



Mam



CAMP CROFT  
SOUTH CAROLINA

Sat, 3/27/43  
5:15 P. M.

Dear Mom,

Well, I finally managed to squeeze out some time for writing the letter I've been anxious to get off <sup>pinch</sup> yesterday noon. Because yesterday (Fri.) after noon chow, your package arrived. Gosh but you sent a wealth of stuff!! And the postage! \$1.22!! Jay, mom, you'd better subtract that from my bank account. I guess that'd leave me about 7 or 8 dollars, which if I'm careful, will go until I get my first ~~check~~ <sup>pay</sup>. But to hell with worrying about that!!

About the package: you hid the nail on the head with those sandals, the flashlight, the soap container, the bath towels and the handkerchiefs. But I never expected all the rest that you sent - the candy (licorice, ah!), the peanuts & taffee & cookies, the cheese & crackers and pickles & olives and dates and potato chips, the foot stuff & whatever else I forgot to mention!! Gosh mom, thanks a lot for all that stuff. I opened the box of cookies today right after our first formal inspection. By that time I'd passed it around the barracks, half of it



was gone. You can imagine what will happen to the rest of it!!

Bay, yesterday and today have been busy days! Yesterday we went on a 2½ mile (1 hour) hike with full field equipment and rifle, both of which together weigh approx 60 lbs. It was beautiful weather, but we sweat like dogs. Today, it was 5 miles (2 hours). Mon., it will probably be 7 or 10 mi.

They call them 5 or 7 or 10 mile hikes, but in reality they're 7, 10 and 13 mile hikes by the time we're finished. My only trouble so far has been ~~on~~ a muscular ache right across the ball of the ~~to~~ feet. Perhaps moleskin will relieve this distress. Last night we spent an hour and a half cleaning up the barracks (the wood floors were hand-scrubbed) and another hour fixing up our foot lockers for weekly inspection this afternoon. The space allotted to "miscellaneous items" in the foot lockers is rather small, so I had to put some of the things you sent into the barracks bag.

Just before inspectors today I had 2 more shots, one in each arm. I probably won't be able to sleep on either arm tonight they'll be so sore. Tomorrow (Sun.) I have to take a test for the Army Specialized Training Program (the same test Gene D. took). In order to be sent to college under the program, you have to make a mark of 115, and the test is supposed to be a stickler. So I guess I'll go





CAMP CROFT  
SOUTH CAROLINA

up to the U.S.O. library tonite & brush up on my physics.  
And tomorrow morning I'll offer my mass & prayers  
for assistance on the exams. The reason I'm going  
to try so hard is that today the general announced  
that the O.C.S. quota from this post of 80,000  
men for May is only 36 men. In each succeeding  
month it will get smaller. The regular quota used  
to be about 500 per mo. So you can see that the  
chances of becoming an officer thru O.C.S. are rather  
small.

The photo I had today have given me a slight fever (a  
normal thing) but with the cough & head cold I have,  
I don't feel so hot. By the grace of God I shall  
feel better next week. Monday I'm scheduled for  
table-waiter in the Mess Hall. It's the first K.P.  
I'll have since I've been here.

Today I got a swell letter from Mrs. Kumpf. If  
it's not enclosed in this letter (I have to answer it)  
I'll send it in my next. I also got a letter from Gene 'D'  
and Johnny Acer. Both were very good. Yesterday Joe  
wrote me, and, among other things, said he'd try to  
get up and see me sometime soon.



No word from Dot yet. But I guess she'll write as soon as she gets my address.

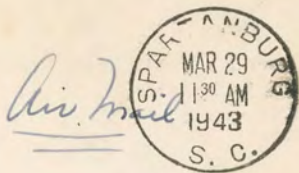
One of the fellows (a patent medicine minister) is going into Spartanburg<sup>now</sup>, so I gave him \$2 of my \$3.50 to get me a small bottle of "Cheracol."

I'm pretty sure that's the awful-tasting stuff you always had us take when we had bad coughs. God grant that it cures up this cough. Well, mom, it's now 7:15 and I can't think of anything further to say, so I close by saying "Keep up the prayers," and

Love, as ever, to all,  
Frank.

P. S. Maybe I won't break up on my physics, I don't feel so hot. Perhaps a good sleep would do me a lot of good.  
Frank.

Pvt. Francis J. Shields, U. S. Army  
 Co. A, 37<sup>th</sup> B'n, Bldg 218  
 Camp Croft  
 South Carolina



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

VIA AIR MAIL

Air Mail

Air Mail