

OPEN THIS - 5TH

Do you like games?

\$20 -

Andrew Jackson, as  
I live and breathe I  
hardly expected to see  
you. Quick on to #6

OPEN THIS - 6TH

Getting tired?

\$2 -

Well, Thomas J, I  
haven't run into you  
for a long time.

Can't stop to talk  
now though must hurry  
on, and open # 7

OPEN THIS - 7<sup>th</sup>

Hold your breath!

#1-

George, you again?  
Well I can't be  
bothered -

On to #8!

OPEN THIS - 8TH

Next to the last!

\$1-

George! You're  
annoying me; out of  
my way now while  
I see what's in #9

OPEN THIS - 9TH

George, don't you dare!

\$ .50

I'll "grant" you, I'm  
planning that this  
will really surprise  
you!

No money - only love-  
in # 10

OPEN THIS - 10<sup>th</sup>

Last but surely not least  
L!

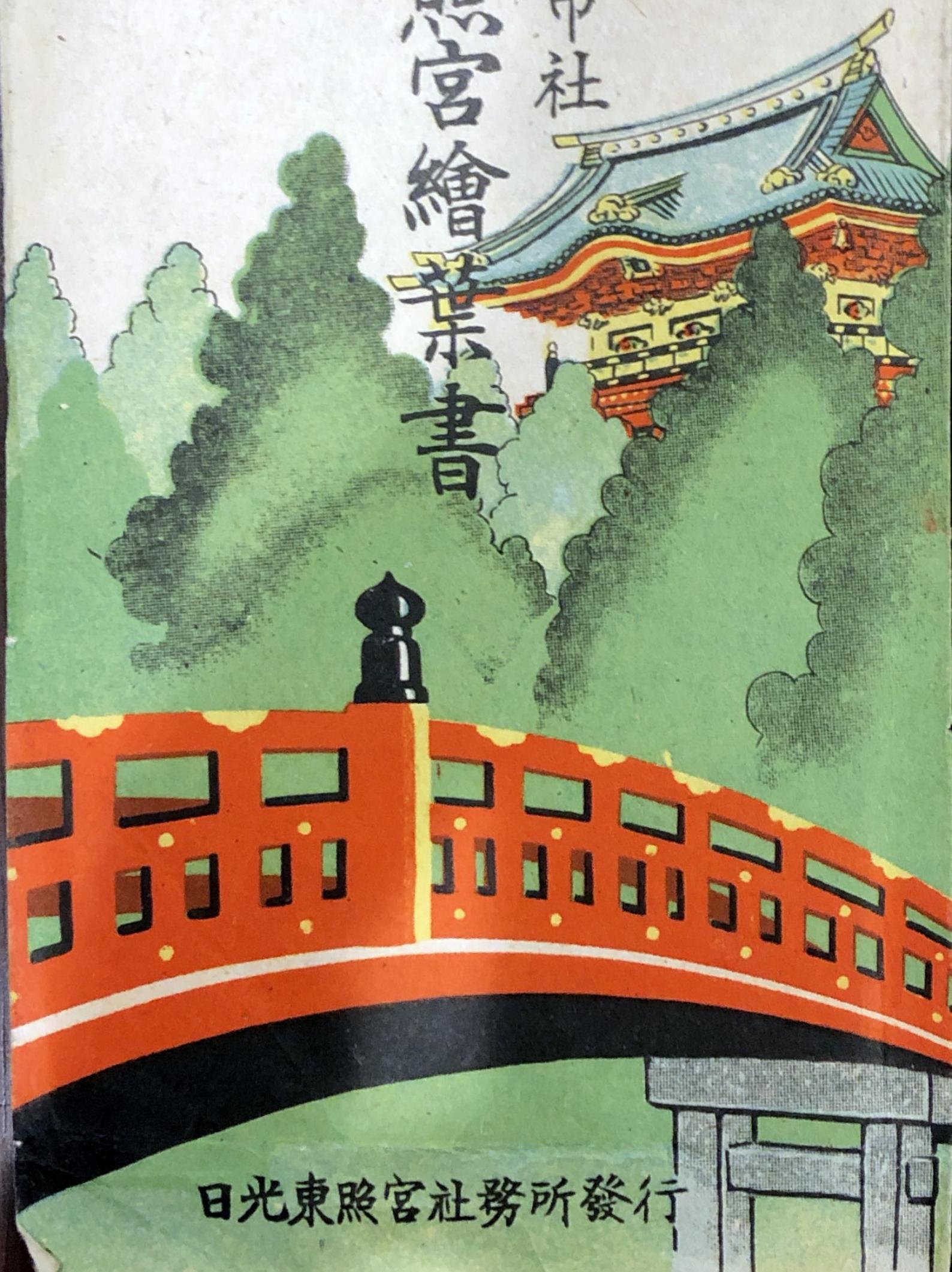
You'll have much use for the "men" in the envelopes; they're for US and for OURS. When you married me, Sweetheart, and made me and you into US and made yours and mine OURS that was the most wonderful thing which ever happened to me.

I love you, Dearest Marian  
with all my heart.

Forever yours  
Dick

別格官幣社

日光東照宮繪葉書



日光東照宮社務所發行

254th day]

Tuesday Morning Jan 1, 1946  
8:00 a.m.

Good Morning, Darling, has that New Year arrived there yet? No? Well it'll be there pretty soon. At the moment we're at elevation 8000 feet and we're a couple of hours or a little more from Tokyo. The navigator was just back here and he said that the pilot has agreed to fly over the city a little bit to take a look at it providing the weather is not too bad so we've got our fingers crossed hoping for clear skies. The airport where we land is several miles south of Tokyo and if we go directly there we'll not see the city at all from the air.

If we do fly over the city I shall try to take some pictures from the plane's windows on the chance that some of them might show a little something. We've told that Fujiyama shows up nicely on the way in will try to photograph it.

We were flying above an unbroken bank of clouds this morning when the sun came up but now the cloud bank is broken in places and one can see the sea.

There are only 16 passengers on the plane - 2 are officers, one is a scientific consultant (physicist, a Japanese), and there are 13 enlisted men. I don't know to what duty the other enlisted men are assigned. They appear to be a little bit better group of men than the average lot.

New Years Eve back at the field at Guam was quite unexciting. At twelve o'clock there was a little shouting and someone shot off a few signal flares and there was some shooting in the far distance, but that was about all.

Wednesday Morning Jan 2, 1946  
11:00 a.m. Tokyo Time

My dearest One;

We're at our office - there's much to write but right now I haven't the opportunity. I want to send my address at once however - here it is. What a whopper. Could you buy a bunch of <sup>air mail</sup> envelopes and type the address on them and send them to Mother and Dad? I'm certain they would appreciate it very much.

The Rose Bowl game is coming over the radio seems very funny. Colder than the Dickens here yesterday - a little warmer today but temperatures still around freezing.

