

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

*Oct 1, 1945*--Well, here it is, another month with nothing more to report than usual. Gee, what a day. Rumors running wild and not a one at all encouraging. Won't tell you about 'em until something happens that is official...Tonight we had an orientation on the insurance we have in the service and the privileges we may use in reconversion. What do you think about it? Do you think I have enough insurance and would you suggest my keeping it in civilian life? Of course, there is plenty of time to act, so, if you care to, think it over and let me know...I purchased a pair of your Polaroid sunglasses (slip ons) and will mail them shortly. All packages have to be censored. Boy, if they didn't, what swell clothing I'd be able to send home. Honestly, it's a pity of all the waste there is and we're not allowed to bring it home...Enclosed is also a money order for \$50. Thought it safer in your hands than mine. I have approximately \$25 or more on hand and believe that would do on a boat trip home...Well, this makes the news for the day. Oh, yes, can you find out about dividend checks from the Metro Ins Co? I usually got them, (but?) not since I'm in the service and wonder what they did about it. Try to find out what the score is on that.

*Oct 2, 1945*--Everything is the same, with no change whatsoever. Two boats are due in port Oct 4 & 8th respectively. If nothing happens then, then we are here for another month...Received two very sweet letters today. Those of Tues and Wed 25 & 26th. My, but they were very sweet...I ran across an exceptionally good book, which will be an asset to me later on. Would you be so kind as to try and purchase it? Here is the name and information needed: Title--Modern Criminal Investigation, by Harry Soderman and John O'Connell. Published at--Funk & Wagnalls Co, 364-360 Fourth Ave, New York City, N.Y. Price--\$3.00...This book is self-explanatory and can be used as an excellent guide. There is no hurry for it. I would only like it on hand in the future...Had all kind of weather today--showers, hail, winds, and sunshine. Getting colder by the day. Hope we're out of here before winter really sets in...Gonna make myself a hot drink, then retire for the day.

*Oct 3, 1945*--Everything is the same, except we were all summoned up to the hospital for shots of some kind. Either they are preparing us for home or it's a general or yearly shot time. Trying to find out, but no one seems to know. Didn't go today, because I'm working on the day shift, so I'll probably go up sometime during the week...There was a beer issue today, but I'm getting rid of mine, maybe today or tomorrow. Gotta see my contact man.

*Oct 4, 1945*--This is your better half (I hope) reporting from west of the nation. Hope all is well and everything (is) under control...Nothing new out this a-way. Rained all day--just plain miserable. Glad to be indoors tonight, in my bunk...Went to the hospital to get my flu shot today--all of us. Good for another year now...Received a few more snapshots today, so I hope you enjoy them. Some scenery and some are a couple of joes playing cops and robbers...No letter today, but then I wasn't expecting any, because you are ahead of time on delivery.

*Oct 5, 1945*--Hope all is well and going your way...I'm feeling fine and in the pink of condition. Getting a little heavy in the midriff and makes me feel I'm getting old. Are you going to mind that much of a change? I tried to stop eating, but it doesn't seem to help. It's getting bigger by the month...Nothing new today. A F.S.(?) boat came in today. These are small boats that shuttle back and forth from all the small outposts here--from Attu, Kiska, Shemya, Amchitka, Adak, etc. No big boats that would take us back. Gee, honestly, it's very discouraging. Believe we'll be here until after Thanksgiving sometime, and maybe later...No mail today, but I still have your letter of Wed, Sept 26. A very sweet one indeed.

*Oct 8, 1945*--Getting back to writing letters again after a two-day lapse...Had a terrible cold and for two days--Sat and Sun--I went straight to bed every time I finished up. It was a bad head cold and today was the first I felt like myself. It was coming on for a long time and finally broke down. I'm over it now and well on the way to recovery...Nothing new has happened and if it did I wouldn't hardly know about it. Everything is at a standstill it seems...However, today two freighters came in and is loading old equipment on it--returning it to the states and (I) understand that a few old timers with 75 points or more are also going with it...Doubt very much whether we'll be going home this month anymore. Perhaps if we're lucky we might get back in November...Enjoyed the editorials and clippings in your letter of the 27th. Still have Fri, Sat, and Sun to answer...Glad you enjoyed the picture "Christmas in Connecticut." It played here, but I failed to see it. Those that did see it said it was pretty good...Glad to hear also that you like your work and the environment. That means everything in a day's grind...Well, the news is scarce and things are about the same, so until tomorrow please bear with me with these short notes. I'll make up one of these days. I'm not for letter writing these days.

