

## Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, AK—Feb 1946

[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.]

*Feb 1, 1946*--I know I'm being mean to you by not writing as often, but it's all beyond my control. Hope you understand...The storm has abated only to start in again and during that time, somehow, my mail came in. Well, if you only knew the thrill I got when I received about a sack of mail, all for myself. Yes, it was all yours--and I got it after 6 p.m. chow and at 10 p.m. I was still reading your letters...I hope you are well and this cold of yours that I read about is gone with the wind. I hope your motoring is causing no trouble, and please do be careful with Nancy's rear. She has, rather, she picks on the awfulest times to kick up her rear and send you for a spin. Do you know what I mean? Especially on the ice. We were always lucky the past two times...The news up this way? Well, it's like this: Yesterday morning, for the first time in ages, we seen the sun, for only a short time. It was neither cold nor warm, sort of 50/50, when at 4 p.m. the storm kicked up for the nth time, and before we knew it our hut, with a good many (others), were all snowed in. I didn't even report on duty at midnight because the roads were blocked. And today (figure it out) the fog was dense and it melted away quite a bit of the snow...One day this week they announced over the island radio (local) that the Williwaw Theatre would be opened for the first time in many days. So, what happens? We get down and after ten minutes' showing of the main feature the electric gave way and they started to pass out rain checks. So, we gave up and went out and gave it up as a bad job of trying to see a movie. Ha, ha, ha...Nobody got to see "Getting Gertie's Garter." That was the show. Ha, ha, ha. How appropriate...Well, there's a hot tip (rumor) going around that we'll be getting out of here by the 20th of February, which means I'll be back at Dixie sometime around the 7th or 10th of March. This you can count on now. Another four or five weeks...There are rumors also that a good many of us will be flown out before long...The Branch hasn't left yet and is expected up here this Sunday, February 3. I haven't heard anything about that case of spinal meningitis so far...We were paid again yesterday, so the eagle dropped his \$34.85 and I bet it was with a grunt. Ha, ha, ha. I guess he knew I didn't earn it. Oh, it's a crime having him waste such precious time up here when there is so much for the two of us to do...I will begin to answer your letters starting tomorrow. I see that there are quite a few answers you are awaiting. I'll take 'em all in order of their dates, OK?...I can see you at Dixie, at the gate, waiting. See you with all the other girls and you are the prettiest, smart-looking, and groomed. Beautiful hair glistening from under your hat...Remember me always.

*Feb 3, 1946*--Good evening. It's time I got to some reporting. Yes, I've been neglecting you and for some unknown reason, other than the excuse of the storm, I just couldn't get down to it. I haven't been up to par. Everything that I had to do was an effort. However, those few days are gone...I do hope very much that all is well with you and I hope you aren't too angry with me...Now I can tell you all. Well, the Branch is expected for certain, for sure tomorrow, and will leave immediately, and this is the last boat to leave without me, for on the next I'm aboard. Yes, that's for certain and for sure also. Rumors have it that the next boat is expected up here about the 15th to the 20th...I've been working nights down at the docks, whenever weather permitted and the roads are open. More or less as a fire guard. Out of the week, I was down there three times. The other four days, well, no place is safe like the hut. Ha, ha, ha...Other

than this, everything is the same...Enclosed are a few pictures I managed to get: No. 1) Is a picture of the remains of the first williwaw we had just before and during the holidays; No. 2) Is a picture of a normal day at the rock. This picture was taken from inside of a patrol Jeep and the Jeep that is seen in the picture was just being pulled out of a ditch; No. 3) Is a picture of one of the many eagles seen either perched on high poles or in flight. This one has just taken off; Nos. 4-5-6 are pictures of the old M.P. area where we were stationed (EDITOR'S NOTE: Pictures 4, 5, and 6 were not in the envelope and were sent in the Feb. 4 letter)...I've told you little of the movies I did see when power was available, although, as I told you, (for "Getting Gertie's Garter" we were rain-checked out...One picture which you will enjoy, even though it is not a class-one production, is "Vacation From Marriage" with Deborah Kerr and Robert Donat. (It is) A story of an English couple, both of whom are in the service. In "The Bells of St. Mary's," starring Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, one pun you will enjoy is Bing Crosby asking Bergman how come a pupil by the name of Luther is enrolled in St. Mary's. Ha, ha, ha. Another is "Danger Signal," which I read in one of your letters you already have seen...Another is "They Were Expendable" starring Robert Montgomery and John Wayne. (It is) A story of heroic defense by the P.T. boat put up on the S. Pacific. Gen. MacArthur is also on the screen. Does he get booed! Wow! Ha, ha, ha...Well, this concludes the program for now. I'll be back after chow with more chatter. To be sure, it will follow in another envelope marked "X."...Au revoir for the time being. I wish so much I could court you to a restaurant one more time.

