TELEGRAMS AND CABLES } HOTEL, PORT-OF-SPAIN

THE QUEEN'S PARK HOTEL
PORT-OF-SPAIN
TRINIDAD
BRITISH WEST INDIES

March 26th

Milam, dear:

Just a week ago today we left and every day both Mathilda & I say if we were back in Liberia nothing would make us leave — at least until the others get out.

Well, we got to Natal, as I advised — stayed there two days and left at 6:30 Monday ~~Tuesday~~ morning — had a strong tail wind & got to Belem at about 2 o'clock where we slept all night. ~~Five~~ Nine in a room.

do we can make Miami tomorrow night. (we are leaving at 4:30 in the morning) The Capt is trying to arrange it thusly as he has only one passenger at San Juan.

The flying part is fine but the waiting is hell. Mathilda & I agree that if you & Chance were here we could have fun but so far it hasn't been pleasant. God forbid that I ever have to travel with children.

The others went right on through & I get vexed every time I think of it. Art Hart was sicker than I. I have eaten three meals in three days, with the exception of fruit juice & Coffee.

There is no more news except that Mathilda & I just met the steward & he promised to find a good seat for

We saw there Jean Manes, Mike Polli & Gudew, who, by the way, makes a damn good second impression. He was really nice to both Mathilda & me.

Both of us have had terrific backaches and those of the girls. Dore, Peggy & Dorothy have made so much noise since we got here that I have been unable to sleep even after taking two sleeping pills. I forgot to mention that we got here Tues. afternoon and have been here ever since waiting for a plane to come from Rio. The Clipper we left Fisherman Lake on is here going home but is full up and we have to go on a smaller one. It is possible that we shall stop at Haiti instead of San Juan and if we

us in the morning.

The beds, with the exception of this one, have been so-so straw, just like Barber line, & I have the same kind of back ache I had when I first went out to Liberia. Mathilda has been under the weather all the way over. In spite of all this, I still like flying and, if Mathilda would agree, I would fly all the way to Louisville.

My packing is finished and there's nothing to do but go to bed & wait for morning. You are just about having your Whiskey soda & Shakey is getting his back scratched. I'd give most anything to be with you all— I can't for the life of me understand why I ever left.

The three girls I mentioned

P.S. Did you ever get Shakey some Chop and what news of Larabee?

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES } HOTEL, PORT-OF-SPAIN

THE QUEEN'S PARK HOTEL
PORT-OF-SPAIN
TRINIDAD
BRITISH WEST INDIES

in the first part of this letter make me ashamed they are americans. They have been sitting in the bar since 4 oclock this afternoon & it is nine oclock now. The others on the trip are so dumb it is pitiful. a more unpleasant trip I never want to take.

This, you will probably remember, is rather a nice city. There are lovely flowers and we visited, yesterday, the most famous botanical gardens in the world, in which grow nutmeg, cinnamon, robber & ~~the~~ other tropical trees.

I am going to stop now - I hate to because I almost feel that I'm talking to you. Yesterday at dusk I nearly cried myself sick & this morning my eyes were so swollen that I had to get a facial.

Will radio from Miami & please get me a letter on one of those planes.

With much love, my dear,

Please give Shakey another hug and tell him I miss him plenty. I shall look for you not later than the first of June & please don't let anybody put a thing over on you.

I enclose a note for the boy. With all my love, Gladys

Tuesday, April 6th

Milam, dearest:

Did I write you from Louisville — no, it was impossible, there just wasn't space enough — and there isn't here either. In fact, there's no place for both me it seems. Everybody in your family and mine seemed so concerned with their own affairs that they don't even know there's a war on — and I am so engrossed in my own loneliness I'm not much better. I just don't know what I'm going to do.

~~We~~ Friday ~~Saturday~~ arrived in Miami in late afternoon and spent one night, leaving there at 11:43 in the morning for Louisville and arrived there the next day, Sunday, at about 2:20, the train was more than an hour late.

I stayed in Louisville from Sunday until the following Friday — and it was

impossible for me to stay longer. There was no place for my clothes at all - I didn't even have one drawer - so I came away and I can't go back there ~~until~~ unless I can get a room.

Tommy is awfully large but says she's not going to have twins. "Does all her own work" but Charlie cooks his own breakfast and Henrietta comes to wash & iron but cleans up every thing, including Tommy's room & cooks the meals - she comes every other day (and your mother paid for two ~~other~~ days) and our room was not touched - we, your mother & I cleaned it up small. On Henrietta's days Henrietta cooks too. Well, when Charlie arrives, he sets the table and stays in the kitchen until I make him get out. Poor thing I know he's tired and I suppose you are too reading all this jaying. Well, 'tis a long story but Tommy has you in the

army already — "if any one gets a defense job, they are looked down on" and "Charlie has a chance to get a job earning $600 per month, but even with his four dependents she won't agree" but Charlie, when the wonderful job is mentioned in front of him says it doesn't pay much but may keep him out of the draft." "Louisville expects to be bombed any day" also.

Jim trying to write against a conversation and all Jim doing is "bitching".

Well, I got here at Mazel's late Friday night on the George Washington. Saturday, I was up town in Craigs' office when who should come along but Vincent & Lizzie. I bumbed with them most of the week-end. They are just the same and Libbie's husband leaves for some unknown place soon — she will be coming to Charleston Thursday and they want me to come over to Norfolk with her. Lizzie says it will help them out a lot but Jim convinced they

are doing it only because I'm so upset — anyway, if I don't get a ~~place~~ ~~to~~ whole bed to sleep in and some kind of a place to put my clothes I'm going nuts.

There ~~will~~ are plenty of jobs in Louisville and I ~~can't~~ can get one I know but finding a place to live is another matter. Money goes like water & when I got ~~there~~ to Louisville it was so cold I had to get a heavy coat. However, I got one I can wear next year — one of those with an inner lining & I had to get a hat, gloves & some shoes. I really think the best thing to do is go back to Louisville & get a job at once, a room, first. At Tommy's there's no hot water ever & no boys to heat it, and you know how dirty Louisville is.

I'm going to Glen Ferris Thursday or Friday. The Jones' were in N Y but are expected back Tuesday today so I ~~[illegible]~~ will see them. Am going to Staceys.

Tommy is using Charlie's mother's stuff except our couch & our bed and is sorta griping about having to store the other things. What I want

mostly is our bed but she says they can't afford to buy one & that mother will have to buy her own. I hate to have mother buy one but she does have some money & we don't. Some time when you get home I'll tell you about it.

My watch is broken again & I have one helluva time trying to figure out just what you're doing. about 4 o'clock is the worst time of day - nothing at all to look forward to - haven't even been to a movie. You will come home at the end of May, won't you? I'm not counting the days - and try not to think how long it will be.

There was a balance of $2.25 at Diehl's & 41 cents in the Firestone Bank. I shall pay part of the account this month & part next month - When I got back to the apartment at Tommy's one day the bank statement was opened. I don't like it.

If only I could talk with you I'd feel better - I'm arguing with myself about going to Norfolk - they say I could get a job there if I want one and Vincents expects to get leave Norfolk

any time. I quit here and started again but the confusion was as great, or his as nervous as ever so I just kept on. Bless

Darling, I'd give anything if I had never left Liberia. I keep my eyes all swollen from crying and can't stop it.

Please let me hear from you somehow — What did you find out about coming home, if anything?

I have other letters to write & have to fix up my office account so I must stop.

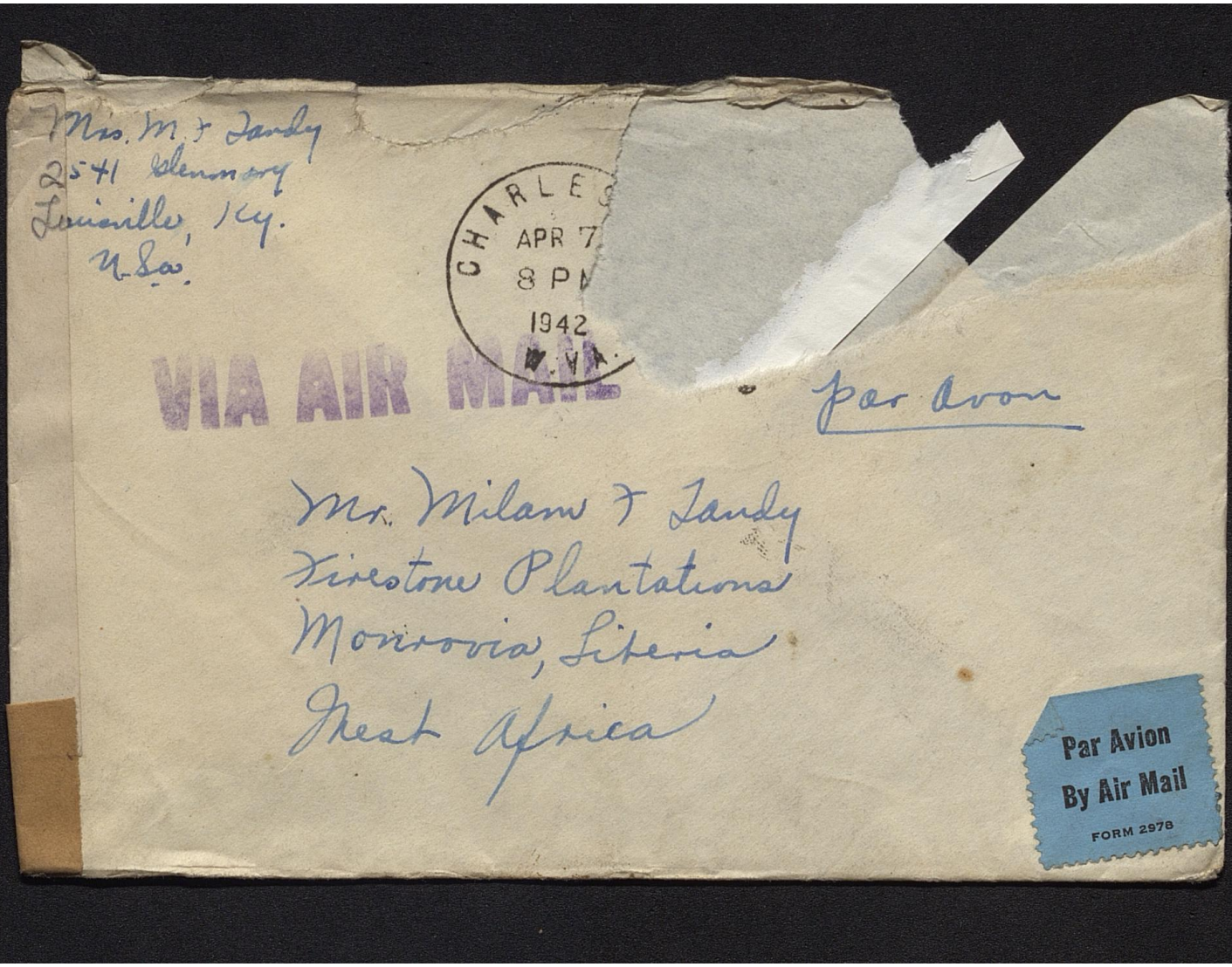
How is Shaky? I try not to think too much about either one of you.

If I don't get settled I may jump in the river.

People here are so complacent it's pitiful — They can buy anything but tires & bicycles so far as I can see.

Will write soon.

All my love, Gladys


Mrs. M. F. Sandy
2541 Glenmary
Louisville, Ky.
U.S.A.
CHARLES
APR 7
8 PM
1942
W. VA.
VIA AIR MAIL
par avion
Mr. Milam F. Sandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
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FORM 2978

EXAMINED BY

4346



April
Thursday, the 16th —

Milam, dearest:

Your letter came this morning after following me from Kentucky here.

Did I write you that the Churchmans were in Charleston the week-end I got there — well they were and wanted me to come here, which I did when there seemed to be no place else for me to go. I had written your mother that I would come back & find a room the next day after I got there and then find a job — she wrote back

that she had no place for me to stay, or intimating it, will send you a copy of the letter later. Well— I didn't know what to do, as Macel had a roomer & Bryone had to sleep with Keith & me with Macel & I had stayed out in the country all I could as I came on [illegible]

We have had a wonderful time about which I will write you later. Your mother has found me a room, Lower, & I'm going there next week — to the room— Can't write much from here — It's the same old story — no privacy —

Vincent & Lizzie are just the same and I could stay here

indefinitely and be welcome but I don't feel like encroaching on their privacy any longer - Dibbie will be here soon too, as her husband is leaving for parts unknown.

I couldn't make out from your letter whether my trunks had been shipped or not. I do hope they have.

Honey, I miss you all the time. Did you get any of the letters I wrote?

It seems a shame not to fill up this space - three sheets of paper - but I can't tonight - then it probably won't go until next Sat., a week from the coming one anyway.

Let me know when & if you

talk with Mr Seybold & what, if anything, they are doing about salary adjustments, and if any women ~~remain~~?

I am so glad you have such nice people living with you and if they write will be glad to tell them all I know.

Please get all the skins you can. [illegible] enough for a coat ~~one~~ if I don't get one myself. As for Tommy, I'm not interested.

If you are not coming ~~on~~ by June first please let me know — and also what about Dave Warner — was he sent home?

I'm still kicking myself for having come home when I did

and from now on we're to-
gether or else.

Do you want me to send
you some blanks or anything
so that you can try for a
commission. If you don't hurry
home all commissions will be
taken but right now you
could certainly get one in the
Engineer Corps.

I must close now.

How I wish you were here

With much love

Gladys

Tell the boys hallo and
give Sleaby a pat.

Friday night, April 24th

My darling:

I shopped for towels & dime store utensils today & was so vexed that I could hardly stand it. The clerks in the dime store are awful - just like they are at Christmas time in Montgomery - remember how they used to drive you just about nuts?

afterwards I met your mother & we went to Tommy's for dinner & I gathered up my curtains - by the way Tommy seemed worried & wanted to know how many pairs I had - She is using 3 pairs & I should have had 3 here but one strip is missing - it just makes me sick. I also brought my little tilt-top table and found it all scratched & one part missing. These things were jambed in with a bunch of stuff. I think that when you come home we had better try to collect our things & store them

in one place if we can't use them. Tommy hasn't ~~told~~ mentioned giving up a thing she is using even though I need them and I see no use of ~~you~~ letting that go on. When you write again — if you haven't started home by that time — please act as though you expect me to use our things so they will take the hint. I actually think that is why they were not anjoined for me to settle in Louisville. I'm just sick about the curtains. They were so beautiful — I almost wish I had carried them to Liberia —

It would be fun fixing this place up if you were going to be here. I'm going to try to write a little each day — then you can tell what I'm doing — that's one reason I want to have at least a room by myself. Darling you don't know how I miss you and Shakey, too

Monday afternoon, April 21th

Milam, darling:

I didn't get to write Saturday or Sunday. Saturday I went to town to buy a few dishes and cooking utensils and to do a few odds & ends. Saturday night your mother spent the night here & yesterday, Sunday, they all came here for dinner & then I went with them & stayed until about 9:30 last night. Sitting around like that gets on my nerves so badly I can hardly stand it so I wept most of the night. Today I spent cleaning, washing a few things, etc., & your mother is coming tonight again. It gets her closer to town & also keeps her from having to get Charlie's breakfast. I'm glad she can stay but as you can see it makes it more expensive in every way for me so I'll so much & have to find some way to wiggle out of it. This place isn't much better than the Ontario Apartments in Akron except they are in a better neighborhood. If I have to stay here indefinitely, and I may have to, I will have to have my own things, and that will take $7.50 off the

rent, but, of course, we'll have to find out what we're going to do first.

This morning I telephoned a firm which had advertised for a stenographer - an engineering firm, but the place had been filled. I then telephoned a business school & found that their rates are $15 per mo. for shorthand & typing review Course. Im going to insist that much money because Im convinced we're all going to be in this crazy war & I shall have to do something. It frightens me to death, not because Im going to have to do something but because you may have to do overseas duties.

Tomorrow we go on a sugar ration - one half pound per person per week. I just bought 10 lbs & had one ~~package~~ bag.

Next door there is a cute little wire haired female but she isn't anything like as cute as Shakey - so far I've never seen a dog as cute as Shakey. By the way

bless his heart, I do hope he gets home safely but I wish you could keep him until you leave. Oh how I miss you. It's selfish of me to say it but I don't want a life without you.

Did I tell you that Dibbie's husband, Billy Cracroft is in the first armored division and is about to embark for parts unknown? She is with him now at his place of embarkation and will return to Norfolk. Vincent expects his orders any day.

So far I have not heard from your Captains' wives. Am rather anxious to hear from them.

Please write me what you did about the mixer, roaster, dishes, pots & pans, etc., and what you know about coming home. I'm sick with worry.

This Mayflower is right nice but does not compare with the Puritan. When I said

I liked the Puritan better Tommy said "yes, but you have to furnish your place there and what would you do about furniture?" Maud says anytime we want our dining room furniture to let her know and there's not a scratch any place on the table or chairs that I could see. Naturally, I don't want to make any move that would be offensive but if we want our furniture ever we had better make some arrangement about it when you get home. If you can think of a way to break the news to them gently you had better do so because I have no idea of allowing things to go on as they are. Am going to clean my face & go to bed. I have the radio which we gave your Mother several Christmas ago. Do you think I had better get us a small one? If so Vincent can get one at a great reduction & will be glad to do so. Be sure to let me know. Goodnight, my darling — I miss you & love you plenty. Will write more tomorrow.

they don't allow dogs at the Puritan any more so that lets me out there. Our trunks should be here soon if they are coming. Actually, I'm so upset about the whole mess I don't know whether I'm coming or going.

I'm keeping track of every thing I spend for food, etc., so I can tell just how much I spend for living expenses. When you come home, it will be cheaper to live this way — and your mother & Tommy think it will be cheaper for me. They say they have found it so. Everything is so high I can't tell but it's the same in Norfolk & Charleston & you know rents are as high there, on account of defense, as they are here. In Norfolk it's the same — and you will remember Akron from 2½ yrs. ago.

I'm going down & see the School people tomorrow & get ready for a job. If I can make enough money to pay my rent — that will help. Worry, worry, worry. I'm going to stop now & write Rohbeck. Let me know what you have sold.

Tuesday Night, April 28th

My dear:

Just how I'm going to stand it I don't know. Never in my life have I felt so desolate.

Today I called up Bowman Field about a job but they want permanent help. Later I went to town & enrolled in a business school $10 per month plus books, etc., which may amount to $5. Even when you come home I expect to work if I can. If we only knew what to do but none of us do.

So far there's not a word about my trunks but guess it isn't time yet.

Chance's sister just telephoned - after I had called her - and says she hasn't heard from Mathilde but once since she went to Akron. I'm so blue and lonely I've just about cried my eyes out - right now in Liberia it's 12.45 - and you & Shakey are snoring away (if Shakey is still with you) and here I sit with days & days ahead just like the present one.

Your mother called Tommy today from downtown and Tommy said Dr Starr

had put her to bed because she got so tired, etc. Of course, your mother hated home. Tommy went out Saturday night & played poker till three o'clock & then drove us all over town Sunday. Actually I don't think she is as bad off as she thinks. She couldn't feel very well because she is so awfully large but it won't be long now we hope.

Jenny Chancellor said she would mail me an application. She is working for Du Pont out here somewhere & they are going to put on more girls. Just as I told her— I wouldn't feel like telling any firm or Company that I wanted to work unless I told them it might be temporary. Do you think I'm right or am I too conscientious?

This place where I'm living is so ugly it's pitiful and I don't know what to do about it. If you should find that you can't come home at the end of this month let me know what you think I ought to

do - Make Firestone send the radio and pay for. Mrs. Kirby Jones said that Sarabee was on the way.

After I wrote T.V.A. I had an answer back which says "The information which your husband provided on Feb 12 has been received in this office and added to his record. His file is being held on active status and is always available to interested employment and supervisory officers. The employment procedure requires that the records of all persons apparently qualified for a particular position be compared before a final decision is made. Mr. Tandy's qualifications will be carefully analyzed along with those of others as appointments are made in his field.

"If at any time we need additional information concerning Mr. Tandy, we shall be glad to get in touch with you. Thank you for writing." I don't think this sounds encouraging in the least - do you. Is there anything else you want me to do about looking for a job?

Have you gotten any mail yet? I'll bet we have a flock of it out there. Nearly everybody I've seen says they have written me.

had put her to bed because she got so tired, etc. Of course, your mother hasted home. Tommy went out Saturday night & played poker till three o'clock & then drove us all over town Sunday. Actually I don't think she is as bad off as she thinks. She couldn't feel very well because she is so awfully large but it won't be long now we hope.

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It seems to me that I write more and say less all the time but writing to you seems to ease my mind - I feel as though I'm closer to you - maybe you're dreaming about me now.

Go easy on the whiskey palaver - I've had two drinks since I came back here. One day this week I'm going to see "Gone with the Wind." Your mother & I went around the corner & saw a double feature last night. We liked it too much. Oh yes I bought you a book today - "Big Family" by the same author as "Country Lawyer" but not as good. I'll keep it for you. Am writing to Literary Guild & Book-of-the-Month to cancel our subscriptions, am going to close now & do that. Goodnight, my sweet.

Wednesday night

My dear:

Today has been uneventful - except that your mother telephoned & said she had received our first & light letters. That means the service is in & I should have had a letter from you - now please don't fail to write. Also - I had a letter from Mathilde and she said Chance had written her about Jamison, Sidney & Warner. Did they do that purposely?

P.S. Give Shaky a hug for me.

I'm going to finish this page & mail it. Now - please - please let me know what you think I should do. Should I find a cheaper place to stay until you get here - say a room & eat out - or should I keep this place as I can fix us some meals while you're here? It will cost me at least $115 per month for rent & food alone $65 for rent & $50 for meals, etc. I'm going to work if I can find something but that will take time. Chance's sister just telephoned and is coming over - she lives directly across from The Puritan, which is just around the corner from The Mayflower. I do hope she knows of a job out where she is and that I can go to work tomorrow! $150 per month looks like a lot of money to me & would pay my living expenses amply - if I could get only get that much - I'm keeping my fingers crossed & praying - we need a little help now. Will stop till she gets here & I may have to use another sheet of paper. Wish I could persuade Mathilde to come up here & work - but you'll be home in a month won't you?

Jenny brought the application & is sure I can get a job in about 3 weeks. If you think I shouldn't take it radio and tell me not to - if you get the letter in time. Otherwise, I will try for it.

Please send my Social Security Card. It was in the papers I left in the back room in the bureau drawer.

I'm going to stop & say goodnight
all my love to you, Gladys.

Mrs. M. F. Tandy
703 Mayflower apt
ville, Ky.







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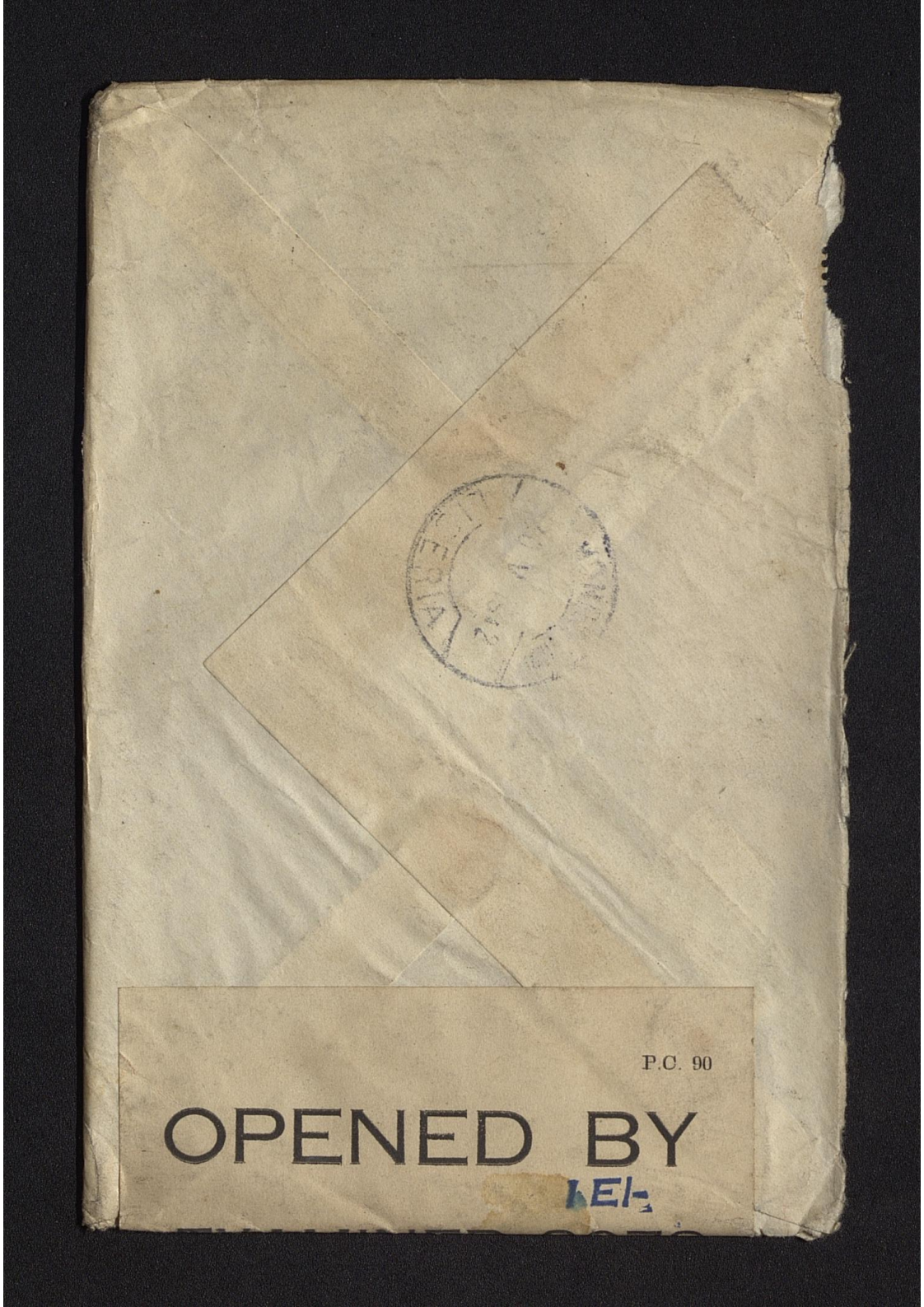
EXAMINER 8078

Form 167

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa.

Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978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Thursday night April 30th

Milam, dear:

Tommy telephoned today and said that they were coming back to the Hospital to see a new baby & for me to come on out with your mother & Charlie for supper, which I did. Your poor mother is worried constantly about Tommy but to save my life I can't see why she should be as she, Tommy, is perfectly all right. She gets around beautifully. I know she can't feel too well but I'm sure she is all right. Your mother makes every excuse to come here where she can be waited on instead of doing the waiting - and I don't blame her a bit for it. She is too old to start ~~as~~ or rather keep on but when the pickin' gets here she'll either work or pay somebody to. I'll bet you. Enough of that.

My hands are so sore I can hardly use them - I got smart and washed some dish towels in strong soap, which I never should have done - Shant try it again because I certainly don't want a doctor's bill just now.

Since I came here I've been awfully sleepy - Last night the magazine I had fell right out of my hands and I went to sleep and woke up at 2:30 the most surprised person you have ever seen with the radio going full blast. Never in my life have I had that happen to me. I believe I could

sleep all the time. Right now I'm so sleepy I can hardly stand it. Today I mailed you a most uninteresting letter. Every time I think about coming home I get angry. I might just as well have stayed as the others. Actually, I'm envious of them. Please write me what's happening. Surely you can take the time to do that, and are you coming home soon? Did Firestone send us home so that they could have our houses or what was the real reason?

This letter is not helping me any and won't help you either when you get it.

Bob & Kay Hines are in South America, so Mathilde writes - just where she didn't say. As far as I'm concerned, I can see no more reason why you shouldn't do some worth while defense work instead of going in the army. Petersons are in Akron working for Firestone.

I sent Emil's a check for $244.02. Practically every week there has been a statement from them, so I sent it from my own account rather than wait for Firestone.

I'm so lonely I can't stand it. If you're going to have to stay out there I'm coming back some how. I never should have left and now I don't see why I did leave.

look for a job. At least I could get a factory one. Mrs. Roosevelt thinks young people should do that very thing-but then I'm no longer young. The man at the business school told me he would set my age back. He says I don't look that old & a younger age might help me get a job more quickly.

I sent 4 sheets 4 p. cases 3 towels & 3 wash cloths to the laundry and it cost $1.13. What to do about it? I can't wash because the strong soap makes my hands break out, and there's no place in this apartment to dry clothes if you have somebody in. Maybe if I get a job I won't worry so much about expenses but read this through carefully:

If I don't have a job by the 23d of this month (the rent is up then) I'm going to give up the apartment because it is just too expensive living this way. Our trunks & things should have arrived by that time and surely you can let me know somehow what you're going to do. If you think I should keep it let me know because actually I just don't know what to do. I may jump

in the river or something. There is nobody to do anything at all with. I've been here a week yesterday and have been right here every evening but one which was last Saturday night. Your mother & I went to a movie. I've read myself out and I can't sew because I have no sewing machine & I don't feel like spending the money for materials. It is getting warm and I have with me just two summer dresses. I'm really in a bad way. Squawk squawk squawk! Is that the way to spell squawk. I suppose I'll stop a while and get lonely & start writing again. Wish I knew how to write a book.

Friday - 7:45

Those castors were $10 - "Jesus" as Zoga would say

Sat. 10:40 - Derby Day, May 3rd

Milam, darling:

Well here I am this morning - getting sick I fear. I was awake most of the night with a small temperature. Don't know whether it's a small cold, or fever or my ~~stom~~ stomach - Guess I'll find out some day.

Now, I still mean what I said about the job palaver – if I don't have one by the 23d of May I'm going to move out of this apartment unless I hear from you to the contrary.

Do you want me to get an Engineering-News-Record & write to R W Bixby, refer them to your old experience record. If you weren't so damned trifling you would already have a new one prepared. Why don't you type a new one & sign it – send it to me and I'll send it to Bixby. We might say we would go to S. America unless you tire for Foreign service. Now, Milam, "please, don't "lex" me here with nutting to go on. I'm miserable. You waited more than a week before you ever scribbled a line. Can't you do better than that? I know you're busy but take time out from that old office & write me & also write up your experience record. I haven't said any thing about when you plan to come home to the Kirby Jones – why don't you write Kirby? Do you want to try for a commission either in the army or Navy? – write me something.

Another thing – do you still think you'll get home by June 1st & do you think I should try to get a job for that length of

time? You see I don't know what to do. That room that your mother got for me, or could have gotten, was not good, as I couldn't fix coffee, or have a drink there or couldn't have kept Shakey. Neither was there a place for my trunks and God knows there's no place at Tommy's. She is griping about those baskets & things being there but never a word about giving up the couch or bedroom furniture & the things she needs. When you come home I want to collect & pack all our books and other things & store them. We'll even get the things from my sister's. I want everything in one place. By the time you get here Tommy will have had the baby and be all right although she insists that she can't walk downstairs for 6 weeks. I think she is mistaken but we'll see.

I must stop now & clean up this dirty, filthy place. I'm going to move if I can as I'm right in front of an incinerator & all the dirt comes right in the window. Your mother suggested

Days are almost as bad as evenings & nights. Last night I didn't sleep at all & today I feel like hell but don't want to sleep because I won't sleep tonight. If I had only stayed with you in Liberia! I am going to write Mathilde a note - she may know something.

~~Sat.~~ 6:45
Friday

Well, honey:

Here I am again with nothing in the world to do. I don't feel like drinking by myself and even if I did whiskey is too dear. Four Roses $2 4/5 per pt. What a gyp. Do you think it's possible for me to come back out there? If I can't come then you can't stay for Firestone. To save my life I can't see why I ever left that place. Just now all of our reasonings seem petty. Do the bachelors still feel badly about the women staying or not? I wish I had stayed to find out anyway. To save my life I can't keep from wishing I had stayed. Has Farabee gotten there yet and if so what has he done about the morale? Nothing I suppose. Every day or so I have a note from Pappy Jones. Just one of short ones dashed off. Wish I could see her. If something doesn't open up here by the time my rent is up I may go up there &

I should have known that you wouldn't write to me - you didn't from Akron. This funny looking gloomy old room is driving me nuts & when I see my nice things at Tommy's it makes me sick - but then our house in Glen Ferris was not the same after you left it either - now - here I am sitting up crying about small, small things when plenty people have big things to cry about. Just write me or if you can make Fire tone send me a radio. If Kathryn thinks she did the hardest thing by staging tell her she is mistaken. Living alone is not easy & just where else would I live. My family has no place for me & neither has yours - so I just live alone without even Shakey. I'm scared to think about Lisa. Last night I dreamed I was back in Liberia and Shakey was running loose but he knew me & carried on like he always does when I've been away. I'm going to take a big drink & go to bed.

Tuesday May 1st - 1:15 PM

Darling:

Here I am with a whole afternoon & evening before me with absolutely nothing to do. There's no more to read here than there is in Liberia, and I can't go down town because I'd get run over, as this is Derby week. Tomorrow is Derby Day. Mick you & I were going but I'm not at all interested. If Uncle Baylor would send me & your mother a ticket it would be fine but I'm sure he won't so I don't mind really. Mick I knew a good horse - I'd bet plenty money-o.

coming over & listening to the Derby with me & spending the night. That means having to sleep with her & also wait on her & I don't feel like it with this temperature. She thinks she is helping me & too she likes to get away from Tommy because there she's on the jump all the time. I don't blame her. There's so much confusion all the time I don't know how she stands it. I'm going to spend another 5 cents & mail this letter today. I do hope it reaches you soon.

Honey, you don't know how I miss you & how glad I'll be when this month is over.

Please take some pictures of my boys for me & of my garden. Is my garden doing all right?

all my love

Gladys

P.S. If you aren't coming home I'm coming back somehow & I mean it. Firestone or Mr. Seybold, the old S.O.B. should have told us something more.


Mrs. Milam F. Tandy
3 May flower apts
Kentucky
AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
LOUISVILLE
AIR 50 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FOR DEFENSE
SECURITY EDUCATION CONSERVATION HEALTH
Mr. Milam F. Tandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978
Form 167
AIR MAIL


LOUISVILLE
MAY 2
10 PM
1942
KY.
10 V 1942
LIBERIA
P.C. 90
OPENED BY
EXAMINER 8078

P.S. This a most uninteresting letter but I can't help my cold is awful and there's nothing to write anyway.

May 7th

Milam, darling:

It seems to me it has been a mighty long time since I have written you but then there was nothing much to write anyway.

Sat. your mother came over and spent Saturday night & Sunday - just sat here & told over & over again all about Dibs & Charlie - then I finally persuaded her to go to see "Gone with the wind". It is a lovely picture - quite worth the time. Before we went to the movie, however, Tommy called & said they (She & Charlie) were invited out to supper & suggested your mother spend the night here, which she did. It really burns me up - not because I don't want your mother but one reason I took this

place was because I don't like to, and can't, sleep with people. I tossed & turned most of the two nights, and then too, the expense & waiting on people in a small place and that diet of hers is awful. When she telephones now, I just say I'm eating downstairs. I can eat there for $.75 & that's much cheaper than feeding two people.

Well — Tommy called Monday morning & went to the hospital. She didn't have the baby till a few minutes after 3 Tuesday — It's a boy & so far looks like her, that means it looks like you.

I went to school every day but today and I hate it so. I'm changing & going in the mornings instead of afternoons. The teacher

says the morning class is more interesting. I do hope so - I'm going to stick to it & get my money's worth. This cold is awful - last night I went over to Jenny Chancellor's for awhile and when I got back it took me till 2 oclock to go to sleep.

Your mother says that I have a letter from Firestone but she has to go to the hospital so it will probably be afternoon when she gets. Tommy is the most important thing on earth, it doesn't matter if I'm on pins & needles till I hear from you.

I miss you more than I know and count the days each day till the end of this month but I'm scared you wont be here. All my love

(over) Gladys

Honey:

Well here it is 8:30 again and nothing to do from now on but shorthand exercises.

Today I had a letter from Mr. Ashley saying that $250 had been deposited to your account — I thought your whole salary would be, or at least all but $100. I have not drawn any on that bank yet because there was no money there — well — I shall draw only what I have to and we'll get it all straight when you come ~~home~~. Why don't I hear from you? Please write. A letter from Louise today says that the "Fiftin" has not arrived yet — you will probably hear before I do.

Cousin Ann & your Mother

& I had dinner here tonight. We split it & it cost 35 cents per person including what I had already. Of course I did the work. I don't mind that if it isn't so hot but I don't expect to cook it and pay for and have your mother stay here & pay at Tommy's, which is what Tommy wants, exactly. You know how I feel about being used. So far I haven't gotten a job - don't believe I'll be able to.

Honey, I'm so lonely I could die. At least you have somebody to do things for you and somebody living in the house with you, and cheap whiskey, where I have nothing. I must stay & work on my shorthand.

Write to me or I'm going to divorce you.

(over) With much love, Gladys.

Friday
May 8

Midam:

you understand, of course, what getting Shaley means — I can keep him here — but if I take a room I can't keep him or I can't keep him at the Puritan — a new rule there. also if I take a room, I can't have breakfast there — that means a lot to me — Oh! do tell me what you think I ought to. Get Mr. Seybold to let Firestone send a free radio.

It's expensive living here — your mother makes it almost twice as expensive after the rent is paid. She ought to realize how they, expenses mount up — but she doesn't seem to worry at all about money. Buying Tommy nighties underwear — Charlie a birthday present, etc., and all the time I keeping thinking of the $125 — guess I shouldn't. I must stop — I'm afraid this won't get off on the dipper tomorrow. Please let me know how close together you get the letters I have mailed & the closest connections

Love
Gladys


Mrs. M. F. Tandy
713 Mayflower Apt.
ville Ky.
LOUISVILLE
MAY 8
1030PM
1842
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
R AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
I.E./8066
AIR 20 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AIR 15 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TRANS-ATLANTIC
AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Mr. Milam F. Tandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978
AIR MAIL

Monday, May 11th

Dearest Milans:

Have just had a letter from Mrs. Pendleton saying that you have not heard from me since I left. By this time have you had a letter from me mailed from the following places: Charleston, Norfolk & a dozen or so from Louisville. If you haven't received them then the mail is just not going through.

When you get this letter send me a radio & let me know if you have shipped Shakey (you can disguise it say Shakey is well if he has been shipped) and what you think about my keeping this place. I have asked you all those questions many times in letters which I have written. Surely you must have received them by now and if you haven't - please let me know when you are coming home and what I must do. As I wrote you there's no place for me at my home or at my sister's and

no place here at Tommy's. There really really isn't room for your mother at Tommy's and she'll let you she'll want to stay here when they take the baby & the nurse there and they'll expect it & I'll have to fit my plans with theirs. Two or three times they have tried to ~~get~~ arrange my plans for two or three days but I so for I've found excuses. Will tell you about them when I see you if I do.

If you haven't heard from me before I'm living at ~~The~~ 703 Mayflower apt in an efficiency apt which rents for $8.65 and that was all I could find. When I came to Louisville I forgot that it was Derby week. I think that is too much money, and ~~I~~ want to know if you are coming home soon — should I stay on here, etc., or what. Should I keep on trying for a job? Shall I expect Shakey — I can't take him just anywhere — they seem to be particular about Dogs here as they were in Akron.

Tommy had a boy baby, about which I wrote you - Tues. May 5th.

I'm going to send this as directed and hope to ~~get~~ hear from you soon. If not I'll be in an insane asylum.

There's nothing much to write about - I'm lonely as any human on the face of the earth and if I thought I had to live alone much longer I'd jump in the lake - if I don't hear from you soon you may have a radio to that effect. You see having Shakey makes a difference where I live. Of course I want him if I can have him if we have to live in a hovel but should like to know - bless his heart.

Thank your good friend for getting me news and I must stop if I'm going to get this off today.

You know that I miss you & can't do without you much longer and that I must ~~have~~ hear from you or go nuts.

With all my Love,

Gladys

Mr. Milam F. Tandy

703 Mayflower apt
May 20th, 1942.

Dear Milam:

Just what to write about I can't imagine. There's no use taking my time, or rather paying the money it takes to mail a letter to you, to tell you all the whys, wherefores, etc., of my life here. I don't do anything at all. Your mother came over Saturday & parked all set to stay until the nurse leaves, expecting, of course, to leave here & go back to Sonny's as soon as I fixed her breakfast & returning at night, naturally paying Sonny for her board. Sunday morning I got up with a terrific headache but managed after 3 attempts to get breakfast. after we had breakfast your mother, without consulting me, decided we wouldn't go out to dinner but that I would fix supper for us. I didn't have enough food in the house

for a proper meal and couldn't have fixed it, or even eaten it, if sometoly she had fixed it, so I had to ask her to go out & get something. She was very ungracious about it and couldn't find anything in the neighborhood she wanted. That night Cousin Anne came by and made her go sleep with her. She has been there ever since. I feel sorry for Cousin Anne but I didn't come here to pay for an annex to Tommy's apartment. Your mother buys nothing in the way of food - she wouldn't even buy me a paper of pins and it costs extra for soap, laundry, etc., and she orders anything she likes here without consulting me. They are so mad because I told them I wanted my furniture. She told me it would cost at least $25 and most likely $35 to get the stuff moved. I called several moving places & they estimate it will take

not more than an hour & it is $5 an hour.

I am awfully fed up but if I left here I don't know where I would go or what I would do. am still looking for a job - without success. they don't care but they are sure I'd do better in Charleston. they know I wont move my furniture to Charleston. It is the same as it has been since Tommy was born, everything has to center around her. I expect to hear from a letter which I sent to you via your boarder what to do. I asked you to radio. actually I was never so lost in my life. again and again I wish I had stayed in Liberia till you got ready to come home with me. I miss you so much and if I just had Shokey & had to take him out it would be a help. Please, please let me know what to do, and please get out of there as quickly as you can. From the

news it doesn't seem wise to stay there longer if you can get away - do try to.

It has been frightfully cold here - have almost frozen. Last night I had two blankets on me. Honestly, honey, I don't know why I'm trying to write. There's just nothing to tell you. There's nothing to do all day long - right now I'm so bored I could scream - You must let me know what to do - right now things just go around & around in my head and I keep wondering if I'm going batty - haven't had anything to drink either. Jenny Chancellor is a good girl. She calls frequently but there's just nothing to do. One night we went to all the joints & had a drink at each joint, three, to be exact and then went to dinner. I enjoyed that more than anything I've done so far. Either Tommy & your mother are ashamed of me or don't give a damn. I don't know which.

Well, as I said before, I don't know why I keep writing. I feel as though I'm half dead - and keep wondering if I'll ever see you again - somehow I feel funny - maybe I am going batty. Loneliness is the most terrible disease anyone can have.

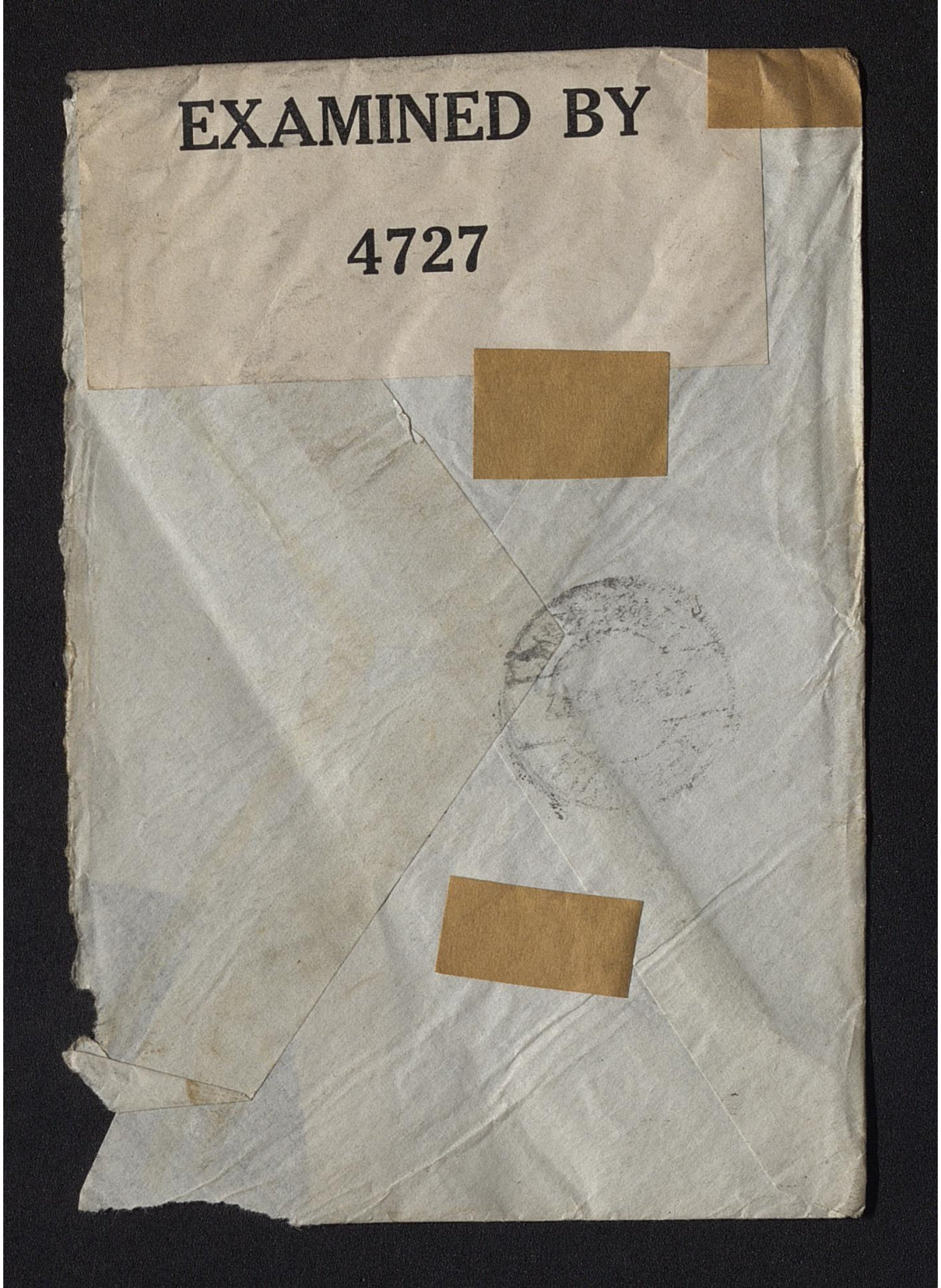
Are my flowers still growing & are the rains still coming fast? I feel as though I left Liberia a year ago instead of just two months. Two months ago today I boarded the clipper and oh how I wish I never had.

I must stop - what I'll do I don't know.

With all my love & if Shakey is still there give him a hug for me.

Gladys


Mrs M-F Landy
703 Mayflower Apt
Louisville Ky
LOUISV
MAY 20
930PM
1942
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
Mr. Milam F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978


EXAMINED BY
4727

605 Mayflower Apts
Wednesday, June 10th

My darling:

This time last week I was elated thinking that perhaps you were on your way home and that if you were not you soon would be. To save my life I can't figure out what happened - I don't know whether to think you will be here soon or what. — Patience, patience - well I'm cultivating it little by little

Just where to begin? In the first place I got a job — it doesn't pay too much $25 per week — Had two offered me the same day so took the one which pays most. One of them required an I Q test and this one wrote Mr. Jones and he was out of Glen Ferris and didn't answer so they took me anyway. Of course, I didn't know that at the time.

Well, Sunday morning your radiogram came & believe it or Fonning had Western Union read it to her before she gave her my telephone number. Western Union said very plainly to me that

she had a "Cablegram from Milam Tandy Harbel Liberia". Tommy called later (she knew W.-U. would report it as having been already delivered and said she thought it was a telegram, apologized profusely. Telegram or radio she had no business reading it first. It makes me boil. They open everything of any importance that goes out there. That's why I had Firestone radio my address.

Well I told them that you told your mother ~~me~~ to take our ~~the~~ furniture. She said well I would have to discuss it with Mary Thompson. She wants me, I imagine to

pay her for the slip covers which she had made. That I refuse to do. She has told me repeatedly that she paid $35- for the couch cover. I wouldn't pay that and couldn't use the cover with the rest of our things so I don't know whether to have it out or wait till you come. If I get a chance at a good apartment I shall take it so we can be comfortable while you vacation but maybe I had better wait.

I wrote Mr. Maxwell and told him I expected you by June 15th and asked if he knew of anything he thought you'd be interested in. I will quote you part of the

letter. "World events have certainly changed since you & he went over there. My understanding is that Milam did a very fine job and that Firestone was well pleased with it. As to work for Milam, I have talked ~~with~~ over the telephone to Mr. Trainor and asked him if he had released Milam to which he replied that he had not. and that when Milam came back and had a chance to take a reasonable vacation that he would have something for him."

He goes on to say that he wants you to talk with Firestone & particularly Mr. Trainor & if you are then disposed to look for work

"elsewhere" to let him know and he "will do anything and everything possible."

I thought you would like to know this even if we do want to keep it up our sleeves.

What kind of a vacation you will want, having no car, I can't guess but I want you to be comfortable. If I knew you would get this I would write some of my ideas but I'm afraid you'll be on your way.

I'm dead tired so I must stop. Your Dad's meant everything to me and since you were

coming home - I was glad to get it but oh how lonely I felt afterward. I had even gotten out four towels for you and had kept your trunk upstairs because I had drawer
no space for your things. That's one reason I want to move again. Aside from wanting to get our things together again. If we don't soon I'm afraid they won't be worth collecting.

With much love, I am

Devotedly

Gladys.

Can't wait to see you

I miss you miss you miss you. I may meet you in Miami if I know you're coming in time

Thursday, June 11

My darling:

I miss you so – wish you knew and can't wait for a letter to tell me why the delay.

must stop & get this in the mail.

With all my love

Gladys

Wish I could write more but have a terrific ~~backache~~ backache & tummy ache


EXAMINED BY
Par Avion
y Air Mail
FORM 2978
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
SECURITY EDUCATION
CONSERVATION HEALTH
FOR DEFENSE
POSTAGE 3 CENTS
JUN 11
11 PM
1942
KY.
Milam F Sandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa

4017
MONROVIA
25 VI 1942
LIBERIA

RADIOGRAM

TIME FILED

DATE

"Via U.S.L."

SERVICE DESIRED

....Full Rate Radiogram
....C. D. E. Radiogram
....D ferred Radiogram

Sender should mark X opposite service desired, otherwise full rate will be charged.

