

COPY

*Free War
Lane*

JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE

San Francisco Chapter

Member:
National Council
Northern Calif. District Council

Office of the Executive Secretary
Headquarters: 2031 Bush Street
San Francisco, California
Phone Fillmore 8676

April 8, 1942

Copied

Dear Hobart:

Your letter of March 22nd is gratefully acknowledged, and I must confess that your deep thought on the subject necessitated a second reading before I felt that I had a full comprehension of your letter.

Things did move fast, and I am still unchanged in my attitude and opinion regarding the war and the issues at stake. It was a democratic America that gave me my education and my opportunities; it remains for this type of civilization to bring out the best that is latent in all human beings. Not knowing Japan, either in the past, or more recently, and not having been subject to its propaganda as heavily as some people might suspect, I am not too intimate with its desires and its aims, and all that I can hope for is a short war, a termination which will prove once and for all that in the individual, and not in the state, is the answer to a more glorious and peaceful civilization.

This evacuation business is disrupting many things and in many ways. I have always been quite rational, and have been able to see it coming since the outbreak of the war. This job of being the "executive secretary of the San Francisco chapter" became more appealing to me when I realized that my insurance business was sure to slide down to practically nothing, while the welfare of the Japanese people and the community in the evacuation trials needed a boost. And sure enough, it wasn't long after we took over that evacuation was even hinted.

Our attitude as a JACL organization has been to look upon the evacuation as our contribution to the national defense, knowing full well that our presence, though actually quite harmless in itself, may be the cause of unrest and suspicion, should anything untoward did occur. For the ill-behavior of one, ten must suffer. But if our sacrifice was not evacuation, surely it would have been something else.

My step-brother has now served in the Army for one whole year ending March 16th; my wife's brother was scheduled to be drafted last month; and I myself might have been wearing the colors today were I not married. And you, as a reserve officer, will be called -- here's my best wishes to you and yours when the time comes.

I must not forget to thank you for your generous offer in suggesting the use of your garage for storage space. It is the kind and sympathetic words like yours that make our parting so much more difficult. We have been trying hard to disperse our Japanese people into a Caucasian world, to make more and better Americans, to make our assimilation a reality, if not physically, then culturally. Some

individuals have made remarkable progress along these lines. But to many of us, living in our smug "Japanese-towns", the pressure from outside have been too much to resist. We followed the course of least resistance, and have built up our walls, practically isolating ourselves. But now, with forced confinement within our people and in our own communities, I do hope that whatever progress in assimilation that was attained would not be severed.

It is thus that we cherish your friendship. Count on me to keep in touch with you. As for me, I might mention that by writing to me in care of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada at 315 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, I would surely be reached, for I intend to keep in contact with that office very closely.

Would it interest you to know that on Monday, the 6th of April, I became a daddy to Richard Tani, seven pounds six ounces. From my wife and our doctor, I understand that it is a miniature replica of the father, and the baby, mother and father is holding up nicely, thank you. In the light of this event, the evacuation was a minor problem, but now with a child on my hands, the evacuation has created another problem, that of adequate facilities for the little kid. But I trust the federal government quite implicitly, and with proper pleading along the proper lines, especially with the Federal Security Agency, I hope to get some decent treatment both for my wife and baby Dickie -- and if indications are any sign, the rest of us in San Francisco will not remain here very long. I wish I knew when it would be.

Coming back to the storage matter -- the government is offering to pick up and store our personal property for the duration and there is a definite possibility that when the proper time comes, (that is, when we will be "permanently" resettled for the duration) such furniture as we may need will be forwarded to us. And so, I hereby gratefully decline your offer. Thank you, however.

I am making arrangements to sell my Plymouth. I figure that the money I get from it will just about pay off my outstanding debts here and there -- and it becomes more in keeping with the evacuation trend to be practically broke -- since the government is offering so much to us.

Please rest assured that we will be in good hands, and our spirits will ever be high, and that I would enjoy comparing notes with you when the whole mess is over. Personally I look forward to a great adventure, when all my "social planning" that we worked on together, may have its full play in the opportunities that presents themselves.

