

1<sup>st</sup> July, 1945  
Sunday

My Dearest Wife:

Today has been a day of leisure for me. Not a thing to do but eat and sleep. Betcha you got another name for it! Perhaps lazy, huh? But frankly it was the first day off in weeks. We will sort of compromise and say leisurely lazy?

So, it went like this...

Phone rang at six thirty – got up – answered it – dressed – dashed madly off to the mess hall for a piece of toast, and a cup of coffee. Dashed back to the hut – undressed – jumped in bed!

Wake up about noon. And even then, I had the gumption to argue with myself! Am I – or am I not going to get up!! Then those two guys perched on my shoulder

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started a row. We won't go into that but the chow hound one and off to dinner I go as fast as my little feet would carry me!!!

Then I picked myself up from the ground. Aw, gee! I couldn't help it – somebody put a wire just off the walk and - and I ran smack right into it. I'd swear the dog To Ko, laughed at me. Maybe not but – but!

And so, after dinner I rambled joyfully into the hut. My heart was glad – and I was refreshed, and eager with anticipation – for I had work to do. The first duty I had to perform was a cleaning job on some of my equipment which I did. Then a good shower and shave – which I did. Then write – which I did not. So, help me honey, I tried, but the sleeping guy

(2)

won out this time – and I lost out. I'm sure you don't mind, honey – my dream was of you. I know you wouldn't have deprived me that pleasure!

And so, at five I got up again – fresh and full of life. This time I did start to write – chow eater - up at it again! Five hours later and I'm nearly finished.

Tonight, I went to the post theater. Saw Spencer Tracy and this Hepburn gal – and some mean cracks in the picture. "Without Love." Don't miss it. I think you'll like it. Say, is this Hep girl married? Who is the unlucky guy? Wonderful actress, but what a --!

Well dearest one, I guess I better shut up [*unintelligible*] now.

Good night, darling. Loads of hugs and kisses from the guy who loves you!

Your husband  
Leo

3<sup>rd</sup> July 1945  
Tuesday

Hello Sweetheart:

It's me again – thinking and dreaming wonderful dreams of you. BY the way, did I ever tell you that I loved you? Mark it down and remember. You can depend on hearing more and more about it.

Have been receiving your letters regularly. Three today. It seems that I'm over drawing my quota of letters thus far, but – don't stop – you're doing fine. That's all I live for out here! Letters and dreams!

And the Morning Sun! Have had several new batches so far. They finally caught up with me. I'm still nursing them – reading one copy per day. Yesterday – I caught myself looking into today's paper. Couldn't help it. Wondered

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how "Little Abner" made out!

We still manage to maintain health regulations to a certain degree. Physical inspections – a quick look – zip – out in the cold again. You know, I wondered what made the "Doc" smile at me! What did he expect, Samson? All I can say is – I can remember when! But he didn't have to say, "I'll take two of those tires if you can spare them!"

Oh, I could have pinched him!

Well, the old mean days are active again. The air is a bit colder – no sun what so ever – and more rain – or perhaps I should say Drizzle. And of course, the wind is forever blowing. That is pretty hard for you to visualize isn't it. But it's no different here. We will think that wind, rain, and cold is prevalent all over the world.

I sort of miss the old sun,

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but I'm happier here than I would be in the old hot spot.

Again, I repeat the cards sent to me, from you, were more than welcomed. The one special one from you will hang over my head, my friend and consoler!

No money sweet. I've got all I need, and more. I've even saving a bit – just in case.

Whatever was cut out, I'm sure had no value. I remember the place. Let's not fret about it. I know so little about the place that even in my weakened mind I could divulge no information.

And so, winds up another day – thinking in terms of love and appreciation for so wonderful a wife as yourself.

Good night my orchid girl – loads of love, hugs and kisses.

Give Mamie and Ann my best!

Your Sweetheart

Leo

(3)

3<sup>rd</sup> July 1945  
Tuesday

My Dearest  
Sweetheart:

These sure are unpredictable days. Yesterday – or rather, the early hours this morning, it rained hard, and the fog cautiously stole in and out, and between rain drops. It was – very uncomfortable. And yet, with each passing hour, the day cleared, and occasional patches of sun made one forget the early morning miseries.

But then, I don't think I'm interested in weather conditions outside. This week I'm working inside, and so, when I finished my trick of duty, this morning – to bed went I and didn't get up until four this afternoon.

I sound rather useless don't I! Sleeping all day and dreaming all night. When a guy is all alone he has much

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to think about. I call it, "thinking," and not "worry" because I know there is nothing I should worry about at home. It seems that I've been selfishly weak, and threw everything into your lap, doesn't it?

Taint so, honey! I'm with you all the time – my love – and that being deeper than the deepest depths.

But then – that won't be for always – I – I mean my being away. That's all a guy lives for.

I'm rather surprised that Bill didn't stop over at Binghamton. I suppose by now you will have heard all about him from Bob.

Saw a rather peculiar picture tonight. A man's wish fulfilled, while yet he was very unhappy. You may have seen it. "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

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I see you and Monica are quite chummy. I'm glad for that – I like her a lot. Good soul – and a big heart. I forgive her for picking on me in the old days. Don't tell her I spoke well of her – she's liable to get ideas!

And you Mother and Dad. How are they. I haven't asked about them lately – but I'm really concerned. I'm sure they know that. Two finer people never lived. They're pretty much of mine – perhaps as much as my two arms. They're my people.

No doubt, you will have guessed that this letter has been dashed off wildly. IT's just that I've nothing to do – and yet there is so much to be done.

So, good night, darling – sleep tight – sweet dreams of our happy future – for there will be nothing else but! Eternal love – hugs & kisses. Give Mamie & Ann my best.

Your Affectionate Husband

Leo -

(3)

Friday July 6, 1945

My Dearest Jean:

I'm not exactly sure I know how to begin this letter. You're either in New York, (painting the town) or you're back home, promising yourself that you'll take it easy in your own back yard. And if you are home how do you think you will manage to stay clear of work!

