

Tues. May 1, 1945

Dearest Jean,

How do you like my envelope? You don't have to answer that. I know what you're thinking. It looks like a packet for an invitation card. You're partially correct. It's an invitation to puzzle over my letters. And besides, it serves its purpose.

I think I told you that I was working days this week. I discovered that it has its advantages. It gives me an evening off, and I do get a good night's rest, but then don't I always – night or day. When you're inside the hut, it's lard to tell what it's like outdoors. It's dark, except when the lights are on, and quiet when nobody is around, so just being dark makes sleep a welcomed guest at any time.

Usually on Mondays, we have an orientation skit of some type or other. Last night we had a film. Very good I thought at least I enjoy them. These pictures cover a great deal of the war front, and are the efforts of Newsreel companies. I don't know if these pictures are restricted to the public – I think not. Nothing secretive about them. Just information films.

One reel was devoted to sports. It covered the wrestling matches. In this picture I see a well despised friend of yours perform. I'm sure your familiar with him, because he was so foolish in his tactics, that you threatened to take him on. I sat and watched you. You were more of a

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Card than the match itself. You looked at me sheepishly.

"He's mean, Leo!" Then you flared up again. And you looked so bitter, so concerned. What a fight you had that night at the Temple. The wrestler was the one with a bandaged hand. He complained that he hurt it, but he certainly didn't favor it when he'd draw it across the opponent's face, and dig his eyes. What a messy looking face he made of it. He won that night. He usually does. He won this time too.

Then there were other short reels, equally as enjoyable. maybe it's because this orientation film took place in the mess hall, but then, everything takes place in the mess hall. That's where we pick up a lot of talk and bitches. That's where we eat. And speaking of eating causes me to wonder again. What is it? It's not very nice when you think about it. You put food in your mouth – and devour it. What a sight, what a view to take of so genial a function. Cynical, indelicate. But, we enjoy it – we live by it.

And so, as time and paper grow short, one essentially serious nature of words written to the one woman in all the world who fulfills my highest ideals of womanhood, who is in fact, one of the total sums of our national debt.

I love you, Jean! Always!

Good night sweetheart. Thousands of kisses to you, - from, -

Your sweetheart
Leo

Friday May 4, 1945

Dearest Jean:

To me, letters are like wine, women and song. They put spirit in my soul and tugs in my heart, especially if they're from someone you love. All in all, I should feel exceptional because your letters have been regular, more regular than I ever hoped. For that, I'm thankful. And so today, I received two letters from you. So, into my little corner I go like a rapacious little child. After reading them several times, I carefully file them in my locker and there to rest for future reference. Five minutes later, I've got them out again. Did you say, "I love you always?" Yes, you said that. I repeat it over and over. IT sounds good.

I also received a letter from Capt. Cunningham. He expects to be a free man this month. He's home now, dressed in "civies" and waiting for, as he puts it, Line of duty, Medical discharge. He doesn't sound too happy about it. Being an old soldier, I don't expect he would. SO now he doesn't know what he wants to do. He thinks he'll take it easy and finish his life in comfort.

He did mention you in his letter. He still wants to see us. "That's and order,"

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he says.

I just mailed a letter to the Gould's yesterday in fact. How does she like California? I suppose she thought I'm the bum for not writing. And I agree with her.

I'm still waiting for Harter.

"Since you went away." The picture is familiar, but I fail to remember it.

Do you mind if I grin a little? I think you're a little fussbudget, but a cute one. You have more trouble finding what you want. You're as bad as I am so help me. Ain't that swell? You take your time, and get what you want.

Say what does Ann do for excitement?

Last night I dashed around the area looking for some lumber to build a shelf for some of my junk. Had a heck of a time finding anything, but I did find a board and it was just what I wanted. So up it goes. Now I've gotta cut me out some doilies with trees on them. I especially want trees because I haven't seen one in a long time. If I do get doilies with trees on them, then I have to worry about the dogs in the hut.

But for now, I shan't worry. I'll say, goodnight for now, I love you – miss you. Loads of kisses to you sweet from –

Your husband

Saturday May 5, 1945

Dearest Jean:

Last night, while enroute to the mess hall, on the double, Rex, one of the dogs in the area, jumps at me, grabs the sleeve of my field jacket and in a playful sort of manner, starts tugging at me. I played along thinking he would let up in a while. He apparently had a different idea in mind for he kept reaching and grabbing. He didn't bite or hurt me, it was just that he was annoying. Couldn't he tell I was hungry and wanted to get to the mess hall? I was getting a little impatient now. I turned my back to him. That wasn't a polite thing to do, but I did it anyway. He follows me around. I yell at him. HE no doubt thinks I'm saying nice things to him for he continues to molest me. Now I am sore. I turn around, prepared to bat him when KoKo, our huge boned, brown furred K9, hut dog, wedges himself between Rex and me. I could hear deep rumbling noises from the depths of KoKo's throat as he warded off Rex's advances. Rex is pretty insistent. KoKo's growling changed to a furious bark – almost a challenge, because they exchanged words. Rex seems to resent interference. KoKo, doesn't give a damn.

