

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, December 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.]

Dec 1, 1945--Hello. What's new? Things are very quiet out here. Just another day...Had a treat this morning as soon as I finished my night patrol. Had breakfast and then listened to the Army-Navy football game broadcast from Phila. After it was over I went to sleep for a few hours and got up at 3:00 o'clock. I figured I'd sleep more tonight because I don't have to report until tomorrow morning, Sun., Dec. 2nd...At 4 o'clock our hut phone rang with the news that mail is in, (so) come and get it. So, I did, with the surprise of five letters, all for me. Read them all before chow and was very happy about them. Still am. Had chow and at 7 pm they showed a movie in the mess hall, so I went to see it. The picture was "I Love a Mystery." I thought it a fair show; nothing to brag about...Just got back a few minutes ago. Opened a brew for myself and now I'm writing to you...The following ships usually turn up here, but rather irregular. This might give you an idea when troops leave: Branch - Sea Partridge - Taloa (Talullah?) - Thompson. These four carry passengers. Oh, yes, Cherokof(?) is also another...Our apartment has to be ideal. Our living room with just the right amount of pieces--not too many and not too many gadgets. Our bedroom, well, a beautiful set of curtains or drapes. Oh, yes, also in the living room. They always add so much oomph to the apartment...Gonna close, dear. Good night.

Dec 2, 1945--Oh, you cute bunny and your letter of Nov. 21, with a picture of the rabbit. I had a good laugh, but with the laugh came a tear for you, because I care...What's new? Nothing much by your letter, so I hope all is well with you, with the best of health and bestest of everything...I meant to ask you, how about some more pictures of you? Haven't had any since the summer time...Finished my first day of work at 5 pm. Had a good roast chicken dinner, with all the trimmings and the went down to shower up and now I'm writing to you...Yes, it's just like you said. Sometimes it seems the days fly by so fast and other times they drag so...The day was a misty one, cloudy, raw, not at all nice. Right now we have it nice and warm in our hut and it is comfortable...Guess what! The men are furious about it. They are going to start rationing cigarettes up here. Don't know at what ratio, but it is official. Ha, ha, ha. Boy, that takes the cake...Well, I'm all newsed out. Ha, ha, ha. So, I'll close and return again tomorrow. A big day tomorrow. Gotta get some stamps and a money order and a few P.X. supplies...Au revoir.

Dec 3, 1945--Here I come. Heart and soul, but not the body--not yet. Not for at least another month...Do hope all is well and hope you're weathering the storm and waiting for me...Still battling it out up here. My health is fine, but now, as always, my only care is you...The weather is mighty wet, with a combination of rain, snow, and wind. Melts as quick as it hits the ground. Just plain miserable I call it...Nothing new in the line of news, only that a ship is due here about the 15th. The Sea Partridge is the name but one never knows for sure...I managed to take care of a few personal things while patrolling today and my first stop was the P.O. Enclosed is a money order I promised and I hope you'll be able to put down the down payment for the lovely ring I always promised you. Yes, I mean every word I wrote about it. I'm sure I'll like it if you do...Oh, yes, there is some talk in Congress about paying all servicemen for terminal leave or accrued furloughs, which some of us didn't get, and which were due us. So, they

intend to pass a bill allowing payment to that effect. Its effect on me would mean an additional \$150 (approx.) for us upon discharge. That's about the sanest piece of legislation they ever passed so far, because it's not at all discriminatory...Many G.I.s received more furlough time than allowed and they naturally wouldn't come under it. Many of us (and this includes me, ha, ha, ha) didn't receive time we should of had. I understand the bill is pending now and is favored as being made into law...Sorry to hear about Nancy troubles, but remember not to spend any more than is necessary. I know you're not spending any foolishly, but those garage mechanics really know how to slap it on. I'd suggest, if at all possible, to have one of the men go to Livingston St. and try to pick up a generator second hand. Don't buy anything new like a carburetor, because the price of one of them would set your hair afire. I believe a generator, second hand, would eliminate a lot of trouble...Glad to hear you all enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner at the Chanticleer, and, believe me, it's a date when we're married, to go out for dinner like that...First, I believe it's a treat to a wife, sparing her all the work. Secondly, for two people I believe it's more reasonable, and third, but not least, I believe the atmosphere for a Thanksgiving dinner is so much better. Of course, I would prefer Xmas at home. Wouldn't you?...Au revoir and pleasant dreams.

Dec 4, 1945--Nothing new in the way of news, although I must say two awfully sweet letters came today...The weather? Well, it was like this--wet, snow flurries, cloudy, then rain, then some more snow flurries. However, at this moment, at 10 pm, it's clear--and usually is at night--and getting lots colder...Seen the picture "Blood on the Sun," with J. Cagney, in our mess hall and can't say I enjoyed it. Thought I really wasted two hours...Drew my ration ticket for three cartons of the top brand cigarettes. This, I understand, is only temporary. Ha, ha, ha. What a joke...Finished my day's patrol at 5 pm and had a good steak dinner. Enjoyed it very much--tender, juicy, and tasty...Other than this all is well and rather quiet Wish something would happen to cause a little excitement. Ha, ha, ha...No, I'm not wearing the new jacket. I'm saving it to look nice when I come home to you. And, furthermore, I'm slowly getting my outfit all dressed up. Ha, ha, ha. Ribbons, stripes, etc. Honestly, what B.S. we have to have on them. All for show...Going to sign off early and read your two letters all over again before I retire. Au revoir, pleasant dreams. I'll say a prayer for you, hoping you'll be mine, all mine.

