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Lagos, Nigeria
May 27, 1942

L-152 cc

Dearest darling,

Once again they have done me dirt! It was announced some days ago that your next mail for the States would leave on Friday, and I had very carefully reserved today and tomorrow free to be able to write you a long, decent letter for a change. Now they come and say that it will be going tomorrow, and we have to send off the mail from here this afternoon, so I am trying desperately on borrowed time and on a borrowed typewriter to write you just a short note to remind you that I haven't forgotten and that I am still completely and entirely in love with you, and no one else.

The letter you wrote on May 12th for Cap't. Blakely to bring arrived this morning, somewhat longer than the six days you expected. I heard about it a week ago Sunday and tried to get in touch with Blakely. One of the boys said he would find him and get the letter, but he apparently forgot about it, and the next day when I called up, Blakely had gone. Today some unknown person at the airport handed the letter to Mr. Jester, who happened to be there, and so I got it. Boy, do I share your wish that you were in my hands as well as the letter! I have been missing you more than usual recently, although I want you so much all the time that there isn't much allowance for variations. For some reason, a very acute physical wanting has been added to the spiritual, and that is tough, when I think how far away you are and how long I will have to wait. Anyway, darling, you don't have to worry that I would ever look at any other woman; when I went for you, I did it in a big way. It's just you alone, and none other.

We have had a great break recently. PAA picked three new films off the Clipper and showed them to their "friends", numbering about half the white population of Lagos. Sunday night we had the best double feature you ever saw: "To the Shores of Tripoli" and "Tortilla Flats". Unfortunately, they showed the first named first, and consequently the audience wasn't quite prepared for the more serious film. I myself enjoyed both of them enormously. Then Monday they gave a film whose name I don't know - Eleanor Powell in a musical spy story with Red Skelton. It was absolutely crazy and very funny. I wish the three could have been spread out over three weeks instead of being crowded into two nights, but it certainly was a pleasure after the two and three year old pictures we ordinarily have.

The clerk who uses this typewriter has come back, so no more now. You know that I love you more than I can tell, don't you? I do, and I have never had any desire to change.