

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, AK—January, 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.]

Jan 1, 1946--A post-holiday and those that celebrated last night with a few cans of beer are recuperating in bed. Ha, ha, ha. What a bunch of actors--disgusting. Hope I never get to drink. It would be all your fault if I did. Ha, ha, ha...I guess you thought I was nuts--and going nuts--after yesterday's letter. Well, it's just like this. I always see you so lovely and beautiful and can't help but write about it. For that's the way I see the two of us being happily married, and only the two of us. All I can say is if I sound screwy, overlook it, for this place does things to you mentally...I worked last night without any trouble at all--something unusual. No fights, no nothing...I went to the first evening show and seen "Follow That Woman" with Nancy Kelly and Frank Gargan (N.B.: I think that should be William Gargan). It was a comedy and most all of us enjoyed it. You might class it as a 3+ picture. Ha, ha, ha...Nothing new otherwise. The holidays are over now and everyone's mind will be back to the thought of home. Not that it wasn't before, but the thought of a day off, etc., acted as sort of recess from the monotony of everything...Au revoir. and so may this new year be our most happiest and successful ever. It is ours, so let's not throw it away. Nothing but happiness lies ahead.

Jan 2, 1946--Nothing new today, although the weather was nice, with an occasional snow flurry. I didn't go to the movies tonight. It was an old revival of "The Princess and the Pirate" with Bob Hope. I would rather (be here with you)...Speaking of my hair, only the other day one of the men remarked, "Heh, Pop, what in the hell is wrong with your hair? Boy, is it getting gray." So, he had me looking, and guess what. It's there alright. Ha, ha, ha. Maybe you won't want me when I get home, because I'll be too old (for you)...Yes, you're not daydreaming. My intentions are just that--to get into the police business for the federal govt. Either fingerprint expert, or some kind of technician in D.C. You is gonna make me go places. We're just gonna reside in Irvington temporarily. There's happiness ahead for the two of us...Well, this does it. I hope all is well and everything going your way...Au revoir.

Jan 3, 1946--Up a little early today, so I thought I'd get an early start and give you a report of Amchitka...I hope you are enjoying the best of health and most everything is going your way. Better not be sickeroo, because then you wouldn't be able to get to Dixie and I wouldn't be able to come home...Three boys in our outfit just got news to pack, that they're being shipped to Kiska for 30 or 60 days. Gee, did I get a lump in my throat. They're just being sent as fire guards and watchmen, more or less. There are only 11 or 15 men on the whole island. I believe they will be flown out by a P.B. ? plane...Nothing else is new. I expect to go to the movies tonight, to see "Confidential Agent" with Boger (sic) and Bacall. It is supposed to be pretty good, so I'll give you my opinion later...I have your editorial on the perfume situation and how the G.I.s are trying to do the right thing, purchasing Xmas gifts and then being chiseled all around. And they let this situation exist. Oh, my! Brother, can you see why I'm turning red? What's the use trying to be a good Dem or Rep?...I do declare there is something between us, or within us, or something. Only the other day I was thinking about that night of sledding, when the cotter pin fell out and, lo and behold, you write about it. I'll bet it was to the hour we were thinking the

same things. See how much we are meant for each other?...No, there was no mentioning of the eclipse of the moon, so I didn't get to see it. Gee, with the two of us on each side of the earth one would think we would...Bunnsie, it's just no babies at all, test tube or other kind. Is that OK with you?...Well, I'll have to make more with the chatter tomorrow, so until then, take good care of yourself. Au revoir. Pleasant dreams.

Jan 4, 1946--Hello, dear. What's cooking? 'Tis--rather, was--a beautiful day, the little I seen of it. Not too cold, not too warm, sort of mediocre...I hope all is well and (you're) enjoying good health. Nothing should ever happen to you...We had a few snow flurries during the night, but that's about all. I got to bed about 9 a.m., after having a light breakfast at 7:30 a.m. I got up about 3 p.m., showered, shaved, and thought I'd get out my report before chow...Well, last night's picture was somewhat of a disappointment, starring Boger (sic) and Bacall in "Confidential Agent." It wasn't too bad, although it wasn't good either. It just wasn't up to expectation. I guess that's the best way to express it...(I'm) Glad to hear the folks and Vin are enjoying the little wool cap I sent home. Tell them if there is anything that is home, they could and should use it. Hope I'm able to get through what I have in mind. Boy oh boy, just the thing. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, I'm quite the movie-going kid--kicking it up about babes. They get pretty much of a going (over) from me. They better have plenty of IT before they're endorsed by me. Plenty of oomph, plenty of IT, that's all...Well, au revoir. Remember you're forever in my heart. I miss every day that we're apart and am wishing, praying, and hoping that it won't be long that we'll be just the two of us before long.

