

Firestone Plantations

February 7, 1940

Mother darling:

Your letter came the other day after catching the boat from New York on January 3 and it is needless for me to say that we thoroughly enjoyed it. Of course, your letters have always been welcomed and enjoyed but from this distance they assume a new value to me.

I think Gladys wrote you a hurried note just in time to catch the last homeward bound ship but we had so recently moved into our new home that we did not have the chance to get a real letter written. The weekly air mail up and down the coast has been recently resumed and as it now makes connections with the Yankee Clipper at Lisbon we should have pretty good service for mail although it takes nearly a day a

ship mail, the only advantage being that it goes
each week. I will not try to write each week
but I would like for you to note the date you
received this letter and let me know.

We had a fairly pleasant trip over. The
ship was not very well equipped for passengers
and until the weather became warmer we were
forced to remain indoors at all times except for
occasional walks on deck. There was no inside
lounge so we had to divide our time between
the room, which was not large enough for chairs,
and the dining saloon which was equipped only
with dining chairs. As we approached the tropics
we could get out on deck and begin to enjoy
the trip.

The first week or so out of New York was
rather rough and we encountered a real storm
Christmas morning. Just as I sat down to the table
for breakfast an unusually large wave hit the

ship and dumped every thing in my lap. By noon
the captain had to change course so we could
eat dinner. It was a rather rough Christmas day
and, of course, very un-Christmas like. New
years day it was seaching hot.

I wrote you a card from Freetown and
hope that you received it. We had our first
meal on African soil there and buzzards were
perched on the ead of the porch adjoining the
dining room. This was hardly stimulating to the
appetite but we were so tired of the ship's
fare that I must confess we enjoyed the
meal in spite of the buzzards - and flies.

We arrived in Monrovia January 8 (just
a month ago) and came directly here. Our
house was not completed when we arrived
so we stayed with the Wilsons. After it was
all finished and the workmen were chasing the
flies with gasolene someone carelessly ignited the

gas and we were very nearly burned out before we were moved in. After being here for about two days the house was again ready and we moved in to start again sitting up housekeeping. After all the above discussion about our house the fact is in one of the best big ones. It is furnished very attractively in maple furniture from Vermont instead of the locally made Mission furniture and is most comfortable. The house is located on a hill about 200 feet high and we get a delightful breeze nearly all day. The hill is just wide enough for the house and a driveway on one side only and we have unobstructed views on three sides. I cannot say that the view of a rubber plantation is anything to get excited about but the lack of obstructions to breeze is a very, very welcome feature.

We have been very agreeably surprised in

very feature of living out here; the houses
people, facilities and even the climate.

The plantation is a tremendous farm
producing rubber the year round and requiring
a staff of technicians and 20,000 laborers
to keep it producing and to carry out the
constant enlarging. The company understands
the problems of the staff and the harsh
nature of the climate and natives and they
have built up living and recreational facilities
to a remarkable degree.

The weather is pleasant always in
the shade but between about ten and two
the sun temperature is 150° or more. Late in
the afternoon it drops considerably and at
night here on the hill we usually go to
bed without cover but put it over us during
the night. In the morning it is foggy and
damp but the sun soon dispels this and we

stuck another day. This is the dry season and
the hot season too but it has rained a few
times and I have never seen anything like
these rains. I would not have believed that
as much water could fall in any spot as
the heavens pour down here. Also, its very
very hard to believe that its winter time at
home.

There is so much to tell that I have
hardly started when I have to close. We
like it fine, we are very comfortable and,
with the exception of a few errors and
omissions, Phil did a good job of copy-
ing and packing. There will be a book
in a few days so I will have gone another
letter on it.

God bless you me in love to both
you and Johnny - with affection
Mama.

P.S. You can get sailing dates of ships from shipping news in the Sunday N.Y. Times -

MILAM F. TANDY

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

February 27, 1940

Mother Darling:

The West Newham is in port and will start homeward so I shall try and write you some of the things I could not mention in my last letter as a friend, an officer on the Newham, will take this over and mail in the United States thus avoiding the censor in Freetown. Anything I would say would be nothing more than any passenger homeward could relate and, in the regular mail, would probably strike out some of this letter.

On start with our trip over, about two days out of Monrovia a French destroyer picked us up and engaged us in. We could only see the smudge of smoke on the horizon from the deck but from the ship's bridge, using a theodolite, we could see the destroyer. She was very warlike with a long

across the harbor heavily mined and free only during
the daylight hours. We were not allowed ashore and,
since it was the only really picturesque place we
touched, all of us were disappointed. From the ship,
however, we first saw Africa and I must confess
I was fascinated by the colorful and unusual sights
and especially by the Mohammedan structures who
solemnly toured Mecca at the holy procession.
The blacked inspired by the fact authorities was
not so nice for trying to get around a dark ship
in a pitch black harbor have sleep the only
amusement. We went ashore in Freetown where we
bought a few things and saw other beautiful objects
in ivory and jade at ridiculously low prices.
Freetown is to the British Navy what Dakar is
to the French so we received another night of
blackout. Here we saw about twelve English
mercantiles have for Europe under escort of
English destroyers and submarines. The "Renown",
one of England's largest men-of-war was in Freetown

having just returned from the South American press with the leaf spec. There were two noticeable dents in her hull but we heard nothing of any engagement. The "Ark Royal", the English aircraft carrier was also there.

Did I tell you that as we steamed out of New York harbor we met the cruiser Tuscaloosa bringing in the survivors of the "Albatross" which the Germans scuttled? We passed very close by and could see the survivors very plainly and watched the newsman photograph the ship both from the water and the air.

Firestone is planning a Liberian exhibit at the World's Fair this summer and are sending out a Mr. Mann to collect animals for it. They will go into the bush next month. A large assignment of drums and other native wares have already been shipped for the exhibit along with rubber and native trees. The trees, a some of them, were cut from the bush right alongside where I am installing our excels plant and I could not but think, when I saw the boys carrying

out the trunk, that the sight I witnessed would be much more interesting than the exhibition of the trees. About a hundred boys had hold of the tree and were literally carrying it from the jungle, singing some native song to "make their string for work". The drums and other things were collected and brought into the warehouse for shipment and they should make a very interesting exhibit. I hope you get to see it.

It is so hot tonight that I have to keep fresh paper under my arm that I will not saturate this paper with perspiration. Its almost hard to believe that winter is elsewhere. We were much interested in reading your letters and the pictures you sent describing the winter weather for we are now in the midst of the hot and dry season. I must say that I think this climate is preferable though we do miss some cold weather.

The company furnished me a native made desk of some beautiful wood which I have put in the back bedroom. I can see Gladys in the living room, also writing you, and the drums from the

MILAM F. TANDY

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

native villages over the hill are throwing amulets, it is being a series of "devil dances" now in progress. Our house boys go over nearly every night and stay up so late they are worthless the next day. It is a perfectly harmless group and the dances are purely social yet a throwback to less innocent days. I have a head man with filed teeth. He is a beautiful specimen, one of the few tall ones I've seen, and, except for the grotesque teeth, a rather handsome fellow. I asked him one day how he filed his teeth and he replied that his father "rubbed" them with a rock. Can you imagine worse tactics? And yet only today I took one youngster to the hospital for toothache treatment and he refused to have his tooth extracted without "medicine," meaning without blocking off.

We have received your letters on every boat and they have each and every one been a joy. We have been so pleased to hear of Mr. Coker's improvement and devoutly hope that the persistent set-backs are

only temporary and that the improvement will continue to be the preponderating trend. We were so pleased to know that Jimmy is so well and happy. I sincerely trust that her unfortunate experience will fade and that she will mark it down as just and forgotten.

My work is keeping me rather busy as we did not obtain the final permission until February 17 to start the work. It is now a race with time to get out of the river before the rains start.

