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2 I am going to number my letters from now on. This is
the second from Lagos.

Air mail

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Lagos, Nigeria
January 20, 1942

Dear Dad:

Your letter of ~~January~~ November 19th arrived here January 6th - not very good time, is it? It seems that my predictions about the mail service were much too optimistic. Not only does the regular mail service take at least six weeks, but the air service has been pretty badly disorganized by the war as far as mail and passengers are concerned. The flights are now subject to Army and Navy control, and they have special emergency duties for them to carry out. The air mail is the best bet. I can usually find out within a day or two when a plane is leaving, and I would like to you tell me when it arrives so I can check up on the service.

Nothing very exciting has happened since my last letter, dated December 22nd. Although I wrote it immediately after my arrival, it had to wait for almost two weeks before it went off, so it was already getting old by the time it left here. I went to a very fine party on Christmas Eve - a dinner and afterwards a dance at the Country Club. It is called the Ikoyi Club, after the section of town where it is located, and is rather nice. It is cool and airy, the dance floor being open on all sides. That is practically necessary, since it would be too hot to dance in a closed room. Unfortunately, the music was furnished by the Lagos police band. It was terrible, but the spirit was good. There were several other parties during the holidays to which I was invited as Mr. Jester's house guest, but I think that was the best.

On the last day of the year I moved into my apartment in the Ikoyi Club Flats. The apartment is supposed to be furnished, but the furnishings are rather scant. There are three easy chairs, two small tables, a dresser, bed with mattress, and three small straight chairs. There are no floor coverings or curtains, so I am going to have to provide these myself, plus some other furniture to fill in the vast open spaces in the sitting room. There is, of course, a bath and toilet, and a sort of pantry or dressing room between the bed room and the bath. It is not big, but certainly large enough for one person. As a matter of fact, several married couples are living in the flats, so I suppose that, by the addition of another bed, there would be enough room for two. So far I haven't gotten around to buying mats for the floors and curtains; the stores generally keep the same hours as the Consulate, so it is necessary to take time off if you want to buy something. Very soon I am going to take Mrs. Price, our American clerk, and have her help me pick out some furnishings.

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The car situation has been temporarily solved, through the assistance of Mr. Jester. He made arrangements for me to rent a little Austin 10 (larger than a Baby Austin, though) for only \$20 a month. This was a stroke of luck, but it will not last long, for the owner will be coming back from England in a couple of months, and then it will be necessary to find another car. We have tried to see what we could do with General Motors through their local agent, but so far he has received no answer to his wires, and he supposes that the situation is so confused that they cannot give him a definite answer. In view of the new rationing system, I am writing by air mail to the Department of State requesting their assistance in getting priority for the purchase of a car, explaining why it is impossible to walk or ride a bicycle. I hope they will be able to do something, but I rather doubt it. I will be in a pretty mess if nothing eventuates. Besides the one I have, the next cheapest car to rent would have cost \$60 a month, which, plus the cost of operation, would have used up ^{about 1/3} of my total income, ~~if not more~~. The tragedy is the greater since one derives no pleasure from the operation of a car. There is no where to drive to except just around town and out through unsightly shack towns to Apapa, where the airport and docks are located. The only road which leads out of Lagos goes straight north for 800 miles or more. Anderson has been over 110 miles of it, and he says it is all exactly the same. The car is simply an essential for business, not for pleasure.

It was an amusing circumstance that your letter mentioning that Bud Francis was in Accra arrived at the same moment that he called me up on the phone. He was passing through here, flying some R.A.F. planes to Egypt. With him was a fellow who lived just down the hall from me in North Mass at Dartmouth. I had them down for dinner, and we had a fine evening talking over old times in Newark. It certainly was nice to see someone from home; it has been a long time now. By the time you get this, I will have been away practically two full years, and the end is not yet in sight. The only consolation is that they can't leave me here much more than two more years, since that is more than the ordinary person's health can stand. Mr. Jester had his second anniversary here January 7th, and he is not feeling well at all. He has only been coming to the office half a day recently; in the afternoon, he stays home and takes an anti-malaria treatment.

Now I have got a lot of work for you. I am enclosing a check for \$100 which is roughly to cover the \$40 insurance payment you made for me last summer, \$6.00 Masonic dues, and the following items which I wish you would get and send over by parcels post just as soon as possible. Some of them are anticipatory purchases, but many are badly needed right now. The most urgent of all is underwear. Please send 6 pairs of shorts, preferably the jockey type, or else Arrow. The size is 32.

2. 3 pairs light weight pajamas. Size B. They must be as light as possible, and I think in this respect cheap ones would be better than expensive.

3. Three pair suspenders. They lose their snap very quickly in this humid climate.

4. 3 pr. garters.