*Oct 9, 1945*--It's been awfully wet today, with two boats coming in, but none taking any troops. Boy, are we burnt up. Looks like a lot of trouble is brewing on the inside of us...Been conveying beer and Coca Cola all afternoon, in the rain...Tonight had steak for dinner, the best I had for a long time, and I really enjoyed it. Two big pieces. Bet it brought my resistance up 100%...Nothing new in the way of news and just living from day to day that something will crack-break and bring the good news that we're on our way home...Your enclosing the few excerpts from Fischer's book are very good and true to form. Very hardy daughter and many times good sense...Well, gonna wrap up this letter and shuffle off to bed.

*Oct 10, 1945*--Good evening, Lollipop. This is Cellophane, the guy that's keeping you all wrapped up...Hope all is well and going your way. As for myself, well, I'm good for another season now. Yes, me (sic) cold has left me and back on tootsies again...Nothing new onto this a-way. The two ships were still loading and unloading supplies. Finished up at 5:30 pm from patrolling, had chow--meatballs and spaghets and mince pie and milk tonight. Coffee seems to be giving me trouble, so I'm starting to drink powdered milk...Boy, there are two things one will want when he gets home: One, good coffee and, next, fresh milk...Still no mail today, and if none comes tomorrow it will be a week since we heard from the outside world. I know it's not you, dear, just the mail service getting lousy, worster, and what have you, by the day...Glad to hear you received my pictures and enjoyed them. Will send all that I can collect...Hope so very much that by now your cold is gone and forgotten. Gee, dear, your letters of 29 and 30th sure have you down and out. What with both of us laid up with colds, bet we were calling each

other...Say, why don't you try and pickle the green tomatoes. Bet you could make 'em better than the jelly. And, oh yes, better start saving the Kreuger's products--all the different tastes, etc. Gonna be tasting 'em all for about a week...Sounds like the telephone operator at Kreuger's is a bit overbearing. People like that are often very often disgusting. Just keep saying "No" and she'll get the hint.

*Oct 11, 1945*--Today is the day. Yip, today I received four lovely letters. Three of Oct 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Bet that makes my mail late also. Eleven days to get your mail of Oct 1st. Guess that's about the longest ever...Well, darling, everything is the same. Nothing new except that a new War Dept. order came out with a better offer to the G.I. over voluntary enlistment. They sure are trying hard to have you enlist all over again, for one year, two, or three. They are making it as attractive as possible, but that ain't good enough for me, nor or a good % of the others...It's been a nasty day and not until late in the afternoon did it clear and our mail came in. The moment we heard the roar of a plane, you could see everyone stop work and look to see from what direction it was coming...Received a few of the pictures taken the day all the brass arrived. This is what it looked like: 1) and 2) The big shots with their private plane on arrival. 3) One of the M.P.s on duty. 4) A buddy from N.Y. who came up on the same boat with me. I look like a typical hase(?) eater or like somebody who just landed in America. What a picture. If you don't get a laugh from that, you're a goner. 5) The cafeteria in our service club. This sandwich bar extends to the right and left (half circle) and seats about 20 persons? Hope you enjoy these few shots as much as the others (NOTE: There were no pictures in the envelope)...So far as the laundry goes, dear, I use to do it myself, just for the sake of doing something, but now that I have all day work, I send it out, for \$1.50 a month. During the evening, everyone uses the shower room, and you are handicapped for space, so I find it better sending it out...I received a big laugh in all the editorials you sent. They really got about. Hope I'm in the states when the Tyler Kent case comes up. Boy, will the lid blow off then. Tyler might even be taken for a gun ride. Watch and see...This is it, so until tomorrow...

*Oct 12, 1945*--Nothing new to report, just a little here and there...The weather has been very odd--all kinds of it today. All one can say is that the sun had its fun, playing hang-go-seek...correction, I mean hide and go-seek...We received our allotment of Coca Cola today. Usually it's 12 bottles per, but today we received a case each, \$1.20. It's better than that raw or green beer they try to sell. Next they got 6 or 7 volunteers from our outfit to reenlist for one year and are being compensated by an advancement from their present grade. P.F.C. to Cpl and Cpl to Sgt, and so on...Next, word was received that a troop ship would arrive about the 20th of the month, to take home all 70 point men and then fill in with 60 point men. This, darling, is discouraging, because at the rate they're getting us out of here it will be early spring before they get to me with only 34 points. However, there is an enlightenment, and that is after all 60 and 70 point men are evacuated, it will leave a complement of about 1000 men on the island, and hardly anything can be accomplished with so few spread out in all the organization. As it is, from a total of 90 men when this company was full strength, we have now about 45. Rumors have it we'll be here for another six months, but I don't believe it and (I) feel, knowing how the Army tries to operate, we might leave in Dec sometime. If so, it will be a discharge immediately on arrival at Camp Dix. Doubt very much, darling, that I'll be having a Thanksgiving dinner with you and the folks...Well, this just about winds up the news for the day, dear, but getting to the bright side of things, I'm enjoying very much your (article?) and editorials in letter of Oct 2. The soldier and WAC not having to salute for a whistle will do

