



CAMP CROFT
SOUTH CAROLINA

Fri., March 19, '43.

Dear mom,

There's nothing new here, but just the same I'm getting this letter off before noon chow. I probably won't be able to finish e-mail it before tonight, however.

After some close order drill this morning, we were all taken over to the recreation hall and had our classification cards rechecked. It appears that if I'm not assigned to the infantry permanently, I may go into the Photographic section of the Signal Corps, or perhaps, though chances are small, into the ski troops. So that's the way things stand.

When you get Dot's address, send it to me. I still have to write to Joe from Camp Croft. I sent him one letter while I was at Upton. Say, mom, I don't know if you'll have already sent that package by the time this letter arrives, but if you haven't please include one of those small pencil-type flashlights. They come in handy at night in the barracks after the lights go out.

Last night I had my hair cut down to a quarter inch on top. You wouldn't recognize me; I look

like a fuzzy bear, or a mohair sofa. But I like it. After I came back from the barber's, I wrote a letter to Auntie & Ma, the first I've gotten off to them since I've been in the Army. I still have a helluva lot of letters to write to people, though. I'll try to get some finished on whatever free time I have.

Well, mom, I've got to wash before lunch, and get this letter in the mail box. I'll write soon again and let you know how things are going.

Love, as ever,
Frank.

P.S. Finished letter before chaw,

Pvt. F. J. Shields, U. S. Army
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Camp Croft,
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Air Mail

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Brooklyn,
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VIA AIR MAIL

Air Mail

Friday