

MRS. MILAM F. TANDY

FIRESTONE PLANTATIONS, MONROVIA, LIBERIA, W. AFRICA

Jan. 25, 1940.

Dear Mother:

This is the first letter
I have attempted to write in
1940.

To begin back in the
dark ages: We really did not
sail on the 20th for we spent
the night in Bayonne, N. J.
fueling. Milam, Fred Edwards
and I went ashore with
the second officer, Mr. Watson
and got some magazines, etc.,

which we had forgotten and we literally sailed on Dec 21 at 7:30 a.m. Milam got up and watched them take off but as I had slept little I stayed in the bunk.

We had a very small cabin but it was supposed to be the most comfortable in that it was better ventilated but the bunks were made of straw and even Milam complained of them. The food was pretty bad - the Captain apologized, saying that he had a new

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cook. In fact, the first officer was new, the cook, the third officer and the mess boys.

I should have told you in the beginning that there were four missionaries, women, 2 Firestone boys, a Texaco man, Mr. Dumber and Milam and me on board. The missionaries and Shaky were the only sea sick ones, and Shaky only because he opened ^{and ate half} a box of biscuit which Sam Finlay gave him for

Christmas, so he wasn't sick long. The first week was stormy and very uninteresting - there was no place to sit but the Dining Room so we played bridge a lot and read - it was too rolling for me to sew. Christmas Day we had to change our course before we could eat dinner.

In the morning I got up and opened the medicine cabinet and cold cream jars, listerine bottles, etc., bounced off my head and rolled all over the place. Shaky was so frightened that he kept

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both of us awake most of the night.

After the first week, however, it warmed up and we got along alright but we were all very glad to see land at Dakar. We reached Dakar, I believe, just before lunch and left just in time to get out. In war times they are very strict and you have black outs at night and if you haven't left port before five o'clock you have to spend the night. None of us were allowed to go ashore in Dakar and all of us were dressed

dressed up waiting.

In Freetown we went ashore and shopped for a few things we needed - We spent one night there, which was Saturday and arrived in Monrovia about four o'clock Monday afternoon where we were met by the Nilsons, who is Chief Engineer here, a Paul Morton, Lerdy, Latabee, the lawyer, and others. We were taken to the house of John Duenaway, the financial adviser of Liberia, (a white man) and drove on to the plantation that night arriving here at 8:30 or something, well

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after dark. Our house was not quite finished but was expected to be by the end of the week but because of a small fire we did not get moved until Wednesday before last.

The first week Milam spent with Mr. Nilson looking the works over and of course I interviewed servants. We have a good Cook named Adam. He makes good bread and has made the best Creole steak I have ever had made in my house. Neither of us like the steward boy,

but zoga, the wash boy is fine.
another small boy adopted us and
keeps the car clean, runs errands,
etc., and later I will have a yard
boy to plant and Caddy for me.
another boy spends most of his
time here "fitsins" meaning fixing
things for me. He hangs pictures
and makes things for the kitchen.
He wants to work for Boss Jandy
and we can't get rid of him. He
just came in he says to say
good morning. They are funny
creatures but not a great deal
different from our own larkies!

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I could write for hours and hours but every few minutes one of the boys calls "Missy" and I have to see what they want.

It is beautiful here and but for the difference in speech and a few other things one can hardly believe it is Africa.

We live one of the few big houses in Harbor Hills and have maple furniture, which is very comfortable. We have two bathrooms which are marvellous.

Everybody goes to the ball game and club on Sunday afternoon and

tomorrow is the annual Harromontane party. I'm not sure of the spelling but you can find it in the Dictionary. My head has to be washed today and I'm still sewing. However, have the living room and dining room curtains made and working on cushions now.

I'm learning to talk with my hands like a Jew - Miriam cannot understand my boys - and sometimes I have trouble but I always manage and "come see" what they want.

There are a few more notes I have to get written - the boat

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should be here tomorrow - so
I will stop and I'll try to get
an air mail letter off next week.
My days are full and at night
I'm so tired and sleepy I can't
write.

It is not hot but oh so
damp - but the days are not
as hot as they are at home in
summer.

I will try to write a letter
next week as I said but people
are always knocking in and one
never knows when they eat - maybe
at 7 maybe at nine.
Love to you both Gladys

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Dear Mother:

The boat goes home tomorrow and there won't be another for at least 6 wks, so I will get another note off to you.