now...Sorry to hear your cold's (not) getting better. Gee, dear, take good care of yourself. Wear longins(?) if necessary. Ha, ha, ha. Try wearing a light sweater to work, darling, and if the place gets chilly put it on. I know breweries. Plenty of doors and windows and drafts...Glad you enjoyed the movie "Thrill of a Romance," with V. Johnson. It played up here, but I didn't see it. It was "Weekend at the Waldorf" with V. Johnson that I seen. He sure is getting plenty of hotel scenes...Say, that picture I sent of the beauty queen was not interpreted correctly. I asked what you thought of the suit she was wearing and not what was in the suit. Get it? My taste seems better than that, or else I wouldn't be pickin' on you...Well, this brings my chat to a close...

*Oct 13, 1945*--Hope you're feeling fine and your cold gone and forgotten...Well, another day has passed, with nothing new. Went about my duties as usual, patrolling the island and before long it's time to quit...Had some good franks for dinner, with kraut, the best tasting for a long time, and tonight we had fried pork chops or grilled pork chops with the usual mashed potatoes, gravy, cherry pie, and coffee...An order came out today rescinding that about voluntary enlistment with a few changes, so now no one is volunteering. Looks like someone bollixed up the works from the general staff in Washington. Yes, that's the way everything is done in the Army. Honestly, if I'm not an improved man, blame it on the Army...Guess what? (We) Had our first snow flurry early this morning, and then again at about ten a.m. Didn't amount to anything, but it was the real thing...Ha, ha, ha...Susan (NOTE: The dog at home) must be having the time of her life with the rabbit. Is she afraid of it? Bet she's cute with it...Glad to hear the snapshots arrived O.K. and you enjoyed 'em....We're changing working hours tomorrow and will start working the swing shift, from 5 to 12 p.m. They're installing a new set up for the patrolmen. Work 3 weeks, one week at each shift, and then one week off or on company duty...This setup sounds better because you have some time to look forward to. Before, it was work seven days a week, day in and day out. Occasionally a day off, perhaps one in seven or eight (days). This will, or should be, lots better...Well, this is the news for today...I miss you something terrible. Yes, miss taking you to a good N.Y. show, a stop at the cocktail lounge, or so, at the Chanticleer. I'm living in hopes of doing all this over and over again. Would you wanna do all this with me?

*Oct 14, 1945*--Had quite an evening last night. It was a little different, as a matter of fact. Too different...Three men in the hut pooled their beer and started drinking. Several of us were asked to join by but refused. It seemed all went along fine, when they decided to go to bed. So, they went and lights went out. It wasn't long after when one of the men came in with two pints of Schenleys, for the price of \$30. Well, that started the ball rolling over again. It being about twelve midnight, one word led to another, about pistol firing, and with a little coaxing and dare they fired three shots through the side of the wall. Jinkers, in that state of mood anything would happen. All of us were in bed, but the three that were drinking. Fortunately, nothing happened, but it could have been serious. I asked them to put it away before something serious would happen and before you all really got tight. So they did and went to another hut to join in some more drink, when a quarrel came about 2:30 in the morning. The drunks were mauling each other and having a free for all...This afternoon I made a statement after they all sobered up that, hereafter, anyone wishing to drink will do so outside the hut or elsewhere and no liquor other than the beer issue will be drunk inside the hut. I repeated myself and told them nothing would be said about the shots if I wasn't questioned and asked them to keep it inside as hut business.

