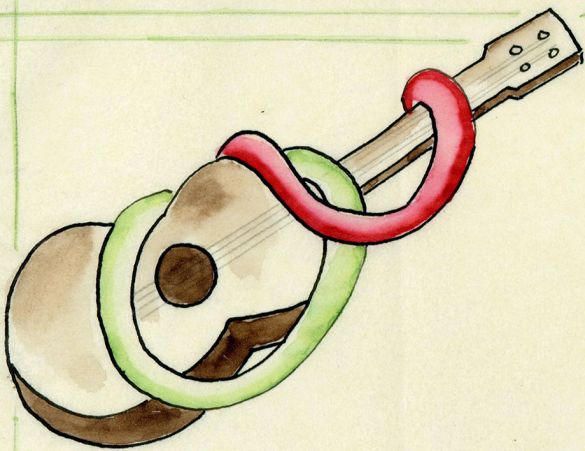




40-3-F

Rohwer, Arkansas

June 25, 1944

Dear Mary,

Hello, hello! Greetings from Rohwer! I just thought I'd drop you a few lines to let you know I'm sending the words to the "442nd Infantry Song" I promised you — oh — so long ago.

George Okubo of Regt Hq. sent me a cute little verse in his V-mail. I thought you might like to read it so I'm also sending that poem.

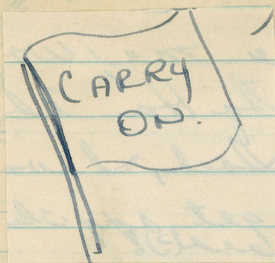
Seems like all I write about, concerns the 442nd but I know you won't mind. (Or do you?)

I received a V-mail from "Forky Forky" (he's with the Hq. 2nd Bn.). Any way he asked me

to extend his sincere regards to you. Before he left Shelby, I wrote and told him to come and visit me in Jerome cause I'm reserving the cot he use to love so well. This is part of the answer I got. Quote — "By the way — thanks for reserving that cot. Gee! I wish I had it right now instead of lying down on good old mother earth. Any way I gotta be use to it by now with all the basic training I had, no! But not so good, tho'. Today I'm still healthy as ever and in one piece yet. To think that I use to bitch and bitch about Shelby, it was a paradise after all what we're facing now". Unquote. Sounds just like him, doesn't it?

Well Mary, I know you're busy so I'll "paw" for now.

Love,
Ray.



Love
Ruth

George Okubo's V-mail.

"I can't say anything, the war is to blame.
I just write; that I'm well and send you my name,
Can't tell where I am, can't mention the date;
Can't even number the meals I get.
Can't say where I'm going, don't know where I'll land,
Can't even inform you, just how I stand.
Can't mention the snowflakes, not even the rain,
All army maneuvers must secrets remain.
Can't use a flashlight to guide me by night;
Can't smoke a ciggie except out of sight.
Can't keep a diary, for such is a sin;
Can't keep the envelopes your letters come in.
Can't say for sure, Dear, these words that I write,
Will be passed by the censor, so I'll just say, "Goodnight".