



CAMP CROFT  
SOUTH CAROLINA

Tuesday, 5/11/43  
6:45 A.M.

Dear Mom,

Yesterday rec'd the letter you wrote Friday night. And last nite I answered Etta Hill's letter. Spent a quiet weekend here & didn't go into town at all. Just took in a movie Sat. nite & Sunday, & lounged around all day Sun. "shooting the shit" with the fellows. The temp. here lately has been rather high, & we swelter from about 11 o'clock to 4 P.M. every day. This morning, however, the sky is clouded over, the air is cool, and there is every indication that we're going to be in for a rainy day. We're going up on the range to fire the B.A.R. again today. And it's practically a sure bet that we'll get caught in the rain. But any rate, we'll be plenty busy tonight cleaning these damn B.A.R.'s, and that sure is a pain-in-the-ass of a job. But it has to be done, and we make life pleasant by kidding around while we do it.

So Stelze is now 6 years old. Gosh, it seems like only yesterday that I went down to Charlotte McLain's to get him & Eddie Mullin's dog. I was just about 13 at the time. The years sure do fly by. Remember

How he used to slip on the Anoleum when we first got him?  
And how he used to climb over the chicken wire coops  
under the old kitchen range? And how the Chief started  
calling him "Stupe" after we had already named him  
"Fella"? Grandpap called him "Buddy" & Grandma  
called him "Blackie". The first summer that we had  
him he didn't recognize us when we returned from  
Niagara Falls - remember? Hardly seems like  
six years ago, does it? We've come a long way since  
then. And please God, we'll still go a longer way  
yet.

Well, we did get caught in that rain today up on  
the range. It rained so much that we came back  
early this afternoon and spent the remaining time  
in an introductory lesson in the .30 cal. light machine  
gun. We'll fire that weapon next week, and it  
should prove interesting.

I haven't yet written to Joe, Kate or Joe Sherman.  
Sent one of my pair of khaki trousers to the cleaners  
tonight for ~~the~~ alterations. Every damn pair of trousers  
that I own is too big for me, both in the waist &  
the legs. But that's the Army. Only one more month  
& one week to go here. No word about A.S.T. P. yet.  
And no new news here. 3 sisters haven't written in 3  
weeks. Keep forgetting to send Dot's picture home; have  
yours picture pasted on the underside of my foot-locker  
cover. That's all the news  
Love, & prayers, as ever  
Frank,  
And keep your chin up, Mom!!

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



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