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4-28-1953

1953-04-28, Albert to Joan

Albert J. Sedlacek

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Keywords

barracks, boredom, friendship, camaraderie, commerce, culture, faith and religion, family, food, gifts, health and sickness, holiday, homesickness, injury, loneliness, love, marriage, medical treatment, money, gambling, mother, motion pictures, movies, ocean travel, observation, personal stories, postal service, post-war hopes, racism, racial stereotyping, reading, books, recreation and entertainment, romance, fighting, seasickness, soldiers, souvenirs, Mother's day, tobacco, transportation, Camp Drake, USS Marine Lynx, Japan, Pacific Ocean

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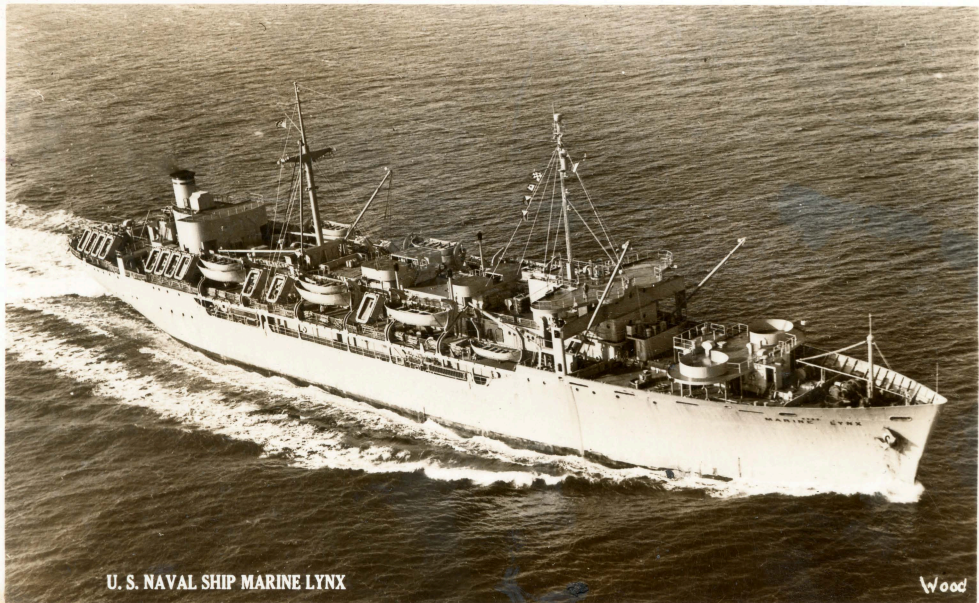
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Post Albert J. Sullacek
RA 12422130
Prov Co. S.E. NO 1101
APO 613
C/o Post Master,
SAN Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Miss Joan C. Palmer
84 West 176th St.
Bronx 53, New York
U.S.A.



U. S. NAVAL SHIP MARINE LYNX

Wood



USNS MARINE LYNX is a C-4 type Navy transport built in 1945 in Vancouver, Wash. She is 523 feet long, 72 feet wide and can cruise at 17 knots. Complete facilities for troop recreation are available on board. Equipped with modern safety

and life-saving gear, the ship is part of the fleet of transports and cargo vessels operated by the Military Sea Transportation Service, Department of the Navy.

*This was the ship we
crossed the Pacific on.
It docked at Yokohama,
Japan, Wed, May 13, 1953.
Exactly 3,124 men disembarked.
I'll be quite busy the next
several months, but you
can expect me back as
soon as my job's done.
Albo*

Place
Stamp
Here

POST CARD

Address

To
Joanie

*with all my
Love*

Albo



SIXTH ARMY

April 29, 1953

Dearling:

Here on our way, off to sacred, mysterious & yet lovely Orient. As we steadily moved out to the blue Pacific, through Puget Sound, we stood on deck trying to get a last look of the U.S. The wind was blowing slightly, & as some spray hit around us, my thoughts turn from being a infantryman to ^{being} a fancy bell bottom sailor. I quickly had these thoughts discharged from my mind once the heaving gang started. We hadchow at 7:30 & then I started to write you. I figure I'll write one continuous letter instead of one everyday, okay? I going to hit my stretcher & get some sleep - "Good-Night Joe" "

April 29th -

Got up this morning with a real appetite! After a long wait my stomach was rewarded with eggs, sausage, cereal, fruit, bread & butter, coffee. As I went up to the main deck, the ladders were filled with moaning & groaning troopers. Some hoping to die, some wanting to slow away, but they all had one thing in common, & that was, they didn't reach the railing in time. While walking on deck, I met Paul & we walked to the bow of the ship & just talked & looked out across a pretty big ocean.

We stood there for quite awhile, till the (shall we say "aroma") from the overflowing food of the persons, who did make the rails, hit us. Paul quickly climbed down his hatchway for cleaner breathing, as I went to the hatchway leading to sickbay. Climbing down the stairs again I reviewed the same sight as when I came on deck, but this time it was double. I told the medic my reason for wanting to go to sickbay & he politely showed me the way. The doctor came in & looked at me saying, "you're not sea sick" I quickly told him I know, I came down here because my dumb got infected again. He looked at it sternly, & said get on the table. He froze my thumb, took the scalpel & cut. There were two men being treated for seasickness, who when saw the stuff coming from my hand just turned green & ran to the latrines. He bandaged the hand & gave me a penicillin shot & confined to quarters ship. I went back to my (bunk?) and read a book & fell asleep. I got up when chow call was given & again waited patiently. We soon were allowed to eat & after I again went up on deck for fresh air & a smoke. I was soon driven down from there, because of the behavior of most of the men. I have a strong stomach & my mind can't be talked into getting seasick, but how much can a human stomach take. So far the only place I can get a way from



SIXTH ARMY

The deluge, is my bunk. At least all
I have to hear is the moaning of the
men. We late show at 8 o'clock and I just
made the show to the mess hall before they
closed it. We ate with less men than
ever, since on board. I went up topside
once more & then came back down to my
cell block, compartment 4E. I began this
writing, being wide awake but this rocking
puts me asleep fast. Joanie, that's a beautiful
name! I wonder what I'm going to dream
about tonight. Probably the two of us on a
shipwrecked island. Good-night, I love you!