Well, I did sorta hope you would get away but I'm sure you know what you want to do. And it's okay with me. Just to keep my darling happy, you might buy yourself something – for what you didn't spend.

Oh, sure! I know all about the new stuff you've bought. And, I'm happy about it. As long as there's a dime in the sock, my baby will have the best. But whatever you've done

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on your trip – I hope it was exciting and to the best of advantage.

Of course, another problem present itself. Insurance – G.I. Insurance! I just wondered if it would be worthwhile to carry it through civilian life. I haven't talked to anyone here nor was it ever brought up – it is something that just popped into my mind. I think it covers 20- and 30-year payment life. You might ask my executive brother what he thinks of the idea. I remember talking to some of the old boys (World War I) and they told me they were sorry they didn't carry it.

I guess there are many intricate catches to it. Everything attached to the Army is pretty much infested with rig-a-marow, and red tape! Perhaps I'd have to die in a certain particular way – perhaps standing on my head or something.

Oh well, maybe it's no good.

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I'll check further and let you know.

The things I think of!

Lately, your letters abbreviated swimming and sun baths. By this time, you must be pretty much the little colored gal, with golden hair. I'd like to see that! Yes, sir!

By the way I see your picture in the paper. All I did was look for the biggest, brightest, smile and sure enough, there you were. You were the only live one in the bunch.

Oh yes! Another thing. I wrote another letter (such as it was) to the Retail Dept. in Endicott. I hope they don't bother me with any more checks.

Well, I guess that's all for now. Let me know all about you.

Goodnight, sweetheart. All my love, hugs and kisses to you!

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

Your husband,

Leo

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NOTE:

I don't know what it is, but it's something that grows here! (Enclosed dried plant.)

Saturday July 7, 1945

Dearest Jean:

"Play fiddle play, sing my loved one a melody!"

Pretty nice, huh! Perhaps the words aren't the same but the tune carries quite a punch. Heard that tune tonight on the radio, and naturally, when I hear a violin, I think of Jean and my heart swoons and my head reels! Oh, Jean!

Oy, what I wouldn't give to hear you play again. But I did hear, and I did see in a pretentious sort of way! It's really kinda silly, but it was real in a way. It seems that you were in a partially clad forest, whose floors ran wild with plush grass, and thorny flowers. I don't now why thorny flowers, but they were there and they seem to crowd you.

And then there was the

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river – a narrow river, and in its clear, cool depths, a white reflection, perfect in its symmetry, and symbolic in ideals, was cast.

And you played and played, sometimes violin – sometimes calm.

But it was all beautiful to hear. I was sorry I had to leave. It was late and well, duty calls. But I did hear the number out and so it stuck with me.

See, I have hopes for you as a great talent!

Honey, I'm going to enclose an extra shoulder patch – our Alaskan department insignia. I don't think you ever saw one before, and I know even small things interest you – especially if they pertain to me. I'm sure Uncle Sam won't object.

I also had a souvenir answering the call of our party. At the last moment they decided the pictures were too incriminating. But they say we can take them

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off the island. In other words, if I left this island for the States next week, I could take them with me.

Eventually you'll see them. In the meantime, I'll have to carry them with me.

Frankly, all this censorship puzzles me, and so, naturally knowing what is in the mind of the elders, I resign myself to abide by their every little wish.

By the way, did you sleep till four p.m.? Well, I did. I'll admit that I'm lazy and pretty sorry that I am. I'll never get out of this stupor – not unless I get back home and then I promise to be just as I always was, with minor improvements.



Took in the movie tonight. Saw a couple of Republic snap shots. Not so bad, but it acts as a sort of retreat.

I guess I better wind up the thread and go home.

So, goodnight sweetheart. I love you darling amidst hugs and kisses!

Give Mamie and Ann my best. I am as always –

Your affectionate husband

Leo

(3)

Sunday July 8, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

No doubt you will be full of news about your trip. And I'm anxious to hear about it – what you did, what you bought and how you went about it – who you saw and what of it.

Aw, honey, you're wonderful!

Those boys you talked about. Ah hem! No doubt they're young and good looking – no doubt. What! Me jealous and afraid? How could you tell? Seriously honey, I think it was nice of you to show them about. I'm sure the Harters appreciated it seeing as how busy these days are. And besides, what better company could they have than luscious, vivacious Jean.

By the way, just how much do you weigh? You never did say or are you sensitive about it. Oh no you're not – one weight or another, makes little difference in

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your personal fitness. I'm sure you're just as enticing as ever.

And I look pretty swell myself – full of life and fit – well, fit, anyway. Someone said I had a perfect ^ shape, he wrote V upside down. He's not very bright.

Oh, ha! Tom "Fat Stuff," Harter? So, his wife says he's got a drip shape – which is as predictable as the weather – meaning every time his wife sees him, he has a new torso? I'd like to see that.

Honey, you call me "Most handsome," because it's true. At least I'm getting better looking. I know that's true because whenever I look into a mirror, it cracks. Before it used to break into small pieces. That should mean something.

Oh, honey – I'm all shot tonight. The radio programs have snuck into my head.

I hope you will forgive me if I say goodnight for now.

I do love you and miss you and hope for you.

Loads of hugs and kisses from –

Your husband "esq."

Leo

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

P.S. I love you!

(2)

9<sup>th</sup> July 1945  
Monday

My Dearest  
Jean:

Tell me where did Ann get cigarettes – and to pass them on as a gift? That's a foolish question. I know – knowing Ann as I do. But thought they were hard to get and yet Ann seems to get all she wants! How many did she give him? I'm sort of interested. And where?

I completely forgot about Fred's anniversary. I'm glad you are there to take care of these up and coming problems. Without you I just couldn't exist. Even as a civilian I was never graceful as a rememberer.

