

I am not alone

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Am
Not
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I Am Not Alone

From the letters of
Combat Infantryman

JOHN J. HOGAN

Killed at Okinawa

EDITED BY
JOHN J. HOGAN'S FRIENDS,
INCLUDING SEVERAL VETERANS,
IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS LIFE.

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First Edition

"I will always be able to shout
those words in the face of whatever
evil . . . *I AM NOT ALONE!*—
for He that sent me is with me."

JACK HOGAN

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Combat Infantryman
John J. Hogan.

Jack's Travels as a Soldier.



PROLOGUE

LETTER TO AMERICA

HALFWAY THROUGH WORLD WAR II JACK HOGAN WROTE HOME:

I am often amused, more often frightened, by evidence that the American people are being sold the idea that a great hope for the postwar world lies, somehow, in mysterious and intangible qualities which are thought to have sprung up in its fighting men, as it were, overnight.

Something is supposed to have happened in thousands of fox-holes all over the world which, we are told, will give us peace and prosperity when the war is won.

Unfortunately, it hasn't!

Yet!

When it does, it will take place not only in fox-holes, but in farms and factories and federal buildings too. And it must happen.

The need is a change of heart. The moral re-arming of America is the only hope of lasting peace as it has been the surest way to increase production and speed victory at the front. This is the one basis of sound national life.

My experiences as an Infantryman in the Aleutians and on Kwajalein have deepened my belief in this fact; so have my contacts, conversations and deep friendships with hundreds of fellow soldiers with whom I have lived in barracks, tents, troopships and fox-holes. Everywhere there is immorality and confusion, and the seeds of another war.

The cure is moral rebirth on a tremendous scale, and a change of heart.

Millions of us are fighting today to make all men free.

But we are slaves to ourselves. Sex, money and pleasure hold us captive. We long for peace and reunion in America. Actually, we desire pleasure not peace. We want freedom to buy all the gas we want, to wear the kind of clothes we want, to see movies without standing in line, to say "Sir" to no man. We want freedom to live

our own lives as though we were the sole inhabitant of the earth. We want ease and security and we want orders and restrictions from no one.

And we call these things—Peace.

And we want this for all mankind.

When this war is over, we think we will have done our job, and more than our job, and as one of us puts it, "the world will owe us nothing but the best."

God knows we have fought for America. We have labored and sweated and bled. We have suffered and fought and died.

But we cannot rebuild America. Not as we are.

And yet America looks to us; and trusts us; and thinks that in us she has the hope of nationhood and peace.

But, not as we are.

We will win the war. But then all will not be done. She will need soldiers, warriors of the spirit, to fight that the hearts of men may be free as well as their lands, lest we have fought in vain. But we cannot be these warriors, not as we are. Because we are slaves in our hearts to our own ambitions.

America will need clean men and women to people a strong nation. But we cannot be the men, not as we are. Because we have made the marriage vow a mockery and the family a farce.

She will need teamwork in industry lest personal selfishness result in national catastrophe. But we cannot build it, not as we are. Because all our dreams of the future are dreams of ourselves—what we shall own and possess and hold; how we shall take orders from no one; how it will be every man for himself to make up for lost time; how we shall work less, and demand more, and never be satisfied.

She will need some force to unite her. But we cannot be that force, not as we are. Because we have no faith, no standards, no destiny. The sentimentalists say there are no atheists in fox-holes. But they are wrong. We pray when we are afraid. After the battle, we forget God and His laws.

The "Prophets of Progress" say that everything will be all right, that all men will be better. They lie. We are not good, essentially. Otherwise we would live good lives and be both free and responsible.

But we are neither. We are no better now than we were before the war and we will be no better when it is over.

Unless something in us is changed.

The "Trusters-in-Things" say that America will be great because her assembly lines will be full of new and wondrous tools and toys. But we know they are wrong. Things cannot make men great. Else would we possess, even now, true happiness. Science cannot save men who are chained to passion and pleasure. It will advance and grow. But we will use it in another war.

Unless something happens to us—inside. Unless we become, somehow, new men.

Unless we change, America will perish. The price of nationhood is high. Those who refuse to pay it are the traitors of the nation. And that price is moral rebirth in the heart of every man.

But how can we change? Who can make us new men? Who can cleanse us, for that is what we need? Who can give us faith, and hope, and inner discipline?

There are in our ranks a few, a handful, who have hope. They are of us, but not like us. They believe, and because they believe, "they know what they fight for and love what they know." They love America, and in them is hope.

They say they were like us once. And then they were changed. They say a Man on a Cross set them free. They say a Carpenter gave them a destiny. They say the Child of a Virgin gave them moral stature. They say the Son of God speaks in their hearts.

And they call us to join them. They challenge us to fight with them and labor with them and build with them.

And we must!

And we will! We will take up this challenge and this hope, for the love of America. We will change and unite and fight. We will suffer and sacrifice and share. We will rebuild the moral and spiritual heritage of our lives, our homes, our industries.

Then America will be great, and free—for the service of God.

And He will renew the face of the earth.

* * *

By the Editor:

ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THESE LETTERS

The words of that letter poured from the heart of a G.I. Joe who had been through Kiska and the Kwajalein invasion. His name was Jack Hogan. He was a laughing, lovable American who never counted the cost. His was not the fight of a belligerent pug but of a man who "knew what he fought for and loved what he knew." An ordinary fellow with an extraordinary feeling for America—a belief in her destiny.

How did he get that way? At 21 why did he feel so deeply?

Jack grew up in a "walk-up flat" in New York but he carried the song of the Irish in his heart. Before the war Jack never left New York but he loved the whole of America.

Jack had a Dad whose humor was his biggest philosophic contribution to his children.

Mrs. Hogan was a woman who, as she cooked and mended, knit the family together. Laughter was daily music in the Hogan home. There were tears too. Jack had a twin brother, Frank, who was stricken with infantile paralysis when he was eleven. When Jack entered the army Frank was not able to go.

Anne was the much loved and much teased sister in the family. When Jack and his brothers Bill and Bob went off to war it was Anne who wrote daily with an inspired pen. Letters went from his older brother Charles and each of the family back home, including him in everything they did and thought. And so Jack was the G.I. extraordinary—he never had a furlough but he was never separated from his family.

Jack's home was the kind that made America great. It was not a filling station by day and a parking lot at night. The Hogans loved to be together. They were so full of life they often all talked at once. Continents and oceans could not really separate them. No birthday was forgotten nor could the muck of battle dull the poetry of their relationship. Together they believed that out of thousands of homes in touch with God will come a world reborn.

After Jack's death his younger brother wrote from his army billet in Germany:

"I have been thinking much about Jack, the way he lived, the little things about him. How he taught me to play ball, how he took care of me when Frank was sick, his beaming personality, how he taught me to love poetry, his graciousness with people, the little things like a cigar for Dad when he closed a deal or letting me 'keep his books' for him. I am ever reminded of the last thing he charged me to do before he left for the Army—to take care of Anne. How vividly I see him in his glory taking N. to the opera and then getting up the next morning to teach Sunday School at St. Michael's."

As a boy Jack had played every game of baseball he could squeeze in. In the Army he did the same. He enjoyed movies and had a great sense of what they could do for the country. "Who-done-its" were on his literary fare. So were lives of Aquinas and of other great thinkers. He reveled in a juicy steak and in the music of great operas. He had a girl and he had great dreams for her, but he refused to use his uniform or the war as persuasive weapons with which to win her.

No college trained Jack to marshal his thoughts; a flame in his heart poured out on to paper. At 17 he had worked for \$11 a week in a real estate office. He had climbed a few rungs up the ladder when Pearl Harbor came. Hogan wanted desperately to get in the Air Corps. He felt it was his war. He was rejected because of his eyes. So he ate carrots and did eye exercises but to no avail. Again he was rejected. Then he tried the Navy. This time his lack of weight and his eyes were against him.

And so, on a cold December morning in 1942 Jack Hogan left for Fort Dix. There he went through reception center. Soon he was on his way to Camp Croft, S. C., to be trained as an infantryman.

He was to fight at Kiska, at Kwajalein, at Leyte, and Okinawa. There Jack Hogan was killed. The citation awarding the Silver Star posthumously revealed a typical action. When his patrol was ambushed Jack warned his comrades to take cover and continued rifle fire until a bursting grenade killed him instantly. He saved his friends' lives by giving his.

Jack's faith was the kind that built America. He had a passion that men might be really free. He had a philosophy that God could govern in the affairs of men and enable them to live above hate, fear or greed. And he had a plan—a plan that he got day by day as he was still and let God speak to his mind and his heart. Moral Re-Armament gave to him and his family the glory of religion and deepened their church loyalty. Jack and his family were Episcopalians with a very real appreciation of all faiths.

Jack Hogan was certain that what Moral Re-Armament had given him and his family it could give the world. He believed it to be the inspired ideology of democracy.

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FROM A BOY TO A SOLDIER

JACK'S FIRST LETTER HOME FROM THE ARMY

Fort Dix,
December 18, 1942.

I have eaten a hearty supper, received some very kind and helpful advice on making beds, etc., from a couple of veteran room-mates, and I now have more time to write legibly.

I am making friends fast and am amazed at the progress made in one day. The uniforms, etc., fit as well as any clothes I have. The tailors measure you. There is snow on the ground, but with these warm clothes I rather enjoy it . . .

Please don't worry. I am really fine and happy to know that you will be fighting on the home front.

LATER HE WAS TO WARN HIS BROTHER

The four or five days at Dix are the hardest in any soldier's life because they are so strange and the type of non-com he will find there could not be tolerated anywhere but in a reception center. Life is a thousand times better in basic training.

WON'T BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Saturday evening
approximately 8 p.m.
(December 21)

Office of the Commanding General!!
Private Hogan

I won't be home for Christmas. But we will be united in spirit and I hope you will feel as free about it as I do . . .

There are all kinds of people here, and I am having a crack at helping the boys do a bit of thinking. 90% of them have no philosophy, but I have talked to many with whom I have found a real basis of agreement.



On board train from New York City to Fort Dix, N. J., to become part of Uncle Sam's Army.

BOY TO SOLDIER

LEAVES RECEPTION CENTER FOR BASIC TRAINING

December 21, 1942.

Dear Pop,

I am at this moment sitting in a very comfortable train, having left Dix at 2:30 this afternoon. It is all quite an adventure as our destination may be anywhere in the U. S. and is known only to God and the Captain and the F. B. I. who ride with us, and none of them is talking!! . . .

Arrived here at Camp Croft, S. C. This is a regular country club, the climate is a million times finer than Dix and the whole set-up is a lot better in every way.

FIRST COMPANY PARTY—JACK TAKES PART

January 17.

Last night we had a swell party after dinner, to celebrate the good results of the range. The Captain and all the officers were there.

There were songs, square dances, solos, etc., and I finally decided to jump in head first and imitate the President, or should I say, our Commander-in-Chief. I had quite a time getting across a few humorous cracks to the Captain about not having enough time to practice, and he took it swell. The whole time did a lot to raise the general morale . . .

The Axis had about a ten-year start on us, and our good Captain here seems to feel at least in part responsible to make it up! Hence the haste.

FAMILY MAKES THE SOLDIER, HOGAN THINKS

January 22.

I feel there are four factors involved in my training: God's guidance; what the army gives me; my own vision; and last, but not least, the fighting faith and the creative unity which has been your contribution on the home front. I could no more be a good soldier than many of the flops I see around here if my roots were not deep in Christian family life. Good soldiers come from good families, and vice versa.

K.P.

January 30.

K.P. really isn't so bad when you have the right spirit, and I was grateful that I had it together with my best pals.

BELIEVES MESSAGE CENTER IS HIS JOB

The more I see of this Message Center work, the more I feel that God was blocking OCS because it was "most expedient for me." I feel that this is a time of testing, and that God is using this time to teach me patience as He has had to teach it to many "soldiers and servants" through the ages.

You would be amused if you could be a silent listener in the barracks beginning around nine o'clock when we all start to drift in to go to bed. We are just like a bunch of overgrown kids, sprawling all over in various occupations such as writing letters, reading, studying, playing the guitar, shining shoes, eating each other's offerings of candy, etc. We all talk at once, of course, and nobody wants to go to bed, and then when we finally get there and the lights go out, there follows a brief period of quiet until somebody starts us laughing, and off we go again like a bunch of children at a summer camp!

K.P. AGAIN

March 6, 1943.

I completed what should be my last day on K.P. in this camp. K.P. is quite a thing to describe, so I shall reserve the details for a future date, but it is real fun to apply to mass production the basic principles I learned at such competent hands!



"The food is very well cooked, contrary to my expectations, and is not thrown at us, and I am eating better than ever. I have not had K.P. yet. Since that last sentence I have had my first experience of K. P. !! Speak of the devil, eh? It only lasted about an hour and I am practically speechless at the immaculate condition of everything. You could eat off the floor." INSERT—Jack on K. P.



CHRISTMAS DAY, 1942—"The service last night was truly beautiful, the chaplain swell, and these little chapels are the finest I have ever seen. There was a sound system attached to the organ to play the carols over the whole countryside. The view here is splendid, and it was a starlight and moonlight night, and it really felt like Christmas Eve . . . It has definitely been a merry Christmas and I personally have felt very close to the real meaning of the time and to each of you."

BOY TO SOLDIER

"AN ARMY THAT WORSHIPS IS AN ARMY THAT WINS"

I went to church this a.m., noticing all the perennial symbols of spring—new colors, the fruit trees coming, patches of grass, etc. I met Hicks on his way to Mass. *An army that worships is an army that wins.*

I was thinking this morning of the problem all thinking soldiers face in the simple fact that we are living a life that is not sustained or permanent as it was in our civilian days. As our Major once said, "I am not a soldier by profession. This is not my business. It is a side line made necessary by national emergency."

The thought that came in guidance and completely answered the problem in my own mind, was, "Christ lived creatively and redemptively for three years and transformed the world, and all the while He knew that none of His surroundings or human relationships was in any way permanent. Therefore, He understands and will give you peace and security and power in these transient days of Army life."

OFFICERS TRIED KEEP HIM FOR PERMANENT CADRE

Many of the cadre are leaving to go to O.C.S. [Officer Candidate School] and due to the shortage, I took charge of a police-up detail this a. m. in order to release a corporal for more important work. Lt. Cutler, our platoon leader, walked up to the sergeant and me this a. m. and said, "Sergeant Whight, why can't we get Hogan for cadre?" To which Whight replied, "Sir, we have already tried, but can't get him." Lt. Cutler didn't seem satisfied with that, so he dashed over to see the C. O. [Commanding Officer] but came back with the answer that it was impossible since my name was already sent in to Washington as being available for shipment, and hell and high water couldn't turn the trick.

The main point as I see it is simply that an ordinary soldier, trying to put Christian principles in action in army life, is *not* considered an impractical dreamer and lost in the shuffle, but rather, singled out somehow, even though the leaders may not be too clear on exactly *why* he is different!! . . .

Mother, please do not call me *little man* ! ! ! ! I appreciate your blessing, but can hardly be thought of as *little* at this point. Suppose one of the men should see that ! ! ! !



"My first ride in a Pullman and it's the nuts!"

CHAPTER II

ACROSS AMERICA FOR ADVANCED TRAINING

THE ARMY FURNISHES JACK HIS FIRST PULLMAN RIDE

Passion Sunday,
Somewhere in Indiana.

Dear Folks,

Since noon yesterday, I have been riding a very comfortable Pullman through South Carolina, Georgia, Tenn., Kentucky and now Indiana. I am a very happy traveler, being surrounded by Gangler and several of my best friends and it is the thrill of a lifetime to see the vast panorama of America spread before one's eyes in all its beauty and variety . . .

We are having excellent meals and I slept like a top last night. My first ride on a Pullman and it's the nuts! Several library books were passed out and I am reading *All This and Heaven Too* and enjoying it very much. Everywhere we go we are greeted enthusiastically by friendly "hand-wavers" and when we stop at some one horse town for coaling, etc., the little kids run up to the trains in their faded overalls with dirty bare feet. Last night we saw many little towns crowded with Negro families in their mule driven carts stocking up for the weekend at the general store. It is ironical to contrast the natural splendor and beauty of God's creation with the squalor and dilapidation of the houses most of these people try to live in. There is plenty of work to be done here after the war.

SEES GREAT EXPANSE THAT IS AMERICA

We are having such a good time at the government's expense that I feel almost guilty! Since last night we have rolled through Illinois,

Missouri and Kansas! What a good land He has "given us for our heritage!" I shall always remember Missouri with its neat farms and rich black soil and the rolling grazing pastures that extend as far as one can see to the hills beyond. Our own Captain Tebo from 26D is train commander and his friendliness and care for our comfort are evident. We have brought Moy Jin, one of our Chinese cooks, along and he has never been in better form! He can't be over 5 ft. and looks like a little doll but he can sure cook!

"THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHOLE THING"

Tuesday, April 13.

"Somewhere in old Wyoming."

Have just enjoyed ten minutes of leg stretching and exercise at a little town whose name escapes me. We have seen great herds of sheep on the vast level stretches of grazing land that stretch on either side of the snow-capped peaks beyond. Needless to say, I've never seen such sights and am quite overwhelmed by the adventure of the whole thing. As a kid I remember hoping I'd see the wild and wooly West and here I am! We see an occasional cowboy on his horse and a few covered wagons. The most vivid impression I have is of the vastness of the land, it is so flat and seems to have no end . . .

We take turns standing guard at the entrance of the car, each man standing only one hour out of 20. The kitchen car is in the middle of the train and the two halves thus formed file past in single file to the opposite end, about face and then file back to their seats picking up their food in the middle, cafeteria style, on paper plates and cups. It is a great feat to balance one's food on the way back to one's seat while the train is juggling, but we manage somehow and it is lots of fun.

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Fort Ord, April 15, 1943.

Fort Ord is about twice the size of Croft and compares favorably with it in every way. We are right on the coast in a beautiful setting, with the ocean on one side and the hills on the other. Being so close to the sea reminds me of Ocean Grove!

We arrived after riding through the most beautiful scenery imaginable. Nothing I have ever seen can compare with California.

I had hoped after some time to work into Headquarters Company in a battalion, but no small fry stuff like that for us; we have jumped right into Regimental Headquarters! I may start in any one of a number of jobs, but as long as it's Message Center, it's communications, and that's what we know. It is a wonderful break in many ways. No more K. P., no more guard duty!

"NEVER MET A FINER BUNCH OF MEN"

Palm Sunday.

I am sure you realize that being in Intelligence is not quite as glamorous as the movies make out—you know, taking Ilona Massey, or some such, out to a swanky restaurant and making her divulge a secret code, etc!

I have never met a finer bunch of men than my comrades in this company. They are exceptionally clean-cut and intelligent.

"CHANCES OF FURLOUGH PRACTICALLY NEGLIGIBLE"

April 21, 1943.

Anne's sharing of her thoughts and convictions is as much a part of my armor in the spiritual war as my rifle is essential in the physical conflict.