Jan 5, 1946--Hello. The bestest to you and may you be enjoying good health. Your letters of last weren't too encouraging. I hope you're not a victim of the SACK. I shall say a little prayer, asking (that) you be kept safe and sound at 53. Good old 53. (Editor's note: 53 is her house number)...Nothing new (here). The weather was bad last night. Snow flurries most of the night, with a cold wind...I heard a very depressing news broadcast, whereby they expect to keep eligible discharges an extra three months if declared essential, because of low enlistments. We heard this once and when we waited for a repetition at an hour's interval, when they repeat news broadcasts, they failed to do so saying (they were) unable to do so due to adverse weather conditions; the scheduled broadcast will not be heard, etc., etc. Boy are the men burned up about that. I believe that was the reason for the failure to give us the news. Then, in today's Duration Daily, our newspaper, there is an article which takes the cake. I enclosed it (here)...Say, while I'm at clippings, on the enclosed cartoon, would you prefer me to sleep that way? Ha, ha, ha...While on duty during the night, one of the mess halls (Engrs), they were showing a picture, so I managed to see "Junior Miss" with Peggy Ann Garner and Allyn Joslyn. A really comical picture--not too bad nor not too good. It was, however, good entertainment. Ha, ha, ha. Did you see this picture?...I don't recall hearing the song Symphony as yet. (I'll) Have to keep my ear to the radio...Say, I must say you're doing better than OK at Kruegers. It's wonderful. Congrats for the fine work. Keep it up...Yes, this about does it. News is light and most everything else the same. So, until we see each other at Dixie, remember I love you and time can't pass by fast enough...Pleasant dreams and may I be a part of them.

Jan 6, 1946--How are you today? I do hope the very best and able to enjoy the winter snows with Susan and the folks. I know it's asking a lot, same thing day in and day out, week in and week out, but it is a lot

worse up here. No bright lights, no nothing. Much more of a monotony around here. Only one consolation, and that is it can't be much longer...Just came back from a movie and seen "Pardon My Past" with Fred McMurray and Marguerite Chapman. A comedy everyone enjoyed and (you) must make it a must on your list. It's a story about twins, which complicates matters for everyone. VERY GOOD...It was a terrible night last night. Rained all night and terribly high winds. I was glad when my work was done. I had to shift into second gear in order to make way against the wind. I thought any minute it would take the Jeep off the ground and fly me to Seattle. Ha, ha, ha. Tain't funny McGee. Ha, ha, ha...I slept most of the day, and guess what. This is a really sad story. The wind was so strong this morning, between the hours of 8:00 and noon, that it blew our outhouse over. Yeah, and now we all had to stop. No more poop. Ha, ha, ha...It's an emergency; don't know how long it will last. Ha, ha, ha...I'm sending today's D.D. (Duration Daily) home, explaining what I tried to say in yesterday's letter...No, so far I haven't received a gift from the lodge and no mention of it. Perhaps they're not sending any to the boys...Guess what! Today, of all days, (a) day which none of us expected because of the weather, we all received mail. Yep, and what's more, I hit the jackpot. Yeah, but's what (with?) the idea of a vacation, hey! Thought you'd get even with me? Ha, ha, ha. Well, I fooled you this time. See, I'm different, too.