Pvt. R.H. Makard 35985568  
Intell. Div., OCE, GHQ, AFPAC  
Advance Echelon, Tokyo, Japan  
A.P.O. 500, San Francisco, California

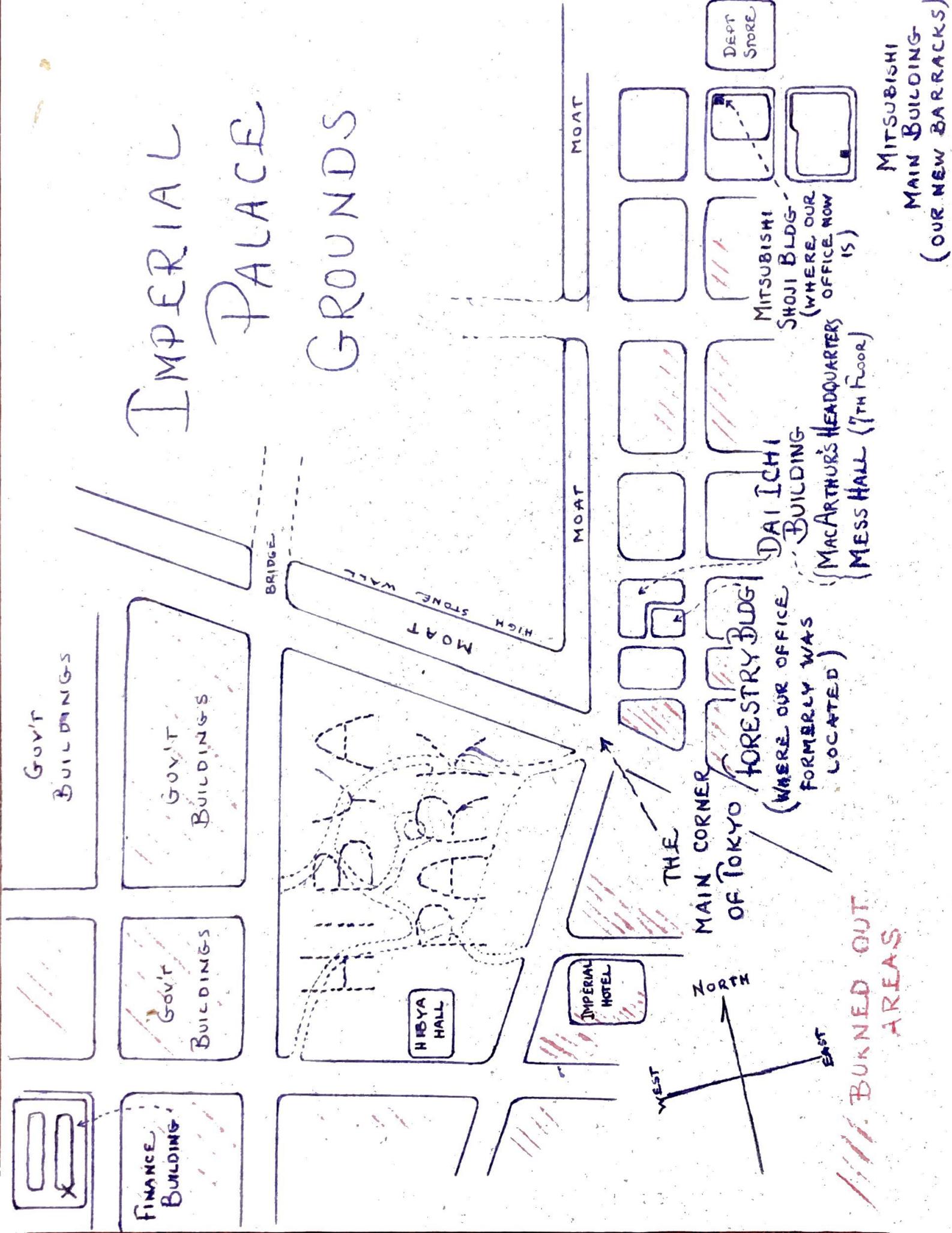
I love you, Dearest

Yours  
Dick

OCE = Office Chief Engineers  
GHQ = General Headquarters  
AFPAC = Army Forces Pacific

# IMPERIAL PALACE

## GROUND S



255th Day

Wednesday Night, Jan. 2, 1945

My Dearest One,

I scarcely know where to start to tell the long story. Perhaps I'd better begin at the beginning - that's always a safe thing to do. I'll trace the events in skeleton form and then fill in the details afterwards.

We landed at Atsugi airport (about 30 miles from downtown Tokyo) at about 9:00 (Tokyo time) yesterday morning. Before our baggage was taken off the plane and the bus came along to take us in to the city an hour had passed. The ride in from the airport was very, very interesting. We passed through some quite rural areas with their tiny and very neat fields and saw some very fascinating dwelling places. It was difficult at first to believe that what we were seeing was really true - the farms looked like pictures from a book and the people appeared to be fugitives from a Madame Butterfly opera company because yesterday was their New Years day also and also in Japan on that day everyone has a birthday; consequently the children and the women were dressed in their best and very colorful finery!

We arrived finally in Yokahama and began to see the signs of the destruction by the fire-bombing. I can't really describe it to you - at first it doesn't seem real either - for blocks and blocks and miles and miles - we guessed it to be about eight miles - along the road we travelled and as far back from the road as we could see at least 3/4 of the buildings had been destroyed. It's very amazing for often times all the places in a block may be destroyed save one and very peculiarly that one may appear to be a very inflammable building. The people have picked up a lot of the metal scrap and many have used fragments of corrugated iron sheeting to build up a little shack and there they live, the children play around the door, and the tea pot boils on a tiny fire. It was bitter cold yesterday - the temperature must have been about 28 degrees or so and there was a biting wind - and yet we saw many people in wooden clogs (the ones held on by a strap which runs between their big toe and their second toe) with no stockings of any sort!

We saw the same kind of destruction all the way into downtown Tokyo. The bus delivered us to the A.T.C. terminal and we were disappointed that there was no one there to meet us. As long as the other fellows had arrived on Monday, we thought they'd meet us & help us get settled down. T'was not so (we discovered later that Ed. had inquired about us but when he found out we hadn't arrived, he concluded that we had not gotten away from Guam). However we managed. We went to the Dai Ichi building where General MacArthur has his headquarters and after telling our story in about five different places, we finally found the right person. He sent us over to another building - the Finance Building - where we are to live. We couldn't be assigned to a room right then because of course it was a holiday, but they put us up as a "casual". After Larry and I got settled down a little bit we went out for a walk to try to find the Captains. We asked at a couple of places where we thought they might possibly be billeted but they weren't there. However, just as we were leaving one place we ran into Captain Shute on the street. He welcomed us cordially, but had little to tell us except to meet him at 9:00 this morning. By that time we were so cold that we went back to our quarters which, incidentally, were just a little warmer and had a very good New Year's dinner - turkey, mashed potatoes, peas, dressing, gravy, fruit cake, mince pie, ice cream, bread and gobs of butter. (We eat from trays but have to use our own knife, fork, spoon and cup from our mess gear and wash them after we finish - don't have to wash the trays just our own stuff) Right after we finished eating we sent a cable home. Remember to write and tell me when the cable arrived will you? It cost me 13 yen to send it - there are 15 yen to the dollar!

