

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

Camp Crowder, 1943-09-02

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CAMP CROWDER, MISSOURI

Public Relations Office,
Post Headquarters,

September 2, 1943

IT WAS GOOD - dear Muriel -

to have word from you at last: I was already
on the point of getting a trifle alarmed. But ^{it} is
true that I was somewhat lazy and absent-minded
myself. But now I am concentrated and alert again.
Curious things have happened to me in the Army -
but where on earth do curious things NOT happen
to people like us?... This whole delay of my natural-
ization - the reason for my still being here - was
indeed most tiresome and puzzling. But it seems
that things are finally being straightened out:
which means that I'll be naturalized and (I hope!)
sent overseas before long. Life in camps is not
quite easy to bear, in the long run - although I
have a fairly interesting and certainly not very
hard job here, just now.

No, I don't think a chocolate cake would be the
right thing for me, under the circumstances: it's
still disturbingly hot, even though the most terrible
heat is over. But you can, indeed are expected to

do something for me. To put it bluntly: I want an autographed copy of "Gibbs." Quite a shock, isn't it? Well, I need it in connection with the War Bond Drive.

The trouble is that I have volunteered to appear, as a representative of this Post, at a few meetings, to be held in this part of the country - probably in Kansas City and some smaller places (ever heard of Joplin, Mo? NO?) - and to auction, as a special attraction, autographed books and pictures of all the lovely writers, mimes, and musicians I have ever known. Some optimistic chairmen of some committees here seem to believe that such a device will help to fulfill the Missouri War Bond quota in practically no time. I am sure your publisher will be only too pleased to donate one "Gibbs" for such a laudable purpose, and you will make the considerable sacrifice to sign it nicely for us.

4) The bad thing is, it has to be IMMEDIATELY: the date of the first meeting is disquietingly near...

4) As for me, I have nothing to give you but the enclosed clipping from the Camp Crowder "Message": just to give you an idea how I spent my furlough - and my days in this office....So long. Be good. Write me again. Do write wonderful poems! Don't forget me:

Yours dear old

KLAUS

Erika is roaming somewhere between Cairo and
Teheran - disguised as a U.S. War Correspondent.
Her letters sound excitingly happy.