

T/Sgt. Y. Shibata, Hq. Co.
1st Marine Division, FMF
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California



Miss Yuri Domoto
6 F 5 C
Granada WRA
Amache, Colorado

T/Sgt. Y. Shibata, Hq. Co.,
1st Marine Division, FMF
C/O Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California

November 7th, 1943

Dear Yuri-

Returned from church services and found your V mail of Oct. 8th waiting for me on the office desk. (Our office is nothing like what you may imagine. Tent, pyramidal, with the sides held up by rough logs. Our desks are made with odd and end lumber and freshly cut branches as legs.) With each letter from you, there seems to be an addition to the ever growing Domoto family tree. Beginning to regard them as Birth Announcement. But as the saying goes, "More the Merrier"...Winchell calls them "Rivets in the Bonds of Matrimony". Wish my brother would get married and make up for lost time. Younger brothers write that #1 Shibata is "holding up production".

Guess by now Kan has his relocation plans well made or even put into effect. Just wondering what green pastures he found to call "my home". Sally must be excited to be seeing the outside world again.

Wish I could meet Mr. Moore--from the way you take interest in the work, he must be a great guy. It's hard to find a person in a scheme as the WRA who acts with all sincerity, and not as a job with good wages. And you too, must get much satisfaction in helping others out. Sometimes I wonder if that isn't the primary reason for the existence of we mortal beings.

The church services was impressive in spite of the

absence of holy edifice. We sat on the ground along with other creatures of nature and enjoyed the sermon. It touched upon the "Use of Profane and Obscene Language". It struck me as being a strange topic but as the chaplain elaborated, I understood. He apparently had overheard some fellows using an abundance of adjectives based on "#\$%&*" words. (Isn't that the way the funnies indicate cuss words?) In regard to jokes centered on women he said, "Affection given by women should be held sacred. No man has the right to degrade them". And then added, "Even though the affection may be right or wrong".

A marine corporal lead the group in singing hymns. In a setting where you see only neck-breaking trees and shadow casting mountains, the effectiveness of the worship appears to be greater. Except for the occasional rumbling of GI trucks and the roar of planes, the service went on uninterrupted. The constant chirping of the many crickets reminds me of the birds when I went up to Mt. Davidson with Min. You recall the day, don't you? It was during those hectic but memory making days of our CL. Think often about you giving me the high sign from behind the curtain. How you took over when that Takeuchi girl fainted...As I look back now, it all seems like a dream in this grim task of present.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner. Makes me reminisce of ones gone by. The ones that the Negis used to give more than any. Wonder where you'll be on that day? But wherever that may be, wish it'll be a happy one. A pleasant "Turkey Day", Yuri.

Sincerely,
Yoshite