

Sept 30, 1943

Dear Kay-

We're still on this guard detail and it sure is a snap life. We feel tired and what not from lack of exercise since the only excerscise [sic] we get is Hawaiian excerscise [sic].

Right now, I'm on stockade guard, which is just like any other guard detail. Theres [sic] one fellow who's so sick of stockade guard, he's willing to pay somebody to take this place.

About the prisoners, I might say that they are ordinary men. I suppose they are good soldiers, they certainly think so. They're good in marching and stuff like that and do some singing to entertain themselves. Their singing is mostly harmony stuff. They do sing some which have a tendency to be on the swing side. They know "the woodpecker son," "Carry me back to old Virginia" "The Linden Tree" "Beer Barrel Polka" and a lot more, all of which they sing in German. I forgot to say, the list also includes "Aloha Oe," which they think is a German song. Last night, they sang up to about 10 o'clock and some would do imitations of an Arabian dance which in some way resembles the hula. There were a few solos here and there but generally, it was group singing.

Everything else here is the same. I've told you about the town and its [sic] still that way.

Our first seargent [sic] went on a drunken spree, got locked up in jail, and as a result, was relieved of his position.

It is expected that we go back to camp in the very near future but nothing is definite as yet. I don't know whether I'll be glad or not to get back to camp. Back in camp, we're free to go see a show every night (almost) unless we're out in bivouac but here, no. The only shows playing are in town and to go out we need passes, which only 25% of the men get every night. As it is, we do what we can to amuse ourselves.

So long  
love  
Stan