

OCT 20 1942

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761 Scotland Road
Orange, New Jersey
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Dear Williamlove,

What a particularly mixed-up business it is to get information back and forth! It annoys my frugal (at times) soul to be sending nine dollar cables back and forth across the ocean, but the whole thing is getting me so dreadfully down, that I feel I simply must know what the score is in a matter of days instead of weeks. Anyway, at a time when things move a little too quickly for complete comfort, one feels that one would like to be with the one one loves rather than in some silly old place which one looks upon as a most depressingly inefficient substitute for the place one wants to find oneself. Get me? If you do you're good. What I mean is that I love you and want to be with you in case things get worse instead of better. Likewise I mean I want to be in "that God-forsaken hole" (as the delicate, sensitive-souled Ferry pilots used to put it) with you much, much more than I want to be in the safest and pleasantest environment in the world.

Well, my dear ex-landlord from Coconut Grove, the redoubtable Mr. Harry Johnston, kindly sent up your letter 34 by airmail special delivery- at last it came. It was a lovely letter, Mr. Krieg, and answered partially the question I asked you in my cable yesterday. Apparently it is not impossible to get from either Angola or Bolama (although on the old schedules of those Portuguese boats it doesn't say that they stop in Port. Guinea- but they must, mustn't they? Since the line is subsidized by the government to touch at all those colonies whether it's money-making or not.) People here in New York seem to think there can be no hitch whatsoever in getting to Portuguese Africa somewhere- it's perfectly possible. So what I'm wondering about is why did you call the Portuguese route inadvisable, unless it's because there is after all no way to get from wherever those boats stop to Nigeria? Don't tell me, my dear Mr. Krieg, that it's because they stop in some very ghastly hole where you're sure I'd hate it and where I might have to wait for a long time in unpleasant circumstances. Please don't tell me that, or I should be forced into a decline; because I don't particularly care, and you ought to know it, what nasty places I have to go through to get to Nigeria and I don't particularly object to fairly long waits, just so there is the certainty that with patience I'll get there. And from a logical standpoint it would seem better to be only a thousand miles away from where you're aiming at than to be eight thousand miles away from it. If it's just because it would be unpleasant, forget your objections, because it's a lot less pleasant for me to be here comfortably than it would be if I were on my way uncomfortable. Anyway, from what the agent in New York said, the boats are perfectly Ok all the way through to Laurence Marquez, not that I want to go that far. But there must be some way of getting from say Angola, to Nigeria. If there is a way I want to be told about it and then I will take it, because when it comes to getting to you I am nobody's pantywaist, and refuse to be treated as such.

Consider that I am talking to you, because this letter has absolutely no literary value. I'm rambling on. As for what my family thinks of your wanting me to come over there, the poor dears don't get a chance to think much about it. All they see is me, saying I am going there, moping when things go wrong, picking up wonderfully soon after that, being as determined as a glacier. Father did say he didn't

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want me to go by boat (as did everyone else, of course) but everyone else except him came to the conclusion that there was little they could do about it. Mamma was resigned. Pop and I had long arguments about it- or rather he argued and I just sat. After he had said all his say, I told him it was all quite reasonable and logical and right but that I disagreed with him and thought I would take a boat. So that was the situation until I found out about those Portuguese boats. That satisfied him enormously, as it did mother. He was quite willing for me to go on a Portuguese boat. You can imagine it rather pleased me to find that there was a route to Africa that it was possible to get on within a month, if one had all the necessary papers. I had, - all except the Portuguese visa, which I am told takes anything from one to four weeks to obtain. Then that darned cable of yours came, absolutely turning my faculties inside out and shaking them over a wastepaper basket. The dear old vice president of the Barber Line, Mr. Finch, told me in an unpleasant tone and words of one syllable that I wasn't to bother him (I forgot to say that all this was in a letter his secretary wrote me last month), that there was practically no room on the boats, that he couldn't give me any encouragement at all and (by implication) why in h--- did I want to get to Africa any way? And if you remember, the War Shipping Administration man was not at all encouraging either, the only difference between him and PAA being that he didn't laugh at the whole idea, merely said there was a war on and he could "offer very little encouragement". All of which made me love the Portuguese lines with a purple passion when they seemed positively glad to know I wanted to go on the Serpa Pinto and the Mouzinho. Darn it, they don't think it's inadvisable to go to Portuguese Africa. That part of it seems all right. Is it the other part, the Portuguese-Nigeria part that's wrong? It can't be much wronger than the American West African Line, as far as I can see. 1) When it comes down to facts, I'd rather go on a neutral passenger vessel than a belligerent cargo ship. 2) The matter of whether or not I want to go on the aforementioned belligerent cargo ships seems to be fairly effectively removed from my hands by the Powers That Be, who say I might as well give up the idea anyway. Couldn't a way be found for me to get to Nigeria once I was there and on their hands? Couldn't it be possible? Because only if it's impossible will I forget it, and if I forget it the State of New Jersey will have one more blithering idiot on its hands, because I shall go noisily mad.

Allow me proudly and with dignity to remind you once more that I am not a pantywaist or a sissy, and that in case there is something that I might have to do that No Real Lady has done before, I should be delighted to do it if it got me nearer to you. Woman, have you no shame or modesty, that you throw yourself at that man in such a fashion?!? Well, in most cases I have, but not in this one. No desire but to get to you, and no shame in telling you the fact. So you think of a way to get to Lagos from Bolama or Angola, William Krieg, if you have to organize an airline or a boat line or a pony express of your own! And remember that I have guaranteed not to object to inconveniences and hardships.

Funnily enough there is no more news whatsoever. Only it's not at all funny, because I have acquired a cold from this unbearable northern climate, and have been sitting home brooding away like a whole chicken-farm-full of hens. For some reason I'd rather not tell you that I love you till I get to you. But when I do, I will.

Be good, angel.

Philinda

*Janet Krieg
Campbell*