



UNITED STATES NAVY

Anguar, Palau Islands

Sept. 22, 1944

Dear Mom — (and the rest of you
all) Today I gamma
veteran! I have been so for
several days now. Things have
quieted down some so I can
now relax in my fox hole &
let you all in on what's been
happening to your son.

We attacked Anguar
on Sunday, Sept. 17 and all
that day, the following day and
the next night things were
pretty damned rough — we ran
into some Jap mortar fire
and a hell of a lot of Japs
sniper fire — however all of
us in our group came through
unscathed. My only claim to combat
"wounds" are a pair of sore ankles



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which ~~is~~ I got from ~~of~~ dragging
 my self over this Godforsaken
 rocky island plus a chapped
~~is~~ lip from salt water and
 sun.

It's almost funny when I
 look back on those two or three
 days now — but when the
 we pinned down on the beach
 on Sunday morning you
 couldn't have found a more
 frightened person as was
 I — unless you wanted to
 count the hundreds of others who
 were pinned down there with
 me. I could go on for pages
 it seems — there's practically
 no limit to what we're allowed



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to say. However it's getting dark
 now and I'll ~~not~~ finish writing
 this tomorrow. By the way I
 picked up several souvenirs
 in the Jap village here — inclu-
 ding this pen with which I'm
 writing this letter. Most of
 them are too bulky to send
 home or carry around and
 not worth a whole hell of a lot.
 Well, it's really getting to dark
 to continue this so until
 tomorrow. I'll close —
 (Sept. 23)

I slept well last night
 — first decent night's sleep
 since I left the ship. I just
 finish a fair breakfast (cooked
 over a homemade gasoline stove)



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I can't imagine (not even
 from newsreels) the desolation
 wrought by this latest American
 invasion. The island is just
 one large mass of rubble
 and junk. As I look out
 from my tent here I can
 hardly find a "complete" tree
 nor can I find more than
 six square feet of level
 ground at any one spot.
 The Naval and Aerial bomb-
 ardment literally plowed up
 the entire island. However,
 on the other hand there is
 activity everywhere - trucks



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scourging along the muddy
 streams we call roads and
 groups of men sloughing
 through mud holes and
 across this damnable cutting
 rock. My first impression
 received upon arising this morning
 was that of a tremendous volcano
 in the middle of an
 earthquake - destroyed city.

As you must know
 by the time you receive this
 I saw Zane Carothers a couple
 of weeks ago - had I met
 him and where are still
 Saboo - I spent part of these



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Days with him. He certainly
 looks well & has grown a
 lot but he's sick & tired of
 these Godforsaken tropes &
 I can hardly blame him, the
 heat and all that goes with
 it make life miserable.
 You'll hear more of our visit
 from Jane, I guess.
 I don't want to make
 this letter any longer for I
 must write to Dick & a few
 others. Mail is dribbling in slowly
 and I've received my letter since
 I landed - that was a letter from
 Dick yesterday. Well I hope I've
 relieved you of a lot of anxiety. With
 that I'll close with all my love,
 Jack