

January 11, 1943

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Now I am wishing I had known what a long time I was to be here and abouts, for I discover that I really need more clothes, and can't get at them. I am dreadfully afraid that the only answer is a family washing and ironing. Thank goodness everything is very informal, and I wear my patented smarty pants most of the day, with the desired result that I am getting brown legs. Sometimes Mr. Donovan and Mr. Pendleton and I took sun baths of an afternoon, topping them off with a salt water hosing just before dinner. Mr. Pendleton, by the way, is our other non-missionary friend, and a good lad very lonesome for his home, family, and fiancée. He is the tall one with glasses that father saw. The son of a big shipping line, he has many connections here. So much so, that the other day one of his connections, a Mr. Kennedy, invited us both out to his shack in the hills. Nothing loathe, we all piled in the family car and drove out with a picnic basket, some wine bottles, and our bathing suits. Their cottage is on a hillside by a rocky brook, all surrounded with grapefruit trees and immortelles. Mr. Kennedy is American himself, but has lived here for thirty years, and his wife is a native of the place, of French descent, with the loveliest and most incredible accent I've ever heard. Four of their six sons are grown up and in the army now, but the two little ones wander around with the same fantastic local accent, which must be heard to be believed. It's not English, it's not Spanish, it's not French, it's just Trinidad. Well, anyway, we had a nice quiet afternoon, and went in

swimming as soon as the noon rains stopped. The lady had dug up a can of peas, some brisket of beef, and fruit salad, which we all enjoyed along with some real French Madoc off a vessel that came here a year or so ago fortunately carrying the fruits of French vines. After that we came down from the hills, visited the Kennedy's enormous rambling open-to-the-four-winds town house, as Trinidad-Victorian as it can be. Then Mr. Pendleton and I had a dinner engagement along with the Captain and the other non-missionary (Mr. Sokall) at the home of the Captain's agent, a most amusing and wise young man, who belongs to the genus typical Englishman, sub species reddish hair, horn rimmed spectacles, cherubic face, slightly mussed light gray flannel suit. The only drink left on the island is native rum, so rum punches are the order of the day when it comes to entertaining, much to most people's disgust. I can't say I am very fond of them myself, but there is nothing else, so one struggles along at parties. There were four or five other ladies at the party, as well as the men, so it made quite an unusual evening.

As you can imagine, I am anxious to get there. But the time will be long, and the best attitude is a fatalistic one, with a hand ready for the old life preserver. They have everything ready at all times, and the boats are well provisioned. The other day we took a fine sail in one of them all around the harbor, enjoying ourselves enormously until we ran into an old sunken hulk, where we were hilariously stuck for an hour or so, and all the vikings had to get out and wet themselves trying to pry us loose from the ancient ship!

Much, much love, until the next opportunity to write.

LPJ

[This letter is written on legal length (14 inch = 355 mm) paper. It has been segmented to be printed at full size here, with the complete pages printed at reduced size at the end of this document.]

[Page 1 upper section]

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