

September 1, 1944

Dearest Hiro,

How are you, dear? I received your letter of 8/15 on 8/29, and by now you probably are back in action again. We keep imagining where you might be, but hope and pray that you won't be seeing too much action again. The newspapers all seem to think that it will be over in 35 days; let's hope it will be sooner; Germany is definitely on the downgrade, but then, I suppose they know it too and will try anything in their desperation.

We are all well; I last wrote you on Monday the 28th. Please don't worry about Peter selling tomatoes, as he is quite capable of going around here, and is usually accompanied by Brother or some other kids who go along for the fun of it. He has quite a steady clientele, as they are good tomatoes, and has enjoyed it this summer, and has almost enough to buy a bond now. He has grown up a lot since you last saw him, he is no longer a little boy, and is very reliable and dependable. I think it is better that he be that way, and I'm sure you will think so too when you see him again.

On Monday Obachan went to town with Grace and spent the day shopping. She got herself a pair of shoes and odds and ends. Brother came over to play all day with Peter. Chaplain Huggins came to see me; he had been on Saipan.

On Tuesday the 29th, I took Grace with me and we went shopping in Waipahu. I got your letter of the 15th that day. I am wondering if you have received all my mail. In May I wrote as follows: 2, 5, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29. In June: 1, 5, 6, 10, 14, 16, 19, 23, 28, 30. In July: 7, 11, 16, 21, 23, 30. In August: 4, 7, 14, 17, 21, 25, 28th. I've been putting clipper stamps on them lately hoping you'd get them faster, please let me know if it is any better. By the way did I tell you Herbert and Kiyo had a baby boy born on the 27th? Is Herbert happy—he is beaming all over. She is still at St. Francis' hospital in town.

To go back to Tuesday, after I went to the post office and found your letter, I visited the Iguchi's and Grace. Then Kats Miho and his wife came for supper; she is a very lovely girl, quiet, refined, and is already making a good attempt to mix in. She can eat all kinds of Island foods already. I had invited the Suzuki's for dessert so they came later with Miss Okabe their houseguest. Miss Okabe was a teacher at the Croosroads kindergarten; her mother committed suicide last year, remember I wrote you about it; her brother is with you in Field Artillery; they are close friends of the Mikami's too. She suffered a nervous breakdown following her mother's death, so has not been working; she comes out frequently to stay with the Suzuki's and gets a nice rest out here. She was very complimentary of our church; she came out for both Stunt Nights and said that you could feel the spirit of the church when you entered; she was amazed at the talent and the leadership of the young people. Which is all a credit to you. She belongs to Croosroads and says things are very different there. Their new minister is a Rev. Dorey a young person. Galen Weaver is on a year's leave of absence on the mainland. Obachan made some of her graham cracker crust banana cream pie, and they all liked it. We had a good chat about things in general. Incidentally I sent you some newspapers that day, with some Heart Mt. papers too, giving an account of Kei Tanahashi. Alice wrote me about his death—I feel so sorry for his young widow.

On Wednesday I went to town with Grace. Dropped in to see Sam about Kiyoshi's insurance (his policy had lapsed with another company, so no go); Also dropped in to see Shinso. He wondered what happened to the dark glasses he sent, as he sent them by airmail long time ago. I bought a few things which I will send you for Xmas; it is so hard to get anything here. By the way, Alice says, if you will write her a written request, she will send you some candy or edibles. They have all kinds of gift packages in Cinn. for service men—she just wrote and said they had received your letter—it was the first they had received from you since you went overseas, and they were glad to hear from you. I talked to Mr. Hamada at the Liberty House. His son Pfc. Earl Hamada, Co. A was wounded in both legs; he wondered if you could visit him and see how he is. Also he wondered if



you could give us some details concerning the death of Pfc. Chikao Nishi, Co. G. He is a relative of theirs. He was formerly manager of the Kobayashi Hotel here.. Mr. Hamada is all right, he is always cheerful as ever, and takes his boy's situation very calmly. The boy is only about 20 yrs. old, so I know he must worry about him.

I saw Baron Goto on the street, and his brother Masaji I think his name is, who was with Peter's group is back here on a furlough. He looked thinner, and nervous. We stayed in town all day, dropping in at the Tahara's where Grace had left Dickie and Karen for the day; Mrs. Tahara says she hears that you are working hard and the boys like you better than Chicken-- I'm glad to hear that, dear. They seem to feel Chicken is too serious and they don't like that. I found a letter from Alice at the post office. Said Henry and Alice Sakemi (formerly Iseri) had visited them; they are living in Milwaukee and know Emiko Abe; the Rio Kashiwagi's and Masao Satow's also live in Milwaukee. Also Jimmy Hisatomi, wife, boy and mother visited Hank and Vi for a few days on their vacation; Jimmy and his wife work at some Home near Detroit; he is handy man, and his wife teaches kindergarten. Babe is hoping to get an apt. right next door to Alice's in the same building, as Babe and George have decided to live apart from the Abe's Sr. Babe recently wrote how she couldn't get along with the mother-in-law-- how she is spoiling the baby, etc. That evening, I took some dessert over to Grace's; Doc was home, and said he had stayed up till 1 the previous evening writing you a letter. He wonders what has happened to the letters he wrote you. He is so conscientious about writing to you-- guess he must get a big kick out of it.

