

Poston Project, Oregon
June 15, 1942

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Dear Mrs. Whitney,

The ever so frequent packages which you have sent in to Poston has certainly meant a great deal to all of us, Mrs. Whitney. To-day's package was another early Christmas package, and we certainly appreciate all you have done for us. Good Candy is rare indeed, so you can imagine how delighted we were to see it enclosed with the blankets. Thanks so much.

We had a rather pleasant day to-day, and this evening it was cool enough to remain inside. I hope it remains this way. No wind storms yet, but last night the wind continued to blow till the early morning. I hate the night storms as it means we have to keep the windows closed! Soon we shall become accustomed to all the peculiarity at Poston.

To-day I went to the employment agency, and found that they wanted us to work

on the sewing project - they plan to have a factory of some sort. As a last resort I could sew, but I think I would find another job much more interesting. The lectures did not go off as planned to night, but I hope in the next letter I will be able to tell you something about it.

This camp is typical (as I would picture it) of a small town in Japan. One sees kimono clad men and women (wearing the ever so popular Japanese slippers) hurrying home from the shower house. This keeps up until about midnight, then there is a complete silence until about 6:00 A.M. Japanese music, and constant faddering is very annoying to me, but I suppose the older folks feel the same way we do, about the younger folks. It's really a great life! It is already past 10:30 P.M., but block 4 is still very much on the go. We have recreational halls in each block, but as yet no equipment for games and such.

Several of the blacks have curfew hours and must be in bed, rather in the house by 10:30. I hope nothing like that happens here. Oh I must tell you too - to night they had to make bread, and we heard if we called at the mess hall during the hours of 9-10 they would give us bread. I wandered down with another friend around 9:15 & not only did we get bread, but our night watchman fixed me up seven meat sandwiches. The kindly little gentlemen even buttered both sides - I should say the two pieces of bread. Then we came up to our apartment, and seven of us had sandwiches, cookies, Candy and Oranges. Thanks to the Whitecaps. Nothing can beat Upland Oranges, they certainly are sweet and juicy.

Dad has met several of his old friends, one just returned from New Mexico (prison camp) about a week ago. He has many stories to relate, and it keeps dad quite interested. He & dad have been in conference

since seems to regret, and it has
all appearances of keeping up much
longer. There isn't much more to do,
other than talk.

76 You often speak of what Mrs.
Brownson tells you - Since Masato
is a very frequent visitor at night,
we get to gether and talk about
the Whitney family - and Masato about
Mrs. Brownson, so we really do
much in common. We've all come
to the conclusion that regardless
of everything, the Okamoto and
Takedas are the most fortunate
people in camp to have such
wonderful outside interest taken
in us. We are grateful, Mrs. Whitney.

Our regards to Mr. Whitney, George
& Braddo - We hope everything is
coming along nicely with you all.
How is Penny?

Lovingly,
Nemeko

June 15-