

September 8, 1943

Dear Frank:

Well, fella, I've just decided I've been acting like a G-- D--- Fool. I don't know whether or not you know it, but that letter you wrote some time ago in answer to that short but sincerely meant one of mine which you called a poor excuse for a letter just hit me in the wrong spot - and you know the Irish when you hurt their dignity - are they thick! But right now I'm down on the Irish in general - for no good reason - so I'll act like a human being and forget the whole thing! O.K??

Gee, Frank, I don't know what to tell you and what not to. That last letter of yours indicated that you've already heard about our vacation, our cutups at Dot's shindig (how's the spelling?) and about all of our activities up to date.

By the way, that last letter from you was swell. I think it is one of the nicest we have had from any body since the war, no kiddin'. In fact, that is the main reason for me writing this - I just couldn't convince my conscience that I was angry at the author of such a nice, friendly, sincerely written epistle.

- And thanks a lot for that photo. Gee, we can't wait to see you in person. From that picture you sure make a pretty swell soldier.

I wonder if you have changed as much as we have in the last six months. - You are away six months, aren't you? - Or does it just seem that long? You know, I feel as if I have aged about 10 years in the last year. To think it was only a year ago I was going with Gene G, Joe was home here, just an office boy - or whatever he was, you were jumping between school and a job, Fel was a page in B.T., I was getting ready to go back to school, and Peg was an underpaid clerk in F & C.

Remember the day you were supposed to meet me for lunch with Peg by the Federal Reserve and you almost forgot. I'll never forget you running down Maiden Lane (I think that was the street) and saying that you were scared to stand me up cause you knew you would never live it down. And of course you remember that day at Lydenhurst. We were just laughing about you rowing that boat while out on our fishing excursion at Rye. Believe me our sympathies rose as we pulled those oars. And that big day at the beach before Joe went away - how many times did we really kiss Joe goodbye?? And what about the two New Years Eves we sat up all night, and went to Mass. - Of course you went to sleep on the floor, but we won't count that.

Listen here, I've got to stop this. I'm sitting at this typewriter at work, with the tears practically running down my cheeks. - Gee, I never thought I'd get sentimental! Maybe this will get you down, too, I really oughten to send this, should I?? Morale and stuff, you know.

At this point in the letter I was interrupted by the announcement that Italy had surrendered. There was so much excitement in the office that I didn't have time to finish, so here it is Sept. 9 - and the prospects of having you guys home very soon has cheered up everybody. Maybe it won't be long before we are again discussing "a woman's place" and "helpin' with the dishes".

Well, Frank, guess I'll sign off. Thanks again for the picture, and you can be expecting some from us real soon as Fel and Peg and I have decided to get together and pick out the best of the pictures we had taken this summer and send a copy to you, Gene, and of course Joe.

Love & Kisses

Eileen

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