

April 8, 1944.

Dear Frank,

I did not imagine that I be placed on the pullman to Stile Lake with two body guard. Twenty-four hours guard and the best meals that the dining car served was fed to me in charge to the Uncle Sam. The deputy sheriffs told me I am allowed three dollars a day for meals but I did not give attention and ordered what ~~my stomach~~ more than I can eat. We were handcuffed all the way to Billings and to and from pullman to the dining room. and the other times we were uncuffed. Arrived ten-ten Saturday evening. Released temporary Sunday two P.M.

Mr. Black told me that I am here because Washington had denied ~~me~~ with leave clearance and if I try to walk out this gate or even cross the yellow fence you will be shot. For such person the military shoots first and talk last. You are here because you have acted disloyal to the United State Government.

I deny those charges Mr. Black. I know you will have a hearing if you request to Mr. Best. None of us will be selected from the California State and you will have your trial. This trial W. R. A. will have no concern.

Monday morning 1 spoon of sugar to a cup of coffee and only one cup of coffee per meal I was offered. I ask for the second the waitress facial expression was some sight. just like stop and go sign on the highway. she said no. Two slices of toast, 1 1/2" of butter was the menu for the morning.

Lunch is served on the table in the plate.
one spoon rice. $\frac{1}{2}$ tsuani fried and cup
of black tea. Desert apple jam.

Supper. One spoon rice. fried potatoes
and cabbage tsukemons and tea and
for minor milk.

Next morning Internal Police call after
me with a summon that I must go to the
process at M. P. office. Mr. Black, U. S. Marshall
and the process personnel were present. I
did not like the meal day before so I ask
them how much food had we issued here
daily? Mr. Marshall said same as any other
center. Goddamit, I can't see the parallel. one
tea spoon of sugar a day, no second helping
and I don't mind if the cook serves big
plate and especially at my block over half
of the resident is of minor. This camp is
in worst administrative condition than the
city jail.

Next morning this same waitress ask
if I want another cup of coffee? with sugar.
Yes, with sugar. sure, I like good coffee in
the morning. The story goes: Now, we have second
helping, plenty of vegetable and meat. Minor
were allowed milk now they serve us. Food
isn't bad now.

Well, Frank give my best regard to your
family and your parent. The fellows in this
camp sure swell to me. I read your article
in the Sentinel and it sure sound good.
By the way how's the fair play at these day.

Pat.

Jim.

My temporary address - 6804-D