

Poston, Arizona

May 27, 1942

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Dear Mr. & Mrs Whitney,

Four long days have passed since first arriving at this camp, and I really feel that I have learned much about life in an internment camp.

How is everything in Leland Mrs Whitney? I certainly miss the ever so frequent talks I often had with you, and long for dear Ole Leland in general. How is Mr. Whitney, Braddo and George - last but not least Louise's little Princess?

We here in Poston have been well, and as happy as can be expected under the circumstances. Life here is really routine work, with eating to be had, the most looked forward to event - and that so far has been very disappointing. I suppose it takes time to get organized in this

block and we are all looking forward to better meals soon. We've been having quite a time with Doc & his food, and often have asked for food that would not appear on the regular mess hall tables. However, he is getting along nicely.

In so many ways, I am very thankful we left Upland the day we did - that is for our own benefit. The Okamoto's must have been very disappointed as they did not come in air conditioned busses and the day they arrived here, it was the most miserable day (as far as the weather was concerned) I had ever spent. The wind blows here, not in a roaring sort of fashion, but enough to carry a constant cloud of dust across the entire camp. We had two days of this, and to day, tho' some what warmer, we can call pleasant. The early mornings are very cold, up until about 8:30 or 9:00 and then a definite change can be felt. We are trying to get along with as few blankets as is possible, because

We all feel we shall suffer much more if we don't when winter comes. For the past two mornings, after breakfast which we have at 7: A.M., Dad, Sue, Dorothy, Louis and I have walked about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the newly constructed section for lumber scraps to make dressing tables, benches, and a large closet. The barrack seems much cozier now that the curtains are up and each of us have our favorite knick-knack on display. In Dad's section of the room which we have fixed with the drapes you gave us, he has his shrine up, and that alone I know is comforting to him. The barrack is hard to keep dust free as there are cracks about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch between each floor board plank, but we all get a good laugh over the fact that if we wash the floor off, the water need not be swept out.

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Here at this camp, different branches  
of service are being organized. It  
seems that only one member of the  
family has to be employed, but  
all five of us have signed up  
for some kind of work. So it  
seems that Dad at last can  
“retire”, but I don't suppose he'll be  
happy being idle very long.

Virginia, Dorothy & I have signed  
up for the Nursery school division -  
for pre-school age children. I will be  
a salesgirl - probably in the canteen,  
and Louise has signed up in the  
Recreational division. Here, they  
plan to teach dancing, too, so  
it may all work out quite  
favorably for her. I have made  
several attempts to contact  
Miss Findley, but to date have  
had no success. She seems to be  
a very respected person here at this  
camp, and the demand for her  
being present at many different  
offices, leaves her little time  
for other things. However, I  
certainly will attempt to see her.

I really think the smaller children  
suffer a great deal here as there  
are no play grounds and all of  
them more or less sit around on

the ground. The weather being quite drying, we've all become to look like Indian Squaws, dark and leathery. There are <sup>30</sup> many children in here with cases of diarrhea, water poisoning, measles, and a few cases of Chicken pox camp into this camp several days ago, (that in with the latest group of evacuees to come here. The hospital has not been completed as yet, and it seems what little equipment they do have, must be brought in from Parker daily.

The Post Office, administration office and other main buildings are going to be located in the northern section of this huge site. We are located at the north end of the camp and everyone thinks it is the most ideally located place as there are trees - a regular field of them, and that somewhat keeps this section

Cooler, and free from too much dust.

3) The daily living habits of this camp could be discussed for days and days I believe, but since the mail man comes only once a day I will have to rush to get this on its way.

Everyone sends their regards to you all.

Loveingly,

Jimico

Mr. Whitney's small radio certainly means a lot to us, we are getting good reception too. Thank you so much for letting us bring the radio

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