Dec 5, 1945--Hello. This is your bitchin' G.I Joe reporting all well from Amchitka. How are you? Fine, I hope, and in the best of everything...Nothing new to report from out this-a-way. The weather has been simply terrible today--rain, sleet, wet snow, high winds, just plain miserable. Glad the day is over...Did I hear you say you made some cookies? You did? Well, that's just ducky! Only my sweetie could do that. Well, I'll tell you what. You feel like it? You set the table for two and I'll run out for a pint of ice cream and a bottle of soda. Any special kind you like? OK, I'll try and get a bottle. Now, don't run away. I'll be back in a flash; it won't take long...Well, well, a setting for two. Gee, what a setting. What heaven...Yes, and so another evening, another pleasant evening spent together. A happy one, a pleasant one, with a sweetheart that could only be you...au revoir. Take care of yourself and remember you belong to me and only me. Until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and may they all be about me. Wish it were so.

Dec 6, 1945--Hi ya! The best of the day to you. Hope all is well...Another rough day with the weather, but don't worry. I'm keeping plenty dry and warm...It was a little different so far as work is concerned

and everyone was prepared for the worst...The air corps was disposing of some mustard gas bombs that were on hand--about 1500 in all--and a trucking company (G.I.) was transporting them and loading them on a barge, to be taken 30 miles out to sea and dumped. So, we all had to carry our gas masks while patrolling and convoying them...After that job is complete I believe we'll turn in our gas equipment...Tonight, after chow, I got myself a hair TRIM. Ha, ha, ha. Then I showered, shot the breeze for a while, and now I'm writing you. Oh, yes, we had a Coca-Cola issue today, so I got myself a case--\$1.20 per 24 bottles...Your Sunday turkey dinner tasted good on paper. Ha, ha, ha. Wish I were there to taste it and give you my verdict. Gobble, gobble, gobble, ha, ha, ha. I always enjoyed them at home and made such a pig of myself. Did Dad have anything on me this time? Ha, ha, ha...Speaking of the crime wave, I guess the P.D. will really be a busy place after most of us are home. Wonder what it will be like again. Ha, ha, ha...Don't feel too bad about the holiday gifts, and tell the same to the folks. Believe me, sometimes you wouldn't believe the way packages arrive up here. So much handling off one boat and onto another. I'll get by and when we're together we'll really do it the right way...This is all the chatter for today, so until tomorrow, the best of everything to you and happy motoring with Nance...Pleasant dreams and remember to stay as sweet as you are.

Dec 7, 1945--Happy to report all is well, and might be the same with you?...The day was fair because the sun shone all morning and it sure felt good. It was the first (time) in, well, I don't even remember the last (time) the sun shined...Can't say there is any news. All is rather quiet and everyone is marking time, but nothing breaking. Plenty of rumors that aren't worth two cents...Your editorial, or, rather, the news clipping on the new baby-raising takes the cake. To be honest, they can produce them any way they wish. It's still none for me or us. It's still the old way with me. Ha, ha, ha...Oh, living together, doing things together, loving each other must be wonderful. You didn't give up hope, did you? Well don't. I'll be coming home pretty soon...Well, (I'm) going to make this a short note and promise to make up for it tomorrow. Ain't too much for gossiping tonight...Good night. I'll see you tomorrow, with some news for a change. Au revoir and remember I love you.

Dec 8, 1945--Wishing you the best of the bestest. Hope all is well with you, and under control. Even Nance (Editor's note: Nance/Nancy is apparently the car)...Just another day up here in the Aleutians, and I finished my week of day patrol. Tomorrow (Sunday) I report on the swing shift, 5 to 12 pm midnight...No news; that is, no news that's different. Same old Aleut weather: rain, fog, raw, misty, cold, damp. Anything and everything but nice. Ha, ha, ha...Ha, ha, ha. They might call it venison, but to me it's reindeer--or rain deer, or what-have-you. I just don't like it, I guess. Only the way your mom makes it. Then I bet I eat it because I think it's good roast beef. Ha, ha, ha. That's one dish you won't be held accountable for, OK? You can bake me a real pineapple cream instead. That would be lots better...Say, to get away from the general routine of things and you hearing the same story day in and day out, like no news, no good weather, etc., I've enclosed a snapshot of a hobby with the boys up here. It's a riot, and rather risqué and I'm taking the privilege of sending it to you sealed, should you care to look at it, OK? If not, you may discard it, but I'm telling you before you do so it's a riot and will shock you (maybe). Ha, ha, ha. Make your hair stand up...Thus goes the story behind it--One day, while on patrol and doing a little scavenger hunting through some vacant Navy huts, my friend, who drives another Jeep with me, ran across a full-size hand-painting of a nude woman, on a sheet of wall board. To us it looked like a

masterpiece (ha, ha, ha) and it showed prospects of a gold mine. We decided, after several minutes of deliberation, to take it down to our service club hobby shop and saw the painting (the creature) out and make sort of a silhouette out of it. With my knowledge (ha, ha, ha) on the use of a band saw, this was the result, as you later will--or should--see. So, we brought the full-size painting of a nude woman into the hut and an amateur photographer thought a picture could be taken. So, most of the boys had their picture taken with it and thus these results. Well, the laughter, riot, and fun-poking that has taken place will long be remembered. Today her name will forever be instilled in the minds of us Aleuts as "Forever Amber." Ha, ha, ha. OK, now, if you wish, you may look at the snapshot...Well, I'll cut this letter short before I get my foot in too deep. Until tomorrow, pleasant dreams.

