



CAMP CROFT  
SOUTH CAROLINA

Sun. nite, 8:10 P. M.

Dear Mom,

I guess I'd do best by telling you just what I did today. This morning I went to 9 o'clock mass. Gosh, but they have beautiful services in these small Army Chapels. They're about the size of the Visitation Church, and they always remind me of home. Mass is one of the few things we have in the Army that we had in civilian life. After mass I spent an hour reading the paper, and then started a letter to the Kamps. Enclosed is the very nice letter I rec'd from them yesterday. Just as I had the letter half-finished, the noon chow call came at 11:45. Right after chow I was hustled about a mile to another battalion to take that 3 hour exam I mentioned in yesterday's letter. I didn't go up to the M. S. O. library to brush up on my physics last night. I didn't feel so good after my shots. But some other boys went up, and found that all the sought-for books were in use. So it would have been a waste of time for me to go. Sooo, I offered my mass & prayers this morning for the souls in purgatory for assistance on the exams. And if you want a concrete example of spiritual assistance, listen to this. I found the exam no cinch, but it was far from being the difficult thing



I expected it to be. There were 150 questions and we had 3 hours. I answered every question, devoting all my energies to each. I think there were only two questions that I later felt I hadn't done whole-heartedly. So mom, although it may be a case of counting chickens before they're hatched, I think that I made a passing grade on the exam, thanks to the Holy Ghost and the souls in Purgatory. I'll let you know the results as soon as I find out what they are. Meantime, please offer one of your morning masses and all its prayers up for the Poor Souls, in thankfulness for their assistance to me on the exam.

When I got back from the exam, I was just in time for chow. After chow I went down to the P. X. and had a beer and some potato chips. Then I came back to the barracks and finished my letter to the Kampp. After that I took an aspirin to relieve the upset caused by the exam, and then a dose of cheracol (4oz for 75¢) and had an hour's nap. I woke up at 8 & then started this letter.

My cough is still with me, but I hope that the cheracol clears it up. I don't go on sick call because the medicine they give you is no good, and to get into the hospital you have to have a fever, and it's not usual for a person to have a fever in the morning. So that's that!!

And that's my day!

The enclosed postcard will give you an idea of what it's like here. It shows the 36<sup>th</sup>. I'm in the 37<sup>th</sup>, just down the street to the right. Too bad the beautiful cloud formations don't show, too. We have nothing like them up north.

Well, I'm scheduled for a part-time job as table waiter tomorrow, so I guess I'll turn in early & sign off now.

Love and prayers, as ever,

P.S. I have 14 letters to write to people!! Oi! Oi!!  
Frank.



P.S. Although you may, and I want you to call me "Frank" in the body of the letter, please address the envelope "Francis" cause otherwise it screws up the mail down here. Frank

Camp Croft,

Tues, Mar. 23, 8 P.M.

Dear Tom,

Just a short note to let you know that I just got the Air Mail letter you wrote last Sat. And along with your letter I got one from Joe that he wrote on the 15<sup>th</sup> and addressed to Upton, and one from Oussani.

And I was damn glad to get the mail. It sort of polishes off the day's work. By the way, I was thinking that maybe some weekend Joe would get a chance to come up & see me.

By, you mention meat rationing. There's no such thing in the Army.

We have meat 3 times a day and sometimes more. The ~~whole~~ civilian population may starve before the war is over, but your boys won't

if Uncle Sam has anything to say.

Today we took in two service films, one on army organization, and the other on personal hygiene.

We also were instructed in interior guard duty, had bayonet practice, and lessons in hand-to-hand unarmed combat, and did some extended (battle) drill.

In tonight's mail one of the fellows got a small basket of tangerines (tree-ripened). So the whole barracks had a feast. Lord, but those tangerines were good!! Some of the <sup>other</sup> fellows got food boxes from home. So they were passed around too. All in all we didn't do so bad.

Say mom, until I get my first pay, could you, <sup>please</sup> include 1 or 2 3¢ stamps in each letter you mail me? then I could send the return letter air mail. It's not that we can't get stamps here, but that ~~so~~ a lot of my money goes for them and even then I find myself without them occasionally. I write soon Love, Frank



Post. F. J. Shields, U. S. Army  
Co. A, 37<sup>th</sup> Bn, Bldg 218  
Camp Croft,  
South Carolina

Air Mail



Mrs. F. J. Shields  
244 787<sup>th</sup> Street

Brooklyn,  
New York

VIA AIR MAIL

Air Mail

Air Mail