

May 28, 1944

Dearest Hiro,

How are you? We haven't heard from you for such a long time, and hope and pray everything is all right with you. I just got back from Church; it was a nice service, Rev. Ishimura of Waialua came out to speak and gave a good sermon. We have a lot of new faces in Church these days; Shigemi and Horace work so hard to keep things going. I met with the Pilgrim Group at 6 first; Jiro couldn't go tonight, so I pinched him; he had to meet with his agricultural class. Next Sunday the Church is going in a body to the Kawaihau Church in town for the YMCA centennial service. Jiro and wife are taking me, after the High School graduation program at 4:30.

I am sending this letter with 6cents airmail; I understand now all APO letters can be sent 6 cents, and likewise all you need to put on is 6 cents too. Please let me know if the mail comes to you any quicker or more efficiently now.

I last wrote you on Thursday the 25th; I hope you've been getting my mail regularly. I also wrote to cousin Tak and Fuzzie too. I hadn't written to Fuzzie since you visited her, she sent me some snapshots of Carole and Chas and herself.

On Friday, after lunch I took Peter to town with me. I left him at Ai Young's where he played with Mona. I had a conference with Miss Latimer at the YMCA. Then Peter and I had an icecream sundae at the drug store at Beretania and Pensacola streets; we met Jimmy Liu on the street; he sends his regards to you. We shopped at Kress and picked up a few things, then got home about 6. Grace Yoneda then dropped in to see me about some Girl Reserve matters; her club of which she is the president at the High School are giving a ring-ceremonial this coming Wednesday. Jiro gave us some broccoli from his garden.

On Saturday, I went to Waipahu and had my car radio fixed; the tube had gone out. Then dropped in at Grace Ikeda's about YMCA matters; we chewed the rag for a while. She has a nice high school girl come on Saturday's now to help her with the housework. This same girl is going to work for Kiyo from vacation time. Kiyo you know is expecting another baby in Sept. and hasn't been too well. Then I took Mrs. Kito, and Fred to the Ewa hospital where we visited Chester. The ex-rays showed no broken bones, although he is certainly bruised up quite a bit, especially over his right eye, and shoulder, and is in some pain yet. It seems the scaffolding broke where he was working and he fell about 11 ft right on his head. It was lucky he didn't hurt his head. He was raring to come home already, and was so envious when Fred told him Kito and his gang were going fishing today! I stopped at the post office on the way back and found a letter from Miss Yamamoto of our office; she was one of our secretaries; is an Ewa girl; I think you performed a wedding ceremony for her brother last year, do you remember? Anyways she's bringing two other girls out next Saturday to spend the afternoon and have lunch with me. It will be good hearing all the latest gossip about the office. After supper Lt. Firth and Capt. Russell came for Peter and I and we went to the camp and saw "Kitty Foyle," a Gingers Rogers picture, kind of old stuff but good. Lt. Albers was ill so wasn't there, neither was Capt. Woods, he had a date. Lt. Firth's wife just had a baby in Texas, and he is anxiously awaiting the pictures of his new daughter-- its tough to be separated isn't it. When I see these men, I realize how much you must miss all of us too-- you're all so far away from your loved ones.

Today I had Sunday School; Michiko lost the key to the building(the school cafeteria) so we had to meet on the lanai, and the kids had classes under the trees. Margaret then came over for a while and we talked. Learned that tomorrow the Yoshida boy, Nancy Nakahama's husband, the Tsutsui boy, the Izawa boy and several others are getting inducted. Sure is tough, but I guess everyone will be called sooner or later. Peter went to the Pearl City show matinee with Tommy; I drove them up, and they walked back. They had a batch of G-men, cowboy pictures-- right up the alley for him. He had a grand weekend; he

just went to bed— it is now about 9, and said "Boys what a weekend, five comics and two movies!" He is so cute— the other day we were talking about how you used to call him. When you were in a good humor, you called him "PAL", but when you were cross, you'd say, "Peetah"! Then says he, "Boy did I shake!" We laughed about it till we nearly cried. He gets lonely sometimes I think; like this morning, he wanted to crawl into bed with me; he comes into my bedroom with his bon-bon, and a comics magazine about 7 a.m. and says, "Mummy, I'm so cold"— which was just an excuse as it wasn't cold— but then you see what tact he has!

Major Millsapps dropped in this afternoon for a brief visit. I hadn't seen him for a long time— he is still at the same place— and very busy I guess. He also went to see the Ikedas. Mrs. Ikeda invited him to their high school senior banquet— a dinner-dance affair, so he could escort one of the teachers there— believe it or not, she is getting Doc to go! He is grumbling about it already, but she has insisted he should make his appearance at least once this year! I told Doc I would be sure to write you about it, as I'm sure the town of Waipahu would faint to see him appear at a social function!

Obachan worked so hard to compose the enclosed letter to you— she works so hard every day I have a chance to use this girl part-time that Grace has now— but mama says she'd rather do the housework herself— so that's that.

I am going to have a busy week— tomorrow I will have to go to town to see Miss Channon at the YW. She is going to talk to me I know about continuing to work for the Y, but I don't know if I will do it. I may finish with just the summer program— but I get too tired, so think I had not better attempt anything further. The thing is, I have to get up once or twice at night yet for Jane, when she gets wet, so I don't get enough sleep—

Then Tuesday I will go to Kunia— Shigemi wants me to ask Mr. Zwai to preach at our Church next month too. Carl Jones called today and said he was going to drop in Tuesday— he is still in the hospital from his operation, but gets a pass that day. Wednesday I will have the High School program; Thursday I will have both the Intermediate and Elementary club to meet; then Betty Hiraoka is coming over, and will have supper with us. Friday I will have my Aiea group, then Saturday the office gang will come over; Sunday the graduation and town church service. So on it goes.

I find the days fly by so quickly when I'm busy like this. I keep hoping and praying that each day means another towards an early victory and peace, so you can come home to us. I saw Mr. Hamada at the Liberty House; his boy is in Italy— did you ever get to see him? He sent his regards to you. I bought Peter a new belt from him— as we thought we had lost his old one— then the next day it turned up in the desk room. I wish you could see Peter in long pants— I will take some pictures of him and send them later.

Jane is such a darling— each day she does something new and different, and I keep wishing you were here to share her— she definitely knows who "Daddy" is — at least she turns her head toward your picture when I say "Where's Daddy?"— a genius for you! She is so chubby and is full of personality— she started to cry though when Maj. Millsapps talked to her I guess she's not used to men.

Did I tell you I subscribed to Popular Science and Walt Disney comics for Peter last week— but we won't get them for 4-5 months yet, according to the Liberty House. Peter has been asking for them —

This will be my last week of work as far as school activities for the Y are concerned. Peter's vacation begins after the 9th— he is looking forward to vacation already. It is marble season— and he is as usual amassing quantities of marbles all over the house. He still has his junk-collecting mania, he raids all the trash cans, and you should see some of the stuff he brings home— old bills, old magazines, old bottles, etc. What a boy!

I made some umeboshi — out of canned prune plums, salt, shiso, and lemon juice, and it is delicious. We wish we could send you some— it is like the real stuff.

Good night dear, please take care of yourself— I must feed Jane now— and please write.

Love,

Annie