

Letter #39

Friday - nite  
August 17, 1945

My dearest Frank

First of all I want to say that I miss you an awful lot these days. There are so many important things happening that I should have liked to celebrate with you. Everybody else can have their V-E Days and V-J Days - my V Day won't be until the day I meet you at Penn Station or Grand Central again. - And I won't need any presidential proclamation, you can bet on that.

As you can see by the date line, this is Friday night - A.S.O. night. I'm at the M.S.D. but it sure is dead. Everyone must be out celebrating again. I anticipated a lack of activity here though and came armed with paper and pen. They surely can't reprimand me for deserting the "mob" of service men here in favor of mailing my mail.

The news certainly looks swell, doesn't it. - I can't imagine what it will be like to be able to breathe freely without having



to stop and wonder how many G.I.s  
are being sniped in the back each  
moment.

I only hope that this is the real  
thing — We've had four false alarms <sup>up</sup> until  
Tuesday night when the official news of  
the Japs acceptance of our unconditional  
surrender terms was announced. We're  
now waiting for the news that they've  
actually signed to these terms.

When the news came I was out on  
the Cator Tennis Courts with Marge  
Kealey, attempting to get something on the  
ball — namely the racquet. A man  
in an apartment across the street  
waved half his body out the fifth  
floor window and shouted "the  
Japs Over!" Then all H. e. g. g. broke  
loose and didn't let up until late  
Wednesday afternoon.

By the time I got home, it was too late  
to go up to Church, it closes at 8:30 P.M.  
so I said my prayer of thanksgiving  
right where I've always done all my



pleading and petitioning - at the side of my bed.

The only thing I would have loved to know, though, was exactly where you were when the news came. I have a pretty good idea where you were when you sent that cablegram, though. The grape vine got buzzing like anything last week when Mrs. Byrnes got a letter from a friend in Panama.

I was over to your house Wednesday night and I really felt that the war must be over. Your Mom was handing out steak sandwiches to all comers. Johnny Acer got in on it too he stopped over after visiting the U.S.O. to take me home. He's a good guy, isn't he - a little unnerving at times but he means well, I'm sure. ~~The~~ Poor fellow, he's still having Mary trouble. Joe has offered to take a couple off his hands, but he seemed reluctant to part with one.

I had a note from Hel today



They're coming home again tomorrow  
for the week end. What a racket! You  
should have joined that outfit instead  
of the army.

Well, how, I think I'll take myself  
by the hand and grab a 4th Ave for home,  
it's well after ten and my bones are weary.  
I've been so tired lately that I actually  
haven't been able to walk. I turned my  
ankle about five times in the past week in  
an attempt to hurry myself along. I'm  
glad I can sleep tomorrow.

Good night, Frank.

All my love, always

Peggy XXXXXX

M.G. Hoy  
1003 E 5<sup>th</sup>  
Brooklyn 30, N.Y.

Via Air

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