

22 May 1945

Dear Mom:

Haven't heard from you for quite some while but the mail is slowly catching up to us so that by this week, I should have heard from you many times over. Be interested to know how you spent the VE Day and what your thoughts were of.

At the present time we are here near the city of Milano taking care of prisoners. Thousands and thousands of them - I keep myself busy running a men's glee club and taking out the swimming detail and running a library and other things. Its quite a job but I enjoy myself no end doing it.

Enclosed, please find a few German money which a prisoner gave me. We have them doing details around my tent and so I get to practice my German on them - these are all older men of forty or thereabouts and with children and wives at home, it is pretty sad. They don't know what happened to them as they get no letters and always imagine the worst. One can't help but feel sorry for them although one knows how they treated our men and their conquered people once long ago.

Just when I will be going home - no one knows. That's about all we talk about - our homecoming but seemingly the army has different plans on it. I suppose though that we will be going home some day as a unit. The point system - if I am to go by that makes it eligible for me to go home but then being a Chaplain they probably keep me for quite a while. I have 85 points or rather 87 points. One needs 85 points to make him eligible to go home - so I have two points over the necessary requirements.

As for my citation, I think it will be coming through one of these days - some kind of a medal anyway to strut around on one's chest - but still I wouldn't say anything about it as there's always a slip in the army somewhere.

This morning I am sitting here in my tent wondering just what to do. There are so many things to do and such a nice morning too - too nice to do anything but



just sit.

Mrs. Dixon wrote me a letter - I sent her one quite a while ago. Will you tell her that I received it. She also asked me whether I got the Xmas letter or not - I don't remember receiving it as I usually answer all letters and certainly would have thanked her for it if I did receive it. Guess it came during that awful fight in France and just got mislaid somewhere. Getting mail to the front during combat is a tough job and naturally goes through many hands.

I suppose now that it is all over I can write about a few things I couldn't write before. I remember the day Kiyoshi was killed - he went up to the Bn CP to fix his radio. He got it fixed and was supposed to go back which would have saved him but he sat around talking to a few friends. A shell came whistling through the house and another shell followed - Kiyoshi ran to the back of the building for shelter but the second shell went through the same hole and he was killed right there. He died instantly and did not suffer at all. I didn't know anything about it - the next day I heard that six bodies were brought down from the hills and so I went to see the GRC - he gave me the list of names. The very last had these words which I can't forget "Body unrecognizable, no dog tags - believe to be Sgt Iguchi". It was a shock to me for almost about the same time the body of Kei Tanahashi came through the Aid station and Jenhatsu Chinen was killed. As for Kei - there were so many wounded coming in that when they brought his body in I never recognized him. The doc covered him up - the next day one of the boys from his company came through and inquired about him. I said that he didn't come through - but the boy insisted so I finally thought maybe it was the body that we covered and placed away in the barn nearby. I took a flash light and went over - and it was Kei alright. It nearly drove me crazy that night - Kei, then Zenhatsu then Kiyoshi.



That was almost a year ago - then I remember the time Tanji was killed and how it effected me too for he was a very fine chap. Then John Saito - he was killed by a shell and was lying covered by the side of the road - I called up the GRO to go after the body but since it was rather hot there - they wanted to wait a while. So I volunteered to go inasmuch as I know the parents would appreciate their son's body being picked up right away - so I took off. It was plenty hot with shells landing all around but finally managed to get his body on my jeep. John was such a nice boy and then Muroda's body. I picked his body up too - he looked so peaceful and natural. He was killed by a shell - we had to go over a couple of wooded hills to get him and they were still fighting in the area. It wasn't such an easy job but we brought him down and three others.

I hope that we won't have to go to the South Pacific. We've had enough fighting - although if we have to, I know the boys will make a good showing. It must be tough fighting there.

The Po valley is a pretty place - all green and lush. However, I prefer the lushness of the islands.

Please take care of yourself - don't worry about daddy - love to the children and here's hoping that we will be coming home soon. Love to obachan

love

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