

Letter
#4/7

Saturday
Sept 29, 1945

Hi dollink!

It's only me again. - Hope you're enjoying your south sea adventure. Your mom tells me you haven't a thing to do these days. That makes two of us - but I fear my days of leisure are numbered - or rather finished.

It seems that after a word from Gov. Dewey, the realtors and union representatives have agreed to arbitrate, and the elevator operators are going to be on the job Monday morning so I guess I'd better be there too.

So I sat writing you yesterday little did I know what a swell time I was going to have.

After I finished eating that supper I left you for Fel called and gave me the "orders" for the evening. We had planned on going over to the U.S.O. and

stopping over at your house afterwards
— but since we learned that both Joe
and your mom were not going to be
home, we decided to go swimming
instead. "It's," by the way, covers
Eil, Ed, Marge and myself. — Well we
got ourselves collected together at
Newkirk Ave. station and hiked off.
We expected to have a nice quiet
swim but there were so darn many
people with the same idea, that really
wasn't worth the struggle. So we
stuck it out for about 45 min. and
were just deciding to give it up when
who should I see grinning down at us
from the spectators balcony but
— you guessed it — Brother Joe!
And when I say "spectators" I mean it!
What a spectacle! Remind me never to
be caught dead in one of those suits.
We were all so concerned with trying
to keep them on or rather to strip
in them that we had no time to
do any swimming — even if there
had been room enough for two or three
strokes.

At any rate, the minute we spotted Giuseppe, we hopped out of that pool, but quick! — and got ourselves into our normal civilized attire. Naturally, after having a gallon or two of salty chlorinated water kicked down our throats every time we turned around, we had quite a thirst for something worth while — like beer. So we picked up Joe and grabbed a table in the St. George bar and downed four or five glasses. At that point Marge and Eileen decided to start for home, Jeff, Isabel, Joe and I had the urge to see what was cooking over in Day Ridge — so we did. By instinct we steered straight for Gibbons and there we stayed till three-thirty when we were asked to leave. There were two fellows going to town on the pianos. And of course as the night follows the day, hamburgers & coffee follow, beer so we went and got some — And so to bed at about 5 AM.

But it was a swell evening
with lots of laughs and the
usual banter that flows freely
whenever "the gang" gets together
on the spur of the moment.

Well, we love it, more ever now
and I told Mel'd drop over tonight.
It's her mother's & dad's anniversary.
I'm going to get there by eight &
better start getting ready. Bye for
now.

All my love, as ever,

Peggy



XXXXXX

Mr. Doyle
1003 E 15 St
Bkn. 39, NY

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
SEP 30
7 30 P.M.
1945



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Mr. Francis J. Shields 12110488
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APO #75-
To Postmaster, San. L. Cal

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