

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

Nov 1, 1945--How are you, darling? Do hope (you are) the very best. I'm feeling fine and just waiting patiently for my trip home to you...Nothing new in the line of news, but there seems to be a lot of activity around, so maybe, with a little luck, they might get us out of here by December sometime. Gee, could that happen to us? Too good to be true...Sorry to hear Dad's cold has him down in bed. Guess the weather is to blame, with so many changes...No, nothing has been said about the firing in the hut, and it's a forgotten issue. Boy am I glad of that. One reason I moved out of that hut...There is very little pastime up here, when you work on patrolling. You do that for eight or nine hours, (then) sleep for about eight hours or so. Ha, ha, ha. Shower up daily and shave, take care of your correspondence, and every now and then they have a show or movie in the mess hall. So, you see, before one realizes (it) the day starts all over again. And so it goes, day in and day out...No, dear, don't send a thing up this-a-way, because strange things happen and one never knows. Better save all the chocolates and everything until I get closer (to) home. O.K.? I'd like that way much better, especially with you...Those sockets I wanted to exchange for a lamp made out of 105 mm(?) shells and a smoking stand. Thought they would go nice for the Metedy porch, but as it was, the guy I made the deal with landed in the brig because he got drunk and had a fight with a non-com. So, it all ended up that the deal fell through...Well, this brings my chatter to a close. Remember me to the folks and I hope by the time this letter reaches you everyone is feeling well. So, until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and the best wishes for the day.

Nov 3, 1945--A great day for us, yup, indeed it was, but before I go on to tell you all the news, (I) hope all is well...Well, now for the news. I finished work at about 7:30 am and hit (the) sack about 8:00 or so. Brushed my teeth, had a little grapefruit juice for breakfast, and then it wasn't long after I was in the arms of Morpheus. Got up at about 4:00 pm and all the news happened and all over it. Guess what. A boat docked at about 9:00 am, loaded up with 997 troops, and was on its way just before I got up. Boy, was that fast work. Those that were up and around spoke of the band that played and how the brass carried on with its liquor. Yes, that's the news in a nutshell, but a live rumor has it now that another boat is due in about (the) 20th of November, and is supposed to take on more troops, and this time it is to accommodate the 50-point men. This doesn't include me, but it means something is at least happening and eventually we will get home...The boat brought some second-class mail, so I received my two issues of the Herald and read them, but didn't find anything newsy about 'em this time.

Nov 3, 1945 (2nd letter)--I don't report to work tonight because we're changing shifts tomorrow (Sun). I start day work for a week...Nothing new today. Listened to the Navy & N.D. football game this morning, before retiring, then fell asleep during the third quarter. I got up at about 4:30 p.m., showered, shaved, and had a bit of chow--roast beef, carrots, peas, mashed potatoes, coffee, and cake...Thought I'd go see Shirley Temple in Kiss and Tell, but I changed my mind at the last minute. Those that seen it claim it to be a fairly good picture...Yes, it's true that this Navy Day program is a lot of flag-waving--all uncalled for. But the brass and those in charge are what we call photogenic happy and so disrupt all and everything

just to hold a Navy Day and have pictures galore taken. Have you seen those of MacArthur's stepping out in Japan? Gee, what kisses and slurs he got from our movie audiences...Well, this brings my letter to a close. Hope to write more tomorrow. So, until (then) take good care of yourself.

Nov 4, 1945--Another day and so another letter with a few words...Well, I got up good and early today and had a big breakfast and reported for patrol for a week of day work. It's so much better in the day. Regular hours to do everything. Eat, sleep, and work. Ha, ha, ha...In the afternoon I stopped at the P.X. to buy a few sundries and for the first time I noticed the sunglasses you asked for, so I purchased two pairs. One for you and one for me. So, now I have just another pair to purchase here--those that you wear over your glasses. That will make two pairs each. Or, should I purchase three of the hook-on and one extra pair of the plain beach sunglasses?...Later in the afternoon I had an unfortunate job to do and it was to dispose of a pooch that was sick and which could not be cured. So "Bang! Bang!" went the pistol. It was hard to do, but it had to be done...One more thing to complete the news of the day: We are all being issued the Eisenhower-style jacket that you see the overseas men wearing. They are quite the thing and everyone likes them. They have a snug fit and look very dressy. It replaces the old style suit coat that I wore...Sorry I read you were sick over last weekend. Gee, can't you get sick during the week once in a while?...The story about the lad that's missing is charged up to a mystery. Lack of evidence, and somehow we believe it was murder, but you can't prove too much. Someday I'll tell you the little I know about it. The autopsy revealed three blows on the forehead and nose. He's a former school teacher and was quite a bright fellow. He seemed well-liked and the autopsy also revealed that he did not drown, yet the body was found on the beach, practically in the water...Well, this seems to be the chatter for the day, so until tomorrow, pleasant dreams.

