

Friday August 3, 1945

My Dearest Darling, Sweetheart:

It's a good feeling to know that you're not moping around the house, acting sullen and out of temper. Whenever you report your little escapades to me, my heart violently acts up. I say to myself, "There's a wise gal!" You don't know how it pleases me.

Steve deserves a break if anyone does. Two years is a long time to be away from home. But, how does he manage to get home weekends? It seems to me, she would better off with him – at this time, anyway.

P.S. I'm sure you'd look beautiful.

That expression, "I'll be home in 48," is a favorite expression in these parts too. Unless something happens quick, I'm afraid I won't be home till then! Sometimes the news looks good on the surface, but underneath, it stinks worse than Barn smells Skunk mill! And I do mean "Stink!" I shall confine my temper, honey!

Just remember, look at the funny papers. The reading is so much cleaner.

By the way, how could I get in

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touch with the Gould's just in case I should want to write? Come to think of it, it would be difficult, seeing as he's traveling.

A Military School, is just what Cork needs. It's good training and splendid learning – both of which are a "must" in a school of that type. That's good! But, I still object to "Compulsory Military Training" on a national scale. That's not so good! I hate to think of the outcome if it should every come to being.

Well, had a pleasant day. Worked outdoors. The day started off in a fury but as time went on, it turned warm, and at times I thought the sun would show its face. But I did work and I feel better, physically and mentally for my efforts. Incidentally, the one detail happened to be that sensational latrine burning detail. It leaves a pleasant odor such as you've seen in Little Abner's, now.

Well, sweetheart, good night. All my love, hugs and kisses to you!

Hope Mamie is fit. Did you tell me she was going to Saranac Lake? I heard it from someone!

P.S. I love you dear lady!

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Sunday August 5, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

I'm sorry about the mail, Jean. I've had better luck – four today – one yesterday and a couple the day before. So, you see, I've been more than lucky. But I can understand the problem. While our mail doesn't leave the island, fog and all, your mail hits the West Coast and waits until the weather clears. That's probably why we get mail more than you people in the States.

Sometimes, we act like small boys. The sky clears up for a while – we look hopefully into the sky, looking and listening for signs of the mail plane. Sometimes we don't see the plane, but we do hear it. It's one distinct sound, far different than any plane on the island. We know by that sound whether or not we get mail. Incidentally, we usually get a couple mail calls a day – once in the morning, and once in the afternoon. If one plane gets here in the morning, you can almost expect another in the afternoon.

We do get darn good service.

By the way, I received a card from

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Fred. I see he located a place to stay. I don't think he had such a hot time. He's used to a crowd and a bottle. I'm different. I don't want a crowd or a bottle. All I want is you! You're more fun than that whole social crowd put together. I'll leave that up to Cork! In his letter he made some remarkable compliments to you. I'll send it along with this letter. It's a masterpiece for that young squirt. I'm sure you'll enjoy it. And save it for me. About twenty years from now I'd like to show it to him.

Honey, are you like Tarzan?

Have had loads of mail. Lesko and Hojsik are still talking to me. I've been so lazy I've neglected a lot of people and I'm sorry. I really am.

But for now, I hope they won't think too badly of me.

And so, honey, good night, loads of beautiful dreams! All my love, hugs and kisses to my Tarzan gal!

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

You can't see my kisses honey, but they're here – sealed kisses.

Your affectionate husband

Leo

(2)

Tuesday August 6, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart

The name Irving is familiar to me. I'm sure I know the boy. His "respect" for you as you put it is, I hope a distant admiration. You know, I could be jealous a bit but I think not. I seem to know you rather well perhaps better than you, yourself. I like to stand by and watch those foolish wretched men crying their hearts out for you. I know they can't have you, because I got that certain power that makes you mine and mine alone! Fiendish, ain't I?

Seriously honey, you shouldn't discourage Irving! He might have a weak heart. Those fantastic tales of the Aleutians. Besides, I'm a member of the Aleutian Chamber of Commerce – I'll welcome him with open arms, present him with the key to the iceberg club and the fox hole renegades.

Do you know what outfit he was with? Not that it makes any difference, he could be stuck into anything. It would be something if he were sent here. I probably wouldn't know it if he was unless I accidentally ran into him on the post.

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And then again, he could be stationed in Alaska. The weather is rougher there than it is here – heap cold! They say, a person does not need extra heaving clothing here even during the winter months. The weather is not that severe and all you need is something to ward off the wind and rain. By the way, our winter weather is almost on us. The days are getting shorter. Daylight doesn't break till about six and it doesn't darken up till about nine. Before, it was still light around eleven-thirty at night.

By the way, how is that newspaper magnate uncle of yours! Just wondered. I like to think of those summer afternoon golf games we used to have. Ah, what memories – especially the quiet lay out of the club..

