Dear Ike an:—

First of all, don't mind this paper. This is wa time, and I'm economizing. I think you recognize this paper. We had great quantity of this in the workshops, and now I wish I had kept them. Make very good note paper. Our machines at the shop are boarded up in the back part in the basement there. I wondered if they are still safe. We left in a hurry so everything was topsy turvy. Those 50 gallon tarred wooden tanks may become a casualty. I'm worried a bit about the chromium drum on the drying machine too. Just before leaving, I was so busy disposing of the business, filling out those Treasury Dept. papers, making frequent trips to the Federal Reserve Bank, etc. etc. Some of the Nisei brought in their photo equipments to dispose of. I had a swell chance to buy a 6 mos. old latest Leica, for about $130. But I missed out on that. It gripes me that U.S. attorney at S.F. took over radios without letting us take out the short wave & letting us keep them. Seems at other places, even across Bay, you could keep them after taking out the short wave. Now I'm without a radio here. I'm planning to write to the old boy to release my radio, or else. See what he will say.

I wrote to him once before, last year, but he wrote back, saying "not being released at this time." I will try again.

I'm thinking of sending for my desk typewriter when I get to camp. (How did you get yours? It's very heavy. By the way, my dog is at the camp! Came all alone by express or something. My mother couldn't part with it. I'm glad too. But feeding it is getting to be somewhat of a problem!

I've bought some medical books. First time I've indulged myself in such luxury in a long time. Money doesn't seem to mean much now, just holding on to it, that's why. I guess I'm still interested in medicine, partly because there is a great shortage of doctors & nurses at the camps, and I'd like to try a crack at it. Sometimes I feel though that there isn't much sense to hanging on to a thing long past its usefulness. But thinking about such a thing is like thinking about life itself, what it should mean to us, hopes, and ambitions. I don't know how much my views will change as a result of this war. I fancy it will change. I hope for the better. Many things will change. And this will be

a great challenge for you in architecture. There will be new things, new ideas. How about plastics? and use of aluminum + lighter metal in building houses, instead of heavy steel? I looked through the Towns and find that Wright's ideas are being accepted here + there. For instance, his "mast" structure. I was rather disappointed in the Pentagon house. They could have really gone places, given time and freedom. But what can you expect from the bureaucrats. They did better down South American way in that Brazilian Ministry of Education bldg. I think in general our thinking has been more static than dynamic. If it had been otherwise, this war might have been avoided. We might have been able to set up a peace structure more flexible and dynamic than what we had after the last war. But the victors wanted to maintain the status quo, largely to enjoy the fruits of their victory. Germany had nothing, therefore she could afford to tackle + accept new ideas. But France had "everything"; victory was everything. I have always been rather puzzled by the fall of France. Just read Gen. Girard on the Fall of France. There have been a few who have come forth with an explanation, but

I guess the ~~truth hasn't~~ true picture hasn't materialized yet. Still performing the post mortem. But ~~they~~ then ~~have~~ they are still doing that about the Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire. I think France was defeated in the present war long before the present war started. It would be a tragedy if after all this expenditure of men & material, we can't have a peace commensurate with it. We shall be betraying the dead. I get sort of restless, when ~~what~~ all around me young men are fighting & dying. I want to be in there pitching too, to feel the pulse of life. I still haven't been able to accept the fact of war, this total war. It is too gigantic, too enormous. Minute planning, bold thinking, broad executions. It is rather puzzling though, that for twenty years after the last war, no one deliberately planned for this war, but on the contrary, the ablest minds strove and planned for prosperity, security, peace. But instead we got depression, insecurity, and war. How come?

Well, life ~~was~~ seems to be taking on an interesting turn, largely because of Russian successes. Casablanca conference was called, and what was discussed is anyone's guess, and mine is that it had to do with Russian victory. Stalin is a hard hitting realist, and the allies are rather puzzled it seems

about Russia. Suppose Germany should sue Russia for peace, or Russia should gain a victory over Germany & her objective in the East Europe, would Russia go on to fight for the democracies? Stalin didn't attend the conference; he was "too busy". China is a poor relation. Just before the conference, Nanking goovernment declared war on the allies. If China should give up. I see where Stalin, in his 25th anniversary speech, fails to ~~mention that~~ acknowledge allie's aid to Russia, and says in essence Russia is fighting for Russia, and all by herself.

And speaking of planning I mentioned a little while ago, I see where U.S. businessmen are getting together under Paul G. Hoffman of Studebaker Corp. planning a super-duper New Deal for the post war period.

Since I've getting those Arch. mag., I've been thinking a little about some design for my room for the camp barracks. Since these barracks are standard prefabricated, I thought the rooms are same in size as ours. My folks says theirs over all is 20 x 40. Have you any good ideas for fixing up the room?

It looks like the Nisei will be going into the army. It raises a rather interesting question. How far does this so-called citizenship thing operate. First they put us in conc. camps and then now they want to draft us to fight for gov. that put us in conc. camps. Aside from this technical point, I told George Williams that this draft business is the best thing that's happened for the Nisei. I told him that I thought Nisei was rather spoiled & selfish, and he seemed to agree with me, at least so far as those here at this place are concerned. I've often thought what the Nisei needed was a swift kick

in the points, and this drafting is it. I'm rather disappointed in the nisei boys & girls I've met here. Maybe I don't know them well enough, but they seem to be rather shiftless, and lack earnestness. All they do is talk about girls. They don't seem to have anything serious on their mind. They shoot craps, and gamble, and sometimes they play all night, right up to morning, and they are supposed to be sick people. And inspite of Dr's order they break rules and go into girls' rooms. And the nurses and Dr. eventually feel foolish about looking too much after them if the patients don't look after themselves. And I don't blame them. They should break their necks for these "Jap." Fortunately these aren't many; usually the certain type of nisei. But on the whole, there is nothing to admire in them, even though they are "nice." And that goes for girls too. They are petty & seem to lose their heads easily, when boys are around. I guess it's the weakness in their character. I wonder if they realize the illness they are afflicted with, and how it has robbed them of something out of their life, and unless they are careful. I don't mean just their health, or even life itself, but unless they realize it, chronic ill health can be very demoralizing. Maybe I'm wrong but they seem rather superficial, in their talks & general attitude, and lack the earnestness which I found among American fellows I attended school with. Well enough of that. Patients here are always asking the nurses to get them something from the outside, so I don't quite feeling like asking myself. They want pencils & boxes for their kids, and this & that, will you please have these shoes stretched a little, they are tight on my feet. See what I mean? These nurses are very nice.

I better stop somewhere, or I won't have anything to write next time. I'm sending you some colored Audubon prints.

Your friend,

Ichiro

Kiyoumi

After Five Days Return to

Hillcrest Sanat.

La Crescenta, Calif.

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