

New Guinea
March 26 1945

My darling Mama:

Your little son John had just been looking over some of your letters – dates ranging from May of 44 up to present. I took them all from their envelopes preparatory to mailing them back to you. A pretty imposing collection. A lot of the Pacific has flowed by since your letters which commented on Wadke and Beak I notice that Mrs. Bert figure frequently throughout the letters. When we write a book based on our letters she will definitely be a character in it your letters all run in the same vein – bright commentaries narrations no one will ever be able to write letters as well as you.

I was thinking today Mother when we go to New York we must see a good play or so – I wish we could be there during the opera season.

Tell Ed that I know have a brand new 45 caliber automatic pistol – I thought of Jaime [?] Callan as I picked it up. For one so fascinated by firearms in their childhood as I their lack of interest to me now is odd (this ambiguous sentence is an example of my failing mind)

We drilled the men today, and Pin Up nearly trotted herself to death following the different platoons. Her intense hassling reminded one of monster of happy memory.

I've just been reading an account in "Time" of the air priority given to Elliot Roosevelt's dog. ~~Were such things as that noted over here.~~ Many things like that occur in this Theatre (this dear censor is of course only my opinion and hot based on facts) when I made my 500 mile flight in January there was a huge washing machine aboard the transport in many respects. Lt. Smith of our company reminds me of Philip. I never thought of it until today, but they have many things in common – inquiring minds, pride in dress. [illegible] Charley was always careful of his clothes. That is a good trait in one; and one, when I think in terms of Philip and Charley makes me feel sad.

I am hungry tonight – I think I should like to eat an apple and a piece of potato cake of your cooking.

[illegible] and the Virginias – I laughed on reading your recollection of that. I remember very little about Forrest other than the perilous ride.

Well Mother Kavanagh son Malloy shall close for the night with the declaration that 'tis only you he adores – and no other you are without a doubt the best person in the world and the smartest

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod