

October 4, 1943

Dear Mom:

One thing I am sure of - this letter is going to be well worth while inasmuch as I am using a rented typewriter - the kind that you put ten cents in and get half an hour of use out of. Any time your old man puts a dime out of anything - be sure that he is going to squeeze out every cent out of it.

My check came in today but as the banks were closed I cannot send it until tomorrow. However I will enclose the check in this envelope when I get it changed in the morning. I am sending only \$175.00 this time as I do not know what the months expenses will be like. I will have some two hundred dollars or so with me but will need it when I go to my permanent station in Shelby.

This is Monday night - the fifth - the day did pass rather quickly although I did get up at five o'clock as usual. Just to give you an idea of what we have to go through - we have roll call at 5:55 A.M. every morning except Sunday - by six we are running to breakfast which I get at a cafeteria around the corner. It costs between thirty five and fifty cents pending on how hungry I am. I wish I was home to have breakfast with you. I have breakfast and all my meals with Kenneth Metcalf - a young feller from Iowa - six foot tall and very handsome. At seven thirty we have chapel service which I enjoy particularly as it gives me a good start for the day - then from there we march from class to class - hup, two, three, four and that sort of stuff. We get through classes at twelve then dash for lunch, change for drill which lasts from 1:30 until three thirty pending on the day - other days it is much longer sometimes lasting till four thirty - and then we have calisthenics and I meant torturous calisthenics where the instructor expects us all to be contortionists. What a life. Then back where I work on my notes for the day - imagine daddy putting in extra hours on work - but then they grade us on our notes too and I hate to see the instructor trying to cipher out my handwriting. Then a wash and supper - for the last three nights I had been having supper at George's boarding house as it gives me a chance to eat rice which I miss so much and the rest of the trimmings. This evening I wanted to see George as I had found a tentative job for him. One of my good friends here a Rev. Perkins, formerly asst pastor of the old south church (the aristocratic church of Boston) has a friend who is asst zone superintendent of Sears Roebuck in New England. He thought that maybe he could find a job for George. I want to see George get a job and call his wife over. It is really difficult for nisei to get jobs anyplace - he has a job tentatively offered him in an insurance co. as a clerk but then the board of trustees has to get together and vote whether they want him or not tomorrow night - and then the jobs offered do not pay more than a living wage for one. This evening I met a young feller by the name of Tam, whose brother is married to Haruko Saito - he came in from Chicago. He says that Chicago is getting tougher and Cincinnati and the middle western states are beginning to get tougher on the nisei. He said that some two thousand came to Chicago - and eight hundred of them were living in the Y so that the Y closed down on further nisei's - gradually everything is closing down on them.

I got a letter from Tsugio today - it was a nice letter. I wrote to him a while back but presumably did not get my letter

He seems to be getting along alright. Our mail call is at five and as usual I was the first one there but there were no letters from you I am getting worried - I hope you are alright. I hope to hear from you tomorrow as it has been now one week since the last letter.

I notice in the paper that the Hawaiian contingent which Tak serves in is now in Salerno. I wish I were with them but from your viewpoint you wouldn't like it - I hope Tak comes out of it safely.

Well goodnight - I'll write to you some more tomorrow evening.

Tuesday:

Another day has gone by - up at five thirty. It was harder to get up this morning - its dark when we get up you know and real cold. I am wearing woolen underwears all the time now - after roll call Ken and I made a dash for our restaurant since there were so many others going there and we hated to wait in line for the food so long. We came back cleaned our room - made our beds - and got ready for inspection.

Lt. Perkins told me that getting a job for George was a little more difficult than he thought. I warned him that it might be difficult - but as I stated before - none here even knows of the hisei problems and only a handful really think about it. The Sears manager said that if George was Hawaiian born instead of California born it would be no problem at all. That's one thing I notice around here - that Hawaiian born AJA's are treated very well and no barriers are made against them. There are so many jobs - just asking for work - take the Star Bulletin ad section and multiply it by many times and you can realize how much work there is and yet there is no job for George. Perkins asked me to write a letter of recommendation for George and perhaps that will make a difference so will do that right after this letter to you. When I was in Vermont - speaking at the different churches I was always introduced as Chaplain Higuchi, a native of Hawaii whose parents were of Japanese ancestry. Somehow people around here think of us as Hawaiian - but then we are more Hawaiian than anything else and a true native too.

The stories these fellows tell about camp life is pathetic and I know and can readily see that it has left a indelible mark - a deep complex that they will not be able to erase. Oh well -

We had the usual routine of classes and drill although the calisthenics today was a little harder. After studies Ken and I decided that we wanted a real supper instead of the usual serve yourself kind and so we went to the Oxford Grill and I had a steak - (dollar and this type writer is so embarrassing - it stopped for me just now and I had to put another dime in) at this rate its going to cost me a mint to type my notes. - the steak costs a dollar and seventy five cents plus tips but then I enjoyed it. We came back after touring parts of Cambridge - got a haircut and decided to type this letter to you. I haven't cashed my checks yet but will do so tomorrow without fail provided I have the time - you see we have no time during the day to do anything and at night all the places are closed.

How is Peter - I did not get a letter today - I hope he is well and playing as hard as usual. Be careful of him - he is so impetuous

and sometimes too daring for me . It scares me.

Chaplain West from Shelby sent me some material -it is so thoughtful of him - from all reports he must be a superior man - I am looking forward to service with him. Write soon.

DEAR PETER

I AM SENDING YOU A FEW MAPLE LEAVES. THESE MAPLE LEAVES WERE YELLOW AND RED AND ORANGE WHEN I SENT THEM TO YOU BUT PERHAPS MAY BE DRIED UP BY THE TIME YOU GOT IT. DADDY IS WORKING VERY HARD AND MISS YOU LOTS. HE GOES TO CLASSES EVERYDAY AND IS LEARNING HOW TO MARCH LIKE A SOLDIER. I WISH YOU COULD SEE DADDY MARCHING DOWN THE STREET WITH HIS FRIENDS IN A SOLDIER UNIFORM. DID YOU BUY MORE STAMPS DON'T SPEND THE MONEY YOU EARN IN BUYING TOO MANY FUNNIES AND STUFF FOR UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOUR MONEY TO BUY TANKS AND STUFF SO THAT DADDY CAN GO OUT AND FIGHT. YOU SEE IF YOU DIDN'T BUY STAMPS AND LEND THE MONEY TO UNCLE SAM THEN WHEN DADDY GOES INTO THE FIELD HE WOULD HAVE TO THROW ROCKS AT THE ENEMY INSTEAD OF WITH GUNS AND BULLETS. I DON'T THINK A ROCK WILL BE ANY GOOD WHEN THROWN ON A STEEL HELMET. BESIDES YOUR COUSIN TAKESHI, WHO IS YOUR PAL, IS NOW IN ITALY FIGHTING THE GERMANS AND HE WILL NEED BOMBS AND GRENADES AND STUFF. DID YOU TAKE THE LAST MAPLE LEAVES I SENT YOU TO THE SHOW AND TELL CLASS ... I BET THEY WERE SURPRISED TO SEE THE LEAVES AND DID YOU TELL THEM ABOUT MAKING SUGAR FROM THE MAPLE TREES. I SENT YOU AND MOM SOME MAPLE SYRUP. I HOPE YOU GOT IT. PLEASE TELL ME HOW YOU LIKED THE MAPLE SYRUP.

GOOD BYE NOW

LOVE

Daddy

P.S. I'll send checks in ^{a separate} ~~separate~~ envelope tomorrow.