Nov 5, 1945--The beginning of another week and so another day or week that will bring me home that much sooner...I do hope you are feeling fine...The weather isn't anything to brag about, but then when it doesn't rain we're so used to it that anything BUT rain is a nice day...No letter today, but I'm certain it's the mails. As a matter of fact, there hasn't been any for two or three days. Hope there's some for tomorrow...I had an orientation(?) this evening, so they showed us a combat bulletin, news reel, a little community singing, and a short subject or serial on sport fishing, which wasn't bad. By 8:45 we were all through and back in our huts...Quite a number of new men--all young fellows--came to our outfit with 6 to 10 points, so I guess they're here to stay for a while...Well--oh, yes, we were issued our Eisenhower jacket today and I have a pretty good fit. I think you'll like it instead of the blouse...Gonna have a beer issue tomorrow, but I doubt if I can get rid of it, since we have only about 75 civilians left. The big drinkers left and I doubt if they'll pay the price any longer. Ha, ha, ha. Gonna go out of business pretty soon...They already started screening the 60-point men and they had physicals, so now they are also ready to leave. The boat, Branch, is expected in by the 8th of this month. Dec(?) will take the 50 and perhaps excess men who are declared as such. Hope I'm one. Ha, ha, ha. Too good to be true. Time will tell...I wish so much this was all over with. It's getting very tiresome...Gonna sign off and hope I have more news for tomorrow. So, until then pleasant dreams and the best of everything to you.

Nov 6, 1945--Just a short note, letting you know I miss you terribly and love you more than ever. It's been a blue day and nothing but a letter from you could cheer it up. Guess it's been just an off day.

Guess we all get them once in a while...Nothing new out this-a-way, other than it's getting colder and the rainy, dampy weather doesn't seem to clear at all. Ah, well, better times will come. Let us hope...Received our beer today, so some of the boys are going to work on it immediately...Gee, it seems ages since I received your last letter. I hope there is some for tomorrow...The only good thing for today was my supper. Yep, I had a good, tender steak. Boy it hit the spot and I enjoyed it very much...After chow I showered up, shaved, fixed up a few odds and ends--daily dozen, so to speak--and am writing you. Is everything alright with you? You ain't angry, is you?...Good night, dear. Just out of sorts. I promise to do better tomorrow. So, until then, au revoir, sleep tight.

Nov 7, 1945--Oh, you are just too, too sweet; too, too divine for words. You're wonderful and you're different...I'm tickled pink and feel oh so good because I received four letters today. Four sweet letters, including the two that were lost--those of the 20th and 21st, Fri and Sat, of October. And what's more, I received your sweet snap shots of you and Mom and Dad and Vin. The pictures are beautiful and I keep looking them over and over. Ah, you're typical of an American sweetheart, and the family, too. They're the best pictures yet. More about them later...(Shorthand inserted here) Yes, that's just how I feel about it. No party, no celebrations whatsoever. I want to be alone--alone with you. This flag-raising and -waving is a lot of horse shit to me anyway. For the part we misfits played up here we might have just as well stayed home...The picture of you sitting at the table writing is a very sweet picture of you. It's typical of the American Sweetheart...The picture of you sitting in front of the table on the porch gives out all the sweetness in you. Say, where did you get that dress? I like your hairdo and pretty smile. I like this type of picture of you...The picture of the family is grand. The folks seem to be in good health, but one thing puzzles me. I don't see any Kruegers on the table. Gotta have Kruegers one time when I get home. Here's one big kisseroo for Mom, and big cigar and handshake for Dad, and for Vin, a handshake and the password. Ha, ha, ha...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.

