

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, AK--April 1945

[Note: Letters as transcribed include some corrections to syntax, grammar, and spelling. Material of a personal nature has been deleted in deference to remaining family members.]

April 18, 1945--The best of the day to you. (I) Keep thinking of you all the time and wonder just what you would be doing at the moment. Being six to seven hours later than your time of course confuses me many times. When you're up and at it and getting ready for a day's work we're just getting ready for bed. We can't seem to get together on anything, heh! Ha, ha, ha...Incidentally, did you hear of the one blonde that asked the other blonde, I quote, "What kind of a fellow were you out with last night?" She replied, "Well, when the lights went out in the parlor he spent the rest of the night repairing the fuse." Ha, ha, ha. All the other jokes I hear are too deep for me...They ration beer up here to us; one case per month per man, its equivalent being one bottle per day and less. So I, being the Scotty I am, departed with \$2.40. Ha, ha, ha. All it does to you--now don't be alarmed--is to make you run the other way. Ha, ha, ha. Coca-Cola is also rationed to us, but I haven't gotten to that allotment as yet...Received another lovely letter and glad to hear all is well...The rainy season is setting in with plenty of fog and cold wind. They claim it's that way for weeks, then perhaps an hour or two of sunshine, then back again for weeks of rain, fog, and high winds...Nothing else is new, for every day up here is a dollar earned and perhaps a dollar saved. Ha, ha, ha...Good night, with the best of wishes to you.

April 20, 1945--Today was the day, for everything happened today. First, I received so much mail one would think I was corresponding with everyone in the states. Ha, ha, ha. You see, all our mail is flown here and only when the weather permits does it come. Several of your letters, so to speak, arrived, a letter from Dick, the trestle board from my lodge, two letters from buddies whom I trained with in Arkansas that came up part way with me, and last, but not least, your very latest letter of April 15th, plus that of Mom's dated April 15th...Strange why I had such restless nights this week and no reason for it, because I am very contented with the work I am doing up here, being treated fine, and really no complaints to speak of. Now, there is an explanation, it was all in the mails. Remember, only the brave and the strong survive in a storm and only the weak perish and pass on to the unknown. Buckle down, chin up, smile for me, for my heart belongs to you forever...Here is the latest poop--Flash!! Ha, ha, ha. Your soldier was awarded, for the second time, a good conduct ribbon, only this time he received the medal also. Some kid. Ha, ha, ha...Tomorrow we will be given a lecture on the method expected to be used in demobilizing us after VE Day, or the cessation of hostilities with Germany. Hope there will be good tidings for both of us...Guess what, Dick Russell, the fellow I tried to get (with) while home on furlough, writes of a discharge. He was discharged from the service for ulcers of the stomach, so he went down to Mississippi to see his brother, spent three days there, then he took a trip back to Douglas, Wyoming and seen many of the old gang. Some of them that left when I did are back again, but he says things are different and not as nice as the time we were there. From there he went to Colorado, to visit some acquaintances he made while stationed at a side camp and then back home. Says it will be a long time before he goes west again and so while he had the opportunity and time he made the trip. He expects go look for work shortly after he finishes some odd jobs around the house...The two buddies write that they are also doing M.P. work on the island where they are stationed and like it also...This

winds up the poop on the island. It never fails to pour when it rains. Ha, ha, ha. Either one gets ALL the news or none at all. Ha, ha, ha...Today I received four of your letters, two of Mom's, and the first news of the checks being deposited. She wrote in previous letters that she was going to deposit them and I wrote back very tactfully that if she needed the money she should use it. If not, to give them to you, like in the past, and let you deposit them. I don't know whether one check or two arrived. In either case it must have been recently, the early part of April...The questions you ask about a savings account (are) not clear to me. At one time, when early in the service I believe, I was asked to return some cards with my signature, but believe it was for the dependence allotment. I have one bank account, with only a small balance of \$15 I believe, at the First National in Irvington center. That you know about...The policy I haven't told Mom about, and don't feel as though I have to, or had to. That is my own personal matter. However, I'll write and let her know you are taking care of it, so there won't be any (mis)understanding on that part...There is no doubt you girls really get into each other's hair. It seems Mom is doing what she thinks is right and you are doing what I wanted you and asked you to do, both acting in good faith...However, since I have to be the sole judge and jury on this case, and it entirely rests with me, let me suggest the case rest as it is, for these reasons. If the money is being deposited in my account, there is nothing lost. I trust (my) Mom just as I trust you, and believe it is if she says so. Secondly, I would discontinue the payment, but want it purely for military reasons. I'll write again, expressing my wish, and we shall see what happens...In closing, I wish you the very best of health and let this incident not upset you too much. It is, as you said, some of the bitters that comes along with the sweets.

