

New Guinea
March 10 1945

My darling Mama:

My watch shows a quarter to nine on a Saturday evening this 10th day of March in the year 1945. Outside, the rain, which has been falling leisurely, is waning – a frog croaks in the nearby undergrowth, a bird chirps raspily just outside our quarters – farther away can be heard the voices of numerous birds, and from the distance, forming a background of noise, is the chirp of crickets. Ford is changing the radio station back and forth – [illegible], our new officer reads & Smith writes to a girl who has just written him that she is to be married soon. I have just finished writing to Mavis.

Tomorrow, Sunday I shall arise early & go to Headquarters where I shall eat Sunday breakfast – with Lou & go to Mass with him afterward.

The night of allied arms continues with relentless speed like the Hound of Heaven – just heard over the Jap radio that we have landed on Mindanao in the lower Philippines which of course is only a large scale mapping up operation German, oh Germany why oh why don't you surrender.

This afternoon I was up at the hospital on business and saw a number of young wounded men hobbling about & the thought of just how incongruous it was for people so young to be so injured by a force or event which was beyond their control hit me to see them & picture them as they would appear in the states had there been no war saddened me. They didn't look morose or Hard – They just looked like boys – hobbling about.

Am about through reading Madam Bovary. It bores and disgusts me. I hate to read an analysis of the emotions of a sorry woman. There is nothing singular or peculiar about them – they're just sorry that's all – It's a miserable book – and I detest miserable books.

Tonight Pin Up ran at me; jumped about two & a half feet on the air & fell flat on her back when she & the monkey play, the monkey bites her in the jowels & holds on, but they don't bite one another hard at all – Pin Up, especially, is very considerate – She is as cute a dog as I ever saw.

I know of no reason why Ed should not wear the jacket; whether it belonged to Lt. Armstrong of myself, you might remove the shoulder straps.

I encountered a good bit of jealous from Smith & Baron when Lou left. Against anything like that, I believe I am the most helpless person in the world.

I was thinking today as I walked into our quarters how at home when I walked in the House I always called out some greeting to you and you always answered so gaily. Just that simple daily occurrence was a wonderful thing.

Mama what are Edward's duties in the navy? I know that he is in the Medical Corps but I wonder what he does.

Mother you must fight off your impatience over my absence (rather a senseless statement) but if you worry too much, you will age way beyond your years & certainly you will have a long life to live, during which we shall certainly be together after I return home – stating it concisely and bluntly, I won't be

home until around June of next year. We must simply try to steel ourselves to it & be thankful meanwhile that I am not in a combat unit.

Goodnight most darling Mama that ever lived. I adore only you.

Your ever loving son,

J Molloy Harrod

I am enclosing four snapshots.