

American Consulate Gen'l.
March 9, 1943

L-245 p 1/3

Dear Family,

The news calendar holds various items of interest this week: Beginning with last Friday, where I think I left off the last time. The event of that day was that we went to Anita's house, had a lovely time, and left, wonder of wonders, only half an hour later than we had firmly vowed to leave- at 10:30. The OWI boys were there also, and they are very nice joes from Miami, so the party was all very Americann and gay, with the exception of Penry, Anita's Police officer husband who is all that he should be anyway. Penry has a perfectly magnificent bushy moustache which Anita is forever trying to get him to trim down to normal size. Well, we played darts again and this time I didn't distinguish myself at all, as I had at the Naval Officer's mess.

Saturday night we had a party chez nous again, and afterwards went to the movies, where we were entertained by a British film which could have been worse. Censorship along moral lines seems to be a great deal less rigid in England than it is in Hollywood, for some of the jokes and remarks in "Under Your Hat" would never, never have been heard in an American film. One or two songs, also, were more than slightly risque. The Saturday night dance was held at the Ebbutte Metta Club last week, by arrangement with the Ikoyi Club. The "EB" Club, as it is popularly referred to, is purely Tennis and not half so grand as Ikoyi, but none the less one sits out under the stars in the same manner, and the service is of the same non-existent variety. During the course of the evening we discussed the matter of a new Naval decoration which the local British Naval Officers are thinking of dreaming up, namely, "The Ikoyi Cross for Undistinguished Gallantry in the pursuance of rather Vague Duties". The whole point being, that most of the Naval Officers here think that they are much better suited for more active service, and after six months or so usually begin to brood about standing on the bridge of great battleships directing fire in the midst of battle's din, and all that sort of thing. At two thirty Bill and I became very, very sleepy, so in spite of the fact that he and I were host and hostess, we were forced to say good-bye to our own party and trudge home. The next morning we learned to our horror that the others had stayed on till five AM, it being the last Saturday night that Sybil was to spend here. We had a refreshing day at Tarqua, and once again everyone was much too lazy to walk over to the distant surf bathing beach. On the regular beach, which we have become to call Honey Island because there are often as many as fifty or sixty people on it, were TWO BABIES! One named Jeffry, aged aprox. two, and another name unknown, a little girl of perhaps four, with blond curls. Both stark naked. Except Jeffry, who had on a sun helmet. It was a joy and a delight to see them in the first place, but

L-245 p 2/3

small Jeffry striding along in a manly manner, turning up his toes, in nothing but a sun helmet, was something really wonderful. Naturally, one hardly ever sees children here. We had a fine lunch, and went to sleep as usual. Afterwards some of us had another quick swim then went over to see Cap Roberts beach house, which is the pride of Tarqua. It is really nicely done, with all the comforts of home, including real beds, running water, concrete floors, and a fine pervading coolth. If we had such a nice town house as Cap does, and such a lovely beach house, Bill and I agreed that we should really enjoy living in Lagos always, as Cap does. After the inspection tour, I and I went back to Mr. Shantz' place with Sunday, coffee's educated young son, singing lustily. "When Shall I See My Home".

Sunday night we went over to Sybil's house to collect some household goods which she donated to our cause because she couldn't take them along. Lamps, food, nine or ten small animals of native handicraft made out of animal skins, and some big floor pillows (leather) to sit on. The bicycle had arrived that afternoon, much to my glee, complete with licence. I intend to ride on it copiously so I won't get any chubbier than I am. Monday morning we went out to Appapa airport to see her off- a very sad moment, as she didn't want to leave and is an asset to any society. Monday night, or rather afternoon after work, we drove out to Ikoyi, to the house of some Swedes named Rasmussen, a very nice couple with a fine sense of fun. I played three or four games of badminton and enjoyed myself at it to the full. Bill being even less of an athlete than I, didn't play at all. I do hope they will invite us again. After our strenuous exercise, we all went inside and played, of all things, marbles on the floor. I cleaned up on the party. We went home at the discrete hour of eight thirty, had dinner, and read Time. We simply must catch up on our literature, or our little minds will stagnate completely. I haven't read a line of a book since I arrived, and there is a very good little library not two hundred yards away from us- Carnegie Foundation. But first we must catch up on the news so we'll know how it happened if the war ever ends.

I have been asking all travelers, no matter what/ their destination, please to send me some Grip Tuth combs, which I need direly. Hint. Mr. Shantz made a tramp up to French West Africa a few days ago, and brought

L-245 p 3/3

or is they
look on the
small side,
13 or 14.

all the girls (i.e., Sybil, Anita and me) some fine pre-war stock perfume. I got three nice little bottles of Lucien Lelong stuff, so I'm all fixed up. I repeat for your info that part of the money I left should be spent in buying me size twelve evening dresses, as washable and informal as possible, and part of it should be spent on Angostura bitters and mayonaise. I shall be saving a great part of my salary, and I suppose when it begins to roll in it should be put in a bank account somewhere, but we can arrange that later. I'll probably take about fifty dollars out each month, and allot the rest to the bank account direct from Washington. One thing I don't need here, thank goodness, is stockings. Just about anything else is useful. Ha, I thought of another great need! short tight pants to be worn under shorts. My one pair of that type has a great gaping hole in the side which can't be repaired, because they are made of rayon and run just as soon as you put a needle to them.

To fix out place up slightly, I have bought a lamp which is being made slowly but perhaps surely... I bought my own cloth to cover the shades of this lamp and our others. It is an unbleached cloth known as Kano cloth, made in the north by the Africans. I hope to get a whole lot ~~more~~ and make curtains out of it, draping them the way ~~Helen~~ did in the small bedroom no.2. Kano cloth isn't too cheap (as nothing is here), costing about 2/6 a yard, but it is one of the cheapest available, and is quite effective looking! It is cheaper, according to Tompson, in the stores than when bought from the Hausa traders, although it is more fun to buy it from the itinerent Hausamen.

...

Still no letters from you, although plenty of pouches from Washington. A fine thing!

Love,

LPK