

Written *Sept 12 '43*
Sunday
on "C.Q."

Dear Frank:

Nothing really much to say today. Probably won't have until I hear further from you. But I just got this note from Mother and she asked that I send it on to you. Evidently she has sent you the clipping, but just in case I'm wrong, here ti is. We all expected that Gene couldn't hold out very long but it seems hard to believe that he just won't be around any more. Have been praying for some time that he would have the grace of a happy death. I hope those prayers were not in vain.

Today is just beautiful. It's one of those quiet sunny Sundays that mean fall is on its way. The sun is still pretty warm but there's a cool breeze that is SO refreshing. In another month or so this place is going to look just like New England with all the trees and greens turned all those beautiful fall shades. I love it, but doesn't it give you a rather mournful feeling? It does me. Somehow it seems to spell death in spite of its beauty. Yet it gives me such a mellow feeling ... a nostalgia, I guess, for things that just can't be again for a long time.

Am sitting here in our great big orderly room (we've consolidated companies again and are using a supply room for an orderly room, so you know what it looks like) diagonally across from the long sliding door which is open just about four feet giving a view of our beautiful sunshiny day, the tall maples, oaks, and ever * greens that line the parking area, and WACs passing by on their way to town. There isn't much activity in here ;; just the tick of the typewriter, the sound of the electric clock. Next store in the M.T. barracks someone is playing soft, sweet music on the accordin. I feel so cozy and at peace with the world. We can be so snug here on this side while our friends and relations are suffering extremes of cold and heat, homesickness, a million inconveniences, and the dangers of battle/ It doesn't make sense and I sure wish it were "all wrapped up" and everyone were back at home where he belongs.

Oh, the trials and tribulations of a T/5. No latrine duty and sech but they make up for it with BP and CQ. My turn at this wouldn't come up for some time but Elva had a weekend pass and I just couldn't see it go to waste so said I'd do her little stint for her today. Forgot that would mean duty from noon today until 7 AM tomorrow. So I'm stuck for the day. But when my turn comes up i won't have to take it. Perhaps I'll be rewarded by having something interesting to do that day.

Am also enclosing this letter from Joe to Mother as she asked me to do. Don't know what your reaction will be to his little self-analysis but in my eyes he's just THAT much more of a man for it. If only we could get him to accept the fact that that is Joe, now that he has gotten around to seeing himself, instead of going on wishing that he had what he thinks we have. I daresay all of us wish we had what apparently is responsible for the other guy's success, or what we admire in him. But there would be little percent in all of us being alike, and certainly there would be no incentive for improvement. Am praying for the words which will help me explain that to Joe in a simple, forceful, convincing manner. Am sure you could really do the subject up brown, and should you tackle it, would like a copy of it. Shouldn't say so, but have gotten Mother to send me your letter to Ron so that I could copy that part of it in which you compared us to Joe. It was really a beautiful tribute and I know he treasures it in spite of his reaction.

Well, cherub, today, like many another day finds me a poor correspondent so I'll be honest and quit. Am still hoping to spend a lot of words and letters battling our furloughs out. Don't let me down.

You are always in my prayers, seldom out of my thoughts.

Love,

Doc.

1st Lt. Shields A703711
H.Q. Det - HAC
Section A-6 - 3d Wac T.P.
At. Dyer, Ga.



Free

Francis J. Shields
Sec 7 - Btr Co - 1545 St.
150 Littleton St.
To Gary Hall P.O. - T
Lafayette, Indiana