six to be there by eight, and the natural result was that I went to bed. To-day I'm off for the afternoon, and it's a wonderful feeling! I'm having a party at my house to-night so the details of refreshments and nourishment must be taken care of this afternoon if I am to maintain the reputation of a fine feathered hostess. Nine people are coming, and I've been scurrying around looking for a ninth chair with small success. I guess I'll have to be cosy and sit on the floor. I wish you were coming, even if it would entail a tenth chair. Everyone would know you and welcome you and undoubtedly look upon you with all the proper awe and wonder, for they have all seen your picture and have all been informed that you are the Human Phenomenon. Your reputation ~~x~~ as an all-round Superman is rapidly becoming world-wide due to my untiring efforts.

For some occult reason all my friends and the people I work with have separately and individually taken up the unpleasant custom of calling me Baby. Every day some one else ceases to call me Philinda and starts calling me by that undignified appellation, and it can't be a conspiracy because many of them don't even know each other. Protests do no good. Baby! It reminds me of that song in the Pirates of Penzance, that says "I'm called little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup, tra la la tra la la la". Even the boss has taken it up, much to my horror. This morning when I came into work I found a little doll from the Five and Ten sitting up on my desk, inscribed tenderly "From your loving co-workers to their Baby"! I shall have to get them a book on child-raising for young parents, and stop trying to get them to call me Philinda, since they seem to have made up their minds. We laughed all morning about it, and could hardly get any work done.

Tell me another book to read, Williampuss. I enjoyed the Fountain and Sparkenbroke so much because I knew you had read and enjoyed the same pages, so I should like to do the same again!

That's all for to-day. I love you very much. If you don't begin to do some hefty writing I shall be forced to establish a strict blockade or find me a new man. The alternatives are both most unpleasant and would probably put me into a rapid decline from which I should never recover, just like the Lady of the Camellias.

Remember my love from time to time,

Philinda