April 30th

Not much happened today, except most of
the men feel better, thank God! After chow
this morning, I went topside & walked to the
bow of the ship. I just stood there & looked out
across the water & my thoughts turn to home.
I was wondering where you were & what you
might be doing at that moment. How much
I would have given to be with you, see &
just talk to you. The sea is a pretty big
place & it can make ^{you} awful lonely. I thought
what my mother might have for dinner
& then my forecites popped through my head.

I was thinking how much I would like to have seen the baby, before I left. It's funny, I think I was more worried than Freddie.

After awhile, I went to the sickbay & got another shot of Penicillin, then went back to my bunk & read the book I started.

I didn't move much except for chow, during the rest of the day. We played some cards for (no money) and he just past the time away. I dreamt of us last night but I wasn't on a ship wrecked island. It was about the two of us walking down a long deserted street, with weird creatures, jumping in and out of the shadows. When we finally made our way to the end of the street, there was a large steel box. We started to climb the steps to get to the box. When we reached & opened the box there was nothing in it. I don't know what this dream meant except at least we were both together as I wish we were this very moment. I'm going to stare now & then at the rack.

Maybe tonight I'll have a much more romantic dream, somewhere in my subconscious mind. Good-Night Darling!

I hope when I reach Japan, some of your letters will be waiting for me.

"I LOVE YOU AN AWFUL LOT!"



SIXTH ARMY

May 1st

Well today we had a movie on board ship. Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis in "War with the Army". The picture is about 1 year old but luckily I didn't see it before. It was quite amusing and it took my mind away from home. The chow isn't getting any better & I'm getting hungrier by the day. I went to the sickbay for my last shot & they looked at my thumb & said it's almost sealed. It looks like a good chunk of meat, all lapsed up. After lunch I started reading your letters and felt at ease. It's hard to write on board ship with its tossing & everything. With nothing really happening from day to day the contents might seem awfully repetitive. I started day dreaming while I read your letters and thought about all the things we did & all the places we have gone together. I especially thought of two places. I guess one we'll never forget, everytime I think of it, I have to laugh & get a little red in my face.

also the time when we went to Florence's birthday party & you put the cake in my face. I wonder if you ever think about that time or would you rather forget about it.

The other place that I was thinking about, was the time we went to Rockaway. Not that the day was so ~~important~~ ^{important} that it should stick out and be remembered, but just that after we had finish what little swimming we did (you hardly even went in) & we had finish eating. We went to the amusement park & you were so scared to go on the roller coasters. You were like a frightened kid & after we came down you wouldn't go on anything that looked dangerous. After, if you remember, we decided to lay on the beach & listen to the radio. After you had called your mother to answer, but you still were living & that I didn't know you. Remember as we were lying on the sand how the sky was real black & the stars were shining over us & how their light would make funny lights on the water. It started getting cold & I gave you my jacket, Boy! I almost froze after that. Maybe it wasn't such an important day to remember, but I give anything to be there now, with you, looking up at the sky, having you close, and just listening to waves & music. Well now I have something to think about while trying to fall asleep. "Gute Nacht meine schöne Engel."



SIXTH ARMY

May 2nd

Joanie, I'm dying from hunger. What junk their feeding us, boy, I wouldn't feed that stuff to a seagull. I could go for a juicy thick steak or some pizza, ravioli or even some hamburgers. With the food a nice cool refreshing glass of beer. Mmmmm, but it's only a dream. When I'm settled over in Korea, in a nice "Bunker" you can start sending a package or two of food. That is if the kitty is replenish???? I bet I sound like a log, always talking about food.

Well today is Saturday and what a way to spend it cramped up in a "cattle-boat". This way at least I can't spend any money, don't have any to spend. What I left to board the ship, on Tuesday, there was a money order (that my father sent to me) laying in the box, in the Post Office. I hope they forwarded it to Japan, so when I get off the ship, it'll be waiting. There really isn't much to say or write about, so I'll read a book or if Paul comes over we'll play some cards. So "Auf Wiedersehen"

Sunday
May 3rd



They had services today for the men, but I didn't feel like getting up to go. Not only am I hungry but lazy as well. I've finished three books so far & I started on a new one this morning. So far I read "Desecrated", "Canney Row", "Morning Journey" & now I'm reading "A Stone" by Danny Fisher. By the time I come home I'll be an expert on all the novels written in the last 10 years. We had lousy food for breakfast & lunch. Supper we had Turkey, but you would've needed a microscope to find it. It's getting harder by the day to find something to write. Maybe if I threw somebody over the side, I could write something interesting? Paul came down a few minutes ago, & he's been waiting for me to finish writing so we can play cards. So if you will forgive me for stopping now, I'll close writing, okay. I really miss you pretty bad, I wish I was a real good swimmer, then I'd swim right back to the U.S.A.



