

I am having no nightmares & am eating like a horse.

The Philippine Islands
April 29, 1945

Mi Querida Mama:

Salud & buenos noches my little mother – son John again signing in for a brief chat.

Tis a pleasant night – The day has been hot & dusty & hence the cool evening breeze is very welcome. I have just taken a bath, or shower rather, in an old abandoned Filipino swimming pool. A pipe runs into it and a fair sized stream of water provides the shower. As I was putting on my clothes I watched the moon rise up by the trunk of a tall palm; I don't believe I've ever seen a larger moon and it was nearly blood red – I am facing the Harbor as I write and the breeze off the water rustles through the orderly room.

As I mentioned before we are very busy – and again this shall be a short letter as I must get some sleep – have been averaging about 5 hours a night for the past week.

We have run into lots of men and officers whom we knew or met this time last year. They have really been through the mill since then. I saw one fellow whom I last saw last July. I knew that his unit had had a rough time in Leyte so I told him I guess he had had a pretty hard go & he replied that he had been on leave in the states from last August until December and had missed the entire deal.

Mama the Philippine Islands have pretty sounding names don't they? – Luzon, Palayan, Cebu, [illegible] Leyte, Masbate, Bohal, Negros, Mindanao is the most striking sounding name – don't you?

I hope you & Ed are well & that you haven't been worried about me. I've been thinking about you off & on all day – I am going to sing the hymn I told you about, "A closer walk with thee" to you when I get back.

When things slow up I should describe our surrounding & work

I adore you

Loving son,

John Harrod