After we got back to where we were quartered (in the same building where we ate and sent the cable) Ed came along. He told us some dope about where we would be living etc. etc. We sat around and talked for a while and then Larry and I decided to go to bed because we were completely tired. It was only about 8:00 and there was a lot of noise in the room, but nevertheless I soon went to sleep and slept quite

soundly until about 5:30 this morning. Lay awake a while and then decided to get up. The only place in the building where there is hot water available is in the basement where the showers are located so I went down there to shave. Drew some water from a shower into a helmet I found, sat the helmet in a regular lavatory basin (no hot water connected to the basin, or course) and had myself quite a comfortable shave although the temberature of the air in the room was pretty low - could see my breath without any trouble.

When I got back from shaving, I got Larry up and we had an early and very good breakfast - I had three fried eggs, orange juice (canned), oatmeal (with thinned condensed milk--not bad), cinnamon roll, bread and butter, fresh tangerines (native Japanese grown ones), coffee (condensed milk-am learning to like it!) After breakfast we fussed around with our junk - more or less arranged our duffel bags. Finally came over to our office about 8:30. The captains were here and after a while they went into conference with Brig. Gen. Loper who is boss of this office. When they emerged from this conference they told us that it had been decided that they would not be getting set up in an office themselves until about the 20th of this month meanwhile until then the three of us are to work around this other office. Don't quite know yet what we will have to do, but think that my duties to a large extent will involve typing! But that doesn't surprise anyone does it? Weren't we pretty sure all along that this assignment was going to lead to that?

We were given the afternoon off to get settled down in our quarters and finally managed it. We still are not all in the same room, but we think we will be very soon because one of the fellows in a bed next to Larry's and mine is going to be going home.

Later this afternoon, we went for a little walk around the city. I'll write about some of the things there are to see in another letter.

Have been working on this letter at the office tonight. Right now though a couple of boys have offered to buy me a bottle of beer and I think I'll take them up on it.

I'm afraid that this letter hasn't told the entire story very well but I'll get it all told very soon. Oh, golly, Hon, I wish I were going to be getting some letters from you a little sooner than I am - get the letters here just as soon as you possibly can, won't you?

Love you so very much!

Your Dick forever

256th day

January 3, 1946  
Tokyo, Japan

Dearest One,

Going to try tonight to write a letter which will please me a little more than the one I wrote last night. There was so much to say, and I'm afraid I didn't say it very well, but sooner or later I'll manage to explain the situation here so that it will mean a little something to you.

Today's story is a relatively simple one to relate. I got up early again and went downstairs to the shower room and drew some warm water in the helmet I found and did my shaving. It's a cold journey to make after arising from a warm bed but it's a dickens of a lot better than shaving in cold water. For breakfast we had to come over to the Dai Ichi building which is about five long blocks from the Finance Bldg where we live. However, first we had to come up here to the office to pick up our cup and knife, fork, and spoon. Our office is located in a building right next door to the Dai Ichi called the Forestry Building. Considerable stair climbing or elevator riding is necessary in all these trips because our office is on the fifth floor and the cafeteria is on the seventh floor (we live on the fourth floor of the Finance building)

After breakfast we brought our utensils back to the office but didn't stay to work. They had told us yesterday that we could have today off to get settled. We didn't really need the time but we took it anyway. We spent most of the morning walking around the city or what is left of the city. The "5th Avenue" of Tokyo is a street called Ginza; we walked along it. Most of the buildings which are still standing are completely gutted by fire and a great many buildings are gone completely. However, the owners or someone else are making a "comeback"; they're beginning to erect small single story wooden buildings and I suppose they'll open shops in them. The construction of these buildings is very interesting. They're being built almost entirely without nails very nearly as barns were built in the midwest of the U.S. around 1850 or so. The beams are notched and jointed so that they fit together and then are fastened by drilling a hole and inserting a wooden peg. The wood from which these buildings is being built is largely cedar. The boys and I remarked that in a few months if this kind of construction continues, Tokyo will look about as it must have looked a hundred years ago. At the present time there is very little for sale in any shops and what is being displayed is pretty shoddy looking to my way of thinking. A lot of the stuff looks as though it had been manufactured in the cheapest fashion and sent here to Tokyo to be sold to unsuspecting G.I.s. It's funny, the stuff looks just about like the cheap stuff the Japs formerly manufactured for export to the U.S. The Army operates a big P.X. in the downtown section where they have some very nice things for sale, but a person has to sweat out a line several blocks long to get into the place. After we've been here a while and had a chance to accumulate a few yen perhaps we'll try to get in the place.

After dinner we again did some wandering around the city and we're more and more appalled at the destruction. It's very peculiar - it almost looks as though our Army had picked out the buildings they wanted to occupy and said to the bombers, "be careful not to hurt that one!" It looks that way because right beside the Daiichi building and the Forestry building and Finance building are other buildings completely destroyed. We can look out the windows of the room in which we live and see destroyed buildings on three sides!

Our meals continue to be very excellent. We had steak for dinner today and roast beef for supper tonight. Had Parkerhouse type rolls which were very flavorful. Tonight there was a big bin of apples and tangerines sitting in the mess hall and a person could take as many as he wished. If the meals continue to be so good, I'm afraid that weight of mine will go up and up! I can't help but think though that it's a dream and can't last.

The weather was clear and cold during most of the day today, but this evening it clouded up and is now raining just a little bit. The building where we live is quite cold, however, our room happens to be a little warmer than the average because the sun shines in so nicely. They're trying to get radiators installed in the place and are making progress. In many of the buildings here in the main part of town the Japanese had completely removed the radiators and all the plumbing to melt it down for scrap metal - that's how bad off they were. One fellow told us that it had been done even before last winter (1944-45); I don't know how the people managed to work in the buildings without any heat at all, but they do seem to be able to stand a lot of cold - makes me shiver to see them.

We haven't seen General MacArthur yet but we have seen his car outside the Dailichi building a couple of times and a crowd always gathers - Japs and soldiers alike to see him come out. Would like to catch a glimpse of him one of these days. Believe me he's really the big boss here and make no mistake about that!

Incidentally the U.G. Geological Survey men have offices in the same building where ours is located. They're on the second floor. We haven't seen any of them yet, but we probably will one of these days. I suppose Ginny Neuschel will work there. Holy smoke, how I wish you could change places with her!

Have gotten some new clothes since I arrived. I traded in that old field jacket for another one of those good ones, traded in my blouse for one of the short "Eisenhower" models, and was issued a sweater which will be excellent to wear to work. The attitude the supply sergeant takes with regard to issuing clothes here is certainly different than the attitude they take in the states.

I'm certainly wondering how long it's going to be before we receive any mail. Thought today that I might cable my address - may still do it because you'll probably not receive the letter I sent containing the address before Jan. 10 or so and then it'll take your letters ten more days to get here. Did I tell you that they will not guarantee that a cable will go through in less than 48 hours? But then that's some quicker than mail, isn't it?

