

452 - 50 Street

Billyon, N.Y.

March 17, 1943

Dear Frank,

It is not necessary for me to tell you how glad I was to get your letter since you know from your own experiences how we at home look forward to getting news from those in the service — especially that first letter.

First, a little preface to prepare you for what you are not going to find in this letter, or any subsequent ones. You won't find this letter to be as neat and sparkling and entertaining as those which you are accustomed to receiving from Camp Davis. Nor will you find it to be full of polysyllabic words and erudite and scholarly as

our cousin-hating friend might read.

As well as telling you, Frank, how  
much, Frank, I love my mother,  
Frank, even though I do love her  
above any one else in the world, Frank.  
A.H.

I see from your letter that you  
are getting quite a workout with K.P. and  
special detail and whatnot. No doubt  
you are learning a few things which  
will come in mighty handy to your mother  
when you get home. Say, I'll bet the  
3 sisters were jumping up and down  
with glee when they heard that you  
were doing some work in the kitchen!  
However, just in case that sort of  
work is more than you can stand,  
I have wired some instructions  
to your commanding officer to instruct

him what to do should you pass out.  
I told him that to revive you all he  
has to do is to wave a bar-rag between  
you and an electric fan.

And don't worry, Frank, I haven't  
forgotten about taking Colton to Flatbush  
to see the girls. I will fulfill that  
promise as soon as I get ~~a~~ a little  
breathing spell. The pressure is on me  
now. With <sup>move</sup> exams coming up in 10 days  
and the first-aid classes after school  
I don't have much time and as that  
new song hit says: "Don't Get Around Much  
Any More."

You missed a beautiful St. Patrick's  
Day Parade this year, Frank. I was thrilled  
by the spectacle, watching for two hours  
from a choice spot on the steps of  
the Cathedral, next to the Church

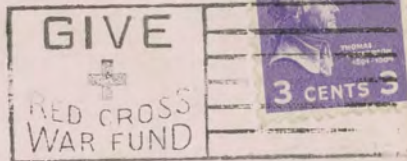
dignitaries, and best of all, shielded  
from the customary March 17<sup>th</sup> rain.

I recently received a letter from Colton,  
and you might be interested in what he  
said concerning his visit to you on your  
day of departure. He wrote: "Sed quidem sic,  
Francisco dicente, expectandum erat. Tam  
compositus est, tam immobilis, tam constantis  
frigidusque quam scapulus Gulielmi Shakespearei  
'ab aequore saevo atque profuso ingurgitatus'."

I guess I've hurled enough  
nonsense at you for the first  
installment. There remains  
for me say only one thing  
more; I certainly will  
remember you in my  
prayers.

Hasta la vista,  
Joe

J. OUSSANI  
452-50 ST.  
BKLYN, N.Y.



FRANCIS  
Pvt. Franks J. Shields, 12110488  
~~5th Rec. Co.~~  
~~Camp Upton,~~  
~~New York~~

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Inf RTC  
Camp ~~Upton~~  
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