

May 11. 1943

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Dear family again,

For some reasons ~~in which I have~~ or other I seem incapable of writing the word "again" straight. I always fall down on it.

Well, I'm all restored to normal optimism, but am taking life easily and only eating good, plain food. Mostly boiled. Ugh! Howsomewer, it's nice to be normal again, or almost so.

Saturday night we went to the bosses house for cocktails, with Philinda riotously indulging in glass after glass of ginger ale. Came home for dinner and played monopoly afterwards, much to our amusement. It's more fun with more people, and I always feel so sorry for William when he loses all his money that it's hard to play a straight game with just the two of us, but none the less we managed, and enjoyed it a lot. We know just the people who would like monopoly: the Rasmussens, of Badminton, wart, and Swedish fame. They are both great ones for games. Did I tell you how we played marbles on their living room floor the first time I went there for Badminton? Well, I'm sure they would like monopoly. We must invite them some time.

The rainy season chose Sunday to begin, and then petered out on Monday, when no one would have minded. With the result that Mr. Shantz was deprived of his only opportunity to go to the beach. Bill and I went to their house for a curry lunch, of which I ate mostly the rice. Mr. Browne from Accra is still with us, and on Sunday he was in excellent form. Both he and Bill have a great deal of fun comparing the horrors of living with Vice Consul Anderson. And they say it's only ladies that like to gossip!

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P.S. I saw my PAA friend Everett Fischer at Mr. Shantz's farewell

Well, chickadees, that's all I can think of just now.

party two days ago. He is leaving for home, & promised to call up pop. I hope he does. He's a good boy. Love, LPK ↘

May 15

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