UNITED STATES - LIBERIA RADIO CORPORATION

Form No. R9

PF152 WPF4 CK25 USLR LOUISVILLE KY JUN 12 1120P

Send the following Radiogram "VIA U. S. L." Subject to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

NLT MILAM TANDY HARBEL

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISH COULD BE WITH YOU STARTED WORK ONLY

FOR YOU ANXIOUSLY AWAITING LETTER AND YOUR RETURN LOVE

GLADYS TANDY

HOW TO RADIO VIA U. S. L.

All messages accepted on following terms:

For extra charge of 20% regular charge for service selected, sender may have message repeated back from receiving office to verify as to accuracy.

Company accepts no responsibility for error or delay in transmission or delivery of any unrepeated message handled beyond this company's radio termini by any connecting telegraph company, or any message in code.

Company is not responsible upon any claim not presented in writing within 90 days from filing date.

Full Rate Service

Dispatched and delivered in preference in order over Deferred Radiograms.

CDE Service

Provides for five-letter code words. There will be no restrictions as to the formation of these five-letter code words with the exception that accented letters will not be admitted.

Every code message must bear the indicator "CDE" preceding the address. This indicator will be transmitted free of charge.

The charge per word for "CDE" messages will be 60% of the full ordinary rate, rounded up to the next highest cent, with a minimum charge of five words for each message, address and signature counted.

Words in the address and bonda fide signature of "CDE" messages, while chargeable at the reduced rate, will be counted at fifteen letters to the word.

In mixed "CDE" messages, containing both code and plain language, the plain language words will be charged at the rate of five letters to the word.

Deferred Service

Deferred in dispatch and delivery to Full Rate and code service messages; must be plain language of the country of origin or destination, or French and prefixed "LCO." Such prefix is counted as one word.

UNITED STATES - LIBERIA RADIO CORPORATION

Offices

- Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.
  8:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. U. S. Eastern Standard Time.
- Duside and Geditarbo, Cape Palmas, Liberia, West Africa
  Open all hours except Sundays.

605 Mayflower apts
Louisville Ky
June 25, 1942

My Darling:

For the past two or three days I have not been busy all the time and it is almost as bad as if I stayed at home. The people over here xxx are all a bunch of scrubs anyway - they don't know straight up - how some of them keep out of the draft is more than I can understand. There is more good cannon fodder going to waste here than any place I have, except, of course, on the Plantation. Out of a large group of people there may be a few good ones, so far, I have met only about three or four. They are all from Jeffersonville, Indiana and there is all the difference in the world in Indiana and Kentucky, but I don't have to tell you that. You can see the difference when you cross the bridge.

I wish I could make you understand how lonely I am and how up in the air. Your Mother and Tommy say they want me to have my furniture but"that if it were left to Mary Thompson's convenience she would wait until she moves before making any change, etc.," Well, if Shakey gets here I have to have my own furniture to stay at The Mayflower and the Mayflower is the only apartment house in Louisville where they allow dogs. The only apartment which I can get which will hold my bedroom furniture is $80 per month and if I don't hear from you soon I shall have to take it. That means that I will probably have to have my things sent from Charleston but I believe that it would be better to do that so that when we have sent where it will eventually land that it will all be together, and if we don't need it this year we can store it in one place, which is better than allowing other people to use. Our books are just piled in Tommy's basement and are never dusted. They wont be worth looking at if something isn't done soon. I have heard nothing from you since your radiogram and I wanted to wait until I had it before I made the change. I haven't mentioned buying the slip covers from Tommy because I couldn't use them - the colors are not right - and, as she didn't consult me about the colors, or ask me whether I would buy them or not, I do not see that I'm obligated. They are all going to be mad at me but I just can't help it. We didn't let her have the furniture anyway - we let your mother have it.

Last night we had a test black-out - I got in bed and listened to Kay Kyser. I broke out and bought a little RCA radio and a good fan, which were badly needed.

Did I write you that Aunt Pat had had a communication from the Government saying that Alfred was missing. She did sometime ago but that does not mean that he couldn't be a Japanese prisoner, does it? Perhaps one of your boarders would know.

Mr. Maxwell really took me seriously when I asked him to look out for a job for you. Last week I was called to the telephone and they said Akron was calling - well, I could hardly get to the phone but when I got there a man said Mr. Maxwell had asked him to call to find out if you were back yet and to say that he had a job for you if you were interested. I told him that you had not come home and that I didn't know when you would be but that I would let him know when I heard something.

Again I say, I wish I knew what to expect.

Sometimes I think I just can't stand the loneliness but there is nothing else. Saturday night your mother spent the night with me but she makes so much work and I always have to do what she wants to do and can make no plans of my own that I would much rather be alone. Sleeping with anybody but you is a bother too and I don't sleep at all. Anyway, we went to The Brown and had a very good meal and then I went to a movie with Jenny Chancellor but we had to leave because she had a date. We got caught in the rain and when I got home there had been one "helluva" storm. A tree was uprooted in the front yard, etc., etc., and my apartment was all wet.

When you get to Miami you will find a letter from me telling you how to get in touch with me and I hope that you get there soon. I have a feeling that our dog is no more and that I will never see my silver, pictures, etc., and I'm beginning to fear that I have lost my husband. If that is true I don't believe that I can stand it. Please, please get home and if you can't get home find someway to let me know why and when you will be able to. Perhaps one of your boarders would get a message through for you, say, to his wife. She has been awfully good about letting me know when she hears from her husband. It will be three weeks Sunday since I have had a word.

I cannot tell from the Firestone Bank Statement whether we have gotten the $40 or not. I wish they would send the salary deposits to me too then I would be able to understand it.

I must stop. I wrote this this morning when I didn't have much to do.

Every night when I come home I think I'll have a letter - am hoping it will be a telephone call from Miami instead. I miss you more all the time - you don't know how much

All my love Gladys


605 Mayflower
Louisville, Ky.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARMY AND NAVY
FOR DEFENSE
POSTAGE 2 CENTS
SECURITY EDUCATION CONSERVATION HEALTH
POSTAGE 3 CENTS
INDUSTRY AGRICULTURE
POSTAGE 1 CENT
1942
KY.
Mr. Milam F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYST
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORR

Sunday, June 28th

My dearest:

Your letter came Friday, after I had almost given up hopes of getting one. Naturally, I know you can't send a letter when there is no way to send it but it does get mighty dreary coming home night after night - no letter, no nothing, but then you are in the same boat.

I have almost worn your letters out reading them -

you write so beautifully and are such a dabling that you make me feel like a so-so meanie.

From your letter I could not make out whether Shakey has been shipped or not so I don't know when to expect him - I'm getting very nervous about him - bless his heart - he wont like traveling without one of us - will he? I do hope he gets here safely.

You did not say anything about the two lamps and

the other pictures. You will remember that I wanted the lamp which looks like pewter and the glass dime store one and all the pictures but the ~~one~~ one I gave Ben and the ones which I painted the frames black.

There were many things I wanted to write you about but now that I'm writing I can't think of them.

You didn't mentioned having received any letters from your mother except the one describing my dull apartment. She insists that she said nothing about

it and was hurt and wept. I believe. She was spending the night with Cousin Anne & I had dinner with them at the Puritan. She said she had spent her life doing things for you & that was the gratitude she got. I was sorry I mentioned getting the letter. Please include a note or special message to her and you had better mention the baby. I know I wrote you about it. It does look like your baby pictures. If they weren't so silly about it I could like it very much.

I am planning to move the 11 of July. That is as soon as I can get an apartment here

and this the only place where I would be comfortable. Oh, I do hope our dog gets home safely.

Honey, please don't stay out there and get trapped. The whole situation looks mighty bad but, of course, we know what the out come will be - you will remember that I told you before I left that Akron would not agree for you to come home. Well, it can't be helped but I still wish I had stayed.

I wrote you a birthday letter & thought I had mailed it but found today that I

didn't — any way by the time you would have received it you will have forgotten you had a birthday.

Did I write you that Jim working — I must have. Yesterday, I didn't feel so well but I feel better today.

Jim's not worried about your getting a job but I am worried about saving money — and am trying to. This move will be fairly expensive but Jim trying to keep it down. I dread the time to take the furniture because I know there will be palaver about the slip covers but they don't suit

me and Jim not going to take them.

This is another stupid letter.

Fred sent me some of pictures he took that day - you were excellent in all of them. Please take some of my garden in color if you have some - Did you ever get the house?

I haven't been outside today as I think I'll take a look. I have sort of a headache - When, or if, Shirley gets here we can walk on Sundays and talk about you.

You will never know how

much I miss you, and how badly I wanted to see you after I got your letter. I don't think I would ever get used to not having you with me. The afternoons are worse than at any other time. The time when you read and pet Shakey and I just sit - but it won't be long will it? It already seems like six months instead of 3.

Don't worry about money - I think I have managed well and I hope you will think so too. Did you realize that I can take my pay + $90 extra and not use any more than we would have had I stayed in Liberia? I had to buy clothes

as those I used in Liberia were
shot. Of course, I had worn
them constantly for 6 months, so
it's no wonder when you think
about it. I bought 3 new dresses
and had two made and it has
rained so much I had to buy
a rain coat and an umbrella, and
shoes, hats, etc., I'm not buying
anything else till winter.

Will stop now, dear, and
write more before I mail this.

Thursday, July 2d

My darling, darling husband;

This war news has me so upset that I can't think straight. Please, please come home before you are trapped, my dear.

This afternoon when I got home there was a message saying that Charlotte Peterson had telephoned but would call again at 5:45. I wasn't home by that time so she couldn't have gotten me. That means that Pete has gone out to Liberia. Mathilde wrote me that he planned to.

That's all the news. I work July 4th but I don't mind. If I can contribute even in a small way to the war effort I'm very happy to do so. There's nothing for me to do any way. Tommy has invited me to Sunday dinner but I'm

afraid to go because I'm afraid she wants to ~~take~~ talk about my buying slip covers which I don't want. My mind is made up, however. It is impossible to use either slip cover. She hasn't said yet whether or not she destroyed the old blue one. I'm going to find out tonight and get the subject over with before Sunday. Your mother will telephone and I'll ask her about the old blue one because I want to get it cleaned before Sat. the 11th. I can't use the light tan one because Shakey will get it dirty - I don't like it anyway.

I'm so selfish to be writing all these things but I wanted you to know and be prepared for what they might write you.

(3) July 2d

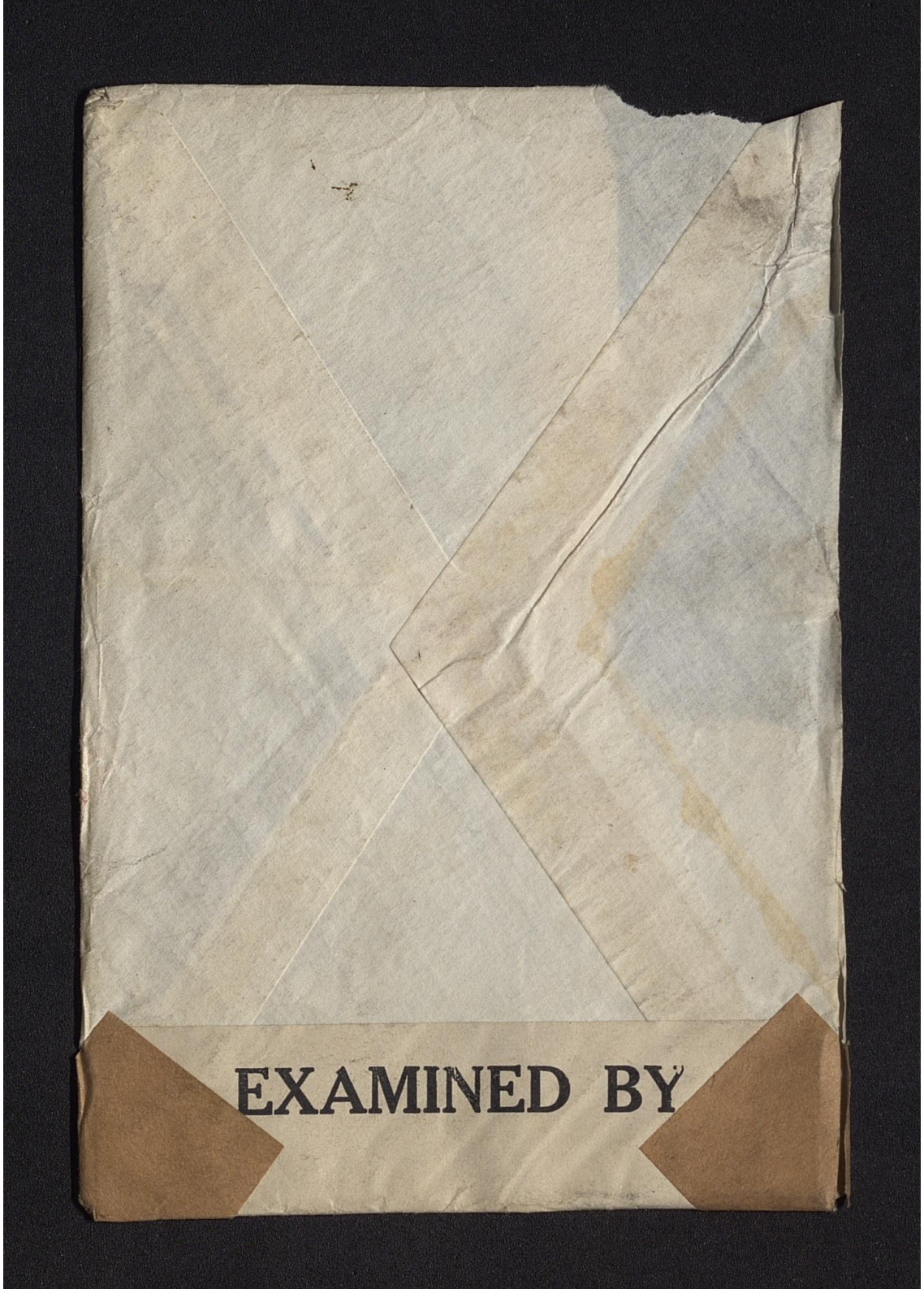
I miss you more than ever and hope that you will be home by August 1st. You will make every effort — telephone me the minute you get here — either at Jeffersonville Boat or here — I can't wait.

Be good, my sweet.

With all my love

Gladys


605 Mayflower Ave
Louisville, Ky.
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
4774
Mr. William F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
LOUISVILLE
JUL 2
930PM
1942
KY.
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978


EXAMINED BY

Mayflower Apartments
Louisville, Kentucky

Dearest:

It was my intention to write you a note yesterday but after I got home and got your letter I was glad I had not done so.

You can't imagine what a thrill it is to go home all tired out not expecting the letter you want most and to have such a beautiful letter waiting for you. I can never decide whether to wait until I get to my apartment or to start reading on the elevator. Usually, I have a great deal of trouble with the key, etc. You are so sweet about everything that you make me feel like a heel for complaining and bothering you.

Sunday night I was frightened stiff. I had the radio turned on and was reading when I heard the announcer say that a medium-sized merchant vessel was sunk in the Caribbean and that 10 survivers and a pet dog were picked up. I telephoned your mother and she listened and heard much the same thing and I didn't go to sleep until after 2 o'clock then yesterday morning found out that the ship referred to was sunk on June 2d. If I ever get my small family together in this country again I will do my best to keep it here.

Don't be worried about me because I am all right. At first I lost several pounds but I needed to. It was impossible for me to eat when I ~~knew you were~~ longing for the things I was eating and that you couldn't get. Now I know that to do my best work I must eat and I actually get hungry. Keeping regular hours seems to make me hungry always. I am counting the days until I can cook you some fine chop, just like I used to. You will never know how I miss you. You were always necessary but I did not realize before how much I depended on you. Not having anybody to talk things over with, that is, anybody who is unbiased and knows all our circumstances, is very bad.

The work is more interesting than it was. Of course, I always knew that I would never have a job like I used to have with Mr. Jones but I'M glad to know that I can work for somebody else and there is a great deal of satisfaction in ~~doing~~ working for a Defense Plant. I'M starting to buy a Bond a month now and ~~that is~~ a great deal of satisfaction.

I started typing this because I thought I could do a better job of writing and I did want you to have one good well written letter. After looking it over I decided that it was just as bad as the handwritten ones because I leave out so many words.

Dearest:

It was my intention to write you a note yesterday but after I got home and got your letter I was glad I had not done so.

Allie, I first think that apartment I bought I don't imagine what a thrill it is to go home all tired out not expecting the letter you want most and to have such a beautiful letter waiting for you. I can never decide whether to wait until I get to my apartment or to start reading on the elevator. Usually, I have a great deal of trouble with the key, etc. You are so sweet about everything that you make me feel like a heel for complaining and bothering you.

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What I have written above is very hard to read so I wont try this - will try a new sheet of paper.

The man I work for has gone to Washington for a day or so, so I don't have much to do. It is most annoying at times. His name is John Blunk, about 30 years old, I would say, and a mechanical engineer. The drafting room makes me feel right at home. We have moved downstairs and I have a more comfortable place to work and I hope I will get rid of making up purchase orders. I think I will.

You must have received by now the letter which I wrote you a few days after our anniversary. I had expected you to be on your way by that time and had not written for a week or so and I was so upset because Tommy had my radio read to her that I don't remember what I said. I think that they will learn that we are almost a closed corporation about certain things. Your mother and Tommy are too. Charlie is most certainly not in on all their business.

I have arranged to take a comfortable apartment on the third floor here at the Mayflower, as it is the only place wher e I can have Shakey. It is more than I wanted to pay for it, as it is $80 per month but it is so hot where I am that I cannot sleep. I will be able to pay my rent and buy a bond, so I should be happy. Will continue this later.

Am having the things (not all of them) shipped by freight from Charleston and am moving July 11th. Will have xx a southeastern exposure, which seems to be the most comfortable in Louisville. I hardly go out of the apartment at night and seldom on Sundays, so I thought I needed a comfortable place and if we don't take them they will have to be rebuilt when we get them. Am bringing the drop leaf table and chairs, the chest, blue rug and small ones and a few lamps and that is all. Am leaving the dining room table ends and the other things with Macel. She can put the ends together and use them and the sideboard. There is no place in the apartment for the sideboard. Could use the table but xxx by using the end tables she can take care of the sideboard and I wont have to pay for shipping it.

It is almost lunch time so I will stop.

Today is my birthday and your mother and Cousin Anne are coming over. Will write more before I mail this Thursday.

July 4th, 1942

My dearest:

Imagine my surprise when yesterday afternoon I was told that I didn't have to work today. Immediately, I thought I would have a chance to write you a nice long letter but this morning your mother came in and said, "we would just have to discuss the moving further as Mary Thompson had just had a letter from Chas Lee's grandmother and that the grandmother was coming Monday to make them a little visit and so they just couldn't give up the furniture on the

11th. They just couldn't be moving furniture with an old lady 82 years old in the house and they just couldn't ask her to postpone her visit a week." I reminded her that they thought nothing of telling me they couldn't put me up for even one night and that it had hurt me so that I didn't sleep the rest of the night long. Of course, she went into great detail about the why's & wherefores to which I replied that that I didn't care to hear the story again as I had heard it plenty of times and knew all the excuses and that I had to have the furniture

as my furniture was coming from Charleston and that I would have no place for Sidney. She said she would pay his board in a vet shop - I told her I didn't want to put him in one that I needed him for company and that I had waited more than three months to get my furniture and that I thought it was long enough. She said she had saved us more than $200 in storage, etc., etc. The fact remains that they won't give it up. I'm going to try to get them to get the things

they have stored, the gold chair and the two others and with the stuff from Charleston I can get along for a week and then if they don't want to give up the furniture I'm going to take it. I hate to bother you but she will write you and I wanted you to know the real truth. Well, I'll tell you the whole story when I see you, which I pray God will be soon.

A day off means nothing — just time to kill. You know I'm never going to get along without you. I don't know. Somehow,

I'm afraid it will be September before you get home.

One thing I want you to do when you come home, if I don't meet you in Akron, or some place, just make it plain that you want to be alone with her for a while. They, of course, will meet you at the train and make a big fuss and want you to go right out and see the baby, etc. Of course, you will want to see the baby but you can go without me. I told your mother this morning that I had tried to forget this in consideration for some word.

but that it was impossible.
That one thing Tommy did
will stick in my mind forever
and the fact that they have
made no attempt to do anything
for my comfort — just expect
me to put your mother up
and feed her when they have
no use for her. They can't
even pick up that small Chest
of mine, which is at Uncle
Baylor Dickman's. It would be
no trouble but, no, they
can inconvenience me and
do nothing in return. Enough
said

I'm so upset & furious that
I can't think — if you were only

(7) here to get this stuff. I told you I would have trouble.

They are not serving meals here as I have to go to town as I failed to get enough food for two days and it is too lonely to stay here cooped up for two days anyway alone. I usually see Jenny Chandler on Sundays but she has gone out of town.

Your mother usually likes to leave Charlie & Tommy alone on Sundays and so she cuttens up my day - I never

can do anything I want to do. Speaking of saving more than $200 she has forgotten about costing you the $25. So long as she lives with Tommy, I am not in favor of giving her money. We'll discuss that later. There is one thing I know — never under any consideration will I leave my furniture with anyone again. If we can't pay storage we'll sell it. Jim is doing as from nervousness & hunger too. Am continuing to lose weight but I don't mind. Am as thin now as I was in Akron and want to get

just a little thinner then I'll try to stay there. Later I went to town & saw a good movie and had a very indifferent meal at the Brown Hotel - then stopped at the Church and walked home with Cousin Anne.

I'm still vexed about the furniture. I'm going to telephone them tomorrow and ask them if it is too much trouble for them to have my furniture which is in storage sent out here next Saturday and if I may expect the rest on the 18th and add that you were so insistent on my getting it

all together and that I wanted to write you what progress I had made in collecting it, and that if they would not deliver it by the 18th that I would have to radio you to that effect as that is what you asked me to do.

Your mother accused me today of not ever loving Tommy and that she had tried to love me, etc, etc. I asked her in what way Tommy had tried and she replied that all she was financially able. I had to laugh — they seem to think only in terms of money.

I'm sorry for your sake that I blew up but it is time they were told off — not that it will do any good — but they should

11

learn to ~~beg~~ off me. I want nothing from anyone I don't pay for and so help me if they get anything from me they'll pay for it

My darling, you don't know how I miss you and need you — and never have I felt more alone — nobody to discuss the situation with nobody to eat a meal with, unless I pay for the meal or cook it. ~~to~~ I'd like to cook for you but it's not much fun eating alone and I can eat more cheaply downstairs. If Shelby were even here!

You see the apartment I want to get will be vacant by Sept. Saturday, the 11th and I have written Macel to

send the furniture by that date. It makes no difference to them that I would have to telephone to stop shipment and also stand a chance of losing the apartment which I have been waiting for. You are sick of reading about this I know but their lack of consideration amazes me. Im going to stop and Ill write you again tomorrow and tell you what I find out after I talk to them. Im going to tell them that if they wont give up the furniture on the 18th I will have to radio you, as you asked me to. Your mother told me this morning that she was sure you

understood why Tommy couldn't put me up for one night and I agreed with her that you did and added that there were very few instances when anybody put anything over on you. She looked at me rather peculiarly. I'm going to stop — but you know I have nobody to talk to and so I have to talk to you

Sunday night. Well, I have just finished talking with your mother and asked her to see about getting our furniture sent up next Saturday. She said that she would but just about two months ago while Tommy was in the hospital I asked her to and she has not

mentioned the subject to this day. I told her, however that I had to have it as I cannot pay the rent on two apartments.

Josephine was in Louisville today and called me up - she said she would try to come by but I guess she couldn't make it. She wants me to come down there some week-end and if we start getting Saturday afternoons (or every other Sat. afternoon) off I may take her up. She said she would meet me at Guthrie any time.

It seems like a week since Friday - hope we don't have any more long week ends until you get home. You are probably lonely for Shakey too now.

you did not tell me which of your boarders left. Was it Mr. P.?

