

December 31, 1945

Monday
10:00 AM

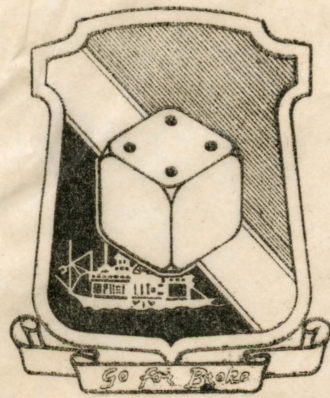
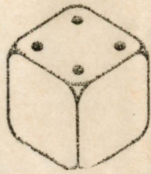
Dear Mom and Pop,

Here it is the last day of the year 1945. Time seems to pass quickly. I guess it's because we're all busy.

The kitchen boys are already cooking the fig pig for tonight. They're cooking the fig pig whole. They dug a hole and lined it with sea rocks and built a fire in it. After that they put the pig in it and covered it up with sand. It takes all day to cook.

We're getting paid this afternoon.

I don't know if I write you or not but we went horse back riding again yesterday afternoon. We had a lot of fun. You remember Mitani, don't you. Well he went with us and it was his first time on a horse. Boy, did we kick him.



Well, what's doing in San Francisco? I
bet Market is going to be jammed tonight.

I still don't know whether I can go to home
tomorrow or not, but I hope I can go.

The captain just came in with our pay. Boy,
that sack is full of money.

Well, I'll get my pay soon.

I'll write again tomorrow,

Jad

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Monday March 11, 1946