It is getting late so I must close for tonight. I wrote you a postcard from Freetown and send you an airmail letter from here about Feb. 7. I will be interested to know which is the faster service, airmail or ships.

Give my love to Jimmy and all the others in the family and I send a very great deal to you. Gladly I can see myself her own in her letter.

Sincerely,

Melan.

P.S. Shaky is fine and sees no cause for the trip actually.



Mrs. Howell Sandy
The Puritan Apartments
Louisville, Kentucky
U. S. A.

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia, W.A.
October 18, 1940.

My dear Mother:

Again I have allowed the time between ships to elapse and have waited until the ship was in port before I started a letter to you. This time however I have the afternoon before me as I am determined to write more than the hasty letter that has been necessary the past few times. About all the work is finished for today and I am staying in my field office until this and several other letters are finished. I suppose I will have the usual number of interruptions but I do hope to get a few more words down on paper. This boat is the Humhaw so I will get Captain Phillips to carry them over for me again. I do not want to impose on him too much for he did bring a good many packages over the last time and I want to hold his good graces for the more important items we need. He growled a bit about the number of things the last time so I am going to suggest that you do not ask him to bring over anything this time. Mrs. Phillips did some shopping for Gladys and we are sending them some whiskey and wine to show our appreciation but are going to refrain from calling on him too often. Incidentally, we have had notice of Postal Regulations forbidding the import or export of mail by means other than the regular mails so newspapers and first class mail will hereafter have to go by the regular mails. I suppose this is the first step towards censorship and we are urged to have all mail to this country sent through the regular channels to avoid any action taken against the company or our sources of information and supply.

The rains have finally broken and we do have a few days of clear weather each week but it is still far from the dry season. In the real rain season it rains almost constantly and with only a slight break now and then. In the period of change from rain to dry or dry to rain the showers are intermittent and usually accompanied by lightning and thunder. Periodic showers, or those occurring at about the same time each day are common. For about a week we have been having a shower at noon but gradually getting later each day. It is now two o'clock and a real thunderstorm seems to be in the offing. It will last about 45 minutes. The other day we had 2.24 inches of rainfall during the hour that I was at lunch. Late in August we measured 9.79 inches in one night.

The little radio Gladys and I brought over from New York finally gave up the ghost and quit. I put in new tubes and the radio operator patched it up but said that all the condensers were absorbing moisture and he did not think I would get much more service out of it so I went to Monrovia and bought a tropical, short wave set which is indeed a joy. I told them about the set I had and they asked me to bring it down as they would make me an allowance on it. I did so and much to my surprise they offered me almost as much as I paid for it. I took them up so quickly I was afraid for a moment or two they would back out. We can now get all European stations and most of the American short wave stations at any time, night or day. Gladys was up

late last night and heard many of the regular American broadcasts just as clearly, she said, as we would at home on the standard or broadcast bands. I did not know such sets existed until I saw the ones out here even though Sam Simms did talk about a band spread set. Instead of having the short wave bands about a half inch long this set has 16, 19, 25, 31 and 49 meter bands that go clear across the dial, that is each one does, each band being about 7 inches across. That makes it possible to separate the stations much better and also makes tuning much easier. This set is twelve tubes and it puts us in a position to get news and comments ourselves instead of having to depend upon others. It also gives Gladys something to amuse her during the day.

Room 1017
And before I forget it, if you can obtain from the Louisville radio stations a printed schedule of short wave broadcasts to Europe and Africa I would certainly appreciate having one. Do not go to a lot of trouble about it but sometime ago one of the broadcasting chains invited foreign listeners to write in for such a list and I did not do it so I would like to have all the information on these schedules that you can get without any trouble to you. In time we will pick them up and record them but some would get by without us knowing about them. Nearly every Sunday night we go to the club and get home about eleven at night when the regular Sunday night broadcasts are beginning but we have not been successful in receiving any as we do not know where to look for them. The news broadcasts are, of course, of prime importance.

Just a week ago today the U.S. light cruiser Omaha was in Monrovia harbor and the American Consul gave a reception for the officers inviting all Americans. We enjoyed it a great deal and could not but remember the article you clipped and sent to us as well as your comments on that subject. Apparently this will not ~~be~~ be the last such visit for this cruiser was supposed to stay five days but was ordered home after twenty four hours. It was quite a surprise to certain of the Europeans, the visit was.

I have been so busy the past few months that I have not had time to write any of the letters that I had hoped to get off on this ship. In July we knew that the Cathlamet would not make the next trip out here and that there would be a period of six weeks to two months when no mail would be going home so I resolved to write a lot of letters in that time but there has been so much redesigning and office work connected with our construction plans for the dry season to come that I have had to spend about twelve hours each day up here in this office. I hope to have more time to myself the next month or so and I want to take some pictures to send you. It is hard to describe the many things we see and I am afraid that my letters sometimes sound as though all we did was look around, but everything is so strange, or was, that I could not resist throwing in a few descriptions.

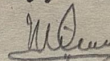
Your letters are always so interesting and we look forward to each ship's arrival in order to get them. In fact we drive about thirty miles at night when the ship arrives in order not to have to wait until the next morning. The mail truck goes to Monrovia and picks up all mail that is assorted at the Post Office closing time, five o'clock, and brings it back to the Plantation, arriving here about eight that night. Since the office is closed the mail is left at Kilian's and he lives fifteen miles from us but we go each night after the ships arrive. You have been so sweet about writing, as well

as sending us magazines, papers and everything else, that I hardly know how to thank you. I was sorry that we were worried about the empty letters which you received. Akron radioed that you were worried and they telephoned the message to me out here so I had to get Harry Godley to answer it for me and he did not get it expressed quite clearly. The empty envelopes I assumed were the ones to which were attached the Liberian stamps mailed and postmarked the first day of issue. I secured them right after I had come out of the hospital and in my rush to mail them in time for them to be postmarked on that day I could not write you and explain about the empty envelopes. Afterwards I forgot about sending them. You had mentioned that several of your friends had asked about the stamps so I sent those for you to pass on to them, thinking that you would like to do so. These stamps are supposed to have some commercial value in the stamp trading world but I am afraid that the local authorities made such a venture of it that they will have no real value even if stamped on the day of issue. I am assuming that these were the letters in question for the only others I have sent have been carried over by members of the staff returning home and they have been mailed over there. Let me know if they were the ones you were referring to.

I am sitting here trying to think of the questions you asked in your letters and some of the things I had planned to comment on but as usual, under these circumstances, I cannot think of the things I wanted to write. The family news is always interesting even if it is hard to believe that Nell and Martha are old enough to be married. The news of Aunt Agnes' and Uncle John's decision to move to California was a surprise for I thought that he was still enthusiastic about New England as the certain, if not logical, seat of shoe manufacture. I hope that his new venture will prove a success and I trust that it will relieve him of the strain of responsibility under which he has labored for so long. I had planned to write them but I am afraid that is one of the letters which will not be written. I am, of course, sincerely sorry that Mr. Eckles' condition does not seem to improve and I trust that the improvement will come in spite of the slowness in starting. I think of both him and Aunt Pat a great deal.

The thunder shower that started earlier in this letter has left us rather in the dark so I had better close for this time. ~~In~~ This letter, on rereading, sounds like the hastily prepared one that it is but I trust you will excuse it once more. I have been trying to use the portable for the last few days as these native stenographers are terrible and, poor as my typing is, it is better than theirs. The juicy ribbon has added nothing to the appearance of these sheets which will probably be just one big smear by the time they reach you. Give the family my love and Gladys joins me in sending the greater portion to you and Tommy.

Devotedly,



P.S. One of the boys has suggested that the Radio Guide might be the solution to the short wave broadcast schedule.

Please return to me!

Firestone Plantations
January 27, 1941.

