



CAMP CROFT
SOUTH CAROLINA

Thurs, 3/18/43. 12:10 P.M.

Camp Croft.

Dear Mom,

I'm getting this letter off just before noon chow call. So before I forget, I want to tell you of some more things I can use. In addition to those mentioned in the letter I wrote yesterday, I can use that Apron kit that Collon gave me, some wood-soled sandals (I think I mentioned them in yesterday's letter), a celluloid container for soap, some gray or white socks to wear with my long Johns (long underwear), some moleskin for the tender spots on my feet, and 2 white cotton towels. I guess you could throw in some ^{long} brown shoelaces too, and in the top right hand drawer of my dresser you'll find 2 containers for pencil leads. One is empty, the other isn't. So send the leads along too.

And see if you can send that O. D. shirt along, too. ^(size 14 1/2) I suppose it wouldn't hurt either, if you included

"The 40 Days to Musi. Dagh," which Joe Pussanin gave me. I might have a little time to do some reading. I guess that's all I'll need for the present. So take the cost out of my \$20.

This morning we rolled out at 6:15 for chow at ~~6:45~~ 6:45.
Bacon & Eggs, German fried pot., bread, cereal, milk, coffee,
and peanut butter.

Just got back from noon chow & some drill & then a
lectures on orientation & venereal diseases. I'm now 2:40 P.M.
God, but the chow here is good! For dinner we had lamb
chops, pork chops, ^{mashed} white potatoes & ^{sweet} ~~mashed~~ potatoes, creamed
carrots, fried onions, soup, bread, butter & jam, and
damn good coffee. Compared to Upton, the chow here
is heavenly.

This morning we had close order drill & then about
an hour of gas mask drill in the barracks. The gas
masks are issued to us, and you should see how
we look in them. You can't even recognize your best
friend. Next week we get a tryout on real gas.
We haven't been reclassified yet, and probably won't for
a while. There is a possibility that I may be assigned to
infantry after all. But, even so, it will probably be good
news to me. For I'm beginning to like it fine here.
Now I can understand why Joe was so anxious to get
back ^{to camp} when he was home on a furlough. No foolin', we're
assigned to the best Company in the best or at least
one of the best battalions down here. We have a
damn fine reputation to uphold, and after
only a half-day of close order drill our non-
coms are strutting around like roosters, they're
so damn proud of our marching ability. I hope
we can do as well in the future as we are doing now.
[Right now I'm in barracks on a short break, or
period of free time, as they call it. But since we may
be called out at any time, I'll sign off now in
preparation. I'll write soon again, whenever I get
a chance. I long for a while, and chin up!
Love, as ever, Frank.

Post. F. J. Shields, U. S. Army
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VIA AIR MAIL



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