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Dear Family,

Last week I hit the jackpot—four letters, no less! Two from Pop and two from Mamma, one of the latter via APO. It got here in nine days, so you can see the advantage of that system. It was a pleasure to hear from father once more, and as usual both William and I enjoyed them all greatly. We took them out to Victoria Beach and read them to the sound of the waves, sitting on an iroko log.

Saturday we had a nice curry luncheon for Messers Lynch and Hauser (of the Board of Economic Warfare) and Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Marjory Davis is a slightly horse-faced but very jolly lady who worked here while Anita was on leave. We were lucky enough to have some rice on hand— it is difficult to find these latter days, and plenty of chutney, which both William and I adore. It was a fine hot curry, and no one saw the need for additional pepper. We also had in a bottle or two of beer to wash the whole thing down with. That, the curry, and the traditional pink gin which is a feature of life in West Africa on Saturdays, combined to make a very soporific dose. Every one retired to sleep— another feature of the life here, as you may read in Lt. Olivier's opus on Groundnut Chop, forwarded earlier this year. On awaking we had dinner and went to see Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglass in a rather amusing picture, not very new but still young enough for the unsophisticated Lagoslings. And after that we piled in the car and went to the club, where I danced for the first time in quite a while, with my husband— who is the handsomest man in Lagos unquote. We met the Navy, and talked to them under the stars on the lawn.

Sunday we went to the Beach with John Stapleton and Bill Bruns. We were all alone, but managed to trudge over to Lighthouse beach for some good surf-boarding, returning in time for another fine curry with chutney and groundnuts. In the evening to the movies, name of which I have forgotten. On Monday we didn't go out, but Tuesday a party was held for Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Lloyd. We had shrimp cocktail, roast pork, potatoes, and a green tossed salad, made by me and grown by Government House. John Stapleton sent the lettuce over along with some roses and a nice note thanking us for the pleasant and restful day at the Beach. Justice Butler-Lloyd and I discussed Shropshire and archery, of which sport he used to be very fond. Mrs. Butler Lloyd brought along a basket of grapefruit grown in her garden and a picture

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herself and her husband in their home by the lagoon. Anita and Penry were there also, and Doctor Bean. Mr. Lynch stayed quite late, and we didn't go to bed as early as I had hoped to.

Wednesday MacMillan and Bill Bruns threw a fine party at their chalet in the BOAC Compound, the guests of honor being one of the army boys who is going away soon. I danced a lot to the music of a pick-up. We went home at midnight, but the party lasted for some time afterwards, according to the spies I had posted there. Thursday morning I went down to the Cold Storage Company to see if I could get some good pork roast and cheese from Kano, which is the walled city previously referred to. We have not been there yet, although we hope to, accompanied by a note to the Emir of Kano, who is a friend of the District officer, who is in turn a friend of John Stapeleton the Private Secretary. I got the roast and the cheese and an invitation from the manager of the Ikoyi Club to come around and see a concert put on by the navy. Dancing afterwards

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Last night at the concert we met Captain Maurice Lucas, who has just returned from Leave in South Africa. He announced to my great pleasure that he had purchased twelve side combs for me in Johannesburg, the ones mother sent not as yet having arrived. Or any thing else, when it comes to that.

I enclose change of beneficiary forms for the delight and edification of Poppa.

Everyone has admired, or been forced to look at and admire, the delightful pictures of Daddy and the baby. I await anxiously the larger one. William says father looks so kind and pleased with the child.

Much love.

L.P. KRIEG