

Letter  
# 44

Friday  
Sept 14, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Well, old Henry Hudson is really hitting "wood" up there today - much to my discomfort and annoyance. - So you see, you're not the only one who's being harassed by the constant pattering of little raindrops. I wouldn't mind so much if it weren't for the fact that I'll have to wait another 50 weeks before I can have my next vacation. - There he goes again, that must have been a "strike." Ah well, maybe the week end will be nice.

I suppose that by this time you've had at least half a dozen reports on the way & disgraced myself out at your house last Sat. nite. - Here's my version of the tale - First of all, I'll admit that I arrived 45 min. late for supper - but, did anyone happen to mention that supper was 55 min. late! - Anyhow, we struggled through supper without any mishaps - and without any second helpings on my part. - Joe was standing at my elbow with a dull carving knife, ready to

back off my arm if I dared! — I even  
dried the dishes without a slip of a platter  
or a clatter of a cup. I'll have you know  
that that was quite a feat — what with  
your mother and Ronnie diving under  
the sink every three minutes to empty  
the pan under the hot water pipe which  
was leaking profusely.

Dot and Ronnie and I hiked off in  
search of a beer with atmosphere at about  
nine P.M. — Joe preferred to snooze, so we  
let him. After passing through Gibbon's  
— we didn't stay because there weren't any  
booths empty — we tried Hartman's but  
didn't find it very exciting there, so we  
trotted back to Gibbon's. Joe had arrived  
there by that time so he joined us. —  
We drank beer between bowls of pretzels  
until closing time.

After coffee and <sup>CAKE</sup> in the kitchen,  
we all decided to call it a night. It  
was then about 4 A.M. By the time we were  
all ready for bed, it was near five. Then  
I went into my act and pulled the bones  
of the century. — As I stepped up on the bed,  
Dot was telling me all about how nice and  
hard the bed in Keezar's is. At that moment

there was a resounding crash and a thump - when I pulled the light on again, Dot was still in the bed but the mattress didn't seem to be. A close inspection of the damage by Dot, Betty, your mom and I, revealed that the support for the slats under the bed had lost its grip on the side board.

They all blamed me for it but I claim it was a result of the terrific strain all you Shields' have been putting on it all these years. What do you say?

Anyhow, Dot got her nice hard bed - we had to sleep on the dining room floor!

On Sunday morning at 7:30 A.M. (2 1/2 hrs. after we'd gotten to bed (n.b.)) I was gently awakened by the soothing voice of your next door neighbor's child screeching "Mommy!" From then on there was no more sleep for me because "Mommy" didn't answer him until 7:55 A.M. I haven't yet figured out how Dot managed to stick it out till 10:30. I guess she's used to noisy barracks and is immune to such disturbances.

Since I had told Hon I'd be home (to Rye) some time between dinner and supper times,

I left 244 - 87<sup>th</sup> St. right after dinner and went home (to E 5<sup>th</sup> St.) to change my dress and do the last minute honors of closing doors and windows. By the time I finally did all that and got going, it was about five o'clock, so I didn't get to Rye until eight o'clock. And here I am.

Jim brought your letter up last night — and was I glad to see that letter. It seemed like years since I'd had one. The pictures are swell too. Don't forget to send on any others that you take. The ones I've enclosed here were taken down at Rockaway this summer. The other girls are fellow Foster, Wheeler-ites. Marge is the one I play tennis with.

Oh I didn't tell you about the other surprise I got last week, did I? I almost fell down three flights of stairs from the shock of it. It happened when I went up to the cashier to collect my pay check before I went on vacation. I took the check, glanced at it and thought no more of it until I looked again as I started down the stairs — yes — there was a mistake — (I thought) I don't make that

much. But it turned out to be no mistake  
but a raise, that I never expected and  
hadn't even asked for. You could have knocked  
me over with a fender! I guess maybe  
"Pop" Hoffman isn't such a bad egg, after all.

Well, hon, I ~~think~~ think that's about all  
I've got to tell you this time. I guess you  
know I miss you but it doesn't hurt to tell  
you again. I hope you'll be here with me  
next year.

All my love, always,  
Peggy

XXXXXXXXXX

Mr. H. D. Doyle  
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Brooklyn 30 N.Y.



RYE, N.Y.  
SEP 17  
6-PM  
1945



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