KoKo, must have won the argument. Rex

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turns and walks away, growling under his breath. "Ya damned --!"

KoKo thinks he should press the argument for he takes off after him, changes his mind and turns back. Clumsily, KoKo lumbers his way to me. He looks and acts every part, the bull. But looks are deceiving because this old boy has wings on his feet. I saw him out run plenty of dogs on this Island.

"Thanks pal!" I said quietly and stroke his shabby head. HE shook his stern end and wagged his tail.

"That's okay Doc!" he says that so help me, if I'm telling the truth.

But the rest is true. He's the dog that insists on using the roof for a gang way. He likes it warm. And he wraps himself around the stove – so help me. He's that big – he can do it. He's a good dog. Not because that incident had anything to do with it. He's just too lazy to stir himself up.

And so, honey, this winds up another day, another letter from the guy who loves you.

Goodnight darling! Loads of kisses to you.

Your husband

Leo

P.S. I do love you!

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

(2)

Tuesday May 8, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart

Here I am back again. TO start off, I think it fitting and proper to say, "I love you!"

I forgot to mention the orientation film we had last night. About once a week, usually Mondays, we have them. The film covered world news compiled by leading news reels. Then a few other short subjects added humor such as "Snafoos" and old fight pictures. Very good.

And prior to seeing that orientation film, the first sergeant suggested a police detail of the area.

"I'm sick of you?! -x gentlemen throwing beer bottles and papers all over the place! Get going!"

So, we did it. And a good time was had by all. The boys would "bitch" and laugh about it. I guess the G.I. bible would call the boys, "good soldiers," even if the higher ups don't think so. I think they do. It wouldn't do to tell us that. We would think they don't like us.

Meals! Good. I like to talk about it. Mention it anyway. Just to let you know that I like to eat. Don't we all, especially you. Excuse me honey, I don't mean to grin.

Say! What kind of a cat has Mamie got! Only two kittens? What is she, a plutocrat or something? Probably doesn't believe in large family. Oh, you said that! Don't be jealous honey, Mamie loves you just as well. And besides, you ain't so funny.

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I'm sorry to say, I haven't seen a picture here on the post. Seen them all in the states. And besides, I don't have the time. You know how I like to putter. I even do that here. Guess I take after Mamie. Takes me twice as long to do anything, and twice as long. Then again, the reason I haven't bother about shows is – night work. Had about two weeks of it. Besides, I'm doing more reading. Never had the time before.

I see from your letters that the weather back home hasn't been very promising. That's to be expected at this time of the year. The weather here has been favorable, and changeable. Yesterday, the wind raised hell and the rain annoyed you. Today, it was much warmer. The wind quieted down somewhat, and we had a short spurt of rain. The boys tell me that the weather has been more than ideal. In fact, unusual.

I got to thinking about the rough times the boys had when they first got to these Islands. No hutments, no roads, no nothing. The earth is soft and squishy. Tundra, they call it. Lakes all over the place due to heavy rain. When the season is partially dry, the lakes vanish – sinks into the ground. We had a nice size lake in our area. It's nearly dried out now. It was beautiful when it was filled.

I hear Mamie is planning on a paint job for the house. IF she does get it done it will be anything short of a miracle.

Well darling, I must sign off for now! Good night, lovely one. I love you, miss you. Thousands of kisses to you from the guy who thinks the world of you –

Your husband
Leo

Give my best to Mamie & Ann and everyone. Received a card from Leo Callahan.

(2)

Wednesday May 9, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

The job in Europe is done, and well done at that. And now it becomes a conquest of the past. I hope we don't forget. I hope our leaders stand up to their sickening appeals. I hope that get their just deserves. Oh, I guess I just hope! All I can say is, thank God, that phase of hell is over. Then comes the grim remind of the gigantic work ahead. Japan!

Can't say much in their behalf. Fight to the last man, says Japan. Just big talk. With the world against her, with concentrated effort, with our worldly supply, a quick defeat is inevitable. A lot can happen in a year. Wait and see! In a short time, Japan will be one sorry people.

In spite of "Victory" day, I can't bring myself about to realize that the war in Europe meant anything to me. That feeling of venerable phenomenon is just something I can't see. All I do is read about it and try to understand. I'm ashamed of myself. Maybe it's because I would rather have been there, being a real part of it. Maybe, it's just big talk because

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I know I'm safe and well. But I'm sure I'm not alone in my thoughts. It's just something that can't be explained. Maybe we figure that it wasn't our war. That's a foolish thought.

