

A Soldier's Letter Home from WWII

April 29, 1945

Dearest Folks,

This letter will undoubtedly seem queer to you because I am going to give forth with the news. My outfit hit the beach on Okinawa about three hours after the first wave on Easter Sunday. Then we moved on and dead bodies appeared. Along the road were arms, legs, heads, torsoes, blood and guts scattered everywhere. The stink and smell of dead bodies in the air everywhere. Dried up blood and bones are strewn around, and wounded people straggling around.

When I get home I want to forget about all I have seen. Like the way I found two of my buddies. They weren't dead but dying, tied and staked to the ground, their guts cut open and their tongues cut out and their private parts stuck in their mouths. Now I ask you Mom and Dad, can you blame a man for feeling bitter?

I'm sorry that this is such a gruesome letter but it's the truth, something you rarely hear in the papers. I wish you'd read this letter to your friends so they will know what it is really like over this way, and so they will not be misled by the papers.

Lots and lots of love to the best parents in the world,

JOHNNIE

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