My dear Mother:

Once again I have allowed the ship to creep into port without having a letter ready to send you. In spite of my good resolutions and even starting several letters I just could not seem to get one ready so I have taken rather drastic measures to have not only a note but what I hope to be a full length letter written by eight o'clock - that is I have gotten up early enough to allow me several hours to write it. It is now four o'clock in the morning and I am writing from my field office and I do not think there is much chance of any serious interruptions. I rather surprised the watchmen by arriving so early, in fact I think they were asleep and the noise of the car awakened them for they came running out of their house beside the office waving lanterns and cutlasses (machetes) and wearing nothing but singlets. When they saw me they were rather concerned thinking, in their own limited way, that I had made a special trip to check up on them. I could not lose the opportunity to put my early rising to good professional cause so I listened to their stories of vigilance and attention to duty and added to their stories my admonitions and also my opinions of watchmen who slept on the job all of course in words of one syllable. After this routine I started the generator and settled down to this letter.

Tommy's letter came on the last boat just a few days ago and I cannot tell you how sorry I was to hear that you had been sick and I am sure that you know how much I trust and hope that you are fully recovered by now. Her letter sounded so frank that I cannot but think that she was telling me the whole truth when she said that you were much better when she was writing and I devoutly trust that the process of recovery is now complete and that you are entirely well by now. She also said that she thought the doctors had found the seat of the trouble and that you would probably be relieved of the discomfort that you had suffered for some time. This is all very comforting but I will not be easy in my mind until I hear from you and know that you are entirely well. Do take care of yourself and be sure that you have entirely recovered before resuming activity.

The Humhaw is leaving today homeward and it makes me feel rather homesick, in fact, I am afraid that we both rather long to take each other that leaves port. Capt. Phillips is ashore with us and we have enjoyed his visit very much. He has never been on the plantation in all the years that he has sailed this coast until this trip down when he accepted our invitation. Each trip we had invited him and he had declined but this time he accepted and seemed to enjoy it very much so on the way back he radioed and accepted the invitation we had given when he left before. He is very nice and we both enjoy him a great deal and I think that now he has broken the ice and come ashore he will continue to do so each trip. It is a rest for him and a very pleasant interlude for us.

You and Tommy were very sweet indeed to think of us Christmas and both of us appreciate it a very great deal. We saw it was impossible to do any shopping for Christmas so we had to pass it up consoling ourselves with the thought that we could collect some African novelties that would mean more as returning gifts than they would for Christmas. I regret to tell you that we have not yet received your presents. They were sent to Cape Palmas by mistake and will be returned here by the first homeward boat which may not reach here before Easter. Chris Lund radioed us just before Christmas that it had been received and that he would take care of it until he could get it up here. We were, of course, very much disappointed but we have learned patience in matters of that sort and can now enjoy the expectation that much longer. Gladys was so pleased with the other things that you sent later and I am sure that she is writing you about them in this mail.

The Harmattan season started early this year and made Christmas for us seem less like Christmas than ever. I do not know the origin of that word unless it is an English spelling of an Arabic word but the Harmattans are winds which bring down this coast the dust blown from the desert and they give us a taste of desert conditions. It is frightfully hot during the day and the air is dry and dusty but at nights it is pleasantly cool. The sun rises and sets in these clouds of dust like a ball of fire and there is no twilight; when the sun sets the change from light to dark is almost as abrupt as the snapping off of a light. This transition is so fast that it can happen while playing one hole of golf, tee off in daylight and by the time the last putt is sunk it will be nearly pitch dark.

Christmas day was like this but we enjoyed it nevertheless. We had asked several people to have dinner with us and to share the American turkey Capt. Phillips sent us when he went back on board about ten days before. It was delightful and all of our guest seemed to enjoy it about as much as we did. There was a party the night before at the club so we slept rather late Christmas morning and when we awakened it was really hot but when we opened up the house the breeze came through and in spite of a ~~xxxx~~ solar temperature of about 150 degrees our house was cool and comfortable. As I have said it did not seem like Christmas but it was a very pleasant day. Gladys had a native tailor make me a nice linen robe for lounging in the cooler weather and I had found for her some ivory bracelets and native handbags of pocket books of various sizes that matched. I did not have the slightest idea where to look for anything for her but just a few days before Christmas on the the Mandingo traders came in the office and brought these things telling me he thought Missy would like them for Christmas. I bought them and, not knowing whether she would like them or not, I foolishly bought only a few pieces. She, and all the other girls, liked the ~~brass~~ bracelets a great deal so I have kicked myself for not taking all he had. Ivory is hard to get now for all the skilled laborers in the French Sudan, the source of practically all African ivory carving, are in the army. Ivory Charlie, the trader told me later that he knew this one man who was not in the "war palaver" and would get him to make some more for me. If I get them I will send them to you and Tommy but I have not the slightest idea whether I will ever get any more of not, these people are so unreliable.

It is now six oclock and for the past thirty minutes the boys have been coming in to work, the watchmen having, I presume spread the word around camp that I was in the office. Each one so far has come by to say good morning and to impress on me that he was here early. I guess human beings are pretty much alike the world over whether they be savage or civilized, black or white.

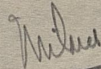
I suppose you heard that the West Kebar and the Otho, two Barber ships were rather badly damaged on their last trip homeward and had to send out distress signals. We now hear that the Otho may sail early next month but we doubt that this is possible so the Humhaw or the Irmo which left here yesterday may be our next chance of getting mail from home. If this is true then you will not hear from us for about two months after the next two ships return home. I do not have a copy of the latest shipping schedules but I think the Cathlemet will sail homeward about February 15 and the Lashaway about February 25. I am telling you this for about the time you receive this letter these ships will be about to sail from here and, unless some provision is made for replacement of these damaged ships there may be a rather long period immediately following in which we cannot get letters home. You can probably determine with greater accuracy than I the schedules but I thought I would mention this so that you would not worry when the time came. Incidentally, we passed a few days of apprehension as there were about ten of the plantation people on these two ships.

I wanted to get a letter off to Tommy also this morning but it is getting daylight now or as these boys say "the sun he broke one time", and since we have about 200 yards of concrete to place today I want to get things rolling. Fred, who does the concrete work worked until about midnight last night so I am doing his job this morning. Tell Tommy I do appreciate her letter and I will write her a long one for the next boat. I have a good story to tell about my hippo hunt which I will also relate.

Once more I want to express my hopes that this letter finds you entirely recovered from your illness and I sincerely trust that your discomfort has been entirely relieved. Again many thanks for remembering us at Christmas with the gifts which we still anticipate and the radio which we received at the club Christmas eve. If this letter seems as poorly written to you as it does to me please excuse it on the grounds that I am not accustomed to writing before "the sun he broke".

If Gladys were here and awake I am sure she would join me in sending love to you both.

Devotedly,



It was the West Kebar which sailed the 22nd of Feb. which the Chancellors were to have sailed on so they wrote me. I trust they (and the gun) reached there safely. Did you see the picture of it in the papers? It looked like a real wreck but it must have been made safe else the company would not have allowed it to sail. I was so glad I knew about the cablegram we could send to Milam- Gladys said it was so thrilling getting them at the club Christmas eve- I should have been greatly distressed for them not to have had one along with the others!

MRS. MILAM F. TANDY

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

April 22, 1941

My dear Mother:

The outward and homeward boats have an inconvenient habit of crossing here just in time for us to get your letters without leaving us time for answering them. This time the Zarembo arrived yesterday and the Otho and Kebar are leaving tomorrow. I am getting George Hart to take this letter on the Otho and I am afraid that he will reach the states after the Kebar so if you do not receive a letter on each one of them you will know that it is because they are leaving here the same day. There will be a boat out of here every two weeks now for about two months when we will again reach this phase of the cycle we have just ended, that is a six weeks gap between homeward ships.

