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Barrack School & Student Det.  
Camp Savage, Minnesota

VIA AIR MAIL



Miss Yuri Domoto  
6 F 5 C Grandda Relocation Project  
Amache, Colorado



Dec. 28, '42

Dear Yuri -

It gave me a swell feeling to know that your Christmas had turned out alright! For the children especially I had hoped it would be a gay one. After all, it's really their "day". The bright tree, Santa Claus, colored candies, toys, etc are things which only children truly enjoy. Like me, I bet you remember yet, your grammar school day Christmases. And at times like these they should have more days like Dec. 25 for youngsters. Just what deep impressions the evacuation and the grimness of the war will leave in their mind has me perplexed. I hope, it won't be much. It was discouraging to see teen-age girls both cynical and bitter. That's why I felt "swell" when you wrote, "They were all so gay!" And it must have made you happier just to see them enjoy the day. It really doesn't take much to please "kids". A little effort with big returns, isn't it? With Ikuo and Miki in the family, I suppose you'd know more about it.



Just what made me select what I did is still strange. Perhaps, it was the "shape of the bottle," or the tricky name "Bala-laika," or <sup>the</sup> sweet scent of the perfume counter. (Wasn't the sales girl cause she was ready to collapse from fatigue, waiting on the Christmas crowd.) But whatever it was, I'm glad you liked it. As for the candy, I'm surprised to hear it arrived in one piece. After seeing the busy USO girls wrap it, I gave up hope of it surviving the "rude" handling of post-office at holidays. Some of the candies and cookies arriving at Savage look as if they had been run over by a steam roller, not once, but twice!

I'm trying to get my hands on that report, so I can make a carbon copy. Beginning to hear reverberations on it, favorable and otherwise. Have a hunch that it'll remind you of the good old C. days we had together. Remember, Yuri, those scandalous hours we used to keep? Every now and then, I keep on recalling those days. I keep on thinking now, more than ever, what an old lady once said, "When you're old and aged, you live in your memory." Wonder what happens to those who haven't pleasant or interesting things to recall?



II

Doubt if I'll ever forget my time in the army since I left B + Castro at Blanks' till the time "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World." At least, I'll be able to say, "Yes junior, I fought in the last world"; and as an after thought I'd say to myself in a low voice "with a dictionary".

The other day, a question came up as to how much we're allowed to write from overseas. All the letters coming in are very interesting to read. But I can't get used to the idea of having someone else reading it before the addressee gets it. As one person phrased it "It'll cramp my style". Collier's had the following to say, "A young lady received an envelope addressed in familiar handwriting from one of our far-flung army outposts. But instead of the expected letter, she found inside a slip of paper saying simply: "Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much - Censor"

They used to smear black india ink on censored words but now they cut out the guilty words with a razor. (Much to the moaning of recipients, letters from Manzanar, Poston, and St. Mts. are censored too). But like



Damn it, the lights just went out. Fuse must have blown out cause the camp's pitch black. Forgot what I was going to say in the end of the last paragraph so I'll let it go at that. Right now, I'm the envy of the other letter writers cause I can still continue writing in spite of no lights. You see, I stole one of the candles from the Christmas table last Friday. It sounds like a confession of a kleptomaniac but I knew it would come in handy. This isn't the first time that the camp has been in darkness. The fellows in the barracks are now razzing me about being an Abraham Lincoln. I can feel how "honest" Abe must have felt cause <sup>there's</sup> ~~it's~~ certainly a difference between the candle light and Edison's bulb. The razzing still continues. "She must be a honey", "where's her picture" etc. "Sucker, she won't appreciate your effort etc".

Speaking of pictures, I didn't take any snap shots on the trip cause we're not allowed to carry cameras. I'm going to take a crack at skiing next Sunday. Maybe I'll get a chance to have my picture taken cause there's lots of camera fiends here. Hope my skiing venture will be a little more successful than last Sunday's group. Mas Yamamoto and two others are victims of skiing - mostly badly wrenched ankles. Hope the lights go on soon cause the razzing continues with everyone coming into the barrack.



Right now, since the group in here can't do anything else, they are singing... "White Christmas" (we certainly had a white one. Too bad you didn't also), "When the lights go on, all over the "camp", "Sleepy Lagoon", etc. Look like they're run out of songs cause they're up to the old "after taps" game - telling jokes, all kind, - rough said! Still no lights!

Not much to do for us now days. A.M. - physical exercises; P.M. self-study; Nights, do what you wish. The last gives me a chance to catch up on my correspondence. (Candle is still ten inches long.)

One of the boys who ~~is~~ waiting to board a transport in S.F. wrote to us today. He's on Angel Island in the bay. He says that he can see the two bridges, the three cities, Alcatraz, and the Campanile. Wish to hell I was there. Getting restless, more and more, waiting for final orders. Graduation is like lacing the first shoe drop upstairs; waiting for the party to drop the other shoe, is like waiting for the "orders" which you know will come sometime or later. (The candle is throwing more light now cause the wick is getting longer as it burns down)

Your Christmas menu sounds just like ours. The only thing we had extra being the ham, the beer, mince pies, and the free cigarettes. Just had a feeble attempt of the lights to go on. Damn glad I didn't wait cause its been 1/2 hour already.



Your printed letter sounded (The lights just came ~~out~~)  
so I think I'll blow out the candle) mysterious. And  
your letter this time had one paragraph on the  
same. But I'd better not let my curiosity get  
the better of me. Hope my last printed note  
made sense.

Hope your dad will be better soon. I  
know the hospitals are well equipped to take care  
of him so don't worry too much. Please tell him I  
said "Hello" and hope he'll be well soon. Also, my  
new year greetings to all of the Domotos - Wak (does  
she ever get a chance to tinker with a piano. I used to enjoy  
her playing) Kaw, Sally, Tocchi, and the rest.

Happy New Year, Yuri

Most Sincerely  
Yoshito



# School Detachment

Camp Savage, Minnesota



*Christmas Dinner*  
1942



Dec. 25, 1942

## AUTOGRAPHS

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Yuri -

Everytime you need an inspiration to conjure up the swell dinners you used to enjoy, take a squint at this menu. Being an accountant, I wanted to price the dinner on the right, but thought my estimation might be a target for criticism.

Rereading the first paragraph, I believe I would have been more accurate if I had written - "the swell dinners you used to prepare"

Yoshito -

## M E N U

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Oyster Stew	Oysterettes	
Roast Turkey	Virginia Baked Ham	
Oyster Dressing		
Escalloped Corn	Giblet Gravy	Creamed Peas
Snowflake Potatoes	Candied Yams	
Cranberry Sauce		
Stuffed Olives	Celery	Mixed Pickles
Combination Salad		
Bread	Hot Rolls	
Mince Pie	Pumpkin Pie	
Fruit Cake	Chocolate Cake	Cocoanut Cake
Ice Cream		
Bananas and Grapes	Oranges and Apples	
Mixed Nuts and Candies		
Cigars	Cigarettes	
Beverages		





