

Monday, Oct 11, '43
12:15 P.M.



Dear Mom,

Just sitting in the lounge here, taking it easy. The radio is playing "When You're a Long, Long Way From Home."

I'm funny: when I bought that record 2 years ago, you told us all that it was your favorite song. I guess that's all the more true now.

I know nothing about ration stamps, now. There has been no announcement about them here, but I thought that we applied for them when we got home. Conley & I are going down to the orderly room sometime to ask about them. I'll let you know what they have to say.

Your word about Jimmy reminds me that I got a letter from Joe Sherman the other day. He's still on aviation beach crew duty somewhere in the Caribbean, but expects to get onto sea duty ^{soon}. He's been made seaman 1st class - equivalent to buck sergeant in the Army. And Collon tells me that Gene D's new address is c/o the Postmaster, in San Francisco. So I guess Gene's either way across the Pacific by now or damn near that. Every-body, it seems, is going to see some action

but ^{me} every time Jim & Pete & I go to the movies & see newsreels of the infantrymen in Sicily & Italy, we get the old longing for the old bunch & the active life we led back in the troops. There's a lot of "chicken-shit" going on here now, and next term promises to bring some more. Every once in a while one of the G.I.'s goes off & gets shipped out of here. We all get the biggest laugh, 'cause they send them to the infantry. They must think that's punishing a guy. What these officers don't know about spirit would fill a book. Typical chicken shit: when we first came here we used to get a little football or softball in our Phys. Ed. The fellows liked that. Then that was all cut out and an Army list of compulsive exercise was substituted. Seems too many fellows were getting beised. In addition, it had many G.I.'s asking why they couldn't play on the Varsity team; the Marines & Navy men here do. The War. Dept said we didn't have enough time for even an Army team. Our studies were too stiff. Then 2 weeks ago 200 G.I.'s from Ft. Bragg moved in here. They were advanced ROTC boys at Purdue here last summer, & were inducted and sent to Bragg for basic. Well, they were sent here, and being more Joe College boys than G.I.'s, their popularity rating with the reg-

-class soldiers here is practically nil. But
the Colonel here was head of the ROTC before
we moved in. So he favors his boys. Result:
55 of the b- - - - do turned out today
for football drill. They're going to form a
football team to represent the AST Unit
here. We've sweated out the whole term
for a chance, & now they're in ahead of
us. Damn!

Columbus Day - Good, mom, I just can't seem
to get any thing done these past few nites.
I just lie around on the floor, or read,
or do crossword puzzles. All we do is
talk about furloughs. I do my homework
in class, 'cause the instructor doesn't have
much to teach us. Most of the time I don't
even feel like writing letters. I owe some
to Joe, Gene D., Collon, J. Sherman, Fll,
Piggy, and Lord knows who else. I think
I'll put off those whom I'll see on furlough.
I had a helluva time getting myself to write
this, as is, it's taking me two days.

Rec'd the enclosed letter from Dot last
nite, don't know what to make of it. Had
already written her when the letter arrived.

What's the story?

A letter I got from Joe over a week
ago said that he had 31 missions in.
Sounds great, doesn't it?

Latest "Chicken-shit" Deal: We have to pack all our possessions in our haversack bags & store them in a room here when we go on furlough. Seems they're going to use our Co.'s flat houses for sleeping quarters for the new A. S. T's slated to arrive soon. Packing & unpacking haversack bags is hell.

mom, the enclosed pic. show what one of your soldier boys will look like when he comes home. Ed Conley took 'em one Sunday after Mass. Mass, by the way, is said in Fowler Hall, the bldg in the background. The pic. of me on the wall was taken on the bridge between Lafayette & W. Lafayette. The beautiful (it's dirty as hell!) Wabash is right below. In case you want to know what I'm looking for, I'm trying to spot some blonde in a new ~~car~~ car wholl give Ed & me a ride back to the ~~camp~~ campus in time for Chow. As you can see, the pickin's aren't very good.

Will sign off now, hoping to hear from you soon.

Love & prayers (despite the language) ^(-above)

Frank.



THIRD W. A. C. TRAINING CENTER
FORT OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA

Dot.

Oct 7

10 P M

Dear Frank:

Don't write me until you
get a new address. Would like
my news direct rather than
trailing me around weeks late.
Will write you late next week.

How's the furlough business?

Love

Dot.

Pfc F. J. Shields
Sec 7, Army C, 1545 A. U.
150 Littleton St
40 Cary Hall P.O. - T
W. Lafayette, Ind.



Mrs. F. J. Shields
244 - 87th Street
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2 framed
Onions,
please