



CAMP SAVAGE, MINNESOTA

May 12th '43

Dear Kan -

Been in a quandary ever since your letter arrived Saturday & wondering just what it was that made my last letter so hard to answer. It could have been due to difference in our opinions of certain matters. Or possibly philorophy. That our thoughts may differ is not hard to understand (Kate or the like giving me a uniform while you and thousands of others are in centers without choice). But whatever it was, you'll have to wait until it's all over before you get my answer to your question. That's due to circumstances and eyes. So till then, let's pegion hole the whole subject.

Went home last Friday and found that my last visit had caused much excitement. It seems that some law conscious P. I. had reported my presence on the premises to proper author-
ties. As the story goes, I understand they had a hard time convincing him of my good intentions, and that specimen of my origin in uniform can "look see" wherever they wish now. Articles, which almost appear daily in the Bay Region newspapers, indicate that Californians are trying to remedy

this new rulings. Sure gives my fanny! Guess you're up to date on this matter thru the Pacific Citizen.

Thanks a lot for offering to help me when I'm down there but that's not necessary. Instead of the ten, I've got a whole "blew" of backers now. Am enclosing a picture to show you a part of our gang. Do they look tough? The picture was taken right after we left Savage so our complexion ~~was~~ still on the lighter side. You should see us now. After weeks of kimo sun (no fog yet) we're really dark. One fellow especially. They were kidding him - "Say, buddy, what colored outfit did you come from?" The sad specimen (sad case on second thought) from Mt Eden is in the second row with lollywood peepers.

Speaking of peepers, those dark glasses are caliber lenses. You should try to get one, it's really something. The air corps personnel uses them. And if Canada gets as hot as I think I'll get, you'll find them excellent to cut the glare.

Went around the island with the gang today and wished you were here. The fellows




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would see various plants and flowers and inquire, 'What's the name of that?' Being a nurseryman they more or less expect a civil answer. Fooled them. Gave them the latin version - "It's a specie idono-sub" or "that's a grassus no goodus." Seeing all the shady trees makes me wish the centers could here some like them. There's nothing like trees - at least it can't talk back or make you sick like some other living creatures I know. So much for satirical remarks as I'm no blue ribbon neither.

You remarked about there being something about travelling. You're certainly right! Since joining the army I've seen all the states except a dozen more or less. Have to see the Maine states and the deep south. One can't appreciate travelling until they've tried it themselves. You've covered quite a lot yourself so you would know. But my travelling days are just starting. Wonder if foreign shores will be like what I've mentally pictured? Will see.

Thanks a lot for all your good luck. Will need something like that till I get across. Still can't paddle a stroke. Will tell you all about it when you come down to where my spirit should be. It being the sensation of drowning. Would be funny if you're destined for heaven!

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Made a mess out of the last paragraph so will
call it thirty for tonight. My best wishes to
the rest of the family.

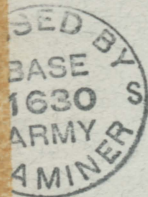
Sincerely,
Joshua

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c/o Postmaster

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