Cork's letter is rather grown up don't you think? He did surprise me with a few of his unusual expressions. But then, I was pretty well up on world affairs at that age too. He's quite a boy.

Well, sweetheart, this winds up another day, and closer to the end of trouble in Japan. Good news is coming in every day. The best news will come the day I can sit with you – holding hands as Doc. says, and whisper a bunch of sweet nothings into your ear like – I love you, Jean, always.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Tuesday July 6, 1945

Hello, my Sweet:

The only real important news today is the new, "Atomic Bomb" and its staggering possibilities. Pretty gruesome, isn't it! And even now, I find it difficult to imagine such a weapon in existence. It sort of reminds me of that old, Orsen Welles radio play, several years ago – full of fantasy and horror! What I mean is it grips me in the same manner – makes me feel cold and helpless! As for the Japs, well, I have no love for them and yet, I feel sorry for those people for having to witness such a future.

Last night or rather early this morning, I heard a Jap broadcasting station on the air. At the time, a boy and girl sang a duet. The orchestra, even though a bit clangy, carried the background. It fascinated me somewhat, in fact I could even say I like it. And that music, and song, foolishly put an idea that even Japs were human beings.

Maybe I'm just a softy, honey, but I still hate to think of that horrible destruction being rained on people – any kind of people. I'm sure it won't always be used

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as a destructive force. But I guess you all have talked it all out. Anyhow, let's hope Japan will wise up and quit.

Your last few letters were rather encouraging. For one thing, your gas problem has improved. I'm still waiting to hear about the new car seat you're expecting. How do you like domestic worries, honey? I'm sorry about that slow grin which crept on my puss. I do it every time I think of you. The other day you washed the car by throwing a couple buckets of water on it. Oh, well!

I'm glad to know that you finally located me in that group shot. Naturally, I sort of expected a favorable report on it, in my behalf, and it came true to form. You were sweet – always saying the right thing. P.S. Attention is what I thrive on!

There's nothing much to talk about now. The weather is fair and comfortable. The days are a lot shorter. Gets dark about nine-thirty now. Exciting, isn't it!

Well honey, thinking of you is exciting and good for my morale. It keeps me happy just thinking about being together again. IT all leads to one thing – my love for you – big and deep. Loads of hugs and kisses to the gal of my dreams from –

Your husband

Leo

P.S. Give Mamie and Ann my best

(2)

Wednesday August 8, 1945

Hello Darling:

The radio just tells us that Russia declares war on Japan. Interesting news, I'd say! Haven't thought much of the Russians fighting the Japs, although there have been several reports that such a move was feasible. And now it's happened. That's so much to our advantage.

Another item of interest, is the second Atomic bombing of Hiroshima. This time they gave us more information regarding its possibilities. That – also pleases me. I'm glad that "Bomb" doesn't make an area useless for years to come even though it were Japan. I couldn't believe that U.S. would allow such a destructive force to be put to use.

No doubt, you'll hear all about it from the papers and Fred! Another interesting story develops in these parts. It's a story about a Japanese propagandist girl, called "Tokyo Rose." She broadcasts from Tokyo to the boys in the Allied forces. The stories she tells the boys, are for example, "The U.S. will allow no women to have babies without ration coupons." She tells of our horrible war casualties and stuff like that. Now, I've never heard these

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broadcasts but, she became the favorite pinup on these islands. Boys would break their necks to be present, to hear her broadcast. They even sent her, probably through the Red Cross, gifts and even new musical records, to play in her broadcast. In other words, she was tops as a morale builder. An item appeared in our paper, which I will enclose. It gives a pretty good picture of what took place. In no way was this broadcast a means of intended morale building.

Flying weather has been ideal so it seems. Receiving mail almost daily now. We're still getting rain, but the fog seems to have lessened.

Saw a picture last night – "That's the Spirit." Pretty good show – don't miss it – plenty of laughs.

Please don't fret about your spending money, honey! What good is it if you can't spend it for me. I'm pleased when you do so spend, and make an old man happy.

Working nights now. Sleep all day. Anymore, I don't care what hours I work.

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

All my love to you – I love you! Loads of Hugs and kisses to the sweetest gal in all the world
from ---

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Thursday August 9, 1945

Hello Darling:

Judging from your letters, any mail has been slow getting to you. I'm sure you'll get them in a lump sum. The mail service has been good lately – been getting mail daily. We still maintain a strict censorship here. Not one of your letters show stamps of censorship – they've all have been clear. They usually, spot censor, all letters going out of the States – picking one, perhaps, out of hundreds. You may have sent mail overseas for a couple years, and not have one censored. I've talked to some of the old timers here – and not one letter sent to them have been censored!

