

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Ft. Ord, CA & Pre-Amchitka Transport--March 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.]

*March 1, 1945*--Before I go any further, I hope you're feeling fine and everything (is) under control. Today was the first showers we had in a long time and it's been threatening for a long time. It finally came at about 4 pm and now getting a bit cooler and clearing up, I hope!!...This morning, the very first thing as we fell out after breakfast, approx. 60 of us were alerted, and I'm one of them. We are two shipments--one going to the tropics and another to the Arctic. That is the way they have us classified...It's hard to know where we're going, but I am, however, shipping with the Arctic group. Perhaps before I leave I might find out and, if so, I'll drop a line before we are censored. We expect to leave before Sunday, or (at) the very latest, Monday...We were issued all winter clothing, that is, underclothes, and expect some more before long...I managed to get yet another package off to you today, and (am) certain you will like this one...It is the best of them all so far. Ha, ha, ha. Hope it arrives safely and not lost, for it is sent parcel post only. I expect to have more in the next couple of days...The mails were good to me again and I received another one of your sweet letters...I'm still trying to get what they call a Fig Palm tree and I inquired about the climate and they said it certainly would grow in Metedeconk. That's the place I had in mind. Yes, Jersey, but at the shore--seeeeeeee. Ha, ha, ha...Well, I'm gonna play a few games of chess before retiring...Good night and may the angels be with, until my return.

*March 2, 1945*--How are you dear? Hope the very best and things are all under control...Things are popping fast around here and I'll have to admit I won't know which will be my last letter until I reach my destination. Ha, ha, ha...All I can say--or all that I know--is that I'm shipping on an Arctic order, which probably will be the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Iceland, Greenland, or even Siberia. Ha, ha, ha....Today we drew some more equipment, like pistol belt, carbine packs, or pouches for ammunition, leather work gloves, and small incidentals...There is a rumor we will fly from our P.O.E., which we expect to be Seattle, Wash. Ha, ha, ha...Well, I managed to get a small package off today--that which I said I would mail early in the week. I sent it first class mail...Tomorrow I'll send a big package, the last of them all, and it will be all my extra underwear, etc. If there is anything Vin or Pop can wear, let them go to it...They alerted another 90 men today, which are on another tropic shipment. All I can say is that your prayers have been answered in the way that I have an Arctic order. I always wanted to ship to a cold climate, if at all...Guess I'm a lucky guy. It won't be all peaches and cream, sleeping in sleeping bags and pup tents, but one consolation is that we won't have to contend with mosquitoes, bugs, and insects, which the S.W. Pacific is infested with...I'd rather suffer a frostbite, or something similar, rather than be troubled with malaria for the rest of my life...Well, so much for me...Received another of your sweet letters and mighty happy about it...No doubt you would look very pretty with your Easter bonnet. Just like a village queen. Bet I'm right. You can't argue that point with me, that I'm not right...The three that shipped from the East Coast out this way are still here, but they are going the other way--to the tropics. So, first of all, I am the only one of the three going to the Arctic...Oh, yes, our mail will be censored the moment we get on the train, when we leave Ft. Ord, which we expect to be Sunday or Monday the latest...I don't know,

(or) rather, not familiar with regulations on the train, or when en route, so if you don't hear from me, bear with me and I'll write as soon as possible, to let you know what is what.

*March 3, 1945*--Our last Saturday here and being all packed and ready to move, I'm grubbing paper and envelopes, to write you. Not a pauper, but I have you in my barracks bag and can't get you out...First, I hope you're feeling fine and all is well on the Eastern Front. The weather here is cool, rather chilly with sun showers...Now for the news of the day--after breakfast we prepared to pack our duffle bag. Had lots left over, for most everything issued to me had to be new, so the best of the seconds I sent home. I'm certain we can all make use of it. There are two packages on the way, which I sent. They will be the last. After I mailed them I had to get a G.I. haircut. Yep, a G.I. You should see me now. Really G.I. Ha, ha, ha...Next was chow--franks, kraut, spinach, upside down cake, coffee. Oh, yes, soup. A real Saturday noon dinner and it tasted good...Next we had a dry run inspection. We had to dress into our outfit, with our combat packs, gas masks, and all equipment for a final checkup or inspection...After that we were through for the day. It being about 3pm, I showered, shaved, and dressed up, and messed around until chow time. Sausages, fried potatoes, and coffee, and rice pudding...At 6:30 I was asked to go to the post movies, which I did, and seen "Bring On the Girls" with Ed Bracken, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, and the gang. Really enjoyed it; a good musical. I'm sure you'll enjoy it also. Try to get in on a good show. Believe now that you have seen it...That completes the day. It's now 9 pm while writing you. Found out that we will be leaving at noon Monday, for some P.O.E. on the west coast, I believe. Sunday will be my last letter...Received a very sweet letter today--that of Feb. 26. Sorry to hear you didn't feel too well that evening and I hope it was only a minor feeling...Yes, I never thought I'd spend a whole month at Callie. It is a beautiful camp and we are located near all the theatres--three of them that I know of, although I seldom went (to) the service clubs and P.X.s. Green grass and flowers always in bloom and kept very clean. Really enjoyed the fort itself...Gonna write to Ma about the allotment tonight, that was taken out this month and believe by now, maybe Monday, (she) has the check. It should be \$22...I made out an allotment for \$35, which will, or should, begin after I get overseas, for my total check should be in the neighborhood of \$64.00, less insurance...It is a good ruling that a man has to collect a certain % of his pay each month and think that was the only reason why \$22 was discounted, and not the \$35. Next pay I'll see what happens. Then, too, one seldom stays at the fort longer than five days to seven days and they didn't expect me to be here a whole month...I don't see how any G.I. is able to save any amt. of bills. That is pure folly. To be honest, they always send home asking for more and I'm sure I know enough about a G.I.'s circumstances when I say that...Auredvoir (sic), for I'll write once more tomorrow, before I leave, and until then take good care of yourself and let nothing happen to you. Pleasant dreams and I'm asking the angels to keep you well for me...P.S. Excuse the paper. I grubbed all of it, for mine is packed away.

*March 6, 1945*--Beautiful day; ideal for most anything and I couldn't find a finer thing to do than write a letter to you, wishing and hoping all is well with you...Just after finishing our noonday meal, and in our day room. The radio is playing nice dance music--smooth, not too loud, just mediocre. It really helps one to be put in the mood. Ha, ha, ha...We went for a physical this morning. What a joke that is. They checked our temperature, checked for v. disease, and insects. Ha, ha, ha. Guess you know what they call them in the Army--ticks to civilians, crabs to the Army. Ha, ha, ha...We were lucky in this respect; no

needles or shots. Guess that's because we're going north, to a cold climate...That completed the morning, and safe in saying the day, so far as falling in and out are concerned. Whenever a man is alerted, they are restricted to visit town 72 hours prior to shipment, so all of us are in the company area. Can't see any more of sunny California, but the fort. Ha, ha, ha. They do this probably for security reasons, and from allowing the men from going to town to have their last fling, so to speak...Don't know what is in store for us, but whatever it is I don't think it can be too bad an assignment, unless they separate us once again at a debarkation point, which is all very possible. Whatever it be, we are well prepared and have the best equipment and well-trained for whatever assignment is handed to us. We're a pretty rugged bunch and will be able to take care of ourselves. Don't know what else I'll be doing this afternoon, but believe it will be spent in the day room, reading Sunday papers and listening to the radio. Probably play a few games of chess and spend the balance of the day that way...Auredvoir (sic), let me wish you the best of everything and remember to wait for me.