

18 October 1944

Dear Mom:

They say it only rains once in this part of France - right through the Fall. I believe it for the rain hasn't stopped once except for a few minutes when the sun comes out to remind us that he is still there. Am typing this from my cozy little shed - dry from rain and with a stove to keep my footsies warm. The war meanwhile rages on with all its furor and horror. Got up this morning and went out for a boy's body - up towards the front. He was hit pretty bad and was a gruesome sight for me -

I hate this driving out and in for in a jeep one is almost helpless. If a shell lands nearby - he has no chance to duck for cover - and while the engines going, cannot hear that whistling sound that warns one of a shell coming nearby. Then there is a danger of mines - that is always foremost in our mind when we drive. Thus as we move forward with the troops - I am always jittery.

When will this war end - its been going for a long while and if I feel this way about it - I wonder how the men whose been in for the last two or three years feel. The Nazis have been at it for a long while too - They certainly have what it takes although I am sure that the Germans are ready to fold at any minute.

I have been using my time hauling the wounded back to the aid station and going after the bodies of our men who died in action - thank goodness the death casualties are low.

I keep dreaming of home and Peter and the grand time we should be having now - never mind, when dad comes home - it will be one grand celebration for a while. Peter and I will be going to the beach and maybe he will be old enough to go fishing with me - I won't work for a little while and neither will you. We'll just take a grand holiday together.

This cold drizzly rain gets under my skin - funny how much the human body can stand. The men in their slit trenches half filled with water - with no change of clothing - soaked right through for days on end certainly deserve a lot of credit. That's what they go through and the fellers at home certainly need to make some sacrifice not so much for the boys as much as for a better world to come.

I am changing a lot mom - not in any great way but my temper is certainly shorter and once in a while loose it. I hope I don't get that way after the war - maybe I will be so happy, it will be one long smile for me for the rest of my life. One thing - if it isn't comfortable for us - it must be just as bad for the Germans and their morale is much lower than ours. Wish someone would shoot Hitler - the old fool must be really crazy to sacrifice so many men's lives throughout the world for his own personal ego. He has a lot to answer for in his after life.

Will have to go out - will continue later.



Back again - my driver took the run so I did not have to go. I hate to ask him to take all the runs so spell him off once in a while - instead I went to the aid station and talked to the wounded coming in. This is decidedly worse than Italy - the terrain we are fighting and the fanaticism of the Germans now that they have their backs against the wall. Progress however is steady and we are gaining ground -

The boys come in soaked to the skin - and all of them cold. They have to lie in wet slit trenches all the time - and complain of lack of sleep - lack of food - no hot food but keep doggedly on. The infantry certainly takes the worse licking without the glamor of the other corps. They walk, they fight, they go without any comforts - and still keep on going in weather and life that would make any man cringe.

I have my warm fire - and my shelter as yet although just when we be moving out is a matter of hours. However, am hoping that I can get some kind of shelter - and that my slit trench will be both wide and deep and covered. My assistant and I have it all planned as to what kind of slit trench to have - deep and covered with logs and mud - so that if the enemy ever get our range he has to pretty near root us out of the ground.

Wonder if Toshi Anzai is back already. He hasn't written to me since leaving us and I feel pretty bad about it. He is not the type to forget. I am thinking that perhaps he does not wish to write as he feels kind of ashamed at leaving the boys in the middle of a fight - but gosh, it wasn't his fault. He is too old and his leg was really in bad shape - if you ever see him - please tell him to write to me. He is a grand feller and did fine while he was here -

Germany certainly isn't the giving up kind - judging from the fight they putting up at this front. They are certainly giving us the works - but guess we are giving them the same too.

Take care of yourself - don't worry about us. After these rains are over - there is bound to be a sunny season - even in France. The war is bound to end some day - and we'll have a grand time together.

Love to the kids and obachan

love

Dad