*Feb 4, 1946*--Well, here I am, one more time, bringing you tales of woe from A.P.O. 986...I thought I'd be able to continue my letter to you last night, but time ran short, so I'll continue right from here...I wasn't able to mail the 4-5-6 pictures, so they are enclosed in this letter...I reported to work at midnight and it was snowing terribly hard. Another fellow that went with me, and that was supposed to go to another post, stayed with me all night. Said he: "Hell, I ain't getting stuck out nowhere, with a Jeep, in this blinding snow. I'm staying here." Said me: "Brother, I don't blame you. I was hesitant about coming down at all, but because we were out and on our way I thought I'd try it." The waves and winds just beated up against the dock something terrible...Nothing new but the weather. It rained and snowed all day. Terribly wet, but we're keeping good and warm and dry...Oh yes, the local radio announced it is showing "Getting Gertie's Garter" at 9:20 p.m., so I'm gonna try to see it...So, you think I forgot what you look like? Ah, but that's where you're wrong, because I haven't. Nobody forgets special persons, and especially you. I remember the color of your eyes (brown), and what's more I remember your lovely hairdo, pretty face, and smile...Oh! Here is the latest. The post commander is trying hard to get us out of here, but the Alaska Dept. is putting the dampers on all suggestions. So, the latest is that we might get to fly out. I'll go any way, just to get to you...Speaking of Osterman, the old tenant, his address was on Oakview Ave., Mapey(? Maplewood?), but they could have moved, so I don't know. Although Mom told me one of the two passed away...Au revoir, So, until we meet tomorrow, happy motoring and the bestest of everything to you.

*Feb 5, 1946*--The only hour of the day that is worthwhile, and that hour is with you. The only hour that brings happiness, contentment, and the best of pleasure...I hope all is well and everything is still going your way. It just has to, because it's you...As for the news, the weather is the most important. Believe it or not, today (we saw) the first sunshine in over 24 days, and was it welcomed. What's more, it didn't

come out for only a peep. It stayed out most of the day, and, boy, did we have the smiles and glad cheer. It sure made us feel good...I've been looking over the pinups we have, to tell you which, if any, are my favorite actresses. Well now, getting down to brass tacks, and after last night when I got to see "Getting Gertie's Garter." Gee, that thing (the garter) brought more disappointments before we got to see it. Ha, ha, ha. I believe Marie MacDonald, as she is in the first part of her picture, is a honey! Yeah, that's No. 1 and then No. 2 would be Elizabeth Scott. Ha, ha, ha...I don't know who your favorite actors are, but I believe you better start hunting. The old ones are being replaced mighty fast...Incidentally, if you haven't already, try to see "Gertie's Garter." To enjoy it I believe you have to be in the mood. Ha, ha, ha...That sure is news about the Maplewood Theatre giving picture shows. I recall the time we seen Veloz and Yolanda, and the stage show--I forgot the name...Ah, you're a smarty--a real, real smarty. I'm happy to know you got the lay of the land at Dixie. It will make it so much easier for you when the day comes. I don't know what it's like myself, but I'll get the details to you by phone as soon as possible. How will that be? O.K., when I get there (if I ever should), I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot giving you the buzz...Hey! Straighten out that guy Fischer. I don't want no wolf, young or old, sniffing around you. Boy, that's out for good and better get him straight before I get to straighten out a few myself...Remind me to tell you about Werrell (Wenell?). It's a long story and better would it be told in person! I received the clipping you sent, but these schools and courses are most all a joke. Just lots of undue publicity and I'm not a cat(?)...So, that's all for today. I want you to know I'm counting the days and hours before I get to come home, and as I see it, it can't be long now!...Remember me always.

