

Thursday
26 July '55

Dear Frank:

You've been on my mind & in my conversation more frequently than my flow of letters would indicate. Somehow my literary efforts all go for naught these days & I find myself starting letters, adding a few lines several days later & finally tearing them up when I decide "that's no letter to send anybody - even your worst Enemy". Can't account for it except to lay it to the general lassitude induced by the "tropics", and my own inherent laziness.

Tuesday 17 Aug '55

You'd think that by now I'd be flamed

into whipping my correspondence into
shape → I just don't know what
happened. I do know I shake everytime
& figure that someday we'll come face to
face & I may have to explain all
this negligence → & then I depend on
the sheer joy of a re-union to wipe
out all the ugly thoughts & memories
I deserve.

I've kept in touch with you all over
Europe, right up to 19 July, through
Mona, & for awhile thro Veg. There's
another sore spot → I shouldn't
be surprised if she haunted me
from your future partals for all
time → I could hide it, but
Confession is good for soul & con-
science so you may as well know

that I have written Peg, either, since
 my furlough. I typed copies of several
 of your letters for her, but never got
 to appending a note to them, so they're
 still in my note-paper box. She, kind
 lady, turned the other cheek & sent me
 copies of your "diary" letters for which
 I was very thankful. However, I
 failed to say so, and I'm sure she's
 given up in despair & disgust. All in
 all I guess I've failed miserably in
 the personal mission you left me &
 at this date even apologies seem
 insulting.

My last glimpse of Peg found her
 as lovely & as lovable as ever - in
 a cute suit & a white, veiled hat -
 sporting a little pabe-pie that some
 very affectionate G.I. gave her from the

4.

ETO. Our personal conversation was
limited because of the usual house-
full of visitors, but we did manage
to exchange several of your latest
letters, verbally, amongst a host of
well-deserved comments on the letter.
Seems you have a lot of champions
back here, Sqh! Plans for a private
pete-a-pete with the future Mrs P.
did not materialize & so I cannot
warm your heart with any personal
messages — but I'm sure Peg must
manage well on that score.

Wednesday - 15 Aug -

There was so much more I wanted
to say yesterday but I had an
appointment at the P's clinic & had to

drop out for a while. Meantime anything I
 might have said has been completely
 overshadowed by last night's profound
 & wonderful announcement of the
 end of World War II!! I've looked
 forward to it so long, afraid to hope
 it would come any war soon - &
 now it's quite hard to take in - it
 all seems so incredible!! I guess it
 would have more meaning if
 we were all home together to share
 the news. As it is I strongly suspect
 you are on your way to the Pacific
 to finish the job that is, thank God,
 finished. Personally, it makes the
 waiting easier to know that no
 matter how long you must sweat
 out the return trip, the hazard of
 war itself has been removed. I

does say that for your part any amount of waiting, under any circumstances, will be waiting. But at least we know home is definitely closer.

Remember your saying that the first one home would have the privilege of going of awaiting the other two? I guess Joe is the lucky boy & now it remains for one of us to beat the other home. I so easily one might think I'd make the grade before you — but knowing the Army, even that needn't follow. It's still too early to look for any indication of just how or when WAC demobilization will be handled. I surey expect it will be months yet, & we may have the dubious pleasure of being shipped amongst various camps meantime. But whenever the joyous day arrives for both

of us, there will certainly be a most innumerable
 of regarding in the Shields message. I
 was there when you left - & I should
 certainly like to be there to welcome
 you back. I hope it won't be long!!

Friday - Bluey:

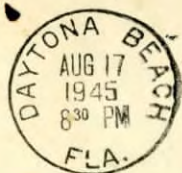
Keep wondering how you received the
 news. It came to us through an "in-service"
 meeting & certainly put the crimps in
 everything psychiatric, professional, &
 military. Wonder of wonders, we got the
 2 day holiday that the President proclaimed -
 even to the extent of no mail in or out.
 Today we came to the beach in spite
 of a heavy downpour, hoping it would
 clear in true Florida style. But
 So far, no Soap. So I've finished
 this on the porch of the bath house.

Since I must be in the doghouse,
I have try to follow this up with
more news, & break our little habit
of waiting until the other write Es.

In the meantime, my prayers now
shall be for your quick return.
So hurry!

Love, as always,
Dot

Sgt Dan Shields
War Det - 1493 SCU
Wich Coast Guard
Daytona Beach
Fla.



3180 ✓
1/3 Francis J. Shields 12110488
980 Sig. Sv. Co.
APO 350
10 PM. New York City, N.Y.

Maudsley

9 July 45

Dear Maud:

Directing this to Keegan's cause it says that at long last I got down to making out an allotment which will pay me dough on money orders - & don't know if you want it to be public knowledge. It's for \$35 & should start reaching you the first of the month, so if it doesn't, let me know.

