

Friday; Jan 8, 1942
Home - 11:00 PM
(tired too)

Dear Joe,

At last I've really gotten down to doing one of those things I've been meaning to do "in my spare time" (please note sarcasm.)

As you see it's pretty late (no don't get excited, I'm not going to leave so soon. Don't think you can get off that easy. You're stuck you've got to listen.). Whew! All that in one breath. - The pace is killing me!

Anyhoo - I started to tell you that I just got in from work and had my supper (#2), listened to a prize-fight (on the radio of course) - (We don't do that here any more. Its too much of a mess to clean up afterwards!) when this idea of writing struck me and knocked me down on a chair with pen and paper in front of me. So what was to do? I had to write, the temptation was too great (more sarcasm) Seriously though I've been kept pretty busy here of late.

I'm still going to school on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights + home work. Also I've been working overtime quite a bit lately and week-ends, well you know how it is, they just fly by leaving you in a daze for days.

Christmas was pretty nice only I'm kinda in the dog house over it. I went over to Eileen's Christmas eve and missed exchanging gifts after midnight. Guess because I stopped at H's. That wasn't enough it seems. I had to go

and forget my perfunctory
New Year's visit next door.
I do feel bad about it.

Christmas didn't seem the
same.

I suppose this is only one
of the many things which
all added up to spoil it
in a way.

Among other things there
was one big factor, I think
I mentioned to you before that
Boud (Donald) was planning to
get married after he finished
Officers' Training. Well,

He came home on the 18th of
December and according to
the law Evelyn Mayer was
made Mrs. C. D. Doyle ^{Dec 20th} Need
I say more? I think you've
guessed what I'm driving
at. That's right. He was "married"
by her minister. Of course
this put the damper on everything
since it was very unexpected.

Gosh Joe I'm sorry, this letter
has turned out to be a sob story
and I wanted to avoid that.
You've got enough to be

Concerned about yourself without listening to my woes.

How goes everything with you, soldier. Say that picture you sent to Hel certainly is a honey. Honestly its so lifelike I had to turn it to the wall New Year's eve when we were going to bed at Hel's.

See we missed you this year, Frank, Gene, Helen, John Acer, Gene's cousin & his girl (his) friend and Denham (remember him, you met him at the beach?) and Hel, Eileen & myself

all congregated it felt to see
the New Year in. We missed
that handsome? grin and
snappy come-back of yours so
we took "you" off the piano and
put "you" between the bay windows
in the livingroom. The following
Saturday night Eileen & I
wanted to take "you" to Helen's
brother's farewell party, but
he wouldn't let us. She
said you'd probably get messed
up with beer at the bar or
somebody'd hit you with a
dart. I'd be insulted if I ~~was~~
were you. Why anyone would

think you couldn't take care of yourself if they heard that.

She didn't do so well herself as I remember. On the way to the "Culver" Jack Moran said "I can see I'm going to have my hands full with the three of you!" We had just decided to make it a hilarious party.

Hel chimed in at that moment with "Let's fool him and stay 'stober" (Cober) — and with that she was down on all fours climbing hand over hand up the curb of east 2nd St.

Last Monday night we went to Gene D's farewell party ~~so~~ (I played hooky) and the first thing that struck us as we entered the door was the sight of Gene G. whom we haven't seen since your party & going through his antics to the tune of a hot record so if he'd never been missing. It certainly was a sight for sore eyes. He is getting a commission in the Navy soon. He's in the reserve.

Well, Joe, I think it's
about time I wandered off
to bed. As you have probably
noticed I'm gettin' groggy. Be
good.

Toute m'amour et ^{assez} plein
de bonne fortune à vous

Translation - All my love and lots of
good luck to you.

Peggy



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