

Monday  
24 Apr 44

Dearest Frank:

Your last letter brought a few tears - sentimental perhaps - for I realized how much it revealed of your common sense, deep thought, & maturity. You will never cease to amaze me with your wonderful mixture of youth & maturity, levity & good sense. Your essay on love & emotion was well thought-out & something to think about. It was anything but offensive - even in its suggestion of the "physical" and I am sure Reg would be pleased to know the fine, warm, &

affectionate way in which  
 you think of her. You're one  
 of the few boys in our family  
 I love deeply & I am sincerely  
 pleased that it is Leg who  
 loves you for all that you are,  
 & that it is she with whom  
 you contemplate "peopling"  
 a home. Sharing life with  
 you these twenty years leaves  
 me with only the kindest thoughts  
 of, and deepest respect for you -  
 I should be a better person  
 for having known you. To  
 date my acquaintance with  
 Leg has been limited - but  
 I suspect she is capable  
 only of the finer things -

and I truly anticipate a warmer, growing friendship. I shall even be selfish & hope to base it on mutual, personal feelings, rather than on her love for you. For you both I am wishing only what you both deserve - only the best in everything. Marriage for you should not be short of the beautiful example we have had of it at home.

There is no need for me to acquaint you with my "impersonal" reactions to your analysis of male & female emotions - for I am not



afraid or ashamed to be  
personal in my dealings  
with you. Really, it helps,  
for you have so often been  
helpful in personal problems.  
Your little treatise simply  
brought me face to face, again,  
with a question I have  
often argued with myself, but  
never quite resolved to my own  
satisfaction. Just "what is  
love?", how would it affect  
me?, & more fundamentally,  
would I know it if I saw  
it? Are very disconcerting  
problems, possibly, but  
something I have relegated  
to the future. I suppose a  
fairly universal belief is that

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when love comes, you will  
somehow know it & I  
dare say I have subscribed  
to that theory, too. On the  
other hand that, too, smacks  
of the movie version which  
would have you believe  
that one fine day comes a  
ball from the blue, you're  
knocked completely off your  
feet, & when you regain equi-  
librium you realize, breath-  
lessly that "this is it." And  
I can't say I fully believe  
in that, either. I suppose  
I prefer a middle road,  
but even that I haven't  
quite defined. But then,  
as you know, I haven't

had too much experience to  
make a final decision on.

Would you be bored if I  
related my "love saga". It  
might help to come to some  
conclusions. Just, you can  
skip the next few pages &  
work back cautiously from  
the signature. → → →

There have been three  
men of whom I've said,  
"Please, Lord, let me have him."  
The first, you may be amused  
to know, was Paul Tray. I  
guess I was about 18 & he  
was slightly older. There  
were the days when the "gang"  
used to get together weekly -  
so I knew him for some time



when one fine day, I just  
 looked at him & realized  
 that my female admirer would  
 suffer if I couldn't win his  
 affections. So - I saw a  
 fairly good bit of him for  
 a year or so, but the yearning  
 just wore off, gradually. I'm  
 sure I meant nothing to him  
 and the whole thing was  
 one day mutually severed,  
 without a word. With a  
 little added maturity I  
 realize it was just one of  
 those "adolescent things",  
 naturally, I have never re-  
 gretted the loss.

Next on the list was Johnny  
 Nelson, whom I had hoped to  
 meet from the first time I  
 heard Joe prating about him.

Long later came the day we all  
 went to 'Camp' to see Joe, and  
 spent a wonderful time in Johnny's  
 Company. Once more, came the  
 "Maiden's Prayer." The Lord responded,  
 & for awhile I enjoyed the warm  
 satisfaction of his friendship—  
 nothing terrifically emotional,  
 but simply feeling comfortable  
 & long with him, & wanting to be  
 with him. Perhaps I saw a  
 female who only wants what  
 she can't have, for we short  
 order & tired of Johnny, too.  
 Perhaps I saw too much of him,  
 too soon, for he was a per-  
 sistent visitor & I guess I  
 saw him quite steadily for  
 almost two years. My feelings



now, about the whole thing  
 are a bit mixed. [I would  
 take an analysis of my  
 whole life, to really define  
 my relationships with men -  
 even now - but I think,  
 to this date that if I had  
 had a more heterosexual  
 life, earlier, I might have  
 always felt easier with men  
 & perhaps been more capable  
 of anticipating them first,  
 as friends, rather than as  
 prospective suitors. (Seeing a  
 man only in terms of "will he  
 like me" & not "what can I  
 offer to the evening, the  
 party, the companionship,  
 or etc" is selfish - but I'm

being honest - also getting  
off on too many tangents in  
this diagnosis) ] To get back  
to the top of page 10: - in all  
due modesty I feel Johnny  
was the one man who truly  
loved me - and he is  
still the finest person &  
truest gentleman I have ever  
known in that capacity.