I was so glad that you enjoyed the letter I wrote some weeks ago when I went to the office early in the morning for I was afraid that it was a very uninteresting affair, as I think I mentioned several times. I am writing at home now and it is about eight thirty and terribly hot. The breeze stops about seven in the evening and does not start up again until about midnight. That makes it difficult to do anything after dinner but go to bed and is the reason that we spend so few evenings writing. Shakey is very comfortable at my feet but he cannot quite adjust himself to the noise of the typewriter so he changes his position occasionally only to come back to his favorite position by the door. The boys are finishing their work and each one comes to the back door to tell us goodnight. This is a daily ritual and they come in the

order of their importance. Its the cook, the steward , the two small boys and the yard boy, so for each of us its "goodnight Adam", "goodnight Ben", "goodnight Small Boy", "goodnight Small Ben" and "goodnight Try Best". At this stage of the evening only Small Ben and Try Best are at work.

One day just before Christmas one of my clerks came in very excited and told me that his country brother had trapped a hippo and could not get him out of the trap and would we please come help him. I called Mr. Seybold and asked if he wanted us to get the critter and he said yes so I took some equipment and a gang of boys I could trust and went into the bush after the beast. We walked for a couple of hours and came on the trap deep into the bush and sure enough they had a young pigmy hippo in the pit. We tried several times to lift him out with slings but they are built so that a sling just slips off so I had the boys build a country fence around the pit and then we sloped the sides of the pit so he could walk out. We had a cargo net which we threw around him and finally had him so snarled in this and about a hundred feet of rope that we could tie him up for transporting. When this was all done I found that we were just about a half mile down the river from the site of our new power house and I could have reached the trap in fifteen minutes by canoe. Anyway we brought him in and this boat, or rather the Kebar, is bringing him to the states as a gift from Mr. Firestone to Mr. John Ringling North as a token of appreciation for the loan of animals for the Firestone exhibit for the Worlds Fair. Enclosed are some pictures I took in the bush. Included are two of a dwarf native woman who followed us out of a town to watch us "take in the meat", The hippos looks like a 300 lb pig and the dwarf like any other one except that she is black. They are very rare and no one on the plantation had ever heard of her.

MRS. MILAM F. TANDY

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

You asked me to tell you about the work and how it is getting along. I think we have made very good progress but there is not a chance of completing it until next dry season. I never did think it could be done and it can't for we have not received some of the foundation materials for some of the structures. Everything has been behind schedule for many reasons. I have had to relocate some of the important structures including parts of the dam for the foundations discovered after all the specified excavations had been completed were not satisfactory. Some of the necessary redesigns are not complete and all material shipments have been held up by war conditions. The dam is approximately half completed as is the power house. Excavation of the canal is now almost finished and a large proportion of the dikes have been filled. The rains are just beginning so we will have to curtail the work considerably until the end of next November. It is during the rains that I will have time to take some pictures and send you some showing just what we have done. It is interesting work and turning out to be a much bigger affair than any of us expected. In many ways I dread to see the rains start for this will be the sloppiest, wettest place on the face of the earth for the next seven months but it will give us a much needed rest from the intense heat and dust of the dry time. Also as the work cannot be pushed so assiduously I will have more time to myself and to do some of the things I have wanted to do.

Gladys and four other girls took a bush trip to Cape Mount last month and all had a real good time and a splendid experience but I will let her tell you about it in her next letter. I was so glad that she could go

for it is something th t very few people have the opportunity of doing.

I have a long list of letters that I have been trying for weeks to write but just have not had time to do. I will get down to them the first rainy day and really write them but as it is I have been terribly busy and limited as to time. As I said earlier it is just too hot at night and I am at the office from dawn to about five or six at night. I received the gun and the letter to Uncle Baylor heads the list. I now have some information for the radio concerns who so kindly responded to your requests and sent me the information on schedules. I did not ~~just~~ wish ~~to~~ acknowledge their letters without supplying the information they requested so I will writee them all soon and give them the data I have collected.

I had really meant to write Aunt Pat but could not dashoff the hurried letter that I would have had to be, and time for the one I wished to write was not available. I will do that before the next boat.

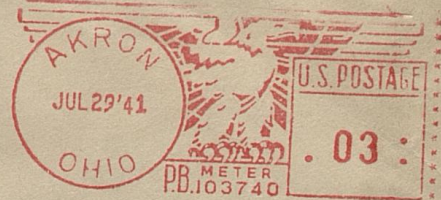
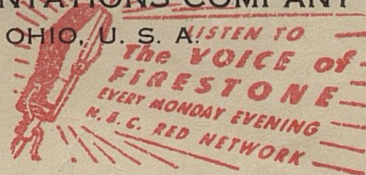
I know ther are a dozen things I intended to say tat are not in this letter but I cannot think of them now. In addition to the heat we are no suffering an invasion of small black bugs that bite like fleas and are so small tat they come right through the screens. They started coming in about thrity minutes ago and I am quite sure now tere are thousands in this room. I must close so we can turn out the lights to get rid of them. Sometimes it s a flock of beetles and other times like tonight they are very very small. Gladys has already given up and gone to bed to escape them.

Give my love to all the family and Gladys joins me in sending a great deal to you and Tommy.

Wilbur

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS COMPANY

AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.



Mrs. Howell Tandy
305 E. 16th Street
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia, W.A.
October 21, 1941.

My dear Mother:

Thanks to Gladys' good judgement we have, for the first time, comfortable facilities for writing as well as the required materials. When she was in Akron she bought a rebuilt, standard size, Royal typewriter and it is so much better than the portable that even I am more inclined to write on it than on the smaller machines. I have let her have a native carpenter for the past week and she has kept him busy building tables and stools for both the typewriter and her sewing machine so our back bedroom is really a much used room now. When I came in this afternoon she informed me that everything was set for me to start writing and I found that she had even stuck this piece of paper in the roller so that I would "have no excuse for not writing" as she so graciously puts it.

I notice on the table beside me a rather fat letter to you so I judge that she has told you all of the local news so I will start back where I left off in Bathhurst. I was sorry that my letter from there could not be more in detail but I was in the war zone and, not knowing for sure just how it would be carried, I thought it better not to include details which might cause the whole letter to be destroyed. A very good friend of mine is going home in two or three days on the chartered ship Acadia so I have asked him to take this letter and mail it at home hoping thereby to get to you the story of a very exciting and interesting trip. We saw nothing that was of importance and if I had I would not write it and divulge it to anyone but censorship is so strict that I was afraid then that it would not pass. Incidentally, my letter to you was the only one written there which was accepted and taken home for I was honored by having an official of the company offer to take it where the others tried to get some employees to take them contrary to the rules of the company.

We took off from New York that Saturday afternoon about on thirty after waiting around the Pan-American Terminal for over three hours. We made one circle over New York, climbed to 8000 feet and headed out to sea and did not see land again until after

midnight when the lights of San Juan became visible. That part of the trip was pleasant but uninteresting as sea water the world over looks the same and there is little to be seen from that altitude however we did spot an occasional ship. The peculiar thing about it is that you can see the wake long before the ship is visible and about the only way we could see one at all was to spot the wake and follow it until the ship was found. That is only understandable when you realize that they appear only about four inches lone and a half inch wide and ther is unlimited surface below you. We stayed in San Juan only long enough to refuel and then took off for Trinidad, landing there the next morning for breakfast in the Queens Hotel, a typical English establishment. By that last phrase I mean one without screens and ice, with an abundance of flies and waiters in dirty uniforms and cold, indifferent food. Here too, we spent only two hours, but just long enough to see the United States patrol plane arrive after completing its circuit of watchfullness from some unannounced point. From Trinidad to Belem was the most interesting hop of all for we were flying a good part of the time over South America and the terrain was interesting and varying. Neat Dutch settlements, dirty native towns, deserts, steaming tropics, plains, mountains and muddy rivers all unrolled below us in what became a seemingly endless panarama. Another night landing in Belem where we welcomed the thrity six hour respite taken for the benefit of the crew even though the humid heat of the place nearly got us all including those of us that had previously spent time in the tropics. We arrived there about nine oclock Sunday night with plans to leave early Tuesday morning but one of the Pratt and Whitney mechaincs travelling to Cairo to service the American planes there took the chance of having one last fling and did not show up. The combined search by the local constabulary and the Pan-American staff failed to disclose his whereabouts but the lug showed up just as the skipper had given him up, drunk as a lord and looking like he had slept with the live stock. We took off about seven and reached Natal late in the afternoon, refueled and took the air for the hop across the ocean just at dark and in the teeth of a storm. By this time all of us had the greatest confidence in that crew and felt no apprehension whatsoever for we had seen then set that ship down at night with nothing but their own landing lights, fly through storms and even come in on three motors when one conked out so this looked like duck soup to all of us and it was. That was the most comfortable part of it all and I must admit that I slept nearly the entire way

across. Once during the night I was awakened by the ship bouncing around so I glanced up at the lights and saw only the "Remain Seated" one on and, knowing that I had not the least desire to get up, I turned over and went back to sleep. The next morning some of the lighter sleepers told me that there had been quite a display of lightning but I only have their word for it.