Dec 10, 1945--It seems like ages that I wrote to you, Sat. evening being the last...Getting down to what happened this weekend--Well, let me start from the time I wrote you last, Sat. eve. Shortly after I finished writing my Sat. letter I retired to the sack. I had a restless night and kept lying in bed, thinking about you. I got up about 9 a.m. and fussed around, doing odds and ends, when our hut phone rang and gave news of mail call...Guess I was the only one in the hut to receive mail, or at least it seemed so, what (with) me with five lovely letters from you, one from Franklin, and a letter from Mom. Well, all that mail kept me busy until noon, because I kept reading your letters over and over...At noon (I) had chow and then decided to go to the matinee before reporting for duty at 5:30 p.m. I seen the picture "Dolly Sisters" with John Payne, Betty Grable, and June Haver. It was a musical, the story of course was rotten--rather corny at times--but the girls and costumes were superb. I think you'll enjoy it. The boys just howled when the girls started to dance and shake a little of this and that. Ha, ha, ha. Whoa, we sure are a group of wolves up here. Let me give you a tip, should you decide not to have me. Don't ever date a G.I. from the Aleutians, at least not until he calms down, for you'll never return the same. Ha, ha, ha...After the show it was time to chow up again, and then I had to report for duty until midnight. Then, of course, it was a bit late to write a letter, for each and every one of us try to keep the lights out after 12 in the hut...So, today I am writing my letter this afternoon and getting a good start...There is no news, although they are processing all men with 50 points or more and men with 3.5 years' service and over. Gee, it burns one up (that) a guy up here with two kids and 18 months' service (a total of 53 points) and he's going home. Cripes, I got as much service in the states as he's got in the Army. That's the way the Army operates. Boy, if anybody speaks war, army, navy, or anything military to me, I'll blow their head off...Say, that telephone operator of yours has really got herself into something, listening in on conversations. The best way to do with people like that is to have as little to do with them as possible. The hell with her and anyone else like her. Yes, it exists in many business establishments. A dollar for this, fifty cents for this, etc. Sort of have to accept it as company policy...It seems as though we get mail these days only twice a week and sometimes only once. This, of course, brings my mail in bunches also, so I hope you'll be able to understand. Of course, a few weeks ago I didn't write for three or four days, but it was one of those times you really feel low...Gonna sign off and return tomorrow. So, until then, as always, happy motoring and the very best of everything to you.

Dec 11, 1945--Now I can report to you: Dec 11-Weather clear, better-than-average day; Dec 11-No news of arrival of any ship until end of month; Dec 11-No mail. Hope you still love me a little bit; Dec 11-No movie worthwhile...This concludes the news communique from Amchitka, your station west of the

nation. So it goes, but where, nobody knows...Glad to hear that Nancy didn't kick up too much. I guess it's the change in the weather, from fall to winter, that always makes her sick before the holidays. Ha, ha, ha...You can say that again, that you're coming to meet me at Dix. Here's how it will work: I'll telephone and give a hotel address or PO address at the nearest town and all you have to do is swing down and I'll be there. You only have to come if you're willing to say "Yes" to a question of whether you want me, and if I can marry you--and soon...Au revoir.

Dec 12, 1945--Oh, it's just plain cold, miserable, snowing, with a gale wind of over 60 mph...I had a late start all because I took in a matinee this afternoon. It was a beautiful day up to about 5 p.m., when it started to cloud up and by 7 p.m. the snow and strong wind popped up. At this moment, 1 a.m., it's going full steam ahead and it's really rough. I seen the picture "Strange Confession" with Lon Chaney and Brenda Joyce. It was a second-rate picture and my opinion puts it at a good second-rater. Others didn't like it too much, but I feel it's more of a human true story and I believe you would like it. The other short we seen, "Wine, Women, and Song," well, it was a corny one. And who do you think had the lead in it? Remember the M.C. at the Latin Quarters the night we were there on my last furlough? The heavy-set, black-hair M.C.? Well, it was he who had the lead in this movie short and it really STUNK...No news. Everything is about the same; still sweating out news as to our destiny. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, and so it goes, day in and day out. Anything happen to you while I was gone? Nothing?...Time for bed, don't you think? Au revoir.

Dec 13, 1945--The high winds woke me up twice during the night. At this moment the storm is still going strong. Power lines are down and our area is without lights. The company mess hall operates on an electric oil-blower-type and is out of electricity, so for dinner we had C-Rations and coffee, which was made on the heating stoves. Yes, we all stocked up our pockets when we left, with canned C- and K-Rations, bread, and fruit, and went back to the hut. I believe we'll eat our supper in the hut before we report for work...I wanted to take in another matinee show today, "That Night With You," with Franchot Tone and Susan Foster, but due to the weather (there is) no show, no nothing...I enjoyed both your editorials about why not try all leaders and the article on the ex-cops in the S. Pacific. The same thing goes on up here on this rock and is the same with the Army. It's ridiculous keeping men up here, waiting for the points to be lowered, when three boatloads could probably evacuate the whole chain and keep just a caretakers' force up here, of the young recruits with 4 to 20 points, like we have a few up here now. Ah, but that's the Army. Phew! It smells--stinks--it's so rotten...Glad to hear Nance is back on her feet again and hope she doesn't kick up anymore. I guess it's needless to say, but how are the tires holding out? Do be careful. They must be pretty well worn out and I couldn't bear anything happening to you...Gee, Brawler buying a house on Wash. Avenue. Boy, I'll say they're old. I wouldn't take it as a gift. Honestly, the only kind I'll go for regardless of age is the one on Nesbit Terrace, with the extra lot around it. The one you speak of so much.