So with kindest regards to you and Mrs. Young, I am

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Henry Tani

COPY

Oriental goods
Silk and cotton goods
Ladies & Gents
Furnishing goods
Toilet & leather goods

Free Evac
File!
These letters
from Japs outside
camp.

Nichibei Bussan Company

General Merchandise
Importers & Exporters
1701 Post Street

San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.

April 10, 1942

Dear Sirs:

Since September 1902---almost 40 years ago---
ever since we opened our door as a small shop on Dupont
Street, now known as Grant Ave., we have enjoyed a
mutually pleasant and profitable business relationship.
Now the terrible flames of war, scorching all the earth,
has finally reached us.....and, as you are all aware,
we must evacuate from the coastal areas inland. Thus
we must of necessity close our door.

We want you to know that we go as adventurers
to the future that awaits us. We leave with the thought
that since all must sacrifice in times of war, this is
our sacrifice and our bit toward the defense of our
country.

However, we want you to remember the typically
American adage, "You can't keep a good man down"---we
shall be back! Please remember us when we do come back---
or if we should open up elsewhere, perhaps in the hinter-
land.

Our last thought to you: thank you sincerely
for all the help and service you have given us through
the years gone by. May the human ties of our spirit
of friendship transcend the chaos of war till better
days come upon us. May God bless you till we meet again.

Sincerely,

Dave M. Tatsuno

COPY

Dist 5 Ave F Bar 27 Unit 6
Santa Anita Assembly Center
Arcadia, California
May 24, 1942

Mr. Edwin C. Voorhies
The Giannini Foundation
Berkeley, California

Mr. Voorhies,

I have received the outline of Agricultural Economics I and the Experiment Station Bulletin, which will be of great value to me, and I want to thank you for this information.

The other day we were informed that we will be moved to some relocation area where public work, agricultural production, and manufacturing will be carried on. The wage scales will range \$8 a month for unskilled workers, \$12 a month for skilled, and \$16 a month for professional and working 44 hours a week, and this amounts to about 4.5 cents an hour.

At the present time we are living in barracks which are divided into six rooms measuring about 20 by 12 feet, and our family of five live in one of these rooms. Each room is furnished with one bucket and one broom and sufficient number of single spring beds with one mattress and one army blanket.

When we first arrived here the food wasn't very good since it was starchy and unbalanced, but recently the Army inspected the kitchens, and since then the food has improved. As yet, there is a great deal of potential man power being wasted everyday for many of us are without work and are just waiting.

Sincerely,

(Signed)

Mark M. Hayashi

LETTER

West
Poston

No name
Block 27, Barrack 12-B
Poston, Arizona

July 12, 1942

Dear Noel: (West)

Thank you for the missive which we received from you a short while ago. It was really a pleasure to receive a letter from the outside.

How is everyone in Laguna Beach? We are all healthy in spite of the heat and the occasional dust storms.

We who are on the administrative staff are very fortunate in that we are able to work in air-cooled offices. Even then the temperature is equivalent to a warm day back home. Sometimes when the electricity which operates the coolers is shut off, it becomes unbearable. They say the temperature maximum comes in August. This is only the middle of July. The dust is another added feature which contributes no little discomfort to the residents of Poston.

Chuck is employed as an accountant in the Poston Community enterprise. Even though I applied for an accountant position, I have been side-tracked into the procurement office, more or less doing typist-clerk work, writing our Requisitions, Purchase Orders, Bill of lading, etc. The administrative personnel, as a whole, are very nice to us evacuees.

The Colorado River War Relocation Project covers an area of about 80,000 acres which has been leased to the government by the Indians for the duration of the war. This project has three camps of which ours is the largest. Each camp is about two or three miles apart. Camp #1 holds about 10,000 people and Camp #2 is now in the process of being filled. This Relocation Center will be the largest of all the Relocation Centers.

We are situated on the River Valley. The soil is the silt brought down by the River when its main course flowed over this area many years ago.

Mesquite and other desert brush along with a few cottonwood trees border the Colorado River. This vegetation breaks away to smaller and sparse vegetation after a few miles inland. We are located about three miles east of the Colorado River. In this area the brush being cleared by the tractors and scrapers has left the ground bare and loose. When the desert breeze commences to blow, it picks up this loosened silt in clouds, causing a typical Oklahoma dust-bowl.