I've been working as an area guard this week – the graveyard shift. Nothing much to the job itself – just a routine check of the area – such as fires, lights, etc. The only difficult part of the job, is the night itself. It gets so dark that even the flashlight appears useless. A couple times I slopped through, the lake running over my shoes before I realized I stepped into a lake. Then foxholes pop up in front of me. Ordinary Tundra that

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looks safe and secure will sometimes, when it's wet, will give way like quicksand. It sounds rough, doesn't it. Really isn't! In fact, it's one of the best jobs. Some of the boys would rather work on that job than any other.

How does the news strike you? Sounds good sometimes, doesn't it! All in all, I'm inclined to read only the funnies. I'm a lot happier that way. One day the "Bomb" is a killer – the next time it's only a leg breaker. We come out with news that bodies have been burned beyond recognition. You've seen that stuff yourself. How could they know that! They don't and never actually will, until they set right in on it. If things are so much to our advantage, why do we work so hard at bluffing! The politicians want the war to end and yet they don't. They want the soldier to go home and yet they don't! Lord only knows what our bright masterminds want!

I ain't mad, honey. I'm just talking of something else besides the rain.

One thing certain – I love you! That's one thing I'm sure of. Nothing could be finer than to be home with you and it won't be long – I'm hoping.

Good night, sweetheart. Loads of hugs and kisses from –

Your Sweetheart

Leo

P.S. Give Mamie and Ann my best.

(2)

Saturday August 11, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

The weather is like the news – first it's good – then it's bad – then it's in between. The same with the mail.

Today, it rained, but I didn't mind. I spent the day in bed. I got up only to eat supper and take in the first movie at the Williwane. Saw a couple "Republic" pictures – stinkeroos. Regardless of the pictures, I like to go anyway. IT's sort of a retreat from myself. Then the popcorn appeals to me. Don't laugh, honey, it's just that everyone else is eating popcorn and that annoys me. To top it off, I usually have a couple bars of candy with me – an orange and some cookies.

To top that off, I'm in and out of the kitchen all night long. I'm sorry honey, you'll have to take me as I am – large and comfortable. Anymore I can sit down – interlock my fingers across my chest and act like Sidney Greenstreet.

Ah me, tis a grave worry that I have!

By the way, we have a U.S.O. show out here – a colored troupe. Supposed to be good – so I've been told. I expect to get off my big, fat, -- and see

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it before the week is out.

You know, I thought our hut was bad. The cooks hut, has it all over us. I usually have to go in, and wake them up. I step into the door, snap on the bed lamp and the radio starts cutting holes up through the roof. Then the dogs, there of them, two pups and a big, jet black one, start barking. You hear all kinds of bitching and if you don't duck, you're liable to contact a flying shoe.

That isn't too bad! What makes me sore is the small puddles in the middle of the floor. I just scuffed through them on my hands and knees trying to duck a shoe. To top it off the big, black dog – a very friendly chap, comes up and licks my face. The very little pup stands there yapping for all he's worth. And I'm whispering as loud as I can – pleading with them to keep quiet.

That my dear is something I have to put up with on this area guard.

Then, I think of my little love bug. That's afterwards. It's so nice to have a love, such as yours, so much so, that nothing can upset me – when I think of you. In my miseries, a vision of you can make me forget everything- except the 1st Sgt.

Good night sweetheart. All my love, hugs and kisses to you.

Your husband

Leo

Sunday August 12, 1945

Hello Darling

Just completed my tour of area guard only to wake up this afternoon and find myself on the same detail for another week. I don't mind, it's a better job than most. At least a guy can get up, walk around, listen to the radio, and even have company to wile away the evening. It's a variety of everything.

The weather is always a poor topic of conversation – that's why I bring it up so often. Yesterday, it was bad and today it was worse. That, honey, grounds our planes. And, I believe you're thinking of the same thing I am – oh, where is the mail! Don't worry, it will be along directly.

And so, will Japan's reply – I hope! At least that is what we're all waiting for. Our radio station tells us not to be impatient – a reply is expected soon. We know that and yet we still keep our nose to the radio, trying to pick up outside news. Everything we've heard so far is the same old stuff. It's broadcasted and re-broadcasted. Bet most of the boys could recite the newscasts word for word. Patience is a virtue, and in this

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case, if we're patient, there is bound to be naught, but good news.

Well, tonight, Fred MacMurray entertained me in the picture, "Where Do We Go from Here." It certainly was a screwy picture, but entertaining. He certainly can handle parts like that. That gal, June Haver, caused a lot of excitement.

By the way, I've got a couple pictures. I didn't want to sent them for fear you would disown me. They're pretty awful. And please don't ask me what I'm doing. I told you about that detail some time ago and now you have proof. Now, you can tell people what I do in the Army!

Wish the boys would stop that racket. It's one of those heated card games. The game is friendly enough, but the language is awful as you can imagine. No! I'm not playing, my finances won't permit it, and besides, I'm no gambler. You take care of the gambling end for both of us.

Well, sweetheart, I hope my letters reach you soon. For now, good night, all my love hugs and kisses to you.

