

Letter #20

Friday

July 19, 1948

My dearest Frank,

Once again it's 'almost
quittin' time and I'll have to
make it a short note.

Somehow or other I
never can get a letter written to
you from home. There's always too
much going on around there.

Once upon a time everyone used
to hang out down at the fire house
but now they meet at Haloran
Cottage. It keeps things going
though, I guess it would be pretty
boring if nobody came in every
once in a while to play a game of
darts or just visit.

Did I tell you that we've
redecorated the kitchen? It looks

swell. Didn't say we — I should
have said you and Jim — Pardon
The walls are tile board half
way up and wallpaper the
rest of the way. The new sink
is on the left as you come into
the room, under the long windows
that face the back yard. The
stove is next to that and then
comes the hot water heater in its
usual place. The rest of the fixtures
are also in their old location
but the tile and wall paper
have changed the appearance of
the whole room. I'm sure you'd
love doing the dishes in it it's so
pleasant! How about it? — You
wash and I'll dry so my hands
won't get that slick-paw tint.

Well, hon, gotta go now — I'll
continue this tomorrow — or later
tonight. —

-3-

Tuesday - May 22, 1945

Well I didn't finish it Friday
Saturday, Sunday or Monday - but
here I am again on Tuesday - If
you still want me - I hope
you do 'cause if you don't why I
just don't know what I'll do!
I guess I'll just die of a busted
aorta. - So watch out you might
find my blood on your hands.

Friday night I took myself
for a bicycle ride down to the Park
and watched the ducks and
a not so good soft ball game
that was going on on the
beach. I imagine it was a
girls scout troop on their annual
best party - Anyhow nobody could
pitch and very few could hit
- as a result each team was
up for about 3/4 of an hour

I got tired of waiting (not that I could do any better myself as you well know) - so I rode around a bit and then went home.

Saturday it rained and drizzled like anything so we went to a movie in the evening.

Saw "Keep your Powder Dry" incidentally - A story about three wacs - Lana Turner Laramie Day and Susan Peters. It was very good. Better than I had expected.

Sunday turned out to be a beautiful sun-shiny day and after three hours of settin' in the sun I managed to get a beautiful tan - on the end of my nose! Otherwise it was the usual Sunday routine.

Yesterday I was quite busy here at work so I didn't get a chance to continue this until now.

The announcement that the 1st Army was being sent to the Pacific via the U.S. came through this morning. Confidentially, although I'd be overjoyed to see you, darling, I hope that you're not in that Army. I know that Donald is with the 9th so he's OK - so far. Evelyn hasn't heard from him in almost two weeks so we're on pins & needles wondering about both of you. No doubt you're wondering too.

It's no use asking whether you expect to be coming through the State for by the time I'd get an

Answer, you'd probably be ringing
the front door bell.

Look, the uncertainty of it
all!

As for my expecting to see
you soon, ha, well, I you
never met such a pessimist as
I! - So don't worry about me
having any false hopes - But
it would be nice, if possible.
- And I can dream can't I!

Well "mon bien aime" I
think I'd better get down to earth
again and see what I can do
about the several odd jobs
which are haunting me from
every corner of this desk - So long
for a while - Be good -

All my love, as always.

Peg XXXXX

M. G. Day
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✓
-AIR MAIL-

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