Anyway, we passed a quiet restful day. No excitement, no celebrations. Just calm, suggestive discussions. Then we took Hitler apart. And we, like a lot of other people, decided that he wasn't dead. And we felt quite gay about that, figuring the longer he lived the more he would suffer.

Honey, you tell Fred that he's a good boy, and a busy one. I know how it is when there is so much to think about.

The other day you said something about a good long vacation. I hope you take it. Make me very happy, so it would.

Haven't pulled any guard duty so far this week. I expect to before the week lets out. Right now, policing the area seems to be in order. That comes every day when we're not on duty. Yesterday, we filled several drums of heating oil from a huge storage tank. We usually pile them in a convenient spot, close enough to the huts. Some huts have their own racks and so they roll out a drum and set it u p – convenience! Doesn't take long and everybody's happy.

And so, winds up another day. And it's time to say, goodnight, dearest! Sweet dreams!
Thousands of kisses to you, and loads of love from –

Your husband

Leo

Thursday May 10, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

The main topic of conversation tends to lean toward, "discharges." No matter what has been decided, there will always be disagreement and ill feelings. And so, that's the way it is now, ill feelings and disagreements. But you can be sure that it isn't for us to decide. The plans have been drawn up, and yours truly seems to have been forgotten, along with millions more, that is, as far as points are concerned. I don't even begin to dent the surface. I'm not worried. I know that I'll be up there soon, and the longer I wait, the sweeter the discharge will be.

Quite a few boys in this outfit are eligible for "discharges." They've got plenty of credits. Buy, I'm not sure how they feel. They seem to be one of serious mind and new confusion. I guess they're glad, alright. Who wouldn't be.

So that's the way it is. I'm sure something better will turn up. They always do. I'm waiting – waiting patiently and hoping and praying, as the saying goes. Let's hope it will be soon.

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And so, while all that goes on, we still have a job to do and the more we work, the quicker we all get out. So, we work to pass time.

Yesterday, I helped clean up the area again. Same old job, but it has to be done. They don't take long anyway. The rest of the time, I hung around, took it easy, sweating out a guard detail which was coming up. So, all we can do is wait for the call from the orderly room. About an hour before the time to go on duty, the call comes through, about eleven P.M. All day long we wait, and here it is. I wish they would post those details. Let a guy know what's up.

"Element of surprises," seems to be the thought in mind.

Received a letter from Con, and his daughter who sent me a nice letter written I huge print. She signed it "Love and kisses," Jenie. Cute, huh! She wants to be an engineer when she grows up.

Well, sweetheart, time runs short and so does the paper. But I've got enough room and enough time to tell you, I love you darling. Goodnight, sweet dreams and thousands of kisses to you.

Received a couple letters from you today.

Your husband

Leo

Give my best to Mamie and Ann

(2)

Friday May 11, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

Today, we saw a G.I. orientation film briefing us on the discharge "Point System." It wasn't anything different than we've heard, but it did cover more fully, its origination, how it became adopted. As far as I can see, the plan is a good set up. But what confuses me is the fact that well-seasoned, experienced combat troops are being let out, and raw material taking their place. It doesn't seem as though Uncle Sam will allow that. After all, a great percentage of men in overseas duty have been there a long time. The times are still critical. It may be that Uncle Sam knows that Japan isn't as tough as we are led to believe. Let's hope they fold up soon.

Ad so, all in all, the boys feel more confident of an early victory. Most feel that they will be in the Army a year from now, even if the "Point System," is dropped.

Enclosed, is an item taken from our post paper. It covers the point of issue quite clearly. Just thought you might be interested.

Jean, is this girl you're talking about the new one Monica picked up? Who is she? What's her
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name? I wish I could be there to see the show. I think I would enjoy it – with you. In fact, I know I would. I would appreciate it more, and you wouldn't have to coax me either.

Gee honey, I love you! If you only knew how much. I guess you do. It's just that I like to talk about it. I like to think about it. I just like it.

In this part of the world we should have all the snow and ice, but when you speak of fourteen inches of snow back east, it's hard to believe, especially at this time of the year. We haven't had any snow at all. It's mild, and as you know, the wind always has a hold. But, it's nice here. I still say, I'm better off here, then in the tropics.

Honey, I can't imagine where you get so much material to write about. Your letters sure are welcomed. I only wish I could find something interesting to write about. Work pretty much the same.

This week, I'm on guard again. Night work this time. Slept till 6 P.M. today. Don't say it, sweet! I know I'm betting lazy. For now, forgive me. I promise I won't be that way – always.

But I will love you always, even when your hair is very white – even if our hearts are old. IT will always be the same. Never will it change. Goodnight, sweetheart. Thousands of kisses to you from –

Your husband and sweetheart

Leo

Give Mamie my best. Ann too!

Saturday May 12, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

Received two letters from you today. That's the way they run, two every other day. Happy, happy!