Milam is working today as usual. Saturdays and Sundays are all the same to us with the exception of a movie now and then or a supper club dance. Last night we had a movie, "The Three Musketeers" with the Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche. It was

not so hot - I could hardly
sit through it. Today there
will be golf tournaments starting
at 4 o'clock, mixed foursomes.
I shall play and so will Milam
so as not to look like poor
sports but it is really not
much fun here. None of the
girls ~~have~~ "never play for home"
so the boys say, meaning they
didn't play at home. The other
girls' boys are always asking
them - Missy, why don't you know
to play that game? Dat new Missy

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she can ~~swing~~ throw de ball
far," and they laugh when the
girls sub and gape when I hit
a ball. I think I have played
golf twice in two months, once
with Mrs. Seybold and once with
Bernie, the daughter who came out

3 or 4 months ago. Twice I walked
to the course but it rained and
I came home without playing.
There are no good golf balls here
and we have sand greens and
as I said poor golfers — they make
their own rules — and perhaps I am
just plain long layy. I always

thought if I were in reach of
a golf course nothing could keep
me from playing but it is not
the case here. It must be lack of
energy and then too my back
bothered me for so long and I got
out of practice. Even then my
highest score has been lower
than any of the others girls and
my handicap is lower than most
of the men. Even so, I do not
play the way I played at home
and not as well as I played when
I first came here. 150 yards is

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as far as I can hit a ball. at home I could hit one 200 yds up hill. The men can't drive one any farther than 200 yds down hill here. It is the humidity I suppose, the balls and last but not least lack of energy.

It was not my intention to write at such length on my golf but ~~the~~ news is scarce.

It has been raining for two days and is most depressing. yesterday the thunder and lightning was awful - the sky opened up

and literally poured. The boys asked me if I thought the sky talked plenty and when I said yes they laughed and came back with "It be rain time oh - the sky not talk plenty today - wait it will talk plenty too much and will take de power" meaning the lightning would throw the power line out.

One boy came in and told me "De rain do me bad, oh" and when I asked him how he told me "it be one 'hell' now rain and wet his bed." With all of this "heerbug" as

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they call petty annoyances, they still laugh and play.

My cook told last week that he was going home. His home is in Cape Palmas. He did not mean Cape Palmas he said he was going to "Massah's mudder's place". Mr. Chavelton would carry him he said. "This war palover is bad, cause plenty trouble and I will goin to Massah's mudder and all my troubles will be finished." "Massah will give me paper and pictures of Missy and Shaky the Massah's mudder will know him. He plays like that

for hours and asks the other boys
what they want from home. He will
make rice farm and "have plenty
fresh ~~chop~~ chop and so-so clothes.

Sometimes when we get mail he wants
to know if his paper come. When I
ask him what papers he answers,
"massah's mudder." I ~~th~~ think she
will send paper for me so I can
go dere."

I wish we could bring them
all. They don't get enough food
here. There is a rice shortage
and they can buy only one shilling
of rice each week, and only two
for themselves

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no matter how big their families are.

I don't think I told you how much we look forward to, and enjoy, your letters. There is such a long wait between boats that we should save some for a rainy Sunday but we don't we pounce on them like starving Amerindians and devour them. Milam reads a funny paper with every meal.

We got some books on the last boat. I have just finished Anna Karenina and enjoyed it

tremendously — but don't like the
looks of the other two.

I must stop and see about
lunch.

With much love to you
both — I am

Devotedly,

Klady.

P.S. I have one leopard skin
for myself — they are rather
hard to get



Mrs. Howell Zandy
The Puritan Apartments
Louisville
Kentucky

See Back of this letter.

February 2d, 1942.

Dear Mother:

At last the air mail service is starting. The letters which you sent airmail came on the Kebar, which arrived last Saturday, a week ~~ago~~ or ten days ago. The letters came from Miami to Lagos, from Lagos to Freetown on a shuttle plane and from Freetown on the Kebar. Why the service was so late from this end we do not know, except that the two governments did not agree. The first mail will leave from Cape Mount (You will remember that is where I went almost a year ago) February 7th.

There are many things I want to write about. First, the package came ~~ya~~ on the Kebar and was received last Friday. The things are lovely. I wore the pin Saturday night and had many compliments. The blue is just my shade and I shall wear it a lot. I haven't worn the lovely socks yet because both my heels have been blistered. I wore a new pair of golf shoes and the darned things were too big in the heels. I thought they were when I bought them but allowed the clerk to talk me into buying them against my better judgment when I was in such a hurry I should never have attempted to buy shoes. Anyway, when my feet get well again I'M sure I shall enjoy the socks. The bed jacket is beautiful. I have never seen a nicer one and sachet is practically indispensable in Africa. Thank you so much for all the things.