<sup>then</sup> I have thought many times,  
in the past year, that if  
I had given my self & my  
emotions (I have always  
sat on them!) half a chance  
when I was 21 things  
might have been different.  
Certainly too much water  
has gone under the bridge,

to harbor any regrets. But it is easy, in looking at it from such a long range now, to know that marriage with him would indeed have been fine. I have always hoped that remnants of his marriage were true - for he must be one of the men truly chosen to be a father.

And thirdly, lastly, & still (if you can take any more) is the "guy" who sent my blood-pressure sky-high, all of 6 years later. For my Fordham teacher & supervisor, one Ed Foran, is the only one over whom I



have ever become foolishly  
emotional. I must be  
suffering a reversion to the  
things I didn't permit in  
adolescence for I have  
all the right symptoms - at  
least when he is - or was -  
around: eatless days, sleepless  
nights, speechless in his presence.  
First met him at an evening  
course about 4 yrs ago & was  
smitten from the minute I  
laid eyes on him. School was  
never so lovely - but he  
was teacher & I was student  
& there was no place to meet  
on. Besides which I could  
never imagine him noticing me!  
So I had a lovely-awful time  
for awhile. Knowing I could

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never come to anything it was fairly Easy  
& settle myself again when I left School.  
So no more heart throbs for several  
years until the Lord, for some un-  
fathomable reason, sends me to the  
same Army Ad School that Ed is  
gracing with his comely presence.  
Oh I flared!! The symptoms started  
all over again - & the relapse was  
infinitely worse than the original  
attack. Coming from the same Alma  
Mater was in my favor - Cause he  
was slightly in the mood for a favorite  
son. And this time the uniform  
eliminated the teacher - student caste.  
I saw him on & off & hated it Cause  
it was more off than on. I hear  
from him in Oahu, but I  
understand he's engaged, & I  
know I'm just a pleasant  
correspondent. But the fever  
is recurrent with every V-mail!



To go back to our original diagnosis — nothing has ever affected me like this before. But, steel, who is to decide whether it's love, or intoxication — or just another case of wanting what I know I can't have. I guess I steel haven't resolved anything & sometimes for that part to it, I wouldn't be able to make up my mind, either. I can fully appreciate your recent indecision & can likewise see how comfortable & easy it must be, now that you really have a definite plan in mind.

Incidentally, I understand your feathers were ruffled over the fact that your "engagement" reached our ears before you or he revealed it. You're so damn



practical - I'm sure you never  
would have been quite definite  
with any of us about it. Even  
with me you absolutely avoided  
the word. I'm sure Peggy must  
consider herself engaged & it  
would seem to put her in rather  
a peculiar position with us,  
unless you'd both decided not  
to mention it. Damn it, now  
I'm afraid I may be arousing  
your ire or your conscience -  
& all I want to say is that  
we were so happy over the  
prospects that we were just  
awaiting your slow confirmation.  
I want very much to write Peggy  
for I can hardly ignore the

situation & would really  
feel strange mentioning it 6  
months from now when I see  
her. In spite of my hesitancy,  
I shall write soon - and avoid  
death & destruction from  
Camp Crowder.

Incidentally, Joe wrote  
that he & Fel were getting  
on fine but that he didn't  
want to ask her to wait. In  
effect, he said "You know  
how I feel about marriage(??)  
& I wouldn't want her to be  
hurt if I should later change  
my mind." I don't know how  
he feels about marriage, but  
I presume that, once more,



he feels inferior, & think he  
 couldn't make a go of it, even  
 for someone he loved. What  
 do you make of it? I suppose  
 I feel over-protective of him,  
 but I wish the 3 of us could  
 have an old-time jaw-war.  
 I think by this time we've  
 all got something to give - &  
 something to get.

Frank, I had no idea  
 when I started this, that it  
 would take the course it has.  
 And I've spoiled what I meant  
 to be a wonderful letter, by  
 injecting myself - & again trying  
 to mind your business. Forgive



me, & let me close on my  
original thought:

My love & best wishes to  
both You & Peg.

Dad

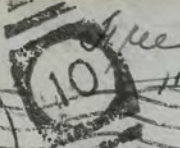
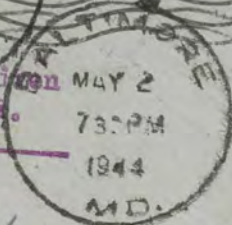
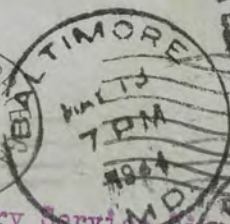
Bullie Sherman - former bunkmate -  
sent me this blue paper specifically  
for notes to You, Joe, & Ed. You  
were the first! Sent it forth

1.

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