

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE NO. 4- April 20



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICAAMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Lagos, Nigeria
April 20, 1943

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Dear Family,

Last Friday night we went to Mr. Lynch's house for dinner, and met two gentlemen named O'Brien and Hanky. Our funny little pal the Polish Minister to Persia was there also. He is a dreadful bore with a tendency towards wolfishness, who is trying to get to London. We are all wishing him the best success in his attempts to leave Lagos. Mr. O'Brien has something to do with British Information Ministry, and is a perfectly lovely type with an amazing ability for telling stories. Mr. Hankey isn't bad either. They are both most amusing, and we are afraid they are going to be successful in getting away to London. Mr. Hankey is good at straight stories, and Mr. O'Brien at dialect stories. The latter said that when the English Parliament passed a law to the effect that any son of an Irish family who turned Protestant back in the somethingth century would automatically disinherit the other members of the family "His family took one good look at each other and turned Protestant to a man". Mr. Hankey was private Sec'y to Anthony Eden for six or seven years, up to three years ago, when he left the Foreign Office to go out in the Field, as it were. He has been First Sec'y. at the Br. Legation in Teheran since the past year or so, previous to which he was in Warsaw. He left Warsaw behind rather hastily, what with the war and stuff, leaving his household goods and a case of fine French wines. The fine French Wines have been haunting him ever since, says he. His wife and children he hasn't seen in four years. He is the son of a Lord Hankey or something, about whom I have never heard. Mr. O'Brien looks exactly like an Irish policeman. The Polish Minister occupied his time by trying to make Soviet Safety matches light (which they practically never do) and being most objectionable, as far as I was concerned. Mr. Lynch told me that he used to know him in Teheran, where he had a dreadful reputation for making passes at the ladies after the cocktails were passed. Two people from the Belgian Legation took a natural exception to this habit, so they invited him to jump into their arms from off a four foot balcony, then turned around and let the poor little man fall on his aristocratic Polish face. Not a very kind thing to do, but Mr. Lynch said that their and other people's patience was completely exhausted. Whereupon Mr. Whateverhisnameiscki made a strong protest to the Belgian Foreign Office, which was ignored. And that is the sad story of the Polish Minister to Iran. I suppose he was always good to his old mother, however.

On Saturday afternoon I hung the last curtain, much to my satisfaction, while William read to me from "Conditions of Peace". That is, after work. We went to the Rasmussen's for dinner,

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then on to the Ikoyi Club as usual. The Rasmussens are very nice people. Mr. R. is very beautiful. Mr. R's voice is returning by degrees, but still very high-pitched. Moral: try not to get warts on your vocal chords. Their cook is not half as good as our Josia, I am glad to say. The salad had some of that dreadful oil that tastes like sewing machine oil on it. Apparently it is quite current in Lagos, although we haven't had any of it so far. Perfectly dreadful. We left the dance quite early, and got to bed at a discrete one AM. I mean discreet.

Of a Sunday morning we arose as usual at nine, but beginning at seven thirty the telephone started ringing, and repeated the same unfortunate error five times before we finally gave up the struggle and arose. People call us up at dreadfully early and late hours to ask foolish questions that have nothing to do with us. A friend of William has just returned to Lagos from leave in the US, so he turned up on our doorstep, or more appropriately, on our sofa, at eight thirty. We took him to the beach, as well as Mr. Hankey and Mr. O'Brien, and a good time was had by all. We sailed home on the sail boat of Mike and Doris Reid, of Shell Oil Co., which is always fun. A man named Irving got his hand bitten by a barracuda, which isn't always fun. This fact was reported to us last night by Elsa Campbell, who had it from an eye-witness who claimed that the poor man was wading knee-deep only at Tarqua when up came this angry barracuda and ~~summarily~~ bit his hand, with which he was innocently paddling along. The man, not the barracuda. Seven stitches were reported to have been taken. My spelling seems to be worse than usual. Mr. Hankey, William and I were most depressed to learn this sad occurrence, especially since we had been bathing in the same waters at the same time. Deary me!