Guess I didn't say that I went to a movie tonight. The movies are shown in the auditorium of the Dailichi building and are free - the picture was called "The Hidden Eye" and it was pretty poor. They have movies only three nights a week there, but they also have movies at the Finance building on three other nights so except for one night there's a movie to see.

Think now that it's time to stop and go on home and get to bed. Have to arise early to get in my shaving ritual and tomorrow we start work at long last.

And so goodnight, my dearest one, just because you're so far away I don't love you less - love you more and will continue to love you more and more forever.

Your,

Dick

257th day

Tokyo, Japan  
January 4, 1946

My dearest Marian,

My day today was similar to a great many of your days when you were working in Dayton. I spent about eight hours doing two hours of work which involved typing a rather long "first indorsement" on a letter and making some "true and certified" copies of some orders. But, I guess I did learn a little bit about military correspondence and that's what I'm supposed to be doing. In between times I managed to get a letter written to Mother and Dad and one to Professor Wright.

By golly, I hardly know what to write. There were no adventures today so I can't describe them. Let's see what things are there about this place I've not talked about. Of course there's the one matter which all the G.I.s comment upon - the sight of a Japanese man taking a pee-pee in broad daylight within view of everyone walking along. Actually it's not as common as I supposed it would be. Then there's the matter of the way the city smells - it's not as bad as I expected either. We encountered a few places in our walks around yesterday and day before which were pretty bad but not unbearable. I suppose the fact that it's winter helps a lot. We have not gotten out into the areas where the 'hight soil' is collected to serve as fertilizer - at least I've not yet seen it being done.

Then there's the matter of the Japanese girls versus the American soldier. It's not uncommon to see a G.I. walking along with a girl - usually decked out in a very colorful kimona - with his arm around her, and she will have her arm around him. The Japanese men seem to pay no attention to this situation. Captain Dolk and Captain Shute told us that there are quite a few girls roaming around in their living quarters, but I've not seen any in ours as yet. The Captains said they thought they were going to have to get accustomed to going to the toilet in the presence of the ladies (?). Actually the girls are more attractive than I thought they would be. They use lip rouge and powder and a lot of rouge on their cheeks; they generally have their hair arranged as a long bob, but quite frequently one sees a girl with her hair piled high in an elaborate fashion in the classic manner. The girls appear quite plump, but I'm told that to a large extent the plumpness is the result of the fact that they are wearing numerous layers of clothing (I shall probably not be conducting any research on this subject and will have to take the word of others for it):

As for the men -- to a large extent they wear remnants of their or someone else's uniform. Of course, the young Japanese school boy has always worn a uniform to classes. Others wear regular western business suits and once in a while a person will see one dressed in the traditional robes (I think perhaps the latter are divinity students to a large extent). A large percentage of the women and boys wear the clogs with the two cleats under the foot platform which is held on the foot by a strap which runs between the big toe and the next toe and then divides to go to either side of the sole portion of the clog. Wearing these clogs gives the women especially a more or less shuffling gait. Yesterday we saw a young man with these clogs on and the cleats of the pair he was wearing must have been nearly four inches high. Actually the clogs are quite convenient because one can cross the numerous and very dirty mud puddles very safely!

Another item of interest is the enormous crowds attending the movies. Yesterday morning there was a crowd outside one theatre which would have rivalled the Radio City crowd. We can't decide whether the people are going to the movies because they have nothing else to do or because it's warm inside! The movie

houses are all out-of-bounds for soldiers. We weren't able to make out the Japanese writing on the posters so we don't know whether the movie was an American made one or not. I hardly think it was, however. I might say that the Japanese Imperial Theatre is just up the street from the Dai Ichi building - it's the theatre where they present plays in the traditional Japanese manner, but it too is out of bounds of military personnel.

The thing which interests me at the most right now is to get out into the country and see some more of the agricultural life. The glimpses we had of it coming in from the airport were really fascinating. Everything is so orderly - the fields are all marked out by tiny levees to hold the water on the rice paddies and there are terraces where the land is not entirely level. There are tiny orchards where the trees are beautifully trimmed.

I just happened to see a canteen sitting here on the desk and that reminds me to say that we're not allowed to drink the water which flows from the taps in the city. It's all right to use it for washing. The three of us have not used it for brushing our teeth, but most of the other fellows do. We fill our canteens from large "lister bags" which are canvas bags suspended from tripods. There are a couple of these bags on each stair landing in the building where we live and a couple or three here in the corridors of the office building. I don't know what is the matter with the Tokyo water suppose the bacterial count is a little too high.

Oh, darn, I wish I had a letter from you to answer. I've been having difficulty knowing just how to think of you. Are you still living with Louise, at the Sigma Chi, at Mr. Nichol's? How was Christmas? Did you get back safely? Bring your sewing machine? Etc. Etc. Etc. and a hundred more Etc.!

Larry and Ed are not around tonight. They went to a Japanese language class which is being organized. If it turns out to amount to anything I'm going to attend it too, but I thought that it would be pretty disorganized this first night. I haven't learned even a single word of Japanese as yet - haven't even learned how to say "fifth floor" to the elevator operator, but then he understands English anyway!

Guess this is all for tonight, my Darling. Going over to the barracks, wash a pair of socks or so!

So goodnight, my Marian, never forget I love you truly.

Your

Dick

258th day!

Saturday, January 5, 1946  
Tokyo, Japan

My dearest Wife,

Actually it's Sunday morning and breakfast is just finished. Am here at the office to jot down a word or two concerning the doings yesterday.

Worked a little harder than I did on Friday. The Chief Clerk saddled me with sort of a nasty job and it made me a little mad. There are two other typists beside myself and it seems to me they should have gotten the assignment. It's one of those typing jobs containing a lot of numbers, a lot of very difficult Japanese names, and I'm typing it from a hand written manuscript which is hard to read at times. In addition the whole thing is sort of a chart and from time to time a lot of words have to be fitted into a small space. And it's a long job - will run about thirty pages or so. Forgot to say that seven copies are required - the original and six carbons and every mistake has to be completely erased! One thing that makes me provoked about the situation is that I'm supposed to be doing this work in this office to get some practice in handling military correspondence and of course as long as I work at the job I was doing yesterday I never see any correspondence. I think on Monday I'm going to do some strenuous objecting!

At noon, today (Saturday) Ed and I went strolling along the Ginza to see the wares of the dozens and dozens of street peddlars. They bring their entire stock of goods in from Heaven only knows where each day on a bicycle or a cart or in a huge pack on their back, spread a mat of some sort down on the sidewalk, display their wares, and they're in business. There are dry goods, hardware, pottery, metal-ware, fruit, leather goods, shoe, clothing etc. etc. on display. Generally the things are not of very high quality, but the prices are very high. There is considerable inflation here in Japan, and the exchange rate of 15 yen per dollar which prevails as far as military personnel are concerned works to their disadvantage. For example, we saw a cheap leather wallet for sale and the price was 150 yen (10 dollars) much too high a price for a G.I. and yet I guess it's not a ridiculous price as far as the Japanese themselves are concerned.

