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July 27, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Things have slowed down to a walk here in the office so I thought I'd take the opportunity and dash off a line or two to you.

It seems to me that although I've been writing all along, I haven't really answered any of your letters lately, so I'll proceed to reply to your recent inquiries, suggestions and comments. As for the matter of Rye snapshots -- Season 1945, well, hon, I hate to say it but --I haven't got any. The reason is quite a common and acceptable one these days, though; I haven't any film. Perhaps if you wrote and asked me for some 620 film, I'd be able to get some in time for my vacation. That will be the 2nd two weeks in September. Fel is going to spend a week of her leave with me so maybe she'd take some good pics. for you. It would be a good idea to mention the film in two of your letters, then I'd be able to get at least 2 rolls.

About Donald's transfer -- No, he hasn't been transferred from the 83rd, only transferred to another location. I think the place is Vilchenhoven. However, in his latest letter to Evelyn, he doesn't seem to think that he'll be on board when the 83rd sets sail for the U.S. in November. He's a signal corps man too, Remember?

Re: Another edition fo the Flatbush Newsletter -- Mr. Foster & Mr Wheeler are demanding a cut on the profits for the use of their time and facilities, hon and I just can't make them realize that there is no capital return to be had, at present, even on such a philatelic gem as the 6, ETO canceled, Air Mail, which you offer in payment of your subscription. However, I'll keep working on them and try to make them see the light and realize that there is a wealth of joy and satisfaction to be had in knowing that they too! have contributed to the amusement of two unknown (to them, of course) soldiers. (The other one is me brudder - so don't get excited.)

I don't think I mentioned that your folder containing my letters arrived last week. I wish you hadn't sent them to me, hon. Rereading them and comparing them with the ones I've gotten makes me realize what a poor return you're getting for your very swell letters. I hope to improve with age but the possibility seems remote. They tell me things just get rusty with age in the boiler woiks -- and I woik in the boiler factory! What should I oughta do, Mr. Agony?

If you promise not to bresthe it to a soul, I'll tell you a deep, dark secret. Hon has taken up sketching. She's always had a yen to do some kind of painting. The results are pretty good too. She's been going over to the Botanic Gardens

on Monday afternoons for lessons. There are five other women in the class. She's had two lessons, to date. What she really went to find out was how to paint decorations on those big candles she's been making. Jim doesn't know about it yet, she's going to wait until she's real good before she lets him in on what she's up to.

The weather has been crummy, incidentally. You asked about that quite some time ago and at the time it was awful, and it still is. We had rain on the 15th of July, St. Swithin's day, and in accordance with the legend, we're supposed to have 40 days of rain from then on. And so far we've had some every day. It looks like St. Swithin is really going to take it out on us this time.

Well, hon, when we get down to talking about the weather, it's a sure sign that conversation is beginning to lag. And that it is, because I for one don't seem to have anything more to talk about. So I'll close till necks time.

All my love & xx's
Peggy

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