

"ZULU ELIXIRS"

As a service to those who are not privileged to serve in the Union, I feel that I should draw to the attention of members of the Department a letter which is currently circulating among the Zulus of Natal.

The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Sir,

I would like to impress in mind upon your mind that as your customer it's my duty to advise you all the time and give you some hints about my medicines which will help you to maintain a good health.

I warn you that you must be very aware of the people who write you some letters convincing you that they have very good medicines whereas they want you to buy their weak and useless medicines, which they buy from me with cunning tricks and sell them to you being increased with water....

Okipitao. If you want to be loved by the manager have this medicine. You will work nicely, work nicely with them, and your salary will increase within a very short time. Price £3.

Khalizambetha. Love Potion. This is a very good medicine for those who want to be loved by many girls. They will fall for you in tens and you will be loved by as many girls as you possible can get. Price 30s.

Oitandarum. This is a very good medicine for good luck in money. The medicine is so strong that it collects all the money to you so that all the time you have it in abundance.

By using this medicine you will be very keen in getting money out of various ways which other people can not manage and within a few days you will have as much money as you can possible can get. Price £4."

It is somewhat disappointing to note that the price list indicates the simple Zulu with his untutored ways attaches more importance to success in business than affairs of the heart.

L.H. LaVigne.

Note: In the view of Establishments and Organizations these medicines would qualify under 113.6, if requested through Head of Post.

ENROUTE TO NEW DELHI

(Letter from Mary Shea to Bette Brown)

New Delhi, India
dated Sunday, March 21, 1954.

Dear Bette:

Remember me? I'm the gal who used to sit next to you in D.L. (1) and promised faithfully to answer your letters immediately. Well, it's a case of the well-laid plans of mice and Marys. If it's true that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, I should arrive there any day. But, if my journey there takes as long as the one to New Delhi, I needn't worry for a year or three. Mr. Reid had decided that I was coming by way of Mars and Jupiter and had arranged for an escort of flying saucers to meet me. But I finally arrived on February 8.

After the last day at work, I went over to pick up my tickets and was told that the sailing date had been postponed again. We finally sailed on Christmas Eve and ran into the worst storm on record. But it didn't interfere with a party on Christmas Eve and I had about 90 men to keep me from feeling homesick (they weren't quite so successful in keeping me from feeling seasick.) I had a little competition with two American girls but, since their parents were missionaries, they were hauled off to bed at 9:30 so I had a clear field or should I say pond? Anyway, my head was swimming in more ways than one by the end of the evening. We tried dancing but the "Chester" was rolling so much that it was more like a game of squat tag. Anyway, they couldn't tell what a poor dancer I was because no one could stand, let alone dance. (And I'm referring to the rolling of the ship so don't jump to confusions).

We passed the Azores, Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal, Gibraltar (at three o'clock in the morning), the shore of Granada, Spain, and Tunisia and Algeria, and Malta and a few other islands. They weren't too interesting - just mountain ranges on the horizon, but it was nice to see something solid and, each time, I felt like Christopher Columbus must have felt when he quit saying "Sail on, sail on, sail on and on" and instead said "Drop anchor".