

9 April 1945

Dear Mother and Dad:

I am momentarily resting in languorous lassitude and philosophically meditating about home and family and friends. It is a serene moment and such a lovely dream. When I get up and attempt to transcribe these fine thoughts upon white paper I discover that my written words are inadequate. I realize now that these things are to be experienced and not recorded, anyhow I know that you will readily appreciate their meaning.

And now a statement is in order, as tardy as it is, of the accountability of myself and things. At least this will be a good start.

I know you will be interested in knowing that your mail, has, from the very beginning, been received regularly and in nearly perfect sequence with an average travelling time from the states of from 9-12 days. If the air-mail service in the states could give us full cooperation I would not be surprised to find the travelling time cut in half. Our boys fly the mail over the ocean and across a couple of continents in about 60 continuous flying hrs. so we cannot blame the service at this end of the route. It seems so remarkable that a letter, under these times, can be delivered to my front door on the other side of the world in such a short