

FEB 28 Rec'd

222 Phoenetia Avenue

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Coral Gables, Florida

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Deary me I can't think of anything nice enough to call you:

What I imagine is letter number four came to-day, therefore I am happy. Frankly, if you knew how much my life depends on your letters you would write to me everyday and twice on Sundays and holidays in order to keep the breath of life in my pore old body. I think I'll stop being subtle about it and just tell you I should like to hear from you more often. Now there you have an example of what the advice-to-the-lovelorn-people would call "bad, very bad indeed." Those well-informed ladies would immediately shout "Ha ha! Antagonizing the poor man, pulling his hair, hanging on to his coat, rushing him, demanding things, committing all the errors in the guide-book, making a general nuisance of yourself, are you? See where that kind of thing gets you my fine feathered friend!" However, you said you didn't want any technique or any coyness, so there you have the straight goods as they are displayed, and a shockingly brazen sight it is, to be sure. To put it in the baldest, most indecently uncautious manner possible, I wish you would write a trifle more often. There now, I've said it twice, and my doom is probably sealed. Now you'll find yourself some intriguing wench who never makes a direct statement and wouldn't think of committing herself by saying she wanted to hear from you. I'll have to take an elementary course in how to be subtle and yet arrive at your Goal.

It was a lovely letter, just precisely what the doctor would have ordered had he known what was making me go into a decline. The only thing nasty about it was the Transportation business, which really has me worried. I found out from my FAA job how much it costs to get on that plane to Lagos, and that nearly had me in a catatose state. \$1000, more or less. Not what one would plank out every weekend, exactly, is it? But it is approximately 1/100th of what I would give to be with you, if I had it. Money equals what you can buy with it, so logically the happiness to be obtained by being together would be <sup>some</sup> somewhere up in the trillions, wouldn't it? Things are so badly balanced in this world. \$1000 will buy you a car or a seat on the plane to Lagos, as though the two could be measured in the same terms at all! Or fifty cents will buy you a place at the movies, or a medicine that may save your life. It's all incredible. People that should

be together aren't, and people that shouldn't be are, so where are you? I think that's the explanation of the prevalent theory that Hell is on earth, not in the future life. Or on the other hand is it just that human beings are never satisfied with the status quo? You want something, you get it, you want the next thing above that, and so on ad nauseum. The only thing that puzzles me about that is this: it is a good, general theory that practically always works out. You always want something more than what you have finally achieved. Now then, under that principle, what in Heaven's name am I going to want after I get you??? That question just about knocks out the whole basis of the theory, because I think and I think and still I can't imagine anything beyond and above you in my desires. And it's not lac

of imagination, either, which is proved by the fact that I did originally hitch my wagon to such a very distant star as you. (Are you beginning to feel conceited yet, darling?)

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I am enclosing two small pictures of me, which I hope will go through. The larger has an interesting history attached to it. I went into a photographer's establishment in Miami last Saturday- no, Sunday, to get my picture took on the Photomaton for an application. The brother of the proprietor is just learning the business, and after I had finished being photographed in the machinem, he asked me if I would pose for a practice shot in order to give him some experience. Nothing loathe, I did, and was rewarded for my efforts, such as they were, by being presented by this mediocre picture and a bottle of Coca-Cola, which I drank on the spot. The photographer's brother then tried to beautify my coiffure, which was in a wind-blown state at the time, and I stopped him just as he was about to change me into his idea of a Glamour Girl, with the aid of a lead pencil. The small Photomaton picture was taken on another occasion, also for an application, however. All I've been doing lately is filling out forms and being photographed.