Dec 14, 1945--Only the survival of the fittest. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, the storm has subsided and left many parts of the island without lights and telephones. It's still very windy and a lot colder. There isn't as much snow as I expected, but what did fall felt like a sandstorm. The wind traveling at 60 or better just about whips the snow away, into the ocean...I hope all is well with you. Life is very dull and lonely up here. I

keep thinking, all the time, how wonderful it will be when we two get to be a happy onesome...Nothing new in the way of news. Of course, the storm is the talk of the town, so to speak. The heating system, or, rather, working system, we have for the mess hall is out and now they're installing a field kitchen in order to prepare meals...I didn't do any more riding or patrolling than was necessary, and worked out of the orderly room. I was glad when quitting time rolled around...I got into the hut, undressed, sponged myself, brushed my teeth, and ducked into the sack...Glad you enjoyed the Sunday ride down to Metedy. With the changes going on I guess I won't know the place. Gee, we won't have to find other mushroom grounds, will we? Ha, ha, ha...No, I'm afraid, as a matter of fact, I won't be home for Xmas, what with no boats so far this month. Honestly, now that we're out here, we're here until they get good and ready to return us. It's all propaganda at home, getting the men home for Xmas...I just received word this moment that the water system on the island went kablooey and is polluted. Gee, what next? Ha, ha, ha...This is about all the chatter there is; there ain't no more...Oh, yes, how about some snapshots? I haven't had a picture of you in so long. See what you can do for me in these lines. You see, if I can't have you in one way, I must in another. Ha, ha, ha...Au revoir. Ill return again tomorrow, and so, until then, happy motoring and may the best become you wherever you go. May your dreams be pleasant ones and may they all be of me.

Dec 15, 1945--Finished up my last day of the swing shift, 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Glad of that. Boy, the roads are slippery and wet, and the best place is your hut...While on patrol I stopped at our service club for a snack--steak sandwich and ice cream and coffee. It was a free night and all on the house. I thought I'd get my two bits before the first show was over and they get really busy. Ha, ha, ha...Nothing new insofar as boats and troops going home. Those that are supposed to go are ready and awaiting transportation...We received an emergency power unit, so now we have lights again. Oh yes, the water situation isn't as bad as I wrote you about. We were misinformed. We were supposed to be asked to conserve water because of the electric power out of order, because of the storm. It will all take a week or so to get back to the normal status again. Yep, it left quite a bit of damage...Don't ever go to bleaching your hair. I'd disown you if you ever should. I like your hair just as it is. I always did and never did I complain. Remember, I want you as I left you...About my insurance, I'll keep it up until we get settled and we see what we decide upon. We'll keep that insurance agent in mind and decide later, O.K.?...So, you weighed yourself, heh? Well, wait until you weigh me. Ha, ha, ha. Then we'll see who has to trim whom down...Well, everyone has emptied out of the mess hall, so I will put out the lights and hit the sack. Au revoir.

Dec 16, 1945--Just a short report, letting you know all is well. That is, as could be expected...Didn't do very much today. Slept late, fussed around before dinner, and later went to the matinee show and seen 'The Spanish Main' with Maureen O'Hara and Paul Henreid. Not a bad picture. And as Binnie Barnes said, she's (meaning Maureen O'Hara) kinda broad in the beam and soft in the chest. It isn't so, according to the consensus of opinion of the boys up here. She's got plenty of IT. Ha, ha, ha...Returned in time for chow and had our usual Sunday night fried chicken and all the trimmings. Tasted good...Nothing new otherwise. Hope all is well with you and everything going your way...So, until tomorrow, let me wish the best to you.

Dec 18, 1945--Well, here I am again after a one-day vacation this time. Ha, ha, ha. Now wait, before you go telling me off. It ain't my fault, honest it ain't...Hope you're feeling fine and things are breaking your way. I wonder if the weather is anything like ours. Not that it's cold or anything, but just plain miserable--and the wind causing a lot of electric damage...Yesterday it was just that sort of day. We were without lights all day and night, so what did we all do? We put out the lights, well, rather, we put out our flashlights and went to bed...I didn't do much during the day since I'm on company duty this week--just cleaned out the shower room was about all. I tried to sew my patches (Army) and stripes on my clothing, but found it impossible to continue...Today was a complete about face. The SUN came out about 9 a.m. and played with us most of the time. I accomplished, well, just about the same thing: nothing. I was just beating time, sweating out coming and going home. I did, however, complete the sewing job on my jackets and shirts, etc...This evening I took a shower and seen a rather good picture. You must see it! You'll like it--and let it be a lesson to both of us. Ha, ha, ha. "Too Young to Know" with Jan Leslie and a coming star, Robert Hutton, was in the picture. I'm sure you'll like it...Oh yes, today I received another letter (from you)...On my way home, when on the West Coast, would you mind if I stopped in at MGM publicity department and picked up one of their models? Ha, ha, ha. Yeah, yeah, I know. Hell, I can try, can't I? Getting one and trying to get one are two different angles. Ha, ha, ha. Bet you'll feel sorry someday for lending me out. ha, ha, ha. Just let it be understood that I didn't give you any such permission...Well, this does it for today. No news, no nothing. Can't even get drunk by stopping at Duffy's Tavern and taking it out on a bartender. It's a cruel world. Gee whiz. Why does all this happen to ME?...Au revoir you, you, you cold potatoes. Ha, ha, ha. That's what you called yourself. Ha, ha, ha. Pleasant dreams, and I remain your one and only.