Some of the fellows around the office are leaving for home and they've been buying quite a lot of souvenirs. They've obtained some very lovely things but they've paid a lot of yen for them and they've had to do considerable shopping around to make their purchases. A boy yesterday had bought some very lovely white silk mufflers with fine embroidery, and I saw some very nice kimonos the other day. Ed saw a very nice silver cigarette case someone had bought. We've all decided that we'll proceed very cautiously as far as buying is concerned - it's very easy to get badly "taken"!

Last night we saw a little of Tokyo's night life. Ed and Larry and a boy by the name of Bruce Hughes from the office (his home is in Columbus; his wife works as a knitting instructor at Lazarus') and I went to take a look at some of the local dance halls. At the first place we visited, we were "frisked" by the M.P. as we went inside to make sure we had no bottles in our pockets. The place was jammed. There were perhaps a hundred Japanese girls there - tickets to dance with them were one yen each (each selection played by the orchestra was a dance). The orchestra was a Japanese outfit with approximately the same instruments as an American dance band; their arrangements were very old as were the pieces they played. This however did not cut down the vigor with which the dancers went at it. Picture if you can a huge negro soldier in combat boots (the ones with the leather cuff into which trousers are tucked) with his hat and jacket on dancing with a Japanese girl dressed in native costume with wooden clogs and you'll get some notion of the sights to be seen! Many of the girls had on the Japanese version of western civilization evening dresses (very flimsy material and very dirty for the most part) and shoes which seemed to date from about 1910 and which were of just about any color. Some of the girls with the evening dresses must have had plenty of clothes on underneath them because they looked pretty lumpy, but one can't blame them for that because there was no heat

at all in the "ballroom"! Of course, all the people were not dancing. Lots of fellows were sitting around the sidelines with a girl on their knees, some "petting" was going on but not so much as you might imagine! As far as we all were concerned it was a somewhat interesting but generally speaking disgusting sight; I can't for the life of me understand how the fellows can fool around with those girls - they're very unattractive and look to me as though they're very dirty!

The second place we went to was a little more respectable than the first. Lo and behold, about the first thing we saw when we arrived there was our good Captain Shute (he's the oldest one) a dancing for all he was worth with one of the gals. Really do think his actions were harmless; guess he just likes to dance! Captain Dolk was there with him, but he was not dancing! Two places were all we visited because it was closing time. What time is closing time? Well, nine o'clock! That's a very modest hour isn't it? Everything here shuts down before eleven (military personnel are supposed to be off the streets at that time, but I understand they don't enforce it - don't have to I guess). The dance halls close at nine because so many of the girls live way out side the city and it takes them a long time to get home on the trolleys or trains.

Actually the troops here in Tokyo are better behaved than I've seen them anywhere in the states or at any of the places we stopped at on the way over. There is practically no liquor available to the enlisted men (the officers have a liquor ration - don't know how much), Japanese beer (it's very good) is sold at the barracks but can't be taken out of the beer hall. I haven't seen a drunk soldier since we arrived!

Think that's about the story for Saturday. I'll not seal this up and will add at least a note tonight (Sunday) setting down this day's doings.

It's nine o'clock Sunday morning here - let's see if I can figure out what time it is in Granville. Yessir, think I've got it figured out - it's just seven o'clock Saturday night where you are. Just going to the movie at the Opera House I'll bet. Going alone? What's playing? Darling, I'm there with you - really I am! Oh, how much I love you!

Sunday Night  
January 6, 1946

Hi dearest One,

Just back to the office for a moment after seeing the movie. It was "George White's Scandals" with Joan Davis and Jack Haley. Not too bad - not too good. The pictures here are 16 mm. ones and they're not too bright nor is the sound track too good - but they're certainly worth the cost of admission which is exactly zero!

The three of us did a lot of walking around town after dinner today. Saw a lot of parts of the city somewhat away from the downtown section and parts which have not been quite so badly destroyed. It was very interesting; we found out what those who have talked about Oriental cities smelling badly were talking about.

Hope I'll have time tomorrow to write a little about what we saw, but right now I'm going to seal this up and send it on its way.

So goodnight, my Marian, I shall love you dearly always.

Your,

Dick

260th day

Tokyo, Japan  
Monday, January 7, 1946

My dearest Marian,

A very excellent dinner is just over - we had steak, mashed potatoes and steak juice gravy, asparagus, crushed pineapple, chocolate cake, coffee. I continue to be astounded by the excellence of the food. It's certainly better than I ever dreamed it would be, and believe me it helps a lot to make things pleasant. It's really nice to be able to look forward to a good meal!

Worked all day today on the boring typing job I described in the last letter I wrote. I think tomorrow I'm going to see if I can't trade off with one of the other fellows, because I would like to get a chance to handle a little of the correspondence because one of these days we're going to be running an office ourselves and will have to know all about it.

Well today we did the thing we've been going to do since we arrived here. We went down and had a talk with Tom Hendricks who heads up the Geology program. When we arrived at his office we discovered that he already knew we were here in Tokyo, and he was glad that we had come in to see him because he wanted to get our story. He told us that he was very short of geologists and certainly could use us in his section. We explained that we would like very much to have a chance to work for him, but we would have to talk the situation over with our Captains. He appreciated this point of view. So -- we came up and approached the Captains -- they said that they had been expecting that we'd be in to talk to them about the matter. They were very nice about the whole thing - said that they appreciated that the fact that they had three geologists as clerks while geologists were greatly needed was a completely ridiculous one, but nevertheless right at the moment they could do nothing about it! They told us that any transfer from where we are now to the geology unit would have to go through Washington inasmuch as we're assigned to Military Intelligence Service. There would have to be a request from this theatre of operations that such a transfer be made and Military Intelligence Service would have to approve the transfer which they probably would not do until they had some replacements for us! We were not particularly surprised at these statements - we knew that quite a bit would be involved before we could switch assignments. Then too, the Captains want us to wait until they get their office all set up and until we find out exactly what our work is going to be before we decide what we want to do. I got the impression that if after they get their work under way, we're still not very satisfied, that they'll do their best to try to get some replacements for us and will make it easy for us to transfer.

I've just read the above and I'm not certain that I've made myself very clear, but perhaps you'll be able to unravel what I mean. It all boils down to the fact that at the moment there is no chance that we can transfer to the geology unit; later there may be some chance! As far as I'm concerned I'm not <sup>entirely</sup> certain I want to transfer - I'm afraid of that frying pan and fire story! Larry, I think, was very disappointed; he's very anxious to get back to any kind of field work! Ed is sorta between us in his attitude although I think he's a little closer to Larry than to me. I'm intrigued with the possibility that by sticking with the Captains we'll be able to do a good deal of travelling about - it probably won't work out that way but there's a chance.