Jan 7, 1946--Whoa! Whose perfume (are) you using tonight? Whew, wouldn't last long under that spell...I do hope you are in the best of health and enjoying the little pleasure that is left. That is, until I come home. Then it will be different. We'll enjoy all the pleasures that belong to us...well, the weather is very disagreeable. Another williwaw. It started last night, all day today, and still going strong. Winds as high as 60 m.p.h., with sleet and rain. The wind woke me up several times during the day. Of course, during the night, don't worry. I'm able to take shelter for I'm the only one out. I do all right for myself. Ha, ha, ha...I managed to get myself some summer underwear--eight sets. I hope I'm able to get them home when I return to the states. We received a letter from one of the men that received his discharge and (he) wrote telling us to stock up on cotton underwear, because in the city the prices are \$2 per each, and many times you're unable to purchase them. So, I took heed. Of course, they are khaki, no whites on the rack. I prefer the whites, but there just ain't none...I had to take a shower before chow and WOW was the shack cold. Honestly, I'd have you fix me up a real hooper dooper. Can't get warm...I'm very happy to hear about your success at Kruegers. Say, maybe when we get married I can be you at home and you (can be) me at work, heh? Ha, ha, ha. You're starting the new year with a bang. Keep it up...I believe this is about all the news, if you will call it that. Everything is about the same, so far as I'm concerned, about going home. Maybe in Feb. and surely in March, I hope-a-hope...Au revoir. Please stay pretty like you always are and remember not to let anyone change you. I'm counting on you at Dixie...Pleasant dreams.

Jan 8, 1946--Hello. Dropping in on you to let you know I miss you so that at times life doesn't seem worthwhile. Seems like even prayers aren't answered these days...I do hope you are well and taking the rough road with ease. I hope Nance is able to comfort you a little bit...What's the good word from home? Anything?...Nothing from out this-a-way. However, they elaborated on the demobilization statement and said no G.I. will be held over as essential out here and when his time comes, or is he eligible, he will be sent home for discharge. That's enlightening, but still doesn't tell us when. I'm hoping for next month. It's gotta be soon or else...I have your Xmas day letter and must say you knocked

yourself out. I can picture the entire Xmas setting at home. And, too, Santa Claus didn't forget about you at all. You sure did OK for yourself. Ha, ha, ha. You needn't tell me how much of the moolah you have left. I already know--\$0.00. It's still OK, because if it would be me I'd probably be showing a cr. balance, instead of a debit. Ha, ha, ha. I went to the first show tonight and seen "Allotment Wives" with Kay Francis and Otto Kruger. Not too bad and not good either. What a bag (pardon the expression) Kay has gotten to be. Ha, ha, ha. I'd class it a fourth rate picture. She must be burning the candle at both ends. I guess she's taking the last fling at life. Ha, ha, ha...Well, that's the news in brief. Until tomorrow, happy motoring and remember our happiness is only around the corner. It won't be long now.

Jan 9, 1946--One dozen roses to you. How are you tonight? I hope the best, and everything (is) going your way...I have very little to report. Most everything is the same, although tonight, for the first time in quite some time, I seen the stars and the moon. It was clear and cold, but soon it will cloud up again. Those few moments I spent outside made me remember the sweet things about you...I didn't go to the movies tonight because I thought it would be a poor show and thought it would be (???) giving a report to you...Heh, what is this stuff? Instead of you giving a gift to McNulty for parking Nance, he gives you a gift instead? Heh, I'm getting suspicious. Are you getting to know all the dark corners in that..that..that brewery? Ha, ha, ha....Oh, it just dawned on me, I was thinking that Kruegers was located in, or at, down neck(?) of Newark and was wondering why the boys went to Prince St. always, for lunch meat. Now comes the dawn; Kruegers (is) on Belmont Ave. Gee, that gives you a head start for home every day...Nope, I couldn't go for the blond bag I sent you. Too sloppy, too hard...You know I don't go for that type. You've got poise.

Jan 10, 1946--What's new with me? Well, it's like this...I just came back from the movies and seen "The Stork Club" with Betty Hutton and Barry Fitzgerald. A good show, indeed; a comedy and I rate it between 2-3, say about 75%-80%er. It's the usual rags-to-riches, but it's fun and Betty has got plenty of IT. Ha, ha, ha. I came out about 9 p.m. and it is snowing like hell, and rather windy. A couple of inches (of snow) by now. Only last night I seen the moon for the first time in a long time. I thought it would be out again tonight, but no such luck...Next, did you notice my new address? It goes like this:

Cpl. _____

Force Hdqts D.E.M.L.