*Feb 8, 1946*--I hope you don't feel neglected, for that is the last thing I would do to you. Between what is going on and all, I am just not myself. I get to start in writing a letter and then I give up, but it's been ages--at least it seems that way to me--that I won't give up the idea of dropping a few words to you...I hope all is well with you, with no trouble in store for you. It's gotta be all sunshine for you...Well, I guess you're wondering what's the score with me. Honestly, this last month on the island is gonna be hectic. Nothing (is) so worrisome as sweating out a boat and what won't happen (at) the last minute...There were about ten of our M.P.s, which they really didn't or don't need, and before they got any funny ideas as to how to dispose of us, I hopped the gun. It's like this. They wouldn't ship us home until on this next boat, due sometime the end of this month, and since I feel we are not really needed, I felt they might decide just at a moment's notice to ship us along the change(?) for a few weeks, so before that happened I had an idea and was working on it for the past three weeks. I inquired at the signal detachment up here (that is from one of the G.I.s) whether they were declared essential and he replied, "No." That is, the commanding officers isn't holding anyone and when their time comes to go he releases them. Says he wants everyone to go home when due. So then I asked if they needed telephone operators and he said, "Yes," so I asked him to speak up and see what he could do. So, here's what happened. The day before yesterday, at 5 p.m., I was told by my superior non-com to report to the signal detachment tomorrow for duty, which was the 7th. He interviewed me and (the C.O.) and asked him when am I due to go home and I told him I'm in category three, which is supposed to go out on the next boat. So, he explains to me that this outfit isn't declaring anyone essential, etc., and if I felt as though I can handle a switch board I could become a switch board operator. I told him I operated one many a time at home and believe it's nothing too hard to get accustomed to. So, I started work immediately and am working from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m...I felt it was a wise move to clear out of the M.Ps for

the remaining few weeks, before they eyed me for something else. So, I took a Brodie and requested a transfer to signal detachment. I feel as though this way they can't jerk me around easily if I have something steady to do, rather than being this and that with a group of ham M.P.s...Next is this: They are consolidating the island personnel once again, so we are all on a move again, to the old Navy area. This must be done within the next ten days...There is only one consolation, and that is the next boat I'm on it, with 198 others, and, boy, are we sweating it out...The last two days the weather was good. Probably the nicest days we had this year, but last night and tonight the wind and snow is on the go again. We're keeping nice and warm and dry, so let it all come, hell or high water or snow. No one cares. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, I guess we are fortunate, in a way, that I landed up here instead of elsewhere. But 'tis true to form. Human nature is never satisfied and always would want to be somewhere else. (I am) glad you enjoyed G.I. Joe. Personally, I didn't go for it too much...I am also sending along in today's mail a Duration Daily and a poem or two. I hope you like them. I thought they were pretty good. Ha, ha, ha...Well, I hate to bring these few words to a close, but the time is running short. It won't be long now when evening will come and I'll be able to tuck you into bed myself....Take good care of yourself. Do be good.

*Feb 9, 1946*--(I am) On the job tonight, working at the switchboard, and making time to let you know I'm missing you. It's ages that we've been apart and everything seems so near and yet so far. I'm hoping all is well with you. No aches? No pains? Only in the best of everything?...As for the rock, well, we had everything from snow, rain, (and) hail, to sunshine for about five seconds. Right now I'm on duty at the switchboard and (I) finish at 12 midnight...I can't say there is any news; just another gloomy day...Your letters are my only complete happiness. I enjoyed your Cutie Cartoon about burning the love letters. Ha, ha, ha...The new Kaiser-Frazer cars look pretty snappy. I am anxious to see them myself. Maybe we'll be having one someday, heh? Ha, ha, ha....All these write ups the boys are getting are most phonies. I'll tell you exactly how it works someday...Boy, that article on the steel strike, which Dad asked you to send, sure was good. There is only one solution, and that is for the service man to turn over congress and all that are in office now. Clean the whole bunch out. I'm gonna start campaigning immediately for no re-election, for nobody. Out the bastard(s), (they) are no good and never will be...Speaking of the federal job, and etc., and what Dad has done is OK with me. The thing is this: If and when I am prepared, that is the time to act. So far I have inquired about courses long back in August and September of last year, but they had nothing to offer...The book I asked you to purchase was the best available, so I glanced through it and found it would be helpful. I'm interested in fingerprinting and the technical and scientific end of investigation. This, of course, all comes in different courses offered at schools. However, my problem will be to inquire at F.B.I. offices how they classify these positions, etc. Ask Dad to keep this man in mind and, of course, whatever he (Dad) can do would be most appreciated. Right now I'm not prepared, but I'm starting out in high gear, just as soon as we get started. Married first, adjusted, and then some fact studying, which will come easy, I believe...Say, that guy Fischer, why don't you put him in his place? He's getting in my hair, annoying you like that. Tell him he better be careful, because I'm coming home. Ha, ha, ha...Well, (I'm) gonna close this letter. Au revoir and pleasant dreams and always the best to and for you.