SIXTH ARMY

May 4th

Maybe my luck is changing, I hope so, anyway. Today we had Bingo on the ship for my compartment. My bunk mate, from Co. C. at Dix, and myself went up to game a little early. We looked at the prizes, which comprised a watch, Parker 50's, pipe, writing kit, AWOL bag, & a few more things. I told my buddy if I did win any of these things it would probably be the AWOL bag. The game started & I won the first game, the prize being the AWOL Bag. I felt like giving it back, knowing I wouldn't have any use for it, where I'm going. Having won I couldn't compete in any more games, so I went back down to my bunk. Soon the game was over & the guys came down. I quickly tried to sell the bag, it was worth \$6. to somebody. I got \$3. for it. I bought the pipe from the guy who won it. The pipe cost \$4. so actually I gain \$1. on the deal besides the pipe. So now I have something I can use while I'm over here. Not much else happen today so I'll say "Demain j'ecrit" okay?

(10)

May 5th

I hope ~~you~~ that you, were able to understand my French, that I used last night. I have heard that there are so many ways to say, I love you with all my heart that I wish you were close to me now" in the French Language. Naturally, not knowing French, I can't say yes or no, if its true. Sometimes I wonder what you think, when I write so often how I miss you & long for your love? Maybe it sounds kinda funny coming from a jerk like me. I think I better stop this, nutty writing again, right here.

The water is real blue as far as the eye can see. The surface is smooth, but I guess calm would sound better, like a big lake. Tomorrow will be Thursday May 7th. We will cross the international date line tonight, so we'll lose Wed May 6th. It seems I have a patron, here on board. This guy, not a queer, keeps on buying books, candy, soda, cigarettes, cookies almost anything I need. I met him in Ft. Lewis & he plays Pinochle (cards) with us. I know I shouldn't let him be so loose with his money, but for a change its not me. We were told earlier today in a lecture on Japan, about getting a pass for 5 days, after four months on the front. During that stay in Japan, you can stay at a rest hotel, where food & a room is free. All your clothes are clean as well as your



SIXTH ARMY

May 5th (cont.)

rifle rechecked. Then they told us most of the men usually just leave their dirty clothes to be clean at the hotel & go off to the 5 day house glass. Here for 75 you get a room, food, all the essentials for 5 beautiful days of life plus a girl for your own pleasure. If I have made you start thinking the wrong way, please don't. With my back I'd be broke & spend 5 lonely days in the army hotel just eating & sleeping. Gee! It still would've been fun, but what's the use to dream, Oh Hum, Boy! Till tomorrow then, all my love, to my (Dodo) - D. B. (Dinky)

May 7th

Today has been another nice day as far as the weather goes. It was sunny & warm, the water calm & the men were quite irritable. After breakfast we stood on the P. N. line to buy some candy & ~~to buy~~ tobacco for my new pipe. As we stood on line, a fight started between a negro & white boy. One tried to break into the line & this brought on the fight. It was stop almost as soon as it was started. Nobody

said much about it, as both parties could get in pretty bad, with the officers, should they find out about it. When it came my turn to buy the stuff, my patron, who has been financing my trip, gave me the initial money to buy it. I have tried to tell him I don't need anything, but he insists so what can I do. After stowing the stuff away we went to see a movie. The movie was called "Royal Wedding" and had Jane Powell & Fred Astaire; I had already seen it before. When it was over, we went & ate some more of the mess, they've been feeding us lately. Paul then came down & we played some Pinochle. Why'll playing another fight started between two of the men in the compartment. Before it was broke up about six men were mixed in it. Again it was between white & black. The feeling here is getting worse everyday. It was hushed up & all went back to what they were doing. We played till Paul had to go on guard duty. I was looking at a poker game, when my friend gave me a dollar & said "It seems you want to play, here a dollar". I worked it up to 7:35. & then I decided to quit. Well now I have some money, thanks to my friend.



SIXTH ARMY

May 7th (cont.)

I gave him his dollar back & gave him two dollars out of the 7. The rest I hope to work up to a more respectable amount. Well nothing more to write about, except that we crossed the international date line during the night.

May 8th

What a day this has been, everything is breaking loose. We had a gang fight last night after I went to bed, & today we had a big brawl in the mess compartment. This place is getting hotter than hell. Here we are 3,000 men going to fight a war, & yet we fight among ourselves. White against black, black against spaniards, southerners against northerners, & Easterns vs. Westerners, and all against New Yorkers. Believe me Darling I'm not joking, it's pretty serious. Slowly the hate here against one another is getting worse. All you have to do is talk or look crossed-eyed at someone & smack, right in your face. I'm sure

glad that it come from N. Y. We
 hear about our racial & religious segregation
 but it's nothing to compare with the
 other cities & towns in the U. S. People
 hating, I mean really hating a person
 cause his skin is dark or he's a Jew
 or a Catholic. I never believed to
 much what I heard about the south,
 but know one will change my mind
 now. The white folks on the ship
 from the south, Alabama, Geo, Tenn, & Kent,
 Texas dumb as all hell, ignorant as
 far as personal liberties go for other men.
 Saying "as long as they stay in their
 place we'll tolerate them". These same
 people call themselves Americans & Christians.
 The color boys hating the whites for all
 the pressure put on them. Being in the army
 & having the same priviledges as the whites, and
 taking to much for granted, over exercising
 their new born freedom & equality. Western
 Southerners, Northerners hating & feeling resentful
 at the Easterners for their better learning,
 money in their pockets, talk about the
 way people live in the East & act better
 toward one another than any where in the states.
 Then comes New York, folks where all the



SIXTH ARMY

May 8th 1951

soldiers from these cities & towns get
confused & resentful. They can't
understand how we can let
negroes & Puerto Ricans live so close
to the whites. How negro doctors
help bring about the birth of a
white child. Having mixed marriages
with racial as well as religious differences.
There's so many these things & stupid
reasons that are given for all these
hates. Yet we're going to fight
in Korea when our own back yard
is filthy with segregated thoughts & actions,
the same things were fighting over
in Korea for one begins to think which
side is the worse, the one you're sent
to fight against, the one who sent you or
among yourselves.

