

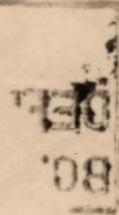
Apt. 301  
4954 West Pine Blvd  
St. Louis, Mo.



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DEFENSE SA  
BONDS AND ST



Miss Yuni Domoto  
Ward B. St. 4 Unit 10  
Merced Assembly Center  
Merced, California.



Apt. 301  
4954 West Pine Blvd.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Yuni,

Well, at last — I've traced your whereabouts. Howdy! Are you still able to call your life your own? Hope so. Sure pleased to hear from me way out here? I got a letter from Tak and she was finally the one to give me your address. Is Alice there with you? The baby arrived? All well? Hope so!

(As you may remember April 29<sup>th</sup> (gee, that sounds ancient) we left Berkley — I was first of our crowd to go. From then until June 19<sup>th</sup> 10:45 A.M. — I was a very busy and surprisingly happy member of Taftoray Assembly Center. Since, leaving the confuses — gosh, that scene as I left the gate! — I've been sad and happy both.... mixed emotions!

Well, To go back to Taftoray. I had a heck of a good time. I wouldn't trade my experiences for anything. You know me — missing into everything — medical — gave up in 3 days, for the politics, i.e. efficiencies, and the women drove

"drove me wild. Then, mers - hall server - my most important job, for I felt that keeping stomachs satisfied had the most to do with people at times like this. I used to spend 2 hours each meal — inegue, up at 5:45 A.M. — oh boy, how I hated to get up in the mornings, especially as I never got to bed at nights. In the A.M.'s I was grade school teacher .... never had to think so fast in all my life! I got promoted though — to head of Hi school science department — I week of this, and I had to leave. Oh yes, I was part time in recreation, too .... teaching a Jr. Hi group - "The Fillies" how to play. You can see how busy I was — so much so that the beans and poor conditions never had space to worry me.

A week before I left, one of the H. that I know and who has been helping along my school cause phoned me and asked if I wish to go, I was to leave in a week. Golly, how fast that week went by — never can figure out what I did .... and I didn't get everything done that I

that I expected ~~to~~ to. The nite before I left, Oshie and the bunch around me that I worked with, had a party in the ironing room. We had a most delicious cake, ice-cream etc.... nothing ever tasted so good in my life!

Well, the 19<sup>th</sup> was a very busy day for me .... I dashed over to Berkeley.... dashed around to shop for people & send back to San Fran and dashed until I was blue. I made my head quarters at Mrs. Crawford's place and so she had the best home-cooked dinner for me .... first in 6 weeks. - Gee, I couldn't help but be a pig! I forgot to use my ~~no~~ napkin, salad fork, butter knife, and forgot how to eat my cake. Golly - only 6 weeks, too!

On board the Challenger at 8:45 PM, I really let loose. There I was on upper berths of Challenger .... leaving everything. Gee, poor little me. I surely did (and still do) miss my mother & father. I dreaded practically every moment of the train, for it took me farther away and I was going to a strange place. Then too, the readjustment to seeing no Japanese - friendly and sympathetic. I felt as

4) every one stared at me constantly. In reality, they didn't on the train.

In Denver, I went to see Kathleen Fujita Date and there met several Ala. Gorous and your cousin Taki. I gabbled about Tanforan, and dashed in to see Toshi Hako - and off to train again. From Denver, I got more friendly to everyone and got to sort of like the old train.

St. Louis was the worst place in the world my first week. People stared (they still do!) and there was no one to talk to. Of course, Kiyoshi Hikoyada, Gyo Obata and other students were around. I lived at McMillan Hall on the campus, but since my interests were at the Medical Center, I had no opportunities to make friends. Gee, those homesick days! One night I called up my brother - at Camp Grant and he wasn't home, but I surely cried to Pearl.

Of course, this was just plain homesickness (stable - to be more exact) and emotional upset. I was just getting over it when yes - I got the Mumps! So - there I found myself - in Isolation Hospital for 2 weeks. It was bad but gave me an opportunity to think things out and straighten my mixed-up feelings.

Since getting well, I was rushed in making up lost ground. On top of this, I decided to move. Two girls asked me to join them in an apartment. It is close to Medical Center (which takes 25' on streetcar to get to Wash. U campus proper) and also I get real companionship. So - it's more expensive, but I'm getting to love it. I've never lived with other people so it's proving to be good experience. The 2 girls are younger and quite more conscious - so more fun! I got to bed first and arise first ... so how quiet our apt. is!

The school is very good. The campus is beautiful — quad style with stone gothic structures. It's really nice and I'd love being an undergrad there and live at McMillan. Gyo is living at Lee Hall here and really loves it.

The Med center is further out and is really very impressive. The Center itself is about 5x Cal ... it's a drawing center. The dept. (Bact) is large and one finds people from all over there. There's a Japanese doctor on the staff, too. He's been here 12 yrs. — and has really been very popular — a break for me. I love the place ... it's heaven, for everyone understands why I'm there and wherefore.

b) I guess you wonder how people treat us. There is no outward resentment - just that of outward ignorance. There are so few Orientals here that they stare - wondering what we are. It makes me mad, but usually, I out stare them. Of course, if they knew what we are, then maybe they'd be plenty mean. Some just stand and stare & whisper ... it hurts 'cuz we don't feel like foreigners. A large % of the population here are of German descent - so when they find out, they're very sympathetic in most cases.

How are your relocation plans. Tee tells me maybe you'll be only 90 miles away from here. There's a camp only 15 miles from St. Louis - so why not come here? There are several in Arkansas, too.

Please give my love to Alice. I'm hoping that things are O.K. with her & baby. Where is her family? I'd like to get in touch with Ada.

Best regards to your family.

Kiss this letter - it's written on the run in lab.

Loads of love

Sammy.

Please write me & tell me of everything. I get so damn lonesome!