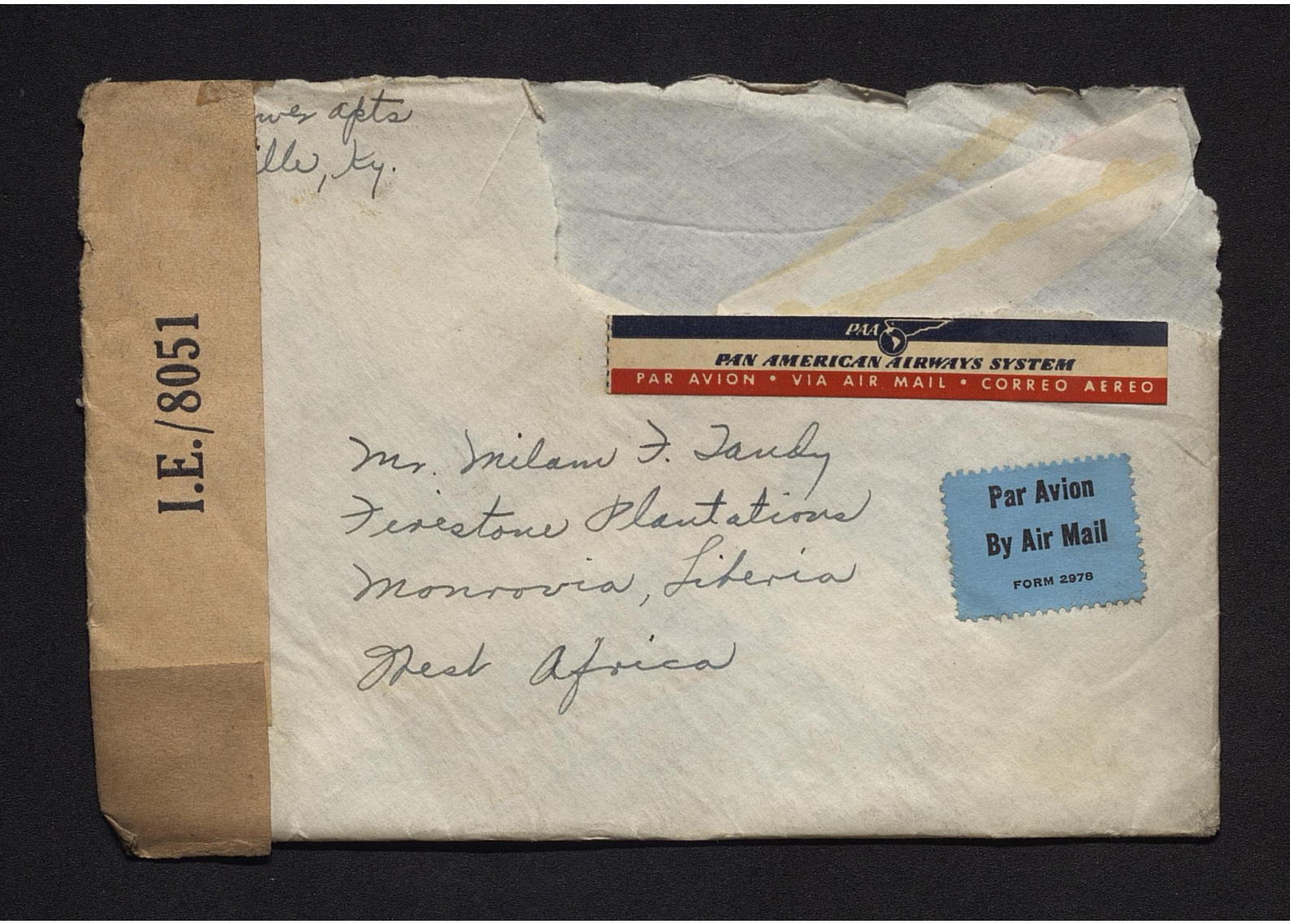
Do you think you will be home by Sept. 1st? Please, darling, make every effort. I have dug up some snapshots of you and sitting here looking at them makes me so blue I can hardly stand it. These 3 months seem like 6 months.

I'm going to stop & mail this & let me know if it gets to you in 3 weeks. Don't forget - because your mother says mail goes only every other Saturday and this is not the Saturday. I mailed one last week too - let me know how long it took for it.

Good night, my dear, and love me enough to come right to me and send every body else away, will you?

With all my love,

Gladys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lle, Ky.
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
Mr. Milan F. Jandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
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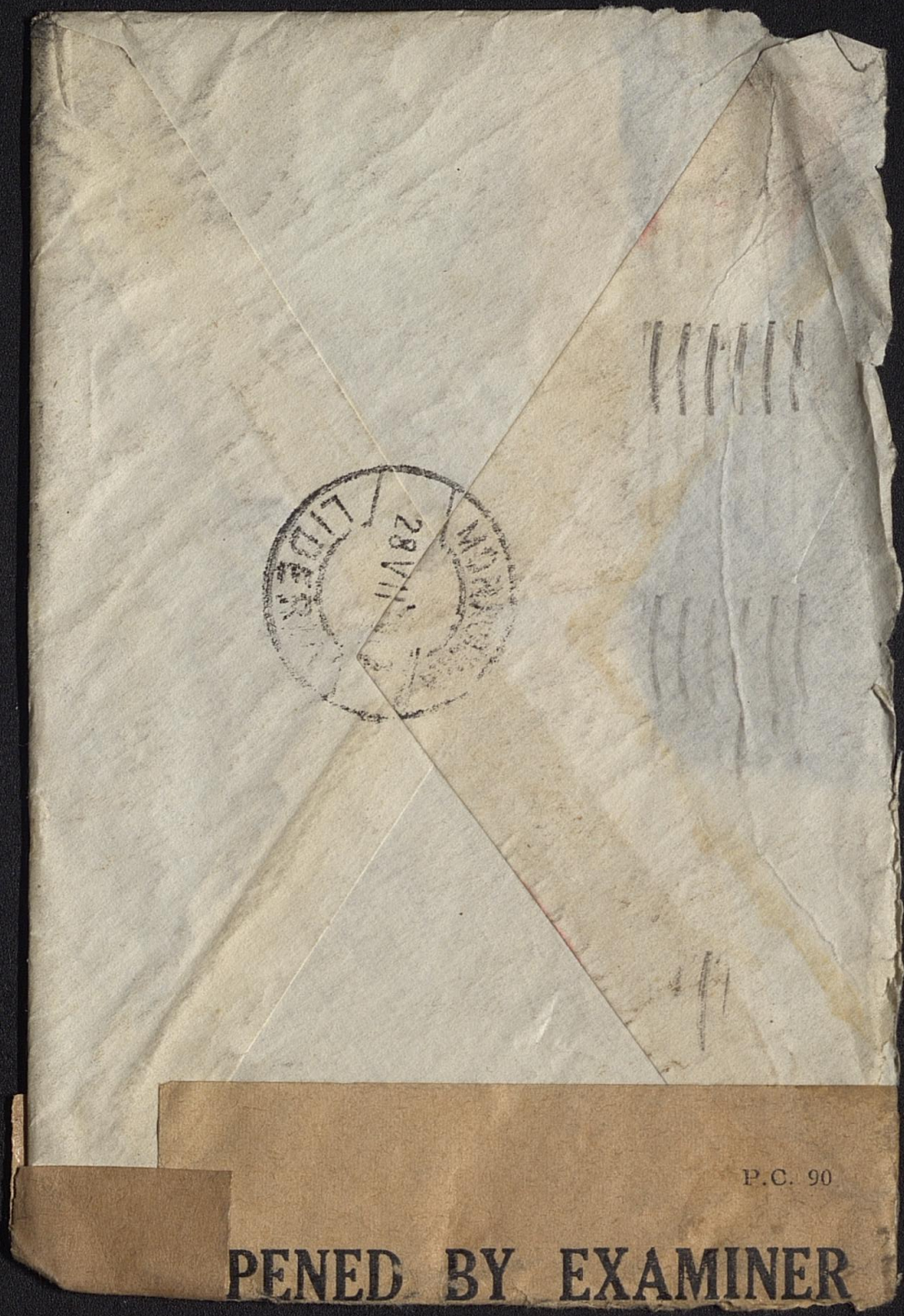
FORM 2978


P.C. 90
PENED BY EXAMINER

Mayflower Apts.,
Louisville, Ky.
July 8th, 1942.

My darling husband:

your letter, the sixth one, came today and you know that I was glad to get it. On my way out of the apartment I stopped to see if I had gotten any mail and my heart went pit-a-pat when I saw your handwriting.

You will wonder what I was doing home in the morning — well, the work was never what I

wanted so I took your advice and quit. I knew that when you gave me that advice you meant it and I was so bored and had not slept for the past week, in fact, since I had it out with your mother, so I just quit. This morning I was on my way to apply for another job, when I got your letter. I came back upstairs and had a good long cry, thinking of you all alone, and Shakey on the water, an fully frightened, if any thing should happen to him and one of us was not with him, so I just

could not control myself. Later, however, I went on and took a short hand and typing test and found that I was one of two to pass it and that I take shorthand at the rate of 90 words a minute and type at the rate of 60. It seems that they had already hired a girl, the other one who passed the test, but there will probably be another job soon and they are to let me know. Whether they mean it or not is another matter. It is the Henry Vogt Machine Company and is within walking distance, just about six blocks from me. It pays only $20 a week but that will pay my

rent if you don't get home when you think you will — If you do fine then I can quit. I feel guilty to pay so much rent but actually I don't know what else to do. Shakey's being with me has been in the back of my mind constantly and this is the only place I have found so far where I can keep him. I know I'm being criticized but I just can't help it. For two or three months we can stand the extra $1/2 more for rent.

about your mother's car — we don't want it. If you can buy a car for Defense work

which you are doing it is better to get a smaller new one.

Neither of your friends has written me but they have hardly had time — I'm all agog with curiosity about what the one will tell me — "Can't wait."

When your letters arrive I'm so lonely for you I can hardly stand it. No girl ever had a fine, sweet husband like I have and don't ever think that I ever forget it for a minute. You are always in my thoughts — but I don't count the days till you will be here because it's much too long

to wait — "a watch pot never boils" you know.

about going to New York for Shakey, I would love to but it would cost about $100 and I couldn't have him stay with me at the St George Hotel — so I think I will forego that pleasure. Rebbeh is coming, I know, and I wish we knew somebody who could and would look after things properly but I can't think of a soul now.

I'm going to stop now — you are so darling and so close — by the time you get this you should be ready to start home — it has been so long

Sunday, July 12th
212 Mayflower apt

My dearest:

This will be just a note as I have no place to write — I moved yesterday so that I could have this apartment and have only 3 chairs — two tables and the little chest. The stuff from Charleston should arrive Monday — It seems that Charlie's grandmother left yesterday morning early — your mother said she stayed just long enough to upset their plans — I shall be surprised if Tommy doesn't have a nervous breakdown next week to keep from giving up the furniture — in that case Charlie can manage things — I don't know how I can stand this place a

week but guess I'll have to as Tommy cannot be upset until Charlie is there to help her - damn - damn - damn

Well - I have a position with Fed. Public Housing authority - go to work at 8:30 take as much time as I like for lunch and quit any time after 4 o'clock that my work is caught up and a salary of $135 after I get on the right payroll - at present $120, which is $30 more than I did get by the time I paid transportation and, the awfully long hours. This is within walking distance.

Will write you later in the week, my sweet - am hoping you will soon be on your way

3 Sunday, July 12th

home. So far I have heard nothing from Shabey - am beginning to be frightened.

Will write again soon - this is a will be a comfortable apartment.

I miss you more each day - and love you even more than that my darling

Devotedly
Gladys


Mrs. Milam F. Landy
605 Mayflower apt
Louisville, Ky.
LOUISVI
JUL 12
530PM
1942
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
Mr. Milam F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
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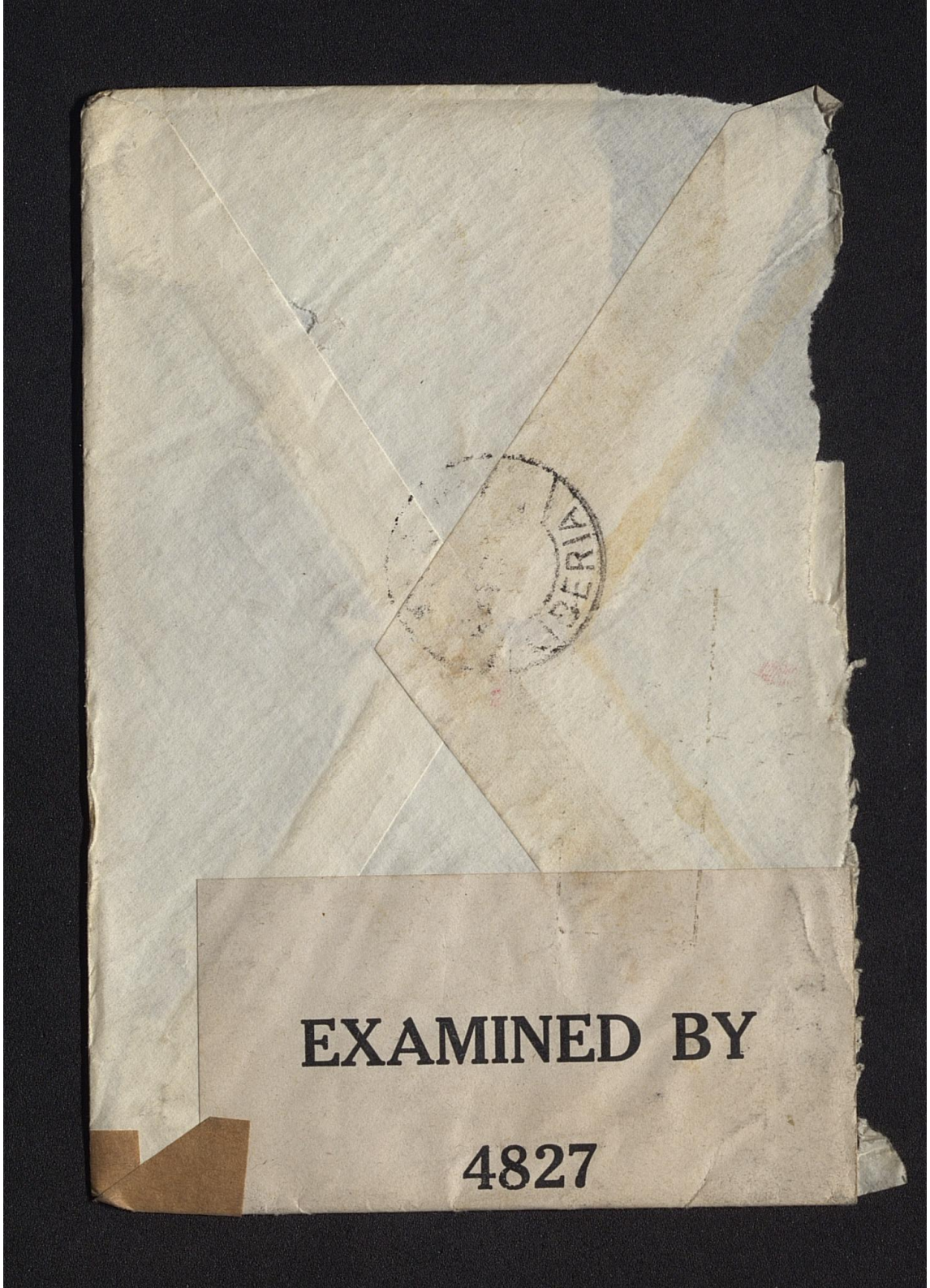

NIGERIA
EXAMINED BY
4827

Mayflower apts
July 16th
7:30 P.M.

My dearest:

Tonight I am so miserable with a cold I can hardly breathe — so I wont be writing much and there's no news but bad news — Jim so afraid our dog wont get here, bless his heart.

Having our furniture gives me nostalgia — but when I get you and Shirley again I wont worry.

Please, love me plenty and come home as quickly as you can. This letter is worse than the others I have been sending all my love Ishady

212 Mayflower Apts.,
Louisville, Kentucky
July 16th, 1942.

My dearest:

There is nothing new to write you but I want to get this in the mail which is supposed to leave Miami early Saturday morning. Whether it does or not I don't know but let me know if it gets there as soon as the others which I mailed early this week.

Last Sunday Kate Chestnut (Campbell) came by and got me and carried me out to her house where I stayed until late Monday. She had a luncheon Monday and I enjoyed it a lot. They have a lovely place. She came to town last night and she and Cousin Anne and I went to see "Mrs. Miniver" which is a grand picture. I like Kate but she is a little tiresome and I met a lot of nice people at her house and am making a few contacts.

The furniture from Charleston came and I'm a little straighter than I was Saturday and Sunday, and I suppose I will finally get my things day after tomorrow. It seems that Charlie's grandmother left in plenty of time for them to send my things last Saturday but they hadn't planned to move and it just wasn't convenient. I'm so glad I decided to take the things as I feel better already with my own things even if I am all torn up waiting for the remainder.

Larabee wrote me a nice letter and sent the checks, which I am sending to the Firestone Bank and my bank in Charleston. Moving has cost me, I would say about $50 and I have some bills to pay for clothes and will use more than $150 to get straight but next month I wont have to use anything like that amount, as I get $120 per month and will get $135 if I let them put me on Civil Service. That might not be such a good idea, however, as they talk of freezing Civil Service employees. So far I haven't told them what payroll I would rather be on but shall have to make up my mind by Monday, I believe.

This is really a position and I like it.

As the time approaches for Shakey to arrive I can't help but get frightfully nervous. It is impossible for me to go to New York and I don't think I could stand it if I went and Shakey didn't turn up, so I shall try to find something to keep me from being so nervous until he gets here.

Even if something happens to him we will always know that we did what we thought was best anyway - but I can't think that we will lose him now.

My dearest, you don't know I need you. When your letter came telling me that you had sent Shakey and how much you missed him I cried for days. Eugenia told me to stop reading that letter or I would cry my eyes out.

There really is no news. Your mother was quite peeved with me for a day or so but either she has gotten over it or wants something. I'm inclined to think she wants something. Twice she telephoned but I was out, once I had gone to a movie, that was last night, and the other time I was outside with some people who live in the building. I had met them at Kate Chestnuts. This morning she telephoned just as I was getting up and I was in a hurry and told her I ~~dix~~ didn't have time to talke. She said she would call again as she wanted to ask me something. She will probably want me to pay for something in connection with the furniture but my answer is no. I still am of the same opinion you and I had arrived at about your old chair. It should be built up so that it will be comfortable and reupholstered and until I feel that I can do that I will let it stay as it is but I shall take it now while I can get. She asked me on the telephone if I wanted"that old chair which I had discarded." A asked her what she was talking about that I hadn't discarded any chair. They make me so angry I could beat them both.

When you come we wont be bothered with any of them for a day or so. You can tell them that there are things which you and I have to discuss and besides we haven't seen each other for so long. You will make them know that you love me wont You, darling, because I love you so much. From what Larry says you can't start home much before September 1st but you'll try wont you and don't let anything you can help stand in your way and tell the women they can wait until you all get home before they start.

I'm going to stop now - but I may add more before I mail this at home but I have to go to town to buy a pair of walking shoes before I go home. Getting off at 4 o'clock is a big help.



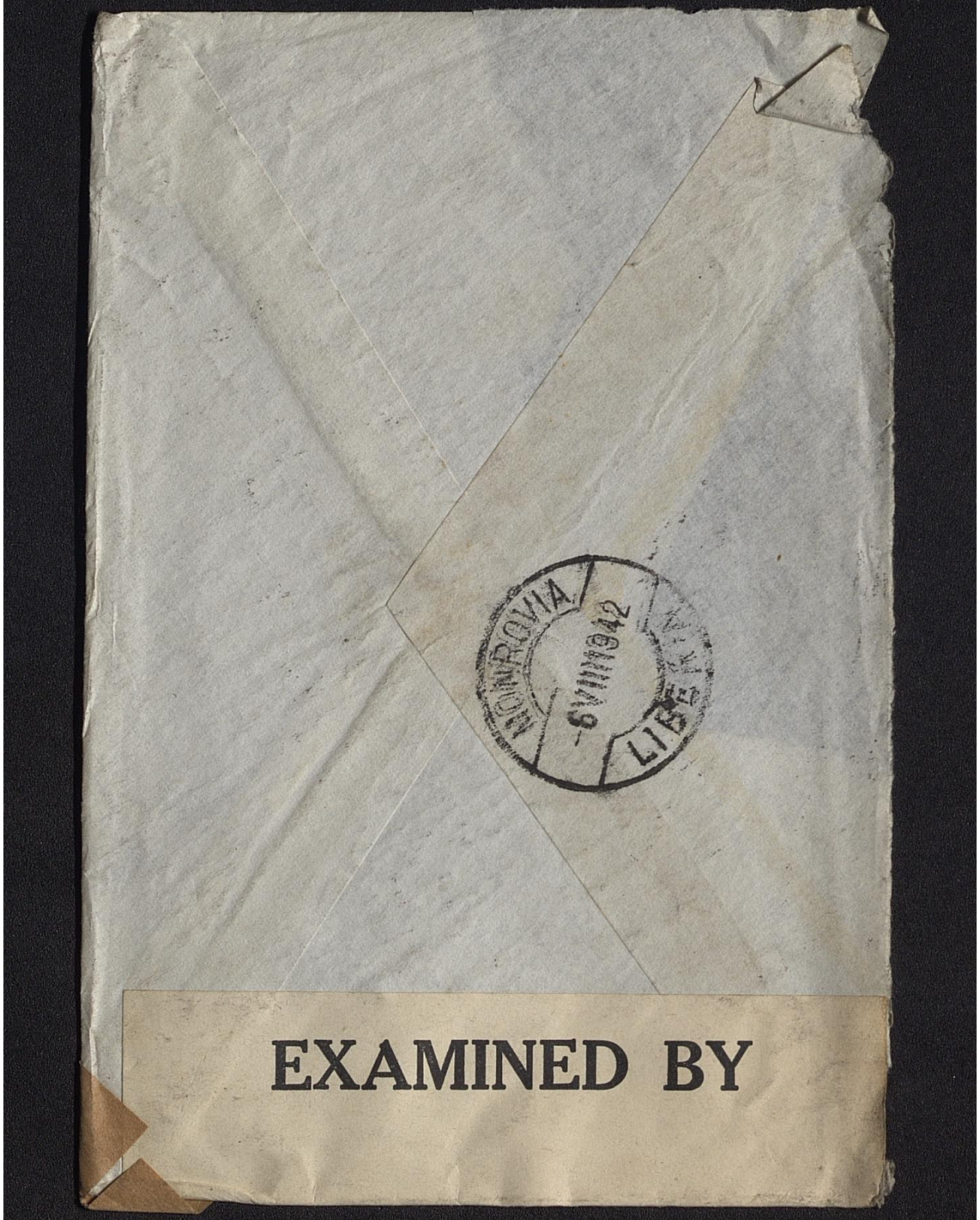
2+2 May flower ~~Ag~~
Louisville 1 TS/V

4519

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa

LOUISVILLE
JUL 16
10 PM
1942
KY.

Par Avion
Air Mail
1978


MONROVIA
6 VIII 1942
LIBERIA
EXAMINED BY

212 May flower Apt.,
Louisville, Kentucky
July 19th, 1942.

My dearest:

at last I have everything I need to furnish this apartment. In fact, I have more than I need because this place, to use Alice's expression, ~~AAA~~ is chuck full.

It is impossible to tell you how much having our own things mean to me and how much you are in my thoughts. When I look at them and remember

how we planned and worked to
acquire these things and
how little they mean to
others, except as a convenience,
of course, it makes me furious.
Our books were smelly and
damp and mildewed. They
would have been ~~ruined~~ in
another week — But I have
them now and I hope
when you get home you
will ~~feel~~ feel the same
way I do about my taking the things

Poor little Shirley, I can't
keep him off my mind as
the time approaches for
him to arrive. I trust he

(3)
is still alive — how I wish I knew.

It is almost 5 o'clock and I haven't been out of the house today and don't believe I will go out. The radio is going full blast so I can't do much writing — just had to tell you how grand our things look any place — we have good taste, darling.

When I try to think what we will do when you get home I can't get past being in your arms — with our own things around us it will

be like when we were first married – only much nicer.

The new job is swell. Friday they let me come home at 3 o'clock and yesterday 11 o'clock.

I'm going to stop now –

Tuesday night.

My Dearest:

There is no word from Shakey yet and with all the reported sinkings I'm sure he is no more. How I wish we had sent him with the trunks. Of course the trunks would turn up – things we

(5) we didn't care much whether we lost or not. Well: there's nothing to do but wait and I should be good at that. Night after night I sit here — sometimes the 'phone rings but most of the time it doesn't.

One month ago tomorrow you carried little Shakey down the river and one year ago today we carried him down to bring him home — if we had only stayed home but then again — we did what seemed best at the time.

my dear, you will never know what it has been

like since I left you. Having to wrangle and argue about things which ~~it~~ belonged to me, etc., and somehow feeling all the time as though I would never see my boy again — Now, if you don't get away from there soon I'll never see you again — You will, no doubt, hear about things before I will. You know they never publish the sinkings until several weeks after they are sunk.

Looking around, everything has memories, and happy

(7)

I can Small Dog lying on the bed as though it was made especially for him. No, I don't want another dog — there never was another like Shakey. I shouldn't be writing this to you because it will make you as blue as I am and I don't want to do that. When I sat down here to write you I had something to write but now my mind is a complete blank. Take care of yourself, my dear and write me when you can and come home by September

first or bust a hamstring,
but promise me now that
when you get home you'll
jaw the palaver on this
end here.

Wednesday, the 22d.

My sweet:

Not a word or sign from
our Small Dog—

You will notice that I have
not said one word about
any body telephoning — Monday
I telephoned your mother to
tell her that I didn't feel like
going to a show this week — we

19) had talked of going but she didn't even ask about things - they knew I would be upset but do they care - well, we ought to know by now - guess they are still fussed over the furniture. Cousin Anne doesn't seem interested either - well, I'll manage somehow till you get home and they can go hang after you get here and I shall tell them so - in no uncertain terms. You will notice that I have written you a note every day beginning Sunday -

I don't have mention the

war news — there's nothing to mention — you are listening to the same news I am I suppose.

If you get home by September 1st there are 40 days remaining — 40 days of waiting but if you'll be here I can wait.

Our bedroom is lovely — the same furniture and almost the same curtains — all it needs are you and Shakey — Bless his heart wherever he is — surely I will know something soon.

I must stop now — will write tomorrow and mail it then.

11 July 23d

Milam, darling:

There is still no word from Shakey. Bless his little heart. This week I have not left the apt ~~exp~~ except to go to work, lest I miss the telegram from Capt. Phillips — my hopes of ever seeing him again are just about gone. All I can say I hope I may never meet up with another German — I mean a real one.

Today I left the office at 3 o'clock and I did nothing all day long — tomorrow, however, is report day and I'll be busy, at least in the afternoon.

This month I spent plenty money-o. Got some extra to buy some bonds — after Shakey. I felt that I had to do something — and I knew you

will too, but I'll explain all that when you get home.

Your family still hasn't bothered to find out anything about me - I only hope they continue to leave me alone after you get home.