Enclosed, you will find a "deception" picture. It's me alright, but that broom and mop are just background and means of support. Silly looking, isn't it? I mean the mop naturally!

I'm sure Mamie loves all the boys, but she better wait. She needs advice, even if only from her son. That's what comes from having a "Glamour Girl" for a mother. By the way, what does she call the kittens? I'd feel hurt if she didn't name one after me.

You haven't mentioned Ann for some time. Is she still on the wagon? Is she smoking a pipe yet? She can use one of mine if she wants to. I don't imagine she has any trouble getting cigarettes. She knows the right people.

You mentioned several pictures off and on. I'm afraid I haven't seen them. It takes quite a while for pictures to reach this place. Personally, I don't mind. I'm partial to the radio. Jack Benny, Carson, Durante, Suspence, Shore, Crosby, Hope,

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Gildersleeve, and such. Special programs for us. Ain't that swell! Seriously, they're good. And no commercials. So, I spend a great deal of time, in the prone position, listening, dreaming and acting pretty useless, that I am.

Yes, we have a chapel here. I haven't been a good boy. It seems that I'm working at the time. But then, that's no excuse. I suppose if I wanted to start a riot and start complaining, the outfit would "make" me go – escort and all. I still can't blame anyone but myself. The Army can't play nursemaid to every soldier. Truthfully, I've been thinking a lot about it. I'm sorry, honey. I know you wouldn't want me to lie about it. That wouldn't do any good to me or anyone else.

So, when I tell you in simple, plain language that "I love you." That would be the truth, the whole truth and nothing else but.

For now, honey, I better sign off. The raid's got me groping my way blindly. My mind's over in left field.

Sweet dreams sweetheart. Thousands of kisses to you --- I love you, very much!

Your husband,

Leo

(2)

Sunday May 13, 1945

Hello Darling:

To my sweet, loveable wife, I extend my heartiest best wishes on, "Mother's Day." And to Mamie, good sailing – always on "Mother's Day!"

To make it ideal, it's warm and comfortable. A soft breeze prevails. Occasionally, the sun sneaks through broken clouds and peppers the rugged earth with strands of golden light. It's truly a day, fitting and proper for mothers and mothers alone.

Our lake is dried up. That in itself ought to be ample proof that the weather has been favorable. Yes, it's too bad about the lake. In place of cool, ripple water, there is mud, weeds and broken beer bottles. All that beauty gone for the time being. Or perhaps a beer bottle has its points.

Had a nice dinner tonight of fried chicken. We usually have our Sunday dinner at night. That's done so the boys who are on duty will get a chance at good, solid food instead of dried out chicken bones, which they would get if we had an earlier chow. Then there is ice cream, little cups. And every time I dig into

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it, I'm sorta reminded, that I know a little girl who is a regular, ice cream chowhound. Then there is pie – cherry pie with crumbs and stuff on top. Are you hungry? I guess not. I don't paint a very good picture. But as I sit here on my bunk, I sure can taste it. Maybe an apple or orange or grapefruit will satisfy my hunger.

Just think honey. I slept till 6 p.m. tonight. Lazy! Lazy! What will I ever do when I get home. And even at the time I got up the day was pleasant. I happened to think about my condition. How much better I feel. Remember, I used to have trouble with my nose? It's all gone now. I breathe like any normal person now. I also discovered how short winded I get. You don't necessarily have to run. Even walking at a brisk pace will affect you.

Well, honey, I'm off duty. So now, I'll have to wait till something else pops up.

In the meantime, "I love you sweetheart." Goodnight, sweet dreams and loads of love, thousands of kisses from –

The Guy who loves you

Leo

Give my best to Mamie and Ann

(2)

Monday May 14, 1945

Dearest Jean:

No papers yet. Received a card from Callahan last week, stating that he received my new address and that the Sun should be on its way. I just looked at the card. It was dated two weeks ago.

No, honey, I don't need any money. I was just wondering if you did. I guess I forgot to tell you that I got paid the first of the month, last month. Don't need money out here.

I'm sure the dictionary will be fine. I didn't want anything too large. Thanks, sweet!

If that violin has a squeak in it, you should have a new one. Nothing's too good for my baby! And besides, you've had that one for a year. Think about it honey. How about a new teacher, or don't you think you ought to change at this time? I just wondered.

Got up about seven this morning. Just in time for breakfast and just in time for a detail. "Poop" burning detail, no less. I still can't get used to it. The odor, so I've discovered gives a feeling of permanence,

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Stability, defying time and change. It must be April #2. Got kicked out of a couple places today. They said, "Did you just do that, or do you smell like that all the time!" What could I say! What could I do but dig a hole and bury myself. But now it's better. And to think that the boys are just crazy about that detail. But it didn't last long. Then –

A little policing of the area. I fussed around the front of the hut. My hands in the dirt again. I even hung out some of my bedding. It was beautiful outdoors this morning. This afternoon it started to sprinkle a bit. Just enough to get my blankets wet. Right now, I've got them hanging inside the hut.

