

IN REPLY REFER TO
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DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
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Dear People,

The delay between number 4 and number five in this delightful series was occasioned by my illness and confinement to a bed of pain. In order to follow out the Tell-mamma-everything injunction, I have been feeling perfectly dreadful, awful, vile, and unspeakable. There, now you know. I acquired a bug, and was laid up with a disgusting sort of thing that isn't mentioned in polite society by any other name than Lagos tummy, or, if it occurs in Lisbon, Lisbonitis. It often occurs in both places. I was plied (or is it plyed) with all sorts of ineffectual remedies, and finally ended up in a hospital bed. It was dreadful. I got out of there yesterday, but still feel shaky, and misanthropic to a degree.

Therefor I have practically no news to relate. My greatest adventures lately have been literary, and I have read so much that for the first time in my life I don't care if I don't see another book for a month, or the printed word in any form, for that matter. The chronicle of what I have read would merely bore you. The nicest things that have come to me have been mother's letters, of which two arrived after numerous vicissitudes. Still no letters from Pop, sad to say. Other than the ONE which was written on Feb. 14., way back in the dark ages. I also got a nice letter from the Blissés and one from Mr. Bishop.

Mr. Shantz has come back from Leo and Angola. It's nice to see him again, but he is leaving soon for another short trip and then home. Mr. Sidney Browne, Consul in Accra, is paying us a short visit this weekend, and has proved to be a very good type.

I am tentatively back at work, with a tendency to bite people's heads off- even William's. I am definitely mean, nothing has happened worthy of relating, so I will end this right here.

Snappishly,

LPK