Bathurst at eight oclock Wednesday morning and there our troubles began. Keep these dates in mind , we left New York Saturday, August 23 and reached British Gambia Wednesday, August 27. On arrival there we were informed that we could not fly the remainder of the way to our airport here for two reasons; first because the man wo had brought the DC-2 to Bathurst for our use had gone to Cairo the day before and had taken the keys along with him, second, because the weather was too bad for the trip. So we were stranded. They took us out to the R.A.F. barracks and of all the dumps that I habe seen along this coast that is the worst. A fine bunch of fellows if I have ever seen one but those poor devils are living on native foods and under the worst conditions possible for white men in this country. No food, no planes, nothing but the will and courage that has made England great in spite of her leaders. They gladly shared with us what they had beut we nearly starved in the twenty four hours that we spent there. The first night we learned that we would be taken to Freetown on a British destroyer early the next morning and then we found that only five of us could make the trip. When we boarded the ship the next morning the destroyer turned out to be a corvette(See Life, May 19.1941). Four hours out the ship received a signal(radio) to turn around and pick up a convoy north of Dakar. So turn about we did and looked for that convoy until Sunday mroning ~~when~~ when we picked it up about a hundred miles out of Freetown. According to the officers we missed it only four miles the first night. Those blackouts are really complete. This was no pleasure cruise for those boys were hunting the most treacherous of game, the submarine. We liked the officers from the first and they too shared with us what they had and invited us to inspect and watch all the operation of the ship. I spent two watches at night on the bridge talking with a charming young officer who had been a lawyer in London before the war. We arrived in Freetown Sunday morning after having travelled 1400 miles to cover about 400 miles of coast line. The other six of our party left a day later and arrived in Freetown a day earlier than

we did but they travelled on a trawler and only had to worry about mines that Jerry might have planted along the coast. It was Thursday before we could get out of Freetown and then it was on the Sansu, a British Elder Dempster boat headed for some point farther down the coast and loaded with Hurricanes and American fighters in the hold and Glen Martin bombers on deck. I must admit that I was not too comfortable when I learned that we were to make the trip unescorted. But we arrived in Monrovia safely on September 5.

For several days after we landed weather conditions were so bad that we could not establish radio contact with the akron station or you would have been advised of our arrival much sooner than you were. In fear that there would be some lack of connection I radioed to have Tommy advised knowing that she would relay the message if you were not with her. With the new regulations concerning radio messages to ships at sea we could not get in touch with the Kegar and let Gladys know until about a week before they arrived here.

In reading over this description of our trip it does not seem to convey the impression we had but it is rather difficult to describe our reactions to a sudden introduction to the war zone and the activities necessary to this conflict. We all enjoyed the whole trip but I am quite sure that all the others shared my sense of relief when it was over, and I am equally sure that it would have been much more difficult to have sold that crowd on the idea had we all known what was ahead of us. It was interesting and unusual and, now that it is over, I am glad that I made it, but I am certain that I would not start out on a similar return trip unless it was something that was expected of me in the line of duty.

Four pages about one trip is enough so I will end it here.

Monrovia, Liberia, W.A.
December 12, 1941

Mother darling:

Much to our surprise there is both a boat and plane leaving tomorrow and I hope to get this off on the plane but since both the bookings and sailings are dependent on factors beyond our control I have not the slightest idea how this letter will reach you. I trust I can get it on the plane so that you will receive it in the next few days. In any event that it does go on the plane and you receive it in time please accept this hastily written note as our best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a happy New Year. Sleeps joins me in these wishes and expresses the hope that you will extend our greetings to all the family. If this goes by boat you will receive it after Christmas so be assured we were thinking of you and wishing that we could be with you.

This awful attack on the United States outposts changes everything and we wonder, with the rest of the world, just how everything will turn out. Do not worry about us for we are in one of the out places of the world. We will keep your postal in our activities but you must realize that ship movements must be kept secret so all letters

after this must be retold. We must all keep up our
part of this business and when the time comes I will
return home and enter the service. I am communicating
my willingness to the Sec. of War and will await
my call but I think they will prefer me to
finish my assignment here first.

Please let us know as soon as you have
official news of April for we have worried about
him since last Sunday when all this business
started. That was our first thought and I
hope you will let us know as soon as you
have word from him -

There is really no more so I must close
by again wishing you a Merry Christmas and
a good year to follow -

Love,

Melvin

P.S. A large letter next time but we were
crushed that this time.

Please return this letter to me.

Mary -

Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia.
February 3, 1942.

My darling Mother:

This morning I was delighted to receive your letter mailed from Louisville on January 15, it being the first one carried all the way here by air mail. The others have been flown part way and then carried here by ship but the air service is now definitely established both ways and this letter will reach you via the first official flight from Liberia. Be sure and save the envelopes with these stamps on them for they may have some value some day. Of course there will be hundreds leaving on this first flight but a great many will probably be destroyed before their value is established. We are all so pleased that this service has been established for the ship mail is such a long and tedious process that correspondence is almost impossible, our letters are necessarily unrelated. This time you should receive an answer in less than a month. The plane will leave Fisherman Lake on the seventh and should reach Miami about the eleventh or twelfth, reaching you the next day.

My last letter was carried by Capt. Phillips and should be in your hands by now. I will try and have one on each ship as well as each air mail but since the ship schedules are not announced that part of the letter carrying possibilities will not be of much use to you. We will know, though, when they are in port and can dash off a letter as before. However, let's not write anything requiring an answer in the ship borne letters.

We certainly enjoyed the notes added by Aunt Agnes and Tommy to your letter and we read with especial interest all your descriptions of her visit with you. We both wished that we could have been with you and hope that it will not be many months until we can get home.

Your Christmas presents arrived on the Kebar about a week ago. Rabeck had sent them with the baggage of a passenger on an earlier boat but this package, grouped with a good many more, were in a case which did not make the earlier boat but were sent on the following one. Dr. Donges, the passenger did not have the slightest idea where this case was and since it was filled almost entirely with personal packages for others he, as were we, was considerably worried. Its delay made it no less welcome and we certainly enjoyed receiving and opening it. One would think, judging from your selection of gifts, that you had lived in the tropics for everything was most adaptable to this climate and just what we wanted and needed. Even though this statement may seem contradictory, the hottest season is also the coolest. The hottest days come during this Harmattan season when the sands from the desert blow

down here and parch our skins during the day but at night and early in the morning it is really cold. The morning after I received the sweater and jacket I wore it out to work and it fulfilled my requirements exactly. Handkerchiefs I always need. In spite of all my precautions against wearing them out the washman seems to wash them out. When I come in the house after work and change clothes the house boys see to it that everything I have worn is placed in the wash and that plays the devil with clothes. Of course, most of them need it but handkerchiefs seem so show the wear of the washman more than anything else.