Tonight, we had a briefing on the "Point System." I told you wrong the other day. It's one point for service in the Army. One point for each month served overseas. I still have 26 point. The critical number involved is still 85. But that is subject to change, in time.

Received a letter from you today. Thanks, sweet. They mean a lot to me. Goodnight, sweet lady! I love you, so much. Thousands of kisses to you. Give my best to Mamie and Ann.

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Tuesday May 15, 1945

Hello Darling:

You're a sweetheart – and I love you, darling. I keep thinking how wonderful you are. And when I think of you, my heart gives out with those satisfying tugs. It's something like, well, having a million dollars in your pocket, and not a worry in the world. It's that swell. Everything about you is so wonderful.

By the way, honey, I received the book. It's exactly what I wanted. Thanks much. And a couple letters from you give me a three-base hit.

Heard from "Ritter" the other day. You remember him. He's that New York furrier that you met in Douglas, Wyoming. He's somewhere in the Pacific Theater – unassigned. He was out in California with me. That's where we parted. In fact, that's where all of us took off in different directions.

At last we can use our own shower. For a long time, it was being repaired and painted. For a long time, we used another shower room about two hundred

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from our area. And for a long time, it was the only exercise I got. But you ought to see our place now. We've got about a dozen showers – all new. The side walls are painted into small blocks, to give it a tile effect. The floor is painted. Duck boards cover it. In the other room, there is a huge water tank which is kept hot, by a thermostat, and naturally, the oil burner. The thermostat only regulates the heat or the burning of the stove. I'm sure you're confused, I am! Anyhow the place looks pretty good. Everybody is happy now. We kinda hated to use someone else's.

It's raining today, strange as it may seem. I suppose it will never stop now that it's started. And the wind doesn't help it any. As a result, the wet crawls all over you giving you that miserable feeling. But I'll fool 'em. I'll wear my raincoat and artics.

Well, my dearest sweetheart, I better sign off for now. Goodnight, sweet dreams, and loads of love. Here's thousands of invisible real like kisses from –

Your P.F.C. husband

Leo

P.S. I love you! Say "Hello" to Mamie and Ann

(2)

Wednesday May 16, 1945

Hello Sweetheart:

I love you my darling. I love you!

Had a pleasant surprise last night. Heard from "Prattle Brain Scheaffer." He's in Alaska, much to his regret. He would prefer the stench of the Pacific Islands, rather than Alaska, the frozen backwash of the war. But that, is one man's opinion. He revels in heat. Out at California he would walk for miles just to find a "beach," and a spot where he could dig his heels and butt and spread out.

He tells me that it's 25 to 30 degrees below zero. Then he contradicts himself by saying he likes it. To top it off, he works in the cold storage warehouse, and that also, is contrary to his wishes. A hard guy to please – so he says. "I'm not bitching! Here I am, a guy with a correspondence background, writing obituaries on frozen cows." The reason he talks so much is because he believes the exercise is good form him. True! True!

He sent a couple pictures. We took them in Alaska. He thought I would like them. I don't mind getting them, but I sure as hell don't like them. I looked at them – gave out a yell –

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fainted – was revived by the boys in the hut – showed them the pictures. I tell ya honey, it was quite a job putting those boys to bed, and reviving them. So, I pass them onto you, hoping that you read the letter first – thus enabling you to prepare yourself for a gruesome sight. The other spectacle in the picture is "Smith." You remember him from the old, Douglas "daze."

Last night the boys shot craps against my foot locker. They tell me my locker has a good "backboard." The bound is just right. But I don't mind. My floor gets a good cleaning. But all that doesn't happen to be the story. White's in the background. He has a bottle of face lotion in his hands. Pours a little out, covers his scalp with it, rubs it in good. Then he'd drop a dollar to cover a bet. He'd pick up the bottle, pour out more of that white cream and proceed through the same operation. I watched him for some time – wondering what the heck he was putting on his hair. He finished rubbing his hair, took another bottle which I was positive was Vaseline, and began to massage his face. He proceeded to rub it into this face. Then he stopped. A peculiar expression came to his face. He looked at the bottle—then looked at me. I laughed. Couldn't help it. Neither could he. So, we had a hell of a time giggling like a couple of jerks – that we were.

Received a letter today. Pretty regular now.

All that wouldn't be possible if it wasn't for my "Regular Wife." She makes my stay here a lot easier – makes me believe that we will be together soon, and for all time. No more separations. Just like it used to be – happy and in love – and a perfect understanding of one another.

Goodnight, sweet lady. Must sign off, but not before I tell you – I love you! And I miss you.

