

Sat. 7/17/43
1 P.M.

Dear Mom,

I hope you'll pardon the stationary, but we have to fall out for a review parade in 15 min., and the little stationary I have is tied in a box in my bureau. So to save time I'm using this loose-leaf paper.

Your letters - both the one you wrote July 10th and the one written on the 6th & addressed to N.C. State, - arrived Thurs. nite. V's letter, and one from Auntie, come in last night. And for one who hadn't gotten any mail in two weeks, it was a welcome sight. Joe's letter to Dad was particularly interesting in view of the operations in Sicily.

But why the type-written letters, mom? Are you brushing up on your technique with the click machine? If so, the second letter is a definite improvement over the first.

You mention ^{that} Joe says he hasn't been paid in 2½ months. Well, it will soon be 2 mos. of no pay for me, too. That \$25 you sent me is

down to its last \$1.50. But pay day,
we hope, will be next Sat., the 24th.
We sign the payroll Monday.

5 P.M. Well, that formation is over.
Just a welcome speech from the C.O.
When I got back at 3 P.M., your letter
of the 14th, Wed., was waiting
for me. But to continue where
I left off, a helluva lot of that \$25
went into cleaning & pressing bills
at D.C. State. Because we wore
Class A uniform all the time, I had
one set cleaned & pressed every other
day. Then I had to buy an
overseas Cap (khaki) while my other
one was being cleaned, since some
set of my Spentans hasn't come thru
from the Cleaners at D.C. yet, I had
only one pair of Spentans to wear
this week, the third pr. being
in the laundry here. So yesterday,
in order to keep up my appearances,
I had to dole out \$2.50 for a
pair of khaki trousers. But
it's money well spent, since I
need them badly. Then there was
60¢ for alterations. So you
can see, mom, just how fast
money goes, counting cigarettes,

a beer now & then toilet articles and
cokes to relieve the discomfort of
the weather here.

I guess I'll have to continue
this letter later, 'cause he's going
to a big carnival & dance here
on the campus tonight. (Ain't war
hell?!!)

Sun morning, 8 A.M.

Leaving for church in 15 min, but
might as well get a little more
writing in.

I am now down to 75¢. Just about
enough to keep me in cigarettes 'til pay
day. That carnival & dance last
night were pretty sharp stuff. But I
guess I must be too damn bashful,
since I didn't dance all night. But
you can bet your bottom dollar things
are going to be different next week!
So Jimmie's on the move, eh?

I would like to have seen him before
he left. Now if Richie's gone over too,
that leaves me the only fair haired
son on this side of the ocean. Ain't
I proud!!

You mention that Cordy had a
party one night a couple of weeks
ago - which brings up a question:

Did she marry again? If so, whom?

Last trip of the Chief & Charlie to the filter sure sounds like a wow! They must have been half stewed to start with, but I presume they were pretty sober on that $7\frac{1}{2}$ mile hike from the rubber mill to Auntie's.

5 P.M. The only time for chow. Slept since 2 P.M., got up about an hour ago. Nothing else to do all day long. Sure gets boring.

Am glad to hear that Paul Angiolillo called you up. I figured he would. He was a damn nice guy and a good worker. I'm glad he got sent to Fordham; he's near home.

Sure wish I could have seen Gene while he was home on furlough. But that's luck, I guess. Am rather surprised to hear that he lost weight. Must be working damn hard.

If DOT has chances for a furlough, she better snatch them up, because I won't get one for 3 mos. yet, if then.

And I don't think I'll be able to send home notes on important happenings. There just ain't no such animal - and if there were, I have no time in the present set-up.

My present plans don't call for worrying about this college life. If things don't turn out, they just don't turn out.

Just so you can see what the college is like, I'm sending a couple of pix of the place. I've got a set for pending to Dad, too. And speaking of pix, she never even sent me one print of the pictures we took at Spartanburg. So when you speak of our snapshot together being good, I don't know what you're talking about.

And hold on to that rooster! - hill taste good when I get home from this place. And say - you mention that the Chief got a kick out of my enjoying a good beer after five months. Well, tell him it won't last long. You have to show your identification card here & prove you're 21 before they'll serve you.

There's only a few places don't stick to the rule, but even they may tighten up.

Now, search around and dig up my gym sneakers & send them out. It will save me money. Also include that 25¢ slide rule in my book case. It will come in handy. Later I may even send home for books. When pay day comes I'll send home some dough & have you send me some white shorts & undershirts. But wait 'til I send the dough. Will guess that's all I have to pay at the present.

Chaw time so I'll sign off & try to write soon again. Love people about 10 letters.

Love,
Frank.

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