

November 24, 1944

Dearest Hiro,

Here it is the day after Thanksgiving. I kept thinking all day yesterday of what kind of a day you were having, and hope you had the traditional turkey and fixins wh reeverf you might be. We had a nice day, and went to the Ikeda's where they had a real Island turkey dinner. Doc kept saying he wished you were there to stow away the food. We were there from 2 till about 5. Obachan and Jane went too, we took her play pen and she enjoyed it too. Then Grace took obachan and Peter and her kids to Waipahu and they saw "See Here Private Hargrove".

I last wrote you on Wednesday the 22nd. I got a letter from Bud Mukaye. He said he was writing from the Philippines— those boys certainly get around don't they. I went sho ping in Waipahu that day and picked up the children. Mrs. Uchigaki gave us a chicken which Kito killed for us, and we had for supper tonight. Tadashi is still in the pacific complace. For a while he was in Australia, but has moved now. Michiko brought us a pumpkin pie. Peter and I went to the camp show that night.

Yesterday I made two pumpkin pies. I gave one to the Kito's and one to Grace. Peter's "club" had a party at Helen's at 1, fried duck. The kids all chipped in 15 cents to defray expenses and had a nice time. Peter is the vice-president of the club and was so thrilled, as he said all the "big shots" sat at the head of the table. He made the enclosed Thanksgiving favor for you at school. They had a program for the kids and he said he recited a poem at school that day. Ruth Takayesu called up last night and invited us to dinner tomorrow night, also are inviting the Miho's.

Today obachan went to town with Grace, and got a permanent wave, and did some shopping. Grace then took them to see "Going My Way" at the Waikiki theater. So obachan had a real outing this week.

I received a nice letter from Capt. Crowley's wife in Madison. I had written her and sent her the snapshots you sent of her hubby. She said she is also an em-social worker.

I understand Ben wired his family from his hospital and told them not to worry. The Fuketa and Yogi' boys' death has been just announced in Waipahu. We keep our fingers crossed wondering who is next. It is so awful.

The big news of the bombing of Tokyo came over the radio last night. I was listening to a bond drive program from NBC, when the program was interrupted to make the announcement. Let's hope that will mean the beginning of an earlier finish to the Pacific side of the war. If only your side would end too. Tonight's news(it is now after 10 p.m) said that Strassbourg is taken— we are wondering if you are near that city. It must be cold now— with snow all over. Please take care of yourself, dear.

Tomorrow I am going to town; Mrs. Suzuki and her children and Peter are going in with me. I must finish up my Xmas shopping. There is so little to buy this year, it is a problem. But we mustn't forget the children. Sunday we are invited to Laura and Kiyoshi Yoshida's birthday luau for their boy, who is named Yukaka, after Dollar. I guess they'll be thinking of Dollar that day; how is he, we haven't heard from him for some time.

I saw the Kikuchi boy the other day, the one who has come back from Italy. He's on limited service h renew. He was home for Thanksgiving, and I saw him by the bank. He said he saw you in Rome, when you had come to see Ige. It must all seem like a dream to him now to be home again.

Mr. Iguchi was presented with the Purple Heart the other day, some Colonel came over with Ernest Murai and presented it to him. They used to have public gatherings for these presentations, but have dispensed with them it seems, as they are just giving them out individually at the homes now.

Jane is getting cuter and bigger every day. She can shake her head when I say no-no like when she tries to reach for something she shouldn't grab. She loves music and dances up and down whenever the radio goes on. Peter loves her to death - he is always in her play pen, gets down on the floor and lets her climb all over him. I only wish I could get some pictures of the two in that pose for you.

Our yard is like a public playground these days. As soon as the kids come home from school, they all come over shouting "Peter", then we have all kinds of commando raids etc. around here, you should see the uniforms they have on - every description and kind. They are so funny, we get the biggest kick watching them.

I am taking Peter's bike to Takayasu next week, as Buster said he would look it over and try to fix it. It is impossible to get boy's bikes now, and an adult's would be too big for him yet. They ride around now on his flat tires-- it is borrowed by all the kids and they tow each other around on it.

Did I tell you, Mrs. Sato is going to have another baby in a few months-- they are hoping it will be a boy. The baby business is going strong here yet-- you never saw so many hapai women in your life when you go downtown. Someone recently opened a dress shop called the "Anticipation Shop"-- for pregnant women!

Nothing new has transpired about our having to move out of here, so please don't worry. Even Grace and Doc are taking things in their stride now-- as they have no place to go to immediately, so I don't think they'll move for some time. They've been moving houses from the head of the peninsula to the lots around Kiyo's place, and also two have just appeared in the empty lot across from Lehua Market-- so it must mean they don't mean to evacuate us immediately.

I hardly think it would be parliical to go to the mainland for the duration-- there are so many things in favor of remaining here-- and I think we feel much more secure here for the time being. So please don't make too many plans about our moving-- let's wait and see how things go - for who knows but the war may be over very soon, and you'll be coming home this way.

I know that things must be pretty tough for you now, dear-- the Germans are putting up a lot of resistance, according to the papers. I know that your boys are doing their stuff-- and we are so proud of all of you. Just remember this, when the going gets tough, dear, that you've got all of us waiting for you at home-- and we're praying for you all the time-- so you must take care of yourself.

Is there anything you need, dear, that we can send you? I keep wondering about your clothing and food-- but I suppose you're getting the best the Army can provide under the circumstances.

We miss you so much-- last night, Peter had the wish bone, and he wished that you would come home real soon-- and he got the wish-- now if it would only come true.

Please take care of yourself, dear--

Love,

Aaaho