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Dear Family,

Last Friday night Al Hubert of Texaco gave a party for Dudley Booth, of Socony, and his fiancée, a verra Scottish sort of a girl who is a British nursing sister. We went, and waited and waited and waited for chop while more and more peanuts and drinks were served. However, when the chop came finally we were completely in the mood for it, and it was very good cold salad and meats in abundance and variety. Practically every one you know about was there, plus Colonel Jim Foley the Tin King from Jos- we went to his house for cocktails while we were up there. I remember the incident very well and so does William because we nearly froze all the time, and even with a heater focused on me I shivered. Colonel Jim told me that they are now coming into their cold season, and I wondered what they called it when we were up there. It was a good party, but we left as soon as we decently could, being in a state of almost complete exhaustion after our strenuous week.

Saturday night we had to go out again, with our eyes half closed. Jerry Wormal, the nice Labor Department bloke took us to the Hotel Bristol for chop and then we went to the Ebute Metta Club dance, which for a change was most enjoyable. Starlight dancing, with colored lights and a change of ancient records from the ancient records they have at the other club. We met a new Army officer who has been assigned here, tell you his name later. He is taking the place of one of the hermits out there, so we are glad to see him. Perhaps he'll come in and take the pouches to the airport some times, not to mention bring our mail in. He had been in Kenya, and says he wants to retire there- but that won't be for some time, because he doesn't look as though he had been out of Chux for very long. Kenya, according to him, is an earthly paradise. Maybe we'll be transferred to Nairobi some day. Well, anyway, one of our favorite characters was also there, a Mr. Bald, who is vaguely connected with the army. Short, plump, Brooklyn accent though he comes from Baltimore, and fortunately for my feet, which suffer about three quarters of the time from being stepped on by our gallant but not always graceful allies the British, he dances very nicely indeed, with that good old smooth flowing ease, that is apparently native of the United States only. Mr. Denton the Information Ministry man was there with his wife, who has just left her home and her two small sons in Ireland. Mrs. D. strikes me, perhaps erroneously, as being one of the variety of Britisher whose chilly politeness is worse than bluff rudeness, because in the latter case at least you know where you stand. Mr. D. is rather nice, on the other hand. Maybe I'll change my mind about the lady when I know her better. However, I must admit that I am rapidly coming to the point where I shall scream if one more Englishman mumbles yus rather when I make what I consider to be a fairly witty remark. OTHER people laugh at my jokes- even most Englishmen- and heartily, too.

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Sunday morning we went over to Tarquah and had lunch at Lewis Bremmer's shack, or rather house. Cap Roberts (he's back, by the way) built it with loving care, and put all the comforts of home in it. We had curry, thank goodness. Mr. Lynch and the Bilboroughs of BOAC were there, also Mr. Shankland, who is the Lagos District Officer, a big man, and a rather nice one too. A Polish officer dropped in and fortunately kept off the subject of Poland because it appeared that he had been in the night before and kept them all up till midnight telling them about the woes of Poland while they were awaiting anxiously for his departure and their own going to bed. Mr. Lynch finally staved him off by borrowing a book on Poland and agreeing with everything he said, but according to Mr. Lynch they had only just got to the nineteenth century in Poland when he left, and Mr. Lynch is fearful that someday he'll go on with his history till he comes to 1943, plus maybe even some predictions for the future. William and I were saying afterwards that we would like to see some or most of those smaller powers which are unable to maintain themselves economically eliminated after the war, but we both agreed that if such a step were taken we would probably be listening to disgruntled nationals of whatever nations were incorporated into a larger unit for the rest of our lives, so perhaps it's better to let them try to fight their ways against overwhelming economic odds and let every one else's ears alone. When not on the subject of Poland, our Polish Officer seemed very nice and charming. We came home on the Barber Line tug, struggling against a current, so that it took us an hour and forty minutes instead of the usual half to three quarters of an hour, but I must say we were in fine style.

Last night William left me to my own devices and went to a bachelorette dinner given for Dudley Booth, who will be married tomorrow. He said they had a fine time and ended up singing, which is both William and my idea of the very best way for a party to end. But William was terribly tired, and I washed my hair and was in bed by ten, with the result that I was able to boast the next morning of my fine fit state of health, while match sticks would hardly keep his eyes open.

