

Block 53 - Barrack 3 - Apt. C,  
Poston, Arizona - Camp #1

Nov. 28, 1942.

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My dear Mrs. Whitney:-

After one month of Poston "Camp" life, here I am, to say you a visit, for which you must be waiting, according to your letters to Mucky. Sorry that I didn't write much sooner but you must know how things are.

Before I say anymore, we three Hataris hope that Mrs. Whitney and you are in good health and that as always we hope everything is going along smoothly for you folks.

We had a very nice trip down to Poston from S.A.C. on a Greyhound bus. My, but it certainly felt swell to get out of that fenced up S.A.C. and out on the wide open spaces. I don't think any of us, that made that trip, ever enjoyed a more pleasant ride. It made me kinda homesick when we passed good ole Mountain Avenue and Euclid Avenue on the way over here.

We were allowed to get off the bus & there were three Greyhound bus "loads" that made the trip, around 90 or 100 people, of course M.P.'s were on each bus, just in case, at Beaumont, Indio, Rice and on this side of Desert Center. Had box lunches there, for noon's lunch and supper, altho' I wasn't hungry because of the excitement, I didn't care to

eat.

Layne thought the ride was just grand, he really enjoyed the bus ride and Jimmie just felt damn good and free for a while.

335 Also saw all those thousands and thousands of soldiers that you write about in one of your letters to me. Yes, it surely is a sad sight to see, all those fellows, some mother's son, or husband, father or brother out there miles and miles from no where, living life that and being trained for warfare. Gosh it's terrible.

It makes Jimmie and myself thankful, that at least out here for us, we can live in much more comfort than these boys. You certainly have the right idea and thought when you say you're glad that your boys are in the navy. It's a shame that many people that are self centered and selfish can't go out there and see for themselves, it might change their way some, don't you think so?

But to continue of our trip, we arrived around 9p.m. Probably Mickey told you of what happened. Anyway we really had a Royal Welcome. Seeing papa and my sisters after six months, well I just couldn't take it with a smile, you can picture the results.

All of the people on the three buses were left at

camp #3, we stayed there until Nov. 12<sup>th</sup>, when we were fortunate in being allowed to move to camp #1 and this address.

Jimmie started working the day after we got to Poston. His best gal is foreman at the Repair Shop and he "fixed" everything up for Jimmie. So Jimmie is quite happy, working among his friends and being a "grease monkey" - mechanic. While we were still at camp #3, he was allowed to come and go to work on a shop just up truck, which is considered "class" - and etc. But to Jimmie it's just routine, doings in other words.

You must be anxious to know how we like Poston. It's just "Heavenly" compared to S.A.A.C. Everything about it here is just perfect to us, or almost everything is. It's so much more convenient, to each block - which consists of 14 barracks, 1 mess hall, 2 latrines, 1 laundry room, 1 ironing room and a Recreation Hall, so you see there, isn't any more of that standing in long lines for meals or those long walks to the laundry or showers and etc. like at S.A.A.C.

The food just can't be compared with, what we use to eat at S.A.A.C. It's just like home cooking, with plenty

of fresh vegetables too. I know I'll be able to "pick" up the 14 or 15 pounds I lost at S.A.G.B. I'm down to a mere 95 pounds with my heavy high top boots on and dressed, but I'll be up to a 100<sup>+</sup> at the rate I enjoy eating.

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389 Most of all it seems nice to see Layne eat - and by himself. He don't have to force or bribe him to eat like before.

The past week he caught a nasty cold and had a bad cough and runny nose, to be on the safe side I took him to the Hospital where they have a Medical Clinic and a capable doctor whose services we've had to call for before in L.A. I had this doctor check Layne over. He said Layne had tonsillitis and swabbed his throat and gave him cough syrup to take. I took him to the doctor yesterday again as Dr. said he'd like to see how Layne's getting along. He says Layne's better. (throat is) but swabbed it again - and said to come back Monday.

It surely is true, that living the way we have the past six months a child like Layne will get over being an "orchid type" and harden up. If it was six months ago, the cold that Layne's been having would be so serious and he'd be burning up with fever. This time he hasn't had an fever whatsoever. He's getting rugged and can take it now, altho we

still watch and care for him as before. He's getting to be such a big fellow too and talks about everything

Little by little our room is getting <sup>the</sup> more homey atmosphere. Our room is the same size as papa's place, only thing there are only three of us and these larger rooms are supposed to have four or more people living in them. This place may be temporary or may be partitioned later but I'm not going to worry about it and let that day take care of itself. We're going ahead and fixing it as nice as possible.

As Jimmie works, it takes time to make the different shelves, tables, closet and etc. and besides he doesn't like being a carpenter and has to be in the "mood". Papa says he'll help, but we have to "score" up some odds and ends of lumber first, and lumber is as scarce as hen's teeth! So I just sit tight and wait and hope and find other work to do and I seem to find plenty of that. That old saying - "A man's work is never done" - is correct as far as I'm concerned.

I ~~haven't~~ haven't even visited half of our friends yet and we've been here a month already. But I like

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things in order before I feel at rest with myself  
and go visiting around.

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Papa and the girls live a mile from here, we can  
see their barnack faintly. We see each other now and  
then and to me it seems <sup>good</sup> to be near by and not  
out there in Arkansas. They all look well  
especially Louise and Dorothy, my - but they're put on  
so much weight, it's surprising - but their miss hell  
have good food. He's eaten with them a few times.

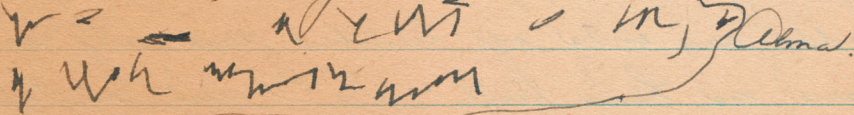
Layne's up from his nap so I'll stop for now.  
This letter is all jumbled up, I hope <sup>that</sup> you can  
make sense out of it, with all the mistakes and  
all. Next time I'll do better.

Whenever you have time, I'll always be happy to hear  
from you.

Please give our kindest regards to Mr. Whitney.

Layne wanted to say hello,

With love,

W =  Alma.

B. Hou's Prissy getting along? She probably keeps you  
on the go - all day, doesn't she?

I forgot what I most wanted to say - Thanks for  
the delicious chocolates, the girls gave us (for Layne)  
a box and we surely enjoyed it.