I guess I have written my self
out. I hope I haven't bored you with
this stream of the trip or my own thoughts
as bad as I tried to make them sound.
Good-night sweetheart & all my love.

May 9th

Today I took life real easy & just laid in my bunk & read. I finished "A Stone for Danny Fisher", "Tabilla Flat", "Case Book of Sherlock Holmes", "Duel in the Sun" & started on "Turquoise". Once I'm settled over in my new home, you can send me some Pocket Book editions. (No westerns or mummy mystery) I guess by now you should have received my (so called) Jewelry Box. I hope you liked it, even though it wasn't finish or from baby's. We get a newspaper here, printed by the ship's crew, and in it, we have heard about the all-saw conditions in Korea. The general feeling here is "He hell with all this talking most of the men rather be in a fight than listen to all this hopeful talk, that keeps on picking your hopes up & then dropping them. We keep on saying to the "Chinese" that we won't leave anymore of the stabbin' proposal, but the next day were still there listening to new ones.

About what I wrote yesterday, I tried to show you what most of these boys feel & think toward one another, chiefly through tradition & what their parents taught them. Well I guess that's all for to night.



SIXTH ARMY

May 10th

another Sunday, and it would be just one more day away from home, except that it's Mothers Day. We were deliberating whether today was Mothers Day or not & came to the conclusion that it was. So I hope you will extend my best to your mother, plus all the happiness & health in the world. Naturally I would have liked to be home today & see my mother, you know? When you're away you start thinking about all the things you did & said to hurt your parents, you begin to wonder how they could have taken all your ill treatment. Then you see, just how much they must ^{love} love you & hold ^{you} dear to them. Did you ever think that by ~~you~~ ^{you} May 1956 you might be celebrating your own Mother's Day. That is, if everything goes right & if you don't cut to many of your hygiene classes. ????

I played some poker today & I now have \$21 from the original \$1, that I started with. I finished reading "Turquoise" today & started on "Bear Beate". I never thought I ~~was~~ would like to read so much. We had another fried chicken today & I was lucky, I got two half's, making one whole chicken. I finished it without

raising an eyebrow. We should hit Yokohama by Tuesday afternoon & unload. From there, we go directly to Camp Drake, in Buenos Aires. I hope that we get paid, plus my money order, should be there, and the money I have now would give me enough to buy some souvenirs to send home. Naturally that would only happen if we stay in Camp Drake, long enough for a pay. Well darling that's all for today, have to shove & then hit my "stretcher". "Gutle Nacht means silberne Blunde Madel".

May 11, 1953

Today was another ordinary day. Nothing happened on board to change the dull routine of the past two weeks. We did have a physical exam, but that's all. While upstairs having the exam, somebody helped themselves to my book, "Beau Geste". So I started a new book called "Coronado's Children". I was right in the middle of "Beau Geste" and I was quite interested in the story. It's been awfully hot down in the compartments all day, so we went up to the main deck. We didn't stay up long, there were too many men on deck & the ~~the~~ wind was blowing too much. So we've been playing cards most of afternoon. Not having much to write today! I'll send this writing for today.



SIXTH ARMY

Tuesday
May 12, 1953

al and a few of the men had clean up detail today. We worked on cleaning up the compartment for 2 hrs after chow. When we finally were finished we went up on deck. While on deck we sighted a fleet of Japanese fishing boats. Some of the boats were new but most of them looked old & ready for "Heavy Jones Locker". Once the men saw them a big yell arose from their mouths they ran to the railings to see the sight. I guess it made them feel good to see something besides water & the other men on board. The rest of the day we kept on passing small fishing crafts, as we came closer to Japan. We're supposed to hit Japan, at 4 P.M. tomorrow. We had a practice disembarkation drill, so we'll know just where to go before we leave the ship. Our group will be all the way up at bow of the ship, & will be the last to leave the ship.

All in all the trip wasn't too bad. The food wasn't good & we had some trouble among the men, but at most

part it was endurable. Naturally reading
your letters over a couple of times & thinking
of home most of the time away, Even
though it made me feel how at times to
think of leaving you & everyone behind.

I hope you haven't been worried or gotten
nervous, because you didn't receive
a letter from me in 2 wks. Naturally
you'll understand once you receive
this letter. I hope that none of it's
contents has bored you or the handwriting
caused you unnecessary eye strain. Due
to the fact that I'm leaving the ship
tomorrow I won't continue this
letter later in Japan. I'll try to
mail this letter right away & start
a new one in the ~~the~~ barracks. (ran out of
ink, & using bubble
pen)

So at long last, this letter will come
to an end. Darling I hope that we will
never have to cease writing to one another
for any reason. Please let want you
to know that I'll always be in love
with you, no matter what. I hope you'll
always remember this, Okay? Give my regards
to your parents, June, Johnny, Ray & the Gang
with all my love
[Albert

[[Ashley McLaughlin 2/4/17]]

[[Albert J. Sedlacek Correspondence #1]]

[[Page 1- Envelope front]]

Pvt Albert J. Sedlacek

RA 12422130

Prov Co. S.E. NO 1101

APO 613

C/O Post Master

SAN Fransico, Calif.

