

January 16, 1943

Hello Kan-

Thanks a lot for your advise....I'm practising the Art of Bowing daily. Also, I took up your advise and looked up page 200 in the soldiers handbook. The only thing that relates to the above went "Watch for lice or vermin (Guess Japs fall in this latter group) and if found report immediately to the medical officer after killing the same". Might have a little difficulty in killing but as for reporting...I knew my Hayward High track training was going to come into use one of these days. Thanks for the epitaph but I won't need it. Besides I have no desire in pushing daisy up in the Solomons. The modern war training is not to show soldiers how to give up their lives for their countries. No, it's more on how to make the enemies die for theirs. But if an epitaph is needed, it'll be as I said before--"Here lies Sgt. Shibata, the fool zigged when he should've zagged."

So you have those "Yogore" in Granada too. They certainly got on my nerve too. Not because of their long hairs and zoot suits (Sometime I think that the guy who thought of the idea was an exserviceman...the way some of these G.I. stuff hang on us, it's got nothing over zoot suits. They only come in two size...too big or too small.) What griped me most was this. At Jerome Relocation these dreamy eyed zooters borrowed all the chain off the stoppers in latrines. I don't mind them taking the chain, but when they throw away the stoppers that's another story. Enough is Enough.

Went skiing instead of sheing for a change. The two are

as different as black & white. In skiing, you dress to keep warm; in she-ing you undress to get the same effect. In the former, everything goes down while in she-ing, well, need I say more. In skiing you need lots of daylight; the other you want darkness. In the former the principle is to stand up; but in the latter you must lie down to get ahead. But ski-ing or she-ing, they're both lots of fun. Mas Yamamoto (Berkeley) is still in the hospital with a broken ankle. The toboggan he was riding on hit a hole.

Heard from Roy Sakai yesterday. He's a corporal at Ft. Francis E. Warren in Wyoming. He's got a soft job growing flowers for the post's churches and what nots. He has everything except roses. Even orchids. But he writes that next spring he's going to be in charge of five acres of Victory Garden. Should be good cause out of the 5000 Yaboes in the service, there ought to be one good farmer. Whether they'll do it or not, that's a horse with a different color.

Finally got my team assigned to me today. (We go out as team) Out of the ten men, one man is a brainstorm--more or less of a walking dictionary. Going to guard him with my life. Only need to wait orders now. Probably a month or two before they get around to that. Maybe in the meantime, I should go to the YMCA and learn how to swim. Can't swim a stroke, so if you read of another transport like the Coolidge being sunk, you can start burning "Senkos".

If they ever get the rinks made in Granada, and you need ice skates, let me buy them for you. Might out of habit take a commission, but still, it's better than getting Montgomery Ward's quality product with its well chosen adjectives. Quite a few of the boys are sending skates back to Heart Mountain

and to Topaz. Skates are cheap and good around here because that and skiing are the main sports for winter.

Met Chris in the showers and told him about the marionettes. He seemed to be quite pleased about the whole thing. Asked him how he was getting along in school. He said that he'd rather be down there giving the Japs the works. His sole reason for joining being that. Will say that he's a likeable fellow. I haven't met the Unos yet.

About those knives you wrote about. Well, with the men going out, it appears to be a standard equipment. Looks like the boys bought out the local stores cause that was one of the must-have that letters from down there mentioned. They can easily be sold anywhere from \$50 to \$100 in the Solomons as they're handy. When we went to buy one the other day, the salesman in this sport shop wrapped one of these mean 8 inch blade dagger saying, "Give them a slash for me". Almost impossible to get a good one, cause the army has asked all stores to send their supply of hunting/^{knives} to the port of embarkation. For jungle fighting, it's the only hardware to carry.

Thanks for the New York addresses but I've done gone already boss. You're right about the subway..it's amazing where a nickel in the slot will take you. Landed up in Harlem by mistake one night just when I got cocky and thought I had the subways all figured out. Boy, that place is black in more ways than one. These a la mole trains are just what L.A. need. Probably won't mature because of the expense...so many people from that place still thinks S.F. is a suburb of L.A.

This seems to be a nice place to stop. Regards to Sally, and the rest of the family.

Yoshito



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