Not a thing new or startling as steel seeing Leo & hearing from Ed - which keeps my heart & my head in a bit of a whirl as you may imagine. Ed (or did I tell you) is in England in N. Atlantic City - just didn't reach NY before I left. I have decided to be possible & wipe him off the "hopeful" list - tho I shall correspond with him. Leo finite

attentive - still so much like Johnny K - &
4: a funny * find me enjoy ourselves &
each other most when we're visiting at
the Sully's. Seemed he we're getting soft &
domestic? Went over last night for dinner -
the gals in their shorts - the boys in
undershorts - & I in my fatigues. Les
washed the dishes, under pressure &
much ridiculing, & we all dined. Then
played "Hearts" till 10³⁰ - had coffee, &
home about 11³⁰. If you'd like some
"man-to-man" stuff: am not quite sure
where the whole affair leaves me. There
are times when I'm quite fond of him -
others when he exasperates me, & always
I can feel selfishly lost & neglected if
he stays away a few days; all of which
proves absolutely nothing. This it's
foolish to ever surmise anything about
a man - I suspect he likes me - at least
a "face bit". And I guess this covers it.

Mulled things over & over in my mind several times, cause I should hate a repetition of the Johnny DeLeon affair.

Finally decided I would be stupid to take any young relationship so seriously as to call it quits immediately, just because it might eventually lead up a blind alley, after months of wasted emotion. So have decided to let things run their course - & what will be, will be. Meantime we're both enjoying it.

Which reminds me of Aunty's letter that I spoke about: reading it you'd never believe that I never so much as mentioned Res!! Have discovered Aunty not only reads between the lines - she writes her own footnotes, if necessary. In my last letter to them, I explained that I was setting down to enjoying Daytona because I was doing social

work, there are lots of recreational oppor-
 tunities, am getting painful but useful
 experience in having to give orientation
 talks to groups of men, am being forced
 to mix socially & professionally as I
 never have before - I explained
 I felt all of this was good for me &
 would ~~not~~ ^{not} work with something like this "add
 to all this an occasional date & I'm
 finally reaching the level of development
 I should have reached years ago if I
 hadn't been so damn self-conscious - &
 there's still room for improvement." All
 of which sounds pretty non-committal
 to me, but I went into absolute belly-
 laughs when I got Aunt's reply a week or
 2 ago.

Says she in the very first line :- "Received
 your most welcome letter & how interesting.
 It sure surprised all of us. So glad you
 like the work better now & are
 staying for awhile yet. Don't know where she

thanks I'd be going.) Don't tell me you have
 at last found the perfect man? I do
 hope he is all you want. Please forgive
 me but I thought by reading between
 the lines that is what it meant. Don't tell
 me I am wrong & make me feel dis-
 appointed in my favorite niece. You know
 Dad & me have been praying for one nice
honest young man would turn up. Please,
 Dad, don't feel hurt but I do wish
 this could happen. Would it make
 Turk & I happy!! But never mind see
 old fogies - just enjoy yourself & have
 a grand time."

I know exactly how sincere she is
 about the whole thing, but I had to
 laugh in spite of it. I didn't dare - but
 was wishing I could show it to Leo &
 see if he thought he qualified as a
 "nice honest young man". I've sure he
 would have enjoyed it. But where did

She got such big ideas. A thing like
that leaves me wondering if maybe I
only ^{THOUGHT} I wrote her as I did —
or did I send her someone else's letter.
Nish I could kid her about it, but
I hate to hurt her. So now I shall simply
go ahead & tell her there is a Leo —
She can go on praying if she likes —
but I'm afraid there'll be no pre-
venting her from magnifying the thing
all out of proportion! Tell me —
why the hell does everyone want to
marry me off? I promise not to be a
burden in my old age!

How is grandmama these days. Lord,
I don't know how she survives as it
is, she's so frail, without cracking
her skull open.

Had a letter from Billie who has
been working night & day, with all the
boys coming back to the States. Her

Teacher Harry is in Europe, & Jim is in a school in Ind, expecting to "get a ship" when he finishes his course.

Daddy held on a pass to N.J. this week-end to attend her brother's wedding - & that romance is right out of the books.

Daddy & Marge were room mates over a year ago when they were stationed here - & they exchanged brothers as correspondents, just for the hell of it. Daddy never bothered to write, but Marge corresponded with Fritz Held for over a yr. Finally met him when she went on furlough about 4-5 mos ago & it was so much the "real thing" Marge only went home for 1 day!! They became engaged almost immediately - & the wedding was last Sat. It does happen!!

Sitting here in my little "cell" is like being in a boiler. The water just runs off me in brooklets. And you can't imagine the mess

that mosquitoes can be. We go without
hose all the time - they're so scarce - so our
legs are nothing but big red welts. The
jungle has nothing on Florida!!

Say - did you bring Ma down while
you're working - or is your job over for
the summer. How is she. Give her my
love & tell her keep up the special prayers.

How was that when you saw him.
Aunty described one of his "breathless" heart
attacks from mowing the lawn, & I'm
wondering how bad he is. Think it has
both of them scared.

Well, I sure haven't caught up with
my mail - even to Frank & Eg - I'm so
ashamed, but somehow their heat leaves
my mind totally blank & I get to where
I just don't bother. I'd deserve it if
they never talked to me again.

Write soon - all comments
gratefully accepted.
Maureen, Love, Jos