

March 20, 1943

Hi Sab,

I guess it's about time I'm buckling down to write that letter I've been promising myself to you. It's been some time since I last written. The last letter was puny, wasn't it? Especially compared to your 1000 word thesis you wrote.

What's this about you volunteering for the army. Was Evelyn joking when she wrote to my sister to tell me to volunteer so we could play bridge again together? That volunteering business here didn't get any favorable reaction, but we didn't have the violence you had at Lopez. I think there were about 36 volunteers from this camp. Remember that 27 and 28 questions. Quite a lot of niseis both in this camp and your camp answered both no. Those guys are just screwing themselves for the duration.

That Lee guy is quite a man. The Laos are Mr and Mrs according to the Pacific Citizen. When's your turn coming?

I've been in camp almost a year now and I haven't made any attempt to get out to school or work. I better get out before I rot away. I hear from Yosh you're working as a secretary or a typist in a nearby town. Not bad. How's your chances of getting a civil service job?

I'm still working in the hospital as a laboratory technician. For the last two months we been working without a microscope. In a lab without a mic a technician can't do a thing, so ~~about~~ you guessed it, we don't. We play cards or sit around

and sling the bull during our working hours. We use to use Yosh's and an interne's mic before, but the intern left camp and Yosh brought his home when he left for farm work about 2 month ago. Yosh came back in about 2 weeks, but he decided to leave the mic home when he found^{out} he will be getting only 2% of the mic's value per month for rental fee.

Working in the hospital helped to kill a lot of my time. During the early winter month we had a hospital football team that couldn't win a single game. Yosh played in the line and I played in the backfield. Even tho we didn't win, well at least we had a lot of fun. Though at times it wasn't too fun to get hit by a 160 pounder linesman and thrown down on the graveled ground. The fields aren't^{like} the soft green turf we use to play on back home.

We made another attempt at sports by digging up enough guys for a basketball team. We entered the B league and in the first game we got walloped 47-17. As athletes the medics are just a sad bunch of guys.

We use to hold a social every month in the hospital mess but the project heads clamped down when they found out that these socials were making too much noise for the patients benefit. We made a fatal butch when we hired the Camp orchestra for our last social. These Jap organized orchestra are just a lot of noise and not much melody.

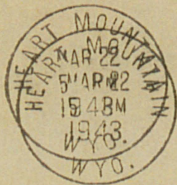
I haven't seen a latest movie since leaving Frisco. The rec
dept shows movies in different block every night and changes
the features every week. The ~~movies~~ movies they show are better than
nothing but 2 out of three aren't worth seeing. Tonight I
planning to see this week's features "The Valley of the Sun. Ever
heard of that one? Well, neither have I. It's probably one of
those cowboy and indian story. Next week they're showing "Bachelor's
mother. An oldtimer, but at least it's a class 1 picture.

Whatever happened to your camera? Did you turn it in to
the cops like the rest of the suckers? This camp is out of the
defense areas as you know so we're allowed to have cameras.
Yosh and I are having our cameras locked out by friends
and having it sent up here. When it does come up I send
you a picture of Yosh and his gal and me alone.

Till the next time
take it slow
Hij



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HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING



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Mr. Saburo Kitagawa
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