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Monday August 13, 1945

My dearest, honey, sweetheart, darling – baby! Wow!

This, in more ways than one, seems to be another one of those long waited for days. In the first place, the mail came in – all kinds of it. Usually, my boy takes care of me – brings it to my bunk – softly shakes me – “Mail from our sweetheart!” The poor chap. He just stands there, eyes big and popping watching me ready my letter. I motioned him on. He turned to go. I noticed big tears thundering down his red cheeks. “What’s the matter, Captain, no mail?” He shakes his head wistfully. “Too bad, old boy, no friends, huh?” He shakes his head again. “Tell you what I’ll do – here!” I handed him one of mine. As he grabbed of it a big smile hit his face. “Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!” He ran off to his little corner, sat down on the floor and proceeded to tear savagely at the envelope with his teeth. I called to him. “Here, here, Captain, not like that – let me show you! That’s a good boy, bring it over!” I then showed him how this Post, gal would have done it. He understood. He clapped his hands, jumped up and down. “Let me, let me!”

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My, how utterly happy he was. HE told me he found a friend in me. I stroke his head, showing him, I understood, and there was no reason why he should lick my hands. I would have done the same for any dog.

P.S. I hope the officer who censors this will take no offense. I think he understands my insane mind! If he doesn’t, God bless me!

Well, there is one reason for my unusual plight – and that is the news. At this hour, the report that Japan quit, offers some consolation, even though it hasn’t been officially conferred.

The first break came during our Monday’s orientation skirmish. One of the boys, having heard of it, interrupted the class meekly and hesitantly said the war was over. There was a small amount of excitement and anxious parties jumped up – snapped on the radio switch, with little concern for the problem of issue or officer in charge. The commotion became severe and the poor officer hand in the air (that was the position he was in when he was interrupted) smiled a big, broad grin – “Okay, you got me this time. Go ahead and listen to the news – but I’m warning!” I couldn’t hear the rest. There was too much noise.

And that’s the way it was. Right now, we’re waiting for the “official” report. That should come

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soon. The mess hall was a mess of good feelings. Everybody is talking about home – and the hell some poor women will get. Another item is the lifting of censorship. I suppose we really want to say what we

feel and not beat it around the bush. The officer tells us it will be a happy day for him too – and I believe it will. Pretty hard to censor mail day in and day out – especially if the letters are like mine.

Well darling, that completes the story for today.

Good night my sweet little rosebud. Loads of love, hugs and kisses! Just to let you know I haven't forgot to say it – "I love you!"

It may be some time before they decide to let me go – but at least we're on our way!

Give Mamie a bunch of hugs and kisses for me. Ann too! I feel extravagant!

Your husband

Leo

P.S. Enclosed is a couple more pictures! Your husband at work!

(3)

Wednesday August 15, 1945

My Dearest Wife,

The news is good – then it's bad – and then it's in between – and that's bad. I'm beginning to lose faith in the human race – especially those yellow nuts the Japs. The radio tells us that they are still subject to treachery - and the fighting is still being pressed on all fronts.

Well, only time will tell. I only hope the Japs quit when the surrender terms have been signed. Anymore, anything can happen – even a longer war. I hate to think that such a thing could happen.

The radio also tells us that rationing will cease on some commodities. That is good news. At least, you will enjoy some comfort and convenience.

And yet, while all that goes on, I still find myself interested in your new violin. Sounds like a frightfully good buy. Are you please with it? Is it a good one? Gosh, I wish I could see you play it! That's all I think about now – Jean, my gifted wife. Boy, oh, boy! Okay, yes, tell UC Martin – the old man appreciates his help. There is nothing like an old expert to advise you! It was nice of him. I'm proud

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of you too, honey. You're the best there is!

Renee's sister Margie? Is she the one who lived in New York? That's the one who was associated with Ansco, isn't she? Looks like Renee's little business becomes a family affair.

No sooner do I turn my back and I find my family gambling. Dear, dear! I know now, I shouldn't have increased your allowance to 25 cents per week. Whatever is my family coming to! Tell Mamie, she can buy a new care with the money she won. I give her my permission.

P.S., my weight is somewhat of a secret! If the Army ever found out, they would discharge me for being, ahem, overbearing! I couldn't stand that. Maybe some time I'll tell you!

Well, I spent another day in bed. Got up about 4 this afternoon. At that hour, the boys are still celebrating. They haven't quite got over the night before. It's not only our outfit who are the encourageables, but everyone on the island. Hear all kinds of stories floating around. Those stories are mostly bad – good stories are never told – so if one wishes to be recognized, or notorious, one must be bad – so they say.

And again, I noticed the weather. It was overcast – almost threatening.

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Tonight, we had steak for supper and much later (11.15 P.M.) some of us had trout. Some boys went out to one of the lakes, said they "They bit on anything" – warned me not to get too close to the water. I still can't figure out what they meant!

