

Friday 26, 1:45 P.M.



COLUMBIA ARMY AIR BASE

Dear Frank:

At long last you got around to writing me. Boy its about time. Now don't go giving me any excuses. You haven't been going to school, so you have no excuse. You better get into the habit of ~~an~~ answering soon Frank. I'm not fooling. Its a sure way of keeping friends. It makes no difference if you have nothing to say. Just shoot a line of shit. People don't care what you say. Its just hearing from you that they want. This is just a little advice from my book: "How to write letters + loose friends."

As your coming in! Well its sort of a shock + a pleasant surprise all at once. I was sorta hoping you would stay home. Your going to break Mom's heart you know that don't you. But you "doodled it" so there is no sense in crying now. All I can say is: the best of luck to you Frank. You know I've always look at you as my bid brother, not looking down on you, mind you. Looking up to you would be more like it. You always had such poise + finesse, (slipping on the cue). I guess it was your brains + will power that I envied most. Gee I wish I had gotten a decent education. But now that you are becoming one of us, well at last we are on the same level.

For a short while anyhow. I guess it won't be long till your above me though. By God, if you don't get to the top, + fast, I'll come home & punch you silly.

So Jay Olive is going in the Ensigns. Good for him. Sure I know the "dick" Franks. That's a little "Filly" that lives on Marrows Ave. Same "dick" huh!

I'm not sure who wrote last. Gene or I. But if I'm not too tired when I finish, I'll drop him a line. I've been on Guard all this week. Grove yard shift, 12:30 till 6:30. We have 18 hours off after each shift. But you can't get much sleep in a barracks like this.

You did some nice work on those pictures Frank, but is it possible that there is dust on the lens. It looks a little cloudy.

Tell Snow that Auntie wrote & sent me a dollar. I also got her letter the other day, but I guess she has ~~the answer~~ my last letter by now. Frank tell Snow I got a cartoon of "butts" from: Julius Aderer, Inc. 115 W. 45th St. N. Y.

Who the hell he is I don't know. I guess some one gave him my name. I'll have to write him ~~he~~ & find out how come he knows me.

Frank is not sick or dead. I have written her 3 letters & have not heard from her once.

Tell Snow that I haven't written Mr. South either, because of Guard. But I'll get around to it ~~at~~ as soon as possible.

Well Frank, by the time you get set in this army, I'll be in combat. We'll be leaving



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Here some time in March, I've made out
all my papers & I expect to get my
overseas clothes some time next week.
I'm to get Staff Sgt. or soon as I get to
my P.O.E. So tell Mom I'll be sending
home about 100 or 115 per month or soon as my
rating comes through. That won't be till some
time in May.

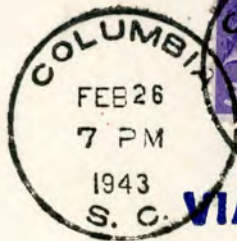
Well sojer, I'm tired, so I'll hit my "fart
sack" (bed) again. Bye now & all the luck in the
world to you Frank. Just keep your mouth shut,
your bowels open & don't volunteer for anything

Your Brother

Joe
HHT

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Sgt. Joseph C. Shields
377- Bomb Sq.
Columbia Air Base
Columbia S.C.



VIA AIR MAIL

Pvt. Frank J. Shields
244-87 Street
Brooklyn
New York.

12110488