

August 30, 1942

Dear love,

L-180

SEP 12 1942

May I start off by pouring honey in your ears, 'angelpie? As I have been remarking in several cables, I love you. It is a great and wonderful relief to find myself a little closer to you- closer by the length of one passport. However, I am detirminnd to get over there and with you if it takes the whole duration of the passport and several risks. For as I have explained often enough (but perhaps you didn't believe completely) life merely annoys me slightly without you- slightly at times, intensely at others. I meant it when I said that life without you was hardly worth living, no matter how many kind friends I have, or what parties I go to, or how hard I work, or how interesting the work is. I am wandering around cut in half, with the important half eight thousand miles away.

So darling, if I can't get that priority, would you let me come on a boat like the misssionary ladies did for God or their principles or whatever prompted them? I have a vocation, also, you know. I am so set on seeing you, and the theory I work under is that you can do anything you set your mind to, with the result that nothing short of chains would stop me from going now I have the passport.- unless you absolutely forbid it, which I hope you won't. However, in the meantime I have written a letter to Mr. John Bell of the State Department (whoever he is) as Mr. Rundle of the same dep't. here in Miami told me to, telling him my story and saying that Mr. Jester and Mr. L'Heuneux knew about it. I wrote a masterpiece of a letter, according to the authorities to whom I showed it, but I was slightly hesitant about mentioning Mr. L'Heureux, because he never did answer the letter I wrote to him before I applied for the passport. I think I told you I wrote to Mr. Jester several days ago asking him whom to apply to about the priority- that was before I had the information from Mr. Rundle. At least Mr. Jester will now know that I have the passport. Let us hope that he is, as you have said in one of your letters, sympathetic to our cause, and will not be annoyed by my appealing to him. If you only knew how completely at a loss I feel about the whole matter! I don't know whom to turn to for advise, so I am having to flounder about by myself.

All this week I have been hoping that you knew without being reminded that the first thing to do was hunt around for priority, but just to be sure I spent ten hard earned (well, anyway, I put in the hours!) dollars on another cable. Speaking of cables, yours made me very happy, and I much approve of our new motto. I should think that fifteen hundred dollars would be enough even by plane, that is if I didn't have to wait too many places too long. Frankly, I really can't imagine how much it would cost to wait shipside various places down the line; by boat it would be cheaper, if not quite so calm on the nerves.

I met a lady to-day who lived ten years in Liberia with Firestone until she came home to produce a very nice infant named Robin. She said she liked it quite a bit, and gave me a few apparently good suggestions on some subjects that wouldn't interest you, being solid woman-talk, about clothes and things. She said she agreed with me that if you can't get there one way, the only thing to do is to try it another way and, in the words of some admiral or another, damn the torpedoes!

Well love, I'm still working on it, and intend to take some of the six or seven courses of injections the State Department tells about as being necessary. I hope very much that you are working on the darried old priority business too.

I'll be seeing you, darling.

Philinda