On these thousands of acres a large agricultural plan has been developed. An attempt will be made to make this relocation project on a self-sustaining basis.

It is said that during the duration we are to repay the government for the expenses of relocation and the cost of the buildings and our wages. Thus, if our agricultural project is successful, and the government is reimbursed in full, the profits thereon will be given to us in the form of increased wages and bonuses. However, those who are 16 years of age and above, able bodied and refuse to work, must pay to the government \$20.00 per month for himself and for each member of his family.

LETTER

No name
Poston, Arizona

July 12, 1942

Our wage scale is as follows:

Professional	\$19.00
Skilled.....	16.00
Unskilled and semi-skilled.....	12.00

Part of this agricultural plan is to raise chickens, pigs, cattle and garden crops. Rubber is also included in the plan. As for industry, they have planned for the making of camouflauge nets. I don't know of any others off-hand.

Swimming pools, paved streets, sidewalks, lawns, and schools are still only plans. Beginning this fall, we will have a daily newspaper with access to one of the leading syndicates. The schools will also commence this fall. The educational system will cover through high school and junior college will be had if the residents desire it. The teaching staff will be composed of half Caucasian and half Japanese teachers. They are going to make it a California accredited institution if possible. The schools will be constructed of adobe since it is much cooler than those buildings constructed of lumber.

With the idea of making this a large agricultural region they have evacuated most of the farmers from southern and central California to Poston. Among these agricultural people there are comparatively few good leaders. Those of us with college degrees have our choice of employment. Music leaders of any calibre at all are not to be found in this group yet. Musically minded or with musical talent who are able to play instruments are also very scarce. It was my ardent hope to be able to play in an orchestra but from the face of it, it appears as though I shall be sadly disappointed. But in spite of this obstacle we are trying to start a string ensemble. We have several good violinists here. This music department is quite a disillusioned affair for me.

Dances are held each week end in the Recreational Hall. Friday night for high school kids and Saturday night for the older group. But it doesn't seem to make any difference because the group that go to these dances are always the same ones on either nights. I've attended about two of them since I've been here.

Soft-ball games are held practically every evening, generally two or three games going at the same time at different blocks. This sport seems to attract the greatest crowd.

After two months the people about here seem to become more settled and acclimated. During the day, a tourist would doubt that there are ten thousand individuals here, but in the evenings when the temperature begins to drop, the population seems to waken and come to life. They come out of their diurnal hibernation and the old and young alike stroll out along the dusty avenue to the canteen, creek, or just about the camp enjoying the relief from the heat, sucking in the cool evening atmosphere. Those who do not care to go strolling sit out on their front door steps to watch the others walk by or to talk about camp life and the heat and gossip.

LETTER

No name
Poston, Arizona

July 12, 1942

In the evenings, block meetings are held where its residents discuss the welfare of their block. Educational meetings are held at times to discuss the schooling system of Poston and that of continuing to college education outside of camp.

The only soldiers we see are those that come to the Administration building for business reasons. We are free to do anything we like. About a month ago several of us walked to the Colorado River. It surely was a relief to see a broad span of water with luxuriant vegetation growing on the banks of the river. But now, after a bridge was burned down causing a train accident, we are not allowed to go to the River. At least for a while until investigations have been completed.

July 20, 1942

Please excuse the slight interruption of a few days. This letter has been in process for the last three or four weeks. I have been adding a little each time I find it possible to write in the office where it is cool.

So the West Inc., is still plugging away faithfully for the benefit of yours truly. It is most appreciated I assure you; keep up the good work -- I am still unattached. By the way, what assembly or reception center is she in? The next time you write to her, give her my regards -- o.k.?

Well, I think I better call it "30" for this time with the hope of hearing from you in the near future.

P.S. Got my first pay in cash to the sum of \$23.75, for the last half of May and the whole month of June. I am classed in the \$16.00 group.

Suenaga copy

25-24- C. Heart Mountain R.C.
Heart Mountain, Wyoming.
September 18, 1942.

