

When I was
at a break in England
showered in World War II

September 7, 1939.

Darling:

This letter is arriving by the plane that is bringing you back. To use the local vernacular--am I glad. I never realized before how much of a part you play in my life. In fact you are my life and I am thoroughly miserable without you.

I am glad we got tickets for you on the Clipper. When the war news came I was alarmed at the thought of you coming back across the Atlantic. Not that there would be any great danger coming home on a neutral ship but because I thought a week on the ocean would be nerve-wracking at such a time. M.G.M. were willing to help in any way they could but they seemed to be in their usual confused state so with the help of Merian Cooper, whose brother is Vice-president of Pan-American, we got tickets for you.

If you have a chance phone Admiral Drax and tell him that I should like to go into active service under him if possible. There has been some talk of using my services in some capacity at the Embassy in Washington but I would prefer to do the real thing. Tell him I can qualify as a watch-keeper on a large ship and, I believe, can assume even greater responsibility on a smaller craft.

Mickey is flourishing. Today he weighs ^{fourteen} pounds five ounces. John Loder and his wife came over last night and she thinks--like everybody else who sees him--that he is superb.