This being an old outfit, ready for active duty at any time now, the chances of a furlough are practically negligible. For quite some time none of the men were allowed to go home at all, and now with 5% allowed, all fellows who have been in for one or two years without going home get first chance, and that comprises a very long list.

"FEEL I BELONG NOW"

Saturday Afternoon,
(May 3, 1943)

Have been finding these fellows an excellent bunch. It seemed a little hard at first because they have been together for so long and know each other so well, but I really feel I *belong* now as I did at Croft. Whatever may be said about the American soldier, he is for the most part frank and friendly and helpful to anyone he meets. I am grateful for the sense of the comparative permanence of this outfit. I don't, of course, mean that geographically but rather in the sense of having the same personnel all the time. No one stayed with the same bunch for more than 6 or 7 weeks at Croft and therefore I felt like a transient. Thought you might be interested in knowing that our regimental insignia contains a Ratchet symbolizing service in the Indian Wars, a cactus showing service along the Mexican border, and a Fleur de Lis denoting service in France in the last war. Our motto is, "Let's go!"

AN OLD FRIEND TURNS UP

May 5, 1943.

This will be a short note because I am dashing up to the Service Club for dinner with Don Birdsall! He walked in on me this noon time and we are going to have a real session tonight, and I am *greatly* looking forward to it.

"WHO KNOWS THE ARMY LINGO"

I had a marvelous time with Don last night. He blew me to a swell steak dinner and then we talked and shared all the adventures of his two months and my four in the Army. He is a great guy with a real faith and vision and it is a privilege to get another man's slant on our situations, especially one who knows the war of the spirit as well as the army lingo . . .

Possibly we will go up to Frisco over the weekend where my good friends the Binghamms have taken a house.

BUILDING A TEAM WITH BUDDY

Have been intending to finish this letter all evening but have just had a very lengthy (and rich) talk with one of the fellows here and we are really having a solid team built up. We talked about some things that I know meant a great deal to him and I'm grateful for the hope of great days ahead. Don is busy tonight with the other men who came down with him.

You ask if I am continuing in Intelligence work. Definitely, yes . . .

We are primarily scouts and observers—we must be able to make maps and keep them up to the minute so that the C.O. can effectively

plan the attack. We are the eyes and ears of the regiment. Contrary to Hollywood, we have nothing to do with spies. Ours is a down-to-earth business and upon the way we do our job the fate of 3500 men may rest.

FRIEND ALSO ASSIGNED TO 9TH AMPHIBIAN

May 30, 1943.

Don is definitely assigned to the 9th Amphibian Force of which I am so enthusiastic a member. We will be together from here on out, and of course I am simply thrilled to have such a swell team-mate whom I can see every day. He and I really click, see eye to eye on the Army, and also on the war of the spirit, and there is no one I would rather work with.

JACK HAS A PASS WITH FRIENDS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Monday Night.

I have so much to tell you of my wonderful weekend at Frisco . . .

I arrived in Frisco at 5:30 Sat. and Fred Tooker met me in the car and thus began the most wonderfully rich and happy time you can imagine! The team [a group of his Moral Re-Armament friends] were all gracious and swell beyond words and I shall never forget the way they practically laid the city at my feet.

Bruce and Frances Bingham, Barbara Van Dyke, Jean Barker, Addie Johnson, Bob Young, Scotty, John Vickers, Jim Montgomery, Margie Caldwell, Howie Davison, Pvts. Phillimore, Holmes-Walker, Entwistle, Holme, Lts. Wood and Drysdale and others. We had loads of fun! After supper I was thrilled to see some lantern slides and we listened to some new records, talked army, and shared thoughts

and convictions. It was one of the richest experiences I have ever had that brought to me as never before the love and care of the team that space and time couldn't alter. I felt that we were fighting together as never before.

Margie Caldwell and Freddie Tooker took me to the Cathedral where we met some of the others and then to the top of a high hotel from which I could see the panorama of what is a truly beautiful city, and also showed me the Moral Re-Armament offices in the Fairmont.

It was great to talk so freely of the Army with all the boys who are great soldiers in both wars, and I have known no time when I felt more a part of the fight. Everyone was so gracious and I felt it was the closest thing to being home.

They drove me through the Presidio and then we had lunch at one of the team's homes who is the head of the Musicians Union. Got the 7:45 bus back and arrived here at 10:45.

I have come back renewed in spirit and greatly rejoicing in God's goodness in giving me a place in such a fighting team.

MANEUVERS

We were the part of the 7th Division that did not go overseas several months ago. We and other units are now grouped together into the 9th Amphibian Training Force which is not called a Division.

[He describes their six days' maneuvers.] We started right on the coast and climbed up a mountainside in the midst of really beautiful country. The mist rose up from the sea below and we could see for miles. We worked inland and covered 25 miles the first day. It was 110-120 degrees at least, for most of that day and it was a real grind.

It was amazing how God gave me the strength to come through it so well. I have truly blessed feet! Most of these poor guys from the oldest veterans down had a terribly painful time with blisters, but I never had one.



I could actually feel new strength go through me when I conquered the temptation to think only of myself and tried to pray that the rest of the boys would have strength. When I was doing this and trusting in God, I was able on several occasions to pass some of the boys on the road and by taking their place, when they were beginning to fall behind, gave them a break, and at the same time kept the proper interval between the men. Some of them felt I would not be able to make it, as many of the old stand-bys had to fall out and be picked up by jeeps, and they couldn't dope out where I got the extra bursts of speed.

Came in yesterday by truck and don't even feel exceptionally tired. On a trip such as we have made you can really find out if you have unity and how much the men care for each other. Really swell cooperation and unity were apparent.

TO HIS TWIN BROTHER ON BECOMING 21

Saturday Evening,
June 14, 1943.

Dear Frank,

This Wednesday we will both "come of age," as the saying goes, and become "men." In my opinion you became a man about ten years ago when you fought that battle against infantile and came back victorious. It will be the first birthday we have ever celebrated apart and yet I feel we will be more closely united on that day than we have ever been.

This past year has been for us both a truly great one. You and I have both seen a new challenge, have faced it in His strength, and have been enlisted in an all out, timeless struggle, fighting side by side. For me it has meant travel, uniforms, guns, new skills. For you it has meant the home, the industry, business relationships, the press team [of Moral Re-Armament], new training. For both it has meant a new thinking, a new unity in the heart of the team, a new awareness of the struggle we are all called to wage.

"In my training: What the Army gives me."



"And the creative unity that has been your contribution on the home front. Your wonderful understanding and vision about the suspense of these days means so much to me. Your assurance of your faith and peace about me when 'the long silence comes that means I am sailing to parts known only to God' leaves me with a sense of gratitude that defies expression in words."

"So many of the men in the army are weighed down and hindered by people at home who are fearful that I covet for them the backing I have and the sense of unity that God has so graciously given us."

And so I send joyous and confident birthday greetings to my better half, the Precentor. Much love and *Happy Birthday!!*

Aquinas [A favorite nickname for himself because of his admiration for Thomas of Aquinas.]

P.S. You had better start getting the dope from Pop on how the voting machines work. Also redouble your defenses against the fair sex!!

FRIEND ARRANGES BIRTHDAY PARTY

June 19, 1943.

Did not write you yesterday because I had a very wonderful and joyous birthday celebration! Don arranged a very swell party and I can't describe the good time we had or give you a sense of the family spirit or of the closeness I felt to you. Don, Mel Paulson and his very charming wife and another very fine friend of Don's were present.

We had a reserved table in the most sumptuous restaurant. Anne's cake was the core of the evening with candles and they all sang "Happy Birthday." We walked along the beautiful white beach and watched the sun go down over the blue Pacific and the stars come out in bunches.

It was a tremendous demonstration of the bond that unites us in Moral Re-Armament. Born of blood, sweat, labor, fighting and praying, it has no equal on earth. It was a family party in the way only a fellow like Don can make it.

THINKING OF POSTWAR WORLD

As a soldier I have learned to face facts, and believe me, Frank, there is no force outside MRA which has the answer for the post-war world. There is just no other hope that I can see.

As Morris Martin says, "Ours is the foot on the threshold," I feel very sure that beyond that threshold is a new America, strong and united under God, and ours is the task and the privilege of sacrificing and fighting for it.

"REBIRTH OF SPIRIT BASED ON MORAL LAW"

Thursday Night,
June 24, 1943.

If the spirit of which Mackinac [training center for Moral Rearmament.] will be the spearhead is not forged into the thinking and living of America, the millions of fighting men will come back to a war-weary disillusioned age in which nothing will be sacred and nothing safe. If only millions of defense workers could see through my eyes the picture of America's need as I have been privileged to see it through these months.

Mere military victories mean nothing until we have a rebirth of spirit based on the moral law.

Mackinac—an assembly area, a rallying point for the counter offensive against chaos.

HIS FRIEND DON AND HE ARE A TEAM

Don and I are welded solidly in complete unity and matchless fellowship. Our thoughts and plans are freely shared. God has given me a great team-mate.



"Sailing the blue ocean
on transport."



"We are all passing the time pleasantly with magazines, war
councils etc."

CHAPTER III

OVERSEAS TO THE ALEUTIANS AND THE KISKA LANDING

PERMITTED TO NOTIFY HE HAS SAILED

Saturday, July 17, 1943.

Dear Frank,

Have now obtained permission to tell you that we are sailing the blue Ocean in a transport! . . .

Was sea-sick along with about 90% of the others for a day or so at the beginning, but that is all over now and I am feeling tops . . .

Life aboard a transport is much more comfortable than I had imagined. I am reading *Rebecca* and we are all passing the time pleasantly with magazines, war councils, etc., and watching the scenery. We have some information about the task that lies ahead, maps, etc., and the prospect looks very interesting. Leave it to Uncle Sam! We are all feeling our oats and morale is high.

MORALE HIGH ON TRANSPORT

Wednesday, July 21, 1943.

Our regimental band has been doing a great job of entertaining us, with concerts almost every night, followed by a short vesper service. We get all the latest news (including baseball) radioed to the ship and then mimeographed and distributed, so we are keeping up on current events as well as preparing to make them! One of the boys used to be a barber in civilian life and he has brought all his implements with him. You should have seen me sitting on deck this afternoon getting a well-known civilian *trim!* I have stubbornly refused to get an army scalping . . .

It seems queer not to be writing every day, but life aboard a transport is on the one hand very uneventful and on the other very secret.



THE ALEUTIANS

I am trying to give the censor no trouble and it is quite a job. I am very well and feeling in top form and ready for the days ahead . . .

JACK LANDS IN THE ALEUTIANS

Wednesday, July 28, 1943.

I am not allowed to describe the country except to say that it has some resemblance to a certain part of the States. All I can say about the climate and weather is that I have been pleasantly surprised . . .

"BOYS LOOKING REALISTICALLY TO WHAT LIES AHEAD"

Wednesday, August 4, 1943.

All goes well here. I am in the very best of health and am living far more comfortably than you might think possible for a soldier in the field. "Yankee" ingenuity flourishes here and you would marvel at the tents and huts and all sorts of conveniences that have been improvised with the barest necessities of wood, canvas, etc. Practically every establishment boasts a name such as "Fairmont Hotel," "Shangri La," etc. . . .

My tent-mate, Pat Clayton, and I lay awake in our sleeping bags until about 11:30 last night talking about the cure for inferiority, the only workable basis for a decent moral life, the fact of God's guidance, and so on! Morale among the men is excellent. Everybody is pitching in and being helpful and there is a strong sense of comradeship. The boys are looking realistically to what lies ahead and it is doing everybody lots of good spiritually. When the time comes, I have no question about the courage and loyalty of the average buck private.



Forward command post maintains communications in the Aleutians.

Soldiers hunt for their barracks bags through piles of them stacked on the beach of Kiska, August 23, 1943.



Embarking to leave the Aleutians.

THE ALEUTIANS

TEN MILES—MOUNTAIN AND MUSKEG—TO SEE FRIEND

Sunday, August 8, 1943.

Don Birdsall is approximately three hours' walking distance from me and has been trying to contact me by every means known to man, but unsuccessfully. He is just about as busy as he was at Ord. However, on Friday, when I had the day off, I managed to get use of one of the tactical phones for a minute (through politics and personality!!) and made contact with him and got his exact location. I went over to see him and we had an hour together and a great time. Don is certainly a prince among men and an invaluable team-mate. He has meant the world to me as we have fought on side by side, sharing freely and being completely open and honest with one another. He continues to be the hub of his organization, and everybody from his Colonel down realizes that he has the rare qualities of leadership and caring that are so vital, and look to him for more and more responsibility as time goes on. We will manage to stay in touch with each other and of course this means a lot . . .

LATER IN COMFORT OF HAWAII JACK WAS TO WRITE

"Williwaws" are great wind storms. You don't know what wind is until you live in a pup tent in the Aleutians! But they have their good points too—One night in a terrific rain storm I put a hundred and fifty pound sack of coal on my back and tried to carry it several hundred yards in the slippery mud. The wind was so strong it blew me and the coal sack up a steep hill in no time flat! Fortunately it was blowing in the right direction.

AFTER BOTH KWAJALEIN AND LEYTE HE WAS TO STATE

Kiska is still to my mind the toughest adventure of them all.

CHAPTER IV

HAWAII—TRAINING FOR SOUTH PACIFIC

FROM RUGGED KISKA JACK GOES TO BALMY HAWAII

September 20, 1943.

Have just lit up the candles and rolled down the tent flaps for the night. Had a rip-snorting ball game after supper with yours truly holding down second base and realizing how out of practice one gets! The band was playing during the game and that added to the excitement.

Was down to the beach the other day and am beginning to get tanned. Fortunately there is a pleasant breeze all the time and that makes the weather just about perfect.

I have no idea how long I will be here or where my next destination will be. Sooner or later, I intend to find out "what makes Tojo run!" I am certainly getting a wide variety of travel and experience in the Army and must say this is my idea of paradise . . .

"ONLY SANE PEOPLE IN AN INSANE WORLD"

Sunday, October 10, 1943.

When Frank Buchman says that the only sane people in an insane world are those who are guided by God, he's not kidding. He has the answer. If ten months in the Army have taught me anything, it is that only as we fight for a new nation, spiritually free, will we ultimately win true freedom in any sense. We've got to do it as God shows us how each day.

HAWAII

SAME IN ARMY AS IN INDUSTRY

October 14, 1943.

My tent is in an uproar of laughter and nonsense. Guess we sound like a girls' boarding school! I have just conducted a formal ceremony in which we rendered a bewildered buck private a hand salute.

Pass on to Bill [an older brother] that he should try and avoid the infantry unless he has definite guidance to the contrary. That is a branch for a bunch of high school kids, or former real estate brokers who have an inordinate love of walking.

In a sense it will be nothing new for Bill. He will find the same confusion and immorality in the Army as he did in industry, with perhaps greater possibilities of injecting a new spirit of obedience to God and the need for new faith and sacrifice.

Well, Dad, I think often of what you used to say, "Whenever man plants trees, God will water them."

"AND NEVER LET OUR INADEQUACIES DISCOURAGE US"

October 30, 1943.

I stopped off for a few minutes of quiet this afternoon in the beautiful R.C. church and there was the usual Saturday afternoon stream to the confessionals. It filled me with a great sense of gratitude for this eternal anchor of civilization that has grounded society in the moral law and remains today such a vital bulwark against shifting standards. I left with a new sense of dedication to the future. Much more needs to happen in me and through me. I feel particularly that the real issue is that we keep fighting for the best we know and never let our inadequacies discourage us. The only real tragedy that could overtake us is our own rejection of God's rule in our lives. As long as we fight to serve Him, and thus the nation, we can never really fail.

HE ENJOYS THE PERFECT HAWAIIAN WEATHER

October 31, 1943.

I am now permitted to say that I am in the Hawaiian Islands! Surprise!? Can't say which one. Quite a contrast to the Aleutians. The weather is perfect . . . Honolulu is quite a city . . . Every other store is a jewelry shop and there are some truly exquisite things at exorbitant prices.

HE AND PAL TEAM UP TO PRODUCE SKIT FOR PARTY

November 8, 1943.

I spent most of the day washing clothes and doing other routine household tasks to which you have always given such dignity and value by your own loving care for us all.

Thought you would be interested to know a bit about some of the fun we have here. There is in the platoon a swell Irish lad from N. J. by the name of Mike Conlon who imitates our President à la yours truly. We decided amongst ourselves that one imitator in the company is enough, so he does the honors and I have become his "idea man," writing most of the stuff he uses for his speeches. We had quite a time the other night at the officers' mess on the occasion of the Colonel's birthday. Mike and I whipped up quite a tribute to the "old man" and got a kick out of it, as did he and the other officers.

"NO GREATNESS APART FROM GRATITUDE"

November 24, 1943.

Dear Anne,

'Tis the eve before Thanksgiving and in our kitchens hang the turkeys (a pound to a man). The bugle shall not blow till 8 o'clock, and "Johnny Doughboy" will have the entire day off to be grateful!

And how much we all have to be grateful for. I am very happy that you will all be gathered together in the traditional way and will be with you in spirit across the miles. How much God has given us this past year! There can be no greatness apart from gratitude. America must learn this, and we who have the secret in our own hearts must give it to her in the days to come.

ARMY DOINGS TOLD TO DAD

November 28, 1943.

Dear Dad,

Hope this finds you continuing to improve in health. I think of you constantly as locked in the eternal struggle with the women of the family as to what may and may not be eaten. But as you yourself have often admonished me, "Mother knows best!"

One of the boys received a letter from his girl telling of her enlistment in the Marines. He is terrorized at the thought that she may become an officer while he remains a private! Add that to the problems of our civilization.

We are all very much interested in the news from the Gilberts. Expect the Marshalls will be next. There is no doubt that we can cut off the tentacles of Japan leaving the main dish for the last. Wish we could talk Joe S. into giving us a base.

The Colonel has sent a message to all troops thanking us for the job we did last week and, of course, that sort of thing does a lot to weld a united team.

Helped Mike Conlon write a Roosevelt speech which he delivered to the enjoyment of all. We had a great time.

REMEMBERING PEARL HARBOR AND REASONS FOR FIGHTING

December 6, 1943.

Tomorrow we celebrate the day of infamy, and it is a good thing to go once again to the source of the war and see why we are fighting and why we can never fail. Our training of late has placed a lot more emphasis on the spirit necessary in a good soldier and the discussion of the morale factor. I am greatly rejoicing in this fact. It is much more vital than mere mechanical perfection.

The men I bunk with were, in civilian life: a social science teacher, a wholesale flower salesman, a special cop, a time clerk and a commercial artist. I take a lot of kidding about selling underwater lots! Try in vain to explain the high ethics of my former profession.

PLANNING FOR CHRISTMAS

December 22, 1943.

We have a public address system over which records and radio programs are broadcast. Already carols are plentiful and we all enjoy them very much. There are several services planned for Christmas Eve and innumerable amateur quartettes are threatening to hold forth with the old favorites. Wouldn't be surprised if they hear us in California.

