

New Guinea

February 17 1945

My darling Mama Kate:

I attempted to write a poem for the opening of this letter but I could get no further than two lines – which run this: As birds in the forest throat their trills I say good evening to my little mother of the Hills. The last line is a bit out of meter

I am amidst a peaceful scene as I write – The quarters are brilliantly lighted and are immaculately clean – Smith, Ford, and I have just taken a shower and I have sprinkled talcum on me & put some of your showering lotion on my face – I put it on every evening just for refreshments. The radio plays a French love song, and outside in the jungle all two sides of us the birds are singing busily – I say busily becomes their song are not especially pretty. Lou is on his way back from Base Ordinance after spending the afternoon down there – After I finish this letter I shall write Bernie & Dorothy Parr & then read “Time for Denison”, shall read maybe 30 minutes, and then shall be so sleepy that I can’t hold my eyes open.

Two good letters from yesterday, dated February 4th & 5th. The passage in one where you recalled your memories of Barnes school days was very well written. I keep thinking about it. That reminds me, I gave Ballter a package containing a good many of your letters to give to you – I want to save all of your letters. I must write him about them tonight.

Mother you should see our menagerie – I think I told you about one of the men buying a small monkey – Now we have acquired a tiny pig – wild one it is about 6 inches high and about a foot long – striped like a [illegible] – brownish black & brindle I watched it this afternoon dogging Dorsey’s footsteps as he walked from the shower. Pin Up and the monkey play gleefully – only I don’t think the monkey has much heart in the play. Pin Up looks terribly puzzled about it all, and as most dogs do under such circumstances, she acts very hysterical. She is one of the prettiest dogs I’ve ever seen – Black & white – her coat has a marvelous sheen, and she strikes such pretty & cute poses. I had a snapshot taken of myself holding her. Smith is going to take one of the three animals tomorrow & his sister shall send you one of the negatives as pictures.

My diary sits on my table neglected since early November – doesn’t even have the account of my Australian learn in it – But I write you everything that I would put in it, and hence writing in it is tedious. I can write anything nearly that I know except the name of this place which you know.

The Rose of Tralie (or is it Tralae?) is being sung over the radio – it is gently [?] beautiful.

Well I think Lou is going to Base Ordinance to be on temporary duty there while the executive officer is in the states on leave. I wrote you about it night before last, but said then that I didn’t think he was going. If he goes he will be there anywhere from a month to three months. He should leave (still stays at this Base) Monday at which time I would take command of the company automatically – I hope that it doesn’t fall through because it could turn into quite a break for me. But being your son, I am not counting my chicken before they hatch; a trait which I thank you for inculcating into me.

I notice in your letter of Feb 5th that you seemed to think Manila would fall soon; here it is the 17th & it is still – not completely taken – I knew they would have a good bit of trouble. I imagine it will take about two more weeks. The present carrier asked based plane attacks on Japan are significant in that it is

astounding how close our convoy is to Japan. I don't think they will harm Jap industry materially – Despite our whirlwind successes, the war over here has a long road ahead of it. It is hard to conjecture concerning it and Germany may easily last until [illegible] or even possibly longer – [illegible] again they could fold at any time

The radio "gives" with "They just couldn't say goodbye" – T was popular my last year in high school – It reminds me of toothy Derrick & his cow pen bride nozzle – Other than for things you & Ed & I have done, I don't revel in memories. Herlong days will always linger in my mind; I think mainly because of the scenery & climate & the fact that each day was filled with excitement – I hardly ever think of days at St. Mary's – and I don't recall many people with pleasure.

Well mother mine another epistle comes to an end. Good night & good dreams – was it [illegible] who said "good hunting". I cherish you.

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod

