

5208 Glenwood, Bethesda, Md.

Dear Annie,

I'm rushing this letter to you by air mail to announce a great new development that I've made on the famous Krieg tradition of always being in the very latest fashion at all times. Not for nothing did I feel from the beginning that W. L. Krieg was my soul mate. Contrariwise I think I've developed and improved the technique originally thought up by you people, so that I've left you all completely in the shade as far as lateness and slowness are concerned.

I have just this moment opened the package that you so kindly sent to me weeks and weeks ago! Now then, how's that? It all happened because when the package was delivered at the door it was past time for Laurence John to go to bed, and a whole lot of his friends were hanging around the front door urging him to come out and play. When they saw the package, they said "Oh Goody! Open it RIGHT NOW!" In a flash I saw that if I didn't put my foot down right away and insist that he wait till after his nap to unwrap it, he would never get to bed for his nap, we would have the rest of the children in our hair all afternoon, and he would end up with tired tantrums before the day was out. So I resolutely took it up to the guest room closet amid the howls of protest, and hauled the boy off to bed immediately. After that I had intended to wait only until he was asleep before opening the package, but as it happens I can't remember exactly what intervened to prevent my doing so. I suppose my mind became a blank again, as it usually does. From that day till this I haven't gone near that closet. I defy any Krieg born to better that record!

Well, anyway it was a pleasant surprise to find it and open it. The silver will be most, most useful, and I can only hope that you haven't generously deprived yourselves of things that you could use. My conscience has been pricking me on the subject of the silver already sent to us, directly from Miami. The same thing applies to a diamond ring also received, only more so. Not having known the lady at all well, it seems wrong for me to keep the darned thing. But as William points out, it was really given to him. I suggested he have it made into a diamond stickpin, but he says they have gone out of fashion since Diamond Jim Brady passed away. We are, or rather I am salving my conscience with the resolve to give it to Barbara when she is grown up, in case we don't have a daughter. But the fact remains that I still think in my heart it should be yours, right now. I can't make up my mind why William thinks we should keep it, and I'm afraid it may be because he thinks I am so fond of it that I'd break my little heart by parting with it. This is not the case, for I'm not as fond of jewels as most women are. On the contrary, it would make me happy to turn it over to you if William agreed and you wanted it even a little bit.

A mysterious package containing a present from Woodward and Lothrop and Santa Claus will soon arrive in Waco for the children. It is a refrigerator, in which they can keep their UICE, etc. but is not, of course, to be opened before Christmas. Another mysterious package will arrive a short time after the speedy Mrs. P. Krieg finally gets around to wrapping up and mailing two African H---s, but that also is to remain an impenetrable secret till Dec. 25. I might add that unless the efficient Mrs. K. hurries, it will be for Easter
Love,