[[Stamp: AIR MAIL 6¢]]

[[Stamp: THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE U.S. 3¢]]

[[Stamp: THOMAS JEFFERSON 3¢]]

[[Faded Circular Stamp: ARMY-AIR FORCE POSTAL SERVICE
MAY 14 1953 615]]

[[Text: VIA AIR MAIL]]

Miss Joan C. Palmer

84 West 176th St.

Bronx 53, New York

U.S.A.

[[Ashley McLaughlin 2/4/17]]

[[Page 2- Postcard front]]

[[Image: U.S. Naval ship Marine Lynx]]

[[Text: U.S. NAVAL SHIP MARINE LYNX]]

[[Text: Wood]]

[[Ashley McLaughlin 2/4/17]]

[[Page 3- Postcard back]]

[[Image: Department of the Navy
Military Sea Transportation Service emblem]]

[[Text: USNS MARINE LYNX is a
C-4 type Navy Transport
built in 1945 in Vancouver,
Wash. She is 523 feet long,
72 feet wide and can cruise
at 17 knots. Complete facil-
ities for troop recreation
are available on board.

Equipped with modern safe-
ty and live-saving gear, the ship is part of
the fleet of transports and cargo vessels op-
erated by the Military Sea Transportation
Service, Department of the Navy.]]

This was the ship we
crossed the Pacific on.
It docked at Yokohama,
Japan, Wed., May 13, 1953.
Exactly 3,124 men disembarked.
I'll be quite busy the next
several months, but you
can expect me back as
soon as my jobs done.
[[underline]] Albert [[/underline]]

[[Image: square frame, "Place Stamp Here"]]

[[Text: POST CARD]]

[[Text: Address]]

To
Joanie

with all my
Love

[[underline]] Albert [[/underline]]

[[Ashley McLaughlin 2/4/17]]

[[Page 4- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 1]]

April 28, 1953

Darling:

Were on our way, off to sacred,
mysterious + yet lovely Orient. As we
steadily moved out to the blue Pacifico, through
[[Puges?]] Sound, we stood on deck trying to
get a last look of the U.S. The wind was
blowing slightly, + as some spray [[hit?]] around
us, my thoughts turn from being a infantryman
to being a fancy bell bottom sailor. I quickly had
those thoughts discharged from my mind once
the [[h----ing]] gang started. We hhad show at
7:30 + then I started to write you. I figure
I'll write one continuous letter instead of
one everyday, Okay? I going to [[hit?]] my
stretcher + get some sleep—"Good-Night Joanie"

April 29th—

Got up this morning with a real appetitie!
After a long wait my stomachwas rewarded
with eggs, sausage, cereal, fruit, bread + butter, Coffee.
As I went up to the main deck, the ladderwells
were filled with moaning + groaning troopers.
Some longing to die, some wanting to blow
away, but they all had one thing in common, + that
was, they didn't reach the railing in time.
While walking on deck, I met [[underline]] Paul [[/underline]] + we
walked to the bow of the ship + just talked
+ looked out across a pretty big ocean.

[[Page 5- Letter]]

(2)

We stood there for quite while, till the (shall we say “aroma”) from the overflowing food of the persons, who did make the the rails, [[?]]. Paul quickly climbed down [[his?]] latchway for cleaner breathing, as I went to the latchway leading to sickbay. Climbing down the stairs again I reviewed the same sight as when I came on deck, but this time it was double. I told the Medic my reason for wanting to go to sickbay + he politely showed me the way. The doctor came in + looked at me saying; “Your not sea sick-“ I quickly told him I know; I came down here because my tunb got infected again. He looked at it sternly, + said get on the table. He froze my thumb, took a scalpel + cut. There were two men being treated for seasickness, who when saw the stuff coming from my hand just turned green + ran to the latrine. He banaged the hand + gave me a penicillin shot + confined to quarter ship. I went back to my (bunk?) and read a book and fell asleep. I got up when chow call was given + again waited patiently. We [[som?]] were allowed to eat + after I again went up on deck for fresh air and a smoke. I was soon driven down from their, because of the behavior of most of the men. I have a strong stomach + my mind can’t be talked into getting seasick, but how much can a human stomach take. So far the only place I can get a way from

[[Page 6- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 3]]

the deluge, is my bunk. At least all
I have to ~~y~~ hear is the moaning of the
men. We ate ~~at~~ at 8 o'clock and I just
made the door to the mess hall before they
closed it. We ate with less men than
ever, since on board. I went up topside
once more + then came back down to my
cellblock, compartment 4E. I began this
writing, being wide awake but this rocking
puts me asleep fast. Joanie, thats a beautiful
name! I wonder what I'm going to dream
about tonight. Proabbly the two of us on a
shipwrecked Island. Good-Night, I love you!

April 30th

Not much happened today, except most of
the men feel better, thank God! After chow
this morning, I went topside + walked to the
bow of the ship. I just stood there + looked out
across the water + my thoughts turn to home
I was wondering where you were + what you
might be doing at that moment. How much
I would have given to be with you, see +
just talk to you. The sea is a pretty big
place + it can make ~~you~~ awful lonely. I thought
what my mother might have for dinner
+ then my ~~favorites?~~ popped through my head.

