

Letter
#40

Thursday
August 23, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Well, how goes it with you today? I sure do wish I had some idea as to where you are and what you're doing there. I guess I'll just have to be patient and keep straining my ears for the postmans whistle. He came early this morning but there was nothing from you. I did get a card from your mom though, she's spending the week up at Waterbury.

I guess she needed the change and the rest, as a matter of fact, I don't know where she gets the energy from to do all the things she does.

My week end turned out to be pretty good. As I told you in my letter Friday, the Waves came rolling in (on train wheels, not in a state of inebriation!). We hadn't planned on doing anything more than sit around Kazalski's living room or kitchen table and jaw, but as it turned out, Joe (your bro.) and Johnny Acer came over and from there we went to a block party on 33rd street near Marge Hearn's. There was beer and music and dancing there til two or three A.M. and high-balls at Marge's before and after. To make the party even more exciting, Fel and Eileen wore their civvies and I wore Fel's seersucker uniform; and if I do say so myself, we all looked pretty good. Joe says if I had only joined the Waves he might go for me, but I don't care, you did even though I didn't dazzle you with shiny buttons and a uniform, and Ah loves yuh for it honey! Say, you should see that lad dance! He had us all standing with our mouths wide open watching him. He's not fancy but he goes at it like an old hand. He claims that he never tried it until two weeks ago down at Sweeney's, but I have a sneakin suspicion that maybe Harriet had a hand in getting him going.

I stayed over at Fel's for the night and went to church from there (in my own clothes, though). We did nothing but listen to the radio and relax all day Sunday. I didn't go over to the station with Fel and Eileen this time, I was too tired, so I went home and got a good night's sleep. Did the same thing Monday night. Tuesday night Marge Healy and I batted the tennis balls around for an hour but I got to bed pretty early anyhow. Last night, Hon and I went over to the local Itch to see "The Great Moment" and Partically (practically) Yours". They were both quite good. It wasn't dish nite, I guess that's why.

We're all still a-dither over those 12 ships that were turned back to U/S. ports. Your mom is certain that you're on one of them and Mrs. Malone is just as certain that you and her Frank are on the thirteenth ship which continued on to the Pacific. Me? --I'm right in the middle, hoping like mad but trying not to be over optimistic. The 3185 Sig. Serv. Bn. came in last Sunday, by the way. Do you know any of those fellows, or haven't you ever met up with them. --I think I've done everything possible to find out when you'll be bouncing up my front stoop but all my efforts were in vain. I called the New York Times, Army Information and The New York Port of Embarkation and none of them know whether you're to arrive at New York within the next week. The man I spoke to at the New York Port told me to call back in a week and maybe they'd have something on your whereabouts then. They were all ex very

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nice and obligeing but not very helpful. I guess they're all being deluged with phone calls from people like myself who have neither the patience nor the desire to wait for the lists to be published in the papers. I'm sure somebody must know where the 3186 Sig. Serv. Bn. is, if I could only get hold of that somebody. What's that General's name who's in charge of re-deployment?

I'm holding the fort here all alone for the next week and a half. The Tax Department sure is shrinking. Connie went on her vacation and as you know, Mr. Robinson left last month. I'm doing O.K. so far, nobody bothers me except "Pop" (Mr. Money Bags, the Treasurer), he ambles in every once in a while to get some tax files. but that's all the troubles I have. Oh, yes, everyone keeps asking me who my new boss is, but I don't know any more about it than they do so I just wag my head and say "I d'n know."

Well, Rover, I do have some work to do, so if you don't mind, I'll get to it. Be good! Hope I'll be seeing you, soon.

All my love always,

Peggy -

P.S. Your sister Ronnie almost had me counting your pearls the other night but I caught myself just in time. Lucky I did too, that would have spoiled our sport.

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