

New Guinea
March 13 1945

My darling Mama:

Good evening again from the isle of gold. The evening has not long since set in as I sit to pace you these lines. You perhaps will think I am growing away from home, but for the life of me I can think of nothing to write about. Never in my life have I been so devoid of thoughts.

Last night I removed all your letters from their envelopes preparatory to sending them home in a large envelope. Have not heard from Belter concerning the letters he brought to the states. I tore up all of Frances's letters & most of Mavis'. I hate ever to tear a letter up – even one from an enemy.

Dogwood & Blondie are entering chatting over the radio. We have all the major programs rebroadcast. I wish the radio you and Ed have was as good as is the one Harold Whitfield gave us.

I was thinking of Edward going overseas. He might be over a good while – around two years. I wonder what branch of the army Russel Green will get in. He will end up with some cinch job – probably in supply.

Mother, I wish you would describe for me your life on the ranch from the time you were a little girl until you moved to Eden. Mention where Don & Willie & Chas & Johnnie & Leo & Nell & sister Earnestine & aunt Lizzie were at different times – When Sam Waring moved to Concho & where from in the states & how much land did he have at first – what land Charlie ranched; when he met Marjorie – what you did in the evenings at the ranch – Christmas time the first time I remember Ed bringing you box candy & talking to you in your room. That is all I remember about him until you both returned from the panhandle. How long did [illegible] & at what period did he go to New Mexico? & what land did he have?

The book "the Great Smith" that I am reading is a bit obscure, but it is a rough blustering obscurely, characteristics. I suppose of the 16th century and is not as objectionable as obscurely written in terms of the present. I shall start on the Bounty Trilogy next; I loaned it to one of our men; instead to read also "Botany Bay" by Nordoff & Hall who wrote the other.

Madre, another bit of description I wish you would render me is, say, a description of a ride through some part of Eden for instance down around the roundhouse – or out the Menard road.

Our new officers – Charles "Check" Prentice is writing to his wife. He was married to her for 8 months before he came overseas 36 months ago and was with her only for a month during the eight.

In looking through your recent letter I found a long one that I had written you in early February which I had somehow misplaced and didn't mail.

We received a 24 Battle Beer issue today

Who is the sweetest Mama in the finite world – Tis you – Tis you, I shall be home to see you some fine day. The time seems far off now but it will speed by pretty fast.

Goodnight my darling Mama

Your ever loving son,

Johns M. Harrod