

Letters Home from Charles Pospisil, Camp Robinson, Little Rock, AR—Nov 1944

[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 25, 1944 (postmarked Little Rock, Arkansas)--Anything new? Nothing much outta this way. We finished up at 12 noon, but after chow we had another teeth exam and I has (sic) two cavities to be taken care of. Other than that I'm in tip-top shape for you...It was late in the afternoon before we were finished with our teeth, so just before dinner I cleaned up, showered, and shaved, then had supper, and now I can find no better time to write the sweetest girl this side of heaven...The weather has been miserable, cold, dreary, and wet and this moment it is raining out. Glad I'm in a warm little hut...Your weather report sure does not sound inviting. Whoa...wonder what snow is like again...Guess we're just good soldiers, Honey, voting for Rosey(?)/Posey(?); remember, he's our commander in chief. Ha, ha, ha...Gee, I'm sorry to hear of your back kicking up again. Do take good care of it until I come home...Before I go anywhere, I'll be coming home for ten days, plus traveling time, and if everything goes well it should be the latter part of December...Ha, ha, ha. Southern Comfort? No, the only thing I drank before I purchased your gift was three bottles of beer, I believe. If I would have drank more, perhaps you wouldn't have it today. But they were my intentions before I did anything else...Yes, a barrack is a two-story affair, or one story, but better framework. A hut is just plain asbestos lined with isinglass windows, and shutters which swing up and down. Not nice at all. Don't believe the material cost \$200 to build for an 18 men hut...Your clippings sure depict the officers in the Army. Ha, ha, ha. Wolves, wolves, wolves...Received your Wednesday letter and each and every one of them is s sweeter than the last.

Nov 26, 1944 (postmarked Little Rock, Arkansas)--Got up at 7:30 am for breakfast, after a restless night. Was thinking of you last night and just lied awake in my bunk after lights went out. Had a phony dream also; it was cattle crossing (a) river, which was only about one or two feet deep and pretty wide. Could you let me know what the dream book says about dreams? Ha, ha, ha...After breakfast I rinsed out my socks and then read the Sunday paper and looked at the pic magazine I bought, most of the morning...Had dinner and enjoyed it very much-- roast pork, potatoes, string beans, apple celery salad, and gravy, ice cream, cookies (2), and tea. Even better than our turkey dinner...Today it's a bit windy and somewhat cloudy, after last night's rain. We have two nice fires going and feel very comfortable in our huts...Received your Thanksgiving Day letter and glad to hear you enjoyed it and that it turned out fine (even the weather)...Co. A and B in our battalion moved out yesterday at 4:00 pm and this morning two new companies was activated and all new rookies came in. Most of them hailed from Ohio and Chicago area. Boy I hate to think what they're in for.

Nov 30, 1944 (from Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Arkansas)--Finally getting time to chat with you. Been so long it seems like weeks have passed. Do hope you're feeling fine and everything (is) under control. Things are all a dither around here, preparing for bivouac and predicting what the weeks after will bring...Well, getting back to Tuesday, our evening problems are always nothing to brag about and only keeps us out late at night. It was 12 midnight before we got to bed and last night it was 1:45 before we

put the lights out. It's plenty rough and the worst is yet to come. Ha, ha, ha. Before I go any further, we were told not to have anything sent to us at bivouac, like edibles, because we won't receive them, so don't be alarmed and then send any foodstuffs. So far as mails are concerned, we might be able to get in a letter or so. According to rumors, don't look forward to seeing me for the holidays either. That seems to be too good to be true, to be home for the holidays, however, it's yet too early to know anything definite. Here's how it reasons out--two weeks bivouac, which starts this Dec. 3, Sunday and then two weeks M.P. school at the main post, which will take us into the new year. However, if we don't go to the main post, the chances are we will be home and then to a P.O.E. With that information, only time can tell...The weather has been rather cold and very penetrating and many of us have slight colds, but we're coming along OK...Received your Sat, Sun, and Mon letters and they are so sweet. They are my only consolation. Thank you so much...We were all paid today and now I have quite a lot of money on me again. Almost as much as I sent last time...(I) Expect to go to town Sat and expect to get myself a pt. of liquor, to take with me for medicinal purposes only. Bought myself the necessary toilet articles for a month and am just about set and ready to go...Where oh where did you get that Irish ink for the Saturday letter? I'd say it wasn't yours for the moment and thought I had another cutie writing to me. Gee, can't believe Maplecrest has ice on the pond. Kinda early--looks like you're in for a tough winter, too...No, dear, I haven't started wearing my winter undies as yet. They are as new as the first day I got them. However, I'm taking them on bivouac with me and will wear them then. Guess there will be no choice, if I don't want to be sick...I'm kinda tired tonight and think I'll sign off early, in as much as we have another problem tomorrow night...There isn't any other news that's different, so till Sat, when I promise to say more and answer all your letters, so we're both caught up before bivouac.