

4-9-c

Poston, Arizona

Nov. 18, 1942

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Dear Mrs. Whitney,

Yes, your box of stationery which you sent me came yesterday, and I am really just too pleased to have received such a lovely box. I thank you so much. I rather feel it is much too extravagant - the general line of stationery in camp being Hy-Tone's 8¢ a pack for envelopes & 8¢ for writing tablet. You see why I feel as I do!

Did Dewey tell you all incoming packages are opened for inspection? Up until about two months ago, packages were delivered just as letters were, but evidently some one has been receiving things they should not have been getting. The new ruling makes it necessary for all receiving notices for packages to go to the express office where two American M.P.'s open them up for inspection. It makes it rather hard for those of us who are trying

our best to be good when a few  
feel otherwise.

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be. I am really disgusted! I'm afraid  
if things keep up, they shall have  
the Army in here - & will be under  
martial law - then it will be a  
Concentration Camp. There have been  
so many mob violences - mobs of  
boys & older men, ~~there~~<sup>no</sup> one knows  
have been beating up men who  
prior to evacuation were "stool  
pigeons" - & working under the  
F.B.I. These beatings have been  
going on & off ever since we came  
here, but Sat. night a young man -  
(he has been beaten about three  
times already) was badly injured  
& the general run of conversation  
says he's not pull through. His  
head was cracked, ear beaten off  
& teeth knocked out. Then Sunday  
night, they called on another young  
man's house - they've made several  
attempts to get him, but they've  
had no luck. That night they  
noticed he hadn't left his apartment  
so called on him - only to have his

and mother answer the door. The  
mother said her son was not in -  
(he was hiding under the bed) so -  
since she lied to protect her son,  
they started for her - & her husband.  
I don't think they were hurt too  
badly, but never-the-less, it's just  
too sad all this has to go on.

I know the young man quite  
well - that is he has connected with  
the pre-school & has always been  
more than nice to all of us - But  
everyone from Orange County  
thinks he's the lowliest thing ever.  
He told us once upon a time  
that every one thinks he used to  
"steal" - but all he ever did was  
to interpret for the courts in  
Santa Ana. All of us feel that  
if any more of this goes on, they  
will send all the men who  
were interned & released back to  
the places they came from - &  
then send the M.P.'s in to  
guard us. Personally, I don't think  
those who are responsible for all  
of this are being fair with  
Mr. Nead. He's made it possible

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for us in Paston to live as free  
Citizens - were able to go back &  
forth between Camps any time -  
people are allowed to hike to the  
mountains (about an eight mile  
hike I suppose), Visitors are allowed,  
& aside from a sentry standing at  
the entrance, there is nothing to  
show we are being watched & spied  
on! It just makes me "cussing mad",  
if I may say so. Tule Lake, Arizona  
& Wyoming all have high towers  
& search lights, it's far from being  
comfortable living like that.  
Well - it's out of my system now -  
I feel better, but I hope I haven't  
bored you with all this raving on!

How is Mr. Whitney & the rest of  
the family? How is your heart  
behaving? I do believe you've  
been working too hard.

Father Lavery is quite ill in  
New York. Father Clement told me  
Sunday it was quite sudden - &  
it must be serious as he had to  
have a blood transfusion. He's  
convalescing in the St. Vincent's  
Hospital in New York. I wrote to

him immediately & sent it off air  
mail Monday morning. In the mean  
time, I've been praying for his  
recovery.

I could write much more Mrs.  
Whitney - but I'm afraid the  
mail man will leave this behind  
unless I hurry. I shall write to  
you in a few days again.

Thank you again for this  
lovely stationery. My regards to  
the rest of the family - & Mrs.  
Dougherty.

With love,  
Fernico