

July 12, 1945

My Dearest Frank,

Every day this week, so far, I've started a letter to you and been interrupted. I hope this one is not destined to land in the waste basket with the others, since I'm doing my darndest to catch up to you. I have two unanswered letters on hand as it is and if another day goes by, I may have three, so I'm determined to let nothing deter me today.

Last Friday I got the letter you wrote on the 21st of June in which you mentioned that one of your buddies had run into some tough luck as far as his post war plans went. It's hard to tell about those things; it's possible that he may yet bless the day he got that "Dear Loo-tenant" letter. But right now, I guess the prospects look pretty black from where he's viewing the situation. Tell him about the 999 others, Frank, maybe that will give him courage. Then too there is the expert's forecast that there will be a surplus of females to the extent of "7 dazzling damsels ?!" to each male willing to give up his freedom. (Hope you recognize the quotation; it's taken from those Star Theatre posters that don't used to decorate bill boards here and there before the Little Flower cleaned up New York's streets and morals! Remember? "50 GORGEOUS GALS 50!") But honestly that's not the kind of material I'm expecting your "Joe" to choose from. The kind I'm speaking of are the ordinary, run of the mill nice girls who like a laugh at the right time but can take to serious stuff too.

On Tuesday, your letter of the 28th of June arrived. The contents of that one dealt particularly with your visit to Marseille. The way you describe it, I should imagine that it would, as you say, be a curious city, with all those odd people strolling about. Mind if I invite myself along when you make that return trip? I'd like to see it for myself.

Too bad you had to lose that ball game. And by such a shameful score! You'll have to do better than that before I sign any of you fellows up with the "Bloomer Girls" - I hope you haven't any rabid fans among you who might take that well known phrase, "Kill the Ump", literally, and act upon the suggestion. Maybe you'd better not take that dangerous job on next time.

Donald sent some photos home to Evelyn and she brought two over to us. If ever there were a picture of an Irishman who looks like a Hun, brother, that's it! I think Brud must have been trying to show the German who took the picture just what he thought of him as he looked into the lens.

Which all serves to remind me, -- When am I going to get another look at you! -- If it's impossible for you to make a personal appearance in my town, Please, Mr. Sinatra, send me an autographed photo or snapshot or tintype of yourself. Anything, just anything will do, so long as it's recent! (Love dat man!) ----- This means you!

Fel surprised me at church Sunday. She decided late Saturday afternoon to come home since it looked as though Eileen was going to be A.O.L. Eileen arrived five minutes before she was due in though and

was put right on a special watch. She'd been traveling since Thursday morning from St. Louis where she'd gone to see Rick, and was dead tired. Fel didn't get a chance to talk with her very much, only a few minutes before she left the hospital to come home. However the word is that Eileen is neither married nor engaged but she had a wonderful time and likes Rick's family very much and of course likes Rick as much and more than ever. And now you know as much as I do about it, since I haven't heard any more from either of them this week.

I called your Mom last night to read her your letter about Marseilles and she told me that Joe is spending the week up at Waterbury with your uncle Tommie. I can imagine what a laughing good time they must be having, since your aunt and uncle were not able to get a big cottage this year and have had to make the store do. I guess they must be sleeping in shifts from what your mom tells me of the size of that place. That is if they are bothering to sleep at all.

Tonight I am going to (try to) play tennis, if you please. One of the girls here at work is lending me one of her rackets and we're going over to the Caton on MacDonalld Ave. and Caton Ave. Do you remember ice skating there? I'll let you know whether I like the game or not. at a later date.

Last Friday and Saturday nights I went over to the USO for the first time. Had a nice evening, both nights. Friday night we did some bowling and I managed to hit 108. My highest score is about 136 I think, but that wasn't so bad for the first try in over a year. Not so bad for me at least. Saturday night we had movies (which broke down, naturally)

Sunday afternoon I had dinner with Fel and her folks, the O'Briens came over from Jersey for the day. After dinner we decided that we'd like to have a swim at Coney, so the whole bunch of us piled into uncle John's car and went by Coney Island. The water was very oily but we found a spot that wasn't too bad and dunked ourselves in and out a couple of times. Then we went back to where Mrs. Kazalski, aunt Ella and uncle John had planted themselves, and had some fun with little Jackie, who's getting quite big, by the way. When we'd tired of that, the three of us tramped over the burning sands in search of some hot dogs, which weren't to be found, so we settled for apple-on-a-stick and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. And as the sun sank in the west, we bade a tired, weary and wet farewell to the beyootiful shores of Coney Island.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, I got myself involved in quite a number of odd jobs that "we girls" always seem to have on hand, lie, laundry, manicuring, mending and rummaging through drawers and closets trying to find room for the things you want in them and trying to convince yourself that you ought to dispose of half the junk that's collected. That's what I did, I threw out all the old clothes etc that had been cluttering up my room for months and now I've got plenty of room, but need some clothes, now. Oik! such a vicious circle!

Well, dearest, I've spent an awful lot of Foster Wheeler's time this afternoon on this personal business so I guess I'd better close. Besides, I haven't any more to say. -- So long for now. Be Good!

*Always love, always,
Reg-*

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