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AMERICAN CONSULATE  
Lagos, Nigeria  
May 13, 1942

L-148  
P 1/2

My darling Philinda,

Oh, how I do enjoy getting letters from you! Every one is a little gem in itself, and every renewed assurance that you still love me gives me courage to go on with another week's work and another barren waste of waiting. I love the picture you sent. I had almost forgotten how supremely lovely you are, dear, and I'm afraid this reminder isn't going to make waiting any easier. After a struggle with myself as to whether I should share your beauty with anyone else, I finally showed the picture to Mac and to Erwin Watts, who acts as special assistant to the Consulate. Watts took one look and said, "I think that's a damned dirty trick, to send out a picture like that! As if life in Africa weren't hard enough anyway". He went on to suggest that I should send you a picture of me with a big, black colored mammy and a whole flock of kids in revenge. However, I don't share his point of view nor his humor on this particular point, and I didn't think you would either. Personally, I'm very happy to have the snapshot, and I am keeping it on my dresser, where I can gaze at it lovingly many times a day.

A Vice Consul who passed through here on his way to Leopoldville took a picture of me at home, and very kindly sent a copy back to Lagos after his arrival in Leo. I am sending it with this letter, and I hope it will give you more what you wanted. What appears to be a white smudge on my cheek is just a flaw in the camera or in the development. I haven't developed any sores yet, thank goodness. I thought you might also like the picture of the Consulate which he took. As you know, Mac and I live upstairs, which really shows up best in the photo. The left wing with the bay window is my bed room. The front, showing behind the flag pole, is the living room, and the dining room table is set up in the back of that room, which runs the whole thickness of the building. Would you enjoy living here? Mr. Jester is all in favor of your coming out, and will do his best to get you a passport when he goes back to the States. That should be about the right time, since Mr. Shantz, the new Consul General, should leave London now on the first available plane, and Jester will leave here shortly after his arrival.

Mac's groceries have arrived, so we now have a fine supply of American canned goods and other delicacies here. As Mac had to go into the hole pretty badly to buy all this stuff, he was glad to let me pay for half of it, so we are in 50-50 on the deal. Besides all the usual things like green beans, baked beans, peas, peaches and pears, we have cocktail cherries, bitters, crab meat, and many other luxuries. When you come out here, you should have quite a variety of



foodstuffs to work with and can cook away to your heart's content. We would both enjoy a little change from Josiah's rather monotonous cooking. He does as well as can be expected, since he learned his cooking from English people, who are notoriously unimaginative when it comes to cooking. The kitchen stove is in pretty bad shape, too, and no doubt prevents his reaching very high levels. We do not use the electric stove because of the cost of electricity, but if you were here and wanted to, you could of course use that instead of the wood-burner in the kitchen. L-148P212

Mac and I got to see a free movie the other night. Last Saturday, we had the two Information Officers to dinner, and in return they asked us to come with them to a special performance of "My Little Chickadee", with Mee West and W.C. Fields which was being given for the committee of censorship. You might be interested to know that they finally decided that there was nothing really harmful in "My Little Chickadee" and that it could be released to the general public. The films are all passed by the censors in Great Britain before arriving here, so there isn't much chance of there being anything really bad in them. The censors here are particularly interested in selecting what is suitable for native audiences, and I noted that several members of the committee were natives. They eliminate any slurring references to negroes and anything which might tend to excite racial ill-feeling.

I was very interested to hear about your life and entertainment in Miami. It certainly sounds very attractive. When you get right down to it, "joking" isn't greatly different from what we usually did in Lisbon on a Saturday night, except that we usually didn't drink beer and red wine. O my dear, how sad and futile it is for us to be drifting aimlessly around, each in his own circuit, doing things which you aptly described as "pleasant idiocies". It seems such a waste of time to call people up, invite them to dinner when you're not here to grace the table, to go to elderly movies and watch insipid performances when what we want is to be together. I know there's no use of my going on like this. I know you will come as soon as you can, and you know I will come to you as soon as I can. Seeing your picture and being reminded how beautiful you are, I sometimes wonder how you could love me, and what is more, continue to do so in face of the pressure of other would-be lovers who are close at hand. I know there is nothing wonderful or unusual about me, and you can't blame me for wondering why I, of all the human race, should be the one to have the supreme gift of your love. I love you terribly, and apparently lots of other people do to. As for me, I remain all alone; so far as I know, no Lagos ladies have found in me any of those things that made you love me, and I can only hope that you won't decide you have been mistaken. But you know that I am loving you completely and wholly, and that no other thought than of you ever enters my head. You are the world, and all there is in it. You know not only that I am loving you now, in the moment that this is being written, but that I am also loving you now, in the moment that you are reading it. The chances of my ever changing my mind are nil. I am your <sup>man</sup> as long as I have life, "hasta la muerte, y depues".

This has been written on office time, as the post is closing this afternoon. Please forgive the brevity. I can't steal any more time from Uncle Sam. I love you very, very much indeed, Faithful Philinda.

Your