

AUG 11 1942



* AN AIRMAIL LETTER FROM *

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

EASTERN DIVISION, P.O. BOX 3311, MIAMI, FLORIDA

July 31, 1942

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Darling-

The score at the half is nothing to nothing , but at least I am relatively optimistic. I went in to see the passport agent here in Miami the other day, expecting to be laughed at, just as you said, but on the contrary he was very sympathetic and took it all with the same deadly earnestness that I do. We came to the conclusion that since I remembered neither the number nor the exact date of issuance of my previous passport, and since what's more it was probably gratis, I would do better to apply for a new one entirely, without bothering about the other one. So I paid my ten dollars and filled out the application, and just as you said, he asked me for a copy of the divorce. The copies were not ready as yet, so I am going to hand them in to him tomorrow, whereupon he will send in the application to Washington immediately. Without my having to ask him to do so, the agent volunteered to attach the personal letter to Mrs. Shipley to the application- so you see he is a fine feathered and most well-meaning soul. Let us hope and pray that Mrs. Shipley is of the same noble breed.

So here I sit on a years supply of pins and needles, trying to work things by prayer and mental telepathy. Angel-puss, while there's life there's hope; and as my friends all say, I have phenomenal luck with almost everything and the gods seem well-disposed in general. Now I can only wait patiently. With the general mood of optimism in which I find myself, almost inexplicably, had arrived a more optimistic attitude towards getting space on a plane, at least out of Miami. I feel that I can somehow cajole a seat out of Division Traffic, in the person of my super-boss, Mr. Grossman. Anyway I'll try like H--ly as soon as I know something about the passport. There would be little use to talk to him seriously about it before that, I know think. Perhaps I'll have changed my mind by tomorrow, however.

PAR AVION • VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO





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You can't imagine how much better I feel for even this limited amount of action. It's perfectly lovely to contemplate the prospect of going to you. I can't imagine doing it, but I try hard to. Someday I'm going to sit down in a dark room all by myself and strive to make a mental picture of me, complete with passport, visas, ticket, small amount of baggage, great expectations, getting on a plane which would take me nearer a plane which would make connections with a plane which might take me to you.

Mother and I have been going through a giddy whirl of social engagements. She tells me she thinks I was very lucky to find such good, kind loving friends, and I agree with her perfectly. I am lucky, and they are all so extremely nice to me! I think I should hate to leave them, even to go to Nigeria—but not, of course, actively enough to prevent me from doing so! Anyway, mother and I have been dining out like mad, going to cocktail parties, the beach, etc, and in general Having Ourselves A Time. With the result that she was quite weary the other day, and I had to go to the beach by myself on Isolde. Last night I went to a nice party at the digs of one of my pilot pals (by the way, Bud Francis met him) who fancies himself as a cook. We had chicken a la my pilot pal, and a rather amazing dish it is, to put it mildly. But we all seem to be alive and kicking still, and we enjoyed it, so I guess it just looked poisonous. I have been spreading sin and corruption over the countryside by introducing red wine as a beverage in place of stronger stuff, so that by now I am able to go practically anywhere without having to drink anything but my favorite vin rouge ordinaire.

Well, love. Please spend your days and nights as I am now doing—praying and hoping that Mrs. Shipley will view the matter favorably. And knowing that if all works out as we hope against hope, we will be together at last and our purgatory will be over—impossible and beautiful as it seems! I love you extremely. The day before yesterday I asked one of the Immigration inspectors down here how I could

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contact

/the passport agent in Miami, and what his personal opinion of my chances were— as a man who sees passports coming in every day. He asked me some questions about it, and finally why I didn't save time and effort by falling for one of the local boys, who were all very nice. Then he asked me how long it had been since I had seen you, and after hearing my reply, remarked "H—l lady, you DESERVE a passport!". A diamond in the rough, if I ever saw one. But he said frankly he thought my chances were about one in ten. Boo hoo.

I seem to have a one~~tracked~~ mind today.

Love of my life, be good.

Phil