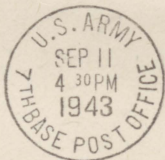


Tech. Sgt. Y. Shibata

GHC, APO 500 c/o LNK

San Francisco, Calif.

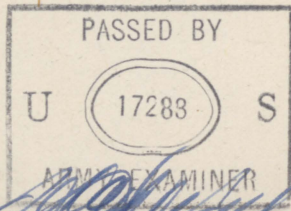


Miss Yuri Domoto

6 FSC

Granada WRA

Amache, Colorado.



Sept. 8th '43

Dear Yuri -

Hope you have better luck with my air mail. Yours of July 26 just came this morning. There must be a Wrong Way Corrigan in the air mail service. Can't figure it out 'cause I've been receiving them as quick as a week. To refresh your memory, it's the six page one with the article taken from the Chronicle. Remember? Right now, the article "Race Riots" is hanging on the bulletin board. Does the heart good to see someone with such a viewpoint. Thanks a lot for taking the trouble to copy it for me.

You also had a paragraph devoted to those ceiling-walking pests - the flies. No flies here but from my last letter you'll gather we have one just as bad - the mosquito. Ants too are a problem in this city. Due to them and termites, all the homes in this city are built on pilings heavily coated with creosote. Result, the houses appear to be on stilts about three feet to four feet high. Last week, I was invited for tea

in an Australian home. Being naturally curious as to their ^{inner} appearance, I readily accepted. After being shown thru the kitchen, dining room, living, and the bedrooms (twin beds) I found that there isn't much difference from American homes. The furnitures, however, were all made out of hard wood due to the abundance of such material in Australia. The only thing that struck me as being unusual was the perambulator-like table to serve tea. (Only see them in movies in U.S.A.)

You asked whether we were permitted to write in Japanese to our folks. Due to the necessity of censoring out going mail, we're not allowed to do so. (Not saying I can write) However, letters from the states come in Japanese to many. My mother for one has been writing to me in Japanese. To retaliate for making me strain my brains, I answer in English. I guess she comes ahead in the deal.

Spring is already here - the grasses(?) are all turning green due to the recent rain. All the downtown stores are displaying their window with spring outfits of all colors. Was wondering what

the ohs! & ahs! were in front of one store window attracting the attention of many women. Saw "Millinery Shop" and had my answer. (Hats down here too follow those screwy designs.)

Been passing my hours off taking in one movie after another. The best so far being W^m Saroyan's "The Human Comedy." Have you seen it by chance in a neighboring town? Or read the book? Will highly recommend it to you if you haven't read or seen it. It's a little different from the usual Hollywood production. It's almost without a plot - just series of events. Artie Shaw and his naval band is playing tonight at a nearby theatre for the Yankee soldiers! Should be good.

How's everything at home Yuri? Your dad? Has the Domoto clan decided to relocate to some city? My family are all in Chicago now. Little sis writes saying that dad & mom are getting along fine. They're surprised to find the attitude of the neighbors unusually congenial.

So far, haven't eaten any kangaroo steak. Doubt if we'll ever get it. Especially with the beef and mutton supply of this locality.

so great. Steaks are still easy to get in restaurants. Food on the whole is not rationed yet. Butter, milk, and pork are. From what the Australians tell me, kangeroos are not very tasty. Unless caught young, their meat (?) is tough. Also, it has that wild odor like venison. As the story goes, the way to make ^{it} kangeroo stew is as follows. Throw the meat into a huge pot with an axe head. When the axe melts, the stew is ready.

Here's hoping this letter find you in best of health. Also, my best regards to the whole Komoto clan - addition and all. Did you decide upon an American name for Kaneyo? (I wish I had been given one when I was in my diaper days too.) Hope to hear from you soon. Till then,

most sincerely,
Yoshito