

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Amchitka, AK--June 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.]

*June 2, 1945*--(NOTE: This very brief letter comprised only a few paragraphs of personal material)

*June 3, 1945*--(NOTE: This very brief letter comprised only a few paragraphs of personal material)

*June 6, 1945*--Hope you are feeling fine and a letter (will be) able to find its way up this-a-way from you...Received two little postcards today and am feeling better almost instantly...Glad you were able to get away for the day and enjoy the sea breeze. Tell me, did anything happen? Anything exciting? Please let me know about the trip. Were you able to get to Metedeconk, to see the bungalow?...The news up this way is scarce, as always. Pretty much the same day in and day out...We did have a blessed event in our company about ten days ago. As usual, it stirred up a lot of company gossip as to who the father was, etc. There was no charge of rape on the company books and it left us somewhat bewildered. It was decided that an investigating committee be appointed and some action taken to see that a repetition of the crime not happen again. As the case rests now, in its tenth or twelfth day, Mother Trixie and her litter of four pups are doing well...The investigating committee has really got a case on its hands now. They are undecided as to whether or not they should revert to the days of isolationism, or set up a military control commission in this dog world up here...Flash, flash!!! A la W.W., I predict before long the formation of an S.P.C.A. on the island...In closing, remember you're always in my heart.

*June 9, 1945*--No letter today, no nothing. I'm waiting anxiously and patiently for a letter from you...Hope you're feeling fine and things (are) pretty much under control for you. How is your job coming along? Haven't heard for a long time...Things are pretty much the same out this-a-way. However, I've been getting a letter now and then from friends that I've trained with in the states. One of the men that went east from Robinson landed somewhere in Iran, on the Persian Gulf; he and two others. Heard from another fellow and a gang of them are in the Philippines awaiting an assignment...Received word from home that my neighbor Al (Haug?) is an expectant father. Also, a Rudolph Schmidt, a friend of Al's and whom I always believed to be, or would (be), a bachelor was married recently. Boy, that was the biggest surprise...Well, in closing let me say (I) had a busy day and all good little things like writing (to) you must have its end, too...Remember me to the folks and, in closing, may the angels hover over you and keep you safe and sound and the park wolves away from you.

*June 10, 1945*--How are you today? Sunday afternoons I picture you at Metedeconk raking, planting, and getting ready for the summer season. I ain't joking. You should be getting more gasoline nowadays. Is it so?...Nothing new for me to report. Everything pretty much under control for all of us. Of course, our weather is never anything to brag about...Went to work on the swing shift. Ha, ha, ha. Makes me feel like a civilian when I use the words 'swing shift.' And I finished up at midnight, so before retiring I thought I'd give you a briefing of a Sunday in the Aleutians...Nothing exciting, and the only difference from any other day is your church services. Read some magazines part of the morning and early

afternoon, rinsed a few handkerchiefs and socks and slowly dressed for work...Had a dandy supper of baked ham, with all the trimmings, including pie a la mode. Made a pig of myself, went to work, and now telling you all about it. Ha, ha...Just finished a snack (of) toast and coffee...Well, I'm gonna shuffle off to my sack. Let me bid you goodnight, pleasant dreams, and try to think of me once in a while.

*June 13, 1945*--Hope you're feeling fine, with everything going your way...Is there anything new out your way that you want to let me in on? Of course there is. Yep, any day now I'll be getting a letter, I hope...Everything is about the same here, however, I can report about the U.S.O. show that has arrived and is the talk of the town. Yes, Al Jenkins, the comedian, and a troupe, or cast I should say, of five or six. They call themselves the Puddle Jumpers...I was unable to see it because I'm on the swing shift--ha, ha, ha--and they say he's a riot. A good spicy-story teller. Ha, ha, ha. Other than the show, nothing new...Say, would you want to do a little favor for your favorite beau--ha, ha, ha. Well, I'm making a little surprise package to send home and to complete it I need--I say again--I need about three lamp shade sockets. I'll let you decide as to the type--ha, ha, ha--push button, lever buttons, or chain style. Three would suffice. If and when you forward them, please do so by air mail. All in all, (I) would appreciate it very much...In again and out again. Yes, I only stopped in for a few minutes. Gotta be on my way, so until I bring home the bacon--ha, ha, ha--and some good tidings, remember to take care of yourself. P.S. There better had be a letter. Yes, a letter.

