

Jan 2, 1946

Greetings, chillun!

Am tackling my long, unanswered, box of mail (stuffed with Christmas mail, now) and, of course, with letters years overdue — have to pick the one I got today as the first to answer. So — Kono-chau — scrub that surprised twinkle from your eyes!

You lucky devils — living with people of other ancestries! How I envy you that privilege. Hope that you nisei are not being clammy; — expect you to each develop a swell cronny — be she CWOC or plain, white WAC! Makes me think rather nostalgically of Basic. Makes me think of the swell gals in our company — guess, it was the most enjoyable part of my Army

career. I remember how we all laughed at our C.O. when she told us upon parting "you'll remember Basic, someday, as the best part of your WAC life — and — you'll get tired of too many men when you're settled on some post!" Boy! a hoot just roared up from all of us — because — we were fed up at that time with too many P.D. regulations; too much K.P.; B.P.; C.Q.; classes, exams; marching; scrubbing of windows, floors, shoes; ironing + washing; and the like. Too, the scarcity of men used to make us whistle at the ~~main~~ furnace men + delivery truck drivers ^{with} yelps of: "Hey, there's a man!"

So you lucky kids, make the most of your stay at Ritchie. How I envy you — mixing with other-stock Americans! Their zest for living, humor and jolly give-and-take I miss like hell! The closest comradeship

that one can achieve at Snelting — somewhat resembling that friendship with Caucasians — is when one jokes or scolds in fun with these naughty Hawaiian youngsters. (Hey, Koro, incidentally, Harada wrote that he's a sort of acting 1st sergeant for the "K" group now on the high seas headed for Hawaii + Rome. Boy! am I filled with motherly pride!)

Speaking of mothers and such — what's this about you people crocheting + readying your "hope" chests. Furu hashi, too — !? She, the one who used to ring the stakes with heavy iron horse shoes; the gal who used to slug the base ball out beyond the second base man's head! ? Good for ~~your~~ people. That's something I've yet to learn. Just now am having a glorious time skiing and ice skating (Fuda, the skis, the thing!)

4.
D.S. Kids, you've swell - but beware! This is the only letter I'll write.
Hey, you guys - Happy New Year! May this year
continue to give you many enriching experiences
(oh, I don't mean the pay check) - but things
that you see + hear + feel + taste that will
make you wiser and greater.

Lord, hope that I can become a bit
kinder + wiser, too. (Time makes me more
+ more a ~~the~~ 'crotchety old maid'.)

Linda, and all the rest of you - the
boys are always asking about youse guys.
They have such disappointed faces when we
inform them that you've been shipped out. Glamour
is what they need around here + mine fell
off when I was in the dancing stage about 15
years ago. gah! one boy just told me that his
fallen for me because my forehead wrinkles
reminded him of his mother. I told Mrs. Dino + instead
of sympathizing she chided me with: 'You ought to be
blasted for a boy's ideal is his mother'. Oh, lord -!
kiss + love, Edith.