

17 October 1944

Dear Mom:

Hello moms. Still up and going although the going has been tough and I am not really in the mood I sound. Still in the same shed - thankful for the roof and doubly thankful that the jerries still haven't found our particular range - but the men on the line are catching it and the hell is all over again. Went up to the lines this morning and realized that a man with a wife and two children had really not rights there so beat a hasty retreat. While we were helping the wounded - a shell landed not more than twenty feet from us - and it proved to be a dud. Guess I am still living on borrowed time.

Its been raining here something awful - that cold drizzly rain that goes right through the skin and when I think of the men in the lines with their slit trenches half full of water but compelled to stay in as being the lesser of the two evils - day after day - night after night, it makes me wonder just what I am doing here under a shed which at least keeps the rain out although its colder than H.

The Germans are getting tougher and tougher although you can see the shortage in their manpower by the young kids and the invalids we seem to be catching.

I am not half as nervous as I was the first month of the going but then have no rights to judge as this is but the first few days and seems as if tougher days are still coming. We know that the Germans are taking a worse licking than we are all around for their casualties are infinitely worse than ours - and then they give up so easily which does show that morale is sagging all along their front - but then come the officers with that old die hard spirit of the man with the moustache still think that they are going to win this war.

A Chaplain's job is multi-varied. He is always with the aid station but sometimes go out to look for bodies or for wounded. Of course that isn't what he is supposed to do but to see so many of the other fellows going out in danger - one can't very well seat back and see others take all the danger and I stay home in a slit trench and watch them work.

The danger is always when one is out although sometimes they throw in a few around the aid station which is really no bon - par bon as the Frenchman calls it. Germany ought to give up soon - a nation fighting so long and against such odds as she is facing is bound to crack sooner or later and when she cracks - will do so very fast.

Wouldn't it be grand if the war closes up by the time this letter reaches you. Who knows - there is a possibility of that too - With Hungary out of the war, Bulgaria out, Roumania out, and the Germans being pressed on all sides with thousands of bombers over her daily - any nation or people ought to fold but guess that is just a long hope.

Dollar isn't back with us as yet - he is well but guess he needs a little rest. Glad he is not back here with us as its really rough - with the rain, the cold, and the enemy shells which come pouring in all the time.

Its a long hard fight - we're winning it undoubtedly but with what costs - our casualties are light when compared with the Germans but to me each wound on any soldier seems like a terrific cost. Guess I can't still take it.

I don't know how Pete is making out or any of the other boys from Waipahu - and won't know until the next rest period. Must keep on praying for them - for this war and the shells are not respecters of any person.

Hello to all my friends - love and kisses to the children and obachan -

love

Dad