

Wednesday 8:00 PM

Oct 25, 1944

Dear Mom and Pop,

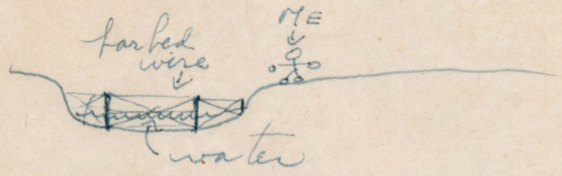
Well, here I am again. I hope you didn't miss my letter too much yesterday. I'll tell you all what happened yesterday and this morning, but first of all, I sure found out that getting a corporal's stripes isn't too bad. I don't love to go on K.P., I don't love to do work detail - and if there is work detail, I supervise. And last, I can get a pass any week end I want. I can go to town every week if I want to, but I won't, cause I spend too much.

But along with the good, there is the bad. I have a lot of worries. I have to be responsible for 12 men, listen to all their troubles, help them out, and a thousand and one other things.

Now, about yesterday.

We started out from our company area around 7:00 AM yesterday. We walked out into the woods about

five miles out. There we had classes in scouting and patrolling. We learned how to cross open country, in woods, and in field without the enemy seeing us. We had lessons in jungle warfare. We crossed swamps hip deep trying to hunt down snipers. One interesting thing was how to cross barbed wire strung across a shallow creek. There is a barbed wire obstacle strung across a creek like this -



We had to crawl under the barbed wire and naturally some of the wire was under the water - sooo - we got all wet. We went under with light field packs (big knapsacks) and cartridge belt and rifle and helmet. Boy, I sure was a sorry sight when I came out of the water. The water was only about 2 ft deep.

As you know, Florida has a lot of swamps. When you get into these swamps, it's just like being in a jungle out in the South Pacific. Boy, you can't see 15 ft ahead of you. It's just a solid wall of vegetation and the water comes up to your waist. We crossed a short swamp as a problem of how to find the enemy hidden there. It was a lot of fun but we got all wet.

When night came around we had night problems. This is how to cross woods and fields without making too much noise so the enemy can't hear you.

Around 11:00 PM that night we started home in squads. I was the squad leader and had 12 men. The night was pitch black and we had no lights and only one compass with luminous dials and numbers.

Before my squad started the officer told me how many degrees the camp was. I then set my compass in the degrees the officer told me and we started for home. Boy, you don't know the feeling of walking through dark woods with no lights and nothing to guide you but a compass.

With our squad made the camp pretty early. We followed the compass pretty closely so we didn't get lost. But three other squads did. They came in about one hour after we did. I came home around 12:00. We then cleaned our rifles and slept. We slept late this morning because of the late hours.

I forgot to tell you that after we went through the water, we changed our clothes and shoes and socks. We carried them in the packs. Our captain is a nice guy so he told us to build fires to warm

ourselves up. For dinner we had fried chicken brought to us in the mess truck.

We did nothing this morning. We got up late and then ate. After we cleaned our rifles again because most of them got wet. After that we just sat around in the huts and had bull sessions (talk).

This afternoon we just had classes. No marching.

Right now I'm ready for bed. I took a early shower so I could read in bed awhile.

I received two of your letters and the sweat shirts today. Thanks very much. The shirts are going to come in handy.

Well, I'll write more tomorrow
 Good

Pvt T ISHIDA
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CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA



Mr & Mrs Y ISHIDA

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SALT LAKE CITY (3)

UTAH

VIA AIR MAIL

(50) Saturday Oct 28, 1944