

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
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Dear Folks:

I was really shocked to find out that it has been almost a month since I wrote to you. Time seems to have been moving on apace, and I haven't even scratched the surface of writing to all our relatives. The plans mentioned in my previous letter about having announcements printed locally hasn't worked out; Philinda thinks her father will take care of it in the usual manner, and so that's that. I wanted to send out the announcements ourselves so that I could write little notes to my special friends to go with them. Now I will either have to write a complete letter or nothing. At the rate I am progressing now, it will be nothing.

Philinda and I have been very busy with a round of social activities. Last week we were out every single night, Sunday through Saturday, but this week promises to be much quieter. Our only engagement is for Thursday, when we are having the Chief Secretary and his wife, Mr. Shantz, and a few other fairly high officials for dinner. It will be the most ambitious thing we have ever done, but I am not at all nervous about it, since they are all very fine, natural people. The break is giving me a chance to catch up on TIME and a few other magazines which have been accumulating on the tables ever since we were married.

Lots of my old friends here are either leaving or have left. Two very good Canadian friends who were officers on anti-submarine patrol boats here have departed for Canada. One of them had had cerebral malaria and was in a coma for several days. As an additional complication, he got pneumonia, and the doctors just about gave him up, but he pulled through, and should by this time be enjoying the less-rigorous heat of Miami with his wife. John Weaver, who has been attached to the Consulate for several months, will be off for Accra as soon as he gets out of the hospital, as his department is closing up here. The O.W.I. outpost will also be closed, taking away two more nice Americans. In a few months, things are going to be very quiet here. When our long-awaited Consul, Mr. Lynch, arrives, Mr. Shantz will leave for a survey of the entire West Coast and then return to Washington for consultation. So we will lose him too, which is a sorry blow. He may come back after the consultation, but I doubt it.

Right now we are in the middle of the hot, dry season. As I said last year, the heat really isn't excessive, judging by the thermometer, but in connection with the humidity, it is rather oppressive. I sweat practically all the time, and Philinda is always having to remind me to wipe the perspiration off my lip before I kiss her. I am so used to it I don't notice it any more until it

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begins to trickle down my front and/or back. We always have the fan on at night now, although I keep it turned low to avoid chilling myself in case of a sudden drop in temperature. The season has been rather freakish so far: the hot weather was delayed almost a month later than usual. I hope this doesn't mean that the rains, which bring relief from the heat, will also be delayed. Normally, they should start about the end of April.

It is fortunate for us that Philinda enjoys hot weather. She says she doesn't mind the heat at all, and that, in fact, she hasn't encountered anything here as bad as Miami in the summer. I doubt if the Miami Chamber of Commerce would appreciate that remark. As I said in my last letter, we don't expect to come home for about a year, even though that means staying through another hot season almost to the bitter end. I don't know how I will react to another hot season; I should think two of them at one session would be about enough, but then, Perry Jester had three good seasons here ~~xxxx~~ before he left, so I really would have nothing to complain about.

I didn't mention above that Mr. Shantz's instructions to go on tour as soon as Lynch arrives will probably result in Philinda and me missing our honeymoon up North, as planned. I had high hopes of getting out of Lagos eventually and seeing something of Nigeria. Perhaps it will depend on how strictly Mr. Shantz interprets his orders.

I have Sarah's letters of January 7th and 27th, and I was most pleased to hear that Melody had made such an excellent record at Denison. I'm sure she will do even better next trip, since it is always a bit difficult to get started in the first. It is a fine thing that the vacations are being shortened and the work speeded up. Even in peace time, I think the educational process took much too long, although I'll admit that I certainly enjoyed being at home and working at the swimming pool during the summer. However, if a person desires to acquire a specialized as well as a general education, it is necessary to prolong the process until at least three, and usually more, years after regular college. Colleges have become virtually nothing but preparatory schools, in the sense that they only prepare people to get ~~down~~ to the serious work they want to do. I am, on the other hand, strongly against over-specialization; I don't need to elaborate on the horrors it produces. The logical answer would seem to be to cut down the vacations, and do more in less time, and I hope that, after the war, serious students will be given an opportunity of go ahead faster. Please give Melody my sincerest congratulations!

I hope the inventory is now well passed and that Daddy has gotten rested from his strenuous efforts. I can imagine how tough and how tiring it must be to run the store with such reduced help, especially since old Ollie can't be very strong any more. Please give the boys at the store my very best regards. As Philinda is planning to add a note to this, I won't write any more at this time; as a matter of fact, nothing has happened to write about. I remain very happy and hope you are the same. Much love to all of you.