

Letter
45

Tuesday
Sept. 25, 1945

Hello m' darling,

I got your un-V-iced V-Mail this morning as I left for work. — Glad to see that you're keeping fit and active. — But I must say I was a bit taken back to learn that it's boxing you've taken up. — Shall I buy us a couple of pairs of gloves for a wedding present? — Or shall we get you a tennis racquet (or polish up the old one)

I must confess that my tennis lessons have suffered for the past two or three weeks. I didn't get a chance to do any practicing during my vacation. — Maybe when I've gotten a steady partner I'll keep at it and perhaps become proficient at it. — However, I hold no hopes or anticipation of

getting into any ring but a
gold one.

By the way, I'm writing
this from the dining-room table at
999 E. 5. There's a very calm & polite
game of bridge going on in the next
room, and that's something remarkable!
There's usually some sort of a row
over an over-bid or a trumped ace.
The players are (as usual) Ann, Steve,
Alice & Sally. They all send their
best wishes and hope you'll be heading
for home - but quick.

Fel and Lil "showed" at Rye
bright and early Saturday and
spent a very enjoyable week-end.
It was just like "Old times."
We took a nice long walk
after lunch and took some pictures
which ought to be pretty good (I hope)

I'll send copies when I get them.

Sat. nite we went to the "5 Points Tavern" with Max and Jim and had a swell time. From there we went to Seraxis (remember that joint!) and had the most delicious Bitz (m.b. phonetic spelling) we'd ever tasted. The coffee was just right too — I + maybe it was the we were "just right."

Anyhow — we went home and giggled ourselves to sleep over Feb's ~~is~~ version of a joke you once told us. It was about some hunters and a batch of ahem - moose turds! Remember it?

Sunday "morning" we went to Mass and took more pictures. After a hearty "brunch" at one — Chixty, we decided to go to a movie.

since the weather turned out to be n.g. The only picture that none of us had seen was playing up in Stamford, but we went anyway how. It was quite good too - "State Fare (pardon) fair". I must have been thinking of the train we took - that had something to do with a "fare"; if I'm not mistaken.

Mum - These lilies here are getting me. They're beautiful, and smell luscious. They're Phillipine lilies - or so they tell me. Have you seen any down your way? Bess's old boss has a garden full of gorgeous flowers all year round and every once in a while he calls her up and gives her an armful of what ever happens to be in bloom. He never comes through

with any of his old worn out
\$50 bills though - they're all in trust
funds for his nieces and nephews.
Already.

Well as they say, "It's an
ill wind etc, etc." The ill wind
in this case is the building
employees strike. It blew me
some good by extending my
vacation another day and a half.
The elevators stopped running
at about twelve o'clock yesterday
and when we went to lunch
at one, it was pretty well
decided that we wouldn't climb
up 23 floors. Down wasn't so
bad but up! No go! When I
went over this morning we were
told to go home & report again
tomorrow morning. Los - I took

a Local to Brooklyn and spent
about two and a half hours
roaming thru the stores downtown.
Then I came home and ate the
lunch that Ann had given me
just in case the elevators were
running up but not down.

And so here I am listening
to Jerry Colonna sing Carolina and
writing to you.

But I guess that's all there is
to my tale, so I'll close - but the
memory ^(of you) fingers on - and on.

With all my love, always,

Peggy

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(25, count 'em - 25)



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