This "anniversary" business reminds me of some hasty remarks I made about our anniversary, souvenir pamphlet. I should have known that some of those data wouldn't pass censorship. Maybe

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I should explain further. Several small snap shots which included a group shot of all the boys in the outfit. Then there were a few other shots. The shot in question was an area shot, huts and a portion of the terrain. A minor military installation happened to be overlooked when the picture was taken. They tell us now to cut or get rid of that object. Then we could send it. It's so trifle that anyone with a naked eye would never detect it but with the shot blown up a lot of things could be found.

So, it's all straightened out now and everyone is happy – I think! I'm sure they are.

Worked out doors today. I can truthfully say the fresh air did my good. It was only a police detail. I mean policing the area. I didn't actually do it myself – I

(2)

more or less supervised the detail. This detail comprises the so-called stockade crowd. A truck driver was furnished – and a truck too – naturally. And so, I got a pretty good look at the island.

My past few weeks were spent indoors so you can see I was pleased to make the change.

I'm trying to write and the boys won't let me. Reason! Well tonight, is orientation night. The item presented covered, "Unions." It lasted a couple hours, plus two more in the hut. You know what an argument a "Union" discussion can make. I was thinking of Fred. Boy! Wouldn't he like that!

I'm sorry honey. I just feel slightly surrounded by "Union" termites.

So, good night, darling – sweet dreams – loads of love & thousands of hugs and kisses.

Give my best to my mother and Ann. I don't say much about them but you may rest assured, I think of them always

Your befuddled husband  
Leo

Maybe I mean befouled.

(3)

Sunday, July 10, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

Had an unusual experience today. But, then maybe it wasn't unusual – it was well, a new experience. It seems that I was detailed to take some colored boys to church. I was rather pleased because I wanted to see what took place at these gatherings. I've seen moving pictures and heard tall stories, and now I could see for myself.

I'll admit I was a bit nervous – didn't think I'd like it. No matter how nice colored folk are, there is always that particular something that you can't stomach.

But I walked in anyway thinking fantastic things. I knew thoughts like that are insane, but they possessed me, never the less. And to think that I was, or would be the only white person in the chapel.

At the time of my entry, a Sunday School class was in session – but it closed house when church members started to file in.

I guess that's the one-time people are

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at their best.

The colored Chaplin starts services with a prayer. Everyone rises, heads bowed in humble penitence. My head was just tilted. I was too busy looking. I noticed that everyone wore the same head dress – short, curly hair – with one exception, and he was bald so I could forget about whether I liked the way he combed his hair.

At the end of the prayers, the Chaplin seated the boys with a pious sweep of his hands. Amen!

Then they sang some song – three long verses. But before the last chanting sounds of the song was over, some soldier in the middle stood up, turned about, found the rear of the chapel – eyes upward and started a weird half song and chanting [*unintelligible*]. Then he kneeled down, maintaining that same wild stare upward. The song was getting more violent – the captivated souls took up the chant. Some yelled, yes, sir! Oh, oh, oh! Etc. They kept that up for some time. And it occurred to me that stuff like this made peculiar acting people of these blacks. I even began to feel the urge

(2)

to follow their tactics. I was glad when that was over.

Then, in almost the same instant that song ended, another followed. This time it was a sort of boogie-woogie tune. Nearly everyone tapped their feet, some clapped and some cried – yeh-yeh! Uh, huh! And stuff like that. I figured that song acted as an antidote – to snap them out of that dreamy feeling.

And that's the way it was. The teacher talked and they would, Uh, Huh! Yes, Yes! Etc. IT was a sort of care free crowd. When they felt the urge to sing, they sang. Tapped, when they felt like it. Nothing seems orderly and yet everyone is exactly the same – and just the way the religious duals call for.

After service, everyone shook hands with his neighbor. A friendly gesture and a good way to feel.

I was glad it was over. I was uncomfortable and yet I was satisfied.

Well, honey, guess that's all for now. Goodnight. Loads of hugs and kisses and I love you so much.

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

Your husband

Leo

(3)

10<sup>th</sup> July 1945  
Tuesday

Hello Darling:

While you are basking in fatigue and close heat – I manage to maintain comfort in our cool overcast land. That's pretty much to my liking and yet I miss those hot, scorching days.

Spent the day outdoors again – only this time I worked. Perhaps, I wasn't exacting to the proponents of military rule, but I sure got a lot more work out of the boys. I swung the pick and leaned on the shovel and carried rocks. And the boys worked harder too. We go along swell. Kidding ey, they call me the slave driver. At least I think they're kidding. If they really felt that way about me, they wouldn't come out openly with it.

Say, how do you spell "kidding?" It's simple I know

(1)

but I'm stupid about simple things. I write it three or four different ways, and each one looks like the right one.

Remember I told you I saw "Song to Remember" in Frisco. I wouldn't mind seeing it again. We've got another good movie, "China Sky." Haven't seen it yet. Perhaps tomorrow I will. Did you see, "It's in the Bag," with Fred Allen?

It's too bad about Louis Fertig. He was a nice kid. I'll always remember him. Those military funerals are quite dramatic and touching – perhaps not the best way to send a kid away. I know what they are – I've seen them! And I can appreciate what the family went through.

Enough of this sorrow. I feel bad thinking about it.

How is the liquor problem at home? Get enough? I don't

(2)

think Binghamton was touched with shortages. A lot of shrewd people there doing business.

Just heard "China Sky" was a flop. Good cast – good author – probably written over the weekend.

Does Renee have to work nights? Just wondered what her hours were. I still think the job is gonna be rough.

Well, darling – news is trifle, but my heart is full of love for you.

Good night, sweetheart. Oceans of hugs and kisses to you.

Give Mamie and Ann, and everyone my best.

I tell the boys you told me I was handsome. Of course, I had to tell them you said it during a blackout. I wanted to be honest about it.

Your ? Husband  
Leo

P.S. I love you!

(3)



Wednesday July 11, 1945

My Dearest Jean:

Received two letters from you and one from Fred. That sort of makes the day perfect.

Again, you spoke of food or eating and feel comfortably lazy or you are going to lunch to make you that way. You don't know how fortunate you are – being able to eat all you want and what you want and as often as you want. People just dream of being like you – dainty and trim. I doubt that you will be any different.