Dec 19, 1945--Hello and the bestest to you. I hope all is well. Doesn't seem like Xmas season at all, however, I do believe at home the weather is reminding you all. Yes, the radio was repeating itself several times of the record snowfall at Buffalo, NY and North Jersey communities. Ought to be getting some pictures, you know. Ha, ha, ha...I bought some Xmas cards some time ago and when I was ready to send them I was sort of ashamed. I thought they'd be better than they are. Eighteen cards for 35 cents, so you can imagine. I didn't send any as yet. I doubt if I will...Well, no news today so far as troops leaving here, however, we do expect the Branch any day and all men with 50 points and 3.5 years' service will leave. Then in January all men with 45 points and 2 years' service--and possibly all 40 pointers. In that case, I'll be leaving in February...I have a total of 34 points and might yet be your valentine gift. It can't be much longer now. Hold out just a little bit...Something different happened today. Being on company duty, I thought I'd take care of it now while in the Army and save a doctor bill to come. I had a minor operation (ha, ha, ha) at the hospital. Getting myself fixed up for you, making myself a little pretty. Ha, ha, ha. Well, remember the mole I had on my neck (right side)? It used to annoy my shaving and collar at times. Well, I had it removed. The doctor diagnosed it as a wart. Yep, so he gives me a shot of Novocaine, cuts it out, stitches it up three times, and says, "That's all. Come back in three days' time to have the stitches removed." Now I have a stiff neck (ha, ha, ha) until it heals, though not for all the time. Ha, ha, ha...I would like to have my teeth taken care of before I get out, because some day soon I see a big bill staring me in the eyes. Ha, ha, ha. But no soap up here. I'll wait until I get home. (They're) All butcher dentists up here. I was talking to a G.I attendant about it. Rather nice chap and college boy, whose father is a surgeon at a Vet's hospital, and he says that I could have it taken care of any time by

the Vet's Administration hospital in my zone at home, for free. Ha, ha, ha. (He) Said the G.I.s don't know their rights too well, and that as a civilian at any time I can request their medical aid. So it will be. (He) says they have the best and that a lot of people complain only because they're not charged for it. I guess the guy was right. Human nature is like that. Ha, ha, ha...I'm noticing the moon these nights. 'Tis full again and giving me lots of trouble. Our pleasant memories together can never be forgotten. They'll live forever...Well, this does it for today. Hope tomorrow brings some good tidings for both of us...P.S. Are you making any New Year's resolutions? Ha, ha, ha.

Dec 20, 1945--Hope all is well and may all that is rough with you be going over smooth...Anything new you want to call me in on? I heard over the radio this morning of the expected cold wave hitting the East Coast and also the blanket of snow that reached your way the other day. Boy, what a weekend we could enjoy at the Poconos. We could leave Sat. after working hours, get up there by 9-10-11 p.m., then enjoy a bottle of wine and a dance or two perhaps. Stay up until late in the morning, managing to get up for a good hearty dinner and then spend Sunday afternoon enjoying the sport toboggan shakely(?) or whatever it might be. Have a late supper, a few more cocktails, and head for home. Just the two of us. I'm telling you, I'm running you ragged, and to say the least, you're only going to begin to live, that is, if you marry me of course...Nothing new out this-a-way. The sun played and teased us practically all day and now, at 7 p.m., it's misty and raining. All the boys but me went to a movie to see Ed Bracken and V. Lake in "Hold That Blonde." I couldn't go for the title and the previews I seen. So, here I am writing you...I had a beer issue today, so I get myself a case of Budweiser brew. This is about the best they have. It's been the first time we received such...Oh yes, as for my neck, it's coming along fine, I guess. It itches like hell, a sign it's healing fine. I was told to report Monday, to have the stitches removed. You should have seen the size of the damn thing. Like a whole bean. I understand there won't be any scar. Heh, is there anything else you think I ought to have taken care of while in the Army (ha, ha, ha), that is besides my brain?...I received your very lovely Xmas card and it sure made me feel good. It was the real McCoy and put me back in the groove, so to speak...I also received a card from Mother and Dad and Vin. Believe it, I ain't sending any from out here...Let me, at this time, have you convey to the folks and Vin the season's greetings and best wishes for a most happy and merry New Year. May this be the last holidays we (will) all be apart...Some time ago they were selling Xmas cards up here and everyone was purchasing them. I followed suit and bought a box of them--eighteen for 35 cents. Several days ago I wanted to mail them out and after looking them over I was ashamed to do so. Had I known the crap it was I never would have purchased them. It was the only kind they had. I was almost tempted to pay any price for them and when the attendant asked 35 cents I asked, "Is that for one, two, or how many?" and he said, "A box of eighteen." Whoa, well, I took (them), wondering what the bargain was. Yeah, now I know. They're all in the waste paper basket. So, you see, if this Xmas is going to be tough, it must be the last. They can't come any worst and worster. It's going to be just another day out here. I'm so happy and glad I received yours...Well, let this be the news for today. I hope you're able to do something about my wish for Xmas to you. I'm waiting patiently and most anxiously to hear the good word. It won't be long now. I still might be a valentine package. In closing, remember me to the folks and wish them, as to you, the best of health, wealth, and happiness in the coming New Year...P.S. Say, what size shoe does Vin wear? Do you suppose that those I sent home are too big? Nothing from out here. I'll try to get a pair when I return to the states. Send me his size. If those at home fit, give them to Vin, for I have more

coming on my return.

Dec 21, 1945--Here's a little something I thought you'd like. They looked so pretty in the window, I thought of a better place to keep them. One dozen roses to the sweetest girl this side of heaven...Nothing new to report. No troop activity and it feels like the lull before the storm. I understand the Branch is due here this Sunday, so time will tell...I accomplished next to nothing today. My week of company duty was easy and usually finished up for the day by 9 a.m., which meant the balance of it in the sack (ha, ha, ha), daydreaming about the two of us...I was thinking; what do you think of a television set for our living room? We seen a movie short on the subject and it claims they'll be ready for market at approx. \$200 a set. Not bad, heh? I think I think I'd almost prefer it to an auto. Ha, ha, ha...Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. I received a little goodie box from Cousin Ann and Alma in Roselle Park. They had everything wrapped almost like you. Each bar of candy separately wrapped, etc. Just between the two of us, I believe the postage was worth more than the package. Ha, ha, ha. I guess I shouldn't be so critical. Ha, ha, ha. I guess they think I'm still a kid. Ha, ha, ha. If they send anything, cripes, a pint of liquor would have been the thing. Ha, ha, ha...One guess where I'm at. Yep, you guessed it, at our service club. I thought I'd spend an evening up here, instead of the hut. One reason is one of the boys in the hut usually goes on a quarreling rampage, from the beer he drinks, and to avoid either a quarrel, fight, or some unhappy consequences, three of us are up here tonight. Perhaps he'll be asleep, or knocked out from the beer, by the time we return...I'm a little worried about a letter I sent you Dec. 3rd. I received your Dec 13th letter and there ain't no mentioning of it. I hope it arrived OK. If I don't hear of its receipt from you in our next mail call, I've got trouble on my hands. I enclosed a \$50 money order. I have the receipt, but it's gonna be tough to collect. I'll keep my fingers crossed a little bit longer...Well, this brings my dribble to a close. Make sure to water them roses (ha, ha, ha) and with my permission you may take them to the office and tell the boys your one and only sent them last night...Au revoir, pleasant dreams, and be careful with them wolves.