*June 16, 1945*--Well, here I am again. Another week and another Saturday evening. Hope you are feeling fine. I'd feel badly if it were any other way...The weather here has been miserable; rain, fog, and then some more rain and fog, and so no mail for anyone all week. It's rough at a place like this, with no mail. Everyone misses it. Yessir, yours should be coming through on our next mail call...We received a beer issue this week--I should say today. Also a carton of cigarettes and twelve bottles of Coca-Cola, all for 10 cents. Not bad, heh? Well, it works this way. All the profits from the PXs (NOTE: BXs?) is divided evenly among the different organizations and each man then, in return, receives these dividends. Not a bad deal at all. Ha, ha, ha...Everything else here is pretty much the same, with very little happening. Have you heard anything of the Japanese balloons on the East Coast as yet? Been wondering what the score is. Ha, ha, ha. Can't tell you ours. Ha, ha, ha...We organized a Masonic club here on the island, and as a chartered member (I) received a charter, which I hope to bring home someday. We are shown films, and short subjects, and news, and always refreshments. It always is a pleasant evening and everyone enjoys it...Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, I seen my first movie this week, since I'm up here. The picture was The Royal Scandal. It was very good and (I) suggest you see it, if it hasn't been your way as yet...I read the story in a movie magazine and that is what prompted me to see it. It's not a first rate picture, but a very good second. Ha, ha, ha...Well, this brings to a close my few lines of chatter from west of the nation. Goodnight and remember you're always in my heart.

*June 23, 1945*--A special day and, so, a special note to you. Happy, happy birthday to you. May your continued success never end in years to come. Wish I were on hand to spend it with you...Getting back to the island, things are very much the same. The family (NOTE: Of puppies?) is coming along fine, starting to get about by themselves...We improved our living quarters by installing a wash sink with running cold water. Ha, ha, ha. Won't be long and it will be just like home. Ha, ha, ha...Oh, yes, forgot to

mention (that) I received a box of Stubbe's chocolates from the lodge. They were sent for the Easter holidays and (I) received it a few days ago. Tasted very good and I enjoyed them immensely...How are the folks feeling these days? You're forgetting to mention them. Ask Dad what kind (of) work they are turning out. Is it a war product or civilian? Ha, ha, ha...(I) seen Jack Benny's picture, The Horn Blows at Midnight the other day, and thought it just plain lousy! Another picture like that and he is washed up forever. Of course, Alexis Smith has got plenty of IT. Just like you, eh?...Well, this brings to a close the chatterbox west of the nation. Can't begin to say how much I miss you.

*June 24, 1945*--Well, here I am again, like a bad penny. Always turning up somewhere, somehow, some, some, something. Ha, ha...The best of the day to you...Been a beautiful day out this-a-way; the best in a long time...Slept until noon, (or) rather 2:00 pm, and then got up and fussed around, showered and shaved, and prepared for the chicken dinner we always have for Sunday supper. Enjoyed the fried chicken with all the trimmings, ice cream, pie, and coffee...Went to the movies at 7:00 pm and seen Betty Grable with Dick Haymes in Billy Rose's Diamond Horse(shoe); a musical show. Wasn't bad. And also some of the latest news...Received your Tuesday letter and was somewhat disappointed, because it had no pictures. What happened to those of Easter???...I might add you guessed my work alright, and came close to the location. Ha, ha, ha. Try, try again. I might be able to enlighten you before long. Ha, ha. However, the guessing game is lots of fun. Ha, ha, ha...Can't think of anything else that is news, so until I write again take good care of yourself.