

28

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L-169 P 1/2

Darling:

It looks as if we were going into another one of those long news-hiatuses which always worry me so much. Today the pouch arrived from Lagos and contained an air mail letter mailed in New York July 7th regarding a shipment of whisky, but nothing from you or from the folks. I feel more alone and deserted than I ever have at any time in my life before. I am certain, of course, that you have written, but the letters seem to have gone astray some where along the line. The idea occurred to me a few minutes ago that maybe you have given up waiting and decided I was too distant a dream to make come true. I don't believe that either, because I don't judge you by ordinary worldly standards. I know I love you and I am positive that you love me and I am sure that one fine day I will swoop down out of the sky and take you, just like that. And then, my dearest, it is my hope and prayer that you will feel that all this waiting has been worth-while, that the me who comes back from Africa will be the same person you fell in love with in Lisbon, the same man you have been thinking of during these miserable months of waiting, the same Joe you were willing to make so many sacrifices for.

It isn't that I think I will ever actually be able to justify your faith in me. I know I'm not half the guy you think I am. But I do hope that I will be able to prevent you come being too terribly disappointed if the reality turns out to be less lovely than the dream. I will always be devoted to you. Maybe that is why we did fall in love in the first place: because we both instinctively felt that the other had those qualities of affection - needed and could give affection - in just the way each of us required. Whether or not this was the real reason behind it, it strikes me that that is one of the things that two people should have in order to get along well. It is a mistake to put together two people who temperamentally prefer to express their emotions in different ways, especially if the ways are such that the other doesn't understand them, and therefore feels that there is something lacking in his or her emotional life. That is another reason why I am not particularly worried about whether we will feel at home and at ease with each other when we meet again. These are fundamental factors which will not change. We are going to have a grand life together, darling. The only thing that is wrong with it now is that we are not together, and that is going to be remedied in time.

L-169 p2/2

This typewriter is really a caution. I moved over from my desk because the light is so bad there that I couldn't see what I was typing. This machine is a little better, but it has some choice defects all its own. For one thing, the bell doesn't work, and since I have to keep my eyes glued to the keyboard, I never know when I am approaching the end of the line until the carriage refuses to move any more. Then as you probably noticed, it shoves the paper up crookedly. At the bottom of the last page, for instance, I had to move it each time by hand. Right now it seems to be slightly better. I certainly wish they would find the other cases of supplies for this office which are supposed to be in the customs warehouse somewhere. It seems they unloaded the stuff off the ship so fast that they just piled everything helter-skelter in the warehouse. A few cases unpacked at the end of the last week brought some much-needed stationery, but the lone typewriter which is supposed to be in the shipment has not yet come to light. I imagine the immigration officers will raise their eyebrows when they see the visas I am issuing - all without the aid of the usual rubber stamps. By the way, have you ever seen any visas that I have issued? Strange as it may seem, I don't know of any visa bearers who have traveled via Miami. I issued scads to Nigerian officials who were traveling to England via the U.S., but they all went by B O A C to Baltimore. The rest have traveled by sea. Anyway, another typewriter would be a big help, and so would a few desk lamps. We need the latter in Lagos, too. The light for work after night is very poor indeed.

There is really nothing to say about my activities. They are 90% cipher work, from morning till dark. We do not go out as often here as we did in Lagos. Saturday night I went to the PAA-Army camp to see a movie. It turned out to be "The Spoilers" with Marlene Dietrich. I thought it was pretty poor. The only good thing in it was the final fight, when John Wayne and Randolph Scott took each other apart. By the aid of magnificent sound effects every "sock" had a real crack to it. You could almost hear the bones crunching. However, it took a lot of sorry maneuvering to get up to that point. I have met a few people, mostly connected with the Army. I like them fine, but we are all too busy to get together much. In other words, there isn't any point in writing this letter except to tell you that I am still in Accra, still well, and still loving you mightily. During the day my thoughts are tied down to a cipher device, but at night, in bed, they float off gently to you, and to the time when I will be able to reach out in the night and touch you, very softly, just to reassure myself that we are together, and that we will never have to be alone again. What calm and peace that assurance will bring! No more fear, no more unrest. Of course I know that there will be problems of all kinds. What I mean is the spiritual peace that I will never know as long as the ocean rolls between us. I hope that you may come to me soon, darling. Do write and let me know if you have made any progress with the passport yet. But in any case, if you can't come to me, I will come to you, and I think within a year, too. I will certainly strain everything to get my leave next year, and it looks now as if help for Andy might be on the way. Hold on tight! Here I come!