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Barrack 7 Unit 6 2nd St.  
Santa Anita Center  
Arcadia, California



Miss Molly Hilson  
3039 Boulder St.  
Los Angeles, California

June 3, 1942

Dear Molly,

Gee! I really agree with you. "You're so mean and evil." I thought that maybe you didn't get my letter because it was so small. I was listening to the radio one day and I heard that song "You're so mean and evil" also "He - - l - lo baby" you know the rest?

A school opened and this <sup>was</sup> my program.

9-10 A.M. Geometry M. Ito

10-11 A.M. Amer. History Fukuyama

1-2 P.M. Fine Art Jome Okamoto - <sup>worked at</sup> Walt Disney's

2-3 P.M. Health Education

3-4 P.M. Chemistry Dr. Hozaki <sup>Professor from</sup> <sup>Stanford. Received</sup> a Ph.D.

Now, I'll tell you what happened today. The school closed because the teachers were drafted into working as camouflage workers. They have a big project here in camp making camouflage nets for the army. Kids that are sixteen and over (including me) are being drafted to work ~~as~~ in the kitchen or as a camouflage worker. Man! They could go

somewhere if they think I'm going to work  
in that hot sun and break my back.  
What do they think we are anyway?  
Oh well, I'm not going to school now.  
They're sure anxious to keep us dumb  
just like morons. Golly? All my plans  
of going to college and all that are all  
gone. All I could think of now is  
be a dumb ox and not even graduate  
high school.

The food is getting better now. (It's  
about time!) You know what happened?  
The other <sup>two</sup> District VI and VII all got  
diarrhea. 4:00 A.M. They were all racing  
to the  $\sim \vee 4 \text{ E } 1$ 's. Man, it looked as  
if the whole camp got sick with the food.  
They ran out of toilet paper too, right  
in the middle of the night. Boy? Were  
the  $\sim \vee 4 \text{ E } 1$ 's crowded and did it smell?  
Woo P.H.! Those guards thought there  
was going to be a revolution and the  
fence was all lined up with machine

guess.

I always get diarrhea with the food they serve here too.

I guess you're ~~in~~<sup>in</sup> the sugar rationing problem now. Hell! We are too. We don't get sugar on the table sometimes.

By the way, if you get Badae's ~~address~~<sup>letter</sup>, please tell her to write to me.

~~Boy!~~ ~~are~~ ~~they~~<sup>they're</sup> getting strict here too! They don't even let you bring a bar of candy in the camp. The soldiers take it away. When someone comes to visit you at the gate you have to talk real loud because they don't let you get close to them. The soldiers walk right in between you too. You say a couple words and then ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> soldier walks by. Your friend says a few words and a soldier passes by again. Folly! They sure think we're prisoners of war.

Oh well, let's forget it all. I'll

be closing 'cause my hands getting  
too tired to write.

Love,

Gardie

P.S. Enclosing our camp paper. No, ~~I~~ I  
don't think I better because I sent you  
one already and anyway it makes my  
envelope look  
too fat

