

Mindanao  
July 26, 1945

My darling Madre:

Hello my little Texas Mother; tis your son Molloy signing in over the typewriter keys. This shall be a short letter tonight because I can think of little to write about. Two letters from you this day; posted from San Angelo and dated 9th and 10th of July. I am glad you went up there. I wish you would visit Nell every other week for a couple of days. Mother, how is your general health? You mentioned that you wouldn't sew at the Red Cross anymore. Be sure that you don't Mother. How is your weight as compared with what it was six months ago? You must be very, very solicitious of your health.

You mentioned that I must be pretty close to Japanese positions. I am not in the sector of the island which you mentioned. You know where I was before. You mentioned the name of the town but said that you couldn't find it on the map. Well, now I am on the opposite side of the island. When I left by truck convoy I rode eastward for ~~fifty~~ forty miles and then flew to my present destination; the trip took about 30 minutes by plane. The few Japs left are in the remotes parts of the mountains, many, many miles from here.

Ford and I played badminton after supper this evening. Then we all swam in the bay. It was very pleasant. I am initiating a campaign whereby the officers will do more extra curricular things, such as swim, play ball, play cards, and attend the show. One gets in a rut in going every evening to the orderly room and just sitting around. I feel noticeably refreshed after I take a little exercise. This morning I plunged into the ocean on awakening. Sometimes I think of the fact that when I return I shall never be around such a beautiful setting as is this. For instance, before supper tonight, we sat in our quarters drinking beer and looking at the firey red western sky. But I am like Sgt. Johnson, I would enjoy the sight a hell of a lot more if you were here.

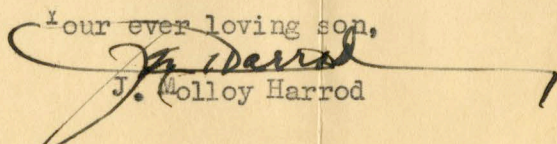
Shere stubbornness is causing me to finish the book Slogum House; it is a lazy, sorry book. One hears of lots of bets by members of the navy and the air corps that the war will be over in a couple of months. Thousands of dollars are allegedly being wagered. I am anxious to hear the results of the present Tri Parte conference.

Gosh, this is a plessant night; a cool breeze wafts through the orderly room. Somehow this climate is not a salutary one, but it is a darned pleasant one; for actual physical confiture of the moment, it beats Texas by far.

Well, little Mother, good night to you and the most pleasant of dreams. We are starting a policy of sleeping in one morning each week; I start in the morning. I think I shall write you another letter then.

Who do I adore--mi madre, seguro.

Your ever loving son,

  
J. Molloy Harrod