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AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
Lisbon, Portugal  
November 5, 1941

Dear Folks:

Well, I'm still here, and getting pretty tired of it, too. There really isn't anything to say since I wrote to you the last time. Since then, we have wired twice more to London and have received no reply; we have also received a wire from Mr. Jester, the Consul at Lagos, requesting the Consulate to expedite my departure, by which I imagine that Mr. Jester wants to go on leave as soon as possible. It was this from Lagos which touched off the last wire to London, and I sincerely hope that we will get some action soon.

I really haven't found out much more about Lagos than I knew when I wrote last, so I will have to ask you to wait until I get there for more complete information. Last Friday my good friends the Joneses, about whom I have written several times, ~~were~~ left here to return to the States. Jimmy has been dissatisfied with his job here, which had no future whatsoever, and he wanted to go back home and take a course in a cram school to prepare for the Foreign Service Exams. Although he had been thinking about it for some time, ~~and~~ the actual decision to leave was taken rather suddenly - on Tuesday, in fact - and they had to rush around a lot in order to get ready. I miss them very much, for you will recall that we lived at the same hotel and took all our meals together. We were together almost every evening, either just sitting around at home, talking, or going to the movies. I have had to remake my whole pattern of life now that they are gone, and am concentrating more on reading and writing letters. Unfortunately, the State Department has never sent any of my magazines here, so I am entirely dependent on what I can ~~not~~ borrow from the people here at the office. Right now I am well fixed for at least one evening. Last night I went to see the movie "Arizona" with Bill Cordell, an old pal from the Foreign Service School. It was moderately good.

Speaking of the Foreign Service School reminds me that the man who was the Director while I was there is now in town. That is J. Klahr Huddle, who was finished the maximum allowable period for a Foreign Service Officer in the Department of State and is now on his way to Bern as Councillor of Legation. Yesterday evening Cordell and I went to call on him and Mrs. Huddle, who is with him. We found Mrs. Huddle just as attractive as ever, and Mr. Huddle just as difficult to talk to. He is supposed to have said himself once, talking to the School, that he regretted very much that, in his youth, he had failed to cultivate the art of conversation. I fear, however, that no amount of cultivation would do J. Klahr much good. He is simply not interested in people enough to care about what they do and how they feel. I am sure that, down underneath, he is frightfully shy and probably very sentimental. He probably wishes with all his heart that he could relax and be a "good fellow", but it is absolutely beyond him. Whatever the cause, the net result is the same. Nevertheless, I enjoyed talking with him, although to save me I can't remember anything he said except that he didn't know what had happened to Phil Hubbard, who we expected would pass through here on his way to Zurich. Mrs. Huddle was a bit afraid that ~~she~~ they might be isolated in Central Europe in case we get into the war, which would be difficult for her, and they have a daughter who is a junior in Oberlin. Huddle is an Ohio product himself; the strangest people come from Ohio. I will wire you when I get to Lagos; meantime, much love to all of you.