Did you really help Renee out? If you did, I'm sure you had fun. Some how or other the sales racket gets under your skin. It's like a woman – some women. And I'm not referring to you, because  
(1)

I can't think of going without you. We'll always get along better than the ordinary. I want it that way and so do you. So, we can't miss.

I have an inkling of confidence that the Harters will do fairly well.

Tell me, how do you go about washing the car? I often wondered- at the same token sort of grinned and to complete my vision of such an operation, a girl, sort of smudged up with dirt – hair tangled, and nails, horribly dirty, or even broken. That's the way I picture you. Am I right?

Fred tells me you women ganged up on him. He felt bad because, well, there were certain problems that he couldn't handle. I'm referring to his anniversary party.

Well darling, that's all for now. I hope you had a pleasant trip. How does New York look?

Good night – loads of love – bushels of hugs and pecks of kisses!

Your husband

Leo

P.S. Give Mamie and Ann my best.

(2)

Thursday July 12, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

Today, I had one of those peculiar, disorganized driver, assigned to me. He gave me more fast heart beats than a beet patch. In one of several instances, he was supposed to drive through a fence opening that led to the dump. The short driveway is covered by a deep ditch on either side. As he approached the drive, he misjudged his distance. Frantically, he cut his wheel in an effort to make the turn – overshot his mark. His left front wheel gave a resounding heave – came down with a terrific whack in the ditch.

The truck stopped, naturally. The colored boy looked at me and said quietly, “What happened?” It was my turn to look and look I did. Perhaps, it was a stare.

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“That my boy, is an opening large enough for two trucks to get through safely.” Perhaps I sounded harsh, but not harsh enough for I had a detail of men I was responsible for. As it was, one of them hurt his leg, not bad, just a bruise. Jokingly, I asked him if he fell asleep. His reply to that question was, “Must of!”

His frankness, and the tone of his voice, was almost pathetic. I kind of grinned at him – hoping to put him at ease. He grinned at me. “Kinda messed up a bit didn’t I?”

What are you going do with a guy like that? He did try hard to straighten out, but he was something like Dagwood, always pulling something unexpected. He actually never did anything right. And when he did do something right, he’d beam all over.

(2)

“How’s that?”

Outside of that everything else was perfect. A busy and a full day was had by all. The weather was cool and refreshing. Sky – overcast.

And all that, a guy doesn’t mind. HE’s dressed proper – fed well – lives quietly and dreams all the time. Sometimes he feels sorry for himself – most of the time he realizes his good fortune.

Yes, sir! HE’s got a lot to be thankful for.

I’ve got you with me all the time. It’s a good, comforting feeling.

So, with thoughts like that, I can’t go wrong – because I’ll always love you.

Good night, dear lady! Oceans of hugs and kisses to you.

Give my best to my other sweetheart – Mamie!

Your husband

Friday July 13, 1945

Hello Darling:

What do you think of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>? Nothing bad, I hope.

I completely forgot about the bonds. Silly of me, isn't it. Don't answer that honey. You should receive one each month for the same amount. It's taken out of my pay each month. Isn't much – but even a little is better than none. And, incidentally, our outfit received some sort of recognition for highest bond action. We also have a cup – a loving cup, I believe, with fancy words inscribed on it – and it all means "good."

That's only for our home.

Another development has taken shape in our company. Athletics have been encouraged and put in action. Remember me talking about the lake in front of my hut being filled

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and graded. Well, a volleyball net has been put up and is constantly being used. It's the first bit of sport in our company and it's only two days old. A horseshoe court is the other means of diversion.

No, I haven't taken part in these recreation facilities yet. Been just a trifle busy these past few days. I didn't tell you, but I work from seven in the morning till seven at night. I only get that for a week. Next week, it will be something else and the hours will be a bit shorter.

It's a good thing the transportation outfit changes its drivers daily. It has been exactly the opposite as far as drivers go. This boy that drove today was good. That gray hair has turned black again and I'm pretty much at ease now.

Did a lot of walking. The roads had to be policed – an

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I helped. That was the only way I could get them going – sort of make them ill at ease. In a short while, I was running to keep up with them and now, at this late hour, I feel pooped but kind of satisfied.

The boys are outdoors playing and I'm in the hut, writing and then later, I'll clean up the hut a bit, at least my bunk area.

The days are getting shorter. At this hour, the sun has wormed its way through a broken cloud. Looks good, for a change.

Which leads up to a finish. I hope everything is more than just fine at home. And I mean Mamie. Don't keep anything from me, Jean. The last time it wasn't till I received my furlough that I found out how bad she was.

And so sweetheart, good night. All my love to you – my very all. Loads of hugs and kisses.

Your husband

Leo

P.S. I love you!

(3)

Saturday July 14, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

This is the last day of the week and yet, the Japs stubbornly hold out. But we sure are giving them hell, aren't we? That pleases me and no doubt it pleases you too. The news broadcasts tell us that we've been busy from this end. Well, I'm glad someone is having fun out here. You'd think this was my own backyard.

So, you see honey, I'm perfectly at ease and quite comfortable.

Sometimes I think I'm too comfortable. I think of dieting and I do sort of cut my mean down for a couple days. Then I sort of sneak in an extra portion saying it won't hurt if I do eat more today. Tomorrow, I'll stop again. But tomorrow never comes. I'm ashamed

(1)

of myself. On me, food shows. On you, it doesn't. How lucky you are.

And then there is the weather. At this time of the year, it's swell. The air is cool and fresh. The grass is greener and flowers are plentiful. I even saw some trees out here. They were very small and no doubt, were planted by someone because they were evenly planted in front of a hut. So now we can't talk about our treeless country anymore.

Had to take one of the boys to the dentist this morning. NO one was in the place at the time, except the office personnel. One of the non-coms told me to take off my parka. I told him I was with the other chap and not here to have them manhandle me – in the "legal" way. So, he explained the reason saying this was, "Practice Day."