It is now just four hours since I started this letter. Gladys played golf and the rest of the foursome come in with her after the game. After they left we had dinner and now it is time for us to go to bed and, during the week, we allow nothing to interfere with that function for neither of us seem to get enough sleep. Ben has just come in with the cooks clock to be set with my watch so that I will have no chance of giving them the devil about the clock being wrong. They have, all six of them, come into the living room and told us goodnight and have locked up the rear of the house and gone to bed, or rather given us that impression. When they come in that way it means that they are giving us the chance of telling them that one or more has to stay around but if we tell them good night they take it that they are through for the night and are free to go to one of the nearby camps for "play". These little devils spend most of every night in the camps and then are dopey all the next day. They depend upon the sleep they get in the afternoons to suffice for they never get more than an hour of so at nights unless we keep them around late when we have guests.

I see that Gladys has written you also and I suppose she had included all the news if there is any. We may put our letters in the same envelope as the stamp situation is limited and we had to take some of rather large denomination in order to fill out our quota. I want to write Tommy tomorrow so I will close this letter for tonight. I am Sorry that she and Charles did not receive my letters for I certainly wrote them both. I wrote them each long letters but letters I received from you made me revise them both and one night after a party at the club I rewrote both of them and gave them to an officer from one of the ships who was visiting us at the time.

Again let me thank you for the Christmas presents and hope that every plane brings us a letter or more from you. Gladys joins me in sending much love to all of you.

Devotedly,

Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia,
West Africa.

Mother, dear:

This is the first day that Gladys and I have spent at home in over a week. About two weeks ago I had a slight attack of malaria and spent two days in the hospital, then went back to work too soon for last Sunday I had to return, the parasite not being thoroughly suppressed in the short time I was there. I have been here now for eight days and have been feeling fine since the first two days, which were not so comfortable. Gladys began to chide me about taking a vacation and the next day she piled up in the next bed with the same malady. We are both well now, our blood smears having been negative for the past few days, and both of us greatly rested by the sojourn in bed. By being in the hospital it does not mean I was ill enough for that sort of treatment but out here we are not allowed to stay at home when ill. When the doctor says go to bed we have to do it for, in the medical end his word is law. Everyone gets "the fever" sooner or later and one good dose is usually good insurance against another for some time since your system is rather well filled with atebryn by the time they release you. Atebrin is a dye and stains the patient with a yellow tinge for a month or so and that tinge is the brand of the malaria patient.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell have been wonderful to us even to the extent of sending us a bottle of champagne to celebrate Gladys' birthday yesterday. We were very comfortable and they serve delightful meals. The only strange thing about the whole affair was the black attendants, it being a rather queer feeling for a Bassa nurse to take your temperature and pulse. They do surprisingly well, when you consider that they are just one generation removed from the bush. Most of the hospital attendants have been educated at one or other of the missions and then received their training at this hospital. It must have taken untold patience on Dr. Campbell's part to train them to perform so efficiently.

The time spent in the hospital was fine for writing and I have caught up on my correspondence to a surprising extent. I will take your suggestion and write Mrs. Major a letter if I have time before this boat leaves. It is th West Humhaw and I am asking Capt. Phillips to mail these letters in New York. He has been so nice about taking letters, buying us things in New York and doing other favors. It is a help as that is about the only way we have of getting things ashore without paying a terrific duty. The things you have sent have been duty free so far, however, and maybe our friend, John Dunaway, an American from the State Department who acts as revenue collector and amkes the budgets for the Liberian government. Did I tell you that his mother was born in Hopkinsville and also that Mr. Ashley, in Akron, lived two

on Central Avenue. His father was working for the railroad and was stationed in Hopkinsville during 1912 and 1913. It was a queer sensation to meet John and in the course of our first conversation find that his Mother had grown up in Hopkinsville.

We have certainly enjoyed the papers and magazines you have been sending. The Sunday Times is a weeks reading matter and gives such a good resume of the world events for the week. The New Eras were very popular with everyone who saw them as they constituted the only day by day record of events here on the plantation. We, like the rest of the world, are very distressed at the turn in the war and we feel particularly sorry for the Danes, Norwegians and Englishmen. The former two groups have not heard from any of their families and do not know whether they are even alive or that their homes are intact or completely destroyed. We are just as safe as we would be anywhere in the world for we are tucked away in a little corner as far from the scenes of activity as we would be at home.

Gladys and I were both glad to see the things that you sent and it was nice of you to go to all that trouble. It was nice of Mr. Ashley to arrange for their shipment though I would not like to impose too much on people coming out to bring things. Everyone out here has found the best way to get articles is to have the store from which they are bought pack them in a wooden case and ship directly with a statement enclosed in the case or firmly attached on the outside giving the exact contents and value. Unless the value is high the duty is reasonable as there is a sliding scale.

You mentioned writing the company about the description of the tree felling which I wrote you. I would rather you would not do this as they know all these things and the men who did the work will be at the worlds fair.

I certainly made a mistake by not bringing a shotgun and heavy rifle with me for hunting is a favorite sport and a very convenient one since the deer meat is delightful, not strong like venison at home, but very tender and tasty. What we call deer are really antelope and some of them are not over eighteen inches high. Of course it is illegal to import firearms of any sort but the inspections are too casual, purposely, to detect anything they dont want to see. By this I mean the luggage brought in by passengers.

I believe Gladys wrote you a note on the last boat and she probably told all the news if there was any. I have been pretty well tucked away since that boat so there is nothing new to write. I do want to take some pictures and send them to you in order that you might see how we live and what is around the place. Since the war has cut out the possibility of sending film to England for development I may have to send you the rolls to have developed and enlarged.

The rains are here and I am sure that no movie has ever told the real story of a tropical rain. They are so different from anything

we have at home. During the transition period from the dry to rain seasons there are thunder showers of torrential characteristics with quite a display of lightening ~~xxx~~ accompanied by violent thunder claps. As the season progresses the rains become more frequent and last a longer period of time. Then when the season really arrives the skies just open up and pour for days on end. It does not rain hard for a while and then sprinkle, it just rains constantly for days without a moments respite. I was very much surprised however to see that, after one of these rains, there might be a week of dry bright weather. They start and stop just as abruptly as turning on and off of a faucet.

Since I have to go back to the hospital this afternoon for another shot of atebirin I had better close for today. These shots are not so hard to take but since they give them in the stern the malaria patient is not apt to enjoy a sitting position for some days. In fact, it is standing joke (no double meaning meant by that standing) at the hospital for a visitor to arrive and see every patient either lying on his face or sitting on a stack of pillows. This shot is just further preventative against a recurrence of the malady and I will go back to work tomorrow, half days until I regain the strength lost by a week in bed and then full time again.

Ross and Peg Wilson are sailing on this boat and I have asked them to stop in to see you if they are near Louisville. Ross is Chief Engineer of the plantation and a very nice person, so is Peg for that matter. His initials are R.E. so if he calls and gives that name you will know who he is.

I wrote Bob a long letter about the wild and wooley Africa and it contains just about what I have written you from time to time but I have asked him to pass it on to you after he has read it. The experiences I related happen to everyone and no one has ever suffered any bites or injuries yet and since everyone is on guard the snakes are not nearly so dangerous as they were in West Virginia.

Thanks again for keeping us supplied with reading matter and for sending Gladys the things. She joins me in sending a great deal of love to you and Tommy. You have been mighty sweet about writing and you cannot appreciate what those letters mean to us. Keep it up and I will write you a long one each time a boat leaves. Incidentally, the air mail down the coast has been discontinued since it was French owned. Again love from us both,

Devotedly,

Milau

P.S. My typing is terrible, please excuse it.