Thousands of kisses and hugs to you

Give Mamie and Ann my best –

Your husband

Leo

(2)

Friday May 18, 1945

Hello Darling:

I like to start a letter like that. It sorta takes me closer to you.

Saw a movie the other night – my first in about three weeks. It was one of those Republic stinkeroos, so I won't bother to even talk about it.

Again, I must complement our radio broadcasting system. Last night I listened to Hope, Carson, Fibber McGee, Duffy's Tavern, Suspense, a ball game and some good music. Which takes me back to Scheaffer who tells me that their broadcasts are limited to three hours a night. Most of it was music and news. He kicks about that. To top that off, there isn't a town within miles and no way to get to them.

I never brought up K.P. before. It just never occurred to me before today, but as time goes by, I find myself in the position of the man who came to diner and stayed and was not obliged to do K.P. Not that I never expect to do any pearl-diving here, it's just that the present setup constitutes regular K.P.s who do the work for a slight retainer. That setup is okay with me. I'm sure the other boys agree with me.

A little change in weather today. A colder, a sharper wind is prevalent and it rains in degrees and yet it rains enough to partially fill up the lake in

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our area. So, you see, it isn't too bad. Besides, I'm more concerned with the snow storms you witnessed this moth in the States. When I first hit this part of the world, some 40 days ago, we had a couple days of mile snow flurries. Since that time, I haven't seen a drop of snow. I still say, it's hard to believe that I'm a citizen of the Aleutian Chain.

I see my "wandering," mother on the prowl again. She sure hates to stay put, and I don't blame her. I suppose you're planning a trip yourself. I just thought a trip to California would be idea.

Here I am, way out of this world, and I'm trying to regulate your life. I'm sorry honey. It's just that I still like to plan things with you. I'm more concerned with our happiness and good times. Nothing else matters anymore.

By the way sweetheart, I received three letters from you today. Ain't that swell. A three-base hit is considered good in a ballgame.

Where does Steve get 62 points? His overseas points total 56! Where does he get the extra 6 points? He didn't stay int eh States long. I'm sure not as long as six months. He's got more points than I hope to have for a long time – so that means he should be home before Harter and the rest of us. He deserves it.

And so, honey, that winds up another day. For the past hour, I've been trying to write and listen to the radio. Can't be done.

Goodnight sweetheart. Sweet dreams and loads of love and kisses from –

Your devoted (have to be) husband

Leo

Don't laugh at "Have to be" It's just that I wanted to be!

(2)

Saturday, May 19, 1945

Hello Darling:

Hardly an hour -, hardly a day goes by that I'm not thinking of you, and home. It's such a pleasant way to wile away the time. During the course of selective events, I manage to see you sitting and the bizarre picturesqueness of your vision in the full mirror is most stimulating. The cant of your blonde head, mouth grin with determination as deft, soft hands coaxing stubborn hair into exacting correctness. It's a most annoying art, and yet I can sit for hour upon hour in my easy chair, stupidly looking on with intense, and unique devotion. Sometimes, perhaps, you might have resented my searching and sagacious looks -, but you never did object -, in fact you were pleased -, I think. And so, with that in mind, what else could I do when so exquisite a creature gathered my every attention -, crept into the deepest corner of my heart --, my poor heart, which throbbed with harsh violence.

Which covers an old story. To this day, I can't for the world of me come to any plausible reason why you ever favored me – that is, considering the young looking & handsome men you used to know. Then I say, ah, ha! The notorious excerpts of my early youth, no doubt, is responsible.

Ah then, I begin to realize that even I have been allotted certain favorable points. Good looks don't happen to be one of them -, and I can't think of the others off-hand.

But, whatever good fortune guided you toward me, must have known that, there is two people who will live happily ever after.

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By the sway, I received another letter from you to-day. That's because the suns out, and the day is bring and warm. That makes good flying weather -, and good flying weather makes letters -, and letters makes the sgt, and me happy.

I remember Renies pooch – and how! Whenever I visited her home, the little jerk ups and barks his fool head off. As small as he is, I'm still afraid of him – not really, but he does annoy me. And again, he caters to you. He knows what a beautiful creature you are and he also realizes your gentle, kind aspects.

We've got a dog, a very young dog, sort of real small with rustic fur & overlapping ears. He's a cute little buggger with plenty of affection, and a great amount of vim, vigor & vitality, such as you'd recognize in me ---, twenty years ago. He's the kind of a pet you would like. ON second thought, I think you would like me better even though my fur is bald, and wrinkled.

Whenever I show your picture the usual remark is, "Your daughter sure is a beauty!" Naturally, I don't want to embarrass you, so I keep my mouth shut. Heh! Heh! Little do they know that, that lovable creature they want me to introduce them to, is my wife.

Well, sweetheart -, such are my letters, and such is my heart. Silly as they may read, such is the way I am. Can't change any of it. All I know is -, I love you and think your fine, & good.

