

L-94

Dec. 2/41

William my love,

In the hope that this will catch the new Miami-Lagos plane I shall mail it as soon as possible.

The news is not as good as it might be. Jimmie telegraphed from Washington yesterday asking me to meet him in New York at eight. 1) I have a bad cold 2) I didn't want to see him till after I had spoken to a lawyer. I was as kind as could be, but he didn't believe I really had a cold, and was angry. The impression my father and I have is that he might very well contest the divorce and otherwise throw his sabots in the gears. I think I shall write to his mother tactfully to explain the utility of opposing, and in the meantime try all means of calming him.

I hope you can decipher my handwriting. I am in New York and typewriterless. Sweet, it's such a flood of letters boxes you - scream! As it happens, writing to you is my only touch with reality.

Goodbye for now,

Philinda

P.S. Pop is not writing to Dartmouth - he's asking friends!