My prayers and my thoughts are with you all. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning said, "What I do and what I dream include thee as the wine must taste of its own grapes."

"COUNTLESS AND CHANGELESS PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS"

December 23, 1943.

Dear Anne,

Have been thinking of you joyfully today and picturing you all as busily engaged in the countless and changeless preparations for

Christmas. Christmas is one day that stands serene through the tumult and sees our unity stronger than ever.

Two of my friends ran short of cash and I loaned them each some money so that we might all enjoy a pass before Christmas. The result is that I ran short . . . I am going on pass tomorrow and am looking forward to getting some more decorations for the tent. We are all quite enthusiastic with the results we have achieved so far.

"THIS HAS BEEN A TRULY HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

December 25, 1943.

Dear Family,

Christus natus est, Alleluia! That's the way I feel today and you can ask my faithful twin Frank for a literal translation.

This has been a truly happy Christmas. I have shared your joy and been united with you every hour. Yesterday, around 3 o'clock, I visited the cathedral which was beautiful with poinsettias on the altar and seemed still and hushed in expectation of the Holy Night. I knelt there before the altar and thanked God for each one of you and for all you have given me in the past year. I thank Him above all for the gift of Himself that has given meaning to our lives and hope for our generation. And then I pledged myself anew to the fight ahead in patience, humility and courage. I got a couple of pies in town and, with the fruit cake from Ed, Anne and Judy and that wonderful box from Bill, was able to spread a swell feast (on some Christmas paper for a tablecloth) for our platoon. We had a grand time. Then we got going on carols! We sang them all and then sang them again. One of the boys asked me if I could "sing in harmony" and I told him, "Nothing but harmony!"

"THE CRADLE WILL OUTLAST THE CANNON"

December 25, 1943.

You can picture ten or fifteen of us "rugged" soldiers gathered around in our tent singing "Away in a Manger." As we sang, my eye travelled around the tent walls where our rifles hung in readiness as grim reminders of the world as it is. And I thought of how completely and infinitely greater is the power of Christ than the power of the world, and of the symbol of the manger that will endure in time long after war and destruction and material things have passed away. I know that the Cradle will outlast the cannon.

Then we went to midnight Mass, singing carols by flashlight and hearing again the old story with its ever new meaning. No Reveille this morning, so we all slept late. Dinner at 2:30 was a masterpiece. The Colonel visited all the men during dinner and said a few words. The meal itself was absolutely tops. Never had better turkey in my life and we really had all the trimmings. Pie, cake, ice cream, candy, fruits, nuts, etc. Swear I will never eat again! It has been a great day.

WINS MILE RACE AT NIGHT

December 28, 1943.

Just to show you that I am still a kid I'll tell you what just took place. Here we were all settled in for a quiet evening of letter-writing, gun-cleaning, etc. Then the issue was raised whether I could out-run Yocker in a mile run. I said, "Sure, any time," never dreaming he would take me up, and before we knew it we were both out in the dark laughing like anything and running the proposed mile! The spectators watched the finish by flashlight! I won. Our normalcy is being questioned, but it was lots of fun.

GREATEST FAMILY THAT EVER ALL TALKED AT SAME TIME

January 4, 1944.

Dear Dad,

You know, the Army requires one thing from every man who is going to become a real soldier and that is a sense of humor. Not many people realize, it perhaps, but it is one of the essentials. Bill and I are blessed with an inheritance of your own very super sense of humor, and right there is half the battle. So that, among many other things, is your contribution in a special way.

Dad, you have been a great team-mate and a constant inspiration that has helped me in this year of army life more than I can say. You and mother have given me the priceless treasures of the Spirit that are rooted in God and the Christian family. The Army has trained me for a year, but you have trained me ever since Frank and I arrived on the scene and started scrapping! You and Mom have been God's instruments through which I have always been blessed far beyond anything I shall ever deserve. Through your love He has taught me to be fear-free. My heart is humble and grateful tonight as I think of what being fear-free really means—knowing no fear of life or of death, of physical harm or of separation, no fear of being just a buck private in an infantry regiment, no fear of what people will think, no fear that you at home will withhold anything from me, nor any fear of the present or the future. Instead of fear, God has given me an inner peace and sureness that is as deep as my own soul and as solid as His plan for my life.

Keep well, Dad, and keep fighting. We've got the greatest family that ever gathered under one roof and all talked at the same time! And we'll do it again.

"LESS THAN REBIRTH IN US IS TREASON TO OUR NATION"

January 15, 1944.

Spent some very interesting time playing some Handel, Sibelius, Mozart, etc., in the USO Record room. Thought especially of you and how much you would have enjoyed listening too.

I feel so strongly what you express about the pain of rebirth. There can be no true joy without it and less than rebirth in us is treason to our nation.

"CAN'T FORGET MY DAYS ON CANAL STREET"

January 19, 1944.

Spent several hours tonight, not fruitlessly I feel, talking to one of the men in the platoon who is definitely searching for a reason for his life. More will follow. I hope and pray that he may come to "know what he fights for, and love what he knows."

Frank and Bob will be amused to learn that the well-known game of Monopoly is again becoming a craze. At least it is in a certain tent I know of. We are having lots of fun with it in our spare time. Incidentally some of the boys are finding it much less expensive than poker and craps.

There is a game going on around me, I having been squeezed out in the early stages! I just can't forget my days on Canal Street and continually get top-heavy with bargains and short on cash.

JACK THINKS OF FAMILY AND COUNTRY

January 20, 1944.

Mother, I certainly hope you are keeping warm! New York's cold wave seems so far away, but I can picture you with many fond memories waging the fight with sweaters, scarves, Afghans, etc.

I have just finished reading the 91st Psalm. How often have I read it humbly and gratefully in the past year and ever returned in spirit to that Sunday afternoon when you all gave me your gifts and Dad read it to us from the new Bible. That moment welded us and has "kept our hearts united in Him" ever since. "Marching in mists, yet dedicate to light," so we go forth with each new day. God's guidance and His love, eternally and abundantly available to us, that has been His promise and it will never fail.

Each day I see our part in the larger family of Moral Re-Armament more clearly. America will be re-born. I know it now as I have never known it. "She will be great because she knows her strength; strong because she is free. Free to obey God!"



7th Division in action—Kwajalein.

CHAPTER V

KWAJALEIN INVASION AND HAWAII FOR RE-EQUIPMENT

“PROUD OF WAY MEN FOUGHT AND REACTED TO VICTORY”

Marshall Islands,
Tuesday.

Dear Mother,

Well here at last is the letter you have been waiting to receive as I have to write it. I am 100% O.K. Didn't even come near being scratched. Am feeling fine and of course am very, very happy and grateful.

We can say with St. Paul, “Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory.”

Imagine you had things pretty well doped out as to where I was headed and by now have read all about the Marshall invasion. I have certainly felt the strength of your prayers and felt your love and faith uniting us in spirit all the time.

The trip down gave me plenty of time for thought and prayer and preparation and I went over the side in high spirits, confident that we would serve faithfully and well.

One happy day I shall give you the whole strategic and tactical situation and probably bore you to death with the help of diagrams and explanations and so forth. Meanwhile the censors insist that I speak only of my personal experiences. So most of this letter will be in the first person and may sound as though I won the war single handed. Such was not the case. The newspapers are carrying reports of the Marines and my own 7th Div. and are contriving to make it sound as though we just came along for the ride while the Leather-necks did the work. Don't you believe it!! More of that at a later date.



The 7th sets up radio in Kwajalein bomb crater. Insert—Snapshot of Admiral Nimitz and Lt. Gen. Richardson in the Command Post just after the last resistance had ended. A buddy of Jack left their position nearby in the same C. P. to get the picture.

My own part was quite a surprise to me. Quite unexpectedly, the night before we landed, the regimental Intelligence officer sent for me and gave me the job of operating a voice radio for him between the various squads of our platoon and the command post. My first move was to go aboard a control boat with the Colonel and most of his staff and communicate by radio with the assault waves that went in before us. It was really thrilling to be able to have such a comprehensive view of the whole operation from that excellent vantage point, and to get those first reports back from the front. After the beachhead was established and command of the operation from the shore was possible, we went in.

Throughout the rest of the battle, I never left the command post. Was on the radio most of the time maintaining contact for S2 with our platoon whenever it went out on a mission. I felt sort of funny about being back there with the staff all the time in comparative safety while the rest of the boys went forward, but it wasn't my idea. Naturally I gave everything I had to the job of keeping the information flowing. It was often very important. Once when the Colonel was badly out of touch with one of his battalion commanders I got permission to try something with my radio and was able to put him in touch in no time. Of course I felt happy about that.

After the whole thing was over and my radio was no longer on I did go forward with the platoon on a couple of small missions which were more like details than missions at that point.

I'm proud of our men, proud of the way they fought and proud of the way they reacted to victory.

I saw a real miracle take place through the united prayers of our platoon. One night back in the C. P. we all knelt down in the sand and prayed. The big guns were dropping their shells a mile in front of us. The next day those prayers bore fruit in a way none of us ever dreamed possible. I will tell you more when I can.

Please forgive this scrawl. You are all on my heart as ever. Hope soon for lots of mail from you. More later.

My love and prayers as always.



Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, Commander of the 7th Infantry Division, and another officer under the Stars and Stripes shortly after the flag was hoisted in the Kwajalein atoll, January 31, 1944. Jack said of him, "He's a great man and he has built a good team."

KWAJALEIN

AFTER KWAJALEIN—"YOU FOUGHT THE BATTLE WITH ME"

Tuesday Night.
(Feb. 15, 1944)

Dear Anne,

My joy knows no bounds! Had a terrific mail-call tonight and I am walking on air with gratitude for being in touch with you again.

As you know from my last two letters, "I" with a certain amount of help, have taken Kwajalein Atoll! "I" being in the best of health and spirits! I note that you have been reading about it and have noticed articles about Gen. Corlett. He's a great man and he has built a good team.

All your letters are great. As I note their dates and recall just what I was doing at various times I am filled with the sense of the overarching majesty and love and wisdom of God's plan. The description of your sense of readiness and awareness of the issue is amazing and yet in a sense I knew of course that you were fully prepared in courage and vision.

The way you prayed so faithfully for me especially on the — and — surely wrought many miracles and I never doubted them. My gratitude for each of you is something I can't begin to express.

I wrote the following in my guidance book on the 28th. "The family are solidly behind you, entrusting you to God and banking on you to fight both wars His way. When you read their letters of this date you will rejoice to see it. Entrust them to God as they are entrusting you." Tonight I saw the fullness of God's provision as I read your wonderful letters. You fought the battle with me in the quiet places of the spirit and God blessed us all.

It is ten-thirty and I am writing by flashlight and so will have to write Bill tomorrow. Also a good letter from Don. He is in fighting form, still undaunted and ever creative. I feel as close to him as if he were at my side in Ord again.

I am eternally grateful to all the clan for their prayers and to the whole world family that I know are praying.

My love to you. God make us faithful in all things. We seek his brave new world. And as we seek it, we create it.

BACK TO HAWAII FOR "REST AND RE-EQUIPMENT"

Thursday, Feb. 17, 1944.

Another quiet, peaceful and uneventful day, which is just what I expect for several months to come. The censorship still forbids my telling you the one thing I really want to. Wish you could guess!

Hawaiian Islands!
February 22, 1944.

Have just received the happy news that I can tell you of my being in good old Oahu! I have also received your letters. The only missing ones were no doubt sent to Kwajalein Atoll and will catch up. From all of which you can see how speedy and successful was our operation.

I am living very comfortably in 8-man wooden huts. Extremely light schedule at present. What the Army calls "rest and re-equipment."

PITIES MEN TIED UP WITH FEARS

February 24, 1944.

I wouldn't trade the courage and faith and realism and loyalty of "my two women" for all the furloughs on earth. I pity — and millions like him who go forth all tied up with the fears and foolishness of their people back home. You have answered "much separation" with "mutual sacrifice," and "much gloom" with "more guidance"!

THE JAPANESE DO SURRENDER!

February 25, 1944.

The hand of God has certainly been above us. The Philippines, Paramushiro and Burma may be pretty tough, but at least it is reassur-

ing that we do not have to take every little rock in the Pacific first, as it used to seem. The old idea that Japan had to be destroyed man by man seems less and less convincing. They do surrender! I believe now that we will Christianize Japan when the war is won.

DECIDES AGAINST APPLYING FOR OCS.

February 28, 1944.

Had thought of reopening a question unsatisfactorily answered at Croft as to whether I would follow in the footsteps of Jim Newton, John Wood, etc. However, does not seem right or advisable to make any attempt at this point [to try for Officer Candidate School]. To quote one of Corlett's messages to the 7th, "We belong to each other."

STILL CONTRASTING HAWAII TO KISKA

March 3, 1944.

I have never felt so completely rested in my life. I soothe my conscience with the thought that we shall be more fit for what the summer may bring. The rain here is warm and comes in regular deluges. On Kiska it used to be almost horizontal, but here it is vertical!

One of the boys used to do some interior decorating and he has drawn up some designs. We are doing it in slow stages with 20 supervisors to one worker! What fun!

UNEXPECTEDLY IN SERVICE AT CATHEDRAL

March 5, 1944.

Went to the cathedral this a.m. and had a rather amusing experience. We have a new Episcopal Bishop here, just arrived from the States, and this was to be his first service. As I was entering the Cathedral at about ten minutes before eleven, a young soldier stopped me and asked if I were an Episcopalian. Then says he, "Will you

please carry a Cross for us in the morning's procession?" Naturally, I was flabbergasted and gave him normal resistance, but after all he was in a predicament, it was getting late, and I've been in similar spots before! So carry the Cross I did, and ten minutes later was sitting in the chancel! They had a sailor carrying a church flag, and neither of us had any vestments. I thought of you and imagined what amusement you will draw from this incident.

DECIDES TO FOREGO AVIATION

March 6, 1944.

Dad, many of the men are applying for and being accepted by the Air Corps as Aviation Cadets. There is no doubt that I could obtain a transfer at this point. Such a step would involve a trip to the States, no doubt, a furlough, and in the end those gold bars seen only on the proud shoulders of commissioned officers! To buck privates in an Infantry regiment in which the accepted fact is that home is something one sees after the war is won, this seems naturally attractive. Personally, I can't see it. I have no illusions about the job I hold down. It is definitely nothing special and involves essentially no real responsibility. However, I feel that after 15 months of infantry work, most of it directed to the specific work I do, I would be both unwise and unpatriotic to leave the infantry. Individually I don't mean much, but as a member of a large team of men trained at great expense to think in terms of the "Queen of Battles," my service should be in the infantry for the duration. I feel sure you will agree with me on this and I will be grateful for your thoughts about it.

BACK FROM KWAJALEIN—BIRTHDAY FLOWERS TO HIS MOTHER

March 9, 1944.

I read the 12th chapter of Romans this a.m. and thought of Dad reading it to all of you the Sunday before you went to the party. "We being many are one body in Christ." These are words of which we surely know the full meaning in our lives.

Mother, I imagine your birthday will be over by the time you get this. My one thought before I left for Kwajalein Atoll was that I would give anything to be back here in time to wire you flowers for that great day in all our lives, March 14. And as you already know, I was back in plenty of time to get the flowers and the message across to you.

"WHO WILL SUPPLY THE MARTYRDOM?"

March 11, 1944.

Marj. wrote a real masterpiece, mostly the story of the funeral [Annie Jaeger's], and some reports by Alan [Thornhill—author of *The Forgotten Factor*]. Only one crowd on earth lives and speaks and worships and writes like that. Sounds like "Nations in commotion, prepared for Sion's wars!"

I am delighted that Dubie and Bootsie are to be with you also. Some revolution, I calls it! It makes me happier than you know to see all these indications of increasing teamwork and fellowship with what is surely the greatest crowd on earth. The more I meet people and travel and see things, the more sold I am on them and the fight we wage with them.

I read an excellent article in a recent *Newsweek* about building the new world, by an unnamed Jesuit. He asks simply, "Who will supply the martyrdom?" Which may sound farfetched in a sense, but it is surely no dream if we face the facts as they are.

DREAM OF HIS MOTHER—INTERRUPTED BY BUGLE

March 13, 1944.

Dear Mother,

Well, tomorrow is the great day! Had a rather amusing dream about you the other night. Seems you walked in your sleep! Can't ever remember your having such a tendency, but you did look so very natural, I decided to walk with you! Then some darned fool decided to blow a bugle, and that's that!

ON PASS IN HONOLULU

March 14, 1944.

Dear Anne,

Have just returned from visiting Honolulu on pass. Browsed around the little secondhand shop, and what should I spy but *Rising Tide*. You may imagine with what awakened memories I purchased the battered old copy. The proprietor threw in a couple of Papal Encyclicals to boot and charged me 10 cents!

Sat in the Cathedral coolness and silence for a while listening to the organ. Then I thought of you all probably gathered at that moment celebrating Mom's birthday and, kneeling there before the altar, gave thanks for her and prayed in the language of the Liturgy, "Watch over Thy child, O Lord, as her days increase." I felt a real miracle of unity with all of you.

GETTING TO GRIPS WITH PEOPLE

March 15, 1944.

Have just had a try at answering the eternal question. "What is Moral Re-Armament?" Asked by a very good friend of mine. He has the highest I.Q. in the regiment and is just dripping with the kind of thing Aquinas spent his life to answer. I have a real affection for him. Down underneath he is just another despairing modern with very simple needs like the rest of us. Getting to grips with people seems not only the heart of life, but also requires more courage than anything else we face.

Frank, this censorship business makes me feel as though I were living in a vacuum. I miss being able to share more freely the *convictions* I have. In other words, I miss family corrective. Naturally, my life is wound up in the local people and events which are known to everyone here. My sharing is therefore limited. Never forget that I am very conscious of much in my own vision that has been lacking and much in my living that has been inconsistent with it. Your letters, of course,

supply tremendous corrective and help in their challenge and faith and dedication. The great wonder is not how unworthy we are, but how gracious and patient and all-sufficient God is. There are many things which must wait till we are reunited physically. Meanwhile we fight on.

DESCRIBES A "BULL" SESSION

Saturday Night,
March 18th, 1944.

Dear Bob,

First to apologize for the abruptness of last night's letter. What happened is that after I had started it, I got involved in a rather profound and all-embracing conversation with two or three of my friends, including my "I.Q." pal! We ranged anywhere from the purpose of personal property, to wit the health and well-being of family life, (Aquinas) to the moral obligation of a man to instill in his children a basic faith in the purpose of life! All this from every conceivable angle, with much gusto, humor, and some sincerity. Yours truly fighting to point up a real purpose short of opinions and points of view! Before I knew it, it was time for "lights out." This sort of discussion keeps coming up and I feel for the first time in my life that it can be used definitely and constructively under God as long as we see it guidedly and not as just an opportunity to air our own pet theories. . . .