Our bed is just as comfortable as ever - it just needs you and Shakey to be the same as at Glen Ferris. Sometimes I sit for hours reminiscing - the old days were good, and as

Your Mother & Cousin Anne come in here about two hours ago and have just left so I don't know what I started to

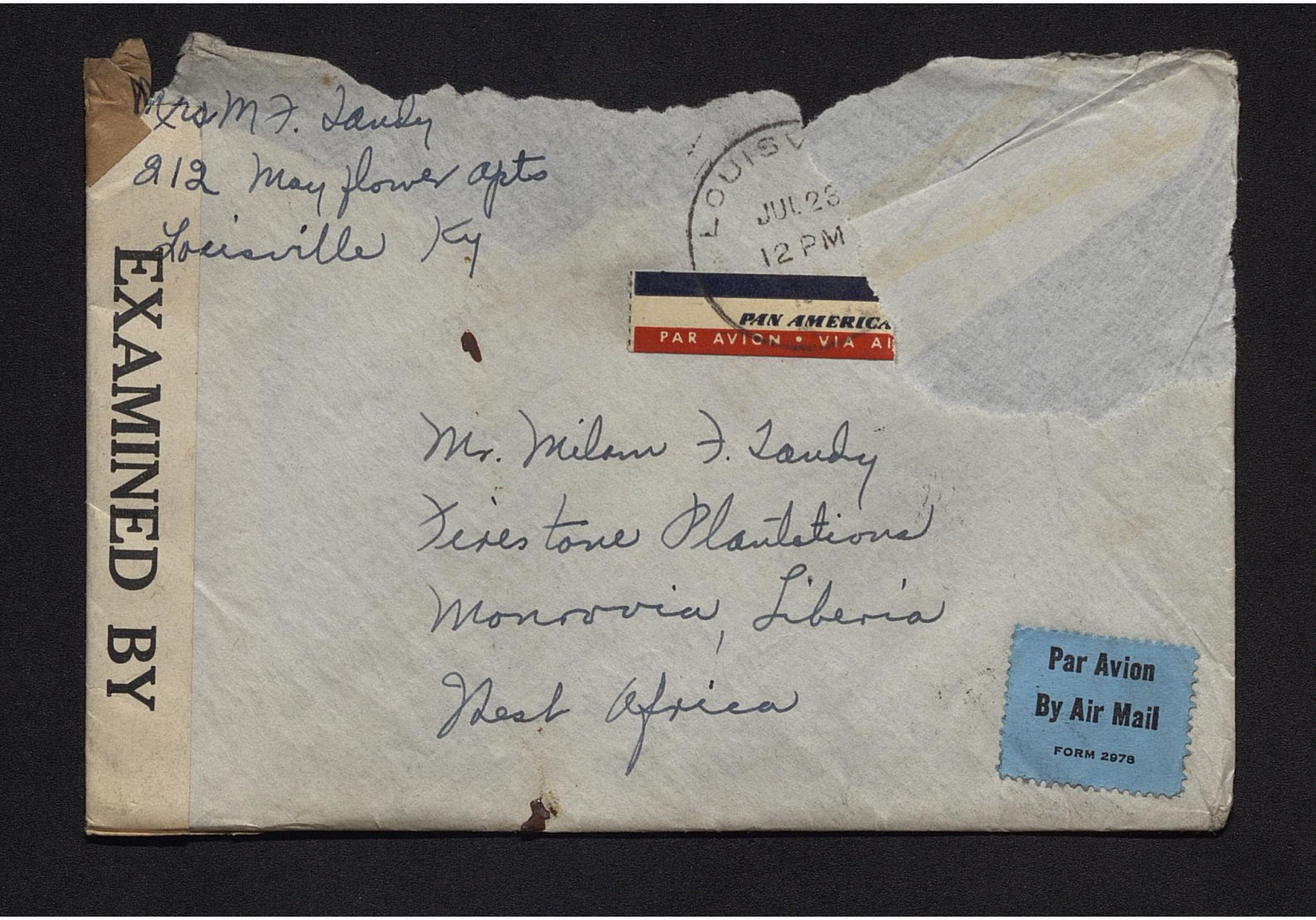
write — any way it couldn't have been important — still no news.

If I get this in the mail I must stop —

Be good — take care of yourself and come home soon — there's just 38 more days till Sept 1st. Please come home before then.

With all my love,

Gladys


Mrs M F. Landy
912 Mayflower apts
Louisville Ky
LOUISV
JUL 23
12 PM
PAN AMERICA
PAR AVION • VIA AI
Mr. Milton F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2978
EXAMINED BY

4629



212 Mayflower apt
Louisville, Ky
July 24, 1942.

Miliam, Darling:

Only 37 more days until Sept 1st, which is the time I have allowed for you to be home - it isn't that I don't want you to come before, it is just that I can't see how you can get here much before that time - I hope you do but I'm afraid you won't.

Your mother and Cousin Anne came last night and Cousin Anne talked, talked,

talked while your mother just sat and now and then asked a question, as she does sometimes — and obviously still sore at me about the furniture, admitting, however, that the apartment is attractive, but vexed that Tommy isn't using the stuff. If you had taken it instead of me, I wonder if they would have been as mad about it, anyway, it's done and I'm not sorry about anything except that I didn't take it sooner.

Still there's no news from

(31

from Shakey. I have put
every thing away that re-
minds me of him and still
I can't get him out of my
mind. Surely I will hear some-
thing soon.

Today I wrote for silver
quotations - as I'm almost
sure we'll have to replace
our silver - but there's time
enough after you are located
in this Country. However, I was
attached to our R & D silver &
feel that we ought to replace
it with the insurance we get
from it. Am making plans be-

~~that~~
usually, if you do that you don't
have to fulfill them. Oh how I
wish that would be the case. If
I could have you and ~~small~~ Dog,
that's all I want. Am going to
close & go see if Cousin Anne
wont spend the night with me —
I feel so alone & blue. Goodnight
my dear — will write again —
why I don't know except
that I have to talk with
some one —

Saturday, July 25th

Miriam, dear:

Just 36 more days till Sept 1st — at least we ought to know —

There's still no word from Capt. Phillips — a letter from Firestone ~~broke~~ today says the ship has not arrived —

Today I saw a little doggie which made my heart skip a beat. It carried itself just like Small Dog only it's saddle was in the wrong place and it is not as cute.

A week ago today I thought he would be here but now I have no hope and with everything all ready for him I'll have to admit it makes me pretty sick.

Right now I'm just about as low as I could get. Have even been reading old books but can't get settled enough to concentrate. Have been debating whether or not to write Mrs. Phillips but I just can't make up my mind to get her upset. Surely I will hear something soon. If you were only here. It's awfully nice to have our own things but the memories they bring up are sometimes a little too much for me. I can't that Small Dog now standing with his front feet on the window sill and his back legs on the bed — surely he would have

been saved.

Your family doesn't bother to call to find out. I'm not going to think about them again.

It is only 9:15 - and there's nothing but hill billy music on the radio. You are sleeping away, aren't you - 2:15 there. Darling, don't drink too much and work on your teeth, please, will you and please, please come home. I'm going to stop now I'm too upset to write more. Goodnight, darling - I'm going to have a night cap - haven't had a drink for days

Sunday, July 26th

Miriam, darling:

Today has been the longest day I have ever known. As usual I haven't been outside all day — have just taken a bath and put on a different night gown and made my bed ready to pile in again.

This radio I have is behaving like the old Philco — it stops until I give it a jiggle or so — will see about getting it fixed tomorrow and if I can find another inexpensive good one will buy it so if this one goes bad we'll have another one.

Each day gets longer - but there's no use to go into that - surely I will get a letter soon.

Miss Tarbet has the skins stored for us - they just made a mistake in listing them.

Your man who bought the ivory in Egypt for you didn't write or send it - I was afraid he would-n't. There's nothing to write about - imagine you will know as soon as I about Shakey and will find out about the insurance on the silver and how to collect for it.

Am going to stop now - when there's more news will write again.

Darling:

Wednesday
July 29th

Your letter came Monday and immediately I sent you a letter addressed as you wrote me.

There is still no word from Shakey and I know the ship was sunk now. However, Capt. Phillips could turn up Shakey - but it doesn't seem likely.

So far I have heard nothing from Capt. Pendleton — Do you think you can collect from him? ~~I~~ I have written Sarah Cole two letters

July 29th

about the dress she owed me for but she hasn't bothered to answer either one — so I don't know what to do except consider the dress dashed, an I did mine's. Together we can gipped the worst.

Each day gets longer and I'm so jittery now that I know you will be here by the first of September — that means only four more week-ends alone — ~~But~~ you will never know how much I've missed you. Not having Shakey or you either and day after day with no one to talk to. at the office there are two old men but some how they

don't count.

actually I can write more + say less than anybody I know and each time I write I get worse — but all I know is war news, which isn't good enough to write about and what affects me. Maybe I'll add a little more tomorrow. I haven't told the people I work for that you are expected by Sept 1st and maybe sooner — should I do so? Well, I'll wait + see and I can stay until they find someone to take my place. It may be advisable for me to stay on a month or so after you get home. We'll work that out later.

July 29th

Darling:

I can't sleep tonight - don't you think you had better figure up the cost of insurance on the things we have left out there and see if it pays to buy insurance or sell them for what you can get out of them. Do you think you could take the painting out of the frame & pack it in your bag - it isn't heavy you know. Try to get that through if you can. ~~All~~ most the ships seem to be getting sunk.

Shaley's loss seems to get me more & more - bless his heart - do you suppose he knew we didn't cast him off? Well, I'll never forget him - he was the dearest little fellow.

July 30th

Milam, My dear:

Today I wrote Mr. Benson of Barber Line to see if I could find out something about Shaley & Capt. Phillips. If Capt. Phillips got home he would let me know for sure and if he doesn't get home I want to write Mrs. Phillips so I wrote Barber's - whether I find out anything or not remains to be seen. Over the radio they told about one ship which sank immediately after it was torpedoed - the survivors hardly had time to get into life boats and another where there were no survivors - but one can only wait.

There is still no news except that I had a letter today from Mathilde saying she had received one from Charlotte and had also received a letter from Chance — what's a matter I never get one from you. You forgot to write — eh?

Just five more Sundays to spend alone — if there were any more I could'nt stand it and if there weren't as many I'm not sure I could stand the joy.

If I didn't think that your beak did not stand for something I'd be worried about what is left in Liberia to be sold but you are much better than I. You and Ben will have no trouble — which reminds me of you and

the Jew in Akron. You
out Jewed him for true.

It is hotter than Hades
so I'm going to stop —

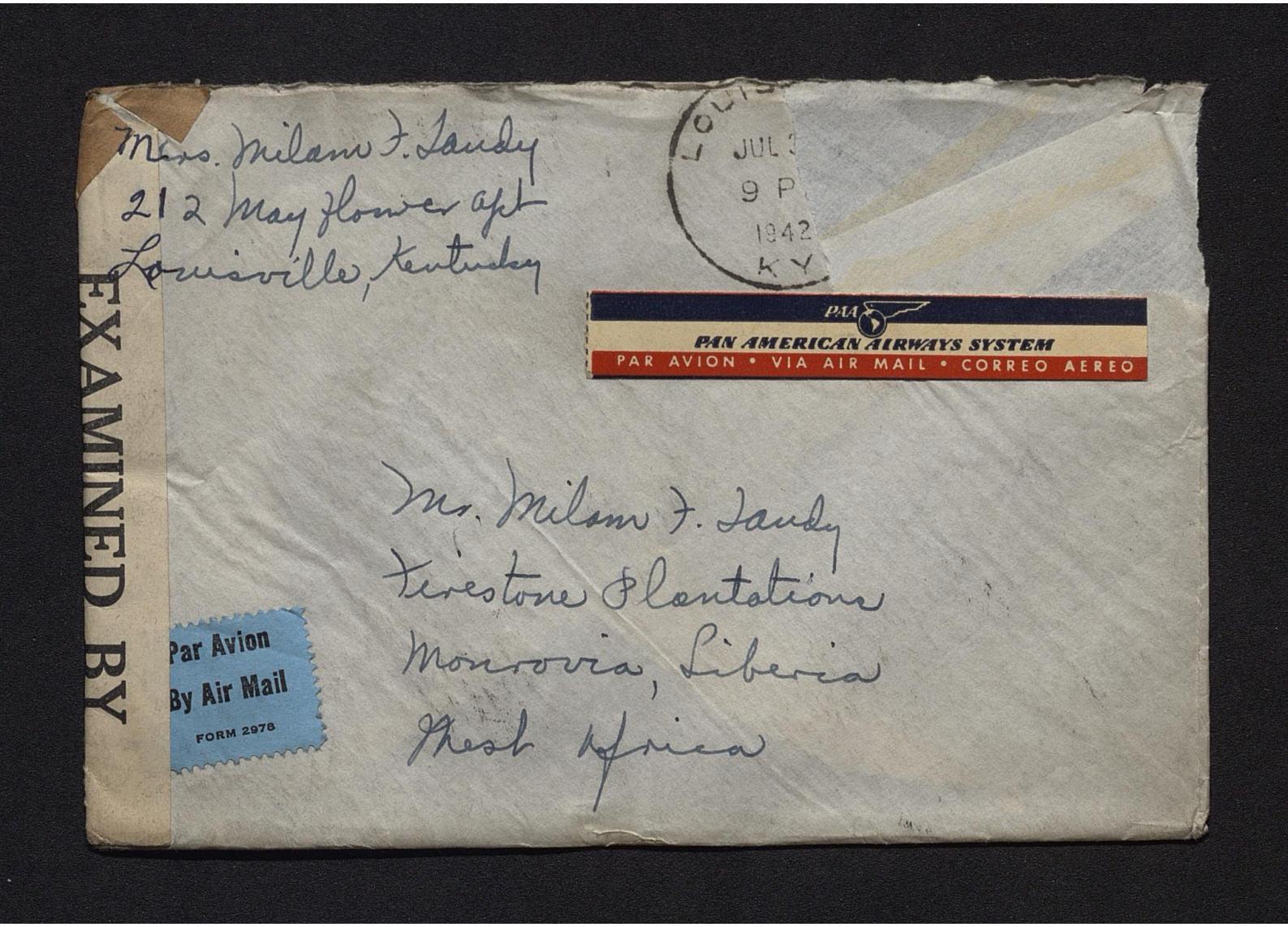
Just 32 days more 'till
the first of September — when
you will be here — I know.

Darling, don't let's let
anybody spoil our second
honeymoon. Did you know
that by the time you get home
we will have been separated
5 months? That's much too
long.

With all my love,

Gladys

P.S. Give my best to
Capt Broad — I'm glad he likes
our house.


Mrs. Milam F. Landy
212 May flower apt
Louisville, Kentucky
JUL
9 P
1942
KY
PAA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM
PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO
EXAMINED BY
Par Avion
By Air Mail
FORM 2976
Mrs. Milam F. Landy
Firestone Plantations
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa

4837



The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

July 27th, 1942.

Dearest:

As usual at 10 o'clock I telephoned the Mayflower and asked about mail. The girl at the desk said there was a letter from you — as soon as I could I hailed but didn't not get a bus until I had walked, or almost run, 6 blocks. As I crossed the street, I kept wishing you would get by this time without having malaria, somehow I sensed that you had it.

Still no news from Small Dog.

Last Thursday I mailed you a letter which contained nothing except the news that Shakey had not arrived — and am writing another to be mailed this Thursday.

Just now, I telephoned Tommy's to tell your mother that I had heard from you. Tommy was very cool —

it is the first time I have talked with her since I took the furniture. They are still vexed because I took the furniture. Of course, they will contend that they wanted me to have it, but it just couldn't be done before, etc., Well, I have it and so help me expect to keep it all in my hands from now on.

My dear, I hope you are well over the fever and will take care before when you come home and also have a test for dysentery — it costs money to attend to that sort of thing in this country. That, of course, is a minor point but I'm not so sure they know too much about tropical disease here, especially in Louisville. Do take care of yourself as I cannot help but worry when I'm not around to look after you. Work on your teeth & gums, my pet.

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

It is with an aching heart that that I tell you about Shakey. The poor little fellow wouldn't know that we did what we thought was the best thing — may be Capt. Phillips will turn up with him after all and we can replace the silver. Hang onto the policy, honey.

As I wrote you, this job is a cinch — I haven't turned my hand today, except to file a paper or so.

Again, I want to urge you to take care of yourself and get home just as soon as you can. Just 3 & more days till Sept 1st, when you will either be here, or I'll know when you will be.

With all my love,

Gladys

Apt 212



The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
JUL 27
5 30PM
1942
KY.

Mr. Milam F. Landy
A.P.O. 605
F.P.O.
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

aug. 2, 1942.

My dearest:

This is the third attempt I have made to write you but it's so hot I can't stand it, Honey, I shall write just a note and then go to a movie and cool off.

Yesterday I had a letter from Porter saying that he had spent one day with you before he left, that you planned to leave about the 15th of August, which was very good news for me and made me very happy. September 1st is the day I had set when you would surely be home, or we would know definitely then just when you would be home.

Naturally if you get home before then - that will be just so many days I wont have to count and wait.

There is still no word from Shatay. I wrote the Steamship Company but haven't heard anything yet - I should hear tomorrow and when I do I shall be afraid to open the letter. Even yet I can't believe there's no hope and cannot help but wait for a telegram, and if I do I shall go to New York and bring them back regardless of the cost.

When I started this letter there were many things I wanted to tell you but as usual, they have gone completely from my mind.

One thing: if you should stop at San Juan for any length of time, Fred Edwards is there - I'll try to find his address - I finally found it

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

It is: c/o The Arundel Corp.,
Consolidated Engineering ~~Corp~~ Co., Inc and
Hardway Contracting Co.,
San Juan, Puerto Rico. and I know Fred would want you to look him up.

It is impossible for me to tell you what the prospects of your coming home mean to me. It has been so long since I left you and I have been so lonely and worried about your health, the food supplies, etc., and lastly, Shirley. I am not counting the days now — just Sundays — they are the longest days I have.

With all my love and hoping and praying you catch a plane just as quickly as you can.

Gladys

(over)

6:30.

Just came from seeing a rather entertaining movie – nothing to brag about but it did kill a couple of hours. When I started out I discovered I have a stiff back again so I'm hoping it wont last as long as the one I had in Liberia.

This week end has been so lonely and I have been so blue that it looks like an awfully long time till the first of September but I suppose it will make it.

Am going to stop now as I have a few more letters to write.

Take Care of Yourself & be Careful.

Devotedly

Gladys

apt 212



The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

KENTUCKY
LOUISVILLE
AUG
PM
1942
KY.

Mr. Milam T. Landy
A. P. O. 605
T. P. C.
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida


DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

August 6th, 1942.

My darling:

Why you haven't received my letters I can't imagine because I have written and mailed you a letter almost every week and surely every other week. That air mail system is the bunk.

If this letter travesl as fast as the others which I have written you will not get it before you leave but I will continue to write you until I hear definitely that you have left.

Yesterday I had a letter from Bill Dabney saying that he had received a letter from you and suggesting that we come to Charleston and visit them and also suggesting that we spend Labor Day week-end in Hot Springs with them. A vacation (Your letter suggesting one was received Monday) seems a little flat without golf or a car and Miami is definitely out as it has been taken over by Uncle Sam. We will have to discuss that after you get home. When I first reached here I found out that visiting was the most expensive thing I could do - you know you and I have always found it to be the case - because we can't impose on people as others do - so we will have to watch our step. Also both of us will have to have winter clothes and I certainly you to have some nice tailored ones.

Last, but not least, money should not be spent if it can be helped. Bonds should be bought with all the money we can turn loose of. If Shakey gets home safely I feel like the first thing we should do is to buy a good big one (I expect to do it even if he doesn't and trust that it will buy a gun to sink the subs).

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

I wrote the Steamship Company to see if they could tell me something about the boat and was told that it was still safe and, was expected shortly. The letter I received was written on July 31st and I have heard nothing else.

Upon investigating the silver palaver - Your mother's cannot be replaced, or at least some of it cannot.

Charlie and Tommy have bought a house and are probably counting on your giving Mother an allowance big enough to pay a part each month on it. You know Tommy. Well, we'll talk about that after you get here.

Living here in Louisville will be difficult but it will be the cheapest thing we can do at present and with the Baby and no servant we probably wont have any trouble if we stick to ourselves and we'll insist on staying in our own apartment and fix it so there will be no space for anybody else. The Baby is the most important thing on earth right now, so it doesn't need to bother us.

If you get home when you think you will I won't have but two more Sundays and maybe three but I hope not. You will telephone me from Miami wont you. I will have a letter there waiting ~~from~~ for you when you arrive. If I count the days it takes too long for them to go by so now I am counting the weeks. Honestly, I don't think I could stand even another week longer than September 1st. You will never know what it has been like here without you.

Must stop and get to work.

With all my love,

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

AIR MAIL

LOUISVILLE KY.

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Air Mail

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

August 10, 1942.

My darling:

If you leave Liberia about the 15th you probably wont get this letter but if something comes up to keep you from getting away (which I Hope and pray wont happen) then you will have a letter at least. I stopped writing for a week or so before June 1st and was sorry that I did when you didn't get to come home. Let's hope it wont happen again because I don't believe I could take it again.

Did I write you that I had received a letter from the Steamship Company, answering one which I had written, saying that up to July 31st the ship was safe and that they expected it shortly. I have been waiting patiently but have heard nothing further and so have come to the conclusion that they were spoofing me. It has been a long wait for me - in fact, I thought that last week would never end.

There is nothing to write about. Yesterday I didn't leave the apartment but Jenny Chancellor came in after about 7:30 and sat with me a while. My back has been bothering me again. All last week it was stiff, just like it was in Liberia, and then it ached like the toothache. It is better now but I am having some massages and hope it will clear up soon.

Last week I had a letter from Bill Dabney and they want us to spend Labor Day week end at Hot Springs with them - we will do what you want to do.

It is so much fun to get a letter from you each week and I hope it will continue until you come home and I hope that you will leave there the 10th instead of the 15th. If so, you are on your way.

As usual, this is a poor excuse for a letter. It seems too good to be true that you will be home in just two weeks but I'm counting on it, oh so much. With all my love, Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
AUG 10
6 30 PM
1942
KY.

Air Mail

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

Saturday, Aug 22d

My dearest:

a week ago today I thought you would be here tonight — even though I said I was not counting on it — My clothes are all cleaned and I was saving them so they would all be nice for you — now when you get here we'll be wearing fall clothes.

You, ~~no~~ doubt, have been notified that Shakey arrived safely. Last Thursday, a week ago, I had a letter saying they were here so I telephoned the Phillips and notified them how & where to send him. As usual, there was palaver with the Express Company but finally I had a wire from the good Captain saying to expect him (Shakey) Saturday night. I met 3 trains, one at 1:30 in the morning — no Shakey and was I disappointed! Sunday morning when I telephoned the Express Company they had started out with him

and I waited down-town two solid hours. When he did arrive his hair was so long and matted and he was so dirty I would never have known him and he was so upset that I'll always regret that I didn't take your advice & go get him - but that's in the past. I put him in the bath tub and washed him and then proceeded to cut the mats out of his hair - it could not be combed - and he slept all the while. For a whole day he was not himself, wouldn't eat, etc., but he was so frightened on the train, after that he began to recover and now he not only owns his own apartment but all of the Mayflower and soon will own the whole block. He is a favorite with all the old ladies and is just as cute as ever - well you will see and soon I hope. I'm so sorry you are so lonely for him but you, like I, are glad he is here. Captain wrote me that they were all rationed - even Shakey could not have his accustomed half tin of food and when they reached Key West had only one half a tin left. They managed

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

to get more than however and survived. I'm glad that's behind and hope you are here soon.

Last week I didn't write you because I was certain you would be home - but did write until I know you are on the way.

In your letter you didn't mention my palaver with the family, nor my job or the apartment. "Don't you agree"?

This is a blue Saturday night - never have I felt so badly. Of course, I've a lot to be thankful for and I am but I can't help but be disappointed that you did not get home.

Mathilde may come to see me - hope she does. Louise sent a picture of the "pickers". It is beautiful. Tell Robbie that I didn't think it possible even if Louise is a beauty. You and I gave it a silver porridge bowl with its name on it.

I'm going to try to go to sleep now - will write some more tomorrow. You have been a sweetie pie about writing to me - keep it up - and I miss you and love you & need you. Good night, my dear.

Sunday evening

My dear:

This afternoon Shakey & I were walking when we met the Tysons and they took us for a nice long drive. Shakey enjoyed it but you know how he treats me — up and down sitting all over me but I'm so glad he's safe.

I want to get this in the mail so that it will go as quickly as possible ~~but~~ so I can't write much more. Today was one of the loneliest Sundays I have ever spent — I suppose it was worse than usual because I had counted on your being home today, and this morning it rained — literally poured like it does in Liberia — that made me homesick. Let me hear from you as often as you can, my dear, I lead a lonely existence, you know. With Shakey it is better but I still don't have any body around that is anywhere near my age. Once in a while I see Jenny Chancellor but I can't impose on her too much. Let me know if you think I'm ~~right~~ or wrong —

Get home as quickly as you can, my sweet, and do write often

P.S. Shakey sends a devotedly Gladys
hug.

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower



APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
AUG 24
12 M
1942
KY.



BUY
DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F. P. C.
A. P. O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida


EXAMINED BY
4836
LOUISVILLE
JUN 28
4 30PM
1842
KY.

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H.B.FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

August 24, 1942.

My darling:

I am ashamed of the letter which I mailed you last night but I was so disappointed that you didn't get to come home and blue that I didn't know which end was up. This staying alone even with Shakey here is not so hot and I don't like it.

