

Sunday - May 31 33

Dear Mrs Whitney,

Your letter was the first contact I've had with the outside world since coming here to Camp, and you can imagine how very, very happy I was to hear from you, and all about home. Truthfully, I've read and re-read your letters so many times I almost think I can quote "as is".

We continue to exist at Poston, but that's about all. I haven't the slightest idea what goes on in the outside, but after all is said and done, I suppose it doesn't make much difference. We've been here a whole week now, but it certainly seems much longer.

Yesterday they had Memorial Day services here, the setting to say the least wasn't very patriotic except for a flag which was hoisted.

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half mast on the high watch
tower in the center of this
huge camp. Dust was ankle
deep, the morning hot & dry, yet
there were many there to hear
the various speakers. It was then
I realized the adjustments the
Japanese are going to have to
make, and in time I hope every
thing works out favorably for all
of us.

This morning it was a nippy
morning out, so I decided to wear
the sweater you gave me. I only
wore it long except to go to the
mess hall and back as there surely
is no place for good clothes. We've
packed all our shoes, and good
clothes in suit cases, and have
put them up on shelves, for how
long I don't know. We have very
nice laundry tubs and all, but
the water here is so hard, washing
is quite a problem.

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Since all electrical appliances were turned in the day we arrived here, ^{3⁵} everytime we want to iron, we must go to the block manager and sign up for its usage. This is because the current is not strong enough in each building to permit all four families to use them at the same time; hence it's first come - first serve.

Washing and ironing has become one of our daily living habits now.

Oh yes, I must tell you the ladies rest room has been greatly improved. We've had partitions put between several of the toilets, so we get a little more privacy. Every afternoon before we go for dinner, all five of us take showers, and since there are only six showers, it's a family affair.

There are no curfew hours here - every one goes to bed when he or she feels like it. Generally it's around 11:30 or 12 when we get to bed. The evenings - late at night are so pleasant

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Out, we all go for long walks
Coming home around 9:30 and
then usually a crowd gathers here
and we play cards. They have had
several dances and soft ball games
too, but a large crowd so far hasn't
gathered.

I was pleased to hear the Marshall
Fathers would be here, or a representative
of the Catholic group would be
established at Paston. As it is, the
younger ones run practically wild,
and I think something in that
order is desperately needed. They
have a Baptist and Free Methodist
group already, but the members
are few indeed. I've spent a great
many hours reading the "Question
Box" - and the book on Catechisms,
and have found it really very
interesting. All of the girls, Rosy
Sue & the rest are looking forward
with eagerness to the churches
establishment too.

Monday.

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Our block is full of sick people now, seems that an epidemic of vomiting, nausea, and diarrhea has struck practically every family in the block. Puc has been ill since yesterday morning, but is feeling somewhat better now. The food this morning was horrid - nothing but complaints are heard - rice & cold sourkraut - it's some combination for breakfast don't you think?

The Canteen is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our apartment, but in desperation we've gone several times to get food. I just can't seem to adjust to the food they serve, and since we've always had in-between meal snacks, it makes it much harder to satisfy our stomachs. Things at the Canteen are quite expensive, but I imagine on

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the outside world, it's about the same. All of us have lost a great deal of weight, and shortly tells me soon it will be only bones (for me) going to and from the mess hall, but I hardly think it will be that bad.

I asked Dad about the lillies and he said that they were planted last year, so it would not be necessary to transplant them this year unless you wanted to. If you decide to transplant them,

Dad said to let them stay in the ground until the leaves are completely dry, then dig them out, and keep them in a fairly dark place, covered with sand. Dad was quite pleased to hear the Liberty Grove's gardener was a good worker, as he fully realizes just how much your garden meant to you.

Your speaking about the little house certainly means much to us, as all we think about is the day when we return to

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Upland, and "Civilization". That alone is something to look forward to, I think. As to the color, the girls think a deep cream color would be very nice.

Have you managed to find a good colored girl as yet, Mrs Whitney? I can imagine how you feel after Mrs Book disappointed you, but in time I know everything will work out for the best for you too.

Please thank Mr. Whitney for checking in our sugar rationing books, and thank you so much for seeing the Auto Club about the check. I understand about it now, however at the time the office girl did not speak about the cancellation on the "Safe Drivers" Refund. I will send it to you later, and ask if you would please send stamps in return as you mentioned.

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Our kindest regards to Mr.
Whitney, George and Braddo.

Would you tell Mrs. Daughert
I often think of her, and soon
I will write her a few lines
too. Thank you so much.

Loveingly,
Fumiko

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