



Letters from the 442nd

*The WORLD WAR II CORRESPONDENCE
of a JAPANESE AMERICAN MEDIC*

MINORU MASUDA

Edited by HANA MASUDA & DIANNE BRIDGMAN

Foreword by SENATOR DANIEL K. INOUE

THE SCOTT AND LAURIE OKI SERIES IN ASIAN AMERICAN STUDIES

THE SCOTT AND LAURIE OKI SERIES IN ASIAN AMERICAN STUDIES

From a Three-Cornered World: New and Selected Poems by James Masao Mitsui

Imprisoned Apart: The World War II Correspondence of an Issei Couple
by Louis Fiset

Storied Lives: Japanese American Students and World War II by Gary Okihiro

Phoenix Eyes and Other Stories by Russell Charles Leong

Paper Bullets: A Fictional Autobiography by Kip Fulbeck

Born in Seattle: The Campaign for Japanese American Redress
by Robert Sadamu Shimabukuro

*Confinement and Ethnicity: An Overview of World War II
Japanese American Relocation Sites*
by Jeffery F. Burton, Mary M. Farrell, Florence B. Lord, and Richard W. Lord

Judgment without Trial: Japanese American Imprisonment during World War II
by Tetsuden Kashima

Shopping at Giant Foods: Chinese American Supermarkets in Northern California
by Alfred Yee

*Altered Lives, Enduring Community: Japanese Americans Remember
Their World War II Incarceration* by Stephen S. Fugita and Marilyn Fernandez

Eat Everything Before You Die: A Chinaman in the Counterculture
by Jeffery Paul Chan

Form and Transformation in Asian American Literature
edited by Zhou Xiaojing and Samina Najmi

Language of the Geckos and Other Stories by Gary Pak

Nisei Memories: My Parents Talk about the War Years
by Paul Howard Takemoto

Growing Up Brown: Memoirs of a Bridge Generation Filipino American
by Peter Jamero

*Letters from the 442nd: The World War II Correspondence of a Japanese
American Medic* by Minoru Masuda; edited by Hana Masuda and Dianne Bridgman

Letters from the 442nd

The WORLD WAR II CORRESPONDENCE
of a JAPANESE AMERICAN MEDIC

Minoru Masuda

Edited by Hana Masuda and Dianne Bridgman



UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
Seattle & London

This book is published with the assistance of a grant from the Scott and Laurie Oki Endowed Fund for publications in Asian American Studies.

Copyright © 2008 by University of Washington Press
Printed in the United States of America

15 14 13 12 11 10 09 08 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
PO Box 50096, Seattle, WA 98145, USA
www.washington.edu/uwpress

All photos courtesy of family of Minoru Masuda.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA
Masuda, Minoru, 1915–1980.

Letters from the 442nd : the World War II correspondence of a Japanese American medic / Minoru Masuda ; edited by Hana Masuda and Dianne Bridgman.

p. cm. — (The Scott and Laurie Oki series in Asian American studies)
Includes index.

ISBN 978-0-295-98745-3 (pbk. : alk. paper)

1. Masuda, Minoru, 1915–1980—Correspondence. 2. United States. Army. Regimental Combat Team, 442nd—Biography. 3. World War, 1939–1945—Personal narratives, American. 4. World War, 1939–1945—Participation, Japanese American. 5. United States. Army—Medical personnel—Biography. 6. Japanese Americans—Correspondence. 7. Medical personnel—United States—Correspondence. I. Masuda, Hana, 1923–2000. II. Bridgman, Dianne. III. Title.

D769.3 I442nd .M36 2007

940.54'75092—dc22

2007019487

The paper used in this publication is acid-free and 90 percent recycled from at least 50 percent post-consumer waste. It meets the minimum requirements of American National Standard for Information Sciences—Permanence of Paper for Printed Library Materials, ANSI Z39.48–1984.

Cover photo: Minoru Masuda writing home, Italy, 1945. Photograph courtesy of the author.
Design: Thomas Eykemans.

To all those who fought for love of country, for liberty, and for peace.

