

October 6, 1945

Dear Bob:

Your intuition must have been right on the beam - because Clyde was around to read your letter when it arrived.

Clyde landed in San Francisco about August 6, and reached Charleston on the 14th. I was so nervous the night I went to meet him that I drove all over the airport in search of the commercial terminal! We stayed in Charleston for about two weeks, because Mother West was scheduled for an operation and we wanted to see her safely through it. After that, we spent a heavenly week in Fort Pierce, Florida - a little north of Palm Beach, right on the Indian River. We'd heard fabulous tales of the fish to be caught in the river around there - but we weren't very successful. I was surprised at finding the ocean so cold - but once you were in, it sure was invigorating. From there we went on to Miami for a couple of days and then headed north to Macon, Georgia for a few days with my father, and back to Charleston. New York was our next destination - and we really did the town! Neither of us had been there before, so of course we had to take in all the usual things a sightseer does, like Coney Island, the Bowery, Chinatown, New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty, Rockefeller Center, etc. We didn't see all the shows we wanted to, but enjoyed "Oklahoma" and "Carousel", and suffered through "Life With Father", which must have been good at one time to have run for six years! We were thrilled with Sonia Henie's ice revue, "Hats Off to Ice".

The performers could do anything on ice skates, and the scenery and costumes were most elaborate. The Rockettes are justly famous for their precision routines - they just don't miss. As for the night clubs, we were disappointed in "Leon's and Eddys"; too tired, I think, to really appreciate the "Diamond Horseshoe" the night we went there; but utterly sold on the "Zanzibar". We went to the latter the night Duke Ellington opened, so of course the floor show was extra special and all sorts of famous folk were present - like Joe Louis, Bill Robinson, Martha Raye, etc. The negroes were on hand in droves - in fact, we sat next to a table of five. They were, however, the better class negro and not objectionable. Still, I imagine our ancestors stirred in their graves that night! Getting back to the floor show, besides Duke himself, there were Louis Jordan and his orchestra; the Golden Gate Quartet; two grand comedians whose names I can't recall, but whom I'm sure you've seen on the screen; a blues singer; and a chorus of - believe it or not - beautiful dusky gals. I was surprised to find myself enjoying an all negro show so thoroughly.

Another highlight of our New York visit was a cocktail party we attended the evening we left. It was given by Nancy Lasser, who writes a column for women which is quite widely syndicated throughout the States, to introduce her brother Phil to the business world. Clyde and Phil were overseas together, and Phil, on receiving his discharge, is starting a column for men similar to Nancy's. They - Phil and Nancy - have a beautiful apartment on top of one of the office buildings on Madison Avenue. Nancy said 300 people were invited - and I'd say that a large percentage of those turned up. The drinks and hors

Meanwhile, he's torn between Sears and another good offer. Clyde is in Atlanta this weekend and has appointments with men of both companies, so I imagine he'll have made his decision by the time he returns. He had definitely decided against returning to Sears - but they can offer him business experience which would be of value when he strikes out for himself. However, I was glad to have him say that he felt he wouldn't be satisfied merely to be a manager for Sears all his life. Oh, he'd make a fine living - but in the end he wouldn't feel he'd actually accomplished anything. This other job sounds swell - if it is all its represented to be. However, it would involve traveling, and would mean that Clyde would be away from home several days each week. It, too, has something to offer that would help later.

We are temporarily in Charleston - where we'll end up for at least the next couple of years will depend on Clyde's decision. We are both very anxious to get a house or apartment of our own and settle down. After all, we've more or less lived out of a suitcase for our entire married life - now we want to unpack our things, start buying furniture and stuff, and after we are settled, see about starting that long delayed family. Virginia is utterly disgusted because she hasn't long since been an aunt!

Sorry to have made this such a "we" letter, but it is the only way to bring you up to date on the West! I don't know a thing about any friends we have in common. We did see Elizabeth Withington in the A.C. R. Railroad office, and of course she inquired about you, between gushes. Aren't I a cat?!?

I'm looking forward to the account of your trip across India and into the Himalayas. And with all

dresses, were handled by caterers - who certainly knew their business. Clyde embarrassed me with the shrimp - he mentioned that he was passionately fond of them in front of the man who was serving them - so every time the man made the rounds, he'd stop in front of Clyde, and every time Clyde would take me! (However, I still love the guy!) There was a very amusing accordionist. We met a number of interesting people. Also, two of Clyde's outfit were there, so we got into quite a conversation with them. We'd planned to stay there only about an hour and take in a night club before catching our train at ten - but we were having such a good time that we stayed on and on, and barely had time to grab supper, pick up our bags at the station, and get down to the train. In fact, it started moving before the porter had a chance to get our bags away!

Clyde reported in at Greensboro, N.C. on September 14. A separation center has just been added, and after a week of processing, Clyde emerged with the privilege of wearing a civilian suit and a "ruptured duck" pin in his lapel. We had a nice time in Greensboro. Clyde didn't have to spend much time at the field, and we ran into some friends with whom we spent some enjoyable evenings at the Officers Club on the base. It's one of the best clubs we've run into, and the chicken they serve is simply out of this world. Some of the girls were returning to school before we left, and I thought of trying to locate your sister (presuming she came back), but I never did get to it.

We had discussed the matter of Clyde's going into business for himself - but he didn't know exactly what field he wanted to enter, and he is so out of touch with present conditions - so I think he'll wait a year or so.

the trouble you've had preparing it, I'll value the copy highly.

I am thoroughly in accord with your opinion in re the destruction of clothing when it is no needed. Shall we start a two-man campaign? Something else also has me riled at present - the strikes. I do believe unions are fine things - if handled properly - but right now I'd like to line up some of the leaders and shoot them. There doesn't seem to be much chance to keep inflation down!

Should you return to the States before you expect to (the indefinite future), be sure to let us know.

I know George would send his regards if he knew I was writing. One of these days maybe he'll get ambitious and drop you a letter himself - 'til then you'll have to get up with me!

Affectionately,
Elizabeth