

Friday Aug. 21, 1942

Dear Kim,

Well here we are at Minidoka. We are here all night & sometimes I wonder if it's worth existing at all if we must stay in a place like this for very long. They say things will become better eventually. So we will live on in hope but without that hope I feel as if I'd like to cut my throat some fine day & call it quits. It's dust dust dust dust dust & more T D S T. We are covered with dust, we breathe dust we eat dust. Honestly more than half of the time when we grind our teeth we can chew the dust. A kid we know whose name is Joe insists that we are not a regular Minidokan until our teeth are filed down at least ^s _a height of an inch. All we need to do that is to keep grinding the

teeth & the dust will eventually wear it down. Maybe some things are not so good at Puyallup but how I'd like to be sitting out there in the clean dust free air. You know how dusty it is there when the truck passes over the dry hot road & all that. Well just imagine that you keep walking through & breathing air like that for the longer part of the day & you won't go very far wrong about this lovely place called Minidoka. Our blankets our suit cases everything we have is forever gritty. I sit & write my diary inside the house — the windows are open — a wind goes by laden with dust — the diary is gritty like nobody's business.

It's a paradise for people who worry about shiny noses. This is the first place I have ever been where nature powders our noses for us.

As for the heat it's not so bad. We have a nice cool breeze if only we didn't have the dust. It's hot all right but you don't realize it so much because we don't perspire so much or rather we dry off so quickly.

We have a fine window room. Some of the people who came with us still do not have a room of their own. Some were not able to sleep until about 12:00 that night.

Come prepared to feel like crying, to feel as though you can't breathe. You'll feel

letter about the whole
thing after a good night's
rest & food in your stomach.
A couple of days & you
find that the evenings are
nice — that time between
dinner & dark — you find
that the mountains are
pretty & that the Sage
brushes ^{too} have an attraction
all its own. The showers are
not connected yet — the lab
is an outdoor hole in the
ground country style affair
but it is partitioned one & one.
The water is connected to
the tub so we ~~get~~ ^{stand} in the
tub & wash ourselves with
the water in the face pan
& rinse ourselves off the
same way. There is
no hot water yet but it's
plenty warm so we don't

miss it so much. The
mosquitoes they do be here!
The soldiers who do guard
duty around the camp all
have green netting over their
faces at night. They look
like men from Mars or
something. I get bitten but
so far I have been very
lucky in that I don't seem
to get it very bad. I think
people with sensitive
skins & who suffer from
bites of any kind will not
have a very easy time.
I haven't seen any snakes
but all kinds of stories
go the rounds. One of the
stories is that a caucasian
~~wood~~ carpenter was bit as
he was picking up his
tools. Seems the snake was
in the tool box or something.

They say he died but I only heard it. Anyway there are snakes no doubt but not very many if any inside the camp. The advice is not to walk around too late at night because it seems they come out at night when it's cool. If it weren't for the dust, the mosquitoes & the snakes _____!

Now the train ride! It was cold until about noon. Mother had blankets around her leg & I felt cold too but it started getting warm around noon & it was hot in the afternoon. We got into Portland about 2 o'clock. About five we passed the Bonneville Dam, then

Hood River, The Dallas etc. Boy is it a bare hot looking Country! When I saw cows about 7 o'clock I didn't believe my eyes. They looked liked some thing out of a night-mare or something.

For gosh sake I'll get a couple nights' good sleep before the train ride for you won't be able to sleep on the train. If you get a chair coach you're lucky but not much chance. By the time you come you may be cold at night. We go up into the mountains after Pendleton. About 12 o'clock a workman who got on the train to do something or other told us that we were at that time at the summit

of the mountain & that three years ago it had gone down to 55% below zero. Toward morning I was cold but then my brother was wearing or rather he had my coat over him. I had Fumi's but I was chilly. Mother had the blanket & it was a good thing, she would have frozen. I wore my wool shirt but I had my coal Culottes & an extra shirt in my overnite. Good thing because next day it was warm from the very beginning of the day. When we came to the end of the train ride it was so warm that when I stood up after sitting a half hour or so I was just wet. Just before noon on our second day on the

train we hit a dusty sooty spot. We all got black. The train was just as dusty as it is here plus soot.

Be sure & have some small change with you because we had to tip the waiters. Such a system! The waiters tipping the kurissans who are earning good money!

Be sure & have a kerchief or something to wear on your head. It helps. On the train it helps. In the camp it's almost a must. though I see many people without it. Right now a thermos bottle seems nice but I don't know how it will be by the time you come.

I'll ask around & see
what people think are
convenient & I'll send
you a list in a few
days. From other letters
you'll get ideas too no
doubt.

Saw Haru yesterday &
Sandy & Bill but was
in a hurry so didn't talk
much. Haru is working
as waitress in the mess
hall in her block & so am
I near mine. We are
quite far apart & as yet we
are not allowed to go over
unless we have a purple
badge or ribbon or something
but that is just temporary.
We don't need an escort of
anything & if we pass the
soldier we can go so ~~we~~
we go sometimes.

It's just so that everyone
won't go near the construction
work & get in the way or
get hurt.

The soldiers on our train,
& from reports on all the trains
were super. They were
very kind & good to the people.
The lieutenant on our train
was a very kind person.
When we got off the train
we were sorry to see the
last of them. I guess we
felt sories than ever ^{our}
because they were ~~the~~
last connection with
the coast we loved.

It's quarter to four now
& mother is coming to life.
The heat gets her down.

I guess I'll go take
a cold wash & then to
work. Wiko Ietsuda is a
fireman, so is Kaz Tamura,
^{Sad} Bob. Shiraishi, Tat Ida -
Sad says it's a good job -
plenty of time to study or
go fishing -

Well more later.

Love,

Chie.

Block 5 - 8 - B.

Minidoka W.R.C.

Eden Idaho