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Orange, New Jersey
December 11, 1941

Dearest William,

It seems to me that it has been a long time since I wrote to you last, but admittedly things are relative. Certainly a lot of history has unfolded itself nastily. But then luckily for us we have become adjusted to the intricacies of history, and partially at least to the blows it deals as it unrolls. I have been glad many times since that we agreed that we would not let war come between us and our plans if we could avoid it, but I suppose it's a sort of a King Canute gesture. The waves come up and hit you whether you want them to or not.

Deary me how long it takes you to get there. Only at Gibraltar after nearly a month! I keep wondering what your life is like on the sea, and whether or not you are able to extract any pleasure from it. One usually can, I've found, out of the most unpropitious things unless they are downright boring, and I hope this experience doesn't come under that heading. I remember that while I was on the ocean I used to look at it knocking about the ship, and in the time-honored way, wonder if the drops of water were the same silly drops of water that knocked about Lisbon harbor when you looked at it. All extremely silly, but it occupies the time.

What with the war and all I have decided that I will go to Florida to get the Thing Done... Before, I wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible, but now unfortunately there is less need for haste. It takes three months there, and less in Nevada, but it is pleasanter, one can lose oneself in the crowd a bit more, there are more opportunities for getting a job (which I have decided there is a need for, considering the price of legal assistance and living) and anyway I like the idea more. Now I don't know if I shall wait till after Christmas or not. Jones has got himself a good job in Washington that I am sure will interest him, listening to French broadcasts and reporting on them. Malheureusement, he still thinks he wants our young friend Philinda, heaven knows why after all this, and I still don't know how to treat him. He has got himself a bunch of friends in New York who all seem to be in a state of near collapse from affairs of the heart of one sort or another, which doesn't seem to make matters any better. They are all beautiful young gals who ought to know better than to go around moping, and young gentlemen of talent who ought to also. So all in all I feel it a fine thing that he is going to Washington to occupy his mind in other ways.

Ye gods what a lot of letters you are going to mess around in when you get to Lagos! In a way I sort of envy you. I have always wanted to arrive someplace where there were so many letters that I could wallow around in them, pick and choose, decide which to read first, read another one every hour, live in luxury with one in each hand. Fun! But I suppose you will be too busy to enjoy it all at first. Darling, do you know I love you? You ought to after reading my part of the mail.

My brother took me out to lunch the other day near his office, and I have come to the conclusion that his is probably the happiest life in all the world. He enjoys his job enormously, talks about it all the time whether you will or no. He has a wife that loves him and with whom he gets along beautifully, an astounding baby daughter, a fun hobby making photographs for himself and selling them for money... all in all getting the most out of everything. I have never seen such a completely happy person, yet for the longest time the whole family was sure that he was a hopeless failure, a terrible husband, could never make a good father, in short dispaired of him. John came through with a resounding bang instead. Very nice.

Williampuss, do you mind if I add a short paragraph on how I love you? Oh, you've heard all about it before? Well all I can say to that is, Too Bad! You will have either to stand it or not read beyond this sentence, because I am a determined woman, and one who is going willy nilly to tell you all about it. I love you. I think you are wonderful. I want the time to pass quickly so that I can be with you again. I allow myself the luxury of thinking about the times we were together only once in a while, so as not to go quietly mad. I practically never think about kissing you, because that's the nearest thing there is to suicide. The happy future we thought about so gaily in Lisbon is now something so distant and ephemeral as to be almost unimaginable, and yet I am perfectly determined to risk everything to try to reach it. As determined as I am to spell things wrong. In short, I love you. There now, I hope you haven't changed your mind since you sent that cable from Gibraltar.

God, how slow time is.

Yours truly,

Me

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