

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE No. 14

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AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Lagos, Nigeria; November 5, 1943

Dear Folks,

As usual, I have been very bad about writing and I am very sorry about it. I always have the very best intentions, especially just after one of your letters has arrived, but somehow it just doesn't seem to work out. We are still very busy in spite of the arrival of our new clerk from Panama, Harriet Thurgood. Harriet, incidentally, seems to be taking to Lagos life like a duck to water. She has been asked out almost every night since she arrived, and is talking of rationing her friends to four nights a week.

Philinda and I have been on the go a lot too. This week we only managed to have one quiet evening at home, and we were so tired then that we went to bed very early. My intellectual life has certainly gone to pot. I haven't had time to read a serious book (or any other kind, either) for ages. My deepest reading is TIME magazine, and occasionally FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Next week one of the local Americans, a Socony Vacuum man, is getting married, and this has provoked quite a round of parties. I guess the idea is to have the happy couple absolutely exhausted by the time of their wedding. Tonight Al Hubert, the Texas Co. agent, is having a party for them which we are going to and Monday the groom's mess mates are giving a bachelor party. I will go to this, and it will be the first time I have gone out anywhere without Philinda since we were married. I would prefer not to go anywhere without her, but in this case I couldn't gracefully refuse.

Last week end we went to the beach to stay over Saturday night, and this time we managed to have a quiet time all by ourselves and get plenty of rest. However, I woke up about 3:30 with a rather queer burning sensation all over. I reached for the flashlight and found at least six mosquitoes had gotten inside the net and had been going to town on me. I caught them without much trouble, as they were so full of blood they could hardly wiggle. I then killed several more in Philinda's bed. We will take more pains with the nets the next time.

The next day some friends came over to join us, and we went surf bathing as usual. It was very hot, and the surf was better than it had been for months. I was delighted and kept on beating my ~~my~~ out against the incoming tide until I was so tired I had to give up. We finished up the day with a movie at the Army camp as usual. It was very pleasant, especially since our friend

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John Houser, of the Office of Economic Warfare, was with us. John travels up and down the whole coast and seldom stays very long in any one place. He is a grand fellow, though, and we have become very fond of him during his visits here.

To get down to business for a minute, I filled out the form for reinstating the insurance policy. It left here by the next mail. I am enclosing a check for \$40.10 to cover Daddy's expenses. Does the insurance company know I am abroad, and, if so, does that make any difference to them? I have always put our home address on all letters to them as I was afraid they would try to suspend the policy or increase the premiums if they knew I was first in the war zone and then in the White Man's Grave. Could you find out about this discretely? Incidentally, I am not very happy about that policy I took out with the Midland Mutual the last time I was home. I do not see how it is any better than putting your money into savings bonds. As you know, I get no life coverage out of it; it is just an annuity - in other words, savings, and I don't need any insurance company to remind me to save. My Welsh blood takes care of that, although now, what with taxes and the high cost of living, there really isn't much to save. However, I intend to keep up the payments at least until I come home, when I will look into the whole business.

In view of Janie's condition, I obviously can't push off on her all my Christmas shopping this year. I have sent her a check to take care of her and Norman, and I am enclosing another for \$30 in the hope that it will be enough to take care of Daddy and Sarah and the other people I send presents to. I know it is a terrible imposition on both of you, but I must ask you to do it, as it isn't possible to send from here anything worth having. We do hope, though, to have a curio or something for all of you when we get home.

Did my black suitcase ever come back from Lisbon? I left it there for Herve L'Heureux to take home with him. Due to the outbreak of the war in the meantime, Herve came back by air, but I have learned that the suitcase was brought over to the U.S. by Parsons, another friend, on one of the exchange vessels. I have written to Herve, who is now in Algiers, but have had no reply. It had my old blue suit, heavy over coat, opera hat and some Italian luncheon sets in it.

By the way, in sending mail by A.P.O., don't mention Lagos on the envelope. I'm surprised they let Sarah's letter of October 9th through; actually, it made very good time, whereas the letter Daddy sent by regular mail was over a month on the way. I think most "air mail" comes by sea now. I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote last week to Janie and some of Philinda's writings. I am making a copy of this to send to Florida. I am ashamed not to have written Dad for his birthday; I did send Grandpa a telegram, though, to prove I hadn't forgotten the day.

Philinda joins me in sending love to you all.



THE FOREIGN SERVICE
 OF THE
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
 LAGOS, NIGERIA.

This article originally mailed
 in country indicated by postage.

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