OVER

Part of Gladys' letter is missing. I sent it to Pat and this is all she

returned to me. I am sorry because the account of the putting was most interesting. The hunter collected his family for them- Gladys was the first white woman they had ever seen and the attentions to them were most unique. She also said they were going again the next Sunday for a picnic- I wonder how they ate! It was a right interesting letter but poor Pat- iys wonderful she remembers as much as she does and she is so in need of anything from the outside that I pass the letters on to her first and this one is gone I am sure. Of course its not important but I wanted you to know why it was not all there. She also said the natives were most excited about "Shaky"- who is the cutest dog I ever saw and the only one I ever really wanted. I hated to see them take him but he has been a great joy to them and Gladys says a wonderful watch dog which I am glad she has. Isnt it wonderful that frozen food can be carried to the Equator in perfect condition? I think Gladys was right smart to train her servants to serve a dinner like that, dont you?

Isnt it funny about the man from Hopkinsville being out there- and another in Akron- the one who gives me all the information as to ships-etc- has lived there too! Funny little Hopkinsville- one cant escape it anywhere!

Mother dear:

The check you sent came in your letter last Saturday and I want to thank you again for this help. You cannot realize the relief it has given me from those worries which ~~have~~ haunted me.

I want to help you with Tommy's hospital expenses and I want you to feel free to use the extra money I send you for that or any other purpose. You can depend on the \$100 this month and more if you need it. Let me know about everything. I was so startled and frightened Saturday night that I could not keep from taking the chance on calling you, and I hope the girl at the desk gave you my message as I sent it.

Again love and thanks,

Melave

Wednesday Night:

My darling Mother:

The final week of the term has hit us and has us grinding away mighty hard again. I have been doing a lot of work recently and have been rewarded on test grades in Hydraulics and Electrical Engineering but did not do so well in Applied Mechanics. The latter does not worry me as I have a very good standing so far.

I am sending this to you by special delivery in the hope that you will receive it Sunday, and that it will bring to you my expression of my love for you on Mother's day as on all of the others, and that it will tell you that I am thinking of you and wishing that I were with you again. I have always thought of you, especially since I have been away to school, but these days commemorated to Mother brings you

dearer and dearer to me than the others,
so I hope that this letter will express
all my love and admiration for you.

There was a terrible tragedy ~~over~~
at the Institute last Saturday morning.
One of the seniors in the Chemical Engineering
department was crushed to death in a
freight elevator shaft. Students are forbidden
the use of these elevators and they are
in doubt as to why he was using it.

No one saw the accident but it seems that
he was caught on the cable and crushed as the
floor of the elevator passed the fourth floor
of the building, and then fell five floors
to the basement. They found him a few
minutes later but he died before they
could get him to the Institute operating
room. His death caused quite a fall of
sorrow over everyone.

I am tickled to death over the exam schedule. I thought I would have to take seven exams this term but the schedule shows that I only have four, including the condition examinations in Astronomy. It was a relief that I did not expect in the least. A light always appears when things look the darkest. I am confident that I will pass all of my work except the course in Electrical Engineering and I have done some mighty hard work on it so I have a fighting chance to pass it.

Mrs. Lagan was furious this morning. It started last Saturday and she said nothing about it until today. We had a dance at the house Friday night and of course in dressing we made somewhat of a mess and did not have time to hang up our clothes before class ~~Saturday~~ Saturday morning. However we did put our tuxedos on racks and hung

them up in the room. When she cleaned
up she piled every piece of clothing in
the corner with our ~~own~~ clothes right on
the bottom, having taken them down and
thrown them on the floor. It proved me
somewhat bad I did not say anything until
yesterday I asked her to leave them on the
chairs and we would hang them up. Well.
This morning she let into us and to have
heard her accusations you would have thought
we both had been raised in a barn. She
was so insulting I refused to talk with
her and dismissed it when she finished. I
have tried to see Mr. Sargan and tell him
that we will move Friday into the fraternity.
She has been very demanding lately and has
fallen down in the parts of her contract. She
has absolutely stopped furnishing towels, and
has threatened to charge us extra for the
desk light we have. She would not mention

anything while the possibility of our moving would have inconvenienced her financially, but with only three weeks more of school she was very demanding. Her littleness in affairs has disgusted me and as long as she has intimated that other arrangements might be more satisfactory I feel no obligation whatever to stay out the year here. I suppose we will pack the trunks in the Ford and go across the river Friday afternoon. Unless you hear differently address your letters to 33 Bay State Road, Boston.

I was very much surprised to get an overcheck notice from the City Bank the other day. I have checked over my account from my check stubs and have each check accounted for. The overdraft and the balance I thought I had amount to twenty dollars were so I think one of my checks have been raised and I know who

has done it. A negro does our pressing and I have been paying him with checks so I think he is responsible. I will have to ask Dad to pay it for me but I think I can make out on the money I have up here alright. Please get the bank to mail my cancelled checks to me. I would rather they would mail them so I can get them in the exact order of payment. I hate to ask Dad to pay this for me but I am mighty hard up now. Living here is a terrible expense, much more so than I ever dreamed it would be. I would certainly appreciate it if he will pay the overdraft for me and bend the cancelled checks up. I am confident that is where the difference lies and that negro is going to fork over twenty dollars.

I can hardly realize that four weeks from Sunday we will be starting home. We have three more weeks of classes and one of exams and then we start old Ford.

toward home. I would have sent you a
schedule of the Institute events long ago
but I could not get one except from the
catalogue and they have all been changed so
are not at all accurate. I am sending you
an exact schedule with times marked, also two
bulletins that I thought might interest you.

Our Ford runs like a charm. We spent
Saturday working on it and to hear it
throttle down you would think it was a
Cadillac, so we are confident it will get
us home safe and sound. The only thing
that we are going to have done is the
relining of the brakes. We are afraid to
trust our adjustments on them for such a
trip so we are going to have that done.
Just a few more weeks and I will be home
again to be with all of you again — home,
you, Dad, and Tommy — that's all that I
could ask.

We won our second base ball game this
morning. I did not bat but twice, the first
time they put me out at first, the second
time I was walked. After I got on first
I stole bases clean around, so I have somewhat
of a reputation, even if it is for stealing
bases.

I must close and go to bed. Give my
love to Dad and Lommy and keep lots for
your own sweet self.

Devotedly,
Milane

MILAM F. TANDY
GLEN FERRIS, WEST VIRGINIA

Wednesday Night

My darling Mother:

I have been postponing this note to you from day to day in hope that I could see a ray of hope for my holiday at Christmas but I now can hold out no hope of taking my vacation at that time. I am extremely disappointed, of course, and I am sure that you understand that I have done everything possible and fair when I explain later in this letter. Your last letter indicated that I was indifferent to your wishes but I know that down in your heart you do not believe that. I have been working night and day to get my work in shape so that I could leave it and so my assistants could go on working while I was away but interruptions to this work has made it impossible for them to go on in my absence. If I take a vacation at this time it will mean that five men will be laid off until I return and you know that is not fair. Mr. Jones called on me today for the third time in three weeks to do special work for him. These jobs necessitated using my men and he had me do them because he wanted them done well and correctly. That was his own expression. These are the interruptions which have delayed me and have

strung out the testing work so that I cannot leave it. No one else can analyze this work at the present stage and I do not feel that it would be right to leave it.

I know that Mr. Jones would consent if I would ask for the time off but he would not like it at all. He believes in taking vacations when the work permits. I have had two at Christmas and should I take one again it would prevent someone else from taking theirs at this time for Mr. Jones would give me preference. He has grown to rely on me a great deal and I would not want to do anything to shake that confidence. In the last year he has gradually taken me into the confidence of all the confidential affairs of the company and relies upon me to do the important parts of his work.

I would think it better, from my point of view, to wait until early in the spring, or maybe not that long, and spend the time in Louisville with you and Tommy with maybe a week end at home.

I am terribly disappointed to miss Christmas with you and Tommy and the other of the family but I feel it is unfair to deprive others of needed work to give me a vacation. It is also a crucial time and entirely possible that my work in the next few months will mean a great deal to me in the future.