Last night Shakey was just like himself to the point even of waking me up at 3:30 to take him out. I got the elevator boy to do that for me, however. Early in the evening Shakey got in the closet and whined and cried and sat up and begged just like he did in Liberia - then he would come and get me and take me to the closet. Finally I figured that he thought I kept his mice and pandas in there as I used to in Liberia. He has no playthings and I'm not sure I can buy any for him but I will try the first chance I get. You sent some rubber shower curtain hooks but there were not mice or pandas - I wonder if you didn't get the wrong bag.

Last night was cold and this morning was colder even than it is in the harmattan season there. Shakey came up to me this morning and I covered him up and he got his head completely under the cover and still shook. He is as cute and as much of a nuisance as ever and I wish we had you with us. Honey, please write as often as you can and tell me what you are doing and let me know as soon as you can when you will be leaving - if you can't tell me exactly you can say your plans are still the same, or something. Am still working and will be able to pay for all my fall clothes.

There still isn't any news - yesterday was such a long day and I was almost glad when it was over, except that I had to leave the Small Dog this morning. He doesn't like to be left any more than he always did.

To save me I can't help but wonder what your letter you wrote the 13th contains. It will take 3 weeks for it to get here- I've quit writing that way unless you insist - It takes too long -

This is just like a fall day and gives me that old blue feeling I always get when fall comes along.

Louisville is the deadliest place I have ever lived - I'd just as soon xx live in Akron, Ohio and you know how I feel about that dump. Right now I'd like nothing better than going back to Liberia for another two years if everything was all right and you got enough money and conditions were different, etc., etc., etc.,

Kay Hines is living at the Tuttle Hotel in Miami so you must call her up if you ever get home. I'm worried now about this Brazilian business and can't help wishing you were home.

This is the worst typed letter I have ever typed I think - my fingers wont work.

Cousin Anne is in New York visiting Mrs. Eudy and the Rutherfords so I have nobody to come to see me. That makes it very lonely, except for Small Dog.

You will not know me when you get home - I am so small. My figure is practically streamlined and is it nice not to feel so fat and fortyish. Getting the fat off me does help to cheer me up, as I do so hate fat people.

Be careful, honey, and don't catch fever again before you leave and do get away from there soon. I'm not counting the days - what's the use I'll just have to start counting again.

Write to me as often as you can - you have been swell about it so far - and I do enjoy getting letters from you. I almost wear them out reading them over and over.

With all my love and counting on seeing you sure September 15th, I am

Devotedly,

Gladys

Apt. 212

The Mayflower



APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE KY. AUG 24 11:30 PM 1942

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Mr. M. F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H.B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

aug. 27th

My dearest:

If my typeing were not equally as bad as my handwriting I would type this letter to you but some how or other I always leave out the most important words when I type.

This has been the longest week I have ever known - don't believe it will ever pass. You know, I haven't figured out yet how many more days till you start home - and I'm not going to till after the first of September.

There isn't as much to do here as there was in the office at Glen Ferris and nothing but Shakey to look forward to at night. You should see him try to make me play. The little rascal, needs exercise. Yesterday, after dinner he and I went walking in the park - he enjoyed it but I didn't. Even that walk didn't satisfy him because after I went to bed he started that old game of his of nudging. He will be so glad when you get home.

Cousin anne has been visiting mrs. Eudy and will be back tomorrow. Your mother

invited herself to spend the night with me and we are to see Cousin Anne. Of course, that means dinner at the Mayflower with me. Your mother has a way of having a party and I get stuck with it. On my birthday, I got stuck. The poor old thing told me that Charlie & Mary J. go out to dinner but she fixes a little bite at home. You know that's one reason she doesn't have her own apartment - she hates eating alone so. Well it's her funeral but I can't help but feel sorry for her. Tommy works her so. She never gets away on Saturdays or Sundays since the baby came. She is the nurse and still pays board. Actually, it's pitiful.

Of course, I knew that the other letter you wrote would take longer to get here but each day I can't help looking for it. (no mail) I have just telephoned and there's nothing but a card from Lizzie. Bless her heart, she never misses a week writing me. You should write her. She is something special or has been to me since I have been back here.

This morning I got awake at 4 o'clock

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

and could not go back to sleep until it was time to get up and I'm so sleepy now I can hardly stand it.

Did I tell you that the last letter I had from you came in 6 days?

Did you ever get any board from Pendleton — He didn't write me a scratch.

This draft business doesn't look so good to me — they are taking every body who is physically fit under 44 so if you are not needed with Firestone they'll probably take you in the service. To me, the situation looks serious and I wish we knew what the out come will be.

It has been so cold here that I've been sleeping under a blanket & a chenille bed spread & a quilt. You know it must be cold if I sleep under all of that.

You didn't say why you had been delayed.



Darling, is there a chance that you won't get away by September 15th? Please tell me if there

is because I don't think I could stand another disappointment like the last one. Actually, it just about made me sick.

This month I have had to pay for massage for my back. You will remember that I wrote you it was like it was in Liberia so I just had to have something done for it. Tomorrow is my last treatment and it is fine again. Shakey too cost a little money, even if I didn't go get him and I had to pay for sheets, some Sundries for the apartment (things which we sold in Liberia) and another small radio $29.95, so five dragon more money than I should have this month. Your mother owed me for a pair of shoes which I ordered for her from O'Neil's and she took $6 off that, which she paid for getting your old watch fixed. Charlie wore it and Dommy hinted for me to give it to him but I didn't take the hint. It seems that Jim always talking of money, or writing about it, and I hate the subject worse than anything.

Will you go to Akron after you get home or not. Perhaps you should see Mr. Trainor — Everything is so muddled and Jim so worried I don't know what to do.

If you don't mind, I should like to go on working until you know what you're going to do after you get back. As you know, I had no winter clothes and already I'm about to freeze. Maybe it is partly my imagination but it's the truth nevertheless. Anyhow, I have found some things I like and if I get them I won't have to bother about anything else until next Summer and not much next summer as I saved the things I got this summer till you came home and you didn't come. This is a rambling sort of paragraph but the sum & substance is that I'm getting some clothes and am paying for them with your money but expect to go on working until you get located again, whether in the service or out and if you're in the service I'll keep on working somewhere.

Now, please answer the above paragraph immediately. Do you agree? I have put this poorly, as I usually do, but I was interrupted. It is awful not to be able to talk to you and let you help me decide. My darling, you will never know how I've

missed you. The war is a subject better left undiscussed unless one knows more about it than I do. So many people who know nothing about it rattle on and on — I for one am willing to let the people who know how win it and to stand by and do what I can when I'm asked. The above doesn't make sense either — Guess I have none today.

am going to stop now. Keep missing me, my dear, and come home just as soon as you possibly can. In the mean time write me when you can and tell me what you can.

Shakey misses you. Tell the boys hello and keep loving me, my darling.

Devotedly
Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower



APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE AUG 31 12 M 1942 KY.

LOUISVILLE 12 M 1942 KY.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE 2 CENTS

BONUS AND STAMPS

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F. S. C.
a. p. o. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

212 Mayflower Apts.,
Louisville, Kentucky
August 31st, 1942

My darling:

This morning I mailed you a letter which I wrote several days ago but as I didn't have stamps and there were none at The Mayflower I didn't get a chance to mail it before. Besides I sent you two last week and hated to impose upon the A.P.O. any further.

Two weeks from tomorrow will be the 15th and I'm wondering if you will be ready to leave there by then. It has been so long since I left you that I'm beginning to numb from the waiting. Of course, I wake up a little when it gets close to the time when you will come home but the disappointments put me right back again.

Yesterday was a very quiet day. Shakey didn't ask to go outside at all but I took him out at 11 o'clock any~~way~~ and went for a little walk. It was quite warm for a change and I came back and washed my hair, made some vegetable soup, carried him out again about 4 o'clock and then Cousin Anne came and had some soup with me and I fed Shakey and we took him ~~out~~ for a small walk again. Cousin Anne and your mother, who spent Friday night with me, think Shakey is the smartest dog they have ever seen. Saturday afternoon I gave him a bath and then took him for a walk and to the drugstore to buy him an icecream cone and every body we met stopped to look at him. He was beautiful and surely strutted his stuff. I'm sorry you couldn't have him with you all the time you had to stay out there but I know you are glad he is safe at home and will be here to greet you when you arrive, which I hope will be soon now.

You know that I want to see you but, darling, if you had to come back here and go immediately to some dangerous place, I would just as soon have you stay where it is safe. Of course, one never knows about the safety of any place these days and so I'm all in a muddle. Nobody helps much as everyone says to me that just as soon as you get back you will be drafted. Worry wont help much, as you know. I'm going to stop now, as there is no news.

Write me soon, honey.

Devotedly

Gladys

212 Mayflower Apts.,
Louisville, Kentucky
September 2, 1942.

My darling:

Your letter, written August 13th, which arrived this morning was very much appreciated. I knew without being told the explanation of your previous letters. Either I am observant or else I know you so well that you don't have to explain yourself, or maybe I'm just an "understanding wife."

Life here changes little. Your mother and Tommy, or rather your mother, (Tommy has never asked me to come out there) has been very insistent lately that I come out to see the new house. Your mother humbugged me until I said I would come out to dinner last night knowing all along that I would find some way to get out of it for I have no intention of going out there. Monday night I lost a big filling out of one of my "chewing" teeth so I had to go to a dentist yesterday afternoon. When the dentist examined the tooth he found that another filling was loose. He removed it and because of a gum irritation put in a temporary filling and I'm to go back Friday afternoon for an inlay. Ever since I've been back I've had trouble with this tooth but kept thinking that I would wait until we were more or less settled again before I would do anything about it. This dentist seems to be a very good one. He was recommended by someone at The Mayflower and later I found out that the Hickmans go to him too, and that he is quite expensive. He says that I have some more work he wants to do but I'm going to wait until after you get back and we know what we're going to do before I have it done.

The weather has been lovely here, and makes me quite homesick for the golf games we used to have together. I'm wondering if the lack of sunshine this summer will cause me to have more frequent colds this winter.

How did you get the idea that I'm reducing? I'm always glad to lose weight but I've not been dieting. Breakfast never meant anything to me and when I work I don't get up in time to fix it and here there is no place to eat lunch so I have a chocolate milk and some Nabs and then eat my dinner at The Mayflower. The walking, I believe, causes me to lose weight but coming over on the plane started it and I worried so much when I first arrived

and again when Shakey was so long on the way. In fact all the time he was on the way I just about went nuts. Now I ~~xxixhx~~ weigh 120 which is less than I've weighed in years but I'm not losing any now. That is my weight undressed, so you see that is not so bad. I still have plenty of fat on me.

The date of your departure seems to be quite uncertain and I'm wondering if you will get away before the 1st of October. How I'm going to occupy myself if you don't is more than I can understand. Other people do, however, so I guess I can manage but you will never know how much I miss you. You were always so reassuring and no matter how bad the news you could always cheer me up, bless your heart. Shakey is a big help but I wish you had him with you - he is so much company. Saturday I found some rubber toys for him but they were not as good as the ones we used to have and he soon tore them up. That does not keep him from getting them as soon as I come home and capering all over the apartment with them. He is so little trouble and it takes so little to make him happy that I'm ashamed of myself for not romping with him more. We walk in the park often now, which pleases him a great deal and he never seems to get enough and would sit outside till midnight if I would stay with him. Sometimes, he wants to go outside before he has his dinner and if he has any idea that I'm going without him he wont eat at all but will sit right at the door and wait to see what I'm going to do. Actually, he is the sweetest thing. Everybody here thinks so and because he does not make a nuisance of himself is the reason they do.

Monday I wrote you a letter telling you that I wanted to keep on with this job after you get here and asking you what you thought about my doing so. Don't fail to write me at once your opinion and wishes in the matter. If you're going to have to go to Akron or other places it will not be wise for me to go along, as it costs plenty moneyo to travel, as I found out when I first got back here. We have to have a place to hang out and we would be comfortable here and I can arrange so that we wont have to be bothered with your family too much. I'm not going to be used or bossed by them and they will have found that out by the time you get here. As soon as you get to Miami find out what time you can get a train out of there for Louisville. You will get here at a time when you cannot wear summer clothes and will have to buy some year around clothes immediately. What I started to say was this: find out what time you can catch a train for

Louisville and then telephone me and you can let me know what time you will arrive and what you want to do. You will want to rest most of the time for a while and while it would be nice for me to watch you sleep I might just as well be working. We can get somebody to come fix you some lunch and I usually stop work at 3 o'clock or 3:30 so you can do some shopping and I can meet you later, but we'll see how it works out after you get here, but please hurry. I'm not going to read this again so I hope you can supply the words I have left out. It is impossible for me to figure out whether it's harder to write in longhand or on the typewriter. It saves space to write on the typewriter.

To get back to the clothes question. You will need to have a good tailor make you at least one suit and perhaps two and a topcoat, so you will be busy in the afternoons shopping. You will rest and sleep till noon every day, wont you and I can meet you down town sometimes and we'll go to a bar or we can have drinks at the apartment.

Your chair came back and it is beautiful. I had forgotten it was such a goodlooking chair when it was new, and the little table which you didn't get a chance to finish is adorable. You will remember that I asked Tommy and your mother to have it fixed and said that I would pay for it. Tommy told me that it couldn't be fixed I knew that it could but didn't say anything but when I had your chair fixed I sent it along and it is quite the prettiest table I have seen in years. I'm so proud of it and get so homesick for the little old place in Glen Ferris where you used to putter around that sometimes I can hardly stand it. You would be surprised how quickly the time goes by when I lie and think of our life together these past eight years. I suppose that is the way the Army and Navy wives pass the lonely hours.

It is twelve o'clock now and wont be long till 3 o'clock. Today I have to go to the Customs and get the silver through. I sent all the papers to Firestone's brokers and still they sent the stuff in Bond. They make so mad I don't dare think about them. They're hopeless.

Continue to write me, darling, as I need your letters to keep me going and come home just as soon as you can. I'm not going to start counting the hours until I hear from Firestone that you have started.

It was nice of Brush to write me and I appreciate. Please tell him so for me. So far I have not heard from his wife.

Mark on your teeth, honey, & take your medicine.

Devotedly, Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER



Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F. P. C.
A. P. O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida



September 9th, 1942.

My darling:

This was the longest weekend I ever spent. Josephine had talked of coming to see me but she didn't turn up. Saturday your mother came over and we shopped a while and then came back to the Mayflower to a long dreary two days. Your mother left Sunday after dinner and Shakey ~~xxx~~ and I were alone the rest of the time. Yesterday we went to the park for a while but didn't stay long.

The last letters I have had from you were dated August 13th, almost a month a go. What is wrong with you? Are you sick or just busy? Can't help but worry and of course I'm wondering if you started the plant yet and what your prospects are of coming home.

It looks as if we would have no peace if we stayed here. You know your mother as well as I do. Several times I have mentioned the fact that we wanted to go some place where we could be alone for awhile and each time she ignores the remark completely. Saturday night she said she wanted to get you to sell her car for her. I said you wouldn't have any way of selling her as you didn't know anybody in Louisville. She said that Charlie didn't have time to drive her around to these used car places. I said that I wanted you to rest and sleep and not be bothered with anything and that I had tried to get everything done so that you could do just that. She said she had no idea of selling her car until after you came home as she wanted you to have it to drive. Knowing that it would necessitate her staying right in our apartment I told her that we weren't going any place where we couldn't go on a street car and that she had better sell her car and suggested that Tommy take a day and take her to some of those used car places. She said that we could all go to Hopkinsville and I told her in no uncertain terms to stop making plans for us that I couldn't go to Hopkinsville - that there was no place for us to stay if we went, etc., and that I was sure you wouldn't want to go. Of course, you can do as you like but you know how I fell on the subject. It makes me do damned mad. She assumes that all of them are going to make our plans for us and I can't think of anything worse. They will all be made around Tommy and we will bear the expense if we don't watch. Enough said on the subject.

The weather has been beautiful here and I have missed our golf games more than anything. There is such a pleasant breeze all the time - the days just beg you to come out and play.

Just a week from today is the 15th of September and I wonder if you will get away by that time. Each month I think that I couldn't wait [redacted] any longer but each time I manage to get along. They evenings are getting longer and longer and the Saturday afternoons and Sundays are almost unbearable. It is hell but as long as you are safe I think I can stand it but if you weren't I don't know what I would do - just as others do, though, I suppose.

There is nothing at all to write about. Of course, Shakey is the cutest dog living but you know that and there is the ~~xxa~~ palaver which I just wrote about and which I should not have told you. The reason I did I ~~xaxxkxyingx~~ thought that you might be able to think of a way out.

Each letter I write is more stupid than the others so I think I'm going to stop writing. For three more hours I have to stay here at the office and I can't make up my mind whether I'm more bored here or at the apartment. Guess it's a toss up.

You know that I miss you more than anything in the world and can hardly wait for the time when you will be here. I, too am vexed with the Kirby Jones. She didn't write to at all when they left. Wonder why.

Am thinking of moving again if I can find a better arranged apartment - want to move out of the building, however. This kitchen is the worst I have ever seen and I know you will want me to cook for you at least part of the time when you're here.

With all my love,

Gladys

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000

Miss H.B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

September 10, 1942.

My dear:

Without a doubt this has been the longest week I have ever spent. As the time goes on it becomes harder and harder to kill and if you don't get home soon I'm going mad from just plain long loneliness.

Last night I went to dinner at Jenny's and carried Shakey who was a great favorite. Along about 9 o'clock he decided he wanted to come home and there was nothing to do but to bring him. He is a determined little rascal, as you well know, so I finally gave up and brought him home, where he curled up on the foot of my bed and slept till morning. The excitement was evidently too much for him and he was all poohed.

Yesterday I had a letter from Mathilde and was so homesick for you I almost cried. The dentist finished yesterday putting in two inlays (gold, I'll have you know) and that, added to Mathilde's letter and a rainy day just whipped me. When I finished with my bath it was raining so much I couldn't go out so I got myself a long snort. It continued to rain so I got another one and by the time I got to Jenny's I was all fixed up and was mighty glad, as Jenny didn't serve anything before dinner and I don't think I couldxxx have gotten through the evening if I had not been reinforced to some extent.

Mathilde's letter says that Louise Robertshaw gets a letter once a week (with the two systems in operation) and that the others hear once in two weeks. If you're not coming home at once get busy and write me a line anyway. This waiting is almost unbearable but a note once every two weeks would help tremendously. I know each word of the last two you have written word for word now and I can't use up any more time reading them.



The enclosed letter was written yesterday, or the day before I can't remember which, and says nothing in particular.

Your mother asked me to tell you that her arthritis is so bad that she can't write hardly at all. Sometimes her legs are still. After Tommy's baby was born she could hardly walk and it wasn't a thing in the world but all that running back and forth to see Tommy at the hospital, and she is nothing but a nursemaid now and that's probably what is wrong with her. She is in Hopkinsville now something about a refrigerator going bad.

Lucy Belle's baby is due about the 19th of this month and George has gone in the Army and they are awfully upset about it. Of course, it is bad for Aunt Pat in a way but in another it may be a good thing and it isn't anything more than has happened to many other people and they knew that it was likely to happen when they married and when they had the baby. I don't mean that they don't have my sympathy, they do, everybody who is hurt by this war has my deepest sympathy, but it isn't any more than has happened to hundreds of other people. Aunt Pat has had her share of trouble in the past few years and I'm sorrier for her than anybody else but as I intimated the new baby may take her mind off Alfred.

In a week from now you may be on your way home and I don't need to tell you how happy I will be when you get here.

John Jamison has gone to Aruba for the duration, I am told but I suppose Robbie has told you about that already. Louise corresponds with Donna but I can't seem to get around to it and keep up with Louise, Mathilde, my sister, Lizzie and last, but not least, you.

I'm going to stop now as I have a skimption of work to do. Am trying hard not to count the days and hours, as I always try not to count my golf score when I'm going good, but I know exactly when you will get here if you leave there the 15th.

With all my love and hoping I'll get a letter this week telling me, I am

Devotedly

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.



MRS. H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SEP 10
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1945

1 AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O.605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

Sunday
Sept. 27th

My dear:

It has been a little while since I have written you and forever since I have heard from you. One day I'm vexed with you for not writing to me and the next day I'm making excuses. I've said many times I wasn't going to write again until I heard from you but somehow I can't keep from writing. (At this stage Shirley decided he wanted some attention and I had to hold him to keep him quiet)

Tonight, for the first time, I listened to Charlie McCarthy, and I'm so homesick for Glen Ferris and our old life that I can hardly stand it — mostly because I'm so lonely for you, I suppose.

Each ~~day~~ morning I think I'll have a letter from you and when I don't get one then I think I'll have a letter from Firestone in the afternoon. So

goes my life. Yesterday I had an awful headache and it continued through today. ~~I forgot my tips~~

I'm hoping that you will be home before this gets out there because I do so want to see you.

There's nothing to write about except my loneliness and longing for you so I will stop - perhaps I'll hear something tomorrow.

With all my love,

Gladys

Apt 212

The Mayflower



APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
SEP 28
12:30 PM
1942
KY.

B
DEFENS
BONDS A.

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000
Miss H. B. FOUTCH MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

Monday, Sept. 28th.

My darling:

Last night I tried to write you a letter but there was nothing to write about and I was so lonely and blue I couldn't have done anything about it even if there had been so I finally mailed you another feeble effort.

Both Shakey and I are about to freeze to death. No fooling I have never been so cold so long in my life. I can't get warm here at the office or at the apartment, what I'm going to do I don't know. I bought two cheap work dresses with long sleeves but they are not wool so I have to wear jackets over them and still I'm cold - guess I'll have to find something warmer.
I bought two medium priced wool dresses but I'm sorta keeping them for Sunday best, along with my good suit until you come home.

Actually, I just can't figure out why I haven't heard from you. This morning until after half past eight to leave the apartment so that I could see if I had anything in the early morning mail - but no soap. After the 10 o'clock delivery I telephoned the apartment and found there was nothing for me in that mail. I never did get a letter from you in the afternoon so I don't expect anything and if Firestone had written me Saturday I would have gotten it this morning early. It's a great life if you don't weaken. I'm just about nuts and if I don't hear from you soon I'm afraid I'm going to have to humbug Firestone.

Now that I've told you about the weather and how lonely I am I'm all tolld out. There is nothing else to write about unless I want to gripe all the time and that doesn't get me anywhere and only worries you so I will leave that off. There must be a lot of poor helpless people just like me in the world and today. There is the wife of a Colonel staying at the Mayflower and she worries me more than poor Miss Bruce. Actually she doesn't do one thing but get up in the morning and fix herself some breakfast and then wait till noon time to

go down town to get lunch and then comes back and waits for dinner at the apartment. I try to dodge her all I can but it is hard to do. Last Saturday night a week ago some people asked me to play cards and Mrs. Carlston, (my pet aversion) was the fourth. Well, sir, Sunday night she came by my apartment and sat and sat and sat. Tuesday night I waited until late to go downstairs to eat, hoping to avoid her and Miss Bruce, my Old maid friend, but she (Mrs. Carlston) was passing by the dining room and saw me dining alone and because she thought I was lonely came to watch me eat. You know how I love that. The next night she came to see if we couldn't eat together but Cousin Anne was with me and saved the day. Saturday I was going to town and bless me if I didn't meet her at the desk going to town too and I had her tagging me around all the afternoon until I finally got a headache and came home.

Cousin Anne is a dear. She loves to eat with me when I cook. The kitchen I have now is awful but in spite of that I have to cook sometimes - just can't stand the food ~~xii~~ downstairs all the time. I'm cooking tomorrow night and Friday and, if your mother comes over this week, will cook again. Your mother said she wanted me to go with her one day this week to buy a hat and she will probably spend the night. Last week I asked her to spend Friday night and when she got to town (I met her down town) she was so tired she could hardly move. Actually, I have never seen her so tired so I got a taxi and we came home in it and when we got home she just flopped on the couch. It seems that Tommy was expecting company that night for dinner and Tommy has no maid now. I wish something could be done about that. Money wont do it - your mother will just have to get away from there or she will be sick, I know - but nothing can be done that I know of. Tommy always has used her and always will, I'm afraid. Money wont buy a maid out where they live, so I'm afraid your mother has bought something.

I have written nothing of any interest to anybody but I have time on my hands. Perhaps you will have started home by the time this gets out there. You don't know how upset I am with just waiting, waiting, waiting. Do let me know immediately, if you haven't already done so, why you have not started and when you will leave there, if you know or have any idea.

With all my love,

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower



APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
SEP 29
10 PM
1942
KY

DEFEN
BOND

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O.605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

212 Mayflower Apts.,
Louisville, Kentucky
October 2d, 1942.

My darling:

Surely you will have started home by the time this reaches Liberia. If you haven't, and haven&t already done so, let me know something at once because I am just about nuts. As I wrote you, I can hardly wait for the morning mails and when I don't get a letter from you then I can hardly wait for the afternoon thinking surely I will have a letter from Firestone telling me that you are on the way.

The other morning I telephoned the Mayflower and asked if I had mail and was told that I had a letter from Akron. Of course, I asked if it was from Firestone but the switchboard was on the blink so I got no answer. I tore out of the office and ran almost all the way to the Mayflower, which is a good 20 minute walk, walking briskly, only to find a letter from Mrs. Kirby Jones. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry and haven't yet made up mind which to do so I'm just twiddling my thumbs.

