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AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

AMERICAN CONSULATE

Lagos, Nigeria

June 26, 1942

L-159 p 1/2

Darling,

Mr. Jester is leaving tomorrow morning for the good old U.S. and has kindly agreed to take this letter with him. He does not know whether he will be changing planes in Miami or not, or even whether they will come in there. As usual, I am urging him to see you if possible, and I hope you will do everything in your power to help him out while in Miami and facilitate his journey. We certainly are sorry to see him go. He has been an extremely fine person to work with, and has never failed to be kind and thoughtful in his relations with other people, and we have never had a single unpleasant incident all the time he has been here.

I really believe that, after all this time of wanting to go home, he is a little sorry to leave after all. I can well understand it. He has built up this office from a little one horse affair into a fairly large organization, at least for this part of the world. When we arrived here, there was only one Vice Consul to represent the American Government, outside himself. After two and a half years, we now have two vice consuls, a consul general, a "special assistant" (hush-hush), an officer of the Army Ferrying Command and a Naval Liaison officer. Space has become quite a pressing problem. It is possible that the size of the staff will increase still further. I don't mean to imply that this is all due to Mr. Jester's efforts; the war did have a little to do with it. But he has consistently called the attention of the Department of State to the necessity for building up our representation here in view of the increasing importance of this area. If our government isn't informed about the West Coast of Africa, it isn't his fault. At the same time he has been a power in the community. He may not always have been popular with the stuffed shirt group, who are unfortunately numerous here, and he has often punctured their balloons and deflated their pomposity. But the people who are sincere in getting on with the war have always been able to count on his assistance, up to the limit of the modest power conferred upon Consuls. He will be greatly missed. We will miss him especially in the office because we have always been able to rely upon him to tell us exactly who to see about any given problem. He must know virtually every one who is anyone in Lagos. I am really sorry to see him go.

I am sure that he will be able to help your passport case in Washington, and of course I have spoken to him about it. I think it would be a fine idea if you would write to him if he stays in Washington and keep him up to date on the steps which you are taking. He will then second your efforts in Washington.

L-159 p 2/2

I had fully expected to have letters ready to send with this letter for you to present to the passport agent in Miami and send to Mrs. Shipley in Washington. Due to the present of a visitor here for two evenings in a row, it has been impossible to get them finished - unless something happens to hold him over for one day. However, I will get them ready for the next pouch. We will probably send our pouches out every Saturday from now on, although I think Monday would be better, to give us all a chance to write letters over the week end. Now that no more Clippers are coming to Lagos, we have to have our mail go overland to Fish Lake. That means changing planes at Accra and at Fish Lake, and that, I fear, is going to result in some delay. If our experience in the past is like that in the future, we can count on losing lots of time in Accra, where they are notorious for kicking the mail around for days before anyone ever gets around to putting it on a plane. I received a letter from Accra today which was exactly one week old, which is too much for a flight of an hour and a half.

If only we would get some mail from the States, I wouldn't worry too much about the westbound mail; being diplomatic, it will probably get through in the end. It is now over five weeks since we have received any regular air mail, and I for one am pretty sick of it. If it hadn't been for the letter Capt. Bledsoe brought over, I would now have been without news of you May 27th, and even that didn't come through the open mail. The rumor has been spread around that two sacks for Lagos were off-loaded by the censors at Trinidad, but that may be ascribable to the U.S. Army just as easily. That is another thing Mr. Jester may be able to check up on when he arrives in the States and on his way. I still don't know whether Janie was a June bride or not, and that offends all my brotherly instincts. If nothing else offers, try a letter through the Department, although Heaven knows that pouch mail comes slowly; but at least it comes.

[Transcribed next page](#)

Godness gracious, I have gone all this way without saying that I am still mad about you, that I long for you night and day, and that life without you isn't worth bothering about. Well, it's just as true as the last time I wrote it. I guess you don't get tired of hearing it; I hope not anyway; I never do. Perhaps you're a better writer than I, because it seems to me your letters are always so refreshing, and when you say you love me, there's a new turn of expression which I hadn't encountered before. Oh, if I could only tell you all that is inside me, just waiting for you to give it expression. Sometimes I get a rather grim feeling, thinking about us. I set my teeth in determination that I will not give you up, to anything or anybody, never never never. It is a form of defiance against all the powers of distance that hold us apart, as if a slap on the face of the God of Time might make him move faster. I feel so desperate at my helplessness, not being able to do anything toward uniting us. Well, we are about to enter the second round of the fight. The first was the legal battle, which I hope is now over. The second will be passport, and the third transportation. If we lose the second or third, we will have a fourth next year, when I am due for leave. I will pull every string I have (not many) in order to get home, and then I would like to see anybody keep us apart! If only it wasn't so long, and my love of you so great. My darling, do love me. I wouldn't want to live if I couldn't look forward to our life together. The thought of us is with me always: it's become part of me.

L-159 p 2 v

Sweetheart, if you haven't already, please remember to send me some 3c stamps. Also, did you ever find anyone to carry the fountain pen and bathing trunks? I'm very sorry to bother you about them again, as I know you will do your best.

I'm glad you like the little bowls. They are typical Northern Nigerian work. We use them for ash trays. I have some other little items for you when I can send them off.

Much, much love, my dearest darling. WK

Transcription beginning last paragraph page 2

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- William

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