

Letter #12  
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Sunday  
August 12, 1945  
11 P.M.

My dearest Frank,

If this writing seems exceptionally illegible, I hope you'll excuse it; I'm writing this letter with my fingers crossed. We're expecting the official declaration of the Jap surrender any minute now. As a matter of fact we've already had one false alarm.

My life seems to be harassed by false alarms lately, by the way. Friday morning a man called here and told you that there was a telegram from Francis Shields for Margaret C. Doyle of 1503 E 8th St. He couldn't give her the message, however until the address was verified. He did say that it was good news. Naturally when I heard that, I immediately thought that you had arrived at a port in the U.S. (this

conclusion prompted by the "telegram" I had  
the girls in the office in an uproar. And  
the first thought that struck me after  
I realized that I was going to be seeing  
you soon, was that all of my clothes  
were in need of changing! How unromantic  
of me, huh? Anyhow the cable message  
was finally delivered and relayed to  
me at work. And even though it  
was far from what I expected and  
hoped for, it was nice to hear from  
you and especially gratifying to know  
that you realized that I'd be without  
word for quite a while and wondering  
why I didn't have anything after the 16<sup>th</sup>  
of July. I guess things got pretty busy  
for you after that date.

I'm dying of curiosity to know  
where you are right now with all this  
important news coming in.

It looks as though the atomic bomb  
has settled the question pretty thoroughly.

Everyone is talking about it and wondering whether it will turn out to be the power to end wars or the power by which man will eventually annihilate himself. I suppose it all depends upon who's handling it.

I was talking to your Mom this morning and we've decided that you ought to be home for Christmas or at least for your birthday. It's all settled. — only the Army doesn't know about it yet.

Did I tell you that the powers that be in all things Navy have finally succeeded in breaking up the Moran-Kayabiki combine? They and ten other waves applied for special training in occult dispensery. Eight Corps waves were supposed to be selected, so they figured they had a pretty good chance of remaining together — until the orders were changed and only one was to go. That one

of course, turned out to be  
Eileen! The school is here in  
Brooklyn Naval Hospital. The reason  
for the change in the order was that  
none of the kids had any experience  
what ever in that line so they  
decided to take only one as a trial.  
If she makes out O.K. the others  
will get a chance at it. So they're  
all threatening her with murder if  
she flunks out. It's hard to say  
what effect the Jap surrender will  
have on all that though.

Tell M. I love, I think I'll sign off for  
now. Be good — don't get too tight on  
V-J Day — I want to be along when  
that happens. The only trouble is, by the  
time you get tipsy, I'll probably be  
so sleepy I won't be able to enjoy your  
antics. Good night, hon.

All my love always,

Peggy

M. G. Doyle  
1003 E 5 St. N.Y.  
Brooklyn 30, N.Y.



✓  
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