

No. 7 - June 11/43

American Consulate General
June 11, 1943

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Dear family,

The dinner at Government house was a dull, but fortunately short affair. We arrived at the white portals at eight o'clock promptly as one is expected to do, and walked into the barn-like reception room. I sat down beside a tuxedo-ed African and a very silent lady from the bush. At eight fifteen Mr. and Mrs. Grantham descended the stairway arm in arm, she in a white tafeta number she made herself, he in black tie and tuxedo. Ham Ramsey the aide de camp and Stapleton the Private Sec'y glided from group to group smoothing out problems and introducing those who weren't acquainted. A Mr. Richardson of the UAC sat down in the chair next to me after a few minutes, and began to tell me of the young lady he had met in Siam, whose name was Virginia and who, according to his tale, was under-spanked as a child, and consequently wouldn't dance at social gatherings unless it suited her to do so. At eight thirty dinner was served, and the ladies trooped in ahead to the table. I sat beside a Mr. Moeller, Belgian, and a Commander Something, British. Ham and William were side by side and promptly started a long conversation. Papaya balls, fish, meat, and ice cream. A toast to the King of England, to the King of the Belgians, and to the President of the United States followed chop. Then cigarettes and the liquers. The ladies left. The gentlemen returned to the reception room. General conversation. The pound of rain on the high glass roof. Departure at ten thirty, amid the good wishes of all and sundry. Bed.

I have quite forgotten what happened all day Friday, but on Saturday after a hectic day of telegrams all in code and three pages long fathered by Mr. Hauser of the B.E.W. we went to the movies and dinner at the home of Dr. Bean, who saw me through my illness and later presented us with a whopping great bill of ten guineas. Dinner was excellent. The movies were not so good, but the rain which had been threatening all afternoon held off until we arrived back for whiskey and sodas at the doctors house opposite the European Hospital.

Sunday we went to the beach, and the day was fortunately quite fine. I bathed in Tarqua, and saw no baracuda. William and I came back to the hut early and took two sunbaths lying on the camp beds in the sun. Result: a healthy color in the morning. The others left quite soon after lunch, but we stayed on sleeping, and awoke half an hour before the sailing of the good ship Waaflar, recently repainted. In the evening we went to the movies at Apapa, and saw Stage Door Canteen, which we greatly enjoyed along with the rest of the guests.

On Monday the painters came to fix up the office rooms downstairs, and incidentally to disrupt our lives for days to come. However, the results are gratifying, and it is probable that we will no longer go from nearsightedness to blindness by degrees. We have written a dispatch to the Department urging them to allot a fund for the repainting and redecorating of the upper rooms also, but so far no word has returned from Washington on the subject. On Monday evening we garnered a group of friends and went to Mr. Lynch's house, returning early as usual. On Tuesday evening we entertained the Discussion Group at our house with a talk on International relations and China, plus coffee at ten thirty. At 11PM the group dispersed to their various homes, and we retired to our beds. We had wanted to go to a dinner to be given by Mr. Hauser, but the Group had precedence, and what with our deflection and that of Anita and Penry and Mr. Colby of the Supply Board, there were very few people at Mr. Hauser's party. We felt so badly about this that we promptly invited him and the navy and Mr. Bruns to dinner on Tuesday evening. A most successful party ensued, and

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THE DINNER WAS PRONOUNCED EXCELLENT BY OUR GUESTS. Excuse the capitals, it was quite unintentional. General conversation till midnight, with a few good heated discussions, and once more pleasantly to bed and dreams.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Lloyd, who are soon to leave for the United Kingdom, gave a cocktail party that was supposed to have been on their lawn overlooking the lagoon; but the season interfered and it was held inside. We came with Mr. Hauser and Mr. Bruns. There was a large contingent of Greeks, with whom we talked animatedly for quite a while. Two of them had recently escaped from Greece in a round about and difficult manner, exposing themselves to great danger in the process, naturally. They were a man and his wife, but I talked only to the man, who was rather out of things because he spoke only French. Mr. Hauser was led down the garden path, literally, to look at Mr. Butler-Lloyd's famous snake beans. They are a species of two or three-foot long string beans, and grow in profusion here and on the Gold Coast. He also raises eggplants, big and purple and luscious, as well as a fig vine that covers the entire surface of the house. Mrs. Butler-Lloyd is a darling, and very kind and sweet to all newcomers. They will be greatly missed, but she gave me a picture of herself and the Justice (whom she calls "daddy") which I promptly put among my collection for future reference.

Last night Mr. Lynch had a Belgian friend of his from Persia, a M. le Baron de Gay, for drinks and dinner, so Messers Hauser, Krieg, Mellinger and Schwartz (of the army) and Madame Kreig all trooped over too, I in my black fitting job with gold sequins and the black net and sequins skull cap on my head. It became very chilly indeed, and I was forced to put on my white marabou jacket early in the proceedings, however.

At present Anita and I are working like beavers on a card file for 1942 and 1943 (later to go back even earlier) of the subjects, numbers, dates, and file numbers, of all despatch sent to the Department. Mr. Hauser (an earnest young lawyer from Long Beach, Cal.) is keeping William very busy with metals and mahogany. Mr. Hauser recently went up-country in a truck and some one else's mosquito boots for a conference with Mr. Hamber of the mining country in Kabba Province. Mr. Bruns went also, and has written a good despatch on the trip. Mr. Hamber later came down himself to Lagos, and was snubbed by the gentry because he has a dark-complexioned wife and several dark complexioned children, back in the bush. That is frowned upon in Lagos. William and I are still hoping to be able to go up country ourselves in July or thereabouts.

No letters for quite some time, except congratulatory ones that pour in from all parts of the world since the announcement of our wedding appeared in the Foreign Service Journal.

O.K., that's all I have to say to-day.

Much love from both of us.

L P K R U S