Milam's sweater is perfect for him. He shows it to everybody who comes in. It looks so nice with the windbreaker too and the windbreaker is just what he needs for hunting. He borrowed one from Robbie the last time we went hunting. He will write you about the things himself, I know. Oh yes, I have gone patriotic these days so the cards were just the thing. I have just finished a luncheon set. The mats are blue, the napkins red and I use white dishes, and either white or red flowers on the table, depending on what we have blooming. I'M quite proud of it.

We were so interested about Tommy. I'm sure she'll be all right. Louise Robertshaw is having a baby about the middle of April and I've been helping her with some clothes. You know it's impossible to buy anything but cloth in Monrovia so without the aid of patterns we made a dress, or rather I did and it looks all right too. I lay awake nights trying to figure a way of making it without the too obvious wrap around skirt and finally succeeded.

P.S. Shaky carried on so when we opened the package that Milam got a panda which I had bought for him ~~in advance~~ & wrapped it up so we let him look for it. Of course, he found it. Just how he is worrying ^{me} trying to get me to play with him.

They are actually using the airport for small planes and we have an airport manager and everything. There was certainly plenty of excitement two weeks ago Sunday. We were at Vipond's for dinner when the Seybolds telephoned and said there was an airplane in. Of course, we all dashed madly to the airport, which is about a 20-minute drive. The plane was going from Lagos to Freetown, carrying U.S. and British officers and Pan American people. The skipper, who is the senior one on the line was the first officer on the clipper which Milam came over on. The planes come now four times a week and a lot of people still rush down to see a plane come in.

Yesterday, we had a lovely day. The Chancellors, Robertshaws and Milam and I got the the launch and went down the Farmington fishing. Milam got two small ones, Chance one small one and I got two big ones. They are not the kind we eat but the boys like them. We carried a picnic lunch and two boys to pass it, pillows, playing cards and all the comforts of home. We played bridge part of the time. There is just about room enough for two people to fish off the back, so there was just the right crowd. We went early and got back late but enjoyed it a lot.

We hope to get home not later than July but please don't count on it. Right now nobody is going home and nobody is coming out. Even the Pan American people can't get passages on the planes because the Government is using them all. At least that's the story we get. Most people think that the reason they ~~don't~~ don't send people home is because they have no way of replacing them but I rather think that wehn we get ready to go they will get us passages. I don't imagine they'll pay Milam's salary any longer than they have to.

Food here is outrageously high. A little meat came on the Kebar. It was all allotted. One little leg o' lamb cost us one pound five and a small roast, which at home would be considered a good thick steak cost one pound two. Since we got back here our Trading Company bill has been anywhere from forty pounds to 53 pounds.

Mr. Firestone sent a radio about the passages home, saying that they were investigating the situation but that considering that this was an important defense base we should all be patriotic enough to get in there and "pitch". Some of the wise people thought that there was a mistake made in sending or receiving the radio and that the last word should have been spelled with a "b" instead of a "P". You would have to live here for a while to appreciate how people feel. Firestone is so cheap in little things but I wont go into that now. It's a long story and all the employees feel the same way about it.

If you ~~can~~ ever feel that you have time, and don't get too tired of knitting for the Red Cross, I wish you would make me a cardigan. I had a lovely cashmere one which I bought from Peck & Peck's but it, like a great many of my things, was either lost in that batch of laundry Milam had done in New York, or was destroyed by cockroaches. I usually wore it in the mornings here and at night when we went hunting. Now I wear a dressing gown until it warms up and close the window in the pick-up at night. You'll think I have a nerve but Milam's is so beautifully knitted I want something you have knitted too.

About the wedding present for Tommy -- I don't know what to suggest -- I thought that perhaps she needed a little more of her silver and if so we could get it for her. As you know, we had planned to bring enough leppard skins for a coat for her and will do so if we can get them but the airport people are paying three and four pounds for them and we can't compete with that price. As it is, even if we get them at the old price -- and we have a source of supply from one of Ben's friends -- they will make a fairly expensive gift so we thought we would forget about the Christmas part.

This is a very stupid letter -- I'm ashamed to send them -- and the typing is as bad as the letter is stupid. There are a lot of things I could write about the airport -- it's purposes, etc., but I'm afraid they, the censors, would cut out part of it and you would get all upset wondering what they did cut out and you probably know all there is to know anyway.

By the way, I enjoy the New York Times more than anything we get out here. The News of the Week is the stuff and I'm keeping them all since the U.S. got into the war. Life too is good magazine for out here, as well as at home.

