



Wed, 6/23/43

9:45 A.M.

Dear Tom,

This is definitely not the Army! That is, life here at North Carolina State College. Yesterday, Tuesday, we bid all our friends at Craft goodbye and left at 11:30 A.M. The trip up was uncomfortable, but the trains, as usual, were dirty as hell. For the life of me I can't understand why the hell these Southern trains use that damn soft coal.

At any rate, we got here to Raleigh at 10:30 last night, and, as usual, it was raining cats & dogs. Seems as tho' every time I arrive at an Army post or station, it's raining. But our uniforms were black from the soot on the train, so we didn't give two much of a damn whether they got wet or not. We rode out to school

here in trucks, checked in, washed, shaved & went to bed. Talk about Army life! Two fellows to a room, which has two beds, two writing desks, 2 chairs, 2 bureaus & 2 closets. Not bad, eh? Sounds more like the Air Force, doesn't it.

But I imagine you had better not try writing to me as yet. As I understand it we're here for from 5 days to 2 weeks. And we have no address here so far.

This College, a beautiful place, is one of the "Star" units. At these units potential students are interviewed, interviewed, tested & classified. Then they are assigned to various schools all over the East. Some of the fellows who've been here a while say it's pretty easy. Perhaps an interview or a couple of tests and you're thru for the day. For instance, I have the morning off and go up for my interview this afternoon. The S.R.'s have it that the Army here is just crying for engineers and language students. And they also say the men shipped out of here go to colleges in Connecticut, Maryland and Penn. But





remembers, that's only a  
Latinic rumor. Just now the  
big microphone boomed out  
across the campus, alerting

the men who are shipping out today for  
Georgia Tech. 'Must be gawdamned  
hot down there.'

Sounds nice, doesn't it. But I'll  
be damned if this is the way to fight a  
war, or what I joined the Army for.  
Perhaps I'll change my mind later. But  
I'm not overanxious to spend 12 weeks, let  
alone a year, in school during the war.

About the furlough. Prospects aren't too good.  
At Croft they said we'd probably get one  
from here, but it doesn't look that way now.  
So you'll just have to keep your fingers crossed.  
I suppose Dot, after hearing about this, feels  
that she's being double-crossed on the angle  
of her getting a furlough at the same time  
as me, when I told her I wouldn't be  
getting one for a long while. But tell  
her it's a new W.D. regulation, which

Came thru just before we left on maneuvers  
(27 miles in 8 hours; 65 miles in 3 days), that  
every soldier is to get a 5-day furlough,  
exclusive of transportation time, at  
the end of his basic training.

More about those damned 3-day  
maneuvers in a later letter when my  
furlough comes thru. Suffice it to say  
we saw 3 of the hottest goddammed  
days this year, and a hell of a lot  
of husky brutes fell out.

Well, mom, that's that for the present.  
I spent ~~th~~ \$ of that 25, but may need  
the rest if the furlough doesn't come  
thru for a while and we don't get  
paid here.

For the present, so long,

Love, as ever,

Frank

P.S. - neglect my outside address.  
It's necessary for fees  
mail.

FROM

Pvt. F. J. Shields  
Co A, 37 S'n, Bldg 218  
Camp Croft, S.C.



*Free*

BUY  
WAR SAVINGS  
BONDS AND STAMPS

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





STAMPS AND  
POSTAGE



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