So, I agreed. And so, my teeth

(2)

looked over. My teeth checked, alright, but the non-com came in with automabide pliers and waved them in front of me. The doctor was in on the plot to wipe me out. He held me down, but the neck! How to get out of that predicament! That was the question. I had my weapon with me, and my brasses, and, and!! How, I had them! The one thing that never failed the M.P.s – the "silent whistle." I blew very hard. All of a sudden one hundred M.P.s piled out of drawers, shelves, and closets, thus saving the day and my life.

I'm sorry you don't believe it honey! I, for one, thought I had the only girl in the world, who believed her husband!

I feel hurt – hurt because I love you so!

Good night darling! Lots of hugs and kisses from –

Your Peculiar Boyfriend

Leo

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

(3)

Monday July 16, 1945

Hello Darling:

Saw a pretty good movie last night. "The Affairs of Susan." Don't miss it. It's just your type of picture. As an added feature, a couple badminton top notchers put on an exhibition game between games – er pictures I mean. Having a little trouble with one of the boys. He's one of those individuals with a prattling tongue. He insists on talking while I write. Right now, he's swearing at me.

Excuse me honey while I flatten him out!

There! That's taken care of. It took just one punch. I picked myself off the floor and asked him if he had enough. This time, I stayed on the floor. No use getting too rough, I says.

Now, let's see, where was I. Oh, yes! These boys put on a good show. That's all. I mean the badminton champs.

For unknown reasons, my train of thought carry me to Betty Grable. Maybe it's because you two have something in common. I see her and I'm reminded of you. It was always that way – until her last picture. She sort of lost her power, her looks and stuff. To me, she's just another painted actress. I hope I'm wrong, but it seems to me that the movies want to get rid of her. I'll admit, she still maintains charm and sex appeal but it's kind of droopy.

(1)

My, what a critic I am. But who cares what I think. Sometimes, I think I'm a bit radical.

I don't think I ever mentioned the Service Club, or did I? Last week, I stopped in there for the first time. I bragged about the "Club Cabaret," the only night club in the Aleutians but our service club has it! It's so neat and big, and coated with elaborate furniture and decorated with colorful paint. The bar, or fountain, is truly a grand job. When I see the place, I see the old Community Tap room. I wish someone thinks of having pictures of the place. They shouldn't hide beauty like that. I can talk about stuff like that but in no way can words adequately describe the place.

To top all that off, hobby rooms are set up. That covers anything you might be interested in.

I suppose you're wondering why I don't frequent the place more often. Well, I've no excuses to offer.

The weather is still in good shape. Sky is overcast all the time. The air is refreshing and comfortable.

I'm sort of lost honey, in the radio. I get rid of one problem and run into another. I never say what I want to. More noise. Better quit for now. Good night, darling. All my love to you. Oceans of hugs and kisses and sweet dreams.

Your husband

Leo

Give Mamie and Ann my best!

(2)



Tuesday July 17, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

There must have been something special about New York City to encourage you to hang on a bit longer. What ever it was, I'm happy to know that you enjoyed yourself. I agree when you say New York has so much to offer – so much to see, and so much to do. But what I don't know is what you did! Perhaps you did bring out those points in some of the other unreceived letters. I'll probably have all the information in a day or so.

No, I guess you wouldn't know about the flowers up here! I didn't know either until the "Club Cabaret" party. And it was then, that I began to snoop and surprisingly, found many varieties. So now, I make it a special point to look for new species. And incidentally, the Service Club, has put on a flower pageant or exhibition with prizes for the best arranged bouquets. So now, a soldier dabbles in flowers instead of arms and ammunition. It might be called "The War of Flowers!" Just joshing, hon! Personally, I think it's a perfect retreat.

The card is my idea, the printing is still my idea, but done by someone who shares my affection for you. So, he drew it under my careful supervision. Hope you don't mind. The thought in mind was to let you know that I was thinking deeply of you and

(1)

that we do have a certain amount of beauty attached to this island. But you are always my first thought. So, you see, I must love you – so you see!

Glad to know that the checks are still coming in. It's a good thought to know that something is helping me to keep you. I'm grateful for that. You're so lovely, so, so wonderfully perfect, that it just keeps me wondering – why, everything swell happened to me!

I didn't think anyone knew of my hidden stories. Those are, my dear, ancient unfinished treasures which I rapaciously keep to myself. It all started when I was in school. Even then I had a peculiar imagination and I guess teacher saw possibilities in me. I wondered how she found out about my girlfriends! That last sentence doesn't fit in – wasn't supposed to. So, teacher more often than not, read my stories to the different classes which she had during the course of the day. About that time my hat became too small, until my papers came back graded as "Poor." Wow! Did that hurt! I wouldn't live it down. I wanted to die – I guess! Not really! I was pretty much afraid to die. After a while I didn't mind the returned red smeared papers. It looked like the teacher had a nose bleed every time she marked my papers. I never got better than "Fair."

So, honey, that competes another chapter of my life. Ain't dat something? Good night, darling.  
I love you – miss you, always.

Your Peculiar husband

Leo

Give Mamie and Ann my best!

(2)

Wednesday July 18, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

Another day has nearly passed, and I find my limped thinking line plugged with a thousand thoughts. So many things happen from day to day, and yet, nary a thought enters my flat skull. So, what to do!

I could tell you about one of my usual boners, but I'm sure you would consider it dull ready, so we'll kick aside that idea. And yet, I should have known better! I'm referring to one of my stupid happenings. The phone rang at six-thirty. It always does at that ungodly hour. How I hate the charge of quarters at that hour. I get so mad!! IT seems that the army could make provisions for this lack of common consideration. A stronger respect is necessary for the enlisted man. But, no one comes to his rescue. His life becomes and remains a semi-public ceremony – embroidered with rose-colored soap holders.

So, the phone rang. Hurriedly I answered it, just to keep the damn thing quiet. When I get home, I'm going to invent a noiseless phone that can't be seen and can't be answered. In fact, there won't be a phone. I'll – I'll – I'll! Well, I guess I'll have to put up with it, darn it!

