

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE NO. #7 - June 2 '43



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

## AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

American Consulate General  
Lagos, Nigeria  
June 2, 1943

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Dear family,

This morning in the pouch a fine series of letters (April 15-25) came from Mamma! It is always too late in arriving, but at least when it does come it's made heartily welcome. As yet the Department has not sent me any of the packages mother mentioned, but thank goodness that doesn't indicate much these days. I shall ask William whether it would not be better to order things for us through Sears Roebuck- at least large things. We do occasionally receive things from there. William ordered a pair of clippers for the local black barber, and got them! (as well as three free haircuts for his pains.) Barbering in the Consulate General is done off the back porch, overlooking the courtyard. The victim has a good view of our living room, and the advantage of knowing that the barber is incapable of communicating his views on politics and the news. Perhaps I could get some skirts through Sears or Montgomery Ward.

N.B.-  
No.

Saturday night Ham Ramsey the Gov.'s aide de camp came over for drinks, accompanied by the Private Sec'y. Sunday we went to the beach, and just as we got there it started to pour down in its usual lavish way. William and I and Thompson ran madly through the underbrush of the trails and arrived at the beach hut soaked but not unhappy. Coffee and Thompson arrived a few minutes later with their burdens on their heads, both wet through. Coffee closed the sliding walls, and Bill and I settled down with books and magazines to while away the lazy hours. I forgot to say that Mr. Lynch and the others of our party were invited to another Beach hut for the day, so we had the place entirely to ourselves. We had curry and cold chicken for lunch, and went to sleep for three hours afterwards. We went to see "One Foot in Heaven" in the evening, returning in time for early bed.

Monday night Dick Poland came back from Accra, and showed us all over a nice big lagoon. The sunset on the lagoon that evening was the most beautiful we had ever seen, as we slid through the water in a motor boat. It is really fine to see the silhouettes of the native fishing boats with their patched square sails (looking like the pictures one sees of Nile River boats) framed against the grey and coral and gold of the sunset, while the fish in the water jump two or three feet in the air ~~in their~~ ahead of the nets. We took Dick home with us for dinner, and waited hopelessly for the arrival of a Mr. Vernon Crudge of BOAC, who was supposed to turn up just as we served the fried sliced potatoes and groundnuts.

Yesterday afternoon I took the plunge and visited Mr. Gaspar Peris, the local hairdresser (European ladies

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and gents expert hairdressing). He gave me a three inch haircut and a permanent wave for the comparatively small sum of two pounds ten. I didn't even know he existed until Anita came to the office the other day with frizzy locks. One is in constant danger of being confronted by members of the opposite sex as one sits under the iron monster that does the job, but I was lucky enough to be surrounded by ladies only until I was well out of the iron monster. I read Marquis James' life of Jackson during the ordeal.

I celebrated the permanent that very evening, by wearing the net and sequins skull cap I bought at Altman's, and which I had not been able to wear up till then due to the fact that my hair had grown to putting-up proportions. We went to a buffet supper at BOAC mess. It was the birthday of one of the pilots, and a most successful party. One small room was the scene of the revelries of some twenty people, so the whole thing looked like home. After a while some of the African attendants decided it was time for some native songs and dances in honor of the occasion. More bedlam, this time rhythmical. We finally met Vernon Crudge, who promised to look up Pop in New York, where he will soon be. I gave him a note, which he may or may not be able to take. Home and to bed by midnight. We are getting too old to stay out late any more.

To-night we had planned to go and see "The Major and the Minor" with Ginger Rogers, but received a summons to dine at Government House with the acting Gov., so we shall be going there instead. An account of the proceedings will be forthcoming in our next.

Saturday night we shall be dining and movieing with my doctor, who is a good and sympathetic soul.

Little Willie burned out the electric "kettle" for heating water. Another one has arrived, along with the bill for both. We are well supplied here with limes, coconut, cocoa, meat, fish, butter, tropical things in general. We lack curry powder, among other manufactured products. There are occasional shortages of about everything except fruit. Groundnuts are scarce because of government decrees concerning their shipment. We suffer in silence, but the native population is undergoing real privation due to cutting off of the supplies of "Gari", a kind of cassava powder with which they make doughy dishes they are fond of. They eat exclusively: Gari, yams, and hot red peppers, so the lack of gari is greatly felt. I shall be banking at the Park National Bank of Newark Ohio, and depositing my wealth there. Ah! there is no more rice in Lagos, bad for Saturday curries! Old Aliu Yaya the Hausa gardener asked William the other day "How madam be for body?" William replied that I was getting along fine now, but privately he thought that honest Aliu's polite inquiry might have been completely misunderstood by the uninitiate. When shall I hear from my father? six months have passed, and only one letter has arrived. Do you always exchange the letters I send to one or the other of you? Please do, because it is beyond my powers of composition and the pouches dimensions to carry two letters a week to the two of you.

William loves his robe! Much love, WTK

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William says everything should be sent by Pouch, after all. The packages should not be more than six by six by twelve (in inches) and NOT weigh more than 25 [ounces?] usually they will go by sea mail, and be delayed. Smaller packages will get here faster, but still by Sea mail.

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