

June 28, 1945

My dearest Frank,

There's nothing new in my life to tell you about today. The only thing of interest is that I miss you, hon, and certainly that isn't new, for I've done that every minute since the 20th of September.

Yesterday I really went to the devil and played hookie from work. We're going back to good old Brooklyn this Saturday so I figured I ought to do some odd jobs that I have been wanting to get at for quite a while. I didn't get a chance to finish all of them but I did manage to do some painting that was sorely needed. (No remarks, at least the paint's on and it looks OK! sez me.) However, that's about all I accomplished as the afternoon turned out to be a perfect one for the beach and with very little persuasion, I went along with Marge McAneeny, Jim's neice. The water was clean and icy after the touch of the hurricane it had the night before.

Last night Irma and I took our usual bike ride out to Milton Point, but the gnats were biting so vigorously that we left not two minutes after we'd gotten ourselves seated on the rocks. There was a beautiful sun set, though; and when we got home, the sky was full of bright stars.

By that time it was too late to start any of the other jobs I'd cut out for myself so I went to bed nice and early, for a change.

Hon and Jim have been working like demons for the past week, getting the place ready for our tenants who are supposed to arrive Saturday before we leave. Their work has been rewarded, however, everything looks very clean and sparkling.

While we were on the beach yesterday there was a young couple with their little girl of about three sitting right in front of us. I'd seen the man with the little girl before, but this was the first time I'd seen the mother. What struck me about them the first time I saw them was the sight of the poor guy trying to put his own beachrobe on the girl without having her slip out of it. Each time he'd get the sleeves rolled up and start to tie the belt, she'd let her arms down and the sleeves would tumble down past her fingers on to the sand and he'd start all over again. But through it all he was very patient and gentle with her. It was so nice,--and ridiculous, She was being just as patient with him as he was with her. In the end he grabbed the blanket, towels and shoes in one arm and her in the other; the whole thing was unnecessary, if that's what He'd planned to do in the first place, -but it might have been a last resort.

It made me wonder what our "little girl" would be like and how you'd manage such problems when I wasn't around to put in a word and lend a hand. Please say you won't beat my children!

I can just hear you saying "Hey wait a minute! Aren't you getting a little bit ahead of yourself, Peg!" or "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Answer 1-it's only pipe dreams, hon. 2- No comment.

Lately we've been having an awful time with the meat situation, up at Rye. I'M not complaining, though; I think I could get along quite well without it as long as I have enough cheese and eggs. Last nite we had hambergers for a change. We had kidney stew Saturday night. Confidentially I'd rather not have anything.

Well Frank, as I said before, there isn't anything new for me to tell you,-- and I still can't think of anything. So I think I'd better close before we both fall asleep. Be Good! I'll be thinking of you.

*All my love, always
Peg xxxxx*

M.G. Doyle
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