

New Guinea
March 22 1945

My darling Mama:

Yesterday brought your letters of March 8th, 10th, & 11th to me. I was very glad to get them because I hadn't heard from you in about five days – four or five, somehow I had been a little uneasy about you for no apparent reason and the cheerful letters made me feel better.

Thunder rumbles again as I write – and a heavy rain shall fall tonight. This afternoon Lou and I rode about eight miles to a far side of the Bay to look at a firing range, which our men will use next week. The view of the ocean (we were on a high hill overlooking the bay and ocean proper) was a new one and very beautiful. The sky was so gray that it was difficult to tell where was the line of duration between it and the ocean. We walked for about a quarter of a mile up a muddy hill and got very winded. We talked to a Lt. Colonel who was a pleasant fellow of past fifty with gray hair. He wore infantry insignia, and I imagine he was [illegible] into the insignificant job he had.

We have just opened a bottle of beer each and are talking about the two articles you sent on Wallace. I don't know what to think about him. One thing, I believe that he can command the Democratic nomination for Presidency in the next race – the pressure of Labor general public opinion should put him through the convention hall over the herd of his enemies, much as was done in Wilkin's case. I shouldn't like to see him president through, as he would out Roosevelt.

I'll swear but was never is encouraging. I truly believe that Germany will be out of the war by the middle of May. It will be a ruined nation – physically and spiritually. I can't imagine anything being left standing.

Mother Mary Ellen wrote asking if I thought you would like for her to send you second hand books that she could pick up along. I think it would be an excellent idea. You might send her lists of one to look for. They probably wouldn't be very expensive. I would like for you to draw on me for the Book. We could start a little library in that way. If you would like for her to do this you could write her.

I got my portraits from Australia today, and shall mail the two copies to you tomorrow. They are pretty good, but my smile is rather poor, and my teeth look a little like they are false. I prefer the untitled one (they both are the same pose)

I enjoy your writing about the farm. The four hundred dollars pick up was pretty good wasn't it? Mother whenever you see what you think would be a good buy for me you needn't write for my permission to make the purchase,

You spoke of being a little discouraged when you read my comment on how long I would be over here It is a fairly long time, and because of your being home, it will seem longer to you than to me – however, by this Christmas we can be thinking in terms of my being home in a few months. So we can just set our sights for Christmas, knowing that then we will be in a hopeful frame of mind.

My sleep is a drugged one of late; I never dream – go to sleep within five second after going to bed & awaken terribly sleepy in the morning (haven't had over two nightmares since returning from Australia)

Well mother I must do a little work. Good night to you my darling Mama whom alone I adore.

Your ever ever loving son,

John

I worship you