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5. White shoes. I may have an ^{old} pair around the house which you started to send me when I first went to Italy; if so send them and get two more pairs from Fred Abbott, the same size. If you can't find the old shoes, may be some one at the shoe store will remember the size or have a record of it, or perhaps some of my other old shoes are around the house.

6. My old white suit, if it hasn't fallen apart yet. I will leave it to you to decide whether it is worth while to send it. If it needs dry cleaning, better have it done, as there is no dry cleaning in Lagos.

7. 1 doz. packages of Gem double edge razor blades. I don't think the single edge are nearly as good.

8. 3 bottles of Mennen's After Shaving Lotion.

9. 4 large bottles of Fitch's Shampoo.

10. 6 tubes Palmolive shaving cream. (NOT brushless.)

11. 3 cans Mennen's Talcum for men.

12. 1 dozen largest size tubes of Kolykos toothpaste.

13. 1 dozen pairs of plain white sox. Not silk, even if there still is any. I have some now that I got in Portugal which appear to be made of a good grade of cotton, and ribbed to break the monotony. Maybe you can find something like that.

14. About 50 or so 3¢ stamps. I sometimes have a chance to have mail posted in New York to save time. Be sure to lay them between sheets of waxed or tissue paper, without folding, because here absolutely everything sticks together. Every envelope in the Consulate is stuck shut and has to be pried open before using.

Poor dear Daddy, I do feel sorry for you to have such a terrific list. It is to make up for my not coming home, and to take advantage of my free entry while I have it. I am afraid it will cost more than I am sending, so just let me know if you want me to send another check. You are getting my last check, however, until my baggage arrives from Lisbon, however, because it is the last check in this block, and the other blocks are in my baggage. I have just thought of something else: Palm Beach neckties. I haven't had any good new ties since I was home last, with the exception of three which I bought in Lisbon; one of them has already been chewed up by cockroaches. Any mild color will do; bright ties don't go so well in this climate.

Now I have something else to get off my chest which has been bothering me for some time. Something strange and, for me, new happened to me while I was in Lisbon: I fell in love. It didn't really come up to the point of recognition until just at the end of my stay there, and since it was impossible to get married at that time, we decided to make sure of ourselves by waiting for a few months. Fortunately, she returned to the U.S. just before I left Lisbon, so there is no worry from that angle. It has been a very difficult matter for me; there has been much more pain than pleasure in it, and I cannot bring myself to try to ~~describe~~ describe the details in cold typescript. I wish very much indeed that I could have a personal, heart-to-heart talk with you; as it is, I have had to make all the decisions myself. I didn't mention it in my previous letters because I wanted to see how she was

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going to take it after she got home. Now, I don't think there is any doubt about the way we both feel. The situation is complicated by the fact that she is already married although separated from her husband. So she is planning to get a divorce as soon as possible. When that has been done, I will try to arrange for her to come over here, since it will be impossible for me to come home before a year from this coming Spring at the best.

As I said, this has been a profound emotional experience for me. It is the first time that I have even ever thought that I was in love. But I do not think I am making a mistake, as we were together a great deal all during the three months I was in Lisbon, and I think I know her pretty well. I had her go to see Janie in New York, and they have been together several times. Janie will therefore be in a position to tell you lots of details that I don't feel able to here.

I see I haven't even told you anything about the object of my affections. Her name is Philinda Campbell Jones. She is 24 years old and a graduate of Swarthmore College. Her father is an executive of some kind with the A. T. & T. in New York. I have told Janie that if she thinks Philinda could face it (because it would take a lot of nerve to go without me) I would be glad to pay the cost of a trip for both of them out to Ohio to see you. Now I think I will leave the rest of the story to Janie. I know that when you get to know Philinda, you will love her as I do, and I hope that you will be glad for me. Since her divorce may take some time yet, I'm sure you will agree with me that it is a good idea not to say anything about this to anyone except Sarah, of course. I would rather not even tell Betty and Grandpa and the others for the present. There will be plenty of time for that later when everything is straightened out.

Now that the main load is off my mind, to write about anything else would be an anti-climax, so I will close by sending you all my love. I was glad to hear that Ninnie is better, and I hope you will get in touch with her and say that I will write when things get organized here. Right now I have so much coding to do that my eyes are in bad shape. I received a new lens for my glasses from Dr. Hatch, but there was no shop in Lagos which could attach it to the frame. I am trying to arrange to send the whole frame back with some Clipper passenger, thus saving a little time. If possible, it would be better to send them back by air, provided the cost isn't over \$2.00 or so. We can count on at least two months if they come by sea-mail.

Once again, much love to all.

As ever yours,