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My dearest love,

How time does go by! Looking forward, it seems impossible for me to wait for six months, but now seven months have gone by since you left Lisbon, and I am still alive, still loving you, and still determined to make you mine. I know, as I have always known, that nothing but death or your changing your mind would prevent me from making you mine, so I hope, my darling, that you are perfectly calm and serene on that point. I am yours always and forever, if you will have me. I love and adore you, and nothing can change that.

For once there is something to tell you. Last weekend, I went to Accra to deliver Andy his confidential ciphers, which have been in our safe until Andy received one from Washington. We got his telegram on Thursday, and I decided to wangle a trip out of it if possible, since I have always wanted to see Accra, and especially to have another talk with Andy again. The Boss made no objections, so Saturday morning I went out to the airport and enplaned for Accra. I don't know whether you have seen any of the DC 3's they have fixed up for service on this run. Instead of the luxurious fittings and comfortable seats common on the domestic and trans-Atlantic planes, these have only aluminum benches arranged against the wall, facing each other, as in a subway car. There are no backs to them at all; in fact, it appears to be scientifically arranged to be as uncomfortable as possible. After I had been on the plane for an hour, I was very glad that I didn't have to take a very long trip. I understand that, on long trips, the smart boys stretch out on the floor; it's much more comfortable.

Although the weather was bad and the air a little bumpy, the trip to Accra was uneventful. Andy was at the airport to meet me, and we went to his house after the immigration and customs formalities were disposed. I didn't have the good fortune to meet the officer who has won immortal fame by requiring the dog of the American High Commissioner to India, Mr. Wilson, to be finger-printed when he arrived in Accra. I think that probably is an all-time high in something or other. The man was tight, of course. Once at Andy's he showed me the house and Consulate, which are in the same building. Then we started talking. I think I mentioned to you before that while Andy was here, he and I used to talk for hours. Now, having so long a time to make up for, we really out-did ourselves. We discussed virtually every imaginable subject of interest in this line of work, and of course there are a lot of them. We ranged the field from military strategy to raw material production. As I have said before,

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Andy is a very forceful character. He has strong views and doesn't hesitate to express them, even though they may be unpleasant to the person he is talking to. I suppose his stories of the various verbal duels he has had with the Gold Coast officials and others lose nothing in the telling, but nevertheless I am sure the he has really been brutally frank at times. This is all very fine, since on occasion it is necessary to be brutally frank. One of my greatest defects is that I can't bear to be unpleasant with people. Furthermore, I can usually understand and sympathize with their point of view. Consequently, if I were in Accra, I might be more popular with the officials, but I would probably not protect and further American interests as well. I hope you know these faults of mine, dearest; otherwise, you may be disappointed later. I like to think maybe you will keep on loving me even when you know more of them than you already do. On the whole, though, you got to know me pretty well in Lisbon, and I guess you saw me under almost every circumstance there. We agreed that we were nice, and that we would go on to lead a quiet existence, even if it might be described as "bourgeois" by the advanced thinkers.

Saturday evening we had a quiet dinner with the two Barber Line agents who happen to be there now. The General ~~Agent~~ Motor's man was also there; he is the one who conducted the preliminary negotiations for my car. The evening was undistinguished, but when they had gone, Andy and I continued talking until 3:15, when we stopped more because of sheer exhaustion than because we had run out of things to say. Sunday for lunch Lt. Col. Kemp, who is the commanding officer of the Ferry Command out here, came to lunch together with a local official and Major Geisendorf, who was in Lagos for some time. Col. Kemp is a polished gentleman who has a great talent for mixing with all sorts of people. It is always a pleasure to talk to him, especially since in discussion one can get a few facts for a change, instead of the eternal half-truth or rumor. Sunday afternoon, Andy and I drove around to see the town. The governor's official residence, Christiansborg Castle, is a old fort which was built there by the Danes centuries ago and has been restored. The Governor of the Gold Coast is now in Lagos as Acting Governor of Nigeria, so the place is vacant. From the outside, it looks quite impressive; of course I didn't get inside. The castle is about the only impressive thing in the city of Accra. The houses and government buildings are much smaller and, if possible, shabbier than their counterparts in Nigeria. The private residences were incredibly awkward constructions, with the exception of the house of the Texas Co.'s representative, which is built along modern American lines. The town itself is smaller than Lagos, has no port and, on the whole, little to recommend it except that the climate is drier and not so hot as Lagos, "that pestilential island", as it was described by a nineteenth century sea captain. However, from the point of view of the war, I don't need to tell you that of all the unmentionable places in Africa, Accra is the most unmentionable. It would be very interesting to be there for a short time. Although Andy seems to assume that we will now always have a Consulate there, I do not imagine that the Consulate will survive the war by very long.

Wednesday, June 3rd.

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Last night I went out to a dinner at which the wife of the Chief Secretary was present. She said she had been talking to Lady Burns, the Acting Governor's wife, and the latter had said that the inside of Christiansborg Castle was very primitive indeed. In fact, during their temporary absence in Lagos, some sanitary installations are being made, which will give you an idea of how crude it really was. The Burns'es are not looking forward to returning to Accra particularly, and every one here will be sorry to see them go.

