

Letter #25

June 21, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Hello, darling, have you missed me? I'm sorry I haven't been able to get a letter off to you sooner. I've decided that if I don't do another thing today, I'll write this letter to you.

It's been almost two weeks since I got your last letter and right now I'm beginning to wonder what's cookin. Your mom told me about your being shipped out of Wurzburg to Weisbaden and meeting all the fellows from Hackettstown. Mrs. Malone called and told her all about it. That's the last I've heard of you, hon. I hope it means that that "westerly wind" you spoke of in your V-E Day letter has begun to stir. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Friday night there was a pleasant surprise awaiting me when I got home. The Missal that Donald had gotten for me in Normandy finally arrived after I had given it up for lost way back in August of last year. Evidently he hung on to it all the way thru the Bulge and Elbe battles and sent it after V-E Day.

It's a very beautiful souvenir, and with all the practicing you've had in your French, hon, maybe we'll be able to use it. I can make quite a bit of it out, but it's slow work. With your help, I expect to be able to rattle off the prayers in perfect English by the time I'm showing it to our grand children.

And while I'm on the subject of things arriving here unexpectedly, let me issue a decree from your home office. To wit:--If by any chance you find that there is the slightest probability that you'll be seeing the fair shores of Brooklyn, Please, I beg of you, for my sale and your own, tell me! As I recall, you have a particular liking for such surprise appearances and I'm sure that this case would be a great opportunity for you to "pull a fast one", but please don't do it darlin'. I'm sure you'd be sorry if I weren't prepared for you.

As for the possibility of being disappointed, I think I'd rather have that uncertainty than have you disappointed when you get here, that is, if you get here. --I'm a big girl now, and I think I could take it.

I have no idea what's become of or what's happened to those two Navy pals of mine I haven't heard from either of them in almost a month. I was sort of expecting to hear that they were coming in this week end but so far, no word.

Ed and Doris were up for a few days, from Saturday till this afternoon. They're going down to Doris' sisters place at Long Beach today. We had some good laughs, Doris is a wonderful person to have around. She seems to liven things up no matter what's going on, EVEN IF IT'S ONLY THE DISHES.

Last night I took a nice bike ride out to Milton Point with Irma (one of the girls on the lane). It was a swell night for riding, there was just enough breeze and enough moonlight but not too cool.

The roses and honeysuckle are all in bloom along the road and, of course, there's always the humble daisy to add to the color of the picture. There's a rock jetty out at the point that we sit on and inspect the yachts and sail boats anchored in the bay, but as soon as the wind dies down, the gnats come along and nibble at us till we give in and leave the place to them. You'll have to come with me some time and I'll show you all the lovely homes around there. We'll pick out one for us, if you like.

On the way back, we stopped and picked an armfull of the daisys and honeysuckle, as per the orders Doris gave us when we left. So the whole living room and dining room are draped in daisys and honeysuckle, thanks to a couple of broken/nails, and a million mosquito bites.  
(finger)

Well, hon, it seems as though that's about all I've got to tell you for this time. Be good and don't forget what I told you about telling me when you think you're coming home.

'Bye for now. I love you, ya big lug.

*All my love, forever & ever,  
+ Peggy*

*P.S. I hope I've got the  
right address*

M.G.Doyle  
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Rye, New York



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