

I never again want to see such suffering and destruction. The sight of hundreds of "skin and bones" milling and fighting about us for a small can or bottle of water is a nightmare. Children begging for scraps of food, we would otherwise throw into the G.I. can, and clothes consisting of patches sewed together, although clean, made indelible impressions. We are all hoping for that day when we can again sail the Pacific with one port of call - San Francisco. However, I wonder if I won't meet Schiller shore face to face before that day.

Things are much quieter now and canyons are being made by 'dozers' through the debris. Life is beginning to flow and given time, money, and materials the Filipinos will reconstruct these beautiful islands.

Best of everything to you and Mrs. Allen and may Kansas be ever victorious.

Sincerely,

Harold H. Hawkins
1st Lt C.E.