

**Robert L. Stone to Jacob Stone and Beatrice Stone**

Marianas Islands, 21 October, 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 2 pages + envelope.

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*[Draft Created by Crowdsourcing]*

Somewhere in the Marianas

October 21, 1944

Dear Dad & Bee —

Finally I have some time to write and bring you up to date on my new set-up, that is as much as possible.

As you can see I am now up somewhere in the Marianas. As yet the disclosure of the name of our island is strictly taboo so that's that. Needless to say life here is very rugged — just like you see in the movies. We are living in tents which we've tried to set up but they don't make very good quarters. The first night we had no mosquito nets and we were almost carried away. We spent most of the day yesterday digging up the roots and grass in our tents, and that plus the aid of our nets (we procured *[inserted: from the navy]*) made for lots better sleeping last night.

For the moment there isn't much more that I can write about this place. Until we get everything running smoothly it will be a fairly rough existance *[sic]*. At the *[strikeout]* present we are eating rations and frankly there's nothing less palatable. In fact, on most of the islands the big gripe is nearly always the food. Oh well, when you can't get fresh things that's the best you can do — eat rations. All of the boys are getting pretty tired of eating coco *[strikeout]* *[inserted: nuts]*. You see our tents are in a big grove of them and you can just step outside

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and you've got something to eat.

No more for now but I'll try to write again in a few days if there's anything else I can tell you. Oh one more thing — we have to get used to very peculiar hours down here because at five thirty in the evening it's pitch black. Naturally we go to bed because there isn't anything else to do, what with no lights. We're up every morning before five because by that time it is broad day light already.

Still no mail from any of you for over three weeks now but I imagine it will catch up with me before too long. Please send my new APO 246 to all the boys because I won't have a chance to write them. Be sure to send it to Ken in case he ever gets up this way.

Write often.

With all love —

Bobby

*[envelope]*

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