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AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
Lagos, Nigeria  
August 27, 1942

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My dear Mrs. Krieg:

Perhaps I'm being a bit premature, but your telegram saying that the passport has been approved has made me soar far above the ordinary plane, and I am already seeing things in the future: what our life is going to be like in Lagos after you arrive, all the nice people there are here whom we can invite in for drinks or dinner, how comforting it is going to be to feel your nearness all the time. Oh darling, I think yesterday is going to rank high among the happiest days of my life, only a notch behind the day I first learned you loved me and the day when you will finally arrive in all your loveliness to be my bride. I refuse to think for a moment that the transportation question can stop us after all the enormous luck we have had so far. I think perhaps the Fates think we have suffered enough, and that now they are willing to call an end to our penitence and let us begin to live, instead of merely existing in a state of suspended animation.

Under the circumstances I was unable to share the pessimism of your letter of August 13th, which was handed to me at the airport as I got off the plane from Accra yesterday. Incidentally, just returning to Lagos was enough to make yesterday an unusually good day. I am very glad to get away from Accra, although work there under different circumstances could be very pleasant. My dear friends here seem just as dear and undying as ever, and they all pretended that they were glad I was back, although of course they hadn't missed me nearly so much as I had missed them. Incidentally, it is also a relief to sleep on a good bed and to write on a decent typewriter, although of course this one would misspell "epitome" just as easily as the wreck I had to use in Accra.

I hardly know where to begin. As you doubtless know from my cable, assuming it hasn't been censored, I have wired the bank to send you a draft for \$1500, which will, I hope, be enough to cover your expenses. However, I can easily raise another \$500 if you think you will need it. I suggest that you carry the bulk of the money in Travellers' Checks, which I think will be much more convenient to use. It may be that some permission is required now for the export of funds; better inquire from the Immigration men about that, and, if so, they can probably tell you where to apply. You should, of course, have some cash with you - say \$200; but on the whole checks are better. And don't hesitate to ask if you need more. I could supply you easily once arrived in Africa.

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I'm afraid I haven't any very good ideas at the moment about how to wangle transportation. The YMCA wouldn't do any good. I have already talked to Jesse Boynton about giving me a letter saying that he would be able to give you a job, or rather that he needed you, on his staff here. 20 people have said they would write any kind of a letter if you were a stenographer, but I didn't want to hold out any false promises. Jesse has the matter under consideration and is going to ask more about the type of work you have been doing with PAA. Please write me all the gory details real quick so I can tell him. All I knew was that, before your present "glamour" job came along, you worked at the traffic desk handling reservations etc. Unfortunately, things are pretty quiet in Lagos now; I don't know what Jesse will decide to do. Anyway, my Heaven, we will get it worked out somehow. Of course the approaching militarization of PAA-Africa isn't going to help from that angle. It precludes, I imagine, your being employed by that outfit, and the Atlantic Division is just a shell now. Clipper service here may be completely abolished at any time. I'm afraid your bosses will have a fit when you mention leaving for Africa, and probably won't be at all helpful. Let's hope there is a kind, warm-hearted one among them!

Now, about your baggage. You should lay in a supply of all the clothes and toilet articles including cosmetics which you will need for 18 months. Right now the temperature is quite cool, and you will need one light coat. Most women wear simple cotton or rayon dresses and no stockings, as I think I mentioned before. ~~No~~ of course you would need a few stockings for special occasions, like when we get married, for example. Be sure to bring all the sanitary equipment you think you will need too. We also need two light blankets and about a dozen sheets and pillow cases. These and all the other things you can think of should be packed in trunks or wooden cases and addressed to me, care of the United States Despatch Agent, 45 Broadway, New York (Mr. Howard Fyfe). You must let me know before you ship them so I can write to Mr. Fyfe, unless you get a chance to come real soon, in which case you will have to write him and say that the trunks are part of my personal effects and that I guarantee payment of any and all charges. Everything should be insured to its full value for marine and war risks. This is very expensive; I am beginning to wonder whether \$1500 will be enough. You will need all your savings, if any, for clothes, I imagine, and other necessaries. Oh dear. I really haven't got my thought organized yet; although I have been hoping and praying for it for so long, it hardly seems possible that Ma Shipley could have broken down and actually authorized the passport. You know what a rare thing it is from the number of people who have told you there was no use trying.

Back to travel possibilities again. Now you can take Capt. Bledsoe up on his promise to get you across the Atlantic provided you can get as far as Brazil. Somehow I have the impression that it ought to be possible to get as far as Natal, and once across the Pond there should be little difficulty. I suspect he was kidding because he thought you would never be able to get a passport. However, we have got to try everything. Gee, am I anxious to hear what the preliminary results are!



