

The Philippines
May 26, 1945

My darling Mama Kate:

Tis 9pm and a light rain has just eased. I sit in my tent writing on my fool locker. Looking out the open side of tent I can see large drops of water which are still on the grass. My tent light makes them glisten. Crickets chirp a bit more restrainedly. The hum of the motor of our generator which furnishes us light, sounds from just a few feet away. Trucks roar by on marshy roads fairly constantly but they go nowhere – just to the beach and back to the various dumpster.

I have just written a letter to a boy names Cornelius Collius who wrote me from a PO 565. I hadn't known that he was there. He was in my class at St. Mary's. He was a reticent sort of boy & a very good Catholic. He is a corporal in a weather station at the air strip.

I heard over the radio last night that Himmler had poisoned himself. Very dramatic wasn't it. I have a morbid curiosity over the details of such. I wonder why they can't find Hitler's body. I imagine Petain will receive clemency don't you? I wish we would force Spain to surrender Loyal. I believe we might. I would like to lead a small army into Inland to extradite any war criminals she might be harboring.

What think you of our bombings of Japan. Despite the long duration of the bombing of Germany before the effect produced was fatal, I believe we can bring Japan almost to her knees soon. With our increased knowledge plus our ability to employ limitless numbers of planes against her, and plus her weakness of aircraft defense, we should be able to reduce their entire island area into rubles. China's recent showing of strength is encouraging. I wish we had a couple of Divisions to throw into Foochow right now. Lou thinks we might soon attack to clear a supply route to Vladivostok for Russia. I believe Russian may enter the lists soon, although its hard to say.

Today while Smith & I were riding around in our jeep we ran into a Special Service Library which has a number of armed forces edition books I came out with Dr. Arrowsmith by [illegible]; Treasure Island & short stories by Damion R