A.P.O. 986

c/o (ED. NOTE: Shorthand inserted here)

D.E.M.L. stands for Detached Enlisted Men's List. They deactivated our co. as of Monday and there are ten of us attached to Force Hdqts. as M.P.s. I'm still working nights on Jeep patrol, however, as of tomorrow some sort of new setup is going into effect...This is the gist of all the news. Everything else is the same, except I am missing you more each day...I am awfully sorry to hear the bad news about your grandma passing on into another world. I was rather expecting the news, and all the while having your interest at heart, the grief and sorrow that goes along with it. I wish I could have snatched you away. I would have wanted it that way...Offer my sincere sympathy and condolences to Dad, for a mother to pass into another world is indeed a shock to bear...Dad must realize he had her for a long time. How old

was she? I remember it being somewhere in the 80s...I can understand why your New Year wasn't all too bright. Let us hope that our next New Year will be together. They've got to make an about-face and be different and I'm certain the next one will...Good night.

Jan 11, 1946--How are you today? Feeling fine, I hope and all above par? Are you wearing your woolens, rather than woolies these days? That's something I have to witness--wearing your woolies. Never seen them on you. Ha, ha, ha...The weather sure is freakish out here. Last night, after it started to snow it stopped with about a two-inch fall, and then cleared up. Tonight the very same thing is happening. The roads sure were slippery and with the wind it was no fun driving...I slept most of the day and tonight I stayed indoors. I'm finding it more inspiring writing to you...Speaking of the dept., I guess it won't be long and everyone will be back but me. I haven't heard about the R???'s crack up yet. Seems like the Herald is getting here a little late. Ha, ha, ha...I enjoyed your gag sheet. They were all very cute and witty. And, no, so far as the puzzle goes, it ain't for me. My mind is blank--doesn't function right up in the Aleutians. But then, nobody's does either. Ha, ha, ha. What we need is the bright lights and some civilization. Ha, ha, ha...Last, but not least, being able to (escort?) you to an evening in NY--good show, dining, dancing at the Stork Club, etc. would sharpen all of us. Honest, I ain't kidding...Say, I thought you had more faith in me than that, not to think I wouldn't help with the household chores when we marry. Why, I'll always keep your shoes neatly under my bed, and hang up your dress and petticoat, and fold your stockings beneath my pillow. I thought you knew that. Furthermore, there won't be any dishes, or the like of that. There just won't be any time. Ha, ha, ha. You see, the day is divided equally into eight hours of work, eight hours for sleep, and eight for recreation and pleasure. Well, we'll work the eight hours out, and sleep the eight, but the other eight, that's all pleasure. No work there. Ha, ha, ha. For goodness' sake, stop your worrying...Au revoir. Take good care of yourself.

Jan 12, 1946 (Part 1)--The bestest to you and do hope you've had an easy day and everything (is) going your way...It's just been another day out this-a-way...Thought I'd let you know, I'm not angry at you or feel neglected because you didn't write. The holiday was pretty rough for you. Sorry to hear Mom isn't feeling too good and I hope that by the time this letter reaches you she's feeling better and up and around. Tell her that not only is a kiss on its way, but a real old fashioned hug.

Jan 12, 1946 (Part 2)--(ED. NOTE: This letter is entirely about an imagined weekend after the author and his letter recipient are married. Much of it is in shorthand)

Jan 13, 1946 (One)--Good morning! My, but you look chipper this morning. (ED. NOTE: This letter continues, as the one above, with an imagined routine day in the lives of the couple after they are married)

Jan 13, 1946 (Two)--Hello! Hope you are feeling fine and keeping the BOYS in their places. If you do that, besides doing your work, you're doing a mighty fine job of it all. I'll be coming around the mountain one of these days. Ha, ha, ha...News! Well, there is just a (???) bit....First let me tell you about myself. Ha, ha, ha. I got up at noon to get a good hardy dinner beneath my belt. I was soooooo hungry, so I helped myself to a fried chicken leg piece, and corn, mashed potatoes, pears for dessert, and coffee. Filled

