

May 5, 1942.

Dist VI, Barrack 24, Unit 3
Santa Anita Assembly Center
Arcadia, California

Dear Rev. and Mrs. Miller:

I'm sorry to have delayed writing until now, but, you know when one starts from lumber found about 1 mile down the road to make a table and bench, well, —. Most people brought card tables and chairs but we didn't as we feared they wouldn't be accepted on the baggage now. However, now Lester has found a few pieces of this in that & so I'm writing upon the finished product. (The finish isn't very good.) Yes, we're among the stables (ours is a new barrack, though) and would-be carpenters so you see we're starting on the right atmosphere, aren't we?

I've often thought of you, Mrs. Miller, and we do sincerely pray and hope for a complete recovery. You have been so kind and patient to bear with us by letting Rev. Miller help in so many, many ways. I admire you very much and we do hope you'll be well very, very soon!

We want to thank you Rev. Miller for the many many kindnesses that you have shown to all of us. Evacuation was very much easier when we thought of all you. No matter what happens we will have tasted of man's brotherhood through all your Caucasian pastors' kindness & thoughts. — and I know that many of the members of your churches shall be remembered by our people.

Camp life has been all right. That is under the circumstances we can not be treated better, I suppose. However, as I told Rev. Clay I don't know if I'm being too complacent to accept things in the best attitude possible or not. I'm sure we Christians must bear all people's burden first and ours last, I suppose. I glean at young boys and young men's faces specially at the meal table to look for any reaction but, so far I haven't been able to fathom very deeply.

We had a lovely, lovely service last Sunday. I felt it very deeply as I saw men weep in gratitude for God's gift — a service no matter where we were or may be. It was held in the grandstand facing the mountains. It was 10 in the morning and so the cool of a bright morning was still there. We prayed quietly in that open air.

and we listened to the beautiful solo "Sweet Hour of Prayer." It meant so much. I thought of all the dear Caucasian ministers such as you, Rev. Clay and all preaching elsewhere — it meant so much to me as I gazed about the beautiful green of the hills.

We get up early in the morning 5:30 or 6 to get the children and ourselves ready for breakfast at 7. We have a hard time as the kiddies all yell out, "Too cold." We have no heater and the water is cold so you can understand why the children rebel. However, around 7:30 the sun gets us warm & we enjoy the brisk morning air. Our breakfast has improved immensely from the past. we had our breakfast for now we have cereal & one fresh fruit, bread (buttered) & jelly & coffee, and milk for the children. My children eat what we eat now so I'm truly thankful. However, mothers with babies must find it difficult as there is no special baby food except our food. Lately, we have had green salad with our food so I don't miss the vegetables. I did at first for there was no vegetable many times & no salad but now we feel salad is fine.

Our washing has to be done about $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 mile down the line. So, I will have to borrow our foresighted friend's wagon & haul our wash-board & tub down there and back. As one girl said she's too tired ~~out~~ to wash by the time she gets there. However, there are some people who are closer — especially those in the stables. I'm very thankful I'm in one of the newly built barracks 'cuz' I don't know how I would have 'stomached' the stable. I only wish all could be in the ones we people are in. However, since there is talk of increasing occupants to 6 in a room, one woman said she'd rather be in the stable in a family privacy than to share with grown strangers in one room. We are having Lester's brother stay with us in our room.

I know that you are very busy with your Church, and with your illness, Mrs. Miller, but I hope you will get to come out and see us sometime. We miss our friends so much among the Caucasian. I don't know how happy we'd be to see you — the rest.

We do want to thank you, your members and all for your kindness. May God Bless you richly.
Sincerely, Mrs L. Suzuki.