

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Lagos, Nigeria; September 4, 1942

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Hello darling,

It's just me again, your old boy friend and husband-to-be, starting out much too late in the evening to write you a letter which I hope will be delivered by Mr. Erwin H. Watts, who has been with us in Lagos for several months. We know him as Wattsy, as his name doesn't lend itself very well to nicking. He is a grand person, a good pal of mine, and don't believe anything he says as he's a terrible leg puller. I hope you will do anything thing you can to entertain him and Mrs. Haigh-Wood while they are in Miami. It was Ahme who prepared the list of what the well dressed white woman in Nigeria will wear. Only a hint: don't entertain them together if it can be avoided as they don't get along any too well, and are likely to be at swords points after a whole trip across the Atlantic.

Well, sweet, things don't look too good, according to your last cable, although really no worse than we had expected. The plans I have in mind so far are these: 1. Jesse Boynton is going to write to the main office of the Atlantic Division in New York and request your transfer to Lagos, giving a complete explanation of the circumstances. He isn't very optimistic about the chances, because, as I have said before, Lagos is just about washed up as a Clipper base, although we are expecting one back from Leopoldville tomorrow to leave Sunday for the States, carrying Wattsy, Ahme and, I hope, this letter. 2. Linton Wells, the foreign correspondent and radio commentator, who has been spending a week with us here, suggested that I write to a certain Tom Burke in the Department of State. Burke is a good friend of Wells' and he is the one ~~of~~^{who} arranges with the Army for the transportation of State Department personnel. Wells said I should mention his name. He is very sympathetic since he insisted successfully that Mrs. Wells accompany him on his present trip. 3. The representative of another government department who is attached to this office may (and only may) ask his Department to send you out to be his secretary. I hope he will do so and that they would send you by air, but this fellow himself had to come by boat, so I'm not too optimistic. I'm mentioning these three possibilities just so you ~~won't~~ won't get the idea that I'm not going to do anything about your getting out here. I am and will do everything possible. I didn't mention them because I think any of them are likely to succeed. We can only try and hope that the wonderful luck we have had so far won't abandon us at this late stage of the game.

The main thing is that I still love you like the very devil and I show no signs whatsoever of slackening off. Sometimes

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you seem very close to me, a sort of aura surrounding me and filling me with the comforting assurance that you do love me; at other times, the connecting waves aren't received, and you seem very distant and I feel very lonesome for you. I think these feelings are probably induced purely by local circumstances, like if I've had enough sleep. But I can't find out exactly what it is. Probably just a combination of circumstances. My favorite moment, devoted exclusively to you each day, is right after lunch, when I sit down in that long chair of which you have a photo to take a short nap before returning to the office. My favorite day dream is that you come with sit down with me in the chair, and I put my arm around you and you cuddle up against me. Sometimes I can almost feel a light kiss on my cheek. And then we both float off to sleep. But when I wake up, you are gone, and I go back downstairs to the office and the daily routine. Who knows? Maybe some day we will be able to do just that, only you won't disappear when I wake up.

There was one thing I forgot to mention in my last letter. That was that you should go to the British Consulate in Miami and ask for a visa for Sierra Leone and Gold Coast, in transit, and Nigeria, for residence. The question will probably have to be referred to the Passport Officer here, so it is important to get things started as soon as possible. If it is necessary to refer to Lagos, have it sent by air mail unless you feel there is a chance of getting off before the reply could be received. You can always cable later if it should be necessary. As a matter of fact, there would be no trouble about your entering here without a visa, but you might have difficulty along the way.

Saturday, September 5, 1942

I had to quit last night because Ahme and her husband and another couple were coming to dinner. It was in honor of Ahme's approaching departure. It went off nicely, considering that we have no woman to make arrangements, and the guests went home early. Unfortunately, we asked the Naval Liaison Officer up just to finish a bottle of beer, and got involved in a discussion of the war and related topics. This went on until 1:30 a.m., and consequently I am not exactly in top form this morning. I hope to get rested up over the week-end, although we are going for dinner to the Pan American mess and afterwards to a movie. I don't think it will be late, though, because they have this Clipper departure tomorrow morning.

My angel, I seem to remember that your birthday comes right around this time, and so I wish you good luck and that you may never have another birthday without me. I have a very insignificant present for you, but no way to get it to you. I am sending a new and improved batch of love, however; I have been busy exuding this love for a long time, and I enclose it with this letter. Maybe you can feel it rolling out when you open the envelope. It comes out and surrounds you and makes you feel warm and happy inside. It says, "Your my woman, all mine, my love, my life, and sunshine. I love you with every ounce of force I have. My life is yours". Some fine day, my love, my sweet, you will be mine. That day, whenever it is, will be my birthday. That is when I will commence to live. Come soon, dearest.