

## World War II love letter to a fellow soldier: Sleep well my love



August 16, 2014 /[LGBT News](#)/ The following love letter was written by American World War II veteran Brian Keith to Dave, a fellow soldier he fell in love with in 1943 while stationed in North Africa. The letter was reprinted in September of 1961 by pro-gay ONE Magazine. The original letter is reportedly held in the Library of Congress.

*Dear Dave,*

*This is in memory of an anniversary — the anniversary of October 27th, 1943, when I first heard you singing in North Africa. That song brings memories of the happiest times I've ever known. Memories of a GI show troop — curtains made from barrage balloons — spotlights made from cocoa cans — rehearsals that ran late into the evenings — and a handsome boy with a wonderful tenor voice. Opening night at a theatre in Canastel — perhaps a bit too much muscatel, and someone who understood. Exciting days playing in the beautiful and stately Municipal Opera House in Oran — a misunderstanding — an understanding in the wings just before opening chorus.*

*Drinks at 'Coq d'or' — dinner at the 'Auberge' — a ring and promise given. The show 1st Armoured — muscatel, scotch, wine — someone who had to be carried from the truck and put to bed in his tent. A night of pouring rain and two very soaked GIs beneath a solitary tree on an African plain. A borrowed French convertible — a warm sulphur spring, the cool Mediterranean, and a picnic of 'rations' and hot cokes. Two lieutenants who were smart enough to know the score, but not smart enough to realize that we wanted to be alone. A screwball piano player — competition — miserable days and lonely nights. The cold, windy night we crawled through the window of a GI theatre and fell asleep on a cot backstage, locked in each other's arms — the shock when we awoke and realized that miraculously we hadn't been discovered. A fast drive to a cliff above the sea — pictures taken, and a stop amid the purple grapes and cool leaves of a vineyard.*

*The happiness when told we were going home — and the misery when we learned that we would not be going together. Fond goodbyes on a secluded beach beneath the star-studded velvet of an African night, and the tears that would not be stopped as I stood atop the sea-wall and watched your convoy disappear over the horizon.*

*We vowed we'd be together again 'back home,' but fate knew better — you never got there. And so, Dave, I hope that where ever you are these memories are as precious to you as they are to me.*

*Goodnight, sleep well my love.*

*Brian Keith*