

Friday

May 4, 1945

Dear Mom and Pop,

I guess you wondered what happened to me. I know you must have been worried not hearing from me for so long.

I guess you've heard how everything is going here in Italy. Well, our bivouac area was supposed to move up but no trucks came so we just had to wait. For that matter, we're still waiting while it seems everyone else is moving up. There were no officers to censor our letters so I had to wait until things could be arranged.

Life here has been one nice time so far. All we do here is sleep, read, eat and argue with the Italians. We cook our own meals so Italians come to sell us eggs and vegetables and fruits. We get tired of eating canned food ~~every~~ every day so we try to cook fresh stuff once in awhile. We have a nice stove with a chimney made by the side of our tent so things are fine for cooking.

Yesterday we had bacon (canned) and canned corn and stuff so we bought eggs and a head of cabbage and some

2
onions and made a nice meal.

We cooked the cabbage with water and then added boullion powder. Then we cooked the bacon with onions and eggs. We had hot coffee (powdered in can), butter (canned) and grape jam (also canned). We had GI bread too.

You see all our food up here comes canned. It's called C Ration. We get 6 cans or 2 cans per meal. One can has eggs (scrambled) with potatoes or meat and beans or meat and noodles or other stints, and the other can has a small envelope of powdered coffee, sugar, candy and five crackers in the place of bread. These are called energy crackers (why I don't know). We call them jaw breakers.

Boy, prices are really high here. Eggs are thirty cents a piece or 2 for 1 pack of cigarettes. They're kind of bringing the prices down and we can get them for 25¢ or 28¢. If you don't have money, cigarettes are just as well. In some places you can get one dollar for a pack. No one sells though because they rather have it themselves.

3

Bright scarfs are popular here and there was one lady selling one. It was sort of a large neckerchief. It's something like a satin finish. Guess how much - six dollars and fifty cents. I don't think no one bought it.

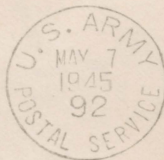
Boy, it's funny listening to the boys arguing with the Holians when they're trying to buy eggs. The Holian says 2 eggs for a pack of cigarettes and we want 3 eggs for one pack. Every one joins in the argument and all talk at the top of their voices.

I guess this is about all for now so I'll write again the next time. I can't write regularly because the officer isn't here every day. Don't worry because I'm having a swell time and the way things are going here I'll be in the bivouac area for some time. I think we're the only ones so far back!

Well, till the next time,

Jad
By the way, no letters came yet.

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Monday May 14, 1945

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