The Waif and the unending coincidences.

Off and on for some time I have been talking, in person, in the home and over the phone, about a WG book. I have been writing about it. I made inquiries about one in NYC last week. I have been in correspondence with FDick about it.

Dick phoned me today, shortly after the 2 p.m. session of the WG committee began. We discussed it and its he feels dim prospects and what his next step will be. I went into proposed content, etc.

A little before 4 there was the waif on the phone, broke but calling daytime, when the rate is much higher. There was no apparent reason for the call. Not even I had to talk to someone about all my new troubles. She ticked off quite a list, beginning with signing herself out of the hospital over medical objection (to support her claim of an infection in the chest she sounded like she had a deep cold and she coughed often enough) and including complications to an illegal abortion (no other kind in Texas).

She is working in a club for $200 a week. Her job is to shoot pool with the customers and engage them in conversation. I reminded her that I am one of the world's lousiest pool players, hadn't shot a game since before she was born, yet beat her the one time we played (7/4/68, Jackson, La.) Her bland response is that she has improved much since then.

There were internal contradictions, like her parents paid for her abortion not knowing what it was for, thinking it was just surgery, and she is deeply in dept for medical bills. Of course, they could be separate, different bills.

She needs a vacation and would like to come up (out "I'm coming up") this summer. My response was that this would then require Lil's o.k., that she is too tired to serve guests. Waif always takes care of herself, even helps others. She'd cook, do the laundry, etc.

They can all be coincidences, but the timing of her contacts are remarkable!

Am I doing something Right?

HW 5/17/73