Please don't take our coming home in June or July too seriously and don't try to keep an apartment vacant. If we come home at that time of the year we would not want to stay in Hopkinsville any longer than a week at the most. After spending so much time in the tropics both of us want to vacation in a cool spot if we can find one. Milam will want to get in some defense work as soon as possible after we get home and so will I, so it would be foolish for you to try to vacate an apartment.

We are both pleased about Tommy's baby and a little envious, I'm afraid, no, I wont say envious, because that is not the word.

The end of the page is close so I must stop.

I want to write to Aunt Pat and get the letter on the plane. With much love to all of you, I am

Devotedly, Gladys

I must have been a regular
all puss when I wrote this
letter. I just couldn't write at all
but I didn't mean to clip my
sentences.

Milam is using the typewriter
or I would write another letter
as late as it is.

Your daughter
Gledys

February 12th, 1942.

Dear Mother:

A lot of things have happened since I wrote you a week ago. First, the date of the airmail service was postponed one week, so you will receive that letter with this one, and, as the stamps are scarce, ^{least} at the first flight ones, both of them will be enclosed in a letter which Milam is writing you.

At the first of last week Mr. Seybold had a radio saying that seventeen dignitaries would arrive on Tuesday at Fisherman Lake. He sent the Elsie, a big lighter, up there but the Clipper did not arrive. One other day he sent The Elsie up but nothing happened. On Friday he had word that the Clipper had arrived and that the men were expected in Monrovia at 7 o'clock. We were asked to put up two of the dignitaries. They arrived at 5:30 A.M. Saturday all worn out, piled right in bed and slept until after 12 o'clock. They were very nice men and from what they told us we figured that they are Naval Intelligence men. One of them was en route to Aden and the other to Turkey. We could not go to a party to which ^{we} were invited because one of them had to stay and watch the Diplomatic Pouches, with which he was entrusted. They told us a lot which we had not heard on the radio and impressed us with the seriousness of this war and at the same time gave us a great deal of encouragement. *They left at 9:45 am Sunday.*

I can't tell you how much we enjoyed the first air mail which we got from you -- that is, the one which actually came all the way by air -- dated January 15th. When you write Aunt Agnes please tell her that we did not receive the radio which they sent us Christmas and when you have her new address please send it to us. We both thought she planned to go back to California soon.

Another thing, did Uncle Baylor get Milam's letter. He gave it to Stone, the Chief Engineer on the West Lashaway, at the same time he gave Stone the letters to Tommy and Charlie. I'm worried about them - the letters, I mean.

I have a few more letters to write even though the plane service was delayed a week. This procrastination is bad and Liberia is bad for procrastination.

*With much love to you all, I am
Devotedly
Ishadya*

P.S. This letter seems as bad or worse than the other one I wrote but I can't seem to do any better these days. I'll try to take a day off & actually write a letter. It seems too good to be true that the air mail service is actually in.

MRS. MILAM F. TANDY
2909 FIELD AVENUE
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Dear "Name":

Thanks so much
for the World Almanac.
We will enjoy it, I know.

I know you were
delighted to know Tommy
had nothing wrong with
her. She was euberant
when she telephoned
us the results of her
examination.

the hospital and he and
iced a cake Tommy had
made and had a very
good time.

Milam is in Bowling
Green today but will
be back tonight and
then goes to Danville
tomorrow. I wish he
didn't have to make these
trips so close together.

The Chancellors
stopped by after the Derby

I just telephoned her
a few minutes ago to
find out about Sally
and she said Sally was
in the sun and she
thought would be all right
now. Sally has not been
well all winter and I'm
delighted that they got
to the ear in time.

We went over and
stayed with Charles the
night they took Sally to

and we had such a good time. They were so insistent that we visit them and if Milam goes up to Coaling, I shall try to go too.

Incidentally, Lewis says that he's still hoping that Milam and Sam will get together and we found out more about the situation which puts a new light on the subject

MRS. MILAM F. TANDY
2909 FIELD AVENUE
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

It is too long a story to write about so I'll tell you when I see you.

Milam feels fine most of the time. Saturday and Sunday he painted, much against my wishes, but it didn't seem to bother him any.

