

8 November 1944

Dear Mom:

Just five days more and twill be armistice day. How ever it does not seem as if the war willbe over as so many men predicted - by armistice day. The jerries are still so full of fight although one cannot tell about their home front. If I were to be bombed day after day and night after night, and see our sons younger and younger going to the front not to return - my morale would hit rock bottom. The jerries ought to be crumbling by now.

Well, today I move up again after almost over a week of this PBS life. Yesterday being sunday, I went up to the front for services we have to climb a steep mountain and then down - got to the top of the mountain where our aid station was located and the bullets were literally flying all over the place - and the shells crashing near by. Any thoughts of services ~~besides being useless~~ was out of question. I picked up four of our wounded and started to our aid station when along came that familiar whine of an 88 artillery. The boys who were wounded and hardly able to walk disappeared in slit trenches and holes and so did I. Luckily they only through in two close shells - we continued our journey back. Thus goes life - every time I go to the front - something happens.

I wrote to Lad yesterday asking for his advise about moving up to Virginia. I know he will write to you. There are so many things to consider before you make the move - 1. Peter's schooling, 2. epidemic of sickness which hits the mainland pretty bad 3/ the financial angle of it - 4. whether being in the mainland will make it any easier to see you, when I come back. Think it over and make your decision.

By the way can you give me Madame Schurer's address. You ought to have it somewhere. No doubt her home has been blitzed - but even if she is of an enemy country, she is still our friend and perhaps some day I can look her up. Certainly would love to.

The day is cloudy as usual although the night was really beautiful - the stars were out in a clear sky and the moon came out later. First clear night I had seen hereabouts, and thought it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. This fall weather is getting me down - its cold enough now, wonder what it will be like in winter. NO doubt I will miss the cold when I come homebut not for long after I spend a couple of weekends on the beach under the hot sun.

This morning I have to see one of our officers - in a hospital thus will not be back here for the day. The rest of the aid group moved up just now but I have to remain here until I get my business done. The chaplain's job is funny - yesterday I had to go from the very front to the very rear - but usually I stay right back of the front lines with the aid group.

I don't like to stick around the aid station as the wounded coming in makes me feel very low. To see our boys being wounded and



picturing what they must go through makes me feel like crying. Takeshi is ok - just received a letter from him saying that he is in the hospital again for trench foot. Knowing the kind of fighting they had to go through, I was afraid for him - but am relieved to know that he is ok. His old trench foot must have got back on him.

Peter would be interested to know that the day before yesterday a junker's German plane came swooping down the valley we were in. The ack ack guns began banging away - nobody was hurt but one of the German planes came down. There were two of them - Then our planes, several dozens of them go swooping down on the enemy - the Germans don't seem to have so much ack ack against them so ours always come back. I can just picture Peter making that awful sound between his teeth and playing pilot.

Thanksgiving will be here very soon - guess this is the second thanksgiving that I miss with the family but then when we come home, we'll have our own thanksgiving proclaimed by us. I certainly would like to celebrate in our own home and if you don't have to move or can hang on till I come home to the house please do so - I always picture our home as it is part of my old life.

Take care of the children - love to them, and for you all my love

aloha

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'D. A.', located below the word 'aloha'.