myself up to the gills. Ha, ha, ha...I came back to the hut and helped put up a storm door. I didn't want to hit the sack immediately after dinner, so about 2 p.m. I laid down again for a nap...This evening at 6 p.m. a U.S.O. show arrived by plane and I understand it's a 13-girl concert orchestra, so I didn't go to the movies. I will wait until tomorrow and see both the U.S.O. show and the movie. Instead I went to the service club and spent a few hours there, before reporting on duty. I played a bit of pool, a little Bingo (not at all lucky), and later (had) a cup of coffee, and then back to the hut...That was Sunday and now I'm on duty at the desk. Ha, ha, ha. And what makes it so wonderful is that I'm able to write to you...Nothing else is new. Oh yes, this I must say. I heard a rumor that all 3.5 year men and 40-pointers will be leaving by the end of the month. That still doesn't include me, though. Damn it. Something better start happening soon or else I'll begin using the peas shooter I carry on my hip...Elections are coming up this November and I'm sure gonna campaign for a clean slate. Get all those old farts and fogies out of there and make sure they get replacements. This will--and should-- be the time for the servicemen to let themselves be heard. (??t) for all those that are in there now. Tell Pop and Vin to campaign for the same thing. A (??) to new Congress, House, governors, and all. They'll soon stop the nonsense once the servicemen's votes are heard...Oh well, so much for politicians...Au revoir. Pleasant dreams. I'll be seeing you soon.

Jan 14, 1946--(EDITOR'S NOTE: The envelope got wet at some point and penetrated the letter, which caused the ink to disappear in some places) I hope all is well and everything (is) under control...Just another day passed by, which means one more day closer to home...Your last letter I received was dated Jan 5, Sat and today I received your letters of Jan 4-6-7-8th...First let me tell you about today. Not much, though, that there is to tell about it...I went to see the U.S.O. show tonight at 7 p.m. and it was a concert orchestra (of) thirteen girls. Ha, ha, ha. Ten violins, two bass cellos and a conductress...It was a shame the abuse the girls had to take, because the boys just don't go for that type of stuff. Especially being up here. Well, (what) they want is a strip tease or a wisecrack master of ceremonies with filthy jokes. Then they are happy...I'm no judge of music and regarding whether the concert was good or bad, they should have been mannerly enough and respectful enough to be quiet, but no. Boos, etc. While one of them was giving a piano solo it got so noisy she stopped and remarked, "If you don't want to hear it I shall stop," and then she said, "I will try it again." One of the girls sneezed and someone yelled out, "God bless you"...You have no one to blame but Hollywood for the type of entertainment the public wants...Secondly, they should have had more sense (than) to send an outfit (ED. NOTE: Did he mean orchestra?) to a bunch of G.I.s whose only thought is bang-bang with a filthy joke...Well, that's the state of affairs. Ha, ha, ha. I came back to the hut and played a little pinochle until it was time to report to work...The concert wasn't anything to brag about to my estimation, but then I'm no one to pass judgment on music...We had several snow flurries, but somehow they didn't amount to much. It's the da(???) windy that gets one down. Have to sort of ??????? times if you gotta go somewhere ?????...I ?????? inside at the desk. Ha, ha, ha. Sort of ?????? reserve all alone. Should anything happen ????? then I would go out...(Well, that) is the chatter for today.

Jan 15, 1946--What's new? Anything you want to tell me? Hope all is well and you're able to hold your own...Everything is about the same out this-a-way. It snowed and the wind blew quite a bit last night, yet there isn't as much as we have home. Yup, that's exactly how much we got. Ha, ha, ha. That ain't

much, is it? I think I'll have to call you the Aleut bird, and not me. Ha, ha, ha...I prepared a package to send home tonight. It's a book, World Atlas, and it's a book with all maps in it. At one time before I got here, they sold for \$5 and the fellow that had it left it behind and I picked it up. It's quite nice, with a hard cover, so I'm sending it parcel post tomorrow morning. Enclosed in it is also two pictures of the Masonic club we had up here, but (it) is since out of business. Ha, ha, ha...I didn't bother to go to the movies tonight because the U.S.O. was giving a performance which I already endured once. Ha, ha, ha...Ha, ha, ha. I've got to see that, when Susan comes up and jumps upon your bed to wake you up. That is cute. Try kibitzing with her, like playing hide-and-go-seek and you'll have more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Most all puppies like that kind of game. Ha, ha, ha...So, you're becoming domestic, heh? Baking pies and make ????. See how I pick 'em? First, the wonderful personality, a good ??? with plenty on the ball, and then a hound charmer, good cooker, baker, and candlestick maker. See what a beautiful package you make? Tell me I don't know how to pick 'em. Ha, ha, ha...I don't know how successful I'll be with the shoes, but I'll keep it in mind. It's awfully hard...Say! Make sure you get some of those art calendars. I've gotta see what you're raving about...I'm so very glad that you like your position at Kruegers. 'Tis relaxing when one gets up and says, "I want to go to work," instead of having to say, "Gee, that office today!" It's the peace of mind that counts. Lots of luck to you and I hope it continues for such. You're deserving of it all...This just about does it, so I'll sign off until tomorrow. Please dream of me and remember you are the girl in my life.

