

November 11, 1943

Dear Mom:

Armistice Day - but not very peaceful for me. I just got through a dry run on the infiltration course. A dry run in army term means a practice maneuver and infiltration course is where you creep and crawl through barb wires, shell craters etc. while they shoot machine gun bullets over your head. You probably have read about these courses in magazines. Its not the least dangerous - provided you don't decide to give up in the middle and walk away. Its a lot of fun.

Last night I dropped in to see Hoaces Brother in his hut. I went there with Kiyoshi Iguchi and Toshio Kikuchi. It was a lot of fun. They have all Hawaiian chaps in that hut except one boy from Utah. The problem at the beginning of the encampment was whether the Hawaiian boys would be taken over by the Mainlanders or the mainlanders by the Hawaiians. Well - the boy from Utah was speaking the Hawaiian pigeon like the rest of them - using the slangs so peculiar to Hawaii and the terms we use there. Imagine a boy from Utah saying "Criminy" - but she throw form - what he is?" All this talk about the boys' ashamed of their English must have come from the few University grads around here for the majority are just too anxious to teach the mainlanders Hawaiian English and proud of it. The mainlanders like it too as it is certainly a lazy man's language - a short cut to expression and as one said to me - the most expressive way of speech.

Another thing I found out - the men from the mainlanders don't get along with each other. The men outside of LA dislike the men from Calif and prefer Hawaiian lads. There must have been quite a misunderstanding at first - between all the different groups until the 100 infantry came here. Then they came in with their fists and Hawaiianized the whole bunch. The mainlanders to my surprise are not good mixers. They eat (the officers) together at one table and do not mix while our local fellows mingle with the whole officers and are much freer. Perhaps the complex from campment has quite a bit to do with it... the men from the mainland, the nissei are quite impressed with the kanakas - the way they make friends so easily and mingle with the haole population. I found out the meaning of the word ko-tonk - its the hallow sound when something empty falls or is hit. The 100 infantry gave these boys the term - guess when they beat up on the mainlanders the resulting sound was quite a kotonk. The Hawaiian lads call them selves "buraheads" I don't know where they get these nicknames from - but the latter is a breakdown of "boburas." So poor Peter by anthology would be half "ko-tonk" and half "burahead".

It doesn't seem to get enough sleep. I visit these huts every night and usually stay late talking and getting acquainted. Its so much fun to listen to the boys talk and to hear the mainland nisseis becoming so Hawaiian in their talk. Its great fun.



Had a good lunch - then went out on the field for the final infiltration course. With machine gun bullets flying over your head and occasional bursts of dynamite to kind of give the atmosphere - it isn't exactly what you would call a happy half an hour. However, did do credit to myself.

I have made an allotment to you for 175 dollars which I hope will come to you regularly. I do not expect to spend the money I am keeping for my own expense so will send you an occasional check to help things along. I don't think I will spend very much except for food and laundry.

During infiltration today - I followed George Kobayashi knowing that his big boy will give me ample protection in case anything happens.

I am kind of glad that we didn't decide to have you come here - of course it would be grand, but the south is definitely no place for my family. The houses are poor and the schools way below average. I passed a little village coming in today where some of the officers wives are staying - it looked like a replica of Tabaco Road. I was surprised no end to come into Hattiesburg and find waiting rooms, drinking fountains, lavatories etc etc - for colored only and another for white only. Then the AJs are considered more on the white shade but then not too white - however, there is no overt discrimination nor any riots as was rumored in Hawaii. The place for the boys is not really too bad - guess its lonesomeness and home sickness that makes them dislike the place. The haole officers here despise the south - guess there is still a little feeling left from the civil war.

My address as you already know is 442nd Inf Combat Unit - Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

I took some pictures at Alice's and expect to have them developed by next week. You ought to see daddy with his leggings fatigue and helmet on - he looks like something out of the comic strip. The fatigues I bought was large for me - so I had the legs cut off a little - nevertheless as the body of the suit was still a little long for me - my legs seem to begin where my knees ought to be. However, its very comfortable - and comfort is so much more important -

I'll finish off here and right to you again soon -

as ever

*Love*

*Dad*

*Hello Pete -*

*Hello Obachan*