—Hana Masuda

CONTENTS

Foreword by Daniel K. Inouye	ix
Preface by Dianne Bridgman	xi
Abbreviations	xiii
Introduction by Dianne Bridgman	xv
Prologue	3
1 America & Algeria, August 1943–May 1944	9
2 Italy, June–September 1944	32
3 France, October–November 1944	91
4 France, November 1944–March 1945	132
5 Italy, April–May 1945	171
6 Italy, May–December 1945	215
Epilogue	271
Afterword	275
Appendix: People Mentioned in the Letters	277
Note on Sources	281

FOREWORD

The men of the 442nd, who endured the horrors and traumas of World War II, have a permanent blood relationship that binds those of us from friendly communities in Hawaii with volunteers from behind barbed wire, such as Min Masuda. The men of the 442nd, who left behind parents and loved ones in dusty, desolate internment camps such as Camp Minidoka, were a special breed. The question that has long endured in my mind is: “I wonder what I would have done? Would I have volunteered?” I would like to say yes, but not having been herded like cattle into camps such as these, I can’t say what I would have done.

DANIEL K. INOUE

United States Senator, Hawaii

PREFACE

Work on this book began in 1989, when Hana Masuda asked me to collaborate with her to publish the letters her husband had written to her during World War II. At the time, I was working in the University of Washington Archives and had been assigned to process Masuda's papers. Hana and I worked together until December 1990, when she had a debilitating stroke. She died in 2000. Retired in 2004, I decided to resume work on the manuscript.

Hana and I selected 120 of her husband's 220 letters. We chose the most interesting and representative. First, we eliminated many detailed passages concerning Min's mail: the lists of letters from home, statements of plans to write back to various individuals, and references to delays of arriving mail. Next, we omitted frequent and elaborate descriptions of souvenirs sent to Hana, and acknowledgment of packages from her. Finally, we deleted personal messages to Hana. For authenticity, capitalization and punctuation were not changed.

The Medical Detachment Daily Log was divided to provide a chronology of events for the letters. Brief, frequent deletions were made: we eliminated military times, and date and place redundancies. To avoid a clutter of dots, we used no ellipses. Military abbreviations were standardized. We left capitalization and punctuation as is.

Hana wrote recollections of events to fill gaps and provide explanation. She also wrote Senator Daniel Inouye to request a foreword.

I wish to thank the University of Washington Archives for permission to print Masuda's letters and portions of the Medical Detachment Daily Log. I thank Professor Donna Leonetti of the University of Washington anthropology department for her assistance and kindness during the years since this project began. I also owe thanks to Pat Soden, director of the University of Washington Press. I am particularly grateful to Naomi Pascal, former associate director and editor-in-chief, now editor-at-large, of the University of Washington Press, for her encouragement, help, and patience. The Masudas' daughter, Tina Masuda Draughon, has provided much-appreciated help and support. Finally, I owe special thanks to John Carey, whose assistance in the final stages of the preparation of the manuscript made this book possible.

DIANNE BRIDGMAN

ABBREVIATIONS

AAA	Antiaircraft Artillery
AEF	Allied Expeditionary Force
AGF	American Ground Forces
AMG	Allied Military Government
APO	Army Post Office
ARC	American Red Cross
ASTP	Army Specialized Training Program
ATR	Antitank Rifle
BN	Battalion
CBI	China-Burma-India Theater of Operations
CP	Command Post
CQ	Charge of Quarters
DFC	Distinguished Flying Cross
EM	enlisted man (men)
ETO	European Theater of Operations
FA	field artillery
FFI	French Forces of the Interior (partisans)
G2	Military Intelligence Section
IG	Inspector General
JA	Japanese American
KIA	killed in action
KP	kitchen police
LST	Landing Ship Tank

