

Saturday Night
3-24-45
Marianas Islands

Dear Annette –

I was very pleasantly surprised to receive your nice letter (which incidentally means very much to one out here). But I can't say it shocked me too much, cause I knew about you and Jimmy and expected us to become acquainted again in some way – and this is a nice way!

I'm very happy about you and Jimmy, Annette – I don't exactly know for sure how far along you two are, but I think I'm safe to say, I welcome you as my sister-in-law! I guess you know, I always liked you – and I'm glad Jimmy has chosen you. It's just a shame you both have to be separated – but love is the important thing anyway and as long as you both have that, the waiting won't be too bad. And you can be thankful that he isn't in any immediate danger and you'll be able to hear from him regularly without any cause for real worry.

Mother didn't write me the way you and Jimmy met, but I'd love to hear it from you – and also any other interesting experiences you can spare.

Thanks very much for all the nice things you said about me in your letter, Annette – believe me, I may not be giving up much, but I like to know that what I'm doing is being appreciated – so please tell me more – I eat it up!

Honestly, Annette, I could go into detail about everything I've seen and done since I left the good ol' U.S.A., but there's so much to tell, I just can't possibly do it! It's such a great adventure and experience to me – I'll never forget it – sometimes it all seems impossible. I'll tell you all about it in person some day – it's all so different from routine life and civilization in the U.S.A. – take it from me – that's the best place to be – and I'm glad our country is worth being here for and that we will finally win this damn war in the end!

I have seen some awful things and I've heard many sad stories – it tears my heart out and at times I could just cry. Casualties in numbers don't mean very much – but when you actually see the people and what happens to them – war becomes a gruesome reality. Believe me, Annette, these fellows deserve the best of everything and if you ever have the chance to do something for them – any little thing – please do it – it will mean a lot. Young fellows – 17 – 20 – who know nothing but killing and fighting to preserve their own lines – what kind of a hellish place is this anyway! How will those fellows ever readjust to normal happy lives?

Gosh, there's so many problems – I just don't know!

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get off on this subject, but war is so close and real to me that I seem to want everyone to know about it back home. So enough of this –

Social life out here is no problem – expect that there's too much of it. You can just imagine how it is with all these men and so few women. Honestly, there's always something going on and a girl could go out every night.

The biggest problem is to keep clean – dirt, mud, rain -- everywhere and always – and it's red sticky mud that won't come off. No side-walks, pavements, or fancy cars – doesn't help matters any. Go out one night – and spend the rest of the week getting clean again.

Our hospital is very nice – and incidentally, this is a very pretty island – we have those beautiful romantic nights one reads about too. Our quarters are comfortable and we are well taken care of – the Navy always looks after it's [sic] nurses.

Just received my promotion to Lt. (j.g.) to-day and am rather proud of it.

Must close now, but could write on and on. Will be glad to hear from you again.

Love, Maxine