Dear Mrs. Miura,

Here we are in Wyoming, the most
desolate, remote part of Wyoming -
Northerly, one can ~~see~~ see plateaus, endlessly,
until it gradually fades in the horizon.
South, and East. mountain ranges.
and Westerly, Heart Mountain, a peculiar-
ly shaped mountain. not a thing beautiful
about it. As you see we are surrounded by
mountains.

Today it snowed, it really began yester-
day. just patches of snow here and
there but the mountains are blanketed
thickly with snow. a beautiful sight.

The morale of this camp is very low.
people are always quarreling, and fighting -
trying to tower each other, maybe
that's why nothing is accomplished
They never work together. As you
know. half of Santa Anita is here - Pomona &
Portland. The camp is well scattered,
so a person may not see his or her

friends for days. Mr. Miura, I guess
Tulare spoiled me. We were like
one big family. and it is one experience
that I shall never forget. We certainly
had a good time. didn't we?

The food was very bad to start with,
The barracks aren't completed, in other
words we're all living in half built
barracks without double walls. in this
cold. cold weather. I feel very sorry for
the children and babies. you see Mr
Miura. if they hold a meeting or at least
tell us. koraito chyo dai that they are
trying their best maybe the people will
feel much better, but nothing is being done
and nobody says anything - I am very
much disgusted. I certainly want to go
to Gila. where I know there are capable
men like you in building a strong backbone
and creating good fellowships within a community
of that nature or any nature. Mr. Miura
we need a man like you - and the rest of
the men who made Tulare what it was -

Write to me and tell me all about Gila
For that's my only tanoshimi - Sincerely,
Thelma Auenaga.

Thelma Siunaga
Heart Mountain, Wyoming

September 18, 1942

Letter

Dear Mr. Miura:

Here we are in Wyoming, the most desolate, remote part of Wyoming. Northerly, one can see plateaus, endlessly, until it gradually fades in the horizon. South, and East, mountain ranges and Westerly, Heart Mountain, a peculiarly shaped mountain, not a thing beautiful about it. So you see we are surrounded by mountains.

Today it snowed, it really began yesterday, just patches of snow here and there but the mountains are blanketed thickly with snow, a beautiful sight.

The morale of this camp is very low, people are always quarreling and fighting, trying to tower each other, maybe that's why nothing is accomplished. They never work together, as you know, half of Santa Anita is here, Pomona and Portland. The camp is well scattered so a person may not see his or her friends for days. Mr. Miura, I guess Tulare spoiled me. We were like one big family and it is one experience that I shall never forget. We certainly had a good time didn't we?

The food was very bad to start with, the barracks aren't completed in other words, we're all living in half built barracks without double walls in this cold, cold weather. I feel very sorry for the children and babies. You see Mr. Miura if they hold a meeting or at least tell us, koraito chyo dai that they are trying their best maybe the people will feel much better, but nothing is being done and nobody says anything. I am very much disgusted. I certainly want to go to Gila where I know there are capable men like you in building a strong backbone and creating good fellowship within a community of that nature or any nature. Mr. Miura we need a man like you, and the rest of the men who made Tulare what it was.

Write to me and tell me all about Gila for that's my only tano shimi.

Sincerely,

Kaysville, Utah
Aug 8, 1943

Mr. Elmer L. Shirrell:
W.R.A. Supervisor,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Shirrell:

I kept postponing writing to you simply because it was hard to answer your letter. Many a times I had picked up the pen to write but words failed me. My sense of justice to you and my feeling that injustice had been done to the boys at "Luepp" and the people of Tule Lake W.R.A., would no longer allow me to rest without making an effort to answer your kind letter.

First, Mary & I want to thank you and Mrs. Shirrell for your kind wishes and also for your encouraging words to look "forward". You may rest assured that my wife and I will earnestly strive for a success and be a credit to our community and our country.

Soon after writing to you, we found an opportunity to work on a farm which promised a roosier future so we accepted and am now a farm laborer with a prospect to operate a farm next year.

We were working for a "Wholesale Grocery" concern in Salt Lake and were making about \$2.50. a month. No housing and the cost of living was so high that we couldn't save enough to feel that we were making any real headway. In a crowded city, we also ran into some discrimination, which was our greatest motive for moving into the country. The employer was kind and we hated to leave him. He gave us a very good reference and a standing offer to give us our jobs back in case we decided to return to the city. So, we are making friends.