Good night sweetheart – sweet dreams. Oceans of kisses & hugs from –
Your devoted husband

Leo

Give Mamie & Ann my best. Rec'd a letter from Ann.

[2]

Monday May 21, 1945

Dearest Jean:

Everything seems a little brighter today. The grass appears greened – in fact, it's the first time that I've noticed green grass at all. Somewhat like yesterday, the day is warm and the sun manages to stay out for short spurts. Of course, the wind is always present, and the rains will come when you least expect them. And mind you. That goes on all year.

Last week, while detailed as guard on a boat, I managed to see and talk to several boys who came up from the States with me. They were leaving the Island for parts unknown. They were not associated with the M.P.s, most of them I met at Ord, or one of the boats. We managed to get together once in a while and cut a few paper dolls. I'm sorry to see them go. There nice boys.

Some seagull on the beach is annoying me. I believe he's got himself a meal for he keeps pecking and pecking at the thing. Here comes a wave – woops! He got it right in the seat. He lost his meal now and he's chasing it down the beach toward the open water. He doesn't quite reach the object. Another wave comes rolling in, carrying the object with it, depositing it on higher ground. And so, our little friend flows it. I can see the object now, it is a fish. It's a circular flat appearing thing about 6 inches long, or in diameter. Our little friend is trying to pick it up. It evidently is too much for him to handle for he keeps dropping it. And so, the waves come up and steal his prey right from under his beak. So, he gives chase again. And

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the same thing takes place over and over again. He's petering out – the sissy. I'm having fun, in my own little way. They say you begin to see things after a while. Some of the boys know how many blades of grass there is in the area. Something like 49,582. They're wrong. I counted 49,585. Of course, I might have made a mistake. One root had four blades on it. I think they counted that as one.

Let's see. Where was I. Oh, yes! The gull. He's gone now. What a bird.

Take our little, "Hell Divers." There are several to my left front. Smart bird, or duck, I'd say. Everything is graceful and easy with them. They float about, riding the waves, disappearing now and then beneath the surface of the water, only to return a minute later with a mall fish in his beak.

We've got another pet on the Island. A fox. Haven't seen him myself but the Navy boys tell me he's around. Daily, they manage to sneak out some scrap food and feed him. He isn't exactly tame, and he isn't afraid, he's right in between. Not sure what to expect. Perhaps that's why his fox – doesn't trust anyone.

Well, sweetheart. I guess this winds up another day and another letter. I'm just as healthy as ever, in fact about 20 pounds healthier. My high forehead is getting higher but I'm still "the devil." Can't keep me from loving you. Can't keep me from dreaming. I'm just a bad boy, and pretty much in love with his wife.

Goodnight, darling. Thousands of hugs and kisses to you.

Give Mamie and Ann my best.

Your devoted husband

Leo

(2)

Tuesday May 22, 1945

Hello Darling:

It's me again, with thoughts only of great love for you.

Spend a restful day today in the prone position. The reason being, I worked last night – guard duty, no less. About noon, some of the boys came in and as usual, proceeded to argue. Naturally, I was awakened. In a short while, they left. And so, I proceeded to dig down in, trying to coax sleep. It was difficult to try to sleep because I started to argue with myself – actually argued. And how silly it was when I think of it. But I did. Do I or don't I want to eat. That was the point of issue.

"Listen, Bub! Of course, you don't want to eat. You've been packing that stuff like the beer barrel polka! Take it easy. You won't starve!"

"Nay, Leo! Don't listen to him. Go on, eat, eat, eat! Don't let that monkey regulate your life. Be big! Bursting – be...!"

"Shut up! You-you wife hater! Look, Leo! Think of your wife. Do you think she'll love you just as much, do you? Of course not! How!"

"To hell ya say, Doc! Listen, Leo. It gets pretty cold up here sometimes. Just think how warm a few pounds of blubber will keep ya! You don't wanna be like Sinatra! Or do ya?"

"So, Sinatra's bad! He's all dried up and yet the dames' smooch all over him! What a lover, what a way for Leo to live!"

"Says, you!"

"Says I"

"Cut it! Cut it!" I said that feeling proud of my rough voice. They stopped and looked at me threw me a high ball and stood at attention. "How in the hell did you two guys get in here. You're pests,

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both of ya! Get out!" My voice was really rough. I should be a private.

"But, Leo!"

"Get out!" I succeeded in looking severe. They threw me a high ball – about faced and argued like hell as they walked away. But that didn't finish the incident. They started to fight – slugging away at each other like a couple school kids. What a fight. It was getting pretty rough now. One got smacked so hard, he spun around in a complete circle. Oh, boy! He comes a haymaker! One little friend doubled his fist over a piece of metal – got really low – and swung with all the fury of a mighty wallop. Boy, oh

boy! Here comes the finish! Up came his fist – higher and higher. He faded to one side. Death, was inevitable, as he!

