

Dear Miss Strong,

I can't begin to tell you how much your ad in the Hargrove Daily News moved me. I would like very much to correspond to you, for I understand your needs as I, too, have needs that are, I'm sure, quite similar. Let me tell you something about myself. Although I am considered quite handsome and am in the peak of health and quite generously endowed and very virile, I find that I am shy with women because I think that I'm not what they are looking for, since I am a good and decent sort, and such men are not in demand so much as the other sort is, the fast and brassy sort, as I'm sure you know, from bitter experience no doubt. But you see it all works out for the best, because here is a lonely guy who is shy who wants to cheer you up.

In your ad you said "lovely young woman." Or did you write "lonely" and the Daily News made a mistake (as they so often do, not only in their spelling but in their editorial positions) and printed "lovely"? Or maybe you are both, because a lovely woman can be lonely through no fault of her own, I know. I can imagine what you look like. I mean that I know what a lovely lonely woman looks like, for example the woman who waits for the bus to Babbington each morning on the bench in front of Louise's Coffee Shop. On cold mornings she wears a blue cloth coat that is frayed at the cuffs and hides what I am sure is a breathtaking figure. In her eyes I can see certain yearnings that could easily be misunderstood by the wrong sort of man, as I'm sure I could see in your eyes too if I were with you and could look into them. On many mornings I have thought of talking to her, I mean saying something more than just "Good morning," which of course I say just out of politeness because that's the way I am, even if only to say "Chin up," but I have thought that I would sound like a man of the other sort who lounges on a street corner all day, when in fact I am a hard worker with a good job that I for one think is important to do, selling insurance. But it is sad work, because a man who sells insurance is always thinking about death. And so I say to you, "Chin up. Now you have a friend

to correspond to." Please write to me soon and tell me something about your circumstances and also your youth and loveliness.

Your new friend,

*John Simpson*

Assistant District Manager