I did say hurriedly didn't !! I meant exactly that. Got a system now. A gentle sway of my arm encounters a card which in return is tied to the

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light socket chain. A little force is exercised and zippo --- lights! Then comes the most difficult and savantly delicate job. It requires a certain finesse, which only I, after tedious practice, can accomplish. And that my sweet, is the true and only way of getting out of my mummified bunk. That description, I will dispense with. It would take volumes to adequately describe what takes place.

No more shoe trouble. No, sir! Got a pair of moc's now which I can slip into with ease. The short trickle across the room is in itself, a mediocre problem. In fact, there is no problem anymore.

Then the phone! On our phone receivers we have a little cut button, which twitches from side to side. You push this button to one side and your line is open. You release same button your line is cut. You can have more fun with people you don't want to listen to. Then, there is the problem of putting the wrong end to your mouth. You'd be surprised what your ears say.

Well honey, oh, wait! I'll hurry this up! I answered the phone, made a few calls to the sleepy heads, snapped on a couple lights, crawled back into bed, smiled, as I thumbed my nose at the phone.

Ha, Ha! Boy what a guy I am! What I said in two pages could have been done in two lines! Forgive me, dear!

I love you, honestly, I do! Good night.. I am as always, full of hugs and kisses for you – from –

Your peculiar husband

Leo

P.S. Don't forget Mamie and Ann!

(2)

Thursday July 19, 1945

Hello Darling:

I love thee fair lady – with all my heart.

No doubt you haven't received my letters with any regularity. That, my dear, is due to weather conditions. Fog and mist are a regular occurrence. Sometimes the island is blanketed completely. With all this bad weather in the air, planes on either end are grounded. Later on, when the weather gets worse, you won't hear from me for a week or so, so the boys tell me. I'm telling you this, so you will know what to expect.

The other night was a bad one. I finished my trick of guard about midnight. I stepped outdoors into the black night. The air was heavy with mist and grey patches of fog. All I could think of was, what a night for murder. I drew my jacket collar closer around my neck. My overseas hat offered no protection. My glasses fogged up so I couldn't see at all, so I had to take them off. Then the flashlight went bad and I was in a hell of a mess. This, incidentally took place in the company area. I knew where I was and I thought I knew where and how to get about.

I stood on the steps for a full minute trying to weather my eyes to the darkness. The longer I stayed, the darker

(1)

it got, so it seemed.

I shrugged my shoulders, "To heel with it!" and took off. Well, I didn't get very far. I walked smack into the partially dried lake. The cushioned tundra gave way to my big clod-hoppers. I must of taken a good big step for it took a couple big steps to clear the marshy land.

On dry land again, I was still lost. This time I wasn't sure whether I was coming or going. So, I yelled. One of the boys in the hut came out with a flash. He located my general direction with it.

"What's up, Doc?"

I labored up to him, stepped inside, inventoried my dementia, borrowed his flash, wormed my way toward the mess kitchen, looked myself over again, got the G.I. lunch, walked outside to the outdoor faucet, scrubbed the mud off which had gone over the top of my combat boots. Wow! All that in one breath!

Okay, by the way. Saw "Valley of Decision." I even drooled over a couple scenes. That picture I saw this afternoon. I remembered you told me about it in one of your letters. I liked it very much.

And so, without any more malarkey, I'll sign off. Good night my dearest. All my love to you always.

Tell Mamie her boy is thinking of her. She's the best there is! And here's a bunch of hugs and kisses for her.

Your sweetheart

Leo

(2)

5<sup>th</sup> July '45  
Thursday

Dearest Jean:

Today is somewhat a day for celebration – thus, referring to our company and it's first so called "anniversary" party. It isn't the anniversary of its' existence, because this outfit has been activated for some time now, but, it does mean that this is the first time this outfit has had such a gathering.

And so, what better place could such a momentous occasion be had, than that of the only nightclub in the Aleutian Islands, "Club Cabaret."

And strange as it may be – you no doubt wonder what kind of a place this island could offer! And I say – it will surprise you just as it surprised me.

When I walked through the door

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of the low-slung building, dark rafters of thoughts came to me, as it reminded me of our accidental trip to a burlesque in New York. The gangway was dark like that – dark enough to cause you to feel your way.

I guess the first sign of life was the music. I guessed it was a juke box, but that idea faded out as soon as I walked into a dimly lighted, long room, whose neat paneled ceiling protected white clad tables, numbering, perhaps thirty, on which ash trays, pretzels and popcorn were astutely placed. The room was really on to marvel at – awe inspiring – you might call it. For that was the way I felt about it.

And so, I stood there for a moment, taking in all this surprised bounty – and it was then that I noticed the post band neatly tucked into a small alcove. It

(2)

was comfortably beating out some popular tune. My glance rested on them momentarily. My eyes carried me further – ant it was then that I noticed that nearly all the tables were dressed exactly alike – with the exception of one, and that I presumed, was reserved for the commanding general. And it wasn't really different – it just had a couple lighted candles on it – and a couple bouquets of flowers.

Which reminds me that all tables had flowers on them. So, everything was pretty much the same.

And so, I investigated further- winding my way through long rows of quickly filling tables, to the utmost read of the room. It was there that I received my biggest surprise.

Bartenders, neatly dressed in whites, and who sported black

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long handled mustaches, and who at that time, were busily engaged in the well-known art of bottle opening. A crowd gathered naturally.

Being coyly inquisitive, I saunters up to the elaborate bar, with thoughts of demand on my lips – but I discarded the idea as soon as I recognized our officers. Meekly, I said, “please” and gulped a little. I clinched the bottle tightly and began sucking listlessly on the 3.2.

And as I sat – fully conscious of my surroundings – the band, the boys – the tables – and our officers, acting as bus boys – catering to “Here boy!”

