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Monday
June 25, 1945
(at work)

My dearest Frank,

'Just went over to Bess' office to pick up that letter you wrote on the 13th of this month. Evidently you didn't think it would get to Rye in time. We haven't left there yet but we will be home next week so it's just as well that you've started sending it ^(mail) to 1003.

After your mom read me the letters you wrote to her at about the same time as this one, I had expected to have some news as to what was cooking - but, no soap, I guess I'll just have to be patient like everyone else - But don't forget

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to let me know when you
find out which way you're going
to the Pacific, ^{(if that's where} ~~that~~ ^{you're going)} what is if it
is at all possible — And by
that I mean even by cheating
the censor. — Ain't I a bit devil
though! (If a censor happens to
read this, I take it all back
and I swear this lad has
never given me any information
— damn it.)

All the girls here in the
office are in as much of a dither
over their soldiers as I am.
The suspense and tension is
reflected in every face. They're
all wondering where when
and how! Mostly how.

Say, don't you think you could sort a sneak into an outfit that's slated for occupational duty? If so, I might be able to join you in a few months. There was an article in the World Telegram about a week ago that said that wives & fiancées of soldiers in the Armies of Occupation were expected to be arriving in Germany by September. How would you like that?

Now, Now, don't get excited. I'm simply asking, "How you would like it."

You that I think back, I guess you're right about there being quite a bit going on up at Rye.

I know that the past few week ends have been put to use.

This past week end, a gang of the girls that I went to 'Sh. Rose' with were up all day Saturday. — Hel and Eileen arrived during the afternoon. We had lots and lots of talk (TALK) and foolishness. Spent the whole afternoon at the beach.

Tuesday
June 26, 1945 -
at work - again

I had to stop yesterday in favor of at least making an effort to do some work for S. W. It was terrifically hot here and even the thought of anything

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so uninteresting as paying
and demanding Sales Tax was
making me even hotter but I
thought I ought to make a stab
at it.

It's not so bad today but
we're expecting the tail end of
a hurricane sometime this afternoon
so I guess that's why there's a
bit of a breeze.

I see by the paper this morning
that troops have been leaving from
the port of Marseilles, without
furloughs, to take part in the
Pacific warfare.

Oh, gosh, now I don't know
what to think — All along I've
been telling myself "They can't
do that!" — But I guess they can.

I should know that by now.

How had a letter from Donald this week. He had a furlough at the Riviera and is now near Munich (I think) after riding some 350 mi. by jeep. He reports that he couldn't "take a seat" for two or three days after he arrived.

As for the Shields family, I'm afraid I can't give you anything in the way of news and excitement since I haven't been over to the house in months — since Dot left, as a matter of fact. Living at Pyle makes those impromptu visits to Shields, Kazalek's or Moran's quite impossible. I'll have to get back on

the ball as soon as I get home for the summer and catch up on all the local news.

Rick is in the States again, by the way. — Only this time he came in on the West coast. He's now at Spokane, Washington.

Eileen is between minds on the suggestion that she take a leave and "meet him in St. Louis" — his home town, you recall.

And speaking of Eileen — I might mention that 30 days of night duty seems to have ~~be~~ agreed with those two Waver.

Both of them have been shipping bed-check during the day and having a helluva time with the rest of the Corps Waver and Corp-men on the night crew.

Their coats of tax have put
my not too pale hide to shame.
The only drawback in the "deal"
is, that they have no time to
sleep. — No wonder they call
themselves the "beat-up" night crew —
Although I could not detect the
tell-tale satchels under the eyes
that usually go with such
disreputation.

Well, darling, I don't think
I ought to waste any more of
your time and being on
aimless rambling; I'll get right
to the point and say —

I love you, always,

Peggy x+x+x
(So there!)

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-AIR MAIL-

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