

Letters home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, AK--July 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.]

*July 8, 1945*--Well, here I am again, getting back to circulation just a little bit...Somewhat surprised I am not hearing from you for quite a while...I hope you're feeling fine and everything is going your way...With the summer season in full swing by now, everything must be buzzing. Wonder when the sun will shine again. Ha, ha, ha...Your last letter, of June 24, tells me all about the grand time you had, but nary a word with whom. I don't see how men like ourselves will be able to compete with those 4F wolves floating around. Ha, ha. After all, one does get out of practice and lose some of the technique he formerly had, regardless of how good or bad it was. There just ain't no justice--no, no, no justice anymore...Getting back to this outpost here, I've been having a rough time of it--inssofar that I got into somewhat of a rut and just couldn't seem to get started on a letter to no one. Restlessness is no word for it. Been sleeping at an average of 3-4 hours daily, and then they were only an hour at a time...Don't know how I managed to see three good shows: "The Enchanted Cottage," with Robert Young and (Dorothy) McGuire, the new star actress; the other, "Flame of the Barbary Coast," with Ann Dvorak and John Wayne; and last, but not least, the best of them all "Without Love" with Spencer Tracy and Katie Hepburn. Try to see them all, if you haven't as yet. A good night's entertainment (for) each and every one...Received a few letters from some of the old gang I trained with last and they were all assigned to outfits in the Philippines. Some of them are doing town patrol in Manila and, as they say, raising hell with the fairer sex. Ha, ha, ha. Maybe that's where I should have landed, heh? Since you treat me so coldly. Ha, ha, ha. Certainly can't get into any mischief up here!...In closing let me wish for your continued success at work, along with complete health, wealth, and happiness in the many, many years ahead.

*July 13, 1945*--Thought perhaps you might like to hear a word from me, so I'm rambling off a few lines to you...First let me wish the best of the day to you and hope most everything is going your way. Won't be long now--vacation time will roll along. Have you made any plans?...There is very little news from up here and things are pretty much the same. Our weather is rather foggy and always delaying the mail. It takes a good nine or ten days for mail to arrive...Our chow is good and if it keeps up, as in past ten days or so, one could honestly say it's the best on the island...One thing we really lack up here is sunshine. Would you want to send some canned sunshine up this way? The boys are missing their suntans, as in pre-war days...Well, it's time to call it a day, so I'll sign off until another time.

*July 18, 1945*--Happy to hear you and the folks were able to get to the shore July 8. How is old Metedy? Boy, do I miss the old stomping grounds. Wait till I get back. I'll make that a bigger and better place than ever before. Yessiree, permission for a dock, and the debris cleaned up. It will be a 100 times improvement. Old Smithy would like that also. Of course, I'm anticipating trouble with our other neighbor. Ha, ha, ha. He's not any too cooperative. Ha, ha...Can't get away from the police, heh?...Both your letters arrived together, although written four days apart. Just proves the weather conditions up here are really the most adverse anywhere in the Pacific. Fog, plus fog, and then some more fog...Dad's

birthday just went by without a thought from me. Remember me to him, with hearty congratulations for his fine health, spirit, and work, and may it continue for many, many more years...Seen the picture "The Affairs of Susan," with Geo. Brent and J. Fontaine. It's a good comedy and you'll enjoy it. Of course it's not a top notcher, but it's good entertainment. Seems like a good many pictures we see long before you do...Yes, indeed, time is passing very fast. Seems as though it was only yesterday that I was in Wisconsin at this time of year. It only seems ages since I saw you last...Well, it's time for me to sign off, so with the very best of everything, and with all my love, remember me always.

*July 21, 1945*--Well, well, the mails really came through today. Yes indeed, I hit the jackpot with four long-delayed letters from July 7, 10, 11, and 15. Already received those of July 8 and 12 a couple days before. Maybe that will explain best my delayed mails to you. Our mail is sometimes delayed at the censor's office, combined with the delay of outgoing mail and you have your answer...As for myself, I'm putting myself into trim for my post-war positions. Going to the post gym and working out at least three times weekly, playing badminton, ping pong, punching the bag, weight lifting, and a few calisthenics...I'm working the swing shift on my patrol duties, which enables my going to the post gym. Just taking advantage of my leisure hours...Speaking of the gas situation, why, hell, that ain't no big deal getting the tanks full now. Why, if I owned a station you could have had a tank full any time during the tight months. What in the hell's the matter with those pump jerks? You see, that's the difference between them guys and meeeeeeeee...Speaking of V.J. day, I feel that the war will be over before the year is out. I don't want to be spreading false optimism or propaganda, but then I am entitled to a thought, so I'm looking forward to it somewhat sooner than what predictions have it. Don't tell me I'm wrong again, damn it...Ha, ha, ha...That news strike must have been quite the thing. Wish I knew the facts before I form an ill opinion of the union. Will the time ever come when management and labor will be able to settle a dispute without strike, strike, strike? Say, what gives you the impression that life is gay and wonderful up here? That women are up here, etc.? Why, if the boys would really see a good shaft, we'd go daffy...Guess you'll be running across many a discharged service man, along with all the other girls, and each will have a breathtaking story to tell...

*July 28, 1945*--Enclosed are eight more snapshots and I hope you enjoy these as much. These were a gift from a friend. Fishing is the favorite pastime up around here. Nice, if you can get the time off.

*July 28, 1945*--Enclosed are six more snapshots. The one is a shot of a sea otter, whose fur, as you already know, is very expensive...Hope you enjoy these as much.

*July 28, 1945*--The weather is still very foggy and always delaying our mail. Guess our summer is over with now. So they say...Haven't been to the movies because I'm working on the swing shift, 5 to 12 pm. Seems like we see very much the same pictures. We alternate every two weeks, so soon it will be day, or not night work, which will then enable me to start again. However, after working hours, about 12:30 am or so, they show us some old movies in the mess hall. We have a few men that know how to run the reels off, so we were able to see "(Here Come) The Waves" with B. Crosby and S. Tufts and also "The Woman in the Window" with E.G. Robinson. "The Waves," as you know, was a comedy, and nothing to brag about, so as far as my opinion goes. The other picture was all about a mysterious dream which

Robinson has while asleep in his armchair at home. It was an interesting picture and kept you in suspense a great deal...We were looking forward to great news with Japan this week, but I guess they'll have to learn the hard way, as Germany did...Our chow is still very good and (I) have little, or nothing, to complain about. Sunday last we had turkey with all the trimmings. That is an average of twice a month. Pretty good!!! Speaking of snapshots, I've purchased a few of the island here and believe I am able to forward them to you. They are snapshots of some of the buildings we have and their names will identify themselves. The picture of the Russian grave is beyond me, especially with a woman's name, for there ain't no women around here. If there are any pictures that need explanation, it will have to wait until I get home as a civilian. Hope you enjoy them.

*July 28, 1945(B)*--Enclosed are eight snapshots which I purchased and believe will pass censorship. Hope you enjoy them.