MAAF	Mediterranean Allied Air Forces
MIR	Mechanized Infantry Regiment
MIS	Military Intelligence Service
MP	Military Police
MTO	Mediterranean Theater of Operations
MI	carbine rifle
ORD	ordnance
PBS	Peninsula Base Section
POE	Port of Embarkation
PRO	public relations office
PW	prisoner of war
PX	Post Exchange
QM	Quartermaster
RCT	Regimental Combat Team
RSO	Regimental Supply Officer
SP	self-propelled
TD	Tank Destroyer
T/3	Technician Third Class
USO	United Service Organization
VFW	Veterans of Foreign Wars
WAC	Women's Army Corps
WD	War Department
WIA	wounded in action
WRA	War Relocation Authority
YW	YWCA
88	eighty-eight-millimeter artillery piece
170	170-millimeter mortar
155	155-millimeter artillery piece
270	270-millimeter mortar
Mg	machine gun
ODs	olive drabs
repple deppele	redeployment depot
Sp	separate

INTRODUCTION

During the last years of World War II, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was well publicized in newsreels and newspapers. Knowledge of their service has continued through the years, with books, a movie, and a documentary celebrating their contribution. What has been lacking is a personal account written by a soldier during the war. This lack is addressed by this collection of letters Minoru Masuda wrote to his wife from 1943–1945.

Minoru Masuda was born in Seattle in 1915. He lived in Seattle's Japantown, where his family ran a small hotel. Encouraged to become well educated, he earned a bachelor's degree in pharmacy and a master's in pharmacology at the University of Washington. He and Hana Koriyama were married on May 28, 1939. They were interned in May 1942, first at Camp Harmony at the Western Washington Fairgrounds in Puyallup, Washington, then at Camp Minidoka, in a sagebrush desert near Hunt, Idaho.

In 1943 Masuda volunteered to serve in the segregated unit, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. The 442nd, activated in February 1943, consisted of an infantry regiment, an artillery battalion, a company of combat engineers, a medical detachment, and a band. One thousand men volunteered from internment camps. They were joined by twenty-seven hundred Japanese American volunteers from Hawaii. They trained at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Masuda was trained as a

combat medic in the 2nd Battalion. In April 1944 the unit was shipped overseas.

Arriving in Italy, they were joined by the 100th Battalion, a former National Guard unit from Hawaii. The unit spent four months—June through September 1944—in Italy. There were two phases in this campaign. The first involved intense combat as the unit successfully advanced; the second was predominantly an exchange of artillery fire.

The 442nd spent October and November 1944 in the Vosges Mountains in northeastern France. There they continued the fierce fighting for which they were becoming well known. They liberated Bruyeres and rescued a “lost battalion” that had been cut off by the Germans.

December 1944 through March 1945 were spent on the French Riviera near Nice. The fighting there consisted only of sporadic artillery fire. The men enjoyed frequent passes to Nice. They called these months the “Champagne Campaign.”

In April 1945 the unit was back in Italy. Combat was made especially difficult by mountainous terrain. As the Germans retreated, the 442nd pursued them northward through Italy.

After the German surrender on May 3, 1945, the 442nd processed eighty thousand German POWs at an airfield near Ghedi, Italy. Subsequently, they guarded POWs and supplies as the original soldiers returned to America to be replaced by new trainees. Masuda was among the last of the original volunteers to leave Europe. He arrived home December 31, 1945.

Although reluctant to return to Seattle, Masuda was persuaded by a former professor to return to study for a PhD at the University of Washington. He earned his PhD in 1956 and subsequently served on the faculty of the University of Washington School of Medicine as a professor of psychiatry. He and Hana became the parents of two children, Tina and Kiyoshi, born in the 1950s. During the 1970s, he became known as an advocate of minority rights. Masuda died of lung cancer in June 1980 at age sixty-five. Hana died in 2000.

This collection of Masuda's letters is a comprehensive account of his World War II experience: training, combat, postwar duties, and demobilization. The letters are vivid and lively. They emphasize Masuda's surroundings, his daily activities, and the people he encountered. For example, he describes Italian farmhouses, olive groves, and avenues of cypress trees. He writes of learning to play the ukulele with his "big, clumsy" fingers, and the nightly singing and bull sessions that continued throughout the war. The letters include descriptions of the plight of Italians who scavenged the 442nd garbage for food, and the mischief of French children who pelted the medics with snowballs.

