

IN REPLY REFER TO
FILE NO. 23



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Lagos, Nigeria
June 19, 1942

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Dearest one,

Another week has gone by, and Captain Bledsoe has gone on his way, and the Consulate has gone on its way, and I go on loving you for all I am worth, or, if that isn't very much, then just say that all things revolve around you and the question of whether you will be able to come here or not. I oscillate between optimism and pessimism and have a hard time convincing myself that there's no good worrying about it in advance. Sometimes I think that the good luck which brought us together will hold and that another miracle will happen. At others, I think that fate will probably play one of its sardonic tricks on us and, having strangely brought us together for a moment, will now try to keep us apart as long as possible. But about the long future, I am optimistic. In all my thoughts of the to-come, I see us walking down the street together, as we did so often in Lisbon. We are arm in arm, and I am tremendously proud of you and terribly happy to be your husband. I think that is the way it is going to be, but how long we will have to wait, how many precious days and months of our lives ~~will~~ will have to waste apart, I have no way of telling. I can only repeat, I love you, fully, completely, entirely, with every thought I have.

Capt. Bledsoe is so quiet, except on aviation matters, that it is almost funny. It would be funny if I didn't want to know so desperately every tiny detail of how you looked and what you said when he saw you. I made another effort the night he came here for drinks, and asked ~~him~~ the above questions. He wiggled uncomfortably and said, "Oh, you know how it is. You both say the same things: 'How is she' and 'How is he', and - I don't know - you both look all right to me". So I gave up. There's no use trying to get any verbal information out of him. Off hand, I would think he would be a fine man to entrust with military secrets, since I am certain that no one would be able to pry a thing out of him. And just think, I showed him all over the apartment so he could tell you all about it: He says he is doubtful whether he will be coming to Lagos any more, although they don't know exactly yet how the new schedules will work out for over-night stops. According to some PAA men, the overnight will probably be at Lagos; others say there is a new hotel going up in Accra, and that that will be used to put up passengers. So the whole question is up in the air. The governmental authorities are so slow here in providing proper accommodations that PAA is practically forced to go elsewhere for its principal bases. This is too bad; it looks as if Lagos was going to be just a flag stop from now on. So I don't know whether I will be seeing Bledsoe any more; I told him that if he wished, Anderson in Accra would forward things down here

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for me. If you send any letters that way, just put them in an envelop for Andy, as suggested in my last letter. I have also been informed that the Department will definitely send out personal letters by diplomatic air mail pouch. Such mail should carry 5¢ postage and should be addressed to me, American Vice Consul, Lagos
c/o Department of State - Mail Room

Washington, D.C.

Then down in the corner you can put "Air Mail Pouch to Lagos". The boys here think the mail service will be very good when the new schedules get started. They are certainly lousy now. No air mail since May 21st. It is certainly a good thing you sent your letter over with our friend, otherwise there is no telling when or if I would have received it.

We have just received a big shipment of supplies from the Department, thus filling many an aching void in our conduct of consular business here. We got reams and reams of badly needed stationery, forms galore, seven desks, two chairs, an enormous safe, and all the other items which rejoice a vice consults heart, even two spools of red tape. We are all very happy about it, as having lost one shipment, we were afraid we would never get any more if this one didn't get through. The main want still is to filled is some new typewriters, which are "in the works" now. Then this and some of the other antiques can be turned out to pasture, and I can even have a typewriter of my own and not have to send out and have the boys bring one in every evening after work. I miss it very much during the day, when all the machines are in use.

Last Sunday was very pleasant. Mr. Jester took Mr. Shantz and a party of people down to Tarquah Bay for the day. Some how he managed to wangle it so that we went down on a small naval vessel which is stationed here and whose skipper is a Canadian - a very fine individual. We had a pleasant ride down, drank some gin, went swimming, had another gin, lunch, and a nap. The skipper took a snapshot of me which I hope to get and send you soon. We started home before dark, and on the way the skipper broke out a bottle of Canadian Club which tasted almost as good as the ads say it does, even if we hadn't narrowly missed death in some form or other. Mac and I had to take one of the ladies home who lived quite a way from the center, and so we discovered that PAA was having one of the special movies. We missed about fifteen minutes of it, but enjoyed it just the same. It was "This Above All". One thing about it disturbed me a little: from certain angles, the heroine reminded me very much of you, and I got back to thinking about how you would enjoy the outing we had just been on and all the rest of it. You see, no matter what I do, I always come back to you and how pleasant life would be if you were only here. There is going to be another PAA movie this Sunday, I hear. Mac is playing a Kostelanetz (or however he spells it) record of "Way Down upon the Swannee River". It makes me homesick, as I am already sick from loving you so much and so vainly.

I still have no news from home about whether or not Janie is getting married ~~or not~~. I makes me feel bad to think the happy event can come off without my even knowing about it until afterwards. In fact, I am so sad and lonesome all of a sudden that I'm not going to write any more. I do love you so much, my dearest darling. You are my life and my dream, my happiness, if ever I am to have any.

