

May 6, 1942 A.D.

Dear Billy,

Well, here I am writing to you from Tanforan again.

At this moment I am lying on my stomach out in the field beside Lake Tanforan. Gee, it's swell outside today. Ah, the wonders of nature (sigh). Don't mind me, Billy, but I feel silly today.

I'm afraid I'm not taking my correspondance course seriously enough. I've done a little studying but not as much as I should. I feel very guilty about ~~me~~^{it} but gee whizz

3.

the P-38. That's the only one I know, though.

I worked as a waitress in the main mess hall for 1 week. The job was fun and it gave me something to do but I quit because I had to "study".

The individual mess halls have opened up now and I eat there. It's much better to eat in the individual mess hall because you get better service.

We've had 2 talent shows and 2 dances since we came here. The talent shows

2.

I can't get settled down to it. I'm going to try, though.

Billy, do you know why Hitler sleeps with his shoes on????????

Because he doesn't want to smell de-feat!!!! Get it???

See, they're building a lot of new barracks. I'm not sure but I think San Francisco is coming out here.

Boy, do a lot of planes go by here. They fly awfully low, too. There's an airport near this place. You know what???? I can recognize one type of plane now. It's

went very good and I've only gone to one of the dances.

My mother doesn't like me to go out very much. How's social life in your camp, Billy?

I'm sorry but I don't have any pictures of myself, Billy, and I can't have any taken because cameras are contraband. Please send me yours though, huh?????

Before I close I must compliment you on your handwriting, Billy. It's just beautiful! Honestly!!!!!!

Well, I will close now. Please write soon.

As ever,
Tama