The letters also include remarks describing the Masudas' rich personal life. Masuda had a tender regard for Hana. In addition to expressing his love, he encouraged her efforts in business school and teaching Japanese to soldiers preparing to serve in intelligence. The Masudas had a wide network of family and friends, so the letters are filled with comments about others' lives. For example, the birth of a niece prompts a dialogue regarding her name and behavior.

With the exception of references to food and infrequent expressions of indignation about prejudice, the letters do not reveal that Masuda is Japanese American. He and his buddies were enthusiastic participants in 1940s American popular culture. They liked popular music, movies, steak, and baseball. However, the letters reveal a subtle combination of American enculturation with Japanese cultural traditions, such as submitting to difficult circumstances and internalizing emotion. Masuda accepts the condition of war and his participation in it. He praises Hana for not weeping at their leave-taking and asks her to write about her daily activities rather than her loneliness. This adaptation is one reason the letters are valuable historical documents.

The letters are introduced by a prologue compiled from a speech and an article Masuda wrote in the 1970s. In it, he describes growing up in Seattle, internment, and volunteering for the 442nd.

Excerpts from the Medical Detachment Daily Log provide expla-

nations of the military events that are the context for Masuda's letters. The log records the movement of the 442nd from town to town, the method of travel, and the status of the unit—in the front lines or at rest. It describes the intensity of combat and the number of casualties—light or heavy. The weather and the locations of the aid stations are also included.

Recollections by Hana Masuda describing her experiences during the war are included at appropriate intervals. For example, Hana relates her experiences living in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, near Camp Shelby, where Masuda was training; her move from Camp Minidoka to Minneapolis; and Masuda's homecoming in 1945.

A few brief paragraphs explaining tactics and goals are included.

An epilogue includes Hana's recollections of Masuda's homecoming and his account of their return to Seattle after the war. The afterword is a summation of the rest of Masuda's life.

DIANNE BRIDGMAN

Letters from the 442nd

PROLOGUE

Recollections

I was born into the Japanese community in the heart of Chinatown, in Seattle. I grew up with it, was acculturated into it, and became a part of it. It was a bustling and hustling cohesive ethnic community, almost completely self-sustained, socially and economically. It had its own banks and a chamber of commerce, two Japanese-language newspapers, shops, fish markets, cleaners, hotels, restaurants, theaters, etc. The Nisei, my generation, the second generation, had its own English-language paper, its own athletic leagues, social functions, etc. In the thirties, then, it was an entirely different community than exists now, but this ethnic community was just as surely a ghetto as any other, even though not surrounded by stone walls. The community developed, as all immigrant communities do, because there was an internal need for people of a common language and custom and culture to band together in a strange land, and by doing so, they were buffered, isolated, and segregated, but protected from an alien, hostile, white American society.

As a Nisei, I was a part of a marginal group, pushed by family and community attitudes to strive to achieve by educational means. The scholastic records of these times attest to this devotion to education. [A very rough estimate is that 14 percent of Seattle college-age Nisei and 11 percent of all other Seattle young people earned degrees at the University of Washington in the late 1930s. Min received a

bachelor of science degree in 1936 and a master of science degree in 1938, both in pharmacy.]

When Japan struck at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, we were filled with anger and dismay at the turn of events. On that Sunday morning, a group of us had gone skiing at Paradise Valley on Mount Rainier and heard the news on the noon radio after a great morning run. At the shocking, incredible news, we gathered up and headed home, each of us sober and quiet, wondering what it all meant. Why had Japan done this stupid thing? What would happen to our parents? What would happen to all of us? It was a time for reflection and anxiety about what lay in store for all of us.

The FBI, from the evening of December 7, had begun to pick up and take away Japanese leaders in the community. In a matter of weeks, they had arrested dozens of our Japanese nationals—our Issei parents. Japanese language-school teachers, business leaders, Buddhist priests, and organization heads were among those suspected to be disloyal and taken away.

I remember telling my father that since he was not a citizen—he couldn't become one even if he wanted to—he might be taken away as the others, but for him not to worry about the family and the business (we ran a hotel in Japantown) because we—his sons—would keep the family and business together. I said that we were American citizens, that we couldn't be touched, despite all the furor, because we were protected by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. I shall never forget what he said: *Wakarainai yo* (I wouldn't be too sure). Subsequent events were to prove that he had more wisdom than I in gauging the dark side of human nature.

