

Le Havre---November 1945

What about this Mr. Flowery-Travel-Folder-for-Cunard-Writer?

How shall you handle this?

Can you convince the dowager from Boston?

Or the school-teacher from Kansas?

Or someone's Aunt Minnie?

No. Those pot-bellied little wretches on Pier 16

Won't make a good copy to be handed out, Cheshire-toothed

With sickly, solicitous smile, at sixth-floor-Field's.

What to do? Your problem friend.

But things like brawls over some choice morsel

Slapped into the side of a great tin drum by the boy from Fresno,

Who may or may not

Have felt those same pangs not so long ago—

“Let the little devils fight it out—good for 'em.”—

Don't send them flocking up the ramps.

Suggestions?

Get the helicopter franchise for Rhode Island.

Manufacture pogo sticks,

Or just return to your fur-lined tripe emporium to think it over.

Think it over.

Over—it's yours.