[[Page 7- Letter]]

(4)

I was thinking how much I would like to have seen the baby, before I left. It's funny, I think [[^]] I [[/^]] was more worried than Freddie. After awhile, I went to the sickbay + got another shot of Penicilin, then [[went back?]] to my bunk + read the book I started. I didn't move much except for chow, during the rest of the day. We played some cards for (no money) and helped past the time away. I drea'n't of us last night but it wasn't on a shipwrecked Island. It was about the two us walking down a long deserted street, with wierd creatures jumping in and out of the stores. When we finally made our way to the end of the street, there was a large steel box. We started to climb the steps to get to the box. When we reached it + opened the box there was nothing in it. I don't know what this dream meant except at least we were both together as I wish we were this very moment. I'm going to shore now + [[then hit the sack?]] Maybe tonight I'll have a much more romantic dream, somewhere in my subconscious mind. Good-Night Darling, I hope when I reach Japan, some of your letters will reach me.

[[underline]] "I LOVE YOU AN AWFUL LOT"! [[//underline]]

[[Page 8- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 5]]

May 1st—

Well today we had a movie on board ship.

Dean Martin + Jerry Lewis in War with the Army

the picture is about 1 year old but luckily

I didn't see it before. It was quite [[?]]

and it took my mind away from home.

The chow isn't getting any better + I'm

getting hungrier by the day. I went to

the sickbay for my last shot + they looked

at my thumb + and said it's almost healed.

It looks like a ~~ju~~ chunk of meat, all ~~lasted~~

up. After lunch I started reading your

letters and fell at ease. Its harp to

write on board ships with its tossing + everything.

With nothing really happening from day to day

the contents might seem awfully ~~repetitious~~.

I started day dreaming while I read

your letters and thought about all the

things we did + all the places we

love gone together. I especially thought

of two places. I guess one we'll never

forget, everytime I think of t, I have

to laugh + get a little red in my face.

[[Page 9- Letter]]

(6)

It's the time when we went to Horence's birthday party + you put the cake in my face. I wonder if you ever think about that time or would you rather forget about it.

The other place that I was thinking about, was the time we went to Rockaway- not that the day was so ~~important~~ important that it should stick out and be remembered its just that after we had finish what little swimming we did (you barely went in) + we had finish eating. We went to the amusement park + you were so scared to go on the roller coaster. You were like a frighten kid + after we came down you wouldn't go on anything that looked dangerous. After, if you remember, we decided to lay on the beach + listen to the radio. After you had called your mother to ensure you still were living + that I didn't drown you. Remeber as we were lying on the sand how the sky was real black + the stars were shining over us + how their light would make ~~light~~ light on the water. It started getting cold + I gave you my jacket, Boy! I almost froze after that. Maybe it wasn't such an important day to rememeber, but I give anything to be there now, with you, looking up to the sky, having you close, and just listening to waves + music. Well now I have something to think about while trying to fall asleep. "Gütte Nacht Miene Schone Engel."

[[Page 10- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 7]]

May 2nd—

Joanie!, I'm dying from hunger.
What junk their feeding us, boy; I
wouldn't feed that stuff to a beagull.
I could go for a juicy thick steak
or some Pizza, ravioli or even some hamburgers.
With the food a nice col refreshing
glass of beer. Hmmm, but it's only
a dream. When I'm settled over in
Korea, in a nice "Bunker" you can start
sending a package or two of food. That
is if the [[kithy?]] is repl[[-]]sh???? I
bet I sound like a [[hog?]]?, always talking
about food.

Well today is Saturday and
what away to spend it cramped
up in a "cattle-boat". This way
at least I can't spend any money,
don't have any to spend. When I left
to board the ship, on Tuesday, there
was a money order (that my father sent to me)
laying in the [[box?]], in the [[P N?]] Office. I
hope they forwarded it to Japan, so
when I get off the ship, it'll be waiting.
There really isn't much to say
or write about, so I'll a
book or if Paul comes over we'll
play some cards. So "Auf Wiedersehen"

[[Page 11- Letter]]

(8)

Sunday
May 3rd

They had services today for the men, but I didn't feel like getting up to go. Not only am I hungry but lazy as well. I've finished three books so far + I started on a new one this morning. so far I read "Desenchanted", "Cannery Row", "Morning Journey" + now I'm reading "A Stone [[^]] for [[/^]] Danny Fisher." By the time I come home I'll be a expert on all the novels written in the last 10 years. We had [[lovely?]] food for Breakfast + Lunch. Supper we had Turkey, but you would've needed a microscope to find it. It's getting harder by the day to find something to write. Maybe if I threw somebody over the side, I could write something interesting? Paul came down a few minutes ago, + he's been waiting for me to finish writing so we can play cards. So if you will forgive me for stopping now, I'll close writing, okay. I really miss you pretty bad, I wish I was a real good swimmer, then I'd swim [[straight?]] back to the U.S.A.

[[Page 12- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 9]]

May 4th

Maybe my luck is changing, I hope so, anyway. Today we had Bingo on the ship for my compartment. My bunkmate, from Co. "C." at Dih, and myself went up to [[^]] the [[/^]] game a little early. We looked at the prizes, which comprised a watch, Parker 50' Set, pipe, writing kit, AWOL bag + a few more things. I told my buddy if I won any of these things it would probably be the AWOL bag. The game started + I won the first game, the prize being the AWOL Bag. I [[?]] like giving it back, knowing I wouldn't have any use for it, where I'm going. Having won I couldn't compete in anymore games, so I went back down to my bunk. Soon the game was over + the guys came down. I quickly tried to sell the bag, it was worth \$6, to somebody. I got \$3 for it, bought the pipe from the guy who won it. The pipe cost \$7 so actually I gain \$1 on the deal besides the pipe. So now I have something I can use while I'm over here. Not much else happen today so I'll say "Demain j'ecrit" Okay?