Yesterday I was quite tired; guess it must have been from the outing in town. I had tried every shoestore in town for a pair of shoes and had no luck. Honolulu is getting to have shopping problems-- you have to search all over for things; so when you see something you need, the best thing is to buy it then and there. Even in Kress' the counters are bare-- I forgot to mention, I called up Horace (he returned from Kauai last weekend) and asked him to tell Mrs. Goya about her boy, she will be glad to get the news. Also I called up Jane Shimomura about Grover; there was an account in last night's Hawaii Times about how the 442nd got its baptism of fire, and how they met up with the 100th, etc. It told how Grover was killed. Jane said she was sure his folks would appreciate your message. I also called up Mr. Fujinaga in Aiea, and asked him to look up the Fujikawa boy's folks and tell them about their boy. His father you know died a few months ago; he was found drowned in a culvert; had apparently fallen into a ditch and his body was stuck in the culvert a few days afterwards. I also called up John Beck and told him about the Chinen boy; he was a leader in Beck's church; also he said the Kato' boy's memorial was held just last week too. John has had six memorials so far; our church has only had Tani's so far. The others in Waipahu are all Buddhist-- even Grover's was a Buddhist one.

Yesterday I got a nice letter from Kitty Rigby in Portland; her husband was drafted, leaving her and the two kids-- she has some girls renting rooms so that helps. She sent her regards to you. Her husband is in the Navy-- at Farragut, Idaho. Then in the evening, the Suzuki's brought noodles, salad and cake, and Miss Okabe too came; the Miho's came again, and we had a picnic supper in the backyard. It was so nice, dear, I wish you could have been with us. It was the Suzuki's treat-- they wanted to have a barbecue here, but decided on noodles instead, they were delicious. Everytime I eat Chinese or Japanese food, I always think how you must long for it too, and wish we could send you some. We played records afterwards and the children played and we had a nice evening.

Today I started Jane on tomato juice again; hoping it won't break out in a rash. Her first tooth in the lower gums has just started to come through-- so she is a little fussy. However, she sits up by herself now, and tries to creep all over. She is such a fatty that she is kind of wobbly, as she is so heavy. I think she will try to stand up soon. She makes sounds like "dada"-- must be for you. She recognizes your picture and shrieks with joy, when I say, "Where's daddy?" She is such a darling baby. I took some more pictures of her and Peter last Sunday, so when they are ready, I'll send them to you. We took the play pen outside and took them in the front yard. Peter adores her. The other day he said, "Mom, Jane is worth over a million dollars, isn't she; but I wouldn't trade her for even that". He calls her "cutie pie". I wish you could see them play together.



I am expecting Bob Cruzan this afternoon, and for supper. He is the boy that came to our Church before when he was a defense worker, but is now here in the Navy. Is a very nice boy— do you remember him— he used to come with Gus and that bunch.

Tomorrow Grace is taking all of us to the YWCA Beach House— to give the kids an outing. She started to work yesterday— the high school reopens next Tuesday, as do all the public schools. Peter will start on the 11th. Doc will pick up Peter and Bunny each day he is so nice to help us out that way.

Sunday the Church is going to have a clean-up day from the afternoon with a Vespers service I understand Henry Murakoshi is going to be drafted next month— all these good boys leaving us. Sato's younger brother who was recently drafted, is no longer here. That makes two in his family now in the service. I understand his other brother is still at Shelby. Margaret's mother is so thankful Moto was able to go into the reserve, as he too would probably not be here any longer had he been retained.

Is there anything we can send you dear? I worry about the winter weather there— and hope you'll be outfitted properly. If there is anything you need, it would be better to ask Alice to send it to you, I guess, as she can get it faster for you.

I keep hoping that one of these days all of a sudden the sirens would go off, and the radio announcer will say— "It's here folks, the War is pau"— yes, it's the real M c Coy." I think I will be so happy, I'll feel like celebrating for days— but the celebration will be real when you come home, dear. Just think of all the things we can do together again— go to the beach, picnics, luaus. visit all our friends on the outside Islands, and above all visit the folks in Hilo. Peter is so anxious to see his mata-mata obach an again. Please take care of yourself dear— dig that slit trench extra big for us— we miss you so much.

Obach an sends her love too.

Love,

*Huahe*