Today Captain Bappert came in and told me he had gotten a letter from Pop, which surprised both of us- but pleased us, too. I was so glad to hear that you had met our old friend Homer Heller and his wife. He's a good man, isn't he? I trust you didn't refer to him as the Debutantes' Delight in the presence of his wife. Good old Homer, though forty, is still a Boy Scout at heart. He created excellent relations with the British, however, thus helping a lot on this coast.

The Discussion club meets at our house tonight, so I'll have to close for the present.

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Friday, Nov. 12

Wednesday night we had planned to stay home and go to bed early, but it was one of those best-laid plans of mouse and man. Ham Hamilton, General Bruce's ADC came in town to recuperate from an automobile accident, and invited ~~him~~ us to the movies to see "Edision the Man", so we invited ~~him~~ for chop. He is a very nice young man. He's the china-painting soldier- I must have described him before. Under the most grueling temptations I am sure he could never be any thing but a perfect gentleman, and he has a sweet low voice that is an excellent thing in man, also. Plus a mustache that could only grow on an English face. ~~The~~ poor man is led a hectic life by the General, who is extremely energetic and sociable. ~~He~~ dropped in to see Mr. Lynch one day and asked him if a presistant rumor that Hedy Lamar and Ginger Rogers were in town for a show was ture of false. Mr. Lynch explained that it was all a beutiful dream that crops up in the mindsof the local soldiery about once afortnight. Whereupon the General returned to Ibadan and announced to the officers mess that he and Ham had dined at Mr. Lynch's house with Hedy and Ginger, then gone out dancing with them, adding that Hammy had flirted outrageously with Hedy Lamarr. Poor Ham was made to corrdorate the whole thing and admit that he had flirted (which I am sure Hammy has never and could never do with any lady) with Ginger Rogers, as well as Hedy. The General managed to convince the whole mess, and they still believe it. The General has a chaplain, a good man who is kind to children, animals, and old women. The chaplan has been continually forced to listen to the tales of woe of a certain middle-aged African woman who considers him an oracle. Recently he went up country for a short trip, and the General sent him a telegram signed with the name of this woman saying "Come back immediately or I will tell everything to the General". The poor chaplain came back from bush one time and came and told the whole sad story to the General, who said that hhis time he would let it pass with only a reprimand, but that he had better watch his step in the future. From all this you can probably ~~derivax~~ use your imagination and come to the correct conclusion that Hammy's life is not a quiet one.

Last night we went to aparty with Norman Smith, Pat, Harriet, and Bill Bruns, who has returned from Accra at last, to everyone's satisfaction. Mc-Sweeney has returned from his short junket in the United States, but will not go up to Cairo till his successor reaches Accra and can take his place. I understand that all sorts of fates depend on the successors arrival. Mac can't go to Cairo till he comes, and thus can't relieve an officer up there who is being transferred to Iraq or Palestine or some such place, and some man in Iraq or Palestine can't go on leave until the man in Cairo now, comes to take his place. Imagine that! What a chain! Well, Bill is very glad to be back to Lagos and Pat Thompson, with whom he is in love. Pat is glad, too. Norman seems to be neutral on the subjct. We had a terrible meal at the club, danced a bit and then came home, dead tired as usual. We are'nt as young as we once were, and can't keep up the pace of these young unmarried people. Thank godness we were in bed by 12:30.

To-night we are having a tantalite miner in for drinks, along with a member of the Nigerian Supply Board. Glad of the opportunity to entertain these two people who are pitching into the war effort and helping American interests into the bafgain, also glad that they aren't going to be here all evening and we can go to bed early.

It has just struck me that my letters are rapidly degenerating into a chronicle of how we tried to go to bed early. I shall endeavor to elevate their ~~tase~~ and talk about something else beside how much I want to sleep soundly for at least nine hours a day. Anyway, we are going to the beach for the weekend again, and acquire a tan and plenty of SLEEP.

Much love to all,