

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE NO.



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICAAMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
Lagos, Nigeria  
July 29, 1943

L-282

p 1

Dear Family,

A short glance above will show you that we have returned home from our journeying. It seemed so pleasant again to see the matted, flat, palm~~tree~~-bedecked fields of home, and feel the warm, moist air of the south. I do like Lagos, and although we had a lovely and interesting time in Jos, we really do feel as if we have come back to the place we like and are familiar with. Bill Bruns got up early~~y~~ in the morning to meet us with the car, and we rolled along Carter Bridge and over the Lagoon feeling like so many Ulysees returning. The train, strange to say, was on time.

Oh how lovely and painted and clean the house looks! And the bathroom is a joy to behold, sparkling and white with the pink and blue Macy towels just adding the right note of color. The tub looks much less like a coffink and the walls have all been re-washed in light green. We had breakfast, and read several letters from you which were awaiting us. I am happy to be able to report that the combs have arrived at last, and I am wearing them even now. Perhaps they are the harbinger of even better and finer things to come. It appears that while we were away Captain Utne came in, bringing us a case of bitters, a whole CASE of bitters. We will be the envy of Laggos. Unfortunately he took them away with him again, but he will be coming back soon, perhaps in a week or so. Bill Bruns had lunch (with smorgasbord) with old Amund Utne, and found him as delightful as most people do. Good old Amund is dreadfully sure of his own abilities in all fields, and most intolerant of others, but none the less he is delightful, and a Norse god if there ever was one. I recommend him as a dinner companion for you, should you ever feel the urge. You know how to get in touch with him. We are going to have the five or six of them to chop when they get back, and I'll speak to him about it then.

Many things have happened since we departed. Nick Olivier has departed for health reasons. He had two successive goes of malaria, both lasting longer than the traditional five days. We thought he probably would be going, but we had hoped to give him a farewell party, and sing the old songs first. Commander Schwartz will probably be leaving soon also, so of that group only Frank Barry remains with us. John Hauser the BEW man is

L-282 full of his normal untiring energy. As the old coasters say, he'll  
 P2 get over it- they always do! New people always think they are going  
 to reform the West Coast into a Brave New World were Great Things  
 are done in a Trememous Hurry.

...

Anita is leaving us to work at the Secretariat, so there is going to be a lot of extra work for me- part of which I am not familiar with, unfortunately. It rather frightens me, but I suppose what must be must be. Although I had planned to take the rest of my leave and start back on Monday, I shall now have to start in with a will tomorrow. Mr. Lynch is going on tour next week also, but that means much more to William than it does to me. Between us, we will be very busy indeed.

We have been going to bed so early lately that I am all ready for some social life, and a little dancing especially. That will come at the club on Saturday I imagine. I get tired of staying up late, and tired of going to bed early, so it all evens out in the end.

Farewell chickadees, and thank you for all your letters, the latest of which was mamma's mailed July 13, and poppa's eleventh.

Much love to you all.

*Kawra Philinda*

L-282  
 P3

July 30, 1943

...

Just to show you what a Center of civilization this is, last night we saw Jack Benny and Larry Adler with his harmonica, not to mention two luscious movie queens. William and I and some friends sat in the first row and had a good view of the false eyelashes. We enjoyed it immensely, as did everyone. Larry Adler we particularly enjoyed. He makes sounds like a symphony orchestra with that mouth organ of his, or on occasion sounds like a whole group of swing bands. Afterwards everyone rushed up to get Jack Benny to sign their short-snorter bills.

Love,

*LPK*