

September 18, 1942

SEP 28 1942

L-191 p 1/2

Dear Williampuss,

Having tried all ways and all means to get somewhere from this end, especially with PAA, I have decided that there is nothing more that can be done. PAA is as adamant as can be., or adamanter, and I have regretfully concluded that they will continue to refuse to be worked on even with sledge hammers. PAA-Africa was the same. So now I am going up to New York and see what can be done about the boat situation. Anyway, the hours here at PAA were beginning to get me down enormously, and mamma said I was losing weight too fast to suit her. Likewise pappa wanted to see me, so between the four I have decided to go up there in a day or so, as soon as my business here can be completed in a leisurely fashion. In order that I can continue to send you letters via company mail, I am making an arrangement with my good friends the mail truck drivers down here, who are an extremely nice bunch and greatly in favor of young love. But you should address future letters to 761 Scotland Road, Orange, N.J. It annoys me dreadfully to think that nothing more can be done here, but that is the unfortunate situation, like it or not. I have wangled free shots from PAA, anyway- that's some consolation.

It has gradually become plain to me that I am a very impatient girl, because each day that passes bringing no sign of success makes me madder and madder. It seems to me that it would be much simpler to get somewhere with the American West African Line, but it's difficult to go there cold, as it were, with no recommendation from nobody, to employ an expressive little double negative. I can't say I'm not rather leary of a boat myself, but darn it, that seems to be the best we can do- if we can do that, even! I keep thinking about how those missionary ladies did it, and thinking of that reminds me that what man hath done man can do. Only I want to do it quick, and stop all this foolish waiting around. Angelpie, can't you dig up some sort of a fossil over there who is dying to have an efficient young woman who can turn her hand to just about any kind of work? Another one of the things I keep thinking about is what the Director of Traffic of the War Shipping Administration said: "Work it through your own organization". Which now boils down to you, since my organization was so completely uncooperative. I'm going to investigate the A. W. A. Line in person, and if nothing can be done without help I'm going to be very, very, very mad, because at least that sounded possible, if not especially easy, to get on. After I've gone to see the abovementioned line, and if they are not somewhat encouraging, I shall write to my helpful friend Mr. Jester, who said I might call upon him for aid and advise in case of need. Meanwhile I shall be hopefully awaiting some word of encouragement from Nigeria. Encouragement, or even better, help in the form of a letter from someone urgently in need of my admirable assistance in the business line. If some of your busy little pals don't need an efficient female assistant, I'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, because I personally know I can do practically anything as well or better than any two people you can name. I can even get over to Africa, if I'm given enough time to wear down the morale of those with whom I come in contact. It's just that I don't want to wait around any longer than necessary. Guess why. That's right, you've guessed it the very first try. I lovey you! And, as I believe I mentioned before, I am a very impatient girl- one with a single track mind.

I'd just love to have all sorts of fascinating news for you, Williampuss. On the contrary, that famous single track mind has kept me chained down this past month or so, and in the past week I have been very busy saying good-bye to my little friends here and finishing up business, with the result that the only reportable items are a couple of hilarious farewell parties, a final trip to the beach, and a couple of nights spent sleeping the sleep of the just for the first time in many a moon. This business of getting up at three, four, or five in the morning eventually wears into your soul, so that just to sleep till eight seems like an incredible luxury when it comes. But I love Miami, and I don't like leaving it. Especially at this time of the year, when it's getting cold and clammy in the far north. Apparently I am a sunshine baby, because I shudder at the very thought of cold, and am fond as can be of a hot sunny day when the rest of the world is dripping and complaining wildly of the heat.

L-191 p 2/2

Well, love, hope springs eternal in the human breast in spite of the fact that people are uncooperative and dampening to the spirits. Determination will win in the end, quoi. There will come a fine day when Krieg and Philinda will be quite together, but in order to preserve the sanity of the last mentioned that day had better be pretty d----d soon. Off on another track, what would you want me to bring over there in the way of household goods? I haven't the faintest idea how much or what kind of things are needed. All you mentioned were towels, but there might be something else.

The mail truck drivers say this will get off to-day if I end it here and give it to them. Good-bye, my dear, remember I am very much enamoured of you.

Lovingly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Philinda".