One surprising bit of news to me - you may already know about it before this reaches you - is that Sherm and Virginia probably will not be coming to Japan. Apparently the powers that be backed down on the man and wife proposition! It's very funny, but I guess it does make some sense. Plenty of officers here would like very much to have their wives with them (need I say that holds for enlisted men too?) and so they've decided that as long as wives generally cannot come, they'll not allow a married woman and her husband to come as scientific consultants. I'll be anxious to hear if you know more about this matter than I do!

At noon today I went with Bruce Hughes down to the main Tokyo post-office to mail a letter. It was quite interesting. One thing I noticed particularly was the fact that so many of the employees of the post office seemed to be so very young - some of them didn't seem to be over twelve or thirteen years old. I didn't find out if they were really that young or whether it was just a case of their looking very much younger than they actually are which situation, of course, so frequently holds true of the Orientals.

Bruce took me to a department store near the post office and we saw some of the nicest things for sale I've yet seen. They had some very nice lacquer ware and it didn't seem to me to be very expensive. They had quite a bit of silk cloth, but I did not see any linen. I'm afraid of the silk - is there any sure and easy way of telling whether it's rayon or part rayon or not? At this store they also had some very nice porcelain ware, but the pieces were all awfully large and very expensive.

I was going to say something more about the post office. It was completely filled with blue smoke from the charcoal fires (sometimes they burn little bits of wood too) which the employees have burning in little earthen ware pots. This is the only heat they have in the building! We noticed though that one man working at a desk had a tiny electric hot plate in the drawer of his desk and periodically he would warm his hands over it!

Perhaps you've been wondering what things you could send to me in a box if I request one. Well actually we can get about everything we need. Actually there's one thing though - we have not been issued pillows here! Do you suppose you could make me a pillow? I think there's a limitation on the size of the box you can send (you can inquire at the post office). If there is a limitation, make a pillow as big as you can get into the box -- fatness of the pillow is more important than length or width. We've been issued neither mattress covers nor sheets - think it would be silly to send a pair of sheets? It certainly would be swell to have them. Could you buy some of that cloth like they use for making mattress covers and make some sheets of it - they wouldn't show the dirt so badly. Toilet soap is also quite hard to get - could always use a couple of bars of it. Hard candy - lemon drops or the like would be good. You might stick in a few packages of cigarettes because without any trouble at all they'll bring two dollars per pack! A can of smoking tobacco is also worth two dollars.

There are some suggestions. The above I realize will much more than fill a single box. I'll put a P.S. on this letter asking for a box to be sent and will remember to put the same request on my next two or three letters. As I understand it you have to take the letter to the postoffice and they look at the request and stamp it so that you can't use the same one over and over. Oh, yes, I could also use some 8½ X 11 paper like this I'm using for this letter or like that you sent once before. The government paper is all of the smaller size!

I'm quite tired tonight. Was kept awake by some drunks last night. I guess I spoke too soon yesterday when I wrote to say that I hadn't seen any drunks since arriving here. I became pretty disgusted with them - they kept everyone awake in our particular room from about ten until well after midnight! I was awfully tempted to roll them out on their ear when I got up at six this morning!

And so goodnight, my Darling - I love you and miss you so much.

Your,  
Dick

P.S.

PLEASE SEND THE BOX I REQUESTED

Dick

Tokyo, Japan  
Tuesday, January 8, 1946

My dearest wife,

Have spent the day working on a little correspondence, but there was not enough to keep me busy. I wrote a letter to Mother and Dad and now during the few minutes which remain before time to go to supper I'll start this letter to you.

For some reason of other I've been thinking more than usual about you today, my darling. Have been thinking about you and about us and about how very happy we've always been together. Marian, when you're not with me it's just as though a very great part of me is missing - I can't describe exactly what the feeling is like, but I'm certain you know what I mean. You know what I mean because I'm certain you feel the same way when I'm not with you. That may sound very egotistical but it's not. You must love me and miss me because if you didn't I couldn't possibly love you so much. It seems that recently I've thought much about our life together - funny how being apart will make one think about so many things - about being together in New York, at Yosemite, in Glacier, at the farm, in Granville, at Olympia, in Washington, in Dayton. Seems I've thought especially about Dayton - did you like it there? I remember it as being especially pleasant although I can't say exactly why. Perhaps it was because we had no friends there and were consequently especially close to one another. I can be all alone with you, Hon, and be so very happy - need no one but you! I suppose it's awful to begin so soon but I'm already dreaming of the day when we'll be back together again and I hope it will be forever then. I dream of the time when we can again make a home, when we can have fun getting the furniture all settled (remember how we work like demons to get it all done and straightened up before we go to bed?); when we can have fun buying the little things we need for the house - I'll put nails where you want them, and install your cup hooks, and we'll decide together how you'll arrange your dishes in the cupboards and you'll fold your linen away in the drawer very neatly and orderly (to please me? And yourself?). We'll sit across from each other at the desk and arrange our things in the drawers of it and you know what I'll do? I'll reach across the top and grasp your hand in mine and look into your eyes and I'll say with all my heart - "Marian, I love you so!"

As I think back over our life, I can't help but conclude that it's been a pretty turbulent one and yet it's been so much fun. It's been hard for you, Hon, but you've come through with your colors flying and that makes me so proud of you and makes me love you all the more. Don't know why it should be true (guess I do to) but it does seem that the more two people have "been through" together the more deeply they will love one another. I'm just sure, Darling, that once we get back together once more, we'll be happier than we've ever been and our happiness will continue to grow forever and ever.

I've just read the above and it doesn't sound quite the way I want it to. But it's so hard to write what fills my heart at this moment. I hope that this letter will not make you sad although I think possibly it will a least for a short time. Makes me sad to write it because it makes me realize how far we are apart and how long it's going to be before I'm home again, but nevertheless I wanted to write this kind of a letter tonight. A letter just for you. Do you feel in your heart what I'm trying to write, my sweetheart? I know you do - hope you do.

And so goodnight - how I would love to dream the whole night through of you. If thinking of you and wanting you will make me dream, then my wish will surely come true.

Forever yours,

Dick

262nd day

Tokyo, Japan  
Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1946

My dearest Marian,

Four o'clock in the afternoon here - let's see - you're sound asleep - at least you'd better be because it's two a.m. where you are. I'll think about you real hard and perhaps you'll be "on the beam" and will dream of me! I'M thinking! Are you dreaming?

Have been a little more busy than usual with correspondence today. Have typed out several cables or "signals" as they're called. Did you ever do them? I suppose not, but they're like telegrams to some extent. In sending a cable there's a code word for every letter of the alphabet. For example if the initials A.M.S. (Army Map Service) were to be sent it would go out as, "ABLE MIKE SUGAR". Isn't that fun? Other code words are BAKER, CHARLIE, LOVE, ITEM, FOX, XRAY, ZEBRA etc. etc. When we type up the final draft of a cable, we have to make 14 copies of it.

