

To note the Russians are 4 1/2 miles within Berlin!! Wish I knew where Frank was. The commentator was advertising Studebakers & mentioned their vehicles as being used by Sig. C., because of the need for speed in putting up advance communications. Don't tell me you're touring Europe in a Studebaker! See Stop my War Bonds! - D.

21 April 45  
Saturday

Dearest Frank:

Doesn't take long for dreams to come true, does it. Just mailed a note to you about a week ago, hoping you'd soon come out with some neon-style sgt stripes. And yesterday comes word from Mom that you are now a T/4/. Miracles do happen and once in awhile the Army does open up one eye to things. Needless to say I am very happy for you and now have visions of your saving toward an wxtra green shutter for that love nest. More power to you. Now I hope you'll be getting the shutter sooner than you expect.

Things haven't changed a bit since I last wrote. Wired Mom for some ready cash 'cause I had to pick up my furlough train ticket several weeks ahead of time. She came through with the dough in jig time but said later that she had been afraid to open the wire since she hadn't heard from you in three weeks. Just goes to show you how spoiled parents can get. Fortunately Peg phoned just about that time with the news of your rating and the added fact that you are now in Germany. It's awfully trite to say, "I simply can't believe it!" But that's the fact of the matter. Only seven months ago we were within a week of seeing each other in NY .. and since then you've shuttled through England, Paris, Belgium, with return engagements in France and Belgium .. and now right in where we've been wanting to see our boys for months. I don't quite envy you for I know the Signal Corps is not prone to take a back seat, behind the lines. But you know you have our continued prayers and I'm hoping that in spite of the collective hell of war you'll be given the courage and the ability to cull something clean and use full out of all you've seen and done. I know how much capacity you have for seeing and getting the beneficial out of any experience and I shouldn't want things to be much different now. Yes, I know that sound Utopian, idealistic and plain stupid in the face of sheer murder, but if we can't keep some perspective what the hell's the use of anything. It's so easy, under stress and separation to relinquish one's hopes, and plans, and dreams to the reality and grimness of war and to substitute a don't-give-a-damn attitude toward everything, including the future. One can get so bogged down in a sea of dictation, frustration, and sheer loneliness that it hardly seems worth while to view the future with any hope. I've hit bottom on several occasions and it's only when I've gotten on top again that I've realized it's that solid grip on "home" that we've got that makes the effort worth while. This is hardly a conscious, surface feeling at all times but fundamentally I think it's the one security that keeps me level. You share that home tie and have the added anchor of a Peggy, so make the most of it, boy, and know that we all owe the future to millions like you and Joe. God bless you both. You're still my favorite people.

Now anyone reading that stuff up there would think you'd been

weeping and wailing on my shoulder when heaven knows you're just about the most stabilizing agent I know. Don't know how I got from the furlough ticket to that half-baked philosophical stuff but it just shows you how free association will run crazy if you give it half a chance,

Have finally gotten to the point where the Sgt. I work with gives me more than a mere nod and have had some interesting conversations with him. And I keep thinking how much like you he is (though you have much more pep, vim and vigor) and how well you and he would get along chewing the rag. He's tall lean, and good looking (nothing personal intended in this description - he's married) but very slow and deliberate. One would think that after two years below the Mason and Dixon I could spot a southerner when I heard him. Seems I can't. Jack speaks with a long slow drawl and I had him pegged from one of the Carolinas and was being quite careful not to make any derogatory remarks about the lovely south. What a pleasant relief to have him joke about getting back up to the "states" and discover he's from Rochester. A graduate of St. Bonaventure's who first spent two years in the seminary before deciding against the priesthood and entering college. Has one brother now in the Sem, one a chaplain (Captain) now on his way overseas. Also has an uncle a priest and as he says, "it runs in the family" since his father, too, once spent some time in the novitiate. I guess the opening wedge to our discussions was our common religion for any conversations of any size seem to revolve about that topic. Reminded me of your efforts to improve Newman when he told me about his experiences with the Catholic Evidence Guild. You may know that that little organization takes it upon itself to get up on the street corners and give forth with the apologetics, explaining the different religious tenets which are difficult for even the Catholic to accept, sometimes. He definitely not the type one would suspect of daring soap box oratory no matter what the cause and my hat is off to him. I suspect he had his painful moments. But he's about the most wholesome individual of your sex ~~what~~ I've met these many months, and so truly spiritual. His wife and baby are coming down to live here and today he was inquiring from the doctors about some kind of sedative that might make the baby more comfortable on the journey. And then, imagine, he wondered of me if there might be any ethics involved in taking such a course with the baby. I'd about given up faith, even in some of our Catholic boys, but if there's one Jack there must be more.

And now, if you'll excuse me, please, I'll be off to bed.

Love & prayers,  
Dat.

Get your stars & stripes &  
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clippings now & then.  
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