

Wed, 29 Sept '43
9 P.M.



Dear Mom,

I almost didn't receive your letter today. The regular mail man didn't have it when he brought the mail to the house tonight, and I'd been expecting it for the past 3 days. But one of the other fellows was down the orderly room in the Beta House and saw it there. It must have come in late. The enclosed \$2 is already earmarked. Both Ed Conley and I are in sad need of a haircut. Were both walking around with sideburns down to our chins, and with hair over the back of the collar. Ed has no dough, so at 60¢ a clipping out here, that's \$1.20. And I owe a \$1 to Jim. Then we've gotta have a coke & shoot a game of pool during our 3 free hours tomorrow. But tomorrow night's payday, so I can easily make up the deficit then. Thanks to both you and the Cliff for the money, Mom. I sure hope it didn't get either of you back any.

I guess I won't be sending any money home this month. It'll cost me \$20 for a ticket, and then I have to live till furlough time. We haven't got reservations yet. Penn R.R. doesn't give 'em til 15 days before the train leaves, so we have to wait awhile.

I won't say when I'll arrive, since train schedules aren't so hot these days, and besides I don't want anybody to meet me at the train.

As regards the menu — lemon pie, & some good coffee. And for a snack with the beer (I expect you to have half a dozen cold bottles) I'd like to have some ham & cheese ^(cheddar) sandwiches on ~~some~~ Vienna bread. How's that? Also, get me a supply of eggs. I've seen fried eggs only 3 times since I've been in the Army.

I was certainly glad to hear that Joe had made Staff Sgt. That is good news. He has 28 flights in, eh? I've been reading in the Chicago papers of fellows home on furlough after having completed 45 to 50 missions. Gee, maybe he'd be home for Christmas! Wouldn't that be something!

About the shoes. They would seem more like a Christmas present if I got them during the holidays. The price is staggering — \$8 to \$10. But if they're cheaper in New York, I'll get a coupon before I come home & buy 'em there. Let me know.

Don't go thinking about a dress cap. They're too damn expensive, and I believe I'd rather wear my forest-green overseas cap. Wait 'til you see how I look in it, and I think you'll agree it looks better.

Mom, I didn't forget about your anniversary. I had it in mind the first of the month. But I didn't know the date, and for fear of ϕ being too early, kept putting it off 'til at last I began to believe it was already past. And that's how things went.

That naval trainee whose obituary you enclosed was unknown to any of us here in the room. But one of the boys says he was playing football in the stadium and ran into a stanchion and broke his neck. That's how it all happened. It was certainly a shame. May God rest His soul.

Well, mom, put in a tough physical day here, in P. T. and in touch football on the golf course (no stanchions). So I guess I'll get to bed early tonight. Love, since I have nothing else to say, I'll sign off for a while.

Love and prayers, as ever,

Frank.

Pfc. F. J. Shields
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Mrs. F. J. Shields
244 - 87th St.
Brooklyn, (9)
New York

150.25-
33.61
116.64

25 3
175

Shedden Cheese
Hamper and milk
Lemon Pie
Beer
88