“Wow!” I yelled as the little type smacked me full force on the ear, rendering me senseless for a moment, perhaps for all time.

So, I got out of bed, cleaned up the mess on the bed and on the floor and put the ashtray on a better seating position on the shelf. When it fell, it must have glanced off the bed lamp. See how people get killed! Leaving things in precarious positions! I might have been hurt! Who knows. Maybe I better go on sick call.

But maybe I better stop that foolish prattle. It will get me one day.

But I don't mind being foolish – just as long as it's foolishly in love with you. That's all that matters to me. And so, as I rave to myself about love, I must also say goodnight, sweet dreams – my orchid girl. Thousands of hugs and kisses to you from the guy who loves you –

Your “screwball” husband

Leo

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Wednesday May 30, 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

Weather today – fair. A little rain and plenty of wind – sharp and cold. But, come rain or storm, the M.P. must police the area. Today, we had a pleasant session building a garbage rack for the mess kitchen. Just an ordinary wooden rack wouldn't do – we mixed concrete with a mixed gang. Plenty of help so no one broke their back.

After that business, I took a good hot shower – the kind that makes you weak all over and now I'm too lazy, much too lazy.

By the way, I guess I spoke too soon the other day. Got stuck on K.P. yesterday. Wasn't bad. Worked pretty steady all morning with short breaks in between. The afternoon proved very easy. Perhaps, it's just because the work wasn't there, but I had three hours to recuperate, which I spent in the prone position. The boy I worked with, happened to be one of the regular K.P.s. Works pretty hard. Some of the boys kid him. If I ever need a man to work for me, he's the one. Could be trusted to do a good job. Guess I'm pretty fussy myself.

And believe it or not, I enjoyed it. Oh, no! I ate very little. But I was busy. Sometimes, it's so much nicer to have a regular job. Something you do all the time. Makes a better organization too.

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No honey, don't send me any checks. I told the office to send all the checks to you some months ago. I hope you don't mind. Buy something with them for yourself – something special for you from me.

I don't need a watch either. By the way sweet, how much did you get hooked for on that repair job. Not that it makes any difference – I just wondered.

Don't feel badly because I don't ask for things – it's just that a guy doesn't need things out here. Kida tell the family that. It's nice of them to want to do something for me. Even Capt. Cunningham wants to send me things. I told him I was looking for a piece of paper – a special paper – sorta sprawled out in big letters, the heading of which would consist of one word, "Discharge."

Letters every day, sweetheart! Truly joyous moments in my young life. And I think it's just too wonderful of you to make me so happy and everything. I love you for it!

And now sweetheart – winds another day – another day of deep love for you has passed and so – Goodnight, darling. Thousands of hugs and kisses to you always.

Your husband and sweetheart

Leo

Thurs. 31 May 1945

Dearest Sweetheart:

No doubt we hear some of the same programs you do although Special Service Forces, manages to create top casts only for use for the armed forces overseas. I can say truthfully that I enjoy these programs – perhaps better than some of the movies. Last night, Roy Rogers messed up another picture. What a guy – our Hollywood cowboy. He's always in a scrap and comes out, a new uniform.

I'm listening to "Duffy's Tavern." What a time to write – and listen.

Many times, during a night's program, I sorta bring you into the picture – wonder if you've heard this one or that one. They I wonder if you split your sides at the corny jokes.

Abbott and Costello on now. I'll never get this letter written. Excuse me honey, I'll be right back.

Weather: Foul. Rained all day – fog rumbled in, aided by cold winds. And I had to work outdoors again. It wasn't bad though. All I had to do was regulate a policing detail – covering a great part of the island. That detail is a regular job here. Goes on all the time. No matter how often the place is cleaned up someone manages to throw bottle and cans all over the place. Beer bottles, honey, and big oil drums, and huge planks. Where they ever get the time to mess up the area is more than

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I can figure. But they do it. And that's why police keep policing the area.

The papers tell me you all will get more gas soon. That will help you a lot. How often do you apply for gas? I don't believe you ever told me.

I'm still busy with the radio. Can't keep mu mind on my work.

Let's see! You did say something about Bill Topp coming back to the States this month. Gosh! They sure waste little time getting the boys home. What makes you think that he will be assigned to the States? That might be – but I have my doubts. If he did get home he will want to see Bob and if he does see Bob, no doubt he will see you. And if he does that, give him my best. If he does go overseas – I hope, he might stop here on the way out.

No end to your work is there honey. Something new all the time. I'm glad you're planning to take a good rest. Whenever that happens, I'll feel a lot better.

Well, darling, I better quit now. Good night, sweetheart. I love you, so much. Thousands of hugs and kisses to you.

Give my best to Mamie and Ann.

Your devoted husband