

Letter # 22

June 1, 1945

My dearest Frank,

My goodness, hon, you've really swamped me this week! -- I've gotten mail almost every day this week - (except Wednesday which was the holiday) - I'll have to get someone to anchor me down, I'm walking on air! -- Fel also delighted me with two letters since last Friday. That poor mailman will be bow-legged if this keeps up much longer -- but as you say -- "I'm not kicking!"

Your letter of 4/28/45, which arrived a full month later, was particularly interesting to me --

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ve...ry interesting! — I've got you  
where I want you now, young man!  
(it says here!) — You never should  
have told me that you'd discovered that  
you are a born cook. Now, if my  
cooking doesn't suit you in the future,  
I'll just tell you that — "I'm so sorry  
darling, but you're so much better  
at it than I, maybe you'd better  
do it — And while you're at it, do  
mine too!"

I have a suggestion to make  
concerning your typewriter, mister.  
— If you'll get hold of a needle or  
a hair pin and dig out the clogged  
inks in the keys. — Your resulting  
efforts will be much clearer.

I was very glad to hear that  
you'd finally gotten those pictures you've

been asking and searching the mails  
for — You I can really keep  
an eye on you.

— Do you want to own a  
motor cycle after the war's finished?  
What am I supposed to do? — run  
along beside.

— Say this isn't the ~~big~~ kind  
of a letter I wanted to write, at all.  
Any body reading over your shoulder  
would think that you was hen-  
pecked, hon. — You know I'm  
only 'kiddin', doncha?

In your letter of May 14  
— your complimentary comments  
on my new suit really put the  
icing on the cake — for I like it

very much and your approval was all that it needed.

June 2, Saturday -

Well, honey, I hate to seem rude or impolite, but last night I just lay back to rest a moment and fell asleep - This sunburn I picked up on the beach the other day has knocked the stuffings out of me.

It's not so bad today, the soreness has left and now it's starting to peel and itch - Please forgive me.

- If this letter is particularly illegible, I hope you'll excuse it - I'm writing it en route to the big city - I made a date with two of my girl friends - Not Foley & Kay

Sullivan - for last Saturday but we had to postpone it till this week.

(As you see, I ran out of ink on the train so had to wait till I got home to finish this letter.)

Now to return to your letters -

The next one I received is the description of your plane trip to the E.T.O. which you wrote on the 19<sup>th</sup> of May - That ~~answered~~ answered a host of questions I'd never expected to have answered till you got home to tell the tale in person. You've really done quite a complete job in your letter and left nothing for me to ask - except the usual queries concerning the

the local scenery and the attitudes and characteristics of the people.

I'm going to make a few copies of that travelogue to send to Dot and your mom, just in case they're not in line for the same thing directly from you. I'll do the same with the following "chapters" as they come along, incidentally. In that way, it won't be necessary for you to rewrite your odyssey for each of us unless you'd rather or have already done it.

Today (Sunday) is a perfect day for writing letters, listening to the radio or curling up with a good book. — No doubt you've guessed from that that it's a rainy day — Again! The chill and dampness

seems to permeate every nook and cranny - even indoors. I suppose this is just a payment of the weather man's promise of rain for Memorial Day.

Say, did I mention that our nephew has cut his first tooth! And he's only 6 mos. old too!  
— I wonder when he'll start saying da da -

The date I had yesterday with the girls turned out OK in spite of the fact that Ray couldn't join us but had to work overtime. We had lunch in a French restaurant and then ambled over to the Music

Went to see "The Valley of Decision" with Greer Garson and Gregory Peck. It was very good. As a matter of fact I liked it better than the book since it did not continue on for generation after generation as the book did. I got so tired of reading about poor Mary Pafferty taking care of all the little Scotts as they came along that I had to give up and let her struggle on without me.

The stage show was excellent as usual. The glee club sang quite a few old favorites and the corps de ballet interpreted Chopin's "Polonaise" very well.

Well hon, I guess I'd better close now or I'll never finish this letter - All my love, always



44 W. 11th St.  
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Rye, N.Y.



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