

Oct 11, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

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I thank so much for the two medals which arrived in your letter dated Oct. 5<sup>th</sup>, and the money order which you enclosed in Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> letter. There must be something in this thing called mental telepathy - Dad was telling me to write and tell Mr. Whitney to use the tanks to store gasoline, so we are really happy you will get some use out of them. I am only sorry one needed to be repaired.

We got home from Rosary services about 45 minutes ago. Father Clement told us he would not know whether he will be permitted to teach English at Paxton until tomorrow. I hope he'll be able to. He said he told the Director of Education he was

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perfectly willing, & would be  
satisfied if they wanted  
him to drop his religious  
title - and go by Mr. Clement,  
except that he'd like to  
be Father Clement on Sundays.  
He has been offered a  
position as a teacher at the  
Yela Relocation Center, & if  
he can't teach here, he is  
going there - which means  
he shan't be at Boston at all.  
I should think if he can go  
there, they'd surely permit  
him to do the same at  
Boston, unless of course there  
are enough English teachers  
here already.

A week has gone by since  
I started at the new nursery  
school. To say, the least,  
I certainly don't enjoy my  
work any more. Under the  
conditions, and the fact

that I'm not happy there,  
I rather feel it'd be wiser  
to give it up. Maybe, if I  
tried it a few weeks longer,  
I'd feel differently. I don't  
know whether I expect too  
much perfection in children,  
but I'm a great believer in  
disciplining children <sup>when</sup> they  
need it, and it seems as if  
the supervisor believes in  
"free expression". If we lived  
as we did before coming  
to camp, free expression is  
all right at school because  
home life & parents took  
care of the disciplining end,  
but at camp, most of the  
mothers say they can't do a  
thing with their children.  
How true it is too! - A  
good many of the mothers  
ask us to punish them  
regardless.

The story of "five backs"  
has died completely. Now, it's  
just a laughing matter &

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since you sent the word  
ignis fatuus down that's  
about all I hear. I can't  
tell you what it looked like  
or anything about it as I  
haven't as yet seen it here.

I have learned the Hail  
Mary, but haven't learned all  
of the prayer to St. Michael.

I rather feel the prayer and  
all you wrote in regard to  
"ghost talks" has taken most  
of the fear out of us.

I must tell you something  
cute. Before #4 school was  
transferred, I had a small  
American boy attending my  
class. Well, he was just as  
blonde & fair as you'd ever  
expect to see, & all the Japanese  
youngsters just couldn't keep  
their eyes off of him. They'd  
rattle off Japanese to him too  
& he just sat rather dumb  
founded. Finally, it got to

a stage where he just didn't want the children to stare at him, so he'd gently take their heads, & turn their <sup>280</sup> faces the other way. To-day Dorothy came home from school & said that Sonny wasn't coming to school any more as there were too many "Jap kids" & he was too white. He thought he'd wait until he got a little darker, then he'd start to come again. The poor child, he evidently felt out of place because he was so fair.

Tuesday -

We had another nasty dust storm yesterday which ended in a rain storm. Goodness, it's terribly cold a night & in the morning now. Did you know Arizona had fog too? - Imagine our surprise to wake up & find

for so much we were unable  
to see across the fire  
breaks.

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Last Saturday night, some of  
the boys in our block left  
for Loveland Colorado. This  
is the same group that the  
two Okamoto boys left with  
& I know a nice bunch of  
boys couldn't possibly have  
got together. About 200 boys  
left that night, and I  
understand it was the last  
group they are permitting to  
leave Camp. There is a  
definite shortage of men to do  
the work here now. Lucky  
boys to be able to leave -  
even tho' it is for only a  
short time. I only wish  
there was something the  
girls could leave Camp  
to do too.

Virginia is planning to

leave camp some time this  
week. I was going to write &  
tell you when she first applied  
for a release - about 3 weeks  
ago, but since she wasn't <sup>very</sup>  
positive as to it being granted  
I didn't say anything about it.  
She is planning to go back to  
Los Angeles, straighten a few  
matters up & then go back east.  
I shall miss her, but I  
know she'll be happier.

Well, I must hustle along.  
This letter has been delayed  
much too long already.

My regards to Mr. Whitney  
& all the rest.

Do you think you'll be  
able to come to Boston?  
We do not want our radio,  
Mr. Whitney's is still in  
perfect order. Thank you any  
way - With love,  
Fernando