

Letter
#53

Friday,
November 16, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Gosh, hon, you must be building latrines like mad, I haven't had any mail in over two weeks and if I remember correctly, that's what you were doing the last time you wrote. Keep up the good work, we'll get you a job as a "sanitation engineer" when you come home, you'll be well qualified for it if that's what you've been doing all this time.

However, I've got a sneakin' suspicion there's another reason why the mail hasn't been coming my way. Could it be that you're giving me a taste of my own medicine? I hope not. But I guess I've got no reason to hope, I know I've been awfully lazy about writing, and you've got a perfect right to be mad at me. But in your furor, darling, do you mind if I quote some Shakespeare at you? Remember, "The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven on the place beneath. It is twice blessed; it blesseth he that gives and he who receives!" -or words to that effect.

In conclusion of this unpleasant matter, may I once again beg forgiveness, hon, I'm sorry. That sounds so inadequate, but what else can I say? I really am.

Last night I met Fel and Eileen at L.I.R.R. station and of course we got all tangled up on where we were to meet and all three of us were in different places. Eileen was on the BMT station, Fel was downstairs where the trains come in and I was upstairs in the waiting room. Finally we all got together at about ten-to-eight. We were supposed to meet at seven-thirty. We had a dispute over who said what to whom, but let it go at that since it turned out that each of us could have been right. Then we walked up Fulton St. and looked in all the furniture store windows and picked out what we liked. By the time we'd gone through Loeser's Wishmaker houses, it was nine o'clock, so we walked on to Lowe's Met. and saw a couple of B pictures, they weren't too bad, "Bewitched" and "Twice Blessed".

By the time we'd sat through the two pictures and a half hour bond sale, it was twelve-thirty, and we were all a bit tired. Eileen went back to Fel's barracks with her and I hopped a Culver L'cl in the other direction.

Dot cooked up quite a Sunday dinner last week while your mom was up in Connecticut. Incidentally, your mother says that Ma Kerwin is still in bed but seems to be coming along pretty well. The doctor seemed quite pleased with her progress. I sure hope she gets better, she's a lovely person, and I'd like to be able to know her better. Uncle Tom and Kate and the Katz' ^(better) came over later on and of course there was "an eighth" sitting out on the kitchen table. During the course of the evening the thought struck me that some one of these days you'd be on hand to make the picture complete. That day can't come soon enough for me. You too? Poor Vee took quite a heckling from Tommy and Joe about the fellow who called her up and talked for an hour. She's some gal from what I hear and see, Dot tells me every time the phone rings it's for Vee. I guess she's almost all growed up, huh? -Joe's *terpsicorean accomplishments are really multiplying, every time I dance with him he either pulls a new step on me or asks me to teach him one.

Tomorrow afternoon I'm going to hike off to Macy's in search of nylons. I hear, by way of the grape vine, that they have them but you have to ask for them. Here's hoping I'll be lucky. It's almost too good to be true, but I'll go anyhow, you can't blame a girl for trying.

It seems as though Eileen has decided to take root in St. Louis. She tells me she expects to be Mrs. Richard Rother before next August. Wont that be swell. Just think we'll have relations in St. Louis that we can go and visit when we get tired of our little mansion in Connecticut. It's going to seem very strange around Flatbush knowing that I wont be able to call up Moran and take in a thriller at the Quentin of an evening. But then maybe I'll be quite busy myself by that time. Gosh I Hope I am!.

* How do you spell that one? it isn't in the dictionary. terpsichorean -I found it.

Well, hon I've got loads of work to catch up on so I guess I'd better cut this short. I'll write a good long letter over the week end and tell you all about the other things I've been doing. S' Help me! Be good.

*All my love in this
Peggy*

Yon foot too? See

book during a necktie from Tomky my best sport ife
leather and celluloid net or my jacket for the month. She's
some day from wife I met and see, Do not tell me every
time I phone rings it's a lot. See. I guess she's a student
it's strong no man? Los, a *probation second semester
she taught myself, every time I guess will hit me
spit her but it's a new step a few more to teach me to take

Tomorrow afternoon I'm going to Mike off at

work, a session of Japanese. I pass, a way to fit
base alive, first time you have put your hands to work for
her. Here, a portion I'll be today. It's almost too
good to be true, but I'll go through, you can't please
a girl for training.

If seems as though little miss Debbie to take

foot in St. Louis. She tells me she expects to be
Ridgefield before next August. Won't just be
newly. Just think we'll have telephone in St. Louis

just now so she can go and visit when we get married

little vacation in Connecticut. If's going to seem

very strange stormy weather knowing that I won't be

able to call up mother any time I'll be due home

again I hope I am.

* How do you say first day of term? I know it.

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



VIA AIR MAIL

T/3 FRANCIS J. SHIELDS 12110488
Co C - 3186 Sig. Serv. Bn.
Det. B
c/o Co A 3159 Sig. Serv. Bn.
A.P.O. 503 Pm. San Francisco