Humorously, they would pat their mustaches – anxiously, they threw bottles of beer on all tables. At this particular time, I boasted the presence of three full bottles. And yet they came.

(4)

And so on through the night. It was beer – popcorn – pretzels and flowers.

In the meantime, the General came in with his “particular” attached force. He sat opposite me. Perhaps I made a special point to be seated at the right place – but I think not. I was invited to sit there – and there I sat. Sneakily I eyed the man in question – and found a favorable reaction on my part. He was a small, graceful man – with a good look on his face. I liked him!

And so, the party was over. Something to talk about and no doubt everyone will – even in their letters – as I’ve done!

And it all leads up to one thing. I wish you were here to see it. I wish things were different.

And so, with deep love for you – I’ll say good night, my sweetheart. Loads of love – hugs and kisses from—

Your husband  
Leo

Give Mamie and Ann my best!

(5)



Today is July 25, 1945  
Wednesday

My Dearest  
Sweetheart:

How such a wonderful thing – such as you, ever adopted me, is more than I will ever be able to figure out. Your figure of speech is so touching – that I can't help --- well – you say such darn nice things. Yes, dear lady, you have such a comforting way about you!

Oh, sure, I remember that fatal day! How could I forget. I like to talk about it – I like to think of it – I like to dream of it! Oh, sure, I could never forget! It's one of those things and it's so imbedded in my heart, that it will never wash out.

Ah, here's that pup again! He's the only one left of five pups that mother is able to see – and mother, sorta feels responsible for that sore tail. When I say mother, I don't mean myself, I mean the pup's real mother - a dogess! She spends a great deal of time with her pup – and while I feel badly about that tail – I still have to laugh. The pup romps up and down and mother after her, trying to lick that sore spot. IN a day or so, everything should be back to normal – I hope!

I see you did write two letters that day. You didn't have to, honey, but as long as you did – well thanks. Only a person such as you, would.

By the way, saw a rather nice picture tonight. It was British – therefore it was

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pretty well drawn out. It was – let's see – “Colonel Blimp.” Saw another last night – “Tarzan and the Amazons.” It was only fair. Lately, I've been hitting the movies regularly. I'm glad I get the chance to get out – and pictures are what I like the best – so, pictures I see! They also had a showing in the mess hall - I saw it before so I didn't stay. It was “Face in the Window” with Ed. Robinson.

The PX's are not what I expected. Can't buy anything in the line of gifts. Everything is tripe. I like nice things and they don't have it. I did pick up a monogrammed pillow case which you should receive any day. I don't know what you are going to do with. If I were clever I could make something. Some of the boys do pretty well with their spare time!

One kid – the one who does all the wild talking – answers the phone just now. 126 (our hut number) Skorko speaking! He gets a big kick out of it. And how he laughs about it. He tries to imitate me. He says he rather do that than eat – and he sure likes to eat. He sorta reminds me of Laird Cregar, that big, overgrown actor.

Well, sweet heart – I guess that winds up another day. Taint much, my sweet, it just a reminder of how much I love you. Good night, sweet heart – loads of hugs and kisses from –

“Lover” Skorko  
Leo

Give Mamie & Ann my best!

Thursday July 26, 1945

Hello Darling:

The day broke rather wildly this morning. The fog disappeared and the mist turned into rain. And tonight, the two lakes near my hut are flooded – the first time in a number of weeks. These are the kind of days the old-timers talk about.

Tre, ta, tum, tum! Ah, music, ah dancing, ah orchids – you the orchid, me the other flower, sunflower I guess and we're dancing at the Osmar Club, where lights are low, orchestra, 4Fs, heads big and my friend the dashing young bartender, keeps telling me what a wonderful like – the Army! That last crack warranted a smack on the kisser, so I thought. But I wasn't gonna waste a furlough being abusive. I wanted to, just waste it on us. That night you looked exceptional. Probably, what you would say, delightfully dangerous and I was looking for excitement if you can imagine me that way, and, I'm sure you can.

When I know you're serious, I grin, and when I grin, I shake all over. Question. Am I handsome in the morning? That, dear gal, is in regards to your very flattering remarks about me. And so, I ask, am I handsome in the morning – my hair and no makeup on? Am I the essence of light fantastic?

Ah, honey, you're sweet! I told the boys what you said. They asked if you were  
(1)

blind! Yes, I said, blindly in love poor gal! Naturally, such a conversation over a cup of tea, brings out laughter. Where I'm concerned, hysterics are involved. But we have a good time. The Lothario of our outfit talks about his wives and children – legitimate or otherwise, and I talk about my one and only. I seem so small and puny compared to his extensive career.

Then I tell them that you're going to be boss, and that in order to be boss, I must stay in your good graces. Oh, honey, what you said!

Naturally, I can't tell you what their reactions were to that remark. It wouldn't be nice

Have you heard this very old one?

Boy oh, boy, am I hungry! Haven't had a bite in two weeks! I helped him out – I bite him!

Don't say it, sweetheart. Just think what it's going to be like after I've been here some time.

Well, my dearest, I guess that's all for now. All my love to you – thousands of hugs and kisses.

Good night – sweet dreams.

How did Mamie enjoy her trip? I'm expecting a new father any day now. Make sure he marries her for love and not the quarter she has.

I suppose Ann is rolling a pipe these days. Poor Ann.

P.S. I love you.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Friday July 27, 1945

My Dearest Jean:

I see I've neglected to explain the contents of our Anniversary card. Sometimes, I lose myself into space. I think of things so often, that I just take it for granted people should know what I'm talking about. I'm way out of this world. I will now endeavor to explain further.

Now, the M.P. shack. I've wiled away many hours there – talking to the waves, seagulls, and to myself. I even fought the battle of the Aleutians there. That, you should remember.

The Jeeps are a few of our many vehicles. Those men, incidentally, are fellows over six feet tall, and I guess they look it, don't they. These men ride the Jeeps daily for one tour of patrol. There are two other shifts involved. That means the Jeeps are on the go for twenty-four hours a day. They patrol the island.

