

Poston, Arizona

June 7, 1942

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Dear Mr. Whitney-

I know you will be disappointed to hear I did not attend Mass Sunday, although it was really through no fault of mine.

Saturday, I went to the Administration building, once in the morning, again after dinner to see if Father Lavery had arrived. Both trips were in vain, for they expected him, but at that time he was not here at Poston. The girl at the office said if & when he arrived they would post a bulletin as to where Mass would be held, but Sunday morning came & I knew no more than I did before. At 8:30 A.M. the block manager came to the door, and said Mass would be held at 11:AM and Father Lavery would be there too - that was in block 19 which is one block to the east, and three to the south of our block. Sue, Virginia and I left the apartment at 10:30 to attend Mass, and we waited till 11:45, but no one came, so we came back to the house. Later we learned they had changed everything to block 32, and Mass was held at 9 A.M.

After lunch, we went fishing, and

54 just as we were getting back, Father Lavery came to the house. We were all very happy to meet him, and he stayed for quite some time, during which time he said he was coming back next Sunday, and had planned to make Poston his permanent place in about two months. I know you will be as happy as we are to hear that!

I really am looking forward to learning more about the Catholic ideal, and to become further acquainted with Father Lavery. As talking with him for the short time we did, helped us a great deal, both mentally and spiritually.

You know Mrs. Whitney, I was actually astounded to hear Father Lavery say at Manzanar, on his visits there, they do not even offer him a place to sleep. Hence he must always go higher up into the mountains and rent a place. Evidently its because Manzanar is under the Army heads, I imagine. He seems to think Poston isn't so nice a place as Manzanar because of the heat & dust storms, but the director of this project is much more hospitable in all ways. Father Lavery said he was given a very ^{nice} room to stay over Saturday night, and he had the freedom of visiting as he wished. Most of the Japanese have heard so much of him, and the Maryknoll sisters, but have not had the pleasure of meeting him.

so when he came to visit us they ⁵⁵
were quite dumbfounded. Thanks so
much to you, Mrs. Whitney.

The other day when I received your
letter, (the one in which Father Sawyer's
letter was enclosed), I could have
spanked myself for writing so openly
about Camp life and worrying all
of you about it. You probably know
by now Mrs. Whitney, I am very bleat
at times, and I write just as it comes
to my mind. Regardless of it all,
please do not worry too much about
us, as we are just one family
in ten thousand who is trying to
make new adjustments.

Aside from the heat, and the ever
so frequent dust storms, we are getting
used to Camp gradually. The food
has improved a great deal, and the
complaints about it are few and far
between. There have been however,
about 5 deaths since we've been
here, and the hospitals are not able
able to care for all those that need
medical attention.

Dad is somewhat improved, and
started to go to the mess hall for
meals this morning. He is certainly
thin now, but I'm sure in a
few more days he'll be completely
recovered. Louise hasn't seen any

to well but she hasn't had to stay in
bed all together. She says once you
get to bed, you'll have to stay! The
amusing part of it all is, she cat naps
the greater part of the day.

Speaking of sending things to camp the
group that came from Delano & Fresno,
chartered one freight car & sent down a
greater part of their furniture, even washing
machines, refrigerators, and bed room sets.
These Fundustans are being inspected, but
so far, none of the things being sent in
by mail and express have ~~not~~ been bothered
with inspection. (Many say letters will be
censored soon, but I often wonder if it
will be possible).

Thanks so much for sending us the
blankets, napkins, bed covers and table
clothes. It certainly will make a big
improvement in our humble apartment.

I also made tea this evening, the
first good tea we've had since coming
to Boston. Dad says he feels as if he
has regained some of his lost strength
after drinking it, and says to be sure
to thank Mrs. Whitney for him too.

One of Jimmie's buddies is here and
he has been very good to us. He is
foreman for the truck repair department,
and has certain privileges, such as
access to cold water, ice & etc., and one of
his daily doings has been to bring us
some ice. It certainly has been a
great help to us too.

How is the family coming along? 57
Mrs. Whitney? Dad was wondering about
the garden, too. I am hoping the Negro
woman is proving helpful to you. I
know she will be happy working for
you because of your fondness for the
Negro race.

Before I close, I will have to tell
you how very absent minded I am. The
other day, I took a shower with my
socks on. They still tease me about it.
Then to day, (you will notice the
crease at the beginning of the letter)
while writing to you, I was thinking
of Father Lavery, and as I read back
what I had written, I noticed I had
"Dear Mr. Father". Being too lazy to
start all over again, I hope you
will pardon the mess.

Dad, and the girls send their
thanks and regards to all of you.

Lovingly,
Jimmy

I am enclosing the telephone bill,
would you please take care of it
for us? Also, what should we
do about the income tax slip. Can
that be ignored, or must we take
care of it, regardless?