

4-9-C

Poston, Virginia

Oct. 6, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

265  
Although I was unable to go to the office to see about permits to come to Camp, Virginia I went to see Mr. Head's office receptionist and learned the following -

If you plan to come to Poston on a week day - you will not need a permit as the office is open from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. & Mr. Head will be notified to okay your entering - but, if you plan to come Sat. afternoon or any time Sunday, you will have to have a permit signed by Mr. Head as the office will be closed, & the gate man will have no way of contacting Mr. Head. Virginia explained the reason a definite day could not

be set, and the girl told  
her if possible, if you could  
state just what week end  
you wanted to come, they'd  
issue a permit for that,  
otherwise coming in on a  
week day, you will have  
no trouble at all. I  
know Mr. Head isn't  
being unreasonable, &  
as far as he is concerned,  
friends can come & go as  
they like, but after all,  
he will have a lot  
of different ideas that  
he must carry through.

I am getting terribly  
excited about it all, & I  
hope very much Mr. Whitney  
will be well enough to  
stand this long trip -  
if you plan to make  
it. However, if you're

unable to come, we all understand how things are, so you & Mr. Whitney certainly need not feel as if you had "let us down".

I thought I had seen the worst of Postons dust storms, but to night's storm was the prize of them all. Such dust & wind I hope I'll never see again. I expected our barracks to go any minute - but it didn't. This morning when I got up it was very cold - & the sky was cloudy. I thought something was in store for us, & I proved right as the storm started around 6:15 & continued till almost 8 P.M. To top it all off, it also rained some - thank goodness.

268  
Yesterday, I started in  
at the new nursery school,  
& to be honest, I'm not  
very happy there. The formula  
never + I have, to date,  
been so used to a much  
disciplined school that  
we find #6 school almost  
a place to carry the crying  
"brats" - & that, we don't  
believe in. The supervisor  
said she felt the former  
#4 nursery school was  
too advanced in comparison  
to the other 6 schools, but  
all of us there felt that  
the children came first  
so we just put everything  
we had into it - hence made  
a success of it. Now that  
all the teachers have  
been scattered, we're all  
very much dissatisfied

especially when we had  
to leave a group of such  
well mannered - improved <sup>6</sup>  
children. The way things  
were run yesterday, today  
at #6, I've almost made  
up my mind to give pre-  
schooling up - altho' I do  
love working with the  
children - but oh what  
brats they are. We couldn't  
ask for a nicer leader, as  
a person she's grand, but  
she doesn't have the exp<sup>r</sup>  
get in her that Virginia  
had - she uses baby talk  
on the children, carries  
them when they cry &  
reflects the rest - yet as her  
assistant, all I can do is  
to sit & look on. I'm  
afraid if I stay on, one  
of these fine days, I'll  
speak my piece & then!

270  
I believe in being good to  
Children, but at the same  
time, now's the time to  
mold them into something  
"socially desirable" - & unless  
you put down the law - &  
they learn to respect it,  
well, there's no use! Maybe -  
by the end of the week,  
I'll feel differently - I hope  
so anyway.

We heard from Alma  
yesterday, & she said they  
may come on the 15<sup>th</sup> or  
16<sup>th</sup> of this month. This  
winter, it may be paradise  
in Boston, but the summer  
months are different. However,  
I rather feel, all of the U. R. A.  
Centers will have extremely  
hot summers. I think  
Alma & Jimmy have always  
been so wrapped up in  
the family, just the

thought of them being  
here with us makes them  
feel good all over.

Due is working at the  
hospital. I let her the  
4PM to 12 midnight shift  
this week, and she should  
be home in another hour  
or so. Poor thing, she's really  
tuckered out when she gets  
home.

How is Mrs. Dougherty?  
I often think of her, & wish  
that she'd write to me  
sometime. Please give her  
my regards.

Alad sends his regards  
to you & Mr. Whitney.

With love,  
Dumeto