How do you like those pictures I sent? I expect you to say, "They're beautiful – what is it?" I've got a couple more. With my permission, you may kiss me on the brow – just once – wouldn't want you to dirty your lovely face. Besides, I need a shave. Pay no attention to the head.

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

Good night sweetheart.

Give my dearest mother my best.

P.S. I love you!

Your husband

Leo

(3)

Thursday August 16, 1945

My dearest Sweetheart:

Wow! What a day – what a night! It's raining – it's dark – visibility – impossible. Looks like the beginning of a bad winter.

Tonight, I ran into difficulty – again! I seem to have more trouble than people. Perhaps it's the way I live, I'm sure I don't know!

So it's dark as hell – during a coal strike – but rain or shine, in daylight or in darkness, the M.P.'s duties are obvious. Ah hem!

I was making my usual check of the area. It was so black, that even dark objects showed up against the blacker background. (Have I made my point clear – the darkness and all?) I have? Good!

I trickled happily on my way – carefully feeling my way, with the aid of a flashlight and a prayer. I felt more confident of my prayers than I did the flash. Fortunately, I was familiar with this particular area. I knew when to duck – when to climb – when to turn – where the weed was likely to be thickest, and the fox holes, which I would ease around.

I progressed marvelously. I was proud of my achievements! Perhaps the Army would give me a citation – I hoped! I could use a few extra points – no doubt – no doubt!

(1)

Now, let's see! The hut is here – the small hill should be there! Uh, huh! Right on the ball! Damned old mud made it tough going. I got to thinking about how dark it was. I became more cautious – searched out sounds and noises. Sometimes I do that – and that is the time your imagination gets the better of you. Tonight, noises were plentiful – the wind, cutting through wires, the dogs howling, worms crawling, and stuff like that.

I found the little hill – played my flashlight on the path and followed it. Then I heard it – a rasping, more distinct sound! I followed the direction of the sound with my light. It was useless – the dim light wouldn't penetrate the night. But I flashed it around anyway – just in case! Then I heard it again. My old heart hit a new high, and again I flashed my light in the direction of the sound—and prayed like the dickens, I wouldn't see anyone. But it worst comes to worst, well – I could use combat points!

Oh, hell, ain't nothing around – I hope! Besides the Japs quit! Ha, ha! I was sure my mouth was open – I was sure! I should have made sounds like people do when they're laughing – but somehow or other, there wasn't any sounds – except for the thunderous pounding of my heart – breaking

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a tune that sound like "Gotta accentuate the positive – eliminate the negative – don't mess with me fella – I'm dead now!"

There it is again! I stopped, turned int the direction (P.S. This is it honey! I could see the dim outline of a figure, fifteen feet from me) and as I turned, I fumbled with the catch of holster – my floodlight handicapped me – I cold use six hands now, instead of four! I took on step – that did it! The earth disappeared, I landed with a terrific splash in the lake. I got up – much quicker than Superman ever could – headless of the mud and muck (I better say "wet," can't spell the other word). Wet! That's it!

What in the "?! -x" is that? I distinctly remember saying that! I remembered more! The figure was a pair of fatigues hanging on the line – and the leg of it hit the bucket causing a rasping sound.

Damn it! Now I can't get the "Purple Heart!"

Oh well, such is life! Honey – please don't do anything rash about me (divorce etc.), until I get home! Then you'll be able to see that I'm not responsible for my actions. So...

Good night, honey! Sweet dreams – all my love, hugs and kisses to the most understanding gal in all the world. Forgive me lover!

Your husband

Leo

P.S. How would you like a couple pictures? You wouldn't! There ain't no more!

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17th August 1945
Friday

My dearest Wife:

I completely forgot about Billie's birthday. Just like me isn't it? It's fortunate for me that I've got you to look after me. Without you dear, I don't know what I'd do!

Ah, good for Mamie! I'm happy to know that she's getting all the medical attention she needs. Now, I can sit back and relax. You don't know how good that feels. For a long time, I worried about that, and I'm sure she did too!

We still maintain a strict censorship here, although the general trend of conversation, leads us to believe, that it will be lifted soon. It won't make a great deal of difference to me – there's nothing to talk about anyway. OF course, there would be a freer course of conversation and that is something. While we are looking forward to it, I'm sure the officers are too. I must be a hell of a job to look through piles of letters. Especially if they are like some of mine!

Mail service is at a low ebb! For

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some reason, the mail just isn't getting through and I don't expect any change. I've seen a lot worse and yet the mail got through. But I did receive a batch of papers today. That third-class mail usually comes up by boat. Maybe they should send letters that way.

Well, got up at five today. Sounds lazy, doesn't it. That gave me enough time to clean up for supper. And for supper, we had chops. Meals are goo and credit should be given to the mess Sgt. He does a good job. I'm afraid it will spoil us for meals in other camps or outfits.