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Here is another item, or series of items. You will have to get shot for yellow fever, typhus, and typhoid, and be vaccinated for small pox. A yellow fever certificate is a sine qua non for admission to all the British West African colonies. None of these things should cause you any trouble except perhaps the typhoid, which sometimes has slightly unpleasant reactions. Yellow fever has no reaction at all, and neither has typhus. You probably were vaccinated in Lisbon last year; in any case, with the new technique, it is neither painful nor disfiguring, even to a professional glamour girl.

I have just asked Mrs. Haigh-Wood, who works here, to write you a few lines regarding ladies' clothing in the Tropics. Ahmé loves to give advice anyway, so I think she will be pleased to do it. She is leaving us very shortly to return to the States, and of course I will ask her to look you up if possible on arrival in Miami. She will probably leave on the next Clipper from Leopoldville, so you might keep an eye out when the Congo Clipper comes in. She would love to be here to help arrange our wedding, and she has just been telling me about an attractive wedding ring which she saw in the workshop of a native goldsmith. I think we will buy a ring locally, and replace it later if you don't like it. I still don't know quite what to do about the engagement ring. But don't worry, darling; you'll get one.

My sweet, I love you so very much it's really pathetic. I'm sorry I didn't write more often from Accra, but it was really impossible. I was working every day until dark, and the light in my office was impossible for night work. You will recall that I didn't get very far with the letter I started after midnight one night. Furthermore, as Andy's house guest, I wasn't free to spend as much time on private matters as I can here. In other words, when he was ready to eat, I darn well had to stop and eat, and, in general, accommodate my life to his. It wasn't always pleasant working with Andy, as he can be and often is very overbearing and extremely set upon having his own way, even in rather petty matters.

The new Vice Consul, Altaffer, arrived in Accra last Sunday, traveling with a general in the latter's personal plane, which is more comfortable than the stripped DC-3's. He has been outside the U.S. for six years, and was interned in China at the outbreak of the war. He had been looking forward to going home, and was naturally disgusted when he learned in Lourenço Marques that he was assigned to Accra. He is a non career man, about 46 years old, and therefore much older than Andy. The poor fellow seems to be in a sort daze, and I had quite a time during the three days that I stayed there trying to help him get started. He said once to Andy, "Gee, I thought this was going to be a nice quiet little one-horse Tropical Consulate. Now I find that if you make a mistake here, it could be very serious. I'm afraid this is going to be too much for me". So it wouldn't surprise me if he decided to resign the first time Andy gets tough with him, and Andy will only be able to control his patience so long. In other words, I fear our personnel troubles on the West Coast are by no means finished.

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I spent most of the three days after Al arrived telling him about his work and collecting material for an airways report, but I was unable to finish it. To cap the climax, I went out in such a rush yesterday morning that I left my brief case containing all my notes for the report at Andy's house. It also had all our letters in it, as well as my check-book and various other things. Andy was to send it down right away, but so far it hasn't arrived.

It was lovely to get back to Lagos and have my own boys again and all the things I like. I find the office not very busy. We have a Consul and an American male clerk en route here now, and we have been wondering what to do with them when they arrive. We are so crowded for office space that they have decided to use the apartment upstairs for offices as soon as a place can be found for Mac and us to live. I am glad that your telegram arrived when it did; now we will make plans for living quarters for us together instead of just for me alone. "Alone". How I hate that word. As much as I love the phrase, "Us together". I hope I will never be alone again. I want to be with you always, secure in the knowledge of your love. Never worry about whether I will forget to love you, my darling. I have just as good a chance of forgetting to breathe. Our living arrangements may be crude, but I know that we will be very happy, just being together. In later years, after the war and all, we can worry about fixing up nice places to live and have nice things to put in it. All I ~~think think~~ can think about now is that you are coming.. Hurrah for Us, Unltd!

Now one mundane consideration does come back. In addition to the sheets and pillow cases I mentioned before, we will also have to have some more towels, both bath and face, and wash cloths. The ones I have now are in an advanced state of disrepair, and there aren't enough anyway.

I have lots more to say, sweetheart, but I'm afraid I will have to stop as this is being written on government time. Mrs. Davies is asking for her typewriter back, and besides, I have a lot to do. I'll write again in the next pouch, of course. I am unable to number this as all our back letters are in the briefcase. I will skip a number with the next letter. I love you tremendously and I am so excited about your coming that I can hardly think. I'm glad you met Dana Fisher. He was partly responsible for my not writing one Sunday afternoon, as I had to fix up his passport. I hope in a way he was better than a letter. He asked if he could give you a kiss for me, but I told him that would be up to you - whether or not you could stand the moustache. Besides, I was sure he would enjoy it a lot more than I would, or you either, for that matter. I like Dana and am sorry that he is not coming back to this Coast. The main thing is, I'm crazy about you and think you're the most perfect product of eons of evolution, and I want to make you mine just as soon as possible, if not sooner.

Much, much love,