

222 Phenetia Ave.  
Coral Gables, Fla.  
March 16, 1942

APR - 8 REC'D

L-129 p1

My dear,

Why, pray, do I get so excited and pessimistic? Why don't I realize that eventually, say in a week or so, another letter will come and I won't have to worry like mad about whether or not you have hooked yourself another woman? All these are merely academic questions, of course, and are quite unanswerable. I should give myself a good spanking and put myself to bed without my dessert, for being a thorough all-round stoop. This morning before I got the letter I was just about ready to hie myself to the nearest nunnery. As soon as I got it the sun rose and it was a lovely morning, thank you and the same to you, and I really didn't think I'd like the life in a nunnery at all. On the contrary, I felt ready and willing to start a mass-production factory of small Kriegs so that the glorious name (and I really think it is glorious, wonderful, enchanting, marvelous, splendid, lovely, musical, delightful- the best name in the world!) shall not perish from the earth! And so that future generations of young ladies now unborn can experience the incomparable sensation of being loved by future generations of the Phenomenal Kriegs. I owe it to the world, all right, no doubt about it.

It occurred to me when I saw the check that you might think when you get my letter (sent by Mr. Bledsoe this morning), that I was hinting around concerning my financial status, which is quite good. I don't owe my family or anyone a cent for the expenses of the past few months, because I have been living on an inheritance from my great-grandmother who saved up her pennies long and well and left all of us the sum of a thousand dollars apiece. With the residue I am going to pay for the divorce which will be coming up in June. My salary at Pan American is ample to support my self in a condition to which I have not been accustomed- I'm living like a luxurious queen, in fact! Because my rent is all paid till May 15th, I don't spend much on food and get invited out often, have no income tax to pay, and few bills. If I want to leave my job at Pan American because I don't like it very much I can do so at any moment and live on the money I have for about a month and a half before I get another job. And it wouldn't be too hard to find another job, but I'm just lazy and timid about it. So you see, everything's fine in the financial line. I shouldn't like to stay too long without a job because then I might have to ask my father for help, and I prefer to be independent and squander my own money as I see fit without having to think about how someone else had to work for the money I'm wasting on ice-cream sodas and hair-ribbons. Briefly, I want to earn my own living until we are married and you have to do so (poor boy) while I sit at home munching chocolates, buying hundred-dollar dresses, lighting cigarettes with dollar bills, and generally making an expensive nuisance of myself. Seriously, any money which I spend and don't earn while I am in Florida would have to be paid back later and any money which you generously and sweetly give me is coming out of the pockets of the future Mr. and Mrs. Krieg, so I'd rather keep on paying my own way while yet I can. All of which is just a long explanation of what I said in my letter of this morning.

But you mustn't think that I wasn't pleased and glad and happy and touched by the two hundred dollars, my dear William puss. Breathes there a lady with soul so dead she never to herself has said on like occasions: "Gee, isn't he wonderful?" No, such a lady never breathed.

L-74p-2-

There now, I tore the sheet of paper in my emotion. I had to rush over to Coconut Grove just as I got the letter, and was so busy reading it on the bus that I didn't even notice the sum of the check. When I got off the ~~the~~ bus I found I still had some time, so I went to the local bank and signed the check, still without looking at it thoroughly. When the man handed out the money and I saw that he had given me two hundred dollars I said my good man you've made a mistake and given me two hundred dollars instead of one hundred dollars. The good man said no modom the check is for two hundred and that's what I've given you. Oh, I screamed, is it? Well, said he, you ought to know. But I haven't looked at it, said I. What, said he, you haven't looked at it yet! He nearly died laughing, and so did I except that I had to be at work in five minutes and didn't have time. I had just glanced at it and seen that it was made out for something in the hundreds, and in my innocent way I assumed it was one hundred, never having thought much about sums any larger than that. All very amusing and a pleasant surprise.

Of course my first thought was for the amazing number of ice-creams and ribbons two hundred dollars would buy. But my second thought was a good deal seriouser, to wit: why don't I go to a good jewelry store and buy me an engagement ring or something of the sort? you must tell me whether or not you approve of the idea. I've never bought anything of the sort myself, but some of my freinds who have say that one can get reasonably good diamonds for about that. If you say you don't mind I shall spend one of my days offlooking into the situation, and another day-off buying one. Meanwhile I'll put the dollars into a sock and gaze at them from time to time lovingly.

I've heard of Bert Crawford in the family circle, and I know he is a sort of second cousin several times removed, but other than that I know nothing except that he lives in the most important town in the world. My blessing on him, and I'm sorry he's a money-grubber.

Sometimes I'm glad the work at Pan American is so strenuous and the hours so long. When I'm not working all I do is think about you, which inevitably entails thinking about how I'll not see you for Heaven knows how long, which in turn entails those d----d tears which keep springing up at wrong moments like ugly jack-in-the-boxes. The other night Mr. Bishop took me and his cousin and a lady who lives in Coconut Grove out to dinner. The lady said she knew some of the Ferry pilots, and I became so alert that she thought I was a spy or something loathsome on the look-out for information, and she wouldn't say anything more till Mr. Bishop explained tactfully in words of one syllable what the sittuation was. Whereupon the lady said it's not Vice Consul Anderson, is it? I jumped several inches off the chair and shouted, do you know Anderson? No, said she, but I know a man in Homestead, Florida, who does, and whose name is Fitzgeald. Don't ask me why, but that made me start to cry again, right there in the restaurant with everyone sitting around wondering what to say and looking as embarrassed as I felt. I do it regularly once a week or so, and it makes me want to flail myself with a cat of nine tails or some such instrument of bloody torture. Well, when I'm working hard at PAA I haven't time to think about you and it's all the more lovely when I can go home and do some heavy pondering on how maybe it will all turn out right like it does in the Fairy Tales and I can sit and look at you for a hundred years. Without having to say to myself now now, none of that my good woman, he might notice and find out that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I love you! Some day we will be together, won't we darling? I can't even imagine it, but I guess so.

I wish you would stop saying please come to me as soon as possible. I want to.

Philinda