

4-9-c

Poston, Arizona

Dec. 10 '42

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Dear Mrs. Whitney.

I am really more than ashamed of myself for failing to write to you sooner, however, but a day passed that I didn't think of you all. We have been more or less confused with Sue being ill - & then too - I have been just plain lazy.

We are having grand weather this afternoon - The sun is shining brightly and it's neither too hot nor too cold. I love Poston because it isn't muggy & "slushy" - & so far, no rain. The mornings aren't so haven't been as cold as last Sunday morning, thank goodness! We have a heating system now - in fact, I think almost every one has something similar to it. We've taken one of our buckets, filled it about $\frac{1}{2}$ full with ashes, & on top of that - we put in live "coal" which we have made from wood brought in by the subjugation crew. I suppose it's more charcoal than anything else. Generally, we have about 6 or 8 huge bonfires burning in our block, and as the wood burns down to "live coal", we gather it - & bring it inside. Goodness, it

Certainly makes a lot of difference.

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This morning, Louise & I gathered a lot of the coal - dipped it in water to take the fire out - & now, it is out & drying. These, we will use - & add the glowing embers in the bucket. There's always a solution isn't there? Dad says in Japan, practically all houses are heated with these "hi bachi's" - I suppose that's what you call them in Japanese.

Oh yes, Father Clement came to see us Tuesday. If there is any one I have ever taken such a "likening" to - it's Father Clement. In fact, all of us are thinking how fortunate we are to have some one like Father residing in Boston. He said he did not have any books or material to leave us, but he was enroute to Los Angeles & would bring us something back this weekend. Father told us, Louise & I must definitely not take instruction or even think of joining the Church unless we were, because we wanted to & not because it was some one else's wishes that we did. You have told me the same thing time & again, but now - I feel I want to have something I can live up to. Camp life teaches one, "it's a case of

each man for himself - & I think one
gets greedy & selfish - really.

Due has been ill for the past ³⁴
couple of weeks, altho it wasn't until a
week ago that her condition became worse.
She has been having rectal trouble - &
the doctor says it is what they call - fissure.
I have a faint idea just what that is,
but could you explain it a little more
fully for me - please? Fortunately, one
of the doctors at the hospital is a
specialist in rectal disorders (he was in
Los Angeles prior to evacuation) so we
have a lot of faith in him. Dad had
him several times while we were in
Upland, as did Alma & Jimmie so we
know he is really a good doctor.
Due has been in pain since going for
treatments - she has been going every
other day to the hospital. Today, the
doctor said Due will have to have
an operation as soon as her present
disorder heals - which will be in about
3 weeks. I told Due this is another
proof that we are better off in Camp.
Hospitalization & good care from the
doctor - free of charge. Doctors are hard
to get on the outside now, aren't they?

3x3 Dorothy applied for a leave of absence permit yesterday. Under this form, she'll be able to leave Camp within 10 days or so - otherwise, it'll take several months. I'm sure Dorothy is going to be alright, at least I'm not going to worry too much about it. She has a definite understanding with her employer & unless something happens, I'm sure Dorothy will get a square deal.

Louise's new adopted child - "Mr. Engle" is the most lovable thing ever. It makes things complete for us with him around. Mr. Engle has learned apt. 9-C is his home & if he is out until the wee hours, he always comes home, regardless of the time. We have been leaving the window open for him, and yesterday morning he came through - only to land on my face. It was almost 7 A.M. and you can believe me when I say, I wondered if the house caved in. I couldn't get mad at him as he immediately crawled under covers with me. If there was ever a cat who loves to sleep under blankets, it's Mr. Engle. He is really terribly lovely - but a cat is a cat to Louise - except for Prissy.

The Waters are getting along nicely. Alma is very happy she is here, & I think Dwayne being here has made a difference to dad, too. Dad used to say, "the older a person gets, the closer he is to second child hood". I tease him & tell him that's probably the reason Dwayne has found him to be such a good companion. Every time we talk about the Whitneys, Rayne invariably says, "Mr. Whitney sick - He give Rayne (po) for four dollars". Everytime he sees a silver dollar, it's the one Mr. Whitney gave him - so he thinks. I know Mr. Whitney would be amazed to see the change in him.

Saturday, Camp #3 is having a bazaar. I am going down to see if there is anything I can get - in the way of souvenirs. I hope so.

Gracious, how I go on - I shall have to close for sure - How are the boys & Mr. Whitney - Also Mrs. Murphy? Please give all of them our best regards.

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I shall be looking forward to your
letter sometime soon.

With love,
Nemico.