

Poston Project, Arizona
June 22, 1942

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Dear Mrs Whitney,

I was really more than happy to have received the very beautiful missal which you sent me. We were notified of its arrival Saturday afternoon, but since the Post office is closed at noon, Dorothy ventured over early this morning to get it. I thank so much for the medallions, too.

Father Lavery was not at Mass Sunday morning. However, we had another Priest to take his place and, since he was quite young, I thought it possible you could have seen the young Priest you spoke to over the telephone one day. He delivered a wonderful sermon - of yrs, and interpreted it in Japanese for the elder folks. He surely displeased me - as I couldn't understand what he said in Japanese. Now that I am attending Mass, Sunday means more to me than ever before, it is really Sunday at Poston, not just another day. Since I have not seen Mary Okamoto for a good many days, I told Masato about Father Lavery, and he attended Mass (alone) Sunday, too, as Mary had to work. I believe he was ^{very} deeply impressed as we were.

This morning we had our first session of the nursery school with about 45 youngsters. It was a typical school morning, some too bashful to talk, others crying, but everything turned out nicely. Our schedule is going to be carried out

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in routine fashion with classes starting at 9: A.M. Roll call, games (to get acquainted) and then a period from 9:45 to 10:00 where we take all the children to the latrine and teach them, ^{the} proper usage of toilets, such as flushing & etc) and then health habits (to always wash their hands.) After that, we march ~~to~~ back into the school and we give them a formula made up of canned milk, ice water & Karo to drink, and pieces of hard, dry toast. This goes on until 10:30, then they just sit quietly for a short time, play a few more games, and classes dismissed at 11:00 A.M.

I have charge of the 3 year olds - (about 11) of them which means I have to entertain them continually or they soon become bored. Thank goodness, they all have been taught good manners (except for one whom I'm inclined to believe might possibly be a problem child) Dorothy has charge of the five year olds, Virginia (Jann) and the other teacher the oldest group 6 year olds. It's going to be a lot of fun!

At the teachers meeting, Maeta Powell said we would attend summer session (school) to get the proper training, so I am looking forward to that, too.

We are making arrangements to call Alma & Jimmie to Poston, Camp #1. I told you once before I had gone to the administration building to see about that, but since then, all of them decided to go to Idaho to war (that is Jimmie was)

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I was very much disappointed, because I know how happy Rayne would be with his Grandpa and all his aunts (it's was a difference to us too) but thought they knew best. Then Saturday, Alma wrote & said they decided Camp would be best for them and would see about their coming. He had already seen the Camp Superintendent and had written to the Army Head (of education) about the transfer and for an stay. So - we went down to the Administration Building and learned to our satisfaction, their application for transfer to Boston had been taken into Los Angeles by Mr. Head a week ago Saturday, now, it looks very much as if we'll all be together except for Masaso & her husband. The first group of transfers will start coming in the week of June 28th and it may be they too will come then. We are all very excited about it all. Some day soon, I will be writing and telling you they have arrived.

We are having another heat wave - & dust storm. All of us keep wet towels over our noses when they start up (the wind) so the room becomes filled with dust. I can't get used to the heat, but the dust is horrible. Yesterday we had the hottest day since coming to Boston. It was 106° inside our apartment, but every one thought it was cool here, & came over. It certainly annoys me, especially all the younger children running around - must be my imagination, but it made me feel better watching them. The other apartments

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were 110°-115° inside - outside 130°. It is
getting almost unbearable. I've tried every
place - under the bed - tables, on top of
benches, etc, but as yet, haven't found a
cool spot. And this heat they say, can go
on until December!

On Sunday we had visitors from Los Angeles.
I don't think they fully realize how very
much we appreciated their long trek to this
"hot" spot. They were friends of Virginia,
(one of the boys used to go to school with
Virginia at C. Haffey - in fact these were the
boys when mother was living, so Dad has
known him for about 18 years.) He is an
American young man, now married and living
in Los Angeles - a great friend of Japanese too.
The other young man we have known for
about 5 years. They prepared a big "pot"
of fried chicken and since they were not
stopped for inspection at the boundary line,
brought in peaches, plums, cherries and
Cantaloupes for Dad. Aside from that, all
kinds of canned goods, jellies & cookies, and
the fact that they knew Dad did not eat
meat, they even brought canned tuna for
him. With all that, and all the edibles
the Whitney's have sent in, we really are
the luckiest family in camp. Some day we
hope we'll be able to repay all of our very
kind friends.

Mrs Whitney, I'm terribly sorry to hear
all about Princess, the trouble she's causing
you and undoubtedly the worry that
goes with it all. I really wish you would
take "the care" of Princess so seriously
because knowing Princess, the more you do
for her, the more she demands of you.

New reactions aren't those of an animal, but
more of a human being. 89

The work shop must be a regular "Laven"
of some sort. It isn't hard for me, ^{to} picture just
what it looks like, especially when we left in
such a rush and left things as we did.
Undoubtedly you had to do a lot of re-arranging
in there, didn't you?

Is George home now, and has Braddo been
fortunate enough to get leave for home?
How is Mr. Whitney getting along? Please give
them our regards, Mrs. Whitney.

We are going to run water over the
floors again, so I will have to help cart
in the water.

Thank you so much for the Medal and the
medallions again. I hope you have found time
to take a good rest too.

Lovingly,

Demetri

I didn't expect Mr. Whitney to sell the time
so was quite surprised to hear he got
\$2⁰⁰ for it. Please thank him for taking
care of it, Mrs. Whitney