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Letter to Family from San

San Dewayne Francisco

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Dear All, Friday

To save repetition
Kay can read this so
I don't have to write
it all twice.

I made it through
the obstacle course with
out getting my card
punched which meant
I didn't set off any
flares, etc and got
through the compound
in fairly good shape.
The compound was
broken into two phases
one of complete isolation
simulating you are the

24 hours in a cell
that looked like
Dad's smoker. it
was 4' by 4" and
approx. 6" ~~for~~ ceiling.
We were not allowed
to sleep because
guards kept coming
by at odd interval
to open door and
check on us. They
came by at least every
15 minutes. All this
time we wore hoods
over our heads even
though it was dark ~~at~~
in the cell. If you
were caught sitting
down or with your

hood off you had
to hold your self
in a pushup position
for 15 minutes to
simulate physical punish-
ment a real enemy
would have given you.
Twice we were led
out of isolation (hauled
to go through the chamber
of Horrors and interrogation.
The chamber of Horrors
consisted of the little
Black Boxes I told you
about before. I did
well enough in
my interrogation
that I was one of two

only prisoner as far
as you know and
the 2nd phase was
a ~~group~~ group phase of
POW camp. In both
phases we were
interrogated periodically
~~on~~ on our particular
situation which we
were briefed on last
week. In my case
I was an American
F-5 instructor helping
the ^{South} ~~N~~Iranians against
the North Iranians
much like Vietnam
war. Well anyway
the isolation phase
consisted of spending

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two collaborators chosen
for compound phase
meaning I was rathin
on my buddies (stealing
food from them they had
smuggled in and reporting
Escape attempts etc.).

I say I did ~~was~~ "well"
interrogations - I only
~~also~~ stated that the U.S.
had committed 7 wars
of Aggression in its
history. They had picture
of me walking on U.S.
uniform, laughing with
the enemy, and with
my hand raised like
Hail Hitler! They also
edited tapes ~~which~~ so it
had me saying I am
a CIA spy, etc.

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The Guards and
interrogators all wore
uniforms (nondescript) and
spoke with a semi
German and Russian
Accents. The whole
situation is so real
that it scares you.
We had no problem
assuming our roles.

If nothing else it
it instilled in us a
desire to escape capture
no matter what the
price. I

Tomorrow I leave
for the jek in the
mts. we'll be about

about 30 or 40 miles
East of ~~Sullivan~~ Sullivan
Lake. I guess it's
six days of pure
Acony. You eat what
you catch but you
don't catch anything
because you don't
have time to stop
because you are
always evading the
enemy who punches
holes in your card
which could cause
to make a return
trip to the Mts. The
following week. Whew!
Quite a sentence.
Well, I'll see you
in a week (I hope!)
Love, Sam