Things were becoming more critical. Shortwave sections of our radios were removed. We turned in articles considered to be weapons. Curfew was imposed from 8:00 PM to 6:00 AM. But the real blow was the promulgation of the presidential exclusion order in February 1942. Now we were thrust onto the track that eventually led to incarceration.

It is strange, isn't it, and you will have to try somehow to understand this, how 110,000 people could so docilely and effectively organize themselves into being branded criminals and then to be led away to incarceration.

When General DeWitt issued his order of March 2, 1942, saying that all those of Japanese ancestry would be evacuated from Military Area Number One [western Washington, Oregon, California, and southern Arizona], the Japanese American Citizens League had protested vigorously along with other groups such as church people, university scholars, some business people, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the NAACP; but these were as small voices crying in the wilderness, inundated by the great mass and might of America. If you combine this with the cultural attitudes of fatalism, the acceptance of adversities, and the traditional bowing to authority, we have the answers for the bewildering but adaptive behavior of the Nikkei [Japanese American] people. They went and they survived.

My wife and I were reduced to a number—11704—as our identifying label. And with that label attached to our lapels, on that rainy morning in early May 1942, we took ourselves and what we could carry to Seventh and Lane streets to await the bus. And we were off to Puyallup, our temporary detention center.

Puyallup, our home until September, was the location of the Western Washington Fair. We had come to Puyallup—to these fairgrounds, to the wryly euphemistic “Camp Harmony”—stripped of our possessions, robbed of our dignity, degraded by epithets, and stigmatized as disloyal.

We lived, my wife and I, in Area B—in the parking lot to the east—a compound of long narrow barracks surrounding a central mess hall, toilet, shower, and laundry rooms, all enclosed by barbed wire six feet from the barrack walls.

Let me give you a short calendar of Camp Harmony events that I dug up from the *Minidoka Interlude* newspaper:

- April 30 First movement from Seattle begins in the rain.
- June 3 Western Defense Command orders nightly check-up
 of residents (just as you do at a prison).
- July 4 July 4 celebration held in each area. Imagine
 celebrating Independence Day behind barbed wire!
- July 13 War bond drive starts.
- July 18 Japanese prints banned. Bibles and hymnals approved.

It is a bizarre mixture of events symbolical of patriotism and oppression.

Life in Camp Harmony was the beginning of camp life that continued at Minidoka, Idaho [near the town of Hunt, about twenty miles from Twin Falls] in rattlesnake and sagebrush desert.

Minidoka was, like all the other nine concentration camps, located in the hinterlands, a prison set down in the swamps or desert where others would not live. Here the evacuees were to waste their lives for the duration—except for some students and workers, and those who went to war, some never to return.

The Minidoka Center rapidly became a self-organized community under the War Relocation Authority—a civilian authority composed of human beings under Dillon Meyers. Previously the evacuation was under military control. It was the philosophy of the WRA to relocate the people out to jobs or schools, and it is to their credit that they had our welfare at heart under these circumstances when clearances were still an army function.

What can I tell you of Minidoka? We were assigned to Block 16, Barracks 5, Unit F at one end of a long tar-paper barrack. There it was—tiny, studs exposed, shiplap floor, dusty windows, two stacked canvas cots, a black potbellied stove sitting on a bed of sand, and a lightbulb hanging from the ceiling. We didn't even have a place to sit down and cry, except the floor.

My wife and I worked in the hospital, which was run by an Idaho physician, but the staff and personnel were all evacuees. My job was as a pharmacist; the pay was a professional group pay, the highest

pay scale, nineteen dollars per month. In the late fall, we went out to work picking potatoes, and others went out to harvest sugar beets. We went to work for a Mennonite family—lived with them and worked with them—and they were very sympathetic and friendly. We got to know them well, went to their church and went into town on Saturday night, as did all the farmers there, and it was a very enjoyable stay away from camp.

