

MAR 4- REC'D

222 Phoenetia Avenue  
Coral Gables, Florida

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L-121 p 1

Dear St. William

I have just canonized you, you see. Usually this step isn't taken till after the death of the holy person concerned, but I decided there is no point in waiting around in this case since it's such a sure thing. Also it's Valentine's day, so your canonization will be my present to you on that occasion.

Your beautiful typewriter has developed another disease, so that I have been forced to tie the ribbon in place with a piece of string, with the result that I can't see what I've written till I get to the next line. It's all very complicated, but will account for the mistakes in typing which are usually attributable to my bad typing.

The great news is that I have a job at last, with the Pan American Airways which so faithfully hauls our letters back and forth. However, the salary is so low (90\$ per month) that I shall continue to work on the Government Translator job, false as this may be to the PAA. But the difference in salary is so great that I can't afford to neglect what I feel is a sure thing with the Gov't. (By "working on the Gov't job" I mean trying to get it, not that I already have it.)

Now I am even more glad that I didn't accept the other job I was offered with the Company that Mr. James C. Page works for. I was hesitant about taking it because 1) it didn't interest me very much, and 2) I felt I owed the offer to James, who is a rather embarrassingly ardent admirer of mine. I like his mother very much, but I haven't the faintest idea what to do about her son. Now all these other jobs have come up I should like to be able to choose the best one, that is the Censorship business, which sounds very interesting, and would give me a chance to use my Spanish and French. I am going in to Miami tomorrow, Sunday, to interview someone else about it.

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What with all these offers and chances, I feel more self-confident than I have in all my life. I no longer feel so mouselike when I have to be interviewed by a prospective boss, in fact I'm getting almost cocky!

Last Thursday I entertained some of the people who have had me out to dinner, and had a wonderful time at my own party, which is always nice. Last night Mr. Bishop took me and another girl out to dinner at a very nice restaurant, previously giving us a glass of Bourbon and soda each in his own comidious dwelling, which is situated above a garage but quite full of interesting decorating possibilities none the less, as this other girl and I thought. In fact we offered to fix up the place for him for practically nothing, starting by burning holes in his imitation mahogany furniture! Luckily Mr. Bishop is a very forgiving and sympathetic soul, so he didn't get mad. He is a Father Confessor to a whole lot of people around here, and is always willing to listen to the tales of their unhappy loves.

He has helped me a lot to get these various interviews, and wanted me to meet the girl of last night because he thought she could get me a job at the Fleischer Studios here, the one which makes all the Popeye pictures! It would be fun to have a hand in Popeye but I don't see how I could fit in very well. Anyway, we had a very good dinner and a riotous time generally, ending up at our Spanish class.

Jones' mama came down again, still hopefully trying to Do Something About It. I hate to be untactful, but I don't know how to put it in any way that isn't bluntly "no". She tried the opposite angle from that which Jones usually took, praising my house and the way I ran it and my clothes and Heaven knows what, all of which naturally pleased me, being only too weakly human. Howsomever, it was rather embarrassing because you can't very well tell a man's mamma why you ceased to want to be married to him.

Gosh I'm hungry.

Now I'm not. I made me some soup.



L-127 p3

Janie wrote me again, saying she'd gotten a letter from you at last. She seems very lonely up there, and how I wish she had hooked a job down here instead of way up there in the frozen north! I thought long after it was said that perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned ~~to you~~ about Norman, because naturally she would want to tell you all about it, but the first time I did I had no idea she was so earnest about the matter. (I just can't seem to get this spacing right) What's done's done, but I'm most repentant if I have spoiled any plans she might have been cooking up in the way of a surprise.

I've got a lovely new steel basket for the front of my bicycle, Isolde. The man I bought it from threw in a beautiful bell also, that has a sweet, cristaline tone as I swoop down the streets. Isolde is a great help to me at marketing time, because the stores are a long way from my house and I like to go down daily so as to have fresh things all the time. I broke two market bags trying to bring things home hanging to the handlebars, so now I just put them in the new basket and sail away. I have to keep Isolde in the lobby of the apartment house for want of a better place, and anyday I expect to hear some one fall all over her as ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ he enters. I hope it will be the postman, who refuses to bring me a letter from you.

All of which reminds me that I love you. Practically everything does, of course. Yesterday I bought a frame for your small picture- one to match the frame around the big one that Janie gave me. Unfortunately the new frame was too large, so I trimmed off the frayed edges of your little picture and pasted it onto a square of red oilcloth and then put the whole thing into the frame. Now it looks quite lovely and just matches the slip-covers I have put on the chairs. St. William, you always do fit into my scheme that way, being the heart and soul of it. Please don't forget me, because I love you most awfully. For a split second after I get a letter from you saying all the things I want to hear, I do think you love me, but from that moment on I am sure I'll finally end in a suicide's grave from unrequited love! I always fear you've changed your mind since then, and yearn to die an old bachelor, or worse, married to someone else. Don't forget that if you ever do marry someone else she won't live long, because my revenge will be most vindictive.

Goodbye for the present, my dear.

Lovingly,

Laura Philinda