



CAMP CROFT  
SOUTH CAROLINA

Thurs. 5/13/43  
6:30 A.M.

Dear Mom,

Rec'd the letter you wrote Mon. nite. And I also rec'd a nice, chummy letter from Dot. She enclosed two pictures of herself taken at Mt. Lookout Park in Tennessee. From the tone of your letter I gather that all of Brooklyn is a bee-hive of Victory Garden activity. I'm wondering whether the Dodgers are still playing in Ebbets Field, at that rate. I can just see the outfielders running thru rows of tall corn to snag a fly ball! Must be quite interesting to see. So it looks like Richie is on the move, too, eh? Well, that leaves only Dot, Jimmie & I on this side of the Atlantic. But I still can't see what kind of work Richie is doing. I know he's in the M. P.'s, but you have to be a tough bastard to get into that outfit and do the work that they do. We're told here that you have to be exceptional, physically, to be accepted for that outfit. Ah well, miracles do happen.

No, mom, I haven't heard from Eugene for

over a month. And the 3 sisters haven't written in over 3 weeks. I don't know what the trouble is. The weather is still warm here; rather, I should say hot. During one of our classes today we were just sitting out in the sun, and the sweat rolled off me like water. I hear that it gets 122° in the shade here. Tomorrow night the Company is going to have a beer party in the Rec. Hall. If we have to get up early in the morning (Sat.) it'll be murder.

What in hell happened to Jackie Meyers. A classification?

Well, we have only 5 more weeks <sup>to go</sup> here. And they sure will fly by. We signed the payroll last night, but that's for next payday. Right now, the 13<sup>th</sup> of the mo., I have only \$3.50 left. I figure I still have about \$5 left from what I had when I joined the Army, so if you could do it, I'd appreciate your sending me 300 \$ dollars to tide me over 'til payday.

For some reason, there just doesn't seem to be any news around here any more. I think I'd find it a lot easier <sup>to write letters</sup> if you asked questions in your letters or wrote on topics or news that I could easily add some comment to.

Well, mom, I have to write Dot yet, & it's now 8 P.M. So I'll close for a while. Keep your chin up!

Love, as ever,  
Frank.

Pvt. F. J. Shields, U. S. A.  
Co A, 37<sup>th</sup> B'n, Bldg 218  
Camp Croft, S. C.



Free



Mrs. F. J. Shields  
244-87<sup>th</sup> Street  
Brooklyn,  
New York