Tomorrow I have to carry Shakey to a vet and get him a proper haircut and a Rabies Shot and have him checked generally. He wont like it, I know but he has been a little off his feed for a few days. Last night he got me awake in the night sort of whining but nothing seemed to be the matter. This morning his nose was cool and he was right frisky, so I trust he is all right. He is the sweetest dog I ever saw. There is a little girl dog in the apartment and they play in the front yard beautifully but get awfully dirty. Shakey has to be bathed every other day.

It has been warmer the past few days and is fine golfing weather. How I wish you were here so t hat we could golf a little - but I don't imagine you are interested in golf.

Your mother spent last night with me and seemed awfully tired. I still think she does too much with the baby and all but she wont admit so I guess it's her funeral. I'm so tired by the time night comes I don't feel like doing anything for anybody - not even Shakey - but I have to anyway. He surely does ~~kkkk~~ talk these days.

I wish there was some news but there isn't. This month will exhaust the single men to be drafted and will take some of the married ones without children, then they will have nothing but married men without children to work on until they exhaust that supply. Of course, I mean Kentucky. Other states don't seem so bad off. I suppose it is because this is such a big defense area and everybody who can at all gets a defense job whether he is competent or not and nine times out of ten he is better cannon fodder than anything else. I've seen a few choice samples at Jeff Boat.

As you can see, I have nothing to write about. Please, please let me hear something. You don't know how lonely I am and how worried. Sometimes I don't see how I'm going to get through another day and this is one of the days. Yesterday, I was sure I would scream before the day was finished but somehow I managed to behave myself but I did have a frightful headache. Your mother thinks I am too thin and that you will make palaver when you see me but I don't notice it much except when I buy clothes. Tell Mrs. Seybold that the last blouse I bought was a size 32 and that it was slightly on the big side. You can tell Kathryn too, and I'm not dieting or trying to reduce.

Again, I urge to keep me informed as to what is going on. There is a limit to my endurance, you know.

This typing is terrible, worse than usual but I'm not worth very much these days.

The other night I dreamed you had come home. Darling, you will never know how much I have missed you and how badly I want to see you now.

With all my love

Gladys

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H.B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

October 9th, 1942.

Milam, dear:

I typed this letter some time ago and thought I had mailed it.

Actually, I'm just about crazy because I haven't heard from you. Mathilde has heard from Chanee. In fact, she has had two letters from him - but not a word from you. A note telling me you are well and what is keeping you would help and if I don't hear from you soon, I shall store the furniture and go to West Virginia, as I have no idea of paying as much rent for an apartment for one as I do. At least indefinitely. When I took this apartment I thought it was just for a short time and that you would be home, and that we would be comfortable. Now, I don't know what to think, as I have heard nothing. I know that if some of the electrical equipment is spoiled you wont be coming, and it makes me sick to think about it. Wont you please let me know?

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

U.S. LOUISVILLE KY.
OCT 10
12:30 PM
1942

B.U.Y.
DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS STAMPS

WIN THE WAR
3¢ 3¢
UNITED STATES POSTAGE

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O.605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H.B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

October 12, 1942.

Milam, dear:

Your radiogram came Saturday and I don't need to tell you that I was disappointed. Of course, I was glad to get the radio and hear from you again but it was the biggest disappointment I have had yet. Later on Saturday Charlotte called me and said that she had heard from Pete and that he had said that you were not coming home for a while. If I hadn't had your radiogram first I would have been awfully vexed with you. It gives me an awful feeling to have Charlotte, Louise, Mathilde and all the others whose husbands are still in Liberia getting letters from their husbands when I don't hear a word. Several times I was on the verge of writing to Firestone but I was ashamed to let them know that I had not heard from you.

There is nothing to write about at all. I am trying to get Miss Foutch to give me a cheaper apartment but she wont. I have been hounding her for weeks with no results. I would move but there is no place to move with Shakey so I shall continue to humbug her and hope to get results soon. It makes me awfully unhappy to pay so much for rent living alone. When I took this apartment I thought that you would be home soon and it is such a cool apartment in hot weather that I wanted you to be comfortable when you got home. Now, most anyone she has would be better than this one.

The weather is beautiful. Yesterday I wanted to walk but it isn't much fun walking with Shakey so I gave up.

Did I write you that he is costing me plenty moneyo? The other day Sue Taft and I were sitting outside watching our dogs play (Sue has a little girldog like Shakey and lives here) when along came a woman with a big old Pitt Bull. Well, Shakey took one look and lunged. I grabbed him as quickly as I could but the big dog had him by the back of

the neck and when I got him loose Shakey grabbed the big dog by the throat and I lugged and tugged before I got them loose. Finally, I succeeded and ran upstairs with Shakey and found that ~~he~~ about a 4-inch hole was torn in my new tweed skirt suit. I tried to get it mended downtown but they wanted $11.25 and said it would show so we sent it back to the factory and I haven't heard from it yet. Of course, I shouldn't have let him loose but he never has any fun and the little doggies were having the grandest time. They had played like that for several days and nothing had happened so I thought it would last. Now they play upstairs and nearly wreck us. However, Madame Dubarry is "in the heats", as Nancy says, and is at the hospital. We miss her.

I am enclosing a list of questions which I should like answered and I shall try to word them so they can be answered with "yes" or "No." However, you may have to write a line but that shouldn't kill you.

You don't know how awful it is to go for nearly two months without a line from you. Actually, I did not think you would treat me that way. Don't you love me any more?

I will stop and get up the list of questions.

With much love,

Gladys

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

1. What ship did you send the rest of the things on and how many boxes were there? Also, have you checked to see if they reached New York?

2. What was the last issue you have seen of the following magazines?
American
Redbook
Cosmopolitan
I want to get rid of some of them if I can because I have been saving them all since I came home.

3. Have you plenty of food?

4. Is your radio still working?

5. Can I send you anything by anybody?

6. Are you still living in our house?

7. Do you have to pay Pete 15 shillings for each meal? If you do you should do something different.

I thought there were a million things I want to ask you but I can't think of them now.

We are having a hell of a time getting coffee and you know how much it means to me. Three weeks ago they told me where I buy my groceries that I should lay in a supply of coffee but I refused to. Everybody else did and now there is no coffe to speak of in the stores. I just bought two pounds of cheap coffee out here on Hill Street and shall buy myself some more tomorrow.

Nylon stockings are no more either. The ones you buy now have thick rayon tops and are not worth buying. I bought three pairs a few months ago and they are awful. Today there are no more. All you can buy are rayon and lisle.

At last we are beginning to realize we are fighting a war.



Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
OCT 12
5 30PM
1942
KY.



Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F. P. C.
A. P. O. 605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

Wednesday,
October 14th.

My darling:

Actually, I don't know how I'm going to get through the days and evenings until you come home. I'm so unhappy I don't know what to do.

In the first place, when I first got my furniture back I rented the only available apartment at the Mayflower, which costs me $80 per month. At that time I didn't mind much because I thought you would be home soon and it is located on the coolest corner of the building. Since I found out that you would be delayed I have been trying to get a cheaper one and one more conveniently arranged, but so far have had no success. Since I have been here the service has been awful, mainly on account of the war but partly on account of Miss Foutch, who is an old "thing" if I ever saw one. I am so vexed with her I could shoot her in cold blood. Yesterday the price of dinner went up from ~~$.75~~ $.75 to $.85 and that was practically the last straw. If I had a nice kitchen I could cook but the kitchen is so poorly arranged and so small that I just can't turn around in it. I am considering storing the furniture and going to Charleston to live. Please let me know what you think of the idea.

One reason I am so unhappy is because I don't hear from you. If I didn't know when the other girls hear from their husbands it would be easier to take but when day after day goes/and week after and finally, month after month, it is a little more than I can take. Do you want to get rid of me? If you do, there are easier and lots nicer ways of doing it.

One other bad feature about cooking my own dinner is eating alone. If I don't do that I have to have Cousin Anne or your mother and neither of



of them is any help. They just sit and expect to be waited on and when the meal is finished get up and leave. I should not rant on like this but I get imposed on so much, both you and I, that I get a little weary. I'll tell you sometime about a few of the stunts Charlie and Tommy have pulled on me. They tried a good one the day the baby was christened but your mother for once took a hand and informed them that they were not going to impose on me like that.

Younger's is a cheap store and I'm afraid of the place even if Charlotte did have a nice looking coat. You know I never saw Charlotte's coat on and you remember how she never has much style. I asked Cousin Anne who she would recommend and she said that she wouldn't let anybody touch the coat but Mr. Seligman at Selman's. Mrs. Eudy had bought Cousin Anne a Jap Mink there some time ago. Well she took me to see him and he said that it would cost me from $150 to $200 to have the coat made up. (Charlotte's cost about $100 three years ago, or maybe a little longer ago than that. She bought it the year we went to Liberia) He said that I would have the benefit of the New York stylist, as he would copy any coat I wanted and put the best workmanship and materials in it and that when finished I would have a coat worth $800 or $900. Cousin Anne insists that if she spent a penny on it that she would have the best man make it and I am inclined to agree with her. Please let me know immediately what to do about it, as I shall wait until I hear from you before I do anything at all. Leopard skins cost $100 per skin, and they don't have any at all, just Ocelot, which is not as good. He had to show me a short Ocelot coat which cost $375. I expect to have a long coat made if I have any.

Now, last but not least, when do you expect to leave Liberia? What piece of equipment is spoiled and is the man out there yet and did he arrive with Malaria, etc.?

I get heart failure every time I think of what might and could happen to keep you there for another dry season. I understand from Mrs. Kirby Jones that Bill Runals is still away from Akron, where, she did not say, and is not expected back any time soon. I suppose that Firestone is ranting and raving. According to Mrs. Kirby, Runals does not have anything to do with the Plantations engineering - it now comes under the Chief Engineer,

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

a Mr. Waterman, I believe, ~~xxx~~ I just looked at her letter and find that it is Waters. I have never heard of him. I did not mean that Firestone was ranting and raving about Runals being away, as I expect they are glad to get rid of him, but meant they were ranting and raving about the delay in operating the Hydro.

Also, I hear by the grapevine that the Kolkes came home. Is George Blowers out there yet and is he coming back without Nina? What about the other women? Mathilde seems to think they will stay there for some time.

Please take a day off and write me a long letter and tell me everything, I hate to get news from you second and third and sometimes fourth hand. Before I got your radio I was on the verge of pulling up and leaving Louisville without telling anybody I was going and I think if I had wanted to I would have been fully justified.

If you think you might be there for the winter let me know because I might be able to make other arrangements which would enable me to live more economically than I do now. Leaving here for a cheaper place and then remaining in Louisville for a month or so would not pay for the move. As I wrote you some time ago, this place and the Puritan are the only two places where I would not feel afraid at night. Then too, if I am here for the winter (in Louisville) I would not want to go down town for my dinner and cross alleys, etc., and I just can't eat all my meals alone. Please write me frankly what you think I should do. I am going to keep bothering Miss Foutch about another apartment and hope that I have some success soon but please let me know what you think about the whole palaver.

Do you still have Adam? As well as you like bread I would hate to think that you didn't have to make it for you. I meant to write sandwiches. As Adam would say, "cold chop". You don't know how

much I miss you and them. Shakey is sweet and nice but that doesn't keep me from longing for a home again. While I have my own things around me and am comfortable it is not the same without you. There is nothing to come home to and if I fix something to eat nobody to enjoy it. Food is getting harder and harder to get. One has to go to a half dozen stores to find a pound of coffee and they say that meat will be rationed in a month or so. You can have my part when you get home because I have been eating good meat so long, I don't need it now.

Darling, I miss you so much when you are away from me at any time but in these dreadful upsetting times I need you more than ever and next to not having you would be a letter from you. It was nice to get the radiogram but a letter telling me what you are doing would be awfully nice. Do you still eat at the times we did and are you getting enough to eat? Do you still have your bay window? Do you still have Scotch whiskey and go to the movies on Sunday night? AND do you still miss me?

I wrote you last week, I believe, that if I didn't have a letter from you or had not heard from you by the time my rent was up I was going to store the furniture and go to West Virginia. Don't be afraid to tell me if you think you might be delayed longer, I can take anything but suspense and not knowing what to plan. Not having you here for Christmas would almost kill me but if you are not going to be here I want to know about it so that I can get away where there will be no festivities, and I wont give any presents or receive any and shall notify the would be recipients accordingly.

As usual, I have written a very poor letter. I shall try to write a more cheerful one later in the week and you must write me a line or so each and have it ready for the mail and see to it that it is mailed. If you don't I shall be in the mad house when you get home. I am now down to 115 lbs. from worrying before I got your wire. The last letter I had from you was dated August 16th. Of course, I had the one dated Aug.13th after the Aug. 16th, but you can see why I was so worried and with the newspapers constantly talking about Dakar I almost went nuts.

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE
MAGNOLIA
7000

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

The weather is still beautiful and I wear suits without top coats. They are so much warmer in this office. The office I work in is an old frame building and it takes as long to get it heated cold mornings as it did the old office at Glen Ferris, so I need a woolen coat. I bought a good suit which I can't wear to work and am saving mostly until you come home and then I bought another cheaper suit which was torn up in the dog fight. The one I bought in the spring after I got home is so light one wearing in Louisville in winter gets it so black it has to be drycleaned, so I'm going to get another jacket and skirts. I have blouses to wear. The blouses can be washed and saves drycleaning, as Eugenia can press the skirts if I get dark ones. I tried having my old black suit fixed over but it looks awful. Shakey and I both nearly freeze. I feel so sorry for him and when I wrap him he even gets his head under the cover and sometimes I can hardly find him in the bed.

Actually, I don't see why anyone would want to live in Louisville. It is bad past Akron and if I had my choice of having to live the rest of my life here or in Liberia I would choose the latter.

Had I known that you would be out there so long you know that I would sent you something to read - do you want me to try it now? I will if you think there is any chance of getting them through. Don't fail to let me know what to do about the stuff you shipped, as I have heard nothing about it from Firestone or Barber Line, or did you sent it Barber Line?

I shall stop now. Please, please write me a nice long letter, it would help so much.

Love,
Gladys



The May flower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.

Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE KY. OCT 14 10 PM 1942

BUY DEFENSE S... BONDS AND STAMPS

WIN THE WAR 3¢ UNITED STATES POSTAGE

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O.605
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida



The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000
Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

Wednesday,
October 21st.

Milam, dearest:

You will be surprised to get a letter from me when I was so positive about not writing again until I had heard from you. I'm still vexed and even more so because I had a letter from Bill Hall yesterday but never a word from you. You are worse than I thought, since you are just sitting around marking time and have all the time in the world. I suppose you are using it writing to people who don't mean anything to you.

The theme of this letter is this: Yesterday I went to see my leopard skins which O'Neils shipped to Selmans. It seems that when our skins and the Godleys and Kolves' got all mixed up somebody got mine as all the skins I have now are dark and I'm sure that mine were light in Liberia. Don't you remember that we talked and talked about the light ones. Well, they are dark now, except the ones which I brought home myself last year and the big one which Mrs. Seybold gave me and the little one which Ben brought are all right but don't match. The one which Ben brought is the best of all and is worth $100 so the fur buyer at Selman's told me. The two which Mrs. Seybold sent home by me are all mixed up with mine and I can't tell them from the others. The story is this: There are six good skins which go together but are not what I want as I have to have them light enough to go with black as I can't use brown with my hair, so I'm waiting until I hear something about the 11 which you shipped in the summer. I would suggest that you get Chancellor at Cape Palmas to look for the light skins for us and if there is a chance of getting them I will wait till next year to have the coat made up. ~~If you can get the skins we can sell them for from $50 to $100 depending on the type of skin.~~ This is for your information only. The best skins come from Somalliland and the skin which Ben brought will pass for a skin

also, find out, if you can, about the 11 which were shipped.

coming from there. If we can get enough for a coat and it will take seven good ones, I will have a coat worth more than $1000. The other skins are worth at least $50 each and we might come out even on having the coat made. I could sell them today if I wanted to but I'm not interested. However, I'm not going to part with the skins at all and if I can't get enough light ones I will use the "beauty"for a collar or something. When you come home (if you ever do) it would pay you to throw away all your old clothes and stuff your bag with leopard skins and also crocodiles. What I am primarily interested in is a coat made of the choice light skins and if you don't remember what the skin looked like get Kathryn to find a picture of Joan Crawford in one of my old Harper Bazaars. She got my good skins - she can at least go to that much trouble for you.

I hope I have made myself clear. I am so upset about the matter (when I saw those old dark skins I was just sick) that I am all a twitter. Now do something about getting a letter to me because I ought to know what to do about a good coat. Last year When I came home I bought a sports coat and this fall a ~~light~~ medium weight black one which I can use for most anything but it wont be warm enough in real cold weather. You see I had counted on the leopard. Maybe you can think of a way out. I shall go down again today or tomorrow and see what I can do, and write you but don't wait for an answer - take time out and write me.

I have read the letter and I believe you can make out what I'm driving at. Get in touch with Ben and ask him to get his "Goo Frien" to look for - Jackson the light skins and also get in touch with Chance at Cape Palmas and get all the skins you can light or dark, ~~The furxxxxfriendxx~~ and get them home, the light ones especially if you can. They are awfully hard to match - I wouldn't have one that was not right.

Tell Ben what a fine skin he got for me. That was the cheapest one we bought and it is worth more. I told you at the time Ben brought it, that I liked it better than all the others. than any of the others

I must stop - now let me know somehow what to do, or at least what you think.

From the newspapers it looks as though the women will be coming home from there soon. I am all worried but you will high tail it if trouble starts wont you.

Now, Milam, you must write to me. There is no excuse for your not doing so.

Love

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy



The Mayflower

APARTMENT HOTEL

425 W. ORMSBY AVE.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

LOUISVILLE
OCT 21
5 PM
1942
KY.

Mr. Milam F. Tandy
F.P.C.
A.P.O.605
c/o Postmaster,
Miami, Florida

The Mayflower
APARTMENT HOTEL
PHONE MAGNOLIA 7000



Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

October 29th.

Milam, dear:

Why I should write to you again when I have written twice this week already is more than I can understand. I'm just a fool I suppose but somehow I just can't help it.

Yesterday was a beautiful day. Shakey went walking with me without a sweater (I found one for him which fits all right and I'm going to knit another now that I know what they look like) and I went without a top coat. The day before it was so cold that I froze even though I wore the warmest thing I had. Today is a bleak, dull, depressing day and again I don't just know how I'm going to get through it.

Saturday your mother is going to come and spend the week-end with me. I wanted her to have a week-end to rest instead of working all the time and after debating a while she decided that she would since Charlie will be home to help with the baby. She is going to stay until Monday morning but Tommy will probably ask her to come home Sunday night to stay with the baby. If she doesn't I shall be very much surprised, one of them will probably get sick. She seemed to look forward to the rest. She has to go the doctor three times a week for her arthritis and that long hard trip on the bus is too much for her with the other things she has to do.

The letters I write are so stupid that I ought not to send them but I hope that you are glad to hear from me and know that I think of you even though they are not so well written. Sometimes I wonder if that isn't your way of telling me to stop writing to you.

Had I known that you would be out there this long I would have done everything differently - that is - about the apartment and the working palaver. I could have gotten a job paying more but perhaps with longer hours but that wouldn't have mattered, except for Shakey. He is always glad when I get home. Bless his heart he is such a good little fellow. He doesn't get anything like the attention which he deserves. Last night he talked and talked until I played with him a while. When I take him walking he tries all the tricks he knows to stay out as long as he can. I'm going to try to have a good picture made of him soon, I think. What do you think about it. You know we haven't a really good one of him and if anything had happened to him last summer I wanted a good picture.

Now pay attention to this: When you get ready to come home ask specifically that Firestone advise me. The other day your mother got a notice about the Christmas mailing but I didn't get the circular so I'm afraid they don't have me on their mailing list. If Larry is in Akron I would suggest that you ask him to advise me of your plans. It would just kill me if anybody here knew you were coming home before I did so please don't let that happen.

I'm not going to ask you again to write to me because if my other pleas have been ignored there is no use to waste my time again and if I don't have a letter soon I'm afraid I shall not have the courage or the desire to write again. This is not a threat but I am getting desperate. Killing time is the hardest thing in the world for me to do, especially if I have to do it by myself.

Love,
Gladys

The last letter I had from you was dated Aug 16th - 2½ months ago.
If you have any reason to think you might have to remain in Liberia through the coming dry season please let me know so that I can make other arrangements about an apartment and save a little expense - also I would look for a better paying job. Write me the whys & wherefores - I can take anything I have found out. I must know something definite soon - but don't wait to find out something definite to write me

Keep this - I want to send it to Vincent

The War Has a Few Minor Merits

Taxis go slower and people can't build new homes with basement rumpus rooms

By Henry McLemore

New York.

OFF hand, right quick, you'd say that war has no merits.

But it has. Quite a few of them, in fact. Here in New York we are reaping a few benefits.

Taxicab drivers don't scare the wits out of you. The law says they must stay under 35 miles an hour, and every two or three weeks you find one who does. The law says all cars must drive with dimmers. This makes for happiness. Pedestrians are now run down before they know it and are spared the shock of standing there and waiting for the impact of fender against flesh.

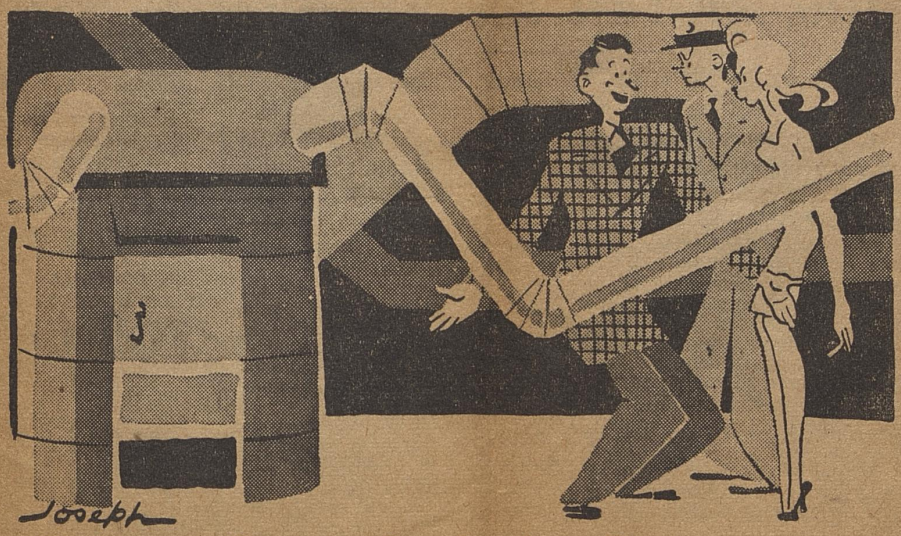
Broadway's lights are turned out, too. It is now possible to walk down the best known street on earth without having to read, in bulbs, the answer for all and any needs. You may have a stomach-ache, but the lights don't tell you what to do about it. You may be cursed with ticklish throat, round heels, an unfaithful cook and bladder trouble, but neon signs don't scream a cure.

•

STILL, if I had to name the biggest blessing that the war has brought, I would venture into the field of architecture. It is now prohibited to build a house that costs more than such-and-such a sum. This is tough on the architects, but what a blessing it is for us who used to have to visit new homes.

There are few things worse than having to accompany the new owner of a new house through a new house. It all means so much to him and so little to anyone else. The closet space drives him to raptures. Bathrooms make him jump up and down in ecstasy. He swoons as he shows guest rooms, and he can talk for an hour on how the choice of wallpaper for the kitchen was made.

But of all the things about a new house, the worst is the rumpus room. Some people don't call it the rumpus room, but it's the rumpus room no matter what they call it. It may be the play room, it may be the entertainment room, it may be the "fuss" room, but it is still the rumpus room.



The host says: "You can cut loose down here. No one can hear you."

There was a time when home builders didn't include a rumpus room. They figured that guests could have sufficient fun in the standard rooms. But not today.

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THERE is never any great difficulty in spotting the rumpus room. It usually is the one that is filled with steam pipes and all sorts of overhead trappings. A few years ago it was called the basement.

No more. You walk down a steep flight of stairs into a cold, wet, damp room. Your host always says, "Well, you can cut loose down here. No one can hear you."

He's right. You are no sooner in the place than double pneumonia sets in (usually while the host is looking for the ping pong net to go on the ping pong table that started warping as long ago as 1906). There is nothing sadder than the average rumpus room ping pong outfit unless it be a rumpus room dart game. A dart game is standard equipment. No one is able to locate more than three darts, two of which have bent points that wouldn't pierce a pound of butter, with the third undergoing moulting so that its feathers are low and droopy.

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THERE is always a bar in the rumpus room. Not much of a bar, but a little sideboard affair that sits over in the corner and pouts because it isn't big enough to do any good.

The host always steps behind the bar and cries, "Okay, folks, what do you want? Step right up. First come, first served!"

This is strictly a gag. If you aren't wise enough to ask for a warm, flat bottle of beer, you might just as well not order at all. That's all the rumpus room bars will handle.

Sometimes there is an old piano that hasn't been tuned since Dewey came home. The hostess always bangs that a couple of times. Why? Ask the hostess.

The rumpus room is the worst feature of the American home.

The war has put a stop to the building of homes large enough to accommodate these horrors.

Lucy, will you please sing the only song you know? In gratitude. Strictly.

Washington Now Needs a Co-ordinator of Speeches

It would be a help to have somebody who could see that the speakers agree

By Henry McLemore

FREEDOM of speech and freedom of speeches are two different things.

For the former we would all gladly die, but for the latter—well, the sooner we do something about it the better off this country is going to be.

