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pt.AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Lagos, Nigeria; August 31, 1942

Dear Folks:

Finally I am back in Lagos, after six very busy weeks in Accra. I am glad to say that the tempo in a little slower here, the office more fully organized, and better equipment on hand, so that I hope from now on to have a little more time to catch up with my sadly neglected correspondence.

Daddy's and Sarah's letters of July 8th together with the picture of Janie in her bridal gown and the pictures of you both at the Hanover place arrived shortly after my last letter, on August 2nd. In fact, as I recall, I hadn't even mailed the letter yet, but was unable to find time to open it again and make any comments. I thought it would be better to whip it off and try to find time to write soon again. Philinda has been complaining too because I wasn't able to write every week while I was in Accra. Believe me, we were really busy, and the lights and the typewriters were so bad it was difficult if not impossible to write much after dark.. I am delighted with all the stuff that Bud brought. I think these are the first pictures I have had of your "Little Black Lamba", although I had heard about her ~~pit~~ sleeping on Daddy's tummy after lunch. I was tickled to death to have the snap shots of life at Rocky Fork, and Melody's comments were greatly appreciated. In fact, they double the interest of the pictures. Bud also enclosed a couple of small snaps he had taken of Daddy out back of the store, and one of the Court House. The last was so well shaded that, I am ashamed to say, I had to look at it for some minutes before I could figure out what it was. Please thank Melody very much for sending out the snaps.

It was some time after the letter arrived that I finally got to see Bud. He had handed in the envelop at the airport in Lagos and they sent it up to me in Accra. I sent a note to the Personnel Manager in Accra for delivery to Bud the next time he came in, and, sure enough, about ten days later Bud called up on the phone. I went out to the camp to have supper with him, although Andy and I were delayed at the office so long that Bud had already eaten before we got there. Afterwards Andy went to the movies and I sat around with Bud and some of his friends and talked over old times. He gave me a pretty good eye-witness account of the wedding, in spite of the fact that he admits he was pretty bleary-eyed by the time it finally came off. He seemed much worried about Bobby Weaver, who, he said, took it very hard. He also told me how much he enjoyed talking to Daddy, who he said was about the only person in town who took a really intelligent interest in his work and the operations out here. I hope he was able to clear up a lot of points for you; you know that

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there are a lot of things which I am obligated not to write about in my letters. Anyway, we had a very good time, and after a while the pilots started reminiscing and telling about all their experiences. Some of them were certainly interesting.

I saw Bud two or three times afterwards while I was there, including the day I left. The day before, I went out there to see if he were in and to tell him that I was returning to Lagos the next day. He said that he had every expectation of taking the scheduled flight up the line the next day, and it looked as if we would have two Newark boys on the same plane, one of them the pilot. However, while we were being weighed in, Bud rushed in and said that he was taking another flight, thus spoiling a perfectly good article for the Advocate. He has promised to call up when he passes through, although, as he doubtless explained, it is a long way from the office to the airport and the planes don't stay here very long. I hope that he will get to stop off some, but it doesn't seem very likely.

Daddy's letter of July 24th arrived August 26th. Although this is not very good time, I think it would be wiser, and certainly cheaper, to send letters through the Department. They have now issued instructions as to how it is to be done. They want your letter put in an envelop addressed to "William L. Krieg, American Vice Consul, Lagos, Nigeria" with "By Pouch" in the lower left hand corner. It should carry 5¢ postage. This should be enclosed in another envelop without being sealed. The outer envelop, which may be sealed, should be addressed simply to The Department of State, Washington, D.C. This process will cost you 8¢ altogether, but it is certainly a big saving over the regular airmail, and much more reliable.

Daddy asked about where the gas and oil comes from that we use here. It comes either from the U.S. or Trinidad and is rationed to insure that it will be properly used. The Consulate has a rather generous allotment, and we are able to get around all right. There isn't any place to go, so one doesn't use a car very much and the gas consumption is quite modest. We can draw 40 gallons a month, but rarely do so. It costs about 55¢ an American gallon.

We have pretty good food here which is quite satisfactory especially when supplemented by some American canned goods. I told you about the shipment of groceries we received. Locally, one can buy meat, especially beef, mutton and pork, although the quality isn't very good. We are short of potatoes, and frequently use what they call "yams". This has nothing to do with the sweet potato. It is as dry and doughy a sort of potato as I have ever seen. They are pretty poor eating, although they aren't bad made up as potato cakes and fried. We have the usual vegetables, and there is a good amount of citrus fruit. You will be annoyed to hear that sugar isn't rationed; the price is fixed at 7d (about 12¢) per lb. As far as food is concerned, this is certainly one of the better places to be during the war. You can live off the country if you have to.

I thought I had told you about the household staff. Mac and I share an apartment, as you know. The two of us have a chief steward at \$12 a month who oversees things and takes care of the

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CLOTHES and serves food at table. His half-brother is cook, and his salary is \$10 monthly. He is a pretty good cook, although we need someone here who really knows something about cooking to show him a few things. His specialty is custard puddings, at which he is very good. To help the steward and perform the more menial tasks, we have a "smallboy". He is younger than Thompson, the steward, and has never worked in a European house before. He doesn't speak English very well, but he has improved remarkably since he came to work for me in March. He gets \$3.00 a month. When I got back from Accra, I was surprised to find a strange black boy in the pantry. He turned out to be Sunday, who is working without pay just to learn the ropes. On the whole the boys are very good, and I am sure that Thompson is absolutely honest, although naturally there is some small padding of bills and seepages of food. We furnish the boys' uniforms. Thompson wears a white drill suit when he serves, and also has a kakki uniform for work. Josiah, the cook, gets a free apron and a pair of trousers, and Willy, the small boy, has a kakki uniform, consisting of a tunic and shorts. Judging by their appearance, they are getting plenty to eat, and Tom supports a wife and daughter in a separate house in Lagos, and contributes a little to the support of two other children who are living with his parents out in the "bush". I have actually grown quite fond of them; they are simple and childlike, which, after all, is supposed to be a requisite for entering the Kingdom of Heaven.

September 4, 1942

I don't appear to be having as much time to write as I thought I was going to. I had a very pleasant surprise waiting for me when I returned from Accra. A telegram had just come in from Philinda saying that her passport had been granted. I immediately wired Carl Ankele to send her \$1500 for her travel expenses. I was very surprised and of course very happy to hear that the passport had been oked, because I had expected a refusal, or in any case that more time would be required. The divorce was finally granted at the end of July and Philinda applied for the passport immediately. Now we are worrying about how she will get out here. She sent another wire to say that she cannot get air passage without priority, which I expected would be the case. She says she would be willing to come by boat, but I have wired her not to consider doing so for the present. If it appeared that the submarine menace were under reasonable control, I might be willing for her to take the chance, but I am not willing under present circumstances and none too optimistic about the future. On the other hand, I don't see how it is going to be possible to get priority for her. Lynton Wells, the newspaper correspondent, gave me the name of a man in the Department to write to, and I will try that. My Pan American friends are also going to ask the company to transfer her to Lagos, and a representative of another Government department may ask his office to send her out as his secretary. Those are the irons in the fire. None of them are even warm yet, much less hot, but Philinda and I have been unusually lucky so far and perhaps our luck will hold. It is hard to explain how much we have missed each other during the months since October 31st; I certainly hope it will be possible either for her to come out here or for me to get home within the not-too-distant future. As you know, I will be eligible for home leave next February, but under the circumstances I doubt if I will get it. I hope you are all well and enjoying lovely September weather. This is the best time of year out here: not too hot, not too wet.