

...LETTER TO FRANK

NOW THAT the food around here has gotten better, there's nothing to expose...I was going to give you the true facts about this dump and ~~exp~~ have you write to your congressman...however, everything has been improved so I can't raise a stink...besides, I understand they've started censoring some letters...

i feel in a mean mood so let me tell you how the joint used to be... starting with food: it was horrible! When I first came here my greatest desire was that my taste buds would go dead on me so I wouldn't notice how lousy everything was...But then, every time we beat hell out of the Japs, the food would get a little better--When Bataan fell, we had beans and stale bread pudding.. Since Coral Sea and Midway, we've been getting pretty good stuff...Nourishing if not too tasty...and pretty good variety of stuff which is more than you can say for some of the relocation centers...When our bastard cousins across the Pacific took over some of the Aleutian Islands, I thought they'd put us on a bread and water diet but fortunately nothing like that happened (which reminds me; I pity some of the drips if they try to get to Anchorage and run into Briggs --which further reminds me that Ray Richards wrote and told me that Briggs (now a capt was down in l.a. on leave after bringing some enemy aliens into Seattle.--Doe you hear from him--I'd like ~~xx~~ his address if you have it)

Officials running this place are pretty darned good and try to give us a square deal without being condescending, but they can't do too much for us...There are a heck of a lot of discomforts and inconveniences

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around the joint 90% of which are due to the japs in the place---when in japan, i noticed that japanese have not developed a social conscience--they piss in public, shove people in the face getting on streetcars etc... japanese over here haven't developed social conscience either it strikes me--they take toilet paper from the cans--hence toilet paper has ~~xx~~ to be taken out of the cans and rationed out to families--they take craps in chamber pots and dump excrement in the trash cans so the street cleaning detail gets sore and a lot of guys quit...they take all the sugar on the table and dump loads of it in their coffee and into everything else so now it has to be rationed out by the overworked waitresses.. then they cry like hell because their coffee's not sweet enough...I could go on, but you get what I mean...being concentrated like this with a bunch of jerks like that is no fun...It's tough as heck on the small kids although most of them are unaware of it ...educational facilities are inadequate altho' most of the smaller kinds go to school any way...but the future: a bunch of morons is my guess...as for the older fellows and gals, I don't think anyone's making any progress here... in fact we're either at a standstill stagnating or are regressing...that's why I want to get out of here and maybe take up graduate work in some school outside...o course it's selfish as hell, but I'm not essential to the community here and maybe I can do something if i get out.

then too, think of the aesthetic tastes these young kids are developing...if they stay here for any length of time, it'll be positively gruesome...just imagine, 10 years from now when we get out into the outer world again, some kid is liable to see some gorgeous creature like Lana Turner or Hedy LaMare and will think: Gad, what a funny looking creature; she's got straight legs....horrible thot...

Why? Some life has been destroyed

about the only thing i can really kick about now are the housing conditions ..we used to be in a pretty big room 20x24, but they split the units by partitions so now three of us (my dad, johnny, and i) are squeezed into a cub y hole 8x20'..at first we thought of shoving our belongings inside, lookk them up and sleep outside, but we managed to get some boards, sling them across the rafters and put up a sort of an attic to hold boxes and duffel bags, etc...if now earthquake comes along, the stuff should balance there...suffocation was the next problem to tackle, but true oriental ingenuity came to the rescue...we now get breathing space by one of us exhaling while the other two inhales... another person would give up better balance, but then we'd have to sleep standing up...at first johnny moaned like heck because of the hardness of the beds, but i find that these army beds are softer than the junky thing i had at home...poor johnny, my dad, handk and fuzzy were spoiled by better sleeping accomadations at home ..we were able to bring dickie's bed with us so it wasn't so bad for him...

my greatest fear right now is that i'll get too used to this place... since i've been working and have something to do (44 hours per week as a postal clerk at 12 per month--keeps me out of mischief anyway///) I've grown use to the place and am afraid that soon I'll begin liking it like a lot of the morons around the place already do...naturally contentment is one of the ideals of a human being, but in this case, I think contentment with this signifies a deterioration of character/// Man, what the heck's going to be of us after---of course everyone outside--all races of peoplr are asking that, but people outside have a chance to fight for what they believe in...they undergo hardships, but they're self-imposed...I could go on, but I've digressed....getting back

to what i was talking about, I'm afraid I'll get to like this place.. not r al well, but enough to not care whether I'll get out or not... the other day I caught myself referring to this 2 by for room as home--that's how degenerated I've become...