

A big hug for Tummy!

Please
Return
at once -

IT IS APO 606-A now

June 19, 1943

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Dear Mamma,

Just so you will get a nice long envelope in you mail box, my dear, I am writing you this although the pouch just left yesterday with a nice fat letter written on Friday- which was yesterday. But to-day after I woke up from my regular long Saturday afternoon nap William came up from the office especially to tell me that there were two letters from you! What a cry of joy I pushed, as the French say. We like getting letters too, you must remember. William always likes me to read them out loud to him after work, when a tranquil moment comes. He is sure he is going to love you, and daddy also, because you are so cuddly and cute and daddy is so kind, and looks so much like a pleased grandfather in his pictures. We often talk about you, and wish that you could both be here with us to share our happiness in our house, our work, our parties, our contentment and joy. Really, we are supremely happy and lucky, and we both know it every moment of the day. It would be wonderrful if you could visit with us say for one day, and explore around... If you liked we could go out to Victoria Beach for a walk in the sunset, and then out to Mr. Lynch's garden in the cool of the evening. You could look at the curtains I made and go out back to watch Josiah in his little cook house with the big wood stove (the whole place was flooded the other day after a big rain!) and go into our green metal bed room and sit down in front of the dressing table with the round unframed mirror, where I keep all my pretty bottles of perfume in a neat and symmetrical row.

As I write I am looking out at our own little garden that Aliu keeps so assiduously- the hibiscus, the jasmine, the mango tree outside in the street, and the row of tall marigolds that line the path. The green gate is swinging open now, and a trader in white robes is hawking his wares. The men of the north are too proud to carry their burdens on their heads, although we have seen the locals put letters on their heads and weight them down with stones! As a contrast, the cars swish by, and even an occasional jeep, tearing along at their usual rate of speed. I have the pictures of the baby lined up in front of me on my desk, and the one I always keep (framed) is in back of them, in its customary place. I especially like the picture of Dona looking down at Little Philinda with a highly maternal pride. She is certainly getting to be an enormous great girl now!

The other day at the Cold Storage (Thom calls it the "Cleerstaw", although his English is usually quite good.) I got a lovely big roast of pork, with chpps in it, and some northern cheese. I mixed the cheese with butter

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and Worcestershire sauce and mustard and we had them as canapes. We are going to have some more of them, the roast, and a custard with meringue sauce to-night. Some Army boys are coming, and Bill Bruns and the girl he likes. We will eat and then all drive over to the Club, bringing our glasses with us, as they have none over there. I am getting to be able to stay out fairly late again, which is a good thing because I had gotten used to getting sleepy at ten!

with jellied
consommé
to start -
We love it.



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I am so glad you

have a nice little apartment, and women around you to talk to when you feel gregarious. Tell them I personally thank them both for being so hospitable and kind to you in your new surroundings. We have an extra room for yourself, if ever you want to come and visit us! To think there are ships heading in this general direction once in a while, and you can't get on them, have a nice sea trip, and arrive to be greeted by your daughter and her handsome husband, at the dock! Bill is a darling, affectionate husband, and we have such a happy time together. I always like it early in the morning at bath time, and in the evening while we listen to the BBC and get dressed for dinner. To-night we are going to put on my rhumba ruffles dress with the lace handkerchief for my head, that Ruth gave me, and his tux trousers, maroon tie and studs, and mess jacket, with the black cummerbund. Won't we look grand! My new permanent is in its good stage now, which pleases me.

We are hoping to get

the packages soon, with the pictures and the bitters and the combs. Captain Maurice Lucas brought me some from the South, but has not given them to me yet. We are about the only people hereabouts who still have bitters, due to the kindness of Captain Utne, who should be coming back fairly soon, bringing us some more.

The people
next door, I
mean - right
in the shade
of the
mango tree!

The letters come very

quickly via APO, so you can send me some more that way, and I'll do the same. The other day I saw on one envelope that someone had written "Not in Nurses' Home" on it - probably up where McSweeney is now.



...

They make rather nice heads out of ebony or something enough like it to look quite good, so perhaps if you would like one or two for your desk at the farm, to lend an exotic note, I could have them make them for us. They aren't at all cheap, in spite of what you would hope.

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The office is all nice

and painted now, buff and white. I persuaded people to let the painters paint a picture frame white, and found it very effective, with a picture of an old clipper ship in full sail, and a new flying clipper above it. You know I have the PAA maps I hung on my wall in Coconut Grove, on the bedroom walls here. I often think of our idyllic days there!

Your loving daughter,

Philinda