Nov 8, 1945--The best of the day (to you). Hope all is well with you and the family. Hope, too, you aren't angry with me. Please say you're not...Another boat came in today, to take out salvage equipment, but that's about all. Expects to be docked for about 4-5 days, to fill up. The Branch is expected tomorrow, which will take out more men. That's official because all over-60 pointers are now awaiting transportation...The rumors are flying heavy and none of them seem to add up to anything. Although things will happen fast and furious before long. I believe by January I'll be on my way. It all seems to point to that month...I went to the movies a little while ago and seen "The Men in Her Diary." It had a new cast, along with Peggy Ryan. It was a comical picture and we all got plenty of laughs from it. Pretty risqué in certain parts. The dialogue is snappy. Try to see it when it hits home...I'm happy that I received both your last letters that I wrote you about...Boy, that telephone operator must be the cat's meow. Boy, she must take the cake. Hard to know how to shake them. One would think she'd take a hint. Yep, all kinds of people make this world...No, dear, they have what they call a port company that loads and unloads ships. The M.P.s stand gangplank guard--and hatch guards--as they unload, so that no pilfering is committed. Ha, ha, ha. What a joke...Gee, I sure envy you picking mushrooms. Do you suppose you'll still want to go pick them when we get married and are together? Better had.

Nov 9, 1945--Flash! The news--the big news--yeah, only the weather. A storm is brewing and wind is

recorded at 75 miles per hour tonight, from the air corps weather report. Right now it seems our hut was gonna take off next...Tell me something. Are you using tape to seal your envelopes you are sending me? It seems some of your letters have them and some don't, and I was wondering whether that's the way you are using it this way...Honey, that company duty of cleaning and burning the back houses isn't a job for one. Eight to ten men go at it together and everybody gets the job. No, they ain't pickin' on me as yet. Ha, ha, ha...Thanks for getting that book for me. It's good reading and will be of service to me later. No, don't send the book up this way. Just keep it for safekeeping until I get home. We have a copy up here that's sufficient...Well, this brings the news up to date. Hope the weather clears so we get the mail that's due. Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.

Nov 10, 1945--Good evening. Here it is, another week coming to a close and little can we say as to how soon we'll be seeing each other...Hope all is well at home and at work. Just being able to take you out for a movie, even for a Coke, would be such a comfort...The news? Well, there just ain't none. The weather? Well, the storm we had hit its peak tonight and I believe it's like a hurricane--wires all over the roads, and when riding the Jeep head on into the wind you'd have to shift into second. And when you'd have a tail wind you'd have to brake. The rain that came along actually stung your face when it hit...The boat Branch I wrote you about yesterday or so ago won't be in until Nov. 19th and, boy, are the men bitching now. Wow!...Well, today I finished my week of day patrol. Tomorrow I start the swing shift from 5:30 to 12:00 pm. It's the best of them all. Off practically all day and (at) midnight you're able to sleep. That is, return to the sack with a day's work done. Ha, ha, ha...They showed us a G.I. movie at the mess hall and also a picture called "The Hidden Eye" with Ed Arnold. A case where Arnold plays the part of a blind detective. Nothing to brag about. Not even a third-rater, I would say...Gee, the weather has been so terrible that no mail has been received for the past four or five days. I believe it is five or six days...I can't think of anything else that would make news, so I'll bring my note to a close. Right now I'm admiring your snapshots and enjoying them immensely. They are my real inspiration.

Nov 11, 1945--Sunday afternoon (and) the weather is clearing up and maybe, if it continues, maybe--and I say maybe--I'll receive a note from you...The best of the day to you...Still no mail, but hardly can we expect any with the present storm. Hardly one...Didn't get up until 9:00 am today, instead of the usual 6:30, because I don't report until 5:30 pm...Had roast pork for dinner, but ate very lightly, so I can fill up on the roast chicken we have on Sunday evenings...On my writing desk I have your postcards you sent during the summer months, under a transparent glass...Guess what. This will give you a laugh! The Navy area up (here?) is closing down, so naturally there's a scavenger hunt going on. Well, one of our boys brought back to the company a painting of a nude woman lying on her side, so they took it to a carpenter shop and cut it out, according to the lines and took a picture of it, including themselves. Well, if it doesn't remind you of the amusement parks where you can pose behind a painting like it. It's hilarious--and pretty risqué. Ha, ha, ha...Oops! Don't tell me the sun is peeking out! Yep, it's true. No, it will go in hiding again. Plenty of dark clouds all around...Well, this concludes the chatter for today. Promise to have some more again tomorrow. Please remember to be good. I'll always care for you, no matter what.