Tonight, the baker is busy making donuts. There is nothing like a fresh donut to warm the stomach! Excuse me dear, while I fortify my system! Ah, good – good!

Well honey, sorry I can't give you a bite – but you know I'm thinking of you!

Good night sweetheart. All my love, hugs and kisses to you.

Your husband
Leo

P.S. I love you!!

Wednesday August 22, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

You'd never believe it – but it's raining again! When it rains, I don't have to shower – or anything. But it was nice – well part nice for a while.

Did you hear of a dog refusing to eat candy? Neither did I until I came to this place. Not only are they fussy, but prefer certain brands. That's the truth, so help me! You can't give them just any kind of meat – they want it cooked just so – or else you lose a dog, and as the Sgt. says – We can buy you guys for less than nothing – take care of those mutts!

I brought that up because one of the boys defied the Sgt.'s threats. He's got the dog in a knee lock – one hand is prying his mouth open and with the other hand, he's pushing two bars down his throat. It all started when the dog refused to eat some candy offered

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to him. Ah, well! He'll learn.

Spend another day in the great outdoors. The detail is the same – but always a new driver. And nothing exciting happened. I didn't fall down, or stumble, and I didn't even get into trouble. I feel hurt. I feel as though I've been neglected.

So, you could distinguish the two characters in the picture. Bet if the dog was a little bigger, you couldn't! Another thing, honey, you can show my picture off to your friends, but you shouldn't tell them how big and strong, and handsome I am. They can see! Seriously though, I'm glad you liked them. Where did you put that last group – or can't you mention it!

Well, darling – guess I better sign off for now. It's late and besides, I've got plans for a wonderful dream. You'll like it because you are to be the leading lady. Yes, sir, it's going to be the best yet!

Good night, patients, all my love – all my kisses to you.

Give everyone my best.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Friday August 24, 1945

My little wife –

I guess there are many elements who have responsibilities! Today, for the first time, two birds gathered my ever attention. I happened to be near the mess hall at the time, these two birds made an entrance. At first, I paid little attention to them. Then I noticed the smaller (evidently the male) peck at small pieces of food – then run to the other bird with the food in its mouth and give it to her. He did that for a few minutes – pick up food, and take it to her. I'm sure the other bird was the female. Who else could get as much attention!

It was funny. This female bird followed him about like glamour pants herself. In the bird field she must have been, "that gal!" He sure took care of her. That's what you call living from mouth to mouth. Maybe she was in bad shape, and he felt responsible! Who knows.

It goes to show – that romance is everywhere, even this barren backwash.

(1)

The day is Friday, another day of outdoor work for me. My little truck with a driver, and two men, toured the island all day on a "police up" detail. That's what I've been doing all week. It's an up and down job – in and out. I should get enough exercise – but no doubt it's the wrong kind.

Unemployment at home seems to be at a peak, doesn't it? I wonder what the great masses will do now. I suppose the old life will come back to them in due time. I don't know whether to feel sorry for them or happy! I suppose a lot of them can stand a rest.

By the way, I received a letter today. The weather was responsible. It was a beauty. The sun was in and out all day long. There should be mail tomorrow. It's nice tonight.

Well, darling as you would say, -- I love you, dear heart! I think of being with you – holding you, kissing you – wanting you!

Good night – sweet dreams.

My best to Mamie and Ann.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

26 August 1945
Sunday

My Sweet Affectionate
Wife:

Someone just told me, "it was quite a breeze." The hut window blew open. As far as I can tell, the so-called breeze has developed into a windstorm. I can hear the old wind cutting around the hut, digging through the doorway, and sneaking down the tin stove pipe. What a racket. To top it off, the radio is presenting the "Mystery Play House."

So, I say- let it blow – just as long as the days are as good as this day – Sunday. I worked all day. For a change it was beautiful and sunny.

Worked at the same detail – prisoner chaser. The driver was one of those butchers. He should be anything but a driver – but he did try, and that was good enough for me.

But while It was sunny and bright, the wind blew like, well – like the dickens.

It pleases me, dear heart, to tell you that I received a letter today. I love you, for every little word, every phrase, every

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Sentence – every paragraph – every letter. Gosh how I love you.

Ha, ha! So old man Harter is trying to be the big businessman. Oh well – let's give him time. I'm sure it will up and slap him in the face one day.

Someone told one of the boys just now that he was nervous – "your hands are shaking!" Why shouldn't they --- they're good friends! Some joke! Anymore, remarks like that, and we'll take his yo-yo away from him!

Jean, tell me more about your violin. I'm really interested. What are you playing, etc.?

Me, jealous! Ha, ha! How can you tell? Of course, I'm jealous, honey. I'd be a liar not to admit it. But, I assure you it's one of those, understanding jealousies! I trust and believe in you. I keep telling the boys that it's possible for a woman to love me. I show them your picture. "Your daughter?" I could smash them! I get so mad!

