

IN REPLY REFER TO

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Dearest darling,

It looks as if I were going to spend all my waking hours writing to you. I just finished a five-pager last night and, as luck would have it, sent it off this morning by pouch. And then along comes Mr. Bennett with your note which you gave him at the airport. Well, I couldn't miss a chance to get at least a quickie over to you, especially since you will undoubtedly get this before No. 13, which will have to go all the way to Washington and then back to Miami. This is just to tell you that you have a nice, big fat letter on the way, and to prepare yourself accordingly.

I think by this time you will have the snapshots I sent you some time ago, but, in response to your request (not to say demand) for pictures, I am sending another set. If the first batch arrived, would you mind sending these on to my family? It would be a good excuse for you to write Daddy a brief line. The address: Laurence M. Krieg, 197 Hudson Ave., Newark, Ohio. In fact, please send these to him even if the first didn't arrive, and ask him to return them to you after a reasonable time. They are all terrible with one exception. Mr. Jester took them, and, as you can see, they are all very over-exposed. The sun has more "oomph" here than you would expect. The sun never seems bright here the way it does at home, nor does it seem too glaring to go around bare headed. Nevertheless, I find it gives me a headache to be in the sun any amount of time without a sun-helmet on. There is a better snap of the Consulate's staff, which I sent with the other letter. I have asked Bennett for dinner and the movies tonight, but he says he can't come because he wants to show the rest of the crew the town. I unfortunately can't handle them all since there are others already invited. But Bennett hopes to be able to come by for drinks about 7:30, so I will have another hour to squeeze out all the details about his meeting you. He said he thought you were a grand girl, and I said, "That's not the ahlf of it" or words to that effect. Oh my darling, it just kills me to think that he can whip back and forth across the Atlantic every couple of weeks or so, and we are absolutely stuck - me here, you there, and all our longing, all our yearning, can't seem to bring us together again. I do love you so much, my dear. I doubt if you can appreciate how much I do love you, because it might not have shown so much on the surface when we were in Lisbon. You can gather how much it must be when X you think what an amazing confession it was that came tumbling out of my mouth that night in Lisbon when the lightning struck. Imagine, my coming right out and telling a married woman, the wife of my friend, that I loved

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her! You must realize that nothing but terrific internal pressure could have brought that out. Nothing but months of suppressed affection, nothing but hundreds of times of wanting to take your hand, to put my arm around you, to kiss you, and always the feeling of complete hopelessness. Even now I can't imagine how I came to say it. I guess it was the five or six Scotches I had had. Don't ever speak evilly of whiskey, darling; it may have been responsible for our finding each other. One of the things I want to talk over with you the next time we get together is what you thought and felt that night, and just what was said. The tension and emotional strain was so great that I can't remember just what was said; whenever I think of that night, I think of a bolt of lightning, which came and seared us and burnt us and fused us together, as one inseparable unit. I insist that it isn't something that we happen to everybody; I wouldn't say that it had never happened to anybody, but certainly our love is stronger than the ordinary, just as our problems are more difficult. It was like heating water under pressure; it goes up to much higher pressures than it would under normal pressure. Being under pressure, we waited much longer to "boil over" than most people would have. Had you been unmarried, I would normally have told you some time in September or even August that I loved you. If you had felt the same way, we would have been married in Lisbon, or maybe have gone home, met each other's folks in the usual way, and had a quiet service in the church. We would have been in love, and I dare say we would have been very happy. But it wouldn't have been like this; there wouldn't have been the heart searching and the heart rending, the struggle and the pain of separation. But the final victory, when it is won, will be all the more glorious; anything is that you have to struggle to get. The moral is: Hang on, my precious, and wait. In God's good time, we will be united, and then none but God may put us again asunder. Do you believe now that I love you?

It goes without saying that I will be most happy to have your picture, colored or plain. I will be beautiful if it looks like you. By the way, I talk a lot about how I love you and we love us, but I don't often mention how beautiful you are. Perhaps, subconsciously, I don't want to spoil you, because I don't like vain women, but I think you are the loveliest creature I have ever met. I promise faithfully that movie stars will have more attractions once I have you. You not only have a lovely face and a gorgeous body but your whole carriage and manner is so graceful and charming that everyone who knows you loves you. They love you too because you are gentle and natural, and naturally kind. You could have done much better than me, sugarpuss, and I hope you never find it out.

I really envy you your beautiful tan, which you have acquired on the beach with James Page and Mamma, or with Mrs. Page and son. As I think I told you before, I haven't been in the sun since the time when these pictures were taken at Tarkwa Bay, and as a result I am as white as the proverbial sheet. People rarely get tan here; the sun is too vicious; most people avoid it, but I think it could be done. Mr. Jester is a healthy looking golden color from spending his week-ends at the Bay. By the way, I was wrong in saying that he has never had malaria; he has had it four times in two years and a quarter. Nothing more to say but love and more love and eternal love forever and ever world without end so help me God. I do love you and want you so much my dear.

Always yours Bill