

June 12, 1945

My dearest Frank,

There isn't very much to report this time, hon, since the lack of sunshine sort of queered all my plans for spending the week end down at the beach getting a be-you-ti-ful tan. Instead, I took in two more movies and a luscious sundae. ' Saw "I'll be Seeing You" Saturday night and " Roughly Speaking" Sunday night. I thought they were both good but Roughly Speaking with Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson was particularly outstanding.

Hon and Jim had to come down to see the doctor yesterday so we stayed at East 5th for the night. It was good to see the old homestead again. The red roses are in full bloom and the honeysuckle in Ann's back yard smells grand.

The victory gardens are pretty slow this year. I guess the growth has been washed out of all the plants by this time. Steve is doing his best to talk the cabbages and string beans into making a good showing for him, and no doubt they'll come around to his way of thinking before long.

I told Mike what you asked me to tell him about getting Hitler, and he admits that it didn't take you very long at that, but where have you mislaid him?

I haven't had any news directly from Fel and Eileen but I called Mrs. Moran last night and she tells me that they're still doing fine and expect to be home in two weeks for a week-end. I hope they make it, I've asked a bunch of the girls to come up to Rye for the day and if they came, it would be perfect. It will be the last chance for them to come up until next September, since we'll be coming back to Brooklyn at the end of June.

However, it looks as though they're having a good time for themselves they went horse-back riding and dancing last week. And no doubt they've kept the service clubs busy enough.

Eileen met one of the girls she used to work with here at Foster Wheeler down in Washington. She's a marine working in Wash. and stationed in Virginia. I guess that's something of a phenomenon with all the marines and waves there are in and around Washington. Just shows t' go ya what a small world this really is.

As for the folks over at 87th St., well I haven't heard from them in quite a while. I guess I'd better call your mom tomorrow, and see what's what.

Well, hon, I know this is a poor excuse for a letter, but even at that, I'll have to cut it short as I'm pretty busy this week. Sorry, darling. So-long for now. Be good!

*All my love always,
Peggy X X X X X*

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