

AUG 22 1942

3071 Indiana Street
Coconut Grove, Fla.
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L-171 p1/2

Dear love,

Yours of July 29 received and contents noted most lovingly. I was so sorry to hear that you hadn't been getting your mail regularly. Could it be because I sent them all via P.A.A. Africa? Perhaps the boys didn't know where you were and didn't want to give the letters to some one else because of the comment it might elicit. I've been writing as regularly as usual, that's sure, but at times, especially now when I don't know exactly where you are, I don't know what means of transportation to use.

Angeldarlinglove, never be lonely and deserted-feeling. You have me thinking of you constantly, wondering how you are and if you are enjoying yourself in a discreet, sober manner, whether you are healthy or just pleasantly unwell enough to be sent back home, when I will see you, how much I would give to do so, why the nasty old destiny of Man keeps us so long apart; thinking of how we planned and hoped so ardently in Lisbon, of the essential goodness and wonder of these happy dreams of ours, of the ephemeral future, - finally of you. How can you be lonely! But I know it is possible, because I am lonely myself, and I fondly hope that you think of me as much as I do of you. Never worry about whether or not I will remember the idea of you, or think that it would be much easier to "love my neighbor" as people are forever advising me. It all passes over me like a cloud, because I know exactly what I want and nothing else satisfies me at all. You, my dear Mr. Krieg, are what I want, and after nearly ten months of not seeing you after only three months of seeing you, I still want you and nobody else. There now. You're my love and my affianced husband, so act accordingly, Mr. Krieg. Don't let any of the Lagos or Accra glamour girls take you away from me. (I hope there aren't many, anyway!) And another thing, love; just be kind and good to me and love me completely after we are married, and I am sure you will not fail to come up to the ideal of you which I have set up during this ----- waiting period.

They have made of me a Passenger Service Representative-hostess to you. A most sissy job, if you ask me. But I get a nice uniform and a larger salary, two consolations for the comedown of no longer being a busy Trafficman. It's just a new thing in the Eastern Division, although they have had the service for two years in the Atlantic Division. A smooth gal from New York came down on a special mission from LaGuardia field to tell us how to do it. Well, there are four of us in it, and will be more later on. - The other day we had a meeting in one of the big executive's office; and never in my life have I been through such an amusing experience. Four opera stars or four race horses couldn't have displayed more temperament. Lah dee da. We really couldn't be expected to do this or that, and the third thing was really quite too much for us, and the fourth was too too ridiculous, and the fifth would be considered if the big executive would give us extra consideration in something else. Enfin, as the French say, most amazingly different from what I had been used to in the Traffic department. A bunch of Personality Girls on the rampage. In the traffic end of things they say: "Be down here at four A.M., SEE?" But in the budding Passenger Service Department they say: "My little darlings, would you deign to appear at four A.M. if we sent a car around to pick you up at your home?" and "Is there anything your little dainty hearts desire?". Each young lady tried desperately to display a little more exquisiteness than the next, with the result that practically

L-171p 2/2

nothing was accomplished at the meeting except that our pictures were taken individually and together by the Miami Herald, much to everyone's glee. I could only wish that more of us had passed through the fire of the Traffic Counter, which is ~~is~~ a hard but righteous flame and tends to remove all vanity, not to mention shaping you up for the kind of hours you have to work when you're around planes. We all look too cute in our uniforms- it's almost sickening. Mother got in the spirit of things and took me down to the photomaton joint in Miami and had fifty nine pictures taken of me in various poses at various angles, some of which I hope to include in this letter, so you too can see how chawming we all are. The trouble with this new job is that we have to look pleasant and agreeable at unheard-of hours, making light and airy conversation the while. Maybe it will all work out for the best, and it certainly does give you a lot more opportunity to talk to interesting people, practice your Spanish and French, make an extrovert out of you, teach yourself how to meet people and make them feel at ease. All the PAA employes treat us with enormous respect and buy us meals and drinks frequently, which is always nice near payday. The important thing seems to be to keep our little seams straight, our little curls neat, our little turned-up noses powdered, and our little small-talk interesting. Frankly, I rather liked my he-man job somewhat better, although I suppose I am just as flattered as the other opera stars to have been chosen. But it's all a little gooey.

Mother took her courage in her hands this morning and bicycled down to Matheson Hammock (the Beach) with me- eleven miles it is, there and back. We stayed on the beach for about four hours, so to-night we have fine sunburns. It never hurts me, and anyway I had a good tan already, but mother is suffering a little this evening. It surprises me continually to see her on a bicycle.

I took the copy of the divorce down to the Passport Agent three or four days ago, so the application has gone in. I'm not at all hopeful, but the least one can do is try. My love, please try on your own count, as I'm sure you will, to get leave to come back as soon as possible! I love you so, and I want to see you and kiss you so! Stick pins in Andy and make pie-beds for him, so he'll go home sooner, because I'm dreadfully lonely without you. And don't raise my hopes as you did in the letter of July 29, unless you have good reason to do so. I can wait oh so easily if I know you are coming within a year, say; but it would ruin my disposition (sunny-Advt.) and my appetite (annoyingly good) if you were to raise my hopes groundlessly.

Don't ever doubt that I love you and never think I'll change my mind. It's funny, but I can't!