

July, 14th, 1953.

9.30 p.m.

Dear Fan:

So your finally ~~xxxx~~ settled in school, for the duration? I hope. No Fan I won't be that mean and wish that on you, but I really am glad to know that you are going to have a chance to get in some more of your engineering studies as it will be that much less you will have to take when you get back. And if prayers will help any you can count on me. Whatever you do don't start to worry about studies, or you will break your health down and get nowhere. Called Peggy tonight and gave her your address, she said she had received a card from you with the address on it. Like me she thought Gene looked very thin. Says she will try to write you but I think they are going on vacation she said, anyway they are going to try to come out next month, I ~~ask~~ asked her to try to make it when Dot is here. Dot seems to think that possibly you might manage to get home the same time as she. You better set the lady straight on that matter. Aren't I right when I figure you can't make it till after the first 3 months of school?

Your record arrived today and while we could understand it, just as you say it didn't sound like your voice. The victrola isn't too good anyway, there was a lot of static on it. I read Peggy parts of your letter where you describe the College, rooms and surroundings, as she said it sure must be a beautiful spot. You'll need something like that anyway if your going ~~in~~ to have to study so hard. While were on the subject Fan, we don't expect you to write only whenever you find you have the leisure to do so, in the meantime I'll try to keep you informed of anything of importance as concerns Dot or Joe. Do though try to drop Joe a line once in a while.

If he's on the move in this invasion I can't see how the mail will ever catch up with him, but that's Uncle Sam's headache. Dot sent home that enlarged pic of you and her, and it sure is a honey. You look swell, or does the picture flatter you. You look as though you had put some weight on.

Oh/Fan. Re. our chickens. The other one started to crow this morning, sooooo no fresh egg when you get your furlough, and the radio announced this a.m. that there was going to be a butter and egg shortage. If the neighbors don't complain in the meantime why we'll maybe give you fresh killed chicken when you do get home. Chief got a kick out of you enjoying a good beer after five months.

Nothing new around here of late.

Your record asked if there was anything could be done for Gene. No, because the cancer is in his chest and throat. He doesn't know what he has, and they keep him doped up so he is not in pain.

~~xWll xWll xFann~~

Well Fan, I still want to write Dot, so ~~I'll~~ I'll have to sign off.

Love and prayers from
Mother.

244-87th st.,
Bklyn, N.Y.



FORT HAN



Pfc. Francis J. Shields, 12110488
S.U.1545, Btry.C.
406 Ellsworth Ave,
Perdue College,
West Lafayette, Ind.