And the other picture covers our garage personnel.

That group picture was taken in our mess hall.

There, I think that covers that.

By the way, I received a letter from "Big Boss," Bill Fischer. He didn't say anything important. Just on of those dictated letters. Dictated letters are not very friendly.

(1)

Last night we had on of those orientation films on "Sex Control," or something like that. Nothing new to us, just a reminder. And after that formation, the Chaplin gave a good talk on the same subject. He covered it very thoroughly, doing perhaps, a better job than the film.

To top off the evening, another film, "Here Comes the Waves," with that gorgeous hunk of vitality, Betty Hutton and Crosby. You saw the picture and I didn't so I thought it was pretty good.

Ah, ha! You've got Mamie pretty much under control. At least you know how to handle her. That's good! Bill Fischer tells me she's behaving and well.

That seven to seven shift is changed now. They changed it because of the long hours. Now, it's from eight to five-thirty. A lot better than it was. Since then, I've had two jobs and both run about eight hours. Next week, I will be on company detail until a boat comes in and if that happens, I'll probably work the boats.

Well, today, I slept rather late. Till three-thirty, no less and I feel just as tired as I did this morning when I went to bed. I guess I've developed a lazy nerve. I never seem to get enough.

Well darling, I guess that's all for now.

Good night, pleasant dreams – loads of love, hugs and kisses!

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

28<sup>th</sup> July 1945

Saturday

My Dearest

Sweetheart

As usual, I was tucked in nicely when your letter came. I had been asleep all night and part of the morning, and was ready to turn over and finish the day when someone spoke my name in vain –if you know what I mean. I stretched my eyelids, and held them open as long as I could. A couple letters hit my foot locker giving off with a whack. It wasn't a loud whack for my locker was covered with a white cloth, and doilies with a piece of burlap, and brown, printed like, velvet material. But in my daze, it sounded like a rifle report.

The “black outs,” were out, therefore, enough light was present to give me a fairly clear view of the handwriting, which I recognized as yours. I needed no second invitation to get up, for I was up, and anxiously tearing open the envelope.

And, so now, I'm what you might say, contented and happy again. I guess I feel like the old top hick does when he gets a letter from his wife. By the way, he isn't with us anymore. He's back in the states now -, probably acting the part of, “the gentleman.”

We've had some nice weather today. The day is warm, and the sky is overcast. Outside of an occasional mist, it might be considered quite nice. The water in the lake is gradually disappearing – leaving messy looking muck. That happens to be in the

[1]

area where we had our volley ball court. So, for now, that pastime is forgotten.

Our mess Sargent is a likeable, little overstuffed, knock kneed boy from Jacksonville, Florida. He also possesses a tremendous Florida brogue, with oceans of “cheer” (meaning) here, attached to his vocabulary. I'm sure he doesn't mind if I call him names. He calls me unmentionables too. So, you see, we have something in common. You can seriously, he calls me, Snorka, a name that is stuck to me while I remain in this outfit. Everybody calls me that name but I don't mind, because, as long as they call me that I know they like me somewhat.

So, my little friend, the mess Sargent asks me what I would like for breakfast.

Well now – let me see ----a couple eggs, turned over lightly, some bacon – six slices, not too well done, and a piece of toasted raisin bread, and ---!

Before I've finished, my tray is filled with dainty fair --- one meat ball!

Then he has hysterics! He thinks that's funny --- and I guess I do too, & because I'm so happy I feel like battenning his hatch.

And so, I better batten up for now.

Good night, sweetheart! You better go to bed now, and preserve your fatal charm!

Give my best to Mamie and Ann.

All my love, hugs and kisses to you, always.

Your "tired" husband

Leo

[2]

29<sup>th</sup> July 1945  
Sunday

Hello Darling:

I suppose there is a great deal of talk going on back home – and, it is no doubt, all about Japan and, Wars end. Our general trend of conversation travels along those channels, too. Somehow, we feel that it won't be that easy. While we hope that Japan submits to those exact terms, we also cherish the thought, that she won't quit right away – perhaps, not being allowed to – either by some forces in our government – or some set up power in Japan. I want to believe that it's the powers in Japan.

And, so now, we have some real responsible persons in our government, who demand that United States [illegible] more exact terms – a tougher ultimatum. That's fine as far as I'm concerned, but, will it speed up the war? So, if such a thing happens – Japan will require more time to iron out her fate and the more time she takes, the longer the war and the greater the casualties – our own casualties.

Now, the ultimatum is apparently adequate, that is the terms of surrender. They seem to fulfill every American desire. After the war Japan will get “due,” consideration any way. You can depend on, Big Business, for that. Where ever a dollar can be made, you can be sure we will be in on it. That tradition goes back a long way. And it won't end with

[1]

This war. So, for the time being, we will have preserved peace, and democracy.

And so, I should, for now, relax my somewhat puzzled brain, and resort to more favorable, and liberal discussion, such as –

Jean, at the pool! That's always good means of conversation. Whenever it pertains to you, it becomes my favorite sport. And my favorite sport is to see you perform on the diving board. You know your good, don't you? Of course, I'm pretty good myself – only in a bigger way. The only difference is my feet are wide apart and bent. Yours are straight and faultless. My shoulders are arched – round shouldered like. Your shoulders are arched too – perfect in its symmetry. My head is pressed against my chest. Yours is high and proud. At the take-off, my hands flare in all directions. And you take the fatal jump in one easy swing. I land with a splash on my big - ! You cut the water with the grace of an [illegible].

So, you see, I'm pretty good too! Whatever your thinking honey, don't say it out loud!

Well today is Sunday – another day of war. I don't mind telling you that I don't like to rest anymore. That will be over – as of now. I'm going to work for a change. This week I work in the company area. I'm sure I'll feel better. Don't ever let anyone tell you that they could sleep forever.



Well sweetheart, guess I better turn in for now. Good night – all my love – hugs and kisses. Give Mamie & Ann my best and –

You husband, such as I am  
Leo

P.S. I love you!

[2]