

The Mariana  
25 March 1945  
Sunday night

Dearest Folks,

I put "Sunday night" up in the corner but it is really Monday morning of the 26<sup>th</sup> as I am writing this. It is 0115 and I am on watch. I have the midnight to 0400 and as I had a little work to clear up I did that first, now I am talking with you.

This past week has been good for me. I am especially thankful for Wednesday and what it meant. In the morning Gene called, said he was ashore for the day, so I went down and picked him up again. The purpose for his leaving the ship this time was to get some red cross supplies - games, etc. for his men; and he took advantage of the opportunity and made a day out of it. We stopped at the R.S. to see if his things were ready but they weren't so we came on out to the boat here. We arrived here just in time to wash up and then eat. After work we played ping pong, he played our pians (you are get a pians now, I will tell you about it later)

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and we talked.

Later in the afternoon we went on a "tour" of the island. I took him up to the B-29 base, past the camp where all the natives are kept, also past the one where the Japanese are, by the old sugar mill, and then the two towns (past tense, thanks to the naval shelling they received). We stopped again at the Red Cross office to get his supplies but they still weren't ready. Gene decided to send one of the men in on Thursday to pick them up.

Wednesday night is our "Steak and French fries" night so Gene had a opportunity to eat one of our best meals. It was certainly good and I think he enjoyed it as well. For desert we had apple pie and ice cream.

Gene was due at the docks by 1730 so we could get back out ~~to~~ to the ship, so we had to leave immediately after chow.

In the afternoon when we returned from the "tour" there was two letters waiting for me, Mother's and Dad's. As Gene hadn't received any mail for about 10 days and I hadn't either, we both sat down and read your mail. I felt a strange union with you as I was reading the letters, he was

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Gene and I together reading Mother's and Papa's letters - ~~for~~ it seemed as if the four of us were together. They were both such good letters and we both enjoyed them so much.

It hurt a lot to see Gene go, for I knew it would be some time before we meet again. My prayers are with him in his new adventure, which his outfit leaves for soon. I wish it were I who were going instead of Gene. I wonder where we shall meet again - home I hope!

I started to tell about the piano - Monday evening a truck drove in with a large note "aboard". It proved to have just come from the docks, where a ship load of pianos had come in. The Army Special Service officer here on the island got it for us. It is in really good condition, tone and etc. But it seems somewhat wrong for us to have it. There are so few (one or two) of our twenty five men who can play and then even they don't play. There are so many other outfits here on the island who have much less than we do; and even more, who would appreciate it much more. I think with all we have it tends to spoil us, for some of the fellows are taking all this for granted, not appreciating it at all. It seems to me with all we have there would be no reason at all for complaining and etc.

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but the griping now is just as bad if not <sup>worse</sup> ~~worse~~ than it has ever been.

This past week saw the completion also of our Vocket Ball court. They were working on the road out back as we had some coral dumped on it and then they graded and rolled it for us. The roller crushed it and then they watered it - now we have a court almost as hard as concrete and just as smooth. There is going to be a league here starting the 1<sup>st</sup> of April so we are trying to get a team in shape.

We made the mistake Saturday afternoon of playing for about two hours in the hot sun. It just about did us all in for these we some tried boys here today. From now on we shall play in the evening when it is much cooler. It was a foolish thing to do, one would think that after almost six months (no 5.) in this climate we would know better. I guess our enthusiasm out did our common sense.

A week from today will be Easter Sunday - I wonder how you will be on that date. Our Palm Sunday here was good. Our service this A.M. was spent mostly in song, singing a lot of familiar hymns with a little comment by the Chaplin on each one.

J.H. Albertson R.T. 36

Easter sundays hold many memories for us,  
don't they! The first one I remember was our  
last easter in Bowland. Then work Park and  
later South Hi. next town, the sunrise service  
at the temple theater, words of people at 1st church,  
I wonder where Easter 1946 will find us?

Here I have been roudling on and it is  
now about 0300. I had better stop and get this  
plane swept out before my relief comes ~~out~~ as it  
will be clear for him.

You are always close to me and I am thankful  
that thru his presence we are united -

lots of love

Jim

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( 603-340 )

P.S. I forgot to mention that the copy of "When to  
Pray" came this afternoon. It was good and  
it did me a lot of good. I really appreciated it. The  
envelope ~~was not~~ used my old address so I guess  
you had better give the church secretary my new one.

Jim