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THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
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AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
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Dear Family,

The State Department has been frustrating menow for several weeks- and so has the APO. No letters from you, while all around me letters are pouring in for other people. It's heart-rending.

We had a fine day last Sunday, although it was cloudy all day and rained at noon as we were trudging over to Lighthouse beach (see map). None the less, the surf was fairly good and we had some grand fun gliding in on the waves. Bill Bruns came and brought the girl he has managed to corner, Pat Thompson. BOAC, born and reared in Chile, British, round face, very comendable girl. No- pardon me, not Boac- censorship. Ham Ramsay the ADC to the Governor came too, on one of his rare days off. Josiah's curry was even more delectable than usual, and the sleep afterwards just set us up. I had invited General Bruce and his porcelain ADC too, but they were in Ibadan and didn't arrive till after we had gone fast asleep. They woke us up, we had a short talk, and off we all went. Due to the fact that the Waafnar is no longer available for civilian passengers, we took a native fishing boat over, starting off from Victoria Beach Road- I've got the spot on the map. It was ruough going over, and took us nearly an hour, but coming back Mr. Badejo the Fisherman hoisted a sail and his assistant and small son too pulled away at the oars, so we made it in twenty minuteWe rather likedthe adventure in the hollowed-out tree trunk.

Saturday night we went to an army (British) party at one of the small messes in Ikoyi, then on to the club for dancing. My friend Mr. General Wilson was along, and I talked to him for some time. He's the man who looks, talks, and does everything in a manner that makes C.Aubry Smith look like somebody else. I like him.

Last night we were forced to take in for drinks and dinner a perfectly repulsive character named ~~W.D.E.W.~~ D.E.W. His conceit is so colossal that it amazes practically everyone he meets. He's the man who announced that every-

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where he goes huge crowds turn out at the airport to greet him. He also said that his house is the focal center for all the really important people in Dakar, and that he personally is going home one of these days to clean up the messes in Washington. I've got a lot of very important contacts in and out of Washington, says he, and believe me, by God I'm going to see that things are straightened out myself personally. We were as polite as could be under the circumstances. He's the finest, purest, most untoughed specimen of an Economic Royalist of the 19th century school that I've ever met. Said he, to our delight, I've got a lot of money and a good home, and by God (his favorite expression) I'm going to see that no worms from the gutter take any of my privileges from me. Why, I'd crush any lowdown ---- who tried to do anything I didn't like. He prides himself enormously on the fact that he personally broke a strike in one of "his" plants (Wilson's meat packers) when the men claimed that the company was making twenty percent more profits than last year, the cost of living had gone up, and the company had not raised wages. It was true, said he, but what of it? I just went down there and told them we'd close the plant if they didn't truck, and by God, they crawled back! Definite feeling of nausea. In the Belgian Congo he met one of the men who owns half of the colony (practically everyone he meets owns half of the place he meets them in). This gentleman had a long beard, and as soon as ~~we~~ saw him he shouted Well when did you climb off the label. What label, enquired the other. The Smith Brothers, haw haw haw haw!! We gave him drinks, dinner, a hot bath, and drove him back to the airport, which was nice of us. We also parted on good terms, which was somewhat of an effort.

Before he came I went over to a meeting of the Lagos Players, where we read through two acts of the play we will be giving in Dec. or Nov. I was pleased as punch, because they gave me the best part in the play, and it really is a great part. I'll tell you about it when I know more.

Tuesday afternoon after work I drove to the center of town (Tinibu Square- not on map) with Lillemor Rasmussen, with some black and some white silk to make a dress out of. I saw one in Vogue that I'd like to have copied, but we aren't hopeful. The woman wasn't there, so I shall have to go another day. After dinner we had the Discussion group at our house. Post War Nigerian problems. Great argument about it and about by experts. To bed early. Last night we had some good games of badminton with the Rasmussens and their numerous friends. Then we had to go and help Andy Lynch entertain some Naval blokes- two with beards! It was rather trying, because they had been imbibing just a little too much. We stayed to dinner, but left immediately afterward. Today Bill Bruns brought in the pictures he took last Sunday at Tarqua, and they are so natural-looking that I am going to send you the whole batch of them- in this pouch if possible. There's a very good one of William and me asleep on the camp beds, and another one of the canoe we came over in, with the whole party in it.



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Friday Sept. 3 '43

Twenty-six and never been kissed. My, I feel old and dodderly. I had a happy birthday, however. People called me up three or four times to sing the birthday song, Mr. Lynch gave me a lovely bottle of real imported Spanish sherry, Mr. Wilson gave me a funny ebony and ivory native comb, Bill Bruns a pair of pillow slips from the Agricultural store, Pat Thompson a box of dusting powder, and William tried to get my gold "friendship ring" from Mr. Hooper the Goldsmith.- but it wasn't ready. All very nice. I made a cake with fudge frosting- but the dopey boys didn't cook the frosting as long as I told them to, so that it was quite runny, and then they put it around the cake instead of on top of it. We had ice cream, tuna fish salad to begin with, and pork chops with the inevitable string beans and roast potatoes. After dinner we went to a movie charity benefit performance and saw an excellent picture called "Unpublished Story"- about the London blitz and spies and all sorts of thrilling things along those lines, plus love. On to the club small small, and to bed tired but contented, as usual.

I've bought some postcards at the Christian Mission Society Bookshop (commonly known as CMS) and am sending them to you in this pouch. The one of the Lagoon is the traditional garish sunset, but also traditionally, they really do look that way. However, they have put three incredible boats in the picture that look like chopped-off warships instead of the really very picturesque and natural looking fishing boats that ply up and down. I bought them this morning while on an exiting shopping tour with Lillemor Rasmussen. We went to the dressmakers- acknowledged coffee-colored daughter of a Scot named Duncan who stayed here so long they began to look white to him. Fun and frolic was had by all as we tried to tell her what we wanted made. I'm experimenting with ~~an~~ a long-sleeved evening dress, black ~~maxi~~ skirt and white top with black sleeves. We will see what we will see. Then we went on to the Agricultural department store which is opposite the place where I got my hair curled. I bought some dried peas (!- wonderful) and a floppy native straw hat to protect my head on the beach.

We've been having quite cool weather, so that one always has to wear a jacket at night, and a lightweight wool suit is called for in/ the daytime. The other night I wore my black wool overcoat to the movies - the one I wore last winter and fall.

Saturday Sept. 4- At last fate and the APO has been kind to me. A letter from mother posted August 23 arrived this morning, full of tomatoes and the northern New Jersey summer. I can't understand why you didn't get any letters for some time, because I only skipped one week while on vacation, but then, the mail clerks at the Department are quite often mean enough to send us commercial letters from Montgomery Ward or handouts from the OWI about things that happened three months ago instead of letters from home. They say (and rightly) that the Army morale depends on getting letters fast, but nobody worries about us poor Foreign Servicemen.

LOVE + KISSES,  
L.P.K.