Jan 16, 1946--Hope all is well and everything just okey-dokey!...It got lots colder out and more snow. This morning the drifts amounted to a little more than inches Ha, ha, ha. The roads are very slippery and getting about is rather rough...We were all looking forward to some good news today, but none came along. News as to the plan the Alaskan Dept. will follow on demobilization. It is enlightening though, we've been the fastest in demobilizing and as our C.O. thinks some good news is forthcoming. Well, time will tell--and before the week is out I believe I'll have something definite to report...I see, rather I read, where you report of gaining four pounds. Well, to ease your mind I ain't no slouch either (ha, ha, ha), because dressed I normally tip the scale at 195. Now don't tell me that the Army is agreeing with me, because it ain't that at all...No, no, don't worry about your letters. They are all sealed in a nine-foot locker I have, which is kept locked constantly. I am trying to bring them home with me and I'm trying to decide which way...So, this brings to a close another day for both of us. Let us hope there will be some real, real good news but soon. So, until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and may I be in all of them.

Jan 17, 1946--'Tis your Aleutian (soldier) reporting, such as he is, with little or no new news...I hope all is well on the home front and everything is going your way...We're having the real Aleutian weather tonight. Really storming and plenty of snow and wind. I'll bet it's as big a storm, if not bigger, than what you had before Xmas...As for demobilization news, I wish I could tell you what you'd like to hear...However, the rumors are hot and heavy and something is stirring in the wind...Today an order came out and all 49-pointers are to be processed in 24 hours as of today, ready for shipment home by air. To say the least, I have a hunch I'll have but six more weeks around here. It could be more, but I hope not...Yes, your letters are all arriving safely...By no means--no hair cut for you! That's out. You should hide your face in shame, after the way I adore your hairdo the long way. I want it long and over the shoulders. Your hair is such an inspiration...Well, this brings the news to a close. I hope I'll be able to

make up for it tomorrow. So, until then, take good care of yourself...Pleasant dreams. Au revoir.

Jan 18, 1946--Well, we had a storm last night and had a bit of snow. Not too bad, but more than usual. Tonight it started again. It seems to come by dribbles. I guess that's the best way to explain it...The news of the day can be put into one corner of a nutshell, but I must say something is brewing and I don't know what. Tomorrow everyone has an appointment in our orderly room, to check our home addresses, etc. It seems like we're getting somewhere now. However, I don't think it will be for at least 4-6 weeks...I didn't go to the movies. I didn't think it a good enough picture--"Yolanda and the Thief" with Fred Astaire. Some of the boys came back and said it was a strike. Ha, ha, ha...Yes, you can expect most any kind of mail delivery to and from here. I am glad to know all my letters arrived safely...Speaking of Alexis Smith on the screen, they build up her chest and that's why I can say "Not the screen." Do you get me? No, no? Well, it's like this. Smithy has artificial breasts on the screen. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, me!...Well, I'll sign off until tomorrow, so pleasant dreams...P.S. What are the marriage laws in N.J.? Do we have to wait 72 hours after a marriage license is issued? Here is what I'd like to do. When you meet me at Dixie, we can purchase a license and make a few plans together. I want to be left completely alone with you and after we comply with the law (marriage law), get married and take a honeymoon for two weeks or until our money gives away...I don't think we'll be able to take much more of a honeymoon than two weeks, providing we want to set up housekeeping...If we can rent a flat (that is, an apartment), and purchase the furniture, we'll be lucky...Our best bet is marry immediately, take a honeymoon, and worry about a flat after we're married. If apartments are really hard to get, we might have to take a room at a Newark hotel or something. What do you think?...That's why I want to be alone, to make all the plans necessary, as soon and quickly as possible. It's all gonna be so exciting.

