

approximate
representation of
90 mm. A.A. gun



United States Army
Camp Davis
North Carolina

Sun., Aug. 1, '43

Dear Fran:

The time has come to speak of furloughs, friends, camp inactivity, and visions of moving.

First, I learned that you are at P.U. from your mother, whom I visited when on my overly-short ~~and~~ but fully-enjoyed 10 day furlough. However, as yet, I haven't your Hoosier address, so hope you have received this in due time.

Yes, after 6 mos. my furlough rolled around & I headed No'th. A clever bit of stratagem on my part ended with the result that travelling to N.Y. took me 28 hrs., whereas only 20 hours would have been consumed had I taken a train right here in Wilmington. But in defense, let me explain that I could have made the trip in 12 hrs. had not circumstances "screwed" me up but good. It finally developed that I finally arrived in Bay Ridge via passenger car, bus, and train. My 8 days of re-born freedom, however, just weren't enough! In those 8, nonetheless, I did manage to get around a bit and to burn up a good 20 or 25 gallons of the Acorn Garage gas reserve. All right, so I had resolved not to walk further than 200 yds. many days previously, while still in camp.

You've probably surmised that I stopped

in to visit the 3 'lil sisters. True. But would you believe it, I only saw them once, and that was the evening when we managed to get together some semblance of the old crowd and polished off a swell evening at one of the local inns. "The mob" that evening consisted of Pegi, Eileen, Felicity, Helen, Johnny Acer, Jack Moran, & myself. Johnny Acer was ~~at~~ slated to begin his Naval career within the next 2 or 3 days. Haven't heard from him yet.

Both Joe Dussani & Collon were vacationing until the last few days of my stay. But we did manage to get together several times before parting to our respective ways. Joe entered St. Joseph's Seminary, ^{N.Y.} Dunwoodie, a few days later, & John Collon, I learned from his recent letter, was rejected in his Army physical exam. Eyes and a meso fibromic growth in his nose or somewhere thereabouts, were responsible. Understandably, John feels dismayed, since he was actually looking forward to induction and to being "one of the boys." But C'est la Guerre". He's still applying himself to academic studies, meanwhile.

Recently too, I received a communique from Duffy. He's well on the way to becoming a pilot, having passed all his tests successfully & having won his wings. He had a short 4 1/2 day furlough ~~recently~~ not so long ago, I understand. Bet he enjoyed himself as much as I did. But he had the advantage of a "swell new scrumptious uniform". I had 2 sloppy



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(1 at a time)
sun-tans baggily draped over my lean
but herdy frame.

When you wrote and told me of
that 3-day endurance march you partici-
pated in, I read with 'bated breath
those astronomical figures and thought
~~at~~ what a good bunch ~~we~~ of Boy
Scouts we are becoming here in the A.A.A.
(A.A. Artillery - official) Would you believe
it, we even get 2 hrs. of "mass recreation"
almost every afternoon (hoss-rhues,
soft-ball, volley-ball, etc.) ~~Ever~~ Since
moving from Ft. Fisher, we had been
gathering equipment and two weeks
ago, packed & crated everything from
paper clips to machine guns preparatory
to moving out of Davis. Naturally, no
one knows where or when we do move,
but apparently it'll be soon. Meanwhile,
the daily schedule is a dull & monotonous
one - rifle drill, a class or two, a
movie (training film variety; after the
first 5 mins., 90% of the house is fast
asleep) & general time-killing which
includes the 2 hrs. recreation time.

Without a radio to dabble away the

wearry hours, we newly-made-unindependent operators are being treated like every one else in the Battery. Even though we're only Pfc's, we have built up a tradition of "sophistication" and an ~~aura~~ aura of distinction around ourselves. Now it's all gone!

For now, I'll "close station" again, so...

Yours,

Eugene D.

-As an example of how dull things are;- the other day I was actually pleased to have been part of a combined ditch-digging and log-cutting detail. It was necessary that pits 6' x 4' x 6' be dug & that the walls of the pits be made permanent by installing sidings of logs built up much in the same manner that log cabins are constructed. Most of the working time was spent in digging. In true Army procedure, while one man would be scratching around in the hole, the other 6 would meditatively sit on the edge of the abyss and watch closely. Luckily, the pit was half-dug when we arrived that morning, so by noon time we were ready to line the excavation. Falling to with a will (unusual weather, no doubt) we cut, hewed, & hacked pine logs so diligently that before nite-fall we had the best damn water-filled pit in the field. You hit water down here after digging 18 inches, so that's no reflection on our ditch-digging capabilities! These pits are to be used for the "appear-disappear" type of target which trains riflemen to shoot quickly & instinctively. H

Pfc. F. Dembinski 32699420
Btry A, 205th A. A.
Camp Davis, N. C.

Free
CAMP
AUG
12
64

1545 ASTP
Perdue U.
Safayette
Ind.

Pvt. F. J. Shields

~~S. C. U. 3411~~

~~North Carolina State
College~~

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