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ptAMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Lagos, Nigeria; October 16, 1942

Dearest Daddy:

I'm afraid this will reach you a little late for your birthday, but anyway you will know I was thinking about you on that day and wishing that I could have maintained the family traditions by being born two weeks later. I hope you will have a pleasanter celebration of the day than I did. I celebrated the occasion by coming to the European Hospital, from whence this missive is being written. Last Saturday, the 10th, I had a very bad headache in the afternoon, but didn't do anything, as we were expecting guests in the evening. After the guests, which included a doctor, had gone, I took my temperature and found it about 101. The following morning I still had 100 $\frac{3}{5}$, so I thought it better to come over here. Going to the Hospital isn't as serious a matter as at home; at home people think you must be very sick indeed to go to the Hospital. Over here, the doctors like to have the patients come in, and they charge a very large fee for house calls. There naturally aren't many doctors in Lagos, the only two Europeans being government doctors at this hospital. So people ordinarily come to the hospital when they have a fever.

After putting you to bed, the first step in the diagnosis is to take a blood test to determine whether you have malaria - the most usual cause of fever in this town. In my case they found out that I did not have any malaria parasites in my blood, so the doctor said he thought I had a chill, which I presume is what we would call "Flu". That is what I thought I had. The temperature went down almost to normal during the first few days, but yesterday went up again, so now he is giving me a course of sulpha-pyradine or one of the other sulpha-drugs, the names of which I never can straighten out, which is supposed to disinfect your insides. I am sure the doctor hasn't the vaguest idea that is actually wrong, but this drug is good for almost everything, so I hope it will take care of whatever ails me. He thought it might be a diseased tooth or something, which is quite possible, although I went to see a Lebanese dentist who is a graduate of the University of Chicago just a week ago, and he found everything O.K. except for one small cavity. However, I am no trust in dentists outside the U.S. In any case, I feel quite well now - better than for a week - and there is absolutely no cause for you to worry. Everybody gets in the hospital here sooner or later; it's just a question of when.

I certainly was shocked to hear about the terrible bomber crash and Mrs. Weston's tragic death. Although I'm afraid I always think of her as a rather sour personality, it certainly is too bad she had to come to this end. It seems a shame that the pilot was not able to maneuver his plane out over the countryside somewhere for the

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crash. In any case, it just shows that no one is safe and that we ~~wiii~~ are all on the front line, more or less.

The mail from the Department has not been coming in very well recently, but I am still at a loss to explain why they have not forwarded my glasses. I think I will write to the mail room by the next pouch and ask what the trouble is. We have a few pouches still outstanding, however, and the glasses may be in one of them. Mc-Sweeney is also expecting some glasses which have not arrived, and we are both much annoyed. He has also not been receiving his mail very well. So far, all of mine that has arrived has come in fair time, but I have no way of telling how much of it may not have arrived. Your letter about the bomber was the last to come from home, and since I owe everybody letters, I can hardly expect to receive any.

Philinda is now trying to arrange transportation via Portuguese ship to Bolama, Portuguese Guinea, and from there by air to ~~KK&XEXX~~ Lagos. She has cabled me that accommodations on a Portuguese ship will be available about the end of November, but apparently has not bought her tickets on Pan American yet. As soon as she has passage out of Portuguese territory, she can apply for her Portuguese visa, which will take three weeks or so to obtain. The, I hope, she will be ready to leave. She has quit her job in Miami and gone to live with her mother and step-father in Orange, New Jersey, and I have sent her a whole list of things which she is to bring along if possible, like dishes, cheap glasses and silverware, etc. I hope that there will be no hitch; if she succeeds in getting away in November, she should be here some time around the first of the year.

I hope that we will be able to go to Jos, a town on the Plateau in Nigeria, for our honeymoon. Jos, which you will find without difficulty in Rand-McNally's atlas, is several hundred miles north east of Lagos; it is reached by rail in two days and two nights. The trains aren't very fast here. It is supposed to have the best climate in Nigeria, and the government has built a fine hotel there for government people to take local vacations in and get away from the humidity of the south. I do not know for sure whether it would be possible for me to get a room there, as it is primarily for Nigerian Government employees, but perhaps it can be arranged. It is about the only place in Nigeria suitable for the purpose.

I can still hardly believe that Philinda is really coming; I don't suppose I will until I actually see her. It has now been almost a year since I last saw her; it seems a very long time, and I guess we will have to get acquainted all over again when she actually arrives. However, since I loved her very much as she was then, I have no reason to think that she will be any different, or that my reaction to her will be any different than it was then. She has gone through a great deal for me; it is a debt I will spend a long time - a life time, in repaying.

Thompson, our very excellent steward, as just come in with clean pajamas and is waiting to take this back for the pouch, so I must close. I hope you and Sarah and Melody are all well and happy, and that Melody will like Denison. I haven't heard from Janie for ages.
Much love to you all,