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Dear Ninnie and Aunt Vonie,

Ninnie's letter of October 25th was received here the 10th, and I was very glad to hear that you are carrying on under so many difficulties. I hope that you will be able to get around as time goes on. We are still very well and enjoying our life together.

I was most interested to hear that Bud Francis had been awarded the D.F.C. I always thought that was only awarded to combat pilots, and I am glad to know that meritorious work in other lines is also recognized. I hope to send Bud a congratulatory note on the back of a Christmas card; I will have to send it to his grandparents for forwarding, since I don't know any other address than Memphis.

I haven't had much trouble with colds in this climate. I have had only two bad ones since I arrived here, which is much less than average. However, I find that they are very hard to get over. They seem to hang on for weeks and weeks. January is the favorite time for colds, since there is a cold wind which starts about 4 a.m., and the temperature may drop from 80 to 70 in a short time, thus producing a chill. Both my colds started in January, and I was just recovering from the last one when Philinda arrived in February.

I have had to learn to like a lot of vegetables since I was a little boy, just as you all always said I would. I am quite fond of raw tomatoes and tomato soup, although I don't care much about stewed or fried tomatoes. I also eat cabbage, which I never used so, and I am very fond indeed of brussels sprouts. I don't mind raw onions, but they seem to cause indigestion, so I don't eat them much. I even like asparagus, which you may remember was once the cause of my being put to bed on Easter Sunday afternoon. I am still unable to get up any enthusiasm for turnips and parsnips, however. Philinda knows lots of ways of making vegetables tasty, and I have found that very nice, especially in comparason with the local custom of boiling everything until it is tasteless.

I am very happy to hear that you are sending my letters on to Aunt Maggie and Jennie. I do feel mean for not writing to them, and I want them to know that I often think of them and look forward to seeing them again. Please send them my love and very best wishes. I would like to hear how everything is going in

Columbus. Speaking of Columbus, I have just been re-reading James Thurber's "The Day the Dam Broke", which appeared in the August issue of the Readers' Digest. It is very funny indeed, and I liked it especially since it referred to so many places I know. All that sort of thing makes we very homesick. In a short time it will be four years since I was home last. There have certainly been a number of changes. Janie and I have both been married, and Janie is going to have a baby. It hardly seems possible to imagine Janie as a mother, seeing as how I can remember quite well when she was born. Everything is so relative, though. I suppose you can both remember when Mother was born!

In my last letter I mentioned that Bill Bruns, our other Vice Consul, was going to Accra to fill in for a while. Well, he went and has just now returned. In the meantime, we had a very busy time indeed. For a while, Philinda and I had practically all the ordinary work to do between us, and there was quite a bit of it. A few weeks ago we got a new girl, and that helped us a great deal, especially since we had just taken on some additional work. Now that Bill is back, I should have plenty of time to take care of some of the details which have been sliding for a long time.

We are still going regularly to the beach on Sundays, where we have a small cottage together with the Consul, Mr. Lynch. This week end, Philinda and I are going over Saturday afternoon and spend the week end over there. It is a very welcome change from Lagos, which can get rather tiresome, and, as Mrs. Boles once said "damned romotonous!" It is nice and quiet there, and we can sit on our front porch and look at the stars and sing. There is no interruption except the distant drumming of the surf on the beach about a half mile away. When the weather is good, it is perfect. We get to bed early and get lots of sleep, at least if we aren't eaten up by mosquitoes, as happened the last time we were there. We had nets over our cots, but somehow the mosquitoes got inside, and made a fine meal of us. The next day, some friends come to join us, and we swim some more, eat and sleep. It is a very wholesome way to spend the week-end.

I fear I have just about exhausted the topics of conversation for the present. In the old days, I used to be able to talk about international relations and such like, but now such subjects are strictly OUT. So is the war, at least so far as concerns this area, and consequently there is little I can say about my work. Come peace again, I will be able to write you meatier letters. I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote home last week, and a copy of one Philinda has written to her family, which, as usual, is much more interesting than mine.

Much love to you both from both of us.