*Feb 10, 1946*--I received so many letters, plus your devoted valentine. All I can say is, you're a

sweetheart...I thought I'd tell you I like my work lots better--all indoors and I was notified officially that I was assigned to the Detached Signal Corps. As a matter of fact, I signed the payroll for February, in this outfit. I hope I'm not here to collect it. Dixie will be plenty of time. Now they can't say, "You're going to Kiska" to patrol of some other rock, just to jerk one off...I heard a good rumor today--and a rather reliable one. All those returning, or due to go home, on the next boat will be civilians by March 5th. I hope it all comes true...I went to the movies and just got back from seeing "Frontier Gal." Not a bad picture, rather entertaining. Plenty of gals. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, where'er I go the Navy spring mattress goes with me...I must say I enjoyed the "Off the Circuit" sheet Fischer gave you. Pretty witty, to say the least...I'm glad to hear Nancy's performing OK for you. I hope she keeps it up...No can say that I heard the song "Let It Snow, Let It Snow." Maybe I did, but I don't know the title. Ha, ha, ha...Well, this makes me say au revoir. Not because I wanna, but because it's getting late. So, until tomorrow, please remember you are my everything.

*Feb 11, 1946*--Hello. Just dropping in for a little while, letting you know all's well, except I miss being with you. Gee, I'm longing for the day we meet and (can) be together forever. It just can't be too far off now!...No news today, for everything is about the same. We had a snow squall, which added another inch or so of snow, but that's about all...Speaking of pictures, do you have your little self (the miniature size) on the other side of your vanity? I like those two miniatures so very much...Gee, I received some newspapers today--you know, the Irvington Herald--and according to what it reports, there just ain't no rooms for rent. Well, I still feel the same way. I don't give a (????) or damn, we're getting married first, and then worrying about housekeeping. That joke that Fischer (made) sure reminded me of our situation. Where the girl marries and the father acquires another wife. Ha, ha, ha. However, we might be fortunate enough if we try getting something further outside of the great metropolis. Perhaps Summit, or otherwise...Au revoir. Do take good care of yourself. Keep out of the cold, and I'll be seeing you soon.

*Feb 12, 1946*--Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers to a wonderful person. How are you today? I do hope (you are) the very best and all (is) going fine...A beautiful day--the sun shone most of the time. It was really welcomed...I started work at 8 a.m. at the switchboard and finished at about 2 p.m. Rather an easy day, but it was an exception. Usually it's much more busier. Which is correct? Busy or (much more) busier? Ha, ha, ha. My English isn't slipping; it already slipped...I did some washing this afternoon, two sets of everything--about 16 pieces in all. You see, we have a washing machine here, so just for the novelty of it all, I'm washing my own this month. Then, too, I didn't think I'd be here for the entire month, to benefit a month's washing for \$1.50. Ha, ha, ha...Well, another rumor started today and it sounds very encouraging. It should materialize by the end of the week, or by the time this letter reaches you. We all have a hunch that we'll be flown out of here before long. All I can say, once I get the buzz, the message will be on its way to you...Everything else is about the same...Oh yes, guess what. I went to a show tonight and seen "A Letter for Evie" with Marsha Hunt and John Carroll. Pretty good show. The boys enjoyed it. Lots of laughs. Ha, ha, ha. A story about two G.I.s. One is a serious-type lover (a short, homely guy) and the other (is) a free, happy-go-lucky lover (one who practices the four Fs--I guess you've heard of them) and leaves them, a la John Carroll. I am sure you will enjoy it...Glad to hear you were able to get out for a ride to Metedy. I'm really looking forward to a lot of bike riding this summer.

