

12 October 1945

Dear "I",

Forgive my Japanese. Well I've been here 15 days and the rice is already beginning to come out of my ears. I don't think I have ever spent a more miserable 15 days but I don't mind it too much knowing that I'll be coming home sometime in the next 6 months. I'm really sweating it out though. I guess I shouldn't even ~~write~~ write as I have nothing but sad stories to tell. I know you have your own troubles but like the old Jew says, "If you think you have troubles you should listen to mine."

In the first place, I didn't know how important bread was until going without it for 10 days. No kidding I would have given 10 dollars just to have a slice. Then when I first got it I had let it get out in the rain and it was all water soaked but it was bread and at the time it tasted better than a piece of cake. Then when I read in

about the strikes because of overwork, I about
blew my top. This is my feeling June, we have
been working harder than a damn dog not
just 8 hours a day but on 24 hour shifts. It's
done nothing but rain since we landed and
you not only wade around in it but sleep in
it also. Heavy work never bothered me but
when you get no sleep and nothing but "C" rations
to eat it is really miserable. If we could have
struck we would have sit down five minutes
after we came ashore but when a job has to
be done, it has to be done and that's all there is
to it. Boy if those strikes were over here they
would be straightened out right quick.

What is so annoying to me is the fact that
I am in such good health. In spite of the hardships
I have never felt better in my life and I just
pray to God that I keep on feeling this way. It's
hard to imagine how living around such poverty
stricken people changes your out look on life though.
There seems to be nothing good about life at all.
About 9 out of 10 of the Japs are diseased and at
times it makes you sick to even look at them.
They seem to have no self respect at all and
you could never dream of some of the things they do.
No feeling, they are the nearest thing to an
animal that I have ever seen and I've seen

some pretty rotten characters. I just thank
God that you and Mom weren't born over here.

I could go on like this for quite a while
but there's no sense in even writing about these
people. On the bright side, we should move
into our permanent station tomorrow. It will
be a Garrison life living inside and not so much
work. The reason we haven't moved in before now
is because the place was full of fleas, bed bugs
etc. You've certainly got to hand it to the army,
at least we try to live as clean as possible under
some unbearable conditions.

I received a letter from you tonight,
dated the 12 of Sept. so it was just a month
old today. About Christmas, don't bother
with it because my Christmas will be when
I come home. If you can just send me some
homemade cookies or something like that, it
will mean more than something expensive.

Hope you are all well and write as often as
possible because your letters will really mean
a lot now.

Your brother,
Owen