It's been agreed upon. I'm not going to shield anyone else, like I did in the states at one time, and suffer the consequences. Well, so much for the drinkin' party. They turn out to be pretty expensive sometimes...Today was the day, at noon, I received four of your letters. They made me feel so good. Received word this time that a telephone call reached you from a friend called Dudek. Never thought it would happen. You see, some time ago another civilian was up here, went home to Long Island, and I asked him to call and let you know all was well--it still being censorship and all of that. But it never happened and (I) thought this was another case of "Yes, yes, I'll do this and that for you when I get home." Was more than surprised to hear he called. Word was received here that this man Dudek won \$3000 on his way home. But with all the kidding and jibbing they give each other up here one never knows. No, dear, he is not a Mason. (He) Is a Polish Jew descendant, I believe. He never committed himself. He strikes you as a N.Y. hipster, but is quite a different man after you get to know him. He was the night baker at the civilian camp and prepared many midnight meals for us at about 2:30-3:00 am, when we worked nights...(It is) True, I couldn't reveal anything about what is, or was, up here during censorship. You'd be surprised someday, when I'll be able to tell more than what I can write about censorship and why it was so difficult to write at times...I'm saving the other three letters to answer during the week, shouldn't I get any because of the mail service.

*Oct 15, 1945*--Monday--and all one can say is it's another day closer home to you. Yes, that's about all. The big thing is this, your better half got himself an inner spring mattress from the Navy, who is leaving shortly. Yes, it's the real McCoy. A single bed size, that's what they use. It's just like yours, only single size. Got it last night and when I finished up working I made my bed up and headed right for the sack...Hope so very much that by now, as of today, your cold is gone. Gee, (I) don't like the idea of (it) holding on so long. Please take good care of yourself, just for me, because I care...Jim Dudek is bent on going in business for himself, as a baker, dear, and probably that is what he had reference to. He's looking for a location to buy or initiate. You see, at one time he worked in Passaic as a baker and he knows just a little about Jersey...Gee, how I long to go mushroom picking once again with you. I always thought it was lots of fun. It won't be long and we'll have it made...Enclosed is a little story published in our Duration Daily, entitled A Bust-Trust Tale. Think you will enjoy it...Well, this is it, so until tomorrow take good care of yourself and let me keep the candlelight burning for the two of us.

*Oct 16, 1945*--Hope your cold is no longer with you. Waiting to hear about it every day, in your letter. I'm hoping it is all over with. As for myself, I'm keeping fit as a fiddle. Really nothing to complain about. Had a cold about a week ago, but that is gone, even though it was a rough one...As you know, I'm working the swing shift, finishing up at midnight. That's a good shift--lots of time off. Ha, ha, ha...The weather has been awful wet and the winds are so strong these days that two of the boats wanting to load equipment can't dock. Too rough...Yes, darling, (I) believe that's the way it will be--getting a discharge once I hit the states, and now we're looking forward to it sometime in December. The very latest in January. That ain't fast enough for me, but we'll just have to sweat it out...I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, after having you go through all the trouble of getting the sockets for me. The soldier who I made the deal with for these gadgets landed in the guard house some months ago and it fell through for me. Better luck next time, I hope...So far as the winter coat goes, that's been turned in at Ft. Ord and we have what they call parkas. That's with the hood on. Remember the first picture I sent?

Well, that's the only kind of overcoat we have up here. I know we won't be able to keep that...Right now I'm wearing shorts with a wool undershirt. While riding the Jeep all the time, that is sufficient, but should I be out in the open, I'd be wearing longies, top and bottom, all the time...My February deduction was \$22, which was never received at home, but it was refunded to me up here. That is why I probably was able to send the \$50 in one of those money orders...I can assure you the money being allotted home is there for me. Thirty-five dollars per month, as of March; a mustering-out pay of \$1,000 per month for three months, or a total of \$300 will be received when I get home, and it is with this I figure we will have \$1000 or so...Well, this brings another newscast to a close...Remember me to the family, and wish them all the best of health. As for yourself, take good care of yourself, so that nothing happens to you...P.S. Are you watching the moon these days--rather, these nights--from your bedroom window? It's getting fuller and fuller.

*Oct 17, 1945*--How (are you) today? Do hope the very best. Gee, your cold isn't getting any better...Another boat came in today, but again and again we are told no troops will be sent home. Now our 70-point men won't leave here until November sometime. Think we'll ever get home?...Yes, we were able to hear the World Series. Our radio station usually goes on the air at 8:00 am, but because of the Series they started at 7:00 am. There is a seven-hours difference in your time and mine. When it's 2:00 pm in the afternoon at home it's 8:00 am here in Amchitka...Glad to hear you're enjoying your work. Sounds like the men are lots of fun when in a playful mood. Ha, ha, ha. Remember--NO NOTHING...No, no Kent's(?) room (here). Why? Because too many males around. You'd have 'em scheming and next thing you'd find yourself up a tree, or something. Out. Completely out. Males, brew, and women don't mix. Ha, ha, ha...I thought it best to wait until I get home to take any action on the policy I have now. There are so many ways of converting it...Yes, (I) believe that will be the better way with the glasses (sun). I'll bring them home myself. Think I'll make it two pairs, just in case you have more hard luck with 'em...Gonna sign off. Pleasant dreams. I'm always thinking of you.