Nov 12, 1945--Only you make my days worthwhile. Today was the day! Six of the sweetest letters

arrived today, from Oct. 31st to Nov. 5th inclusive. Oh, you brightened the day so very much and made me feel so very happy...We're observing Armistice Day on the island, so naturally a good many of the men didn't need to report. However, this M.P patrol is always on the job. Twenty-four hour service...At 10:30 am, while we were cleaning and doing odd jobs about the hut, word was received about mail call. Boy, did we welcome it...Oh, I'm thrilled to pieces...Nothing in the line of news. Just another quiet day for all of us. All, of course, except the mail that cheered us up...Once again you got a big surprise for me. You say you have a little change put away, to pick out your linens, towels, etc. That's just ducky. And listen here, don't go getting anything without me. I wanna be the big cheese. Ha, ha, ha...Pop still goes for the girls, heh, like Irene Dunne? He's got a handful when he picks on her. Ha, ha, ha. Could go for a little of her myself...Glad you don't think me an old fossil...Well, I'm so happy about your mail. Gee, today was really the day...Oh yes, had a good roast beef dinner tonight. Really excellent. Had three big slices, plus all the trimmings...Gonna sign off and chat with you some more tomorrow, so until then, pleasant dreams.

Nov 13, 1945--I miss you so much. Time just doesn't pass along fast enough...What's new? And are things going your way? So glad you are working at Krueger's, because I feel the work is so much lighter and easier for you. Not as nerve wracking as some other positions you had...Just another day out this-a-way. Went to bed immediately after I finished up last night. Got up about 7:15 am, and for breakfast I had pancakes and coffee, with a little grapefruit juice on the side...Came back to the hut, made up my bunk, and fiddled around like an old fusspot. Chewed the fat a while and got some drinking water and oil for the stove. Before long, chow again. Had only a bowl of rice tomato soup with crackers, a few apricots for dessert, and coffee. Gotta watch my diet. Can't afford to bulge in the middle. No siree, not me. Got to keep myself fit as a fiddle and ready for you...Gee, holidays pass around here and one doesn't even know it. Halloween and Armistice was just another day. One would think at least some fireworks, with all the ammo they have up (here) and big guns. But no, not even a shot fired. Cripes, the City even does that much...Received your clippings and like them very much. I believe I could make both racks for you real easy like, but of course if we were to use them, especially the table rack, it would have to be a nice finish and above all a neat job...Yes, I still have my wrist watch and it's keeping good time. At one time I could have sold it to a civilian for \$35, and then thought it over and because it was a gift I refused. Ha, ha, ha...The trip home won't be too bad now, providing we go straight to the states. On our way up here we spent approximately 20 days on water, but going home direct to Seattle would only be a six or seven day ride. Cripes, I think I'd leave on a rowboat if I could get my hands on one. Ha, ha, ha...Glad you didn't go or go over to the Kent(?) Room to eat, because you would bring about hard feelings with the other females and it wouldn't be nice, although it is flattering. Only your type, the soft, willowy, well-dressed, and plenty of poise could get an invitation like that...Yes, I like flowers and you know it. If we ever have our own home with plenty of area around, our garden has to be different or else there just ain't gonna be any. What say you? A nice rock garden with plenty of stones and odd shapes? I have a splendid idea, but it will take a little cash, but it will be a masterpiece once it is done...No, no, cripes no (way?) I could go for her one bit. The Bacall girl, wait until you see the picture *The Big Sleep*, and the first few shots they show of her. Someday I'll tell you what she reminds me of...Au revoir, sweetheart.

Nov 14, 1945--The best of the day to you, dear. Here's hoping all is well both at home and at work...Nothing new out this-a-way. Oh, yes there is...what am I talking about. Last night a U.S.O. troupe of five girls and three men came in, so for tonight and tomorrow we are going to have a show. Gee, ain't it wonderful? Blah, blah. Boy, do they disgust us with those troupes. Nothing but a bunch of hams so far as I'm concerned...Other than that, dear, everything is the same. The weather is a bit choppy with an occasional shower and strong gusts of wind...Maybe we'll be able to get a hotel room to stay at when we get married, if things are too hard to get. I don't see how it could last long before people adjust themselves to post war times. I'm not worried a bit. Let's get married first and then see how we'll get by with rooms. Bet it will be exciting. Ha, ha ha...Well, this brings to a close my chatter this side of the ocean. Will write again tomorrow, so until then be good and remember I love you.

