

Mindanao
July 19, 1945

My darling Mama:

Good evening to you; tis your boy John signing in from down Mindanao way. The hands on the clock show ten until ten. All is quiet around me except for the sound of an L.C.M. sputtering in the bay.

I expected to get a letter from you today, but I should not complain because yours have been arriving in good time since I've been hear. Our work has let up for the past couple of days. Smith and Lou and I sat around in the jeep all day today; occasionally we rode around our bays and down to the beach master. We talked all day long. We don't talk about the war as much as formerly. There isn't much to talk about it concerning it anymore. Balling and Smith are all agog over the possibility of going home. I don't imagine Lou will make it before September, nor Smith before the latter part of the year. I am becoming increasingly optomistic over the war's progress. A good bit should take place during the next five months. There is no denying the fact that we will be ready for an invasion of Japan before the end of the year, and I think they will cave in without making a last ditch stand.

Today a couple of men gave our monkey BoPo a can of beer. I didn't witness it, but everyone said it was terribly amusing. He would sit up and then fall over; start to walk away, and stagger. He climbed up on a limb and was unable to pull himself up. He is a great source of amusement to everyone. He likes to jump at one from the trunk of a tree, and climb around behind their neck and bite their ears; then he walks very disdainfully off and when one is not looking, springs back at one. He does not bit hard anymore. He likes to pull things out of one's pockets; lighted cigarets are entrancing to him; also a mirror. He will hold a mirror with one hand and continue to feel behind it for a half hour at a time.

I looked through all of my pictures tonight. There was never a more distinguished, looking picture than the one of you taken at Leo's. I still have a number of Mary's pictures. I wonder how she is faring in the world by now.

What is the purpose of the present big three conference; is it a general supplement to San Francisco, or is it in re governing postwar Germany, or the Pacific question mark?. I should like to read coments from Australian papers on Curtin's passing.

I think I shall take a swim in the ocean before going to bed tonight. I am not a bit sleepy; everyone else has gone to bed. I usually am the first or among the first to go, but I always get up first along with Smith in the mornings. We saw the picture "Meet Me in St. Louis" starring Judy Garland last night and the little girl, Margaret O'Brien. It wasn't a bad show; dealt with the life of a family around the turn of the century; a half way interesing show is the most relaxing thing in the world for me. I bought you a hat but it is of such poor quality that I hesitate to send it; the Moros have the art of hat weaving and there are no Moros around here; this one looks pretty good from a distance, but it is so large that I am afraid it will be hard to send.

Mother dear, I shall bring this poor epistle to a close and flee to bed. Good night to the best person in the world whome alone I adore.

Your ever loving son,
John M. Harrod

I have a great desire to read some of Dicken's books. Am anxious to know how the Chairmanship of the AAA comes out.

Nighty night my good darling Mama