We must not kid ourselves about the leadership and vision in the Army. Technically and materially it is the best in the world. Morally and spiritually, it just doesn't exist. A man who goes into any one of the services looking for vision or discipline or purpose will never find it. He's got to take it with him and pass it on to the next guy. The main thing is that one real fighter who has the answer and will battle for it can leaven the whole lump. That's the job God's calling us to do. Not that we can do anything of ourselves except as he remakes and renews us each day.

Keep fighting, Bob. We march together—"vanguard of a mighty host!"

Much love to all,

"A CHILDLIKE JOY AND SINGLENES OF HEART"

March 23, 1944.

I don't quite know how to express the sense of peace and joy that has seemed to fill me especially in the last week or so. God has given a resurgence of a childlike joy and singleness of heart that has in reality made me as happy as a lark!

My guidance was to share with you this sense of peace and joy that has come as once again God gives grace to set our face steadfastly to do His will.

"Out of a million homes in touch with God will come a nation's peace."

"WHO WILL FIGHT FOR THEIR FREEDOM?"

March 24, 1944.

Dear Bob,

You are surely approaching the moves of the next weeks in the right spirit. Be prepared for anything and have your faith securely rooted in God and nothing can shake you. F. is a beautifully pitiful example of a man who put his trust in a human plan, which crumbled as human plans do, and now is bewildered. There is no place in the armed services today for a man who wants a career, only for men who will fight for their freedom to obey God and pay with their lives if necessary.

"A VIRTUE BOTH COSTLY AND DIFFICULT"

March 28, 1944.

Dear Bob. . . .

I pray for you every night that God will fit you for the Air Corps if it is His will and that He will be working at the other end too. But especially I pray that He will be real to you. Nothing compares in importance with your own inner fitness. It is your willingness to obey, ability to be guided and live for His service that will be the answer

in every decision, the solution for every problem. And it is precisely this secret of God-control, blood bought in spiritual warfare, that will be your great contribution to the Air Corps. Patriotism, being love of God expressed in love of country, is a virtue both costly and difficult. It requires self crucifixion. You will be one man in hundreds who go in with you, who will know what it is to be a fighter. God help us all to see the tremendous trust He has placed in our hands and be faithful to it. We cannot do anything without Him and do it right. I cannot maintain rightly even the most elementary relationships unless I seek in Him love for the person concerned and vision for him. Have seen this demonstrated only recently. But with God's gift of His Spirit we shall see miracles increasingly.

Do let's be on a sound basis of sharing with one another, Bob. I need your prayers and guidance for the battle at this end. And I want to be a real team-mate with you. Let's forget that word "hero" which you have used in some of your recent letters!! Don't get me wrong now, Bob, I'm grateful for your praise and I definitely value it and feel humbled by it. But we are co-fighters, fellow warriors and equals and I need your leadership and vision as much as you need mine. When you enter the Air Corps there is only one pattern for you to follow, only one standard for you to live up to and that is God's plan for you, sought, found and obeyed at each step. Nothing else is good enough.

I am ever so grateful for you, Bob, for your great vision and sharing and especially your hopes and dedication for these next days. Keep fighting. Let me know how I can help. God bless you.

READS SPEECHES

April 3, 1944.

I read Frank's [Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman] speeches through last night after lights out by flashlight. I am most of all struck by the one to the Scandinavian Assembly in which he says, "I am not turning back, etc." Events have made it a historic statement.

CELEBRATES EASTER

April 9, 1944.

Another Easter goes down the corridors of time with its perennial messages of the ultimate triumph of eternal life and love. . . The Cathedral was thronged. People were gathered outside before the service in throngs and were almost literally hung from the rafters. The fragrance of the foliage came in through the open windows and seemed to absorb the lilies and other interior decorations. The Bishop preached and was in rare form. I went to Communion with special prayers for all of you.

SENDS MONEY FOR SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION

April 22, 1944.

I had guidance at this time to send Frank Buchman a check for \$10, and one or two thoughts about the significance of Mackinac [Moral Re-Armament training center]. . . .

"MORE THAN THEIR OWN AMBITIONS"

Tuesday, April 11, 1944.

DEAR CHARLES [an older brother],

We men of the Hogan family can well afford to be proud of our women. Their courage and faith and vision has so often outdistanced our own in these trying times. Mother wrote me recently that "Christ's entry into our lives has made this separation not only bearable but triumphant." With that sort of backing, we can't fail.

Along this same line, I think nothing has been more of an inspiration and support to me than Frank's [his twin] marvelous adjustment to his situation. No man ever had more "intestinal fortitude" or willingness to fight for his country than he, and yet it was clearly impossible for him to fight in a military sense from the first. So he is fighting the only way he can and doing it with all his heart. And the thing that strikes me is that his fight alone will endure. What Bill and I are doing now, and what you and Bob may be doing soon, is

right and necessary and I would not be doing otherwise. But only the fact that I share in the spiritual battle with Frank Buchman and the whole world family makes me sure that we are not fighting in vain. You saw this issue clearly years ago and I always feel I owe you a special debt of gratitude for your spiritual pioneering in those days when as a confused kid with loads of nonsensical ideas you helped to put me on the right track and whet my appetite for the real thing. Whatever blunders and misfires those days contained (and I'm still blundering!), they opened to us all a way of life that has stood the test of time and is really the only basis of hope and security for the future that I have any faith in.

I am convinced that, war or no war, the real issue is whether we can raise up a group of simple, ordinary people, not statesmen or fanatics or anything else, but ordinary people who love God more than their own ambitions and care for each other more than their own prides who will build a new world. We already have the nucleus. The ordinary man with his perfectly human hopes and fears and limitations and capacities was the raw material of the Church in the first century and will be the hope of our generation as well. I feel tonight that the knowledge of these things and a part in them is the greatest gift God has given me.

YOUNG NIECE'S CLASSMATES ADOPT HIM

April 13, 1944.

I shall never get over a large manilla envelope which came from Judy's teacher! We are all in stitches! 29 letters from her classmates written to "Uncle Jack." Seems that little rascal gave one of my letters to her teacher to read to the class. The teacher, who also wrote a lovely note, developed a project for the class, to wit: writing me! So I wake up this a.m. the uncle of one niece and go to bed tonight with some 30 rascals who call me "Uncle Jack."

I have been on K.P. today and am writing this after a refreshing shower, by flashlight. It is great to be able to have fun on K.P. again. God is giving me a song in my heart these days that enriches everything I do.

I am most grateful, Anne, for what you shared about the use of my article. My greatest joy is having a part in the life and work of the team [Moral Re-Armament].

This is no time for reform. This is the time for revolution. We are not out to clean up anything as such. We are rather out to be used in the moral regeneration of the world, and in this great task we are of course nothing but the merest instruments.

ENVISIONS POSTWAR STRUGGLE

April 17, 1944.

The forces of Moral Re-Armament have sent into the armed services many men, long trained in that inner discipline that comes from God and filled with the love of country that alone can make good soldiers. They subject themselves to control willingly and creatively and therefore are the real patriots.

From their ranks will come the true public servants of tomorrow, the men who put their country above personal gain and who therefore must be the builders of the future.

Whatever pacts, treaties, boundaries and programs may be decided upon around the peace table, three types will be the raw material of the postwar world. There will be three voices.

The first will propose destruction by force. It will be a voice of cruelty, of hatred, of revolt.

The second will be a voice of destruction by subversion. It will attack from within through greed, fear, lust, racial and class antagonisms. Its battleground will be the heart of the ordinary man in which it will breed chaos.

The third voice will call for national rebirth through moral rearmament. It will appeal to all men, everywhere, in the name of divine justice and truth. It will be above party, race, class or creed. It will plead for the dignity of human personality on the only basis on which it has ever, or can ever exist, namely, under the fatherhood of God. It will restore and rebuild democracy through a return to the faith of our fathers which gave it life in the first place and has

nourished it ever since. It will take a bruised and bleeding humanity, weary of war and waste, and weary of the worldly wisdom that never works, and say to it with all courage and hope:

Neither the sword, nor the pen, can save us, but the Cross of Christ alone.

Which voice will it be, America?

NOT COMPLETION BUT GROWTH

April 25, 1944.

Am moved by your feeling, Mother, that my letters have become "more serious." Only such a tremendously selfless love as yours can create that kind of insight and sensitive perception.

Actually there is little new here and nothing to be too serious about. I guess I gave you that impression unconsciously because I always resist the idea of slipping into a rut of unrealistic thinking. I feel we must live a day at a time, peacefully and trustfully and yet always keep in sight what lies before us. I can honestly and happily share with you, Mother, that I am tonight more fit, more ready, more at peace, more single-minded than I have ever been in my life. I have found my part in the fight and God has blessed me far beyond my deserts.

One of the things about my life in the Army that is at once an obstacle and a great blessing is that I'm alone a great deal of the time, not in the physical sense of course, but in the sense of having such limited facilities for expressing the things I really feel. Which means that as a result I do a lot of thinking. And I have not the sense of completion but of growth.

And then there is "the whip of the world's doubt" to be faced, misunderstanding, misinterpretation, and downright persecution. Those who see the picture only too clearly and are stung by the moral finality of it, and then those who simply don't get the point, and patronizingly suggest that we are taking life too seriously. I have to fight my personal sensitiveness in the face of that kind of ridicule that is based on the idea that it is wise and sophisticated to put your hands in your pockets and whistle smugly while civilization crumbles about your

head. Actually I don't think there is very much I can do about civilization, but I do believe there is everything God can do about it if He has an impassioned minority who will pay the price to be His instruments. Fighting these things out isn't exhausting or depressing. Rather it is like spiritual exercise and results in that peace which St. Augustine says, "is the tranquility of order."

And so I know tonight and felt I must share with you that there will be no turning back, that we are going on together no matter how hindered by the world's misunderstanding or our own mistakes, and goodness knows there is plenty of both!! Ours is the privilege and the destiny and we will not renounce it.

Much love to you all and my deepest gratitude. This has been far more lengthy than I intended and must sound far more like a sermon than I intended, but I will bank on your understanding!!

Frank Buchman wrote me a grand personal note thanking me for the check, mentioning the article and sending "many messages from us all."

MINORITY TO SAVE THE WORLD

Tuesday, May 2, 1944.

We have talked a lot about crisis in the past and I've never been very much moved by it (probably because all I was doing was talking about it!!). But I do have a very simple and humble but very powerful conviction that we are on the threshold of a new world. We are at a turning point in civilization, a crossroads for humanity. Just how dark and abysmal one of the alternatives may be or how full of hope and the rebirth of nations the other, God only knows. The issue is in His hands. Just how vital and significant and history-making those days at Mackinac may be is a hard thing to evaluate, a dangerous thing to underestimate. The lesson of history is that He uses a minority to save the whole. I pray that in His goodness and wisdom He will give us all that it will take in courage and vision and humility and passion to be faithful instruments. It's an august responsibility, but His gifts are "joy and peace and power in the Holy Spirit."

"ALWAYS A WAR TO BE WON"

May 3, 1944.

Dear Bob,

Well, old top, I started to write this letter to you almost two hours ago, but was interrupted by Chub Mathews, my I.Q. friend who called over to me an invitation to "come on over here and morally re-arm me!" It was decidedly not the time for serious discussion, but I waded through the beer bottles and laughed the boys along, which also has its place.

Have you read *Life's* editorial of April 10? When Uncle Joe told the boys to go underground, identify and bore from within, they surely took him seriously.

There is not very much to report in the sense of news, but there is always a war to be won, a price to be paid, and the joy of giving thanks. And I feel that I, of all men, have so much to be grateful for.

SOLDIER'S REACTIONS

May 5, 1944.

I am moved by the thought of what you, as a mother, have given in this war. Not so much that you have sent three of us forth to the battle of arms, but that you have sent all of us forth to the war of the spirit. The courage and faith with which you sent me forth and then Bill, and now Bob have been in very truth our secret weapon. I know this beyond any doubt and I know Bill will bear me out, and Bob too. But Frank has gone to war in a no less important way and in fact, I sometimes feel he is the greatest warrior of us all. Yours is a love that separation cannot turn to fear, nor danger daunt, nor doubt assail, a love fashioned by God, nurtured in faith, forged in courage and "the fruit of it is peace."

Last night we saw *The Song of Bernadette*. I would say it is the greatest picture of all time. In fact, it is an *experience* in the better sense of the word. I could write a book about the comments and reactions to it I observed. The average man can't conceive life on that plane. Many people were tremendously moved by it. For myself I

felt that for once Hollywood was a medium for bringing us face to face with the supernatural. I felt as though I were in the presence of something that was above and beyond and truly humbling.

EXACTLY ONE YEAR BEFORE HE WAS KILLED

May 7, 1944.

There has been a movement here on the part of the Communications Section to get me to transfer to Message Center. My own officers and non-coms of course don't want me to go, but would not stand in my way if I wanted it. I have given it a little thought and decided against it. It would be a much safer spot when we go into combat again, and there is an excellent chance of getting a rating out of it. But I have no thought of its being right for me. My heart is in Intelligence and Reconnaissance. I can do much more as a private where I am. It has been a rather interesting experience to reflect on how much I wanted it when I first joined this outfit and was unknown to I. and R. God has worked out "His mysterious ways." I feel perfectly happy about it as it stands.

CHAPLAIN GIVES EVERYBODY "MERRY HELL"

Sunday, May 21, 1944.

I confess to being rather lazy today. I lolled around, finished my book on St. Francis and went to Mass. Incidentally, I go to Mass because there is no Episcopal service handy. There is an early one on a different part of the post. That plus the fact that I like to hear Father Vogel give everybody "merry hell" in a nice way, week in, week out, is my main reason in answer to your question. There is something objective, virile, reasonable and adequate about his simple sermons that appeals to me greatly.

I will say I have never felt more convinced in the divine origin of the Church than I do now. My allegiance to the team has strengthened and not conflicted with it. Must close now. Much love and my prayers.

HITCHHIKES TO EARLY COMMUNION

Pentecost 1944.

Dear Bob,

Today is the birthday of the Church and this morning dawned clear and bright in old Hawaii. I attended the Episcopal Communion service in the main church at 8:15. Combined walking and hitchhiking to get there. It was a lovely time for a walk. Thought of you all and felt that indeed it was "the blest sacrament of unity." I arrived a good half hour early and had a fruitful quiet time while the altar was being prepared. My first thought was, "Today is the rededication in the fight for a new world." I prayed for you all individually and came away strengthened and reassured that nothing shall cut us from His love, or stop us in the fight to serve, or destroy the unity that is born of the spirit.

FEELS NEED OF CORRECTIVE

Friday Night, May 26.

Anne, I don't know when a bunch of mail has meant so much to me.

I do most sincerely welcome your complete corrective and vision as God gives it to you. And I must share that never have I needed it more than in the last ten days. But we are going on and we will not give up the fight. God's patience is surely the first wonder of the world. My guidance tonight was simply, "Satan will not have you because Christ will not let you go. . ."

INTERESTED IN INDUSTRIAL DRAMA

Monday, May 29.

What a tremendously fruitful time that weekend was. [The first Washington showing of the industrial drama *The Forgotten Factor*] The news of that caring, fighting, united team warms my heart and makes me feel the truth of Bob's remark, "There is no time out for war or peace."

It is thrilling to hear of so many of my good friends being there and asking for me. More than ever I am committed to the task we share under God in this great fellowship.

WHY HE DECIDES TO STICK WITH PLATOON

Saturday night,
June 3, 1944.

Mother is indeed my "chin-up girl."

There are so many different factors which I cannot explain and which lead me to believe that I am doing the right thing. There is something about the spirit of the men in this platoon that I have grown to love and I want to help guard it. I do realize that this is merely a temporary responsibility but I feel it is none the less vital. Naturally, having Japs shoot at one is not a requirement of national service spiritually, and I don't mean that! It is merely that I feel God has placed me on a certain road and I must walk that road. There is so much self-seeking, so little corporate thinking and living, so few think first about their nation (or even their platoon!) and then themselves, that we are going to have to provide an extreme contradiction to the spirit of the age if we are going to leaven the age, and on a vast scale.

If personal happiness is any test of my decision, then I have done the right thing. I do feel clear about it. Personal safety is pretty much of a muchness. If you are trying to do God's will in both the war of arms and the war of the spirit, you can fairly well forget it and leave it in His hands. "God hates peace in those whom He destined for war" may be primarily a spiritual truth, but I think it applies to physical danger as well. Don and I spent many an hour on this issue and Don felt at that time that my decision was right. Please understand that I feel there is no rule about it, no over-all philosophy.

Frank, I believe you have the answer for millions of men on the home front who are wallowing in inferiority, self-pity, resentment and who are doing a sloppy job where they are because their eyes are on the other side of the fence. In a way, the problem of the buck private is somewhat the same,—"if you haven't got stripes, you aren't doing anything." Every day I see the problem mounting and more and more maladjustment building up.

"WARS HE HAS LED INTO HEART OF EVIL"

Trinity Sunday
(June 4, 1944)

Dear Frank,

Trinity Sunday, and Frank's [Buchman] birthday. Received Communion for his "special intention" as I had written him I would. What a pageant of memories he can look back to on this day. As we too review the wars he has led into the heart of the evil of our time, we can but pause in awe and thank God for His great gift to us in Frank, a prophet statesman for our time. . .

I think one of Aquinas' most important doctrines was that the ordinary man didn't have time to study theology and in many cases didn't have the brains and that therefore he could never arrive at a full and perfect concept of religious truth *unless* he did have *supernatural revelation*. A few rare souls, according to Aquinas might arrive at truth through study and reason, but the average man in the street had to have what we call guidance, both corporate and private. Armed with that, anyone can come to the fulness of the life, work and truth of Christ and His Church.

I am conscious of the tremendous privileges that we have been given in belonging to the team. Truly we are living with the "choice and kindred spirits of the age" and we are living on the threshold of history.

"BE WITH THEM ON THE BEACHES"

Tuesday, June 7, 1944.

Dear Dad,

Well, at long last, we are in the throes of Channel invasion and thanks be to God who has blessed us thus far beyond any hope, and who will give us the final victory! Funny how the first thought that hit me was to pray: "Be with them on the beaches." I think with all humility that only an amphibious infantryman could feel what I felt.

I did not write last night because I went with the gang to see *Going My Way* (which you absolutely *must* see, Dad. I know you will get a great kick out of it). When the show was over the report from "Ike"

was read, and from that point on till after midnight, this place was going full blast with every radio in the place in operation.

Have just heard FDR make his prayer over the radio. The emphasis laid on the dependence on God in this crisis is very significant. We are not going to be overoptimistic about it. Ahead lies fierce and costly fighting. Everyone can see that. The thing to thank God for is that we did not have to face it on the beach *as well* as inland.

GRATITUDE FOR HIS DAD

Sunday, June 18, 1944.