About Christmas presents - I would like for you to get something for me to give Mamma and suggest something to get for Tommy. Also let me know what size stockings to get for Auntie and Aunt Pat. I thought that would be suitable presents for them. Any other suggestions would be appreciated.


I have been writing this on a rickety card table for my desk is covered with papers that I have been searching through for one article. I will write you again tomorrow or next day. I am working at the power house now for a few days and am dead tired at night.

Please pardon the unsatisfactory letter for the fatigue of a hard day, the long hand method of writing, and the table are not conducive to good letters. I trust that you will understand my feelings about Christmas and that you will agree that I am doing what is right.

With a heartfelt love to you and Tommy I will stop for tonight.

Sincerely,
Wilma

NEW-KANAWHA POWER COMPANY

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

NEW YORK OFFICE
CARBIDE & CARBON BLDG.
30 E. 42ND ST.

GLEN FERRIS, W. VA.

Mother darling:

Just as I finished the other letter I was interrupted so without thinking I sealed it and placed it in the mail without enclosing the check. This note is merely to acknowledge the abstraction of this moment and to send the check.

Two other things enter my mind as I write so I will stretch this into a long postscript of the longer letter. In making out my income tax I had to refer to the bank statements of the past year and in one of these envelopes I found the insurance policy which I had thought lost and the one which less you had to file affidavit. I have turned it over to the insurance policy company. They had not issued the new policy so I suppose the application for the new policy will be cancelled.

Jim Patterson, whom I mentioned in my other letter and who went to Knoxville with me on the two trips was offered a position with the Tennessee Valley Authority. His decision, like mine, was to refuse after Mr. Jones advised him to stay with the company. Things seem to be picking up considerably and Mr. Jones seems to be picking a few of us for something he has not discussed with us. A number of the boys are being transferred to the operating companies, for power house and furnace work so I know that if nothing was open for me he would place me there. He has remarked several times

that I had been requested as a member of these organizations and each time he refused to release me. Others have secured positions elsewhere and he has advised them to accept.

Preparations are being made to close the Glen Ferris furnace plant and open the large plant at Alloy with power being furnished by our steam-electric plant down there. In about three months our hydro-electric plant will be completed and we will deliver current over the transmission line for full operation of the furnace plant.

Again love to both of you,

Melroe

MILAM F. TANDY
GLEN FERRIS, WEST VIRGINIA

Mother darling:

I was very much impressed by the letters from Aunt Pat which you enclosed in your letters for I received the one without a note from you previous to the one containing your explanatory note. I am certainly glad that you sent them for they contained a great deal of information about Aunt which would have been laborious for you to transmit. I cannot tell you how much I grieve about her condition. The illness is terrible enough alone but when I think of the blows she has suffered in the past year and a half I can not keep the tears back. Life and its mistakes set an example for those of us who survive and it is a poor specimen who does not profit by these glaring errors of others. I do feel so terribly about it that I can hardly write.

I suppose you think my suggestion about the Prestons and the letter was only a noble gesture and from the results of it, it looks like that might have been all it was. I telephoned the store room at alloy as soon as I received your letter to find they were completely out but was told they were expecting another shipment immediately. It has not been received

yet so I will send it to you just as soon as it arrives. The letters will be ordered at the same time and they should reach you the same day. I reread your letter after I wrote that and I am not sure whether you want the letter or not but I am going to send it to you because it is the greatest driving waiford you can get. After I had mine installed I found my car was not equipped with a radiator thermostat so I will check up on your model and if it does not have one I will get the proper kind and send it too.

When all these things arrive I will write more definite instructions about having them installed. I hope the cold weather and my delay have not inconvenienced you. I recall that you have a heated garage but that does not prevent freezing during the day. It has been bitterly cold here and a number of cars have frozen, however, not a single one with Prestone has been bothered. It's a good anti-freeze solution and since I can get it for what you could buy alcohol or any other cheap fluid there is no reason to use any other - provided we can ever get anywhere of it.

You mentioned some apprehensions about me getting in trouble about sending it to you. Don't worry about that, the company offers it to use for that purpose but they just don't want the dealers to get mad about it. Around here dealers don't expect to sell us any because they know we can buy it more cheaply than they can.

The other day Mr. Jones received a telegram from the secretary of the Tennessee Valley Authority asking for some expression from him regarding my abilities and cooperative inclinations. He wired back immediately giving me one of the best recommendations I have ever read. We found out later that the day they wired him they made two appointments, chief engineer and construction superintendent, for Slane No. 3 which is to be constructed immediately upstream from Wilson Slane, or Muscle Shoals. It looks like I am being considered for an appointment to a position just below these and if that is true it's more than I ever dreamed of getting. Mr. Jones called me in the office right after he received the wire and told me about it and said that if they made me an offer or asked that I come to Knoxville for me to consider the proposition carefully and not to accept a subordinate position. He went further to say that it was not necessary for me to accept any position which I did "not think worthy of my attainments" (his words) for even though he would not assure me a permanent position there was work already outlined that would keep me busy for another year at the least. That was very reassuring and it corroborated what he had intimated several times before but was the first time he had ever spoken quite so openly. Gladys told me that

after I left his office he came in and talked to her about what the various men would probably do when they left here and she said that he seemed right disturbed at the prospect of me leaving. She told me later that she received the impression that he would like to ask me to stay but that he could not do so without the assurance of a proper position for me. Employers like that are rare, and I am certainly fortunate in having one.

I suppose I had better close for today and get back to work. Please keep sending me letters about Aunt and I am sure you know the heart ache and sorrow I suffer when I think of her. With a great deal of love to both you and Louisa, I will close.

Sincerely,
Melanie

the important letters being stuck away in some place known only to them. Four of them are now searching the house for your letters but I have only faint hopes of finding them before I finish this one.

One thing I remember is the stock. I wrote either you or Tommy a long letter and included the history, as I remembered it, but I think that a letter I received from you before it was mailed, made me discard it in favor of a shorter summary. Here is my recollection: wehn I reached home after Dad's death you told me that he had given Uncle Will and Uncle Ed unlimited powers of attorney in order that they could place his affairs in shape before his death. Among the things they did were to dispose of his business and to take up the mortgage on the house or loan on his life insurance (I do not remember which) with cash supplied by Uncle Ed. As compensation for this he took the Zenith stock at the price Dad paid for it, about six dollars a share when it was selling for around two dollars. I think it was only 200 shares rather than 2000 for I do not think that Dad was in a position to buy the larger number at that time. The 200 shares stuck in my mind even before you mentioned the larger figure. Mine is a lay opinion only, but I am confident this transaction as well as the others seemed to all of us more than fair. Remember this was 1929 and Uncle Ed allowed us more than twice the then present value of the stock. As much as I would like to think we could collect from that branch of the family I cannot see anything illegal in the procedure. How Uncle Will obtained the stock is something hidden in the mist of the past and seems strange to us but I would bet that the entire series of transactions are covered elgally. I would trust Charles' opinion on this and do as he suggests for he is in a position to give you far better advice than I am. I am sorry that I cannot throw any more encouraging light on the matter and I will be interested in knowing what he thinks of it in this light. Charles is confused about the insulting letter Uncle Ed wrote me, it was about my loan and not about the stock. Uncle Ed mentioned it only once to me later and that was when I was at home in Christmas in 1929. He told me that he thought he had made a good deal in disposing of the business before the market opened that year and that he did not think the purchasers would make enough to pay the price but that they were worth enough to collect the full price and that he could hold the stock long enough to come out even himself. He also mentioned that Dad was \$2300 behind in his rent to Uncle Will - and that may account for the transfer.

Gladys is returning with some guests form the golf course so I will close temporarily with the hopes that I will have the oppportunity of adding to this later. If I dont, Much love from us both,

Milau -