

SEP - 7 1942

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Dear Love,

This morning just as I was setting forth on Isolde to the beach an innocent postman made me very happy by bringing me a passport, neatly incased in an envelope of finest manila paper. Just like that. "hereupon I went down to the Western Union office and sent you a cable, forgetting in my haste to say anything about the very important matter of getting priority, if such a thing is possible. After sending the cable I went into see the new Super-boss, Mr. Zalduondo. He said he thought it was a miracle that I got the passport, and that it would be two miracles in a row if I could get priority, without which it is impossible to get to Lagos. This afternoon I wrote a letter to Mr. Jester, in care of the State Dept., asking his advise as to the matter of obtaining priority. Tomorrow I am going to the Passport Agent and ask him about renewing the passport come September 20, for I know from my work that you can't travel via PAA without having a revalidation every month. Then perhaps I shall go around and visit the priority office here in Miami- but I don't know about that, because maybe it would be better to speak to the State Dept. first. I wish you were here, my dear darling, to tell me what I should do! I wish I had thought to ask you about priority in time to know what to do now! I am now contemplating asking some one for another ten dollars to send you another cable about it. I am, of course, broke at the crucial moment. I wonder if you could work something. I wonder everything. I am very excited. I never thought I would get this far- and now I don't know how to get any further, but I know that if it were possible I would swim over there with the passport between my teeth. As I think I have mentioned, I ~~would~~ love you. Very much.

Darling, if this other business doesn't work, could I come by boat? I asked Mr. Jester in that letter if there is any other way of coming out there, so I hope he will tell me before I hear from you anyway. The awful part of this is that I don't know to whom to turn. I might go and speak to the Representative of the State Department who is stationed here in Miami to greet important foreigners who come in by plane- his name is Mr. Burdett, and I quite often see him out here at the airport, although I have never done anything more than smile at him. That's not a bad idea, is it angelpuss?

All I am positive and sure about is that my love is one step nearer me, and that I am very pleased about it. I want to get to him as quickly as possible, before Mrs. Shipley changes her mind. Do you know, my dear darling love, that ten months haven't in the least affected my particularly true and faithful love for you? And that ten years won't either, I know for sure now? Deary me, I'm quite incoherent, I'm afraid. It is ten o'clock, and the plane from Balboa is coming in any moment, so I must leave you. Answer these:

- 1) Could you start something in the priority line for me?
- 2) Whom should I consult?
- 3) Could I get a boat? Whom should I consult about that?
- 4) Could you send me money right away if not sooner, so it would be handy?

Goodbye my dear man. I love you.

Philinda