

**ALBERT JAEHNE WRITES  
HIS SISTER FROM THE  
SOUTHWEST PACIFIC**

I will try to tell you a few things in detail.

Aug. 7 our convoy entered the bay of Solomon Is., we just sneaked into the harbor and started to blast — out of their shore batteries and, believe you, they caught plenty of shells. The shelling kept up for about 3 hours, numerous fires were started and enemy gun emplacements were knocked out. Our Marines then went over the side and made a successful landing. Japs were driven up into the hills or killed. There were very few prisoners taken.

Quite a sight to see the big Jap planes circle the sky and then fall as our big guns sputtered. There dive bombers and Zero planes would not get out of their dives.

We expected more the next day and they came in very low, only 20 feet above the water and between our ships, the idea was for us not to fire on them for fear of hitting our own ships. Shoot we did. Every rule as laid down by the Navy was broken, that is in regard to firing. Boy, what a sight! The planes would try to crash into various ships but no such luck. A burst of fire would start a good fire and down into Davy Jones Locker they would go. Twenty-eight of these bombers came into the harbor and twenty-eight of them went down in flames.

A big naval battle took place a few miles from our ships. The flashes from gun fire certainly did light up the sky around us. The battle lasted about 45 min. It certainly is a lonely feeling at night out on the water when some little so-and-so's are firing at you and one doesn't know whether or not any submarines have passed the patrolling ships. Next morning airplanes were coming again and there is nothing more nerve-wrecking than waiting. You never know what's coming next.

Aug. 11 we arrived at an island, with all sorts of bugs and spiders, lots of pretty birds, coconuts, bananas and fruits of all kinds. All one has to do is just go to the tree of the fruit which he might want and pluck himself an orange, etc.

There are a few head hunters on this island who go out when the moon is full. I go with my pistol loaded and cocked at all times. I am not taking any chances. If I see them I usually go passed them with one eye on the head hunters and one eye on the road. So far they only raise their hands in a friendly way. They show their dark teeth.