

**TWA**  
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

in flight



Beloved -

Were just over the Grand Canyon (so naturally I thought of you) and half the passengers are standing in the aisle staring out the left windows. Haven't seen so many children since nursery school - any age you want; I don't know whether to count the truck team as youngsters or children. Sounded as if something awful had gone wrong with the engines - it was a child in the seat ahead getting in a little work on a giant mechanical rattle.

I'm giving myself a little calendar and marking days and weeks on it - how I hope my last class is on Thursday! Beloved, sister, sister, I miss thee so and want thee so and want never to leave you for even an hour.

A tiny child across the aisle, wrapped  
in a nest of white blankets, is sitting up  
eating a cheese and whole wheat sandwich,  
a baby not three months old is being held  
up by its mama to see the Grand Canyon  
you. This is like one of those Extension  
to Our National Capital but graduating  
classes in North Carolina get into.  
Notice my choice of verbs - something I  
picked up from an old adobe poodle dog  
I know.

Make my letters very long and very good  
or I'll Die. I miss you so - I've got  
so used to living with you, and being happy  
and yours and thinking the rest of the  
world you know what.

They've been making right and left  
turns over the Grand Canyon so both  
sides can see - do the passengers love

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I leave Southern California, the home of my  
sons, and lots of other inconsequential  
junk.

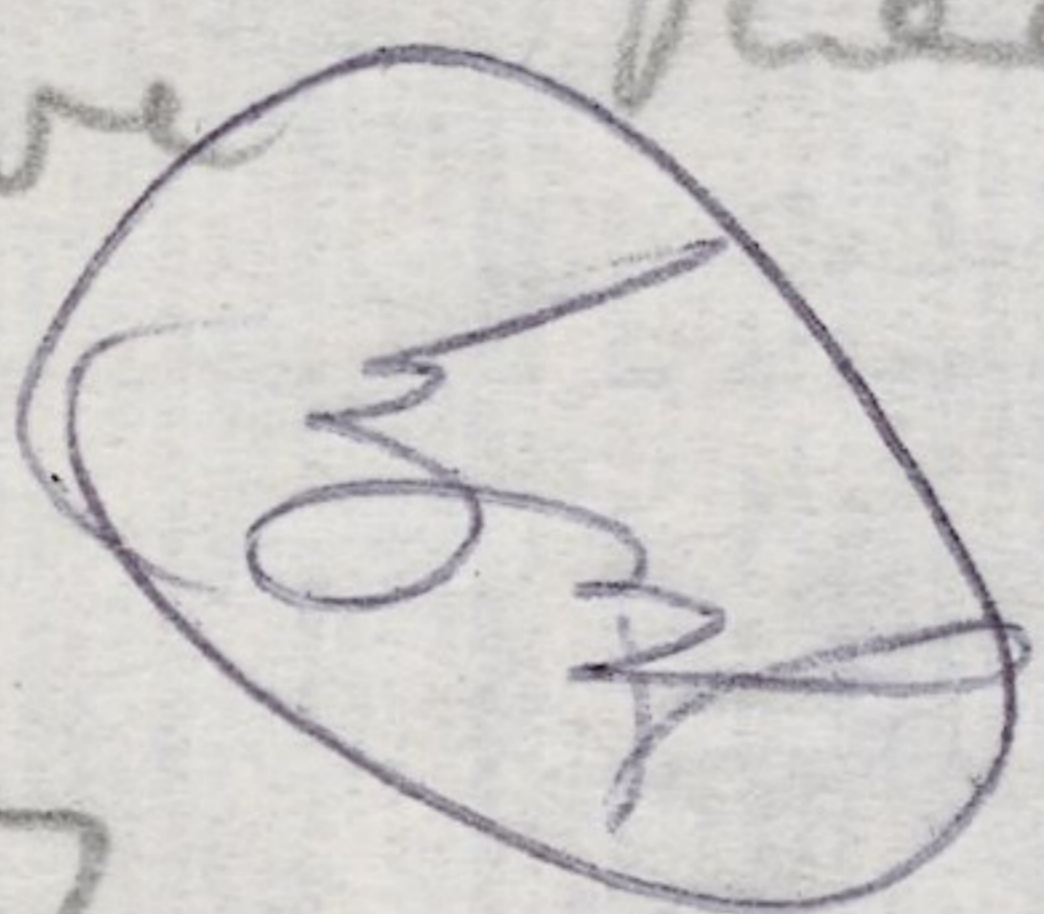
Best beloved, mermaid, Marschallin,  
my own sister, you're not only much  
more like a mistress than a wife, you're  
more like an angel than either —

I couldn't love you any more, or be  
happier with you, or be more entirely  
yours, or want more to live with  
you forever and ever and ever.

It was all rich for — I feel as if  
I'd lived with you at 148 for years  
and years and years; promise me  
you'll never leave me at all, and  
that you'll be my little girl always.

and take care of me always. and  
drink Scotch and beer with me,  
and be my wild tribes, and clutch  
me in your little hot hand, and be  
always exactly the way you are now.

I love thee so, I love thee so.

Thy  


Randall

