

Oct. 3, 1944

Dearest Hiro,

How are you, dear? We have been wondering where you are now— I got your two letters one written on the 19th to Peter, and one written the 22nd to me, with the opera programs enclosed. I'm so glad you had a chance to hear such good music— and we are awaiting your operatic renditions when you come home— your Italian should be pretty good by then too! Naturally we can't help but worry wondering where you are by now— and we hope and pray that you won't have to see too much action again— and that this awful mess will be over soon.

I last wrote you on the 29th. I hope my mail is getting to you regularly since I've been putting on the clipper stamps. Yours to me still get here in 6 to 8 days which is certainly record time! I only hope mine get to you that fast too.

On the 29th I sent a check of \$33.84 to Punahou, which is the balance I owed them for this semester's tuition and fees for Peter, after deducting the help Mrs. Richards gave us. She gave us something like \$77.00 this year. I saw her the other day at the Haw'n Board and thanked her again. She is as busy as ever— although her arthritis is bothering her sometimes. Mr. Richards is still at his office every day— and even commutes on the bus now— I went to Waipahu that day and shopped, deposited your allotment check in the bank and did a few other odds and ends. Yes, I've received the two money orders you sent me from Italy; one was a regular money order, the other the Gov'n't check. The increase in pay with your promotion will come in handy— I'll try to put some in our savings too. I'm hoping by the time you come home, we'll have enough to buy us some land someplace and build our own home. Peter and I have so much fun planning it. You know he wants a two-story house— with plenty of play space—and he even has included a room for obachan— for he expects her to stay with us! I brought Peter and Bunny home from school that day. That day in the Hon. Advertiser, they had an article about your promotion, which I am enclosing. It was also in the Hawaii Times, and also they had quite a lengthy article about the memorial service you had several weeks ago, with pictures of it. One was a picture of the entire group sitting on the ground, in the distance we could see the banner with the stars on it; another was of you delivering the sermon, by the memorial flag with 2nd Battalion, 442nd Central Postal Directory written on it; another was of five of your boys singing "Abide with Me"— your favorite hymn. Many people have heard from their boys about that service and how much it meant to them so I'm glad you did so much for them. That evening Peter and I went to the camp show and saw "The Phantom Lady", a mystery story.

On Saturday I went to town with Grace. Peter and the Ikeda children went along too. While Grace and I had our hair done(she got hers set, and I did me up brown and had a new permanent at your suggestion), Peter and Dickie went shopping and stamp collecting. That is Dickie's new hobby, so if you ever come across any foreign stamps will you send some to Peter and Dickie too. I treated them to lunch at the Y. Then Peter, Karen and Dickie went to the Princess and saw an Abbott and Costello movie, "In Society" while Grace and I went to a YW advisers conference from 1:30 to 3:30. Then I went to the Liberty House and ordered a raincoat like you want from Mr. Hamada, and had the store send it to you. So I hope you'll get it before it gets too rainy. It was a size 36, which Mr. Hamada said was your size, so I hope it will fit. Its very nice, sort of gaberdine like stuff— water repellent, officers type, double breasted, lightweight like you want. I didn't bother Lt. Albers about it— as it is hard to find him in these days— so I got it from Mr. Hamada as it would be quicker. Mr. Hamada appreciated your going to see his son— and about the other boy too— apparently his son wrote him about your seeing him. We got home about 5; after supper, Mrs. Sanchez(Johnnie's wife) her married daughter Mattie and Mattie's two children came by. They stayed for a couple of hours, and we chewed the fat. She sent her regards to you. Johnnie is still with the Engineers.

On Sunday I had Sunday School; then in the afternoon Kenneth Masuoka, his sister in law, Edith Kohama, and a Miss Hamada who works as a maid for Mrs. Johnston Ross came over. Kenneth is having his troubles with his new job-- but he is enjoying it. His wife and boy are coming next month to live in Honolulu. They helped identify some of the boys in the pictures from you-- Earl Kubo, Bert Nishimura, Toshi Anzai, etc. Kenneth says the new haole minister in Paia is getting along fine-- but there are some drawbacks too. Says the young people have been so long without a minister, it is hard for them to get used to cooperating with one, so the new man is having some difficulty. Then Bob Cruzon dropped in. He is the sailor who comes to our church; was formerly here as a defense worker. He stayed for supper-- I made some Italian spaghetti of all things-- and wondered if it was anything like the real stuff you've been getting there. Bob was so glad to be back in the church again, and Shigemi and Horace were especially glad to see him again. Afterwards Jiro and I drove him back to his camp.