We are in a strong "Mormon Community" and the farmers are generally both hospitable and appreciating ~~in this community~~.

He are doing our best to win their confidence so that others from the W.R.O. Camps would be also accepted in this community.

Now for the topic that is deepest in my thoughts, the boys at "Luepp" and the people at Dub Lake W.R.O. Mr. Shirell, I don't know what to say about the boys at "Luepp" and their attitude now. All I can say is that they were really put through the mill in a "Dictator" like fashion without a chance to clear themselves in a fair trial. I am not going to name any of the boys whom I ^{know} ~~think~~ are innocent or were innocent at the time of my association but ask you humbly to use your influence and give them all a "fair trial". I am sure that the innocent ones will come out.

The start of all the trouble Mr Shirell is the change of Administration policy from "Democratic" to "Dictatorship" with the change of "Directors".

The people lost the close contact with the "Administration" that they had enjoyed under your "Directorship" when the new "Director" came.

He was harder to see than "a man in the moon" and used his authority as a threat over the people.

Also the "staff" had changed to a lower quality of people which cause the "Evacuees" to disrespect them.

These and the poor manner in presenting the "registration" to the people, to my estimation was the cause of the uproar. Also the new "Director" losing his head and calling out the "Militia" and taking the boys at "bayonet points" and "machine gun" did not help matters any.

Mr. Shirrell, I believe that you understand the twisted feeling that the "Evacuees" have in that "jail like" camp and how they would resent "force" or a threat. Their reaction was stubborn resistance to the Administration.

Many "Evacuees" answered the registration "no" - no " to R 7 & R 8 question simply because of that fact!

I know that this sound foolish to an ordinary American but I know you understand the "Evacuees" feeling in the Camp and that the only government they know now is the W.R.G. Administrators. These very same "Evacuees" will be segregated with the "disloyal" and as a "real disloyal" when their only objection was the way "Tule Lake Administration (W.R.G.), had changed. I deeply hope that you can help your people at Tule Lake and Shipp.

This has certainly been a long letter for me. I am not much at making a speech or writing a letter. I hate it —

I hope that you will do your best for Tule Lake.

Sincerely,
Gerry Hakayama

To A.W. Cheney
Rt. 1 Kayville, Utah



C
O
P
Y

5408-D
Tule Lake Center
Newell, California
January 1, 1945

Attorney General Francis C. Biddle
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Sir:

An intolerable incident which occurred on the day of December 27, 1944, Sixty-nine members of "SOKUJI KIKOKU HOSHI DAN" and "HOKOKU SEINEN DAN" (Organizations composed of members whose faith and loyalty lies in the Japanese Government) were unexpectedly arrested by the Authority of the United States Government. Reasons for their apprehension are as yet unknown. Nevertheless, these members of the said Organizations were immediately moved to the Internment Camp in Santa Fe.

It is our profound conviction that you will extend your utmost cooperation toward the settlement of this matter. Therefore, we, the members of the said Organizations, hereby, wish to make the following complaints in respect to the above mentioned incident and request that you give us a clarified explanation at your earliest convenience.

1. Under what conditions were these members arrested?
2. We were transferred to Tule Lake Segregation Center because of our conviction and fidelity towards the Japanese Imperial Government. Despite this fact, separation from one's family are now being executed. Under what circumstances were these people separated from their families?
3. Since we consider ourselves subjects of the Japanese Imperial Government, we do not resent being confined in a camp, which is established for the purpose of interning those who have expressed loyalty to Japan. We do not possess any intention whatsoever of evading your order. However, these arrested members were never given an opportunity to bid their last farewell to their families, and why were they never

given enough time to pack their belongings that are considered necessary?

4. One of the members arrested during an instance at which time his mother was in critical condition, was never permitted to see his ailed mother. We believe that this inhuman treatment was practised at that moment by the Authority of the United States.

