



ENGINEER TOPO COMPANY

Friday, 22 September, '45

Dear Frank,

Your letter of the 3rd arrived yesterday. Can't understand why it took so long unless it was because you didn't mark it "Inter-Island" and it went to Frisco. Also even during censorship you could say almost anything you wanted in Inter-Island mail.

I sure am glad to hear you're in Manila; I'll try to get down there as soon as I can get away. We've been having it light since I corps went to Japan, but a load of work came in today. Still I'll probably be able to get down there next week sometime.

In the meantime, Frank, you can buzz up here in about 3 hrs.; if you can get a day off do it. Here's how: go north on Rizal Blvd. until you hit the monument at the edge of town, go around the circle and continue north on Route #3. You follow route #3 all the way, passing thru San Fernando South, (by) Clark Field, Tarlac, Paniqui. You'll notice road markers showing kilometer distances — between 161 and 162 from Manila, on the left of the road, you'll see a large house, a warehouse, a lawn, a bamboo barracks and a sign "671 st C.P." — anyone will tell you where to find me.

Also, Frank, if you get to Rosalia and the ½ mile long bridge you've gone too far. Hitchhiking is damn good on these roads.

Now for the news in brief. I'm now a combination platemaker and pressman and still a pfc (I was robbed, which is what they all say). Since I last wrote it's been the same thing day in and out — work



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and work, a little wine, no women, and no song in my heart. Stay away from drink - except S. D. beer - over here, Frank; a good deal of it is poison and all of it (except stateside stuff) is raw, raw rootgut. They say that the longer you're over here the whiter the natives get; that's true for the first couple of months but now, brother, they seem blacker than black. I've been to quite a few dances and fiestas and after the novelty wears off, they're quite dull. All in all, I'm really set to head for home.

However, we've been here since May (the area I mean) and we've built a lot of stuff - day room, ping pong table, volley ball court and most important a tennis court. I play a hell of a lot of tennis, and that with ping pong, bridge, and reading helps some to pass the time.

We're going to Japan soon - beginning of October.

Now, to look at your letter. First, congrats on your T/S; Frank, you've really been pluggin'.... You'll get used to the weather, besides the rainy season is almost over.... I haven't heard from Ed in almost a year, wonder what happened to the guy, also Pete + Savy.

Send Peggy my love, she's a swell gal. That knot tying business sounds serious, I shudder at the thought of a ball and chain around my leg. But she's the gal for you and you'll be right to grab her while you can.

When we get back to lil' ol' New York, I'll probably still be draggin' Janne around (though I may surprise myself and be squinting her sister Jerry). Janne and I are still friends, I write about



ENGINEER TOPO COMPANY

once a week, but our letters are lun lun affairs. I really didn't
break clean, Frank, simply decided that she was not the girl for
me to marry. I hope that doesn't make my intentions dishonorable.
On the other hand, I've been building up a correspondence with Jerry,
who shings a mean pen — sort of laying the groundwork for a
post war blitz, and you get what I mean.

Points: V-J gives me 53. But according to the news today,
any man with 2 years service in December is "eligible for
immediate discharge." We may well be home sooner than
we expect. Up to now I figured I'd make it between March
& June, and I don't think I'll change those views yet.

Eleven o'clock and I work tomorrow so I'll sign off. Let's
try to get together soon, and I do mean before October.

See you soon,
Jim:

Wife of Morris, 11121483

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