

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS FROM SIERRA LEONE -- #15

September 5, 1964

Currently, I'm a homeless PCV. My things are in a warehouse in Bo, and I'm at the PC rest house in Freetown. This week I'm supposed to go to Makeni—the third largest town in SaLone located about 80 miles NW of Bo—to house hunt. I'm supposed to be getting a jeep sometime soon since I can't do my job without transportation. However, they are exceedingly hard to come by. CARE and PC are arguing over which one is going to hand over one of their precious vehicles.

I got back from Las Palmas a week late because I missed the only flight of the week. I spent a couple of days in Freetown, then a week in Bo packing.

In Bo, the jeep we had was USA 31. We swore it wouldn't make it to Freetown, and it didn't. The connecting rod broke when we were still 70 miles out. We still had some luck left because 15 minutes later another PC jeep came around the bend. With a towing bar improvised from a tree trunk and a rope made from vines, we were towed into Freetown.

I've been told I missed the worst of the rains. It rained almost continuously the whole time I was gone; and it has rained most of the time since I got back. This afternoon was beautiful though and we flocked to the beach. It's a shame you no longer have a parakeet because I could send you a lifetime supply of cuttlebone. The beach here is littered with them.

I've met two people who have been to Salisbury (MD). The first was a Jehovah Witness missionary now stationed in Freetown. The second was a man in Las Palmas who was stationed at Wallops Island last year, and went to Salisbury in search of entertainment. It's a fairly small world, isn't it?

One girl in our group got around the restriction on leave in Europe. She arrived in Bamako, Mali without a visa having been told she could get one there. Mali said NO! There wasn't a return flight to Freetown for a week. Since she couldn't stay at the airport and couldn't enter Mali, she was sent on to Paris at the airline's expense. She had eight hours in Paris to get a visa and catch the return flight to Mali. Now of all the bad luck, the return flight was full. So she got two days in Paris waiting for the next plane with all expenses paid by the airline. What's that line about falling in and always coming out smelling like a rose?

