

Sept 8, 1947

Dear Mom and Pop,

I guess when this letter reaches you, the first mail that I sent would have reached you. I hope I didn't make you wait too long for my letter. I couldn't send a telegram, as I said before, because I didn't have the chance.

Life here isn't too hard yet. I had K.P. already. We all have to take turns, and I was one of the first to be called. I peeled potatoes and onions, washed dishes, mopped the floor, and helped cook. The food here is all right. Can't complain. Saturday is a half day, so my friends and I plan to go swimming at the lake. We have a big lake right in camp so we can go swimming any time we are not on duty. There's life guards, rafts and everything for our convenience. Sunday is our day off. We can't get a pass for two weeks yet, so we can't go anywhere. We have a post exchange (PX - a general store) to buy things we want such as candy, magazine, clothes toilet articles and things like that. We also have a movie! Tailors and dry cleaners are all over.

I met Katsami Kawaguchi yesterday. He's been here for three months. Almost completed his basic training. He told me to say hello to both of you.

I thought I would get homesick when I came out here but I don't get a chance to.

You're either too busy to think about or you're with your friends all the time so it isn't bad at all. I hope you don't worry too much about me because I'm having a fine time. (and I'm not egging you) Gee, something funny is happening all the time. You remember Ted Matsushima don't you. He's the boy with the front teeth missing. Well, he fell asleep the other day on the cot, with his mouth open. A couple of the boys stuck a cigarette in his mouth and lit it. Was it funny. He was smoking in his sleep. He was even pin holing it.

Well, there isn't much more to tell you so I'll close the letter. I still have to take a shower. The lights go out a 10:00 PM here, so I'll have time to read a little in bed.

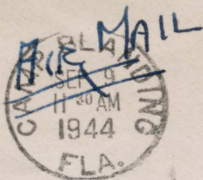
I'll write to you again tomorrow.

Tad.

PS My regards to the BRATS, my parents, Mrs Mrs Frank, and every body you can think of.

Say hello to Mrs Mrs. Honda for me. I wrote a letter to them in Fort Douglas, but not after I come here. I don't have time to ^{write} right until night so I only write to you. I don't feel like writing to people at night except you, so I'll depend on you to pass the news on (not that I'm busy) - just lazy. again I'll close this letter until the next time.

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(6) Monday Sept 11, 1944