I'm gonna get your bike all rigged up for inspection and get me one, too, and BINGO, out for a tour of Ocean County Park. Maybe even a basket lunch...When I left Ord, it was troop train all the way to Seattle--a beautiful trip. I seen Mt. Rainier and a few of the high peaks--full of all snow...I'll have plenty of time to drop you a note, letting you know when I leave. All mail is flown to the states, and once it reaches there it's segregated, air mail and free, and goes as posted. Whatever time I leave, I'll drop a note; might even give a week's notice to you. At least three days, for certain...Well, I'm gonna sign off for the day. Tomorrow the same is in store for me--a movie again, but tomorrow it will be "Spellbound." Have you seen it as yet?...Au revoir.

*Feb 13, 1946*--What's new? Anything? We had a rough night. Yep, a storm--or williwaw--passed by overnight and raged most of the night. This morning we were without electric again--practically the whole island and, secondly, we had to dig ourselves out of the hut. (We were) Almost snowbound. Ha, ha, ha. The weather isn't cold up around this way, but what the wind and snow drifts do to us is a horse of another color. Ha, ha, ha...I reported for work at 8 a.m., on the switchboard, (and was) glad I was on the inside. Ha, ha, ha. I'm getting to be a real hothouse plant, heh. Ha, ha, ha. I finished up at 4 p.m. and prepared for chow and the early show. I found out later that "Spellbound" wasn't playing, not until the following day, and with tonight's trash I decided to stay in. "Up in Arms" with Danny Kaye; just a lot of slapstick comedy and I'm not in the mood. Ha, ha, ha...I received two lovely letters today, and Mother's valentine and letter enclosed. It was very sweet of her (and) I was very happy to receive it. Tell her she scarrrrred me when she said she was coming to Dixie, too. Ha, ha, ha...Please be at ease. Don't let it worry you about shelter, etc. You'll see how it's all going to work out. Once I get my feet in Jersey I bet I get some rooms, flat, apartment, or what have they, and I get day work at all cost...This being Krueger's slow months, I feel certain you can plan on a leave the last of March sometime. If they will only allot a few days, we'll go to South Jersey for a few days and take the Florida trip later in the year. I don't want you to worry, because it (will) all turn out perfect once we get both our heads together. This correspondence gives only a slight view. All I ask of you is to be prepared to say "Yes."...Au revoir.

*Feb 16, 1946*--It seems ages since I wrote to you last and I will make it up in some other way when I get home...Is my Baby well? I hope so, so very much, and please don't worry should I miss a day or two in writing...The weather has been roughing it up quite a bit and the snow is piling up now. However, the wind blows so hard, all the snow is drifts and in many places the ground is bare. We've been snowbound twice in a row each morning. We had to dig ourselves out. The last time we broke down our storm door, trying to do so...I seen the picture "Spellbound," with Bergman and G. Peck. I don't recall whether I told you or not, as it was two or three days ago. I got back just in time before the williwaw broke loose and put our lights out of commission again...We really don't care what kind of weather we have down here, because we stocked up with supplies and eat good, but it's the inconvenience it all causes. Ha, ha, ha. Lazy, aren't we? No, just fed up with the whole thing...It's pretty certain a boat will be up here by the 5th or 6th of March and we'll be back and civilians by the 20th of March. This you can count on. Oh yes, I intend to send a telegram once I arrive in the states, at Seattle. Then it will all be about seven or eight days more after that...Your clippings on the new style Hollywood wants to bring about are really something. Ha, ha, ha. One is waiting for the other to start. I got a laugh out of Betty Hutton when she said, "Who's first?"...I've been working the switchboard during the day and really enjoy it. It's nice to

feel one doesn't have to go out in this stormy weather, especially when it's so senseless...I see by the clipping you sent you, too, read about the shipwreck they had up in Seward, Alaska. We stopped at that port on our way up here. We passed there on the Columbia, changed ships at Seward, and took the Thompson to Adak, and then a F.S. boat to Amchitka. That water at Seward is really cold and (has) plenty of sea porpoises...They are playing a favorite piece of mine, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." What a piece. Just had to tell you this, so pardon the interruption or diversion in my letter...This brings the news of the day. Please don't be angry at me for not dropping a letter as often as I normally would...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.