I didn't feel at all well when I got up this morning. I must have eaten something last night which disagreed with me. My stomach hurt and I had to make several trips in a row to the little boy's room. Perhaps I had a little too much grapefruit juice for supper last night. There's a big "Lister bag" full of juice hanging in the mess hall and we can just help ourselves. It's real cold and tastes so good especially since the water tastes so much of chlorine. At any rate I'm feeling a lot better now although my tummy still feels just a bit woozy!

Guess I didn't tell you in last night's letter (which was a very special one) that I have moved from one room to another over at the Finance Building. I think I told you I was in a very large room - 50 beds or so; now I'm in a small room with Larry and Ed and Bruce Hughes and three other fellows. I think it'll be much nicer although I will miss the east facing windows of the other room which resulted in its being nice and light even early in the morning. I also managed to inherit a foot locker from one of the fellows who left today for the debarkation center. I'm glad to have it because now I'll have a place to store my junk and it can be locked up. Slowly but surely we're getting organized and soon we'll be a comfortable as we can expect to be! Tonight I'm going to devote the time to unpacking my barracks bag and I'd like also to do some washing.

Thursday Morning

Good Morning, Sweetheart,

Think I'd better finish this off and get it in the mail.

Had a good time last night accomplishing the tasks I mentioned above. I had to wash my wool socks in pretty cold water, I hope that I didn't shrink them (I remember you told me that cold water would shrink them the same as hot.) I unpacked my duffel bag entirely and put some of the things I thought I'd be wanting in my foot locker and then put the rest back in the bag. It's the first time in a really long time I've had my stuff unpacked and arranged so that it is accessible. One thing that worries me now is how I'm going to get my O.D. clothes cleaned. There is no dry-cleaning service here as yet. Guess I'll have to take them to a Japanese who has established a business in a shack near the Finance Building and have them washed. Larry had some done and he didn't seem to shrink them at all. It cost Larry two candy bars to have a shirt and a pair of trousers washed and pressed! The man doesn't want to be paid off in money. Oh, Yes, the customer has to furnish the soap too!

I've been forgetting to say that if you send me a box be certain the box is a very strong one because packages take a fearful beating in the mails usually they arrive about 1/3 flattened!

So long, Darling, -- love you!

Tummy is feeling O.K. today.

Dick

263rd Day

Thursday, January 10, 1946  
Tokyo, Japan

Dearest One,

Actually it's early Friday morning, but I'll write yesterday's letter. Went right over to the barracks last night after supper. Ed and Larry had to get some clothes at the laundryman's place so I went along with them. You should have seen the inside of that shack. Four children and the mother were living in one room about 10 X 10 feet. In this room they also did the washing and ironing. When we arrived the mother was combing the little girl's hair, a small boy was huddled beneath the thick comforter and he's not to be blamed because the wind was blowing very hard outside and it was cold! Two older boys perhaps 13 and 15 (it's very difficult to guess the ages of these people) constituted the rest of the family. Ed and Larry each paid two candy bars for the washing they had done and the boy who delivered the laundry seemed very pleased. I don't know what they do with the candy - perhaps they eat some of it, but I suspect that they market most of it. They can get very close to two dollars (30 yen) per bar for it. Of course their yen doesn't have the buying power that our yen does because they can't trade in the P.X. I guess I've forgotten to say that a candy bar costs  $\frac{1}{2}$  yen (50 sen) at the P.X.!  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents!

When we arrived at our room we had quite a lot of straightening up to do because they painted the place yesterday. They used water paint to do the job and it looks very nice. However the straw mats which they spread down to keep the paint off our beds and clothes were very dirty and we had quite a time cleaning things up. They had gotten a lot of paint on the floor and had tried to mop it up but hadn't succeeded very well. We still haven't gotten the place cleaned up to my satisfaction but then most of the other fellows do not take the same attitude I do!

Yesterday afternoon I wrote out a letter outlining my gyrations since leaving Fort Lewis and typed ten carbons of it. I'm going to send it to some of the fellows I'd like to hear from again - Pete Payne and Guy Lewis for example and several others. I thought making the carbon copies would keep me from having to write the same thing over and over again.

Yesterday morning I spent quite a bit of time doing some typing for Captain Shute. He has been writing up some specifications for the Air Forces to follow in doing the photography for the mapping. It was sort of fun to do; I read it all over in first draft form and then the Captain and I conferred on some changes in grammer and word order etc. which I had to suggest. You'd be surprised (or would you?) how bad some of the mistakes were which he made. I guess that working for Prof. Lobeck made me into a pretty brave critic - sometimes too brave perhaps!

Guess I didn't mention that I wrote a long letter to Prof. Kerr the other day. Told him of the trip and what Tokyo's like and told him about the fact that the geology staff is at work here in the same building with us.

Golly sakes, I wish we would get some mail soon. Suppose though it may be a week yet before any gets through to us. Some of the fellows here in the office just got their Christmas packages yesterday - they had been mailed during the first two weeks in October! And they were in very bad shape - my observation is that the best way to prepare the packages is to select a very strong box and then wrap it in several layers of strong paper, tie it; and then wrap it in several layers of strong paper and tie it again!

Will have to call this the end now, Hon. Tonight I'll write after supper and the letter will probably be a longer one.

I think of you constantly, Marian, and I miss you so much.

P.S. Please send the package I requested!

Your,

Dick

264th Day

Tokyo, Japan  
11 January, 1946

Dearest One,

Have just returned from supper and I'll write your letter before I go over to the barracks. Have to be over there before 7:30 tonight because at that time we're scheduled to receive another Smallpox vaccination. They're re-vaccinating everyone in this area who had not been vaccinated within the last 45 days! Apparently the reason is that in Korea there has been an epidemic of the disease (16 men have died) and yet in theory all military personnel should have been immune. The Korean deaths were attributed to carelessness on the part of Army dispensaries and personnel in making certain that the vaccinations were administered when they were supposed to have been and administered in a proper fashion. I'm glad to receive the vaccination again because I didn't have much faith in the one I had at Fort Lewis at the time I received it.

Didn't do so very much today. This afternoon I cut three stencils for Captain Shute. They were stencils of the specifications for the photography necessary for making maps. I'm quite proud of myself - I cut three full page stencils and made only three mistakes. I'm afraid the stencils will not look very good though because this machine cuts the "Os" out. How does one prevent that? Is it perhaps because the stencils are poor? They were the stencils with which one uses that extremely thin, lace-like cushion sheet.

Ed and Larry were sent out on a new job today. (Looks more and more like I'm turning into the typist of this outfit) They're working out at the 64th Engineer Topographic Battalion which is billeted in the upper floors of a very large suburban department store. They're doing a job which they don't understand very well and I guess they can't find anyone else who knows any more about it than they do. They're supposed to mark out the areas of Japan which are so thoroughly occupied or so important that large-scale photos (larger scale than the photos used for making maps) will have to be made of them to provide the detail necessary for showing on the maps all the features. It's a task which of course requires a very intimate knowledge of the geography of Japan; the fellows, of course, do not have that knowledge and furthermore they've provided them with no reference books at all. They don't even have a list of the cities of Japan with their population! Yes, "this is the Army"!

