

27 August 1944

Dear Mom:

Sunday, but not such a peaceful Sunday for me. I started out early this morning for the front to have services for the men - in times like this I crawl up to where the men are and conduct a little five minute service. The men are always happy to see the Chaplain but more than often advise me to go back - I held three services in a culvert, one in a ditch, one in a barn and one in a garage. Then had a few more services in the other companies.

Moving from area to area the enemy spotted me and threw couple of mortar shells at me but as usual Higuchi is always very difficult to find (Time out to knock wood) It is a rugged life especially on Sundays for me. I have one more service to perform here in our medic station and then pau for the day.

Had lunch at the front and of all things chicken which I hadn't had for a long time. Fried chicken and also Chicken a la king - it was wonderful. So far it has been rather nice on this front and hope it keeps this way till the end. We got the grand news that Roumania has given up and that Bulgaria may follow soon. The end seems quite near doesn't it. We can almost see Aloha Tower - (knock wood again)

Supper had just been served - lousy stuff so ate a few fresh tomatoes instead. It certainly tasted good - reminded me so much of picnics in Los Angeles. Wish we could do that again - I feel that some day you and I are going to make a trip to this end of Europe together and in peace time I am sure that it is going to be wonderful. I am planning on it anyway in my dreams.

Did I tell you that my promotion papers are in and hope to be promoted to Captain within a couple of weeks or so pending on how fast the paper work and red tape takes. Between you and me I much rather be out of the army then have any rank right now. I suppose Peter will be puffed up and be going around bragging that his ole man is now a captain - my pay will be boosted which will be a great help. I had been planning to send home some money for the past month but after Takeshi and Dan borrowed from me, and after my short trip to Rome - it is all but gone but expect next pay day to be able to send some home. One thing, we used Italian money and occupation money which doesn't seem to have any value to us so spend it like water. Boys give as much as a dollar to have a shirt laundered - more money than these eyes have seen in ages inasmuch as the usual charge is probably a penny for a shirt. Oh well -



All of Tani's things will be sent to Margaret eventually - I had his purse in my possession but had it mailed home through the Quartermasters Office. It was a shock to me as much as it was to you and all at home, and it was one of the saddest days I had experienced out here in the front.

Just finished my service with the medics - it was nice although these paesans are all over very curious about the protestant service. They are like the Japanese - they talk and whisper throughout the service - don't know that value respect & silence in worship. I remember the churches I have visited - people walking all around, guides leading one around and people kneeling in prayer. They don't get the majesty of silence in worship which is so important to us.

My estimation of these paesans have boiled down to this. They are a people without conviction - mauled around by Moussolini and then overrun by Germans - they have lost character and conviction. I don't feel so sad about the hunger that may come, or the lack of adequate shelter for these people but really feel sorry for a nation of people without convictions and ideals. When the Germans were here they would wave a flag and say the Germans were tops and the Allies a bunch of rats and now we are here, they turn right around and cheerfurious and scream, actually scream invectives against the Germans. What a nation.

I saw Chuck Ota today and Nobuto Maeda - so if you see their parents tell them that they are ok. Both are Waipahu boys - Chucks Japanese name is Tatsuo and folks live near the Tamura hospital.

Boy, there is a terrific artillery barrage not far from here - sometimes I wonder how anyone can live through anything like that but apparently they do. How man can invent bigger and better things to kill more and more people is beyond me.

Hope this mess ends real soon - the way it is going though it should end suddenly one of these days. I can picture myself coming home, to Peter and Jane and you. Bet you'll cry - wanna bet? Wonder if I will. Peter maybe will act nonchallant and just say 'Hi dad' as he always does but know that I'll feel his little heart pounding within. Jane of course will scream with fright to see my mug - but then I never claimed to be handsome.

Bye dear - optimism reigns today - perhaps tomorrow I'll be blue as all H so better close before I get that way.

My kisses to the kids and tonight when Janie is asleep kind of give her a little peck right on her forehead for me and ask Peter to include me in his prayer.

love

Dad