

September 21, 1944

Dear Brothers,

I wrote you some time ago and gave you my new address. I am now stationed on Canton Island, which is just a high spot in the ocean. The island is formed of glaring white coral and has but one tree to let us remember what trees and green stuff looks like. We are deep in the heart of the Spam belt but manage to get enough to eat just the same.

We have a place to swim that has been dredged out in the lagoon. The swimming is good if there are no squid around. We can fish and get some funny looking fish but I guess they are

all good to eat. We have a boat
in which we can fish for shark
or any of the big stuff. There are
a lot of lobsters and turtles here
but I haven't been out for those yet.
another little homey touch to this
place is that we have no fresh
water to shower in and if you have
ever tried to take a salt water
shower you will know what I
mean. We do have a barrel to
catch rain in when it rains
so we can shave and wash
our hair.

If any of you fellows care
to write my address is —

Pvt. R. H. Parkinzen

as ever,

16160482

1531st AAF-BU-PD-ATC

Bob

APO 914

9 P.M. San Francisco, Calif.