*Oct 18, 1945*--Calling on you with the best wishes of the day. Do hope so very much that cold is better and things (are) going your way...Well, all the boats (2) all together left with a boatload of equipment today, but nothing else. The men are bitching because they feel the Navy is holding up transportation with the Navy show, or Navy Day observance and sea parade...It's really getting cold out, below freezing and a high wind. Everyone that was here last year at this time says winter is here. It's not the snows so much that's alarming, but the high wind...Today, for the first time, I took in a matinee movie and the wind was so high, and hail with snow flurries so strong that it drowned out the sound effect at the show. It was at the Williwaw Theatre, which you have a picture of, and I seen Deanna Durbin in "Lady on the Train." Not so good; can hardly call it a good second rater. You're not missing anything if you don't see it. Rather light in plot--and everything else. Didn't like it at all...Glad to hear you received the money order and every time it's possible I'll send home whatever I can spare. I try keeping \$20-\$25 on my person.

*Oct 19, 1945*--Good evening! What's new?...News--yes--just a little, and it is different. A fellow, 33 years old, is A.W.O.L. Ha, ha, ha. T'ain't funny, McGee. Forty-eight hours now and it can be any number of things. One, it's possible he's a stowaway on either a plane or boat. Second, might be a victim of amnesia, or something like. And, thirdly, he might have been taken for a ride. So, to solve the question

as to his whereabouts--oh, yes, fourth reason as to his whereabouts, he might have gotten a stroke or heart attack and dropped dead on the island, so today they had us as a searching party and we walked over the tundra and checked all the huts and foxholes in a designated area. We walked and walked and believe me we're all tired, and don't mean maybe. Ha, ha, ha. It wasn't any too nice, with high winds and occasional showers, and tonight, right this moment, it's raining rain to me. Ha, ha, ha...Well, gonna shuffle off to bed. I'll write again tomorrow and hope I have some real news for a change.

*Oct 20, 1945*--Well, how are you these days? Are you noticing the moon these nights? It's a cold-looking moon peering through heavy rain clouds and occasionally it takes a peek at you...Let's hope your cold is gone and you're well on the way to recovery. I'm still sweatin' it out and hoping and praying we get out of here...News for the day: Well, the big search is over, that I spoke to you about yesterday. Yes, this afternoon they found the body on the beach, on the Bering side of the island of Amchitka. It's the place where you have a picture of me near some wire fencing. It's very hilly, with a few high cliffs in through there. He was found at about 1:30 pm and an autopsy is being performed, to determine whether it was an accident or a possible murder, etc. My opinion is an accident. Well, so much for the body...The weather is very wet these days and not at all pleasant, among other things...Darling, I wrote home several times, I want no fussing and fussing about my homecoming. I'd be much happier about it without any celebration, etc. Not for me. It's a promise, I'll keep it a secret...Everything else is very much the same and even the officers are fed up...Gonna sign off and take another peek at the moon. Auredvois (sic), pleasant dreams, take good care of yourself.

*Oct 21, 1945*--Just a word or two, letting you know all is well. Hope so much you're able to say the same...Thought we'd really be off the Rock by now, but no such luck...Getting so that the men are beginning to blow their top by getting drunk and disorderly. Last night we had to lock up a G.I., from a coast artillery outfit, who got drunk and started turning the hut upside down. Actually frightened everyone out of his hut by swinging a pipe around and a knife, which he cut himself with. Had to have four stitches put in between his thumb and fingers...The fellow has 70 points and is being postponed constantly from going home, so he got drunk, blew his top, and now is in the guardhouse. He's lucky he didn't kill someone. Yes, that's typical of what's going on now. They better had get us off, and soon, before lots more happens...As for the real news, well, it's yet to happen. A boat came in late today and no one knows the score as yet. It won't be me, but if it takes some passengers it means I'm just that much closer in coming home. That's one consolation...The weather has been fair today, with sun shining for the first time in about a week...No, once I hit the states I believe I'm headin' for a discharge. It won't (be) a shipment to some other theatre of operations. I look forward to it now for early in January or February and maybe--I say maybe--December. Wouldn't count on it...Believe me, Columbus Day has passed and I didn't know a thing about it. It was just another day up here...Are you noticing the moon? Gee, it's the prettiest I seen in a long time.