Jan 19, 1946--The best of the day to you. I couldn't bear it being anything else but the best for you. I do hope all is well and you are being able to enjoy what little that there is...We have much to do and it seems we ain't getting anywhere. I wish so very much I could take you tonight to an exclusive show and lounge, to spend the evening. It's always so thrilling to go to the finer places with someone as lovely as you. I would be so very happy to spend the evening just like that. I hope it's not too far off...The news of the day is the weather. It's been reported that this is the severest winter the Army has experienced on Amchitka. Plenty of snow and high drifts. The wind and snow howled most of the day. As a matter of fact, most of all week, letting up only to start all over again. However, it's clearing now and maybe we'll have a breather...Now, today, for the first time I feel like I was going home one of these days soon. Yes, they checked our records today, like address (home), points, service in the Army, and separation center, and with the way I stand in this category I might be going on the next boat...There are approximately 850 men left on the island and with the 49-pointers (29 in all) being flown out as rapidly as weather permits, and then lowering the time limit, makes me eligible to go. I'm wishing and praying that for one time our luck holds out. Should it happen, I know a week ahead of time and will be able to let you know definitely when I leave. The next boat is due here Feb. 5 with approx. 350(?) available bunks. This is the best news I have for you. Everything else is about the same...Au revoir!

Jan 20, 1946--Hello! Whatcha doing? Anything special? Listening to "One Man's Family" I bet. Ha, ha, ha...Gee, I must say the weather is terrible and I didn't think I'd be able to get through. The roads are

blocked with drifts and (it's) snowing to beat the band...I can't help but feel I spoke out of turn when I spoke in favor of the Aleut weather. (It's) Rather rough, indeed, to say the least...I hope you're enjoying the best of health and everything is going your way...Well I don't know whether I should say so or not. I'm all adither and don't know whether to believe the man or not. It's all about the next boat home. He's a brother of mine and was working as "charge(?) of Quarters" at the personnel office and (he) claims my name is on a list (of men) that are eligible to go home. Of course, he's a great kibitzer and I wouldn't wanna let him know I fell for it all hook, line, and sinker. But, somehow I've got a funny, funny feeling. Maybe I'll still be your valentine. Ha, ha, ha...Will you pardon me tonight? I must have caught a slight head cold, for it's pounding something terrible. I'm gonna excuse myself and should there be something definite I'll always drop you a note--but fast. Please forgive me for this poor letter, if I might call it such, but I just ain't up to par. Sort of a sick, puppy--I mean dog. Ha, ha, ha...Au revoir, pleasant dreams, and so, until tomorrow, happy sledding, for I'll be seeing you.

Jan 21, 1946--The sweetest and dearest hour of the day, all because it's you. My day isn't complete without this hour with you...I do hope all is well and things are going your way. The day is coming very soon where instead of writing to each other we'll be able to chit chat together. Yes, today the news was very encouraging and enlightening. So, be sure this is exactly what happened...When I reported for my evening chow, at 5:30 p.m., there was a list posted of names of men to be processed this Wednesday and among them was mine. I was dumbfounded and read it over several times, to see if it were so. Just exactly what it means, as I was told, was that we'll be going home on the next boat, providing there is enough transportation. They want to be sure they have enough personnel available to ship when the boat comes in...As we are given to understand, the boat is due at the end of the month. Probably by the time this letter reaches you it will be here...Just as soon as I find out definitely what the score is, I'll let you know. I feel that by the end of this week my letters should be able to tell you whether I'm leaving or not...Well, the weather wasn't too bad today and it's beginning to clear up. They are flying a good many of us out of here also, once it clears up. This past week it was impossible to do so, and, oh yes, the more they fly out of here, the better chance I have of leaving myself. Ha, ha, ha. So, let's keep on wishin' and prayin' a little bit more. I bet I'll be your valentine...I have your latest letter here, dated Jan 11, where you tell me about Mr. Fischer handing out \$10 bills. I wish hereafter you wouldn't accept them. I have many reasons why I don't want you to. Please refuse him the next time...Somehow we never got to see the company picture they took at Xmas time. Never seen nor heard anything about 'em. Probably didn't turn out too well...Well, I'm so very much thrilled about going home. It's all, might I say, so near, yet so far, because nothing about the whole deal is definite...Remember me to the folks and give them my hearty regards and I hope everyone is feeling their best...So, until tomorrow, pleasant dreams and may each and every one be of the two of us...Au revoir.