Dec 22, 1945--Another week coming to a close, with little or nothing happening...I do hope all is well with you and (you are) in the best of health. I can't have you suffering with a cold. I'll bet by now the snow is pretty deep. What with the reports we're getting up here, it's the worst the East has had in a long time...I finished up the last day of company duty and tonight I report for work on the midnight shift, 12 to 8 a.m., for one week to come...I took it easy all day, to say the least. The weather wasn't too bad--rather mild--so I puttered around doing this and that, waiting for the chow call. Ha, ha, ha...At 2 p.m. the Branch docked, which was the best news in a long time. (It is) taking all troops with 50 points and 3.5 years' service. I also understand that it's taking all the chaplains along this time--three in all. That sounds good, if it's true. Perhaps we'll be getting out of here in January. No such luck I guess...I received your letter of the 15th and hear no mentioning as yet of the \$50 money order, which I sent Dec. 3rd. Did you receive that letter? I thought surely I'd get word about it in today's letter. I will wait now another day, perhaps Monday or Wednesday, Tuesday being Xmas. Please let me know immediately whether you received it or not. Fifty bucks is fifty bucks, Ha, ha, ha. Not that we need it. I'm sure glad I held onto my receipt. Gonna be a rough job collecting if the money order is lost...Today I also received a Xmas card from a friend I soldiered with in Douglas--a young chap who was single and who failed to go overseas. He is now back home and a civilian. Figure that one out. He is a Hague man--Jersey City. Ha, ha...Oh yes,

they delivered some Xmas trees by plane today. Santa Claus dropped one off at our mess hall, with electric lights. It sure does brighten up the place. The first bright Xmas lights I seen in a long time. Yes, it can't be long now, that we get into the swing of being civilians once again and begin enjoying the happiness that is so much due us. We'll make up for lost time...Oh, you're wonderful to get such a lovely Xmas gift or bonus from Kruegers. Tell me, how did it feel to bring home a gift like that? It sure does lighten up the load, doesn't it? Ha, ha, ha...Heh, you can tell that Fischer guy that I'd give him his \$10 back a thousand fold...Well, I guess this does it. I'll bet the holiday spirit is in full swing by now. Up here, not a smell of it until the Xmas tree came a few hours ago, but that's all. It's hardly a spirit at all...Au revoir and pleasant dreams.

Dec 23, 1945--Hope all is well and (you are) enjoying the holiday spirit just a little bit. Mind you, I said 'a little bit' and not the best you know how. For that's for you and me...Nothing new today. I finished my first night of work in over a week. Ha, ha, ha. I got to bed early and was up shortly after 2 p.m...I went to the movies tonight. The first show, and I seen "She Wouldn't Say Yes" with Rosalind Russell and Adele Jergens. A good picture, full of laughs, and a little oomph. Ha, ha, ha...Make it a must. I'm sure you'll enjoy it. It's a second-rater, that's all. Ha, ha, ha...I think I'll hang my stocking up on Xmas Eve, just to see what Santa will leave me. Hard coal and wood or candy, cookies, and goodies? Ha, ha, ha. I've been up here too long, otherwise I'm OK...Incidentally, here's a toast I found by someone. Ha, ha, ha. I believe you sent me something like it at one time. Did you?...THE TOAST OF THE WOLF; A cheerful glass with a cheerful lass; Is a mighty fine thing together; But a cheerful lass with a cheerful ass; To my mind is a damn sight better.-----So, here's to the glass, the lass, and the ass; May all three come together; Drinking the glass and feeling the ass; And making the lass feel better...I told you I've been up here too, too long. Ha, ha, ha...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams and remember I do love you.

Dec 24, 1945 (Christmas Eve)--Cheerio! Cheerio! There is only one consolation this Xmas Eve, and that is that it is to be the last of such...May you be enjoying the best of health and the leisure hours of Xmas Eve...'Tis very quiet around here and, to say the least, just another day. Of course, the radio is coming through with the Xmas carols and music...I finished my second night of midnight work and showered early this morning, before retiring. I slept until 2:30 p.m., then reported to the hospital to have the stitches removed from my big operation. Ha, ha, ha. It's all healing up fine. I am getting myself ready for our big day, when we marry and settle down to the happiest days of our life...I received a gift package from the Am. Red Cross. each of us, with two packages of cigarettes, two bags of candy, one tobacco pouch, one comb, and two pocket reading books. Big deal, heh?Ha, ha, ha...All work stopped at noon and the post declared a holiday until Wednesday morning. We'll really be glad when the holidays are over. Bet you will, too, won't you? They ain't the same when we're apart...Yes, this just about brings the news up to date around this rock...We didn't receive any mail today and I must say I'm very much worried about the money order. I can't wait until I get word from you...I want you to know I haven't forgotten Xmas, or the holidays and it's not my wish that they are this way. My hands are tied in sending a little something and the Xmas cards were just awful. I threw those that I did buy into the waste paper basket...This being the only way to convey my message to you, let me wish you and the folks a merry, merry Xmas, and may the next one be ours to celebrate together...Thank the family for the Xmas greeting cards and not to mention the lovely one you sent would be a crime. Its verse was complete, but

your addition was the sweetest...Au revoir and remember I love you.

