

Letter
36

Tuesday
July 31, 1945

My dearest Frank,

I've said it before and I'll say it again and again, and again —
It looks like rain! I guess I must be beginning to sound like the broken record. Come to think of it, all records have been broken this year for the amount of rain that's fallen to date.

I feel sorry for the poor unfortunate people who chose the past two weeks for their vacations. I only hope that mine turns out 100% more sunny and warmer. I've got a sickly, citified pallor that's badly in need of a tint of suntan. Then too I had enough of Rye's rainy weather during April, May and June.

So much for the weather and its annoying consistency.

My activities over the week-end were limited to the U.S.O. on Friday night,

movies Saturday afternoon and U.S.O.
again on Saturday night. The
movie was Judy Garland and Robert
Walker in "The Clock." I guess it was
pretty good, at least it was highly
recommended by Fel, but I didn't
like the effect it had on me. I'm not
the only one who's said that though,
Jeanne was in a sort of "off mood"
after it. By the time we ate and
were off to the U.S.O., however, it had
passed.

By the way, you never did meet
Jeanne, did you. She's an awfully good kid.
I think you'd like her, once you got to
know her. She's easy going, and
pleasant to be with, likes to read and
loves Bing Crosby records. Her sister
(younger by 4 years) is very different, even
in looks. While Jeanne leans more to
my own size, Joan is definitely the
slender, tender and tall type. I always
thought she'd make a perfect model. (Joan)
Lately I've been spending quite a bit

of my time with them and I find that they're both nice people.

At work, things are going along on a "business as usual" pace, even though my boss (Mr. Robinson) left today. He's going with the Federal Tax Agency as an auditor. It'd be funny if he had to come in and audit his own tax returns. It could happen, though. In the meantime, I'm not too sure who's my boss. I think it will wind up with me working for the Chief Accountant in the end, though. His name is Mr. Pickel — and it suits him to a T. I've never met any one whose name so aptly described his personality.

I had a letter from Hel today. The two of them are still working like little beavers in the women's wards. They both had a scrape with "the powers that be", though and almost got put on report for missing a pharmacy class and telling a superior officer where to

get off at (Miss Moran made that slip)
F. L. was just insubordinate. I guess
they'll be on their good behavior for
a while now. — That month of
night duty spoiled them, I think.

They had free run of the whole place
when they were supposed to be sleeping
during the day. There were twelve
of them, six corps waves and six corps
men, and the whole crew of them would
sneak off in one of the girls' cars and
go for a swim or do any thing
they pleased. Now they've got to tow
the mark as far as discipline goes, and
I guess they don't like it.

Well, Frank, I'm sure I won't
be able to fill another sheet, so I guess
I'd better finish off at the bottom of
this one. Good night for now, and
God be with you.

All my love, always,

Peg xxx
xxxxx
xx

Mrs. G. Boyle
1003 E. 5th St.
Brooklyn 90, N.Y.



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