

7- 9- F
Hunt, Idaho
March 24, 1943

Dear Clara,

Remember me ? This is the kid that used to haunt your home day and night; the one who formerly raided your cherry orchard; the one that was always at the door the day you baked those delicious home made bread; the kid who to this day often reminisce those boyhood days when life was so beautiful and full of anticipation and dreams. Today, a little bitter perhaps, but still hopeful, I am living in this concentration camp, looking only for the day when that day of freedom will ~~gxa~~ again be mine. Fortunately, the parents, brother, his wife and I are in the best of health.. Here's hoping that your family and Pomsinski's are all well.

You will know by now that both stores that I worked so hard to attain are just memories. I have lost everything totally...to me at one time worth at least ten thousand dollars...the fruit of my seven years of hard work and sacrifice. When I last visited ~~yu~~ you with my American gal friend...that was when I had just cleared my debts and had begun to realize the fruits of my work. I left it in hands of people I trusted..but becuz they had no business experience...and maybe lacked a little unselfishness... I have thrown everything to the winds. Today I stand just where I began...but I haven't given up...I did it once and feel I can do it again.

My friends have been more than true and kind to me. I have about four American families in Seattle that have meant so much in this chaotic world...they have really made it easier for me..in fact no Japanese have ever treated me as kind as they. One Chinese friend whom I hold so dear even came over to Idaho to visit me and to see that I was all right. So Clara, this world isn't so bad after all. .there are a few things yet that make life worth living. If this world had ever been in such a mess before...that I wouldn't know...but it sure has opened the eyes of a lot of us...and with me..just changed my philosophy of life overnight.

This camp by all means is no Shangri-La or a paradise as lot of outsiders are led to believe. Of course we cannot complain ..yet. I do miss the freedom, the luxuries ,American friends and the city life that I have been so accustomed to. This life in a place like this is deteriorating to one's mind....we cannot help but get stagnat. My only pastime is reading....attend a miniature movie once a week...and work at the hospital for ninetenn dollars a month the rest of the time. The kids are going wild...there is no sucht thing as discipline...they go to school yes...but heaven knows what for. They are learning the art of poker games, dice and a al the rest that help currupt the younger generation's mind. I am at present seriously thinking of going outside...probably to the middle west...but that is just tentative plans. I have to get out before it is too late....hate to think of landing at Sedro Wooley or Steilacomb.

You no doubt have heard that the army is taking in Nisei Japanese as volunteers into the army. Most of the friends I have have volunteered and they leave sometime this week for Shelby Mississippi. I have made up my mind to wait for the selective service...If this were in Seattle prior to the evacuation I would never thought of hesitating...but at that time the army didn't want us.

This camp has a population of approximately nine thousand. There are forty-four blocks. Each block is comprised of twelve barracks, dining room, laundry room, recreation hall and showers. It is more or less a community affair...with as much privacy as a goldfish. We live in one room apartment...with a stove that burns coal. Makes me think of the shacks we lived in Mukilteo only we have just the one room here.

Weather is nothing like the mild climate we are accustomed to in the Puget Sound Area. However, we are gradually getting acclimated to the severe weather...and have at last somewhat gotten used to it. Some days, we have snow, rain, a fifty mile gale, hail, and sunshine all in one day. The dust storms are terrific. . sometimes beyond human endurance. So you can see ,this is not such a haven of peace and contentment as we read in the papers concerning this place.

Please give my sincere regards to Angy and Merle....and grandmother. How is Pattell him I sure miss my beer and that bottle. ..of bottled happiness. I sincerely hope that this will be over soon and that we can see each other again.

Sincerely,

George Tokuda

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