[[Page 13- Letter]]

(10)

May 5th

I hope that you, were able to understand my French, that I used last night. I have heard that there are so many ways to say, I love you with all my heart + that I wish you were close to me now” in the French Language. Naturally, not knowing French, I can’t say yes or no, if its true. Sometimes I wonder what you think, when I write so often how I miss you + long for your love? Maybe it sounds kinda funny coming from a jerk like me. I think I better stop this, nutty writing again, right here.

The water is real there as far as the eye can see. The surface is smooth, or I guess calm would sound better, like a big lake. Tomorrow will be Thursday May 7th. We will cross the international date line tonight, so we’ll lose Wed May 6th. It seems I have a patron, here on board. He’s guy, not a queer, keeps on buying books, candy, soda, cigarettes, cookies almost everything I need. I met him in Ft. Lewis + he plays Pinochle (cards) with us. I know I shouldn’t let him be so lose with his money, but for a change its not me. We were told earlier today in a lecture on Japan, about getting a pass for 5 days, after four months on the ground. During that stay in Japan, you can stay at a rest hotel, where food + a room is free. All your [[?]] are clean as well as your

[[Page 14- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 11]]

May 5th (cont.)

rifle rechecked. Then they told us
most of the men usually just leave
there dirty clothes to be clean at the hotel
+ go off to the 5 day leave plan. Here
for \$75 you get a room, food, all the
essentials for 5 beautiful days of life plus
a girl for your own pleasure. If
I have made you start thinking the
wrong way, please don't. With my luck
I'll be broke + spend 5 lonely days in
the Army hotel just eating + sleeping.
See! It still wouldv'e been fun, but
whats the use to dream; Oh Hun, Boy!
Till Tomorrow then, all my love, to my
(Dodo) – D. B. – (Dinky)

May 7th

Today has been another nice day as far
as the weather goes. Livas sunny and warm, the
water calm + the men were quite irritable.
After breakfast we stood on the P.X. line
to buy some candy + ~~tabbac~~ tobacco for my new
pipe. As we stood on line, a fight started between
a negro + white boy. One tried to brake into
the line + this brought on the fight. It was
stop almost as soon as it started. Nobody

[[Page 15- Letter]]

(12)

said much about it, as both parties could get in pretty bad, with the officers; should they find out about it. When it came my turn to buy the stuff, my patron, who has been financing my trip, gave me the [[enital?]] money to buy it. I have tried to tell him I don't need anything, but he insist so what can I do. After storing the stuff away we went to see a movie. The movie was called "Royal Wedding" and had Jane Powell + Fred Astaire; I had already seen it before. When it was over, we went + ate some more of the mess, they've been feeding us lately. Paul then came down + we played some Pinochle. Why'll playing another fight started between two of the men in the compartment. Before it was broke up about six men were mixed in it. Again it was between white + black. [[The feeling?]] here is getting worse everyday. It was [[hurled?]] up + [[all?]] went back to what they were doing. We played till Paul had to go on guard duty. I was looking at a poker game, when my friend gave me a dollar + said "It seems you want to play so here a dollar". I worked it up to \$7.35 + then I decided to quit. Well now I have some money, thanks to my friend.

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[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 13]]

May 7th (cont.)

I gave him his dollar back + gave him two more dollars out of the \$7. The rest I hope to work up to a more respectable amount. Well nothing more to write about, except that we crossed the International date line during the night.

May 8th

What a day this has been, everything is breaking loose. We had a gang fight last night after I went to bed, + today we had a big brawl in the next compartment. This place is getting hotter than hell. Here we are 3,000 men going to fight a war, + yet we fight among ourselves. White against black, black against spaniards, southerners against Northerners, + Easterners vs Westerners and all against New Yorkers. Believe me Darling I'm not joking, its pretty serious. Slowly the hate here against one another is getting worse. All you have to do is talk or look crosseyed at someone + smack, right in your face. I'm sure

[[Page 17- Letter]]

(14)

glad that I come from N.Y. We hear about our racial + religious segregation but its nothing to compare with the other cities + towns in the U.S. People hating, I mean really hating a person cause his skin is dark or he's a Jew or a Catholic. I never believed to much what I heard about the south, but know one will change my mind now. The white folks on the ship from the south, Alabama, Geo, [[Tenaar?]], + Karl, [[Texas?]] dumb all hell, ignorant as far as personal liberties go for other men. Saying "As long as they stay in their place we'll tolerate them". These same people call themselves Americans + Christians. The [[soher?]] boys hating the whites for all the pressure put on them. Being in the Army + having the same priveilges as the whites, and taking to much for granted, over exercising there new born freedom + equality. Westerners, Southerners, Northerners looking + feeling [[?]] at the Easterners for there better [[learning?]], money in there pockets, talk about the way people live in the East + act better toward one another than any where in the states. Then comes New York, here's where all the

[[Page 18- Letter]]

[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 15]]

May 8th cont.

soilders from these cities + towns get
confused + resentful. They can't
understand how we can let
negroes + Puerto Ricans live so close
to the whites. Have negro doctors
help bring about the birth of a
white child. Having mix marrigages
with racial + well as religious differences.
There's so many other things + stupid
reasons that are given for all these
hates. Yet we're going to fight
in Korea when our own backyard
is filthy with segregated thoughts + actions,
the same things were fighting over
in Korea for one begins to think which
side is the worse, the one [[your?]] sent
to fight against, the one who sent you or
among yourselves.

