

Sept. 30, 1943

Dear Mommie:

School begins tomorrow and I am looking forward to it. I understand we get up at 5:30 R.M. from now on for the duration of the school. I have two roommates so far, a catholic father and a Lutheran man and both are nice. There are a few chaplains who had been serving in the Hawaiian area here and many of them had served around us at home. Last evening after writing to you I walked to Cambridge for a Chopp Sui Dinner which I did enjoy - Tomatoe beef - but not as well cooked as at home. After the meal was over I planned to go to the show but decided not to - somehow I think I am missing alot by not learning to like a good show once in a while instead I walked around Cambridge imagining that you and Peter were walking by my side - it was fun trying to figure out Peter's surprises and joys here in Cambridge. Came home early and answered a lot of mail - I am writing a lot more than I ever did in my life and blame that on your good training.

I had lunch with Kim Walters of the American Board of missions - the American Board is so much like home to me inasmuch as both Dad and I have been closely associated with it for many years. The people there are very nice - after lunch I visited the Boston library and browsed around viewing the murals on the walls of Sir Galahad. I was awfully tired so decided to go home & got in the subway station and just as I turned the corner to go on the train - who should I bump right into but George Ono - it was a great surprise. I went home with George - he is here looking for a job so that he can call his wife out of camp. He lives in a boarding house with a few evacuees - there lot is a very poor one indeed Unlike the impression that the various camp papers and Mr. Meyer gives us, the people of the middle west and the East are just not interested and you can count the sympathetic ones on your fingers. A totally different picture from what I thought - and the niseis do have a difficult time finding jobs as they can not get the choice ones - whatever they find are poor paying and usually not very good. You see - the bosses are afraid that if they hire a nisei in jobs the other laborers would quit which is natural - and thus the kind of places they work in are usually one man shops. I wonder what their future will be - not very bright I know... I feel especially sorry for the issei - their lot is harder still from the lack of any social contacts - perhaps I am spoiled because I did see the happier side of life in Hawaii for them - but to see the men and women here bewildered seeking each others company, huddling together it seems for comfort and some social life - it certainly is an impossible life for them. If it is so in a place like Boston how much more difficult it must be elsewhere. I've talked with many niseis and the majority if not all are not going back to California - but then what has the east to offer them but just an existence - Denver is having a hard time as most of the niseis have gone there and as usual California style have started a ghetto - thus prejudice is coming out there cropping here and there - Salt Lake is the same way they say and Chicago is gradually getting so - and yet what can they do but live in ghettos. It is sad

Oct. 1

School began today at 5:30 in the morning. we have to stand roll call at 5:55 which is still evening time as far as I am concerned - it is so dark. We had breakfast and then devotions which I did enjoy - it seems so good to be in a church and worship again - it did me a lot of good. We have a new roommate now - a Ken Metcalf - one swell feller - he is much younger than I am, a Methodist but we go around together lots. I have meals with him usually at the Harvard Cooperative - but life is expensive here and doubt if I can send you very much money this month. ~~Yesterday/afternoon/I went to~~ There are so many things that I will have to buy yet - by the way don't send me anything for christmas - better to save the money. Just send me couple of new snapshots of you and Peter and Obachan



Sunday evening:

Yesterday after classes - I went down to Boston which is only eight minutes on the subway. I visited George Ono for a while at his rooming house and then went to see the play Charlie's Aunt - it was funny and very good, I kept wishing however that you could be here with me watching the play and enjoying things with me. The days are ok while we are busy but the time from 8 to ten in the evening is when the lonesomeness sets in however once we get going perhaps they will take care of those hours.

Got up this morning - had breakfast with Ken and then went to the services - the church was packed with army and navy men - the service was very beautiful.

After a very light lunch which still cost forty cents - I came home - expect to go over to George's Boarding house to eat some real food. As this is a borrowed typewriter I will end this here. So long darling

Dear Peter:

Can you read plain letters now. I am disappointed that you are not in the second grade too but the teacher knows best. However I am so proud that you are making very good in school. Did my books reach you? and the maple syrup? I sent a box of blocks too but they sent it back as the package was too large for Hawaii mail. So for Xmas I won't be able to send you much. Perhaps when I come back I'll give you a new red bicycle.

Take good care of Mommie + don't go too far from home to play.

I hope to take a picture of a squirrel for you. It is very cute - not too much like a mongoose.

Goodbye now +

Love

Daddy