

April 6, 1943
10:00 P.M.

Dear Pvt. Shields

Oh! - Do I feel low!
You can't imagine (or can you)
the sensation of sorrow and
regret I felt even I found
upon my arrival home, ^{tonight} that
there on the radio was a
letter from the above men-
tioned personage (Pvt F. J. S.)

This however is not even to
be compared with the utter
sense of loss and reproach which
passed over me and lingered
on for some (or) time after I
had read and searched your
letter for at least a passing

comment or inquiry about
M. G. D. (the mail slacker)

But ^(no) ~~no~~ my efforts were in
vain, for there was not even
so much as a demand for
a word from yours truly. -

OK for you. - If you don't
even care whether you get any
or not. - You'll see I'll go out and
eat worms. Then you'll be sorry.
I'm completely crushed and
crestfallen.

Incidentally, how do
you know I wasn't flat
on my back from loss of
blood? Huh? Answer me that!
You know, I'm practically
a wounded heroine (or maybe it's
more likely to be a hero) since
yesterday. - I know what

you're thinking - that was
yesterday. What about the
rest of last week? - Well,
you know Francis, that just
as the anticipation of a
joyous event is half the
happiness. The anticipation
of an ominous one is more
than half the battle. Last
week I was fighting my own
private battle (it wasn't too bad)
without the aid of any
kindly morale builders, so there.
Yeah!

Anyhow, I'm sorry I
didn't write. - Honestly.

Last Wed. we went to the
Merchant Marine dance for the
first time in about 3 wks.

We met, of all people, a
fellow who was from B'klyn
and lived across the street
from S.F.X.A. (St. Francis), Wash.
that odd. I guess this is a
small world, after all.

Sunday afternoon we went
to the Leader (the local "itch")
and saw "The Immortal Sargeant"
with Henry Fonda (dood, dood)
It was very good, in my
opinion. The other picture
was "It Comes up - Love" with
Gloria Jean, this was pretty
good too.

Say, I've got that
letter of yours here in front
of me (Gut, Grr.) and (to) do you
know that that picture of
Camp Croft looks like a

Bus-Stop at Rye Park. Did
the army borrow it or did
some patriotic citizen contribute
it in the frenzy of gathering
scrap which he was carried
away with? Answer please,
Do you really have such a
scene?

I guess you're beginning
to think that this letter is
pretty screwy but you
must remember, I've been hurt
deeply, yes, to the quack (I guess you're
a fast worker, huh!) Please
excuse the writing, phrasing
and crossing out but this is
all the paper I've got left
so I can't rewrite it.

and I'll gladly translate for you, if I can. Peg.

I'm enclosing part of
a letter I started April 5th
just to show you that my
intentions were good.

By the way my
brother Ed has been reclassified
to 1-A and he goes for his
physical the 17th. Don has
been chosen with 24 others
to take a test for entrance
into Ympire's School. Sixteen
of the 25 are to be taken. The
training school is in Oklahoma
so Evelyn will have to come
back to New York and I guess
he won't get the furlough he
expected unless there's some
time between his acceptance
(if he passes) and the beginning

of the course.

He got into hot water for the first time a few weeks ago. It seems they were standing retreat one evening, and they have to report to the colonel or ~~of~~ something, anyhow on the way back to his position he felt a breeze on his ~~the~~ leg and glancing down he found that his legging was untied and falling off. In the excitement over this and since he was concentrating on not losing the legging, he marched right past his men. One of the fellows called to him but to no avail so he marched off the field with him. The

next day they were
called up but nothing
has happened other than
that. Some embarrassment ^{no.}
Oh well, such is the life of a
soldier, huh.

Well I think I'll start
signing off here 'cause I
honestly haven't got any more
paper. Give my regards to
Dad when you write.

I promise to catch up on
all my correspondence (I owe you
a letter yet) and keep it up
to date.

Love,

Peggy

P.S. Hope you understand most of
this was only kidding

Peg

P.P.S. Anything you can't decipher or interpret send back a

PPS. [✓] Any thing you can't decipher or interpret send back and I'll gladly translate for you, if I can. Peg.