Well, sweet, you all know how I feel about you – so, even though it's late, I've still time for my usual spiel – I love you, dear, All my love, hugs and kisses – to my wife.

Your husband

P.S. Good night, Angel!

Leo

(2)

Tuesday August 28, 1945

My Dearest Sweetheart:

Got out of bed at seven this morning. For the first time in a long time, I felt the urge to sleep longer – but no can do; work must be done. So up I gets – slip into my clothes, polished off a hurried mess, and back to the hut to complete dressing, straighten out my bunk, and dash madly off to work.

Whew!

And when I arrived at the stockade, I discovered a couple new problems thrown at me. First of all, one of my detail had a dental appointment. That took a heap of time – thus screwing up my run. Made it difficult to get the required work done., in the time allotted. But we did the best we could and I think everybody is happy.

Then we had a rather nasty job. It seems that the veterinarian did away with three dogs and we furthered the “doing away” by disposing of them. IT wasn’t a pleasant job even though I didn’t have to handle them, but just look at them bothered me. I hate to think of the time we have to get

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rid of them en masse. I’m afraid that day isn’t far off.

Every once in a while, some one asks me if it would be possible to take their dog with the, in case they move out. It’s a dog they’ve grown up with, thus regarding the dog as personal belongings, like a pair of pants. I tell them I can’t answer that question, but I sure hope someone can – soon. Some people seem to think the M.P.s is a well-informed group. Little do they know.

Today, the driver on my truck prattled about his dog all day. “He’s a good dog and a beauty too, raised him from a pup! Good, I’d hate to see him go!” I could sympathize with him, but I most certainly could offer him no satisfactory answer. He seemed to think I could tell him a way out.

Not only do I hear stories on the outside, but in our company too. This noon I sat down to a good meal. My tray was filled, my stomach empty. A couple boys came over and sat by me. And what do they talk about, “Dogs,” no less. All I could think and see was the dogs in my truck. All I had was a half cup of tea. I lost my appetite.

That morning headache was over, thank goodness! But that didn’t wind up me

(2)

day. In the afternoon, another one of my boys had a medical appointment. Another one had to pick up glasses. More trouble and there were so much to do. But we managed to finish up the day in fair shape.

Well, sweetheart, I guess that winds up things for today. All that is left to say is --

Good night – all my love – more of my hugs and kisses!

I love you!

Your husband

Leo

P.S. Give my best to Mamie and Ann!

(3)

Wednesday August 29, 1945

My Dearest Wife:

Had a little trouble last night and it took a little pup to start it all. He comes from the next hut. Actually, he spends most of his time around my hut area in the doorway and under the hut. He dug a couple under the hut, close to his haunts. When he discovers danger, in he goes like a rabbit. He, incidentally, is one of the litters of young pups. The others are friendly – but this hell dog is anything but. You try to be friendly with him, he yaps and runs! He doesn't trust anyone, not even himself.

Last night, he really irked us. He won't come if you call him. It was dark and cold and a slight mist prevailed. We felt sorry for him – tried to coax him inside. He refused. We gave I and him up for a bad job. After that, there was a continual yapping. IT was nerve wrecking even in the earliest stages – later, it was maddening. We made several attempts to shoo him off, but to no avail. He insisted on coming back.

It was some time after midnight, and

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the yapping continued at the slightest provocation. Several times we had to get out of bed, and chase him away. That offered no relief. It was plain rough.

This morning, while en route to work, I saw him near the orderly room. I called, offering a friendly hand. He yapped, and took off like a whipped cur. Later, I told some of the boys what happened. They said he acted like that all the time. His owner even kicked him out. We all agree that when the first dog goes to his ancestors, he would lead the parade.

This afternoon and tonight, it rained. It makes it rough on people who wear glasses. I wind up, by putting them in my pocket whenever I roamed about outdoors. It saves me much trouble.

I suppose everyone is interested in what will take place these next few months. NO matter where you go, or who you talk to, the general trend of conversation leads to the point system. How soon will we get out of here? I expect to be home for Xmas, they say. And everyone is happy – sweating it out.

The new score, "80," doesn't fit me no how. In spite of my low score, I feel that the Army doesn't need me, and will take steps to

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dispense with my services in the near future. I hope!

Do you know that in about 12 days, I will have earned a six-month, overseas bar? Seems incredible doesn't it. It really doesn't seem that long, does it? Oh well!

Received a letter today. IT seems that mail service should be better. Instead it gets worse. The Air Corps boys, blame the Army seeing as they've taken over mail transportation. They also claim that the Navy is somewhat responsible too. When the civilian pilots had the job, mail got through even in the worse kind of weather. That isn't my saying. The Air Crops boys tell me that themselves.