This coming week a big conference is going to be held here at which the whole post-war mapping program will be the subject of discussion. After the conference if ever, our Captains and hence we too should have a better notion of what our work is all about. Right at the moment things are pretty badly tangled up. The Air Forces photo squadrons who were supposed to take the pictures have been deactivated and the Engineer organizations who were going to obtain the ground control have been broken up. All outfits concerned have been losing key-personnel right and left. And in addition there is a big argument going on concerning who is to run the program - every branch, the Engineers, the Air Force, Army G-2, wants to be the big boss!

Got some of my "form letters" in the mail today. I wrote a little note in a somewhat more personal vein to accompany each one - sent them to Pete Payne, Guy Lewis (Akron boy, now discharged, over-age), Lawrence Rogers (Kentucky lad, my "roomate" on bivouac last summer.)

Let's see what are some things I've been meaning to tell you about?

Did I ever say that in this office where we work there are two captains (about 30 years old) who are identical twins? And I mean they're identical - I can't even come close to telling them apart. Their names are Henry and Harry Barnes. They're both red headed, hair slightly wavy. I was around the office for about two days before I noticed them - I thought I was seeing the same one. One of the fellows said that when they first arrived at the office, one of them gave him some work to do; when he had finished the work

he took it back to the other one who didn't understand, of course, what it was all about. It's very confusing.

We also have two Australian girls who work here as secretaries. They're quite nice although imbued with a large sense of their importance. Of course that will happen almost inevitably to any white girls around here. They have too many men running after them all the time (officers only, of course). I mean that - none of the enlisted men would have a chance to get a date with any of the girls around here - Red Cross, U.S.O., etc. And even if an enlisted man did get a date with a girl I don't quite know what they'd do for entertainment. About all he could do is go for a walk and end up at the Red Cross Club which is the only club open to G.I.s.

Another thing I've been going to mention is the traffic cop situation at the intersection near our building. There's an M.P. on duty and a Japanese policeman too. The Japanese policeman is a very little fellow with a very big sword and all he does is imitate the M.P.! The M.P. blows his whistle - the Japanese policeman blows his too. The M.P. turns to let traffic through from the other direction - the Japanese policeman turns too -- just like a tiny automaton!

Oh yes, got my haircut yesterday afternoon. The shop is a very clean and modern one in a basement room of the International Press Club just across from our building. There were three barbers. Helping the three barbers were two young girls. The girls brought the towels, and the various tools the barber needed about like a nurse attends a surgeon. I got a very satisfactory haircut - the price was 5 yen (33 1/3 cents). The barbers operate just about the way they do in the U.S. except they did not have electric clippers. The barber who cut my hair smiled when he tried to comb it because he couldn't figure out how - but that's nothing, I can't figure out how either!

I've been thinking these past couple of days that you should have received my address by now and there should be a great stack of letters on their way. Is that right? If we're lucky they ought to be here by next week at this time - oh, Hon, it will be so good to have them. Have been having a hard time doing exactly the right thinking about you because I haven't known where you're living and what you're doing etc. etc. You must remember to write and tell me just about every single thing you do. Write and tell me who you saw when you went into the postoffice to get your mail and write and tell me if the town is as nice and quiet at ten o'clock as it used to be. Does the water still bubble out of the drinking fountain. Does John Halsey still make his rounds every night? (Say hello to him for me!) Tell Mr. Gee that I still haven't thought of the word he wanted me to try to remember (wish he'd think of it - it bothers me now).

Well, it's getting on toward time for me to leave for the ten minute walk or so over to the barracks. Then will come a good long wait in line I suppose to have my arm scratched. But then, I don't have anything else to do so I might just as well be standing in line!

And so goodnight, my Marian, can you know how fervently I say, "I love you with all my heart"?

Forever your

Dick

These type written single spaced letters  
are pretty long ones - too long?

267th Day

January 14, 1946  
Tokyo, Japan

My Dearest Marian,

It's early in the afternoon, but right at the moment there appears to be no work for me to do so I'll start this letter at least.

A quite interesting and perhaps significant development took place this morning. Captain Dolk came to my desk and told me that he had been talking to our big boss (who arrived last Saturday) (Colonel Northup is his name) and the Colonel is quite disturbed over the fact that the three of us have been assigned to his office to do clerical work when we are so qualified to do work which is more significant and important. Of course right at the moment there is little that he can do about it because he'll need us to help him set up his office and there are no replacements available. But, according to Captain Dolk, the Colonel is determined to see that sooner or later we are either transferred to the Natural Resources section or put on detached service there. Just how soon this can come about depends of course upon how soon the Colonel and the Captains can get along without us or succeed in getting some clerical help to replace us. So you see it's pretty indefinite but there's a ray of hope.

As I've said before the above news will please Larry and Ed more than it does me, but even I am quite pleased because I realize that working for Tom Hendricks in the Geological work will enable me to grow "professionally" much more than if I were to work at this other job. Almost certainly working for Hendricks will lead to field work and that's exactly the kind of experience I need - it'll teach me much and give me confidence in myself which I've not had before. Don't you think so?

Have just returned from downstairs where the Natural Resources section offices are located. I wanted to see Dr. Hendricks to tell him of this latest development because we have promised to keep him informed, but he was in conference at the moment. As I was coming down the corridor I met a man by the name of Latajinski who is an agricultural economist and who came across the Pacific on the plane with us. He's an awfully nice man and really knows the answers to questions concerning Japanese agricultural problems. He was telling me of the perfectly enormous problems which are facing the Japanese in the future. He says that they are just about at the end of their rope as far as their hope of expanding their arable acreage is concerned. One of their bad problems is going to be the one concerned with the loss of their silk market. Estimates which have been made indicate that the U.S. will buy from the Japanese in the future no more than 1/3 the silk that they bought in the pre-war period. This means two things - first the Japanese will not have as much money with which to buy American raw cotton and second the Japanese farmer will not have money to buy the artificial fertilizer he needs to keep his fields fertile. Mr. Latajinski insists that the Japanese are doing a good job of farming as far as their utilization of scientific experimentation is concerned and hence little improvement can be made there. He says that the agricultural population of Japan is about as great now as it was in 1880 and yet this population has to grow food for many millions more people than in 1880 because the city population has increased to such a large extent. Furthermore the increase in size of the cities causes them to occupy more space than previously and worst of all this space is frequently that which was the most fertile. All in all my informant was quite pessimistic concerning the prospects for a rosy future for the Japanese!

The above is your geography lesson for the day. See that you absorb it thoroughly.

I'm envying Larry today. In my pocket there is a letter for him from Rachel. (He and Ed are working out at the 64th Topo. Bn. today so I'll take his letter to him.) It, the letter, was mailed from N.Y.C. on Jan. 5th. Darn, I certainly wish I had cabled my address to you - if I had I'd have probably had a letter by now.

Oh, yes, I meant to tell you that I made a carbon copy of the story of the