Freedom of speeches is a menace, a genuine one. What Washington needs, and right away, is a co-ordinator of speeches. By a co-ordinator of speeches we mean a wise, understanding gentleman who will take all the speeches of Government representatives before they are delivered and see to it that they agree. This is especially needed on speeches pertaining to the war. There must be 9,804 different schools of thought on this subject in Washington, and unfortunately each follower of each school is equipped with a sound set of vocal organs, and a burning desire to exercise same at any and all times.

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THEY'LL speak anywhere. Let one of them get an invitation to address the mid-year graduating class of a cello and trap drum school, and he's off on the next train. Let the manufacturers of miners' lamps ask one of them to address their annual convention, and neither rain nor hail nor storm nor darkness will stop him from being on the platform at the appointed time.

And they never agree. This was brought home to us by a reading of the newspapers the other day. In one column, in type as black as a chimney sweep's waistcoat, was a speech by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Bard.

"We are damn well losing this war, and no 'buts'," he said. "We are still losing this war. It will take all we've got to win—what are you going to do about it?"

In another column, in type as black as a witch's rouge, was a speech by Vice President Wallace. Now what do you think he said to the gathering of notables who sat on a wooded knoll on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davies? Did he agree with Mr. Bard? Did he pound the ears of the notables with dire warnings? No sir, bobree. Not at all. We quote from Mr. Wallace's speech:

"We are over the hump, although the tangible evidence may not be evident for some time yet."

Who is right? Mr. Bard or Mr. Wallace?

That poses a pretty question for the average American citizen, doesn't it? How is he to know, in his home in the Carolinas, the Dakotas, the Virginias, which one of these important men has the lowdown?

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IT'S bound to make his mind spin, fill him with doubt. He knows that Mr. Bard, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is closer to the inside information than a hen to an egg. At the same time he knows that Mr. Wallace, as Vice President, is no stranger to what is going on, being a man who has a key to the White House, and riparian rights on the President's ear.

This sort of thing goes on all the time. Mr. A. says the Germans are cracking and revolution is just around the corner. Mr. B. says the Nazis are strong as ever and are perfectly able to take another three or four years of the war.

That's where the co-ordinator of speeches would come in. He would know what speeches were going to be made, and when. All speech-makers would have to submit their orations to him.

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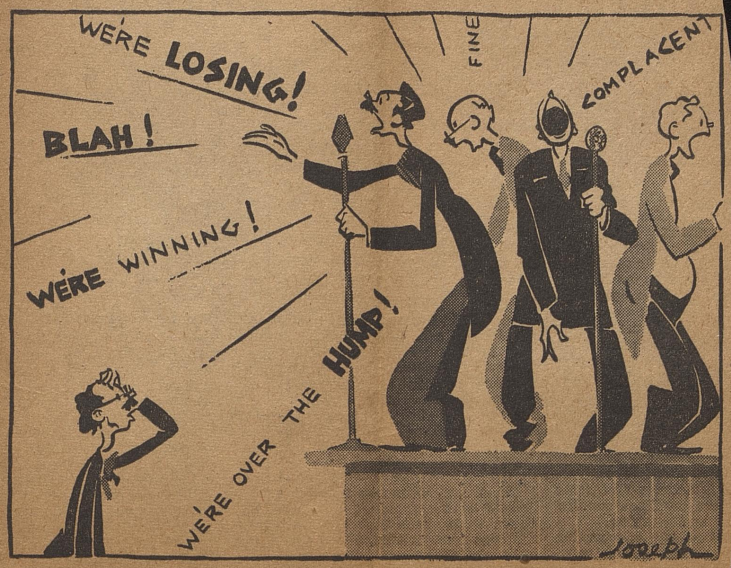
AFTER reading them he would say something like this: "Gentlemen, somebody is wrong. Mr. Jones you are telling the capon fanciers of Dubuque that we are winning the war. Mr. Edwards you are telling the Spanish moss collectors of Jacksonville that the United Nations now hold the upper hand. You, Mr. Photts, are leaving for Los Angeles to tell your hearers that Japan has shot its bolt and is as good as done for. While you, Mr. Snopes, are off for Atlanta to tell Sons of the Boll Weevil that the Japanese are in control of the Pacific and that Oregon is in danger of being captured.

Now, let's take all of your speeches and boil them down into something that resembles an agreement. Otherwise, no one in this country will know what to believe, and that does not aid in unity. Let's either be winning this war or losing it. If we are winning it let's relax a bit. If we're losing it let's get mean and tough and rough and lay aside all excuses and start throwing our Sunday punches.

Speaking of Sunday punches, can you imagine what will happen when this country really gets to the point where it has to let one loose. It'll be the most devastating punch ever tossed.

Now, in our speech before the graduating class of Dogs for Defense, we are going to say—



No wonder the average American's mind spins when he hears such talk.

SENATOR SOAPER SAYS—

A wishful thinker believes starvation will soon stare Nazi Germany in the face. If this includes Babe Goering, starvation will be outstared.

Soon the winter-long night will close in on worried Alaska. This, though, is definitely not a year for going to bed till half past March.

In the West, an attempt to revive the singing waiter is banned. Our recollection of the fellow is that he was a failure as a waiter and couldn't sing.

Due to gas rationing, in the East, many a family circle has been enlarged by strangers who turn out to be the older children.

Kentucky holdup men allowed their victim 75 cents to get his laundry. It is to be hoped this magnanimous example will not be lost on our tax framers.

When the superior Jap Zero Fighter gets into the line of the Flying Fortress' fire, it "crumples up like a paper bag." Ours can't do that.

The surface of the country's resources in old metal seems scarcely to have been scratched. In the rubber situation alone, the Baruch Committee found miles of haywire.

Alas, a remarkable discovery of Brooklyn chemists, which makes old rabbits look, act and feel young, comes too late to benefit the Bums.

The superb gunnery of our fleet and fliers impresses one and all. Meanwhile, along the home front an Ohio hunter has shot a schoolhouse by mistake for a red squirrel.

With the living-room at 65 for the winter, we may need all of Washington's love to keep us warm.

Maybe we are a little hard on Britain

L, LOUISVILLE, KY. THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1942.

Our Sniping At British Is Unjust

We face same enemy but our response to threat hasn't equalled Britons'

By Henry McLemore

THIS big fellow was working on a steak this big and that wide. I couldn't find it in me to bother him. But when he ordered a second I walked over and said, "Quent, give me a column. I gotta get one out tonight, and you must have an idea."

He did. Quent Reynolds always has an idea.

He should. A man can't see and feel and taste as much of this war as Quent has without storing a few story ideas in the back of his head.

The big fellow is here resting from the shaking up he got on the Commando raid at Dieppe. He came over on a clipper and he slept all the way.

"Tucked my head down when we took off, and damn if we weren't almost at New York before I woke up," he said. "But you want a column idea. O. K., here's one. Every time I come back to the United States I hear knocks against the English. You've heard them, haven't you?"

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I SAID that I had. I said, and truthfully, that no matter where I went I always wound up listening to Americans putting the blast on the English. The anti-British talk always followed along these lines:

The Americans are a starry-eyed people. The British are cold-eyed people. We'll win this war for them just as we won the last one for them.

We'll get nothing out of it. The British will wind up with all their far-flung possessions.

They'll hate us for helping them. They'll tell us we came in only when the toughest part of the going was over.

"That's right," Quent said. "That's about what I hear, too. All right, you write this. The two greatest cities in the world are London and New York. They are in the two major countries of the United Nations group. They have the same enemy, do London and New York. The German and the Jap are just as eager to get hold of New York as they are to walk the streets of London. Are the two cities responding to this death challenge in a like manner? Is New York keyed to the same pitch as London?"

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"NO, HENRY, the two cities are as different as night and day. London—and I left it only a few days ago—is all out. It is a war town. It is a town where every man, woman and child is conscious of the Axis threat. Food is scarce and hard to get. I have had more meat in three days in New York than I could get in London in three months, four months or five months.

"When night falls in London the lights go out. Three weeks ago I flew over London at 5,000 feet and there was not even a flicker of light to be seen. There are no cabs—at least, you never can get one—and hotels are grim places. They don't have floor shows and bellhops to open your windows and turn down your beds.

"New York—well, if it were not for the uniforms on the street a man wouldn't know this country was at war. Where is the change? You eat all you want. You drink all you want. You dance all you want. You have baseball games, tennis matches, overflowing theater crowds, and money, money, money. The shops have everything. There is no sacrifice at all."

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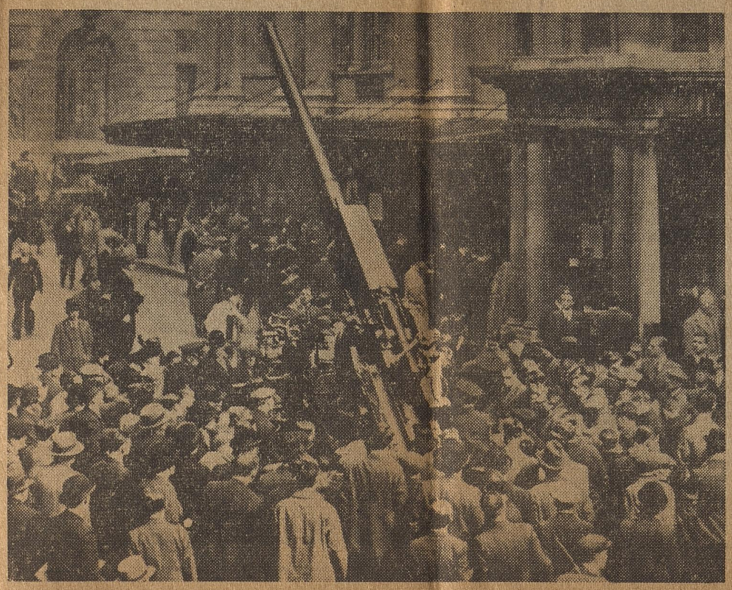
QUENT bit into a side of beef, and sighed. "We'll come to it. We'll come to it the hard way, but we'll arrive. But it makes me a little sore to have Americans knock the British. When an air raid siren sounds over there, it isn't for practice, it means that someone is going to get a bomb. They wear shabby clothes because that's all they have. They look hungry because most of them are hungry. But they never quit. They never yielded a foot when hell came from all sides and out of the sky. So, when you hear an American knock an Englishman, just ask him this: 'Have you given as much, suffered as much, for decency in the world?'"

That makes a lot of sense. Let's forget about the British as they used to be, and think about the British as they are today. Today they stand as the people who looked the monster of Europe in the eye and, with no weapons to fight him, defied him to do his worst.

Let's never forget that when this country was still shipping scrap to Japan, England was fighting.



In London every man, woman and child is conscious of the danger.

SENATOR SOAPER SAYS—

An article picturing the war effort on the farm shows a left-handed corn husker—and what we town folks wonder is where he gets the left-handed corn.

What the country needs is some system of fining Congressmen 5,000 votes apiece for staying too long in the huddle.

In Britain, after long experiment, a strain of silent pigs has been developed. Thus ends the packing industry's vain research for ways to utilize the grunt.

If the War Production Boards as now organized don't work, we shall simply have to get up another. What comes after "super?"

The conquerors too have their trials, and we bet "The Road to Mandalay" sounds worse, even, in a Japanese baritone.

The trick in writing a jingle-jangle-jingle song is suiting it to the cowboy tenor, while keeping the whole thing in the realm of music.

As to a southern barber who shaved a customer in 28 seconds, it is supposed he touched only the high spots of the world situation.

Looking back, in the files of 1936, we discover this is the war we weren't going to, even as a guest.

An eastern clinic ponders a case in which the subject, ten minutes after a meal, has forgotten what he ate. If it's blanc mange, it could be sooner.

A thought is that the jeep will make a dandy post-war baby carriage for the kind of tough baby our posterity will have to be.

This is one of my favorite Commentators

ANOTHER DAKAR SCARE CAMPAIGN

One of the motives of Vichy's latest outcry is to prepare French opinion for armed alliance with Axis

By ERNEST LINDLEY.

Washington.

PERIODICALLY since Pierre Laval returned to power, the French government has professed anxiety over the safety of Dakar. The latest of the Dakar scare campaigns in the Vichy and the German-controlled Paris press has reflected, in the opinion of our experts, a varying mixture of genuine jitters, an effort to smoke out Anglo-American military strategy, and a preparation of French opinion for an active German-French military alliance.

The Paris and Vichy press have played separate roles in the campaign. Although Vichy-French naval and air patrols observed our ships as they approached the African bulge, the Paris press sounded the first alarm. It began by warning that Dakar was menaced, worked up to predictions of an imminent attack, and broke off with lame and unfounded claims that Dakar was under blockade. Only when the British disclosed that the American forces had disembarked far down the bulge did Vichy chime in. Vichy dispatches then pronounced the Liberian landings provocative, said Laval's ministry had taken appropriate but unspecified measures, and emphasized that the terrain and Dakar's defenses made a successful attack difficult if not impossible.

With this last statement, our authorities do not entirely disagree. Dakar's sea defenses comprise the 35,000-ton battleship Richelieu, three cruisers, three destroyers, ten corvettes, and a number of submarines. British torpedoes and depth charges disabled the Richelieu for sea action two years ago, but her eight 15-inch guns and secondary batteries make her a formidable stationary fort. On the post or within summons of Dakar are 60,000 trained Senegalese troops, impervious to any influence but their officers' commands.

Our military authorities are properly reticent on the strength and composition of American forces in Liberia. But it can be stated, authoritatively, that they consist in the main of technical and engineering personnel whose duties relate to the army's acquisition of the Pan-American bomber ferry and commercial clipper services operating through Liberia. The clipper service has a base at Robertsville on the coast, the ferry service an inland base at Fisherman's Lake. They represent no threat to Dakar.

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THE military situation in Liberia is known to the Axis in a general way, if not in detail, for the German consulate general only now is being asked to leave. What the Germans probably do not know is the size of British forces in Gambia and Sierra Leone, British protectorates wedging into French Senegal and Guinea, between Liberia and Dakar. The French press alarms may have been designed to provoke London and Washington reactions disclosing the role of Liberia, Gambia and Sierra Leone in over-all Allied strategy.

The press dispatches tacked on the unusual reminder that Germany stands ready to "assist" France in protecting her empire. The Nazis have made repeated efforts to obtain Vichy's permission to put their armed forces into French North Africa and Dakar. So far, these attempts have been blocked either in Vichy or, when Vichy has weakened, by the opposition of the French military authorities in Africa. The emphasis in the Vichy press upon Dakar's defensive readiness is construed here as a signal to the Germans not to press now for a military alliance—at least not while Laval is still trying to deliver 150,000 French workmen to Germany.

Secretary Hull has again voiced this government's strenuous objections to Laval's labor policy, in language designed to encourage the French people to resist. The transfer of labor helps Germany where it is becoming weakest—in manpower. Our officials regard it, moreover, not only as a violation of international law, but as a violation of Marshal Petain's pledge not to exceed the terms of the German-French armistice.

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THE State Department, of course, is under renewed pressure to sever diplomatic relations with Vichy. While the advantages of maintaining them have been shrinking, they have not vanished. In the first place, a rupture probably would mean the expulsion of American consuls and special representatives from North Africa and Dakar, where they maintain continual watch on United Nations interests. In the second place, American trade with French North Africa would be halted, depriving the colonial administrators of one of their justifications for standing firm against German infiltration.

This trade is small and it has been intermittent. Our exports have consisted chiefly of kerosene, low-grade gasoline, tea and sugar—commodities useful in keeping the Arabs happy and in maintaining essential public services. It may be argued that anything sent to North Africa aids the Axis, directly or indirectly. Some sources have charged explicitly that American gasoline went to Marshal Rommel. But the American agents on the spot deny these charges in toto. They follow the shipments through to their ultimate consumers. Their information is first-hand, whereas that of most of the critics is not.

Dakar is of no particular value to the United Nations for their own use. Our interest is making sure that it is not used by the Germans or in their behalf. French North Africa, under certain circumstances, might be of positive military value to the United Nations. But again it is more important that these territories should not be occupied by the Nazis.

In France itself the only effective check to Laval appears to be French popular resistance. But in Africa, there are still men in authority who refuse to exceed the terms of the Armistice, and for two years a constant aim of American policy has been to encourage them to stand firm.

MR. [illegible]

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

The Mayflower

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Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER

425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

November 2d, 1942.

Dearest:

Your radiogram which I received yesterday was a great pleasure as well as a surprise. Actually, I was so thrilled thatI was shaking all over when I hung up the telephone. Your mother was with me and was as happy as I. Now, if I can wait until the letter arrives, I can maybe rest a little easier until you get home but I do so hope that you wont stop with the one letter but keep on writing to me even if you do expect to be home soon.

Your mother came to spend the week-end with me - from Saturday till Monday morning - but she didn't tell Tommy she was going to stay Sunday night until Tommy telephoned yesterday. This morning before I left the apartment Tommy had telephoned and reminded her that the stores were closed until noon today (they are closed every Monday until noon and stay open until 9 o'clock on account of the Defense Workers) but Mother T. told Tommy that she was going to the doctor's and wouldn't be home until after lunch. She told me that she was getting in a rut and didn't think it was good for her to stay out there, that she just had to have a change. She had told Eugenie that she had to get away and said she might go to Hopkinsville. If you are not going to be coming home right away (I hate to think of your having to stay out there any longer) why don't you write and tell her that you want her to stay with me as much as she can, suggesting that she stay a week with me and then a week with Tommy, That would make Tommy get a maid and relieve your Mother of so much of the care of the baby. Actually, if something isn't done your mother is going to be in the hospital. You don't have to write anything about her doing too much, just tell her that you don't think it is good for me to stay alone so much.

Darling, you really can't know how much I miss you and look forward to hearing from you and how I worry when I don't hear. You are the sweetest thing on

earth and I know you don't mean to treat me badly, and I know too how easy it is to put off writing in Liberia until you know there is a plane going and then have somebody come in and keep you from getting the letter written at the last minute - but please, write me a line and tell me that you are well and still love me and let it go at that even if you don't have time. Don't ever wait this long again - I don't think I could stand it.

When I think of your coming home and of seeing and being with you again I just can't wait. Last night I dreamed that I was going back out there with you and, of course, I couldn't wait to get started. Saturday I found a four leaf clover and yesterday I found another and I'm hoping that means that youare coming home right away, although Bill Hall's letter didn't sound like it.

Theletter I wrote you on the 19th was written before I had seen the leopard skins - I do hope to hear something from you about them before long. This letter seems to be worse than the others - so I shall fill up the page and stop for today.

Today is another dreary day but I feel better since I heard from you, and think I can live through it. Shakey is still the cutest, sweetest dog. I am making a black sweater for him. He doesn't like sweaters very much as they have to be pulled over his head, but I think he'll get used to them because he gets so awfully cold, if he doesn't wear them.

Darling, I don't know how I'm ever going to wait till you come home - I want to see you so badly I can hardly stand it. Did you know that by the time you get home it will have been eight months since I left you? When I think back I don't see how I've managed to live through it but the fact that I thought you were coming so many times sorta cut the time up.

I can't seem to help repeating that you are the dearest, sweetest & best husband that any girl ever had and I suppose that is why I miss you so and get so vexed and hurt when I don't hear from you. You know that I would forgive you anything and that I will love you and need you forever. Don't let that knowledge keep you from writing me each week - lately I have written you about three times each week, and you haven't rated even one.

With all my love, and hoping that you will be with me by the first of December, I am, as always

Your devoted wife,

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

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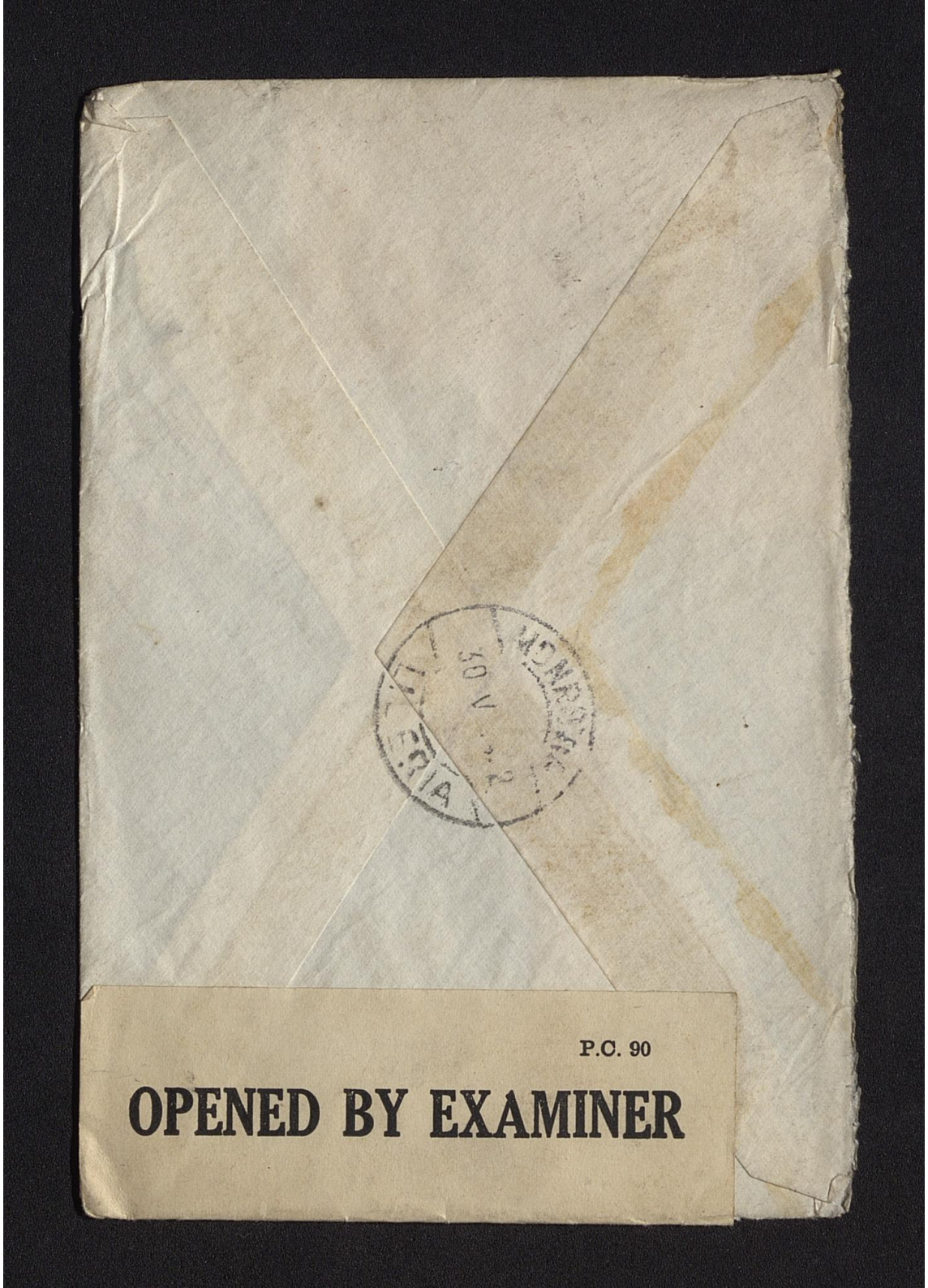
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Miss H. B. FOUTCH
MANAGER
425 W. ORMSBY AVENUE
Louisville, Ky.

November 3d

My darling:

How I am ever going to wait until your letter gets here I just don't know. Each day gets longer than the one before, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The last letter you wrote me was written on August 16th and I received ~~it~~ on the 22d of August and I'm hoping this one will get here as quickly but it will probably be Saturday when I receive it. It gives me something to look forward to, however, and that is more than I have had in many weeks.

Today is as beautiful as yesterday was gloomy. We had a good frost last night and it is nippy, plenty, but lovely just the same. If you were here we would take a long walk.

Your radiogram made you seem so much closer to me and ever since I received it I can feel your arms about me and your kisses and my longing for you is so great that it is almost unbearable. To save my life I cannot understand why I ever allowed you to persuade me to leave you but I did and I can't do anything about it now but wait.

When I think of you having to live in a house which I didn't fix for you I don't like it in the least. Even Charlotte's things were not as nice as ours. In fact, nobody's were and I don't like to think of you not being comfortable. I suppose that the rains are just about over and that it is getting warm again. What are you doing for clothes since you sent yours home. I get panicky every time I think of your getting home in cold weather. If you have enough warm clothes to get you to Louisville you can buy Hickey-Freeman clothes at Rodes-Rapier and if you went down early in the morning they would probably fix them for you the same day. Oh, darling, if you could only get home before Christmas, but if you can't let me know as far in advance as you can so that I can toughen up some more.



All that I can think of is how much I love you and need you, and your letters if I don't have you. For the past few weeks I have had visions of you being interested in someone else, or that you had decided you could get along just as well without me, and if you had I don't know what would happen to me. Ever since I have had you I have been so proud of you and so thankful that you belong to me but since I have been away from you I have realized more than ever before how wonderful you are. I haven't seen a man as goodlooking as you are since I came home and I know there is not one as sweet and fine and if you don't get home I am going to board a clipper and go back to Liberia. I have more right to be there than Mrs. Roosevelt has to be in England. (I enclose a clipping by my favorite columnist. Tell me what you think of him)

There is no news and you are perhaps becoming bored with my uninteresting letters. Do, I hold your foot and beg you, write me each week even if you think you are coming home, and even if you think my letters are silly. If I could make you understand what a lonely life I lead and how your letters cheer me up I'm sure that you would write me often.

Shakey is so cute and sweet in his little red sweater. Please tell Adam about his "shutter."

With all my love and hoping to see you soon, Iam

Devotedly,

Gladys

Mrs. M. F. Tandy

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