Well darling, I better sign off for now. Good night dearest, all my love to you – always. Load of jugs and kisses from

Your sweetheart

Leo

P.S. Give Mamie and Ann my best!

(3)

Thursday August 30, 1945

My dearest Sweetheart:

Today was jackpot day! Received a fistful of letters. It was perfect. It was darned good to hear from you, and about everybody and everything.

In every letter you tell of a new relative making a social stop. Just like old days, isn't it? I'll never forget that Aunt from Rochester. She's still one of my favorite means of conversation. Oh well, I'll get my share of seeing everyone when I get back. I've got an idea it will be soon.

Honey, I'm afraid I've lost any grace I might have had. I discovered that in order to be graceful, one must pick one's feet up. I don't do that. I just sort of scuff along – walk around match sticks and hurdle pebbles. But however, I am, I'm sure you love me, just as I love you.

By the way, that pup I mentioned in yesterday's letter. He got himself into a mess last night again. This time, I think our troubles are over. Haven't

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seen him all day. Anyway, this pup started a rumpus about midnight. We all got up bitching, but none of us would get out – except one. This brave and noble person snuck out the back door, clad in shorts. At first, I thought nothing of his movements. All I could hear was that continual yelping. All of a sudden, a tidal wave of water hit the small doorway – the yelping increased. I heard the scuffle of feet, and the cry mounted in all its fury. Then it was quiet, deathly quiet. Any moment we expected to hear yelps. Instead, the door opened, and in walked our hero – partially wet, but happy.

Of course, we wanted to know what happened. He was proud of his accomplishments, and therefore needed no coaxing to tell us what took place.

He picked up a bucket which he found in the doorway and filled it with lake water. Carefully he made his way toward the other door. HE reached a position and heaved the water at the same time leaped toward the dog, found him, carried him by the nape

(2)

of the neck, and with a heave, threw the dog in the center of the lake. Then it was quiet – so quiet that I spent a restless night.

In the morning, a couple boys said someone threw one of the dogs in the lake. I smiled – it was a happy smile. Little did they know! Heh, heh!

Well, sweetheart, that did it. The rest of the day was quiet. I still roved the island with my detail. Next week I hope to change. I understand we have a vacation Monday.

Went to the movies tonight. Saw Gary Cooper in, "Along Came Jones." Pretty good show. The rest of the night I listened to the radio and tried to write and listen to noisy people.

While all that is going on, I still manage to maintain my equilibrium and hopefully hope that I say with feeling -- I love you! It doesn't sound right, but I'm sure you know what I mean. I think I should dispense with all that rig-a-ma-roll and say --

Good night, sweetheart. Loads of love, hugs and kisses.

Your husband

Leo

(3)

Friday August 31, 1945

My Darling Wife:

I love you, dear lady!

And after that brilliant quotation, I start prattling about the weather. It's rotten. A mist prevails and the fog is so thick, you can hear it burp. That's a bit exaggerated – but it was, and is thick and heavy. Right now, it's raining. In other words, it's a bad, bad days.

But that doesn't alter the Army plans. We work, we sleep some more – come rain or shine, in sickness and in health, etc. etc.!

This afternoon I had a couple new boys to work with. We borrowed them from one of the outfits. They reported in brand new clothes. Little did they know that a messy job was in store for them, so I had to take them to their outfits to change. They didn't like the idea of work.

Thank God it was only for a half day. If it lasted any longer than that, I might be laid up with a tired back,

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as if that would be bad. But they were the type you have to show, by doing the job yourself. All they did was stand and watch, and occasionally drag up enough pep to help.

But we managed to get the work done. Finished up about five-thirty. Not bad. Someone told me I was on the same detail next week. That will make my third week on that same detail. I don't mind. I'd rather keep busy. I dislike hanging around – it sort of keeps me from thinking too much!

Did you say Harter had a spread? I'd like to see that. Do you think I could kid him – and be truthful about it? It's encouraging to know that someone else is as large as I am? Wow! Won't I have fun with him now!

Perhaps Renee hit onto something good. I hope it is. I don't think I would want you to work for her. I know you think it great fun to help her for a while but you would tire of it in a short time. Besides, you're much too busy with your own work.

So, you liked Cork's letter. I thought it was pretty good. The kid has grown

(2)

up honey. The first thing you know, he'll start using my razors, as well as my clothes! By the way, how does Molly compare with you – size and all! You did say she had outgrown your clothes, and splitting Ann's clothes. She must be quite a gal anymore.

That guy "Carson," is on the radio. He insists on being the "women's man." Right now, he wants to be a girl!

Well darling, guess I better close for now. I love you – my gorgeous hunk of woman. Right now, I'd like to be crushed in your arms – scoured with kisses and – and – well, your so lovely and tall, and I'm so willing and eager!

Good night, darling – sweet dreams.

Your husband

Leo

(3)