

15 July 1946

Kyoto, Japan.

Dear Mrs. Sunderson;

I received your letter which was written on my birthday, June 26th. I still haven't received your last letter which gave your new address, though.

Just thinking of you people enjoying the pleasant climate of the Bay Area and taking life easy makes me ~~enjoy~~ envy you. It's hot and very uncomfortable over here. The humidity is so low that perspiration runs down my forehead even when I'm not doing anything.

I'll write to Jiji Akada right away and tell him about the Army address. I'm not sure about the address but I'll write to him anyway.

I'm glad to hear that every one graduated with such high honor. The reason for their high scholastic honors and success is accredited to you for your generous and superior guidance during their first three years. I know because you've helped me out many a times. Remember how narrow-minded I was when I was in your A. 71 class in #66? After thinking "real" hard, I knew I was wrong, and I had only one person to thank, you.

I made another mistake when I decided to join my parents to come to Japan. I'd noone to turn to for guidance but you, who have taught me the real things of life. I could have relocated and graduated, but no, — I came to Japan to ruin the best part of my life away in a god forsaken "hole".

I saw the first fireworks since 1940 on the Fourth of July. It was really beautiful. I felt like a small child about 10 years old. They had a dress parade here, which consisted of three bands and all the the troops under I Corps.

There are rumors of the
office's deactivation in about
a month. I'll have start "hunting"
for a new job if this turned
out to be a reality. I'll probably
join the Military Government
section of I Corp, that is if, I
can prove that I'm an "allied
national." An allied national
is a person who has an American
citizen.

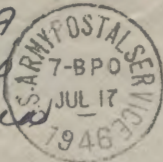
I'm just about out of news,
so I better close.

Sincerely
Chris.

P.S. I appreciate what you and
Mr. Gunderson are doing for
me. The way the story looks

now, it looks pretty hopeless
for me, doesn't it?

240 Engr. Const. Bn. Co. A
c/o Post Master. A.P.O. 660
San Francisco, California



Via Air Mail

VIA AIR MAIL

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