*Oct 22, 1945*--What's new? Nothing out this-a-way....Still riding on patrol and making time. The latest being that no one will leave the Rock until the mystery of the dead man is cleared up. The autopsy claims the man was not drowned, and so it leads to murder as the only clue. His skull reveals he had several blows by a blunt instrument. It sure is a mystery without any clue so far...There was a mail call

today--the first in three days--and you came through with three sweet letters...Please don't worry about Xmas packages, because everything is so uncertain that chances are even that we'll be on our way sometime in December. It would be foolish to send any package up this way...As far as my work at home on the police department is concerned, I'm asking for a school post, which is all day work, or radio patrol. That is, if I have a choice. No motorcycle...No letters from anyone in the service with me. Today I received a letter from my cousin Ann Martinek(?), stating she's sent an Xmas package, so I'll have to answer that one. I'll probably be leaving and that will be on its way up here. Ha, ha, ha...Mom wrote me about the apartments going up across from Mom Vinner(?). She inquired about rents and they were asking \$60 or better, as I understand...Well, this brings to a close another few words from this rock west of the nation.

*Oct 23, 1945*--Hope you are feeling fine and things (are) going your way. Remember me to Mom and Dad, Vin, and Susan, too. Hope they, too, are enjoying good health. As for myself, I'm fine, but lonely...It was a beautiful day, with the sun out most of the time, although the air was cold and damp. (A) Lot of us--should say many of us--hung out our bed linens and blankets, for an airing...The movie "The Valley of Decision" played here some time ago, but I wasn't able to see it. It was very popular. Hope you like it. Also, "Over 21" played here. Here is what the boys remarked about "Over 21," and I quote: "When Irene Dunne shakes her cute little ass the boys will go wild." Ha, ha, ha. Seems like she, too, has a way with the boys. Ha, ha, ha...No, I won't be shipped overseas once I return to the states, because I have two years' service to my credit. It will be three in May. I'm safe once I get into the states. Then it will be a matter of a few weeks...Enclosed is an article which happened yesterday, Oct 21st. Flying weather is getting bad. Anchorage is the last stop on the mainland of Alaska, before departure for the Aleutian chain. It was reported one fellow who left here a few days ago was aboard. He was attached to an Engr. outfit going home on the point system...Oh yes, today I moved into another hut, which was closer to the mess hall and orderly room. Ha, ha, ha. Thought it would be more convenient, should we be here for the winter. However, the accommodations are not as nice. Ha, ha, ha. We had a sink installed in the first one and this one that I'm in now has no sink or running water. Guess it's six of one and a half dozen of the other. Ha, ha, ha...Well, this brings my letter to a close. So, until tomorrow keep me in your heart.

*Oct 24, 1945*--Do hope you are well...A terrible day! Oh, what rain and what wind. I wish I could take a picture of what the day is like, for you. The distance from my new hut to the mess hall is about 100 yds. and before any of us reached it for breakfast and noon we were soaking wet. I changed twice so far. One consolation is that I have company duty for this week and it only comprises of small company duties--odds and ends and lasts for only an hour or so. Someday I'll tell you what it really is. Ha, ha, ha. Well, I might just as well tell you now. Ha, ha, ha. We have four company back houses with oil drums cut in half and every day or every other day we burn the poop. Ha, ha, ha...Of course today, because of the weather, they spared us the ordeal. Ha, ha, ha. "Oh, What a Life." If I ever become a Henry Aldrich, you'll know why. Ha, ha, ha...If it clears up shortly, I might take in a movie. "Barbary Coast" is playing. I believe it's an old picture and supposed to be pretty good...Very happy to hear you're feeling fine after the three bad weeks you had. But don't worry, there isn't a thing we couldn't cure for each other...Both the pictures, "Valley of Decision" and "Pride of the Marines," played here, but I didn't get to seeing 'em. They were very popular, however. "Son of Lassie" played a long time ago...Well, this is it and so comes



the closing of another day and another dollar. Take good care of yourself.