The physical hardships we could endure, but for me the most devastating experience was the unjust stigmatization by American society, the bitter reminder that racism had won again over the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the perception that the American people had thrown us into concentration camps simply because of our blood. It was galling, infuriating, and frustrating. Scapegoats we were, and imprisoned scapegoats to boot.

At the same time, the stigmatization of being branded disloyal and imprisoned evoked a sense of shame, as if the wrongful branding and the unjust act were somehow valid because of its sanction by American society, an upside-down perception.

Added to the self-imposed cloak of shame was the altogether human defense of submerging anger and bitterness: allowing it to surface and bubble would bring forth pain too strong to bear and detract from the goal of survival and achievement in the postwar years.

Then, into this state of mind came the announcement that the army would be recruiting from the camp to form a segregated regimental combat team. The news fell like a clap of thunder on incredulous ears. How could the government and the army, after branding us disloyal, after stripping us of our possessions and dignity, and imprisoning us in barbed wire concentration camps, how could they now ask us to volunteer our lives in defense of a country that had so wrongfully treated us? The incredible announcement caused immediate turmoil and split the camp into two. One group reiterated the complete irrationality of the recruitment under these circumstances, and pointed out that once again the government was exploiting us and doing us in. The other group took the longer view and saw the

threat posed to the future of the Nikkei if recruitment failed. A society as irrational and racist as the one that put us into Minidoka could as certainly be expected to follow by saying that the fact that there were no volunteers only proved their rightness in calling us disloyal and throwing us into camps.

I wrestled with the problem as both arguments tumbled around inside my head. It was a lonely and personal decision. I was older than the others. I was married, more mature, and had more responsibilities. It was a soul-searching decision, for the possibility of death in the battlefield was real, and, in the Nikkei context, almost expected. I admit, too, despite all the trauma, that an inexplicable tinge of patriotism entered into the decision to volunteer.

There were 308 volunteers for the 442nd Regimental Combat Team from the some six thousand to seven thousand people that were in camp.

The rest of the story is history: our induction, travel to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, our training with the larger Japanese American volunteer contingent from Hawaii, then overseas and the combat record of the 442nd.

MINORU MASUDA

1970s

Compiled from a speech given by Minoru Masuda, "Evacuation and Concentration Camps," n.d., Minoru Masuda Papers, Box 1, Acc. 54-12, University of Washington Libraries, and an article he wrote, "Japanese Americans, Injury and Redress," *Rikka* 6, no. 3 (Autumn 1979): 15-26.

1 AMERICA & ALGERIA

August 1943–May 1944

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Japanese Americans in the United States were forbidden to serve in the armed services. Those already in the service were watched carefully. The only extant unit composed of Japanese Americans was a battalion of the Hawaii National Guard. Renamed the 100th Infantry Battalion, it was sent to Camp McCoy in Wisconsin. After much deliberation, the government announced the activation of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team on February 1, 1943. The unit was trained at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Twenty seven hundred Japanese Americans from Hawaii joined one thousand men who volunteered from the mainland internment camps. The 442nd was composed of an infantry regiment, an artillery battalion, a company of combat engineers, a medical detachment, and a band.

—DIANNE BRIDGMAN

RECOLLECTIONS / HANA MASUDA, 1990

Min's initial training was at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. During August and September 1943, Min was sent from Camp Shelby to O'Reilly General Hospital in Springfield, Missouri, for special medical training. I joined him there and then went back to Camp

Minidoka when he returned to Mississippi. I saved the letters he wrote me from this time until the end of the war.

CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI

25 OCTOBER 1943

I finally got a letter from you today just as I'd hoped for—in fact, two of them. Boy, was I glad to get 'em. Don's the mail clerk, too, you know—he said jokingly that he was gonna hold my mail back for a week and I told him I'd kick him from here to hell and back if he did. But, it was so good to hear from you again. Please keep them coming, darling, won't you?

It's gotten pretty cold here and the nights are pretty bad. . . . We've two cute little stoves at each end of the hutment now, but haven't started to burn them yet. But, it won't be long now. We'd better or we'll freeze our ears off. And next week, we'll be out on bivouac—wow, will that be cold then!