Dear Dad,

This is your day, and so was yesterday!! [Father's Day and birthday.] My thoughts go back, I don't know how many years, to the time when I couldn't understand how you, being older than me, could have your birthday come later than mine! I seemed to feel that being born on the 16th would automatically make me older than you who were born one day later! Somehow you finally cleared up that issue for me, and have been straightening me out ever since on more and less vital matters!

I can't help but break into a broad smile as I write and recall some of the humor and fun we have shared together. You have always symbolized for me three things among man—humor and wisdom and love of family. The one great simple fact that has moulded all our lives more than anything else is the unshakeable dedication to family life that you have always had. God gave you in Mother the perfect partner and what you two built together under Him is the greatest miracle of all our lives.

"A TRADITION CAN BE A BAD THING"

July 2, 1944.

Dear Dad,

They have paid a tremendous price for their advance on Saipan, by far the greater part paid by the Marines. The rifleman has got to do the ultimate job but if supporting arms are fully and wisely used his job is totally different from the task he otherwise faces. A tradi-



Jack as a boy, on the extreme right, with his Dad and four of his brothers on vacation together.



In Hawaii after the Kiska landing.

tion, even a heroic one, can be a bad thing when it loses touch with reality and becomes out of date. When you consider 3000 dead in the Channel invasion up to the 20th and then see fully one-third, 1000, dead in a comparatively minute operation like Saipan, it is something to think about.

“ONE BLOCK OF OLD NEW YORK WORTH HALF THE WORLD”

Wednesday morning, July 5, 1944.

We are so cool here that I have often thought of you all sweltering on the steaming pavements, and while I always feel that one square block of dear old New York is worth half the world, I don't think this is the best time of the year to have to walk around that block too much.

THE LEAVEN OF A NEW SOCIETY

Sunday, July 9, 1944.

I have a great joyful feeling tonight that there are tremendous days ahead, full of victory and miracles. My guidance is, “You will be busy in heart, mind and hand, building many things and God will give you the heart large enough to embrace all whom He has for you to love and all He has for you to do. I see immediate steps in my relationships here that must mean really healed people. I feel Mackinac is a part of me, and I of it, thru constant carrying it on my heart. Needless to say my mind is never far from home. Meanwhile the war of arms gathers momentum. I feel again with special force tonight that we are faced with a terrific issue in these days whether we will live only for ourselves or whether we will humbly under God become the leaven of a new society. The moral disintegration of millions in these times is truly staggering. Every day I am more sobered by it.

Quiet times are the staff meetings of the spiritual war without which there can be no victory.

ENCOURAGES YOUNG BROTHER IN TRAINING

July 11, 1944.

Dear Bob,

At least you won't have to walk, and while you will be subject to artillery, strafing, mines, etc., you are protected in the great majority of cases from the small arms fire that is the bane of the infantry. In other words we are all subject to the big stuff but at least you won't have to worry about the small stuff! Is my reasoning correct, so far?

The heat sounds pretty tough. In fact it sounds like the worst feature of the whole deal, but you will beat it. Attitude and mental climate play a large part when you're fighting the elements. And remember, Bob, even heat can be a sacrament.

“USE ANY AND ALL OF MY FUNDS WITHOUT HESITATION”

You are a honey for giving me such a full report on the money. I was not worrying. I merely wanted to know the facts and did not worry and now that I have them I shall certainly not begin. God is taking care of us as I knew He would, but after all I am not a woman, and lacking intuition, must rely on information!

LATER FROM HAWAII AFTER A RAISE IN PAY

Dear Mother,

So glad the allotment business can be handled from your end. The next step is to have my present \$25 allotment canceled, or rather change it to a \$10 allotment. When that is done, you will receive \$15 from Uncle Sam plus \$22, plus \$10 from me making \$47 and I will still get \$30 across the pay table after all deductions. My base pay, since this raise is now \$70.

WROTE AGAIN ON THIS SUBJECT

Have been wondering today just how things are going financially at home? I cannot repeat too often how very much and very deeply

I want you to feel free to use any and all of my funds without hesitation. Banking the money I send is O.K., and very swell, but not if it can be used toward running the home here and now. You know money means absolutely nothing to me, and I am fully aware of the sharp increases in prices, etc.

"DEAR OLD 7TH DIVISION—PRIDE AND JOY OF PACIFIC"

I am also interested in your report of Bill's opportunities for OCS and your question. Actually, I understand that my name was among the four submitted by the company commander as a possible man for OCS, but nothing further has been done, and I have all but forgotten it. There are several factors to be considered, and that is that since the dear old 7th Division has become the pride and joy of the Pacific, it is well nigh impossible to get out of it. Keeping us just as we are is a pretty important thing right now. The day may come when that shoulder patch of the black hourglass on a red field may play a part in the war of nerves against Japan. We are given tremendous publicity here and on the West Coast especially. My guess is that an OCS will be set up here or in Australia and some men will get to go (not to Benning as they would like!) but to OCS anyway, but I doubt that I will be among them. I lack rifle company experience and that is a big strike. I have always felt that if I ever became an officer, I would be best fitted for communications or eventually an assistant staff job, and these are not what they are looking for. However, I still feel the need is for leadership and I do believe I could be doing a bigger job. But in all this, I feel, as I think you know, that One wiser than we is drawing the plans of the *real battle*, and in that battle I want to be an obedient soldier.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HONORS HIS DIVISION

Hawaiian Islands

Sat. nite, Aug. 5, 1944.

One thing I have meant to write about is the visit F.D.R. made to our little island. He reviewed the *Seventh* in a one division parade

which could be interpreted as quite an honor for that one division! I was out at the school at the time, but he came out there too, and we lined up along the road as he came along in his big open car and got an excellent look at him.

Don't believe I ever mentioned that we now wear (in fact, have for some time worn) the Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon with two stars, one for Aleutians and one for Marshalls; also the combat infantryman badge; also the good conduct ribbon (now worn by everyone and his uncles!).

I *am* rather amused about Bob and his carbine but it is a healthy infatuation under present conditions!

This Admiral Spruance who has been mentioned in the Guam business is a *corker*! His message to us was, after Kwajalein, "My gunboats will be *proud* to give you fire!" They certainly weren't working for the newsreels when we saw them. I believe he would run his cruisers right up on the beach if he thought it would help the infantry. So much for politics.

WANTS EVERY FAMILY DETAIL

Hawaiian Islands

Monday, July 17, 1944.

I have only one question about the letters you and Mother and Frank wrote on Sunday and I am rather amused I must confess! Why are you all so infernally nonchalant about Bill's visit with you?!! Lord, woman, don't just tell he came, he saw, he conquered and he went back to camp! What did you all do to celebrate? What sort of set-up is he in at Meade, etc., etc.? How long does he expect to be there? What did you think of his G.I. haircut?

It is now twenty minutes to eleven. (There are no more blackout rules, so we still have our faithful Coleman lantern on.)

Don't quite know what makes me feel so light-hearted (or light-headed) tonight. Must be the way I live!

PRAISES TRUMAN FOR CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

Dear Dad,

Thanks for the picture of [Gen.] Corlett. No praise of mine can do him justice.

Dad, what do you think of this Vice-President issue of the Democrats? I am glad of the possibility of Truman getting it. He is one man we know has stuck his neck out for a sound nation built on Christian principles, and I would like to see him get a chance to demonstrate his beliefs as Vice-President. Incidentally, I received a card to fill out about voting, sent it in and received an acknowledgment, so I take it I will be able to cast my first vote this year.

It seems queer to be thought of as a veteran (and asked innumerable questions in that light!) but there is no denying that the dear old *Seventh* has made a name for itself. It means a lot too for the men to be sold on their outfit.

PROPOSES TRANS-PACIFIC PHONE CALL

Hawaiian Islands
July 20, 1944.

Dear Mother,

For some time now, I have had on my mind the question of a trans-Pacific phone call, not that there is any urgent matter to discuss, in fact, everything said would be subject to censoring. But just so that you might hear my voice and I yours. I would be positively thrilled if it works out. Of course, perhaps it is a bit impractical, being so expensive and since there is really nothing urgent to talk about, but it is a full year since we have been united in that way. If you do not check this, or feel it isn't sensible, just say so, and, of course, I will not feel let down or anything of the sort.

NEXT BEST THING TO FURLOUGH

Hawaiian Islands
August 11, 1944.

This has been a very happy day, especially because I have had word on our phone call. I have been notified to report to a certain booth on Sunday, A.M., Aug. 13 at 9:30 and you may bet your boots I'll be there! And with bells on! You can imagine my excitement at the prospect of hearing your voices again. As Mother said, it will be the next best thing to having a furlough.

"GOD'S GIFTS PUT MAN'S BEST DREAMS TO SHAME"

Hawaiian Islands
August 13, 1944.

Dear Anne,

Have just returned to camp after our wonderful phone call, and to say that I'm walking on air is to put it mildly. It was thrilling and strengthening as I walked back past the golf links, praying silently in thanksgiving for this great gift, to know that at that exact moment five thousand miles away all of you were gathered together also giving thanks.

The cooks gave me an early breakfast, and one of our drivers took me to the phone booth in the Colonel's sedan, so I was in plenty of time! Each one of you sounded so perfect and I could feel your joy and faith across the miles, defiant of time or distance or events, a living pledge of our trust in the wisdom and love of God. Whatever the future holds I shall be more fit for it because of that call.

Dad's voice coming in clear and steady after that moment of breathless waiting had in it something I can't express.

Frank sounded tops and seemed so close. He made me feel in the few words he spoke about Mackinac, more than ever, that I am fighting in the heart of the world-wide spiritual family. Those few moments with my twin were worth more than you will ever know.

I felt, Anne, as you spoke, that there were tears in your eyes which you tried to stop but which came on despite you. But I am glad they came because I knew beyond any doubt that they were tears of joy and came from a heart not filled with fear or sense of separation or rebellion, but full of love for me and gratitude to God, and this knowledge made the call mean even more to me. You were none the less clear and strong and those few words that came from your heart will be cherished between us always. "God's gifts put man's best dream to shame" and that call was another of His great gifts.

I am going to write Bob and Bill now. They were very much in my thoughts and seemed so close. Bob no doubt knew the time of the call because he very generously wanted to give some money he left behind towards the cost. That's real sharing, but it must go towards a call from him down Texas way. Frank can write a check and then my next allotment will restore most of the cost. I'll send you most of the extra \$70 I'll get this pay day, so the Lord has provided while He guided, as He always does. Much love and more tomorrow. Have quite a lot of work on my equipment to do this afternoon.

HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION

Hawaiian Islands
August 15, 1944.

Bob is a riot! I get quite a kick out of the problem he faces in those 90 letters! Small fry, I call it. Within the next month I will mail you about three packages of letters which I consider my most prized possession. I will enclose an extra set of my ribbons for Mother.

Received the check on the Noyes stock. Two bucks is two bucks! But it is no reason for calling me an economic royalist!

Sorry you had that mail-less week, but perhaps it was good preparation for things to come.

I sense again today in Mother's letter an intangible yet unmistakable spirit of victory. In the face of Bill's momentary silence and the prospect of another such period from me, her faith seems unshakable and is a mighty challenge. The best is yet to be.

CANNOT EXPLOIT UNIFORM TO WIN HIS GIRL

Hawaiian Islands
August 19, 1944.

Dear Anne,

Don writes that he had a nice tin of Whitman's chocolates purchased from the P-X which he wanted to send for my birthday, but they wouldn't let him. He is the finest man that ever walked the tundra of God's gray Aleutians!

I shall be just as happy if you do not call N. about the call. We must not take too much for granted. You see, Anne, her letters have never been more than casual; friendly and thoughtful and gracious, but still, casual, and I cannot place myself in a position where I might appear to be exploiting my present vocation and situation, or jumping to conclusions. No matter how conclusive my own thoughts are! This has been my guidance right along, and I must be faithful to it. (You can see from this sharing what a special place you have in my heart, for what brother writes thusly to a *mere sister!!*). Or what sister does such faithful and creative teamwork as you.

Bob says he made 141 with his carbine. He writes that a very lovely lady, related, but no more to him than to me, has promised him a kiss! Now, I certainly do not begrudge a fellow soldier this reward for straight shooting, but I must confess I am shaken by the cruel injustice of the modern world!! I, who have fired carbines, Mr's, pistols, '03's, Tommy guns, machine guns, BAR's, Japanese weapons of all kinds, and firecrackers, I, who have driven the Japs half way across the Pacific practically single-handed, what do I get—lemon drops!

"A nation rises no higher than its womanhood." This I believe, and knowing you I can rejoice, for it need rise no higher. God bless you.

JUST BEFORE LEYTE JACK ONCE MORE EXPLAINS WHY NOT COMING
HOME ON FURLOUGH

Dear Mother,

In answer to your question about furloughs, I don't know anyone who has more right to ask than you and I shall try to explain. Please never feel squeamish about asking anything whatsoever that may be on your heart. I will always try to answer you or tell you when I can't.

After 2 years overseas, soldiers in the Central Pacific Area are *eligible* for furloughs. (National security and strategy of course come first, and may always be given as a reason for one's not getting a furlough.) Whether moving into a different area will make the period longer I can't tell, but I think it will. In other words, Mother, the possibility is so small that perhaps it is not even worthwhile considering.

Japan, I believe, will take a year after the European theatre is finished. I could not possibly be considered until July at the earliest, and perhaps, if we are patient and faithful, we who still believe in miracles, will see one happen! I've really never been very far from you, and I feel very close to you tonight!

THE PHILIPPINES, LEYTE AND
MISSIONS WITH GUERRILLAS

ON TRANSPORT SAILING TOWARDS PHILIPPINES

Did you notice Len Allen's picture in *Collier's* of July 17th? There is quite a write-up on the Voice of China and M.R.A. is mentioned in connection with him.

My conviction grows with the passing days that our greatest need will be for courage when the sword has been sheathed and we must "bind, unite and heal." In exact proportion to the clarity with which we will see thru the humanistic solutions that will be offered on all sides we will need the courage that God alone can give if we are to be faithful to our destiny. Have read several articles recently about the collapse of morality and law and order in France and elsewhere. We are faced with living in a world where a generation of children has been raised in a climate where bloodshed is normalcy. We know that free milk and utopian playgrounds are not the answer, but it is going to take enormous courage and patience and vision to be the instruments of the spiritual rebirth that we know is the answer. May God fill our hearts and minds with His strength and make us faithful.

"CHOICE BETWEEN VORTEX OF FEAR AND PAGEANT OF TRIUMPH"

Dear Anne,

The words of Frank [Buchman] keep running thru my mind, "The choice is between a vortex of fear and a pageant of triumph." How clearly you have all chosen the latter and helped me immeasurably in doing the same.



Troop movement officer directs embarkation of troops and checks off names as men go up gangplank, Honolulu, T. H..



LCP's move into a beach on Leyte Island, P. I., under mortar fire from shore positions.



Jack Hogan (extreme right of fourth row). His platoon of the 184th Regiment, 7th Infantry Division, on board troop ship.

DISINTEGRATION OF FAMILIES

Dear Frank,

The closer we come to the military victory we have all worked for, the more obvious it becomes that our fight has just begun. Unless spiritual forces can stop the disintegration of the family within the nation, our victories will be a hollow mockery. If the soldier who gives his blood, sweat and tears on the battlefield to protect and preserve the homes of America, then comes back to find those homes eaten away with moral rot and selfishness the whole thing will seem like a waste of life and we will reap the fruits in the days to come of a generation of disillusioned young men.

War is a pretty sweeping thing and it shows the petty schemes and inadequate solutions of materialism and mere human wisdom in the clear light of reality. To know that we as a family have been privileged to find a part in the real battle is the thing that gives meaning to these days.

We fight on! Much love and every blessing.

LEYTE: IS MORAL LAW AGAIN TO BE BASIS FOR CIVILIZATION?

(October 1944)

From Leyte—Philippine Islands.

We had a "battle breakfast" steak and all the trimmings. It brought back memories of Kiska and Kwajalein. I had slept well, treated myself to the last shave for at least several days, adjusted my pack, re-read the Signal Operations Instructions and placed them in a waterproof bag with my map. Then I checked my carbine for the last time and slipped a shell into the chamber. All was in readiness. All the last minute details were completed. It was a morning of last times, of last preparations. The long sea voyage was at an end and I was grateful for the prospect of dry land once more. Shortly after the convoy

dropped anchor in Leyte gulf, a Jap bomber flew over and someone shot him down with his bomb bays still full. On deck the Navy was lowering booms, putting landing craft into the water, opening hatches, lowering nets over the side. All was bustle and confusion.

It was a clear day with a smooth sea. I went below, propped myself against the radio I would soon carry ashore and had a "quiet time" just as I have had almost every morning of my life for years. Frank Buchman taught me that "when man listens God speaks; that accurate adequate information can come from the mind of God to the mind of man." Quiet times or sacramental meditation are as old as the Prophets, and have been part of the Christian life since the beginning. Listening to God, finding His plan and conforming our will to His, that has been the chief joy of my life, the source of all creative and satisfying living. I reflected that it was the lack of this fundamental direction in the lives of ordinary men that had plunged the world into chaos. That was why I would soon be running across the beach of Leyte with hell and destruction on every side and the bodies of my comrades who had died because modern man had rejected Divine Authority. What a pity that so few of us knew why we were fighting. That for so many the cause was still Hitler and Hirohito or Pearl Harbor.

These thoughts among others flashed through my mind and I wrote them down in a little notebook. "Your armor is absolutely invincible. God has willed His truth to triumph through us. Mother will triumph over fear." More thoughts of my family. Of their ceaseless prayers, of the fight they were waging beside me in spirit for a new world under God. "Gratitude for Frank Buchman. His vanguard is once more destined by God to fight for human freedom, not only with the arms of war, but with the super-force of the spirit. Grateful for this unshakeable inner peace." Then the eternal words of Thomas A Kempis: "Let nothing trouble thee, let nothing affright thee. All things are passing. God never changes. Patience obtains everything." I was ready for the battle of the Philippines.



Unloading equipment and supplies on a beach at Leyte.

Over the ship's speaker came instructions for the boat teams to form at their appointed landing nets. A stocky little sailor lowered my radio into the landing craft below, bobbing up and down against the side of the transport. I swung my left leg over the rail in the prescribed fashion and climbed down into the boat. The coxswain gunned his motor and headed for the green capped hills of Leyte Island. The gulf was full of ships and boats of all types. Shoreward the battle wagons were pounding the beach with 16-inchers. LCIs were launching rockets. The town of Dulag was aflame. Navy planes were shuttling back and forth like swarms of birds and I could see the devastation of their targets. Amptanks and Amptrucks were churning the water forming assault waves at the line of departure. Someone in our boat pointed out a large mass of driftwood into which we were heading. The coxswain thanked him politely and changed course. The regimental intelligence officer stood on the deck of a destroyer from which the initial phase of the operation was directed. When he wanted to send a report to the Division Commander on how the operation was going, the progress our troops were making, he signaled our boat to come alongside and handed us the message. We would then send it by voice radio.

