



9 September 1945

Sunday night

Dearest Folks

The western sky seems to be alive with lightning tonight, for it seems that it is almost constantly lit up by it. It appears to be regular lightning too, not just the heat lightning we often have out here. Must be that the rainy season is to last for some time yet.

As I write this to you I am covered from my waist on up with bites. It seems that some ants bit me several days ago and the bites are a result of the bites. It is all I can do to keep from scratching them for that is what I would like to do. Our Pham has been putting calamine lotion on me and it seems to help some. He says that they will probably go away in the next couple days - boy I hope so! He - it looks like I had the scarlet fever with all these red bumps all over me.

Says - doesn't the occupation news from Japan seem good this past week. I hope that the entire operation shall be carried out in a like manner, for I feel that when the islands are all occupied then more of the fellows out here shall be sent home.

Several of the fellows here have begun to crack up already. I have tried speaking with them and I hope that maybe I can do

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a little good. There is one fellow in particular who
is really in bad shape. He was married four days before
coming out here and between worrying about him self
and his wife's being true to him, he becomes rather
difficult. You know, it is rather strange but all the fellows
here who have let the end of the war damage their lives
rather than benefit them have been Catholics. I don't know
whether it has been a coincidence or not but it has seemed that
their religion had been inadvisable to them.

With the end of the war I wonder what they plan
to do with islands like this one. I imagine they shall
keep the Marianas altho I don't know. The other day when
I drove in after mail I marveled at the amount of
construction that has taken place on this one island alone.
When we first came ashore there was nothing from the
water on our place, and we were the only unit at
this end of the island. But now that some section looks
like a small city with warehouses, storage spaces, and
supply depots, fleet recreation facilities, besides all the
living quarters that are now up. And instead of the
one way dirt road that was there, in its place is a four lane
asphalt road with even a stop light, and road signs telling
how to save jeep tires etc. Also along that road is what
we call the Saipan boller. It is a million dollar plus
laundry that has never been in operation. They shipped
all kinds of equipment, washers, pressing machines, kegs of
soap boilers and etc out of the states and made what
is supposed to be the west army laundry west of Pearl Harbor.

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but the catch is there is no water. It seems they don't
make it before finding out of the island's water supply
would be adequate enough - and it isn't. Right along
side this wonderful new laundry is the field laundry
that came ashore early last August, and they are handling
all the work for the island.
I thank a lot for your birthday's greetings. The
package hasn't yet arrived but it probably shall come soon. You
were all very close to my mind and heart at the 3rd, may be
the next one we shall be all together again.

By now Barbara & Richard you are well settled in school.
Were you anxious to get back? I know I always was altho I
never would tell anyone. I was thinking yesterday how
it might be that Barbara & I shall go thru college together - at
least part of it. But I hope I can start in next fall, that would be
great.

Your church services there sound OK. It is looked tho
that more of the regular members cannot see this way of going.
Maybe they shall tho soon.

In Dads letter I received today he mentioned about the
U-12's being let out. I happened to mention it to one of the fellows
and it nearly caused a small riot. It seems as if the feeling we
have for U-12 is pretty much wide spread out here. All the fellows
admit that the U-12^{ers} have had it tough.

Boy man it sure sounded good to read your letter telling
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about all that milk and etc. It shall be a wonderful day when we can be in the kitchen talking and drinking milk.

The letters from Janice are better than ever, and my love seems to grow more and more. I haven't yet heard of her plans for this fall but imagine she has written me how to do what they are. I hope she returns to school for it will do her a lot of good.

I must stop for now. I hope this letter is readable for every so often I have stopped to scribble a little. Bye Bye for now, and until I write again may God be near us all.

lots of love

J.H. Albertson Pt 70

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly including a signature or address.]