

Wed., May 19, '43

Ft. Fisher, N.C.



CAMP DAVIS, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Shields:

Having last heard from you about a month and a half ago, I just haven't any good, new, or novel excuses for not writing sooner. Time has slipped by rapidly, recognized not by the passing of days, but by the passage of weeks.

Just today I received a letter from Fran, and was surprised to learn that Joe has been overseas for several weeks. You will give me his address, won't you?

In my outfit, the daily pace is slowing down, since we have completed basic training & the gun crews have had their fill of practice & record firing. In fact, we'll probably move back to Camp Davis in a few days (Ft. Fisher is only 40 or 50 miles from Davis & is considered a "suburb" of Davis)

At this time, too, the granting of furloughs has been started, and I expect to be home before 2 months have passed. However, I might possibly see more action taken in regard to Army Specialized Training (~~not~~ so far, not much has been, & I'm beginning to dismiss the matter from my contemplations)

Ever since I finished my radio school course, I've had a relatively easy time of daily duties. The reason is that our Battery hasn't received its quota of radio equipment (except a number of portable short-wave receivers which we always tune to non-military channels, & which bring in swell music from South America — the real stuff —). Propaganda broadcasts from both Germany & the BBC (British Broadcasting Corp.) are amusing to hear. The German commentator ~~reports~~ ^{invariably reports}

disintegration of Allied resistance in each & every battle or skirmish; while according to the British man, gains are made on every front every time.) As a radio operator without transmitter & receiver to operate, you can see that I just haven't much to do. However, whenever the gun crews clean or fire their 40mm's & .50 cal's., we ^{radio men} are supposed to care for whatever needs our radio work might present. Since there is very little, (or none) work connected with those small receivers, we radio men have been helping the telephone communications men with their business. As a result, each of us is a lineman, switch-board operator, wire-splicer, gold-brick, & even radio operator when there is a transmitter we can lay hands upon.

In camp, communications work is a cinch. But when we go out on the usual weekly, over-nite bivouac, things start "a-poppin'." Lines have to be laid, a pit dug for the switch-board, & fox-holes excavated (on one bivouac, we got the brilliant idea of building a 2-man fox-hole — strictly non-G.I., it came to our notice — which was eventually stumbled upon by our captain... "What the hell is this damn thing? Where are you going to get the water to fill that swimming pool — or are you digging a subway?" He just couldn't understand, poor man!). The lines picked up, & all holes filled again, it's another bivouac which leaves us half-asleep the whole next day. Bivouacs, briefly, are: ① dig, dig, dig, ② lose much sleep, ③ push all that nicely dug dirt back in.

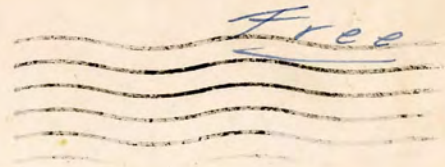
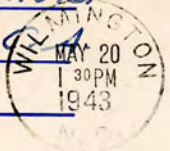
Mrs. Shields, I could, ~~(I have written)~~ write 3 pages describing a typical bivouac, but for now, I'll have to close station, & request that you send your next communication soon. Regards to Mr. Shields, & now, — standing by,
Eugene D.

FROM

Pfc. E. Dembinski

Btry A, 205th

Ft. Fisher, N.C.



Mr. & Mrs. Shields,
244-87th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.