On Monday I met with my Waipahu High group and had lunch with Grace at the school, as I had to dash to Ewa right after that for another meeting there. Mrs. Gay is my adviser in Ewa; she certainly is an efficient and lovely person. She sends her regards to you and was so glad to hear of your promotion. Incidentally I saw John Beck the other day at Shigemi's store. He is having his headaches; says he can't get leaders in Ewa; they all work on Sunday's. Even Mrs. Uesugi sells insurance again and won't come to church; the Suzuki's won't come to church anymore, Mrs. Sugimoto and Chieko haven't done a thing since Mr. S. left, and so on it goes. He is stumped and is pretty desperate. I feel sorry for him, as he tries so hard and is such a nice person. He has pinched hit so much for our church during your absence-- and he is such a sincere person. He feels badly that everyone is out making so much money now, they haven't time for Church, etc. But that seems to be a universal trait now-- except our Church-- and I continually marvel at the loyalty of our kids coming regularly to Church and helping out. Sunday was World Wide Communion Sunday-- I am enclosing the program for you. It was very nice. Kats has a soft voice-- it is the only criticism I have-- sometimes its hard to hear him. I received your two letters on Monday the 2nd. Peter was so thrilled to hear from you-- but it will probably be a few days before he will get around to answering you-- for he really does dislike writing letters-- and its a chore for him, so I have to catch him in the right mood. However, today he and I worked on a "mas present for you-- it is his idea-- so we will send it on to you. I received a nice letter from Mr. Alfred Tozzer who is still here in his gov'n't job. He had seen the newspaper article about your promotion so sent his congratulation and best wishes, and his regards to you. He said he had sent a copy of the clipping to his wife. I also got a very nice letter from Martha Argue, Anson's wife. Anson's address is now: Lt. Anson J. Argue, ASFTC, Co. A. 2nd Bn, Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. She thanked me for the Hawaiian wood tray II had sent them for a wedding gift. She was a former Red. Cross Medical Social worker, an assistant director at that at a camp near Riverside, Calif. She had known Anson in San Pedro before the war when they both did social work together. No romance then, but she had been corresponding with him since the blitz. Anson just returned to the States in May of this year after having been in Fiji, Guadacanal, Bouganville, etc. Said he was yellow from the atabrine pills, and had lost weight down to 127 lbs, but has now regained some of it. Anson is now doing some training of a group where he is, and may be going overseas again. She sounded like a very nice person, and I'm sure Anson is very happy with her. How I would like to see him again, who knows someday someplace you may bump into him again!

I called Mrs. Mikami up that evening to tell her about your seeing George.

Today I went to the Y for an 8:30 staff meeting. Stayed in town till noon at the Y; Charlotte Shimidzu Ikehara was there with her boy. She is expecting another baby next March. She is coming this Sunday to our conference to lead songs, so I accompanied her today in practicing. Bozo is still here. I dashed home and got a quick bite, then dashed to Waipahu and picked up the kids at the school. Then met with my Elementary school group while Peter and Bunny waited in the car and read comics. Did some shopping again. I saw both Mr. Kobayashi and Mrs. Tsugawa and told them you had seen their sons. They were so appreciative. After I got home I learned that Mr. Joto's father

had died yesterday and today was his funeral, so I went up to the house and left some koden. They were all at the funeral in town, but Mrs. Kito, Mrs. Yoneda, Mrs. Sato and some other women were there preparing the eats. I understand the couple are about reconciled—he took my suggestion sometime ago and moved out and left the house to his wife and kids; more recently I understand he has been coming weekends visiting and even staying sometimes, so I think they will be reconciled. I hope so for the children's sake.

Hatsue Hongo is now back working at the Y, so we are together in the CP department. She was worried about her brother and he is in the bazooka gang. Do you ever see him. She recognized the Yamazaki boy's picture with Yamato—the one that was wounded with Chaplain Yamada I think, so one of these days I'll give his dad a copy of the picture.

I saw Hisa Yoshimura the piano teacher at the Y last Saturday. She and her mother have moved here, and she is going to teach in Honolulu, temporarily at Goto's church until she can find a studio. She speaks well, and has changed a lot, not so much the shy little violet she was when she left the Islands.

Jane is teething and is terribly fussy. She gets up so many times at night, and sometimes has almost a tantrum. Do you remember when Peter used to get like that, and we would have to take him in the parlor and rock him to sleep? Well, it's like that now. I feel so sorry for her. During the day she's fine, but it always seems to be at night, of all times. Today I washed my hair and had it all pinned up. She didn't recognize me and started to scream when she saw me, and wouldn't come to me at all! Only obachan could pacify her. Then Lt. Albers dropped in to see about arranging for some of his boys to attend our Church. However since the services are at night, he can't arrange it. Anyways he picked Jane up, and did she howl. Guess when you come home, you'll be in for some mistaken identity at first—I can well picture the first meeting with you—she'll probably think, who is this fresh guy that picked me up—?????

She is so adorable though—I only wish you could be with us to see her growing up. Peter is such a big brother to her too, and the two of them playing in her pen is a sight that words can't describe. He screws up his face and makes all kinds of faces for her and tries to be as gentle as possible. Still when he pats her, he packs such a wallop sometimes, that I have to remind him that she's a baby and not a boy! He says he can hardly wait for her to walk and follow him around, as he's going to teach her to be a tom-boy!

Tomorrow I'm going to the commissary; will drop in on the Dixon's again. She called me the other night to say hello, and had read of your promotion in the papers. Then after lunch we are going to take Jane to Dr. Marshall to get her last diphtheria-tetanus shot. I don't think she'll react to it, as she didn't to the last one, which was two months ago. She had a terrific time with her whooping cough shots—the three of them, and reacted each time, with fever, and fussiness. If we have time I may drop in at Sam's. It will be a nice outing for obachan too, as she hasn't been out in months.

Thank you so much for getting me the coral pin, dear. I haven't received it yet, but am anxiously waiting it. I guess I never went much for jewelry anyways—so don't worry about getting me anything in that line—however, if you see a nice pair of earrings that don't dangle too much, more of the small type, will you get me a pair. Earrings are very much in style these days it seems—incidentally my hairdo is nothing to rave about now, but at least it's neat and makes me feel a thousand times better. I will send you a snapshot of it—so you can judge for yourself! I took some pictures of Peter in his long pants too, and some of him and Brother playing commando—so when they are all printed I'll send them to you.

The piercing of the Siegfried line is good news—we hope that it will hasten the end. The other night we had an air raid alarm at 2 in the morning—it certainly frightened us. Lasted 55 minutes—it was later identified as friendly planes. I'm sure this side is safe as far as we are concerned, so don't worry.

We had hoped you would be home by this Xmas—maybe things will happen so quickly that will still be a reality—let us pray toward it—please take care of yourself, dear. We miss you so much—especially me. *Good night, dearest.*

Love, *Therese*