Nov 15, 1945--Getting a late start darling, all because I took in a movie this afternoon, which I shall tell you about...First let me say I miss you very much (and) that not a moment doesn't pass by that I'm not thinking of you in some sort of way...This afternoon I seen a good comedy and when the show hits towns make sure you see it and invite the family. They so will enjoy it, I'm sure. The title (is) "Shady Lady" with Charles Coburn and Ginny Simms. A thousand and one laughs. Old Charlie is really a smoothie and I mean a real smoothie, something you haven't seen before. Very suave. Make it a must on your list. That's all I'll tell you...By all reports you were a busy beaver on the Sat. of Nov. 3rd. Whatcha do? Go for the fall house cleaning? You can't do that; you're a secretary and not a house lady...You closed your letter in the middle of a letter. Get it. See it's like this--your letter of Nov. 3rd has three pages, so instead of closing it on the third page, I find it on the second. Gee whiz, you had me going there for a while until I figured it out. Ha, ha, ha...You see, the island works something like this. Being an M.P. is like having a P.D. up here. At night you keep patrolling, watching warehouses for fires, etc. And so far as replacements, well, I just heard today that they have plans for a community up here. A school, church, drug store (general store or something), etc. How do you like that? If the G.I. were to suggest that he'd be put into a padded cell...Gee, I hope there's mail for me pretty soon, for Sunday was the last we got...I can't think of any more news. The 60 pointers are still sweating out transportation and "The Branch"--a ship--is expected on the 17th or 18th...Heard a good rumor today, but ain't putting any stock in it. Heard that all men with 30 points or more or two years' service would leave the before the year is out. Almost too good to be true...Well, this is it. Will write again tomorrow, so until then take good care of yourself...Pleasant dreams and happy motoring until tomorrow.

Nov 16, 1945--Another day closer to you. It can't be too far off, I don't think...Let me bid the best of the day to you, and hope all is well both at home and at work...Another wet day out here, but somehow in spite of it all I received two lovely letters today...Let me tell you again I miss you so very much...Nothing new out this-a-way, all except that I finish the swing shift tomorrow and then a vacation again for a week. You know--company duty...I'm glad you didn't purchase the curtains you were looking at. I know you wouldn't have, until we know just how many we'll need...Speaking of comforters, that's one thing I believe we could make ourselves. Boy, that will give us lots of fun in the evenings. I know exactly how it's done. Bet your ma knows, too. That's a must, because ain't nothing more thrilling, more beautiful added to a room than a beautiful girl like you and a feathered comfy. We can purchase our own satin--color--etc. and you can sew the balance on your machine, see. Remember, that's a must...Expect to see

the picture "State Fair." It's a coming attraction, just getting up this-a-way. I'll try to see it.

Nov 17, 1945--Hello, darling. How are you? The bestest of everything to you. Hope all is well...Nothing new out this-a-way, however, the Branch is expected in tomorrow. So that means the 60 pointers will be leaving shortly...Been a wet day today, with a little bit of everything--rain, sleet, and snow. However, that melted away as soon as it hit the ground...Another surprise today, one more letter arrived...Had a good steak dinner tonight and enjoyed every bit of it. Forgot to mention it, but we had reindeer meat one day this past week, but somehow I couldn't go for it, even though I couldn't taste a difference. Maybe it was just my imagination, heh? Ha, ha, ha. Very poor connoisseur of food. Ha, ha, ha...Gee, your Sunday of Nov 4 was rather dull, wasn't it? Cheer up, better Sundays are in store for us both...Guess this winds up my chatter.

Nov 21, 1945--Guess you're wondering why no mail was forthcoming for the past three days. Well, it's not because I'm angry at you, but I just wasn't up to par. No ambition, no nothing, so I thought I'd take a vacation, and didn't write a thing in over three days...Before I go any further, I hope you're in the best of health and everything is under control...Well, here's the news in a nutshell. The Branch arrived Monday and sailed for home Tuesday at 6:00 pm, with 800+ troops, which leaves us now with about 1200 total. Two more boatloads and it should include me. Are you glad for me? I am 'cause I'm coming home...Next, we had two USO shows. Of course, the one I didn't see because of the swing shift, but the last one, which is showing its last performance tonight, I seen not by choice, but by order as a USO show guard. Wasn't a bad show at all. Very comical and at times the jokes were a bit risqué and brought a lot of clapping, whistling, and stamping. Ha, ha, ha...Next there was a detail of men on quite a tough assignment, including me. The men that left had a good many dogs as pets, which couldn't be taken with them on the boats and had to be disposed of. Well, it was a gruesome job, but it had to be done...Next, well, the weather is getting colder and snow flurries are continuous. Of course, the ground is not yet covered...We had several frosts and the lakes are frozen, however, we're kept nice and warm and dressed equally as warm...Oh, yes. Seen the picture State Fair and also Abbott and Costello in Hollywood. I expect to see Mildred Pierce by the end of this week...Well, that's the news in brief. I hope to write again tomorrow and answer your letters. I have about five on hand and they are dated from the beginning of the month. I am wondering what's cooking...In closing, here's wishing you the best of everything. Pleasant dreams and smooth motoring. Until tomorrow.

