



CAMP CROFT
SOUTH CAROLINA

Mon., March 22, 1943
-12:20 P.M.

Dear Mom,

Just waiting around for noon chow call, so I decided to write. Last night the 3 letters that you & Dot wrote last Mon. & Tues. arrived from Camp Upton at long last. The only other letter I rec'd since coming into the Army was one I rec'd at Upton. Gosh, but it was good to get those letters. All the fellows down here are bright & cheerful enough, but you should see their faces light up when mail call comes. And the folks back home should see their faces fall when all the mail has been given out, and their name wasn't called. But in that respect, I guess I'm rather fortunate with all the people there in Brooklyn getting around to sending off letters to Camp Croft.

Well, I imagine that by this time Dot is pretty well settled and initiated into the WAAC. If you recall, she said that she was writing her letter only for my benefit, because as soon as Unk Sam heard it was on its way to Camp Upton, he'd tell

me at 4:00 A.M. to get up & started for parts unknown.

And danged if that isn't just what happened! Dad wrote Mon. nite, and at 2 A.M. Tues. I was awakened and told that we were going to hit the road.

By the way, mom, as far as I can find out I'm only about 100 miles from Columbia Air Base (Theres' ^{Call 11} Chow). maybe Joe & I will get to see each other yet.

6:50 P.M. = Well, I finally get back to finishing off this letter. But some interesting things have happened meantime. I drew my rifle today, and we had a long session taking it apart and putting it back together again. Man o' man, but that sure is one swell hunk of gun. Pers soldiers can place a lot of confidence in their pieces when they go into battle because they know that they're armed with the best the very best rifle in the whole wide world. This afternoon we had bayonet practice with our rifles and bayonets. You'd be surprised at the confidence and spirit we built up in ourselves in that short time. The Army that will win this war is the one whose men look forward with eagerness to engaging the enemy in hand to hand combat with the bayonet. And the U.S. Army is certainly doing its best to make its men feel that way.

This morning I went down to the dispensary, had my throat swabbed, got some capsules, some cough medicine, and some cough drops to take. So here's hoping I lose this cough soon. It seems to be improving, thank God.



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Today, two fellows in the barracks came down with the measles, so it looks like we'll all be quarantined for two or three weeks. I'll let you know how things turn out.

Right after dinner chow I got the Air Mail letter you sent Sat. Thanks for sending along my \$5. But I was surprised to see that the letter wasn't registered. Did Betty forget to have it registered?

So far, I've written to quite a few people, including Gert & Charlie, Gladys & Bill, and Tommy & Kate. Yesterday I got a card from Margaret K. I'll answer it as soon as I get a chance.

Well, Mom, altho it's early, I want to take a shower, clean my rifle, and perhaps go down to the PX or write some letters. At any rate I've run out of news. But tomorrow will probably bring a host of new things to tell you. So, until then,
Love, as ever,
Frank. (over)

P.S. Give my regards to poor Stuyse.

Also, who in hell is this guy "Murphy and the other fellow" that you mention in one of the letters you sent to Upton?

Frank.

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