Respectfully submitted,

Chairman of SOKUJI KIKOKU HOSHI DAN

/s/ Sakamoto Masao
Sakamoto, Masao

Chairman of HOKOKU SEINEN DAN

/s/ Tsutomu Higashi
Higashi, Tsutomu

C
O
P

April 12, 1945

Y

Mr. Masaru Narahara
Chairman of All-Center Conference
Central Utah Relocation Center
Topaz, Utah

Dear Mr. Narahara:

The all-center conference in Salt Lake City of delegates from seven of the relocation centers was, to me, a highly significant event. The fact that representatives of 60,000 people still living in relocation centers, who were evacuated from the West Coast as a result of war, came together to discuss the common problem of their future in the United States, is testimony to their good faith and confidence. Although it is always difficult to measure the immediate benefits from such a meeting, it is my feeling that the accomplishments of the conference are a cause for congratulation.

I have given careful study to your letter, its accompanying "Statement of Facts", and the "Recommendations". In the attached statement, I have discussed point by point the recommendations. My comments have been made in the same spirit as that which I found at my meeting with you--the basic need for the W.R.A. and the evacuees to understand and work with each other.

More than ever before the W.R.A. and its employees have a service function to perform. There are several places in my comments where I urged that persons with special problems bring them to the Project Attorney, the Welfare Section, or other project office. We are prepared to assist those whose funds are frozen, who are paroled, who have financial or legal questions, or other problems, to try to find answers and solutions. One of the steps which you recommended and which we are prepared to take is the employment of responsible Japanese speaking assistants at several of our field offices. These new employees should be of material assistance to you and to us in meeting individual problems.

It is important for the delegates and the people at the center to know that we are continuing to work with and seek the cooperation of other public and private agencies for solving problems of housing, employment, finance, and security. As we make further progress, we shall keep you informed of the new developments.

I know that new problems will arise. I hope that the organization established at Salt Lake will continue to inform me of these difficulties with your recommendations. You may feel certain that they will receive my careful consideration.

Your communication to the President of the United States and the Secretary of Interior have been referred to us for our attention and reply. You may be assured that the Secretary, and the White House, have been informed of your problems and that the understanding cooperation from high government officials has been invaluable in seeking solutions.

There is one final point I want to make, and I address myself to those parents who have children of school age. With you, I am anxious that your children have the type of education in the kind of community that will make them good citizens of whom their parents are proud. The school people of the West Coast and of other parts of the country have pledged cooperation that your children will be received in the true spirit of American democracy.

Enclosed is one copy of "WRA Comments on Recommendations of the All-Center Conference." You will receive an additional nine copies by regular mail. I am sending a copy to each of the other signers of the All-Center Conference, together with a copy of this letter, by airmail. They too will receive nine additional copies by regular mail.

Sincerely,

/s/ D. S. Myer

Director

Enclosure

Lane
Saturday, Nov. 20, 1943
10:00 P.M.

Dear Dad,

Thanks a million for your very nice, heart warming letter. To tell you the truth, it was the best letter I've ever received in all my life. Before I forget, please tell Mom to write to me as I miss her very much. She could write to me in Japanese if it is easier for her. I'll probably have some trouble in reading it but I could ask one of my friends who is studying Japanese to help me out. I've given up the idea of going to S..... as I find the folks here are O.K. Besides that, I've signed up for the Medics, so I'm hoping to be transferred as soon as my basic training is over.

Every morning the band wakes us up around 6:30 A.M. with a very tuneful march. You know, Dad, how much I liked music and I guess I'll always enjoy it as long as I live. Well, it almost tempts me into joining up with the infantry band but I figure it wouldn't do me much good overseas. I want to help the boys the best I can, so I'm going to be or try my durn best to become a tough, well-trained first aid man. I want to be right up in the front with my buddies so I can help them whenever they need me.

Don't worry about us fellows because we are going to do our best in everything we do. I din't want to brag but this outfit is really tops. There's quite a number of Caucasian outfits stationed here but my infantry has them all beat. We made the best scores in the recent tests. Right now the whole outfit is training awfully hard. They're never in camp because they have to go out into the bivouac area for various military problems. Last week they went thru live machine gun fire with dynamite blowing up all around them. This week they had to eat and sleep in a fox-hole for about four days. When the company goes out they close the mess hall so we (recruits) have to eat at some other mess hall.

