

July 2, 1944

Dearest Dad,

I don't know what you thought when you received a letter from Batavia, Ohio. Well, Yohko, Toddy and I are in a summer camp in the country about thirty miles from Cincinnati. It is a camp for under privileged children from the slums of Cincinnati, and run by the St. Barnabas Episcopal Church. I am here as a cook, and Yohko is here as nursemaid for Toddy. We are enjoying our life here, and the people here are wonderful. Deke, Father McEly, is twenty eight years old and his wife, Betty, is about 23 years old. They are running this camp, and there is a Mrs. Cook here with her family who is the head counsellor. They couldn't find a cook, so Mr. Brinton asked me if I wouldn't be able to come up here if I could bring Toddy and Yohko with me, and I said I would. I haven't regretted it at all, because it has turned out to be a wonderful experience, and I've made a lot of really good friends, and they are all so interested and sympathetic toward us and our problems. Mrs. Cook wants to get Yohko a job as a school girl in Fort Thomas, where Gladys Nakamoto also works, with a friend of hers. Any way she wants Yohko to come out there for a visit with them after camp.

Aiji started working at McCall last Sunday, but we haven't been able to find any housing yet, so we decided to come out here to camp. Aiji is staying at the Y.M.C.A. in Dayton, with Nobu. The WRA is still trying to get the war housing for us, and so we have decided to wait until we can get it before we look for another place.

Aiji says that the Company is very nice and he really enjoys working there. He says that all of the people working with them are nice. I think we will like it in Dayton, and I am very anxious to get up there and really set up housekeeping once again.

You may be interested to know of a little incident which happened up there a few days ago. Aiji and Paul Yokota work on the night shift, from 10: P.M. to 8:30 A.M. and last Tuesday night, a young fellow from Kentucky, threw a bottle of ink at Paul and hit him in the back. The foreman came up and wanted to know what all of the commotion was about and Paul told him that it was all an accident and that he had just gotten in the way of the bottle of ink. Of course, the people around him then told the foreman that it wasn't an accident and that this young fellow had deliberately thrown this bottle of ink at Paul. Well, the foreman got really angry and told this fellow to go home and think it over, and to report back to the Personnel Head in the morning. Mr. Goodwine(?) the Personnel Head, gave this fellow such a talking to, about what is this country fighting for Democracy or what? and all that that this fellow broke down and wept. Mr. Goodwine, then told him that he could report back to work that night provided he apologise to Paul. This incident, though it started out badly, turned out to be a good thing, because it made a lot of friends for Paul and Aiji and everyone has been more than kind to them. Well, I hope things will work out always like this.

I don't regret coming out at all, and wonder why I stayed in camp as long as I did. Life on the outside isn't so different. All the people I met have been more than nice, and I have experienced no unpleasantness at all.

Toddy likes this life and is crazy about street cars and buses. I like ice cream and bananas too. He wants to go on a "sanpo" all of the time. He has gained weight too. He still talks about Rohwer, and says "Ojiichan is Ro-Ro-Ro-Rohwer.". Yes, he stutters worse than he did in camp, I don't know why. I am cooking for about 40 people here and so it isn't hard at all. The camp is a very poor camp. It has no modern facilities, except the one building where the kitchen is has electricity, and we have a "flamo" gas stove to cook on. The water has to be pumped up, and they have "country-style" toilets, if you know what I mean.

There are no facilities for taking baths or showers. The kids go swimming at a creek about two miles from here. The campers come from the slum district of Cincinnati, and range in age from five to about fifteen, with counsellors in the late teens and early twenties. They pay 25¢ a day for ten days, so you can use your imagination as to the kind of food they have. It is plentiful but not fancy.

I hope that by the next time I write, we'll be in Dayton.

Please give my regards to everyone in camp, I should write but I am so busy that I just can't get around to it yet. I hope that maybe this week will be a little easier so I can write to Mrs. Takei, Mary, Miss Van, Miss Cargile and the rest.

Yours lovingly,

*Yours*

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