Darling, you behaved very well at the station. I was proud of you. No tears, no fuss to make the parting a little easier. You saw me, didn't you, when the train started and stopped again? Then when we really got going and the train passed you, I could see you looking around for me—I waved and waved, but my last glimpse of you was your bewildered face looking frantically for me. I saw you, but you didn't see me. That wrenched my heart, too, for you looked so forlorn then. . . .

I'll tell Don to make an allotment out for you, so the gov't will mail you a check—I don't know how much. If I make it \$85.00 to you, I'll have \$36.35 left. I think I can use all of that—let's see how that works out. I can always change the allotment again. Okay?

I got a big chuckle, incidentally, when you wrote that the kids in Guilford thought I was handsome [Hana's sisters, Suzu and Tama, were attending Guilford College, in Greensboro, North Carolina]. That really was a laugh. . . .

Yes, darling, you must teach me a few things about life when next we meet. It would be quite interesting, don't you think. But, I can't be thinking too much of those things. No use reaching for the moon, so I'll just content myself with dreaming of you.

29 OCTOBER 1943

I've finally started to write this letter. The past fifteen minutes were spent in making an outline of what I was going to say. . . .

How's my little Kuso [Min's pet name for Hana] tonight—still the same wife of mine, I hope. . . .

The food here isn't so bad. It seems to be better than when I left or is it because I imagined it was worse? At any rate, it's not so bad, but I wish they could feed us a little more. Maybe I'm a chow hound, after all.

This week's work at the office has gotten me down. Just sit on your fanny doing paper work drives a guy nuts—there's no system at all it seems. I'm glad I won't be there long. In fact, I kind of look forward to next week's bivouac. I've had only one day of football and volleyball since I came here—the only physical exertion for a week. The others seem to play all day. Today I heard it was pretty rugged with drills and exercises and they ran the obstacle course. I haven't been on that thing once yet, what a soldier I'd make.

You can call me Sgt, but maybe you'd best address the mail as T/3 [Technician Third Class]—that would be more correct technically. I guess I'm proud of the stripes, too, but I'd like to be worthy of them and do more studying. I could use it.

I guess I've said plenty tonight, haven't I, honey? Talking to you like this helps ease the loneliness of the heart and gives me a chance to rest easier for the chat we've had, one sided though it may seem. But, I know you're listening way over there and you must know the feeling inside for you that is always within me. . . .

. . . And naturally, you must take care of yourself for me, for,

darling, it won't be long before we'll be together again when we live in each others heart.

30 OCTOBER 1943

It's only me piping up again, your dear husband (he is, isn't he?) with pen in hand to tell you how much he loves you and misses you. I hope you're feeling fine tonight, or is it day when you get this?

It's the weekend again—oh, precious two days—Saturday night and so it's a good feeling to know that the morrow brings a full day of my own time. Plan to go to church tomorrow with Doc and maybe Franklin if he shows up. In fact, I just got back from being out with your brother. He came over tonight as we'd planned when we met this AM, and we went to the Service Club. . . .

Saw Harribo Yana the other day—he's a corporal and so's Bako. All the other mainland boys seem to have been eased out so far as the ratings go due to their late arrival, that is, generally speaking. I don't know of anyone else who got higher than a corporal of the recruits—when you look at it that way, I suppose, neither did the island boys. So, I was pretty fortunate in getting such a comparatively high rating—the highest, I'm pretty sure, of all the mainland recruits. I don't say this in any bragging sense, just that the medics must have the technicians to do the work, and now I must live up to the rating. It's much harder to work up in the infantry and FA [field artillery] and such, but in our detachment, so newly organized, the chances are pretty good, as Hasegawa and I found out. We were talking tonight and he's pretty happy that we got the promotion—just as much as Abe is disappointed in not getting his. I hope he's enjoying his furlough right now. I think he is—how could one not?

One by one, I see the Hunt fellows in my meanderings and at the Dispensary. Saw Augie when he came through for his physical—looks all right. Saw Fat Yana, too, and oh, I guess you don't know most of them—Cowboy and his brother tonight and well, they just pop up. This place is full of Washingtonians, thank God.