

8 September 1944

Dear Mom:

I am now behind that haystack not exactly as this time I am on the third floor of a very beautiful building - the attic floor and feel very much like I am back in garrison. However, I know that this won't last too long. We were fighting in the middle of Italy for the past few weeks, very little casualties and rather a nice war as the jerries were in more or less poor fighting condition. I have an idea though that soon I will be going to some other front - which you probably can guess.

The news from the front is so encouraging - the allies in Germany and all in all hope that the war will be over before we get into the fracas again.

Received a letter from Michiko asking for particulars on Tani's death. Will you tell her that military censorship does not allow us to say anything on a person's death, how he was killed, when or where. However, I have written to her mother through the War department and she should get it pretty soon. When the war is over, I will tell her all she wants to know. Assure her that Tani did not suffer a bit and died in active duty.

My duties at present are very light - just stick around my office or visit the boys in their area which is a pleasure for me. Of course at times I have some unpleasant duties to do - which I hate to do. Only - so, goes my life. I am gradually getting to dislike this life - after the easy camaraderie of battle life and then to return to rank and discipline of the rest period. However, I consider that as part of my sacrifice.

Nightly I dream of coming home to you and Peter and Jane - at least I have something to dream about in comparison to many other boys who do not know what or where their place will be back in the mainland. The 100th and the 442nd has been given a lot of publicity as I see and know that in the future the fact will carry a lot of weight in the treatment of the AJA's in the mainland. At least, I hope.

I have been wondering whether I should start to relearn my French but have decided that Getman would be the language to learn now although no doubt, we'll have to get back to good old Hawaiian pigeon sooner than expected.

Yesterday I visited some of the old Italian friends that I had met here in this district. They were so very, very happy to see me and welcomed me like their long lost son. I have made some very grand friends here and I hope lasting friends. Some day after the war perhaps we will be able to visit here and these families. They were rather wealthy before the war I guess from all accounts. I have learned a few songs in Italian - and everywhere I go I take my old uke out and give a rendition and the populace gather around like Sunday in Pershing park. I even heard one lady say



that " hesings beautifully with so much sentiment in the words" - or well, guess all hopes for my voice in not entirely gone as yet. Anyway, anytime I want to make friends or gather a crowd allI need to do is sing the song.

We probably willbe shoving off to another front within a few days don t know where - but have a good guess. Don't worry about dad as he is ok and willremain tobe ok for the duration.

I notice in the papers the plan of the army for dismissing the men from the service after the war. I wonder just whare I fall into that category. Theway I think at present, we won't be released for at least six months after this phase of the war is over - and although I know that I can ~~gek~~ my resignation in, willnot do so until the whole gangcomes home.

Take good care of yourself mom and don't worry about me - and as they say in Italian "Finchio vivo ~~sala~~ viva in me, solo per te" which in good old American means - Throughout all my life, I live only for you. At which the boys also say - Chaplain thats what we call a snow job.

love

*Dad*