

Friday, Mar. 12.  
Camp Upton, N. Y.

Dear Joe,

Murder!! Yes, I said "murder."  
Because that's all it is!! I am referring,  
for your information, to the stint I  
just finished on K.P. here at Upton.  
I know that you left here 3 days after  
you arrived, and in all probability, did  
not have to work the K.P. detail while  
you were here. But this is the end  
of my 4<sup>th</sup> day here, and I just  
finished 16½ solid hours of the damned  
detail: from 4:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.

Imagine! Standing on your feet for  
16½ hours steadily, because we were  
not allowed to sit down. I am  
lying on my tent bunk, writing  
this letter and soothing my tired  
tootsies. Oi, oi!!

Well, soldier, so far (except for the K.P.)  
Army life is O.K. But damned if I can  
see the point in taking so damned

much shit from shit-heeling, "7-day-general  
privates! In a good colloquial word,  
they're plain bastards. But don't  
mind me. I'm just grouching, in the good old  
Army style.

Well, yesterday I finished my processing:  
medical, blood test, records, insurance & G.I.  
issue, Classification, and shots. These  
jobs did not bother me for about 3 hrs.  
Then I got a slight headache, and had  
the "chills" for about an hour. Now the soreness  
has just about left my arms.

While the Drafties are shipped out  
of here quickly, we E. R. C.'s have to wait.  
Some of the boys have been here 20 to 30  
days. But most leave in about 6 days.  
So I'm waiting for my shipping orders.

I don't know where I'm going, but  
have an idea it may be to a Signal Corps  
school for photography or electricity.  
While I was here, I met Mike Burns &  
Harry Staley. But they were shipped out  
2 days ago. I haven't had much chance  
to write, but did manage to get off  
a card & 3 letters to the folks. Well, I've  
got a lot to do, so I'll take off now. I'll  
write again when I get to a permanent camp  
Love, no ever. Frank.