At H. hour the assault craft streaked for the beach. They looked like a lot of race horses vaulting from the gates. We watched them until they were just a mass of bobbing black specks against the sea. The barrage lifted and soon the message was handed down from the destroyer. We sent it with a prayer of thanksgiving. "First wave landed such and such a time. No casualties. Continuing on missions."

The Colonel and his party descended from the destroyer and we headed for the pock-marked blackened beach. Soon our command post was established several hundred yards inland. I was busy with messages. Everyone was trying to piece the picture together to see how things were shaping up. The reports were mostly negative. No man on earth could have lived through that bombardment. The Japs had fled inland.

The rest is history. I remember certain things vividly, mostly the nights. I shall never forget the time my radio was jammed at the very

moment the Division Commander was trying to warn us of a large-scale counter attack. For hours we explored every means of getting his message through. I kept pleading monotonously into the transmitter, "I cannot read your message. Say again. Last transmission missing. I cannot read you." I never got it but somehow the wire section found the break in the telephone line and the problem was solved. The counter attack was a false alarm. And then there was the patrolling my intelligence and reconnaissance platoon did with the native guerrillas. There was the night we slept on a rain drenched hillside, about 50 of us, two hundred yards away from where 250 to 300 Japs were bivouacked. They stole away in the darkness and we never found them.

Through all the days and nights I felt the support of the prayers my family and friends were offering. My own prayer was that I might serve without reproach and always have the victory over fear. God seemed very near in those daily quiet times sandwiched in between a hasty K ration and an urgent message. I thought of the sorrow that was with the passing days casting its shadow over many an American home, of the men who would never return. I realized then more than ever that there was in reality not one war but two; that unless we fought and won the battle against moral anarchy, against fear and hate in men's hearts our victory over Germany and Japan would be a hollow mockery, and an unforgivable waste.

And my question is this: Are the nations going to slip back after this war into the suicidal path of apathy, materialism, and moral decay that has produced two wars in 20 years and eaten away the very foundations of Christian civilization and turned the world into a vast slaughter house? Is that what my comrades have died for? Are we going back to an America torn asunder by industrial strife, betrayed by political expediency, disintegrated by divorce and immorality and eventually murdered by racial and class warfare? Or are we going to build a new world? Are we going to restore God to the leadership of our personal and national lives? Is obedience to the moral law, going to be again the basis for civilization, the one authority accepted by all men and all nations? Is there going to be reborn in the soul of America the passion for the Christian faith our

fathers knew when they hacked a nation out of a wilderness, the faith that guided Washington and Lincoln, that made America great? Will we find again as a free people the sense of responsibility as moral beings, the spirit of sacrifice and inner discipline? Will we root out of our national life the spirit of disunity, moral defeat and subversion and hatred that can destroy America?

"MIRACULOUS FREEDOM FROM FEAR OR CONCERN"

(November 1, 1944)
Pup Tent in the Field!
LEYTE

Dear Anne,

My barracks bags have not yet caught up, so I'm using some of this map overlay paper. Have been trying to get off this note for a couple of days. I have been pretty busy as you know. The news reaches us each day, and of course, we are thrilled about the Naval battle. I continue to feel absolutely tops and have everything I need. Food and water have been plentiful from the first and I am even getting a new pair of shoes today, so you can see I am suffering no hardships at all. (Forgive all the "I's", but that's the way the censor wants it!!) Understand there is lots of mail on the beach, including Christmas packages, but we have had no mail call yet of course.

I have had considerable contact with the natives and some of the Guerrillas; have conducted quite a bit of interrogation using interpreters, and of course many of them speak English. They are "the starved and shrunken children of a nightmare age" even more than the Japs on Kwajalein. Perhaps we can really help to put them on their feet. They are crazy about our rations, and we are doing our best about it. I found a little ramshackle church the other day about 20 feet square with a tin roof and a concrete floor, the crudest altar with Crucifix and a tiny pulpit that would be an obstacle course for a midget. That was the first time I ever entered a Church with a steel helmet on, pointing a carbine at the altar, but as soon as I had

made sure it was OK I made an act of the Presence of God and felt that squared it! Once again the Church has gone before in the vanguard of civilization.

These are easily the most creative days of my life, Anne, and I feel so inadequate to give you a picture of my thoughts. First, about all of you, I have the most positive conviction that all is well and that you are fear-free and fighting. My guidance about all of you has been repeatedly, "They are in power. All is well. Our fight is one." Never has the supreme importance of our home-front war been so deeply on my heart. My thoughts and prayers are joyfully and gratefully with all of you there. Have never had better quiet times although they are sometimes delayed! Anne, the thing I wish I could articulate for you is the humbling sense of miraculous freedom from fear or concern of any kind. God has given such a sense of invincibility that I feel very reverent about it. It is as real a manifestation of the supernatural gifts of the Spirit as I have ever known. There have been times of course when even the C.P. [Command Post] is not exactly like Ocean Grove, but I cannot seem to get excited at all, no matter how much running around some people do. God has simply given me His peace and nothing can cut that gift. There is a real song in my heart of praise and thanksgiving. How far beyond my deserts I have been blessed, God only knows, and He doesn't seem to care, but just keeps on blessing. I wish you would call N. More when I can, and until then my love and fondest thoughts and prayers. "Feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving."

GUERRILLAS' HELP TREMENDOUS

November 2, 1944.

Dear Dad,

As you can see I am now permitted to date my letters. All is very well and I am unscratched, so when you get this you will know that it's all over but the shouting. In many ways this was easier than Kwajalein. About the worst part of it was a couple of sleepless nights

when it rained so hard I thought my foxhole was a swimming pool! But in this warm climate no harm is done and we are now enjoying fine weather. Of course we are traveling light and have not yet received either barracks bags or mail. We are living quite comfortably in little lean-tos made out of bamboo poles and our ponchos. We are now having 10-in-1 rations. I could write a book about these natives. They are all around us with smiling faces and cheery "Good morning, sirs" and everybody salutes us from babies to old women. The guerrillas are really something pretty interesting and our platoon has had more contact with them than any one. All they want is food and ammunition and they will do the job. Their help has been tremendous.

LONG LINE OF FLEEING REFUGEES

November 2, 1944.

Dear Mother,

You would get a kick out of these little towns with their millions of barefoot, dirty children. One of the most moving sights I have ever seen is the long line of fleeing refugees seeking protection in our lines, abandoning their homes and carrying impossible burdens on their backs. Some have water buffaloes, huge animals usually driven by some 4-year-old tyke with four or five others behind him. These people will know peace and freedom again and it is good to know that we have helped to bring it.

Perhaps there will be another very short period of silence very soon but it will be only momentary. I will write whenever I can but I feel absolutely at peace about you and know that you have triumphed over fear and have the answer for millions of American mothers.

NATIVES BUILD GRASS HUT

November 5, 1944.

Dear Anne,

The last few days have been very peaceful and we have been working on our lean-tos. We finally engaged some native labor and have had the time of our lives supervising the erection of grass huts, very comfortable and also very picturesque. They use bamboo, palm leaves and banana leaves and the result is really something. Cashman, Pat Claytor and I have what we feel is the mansion of mansions. We now sleep on a bamboo floor raised from the ground.

GOD THE GREATEST REALITY OF THESE DAYS

November 5, 1944.

Dear Frank,

This is beautiful country and I feel that this is the best and most fruitful experience I've had. The rest of the platoon are near-by and we are a happy and grateful bunch of men, and clicking as never before. God has been the greatest reality of these days and His presence has made them a triumphant sacrament. I am grateful that this has been a spiritual as well as a military offensive.

AFTER LEYTE: "YOU ALL HAD EQUAL SHARE WITH ME IN BATTLE"

November 8, 1944.

Dear Mother,

Rain is falling gently on our thatched roof, but we are dry and comfortable inside and very much in the mood of school kids on a rainy Saturday!

It has meant a great deal to realize that after months of waiting and preparing and years of maneuvering for bases, we are finally in the heart of the Philippines. Kwajalein was just a drop in the bucket.



Native-style grass hut used by troops.

Two of Jack's buddies—Mike Conlon, with whom he teamed in imitations of President Roosevelt, and Charley Crawford.



joy of seeing smiles and freedom restored to faces which have known only fear. This is the first step in the liberation of Asia. You and all the world family are with me because you are fighting to set men free morally and spiritually. Our fight is one.

WHEN UNCLE SAM CAN DO WITHOUT HIM

The Philippines
December 6, 1944

Dear Mother,

It's not over yet, but I think the end is in sight.

This will have to be a sort of Christmas message to you all. I can send no cards, as I would wish to, and, as we still have four months' pay coming, cannot even send some little money orders on which I had planned. Despite all this, I am looking forward to the real spirit of Christmas more this year than ever and rejoicing in the realization that it is our day, that nothing can take it from us, and that no distance or lack of communications can dim the joy that is ours at the birth of Christ. I'll be with you in spirit. We don't need trees and trimmings for we know the pageant of rebirth in our hearts. And so rejoice and have the happiest Christmas yet, knowing that my joy also is full.

Anne's birthday is the 13th and I shall be thinking of her especially on that day and send my love and promise a birthday treat at Schrafft's or the Met or Macy's or whatever she will when Uncle Sam finally decides he can do without me.

You realize, I know, how light I must travel and the constant battle to keep things dry. However, I have been quite comfortable and am taking everything in wonderful stride because, of course, I have more to go on than my own steam.

God is in control. He keeps renewing my sense of humor so I guess I'm still on the ball.

PLATOON TAKES OVER PIANO

The Philippines
December 16, 1944.

Dear Dad,

Have had no mail for some time now, but the Commanding General has made a formal apology to the troops because of the delay and the red tape is being cut, so perhaps we shall have results soon.

Our platoon has taken over a fairly large two-story building and for the past three days have been living a life of leisure. We have plotted all the leaks in the roof and have maneuvered around them so we sleep dry and comfortably. Chairs, tables, beds and even clocks have been salvaged. There is a well in the back yard and we have erected a dandy shower. Have had quite a time washing and boiling our clothes in hot soapy water for a change which is quite an improvement over the stream bed operation! Every house seems to have its share of religious and other pictures. Over my bed hangs a copy of the famous Hoffman of "Christ in the Garden." Last, but not least, we have a piano! The best any of us can manage at this point is noise, but I'm sure we can unearth if not develop a pianist in time for Christmas Eve carols!! Charley Crawford and I are already discussing decorations, but I'm afraid they will pose quite a problem this year.

How long this period of rest in this spot will last I do not know, but I believe we have already done more than our share as a division and my private hunch is that we will be marking time until the curtain rings down for this island.

AT CHRISTMAS RECEIVES GIFT FROM FRANK BUCHMAN

Have just received a wonderful surprise. A marvelous fruit cake from the "Mackinac Family" with Frank's [Buchman] own signature on the card! What this great thoughtfulness means to me at this time you can well imagine.

WITHOUT RELIEF

The Philippines
December 28, 1944.

Dear Frank,

We have been on line as a division at least as long as any outfit in the Pacific in the number of consecutive days without relief.

Had a second Christmas dinner last night and the turkey was even better!!

I have received two Christmas packages and actually I'm grateful that the other packages have been held up. There were just enough thruout the platoon for everyone to have a share of cake, cookies, etc. and the others will be more welcome a week or so from now, especially the books!

I know the days of ease on Oahu were often not as fruitful as the days of hard work and hardship.

I have many wonderful friends in this platoon and indeed we have a real family spirit and thru thick and thin have learned to share the good times and bad unitedly.

A NEW SNAPSHOT FROM HIS GIRL

The Philippines
December 30, 1944.

Dearest Anne,

From N. I received, along with a beautiful Christmas card, a really wonderful snapshot. It's a close-up of head and shoulder and is very good except of course it doesn't do her justice, but it really is a knockout. Parenthetically, I might add that, as her two previous snapshots were on my person when I landed, the loss of the barracks bag was a side issue!! My dear sister, you underestimate me! Lest you feel slighted I also carried my favorite close-up of you and one of Mother and Dad, taken in the living room, in the little case I have that has four glassine sections.

"TIMES WHEN IT SEEMS LIKE A PRETTY LONG WAR"

The Philippines
Jan. 20, 1945.

I am at present in what might be called a semi-rest period. The future is uncertain but my guess would be along the lines of a rest camp here or near-by for several months. You have asked about rotation and the answer is that as far as I am concerned, or even anyone here, it is merely on paper. As, when and if we can be spared, either individually or by units, I believe we will get furloughs, but at the moment we are not even thinking of it seriously. Of course, Anne, there are times when it seems like a pretty long war!!! In other words, I sure would like to be able to take you to the opera, Annie dear, but it just can't be for the present, and I'm not in the least bit down about it, but feel as ever that the good Lord is calling the signals and that even as He has given us all things in the past, so He will in the future.

You will please note that I have been raised to the staggering heights of success denoted by becoming Private First Class! I do, however, feel I can take this breathtaking promotion with reasonable humility as it was simultaneously awarded to every buck private in the Army who has been in combat for a certain length of time. It represents a raise of about \$4.00 per mo. which I guess we can use, so even if it does not exactly represent power and glory, I am glad to get it! What was that about the kingdom being ours!?

DREAMS ALWAYS TRANQUIL

The Philippines
Jan. 22, 1945.

Dear Mother,

As I take pen in hand once again for a chat with you across the miles, the words of the old love song of Grieg's come to mind: "I think of thee in waking and in dreaming" and indeed I do! Had the darndest dream of you last night. I'm very lucky on that score as the dreams

always seem tranquil and end in happiness. Maybe that's because God gives a large amount of peace in our waking hours.

We are on a beautiful spot of high ground overlooking the bay, and at the moment are living in some old barracks that used to house Marines years ago. Of course, there are plenty of shell holes in the roof and nothing in the way of fixtures, but they are still good sturdy buildings. I dug up a hammock in the supply room and sleep comfortably slung between two uprights. We have a large room with picnic tables which we use as dining room and also for movies. Incidentally we are enjoying the movies very much.

A NAP AFTER LUNCH!

The Philippines
Jan. 23, 1945.

It is three-thirty as I write, having just arisen from a nap begun right after lunch. Had the morning shift in the O.P. [observation post] which is on the roof of this building. From this confession of laziness you can see why so many people wait so long for letters! As a matter of fact, Anne, it is one of the unique things I've experienced in combat—that the terrific demands of war, both physical and mental, don't seem too great while you are in the thick of it, but somehow you realize after things quiet down that you need rest and the restoration that comes with sleep. The same was true after Kwajalein.

INFANTRY "ONE HECK OF A WAY TO EARN A LIVING"

The Philippines
Jan. 28, 1945.

Dear Bob [in training at Camp Hood],

Remember, whatever the future holds, I'm with you every step of the way, so is the family and the whole team and nothing you do will be done alone, unprayed for or unrelated.

Personally I hope you do not land in the Infantry as it is "one heck of a way to earn a living," as one of our officers put it. I am quite content personally with the "Queen of the Battles" but it is a rather hazardous throne at times and not everyone is lucky enough to get into the I & R platoon!!

Don't ever forget that there are *two* wars!! And you are needed in the second!! The really important thing need hardly be mentioned, that you do live closely with Him and rely on Him completely. The measure of our adequacy as soldiers is in direct proportion to the completeness of our dedication to the war of the spirit. We must fight constantly to have one supreme passion and one only, namely the will of God for ourselves and for our nation.

I do hope you will get home once again. At any rate, the war on both sides is in the final phase and in the actual matter of days of fighting you can't have too many, surely less than I, and I'm thriving on it!! Keep me posted and keep fighting. God bless you, Bob. The future is rich in promise.

P.S. Am now the exalted holder of a new title—P.F.C.! You too can be a success. What an honor! O, well, we must try to "Walk with kings nor lose the common touch."

Have no clear guidance on O.C.S. for you. You will know best if the question arises.

K.P., MAKES HIM FEEL CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER

The Philippines
Feb. 2, 1945.

Dear Mother,

Yours truly is on K.P. today and although it is a light chore here as far as the work as a whole is concerned, it is surely a lesson in humility (and therefore a blessing). Also working around a kitchen always makes me feel close to you. In fact, whenever I picture you in my mind's eye, you are usually in the kitchen!!!

Today I sent off a large package of your letters, first-class mail, so please be on the lookout and let me know if they arrive safely. When

you see how jumbled up and dirty they are, you may question my statement that they are the best treasured of all my earthly possessions but the fact remains.

Did you know that they (that is some marine) called the 7th the "Army's secret weapon!!!" There go my shirt buttons, and no willing Annie to sew them on as of yore.

"FIGHT FOR THE HEARTS OF MEN"

The Philippines
January 28, 1945

Dear Frank [Buchman],

The absolutely perfect fruit cake arrived in good time (and excellent condition) for the holidays. My heartfelt thanks to you and the Mackinnac Family. Our platoon is completely united in pronouncing the cake the most delicious thing we've ever had! They join their thanks to mine.

You can perhaps glimpse just a little of what it meant to me, thousands of miles from home, to have this gracious token of the love and care of all of you back there. It made me realize more forcibly than ever the triumphant fact that so long as we fight the same war in the same spirit, nothing can separate us, nothing can cut the unity of our world-wide family, rooted and grounded in Christ. Your gift was a further reminder of the prayers of the whole family which have been such a vital part of my armor in this fight. My thoughts were with you especially at Christmas time and my prayers for its richest blessing upon you.

All that remains of this operation is a little mopping-up. For me this experience has been, in your own words, "a pageant of triumph." Guidance has been the secret of these days and never has God seemed more near, giving as His best gift a sense of inner peace and complete invincibility that has been the answer to fear and fatigue and defeat. My thoughts have been of you very often from the first assault on the beach to the present. Primarily I have been grateful for the knowledge that in God nothing we do is ever wasted and that while the task im-

mediately before me was of necessity one of destruction, nothing could stop the creative fight of all of you from rebuilding the spiritual foundations of the nations, and not even death itself could separate me from that fight.

The vision and sense of fight for the hearts of men which has been our corporate heritage as a spiritual family has been the foundation of my training and preparation for this battle and so it has been a common victory.

I will join you in God's good time. Meanwhile my heart is with you sharing your passion for a reborn America and a God-controlled world. I join my fight to yours in gratitude and confidence. God bless you all richly and abundantly.

LENTEN DECISION: TO WAR AGAINST CRITICISM

Ash Wednesday
Feb. 14

Went to Mass today and it was a rich experience to start Lent at the altar. I thought of you all and felt you closer than ever in true unity of heart and mind. Have decided that instead of "giving up something" for this Lent, I shall take something on, namely a war against criticism! This is one of my chief sins and I am far from victory on this score. Partly this stems from pride (the first of the 7 deadly sins!) and partly from a weakness for airing my own opinions. Involved also is the constant battle against ambition as it touches rank. I want to share with you simply that I have a long way to go on this yet. And so we enter Lent with a new sense of fight and victory and dedication and, lo, a new spirit begins to be born!