To continue with the trip, after our tour around town, we went to the Pan American - Ferry Command mess for dinner with Col. Kemp, Major Geisendorf and Capt. Steve Gumpert, who was also in Lagos for a while. We had a very pleasant time and afterwards attended the movies, which unfortunately turned out to be two of the ones I had seen in Lagos less than a week before - "Ship Ahoy" and "Tortilla Flat". While both are good in the individual way, seeing them twice in a week was a bit too much.

Then back to Andy's again for another and final bull session which lasted far into the night in spite of the fact that the plane left at an early hour. The next morning we raced to the airport, where the ticket checker didn't want to put me on the plane, but some kind supervisor overruled him, and off I went in a cloud of rain. It was still raining when I got to Lagos, just as it had been when I left, and so ended a most pleasant and informative trip. It helps enormously in coordinating the work of the two offices to have this personal contact, and even if it hadn't been for the ciphers, I think the trip would have been well-worth the government's money.

My last letter was too short to tell you about a nice outing I had a week ago last Sunday. Mac and I were invited out to a beach shack. This one faces on the ocean instead of on Tarquah Bay, and so instead of the usual swimming, we had surf boarding. It was the first time I had ever tried it, and although the results weren't spectacular, I think I did pretty well for the first time. The first couple of times I tried it, I got the board in the wrong position and it banged me under the chin. I got a mouth and nose full of salt water and looked and felt very foolish. I finally got the hang of it a bit though and enjoyed it very much. The beach extended out a long way, and you can wade out a long way so as to get a good ride in. Once or twice I came in at what seemed to me to be express train speed and was heaved up on the sand while still moving. As a result, I scraped my tummy on the board, but it was great fun. There is a terrific undertow there, and one has to be careful ~~not~~ to go too far out. It was a healthful diversion for a change, and the only ill effect was a long bruise ~~xx~~ which showed up on my chest as a result of hitting the board too hard at times.

The dinner referred to above was given last night by Mrs. Haigh-Wood and her husband and included the Granthams, as already noted. The other couple who were there were botes, in my humble estimation. I had to borrow a pair of black palm beach dress trousers from Mac for the occasion, since I don't have any light-weight evening clothes here, much to my regret. I thought of it in Lisbon, but was afraid to buy any because I didn't think the Portuguese tailors would do it right. I wish now I had at least bought some material, but I didn't,

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so that's that. After dinner at the Ikoyi Club, we went to a benefit movie given by the Free French ladies of Lagos. The film was Danielle ~~Darrieux~~ Darrieux in "Katia" and was given in French. I don't think I would have understood very much if it hadn't been for the English sub-titles, which picked me up whenever I needed it. I don't ever recall having seen Daneille Darrieux before, and I enjoyed the experience very much. In spite of a few crudities, the film was well done, and I found myself chewing my finger nails as the expected denouement approached.

I guess that brings you up to date on me and what I have been doing. I have been trying to think if there is any new way of telling you I love you. I can't seem to think of any, so I guess the straight unvarnished fact that I do will have to be enough. Darling, wherever I go, whatever I do, I always think how much more I would enjoy it if you were there to share it with me. I thought of you during the trip to Accra, and of course you went along with me as always: in the pocket over my heart. When I see other women, I think how superior you are to them. The boss can't understand why I am so disinterested in the local ladies. Two or three times he has told me that I shouldn't let a certain Katie Ost, who works at the Secretariat, get away. He can't get it through his head that other women than you just bore me. I don't feel any need for their company. He can't understand, because he is very much of a ladies' man himself, and in his wife's absence has the pleasure of squiring various different girls around. Always, so far as I know, in a very proper way, I hasten to add, but the principle is that I am simply not interested. I am not denying myself because I think you would mind, because I know you wouldn't, being perfectly sure as you are that you are IT as far as I am concerned. Nor do I do it because I don't trust myself. I feel strong enough to resist any blandishment and come through any experience loving you more than ever. I just don't care to go to all the trouble of arranging parties for ladies when it's much simpler and usually more interesting to have men in.

In other words, I am so wholly and completely yours that, for all practical intents and purposes, the rest of the feminine sex has ceased to exist. I don't know how it would be to be free again, and I have no desire to find out. I would have to reorient my whole manner of thinking if I were to have to get used to the idea that you had given me up. And it would certainly be a most painful process. Practically impossible, and certainly not practicable. Please don't make me have to, dearest. As I have said many times before, you are my brilliant star, my hope for living and not just existing as heretofore, the goddess at whose shrine I worship daily. Sometimes I think my thoughts are so incandescent that they must travel to you like radio waves and beat upon your consciousness, but I fear the transmitter isn't powerful enough, or you are not in a receptive mood. My darling, our time will come and is coming when these months of waiting will be like a bad dream, vanished in the sunshine of a new day. That is when life will begin.

I still haven't heard from Janie about her wedding and wonder when it is to come off. I hope to write her with this mail. Send me any news you have. The mail hasn't come for about a week, so there is nothing new from home. God bless you, my dear one, and keep you safe for me.

Yours always, *William*