*Oct 25, 1945*--Just another day out this-a-way and miserable at that! Rain, rain, and then some more rain!...Do hope you're feeling fine and all (is) well with you. Guess the brewery is the only place that's working. Ha, ha, ha. What with all the strikes about. Waiting patiently to try some of the Kreugers. Never liked that brand, but perhaps with you working there we might get the better kind. You know, a little of the ale kind. Ha, ha, ha. Guess I'll have to go some to catch up with you. Or ain't it so?...Didn't go to the movies last night. The weather was terribly wet and the hut or home (to you) was the safest and best place to be. Getting to be an old fossil, maybe...I did do something, though. Guess what? They showed a movie in our mess hall and it was a pretty good picture. I enjoyed it quite a bit. It was "The Big Sleep" with Bogart and Bacall. Did you like it? Of course, Bacall, rather (than) Bogart, carried the picture. Couldn't go for her type. Wonder if Bogart enjoys playing with her...No letter today, but that was for all. The weather is really to blame. Hope it comes through for the weekend at least...Having it pretty easy this week on company duty and taking advantage by not doing any more than I have to. Really lazy. No, it's not that at all. Just making the best of it and sweating out getting home...This it once again.

*Oct 26, 1945*--Nothing new. Rather a nice day, but no mail. Thought sure something would come in today. Nevertheless, it wasn't only me...Guess what. Pardon my mentioning it, but we had one of those Pete's(?) inspections today. Really, it's a riot. Nothing up here to contract it (V.D.) and yet they have 'em. Even the doctor feels asinine about it, but it's just an Army routine...Been eating rather good. Roast beef, roast ham (Virginia style) tonight. Of course, I'll relish some fresh eggs for a change. Ha, ha, ha...We received about twelve new men, to replace about eleven of them who are going home on points. So there are quite a few of us now, only until the point men leave...News is scarce, with just about everything the same day in and day out. So, until tomorrow, remember again I love you.

*Oct 27, 1945*--Let me wish the best of the day to you. Hope that you are feeling well. Please take good care of yourself, so nothing happens to you...News is scarce, everything (is) the same. The weather is terribly wet--rain, rain, and then some real heavy rain with high winds...Well, my vacation, so to speak, or company duty is over with as of today. I report for Jeep patrol at midnight tonight. Boy, the rest really came in at the right time. Feel pretty good, dear, and I hope the same to you...Received a letter today, that of Oct 16 (Tuesday), and was happy to get it. Thought there would be more...Ha, ha, ha. Seems like the chemists have you working overtime...Yes, I expect a few breaks in the P.D. (NOTE: Police Department) with working hours and believe it will work out O.K., all in our favor. I understand there has been a good many changes down there and things will break for us...Ran out of stamps, so this will be without air mail. Will try and get some as soon as possible...Gonna close and hope I have news--good news--for you soon. So, until we meet again, but this time for good...P.S. Just borrowed an air mail envelope.

*Oct 28, 1945*--Just returned from the movie house; the first time in many-a-weeks. Thought it best to write you a few lines about. First, I hope all is well and Mom is coming along on the better side, too...Got lots colder after the rain we had during the week, including all the midnight hours up and until 6:00 am. Then it stopped, because I was ready to report off duty. Ha, ha, ha....Seen "Duffy's Tavern" tonight. It

has a lot of good laughs and quite a number on its cast. I'm sure you'll enjoy it. It will lighten your spirits...When I got up tonight, about 4:00 pm, I had two lovely letters waiting for me--those of Oct 17 & 18. It's swell hearing of you. Cheer up, darling. I can read between the lines; you, too, are blue...Had roast beef again for chow tonight. We've been eating extra good these days. The reason, they claim, is that they have a lot in reserve and with the men leaving (that) leaves a surplus. Had honeydew melon tonight also; the first in I-don't-know-how-long...News is scarce and everything is so annoying when the anxiety of getting home to you is so great. Think I'd go AWOL if I could get out of here. It seems we're getting a horsein' around somehow, for the only men that left this rock were by plane and the first to leave by boat will be the first week in November to come...Well, please don't worry, for I'll make it OK, but it's gonna take an extra month or two. Feels as though December or January will be our month up here. Gonna sign off now, so until tomorrow keep the home fires burning and I'll be seeing you soon.

