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P 1/3

Dear Family,

Here it is Tuesday again!
Only fancy. I kept adding so many notes onto the last letter that it was beginning to bulge.

The news of the week was, of course, the announcement, read in the Radio Bulletin sent to us from Cairo every week, that William is now a classified Vice Consul- even tho it be but class eight. He will now get \$3500 per annum, plus about \$225 cost of living allowance, and 23% of the salary in overtime, which will mean more dollars in the savings account of W.L.Krieg, Esquire. I myself am doing rather well in my modest way, having managed to salt away more than \$700 in the Park National Bank of Newark, Ohio. When it reaches \$1000, which it will in about two months, I shall buy a \$500 war bond, and save the rest for a reckless indulgence in all manner of clothes (if there are still any left whne and if I get back to the U.S.) Between us, we are rich and filthy.

As indicated in appendix two of my last letter, the promotion is more or less the last one that comes in fairly mechanically. Out of William's class, only one poor boy failed to get promoted, which indicates that he must have committed some heinous crime for which he will probably be atoning for the next five or ten years. The State Department Never Forgets, or practically never. After this, promotion comes at the discretion of the Department, which has ~~also~~ all sorts of whimsys and moods. Our Mr. Lynch, for instance, once offended and ambassador early in his career, and as a result he has been in class eight for nine years, instead of the usual two, three, or four. He is now the oldest man in his class. It is easier to work up to class six than to class five, and that's simple compared to jumping up to class four, etc. Our Mr. Shantz was promoted this time to class two, which is just fine, and well deserved. One gets \$100 more salary each year after one leaves the "unclassifieds", which is always nice.

Speaking of Mr. Lynch, he has been wanting to get his wife out ever since he came. He asked the Dept if they could send her out as a clerk, but the Dept said no, firmly. So he sallied forth to BOAC, and procured her a job with them. Now she ought to be able to get on the Barber Line, but there's no telling. In

L-288p2/3

any case; there should be some way of getting her out.

Saturday noon, ah, Saturday noon!.... we stayed at home all by ourselves and had the most delectable, delightful, soul-stirring curry you can imagine. Saturday noon is the high point of the week, as far as we are concerned. How I wish that you could taste the savoury, thrillingly pungent mess, as it stands in glory on a steaming mound of well-cooked rice, surrounded by all sorts of carefully prepared small dishes. Dish after dish of fragrant, cool, flaming hot, spicy, fruity, sharp (onions) or bitey small dishes. And in the place of honor in the center of the table, a big bottle of exotic mango chutney. You brood lovingly over every bite, lingering long to appreciate the fine after-tastes. When your mouth becomes too hot, it is the greatest pleasure in the world to gulp down a long, cool draught of ~~Malaya~~ billowy beer. You have the feeling that you are living life to the fullest. After that, an enormous somnolence descends upon you drooping lids, and you stumble, blind but happy, to bed! Your first waking thought is of a long, cool glass of limeade, and you gather your forces to ring the bell for Tom. I am going to learn to make such a curry if it takes the last breath in my body.

Sunday morning was dull, so we stayed home. Mr. Lynch called us up to come to breakfast, and we had a delightful rasher of bacon apiece on his terrace. Then we came home and took a bicycle ride to Victoria beach, about two miles away. It has been delightfully cool recently, without much rain, but quite often cloudy. Then home, with a great appetite for another curry. Twice a week that joy is vouchsafed us. In the evening we took a ride, to enjoy the spectacle of an eclipse of a beautiful full moon. We stopped at the Rasmusson's house, found them in, and had a delightful visit. Home, sandwiches, and to bed.

Monday the week's work began again. We are very busy these days, and I really feel that I am earning my \$1800 plus ~~cost~~ of living allowance and overtime. A lot of code work, a lot of cipher work, the various pouches, the telephone (a telephone conversation with an African is as exhausting as nothing you can imagine,) the mail, the filing, the reception work.

On Monday evening at seven thirty a man from the Lagos Players, an amateur theatrical group, called around for me, and we went out to Ebutta Metta for a meeting. I might be able to get a part in a play called "Roudnabout" by Priestly, I hope so. It was an interesting meeting, since all those present were actors, if only amateur ones, from way back, and acted all over the place. I think I told you that I saw the last play they put on, which was rather fun, and netted them 115 pounds for charity and 40 pounds for their own future use. The money is to go towards the Merchant seamen's canteen- always the best charity these days, in my opinion.

That's the chronicle up to today. I'll probably add on more.

August 19

This is a great day for mailing things. I just put in the letter to Pop about the Captain, and we are even now preparing an envelope for some interesting pictures of Kano, taken by our old OWE pal, Brownie Roberts (now in Algiers). Everyone in those pictures are Hausamen, so now you'll know what they look like when I talk about Hausa traders.

... We had a good time at the party at Mr. Bremmer's (Barber Line chief, large, bald, a great drinking man, who is now living in Cap Roberts house while he's on

L-288 P 3/3
leave). To-night we are going to have aprty to discharge a few of our social obligations. Mr. Bunning, the General Manager of the Nigerian railway, some Customs people named Bonavia (Maltese) (but not falcons, just people), a man in the Secretariat named Martin Hall, whom I shall describe when I know him better, and good old John Houser the OEW man, who is a dear. Have I described him yet? From California, the son of a lawyer who decided to give fifteen years of his life to God and Man, and became a minister after ten very successful years in business. After fifteen years he went back into business. John is tall and nice looking, with dimples of all things, and he edeats endears himself to us by being inordinately fond of his wife. He's a lwyer to, and has to start from scratch about mahogany, tantalite, Iroko wood, columbite, and palm kernels. But then, so did William.

I must stop and work. Love!