Mon. Nov. 13, 1944
8:30 P.M.

Dear Mom - I just now finished catching up on my letter writing. I've been writing off + on all day long — a half hour here, an hour there - and I just finished writing to Amy. I think before the lights go out - I'll dash off a V-mail to Tom ~~in~~ as a belated answer to his belated letter of July 3rd which finally found me yesterday. It's really a nice set-up we moved into here — I mentioned the shade + the cool breezes to Jane in yesterdays letter - to add to the charm of the place there is a little enclosed kitchen — they do their own cooking here in this particular unit - it's quite "homey".

Right now Jim sitting at the kitchen table. Jim the only one writing. a card game is going on at the other end. We have electricity

to add to our comfort. I finished a rather delicious meal and, not long ago, we finished off our after dinner political discussion over coffee + cigarettes — just like old times. I could almost see Pop at one end of the table here arguing unions, the war, politics etc — just as he + I used to do — funny, we even got talking about the automobile business. It's the heaviest set-up I've seen since I've been out here in the Pacific — or even since the last time I saw the needles in Fiona Madie.

There's really not an awful lot to talk about — censorship and all that. Oh I could say plenty, there's a lot out here to tell you folks back there but you know how it is.

No mail came in today.

But today gave me a breather, time in which to catch up on my correspondence and, incidently, time to scare up some stationery + envelopes. I'll be up for a few days anyway.

You asked me to tell you a few of the things which happened to me when I first landed on Angaur. I'll never forget when I ran out of the VP - Higgins boat to you - with about a fifty pound load of radios on my back. I was the last one out of the boat which was resting on a little reef about 15 yards separated me from the beach. The VP was rocking to & fro on the reef. Every time it would push forward, it would push me right in the rear end. I was told later that every time the damn thing would poke into me, I

would turn my head + yell, "stop pushin' (Goddamn it, I'm moving.") I fell down once then - but I kept my rifle dry. On coming (or staggering) into the beach we were met with scattered rifle fire. Between that + the fact that I kept stepping into coral holes I kept falling down. I was helped up twice, the third time, about five or ten yards from the dry sand I went down - and I mean I went down - what a hole I fell into that time! I was completely submerged. The waves rolled right over me, radio + all. It was then that I lost my carbine. I couldn't get up straight, so I dragged myself out of the water and across the beach as best I could cursing and praying like I never cursed + prayed before in my life. It was then I was scared and what I

mean scared! I never felt so helpless in all my life as I did at that moment. Well, to make a long story short, I finally found shelter ~~under~~ by a big rock under a cliff (which, later we found, had several Japs dug into) But that begins another story which, I believe, I'll save until another day when I haven't much else to write about. So-o-o, until then, I'll close

with all my love,

Jack