Dec 25, 1945--Merry Christmas! Make it merry, even if it ain't. I hope you enjoyed your Christmas dinner with the folks and spent the balance of the day with the Xmas spirit. Did Santa Claus stop at 53?...Sorry I couldn't make it a more pleasant one for you, but it will be the last of those kind. Now tell me, did you do as I asked you? Are you carrying a light in your heart and a sparkle on your finger?...I haven't received any reply to my letter as yet and am hoping all is turning out...I guess you're wondering what Xmas was like up here. Well, to say just another day, with the exception of the dinner, it was...I worked most of the night on Jeep patrol and knocked off early, as this week I'm working nights. I got up at about 2:00 p.m. and worked up an appetite for dinner...We had turkey and all the trimmings, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, mince pie, and gravy with mashed potatoes. It all tasted good, but not as good as at home. Yes, I'll only enjoy the holidays with you...In the evening I took in the first show and seen "Mexicana" with Constance Moore and Tito Guizar. It was a musical, with only a second-place rating I thought. A Republic (??) production...After the show we all stopped at the service club and had a Coke and listened to the orchestra and played a game of bridge. It closed at 11:30 and so I reported just in time to work...The weather was fair--not too cold and seemed more like a Sunday than any other day...Of course, some of the boys got to feeling gay on some liquor that was smuggled in at \$25 a qt. and more...Oh yes, we took two company pictures in the mess hall, just before dinner was served...The Branch is still at dock and is expected to leave Thursday or Friday. Everyone that is going is all set, awaiting for the word "All aboard!"...Tell me, were you at home or did you attend a Xmas party? What happened at Krueger's? I'm anxious to know. Did you hold your own? I'm wondering. You're not accustomed to any drinking since we haven't been going out. Ha, ha, ha...Oh, I hope this thing up here don't last much longer...Did you have a Xmas tree this year? I heard over the radio that the East really had a white Xmas...Well, I don't want to appear mean, but I'm glad the day is over. It brought a heavy feeling to any of our hearts, and if I know you, you too are glad it's over...Au revoir. Please stay as sweet and lovely as I remember you. Shall we start planning our Xmas together?...Pleasant dreams...Are you calling on me at Dix (Dixie)? Let me ask you to and don't fail...P.S. Once again, wish the folks and Vin a Merry Xmas and let them know I miss Xmas at home.

Dec 26, 1945--Back to work again, heh? Tell me, would you rather (have) worked as any other day than go through the rigmarole of the past holiday? Well, I'll be honest with you, that's exactly how I felt, because we were without each other. I'm glad it's over...Did you feel well over the vacation? I wanna know all about you...Nothing new to report. The men had their baggage censored today at noon--those that are leaving and will sail tomorrow, Thursday, at 3 p.m. on the Branch...I'm looking forward to it in February myself. I hope-a-hope-a-hope...I went to the first show this evening and seen "The Spider." I don't even remember the actor and ess(??). It was a mystery picture, rather mild, not bad and not good. Just a third-rater...Tomorrow I'm expected (sic) to see "San Antonio" with Erroll Flynn. I hope to give you a report on it later. I haven't received any mail for the past four days, so I hope there's some awaiting for me in the next mail call. Yes, I'm still sweating out the \$50 money order...Say, you haven't been telling me anything about yourself, like what style hairdo are you sporting now? I'm anxious to know. You know I always adored your hair. You remember what it did to me, besides all your other lovely features. Do you still have that sparkle in your bedroom eyes? You know, that glint that tells me everything...I have to

confess, there isn't a night go by that I don't think about the two of us either in our three or four room apt. or out on a picnic, down at the shore on a row boat, catching fish, or on the beach, basking in the sun...I promise we'll do all the little things we always wanted to, just the two of us. We'll be ever so happy...Gonna sign off now and return tomorrow with a bit of more chatter, from APO 986...So, until then, pleasant dreams.

Dec 27, 1945--Hello! Just dropped in to bid the best of the day to you and hope all is well...I haven't received a letter in so long. You are writing, I hope?...Well, here's the news in brief: 1) The Branch sailed out at 3 p.m. today, heading for Adak and then to Seattle. Took 400 troops aboard (approx.); 2) Seen a good movie tonight, "San Antonio" with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith, in Technicolor. It's a western picture, with a good story. Errol plays a good he-man part and Alexis Smith, well, she is a bit flat in the chest. Ha, ha, ha. Not on the screen, though...You should attend a movie up here. We really are a bunch of nuts. A Saturday matinee back home, with 1000 kids, is a mild report. When we two are at a movie and someone will make a loud remark--smart, witty, what-have-you--you can bet your bottom dollar he's from the Aleutians...There is a rumor that we are deactivating our outfit and we'll all be split up into other outfits that are short of manpower. However, they still expect to keep a force of ten M.P.s, so the rumor goes. And tonight instead of two patrolling men there will be only one (me). The other fellow, who hails from Passaic, NJ, was taken off...Yes, that's the news in brief...Well, I better stop right here.

