

1 Oct. 45

Dear Folks,

In my four short days here I have so much I want to tell you I hardly know where to begin. First of all I feel like, Tojo, Hirohito and all the boys in one when I walk down the street. The soldiers salute and the civilian step out of your way and bow. Its hard to imagine how bold they were a few months ago and are now again the humble Jap. After I pass them I cant help but turn around to see that they aren't going to stick a knife in my back.

We are still stationed on the beaches where we made our amphibious landings and it has been so miserable that it isn't even worth mentioning. We came in just as though we were going to fight but instead, they were there bowing and saluting instead of shooting. I could hardly believe my eyes as they have practically no defense against invasion. If the war had gone on I think we would have less trouble taking the home island than some of the other out post. Thank God we didn't have to fight though.

After seeing the way the bombs have torn up their towns I am really thankful that the war never got home to you all. The people are starving and even though we are living worse than dogs, they are worse off than us. This country is so thoroughly beaten that if we do right over there now they will never be a threat again. Its really an insult to a country as big and powerful as us, that this small bunch of people ever thought they could lick us.

Boy some of these kids are really cute, I get my Japanese book out and call them over and give them candy. The way they eat it up, you would think they have never eaten before. The way they smile and say thank you make you feel like you have done your good deed for the day. Even though they were the enemy, it would be a sin not to give a little something to eat to these starving kids. As for myself, I have never been so miserable in my life, but I wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience. When I think back of how big a baby I was in civilian life I am ashamed of my self. Remember how I used to gripe when my eggs where over done or my blanket not tucked in at the bottom of my bed. Now I have to sleep in the dirt with the ants and the bugs and then get up and eat meat and beans out of a can. When I get home just remind me

of this if I ever complain again. The hardest job is to take a bath with half a helmet of water. You're no cleaner when you get through but who's going to smell you anyway. Your buddy probably smells worse so what's the use.

We will probably move in to our permanent station in Osaka in another week so a little later living conditions will be better. About the time we get things fixed up nice I will probably get my discharge but I'll be so happy then that this won't matter.

Well, hope you all are well and write us often as you can. How is Dinny and Mace and do you have those pictures of her yet?

Your brother
Owen.