

**Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone**

Camp Davis, North Carolina, 14 July 1945.

Typed letter signed, 1 page + envelope.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Camp Davis

Saturday 14th, 1945

Dear Dad and Bee:

Really haven't much news to pass on as life is extremely dull down here. As I told you in my last letter I won't be able to get out of the service for the time being. Oh how the army sticks to its word! You've never seen a more disillusioned bunch of fellows as we have here.

Today I went to the classification part of my processing. They sent in a recommendation for me to be assigned to a place like Fort Dix and do some kind of administrative work. Frankly I doubt if this will be accepted as I have had no administrative experience, but I'll just have to wait and see. I'd give just about anything to be stationed at Dix. It will take about a week to find out if this assignment goes through. If it doesn't I believe I'll be sent out to Midland Texas (God forbid) to go through a refresher course. At the completion of the course which lasts six weeks you go into a pool and they try to find you some sort of job. By that time they may have released us [as essential] and we can get out. You see, they have more of us than they need but for some reason they're not releasing us at the moment. Any job we get we'll just be marking time and so it won't amount to a damn. I won't ramble on any further because it's all so confused that makes me mad to discuss it. To think that the army doesn't need us yet they insist on making us stay in the army and do nothing but bide our time.

I have received a letter from you this morning, Dad, as well as one ## that I had written you. I forgot that airmail is eight cents in the states and so they returned my letter for two cents. No matter what happens I'll probably be here for another week at least, so please continue to write. Just to prove that I wasn't exaggerating about this dump, they are no longer taking any returnees, and it will merely continue to be a German POW camp. Rain, mosquitos, and heat are the most outstanding things that Camp Davis boasts and frankly I don't like any of them.

Last night a couple of us went into Wilmington for dinner and we were sadly disappointed. It's a typical small town overrun with soldiers and marines from Camp Lejeune.

Guess that's about all for now as I intend to talk to you tomorrow on Dad's birthday. Oh say, in my state of confusion since I've been down here I forgot to thank you for a perfectly swell leave at home. It was really great to get home and be with you again after all those months. You certainly did everything to make my stay just like old times what with theater and all. I don't need to say thanks a million because you know how much I appreciated everything you did for me. Enough said!

Best love,

**Bobby**

*[envelope]*

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