Dec 28, 1945--Whatcha doing?...Hope all is well, so that you're enjoying the best of health. May the family be doing the same, and all on the healthy side. I've gotta confess, these were--and are--the lousiest holidays ever. There just ain't none anymore, at least it seems that way...No mail plane today either, which makes since last Sunday the last mail we had. Hope there is some for us tomorrow. Gee, I'm a-hoping and a-praying...Well, the news of the day: Yes, today it happened. They split us all up, some going to the engr.s., some to Hdqts. Co., some to signal detachment. Me? I was assigned to Hdqts. Co. as a M.P. We still operate as the 173rd and only attached for service...At 4 o'clock I received my order to move into another area and hut--not at all as nice as I was accustomed to, but it will have to do. It can't last longer before we start on our way home. Might even be in January, I hope. Too good to be true...That is the big news of the day...The weather, of course, is about the same, though it is slightly colder. Two-to-one your winter right this moment is worse than ours. To be honest, all this terrible weather propaganda they've been feeding the public back home is a lot of malarkey. Maybe I'm talking out of turn, but so far so good...Au revoir...Pleasant dreams and let me be part of them.

Dec 29, 1945--I almost feel like a bachelor/widower/what-have-you. No mail again today, but then nobody received any. It's all stacking up for both of us...Let me wish the very best of the day to you and hope all is going well. Honestly, not receiving a letter or two within a few days from (you) seems like I lost you. It's going on eight days now since we had no mail. A week ago tomorrow was the last...Well, we have a real S.N.A.F.U. case up here. I finished moving from one area to another and the accommodations, of course, are not at all good. We have about a 1/2 mi. walk for our meals now, sometimes, if we're lucky, we might get a ride. I have myself all set up in the new hut, but after working on it most of the morning...I slept this afternoon and managed to get six hours of rest. We had a show at about 6 p.m. and then went to a movie. What a picture we seen. I just wasted 15 cents and would have

done better had I stayed in. I seen "An Angel Comes to Brooklyn" and "The Crimson Canary." I don't remember any of the actors or actresses. Probably all newcomers. I felt like walking out, came back, and now I'm busy with my report...Enclosed is the daily weather report and it's been like this most of the week...It seems a crime, keeping us up here like this, wasting time. Especially when we have such important things to do...Rumors have it that all 45-point men and three year service will be leaving this January, before the 15th. Then in Feb. all 2.5 year men or 80-point men next. This will, and should, include me, for by then I will have 33 months service. Anywhere from 6-8 more weeks and then will come our day...Remember to take good care of yourself and remember to be true. Au revoir. I'm counting on you.

Dec 30, 1945--One more day before the year comes to a close, and so it goes, but where, nobody knows...Hope you are enjoying good health, so that you'll be able to send the old year out of sight and welcome the new with a greater inspiration than ever before...Why am I getting so philosophical? OK, I'll tell you why. Because the year 1946 will be our year. A year we'll accomplish more than any other year. Yes, I'm looking forward to it with greater vigor, and a greater inspiration than ever before...Now for the news of the day. Hardly anything, only that I seen a good movie tonight, which I shall tell you about later...I got to bed about 8 a.m. and slept until about 3:30 p.m. The night was rough, for it did get colder, but I managed to stay inside quite a bit...The new mess hall doesn't serve as good a meal as our own cooks and so I missed the usual Sunday night dinner. Furthermore, this mess hall serves their best meal at noon, whereas we used to serve it at late chow, or 5-6 p.m. I had spaghetti and meatballs for supper and can't say that I enjoyed them too much...I went to the first show this evening and seen a grand picture--make it a must on your list. "This Love of Ours," starring Merle Oberon and Claude Rains. For an old gal she's doing pretty good for herself. Ha, ha, ha. I can't tell you too much about the story, but I'm certain you'll like it and certain you'll shed a tear...After the show I returned to the hut and opened up the case of beer we were issued again for the holidays, and now I'm writing you...Again another day passed by without any mail. This is eight days now. How much longer will they keep us apart without a letter from you?...Gee, I'm still in the dark about the money order I sent Dec. 3d and here it is the end of the month, and no word...I'm waiting only for this next mail call before I take action...Anything new with you that you'd want to tell me?...Tell me, have you taken any pictures of yourself? Ain't you gonna send me any more of you--and perhaps Nance and Susan? Gotta keep my morale up, you know. Ha, ha, ha. And only you now how...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.

Dec 31, 1945 (New Years Eve)--The last of 1945 is soon coming to a close, for only an hour or two is left. I'm happy--glad--to see it go, aren't you? Why? Of course, for 1946 will bring us closer than ever. It has to be '46 that will bring our hearts together. I'm thrilled about it all so very much and hope you feel the same. The coming year will really bring the happiness and gladness we for so long sought, and many times had it, but never knew enough to hold on to it...Hope you are in the best of health and able to enjoy the toast or two that is made on the stroke of midnight...I had you in mind at 6 p.m. this evening, for that was when I was eating supper and the New Year bells were ringing at home. I made a little wish at the table and somehow I felt the spirit of it all through my body. It all felt like the real happiness we so much desire. Honestly, I must be psychic, as I felt the both of us wishing each other the good wishes and cheer for the coming year...I came back to the hut after chow and guess what! It made me ever so

happy! Yes, it happened today. Mail came in and several of your letters--in fact, all of them--were just so full of good news. It kept me busy for quite a while, reading them over and over while I was sipping on a Budweiser's brew...It being pay day today, and the fact that we're all over the post, some here and some there, the old man came direct to all of us to pay us. Yes, I was in the sack, fast asleep at 10:30 a.m. when he awoke me and asked whether I could use the dough-re-mi. Ha, ha, ha. I said, "Yes siree--and all you've got to spare." Ha, ha, ha. \$35.20 in total. I'm holding on to it for many things are expected to happen--like going home, etc. If not in Jan, then definitely in Feb. It's almost certain. Goody, goody...Today I received word that you have the money order I sent. Boy, was I sweating that one out. Whew!...That congress talk about paying the G.I.s for terminal leave is still pending. Nothing definite. The only consolation is the fact that the war dept. is in favor of it. It probably will be shelved until election time and then brought about again...Let me wish you the happiest and merriest New Year ever.