Father Vogel is now reading my prized gift from Frank [his twin brother]—the book on Aquinas!

AFTER DENGUE FEVER

The Philippines
Ash Wednesday,
Feb. 14, 1945

The past months have been really remarkable in the sense of all the output of energy required and the marvelous way God has given strength. Even on the last patrol I had, which was on a rugged mountain trail, I was still going strong and actually enjoying it while several of the men could hardly make it. In this, as in all things, God's gift has been abundant. Which doesn't mean that I don't need a rest because I realize I do but rather that He kept me going till I could get it. I believe I have the best pair of feet in the infantry and that is such a tremendous blessing. When almost everyone else is having trouble, the Medics tell me—"You are O.K." with a visible attitude of wonder.

Anne has asked about disease here. There is quite a bit of the very same thing Bill has which as you know is not serious. There is also a "dengue fever" which is easily cured and clears up in ten days with no ill effects. I know because I had it! Now don't lose faith in me because I was merely waiting for the right time to tell you and felt that if I told you while there was still possibility of long lapses in mail you might worry unnecessarily. I feel that you will get this news, written from this rest camp in good health, in much better perspective than if I had written on the 13th of Jan. and then went on a two-week patrol, without warning, the next day and could not write. If I had been able to write from the hospital, I would have, of course, told you then.

"IN JOY IF POSSIBLE"

The Philippines
February 18, 1945

Dear Frank,

I have never felt more aghast at the spectacle of the evil that is rampant today on such a colossal basis than I do tonight. Have just read Aug. 28 *Life's* account of the civilian suicides on Saipan. It is a sickening thought that mankind has so degenerated and that indeed in one sense, modern civilization is stark raving mad. The evil that has eaten its way into the very soul of Europe will no more be killed by the defeat of Germany than lancing a boil will cure a man of gangrene. The powers of darkness are really on the loose. The average man has no more conception of just how sick humanity really is than most of our statesmen, judging from their postwar vision or the lack of it.

My guidance tonight was, "Wage a ceaseless war against the powers of darkness. Fight in contrition if necessary, in joy if possible. But fight!"

How I long to partake of the free and fearless fight of that crowd [Moral Re-Armament] as it evolves thru wit and humor and wisdom.

"IF THE LORD WILLS, I WILL BE WITH YOU NEXT YEAR"

The Philippines
February 21, 1945

Dearest Mother,

Three times now your birthday has been celebrated both at home and wherever I was, first at Croft, then on Oahu after Kwajalein, and now here. This year it will be celebrated also in France and in Texas.

If the Lord wills, I will be with you next year. The tremendous

thing you have given me thru these years is manifold and inexpressible, but to sum it up, it is simply the fact that in your courage and faith you would not be satisfied had I not prefaced the last sentence "If the Lord wills." That is the secret of the victory you have given to your sons, the faithful, joyful obedience to the will of God.

For me and for all of us, the Cross is the heart and the center of life. No one can understand the Cross until he finds the meaning of self-sacrifice, and we find it only when we see it, first in Christ Himself and then in His servants. I have learned more about the Cross from you than from all the other people I have ever known, because I have *seen* in you, from the first faint memories of childhood to this hour, the spirit of self-sacrifice. You taught me then and you teach me now the secret and the meaning of life. I can give you no gifts, for you have courage and faith and love and steadfastness in God. These are the things that count and you have them all abundantly. I can only thank you for the gifts you have given me.

The weather is neither hot nor humid in this beautiful spot by the sea, and rain has become such a part of my life I don't notice it! This is not such a crude setup as you might imagine. Cots, tents, lights, movies, swimming, garrison rations and a P-X are not exactly roughing it! And I have known some of the happiest and most fruitful days in my life when things were a lot tougher than this.

Not much news today except that I devoted my day to advising the Mess Sgt. on some *very* complicated culinary tasks! (No sense trying to kid an Army-wise family like you so I'll come right out and admit I was on K.P.!)

"I NEVER LEFT HOME"

The Philippines
Thursday, February 22, 1945.

Dear Annie,

Always tell me of these little things as they are part and parcel of this life we live. It is a wonderfully full and good life and we must use

and share all of it together. Your thoughts about the question of the soldier's adjustment to home life again echo mine exactly. To borrow Bob Hope's title, "I Never Left Home!"

There is a kind of mental starvation prevalent in the Army, and good books have thus far kept me fairly normal. I hope!!

ANYONE CAN HELP REMAKE THE WORLD

The Philippines
Sunday, February 25, 1945.

Dear Dad,

The news that so many of our friends are finding use for the articles [which he had written] is amazing and I do read all the reports with joy and thank God for one of the great miracles of Christianity, namely that He can use anyone, however small or sinful, in the task of the world's remaking. All this has been a family project from the very first. The thoughts themselves were forged in the furnace of our family life together.

AS A TEAM AND NEVER ALONE

The Philippines
Sunday, March 4, 1945.

Dearest Anne,

I feel as though you ran out with me, hand in hand, in an almost gleeful sense to each new trial, the way trusting children clasp hands and run laughing into the surf to do battle with the waves. And surely that is God's plan for all of us in these uncertain days—to become as trusting as little children, to do battle against the tidal wave of evil in our time, and to do it joyfully because He is our strength, Who has overcome the world.

My need for corrective is a fact constantly before me, and I believe with all my heart that what can be done as a team should never be done alone.

Have been wondering whether you read A Kempis to any extent

and what you think about it? To me it represents one extreme side of the Christian life, namely renunciation, at its highest and best. There is I believe in the heart of every man, a deep and unfathomable instinct for contemplation and retreat from the world, seldom strong enough to produce a monk like A Kempis, but usually strong enough to make us appreciate him and want to touch the spirit he expresses even if rarely. Aquinas is the champion of the other extreme, the spokesman for the ordinary man who lives in the world, not despising it, yet not enslaved to it, but joyously using it to worship the Creator of all things. His whole life is an exultant thanksgiving to God for the wonders of creation, for reason, and the spirit of freedom and all the things which make our heritage as the Sons of God. The secret of the Church is that She can contain them both, side by side, balanced and ordered for all men in all times.

Afraid I can give no valid reason for boring you with the above, except to say that I have been turning over in my mind the relation of these two extremes because I feel it is important for us as moulders of the future and servants of God to know where we stand in relation to the world. So much of the pacifism that is the tool of certain other isms stems from fuzzy thinking. Be assured that I am not going stuffy on you! My next letter may just as likely be full of sheer nonsense, so perhaps balance is maintained after all!

ABOUT CASUALTIES: "DEATH IS NOT THE FINAL TRAGEDY"

The Philippines
March 6th, 1945.

Dear Anne,

Perhaps you have noticed that my letters contain less news of a military nature than they used to. It is not that I am withholding anything from you, of course, but merely that as the war progresses and end draws near, censorship necessarily tightens up. My private and perhaps valueless opinion is that Christmas 1945 will see peace all over the world. The news from Iwo is sobering. As you have said, all we

can do is to pray for those valiant men and for those who are worrying about them and for those who will mourn many of them.

As Sheen says, "Death is not the final tragedy. Sin is. If Christ thought that His Life was not too high a price to pay for the defeat of evil, shall we not feel the same?" We know that there is for those young men a new and fuller life. It is unknown, it is hard to understand, but I am as sure of it as I am of life itself.

Anne, I wish you could meet Father Vogel. He is one of those steady, simple, thoroughly selfless parish priests that are the backbone of the Church. There is nothing intellectual about him; he has no touch of Sheen or any particular claim to greatness except that he is what the popes have sometimes signed their documents, "the servant of the servants of God." After Mass he says a few simple, direct words in a casual manner and they almost always go to the point. Tonight he told us that he had said Mass today for a group of servicemen who had no Catholic chaplain and could seldom have a service. He said how deeply touched he was by their deep gratitude for the privilege of receiving our Lord thru the sacraments, then a few words about the advantage our men had in this regard, and then his usual, "O.K., gang. Take care of yourselves, see you soon." He seems to be the only unchangeable force in the Army. He has only one purpose, to lead his flock as close to God as possible. He is always the same; I have watched him celebrate in a great auditorium on Oahu, on countless maneuvers, using the tail-gate of a truck for an altar, on the deck of a transport, in a half-demolished building, always the same, always the same message. I have seen him lash out at a moral issue with all the power of a prophet. And I've seen him throw a fast ball like a big leaguer!

Well, Annie dear, as you see I have gone on and on! Keep well, and keep fighting. We are ever one in this tremendous destiny we share.

"THE HOPELESSNESS OF POWER POLITICS"

The Philippines
March 7, 1945.

Dear Anne,

Heard some of my California friends discussing the proposed World Conference, scheduled for San Francisco in April. Of course, the fact that Frank [Buchman] is now on the West Coast with a large show and team is just a coincidence!!! Even at this distance, and totally uninformed, I can see the vast strategic opportunities involved for making, as Garrett once said, "the greatest bid in history for the thinking of America." God grant that amid the futile humanism, the secular philosophy of materialism, and the hopelessness of power politics, the heralds of rebirth may be heard, and thru the truest patriots America will ever have, the foundations of the new society may be laid in the spirit of the Cross of Christ.

Had a rather interesting few minutes with Father Vogel tonight. He was interested in whether or not I was finding it possible to attend any *Episcopal* services! and seemed genuinely concerned! I enlightened him a bit on this, and told him that I had been very happy in attending his services.

"ONLY WARRIORS CAN KNOW TRUE PEACE"

March 11, 1945.

Have been looking back tonight over the panorama of these tremendous years in the Army, so strangely full of violence and peace side by side. Outward violence being overcome by inner peace because God gave us grace first to do violence to ourselves. That seems to be another of the great paradoxes of Christianity, that only the warriors can know true peace, only those who have done battle with the evil in themselves can be redemptive about the evil in others. And all this of course is a gift from God of which we are never worthy, but which He longs to give us. It is really amazing the way some people have

tried to reconcile pacifism to Christianity when it should be obvious that Christ was probably the most violent Man who ever lived, not in the sense of violence as an outburst of temper or hatred, but in the sense of the stark, sweeping, deliberate onslaught against evil that is symbolized by His complete sacrifice on the Cross. To me this is the crux of the whole matter of tolerance and the explanation of the Christian answer, which is simply to be just as tolerant of the sinner as we must be intolerant of his sin.

Dad, I think you will agree with me that all of us, in looking back over the past, find certain periods of our lives that stand out as the best, the times when God seemed most near, when we were most humble and childlike, and when He gave to our vision the keen edge of a sword to wield for His Kingdom. I was thinking tonight about the high spots of my life in the Army, the times when the above gifts were most plentifully given. And synonymous with every such period is the name of a beachhead. Life has been at its best and fullest for me at the very moments it has been least secure. Of all the cherished experiences of my life, those have been the best which God blessed with the proximity of danger and the possibility of death. And I feel, Dad, that in this mystery is the secret of life. It is this paradox that makes Christianity a virile, exultant, unconquerable, eternal life. It is God's own gift to us, the fruit of His redemption and the fruit of His resurrection. We grasp it but rarely and with trembling hands, but when we do, we know with the almost blasphemous audacity of those who are reborn that we have touched the meaning of eternal life. To me, this is the perennial triumph of Easter and the heart of Good Friday as well.

DELIGHTED BROTHER ON WAY BACK FROM EUROPEAN FIGHTING

The Philippines
March 10, 1945.

Dear Anne,

Your letter of the 21st came today, and I will leave it to your imagination to picture my great joy and deep gratitude for the *colossal* news

that Bill is on his way home! Perhaps he will be safely installed, if not at home, then in some near-by hospital by the time this reaches you.

I thank God for His blessings and I thank Him for Bill and for his tremendous spirit and faith. And of course, he will not stop fighting the real war to make America free. He has grown to mean more and more to me and is a tremendous inspiration. My heart sings with the thought of the comfort he will be to Mother. She has borne so much, so faithfully.

Believe you would be rather amused by the idea of wearing a parachute, but many of the best dressed Filipino women seem to feel it is quite the fashion! Seems there were a lot of used parachutes lying around after the battle and they speedily disappeared, soon to reappear, cut in simple styles, though hand made, quite nifty, on the backs of innumerable girls and women. You see the quality of silk used in the chutes is excellent and they come in several colors, some a Virgin blue, some yellow, etc. The colors each having a tactical significance! There are yards and yards in each 'chute, and for a population so long prevented from importing cloth, it has been quite a life saver. And of course, the louder the colors are, the more they love them!! Just another tale of feminine ingenuity!!

Which reminds me that there are no parachutes available for you, Annie dear, so please accept this little money order with much love, and though you cannot buy yards and yards of silk with it, I'm sure you can find some little thing you would like.

"AND WE WOULD BE FIGHTERS STILL"

Passion Sunday
March 18, 1945.

Dear Dad,

As I write the sun is setting on one of those beautiful Pacific days that more than make up for the rainy ones.

We are all well into the Lenten season and soon Holy Week will be here with its eternal challenge that "only a passion can cure a passion" and with all the healing and restoring powers of the Cross.

I think people are sort of like images that, although we were moulded

right in the first place, somehow thru sin got out of shape. And before we can be remoulded by God, we have to be melted by repentance. The world may repaint the old image as often as it will, but it will never really take shape again, until in the furnace of true contrition it finds the truth of those eternal words, "The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design thy dross to consume and the gold to refine."

That capture of Iwo was a terribly costly affair about which little should be said except prayers for those gallant individual Marines who died there, and for those who mourn them. It must be absolutely unbearable for those people who have still managed to delude themselves into thinking that production schedules and war bonds can be the price of the new world. Those of us who have always known that the cost was blood, sweat and tears and spiritual revolution, and it will take all these, can face their sacrifice with humble gratitude and also, far from despair, the knowledge that they have gone on to a better and freer world and that they are not dead in Christ.

With this I'll close and with all my love to each one of you and my constant prayers, I know, Dad, that you will drop in to St. Pat's for me when you get a chance. When you do, remember that I will join you before that altar in the flesh when God so wills it.

"Others may take their fill of the glory and the power!

The Kingdom is ours!

And we would be fighters still!"

"THIS IS A CENTURY OF PROUD MEN"

Palm Sunday
March 25, 1945.

Dear Mother,

Another Holy Week begins with a world at war because men have forgotten the meaning of Good Friday.

Have been thinking about the real meaning of this day for the people of our generation, and I believe that its lesson is chiefly of humility. This is a century of proud men, riding in power thru the air

and spanning great continents and oceans and even riding beneath the waves. And in our heads a ceaseless quest for more speed and more power, but in our hearts the eternal thirst for the wisdom and blessing of the humble Man Who rides thru the centuries on a donkey, and Who would rather walk than ride. It seems that for every modern ill there is an ancient remedy.

It has come to me, Mother, that "every beachhead is a little Golgotha," and has its part (though this may sound presumptuous) in the redeeming of the world. It is part of the great mystery of free will whereby God is too gracious to redeem us without allowing us to help. And it seems to me that if we free men who are fighting this war and the valiant families who are sharing our fight, can see the meaning of the first Calvary we shall not flinch nor grow faint of heart.

I feel that the more we understand the meaning of Good Friday the less we shall indulge in the kind of dark brooding that is but one step from the great sin of despair.

And because Good Friday and Easter are facts, there is a solvent and meaning for all the grieving women of the world and for all who in any way are paying the price of this war. For those who give their lives there is Christ upon the Cross with His arms outstretched with the promise that to those who share with Him the price of mankind's rebirth, Easter is but two days hence, and that the life to come will be eternal in the kingdom of His Father. And for those who see a life they love torn from them and offered on that selfsame altar, there is Mary at the foot of the Cross with the message that the Son she gave in the war against slavery will comfort them as He comforted her and will give them the crown of glory that passeth not away.

Mother, I think you know how I love to share thoughts like these with you because they are the symbol of our victory and our joy that "no man taketh from us."

"I WILL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO SHOUT 'I AM NOT ALONE'"

Wednesday Afternoon
March 14, 1945.

Dear Mother,

My thanks to Anne for the word about Larry which I already had from Don. I've been praying for him in the knowledge that no one is "missing" in Christ.

This is your birthday (actually it is the p.m. of the 13th in N. Y.) and I intend to celebrate it both days! . . . And I send you my whole heart and know that it is not enough.

These words from A Kempis: "Give all for all; ask for nothing, require back nothing; abide purely and unhesitatingly in Me, and thou shalt possess Me; thou shalt be free in heart and darkness shall not tread thee down."

These years have been indeed "a pageant of triumph." We have looked separation and uncertainty and danger in the face and laughed at them, not because we are strong in ourselves or trust in ourselves, but simply because we are weak and trust in God, and He has overcome the world.

Perhaps the greatest thing I can say about these years is that I have never been alone. In that one fact is a weapon adequate for any trial or danger and thru the love and prayers and devotion of the most wonderful family on earth, I will always be able to shout those words in the face of whatever evil, "I am not alone!"

DAD'S DECISION TO LIVE UNDER GOD'S DIRECTION

March 21, 1945.

Your decision has made me deeply happy, Dad, and I am too grateful for mere words but must trust you to know how I feel. Now we shall go forward together and I shall feel indeed that no part of my armor is missing. Without your complete fight there would always be a void, but now we are a solid phalanx that can never fail. God bless and strengthen you in these days and be your comfort and guide in

I AM NOT ALONE

whatever Calvaries you are climbing, in whatever the pangs of rebirth and the price of new life. And may the fruit of it be peace.

I am thinking tonight that I would give my right arm to be home with you now to share these days at your side, but such is not God's will at the present and He knows best and loves best. But think that if I were home, we would probably talk of the past a bit, because both being soldiers we know that the rear must be dealt with as well as the front. And my chief thought about this, Dad, is of gratitude for all that has been good and God-given and eternal; for all you have given to your children, for the way you have always been the wise counselor and the understanding comrade, not forgetting the rich humor that makes my memories happy ones, and also for the deeper things.



Men of the 7th Infantry Division head for the beaches of Okinawa in LVT's.

OKINAWA—THE FINAL TRIUMPH

HAS A SENSE OF INVINCIBILITY

Maundy Thursday
March 29, 1945.

I so wish, Mother, that I might share with you in some measure the sense of freedom and peace and joy that God is giving me in these days. I feel so light-hearted and confident and buoyant that I can't keep from chuckling inwardly at the thought that I am an incurable optimist!!! Believe it is one of the things I inherit from Dad, part of the legacy of being Irish perhaps! As Dillon and I constantly remind each other, we whose ancestors came from the land of saints and scholars are God's chosen people! But I do not want to be irreverent about this blessing, Mother, for it is surely a gracious gift from God, unearned, and just one more of the countless blessings I've received. For want of better words I can only call it the sense of invincibility. I am facing the facts squarely and with God's help I shall always do so. I realize that anything can happen, but I know with a certainty beyond explanation that nothing can happen to me of which God has not the foreknowledge and for which He has not a glorious and creative plan and purpose. God's way of dealing with us is very real and very simple. He takes us to the summit of Calvary and shows us all the evil and pain and sorrow and danger in the universe and then says with Divine simplicity, "Fear not, for I have overcome the world." I know you share my faith in this, both in realism and in confidence. Our trust is in the one power "that is able to save us from falling" and we know that we are His and He is ours. I feel that you are praying for me with love and faith and triumph in your hearts and I know that nothing can separate us as long as we listen and obey. I have ever before me the vision of a fearless, united family, dedicated to the will of God, trusting in His love and guided by His spirit.