We had a party for William's friend, Bob Mautz, and Mr. Hankey and Mr. O'Brien last night. It broke up early, thank goodness, but was a very successful party because everyone was in a mood for enjoying himself- except poor Elsa Campbell, who had a cold and was feeling gloomy as heck (hence the barracuda story, calculated to put everyone else in the same gloomy frame of mind). Mr. Hankey told a story about swimming in the Persian Gulf one day last year. He was floating around close to shore because he had heard there were a lot of sharks in the water. An elderly gent, far out to sea, called over to him "Young man, come out in the water and do some real swimming!" Unwilling to appear a sissy in the eyes of the elderly gent, he reluctantly swam out, and mentioned to the old gent that there were supposed to be sharks in those waters. "Thousands of 'em, my boy, thousands! Why only the other day a whole school of them was between me and the shore. Ha ha ha!" Every time we have a party we start arguing about the French, why I don't know. The consensus is that nobody much loves the French, not even themselves.

Speaking of the French, I am thrilled to peices at the prospect of a little trip we are going to make some day next week, to Dahomey. MacMillan and Fisher of PAA are driving up, just for a day, so we asked to go along, and got our visas to do so. I am

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very anxious to see some genuine bash, not to mention a bit more of this coast. We will go to Cotonou, have lunch, look at the twon, and return. William has never been outside of the Colony of Lagos (except for his plane trip to Accra, which hardly counts as seeing the place) so he is anxious to go also, but not as thrilled as I am. You know me and travel- I love it. Dahomey has only been opened to allied nationals for such a short time, that few people here have been there. One has to wire for special permission from M. le Gouverneur to go there. Sad to say, it cost us three pounds to do so, but we won't be paying for the gasoline, which is very expensive. I hope we see some lyrons and tiggers and hephalumps, but I suppose actually all we'll see will be more blackamoors. Still, that will do.

Day by day, the pouches come in, always without any letters for Philinda J. Krieg, who is beginning to feel like the worst sort of orphan. Maybe it's not your fault. Maybe the Department just isn't sending personal mail fast enough, although the bags don't seem very heavy. I fondly hope that someone in my family has written since February 14, date of last letter received.

That seems to be about the extent of the news. No engagements till Saturday, so we will have nice long sleeps and plenty of reading this week, unless something turns up, which we hope it won't, in our quiet domestic way. We will sit home and enjoy our curtains.

Much love,

LPK

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Hello again,

Considering the fact that we haven't had any mail from you in such a long time, and so very little when we did, we asked someone the other day if we couldn't have you send things through A.P.O. 606, c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla. They said all right, so will you please try that method. By things I mean letters, NOT packages. The censorship regulations are as follows: no mention of where we are, nor any very obvious hints in that direction. Therefore, the address should always be as to a soldier overseas:

~~XXXXXXXX~~ Mrs. William L. Krieg
A.P.O. 606
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

NEVER put the word Lagos in the letter or on the envelope, nor any reference to Nigeria, B.W.A., nor the continent of Africa. Otherwise the letter won't go through. Apparently our letters to you must go through in reasonable time, because there is no delay in the Department's receipt of our mail (beyond the regulation two weeks or so) so we see no reason to write to you via the APO. If the Department is very slow in distributing personal mail sent via the pouch, we will change our method- please advise me. The charge for mail sent via the APO is six cents per half ounce.

We are going to be ghastly rich. Including overtime and cost of living allowance I shall be getting something like \$2600 per annum, and William is getting 345\$ cost of living plus overtime, which raises him about a thousand dollars a year-i.e., to about \$4000. Sad to say, we can use it, since the cost of living here is really quite expensive in nasty little ways that add up. I shall be trying to send home to the Park National Bank of Newark, Ohio, where I am starting an account, all except fifty dollars of my monthly salary, thus making a neat little nest egg. So far I have done so. Just think, if all goes well it will be a bouncing \$1800 at the end of a year! If all goes well, as it usually doesn't- said she gloomily. Still, some tidy sum will be accumulated to be converted into peices of eight which I will then put into a great iron chest and count over by the light of a flickering candle. Or something.

We have spent the last few evening at home profitably occupying ourselves with literature, biography, and current news events. I have read William Bolitho's Twelve Against the Gods, twelve biographies of all sorts of people, more or less with a central theme. Very interesting, although some of his ideas are outmoded, due to the fact that he died in 1930. William is struggling through Conditions of Peace. He reads slowly. I have borrowed Reveille in Washington from Dick Poland the Air Ministry man, and shall tackle it to-night. Fun!

Love,
LPK