

Capt. Walton C. Jackson  
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APO – 321, c/o PM., San Fran, Cal  
2 May 1944

The Secretary  
Howard University  
Washington, D.C.

My Dear Mr. Nabrit,

The delightful newsletter dated 1 April 1944 from your office was a most unsuspected surprise and a great joy to me. Please be assured that such splendid efforts on your part are indeed a great inspiration to us Howardites who have been scattered to the four corners of the earth in a search for life and liberty and happiness.

That the President and the university community would excel in holding up its end of the war effort has never been doubted by all Howardites where-ever they may be. Also it is most encouraging to know that the student body, although its numbers are greatly depleted of matured male persons, is, never-the-less, progressing in a manner typical of Howard University students through out all the past years. The scholarship effort for needy students is highly commendable we who are overseas have run the gauntlet of travels in strong winds, war dangers, to searing demands of extreme climate and the stresses and strains of all the common emotions. But the hope that it all will lead to a hobbies life in a fairies land (turn to S.W.P.A.) is a constant inspiration.

Furloughs and paydays are the immediate highlights of the soldier's daily life. Take it from one who knows, a fifteen day furlough in Brisbane, Sidney, or Melbourne embraces all the exotic adventures and experiences and excitement that may come only with the heterogeneous masses of the large far eastern cities. The ingenious methods used by the soldier to dispose of or increase this [illegible] are sources of never ending encouragement. In truth "Aunt [illegible] Children" are miraculously successful in a game known as "galloping dominoes." Those who are well versed in its operation state that it is a very common diversion of ancient vintage.

Our out to this theatre our voyage upon the clam deep blue Pacific presented many opportunities to observe a multitude of strange awe inspiring examples of marine life. (Even though the sea menace cause constant fear among us all). The lofty mountains that we have seen are so tall that while the sun shines on the peaks rain clouds and rain are observed far below. Meanwhile we from afar in a pleasant many shot look on in wonder.

The dense storming jungle is an eternal mystery. Myriads of flying and creeping and crawling and biting and stinging things turn man's life into a tortuous passage. On the other hand the exaggerated tales of giant snakes and weird animals may be greatly discounted.

Mosquitoes!! Mosquitoes!! Oh these mosquitoes!! Following is a happening that has been authenticated by not a few GI's vig:

"There is a certain large species of mosquitoes about the size of humming birds commonly seen in New Guinea. One night a tribe of them fell upon a lonely unsuspecting G.I. in his tent, [illegible] him down and were tearing him apart bit by bit. There being so many of the flying tribe, a large number were unable to get their share of its booty. Therefore one ingenious fellow cried "hey

fellows let's take this guy outside where all of us can get to him at the same time. But a few of the older heads angrily growled back, what and let those big mosquitoes outside, take him away!!”

Personal relationships between the Aussies, the damn Yankees (as we are called) and the natives are very cordial. The hospitality of the Aussies in the forward area and on the mainland is unlimited and sincere. As for the natives who are very intelligent and quick to learn, they have accepted the war and carry on in the most matter of the fact manner.

Every soldier is constantly alert to the many dangers. Woe be unto a man who is caught off his guard at any time. A soldiers operating procedure is that every man will have perfected at least six good ways offsetting getting to and into a foxhole. Only the true in heart can carry on while the weak soon fall by the wayside.

Yes, war is hell, but life is good. The lofty mountains, the boundless wastes, the cloudless skies, and the good earth. Are ever reminders of the minutia that is man. But as long as we have a mind, a body, a soul, a heart, and a spirit no obstacle is to hard to overcome.

Pursuant to the request in your letter, am enclosing a photo of me taken just after my promotion from 1<sup>st</sup> lieutenant to Captain. The picture was taken in a clearing located in an almost impassable jungle.

I close with sincere wishes for your food health and continued success.

Yours truly,  
Walton C. Jackson  
0-7575378  
Captain QMC