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Dear Family,

Yesterday was our fifth wedding anniversary- how the years do fly past! No! I mean how the months do fly past. We didn't celebrate particularly this month. Last month we opened a fine bottle of Portuguese Vinho Verde (branco, gazoso) gleaned from the generosity of one of our BOAC pals who go to Lisbon now and again. It was lovely, better than a fine champagne, and came in a nice brown stone jug, which is now used for water and kept in the frigidaire. Also William yeilded to persuasion and generously offered me his bottles of Old Spice Talcum and Cologne for Men- delightful scent. We shall have to have a bang-up celebration next month, as being the sixth in this aimiable series. By that time we may have the two other bottles of vinho verde that were promised us.

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To add to your collection of interesting items: William tells me that he was in the hospital once with malaria (and he never told me! And I would have worried so!) and his male African nurse pointed to a ~~picture of~~ picture of me in a bathing suit, looking to my eyes as seductive a morsel as morsels can be, and asked/~~me~~ pleasantly if it was a portrait of him, William. him

I have started a green engagement book, 1) to have a record of people whom we have had in to dinner and drinks and club and movies, for purposes of deductions in income tax, 2) in order not to miss any important dates through oversights, and 3) to aid me in getting my facts straight when writing you the weekly calender. In this valuable little book I see entered for Friday, July 2, a dinner party at home, with George Case, Dudley Booth, Don Huse, and Maureen MacCauley. I don't believe they were featured in my cast of characters. George Case is famous hereabouts for being the local King of Swat, and perhaps even more so, for having been the object of a discreet but insidious inquiry on the part of the local C.I.D. It appeared that while on a trip to Abeokuta for the Standard Oil Co. of New York, this suspicious character was heard by one of the choak and dagger boys to be whistling the "Horst Wessel Lied" and other subversive songs as unconcernedly as you please. The alert watchers of the night wasted no time, but went straight to headquarters with thier fearful news. The machinery of anti-espionage went in to action immediately, and within a few days an inconspicuous agent of the C.I.D. came around to MacSweeney at the Consulate to enquire as to the character and movements of one Case, George, a suspected Nazi Agent. MacSweeney, young and heartless, laughed heartily in the poor man's earnest face. From then on inquiries were carried even farther underground, and finally it was ascertained that George didn't have the faintest notion of the tune or lyrics of the Horst Wessel Lied, but that his Alma Mater is Columbia, and that he is given to singing the song of that University at odd moments, which is, as you know, Deutschland Deutschland Uber Alles! Poor George has thus vindicated himself. Our other guest, Dudley Booth, I had not met previously. He is a good type. He wants to marry Doris Albray, who was in the class below me at Beard's School, and served as my "flower Girl" at commencement. A small world, etc. He showed me a picture of her. She has developed into a first class glamour girl. Maureen MacCauley is a South African girl, with the bright blue eyes and curly black hair of a an Irish girl. She is unfortunately (according to Anita and me) involved with Don Huse, of S.V.O.C. also. Don is not a bad boy, but there are many better in Lagos, and many less long winded. He is the one that keeps up the weekly Rug Cutting Programme on "Lagos Calling"- the only first-class programme on the BBC, as far as we pigeon-headed young people are concerned. William and I always listen to it while lying in bed of a Friday evening. They have a good collection of swing, including some classics like "Mood Indigo", "The Boogie-Woogie Trumpeter from Company B", and that little gem, "Shoot the Sherbert to me Herbert". You'd love it. We had ham spiced with cloves, glazed with bron sugar, and floating island. Shrimp cocktail to start.

Saturday night, strange to say, we stayed home and went to bed early. William will be thirty in October, and I'm getting on myself.

Sunday we got up late, blooming and healthy for our ages, had a late breakfast, I finished "Point Counter Point", and then we wandered over to Anita and Penry's mansion (condemned, as I think I have mentioned, before the last war). There was a perfectly delightfully cool breeze blowing in from Five Cowrie creek, and the fisherman poled past in their burnt out canoes as we heatedly discussed the world of the future. I was wearing with comfort my light-weight woolen suit with a black sweater under it. We had curry for lunch, of course, and dashed away immediately afterwards to sleep. In the evening we went to the SVOC mess for dinner (terrible- no women around) and then out to Appa for the movies. It was a lovely night- I had to borrow William's coat. We saw "Cabin in the Sky", and enjoyed it.

Last night was the Discussion group evening. We had a quiet dinner with Dick Poland at the BOAC mess, and I borrowed six or seven interesting books to take up to Jos with us. He has the most interesting small library in Lagos. We went on to the Discussion, which was the most interesting so far (with the exception, of course, of my love's). It was by a man who left Singapore two days before the event, and fought in the northern territories. He was an excellent reporter and commentator. It turned out that

two others among us had also been there at the time. It was a fascinating and horrible tale. I admire the British for their self-condemnation and earnest desire for real retribution, and real improvement in the future. I kept thinking that instead of talking about the inadequacies, failures, bad preparations, on our own part in the Philippines, we talk mostly about the Heroes of Baatan, which is all very well, but is hardly facing the stern reality of the situation as it was. If anything, we talk about the distressing errors of the British. The discussion was brief and rather pointless, but the talk was excellent. By the way, have any of you read "Suez to Singapore" by our man Cecil Brown? Very good, especially the horrendous tale of the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse, in which Our Man Brown very nearly lost his life.

To-night we are going to the Royal Navy Barracks for a get-together. Mr. Lynch said last night was rather dull out there, due to the large crowd of milling humanity that didn't know each other very well. This is a more tete a tete affair.

Little Willie is a marvel. You know how they always depict embarrassed little children as rolling their heads around, eyes on the ground, and pawing the dirt with one toe? Well, at last I have seen it in real life. Little Willie asked me for my picture(!) the other day, which I gave him gladly. Later he came in giggling and acting as above mentioned, with the picture in a black and silver frame. Touching as heck.

I have bought Aliu Yaya some lettuce seed, and some radish seed. He has planted the former, in rich loam, in three petrol tins, and says that it should be sprouting in a week or so. Perhaps we will have our own lettuce when we return.

I got a letter from Pop the other day, to our gratifications. Dated June 19. the Apo business gets here quicker by far, although that particular letter was slow. The heck with Norman Thomas if he doesn't like Edward Hallet Carr's ideas. E.H.C. is making an honest and heartening suggestion along Mr. Thomas' own lines, and if he doesn't approve of it because Herr doesn't mention the words "socialism" and "Norman Thomas", I repeat, the heck with him. I guess that puts Norman in his place. Sorry you didn't like the Folklore of Capitalism. I am afraid that the age we are in is about as judicial and unprejudiced as the one in which Martin Luther and Ignatius Loyola flourished, and there aren't many coherent Erasmuses. Or should I say Erasmi? ... I vaguely object to Little Jimmy's being sixteen, since I remember the day he was born. Unfair! As for Sally's thinking of colleges, it is definitely subversive. I was having dates when she was just large enough to reach up to my hand. I'm glad Uncle Charley is well, however. William says he will write to you when he is in the clear of the jungles of tantalite, citizenship, mahogany logs, port stock reports, letters to his family, searching for lost diplomatic pouches, and when he has had the latest words on rainfall in Lagos to relay to you. We have had a spurt of business, which William handles practically single-handedly due to the apparent disinterestedness of Mr. Lynch. Bill Bruns manages to spend many profitable hours on the accounts, invoices, inventory, and screwball correspondence. He is very conscientious.

Love, LPK