

6 March 1944

Dear Mom:

Haven't heard from you for over a week and am kind of worried but figure its the mail. Hope all is well at home.

This is certainly a dusty day, wind blowing very strong - a kind of a warm damp wind and dust flying all over the place. The office desk by now has over an inch of dust almost. However, I prefer this kind of a day than the cold days that we had a few weeks back. The months of February and January hasn't been so bad. The people did caution us that these months would be the worse but seemingly in the south it isn't so bad. We had a couple of frosty mornings but all in all as I look back, it hasn't been so bad.

Yesterday General Marshall came to visit the camp - I did not get to see him although I suppose I should of been in the Review parade. Understand he is a big, impressive man.

Just got me a GI haircut but not too short as I have definitely got my leave for the 21st of this month. I am planning to leave here on the 19 or thereabouts and come back about the 2nd of April. I am sure that after Easter I will have a few days to see Takeshi. This morning I had my teeth checked and filled three cavities - one thing good about army dentists they do all the work in one day and so am finished with the dentist. I came back and took my thyphoid shots which I must take over - and my tetanus which has just one more to go. Thus - I have to go through all the rigmarole of taking shots and going through an intense physical. I want to get that all finished before I come back from furlough.

I am sending my things wither to Alice or to Hank. I sent home a few books but the rest of the things I will keep with them.

I am enclosing a few extra snapshots which I have already sent to you. Please give one to Horace and another to Shigemi from me and any others whom I should send pictures to.

As I sit on my desk I have before the picture of the family sitting on the porch. It was taken so well and another of Jane and another of Peter. I bought myself a little pocket folder made of leather to keep pictures in and thus can carry the families picture with me. I suppose Peter is growing bigger every day.

We are taking life more or less very easy. Staying in garrison and just doing every day ordinary training for the time being. The troop go out in the field but I stay back in the chapel and just sit and do office work. Sympathising with the boys problems, helping them straighten out their wahine affairs ( which they have plenty of) helping the boys from the relocation camps orient their thinking - and in general being a listening post. I presume in the battle field there will be less this kind of work and more religious leadership.



I am slated to give a sex morality lecture tomorrow - and have one to give almost every day next week. It is an army requirement that the boys listen to a sex lecture given by a doctor, an officer and the chaplain simultaneously once every six months - so we take them either by companies or larger group. I am afraid the talks got through one year and go out another. Coming into the army, my eyes have really been opened to the looseness of men and women in the country - it seems. I suppose as a minister at home I did not get to see very much of that but here living with the average man and listening to their troubles and etc. one certainly gets a different slant on the morals of the country. Sometimes I often wonder if there is a decent home left in the country. This war is certainly raising havoc with morals not only here but most likely throughout the world.

Last evening I spent with Yaso and his wife. We went out to eat at Jules Landry's again and had a big steak. It was really a great treat. I paid for their dinner and Emi also said that she received a pkge from you.

Please take care of yourself, don't overdo and write soon. I suspect that I will receive a whole stack of mail from you very soon. A big hug and kiss for Jane and Peter and aloha to Obachan. By the way, did you receive my war bond as yet. You are supposed to get one every month beginning January.

love

*Don.*

P.S. Did I stop to tell you ---