April 22, 1945--What's new? With me, well, I completed my second week on the island. Ha, ha, ha. So far, so good. Hope I can say the same for you, and things brightening up. Remember, every dark cloud has a silver lining...Well, now for the latest poop. Ha, ha, ha. I attended that lecture about the system or plan the government is going to use in demobilizing us--cold cut and dry--has its merits, but there are going to be many disillusioned G.I.s...I'm not looking forward to a thing and should my number come up, so to speak, why all I can say is I'm a lucky guy. To me the whole plan depends on my luck. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, indeed, wishes do sometimes come true. Back in '43, when I entered the service, I wanted to be shipped to a cold climate--the further north the better I would like it. Ha, ha, ha. Just a cold baby, heh?...Almost certain I could never survive the tropics. Anything attached with heat is out... I wrote you, several of your back letters caught up with me and as I check them I find those of March 14th - 16th - 17th - 19th - 22nd - 23rd - 27th and 30th missing. Each and every month I shall report to you. All I can say is that all of them are not lost. Ha, ha, ha...Can't say there is anything else that is new, so I'll sign off, with the best wishes and luck to you.

April 24, 1945--Just a word or two, letting you know all is well with the station west of the nation. The fog is slowly setting in and I bet it will be weeks before you and I hear from each other, for then all planes are usually grounded...The very latest is the arrival of a U.S.O. show, which is to stay for about ten days. To be honest, I don't have any desire to see either. Doubt if I will, however it's a bit of relaxation for those that like that...Don't remember whether I told you about fresh milk being rationed to us. Well, I purchased my quota of five qts. for 75 cents. Believe next time, if at all possible, I'll try to purchase someone else's quota also. It's the baby in me. I like my milk. Ha, ha, ha...We received our beer today, which also is rationed to us. We shouldn't by all means go dry, should we? Ha, ha, ha...The war

news is encouraging and the stage seems to be set for the last act in Germany...Incidentally, are those letters you receive at all encouraging? What seems to be the outlook for 1945--or even for the next few months? Can you give me any light on the subject?...Oh, we have a very interesting person in our company, who is a handwriting expert, or I should say analyst. So guess what, I gave him a letter of yours--the one you wrote on Easter Sunday--and he analyzed it quite well. I'll save the paper and let you read it sometime. Ha, ha, ha. Said he'll analyze mine one of these days and when he does I'll forward you my analysis. Ha, ha, ha. It better be a good report of me. Ha, ha, ha...Well, once again my chatter comes to an end.

April 26, 1945--(I'm) feeling fine. Are you? (I'm) hoping you are...Well, the news blackout was lifted today and after five days of no mail, each of us were handed our share. Yep, received four lovely letters of yours, and one of which was dated as far back as March 24th. Incidentally, that one only had my first name and serial number. You forgot to mention the last name. Ha, ha, ha. However, somebody wrote it in ink and forwarded it. Ha, ha, ha...The story on censorship is very simple and easy. All mail leaving the island is censored by a company officer. This is strictly enforced, as you already know. Now, incoming mail is seldom censored and only when a person is under suspicion for revealing military information, through wording or some underhanded method. So, under those conditions, the person's incoming mail is censored...That ruling on a G.I.'s request be in writing applies only to articles that have a minimum weight of five pounds or more. In other words, that which is under five lbs. does not have to be requested...Yes, we have the latest films and several movie houses, but mind you they are only huts and not the larger-type building you find in Army posts...Getting back to your mail, I receive it just as you send it. It is not photostated, or whatever they call it. Ha, ha, ha...No, I still have my tooth and the truth about it is it hasn't given me any trouble as yet. Watch--speak of the devil and he's sure to arrive. Ha, ha, ha...Your article about Gerken was very interesting. Mark my words. Bet a court battle will result.

*April 29, 1945--*Can't say there is anything new. The week sure did pass by like lightning. It seems as though I've just made a right about face and BINGO, here is Sunday once again. Been rather busy this week, not working hard, but plenty occupied with work. I don't mean homework either. Ha, ha, ha. Just honest-to-goodness work. Ha, ha, ha...The biggest moment of the day was news of Germany's surrender. It wasn't long before we all were disillusioned. That's what you call fifth-column sabotage. However, it's possible, and highly probable, that something is cooking in Europe...The weather hasn't been too bad the last three days, the sun paying us a visit for a couple of hours in the late afternoon. Then, at midnight the moon would show its face for a little while, and it wouldn't be long before the heavy winds and clouds would take over...Say, I'll let you in on a little secret--no silver foxes. Ha, ha, ha. The only thing I can bring back in the line of furs are feathers. Ha, ha, ha. Yeah, eagle feathers and some raven feathers. Boy, this place is really desolate. And that is the tooth (sic), the whole tooth, and nothing but the whole tooth. Ha, ha, ha...Sorry to hear you were a sick pup last Saturday...Sorry to hear you had such trouble in getting my slippers. They sell them up here, but if you're not present when they go on the shelf you're out of luck. Hope they don't take too long in coming up. They say four to six, and even eight, weeks many times. Ha, ha, ha. I'll let you know when they come. Thanks again...The mail many times is held up because of the weather. None of it leaves the island and none of it ever arrives. They tell me that at times there is no mail for weeks, so be prepared for the no mail days. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, it's

true. I haven't played a game of any kind in cards, nor any other game. Just can't get to it...So, until tomorrow, let us part for the hour--but never from the heart.