

Hut SMS A203711
158 WAAC T.C. Co.
3d WAAC T.C.

Lt. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Easter
Monday 4/26/43

Dear Frank:

I know it's been a long time since I've written and Mother has even sent me one of your notes in which you mentioned not hearing from me. So here we go again!

Right now don't have your last letter with me but can't quite remember what was in it would get back to the barracks & get a look at it.

What really slapped me was the last week and a half of basic. We seemed to do a lot less school work but a helluva lot more drilling, general running around, drawing gear and PARADING. Besides I've been in just about a dozen retreat parades since I arrived and I really get a thrill out of them. Why a week ago Friday, we were reviewed by Col. Hobby herself. And the next day - our graduation day, self-styled, was a real treat. They called us out & got us to the parade ground about 8³⁰ A.M. About 9 they broke out the Garrison flag (have you seen one - they're absolutely beautiful!) and then gave us with a 21-gun salute. So we just stood there with chills running up and

down our species, realizing that the President would review us. We had no foreword file but thought something was afoot 'cause the MPs were just swarming all over the place. Waac spectators were prohibited from bringing cones to the field, and civilian directors were cut down to nil. It was the first time he ever ever visited WAAAC & we sure were thrilled.

Then in the afternoon I got my orders - assigned right here on the post to H.Q. Company & working in Classifications. You've been through there, huh, so you know I'll be interviewing new trainees & determine main & second best occupations so they can be assigned accordingly. I think I'll like it but if they keep me in that capacity it means ~~that~~ I'll never really get into the field - since Class is needed only in Training Centers - unless WAC eventually is used in Classifying in the regular Army. I wanted so much to go to Administration School with my buddies but when the Army decided you've got a skill they can use, they put you to work and no questions asked. It should be good training for me as far as returning to civilian life is concerned. It's a bit tough adjusting to new

people, new rules, and a new spirit in a working company when you're right out of babies. There's much less horse-play + general devilishness, and a more adult attitude and approach. Yes, I consider myself an adult, but I sure enjoyed the free camaraderie between Waacs and amongst Waacs + Officers in a training company. And he warned, if you're making any close friends - which seems to happen fast in this Army - it's heart-breaking when you get your assignment + have to leave them. I got Chummy with a gal from Batavia, N.Y., + like Loukey and me, we were inseparable. Then came the fateful Saturday when they upset all our pretty plans of going to Ad School for another 2 months' fun, by keeping me here + assigning "Whaw" to Ad School. The bunch of us made the most of our last few rides together lapping up 3.2 in the Px and I always crawled in just two minutes before bed-check. I saw it like you + me + Loukey so when the last ride came we just said good-bye + exchanged a few friendly insults. Next morning that all I could do to keep my chin up + my eyes dry every time

I thought of being practically alone in
Ga, & my whole Co. gone. Was called
down & the finger pointed and
discovered there had been a hitch in
plans & the gang was still here. And
they've been here all week. Mess in
H. & C. Co. is not compulsory so I took to
going back to '73 for lunch & dinner.
And it's been go-go-go all week
cause show & take out for every
last minute of beer, movies, or
town we can get. And make believe
it hasn't left me feeling all in the
now. Seven hrs. sleep per week
simply isn't enough in the Army.
Went to town Saturday & did nothing
but eat & drink. No matter how
much they give me, I never get
enough. So we had ourselves a big
steak dinner, 3.2, and then fight and
in search of more food. Up again
Sunday, at 10 o'clock mass & back
town again. This time took a bus
& Lookout Mt. in Tennessee,
went up the world's largest incline
and viewed the Tennessee Valley
for miles around. That incline ride
in a slanting hill trolley car is
absolutely like being in an aeroplane
as far as the valley below is
concerned. And the last 1/2 was ft
it must be at least on a 75° 80° &.
On top we went to the National Park
which has a lot of trails and

lookout points. I'm not given to description words of the site and the feeling & defenders. Roads were just ribbons, the ploughed fields were like a checkerboard, cars were just moving dots, and the houses just about the size of all the green hotels you & Tommy managed to acquire dishonestly in "Monopoly." And winding through it all, the muddy Tennessee River. They really have some beautiful country down here & I only wish Mother & Dad could share it with us.

I took several times Easter Sunday & phone home but gave up when it meant waiting 4-5 hours. So got out of the office early this morning & phoned about 10³⁰ AM. Mom was home but the Chief was at work. Rex was in school cause the P.S. are open Easter wk but O & Betty were home someplace. Nothing new according to Mother except from our flying Sgt & I guess good old blotter Joe is on his way. About an hour before I called Mom received a wire from him from Miami saying "On the move. Can't write

for some time. Be good. Love. Joe." "
 God love him. I was almost sure we'd both have a visit from him before he went hunting African bush-women, but I guess no soap.

Incidentally, how is the Army treating you & do you suppose we'll ever get together. I think you're too far away for me to get there & I'm afraid the law of averages & permutations & combinations or what-have-you mightn't be too cheerful, even if I could work them out: our getting a furlough together. We get 2 1/2 days per mo (30 per yr) so it would be late July before I could expect only 10 days. Haven't been the slightest bit homesick but would sure like to see N.Y. again & have a real yap-fest with everyone. How about you?

How the heck do you manage your laundry situation, especially in this terrifically hot weather. I have 5 shirts & I have a fresh one everyday means constant laundering - & say nothing of the towels, stockings, underwear & skirts & be cleaned & pressed.

There's just one thing certain in this Army - You Can't Win - no matter what the situation is!

There's one thing in a working Company - lots more freedom & on-your-ownness. To work at 8 AM - 4³⁰ PM - unless we have enough interviews to keep us busy till 9-10 PM & once in a great while on Sunday. Also it gives Class F passes which means get off the post any time you're not on duty. Rates out at 9³⁰. Bed check 11 every nite, 12 on Thurs, and 1 AM Sun. morning; four late passes per month, 2 over-nite passes, and a 3-day pass if the occasion really warrants it. The only thing is that if you get a gig you do special detail, no matter how minor the infraction. I got all this hassle with only 1 gig (Rosary on my bed cadre the C.O. said it was OK.) but there pass no detail attached. Simply write an undersigned explanation to the C.O. when you'd collected 6 of them. But had been here only 1 wk & have two of the damn things: (1) shoes out of line (and I know I left them in order) and (2) shoes needing shining! I have visions of reporting

& the orderly room twice weekly
for the duration.

While for the time being,
my thoughts, feet, & hands
are waxed out.

Think of me kindly when
I seem to be neglecting you -
either I'm busy or just out
playing.

Love,
Pat

Aunt Dms S A203711
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After 5 days, return to
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