

BROOKLYN TRUST COMPANY

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

225 MONTAGUE STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IN REPLYING REFER TO

The Best Typist of B. T. Co. (open for much discussion---not devoid
of personal opinion.)
OR "Put Your Foot In It Now-Fel" (Oh there's so much to learn)

Mr. (oops sorry - them days is gone for duration - it had you
worried (you know Mr.-Master) but this is war and it won't
worry you any more.) - - Poetic Genius.

Pvt. Frank J. Shields, U.S.Army. (Rah!)
Company A - 37th Battalion - Building 218
Camp Croft,
South Carolina.

Attention: All Good Stubborn beer drinkers-----Esquires.

Gentleman:

Halio mine soldier! How's by you? (Super-duper-neat-dandy-fine.....O.K.) Working--hark! (I mean hard - it's the typewriter, believe me.) I just found a little space of time in between some of my more laborious work, and since I was thinking about His Majesty, the thought struck me that I may as well dash off one of those absolutely impossible letters which no one ever seems to be able to justly decipher.....and right they are too....even I can't understand them. (At least this affords a little bit of confidence - - I certainly don't have to be careful of my "A's and O's".)

Well not to delve into anything that will require too much explanation, I may state that the weather is one big question mark.....whether to rain, snow or remain as is (cloudy). Anyhow ~~try~~ not to become too boring, as you probably have already guessed - I am at that slave factory and not at all busy. Not busy - - but a

little tired from the doin's of yesterday. Explanation - Today I am a year closer to that goal of womanhood. 19 on the nose (not to be taken literally) don't feel a day over 12 (and I'm not foolin') ...which of course leads to the fact that today is Monday and since we all work on Monday we celebrated the event (?) yesterday. (Ye Gods - how I can murder the English Language)...it's really hard to think and type correctly at the same time.....did you say think instead of type? -- Oh well. (or hell-asone might say.) But nevertheless - Peg, Eileen, Aunt Ella and Jack were over for dinner and drink (Mom used all of our ration cards) and I believe we enjoyed ourselves as best we could considering the absence of "ye old males". My other two-thirds presented me with a beautiful light blue quilted house-coat with gown to match. (Blush) It was really stunning but you don't appreciate such things.....Say on second thought - do you?... I love those two-darn them. By the way they're all chipper and stuff but I'll leave that for them to tell you.

I just (just to you) came back from lunch (one of the girls treated me to a delicious dinner) and I found a large package on the desk. Inside was a very delicate apron - a bag of chocolates - and a bag of peanuts. Someone of course was joking me - The apron was to be for my hope chest.(they say it was about time I started hoping for something.) - the chocolates for "The Sweets" (that's me in case you don't recognize it - open for more d@scussion) and I was to read between the lines as far as the nuts were concerned.

Well a great deal seems to have piled up on me since this morning so I'll say au revoir for a while until I get more time to settle down to some solid writing.

Until then, I am

With Love

Jel

P.S. Never Mind those Carolina hot and cold running chambermaids.... we have plenty of our own in Brooklyn.....Be good yourself!

BROOKLYN DRAWS COMPANY
XXX MARCH XIX DRAWS COMPANY
BROOKLYN XXX

Felicity K.
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