*Feb 17, 1946*--Today, like always, the only news was the terrific gale and snow we had overnight. This time the wind blew steadily at 70 m.p.h., with gusts up to 105 m.p.h. These were official figures I heard over the switchboard. To prove what it looks like, we managed to take a picture of the hut when snowbound. I hope it turns out, because it was still snowing when they took it...We were more fortunate this time, in so far as electric was concerned, but then, too, many of them were down, so there couldn't be many more. Ha, ha, ha...I had Virginia ham for dinner, with mashed potatoes, canned corn, and peas, coffee and cinnamon buns. It sure has made me thirsty, (and I) had about four Cokes so far, and it's now 9 p.m...Well, twelve more days for this month to be over with and I hope by the time you receive this letter I'll have some definite news as to a boat. It's rumored the Branch will be back the 5th or 6th of March. Just sweating it out!...I forgot to tell you that yesterday I inquired about some of the information we are seeking, concerning the F.B.I., fingerprinting, etc. I have two addresses, which should be able to furnish it all, (or) at least 90% of it, and tomorrow I will seek some more at the U.S.A.F.I. (United States Armed Forces Institute)...Flash! Just received word that gales at 125 m.p.h. are expected by midnight.

*Feb 19, 1946*--Only a note asking "How are you?" I do hope the very best, with no aches or pains. I want you to feel the best at all times. I never want you to be ill...As for myself, I'm holding my own. Fit as a fiddle and the only ailment is not hearing the word (about a boat coming in). Yep, it's gotta be soon now. Perhaps by the end of the week we'll have word. That's the only thing that would put me back in the swing...We weathered the storm fairly well. This time it came without rain or snow, but high, strong winds a constant 80 to 90 m.p.h., with gusts up to 125 m.p.h. These were recorded by the weather station here. At times during the night we thought the hut was gonna take off. They sure are a sturdy-built shelter. Must say so myself. I can understand why so much damage was done at Okinawa, with only tents as temporary shelters...No news otherwise. 'Tis rumored today a boat is due here March 2nd, to leave the 5th or 6th, but nothing definite...They're showing "Cornered" with William Powell tonight at the Williwaw, but I didn't think I'd like it, so I didn't go...No, you don't need to worry about me being declared essential once I hit the states. I'm sweating all that up here. My chances are better than 98% for not being declared essential. That's one thing in our favor...Au revoir and pleasant dreams. Are you counting the days, like I am? Every day an X is crossed off on a calendar. I figure another four weeks before I call you my own.

*Feb 21, 1946*--I guess you're wondering why I'm not writing quite so often. It's because the news is so very scarce. You know, very little happening--the same thing day in and day out, and the same thoughts

of when we are going home. I don't want my letters to become ordinary, which I believe they already are, aren't they? Now, be honest...Now for the good news of the day. It's been officially received that a boat will be up here before the 15th of March, to take us aboard, which means I'll be in Dixie the last week of March. I'll let you know when we board the craft--I mean steamer. Ha, ha, ha...We are expected to move again into the Navy area. They are consolidating the personnel once more and the Navy area was selected as the most appropriate spot. This will take place shortly, for we were advised to clean up our huts and burn or clear up all unnecessary trash. We'll have to board up our own hut...The weather today is beautiful--mild, sunny, with a slight overcast. It sure felt like spring...I have your letter of Feb 7th and am very happy of the news it brought. Two weeks off for fire and P.D. personnel sure comes in handy, heh? We really need a good two weeks' vacation. You've earned yours for being such a real sweetheart...Now, those new women's swim suits, well, as much as we males would like to see them go over, I'm afraid the women will treat them very shyly. Ha, ha, ha. You might find an occasional one, maybe two. Ha, ha, ha...That new sewing machine of yours will be kept humming with new styles and designs. However, I believe in brevity, but not the irreducible minimum...We had a monthly physical inspection today, and what's more, they held it in the mess hall. My God, where next? Yeah, that's life in the Aleutians. Ha, ha, ha...Oh, bless the day we leave...This does it. May the best of everything be in store for you while I'm away. Pleasant dreams, and may they all be sweet and lovely. I hope you dream of me a wee bit.

