

Dear Mom -

Thanks for the letter. I just got it. It came by way of Santa Anita. I am now at Hillcrest. Santa Anita is a decent place for those in good health. I'm not ill, but my health isn't up to par. I was working right up to evacuation, and lost some weight over a period of months, so this is a good chance to regain my health, in fact a very good chance. For ordinary ordinary I'd have to pay good money for staying at a place like this. But I rather miss the crowd. When I left S.A. there were about 6,000, now over 10,000. Barracks all over the place. I guess I told you about the food & things. There's a young nice oil painter there - I think I mentioned him too. He's got the stuff in him, thought it may take him years to ripen & really show what he may be capable of. He's very sensitive. I don't mean touchy, so much as his sensitiveness to fine things, his emotional response. His drawings are somewhat rough but sound. He used to give me some pointers on sketching.

The place here is about 2000 feet elevation & so cooler than at S.A. Nice view; overlooking a little town of Tujunga & San Fernando Valley mountains in the distance. 20-day they are covered with bluish haze; in the evening with purple haze. Sun sets to the right of my window. It's about 25 miles out of Los Angeles. Did you know George Williams? He lives in Pasadena near here. Victor are allowed here, so I think I'll write to him. I'll have him bring some Chow mein. There are about 90 Japanese here, incl. some girls. Now don't get excited! The other day we (myself & two roommates) had some "sushi". Some friend from L.A. brought to a patient (or interne) here & we got some. Fancy it's the last "sushi" until the war ends, as L.A. Japanese will be evacuating soon. One of my roommates is a Christian Scientist. We get along all right. I'm broadminded. He hasn't tried to convert me yet. He better had not try. Both are in their fifties. The house is on the hillside. I have a corner room, though rather cramped for 3; originally meant for 1. Can't complain; free room & board. Tray service. Good food though not like home. No second serving though, so it leaves me a little empty. Five windows. Bed by the windows. All I have to do is open the window & I'm as good as outside. Can't wander around too far though. Still in military area. Had to file an exemption. Wild lupins & poppies; and birds. Soft life. Nurses fix beds. Really a place for convalescents. No chance for work though; so no source of income. Over at camp, they keep time worked, but haven't paid or fixed any pay yet. My brother has a job as time keeper. There is a French nurse here. I brought a Fr. book. Sooo. I've asked her to teach me French. Ooo, la la! But you are married. You miss the fun. I hope your baby is getting along all right.

I heard about Tokyo being bombed. And my girl lives there. I have to write on both sides, since my writing paper is on priority listing, but don't worry. You have A-1 rating on that.

I thought you had moved out by now to Furlock or Fulare camp. Where in this Livingston anyway. Must be a good place, to have a Chief of Police like that. Is there any "Japanese grocery" store near by? I'd like to get a can or two of "Fukku jin zuke". s'il vous plait (see I've already learned some Fr.) If you have to go to too much bother to get those goggles, don't bother. I can probably get them from Sears or Deo. Williams. Hey, you don't happen to have come across any inexpensive small radio, without short wave, in good condition, about \$10? Probably not. I was thinking of buying one possibly. I had two at home, now in police station, but I guess there's no chance of having one released to me, without the short wave. I might try though. Such crust. And Oh, yes. Thanks for those reading matter, but what I really had in mind was Tolstoy's - War & Peace. You don't happen to have a cheap edition lying around there, have you? Boy, you better move out of there pronto, because as long as you are near by in a free zone, I shall be pestering you for favors. A good turn each day, like a Boy Scout. But I shall return you the favor some day. And for a start I'll correct you on that quote. It's not Omar. And you may doubt it's by some philosopher from Potato Hill, but he at least remembers. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance in the desert air." from

Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard - Thomas Gray. I happened to remember the lines, partly because of a Mexican flower. maybe I'll tell you about her some day, though she was more a source of pain than pleasure, but I rather liked it. What the Remains call "Lieutenant"? Pain that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart." And the poem - ^{she was rather shy & sweet - and bold, and timidly desired.} years ago, returning from a St. Mary's - U.S. game with a girl by my side, walking across the campus at dusk, and the Campanile chimes ringing -
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
How fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such a wandering near her secret bower - - -

I brought Thoreau's - Walden, to chew on from time to time and Joyce's - Ulysses. I hope this letter reaches you before you leave I chiss.