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Saturday
June 9, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Well, it's a beautiful spring-like day — at last! — "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June." — That is, as long as it's not raining. The first Piano Quartet has just polished off "Rustles of Spring" and are launching into Rachmaninoff's "Prelude." Have you ever heard them on a Saturday morning? They're very good.

Last night I received your letters of May 8th (V-E Day) and the one you wrote on Wednesday May 30. — On May 8th you goshed me about my delayed letters! — However this delay is ^{of your mail} is

quite understandable since all the mail from over-seas was delayed from V. E. Day. Then too the address was 1003 E 5th and it takes ages for those mail jinks to get around to readdressing my mail.

I wonder if I can still count on that westerly wind you spoke of.

In reference to your latest letter, hon, might I remark that the best place to be if you want to be alone, is in the midst of a milling crowd — so maybe we will be alone the next time we meet.

As for that enclosure, ie "Bill of Rights," I refuse to sign it until there is a counter-part composed for Mrs. John Doughboy! I'm

working on that and as soon as I get it set up, I'll forward it to you for your signature.

Incidentally, you asked me to "veto" it — are you sure that's what you meant? The dictionary defines the word veto thusly — "v. t. to reject by veto; refuse assent to; prohibit!"

And now to a more serious and important point of discussion which you brought up in your letter of May 25, namely the prospects of a wedding march for us in the event that you get a furlough home before your "sentence" in the army is finished. — From time to time during the past eight months

I've given quite a bit of thought to the idea. As a matter of fact at one time, I tried to consider it in the ~~very~~ entirely impersonal view of a mathematical problem whose solution lay in the comparison of the sums of the two factors "A - for and B - against". However, it didn't work since I would not accept the resulting balance which weighed too heavily against. I came to the conclusion that no matter what the condition of the world were, the odds would always be against. — So I discounted that test. I now think that the answer lies

in our willingness to make concessions for each other's short comings and failings which in my case, I'm sure, must be numerous. In short I guess we're of one mind in the matter - tho I must admit, I'm a little scared at its enormity. As you say, there will be quite a few things that will have to be ironed out.

In the mean time, darling, I hope you'll take my advice and shake a bit of salt on those day dreams you're having. I'm afraid you're painting me as the ravine beauty I am not. To keep in mind the fact that

dreams and reverie have a peculiar way of veering off from truth and reality should help.

Since I started this letter this morning at about eleven, I've washed my hair, bathed, spent a couple of hours on the beach with the girl up the block - who is a red-head, incidentally and eaten lunch and supper. I also cleaned all the ash trays in the living-room and made my bed up.

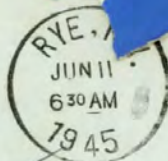
It was rather chilly on the beach - that's why we decided to come home. We stuck our big toes in to see how the water was and it, too, was more than chilly, so we didn't go in this week.

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Most of our time was spent
out on the rocks where the sun
is usually good and hot but
today it was playing hide
and seek behind the little
clouds that were scattered
across the sky - So I guess
I haven't added anything to
the tan (slight) I acquired
on Memorial Day.

Well, dearest, I'm planning
on making the 7 o'clock bus for
Portchester to see "I'll be Seeing You"
so I'll say - "I'll be Seeing You"
(Soon I hope) ← You can't make
me stop dreaming - can you?

All my love, forever & ever,
(Yours) Peggy XXX



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