I have been so nervous I could hardly stand it for over two weeks so

perhaps I should stop playing golf for a while but he said. he didn't think I ought to. I am to go back Monday and take a sample of urine and if I don't do better in a month he wants another doctor to look at ~~me~~ - just who I don't know. If I can be better I most certainly shall as I most certainly don't want any more expense.

as my three weeks were up, I went by to see Dr. Pearce today and found that my blood pressure is quite high again so I have to go back in a week. I think I told you that the last time I saw him it was down and I didn't have to see him for three weeks. I am most discouraged. He says rest more so I told him

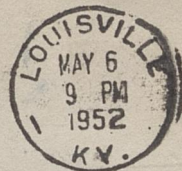
We have certainly enjoyed
our yard. Milam comes
home and stops in the
yard and ~~we~~ ^{we} don't go in
'till almost dark. It is
lovelier this year than
ever before.

There is not much to
write about so I shall stop.

With much love, I am

Devotedly

Glady



Mrs Howell Sandy
305 East 16th Street
Hopkinsville
Kentucky

MRS. MILAM F.-TANDY
2909 FIELD AVENUE
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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AMERICAN WEST AFRICAN LINE

BARBER STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

GENERAL AGENTS



ON BOARD S. S.

DATE

Sept 15th

Dear Mother:

It seems like a long time since we boarded this ship. We are now at Bissau, Portuguese Guinea where we arrived last Friday late. We have 5000 drums gas & oil for Pan American and so far have discharged only 1500 drums so if we have good luck we may get away by next Thursday - then two days to Freetown and God only knows how many days there - then one day to Monrovia.

Bissau is 50 miles up some river the mouth of which is between Dakar and Freetown. It is the nearest

port to Balama, which is approximately 20 miles away. This is the second time in 12 years ^{american} any boat has stopped here and it would have to be our boat. The place is full of mosquitoes & flies. I am all bitten from stem to stern and will probably have fever soon.

When I started to write there was not a soul around but when I got settled good darned if my room mate didn't start to wash clothes, repack, etc., so in self-defense and I'm afraid with some impatience I left the room and am settled again upon deck.

I suppose you have heard already that Milam landed in Liberia the 5th. Why it took so long I don't know but suppose it was bad weather. We heard when they got to Bathurst that the weather was

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ON BOARD S. S.

DATE

quite rough but didn't hear
any more until they arrived
and then merely that they had
arrived the 5th.

Even now I can't remember
what I wrote you from New York.

It was so hot on the other
side I had to move and it is
no better here and dirty! There
is absolutely nothing to do but sit
here.

We went ashore Saturday but
had so much trouble getting back
that I haven't tried to go again.
There is nothing there anyway—
just a small place very much
like Monrovia but a little cleaner.

I am sending you a check for
the Biscuit Roller. Thanks so much
for getting it. I was in such a stew

that I forgot to do it before I sailed.

Also I am sending a ^{signed} check to be filled out by you.

If you will do so, with Charlie's help, please find a watch for Milan for me to give him Christmas. Get a water proof, and if possible, a shock proof watch, ~~similar~~ the same shape as the other one he has ~~but~~ but get a yellow gold one. Pay as much as it takes to get a good one. I have no idea of what it will cost. It will be the only present I can give him so I'd rather do it myself. Now, the Humbow is still down the coast and I may be able to get this on the boat - if I do I shall speak to Capt. Phillips about bringing it back and you can mail it to him. It not write to Rehbeck and

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GENERAL AGENTS



ON BOARD S. S.

DATE

tell him it is a watch Mildred
asked you to send it. Intimate
it was one left to be repaired.

Another thing, get from
Gordon Cayce two of the spoons
Lucy Belle ~~wants~~ wants and have
them charged to me.

Find out what Tommy wants
for a wedding present and get
that and send me the bill. She
may want a piece of furniture or
some silver but get something
she can keep. She may want to
combine her Christmas and wedding
present. If so, it's all right by
me and it seems to me to
be the sensible thing to discuss

the subject. Use your own judgement. She is already in her apartment now and knows what she needs and we want to give her something she can use permanently.

If, in subscribing for the magazines & Sunday Times, it was not ~~practicable~~ possible to do it the way I suggested, please make the check I am sending for enough to cover the cost of the watch and the magazines. I think I shall give him the watch when it is received and should like to have it as soon as possible.

I hate to be so much trouble but there is no other convenient way and I know you don't mind.

I did so enjoy the time spent with you and also with Tommy &

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GENERAL AGENTS



ON BOARD S. S.

Charlie. Both Milam & Zell ^{DATE} that
both of you will be well taken
care of.

If you don't get anything
but a note from me don't be sur-
prised because I shall be quite
busy until my curtains are made
and we are settled.

With much love to you &
the rest of the family, I am
Devotedly
Blady