Jan 22, 1946--There is only one consolation and that is the thought of you...I hope you're in the best of health in these cold days. It won't be long and winter will be over...The weather out here is terrible. The storm hasn't abated one bit and now we are without electricity. I'm writing this by candle light...But what is more depressing, after yesterday's news, is that I won't be going out on the next boat. I'm about 350th on the list and only 200 bunks are available. If the weather would clear up they are quite willing to fly men out and if that happened it would bring me up closer to the top, but not with this weather. All

planes have been grounded for over a week...Oh, will we ever get together?...Yes, you can tell Dad I'll give him plenty of dope on politics and ask him and Vin and every voter not to reelect anyone down at Washington. All they know how to do is bungle every bill/law and vote themselves 50% pay increases. Cripes, even the dope I am can do that, and for less than \$25,000 a year...Au revoir, and remember, I'm planning on meeting you at Dixie, to make you my own--for keeps, forever...Good night.

Jan 25, 1946--Let me make an apology for neglecting you for two days. I'm sure you'll understand when I tell you about it...First, I hope all is well with you and everything is going your way...Now, let me tell you of my long delay in writing to you. We've got a terrible storm up here and it's still raising hell with us. Constant snow and wind knocking down wires and putting installations on the blink. Our mess hall has been without electric for three days. Today was the first cooked meal I had in three days, although I've eaten plenty in our hut. We're all out of electric lights, and the main power house is (isn't?) working, so we're out of water, too...Right this moment you can hear snow beating up against the hut...To top it off, the ten M.P.s that we were alerted and warned about some colored boys that expect to make some trouble up here...They, too, are bitching as to why they're not going home. Whether it's legitimate or not, we don't know. However, we got our orders and those we'll carry out...We had K-rations one day for chow, canned chicken meat the other, and turkey the other time. We heated it up in the hut and divided it. We have an electric plate, but because of the electric we couldn't use it. In the morning we made a pot of coffee and fried ourselves up two eggs apiece. We really are roughing it. Ha, ha, ha. We're all taking it in a good way, even though it gets rough. Ha, ha, ha...I'll make up just as soon as we get back to an even keel once again...I want to let you know all is well and that I'm still on this damn rock after the false alarm I sent you...Au revoir, take good care of yourself, for it won't be long now, we hope. So, until tomorrow, let's hope we get back our hot water and electric. Ha, ha, ha. It all makes life very depressing.

Jan 29, 1946--I don't know when this letter will reach you, for it's only intended to let you know I'm OK and doing all right for myself...I hope you're able to say the same and everything is under control for you. Sorry I can't say it for A.P.O. 986. Ha, ha, ha...The weather is just playing havoc with everything and everybody...Some of the wires are fixed and repaired, only to be blown down the same night. The storm abates, only to return in twice its fury. We've been without electric on and off over ten days and no signs of relief. Water is about the same. I had one bath, rather one shower, in eight (days?). It got so that a sponge bath from a helmet would do. Honestly, it's rough...I guess I spoke out of turn when I spoke of the mild weather in the Aleutians. Never since the Army occupied this territory did they have this severe a winter...It never fails to pour when it rains--well, snows--in this country...A freighter, which was headed up this way yesterday was blown against the rock 150 yards off shore. They rescued 120 replacements that were aboard and from all reports the freighter can't be salvaged. It went aground the rocks and is about 15 feet above water level, and at the same time the engine room is flooded with water...That's only the beginning...Today word was received that a case of spinal meningitis was discovered aboard the Branch, a ship which assisted the rescue work, and (was) due to take troops back to the states this Feb. 3. We are now awaiting word from the Alaskan Dept. as to the disposition--whether to take on troops or refuse transportation until another ship is available...This has been going on for almost two weeks, with the weather. I hope you understand why I'm not writing quite as

often...Should it take a turn for the better and clear up, I'll begin on my daily report immediately...Just want you to know all is well with me and I am sweating out another boat...This is supposed to be a reliable rumor, and everyone concerned is banking on it. Another freighter is expected up this way about the 18th of February, to take on all personnel with 2.5-3 years' service and 40 points. This includes me this time...Take good care of yourself and see to it that nothing happens to you. It won't be long now before you'll be meeting me at Dixie...Whoa! Do you hear that wind and snow beating against the hut?...This brings the little news I have to a close. Remember me al