

12 November 1943

Dear Mom:

Just got me a new typewriter assigned to me. A GI affair made by Underwood co. Not a bad one however so must try it out on a letter to you. Just received a letter from Doc Ikeda today which cheered me up no end. I have not received as many letters as I did in Harvard so far. Perhaps the mail is trying to catch up with me. Your letters have been coming in regularly once a week. The last week in Harvard I received three of them in one week which was the best week of all. I have arranged your allotment so that you will receive the December pay allotment beginning in January. I will send you a check for this month however. The pictures I took at Alice's came out alright but will have to have them enlarged. Will mail them to you next week.

I hope you got my last check for two hundred dollars which was sent to you from Harvard.

Last evening Kiyoshi Iguchi came over again to visit. We went out together visiting different boys that I knew. Also several LA boys who used to be in my Tartan club while at the Union Church came over to see me. They all remembered me. It is really a grand feeling to have so many boys remember the poor leader I was at the church.

I am preaching the first sermon this Sunday. It's kind of nice that I brought so many of my old sermons. It saves me a lot of time in preparing one and helps me immensely in getting my sermons worked out. Chaplain

The Abes and the rest of the island officers are not here yet from Benning but will be with us by the end of this month. I kind of miss them. The officers from the mainland (that is the nisseis) either have an awful complex or something. They stick by themselves, eat by themselves and generally love themselves so.

13 November

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After writing to you last week I visited the hospital. There were so many of our boys who are down with the flu - They were all so glad to have some one visit them. I also deposited whatever loose money I had in the bank. Don't worry about me as I will have ample funds to take care of myself.

In the evening I attended the officers dance of the Field Artillery. We had dinner first of chow mein and egg fu young. It was rather nice. I met a Dr. Harada, a boy from Riverside who seems to have known you. Also a couple by the name of Viani, with whom I sat most of the evening. This Haradaha has his wife here - she hardly speaks a word of English. Mrs. Viani told me that she paid 2 dollars a day for a single room in town without meals and paid extra for everything else. Hattiesburg is a good town if you don't know any better. I came home at ten -

Got up this morning and met Matsuoka. One of the medics in the regiment. He is Irene Fukuoka's brother. Irene gave me a couple of hundred dollars to give to him and it will indeed be a relief to get rid of it. Will you tell Irene I gave it to him. Also will you tell Kazu Mikami at the Country Motors that I told Dollar about their 25 dollar gift and I am keeping it for him and also that "Scratchy" is not here at present but will give him the money the first chance I get. Speaking of money - the regiment as a whole gets more money sent to them from home than all camps. I was speaking to the telegraph operator and she thinks Hawaii must be a place for millionaires - the fond parents certainly send money for the boys' furlough. But then, the boys could use it for their vacations and a chance to see the country.

I also saw Norman Kobayashi this morning back from furlough. He is the same feller - quiet. His family is still in camp. Dr. Fujikawa says is in Missouri, working in some TB sanitarium. Speaking of medics - this place is lousy with them and they have more than enough. I have grave doubts if they will call any more in - ~~As it is they have more than three times their~~ quota so doubt if Shinso will be called in.

It certainly is cold here in the morning and the evening. It warms up in the afternoon however. It's the damp cold that gets into your bones.

I am planning to get an orderly very soon for the chapel - a chaplain's assistant. He is a school teacher. Talking of school teachers - this army has really placed men of all men and professions on an equal basis. Some of these school teachers when they get thrown in with other men certainly show up poorly - lazy and useless in general.

Ralph Kubo is one of the orderlies here and is certainly a good man. He knows all the routine here.

Just went out to deliver some money to one of the Waipahu Boys. I met Grover Nagaji, Jane Shimomura's brother in law, a very grand chap. Wherever I go about the camp - someone yells out Hiro or Reverend - just like home and then realizing that they are in the army now say "sir" to me. However I get them out of the habit of sirring me and call me as chaplain. Ben Takayasu and Roy Satow dropped in to see me this morning. Roy hasn't changed a bit. The same old feller -

I spent the afternoon in town ordering birthday cakes for the boys. This seems to be a regular job for the Chaplains - handling birthday cakes for the many many boys and their birthdays. Don't order me any as I figure it is a waste of time, and I don't like cake anyway. Even if it were free I wouldn't like it. While waiting for the cake I spent the afternoon talking to Mel Harter at the USO. He has fixed his USO in a Hawaiian motif - with Hawaiian pictures and etc. The idea is that he wants to get the townspeople interested in the place and they will come to a Hawaiian USO. He calls it the Aloha Center as a name like an AJA center will not exactly go over with the people. He told me that the townspeople are gradually getting over their hostility towards the boys but it will take time. At least the people around here are getting friendlier to the Hawaiian boys. Even getting so that the mainland officers and wives claim themselves as Hawaiian - so Mel says in getting rooms and etc. It certainly

I guess it is partly due to the fact that Hawaii is always glamorous, and perhaps due to the 100th but mostly due to the fact that the main land fellers in the camp have caused the most trouble in trying to get out of the army. In a way you don't blame them - they go home to their relocation camps on a furlough, see their folks behind wired fences and then come back wondering what it is all about. Some even go as far as to take back their army oath. The Hawaiian boys being volunteers and very kanaka are anxious, instead, to go overseas with the 100th.

Nov. 14

Last evening Ed Okazaki from Maui dropped over, then we went to the service club and met Nobuo Hirotsu from Waipahu. We talked there for a while over a cup of coffee and then went over to Toshi Anzai's place. We talked and talked - then came home to bed.

This morning I had to preach two sermons - we have so many coming to church one service will not accommodate the group. I talked on prayer.

After the service I dropped in on Milton Kondo (Carl's brother) and also met Masao Aizawa of Maui. Spent a short while there and then went over to the hospital on a jeep. We chaplains have the service of a jeep - the boys in the hospital were so glad to have someone drop in on them. Dollar was down with the flu so I spent most of the time with him. Spent the whole day there and came home - ate a hearty supper and am now in the chapel waiting for a meeting.

I may go on a Bivouac this week. If so I may not be able to write as much as I want to. My letters will be very spasmodic for the next few months due to the training schedule but do not worry over much. Miss you all -

DEAR PETER:

HOW ARE YOU? ARE YOU GETTING EXCITED OVER THE NEW BABY BROTHER . DADDY IS STILL WORKING VERY HARD. HE HAS A STEEL HELMET (THE NEW KIND) GAS MASK AND EVERYTHING NOW. WE GO OUT HIKING AND CAMPING IN THE COLD - BUT IT IS TOO COLD TO BE ANY FUN. AT NIGHT WHEN WE LEAVE OUR WATER OUT - IT TURNS INTO ICE BY MORNING. THE OTHER DAY, I WENT THROUGH THE INFILTRATION COURSE. DADDY HAD TO LIE ON THE GROUND AND CRAWL LIKE A WORM UNDER BARB WIRE FENCES AND IN SHELL CRATERS AND EVERYTHING WHILE THEY WERE SHOOTING MACHINE GUN BULLETS (REAL KIND) OVER DADDY'S HEAD. BUT DADDY DID NOT GET HURT. IT WAS LOTS OF FUN.

PLEASE WRITE TO DADDY. DO YOU WISH FOR ^{your} VACATION, ALREADY?

LOVE

Dad.