*Feb 22, 1946*--Yes, I'm constantly thinking about you and wondering what you are doing at that moment. Many times I know you are in the arms of Morpheus, and so much the better. There I know he keeps you well...I can't say there is any news for you today. The post declared a holiday, otherwise I would never have known of G.W.'s birthday. That shows how important we think of dates. We really are going to the dogs--and fast...The switchboard operators, of course, have got to keep the phone service. Ha, ha, ha. So, I have to put in my shares of hours, too, you know...We just received word that a Russian freighter has sent out an S.O.S. in these waters. The ship has broken in two and the one half is lost. No further details as yet. I wonder if you'll read about it. This happened today, the 22nd...Please be at ease about me. I promise to let you know exactly when I'll be leaving. We'll have ample time to give all the facts...The welcoming home signs at my house are for Stanley (my cousin). I received word that he was at Dix and will be home within a day or two...The reason for my mail being postmarked two and three days after it is mailed is the fact that it is not delivered to the P.O. until then. Many times in the past the roads weren't passable and it was left for the following day. Of course, that doesn't happen always. It might be the answer to my letters...I guess this brings our chatter to a close for today. I want to remind you that I miss you terribly each and every day and am just trying to be a good G.I., so that I get to you real, real soon.

*Feb 23, 1946*--I do hope all is well with you. I had an awful dream last night. We quarreled over nothing and, in spite, you married someone else, but somehow you were still my wife. Oh, it was all mixed up and then I woke up. I kept dreaming all weird things. I believe it was the Coke I had before I went to bed. I finished up monkeying around late and read Time magazine almost completely through from start to finish...Gee, you just have to be in the best of health...I didn't do much today. I finished up at the switchboard at 9 p.m., and retired for the evening. I am writing you at this moment...I salvaged quite a

bit of wear apparel and am in hopes of getting it home. A new jacket, new jersey(?) trousers, and one pair of gloves (leather palms)...Nothing new in the way of news. No word as to when a boat is due. Gee, it's very discouraging at times...It's been snowing intermittently all day, and (is) rather wet--just gloomy, to be exact. Ha, ha, ha. I guess I've got the blues. Not even the wind can blow them away. Ha, ha, ha...I believe I'll be able to bring one of these wool caps. I'll keep it in mind. The sunglasses, and those you use over your glasses, I have two pair each, and I'm keeping (them) very safe, all for you...No, I didn't know anyone aboard the Yukon disaster. Ten victims identified is only a drop in the basket compared to how many lost their lives. I hope we have better luck. Ha, ha, ha...No, if the housing situation is as rough and we can't find anything in Irvington, we'll go elsewhere, that's all. But we ain't stopping in getting married. Remember that!...Yes, if Easter is in April, I'll be your Easter bunny. I believe (I'll) be in the states sometime in March, and at Dixie by the end of March at the latest ...Yes, that was another boat, the "Crown Reefer," a freighter on its way up here. It's still on the rocks, and they are abandoning it for good. It's here to stay because salvaging it would cost too much (too much damage). I'm trying to get a picture...Everything is at a standstill being so far apart. We could be planning so many things, yet there isn't a thing we can do until we get together. I wish I knew when my boat would come...Au revoir and until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and the best of everything to you.

*Feb 24, 1946--(Written to his girlfriend's mother--or his mother?)* Another week passes by and no sign of a boat as yet. Gee, it gets discouraging, wasting time up here. However, I want to let you know I'm feeling fine--no aches, or no pains. I hope you are able to say the same and in the best of health...There is very little news, Ma. The weather wasn't too bad this week. Only one bad storm, but it didn't last long. We had a little snow fall overnight, but today it's clear and cold...I received a lot of your mail, Ma, and have all four of your letters. Glad to hear you got yourself a nice wrist watch. I hope you enjoy it a lot. It's always better to have that than a dress. You did a smart thing by getting a watch...Yes, Ma, I got the picture of the Pospisil boy in Vauxhall. I wonder where he was stationed...I got the picture of Martin's and Janie's twins and they sure are getting to be big boys...Glad to hear Stanley is home for good. I hope I'm next. Ha, ha, ha...I received a letter from Rudy this week and was glad to hear all is well with them. I'm in favor of him going in business, and when he does, to do it the right way. I hope to see him soon about it...It was nice of Martin to take a ride to the shore. I'll bet you all enjoyed it. How's about mushroom picking? Boy, I like to do that. I'm gonna make a mushroom slicer, so you can dry them up real fast. Ha, ha, ha...Oh yes, I forgot to tell you I was to the service club up here and played Bingo, so I won a slipover sweater that the Red Cross made, and a pair of socks to match, and a case of beer. Ha, ha, ha. Maybe my luck is changing, heh? Ha, ha, ha...Well, Ma, this is all the chatter I know of. Remember to take care of yourself and don't worry about anything. I hope to see you sometime in March, Ma, so until then, with all my love. I'll be seeing you.