*Oct 29, 1945*--How are you today? Nothing but the best, I hope...The news for the day? Well, there ain't none, but with the rumors floating around it looks like we're here for quite some time. Guess for the rest of this year. Gee, this point system is so unfair. There is a fellow who's married and has two children, and been in the service 18 months and has 50 points--and me with 32 months or more service has only 34 points...Is it any wonder a guy gripes and feels he's a sucker? This guy will probably be going home and a lot of us staying here. Is it any wonder why I'm not in favor of any children? No siree, not for me. If they want wars, they'll supply their own flesh and blood, not ours...Yes, dear, I'll always drop a note beforehand should I leave unexpectedly. I'd have plenty (of) time to let you know...That remedy about feeding Susan (NOTE: Susan is the dog) yeast sounds pretty good. Remember the fad when people ate Fleischmann's yeast, three cakes a day? Ha, ha, ha. Guess it will help Susan then...Once in a while I get the Irvington Herald, so I get the news about the Police Department...Working nights means sleeping from about 8:00 am to 4:00 pm, during the day. So, the little daylight I seen today was all bright. Ha, ha, ha. There must have (been) a little sunshine. Tonight, in our mess hall, they showed us a few news reels about the atrocities committed in Germany and the surrender of the German generals and signings. It lasted about an hour...Had baked ham for supper, and tasted pretty good. Had two big slices, mashed spuds, pineapple pie, and coffee...Can't think of anything else that might make news. Hope there will be some letters for tomorrow. Your letters are always so sweet and carry a word of good cheer.

*Oct 30, 1945*--Well, the news for the day--sorry, there just ain't none. Nope, not a thing new. Yes, there is--received your long, long, and lovely letter of Oct 21 ( Sun). I always knew you could write long letters, but never soooooo long. Gee, it was wonderful reading...Although I sleep the biggest part of daylight this week, it must have been a fair day, because the sun was setting when I got (up). Don't care for night work too much. Glad it's only this week...Yes, dear, I'm certain now that the moon is much prettier at home than up here. Nothing like a harvest moon. It was an old-looking moon and only a glimpse could we get. Too bad the folks don't take advantage of the cottage. Gee, it can't be that cold down at Metedy...Yes, dear, I'm trying hard to keep fit. I know a bay window won't help my cause any, but what can I do when it just comes along like that? Ha, ha, ha...Yes, I'll have to be discharged from Camp Dix, and do you think you would like meeting me there on D. Day? It's a date! Remember now...Getting back to the check business and something you ought to know about. I wrote and told you when I was in Ft.

Ord, Calif. that I wanted the allotment [class (something illegible)] made out to you, but the Army won't accept them. At that time I knew not where I'd be going and many times the facilities for mailing money home wasn't available. Especially that of a combat area. Fortunately I wasn't sent to a combat area and could mail my money orders. Since my allotment has been made out then to my mother, I couldn't very well discontinue once I got up here, because they encourage allotments for the men. I'd have to have a big explanation and etc. about why I want it discontinued, etc...So far as the money or checks are concerned, I received a letter only this week from Mom, telling me I have \$260 awaiting me, which would be correct. Eight months allotment at \$35 ea., less \$17.59 (for) one ins. payment...Snow up this way. Well, they claim (it) is very little, for the fact that it is all blown away into the ocean, because of the high winds. The only thing one fears here is the drifts and winds, which are called williwaws, and blow as high as 100 miles per.

*Oct 31, 1945*--Just two or three more nights of night work and we'll change once again. Boy, am I glad. Just doesn't agree with me no how. The only night work I like would be with you. Ha, ha, ha...News--YES--Just a little bit. Received word today that a boat is due here Saturday or Sunday, to move out 960 troops. All 70-point men and the balance of the quota with 60 points. I'm not the lucky one, dear, to go, but it means I'm just that much sooner on my way. It's been the first boats since VJ Day, that is taking any troops homeward bound. The island is really merry making--rather the morale is a bit better. Another rumor has it that 50-point men will be screened to go around the 15th of November, which sounds pretty good. Might make it by January then, dear...Guess what, dear. After writing and answering your letter of the 21st I found that your Fri and Sat letters of (the) 19th and 20th are missing. Did you write any on those dates? Your Sunday letter says that you did, but I haven't received it. Gee, I hope I get it. They are such a comfort and thrill to me...They had a Halloween party at the service club tonight and everyone was invited, but I didn't go...Oh yes, the eagle made poop today. Ha, ha, ha. Got mine at 6:00 pm, when I got up. Had about \$20 left over from this month, plus the \$33 I received, gives me about \$55 I have altogether. Gonna hold onto it and see what breaks by the 15th, in the way of going home. If nothing, I'll forward \$25 or more home to you, O.K.?...Well, all good things must come to an end, so until tomorrow, when we'll be together for a little while, smooth sailing and happy motoring.