

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

July 13, 1917

My darling Nani:

It is three months and three days since I arrived in London. It does not seem possible that it has been so short a time. It seems more like three years since I have seen your dear face and those of our bonny darlings. When will I see you again?

Of course it may be a long time. Then again it may not be so very long. If our embargo on neutral commerce (beyond the food they actually need) is strictly applied, it may be that the Huns will not face another winter. When they begin to realize how much the U. S. can help, they may see that their case is hopeless and make a peace satisfactory to the Allies. Let us hope so. However, we must win, no matter what it costs. It is our war as well as that of the European Allies.

This is only a wee note just before the mail closes. I will always regret not having more time to write you. Perhaps I will have more time later when I get more assistance. Twinning and two other officers are coming, and I hope for many more still so that I can have a real staff.

I have gotten Ad. J. to cable that the Admiralty would welcome six of our officers (a Captain, 2 Comdrs and 3 Lt Comdrs) to work in the Admiralty with their own officers. The Ambassador is cabling to the same effect.

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I am enclosing the card you asked for. I have not had any new ones printed yet, but will do so.

Babby and Pinky and I shifted into civilian clothes and "wet a shirt" walking yesterday afternoon. At all other times we wear uniform.

The weather is beautiful and the parks are lovely. I wish you could see them. The fine old trees are splendid and there are flowers everywhere.

Mrs Bess keeps urging Babby to keep a diary. He has not the time, and has never acquired the diary habit.

Good bye, my sweetheart. The war will be over some of these days and we will be reunited.

Your devoted

(Signed) Will.

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

July 14, 1917

My Sweetheart Nani:

I am sending you quite a bunch of mail by the steamer that sails today from Liverpool. The mail closed here yesterday, and this will not go for a week; but I thought I would commence a letter all the same.

Much to my regret, I have had to give up practice of having a chat with you every evening. Times are much too strenuous, even when I have no dinner engagement.

I have, by the way, cut out all the "Duchessing", as Admiral Bayly calls it. I decline all invitations to lunches// and dinner unless it is to meet people of some importance to me. I have not been to one for some time, barring a lunch Mrs. Marble gave (at Claridges) to meet some of her relatives on her husband's side, and the Chief of the Belgian military commission, a general.

I have just accepted another lunch from the Duchess of Rutland to meet the Duke of Connaught, the King's Uncle.

We have a telegram from the Secy. authorizing me to expend such money as I deem necessary without accounting for it in detail. I have simply to state that I expended it, and that it was necessary.

I had given Babby to understand that if there was any hitch, he would not be put to any extra expense - beyond what

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the government (Auditor) would allow because the extra expense to him was due to his serving with me. I felt sure you would quite approve of that.

I enclose a telegram received last night from Miss Voysey.

It concerns a joke we had about the dining room clock that "Uncle Lewis" could not make go.

I replied at once by telegraph as follows:

"There was once an old dining room clock

All Uncle Lewises efforts did mock

Till on the face of the dial

Beamed our flotilla's smile

Some faces will stop any clock."

I enclose a letter from Miss Voysey in which is a photo. of my flag just being "broken", at the masthead, and Admiral Bayly's (the small one!) coming down. It was taken from the upper story of Admiralty House. Daniels took it while Miss Voysey "broke" the flag. I will send you a much better picture later - one taken by the official photographer.

Pinky and Babby and I are going to dine together tonight and then go to some "show" - I dont know just what, as they are engineering it.

If it is fine tomorrow, Pinky and I are going to motor out to Gillmor's and play tennis. It is real summer today, and has been fine for a number of days.

My work will be much easier when Twining and a couple of

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other chaps arrive. They should be on the way now.

I am as well as usual, and loving you more than ever.

My love and lots of kisses to all the precious ones.

Your devoted

(Signed) Will.

London, Sept 12, 1917

My dear Nani:

I am enclosing a bundle of clippings (in two envelopes) in case you need any of them for the scrap book. Perhaps you will want some of the "likenesses" for your gallery in the back of the book.

Day after tomorrow, I will be off for Paris with the C-in-C, and from that time until the end of the month we will be on the move nearly all the time, so I wont be able to write many letters.

However, once the C-in-C has sailed, I will write you some interesting yarns.

Today I went with the C-in-C just outside of London, and saw some very remarkable demonstrations made with tanks. One of them went up against and# oak tree, 20 inches in diameter, pushed it over, climbed over it and smashed it flat.

I will write you a bit of a letter before the next mail - but this time, it cannot be much of a one. I am loving you all the time. I am feasting my eyes on the new photos.

Your devoted

(Signed) Will.

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
September 13, 1917

My precious sweetheart:

Please excuse me for sending you another dictated letter, but, as explained therein, I am so rushed today that I had to do it.

I thought I would have a bit of time until an hour ago I got a telephone message asking me to lunch with the First Lord, Sir Eric Geddes, and I leave in 10 minutes. Of course I could not decline such an invitation. I assume Admiral Mayo will be there.

Unfortunately, I have to go to a dinner tonight given by our coding staff - all college men, three of whom have been at Oxford.

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Here I was interrupted to sign papers, etc. I have just come back from the lunch. There was nobody there but the 1st Lord, Admiral Mayo and another officer, and it proved a most important conference.

It is 3-30, and I have a lot of mail to attend to, then packing to do before dinner. So, my sweetheart, I cannot write you more than a few lines this time.

As a result of the conference today, I rather think the Admiral's schedule will be modified, as I think we will have a shipping conference after we return from Paris. Things are

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moving these days, but it will be easier after the G-in-C sails for home.

I wonder if you will ever really know how much I am loving you and the sweet children and how my heart yearns for you all.

But what a happy home coming it will be when the war is over!

Your devoted

(Signed) Will.

HOTEL DE GRILLON

PARIS

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

Friday, Sept 14, 1917

Midnight.

My darling Sweetheart:

We left London at 10 this morning, crossed the Channel on a destroyer, took the train at 2 P.M. at Boulogne, and arrived here at 10 P.M.

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Carson (lately First Lord) crossed the channel with us.

We had a special car from Boulogne, and lunch and dinner on the train. It was a very comfortable trip.

Tomorrow we will be busy all day making official calls, and will probably lunch with the Minister of Marine.

Sunday evening we dine with the Ambassador. Monday we will doubtless be busy, and that same evening we leave for Brest, thence go to St Nazaire and back to Paris again, after which we return to London for a few days, then go to Queens-town where I will remain for a few days after the Admiral leaves.

This is just a wee note on the chance of catching a steamer for America.

I am as well as usual and am loving you just as much as usual.

I have all the new photos and some of the former ones, with me, standing on the mantle piece where I can see them all.

I assume that Peg has not yet returned, but will telephone

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in the morning and make sure.

Goodnight, my sweetheart. Kiss all the dear ones for me.

Your devoted

(Signed) Will.