

8 May 1945

Dear Mom:

At last it is over. Thank God! but still there is another war going on the other side - and we cannot be too happy as yet. Only to know that we won't have to fight for a while anyway makes us very happy. Yesterday, I guess I was the first one to hear over the radio that negotiations were on the way - I told the Major about it. No one seemed over excited nor seemed to care. Most of them just said "oh, yea!" I told the major that in case the peace is officially announced, I would like to have a very short prayer service with the whole battalion and he thought it was the best idea. Anyway, just before retreat the official announcement came over so instead of the usual retreat the major turned over the retreat tome. I led the men in singing of America, then asked them to have a minute of silent prayer in which I would like them to think of the men who had died to make this day possible for us. Then I led the crowd in prayer - thanking God for I knew that this day was also a great day for you. Then asked that we always remember the men who had died for this day - and for the folks at home. It was very fitting that we should do this and the men all appreciated the service. All through the service I kept thinking of you and the thanksgiving service you were going to have. Thanks honey, thats the only way to celebrate - knowing what the cost was in men and friends. There are many friends I know who have not the heart to celebrate when they think of their loved ones dead in these fields.

As for the men - to the most of them they didn't know why the chaplain was taking over. They just stood erect as soldiers when they heard the news - there was no shouting, just a little sigh that seemed to pass over the crowd. After the service and when they were dismissed - there was some shouting but only by the new men that came over and had not fought very long. For the most of us - it seemed like it was untrue. Only this morning, it occurred to me what it meant in my life and yours and thus this letter.

We are moving today again but alas not for home - just to another area. We won't come home for a while as yet I am sure. The men are happy of course but guess none of them want to get drunk and carouse for to them, the bloodshed, the horrors, the dead friends are too real.

I saw Kelly yesterday and we mutually congratulated each other. Both of us had one thought in mind I am sure. The thought that we were overjoyed to be able to shake each other's hand on this day. Its been so long - the dangers so numerous and death around the corner each day.

Received a nice letter from Sam yesterday. He writes his usual humorous letter - guess I will answer it soon. Also one from Yasuko, and Tomiye Komtsubara and Mavis Oshiro and a host of others I'll have to answer allof them but am too busy for the time being. Feel like just letting them go until I come home.

Take care of yourself - don't let down now but keep up the spirit. Be home in a jiffy I know.

love

Dad