

Friday, Mar. 12.
Camp Upton, N. Y.

Dear Joe,

Murder!! Yes, I said "murder."
Because that's all it is!! I am referring,
for your information, to the stint I
just finished on K.P. here at Upton.
I know that you left here 3 days after
you arrived, and in all probability, did
not have to work the K.P. detail while
you were here. But this is the end
of my 4th day here, and I just
finished 16½ solid hours of the damned
detail: from 4:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.

Imagine! Standing on your feet for
16½ hours steadily, because we were
not allowed to sit down. I am
lying on my tent bunk, writing
this letter and soothing my tired
tootsies. Oi, oi!!

Well, soldier, so far (except for the K.P.)
Army life is O.K. But damned if I can
see the point in taking so damned

much shit from shit-heeling, "7-day-general
privates! In a good colloquial word,
they're plain bastards. But don't
mind me. I'm just grouching, in the good old
Army style.

Well, yesterday I finished my processing:
medical, blood test records, insurance, G.I.
issue, Classification, and shots. These
jobs did not bother me for about 3 hrs.
Then I got a slight headache, and had
the "chills" for about an hour. Now the soreness
has just about left my arms.

While the Drafties are shipped out
of here quickly, we E. R. C.'s have to wait.
Some of the boys have been here 20 to 25
days. But most leave in about 6 days.
So I'm waiting for my shipping orders.

I don't know where I'm going, but
have an idea it may be to a Signal Corps
school for photography or electricity.
While I was here, I met Mike Burns &
Harry Staley. But they were shipped out
2 days ago. I haven't had much chance
to write, but did manage to get off
a card & 3 letters to the folks. Well, I've
got a lot to do, so I'll take off now. I'll
write again when I get to a permanent camp
Love, so ever. Frank.