

IN REPLY REFER TO

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DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICAAMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
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Dear Family,

Last Friday evening before dinner we went to the Rasmusson's for a game or two of badminton, which were, as usual, fun as anything. During the conversation period afterwards we talked to a man fresh from England. Two days, or rather nights, before, he had been fire watching in London, and then oops, there he was in Nigeria peacefully playing and sipping his cooling beverage in between games. By the way, someone has taken pictures of Bill Bruns and Pat Thompson and the rest playing badminton there, and when I get my copies I'll send you one so you can see the happy setting. It's funny about our man from England. You'd think that after having worked for Pan American and been in this and other places where people continually come and go in planes, I'd be quite used to the idea of fast traveling- but it still gives me a funny feeling.

Saturday we had a very busy day at the office, thus enjoying our curry the more. Like angel children we got up after only an hour's nap and went to work again, ~~xxx~~ I to begin writing a speech I am going to give on Thursday to the boys in British Army here who are interested in improving their minds. All under the auspices of the Education Officer-in-charge. One of the soldiers who comes to the discussion group put them on to me. I have a bit more of a feeling of trepidation than I did before the Discussion club speech, since then I was Among Friends, and everyone more or less except the sissies make a speech there at one time or another.

In the evening we went to dinner at the home of some people named Reynolds, who are in the Nigerian Gov't. Accounts Department, and are, I regret to state, only a little more interesting than their own Accounts. Their guests were a trifle more interesting than they were, which is not to say that they were fascinating characters. We went to the movies, however, and saw a very funny picture entitled "Come Live with me", with my old favorite James Stewart. After which there was an awkward pause during which we tried to decide whether or not the Reynolds really wanted and expected us to go home with them for a little conversation. We decided they didn't. All during dinner their three dogs, including a puppy six weeks old, ate their own chop in the small dining room with us. The puppy howled mightily when he saw the roast being carved, and had to be given scraps of it in order that some quiet might be maintained. Quite an experience, in a way., but we decided that when we have the Reynolds over for chop, we won't invite their dogs.

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As usual on Sunday morning we were all set to go to the beach and hadn't asked anyone else, so we had to do some hurried telephoning in order to get up a party. We asked Lt. Meuller of the Army (formerly an archaeologist in Mexico and the Near East) who is just about the only one over at the camp these days who is not so bush that you can't invite him places without worrying about what he's going to say. Also MacCail, the new Pan American man, who is one of the strong silent type, to our sorrow. And one of the British Army officers whom we met the previous weekend, when we went over to sing songs at Don Huse's shack at Tarqua. His name is Wallace Eddy-Leao, and he is a very interesting person, amusing and gay, and an authority on various unrelated subjects. The day was spent very well. To the movies in the evening accompanied by Dick Poland. We saw "This is the Army". Dick is going up to Accra, probably for at least six weeks, and perhaps permanently. We are sorry to see him go.

Yesterday was the great day when Miss Thurgood arrived. She was not expected until Wednesday, so we had to hurry out to the airport when the army boys told us she was going to be on the next plane. When the plane had taxied down to the building, a whole lot of soldiers filed out one by one, and no Miss Thurgood. We were just about to turn away when out she came, the last on the plane. She is about my height, dark, slim, thirty or so, and a nice, practical girl. I think she will be an addition to parties, and good in the office. She is not terribly pretty, but not a trial to look at, either. I have been initiating her into the mysteries of the office and the code books all day.

Saturday, Oct. 30

Sorry, much too busy to add anything, and pouch closing.

Love,

LPK