The job is quite interesting, and for the first time since I got back I find myself among people who know where Lagos is. We are now learning the business from the bottom up, and if you urge me I could recite all the important Coastal cities in South America, the itineraries of the P.A., the Compania Nacional Cubana de Aviacion, of the Lloyd Aereo Boliviano, the Colombian National Airways, the China Nacional Air Corps, Everything! But don't urge me if you were planning to. We are in a regular class, with a professor and all the trimmings including a blackboard. My fellow students are very nice people, with the possible exception of one. That one I went to dinner with last night only to find him amorously inclined, and to put it mildly I wasn't. So I ate and ran, very impolitely. Everyone around here seems to be on the loose and looking around except me. But you needn't have the slightest fear that I will find any one as ----- ( words fail me) as you, because there just aren't any such man. Everyone's very nice, etc., but my my how they don't interest me! There I go breaking all the rules again, because as I remember it's not considered good technique to make the gentlemen feel absolutely irresistible. Boo to technique.

Mrs. Parry never tried to influence me one way or the other. No one does, except Jones and his family, of course. And now mother is violently anti-Jones and pro-Krieg. Father liked Jones a lot, but now he doesn't want

← Ye gods, a split in suitcase !!  
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 me to so much as write to him, on the principle that he will forget me  
 sooner if not reminded of me, which is probably true. There you have the  
 family situation. All in favor of Krieg say aye. Aye.

Sweetheart, down with time. Down with hours, minutes, days,  
 months, years, everything that keeps us so far apart even if it is ennobling  
 us or what have you. I don't want to be ennobled at all. I want to be a  
 petty soul without an interest in life beyond my husband, W.L.Krieg. I don't  
 feel at all like going through endless days and limitless nights in order  
 to be a Better Woman For It All, not at all. I am utterly heartless, if you  
 want to put it bluntly, because absolutely all I care about between here and  
 the farthest star in the galaxy is the abovementioned W.L.K. I would commit  
 all sorts of the most heinous crimes imaginable in order to be with you for  
 a week. now then, you know the worst, and you can denounce me all you want  
 just so you don't renounce me. The best things turn to ashes because I'm not  
 with you, the greatest triumphs of my life are a bore, the things that used  
 to make me happy pall on me, I am completely one-sided. Right the first time  
 I love you! How did you ever guess it! I find it absolutely impossible to  
 control my tongue on that score, so I shall obey you implicitly every time y  
 say, as you did in this last letter, that you want me to love you unhessi-  
 tatingly and as vociferously as my heart would have it. Mrs. Page, my good  
 friend from Virginia, says she doesn't think it is good to be as emotional  
 as I am (every time I get a letter I sparkle visibly) and says she thinks I  
 would be much better if I acquired a calm attitude toward it all, and began  
 to interest myself in other things. vain advice! someone said also that  
 Niagara Falls would be so much better if it flowed upwards instead of  
 downwards, which is probably true too, but impossible. Likewise me, for the  
 first time in my life, what's more. All right, get conceited now, you will  
 eventually in any case.

My uncle from Napoleon, Ohio is down here for a couple of weeks.  
 He took me out to dinner to-night and on Sunday, and I am having him here on  
 Saturday. He says the name of my relative in Newark is Bert Crawford, whom  
 you might know. I hope he's not a forger or a horse thief, but I've never  
 met him. My uncle is an old darling named Dr. Charles Harrison.

I suppose fundamentally I can't go on talking at you forever,  
 as much as the idea appeals to me. I wish you could talk back, my poor defe-  
 sesless darling. Hint: you might try! You should see the serious poker face you  
 are presenting me in your small photograph as I say that. The look of a man  
 who wishes he had never got himself into this mess in the first place, I  
 gravely fear. well, I still say you can always get out the moment you want  
 to, angelpuss. I promise I wouldn't go too berserk.

Life is a beautiful cycle of song  
 A medley of extemporanea;  
 And love is a thing that can never go wrong,  
 And I'm Queen Marie of Rumania!

Not my own, unfortunately, but Dorothy Parker's. If you have  
 anything of any importance to tell me, you might write soon. (is that subse-  
 enough for you?)

Goodnight, my dear love.  
 Phil in da