I'm going into my sixth week of basic and it's getting tougher every week. I belong to the 11th platoon, which is the latest platoon to be organized. In our platoon there's always some soldier coming in from the outside, one by one. Most of them are drafted from back east, or from another outfit. Gee, the soldiers from another outfit look as white as a ghost, even though some of them have been in the army from 2 to 3 years.

You ought to see me now, Dad. I'm as dark as some of the colored neighbors we used to have. I've also gained a couple of pounds and worked up an awful appetite. Right now I've got a slight cold because of the queer weather down here. It's always changing from hot to cold.

So far I've hiked 78 miles and this was done mostly during the night time. Night hikes are O.K. if we didn't get so sleepy. Every night I have to clean my rifle, no matter how late I come home from a hike or night problem.

Last week I learned how to take a light machine gun apart. It sure looked complicated but after I learned the name of some of the parts it was pretty easy. Most of our basic has been devoted to dry firing with our rifles because in a couple of weeks we are going out on the range to shoot for records. We're going to sleep in our pup tents and have a couple of blankets for about two weeks. During this time we're going through live machine gun fire just like our company did. Also we're going to shoot carbine and all kinds of targets at different ranges. I'll probably freeze out there, but if the fellas in the company could take it I guess I can.

Sunday, Nov. 21, 1943

Here I am again, Dad, with so much to tell you that I just couldn't finish it last night. In my hutment there's ten regular cooks and K.P.'s. Most of the time they're not in because they have to go out on the field for a week. They come home Friday nights and take off again the following Monday morning around 4 A.M. Yes, Dad, they're really on the ball, as we say it in the Army.

The food in the army is O.K. but I don't get enough of it. I'm always running down to the PX for sandwiches. Usually on night hikes I store up with candies and sandwiches as I'm awfully hungry when I come home.

The hutments aren't as warm as the ones in Topaz but that's the army. Anyway, I received another blanket which makes a total of three blankets and a comforter. Besides this I have a coal stove right close to my bunk, so I am quite warm at times. Every Monday morning we air out the mattresses and change the sheets.

This Sunday I almost had K.P. duty but finally talked my way out of it. It would have been my third Sunday detail if I worked today. K.P. isn't bad on week days but on Sunday, No Sir!

Hey, Dad, I bet you'd make a hell of a good Lieut. in the army from the way you boss Hiro Ukagi and Jim Kushida around. Kidding aside, how's your job coming along?

This morning I went to church and Chaplain Yamada from Hawaii was the speaker. This infantry outfit has three chaplains now. The other two are Chaplains West and Higuchi. Chaplain Yamada spoke about the true meaning of Thanksgiving. Boy, I sure had a lot to be thankful for, Dad. Thanks a million for understanding my volunteering into the army. Boy, I sure tried like hell to make you understand how I felt towards volunteering. I guess if Mom had said "no", too, I probably wouldn't have volunteered. To both of you I'm greatly indebted and this is my way of showing how much I love my folks, so that we may be together again in a nice home.

Gee, Dad, I sure hated to go against your word but it was the one thing in my life that would have bothered me if I didn't. I guess if the Japanese from Hawaii could come all the way down here, I don't see why the mainlanders can't. They're Japanese just like me and any other niseis in the mainland. Some of them might never see their folks again but they are willing to take a chance and its a darn good gamble if we come out the way we wanted it to be. So, Dad, you can just about understand how proud I am to serve in the Japanese American Combat Team. A month ago I saw a news reel which showed the Japanese Americans of the -- Inf. fighting over in Italy. All of us fellas whistled and cheered because we were so proud of the fine record they are making.

No, Dad, I won't be coming home this Thanksgiving or Christmas as I haven't finished my basic training. Sure wish I could be there to enjoy the Christmas Holidays. But don't worry, I'm coming home on the first furlough I get. So, until that day comes, I'll always be thinking of you folks.

Again I want to thank you both, you and Mom, for understanding the way I feel. It just makes me feel glad all over when I can say: "Sure, my folks are backing me up 100 percent and more with all their love." Some of the fellas aren't as lucky as I am because their folks have gone to Tule Lake. But just the same they are training just as hard as anybody else and more.

Well, its time for chow so I'll close this letter. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your loving son,

/s/ Walton

P.S. Don't forget to tell Mom to write, too.