

DEC -8 REC'D

761 Scotland Road  
Orange, New Jersey,  
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Hello, you old love of my life,

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You simply can't imagine how brutally, cruelly, remorselessly cold it has been! If I ever complain of the heat in Nigeria remind me of the above remark, as well as of the following one: I'd rather be too ~~warm~~ hot than too cold any day in the week and twice on Sundays. Also, if I forget to demonstrate it (which I gravely doubt that I will) remind me that I told you I loved you and was almost laughably frustrated about the whole matter. Take my hand gently and recall to me that I told you in anguish once that I resented the sight of happy lovers parading about the place looking smugly pleased with their repulsive selves. Relate how I claimed that no number of slain dragons, no quantity of grails found and delivered, ever succeeded in altering my stubborn opinion that you are the best knight the Round Table ever saw. Because that's the score at the half, delightful. And I imagine it will also be the score at the final whistle. To patent a rather neat phrase, I love you. At times I become so involved in the intricate proceedings connected with chasing my own tail all over the place looking for some way of getting to you that I don't have time to get my breath. I don't even have time to stop and consider why I'm doing it all. Now that I can say with a fair degree of safety that I can go, one way or another, I do a lot of sitting around and thinking. Calmly silly little broods about respectable scenes such as you and me at the Saturday night movies, or walking out of that door to the A.C.G., Lagos, where you had your picture taken looking belligerent.... and sad to say, less respectable little broods, which I will hastily skip. At least verbally I'll skip them.

Tomorrow morning I am going to Washington to see about the position which the State Department says it is willing to consider offering me. I carefully avoid the word "job", as being too low-class for words! Father made a reservation for me at The Wardman Park through the Telephone Company, so I should have a roof over my head Monday night at least, and if I have to stay beyond Tuesday I will try to renew my reservation or park on my friends and relatives in a pinch. Father says one of my cousins is president of some college or other down there, so I might renew a sketchy acquaintance with them. All to-day I have been practising looking as consular as all heck, and quietly efficient, and something like a smoothly running dynamo. With that look, if I get it well enough practised, I intend to try to impress whomever it is I am supposed to impress in the State Dep't. In the intervals between rehearsals of that Look, I pray.

Darling, I love you, my sweet, I love you.

Mr. Johnston, my Coconut Grove landlord, arrived in New York last night and called me up from there at one A.M., which

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is exactly the sort of thing he would do. I went over there to see him to-day, and we went out to lunch and feasted on a luffly big steak with trimmings. A grandiose character is Mr. Johnston, ~~xxxx~~ one which would have to be seen to be believed. I saw three handsome sailors at the restaurant, all three with shiny ringlets under their caps- the first members of the WAVES I had seen, and they looked very good. WAACs I have seen before, especially in Miami, but the WAVES are even classier looking, with their neat Mainbocher uniforms and slightly embarrassed expressions. The poor girls get stated at unmercifully. There is a raging controversy in the press these days as to whether a WAVE should get up from her chair when an admiral enters, and vice versa, with Emily Post just nosing out ahead in her stand that the best thing to do is remove all chairs from the room and avoid the issue. Needless to say, all serious minded young women, including myself, feel pangs of hero-worship at the sight of those admirable people. (and I'm not referring to the people who start silly battles in the press)

My mamma and step poppa have come home from the farm and insist on all the details of my meeting with dear old Mr. Johnston, so I'd better stop now. Anyway, I have to go to bed so I can be fresh and energetic for the State Department. In a couple of months I'll be saying good night to you in person, vigorously.

Good-night, William.

*Thelma*