

I have been getting lots of
San Angelo Standard. I read them
pretty closely.

Mindanao
July 9, 1945

My darling Mama:

Rain falls this night as it has nearly every night for the past several days; I am just back from a show which I left because of the rain. A combat bulliten featuring shorts on fighting in the ETO and Manilla was interesting; the main feature was terrible. I believe that out of all the pictures I've sat through overseas, at least one fourth of them were beseiged by rain.

Today wrote finis to the life of Pin Up Girl, and I am sad; I've been thinking of her ever since it happened. She has been feeling bad ever since Lou and part of the company left our last place by boat; a storm came up at sea and she became violently seasick; I've noticed her belching and then swallowing, and walking around limply for the past several days, but then she never looked really ill, and played a little ever day; McBride, the lankey negro whom I told you that Pin Up adored said that she ate half of his meat for supper tonight, the best meal she had had in a long time; after supper he said she played with great abandon; about an hour later she walked into his tent a bit dejectedly and lay down. He thought she was just sleepy; in a few minutes she started gasping and died within five minutes; she gave no impression of being poisoned. I have never seen any animal die in such a way. I was recalling all of her cute tricks; of the day last August that Smith got her from the 636 Ord. Ammo Co at Hollandia, and ~~how~~ of how sick she became while riding in the jeep; her taking refuge under the supply room when we left Hollandia; her habit of running with all her ~~nits~~ might and jumping into ones arms; of her running through the tall grass and turning around with her ~~eyes~~ ears perked up and looking back at us. Poor McBride who really loves animals said that he was very shocked over her sudden death. Of the three--the pig--the monkey and Pin Up, now only the monk remains.

I received two letters from you today, dated 28th and 29th of June; in one of which you recalled the day of my birth--you good sweet person you. Well I am sure to celebrate my next birthday at home; when I do get home we shall celebrate all birthdays. I was telling Lou about Marshall's premature ~~extra~~ visit to my birthday party; I can recall that scene as vividly as if it had happened last year. I imagine that was a pretty dampening incident to happen to one. I laughed when ~~Extrahigh~~ mentioned the stag party in which Henry K. gulped the punch; he did lots of laughing all the while he was swilling it. Those were good parties. People no longer have them do they. Speaking of Leona Pfluger, I believe I dislike her as intensely as anyone I know. I always liked her mother rather well. About the only time I ever inew Leona to act natural and receptive was when she was with Philip. I believe they were the most compatible couple I ever was around.

I am feeling in good fit now as my cold has vanished. You spoke of taking those shots. Dam, Mother, but you must watch your health closely--very very closey; be sure and don't exert yourself while it is so hot. How has Ed been feeling of late, and how is his weight?

At mass yesterday, I saw two Filipino nuns; they looked tiney in their habits, and talked to the chaplain as if he were the Pope; nuns give the impression of hurriedly floating around don't they?

Lou and I are going to start on a novena tomorrow; every Tuesday at four thirty P.M. It comes just as we get off work. I am very distracted at mass of late, and heretical thoughts run through my mind; its silly to start thinking about such a time worn issue as original sin, but I'll swear it is hard to believe that we should be born with original sin on our souls. By no possible means could the doctrine be proved through logic.

Mother, we can now tell the names of the places we have been below the equator. I imagine Harold told you all of them but here they are; Moresby, Lae, Goodenough Island, Tanamerah Bay, Hollandia, Ora Bay, Buna, Finschaven, Nadsab; the Admiralty Islands; I spent a day on the coast near Milne Bay, and also flew over Wau, and Salamua; also flew near Wewak and over Aitape and over Madang; have stood off shore at Biak and Morotai. I listened to Farewell To Thee while on the beach of Goodenough. I'll never forget Hollandia in its hey day; my poem, Ships In the Harbor fittingly described it in so far as there were myriads of ships in its harbor for months; I believe the most stirring sight of my life was looking out over Humboldt Bay at night and seeing the thousands of lights from the ships, all colors, hundreds of them blinking, all of them casting their reflections on the water; many clustered in near shore; others far out in the bay and lonely looking; another impressive sight is that of a convoy pulling out into the ~~xxx~~ high seas.

I am slow about stating in on Blessed Are the Meek; I am afraid it will be slow reading. Mother I was unable to get the hat while at the last place and there are no Moros here, and the Christian Filipinos don't have this type of hat. I am very disappointed; also I said that I would send Mary Ellen some money to buy some books for you, but you mentioned that she said she could buy them no cheaper than could you. Well I shall keep looking for something.

Well Mother Kavanaugh, I shall read a bit and then flee to bed. Good night to you--the ~~my~~ only mortal who is an angel. I worship and cherish and adore you.

Your ever loving son,

John Harrod

P.S. Did you receive ~~any~~ my letter asking you to send Jimy Ruth ~~my~~ one of my Sydney pictures?