"RATHER ROUGH"

Okinawa
April 12, 1945.

Dear Anne,

As you know from Nimitz's reports this has been rather rough. Everything possible is being done for us and we are doing our best. It is too early to predict, but perhaps the worst is over. Was sorry to hear that our regiment had received special mention in the news, and only pray that it did not cause you too much anxiety. I continue to work with our C.P. radio. Our platoon are all well and everything is O.K. with us. Patrolling is impossible but we have done some observing. We now have six vehicles—"weasels"—I'm sure you know what they are. We cannot use them for reconnaissance as they are too slow (fortunately!!!), but it is wonderful to be able to ride around instead of walk, and it makes it possible to carry extra clothing and equipment for our own comfort. The weather here is far better than the tropics, much cooler and much less humid. Hence, I feel excellent and have a lot more drive than I have had in some time. You can't beat the temperate zone. It has rained only one day so far.

It is hard to fit in quiet times but I hope to do better. Nothing can cut us from the guidance and love of God.

May God give us the grace to live gratefully, to reverence life, to be unafraid of death, secure in the knowledge that neither is without its purpose nor indeed without His blessing and presence. I am happy with the happiness of those who know that there is nothing to dread but the loss of Christ and who also know that death itself cannot cut us from that love.

My love to all. The fight is for the heart of every man.



Some souvenirs displayed by men of the Seventh after the Leyte fighting. INSERT—

Some of Jack's buddies with a captured Japanese flag.

OKINAWA

POOR VISIBILITY PROTECTED THEM

April 13, 1945.
Okinawa

Dear Mildred [wife of his brother Charles],

Pray that I may never be afraid to do God's will, and also that I may have the victory over the temptation to be critical and uncharitable with certain people.

Things are going as well as could be expected. God has been with us every step of the way. I could go on for hours talking about the evidences of His care and provision that have never ceased. On the way up we had rough weather with poor visibility. This was a vast help, eliminating much danger from the air and sea and subs. Easter morning when we needed a calm sea and a clear sky, we had it. Of all the beaches I have seen this was the most dangerous and difficult to land on from the standpoint of actual physical and natural obstacles, tide, etc. As you know, we had no opposition at all in landing, a miracle for which we can never be grateful enough. When I got ashore, I looked back at the beach and realized what a price it might have cost and thanked God for His care. These are but two instances of the way we have "had the breaks," if one can put it that way. It is more likely that we "had the blessings."

JAPANESE SOUVENIR

Okinawa
April 13, 1945.

Dear Judy [his young niece],

You must think me a very thoughtless uncle not to have written in so long, but the fact is that I have been rather a busy one, and as for my thoughts, they have been with you a great deal of the time. I know that you have been hearing about this battle and I know you and Mother and Daddy have been praying for me as I feel the strength and support of your love across the miles.

We are fighting on this little island now because there are forces of evil in the world who want to enslave mankind. But this is only the first step. After we have destroyed the Japs we shall have to destroy

the selfishness and sin in our own hearts, if we are going to be really free. I believe, Judy, that we will fight and win both wars, and that is why I feel there is a meaning to what I'm going thru now. We must all place our faith in God, and never doubt that He will give us the strength to build a bright new world where children will no longer be hungry, and young men no longer killed, but where we shall all work together in happiness and peace.

Am on the lookout for some Jap money to send you for a souvenir. I hope you are happy and well and that you are having a good term in school. Tell Daddy I'm getting a lot of Swift's No. 1 bacon in cans, and it can't be beat! And tell Mother I'm thinking of her. Much love to all.

Your devoted

Uncle Jack

P.S. Do you ever write Amy? She is rather alone now, and it might be very nice if you would write and tell her what you are doing and all the news from home, and also about me. I write her when I can which is not very often.

Love,

Uncle Jack

"DANGER IS A SACRAMENT TOO"

Okinawa

April 15, 1945.

The first few days were like a maneuver, then came the toughest fighting yet, and now for several days we have enjoyed rest while making ready. Thru all this, God has been with me. I have felt all of you beside me. My dedication to the real war has deepened and I have grown even closer to God. . . . The point is that danger is a sacrament too, if we unite it with the Cross in faith. And so I can say with honesty that I am this day both free and happy.

"SO LONG AS PROUD SONS HAVE FATHERS LIKE YOU"

Okinawa

April 16, 1945.

You have seemed particularly close to me in these past crucial days and you have been constantly on my mind. I both know and feel that

you are undergirding me at this time with many prayers. We have never ceased to battle with one another for a new world. Neither have we ceased to battle for one another. I pray that you and Mother and all the family will not fail to commit me to God in faith. But the greatest letter of all and the one that I will always cherish is the honest and loving and challenging epistle you wrote on April 5. You must know, Dad, that your sharing meant more to me than I can ever express in words, because I fully realize what it cost you. I can only join you at the foot of the Cross, repentant as you are repentant, remade as you are remade, faithful as you are faithful. I too pledge you my fight completely and everlastingly. My cup is very full. Civilizations can yet be remade so long as proud sons like me have fathers like you. We battle on together. The past is redeemed in Christ. Let us learn from it the lesson of humility and of our need for God. The future is rich in promise. Let us give it into the hands of God and fight with all our hearts.

Well, Dad, I don't know how to describe my joy in all the glowing reports about Bill. The fire of self-sacrifice thru which he has fought has left him with a burning passion for America that is a mighty miracle. Talk about readjustment!! God send home from the foxholes more fighters like him.

Was especially grateful for the story of that stenographer who lost her brother and the way Frank sized up the need and fought to meet it under God. I have much to learn from him as we fight along together.

F. D. R.'s passing came as bad news to the entire world. Whatever his faults, God had used him mightily in building a better world. He goes to his reward and my prayer is that the country will rally solidly around Truman and carry on the fight with confidence.

WRITES NOT TO COUNT ON FURLOUGH

April 20, 1945.

And this brings me to share with you, as I feel is right, that we must jump to no conclusions about furloughs, rotation, or etc. To be absolutely honest and fair, although I don't like to throw a wet blanket over all your hopes, Mother, these possibilities are very remote. I would be surprised if they were to materialize. As a Marine wrote his

folks along this line (I forgot where I read this), "I am 12,000 miles from New York. I am 350 miles from Tokyo. Which way do you think I'm going?!!" All of which is putting things rather too bluntly. I do believe in miracles, but feel that for the present we must be content in the fact that I am alive in good health mentally, spiritually and physically. God will send me home in His good time.

OFF THE LINE, SENDS ROOTS DOWN DEEPER

April 25, 1945.
Okinawa

Dear Frank,

Have not had time to write for several days, but last night another regiment passed thru us and took over the front, for which as you can imagine we are devoutly grateful. We are just sitting tight and resting and of course it is the men of the rifle companies who need and deserve it most. Of course we might go back on line on a minute's notice, but I believe we will get a fair spell before that happens. We have thrown ourselves against the Jap line and had just softened it, so perhaps the fresh troops can make some real gains.

Well, Frank, my guidance is to use this time of comparative rest, indefinite and partial as it is, to the fullest. Actually as far as I'm concerned, I am in no very great need of rest in the physical sense. (I can sleep thru anything!!) But what I want to do is to send my roots down deeper and find fresh perspective for both wars. You might be thinking of me along these lines. I need above all to come to grips with the man next door to translate into his terms the faithful picture of the real war as I know it. I have done better at projecting what God has given me, across the miles, thru the pen, on a long-range basis, than I have at giving it here. This I feel is my great weakness and it is along this line that I covet your prayers and help. Much has been accomplished, of course, and I'm not depressed in any sense, but merely taking stock.

Have felt in your letters recently, Frank, that you were seeing new horizons and were in one of those stages of transition from which alone comes spiritual fruit, but which, while we are in the process of seeing

new steps, are usually difficult times. My prayers are with you more than ever. The more we know God, the more will we face the Cross at every side. The main thing is to do violence to the areas of compromise in our lives as soon as by His revelation we become mature enough to recognize them. With these thoughts I send my love and my loyalty and my gratitude forever.

WASHES CLOTHES AND GETS CRUDE HAIRCUT

Okinawa
April 28, 1945.

Dear Mother,

When our time comes to go back to work and finish the job we shall be well rested and ready. Some of the hardier members of the platoon procured a 50-gallon drum which they cut in half thus making two excellent washtubs for boiling our clothes. We use a wood fire to heat the water which is plentiful and get good results. Have been noticing one of our new boys, a chap named Stek from Iowa, giving another fellow a pretty fair haircut. So this a.m. I got him working on my full crop. After a few deft swipes with the scissors I casually enquired where and when he had acquired the art. Says he, "You saw me cutting Hershey yesterday. That was the first try I ever made!!"

WORSHIPS UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE

4th Sunday after Easter
Okinawa—April 29, 1945.

Dear Frank,

Many thoughts of you at Mass this afternoon, held on a sunny hillside that seemed the very picture of peace except for the fact that the reassuring crack and whistle of our own artillery went on ceaselessly. Father Vogel, in usual fighting form, celebrating in a rather ragged chausable that has seen many battles, with his unswerving moral challenge, seemed the surest, most steadfast man on the island. Earlier in the day he had said Mass for the men on line, with whom he lives in the very midst of battle. Of course my own communion was of necessity a spiritual one [as a Protestant], but I felt a new sense of the forgiveness, the power and the presence of God.



About to enter battle on Okinawa, men of the 7th Division kneel in prayer led by Chaplain Joseph J. Vogel, 184th Infantry Regiment.

OKINAWA

LAST LETTER—"DEATH ITSELF IS NOT TOO HIGH A PRICE TO PAY"

Okinawa
May 4th, 1945.

Dear Frank,

Will you please thank Madeline U. W. a million times for sending Sheen's book which is *super*. That generous and thoughtful gift from the wife of an Anglican churchman seems to me to be the height of graciousness. It came at the right time and means more than I can say as a refresher in the real issues at stake.

God in His bewildering, inexpressible love continues to watch over me through this time that has been incomparably the worst I've seen in the military sense. I was so grateful for Anne's assurance that all of you realize that many simple facts are unavailable to you, which if you knew would relieve many baseless fears. A good example of this is the oft-repeated counter attacks. There has never, to my knowledge, been a real man-sized counter attack launched against us, and this goes for Kwajalein and Leyte too. Any time the Japs deviate from their usual tactics and actually get up out of their holes the Press jumps to conclusions. I do hope you will all fight on in your usual courage and faith and will be invincible, as you have ever been, to panic. Now, Frank, I am not trying to insult your intelligence by attempting to explain away the danger and hardship of this battle. They are real and they are more or less constant and they must be faced, but the point is that, faced and given to God, they become the basis for sacrificial living and fearless dying, because we know that God is with us always and forever. That was my vision about this job three years ago when God called me to it, and it is my vision now. I know that it has ever been yours as you fought at my side.

The hardest part of this whole thing is to know and see the price others are paying on this island, while my job, although not actually rear echelon is by comparison so much safer. When I think of the humble valor of our line companies I almost feel as remote from the war as I did at Fort Ord. There is so little anyone can do for them, yet so much that they do for all of us. I sometimes feel as though those of us who are concerned with staff work, communications, supply.

intelligence and so on, necessary as they are, are like a bunch of boys playing soldier, ignorant of what war really is, while the infantry of the line face its realities as a part of their daily lives. No man, no society, no civilization can begin to thank those men for their fight to throw back the onrushing forces of hate. God alone can reward them and He will. It is good to recall often these words of Sheen's, "Death itself is not too high a price to pay for the victory over evil."

Your letters are still unanswered and indeed they are never adequately answered on paper. My gratitude, faith and love goes with this to all of you. The future is rich in promise. "This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song." God bless you all. Fight on! We march as one.

Okinawa

May 14, 1945.

My dear Mrs. Hogan,

In all sincerity and humility, I wish to extend to you on behalf of his comrades our deepest sympathy in the recent loss of your loved one, who has so courageously given his life in the service of his country. Realizing that so few facts are revealed in the War Department announcement, I am writing you as many of them as are known.

Jack gave his life so that a group of his comrades could be saved. While on patrol in the Gaja Ridge area on Okinawa, the patrol came under enemy fire. Jack, calling to his comrades to take cover, returned the fire until he fell.

Jack is buried in the United States Cemetery number one on Okinawa.

You will be glad to know that Jack has won the admiration of his officers and the respect and affection of his comrades, by his sincerity, his courage, and his high ideals and unfailing good humor. He has left a gap in our ranks that cannot be filled.

Sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN H. TRODDEN, 1st Lt. Inf



The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln
Gettysburg Address
November 19, 1863.

EPILOGUE

LETTER TO AMERICA

(October 1944)

From the Liberated Philippines—
Delayed.

From the deck of the transport where I sit, I am looking out past the rail on the turquoise waters of the Pacific, for the moment at least living up to its name. All around, the great convoy moves silently, one of the mightiest armadas ever assembled. The low snakelike contours of — Island encircle us like a great green wreath, standing sentinel against the open sea. On this 11th of October we lie anchored in the ——. On the — we invade the Philippines, pouring amphibious infantrymen ashore on Leyte in the very heart of the central group of Islands. With this thrust, the liberation of a brave people will have begun.

My own 7th Division is here, drawing perhaps the most vital task of the entire operation. With these men I have shared Kiska and Kwajalein and some of us are veterans of Attu. There is little excitement aboard as I write. There are a few card games in progress, but mostly the men are talking quietly in small groups or perhaps writing that last letter home to the folks saying that they are aboard ship and well, but that is all the censor will allow. Every man knows his job. Our plans are laid and they are breathlessly bold and brilliant. We are to have tremendous support from the air and from the sea. We are superior to the enemy in both men and equipment, but some of us are not coming back, we know that too. We expect to meet the enemy's best troops. There will be dengue, cholera and other evils prevalent in the islands. However, there is no question in any mind but that we shall invade and hold.

My job is to help operate a voice radio for the regimental S2 (Intelligence). Shortly before H. hour we will board a destroyer and for the initial phase of the operation the regimental commander and his staff will direct the landing from our floating command post. Over my radio the reports will flow to the Division Staff on the progress our troops are making, the strength, attitude and installations of the enemy encountered. Over it will come requests for supports or reinforcements . . . the number of our dead and wounded. Soon we will follow the

CITATION

PFC John J. Hogan, Inf., (Posthumous)

SILVER STAR

"For gallantry in action on *** 7 May 1945. A five man patrol was engaged in the searching of enemy installations to find intelligence material, when Private First Class Hogan, patrol scout observed a movement in the underbrush five yards from the group. Upon investigating he discovered an enemy soldier and warned his comrades to take cover. Private First Class Hogan, with utter disregard for his own safety, exposed himself so as to fire on the Japanese while his comrades reached cover safely. When the enemy began throwing grenades, Private First Class Hogan stood his ground firing his rifle at the Japanese soldier until he was directly hit by a bursting grenade, killing him instantly. Private First Class Hogan's heroic action at the cost of his life undoubtedly saved the lives of the other patrol members and reflected great credit upon himself and the military service."

Mr. Fred A. Hogan
530 West 112th Street
New York, N.Y.
(Father)



EPILOGUE

assault waves to the beach and our command post will then be established there.

I am a member of the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon. The field order directs that we are to be motorized and initiate forward and flank reconnaissance at the discretion of the Regimental Commander. There is a place for me in one of our vehicles, and shortly after landing I expect to be relieved of my radio so that I may join the rest of the platoon on our reconnaissance missions.

I have a brother in France and one training in Texas now to be in on the final act of the drama. My thoughts are with them as I write, and with my family in New York. The support of their prayers is the greatest reality of my daily life. Long before Ethiopia, Poland or Nanking my family was fighting; across the confused disillusion and moral anarchy of the pre-war years, we heard the prophetic voice of Dr. Frank Buchman. He and his associates in Moral Re-Armament were working frantically in the face of apathy and persecution in a race against time to warn the statesmen and the common man alike, that unless the moral foundations of civilization were restored, crisis would end in catastrophe. He said, "The world will listen to the guidance of God, or the world will listen to guns." Today, poised for the greatest battle of the Pacific war, my thoughts are primarily of gratitude to him, because he has shown me the real enemy, and taught me how to fight.

There are two wars going on: the war of arms and the war of the spirit. The first is almost won. The second is almost lost. Unless there is born again in our people the spirit of sacrifice and service, of moral responsibility and faith in God, my comrades and I who will fight on the beaches of Leyte, and those of us who will die there have been exploited and betrayed, and have fought and died in vain.

The cultural, and above all, the democratic heritage of Western civilization had its roots in historic Christianity. Modern man destroyed the roots, and the flower withered and died. Rejecting our responsibility to God as moral beings, the liberty to do what we ought as free men became the license to do what we pleased. With this decay in individual character, the nations were subverted and betrayed and lost their strength and sense of destiny and even their very life blood. It was inevitable that such a world should end in sorrow, broken faith and war.

That world is dead and he who would resurrect it is the enemy of mankind. Modern man has tried in vain to build society on the shifting sands of scientific humanism, universal education, politics without justice, and economics without God. Now we must rebuild civilization on the bedrock of the Christian faith, the sanctity of the family and the home, the wisdom and the plan of God.

The American people are emerging today with more power and more prestige than any other single country in the family of nations. Mankind is knocking at our gates, seeking light from our national fires, wisdom from our leaders, the hope of peace from our people. Before we can fulfill our destiny to lead the world to sanity and harmony we shall have to rebuild the fibre of our national life.

Suppose we as a nation find again the faith in God our fathers knew? Suppose our homes become again the nation's strength, our schools the centers of true learning for good citizenship, our farms and factories the patterns of unity, integrity and national service? Suppose our statesmen learn again to listen to the voice of God? Then we shall know once more the greatness of a nation whose strength is in her obedience to the moral law of God, whose strength is in the spirit of her people. Then Leyte will not be in vain. Then America will hold forth to all peoples of the earth the only answer that can satisfy their longing for peace, their thirst for a sane and decent world.

There is one other road and only one. The forces of subversion, those who would divide and conquer, those who would make sex and materialism the philosophy of our national life, money and pride and power the goals of our living, they too have a road to offer and at its end is racial and class warfare and national suicide. They are organized and passionate and they have already sapped our strength and split our people. Only with the help of God will we be able to recognize and defeat them.

O, America, choose the right road in time! It is the eleventh hour. God grant you courage and humility and strength, for by your choice you will bless or blight mankind for a thousand years to come.

Which road will it be, America!