

November 12, 1945

Dearest Hiro,

We received your letter of Oct. 29th yesterday, so presume you're now on the deep Atlantic on your way home. We are so happy, we can hardly think as we're all so excited. Ymas this year will be a real one— and Peter says it will be the nicest gift of all.

This letter will be awaiting you at Alice's— and we hope you'll be with them for Thanksgiving, as it will be the next best thing to being with us. I think they are all planning to be at Hank's for dinner, so hope you will be able to join them too.

We've been having some terrible rain lately, and the peninsula road is so dangerous. They're digging it up to make a highway clear down to the water front, and with the rain, it's very slippery and several cars have gone off the road. Peter is enclosing his letter and will tell you more about it. However, today it cleared up, and is just like a nice Spring day— in fact it's quite warm. This morning, I just got through cleaning the house and washing the car— Jane is now sleeping taking her morning nap, and Peter is across the street at the M.P. camp talking to Mr. Quinlan and Mr. Perry, the two medics— both very nice boys, one an ex-school teacher, the other a Yale student.

I last wrote you on Thursday— I hope you got all my letters at Lad's— by the way, I sent Bobby some zori for Ymas, and will get Mrs. H. some fruit cake to send next week. Last Friday I went to town to the office— picked up the children at school. I had a note from Harry Fujiyoshi, he is leaving for Japan this week— is in the interpreter's corps you know; that evening Mr. Quinlan dropped in for a chat. We also got your Legion of Merit and Peter is so proud of it— he even wants to take it to Show and Tell! He took the German Iron cross and was the envy of his room!

On Saturday, I went to Waipahu to shop with Peter, and per usual had to go through the ordeal of getting Peter a haircut— he hates to get one, and so I usually have to take him up to Fujitani's in P.C. and wait for him— that evening of all people— Dollar called me up; he had just arrived that morning from Hamilton Field via air; it was certainly good to hear all about you.

On Sunday I had my Sunday school, then Peter and I went to town and picked up some of our office staff, and went to Kailua to a staff party at Sau Tong Yees beach house. Her family is supposed to be something in the Chinese community and are very well to do, and have a lovely place down there— so we had chicken hekka and all the trimmings. Peter had a grand time, he's been after me for years to take him over the Pali, so he had a field day pointing out all the landmarks, Mt. this and that, etc. We left there about 4:30 and got home about 5:30. Then Dollar dropped in, he looks fine— so we had a nice chat. He said it took him 21 days by boat across the Atlantic too, and he got in at Newport News, then only was given a 5 day pass then they flew him to Hamilton Field, where he sat for two or three days, then they flew him back to Hickam Field, so we are wondering if they will do the same to you. I hope though you can get down to L.A. and see Babe— if not, will you call her up and say hello— just so Obachan will feel better— I think I sent you Wes' address in San Francisco, in case you misplaced it, it was the Modern Potts Co. Dollar was surprised to see how much Peter had grown, and of course to meet Jane— who immediately took to him. It seems she is very partial to men in uniform, so you won't have any trouble—

Then Mr. and Mrs. Suzuki dropped in last night— they brought a letter over for Obachan to translate— Ben Yamamoto, Norma's brother, had just returned from Japan, and he had brought the letter from Jiro's mother, from whom they had no word since the blitz. She is 73, and his father is 86, and they are in Izu— up in the mountains; and they are still doing Christian work in their village— they described how it had been hard to get food, but that some relative had been sending them money from Tokyo— and that they wanted to return to Hawaii— you can imagine how happy Jiro was to hear from his mother— as he had given them up for dead—



Tuesday night the Suzuki's took me to Ewa to the Lions Club dinner, everyone was asking about you; they had Pvt. Miyoto Nakai from Wahiawa and his seeing-eye dog demonstrator; he has a very pretty young wife; he said you had visited him in Rome when he was hospitalized. Jiro is so happy that he has had news from his mother in Japan; but they must be in poor circumstances as the letter said they had little or nothing to eat. Jiro contacted Harry Fujiyoshi who left for Japan today to take a letter to his mother and some materials too.

You might tell Hank that Sgt. Kameda the boy, Hank invited down from a hospital in Ohio, is expected back soon, according to Jiro.

According to the papers and Chaplain Yamada's statement, some 900 442nd members are due here by Maas, so we hope you'll be one of them. What a wonderful mas this will be for many homes here.

Some 1,000 boys went into the Army today; next week Moto Iguchi is going in, poor Mrs. Iguchi, she has had so many sad things happen during this past year.

When you're in Frisco, will you see if the Porter's are now back in Berkeley. Their address was 964 Euclid Ave 8, Berkeley. You remember them, we spent the night at their home in Santa Monica what we visited in 1938- and Peter got sick there.

Many service men from here are leaving each week; in fact tonight's paper had an article about how Waikiki is suffering from a business slump since the service men left. Now they hope to bring tourists in. Notice by the papers where they are trying to get men to re-enlist, and have big ads in the paper trying to attract them, but very few respond. Also beginning Jan 1, all servicemen from non-coms I think have the privilege of sending for their families to come here, so they are rapidly getting people ousted from the Naval Housing areas--

I wonder where they plan to put everyone, as there is already such an acute housing shortage here already.

Our neighbor told us that night before last at the MP camp show they had a newsreel about chaplains and you were in it in several places, it must be the same one Hank Bajorek wrote me about, wish we had known about it, as Peter was so mad he missed it. But now we don't know anyone at the camp, so haven't gone for months.

Tomorrow I go to the town office, then will pick up Peter and try to get him a pair of shoes; it's so hard to find now. Saturday I will be busy getting things ready for our Sunday Thanksgiving Sunday school program; Sunday is the program, that night Grace and I will go to the Waipahu Y's 44th anniversary dinner; on Monday I go to town, and make a speech for Hatsue Hongo's CR group at Farrington high re Thanksgiving, etc. and so on it goes.

It's been raining here quite a bit; the peninsula road is a mess and quite dangerous, as we skid all over; they're tearing it up as usual. I know you'll be so surprised to see all the changes around here; Dollar said he almost got lost, so many new things had sprung up during his absence.

Good night dearest, sweet dreams. Have a good time and a good rest, but please hurry home-- the days seem to drag now-- but it will be so wonderful to have you home again.

Love to all the folks--

Love, *Hiako*