

November 23, 1945

My dearest Frank,

Hi, darling! Well we all decided that you must have been shipped off to Tokyo sometime around the beginning of this month, since neither your mom or I have had any mail since the 27th of Oct., that's the latest date of any of our letters. We've also considered the possibility of your being on your way home too, but we very quickly squelched that idea as being too far fetched and altogether too big hearted for the army. It would be a wonderful surprise though.

Anyhow, we had one good bit of news this week, Brud is on board the Queen Mary and by this time half way home on her, she arrives the 27th, Tuesday. It will be great to see him again. I'm wondering if he's changed much in all this time and experience. No doubt he'll be a lot older if anything, but then aren't we all? It's too bad he didn't leave a little sooner, he could have had dinner with us yesterday, but he'll be on hand for Christmas so that will be O.K.

We had quite a nice time last night, by the way. Doris and Ed were over for their Thanksgiving Day dinner and Johnnie Acer dropped in a few times during the day. His brother Chris came over in the evening in his jalopy and when Fel and Joe arrived, we all had to take a ride in it. (Incidentally Fel and Joe have been giving Flatbush avenue quite a work out; they're picking out the best breweries for you and I to hit when we start making the rounds. (-it says here, in very small print.)). For the rest of the night we sat around the dining room table and swapped jokes, drank beer and sang. Anne and Bess came in from next door and filled up the empty spaces. We had loads of fun with the present I gave Joe for his birthday. It was a bubble pipe with a special solution for blowing the bubbles that made rainbow colored ones. I'd been looking at them in the five and ten over on Cortlandt St. for the past two months wondering who I could give one to so I could have some fun with them. The Joe gave me the opportunity when he kept asking me what I was going to give him for his birthday. -- He wont do that again, (I don't think!) The party broke up at about two A.M. and I've never been so glad to lie down in bed in all my life. I was so tired my back was acheing. -As a matter of fact I'm still tired.

I see by the papers this week that you are now eligible to start looking for a boat. That's nice, I hope they start going your way, but quick. I really miss you terribly, hon, it seems like centuries since I last saw you. The other night I was trying to conjur up a picture of you and do you know what, I simply cannot dream up one of you at a distance, they all turn out close-ups. I don't mind that, of course, as a matter of fact I really like it, but I would like to get a look at you from about six or seven feet. That's odd, isn't it?

Well, hon it's almost time to get going home so I guess I'll close now. Hope you'll excuse the hasty typing, guess I need practice.

*All my love in xx's  
Peggy*



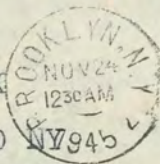
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