Nov 22, 1945--What a day! Guess I'm out of this world. Tell you why later...Happy Thanksgiving, darling. Had I written this letter this morning there would not have been the happy greetings. Why? Well, I just didn't know Thanksgiving was here. That's the answer to 'what a day.' Boy, does time fly by--BOY!...Hope you are in the best of health and all is going fine with you. Hope, too, you enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner. Ours was good, but I missed being with you. It's never the same unless you have your loved one with you. That is the time you enjoy everything...Well, getting back to last night, I retired early, shortly after I finished writing your letter. I had a restless night and didn't fall asleep until early in the morning. I fell sound asleep when it was time to get up. However, not realizing it being a holiday, I wasn't awakened until 9 o'clock and then was surprised why so late. The boys kidded me, saying that they told the officer in charge I was on duty and didn't report as usually that they'd report for all, since

the orderly room is so far apart. So, I came back and asked "Well, what in the hell are we doing inside instead of outside?" So they told me that the officer took a walk for himself and so did we. Well, it wasn't until--wait, I'm ahead of my story...After noon chow we decided to go to a matinee movie to see "Mildred Pierce," which was an excellent picture. Make it a must on your list. Well, after the show was over I overheard "Let's hurry for chow before the turkey is all gone." Well, it wasn't until then that I realized it was Thanksgiving Day. So help me, I don't know one day from another up here...Well, we got back from the show and went for the 5 o'clock chow and, sure enough, turkey was being served. Well, it was a delicious dinner they put up. Of course, it was nothing as fancy as in the states, like menus and tablecloths, etc., but all the food was there. Turkey (your choice of dark or white meat), mashed spuds, giblet gravy, peas, corn, whole kernels, cranberries, olives, and ice cream, pumpkin pie, fruit cake, nuts, and after dinner mints and coffee. Really filled myself up and had more than my share. However, it's just another meal without you. Would have been lots better with you next to me...The day is over and so another day closer home to you. So far as we are concerned, up here it's just another day...The movie Mildred Pierce is an excellent picture and I believe Joanie will be back in the top notches class again. It sure was interesting and make sure you see it. Boy, I hope they show it in our mess hall and I see it again. One of the men said he read the book and although the movie doesn't show it, she has quite a few affairs, including the works with Zachary Scott and Jack Carson, according to the book. Make it a must. I'm sure you'd enjoy it...Sorry to hear you didn't enjoy NYC as much as usual...Never mind finding out about shower rooms with Jim for us. Would you want me to find out about Florida with some blondie? Better be careful...Well, this brings my chatter to a close until tomorrow, when I'll continue with the news from APO 986.

Nov 23, 1945--How are you? The best, I hope. No aches? No pains?...Well, one more day and another week has passed--and mighty fast did it go. I was on company duty all week and was rather busy building a new outhouse, and acting as U.S.O. show guard, etc. Gee, if it wasn't one thing it was another...Tomorrow I start on the midnight shift for a week, in the Jeep patrol. It's getting very lonely out at nights now. Not a truck or Jeep seen after the second show gives out from the theater...It was a beautiful day, with the sun shining all day long. We sure did need it...Sure do wish I was home, to follow up on the Tyler Kent case. Your editorials are very interesting. Please keep me posted. Things are coming fast and furious, and not to mention the heat from them...Gee, I hope it ain't so that my letters reach you second, and not first. Do you think it is so? Did any of them ever arrive that were opened?...Yes, I'll have plenty of time to inform you of my trip home. I feel sometime in January or February will be the turning point for me...Well, well, well! Susan can do tricks, heh? Sounds like she's got a lot of surprises for us...Speaking of Mozola(?), I believe I'll send both Nov and Dec payments which I received to you. Thought I'd be able to use it on my way home, but as things stand, I don't think I'll be needing it until Jan or Feb. Of course, my beer profit is gone these days and it sure did help. That was my spending money for the month. Ha, ha, ha. I sure do miss it. Ha, ha, ha...Received your excerpts from **icker's(?) book and found them amusing. They are all true to life and, as we say, many a true word said in a joking way...gonna bring my letter to a close and return tomorrow with bigger and better news I hope...In the meantime, remember my only concern is you and I hope the time is not too far off that you'll be meeting me at Dix, where we'll shuffle off to a honeymoon and settle down to a happy and normal life.