I guess I have written myself
out. I hope I haven't bored you with
this phase of the trip or my own thoughts
as bad as I tried to make them sound.
Good-Night sweetheart + all my love.

[[Page 19- Letter]]

(16)

May 9th

Today I took life real easy + just laid in my bunk + read. I finished "A Stone for Danny Fisher," "[[Tabilla Flat?]]" "Case Book of Sherlock Holmes", "Duel in the Sun" + started on "Turquoise". Once I'm settled over in my new home, you can send me some Pocket Book editions. (No Westerns or [[?]] [[mystereys?]].) I guess by now you should have received my (so called) Jewelry Box. I hope you liked it, even though it wasn't finish or from Saks 5th. We get a newspaper here, printed by the ships crew, and in it, we have read about the see-saw conditions in Korea. The general feeling here is "The hell with all this talking" Most of the men rather be in a fight than listen to all this hopeful talk, that keeps on picking your hopes up + then dropping them. We keep on saying to the "Chinese" that we won't hear anymore of there [[stalling?] proposal, but the next day were still there listening to new ones.

About what I wrote yesterday, I tried to show you what most of those boys feel + think toward one another, cheifly through tradition + what there parents taught them. Well I guess that's all for to-night.

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[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 18]]

May 10th

Another Sunday, and it would be just one more day away from home, except that it's Mothers Day. We were deliberating whether today was Mothers Day, or not + came to the conclusion that it was. So I hope you will extend my best to your mother, plus all the happiness + health in the world. Naturally I would have liked to be home today + see my mother you know? When your away you start thinking about all the things you did + said to hurt your parents. You begin to wonder how they could have taken all your ill treatment. Then you see just how much they must ~~[[^]]~~ have ~~[[/^]]~~ loved you + hold ~~[[^]]~~ you ~~[[/^]]~~ dear to them. Did you ever think that by ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ ~~[[?]]~~ ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ May 1956 you might be celebrating your own Mother's Day. That is, if everything goes right + if you didn't ~~[[cut?]]~~ to many of your ~~[[Hygiene classes?]]~~ ????

I played some poker today + I now have \$21 from the original \$1, that I started with ~~[[Thurs?]]~~. I finished reading "Turquoise" today + started on "Beau Geste". I never thought I ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ ~~[[?]]~~ ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ would like to read so much. We had southern fried chicken today + I was lucky, I got two half's, making one whole chicken. I finished it without

[[Page 21- Letter]]

(18)

raising an eyebrow. We should hit Yokahama by Tuesday afternoon + unload. From there, we go directly to Cang Drake, in Buses. I hope that we get paid, plus my money order, should be there, and the money I have now. would give me enough to buy some soveniers to send home. Naturally that would only happen if we stay in Camp Drake, long enough for a [[?]] Well darling thats all for today, have to shave + then hit my “stretcher”. “Gutte Nacth meine schöne Blunde Mädell”.

May 11, 1953

Today was another ordinary day. Nothing happened on board to change the dull routine of the past two weeks. We did have a physical exam, but thats all. While upstairs having the exam, somebody helped themselves to my book, “Beau Geste”. So I started a new book called “Coronado’s Children”. I was right in the middle of “Beau Geste” and I was quite interested in the story. Its been awfully hot down in the compartment all day, so we went up to the main deck. We didn’t stay up long, there were to many men on deck + the ~~[[?]]~~ wind was blowing to much. So we’ve been playing cards most of afternoon not having much to write today, I’ll end this writing for today.

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[[image: Sixth United States Army emblem with hand written 19]]

Tuesday
May 12, 1953

I and a few of the men had clean up detail today. We worked on cleaning up the compartment for 2 hrs after chow. When we finally were finished we went up on deck. While on deck we sighted a fleet of Japanese fishing boats. Some of the boats were new but most of them looked old + ready for "Davy Jones Locker". Once the men saw them a big j[[--]]r arose from [[two words?]] + they ran to the railings to fev the sight I guess it made them feel good to see something besides water + the other men on board. The rest of the day we kept on passing small fishing crafts, as we came closer to Japan. We're supposed to hit Japan, at 4 P.M tomorrow. We had a practice disembarkation drill, so we'll know just where to go before we leave the ship. Our group will be the last to leave the ship.

All in all the trip wasn't to bad
The food wasn't good + we had some trouble among the men, but at most

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(20)

part it was endurable. Naturally reading your letters over a couple of times + thinking of home past most of the line away, Even though it made me feel [[how?]] at times to think of having you + everyone behind. I hope you haven't been worried or gotten [[pissed?]], because you didn't receive a letter from me in 2 wks. Naturally, you'll understand once you receive this letter. I hope that none of it's contents has bored you or the handwriting caused you unnecessary eye strain's. Due to the fact that I leaving the ship tomorrow I won't continue this letter later in Japan. I'll try to mail this letter right away + start a new one in the barracks. (ran out of ink, + using [[?]] pen) So at long last, this letter will come to an end. Darling I hope that we will never have to cease writing to one another for any reason. Joanie I want you to know that I'll always be in love with you, no matter what. I hope you'll always remember this, Okay? Give my regards to your [[pounts?]], June, Johnny, Ray + the Gang
with all my Love
Albert