

Evening of July fifth  
Cowboy state

Dear Frank,

Got to see the boys several minutes yesterday afternoon in their downstairs cells. (we've been calling the boys upstairs and downstairs groups in reality it's on the ground floor as we go in) All are fine and impatiently waiting for their transfer to McNeil's farm. I imagine living in this congested condition for nearly a month. Folks and families should be very grateful that they are going to be moved soon. I know I shall be for the sake of the boys. It's indescribable, as I've stated before, that is nothing to describe except saying it's very, very congested, living in a 4x8 cell compartment and on floors. They actually brush others elbows in getting their exercise walk. During these visits I collect all the boys letters on a pile and mail them out. Anything they need I got

it down and bring the following day.  
The boys worry about their folks who un-  
necessarily worry about them. Do please <sup>others</sup> <sup>obviously</sup> <sup>writing</sup> <sup>to</sup>  
this point, Frank. It's been an <sup>idea</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>write</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>them</sup>  
but the boys are very much concerned about  
it. It would be an good idea if folks back  
in camp would write an encouraging letters  
to their boys or husbands the next time.

I received George Nozawa's  
telegram this morning. Dan Watts at  
the office and explained situation then we  
went to the Marshall's Cove. He was sort  
of reluctant but finally gave these infor-  
mations. The boys are leaving here about  
nine o'clock Saturday night on Union  
Pacific route that goes thru Rawlins &  
Laramie. Then Pocatello, Oregon and  
Washington then hits north at some termi-  
nal for its destination. From what I've heard  
before it's going to be an special train, at  
least the boys would be able to stretch  
their legs and lie down leisurely. The  
group that left for Seavenworth (good heavens  
they're there now) were caged in, three

guard including the driver on duty, and the bus had three or four nicked plated bars running on the outside windows. It was olive color with an unending U.S. Department of Justice written on the doors. There were several boxes on the inside rack presumably benches for the boys. It even had a toilet inside the bus. But the bus itself wasn't so very conspicuous any passer by at a glance would just take it for some special car.

The boys suitcases and belongings which the Marshall have in custody would not be returned to them till Friday. But we have the carton boxes and ropes brought to you so it can be packed anytime. This country is coming to an sad state had to hunt all over to find empty cartons, even ropes are hard to buy. Some of the stores are very cooperative and look around for empty cartons, some gives just an negative answers, while some goes to extreme and charges more than the damn thing worth. Today I had an interesting and a amusing

incident. I went into an ordinary corner hardware (half a block away from jail) and inquired for some ropes. He didn't have any so I asked if I may buy some empty cartons if he had any at all to spare. He was kind enough and led me into his stock room. I got hold of some good sized cartons and told him I would gladly pay for them. He would not accept any money but asked what I was going to use it for. I explained and said it was to pack the trap belongings, which was to leave jail soon. He understood and then the fun began. He asked my name and where I was from. He said "was a nazi German train in Austria. And that he was interrogated too of being a nazi suspect. He told me he was proud to be a nazi and gave me Hitler salute (jokingly) saying ban-zai. He didn't like Churchill and said so, in fact he didn't give a damn for lot of these Americans. But he sure had sympathy for us and said we were being mistreated. I didn't say very much and

Finally thanked him for the notes and bid him  
 goodbye. He opened the side door for me  
 and gave his salute again saying ban-zai.  
 His name was Germanish, I forgot first name  
 was Matt, and he had a typical broad (in the back)  
 German head, his accent seemed strictly  
 German too. I went to his store again  
 about four, five hours later. He remembered  
 my name saying Okaai we'll know one of  
 these days.

There was one typical shop, Frank  
 they didn't have any used bikes to sell at all.  
 One man had a card type writer he said  
 he'd sell it. I inquired how much, would  
 he like to show me cost. Ceiling price,  
 he said, would not allow him to sell for  
 more. Model 10 Remington reconditioned  
 for thirty three dollars. And the same  
 price for Model 3 Underwood (a carriage) fair  
 condition. I told him I would be back Satur-  
 day.

Goodbye.  
 Hoje