Nov 24, 1945--Another beautiful day, but a heavy frost this morning. The ground didn't thaw a bit today and stayed brisk, but clear...Didn't do much today. More or less loafed. Burned a little poop (ten of us in all) and then called it quits for the day. Started at 8:00 am and by 9:00 I was back in the sack. Tough, ain't it? Yeah, tough. Honestly, it's harder doing that than working all day on a farm, or carpenter work, or some hard day's work. To me it's just wasting good time that could be had with you. Pleasant time that could be spent talking, laughing, and playing with you. Oh, war, war; I hate the army and anything that is connected with it, including Congress, and the white-haired funny men all dressed in tuxes. Honestly, the trend of the G.I. is really going pink, and in a lot of cases really red. I would say they are beginning to see the light...Just finished supper chow and thought I'd get to writing you before I go on duty at midnight...I heard at the chow table the "Tulola" (?) ("Tallulah"?) is due in port tomorrow night, which sounds good. Another boat means that I'm that much closer to coming home. This boat, however, only carries a small crew. It's mostly cargo, but I understand it will take 100 or 200 home...Let me warn you of any brass and even E.M. who are discharged. They all like to ride the bravery and glamour trains while it lasts, but you should know that one out of every ten or twelve men really saw or experienced the real thing. The rest of us are the ones who will benefit by the sacrifices of those left over there. Don't fall for any line that a guy might feed you about this or that. Those who have a bit of pride about themselves don't talk and don't want a thing, sympathy or anything else...Boy, you are the shopper all right. What with a savings of \$6.00 on a dress is about 30% savings and that is what I call good business on your part...Sorry to hear about Grandma being ill. Hope she comes along to enjoy the holidays...Boy, your editorials are really the stuff here. Even Ed Hoover is getting the business. The louse; all he is is a publicity hound...This is about all the news, so I'll bring another of my letters to a close. Au revoir and pleasant dreams.

Nov 25, 1945--Hope my letter finds you in the best of health and everything else in the pink of conditions...Today, well, first I slept through most of it, ha, ha, ha, since I'm working nights and so, as usual, nothing exciting has happened as far as I know...I had a Virginia ham dinner (baked) for supper tonight, with all the trimmings, ice cream cake, vegetables, and two slices of ham. It tasted good, but I already have had better. The meat was sort of dry; I guess the cook didn't baste it enough...Tonight at the mess hall they're showing "The Big Sleep" again, with Bacall and Bogart, but I seen it a few weeks ago, so I'm in the hut, listening to the radio and writing my letter...We had a beer issue yesterday, so I'm sipping at the moment a "Goebel's" beer. Much rather be trying a Krueger's with you. Ha, ha, ha...Well, we're still expecting the boat that was due tonight. Probably get here tomorrow morning early...One of the men was fishing today and just came back with two small cod. Maybe we'll have fresh fish before going to work...This brings this letter to a close...Au revoir.

Nov 26, 1945--How are you? Hope the very best and, in short, everything going your way. The weather seems to be sort of in between--don't know whether it wants to snow, rain, or what-have-you...As for myself, I'm still strutting around, although not any too happy. Seems like time passes too slowly and home seems less a reality than ever before...Well, the boat "Tolola" ("Talullah"?) came in this afternoon and brought in some supplies. Food, shelter, etc. Don't hear anything about any troops going home on it. Beginning to doubt it very much...The programs we hear are all rebroadcast, and to give you an idea how the radio station works up here I'll send you a few daily copies of our daily newspaper, called

"Duration Daily." Published every day except Monday...We don't get any of the commercial programs, which is a relief, but then too we don't hear any of the news commentators; only news reports...Once in a while on short wave we might get a dance program or something. Usually a rebroadcast...Boy, the editorial in your letter of Nov 12th sure was good. What is that Tyler case turning out to be? An espionage case? Or are they trying to whitewash it in some way? News like that is scarce up this-a-way...Well, this is all the chatter for tonight. Take good care of yourself and be prepared to call for me one of these days...Pleasant dreams and happy motoring.

Nov 27, 1945--The best of the day to you. Thought it time to give a chat...Just returned from the picture show at 9:00 pm and saw "Man Alive" with Pat O'Brien, Ellen Drew, and Adolph Menjou, and also "What it Takes to Make a Star," the latter being a short. The other (was) a comedy and handed out a good many laughs. It sort of brightened the day, what with the weather so dull...Most depressing news was just that the boat "Taloa" ("Talullah"?) pulled out this morning without any troops on. It seems they took some off another island--Attu and Shemya...Nothing else new; just sweating this out...Gee, guess you're seeing about the (same) pictures as we are. I read where you seen Mildred Pierce and liked it very much. I, too, thought it was very good. In fact, the best I seen in a long, long time...Well, well, well. Irvington with a seafood restaurant. That ought to go over very good. Believe it's about the first and only one in Irv...Let me know what you think of their food, prices, services, and, oh yes, the waitress. Ha, ha, ha. Wonder if they go with the meal...Oh, guess what. I received a call today at the hut, asking me about a letter I sent to you without mentioning the state. So, if you receive a letter with a different handwriting you'll understand it...Enclosed are excerpts from our D.D. (Duration Daily). I will give you an idea of what the movie and radio programs for the day are to be. Tomorrow I'll forward an entire copy of the D.D...Ran short of stamps and since I'm working nights I'll have to send this free of charge until I make different arrangements...Gonna sign off now and make with more chatter.

Nov 28, 1945--The news of the day? Well, first, the weather right this moment is pouring, pouring rain. Just got back from the first show this evening and seen "To Have and to Have Not" with Bogey and Bacall. It was a revival and since I didn't see it the first time I went tonight. Those that seen it before went to see it again. Wasn't bad and enjoyed it. Looked like Bacall really went and got her man. Ha, ha, ha...Something else that made the day a great deal brighter: Three lovely letters from you...Tell me-- have you got your ring all picked out? You have? Well, that's just fine. Now listen carefully. I'm sending another \$50 money order this pay day and I was wondering if you could buy the ring or purchase it with the down payment and when I return I'll pay the balance in full. I want it to be a Xmas gift for the holidays. I'm sure I'd like it if you do. Don't worry about the price. If it's the kind you like, get it. I want it, too; more than you do. In the meantime I could send a few more payments on it...You understand I'm asking you to marry me? The more I think of it, it's an order from the cpl. Now, be steady. It ain't all so sudden. I've been wanting to tell you a long time...Heard a fairly good rumor. It came from a captain of an engr. outfit and it is that this week is to be reduced to caretakers strength by the end of the year, and with preparations going on of consolidating the outfits into a smaller area it seems logical. That means I might still be your valentine. Just about that time, I figure...Your two letters that were lost, I guess just took the wrong course. No markings on it like "missent" or anything, and the post marks were in order. Can't understand it. Guess it's one of the mysteries of the P.O. business. Glad I received them...That's

right, I want no party, no publicity, no nothing. I'm making it clear back home, too. It shouldn't be a day of rejoicing, but a day of prayer for those who were left behind...Well, this brings my news to a close. Au revoir. So, until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and happy motoring.

Nov 29, 1945--Just stopping in long enough to say hello--wish you well and hope you're feeling fine and everything under control...Nothing new out this-a-way. Spent a rough night out last night. Rain--but poured practically all night. The temperatures took a drop this afternoon and at the moment it's beginning to freeze. Glad it's tonight and tomorrow before my one week of night work is over...Just came back from the movies again and this time I seen "The House on 92nd Street." A story exemplifying the F.B.I. It was a good picture and I enjoyed it very much. It was two hours well spent...Yes, my intentions were just those of having you meet me at Dix and then not taking too long to get married...Au revoir.

Nov 30, 1945--Good evening. Do hope all is well...Well, for the news of the day. Flash! Flash! The eagle pooped today and (I) collected \$35.35. Gee, it felt good to put your hands on the green stuff. Ha, ha ha. I might add that Monday I'll forward \$50 home to you...Flash! Flash! Next, a movie again tonight, but this time at the mess hall. Seen "Johnny Angel" (with) George Raft, and I don't remember the actress' name. It was quite a picture, that is, interesting! Breaking all records in movie going this week, heh! Ha, ha, ha. Just getting tired of setting on my fanny...Flash! Next is that tonight will be my last night of night work. Sunday I report for day work at 7:30 or 8:00 am. Then one week of that, which won't be bad...Flash! Flash! Hope you enjoy the enclosed cartoon. Ha, ha, ha. We call (it) officer's reading material up here. That is, all comics. Tell me, do you get the full significance? Ha, ha, ha...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.