

June 4, 1942

44

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

Virginia and I walked about a mile to ~~from~~ the Post office Tuesday to pick up the package you sent us, but it was certainly well worth the trip. I have so much for the candy, all of us were practically starved for something sweet, and trying to keep them at the canteen is certainly impossible.

The boots were all a good fit except Virginias, and here I will send back and ask if you will please exchange them for a size 2.

They certainly are a life saver as in some places the dust is ankle deep. Now, if we only had a horse, we'd trot on back to California "a la Cowboy" style. Regardless of it all, we still have a sense of humor.

Dad has been in bed for three days now, and it disgusts me very much to think after all these years, he'd have to come here, where doctors are scarce, and yet in the condition he is in. There is little left to the imagination why he isn't able to take all this except to say all of the Whitneys have been much too indulgent and he has been pampered too much. Poor dad has certainly aged, and I've never seen him looking quite so bad.

45 Only to-day has he started to eat, that being only fruit juices, and fresh oranges and grape fruits - hence he's really become quite hollow-cheeked and sunken eyed.

This illness which strikes almost everyone here, comes on very suddenly. To date, only Dorothy & Louise have managed to escape the "fad", and my becoming suddenly ill was even a surprise to me. Early Tuesday morning, I walked down to the administration building to make arrangements to call Alma, Jimmie & Layne to Poston too. In the afternoon, I received a note to call for registered mail, and happily went on my way to bring it home. After dinner, we went to a talent show in the next block, & then came home to have a regular session of gab and gossip, which is about the only pastime one has here. When it was time to go to bed, I felt as if I had been hit on the head, and there up until this morning I really felt I was going to the great Beyond. One throat, fever, stomach ache, and every other kind of pain accumulated in one re about the way you feel. I've come to the conclusion were starved for the proper kind of food.

Almost every family in block 4 has some one ill in bed, and to-day all of us Upland people were much amused and disgusted at the

46

same time to see the short article in  
Tuesday June 2<sup>nd</sup>'s edition of the  
Upland news to the effect that the  
weather at Paston was the same as  
Upland, and we had no complaints.  
We should way lay one Mr. William  
Honda - I can't imagine why he  
should ever try to hide the truth  
except to say there is much talk  
about censoring all outgoing mail as  
too many small towns are getting  
the truth, and he wrote as he did  
for the benefit of the Censors. Far  
be it as he expresses himself Mrs  
Whitney, because the complaints come  
in fast and furiously. With all their  
illness going on, and some time  
cases happening between the time the  
doctor calls - & his next visit, the  
mess hall will not give food to take  
home to the sick members without  
a doctor's permit, and you should  
hear all the fussing that goes on.  
After all, the stomach can't possibly  
wait for the doctor's permit. I understand  
Kabe Shoji intends to write to some  
one in Upland and give them the  
truth, regardless of the consequences.  
Such is life!

A few nights ago, Block 4 had a  
meeting in regard to all the ups and  
downs that go on here. At the time

It seems that food was the most discussed subject, and it certainly has changed the type of food that was being served here. Before, we have beans, rice, bread & tea at a sitting, or noodles, rice and sauerkraut. Starches galore, but to-day all of us felt as if the cook deserved three good Cheers. For breakfast we had half an orange, scrambled eggs, potatoes, Corn bread, Coffee, & bread & butter. For lunch, lettuce & ~~lettuce~~ tomato salad, roast beef, lima beans (dried) tea & bread. To night, we almost fainted for we had (meat again,) small steaks, potatoes, succotash, bread & butter. I hope this type of food keeps up.

I certainly look forward to your letters, and they certainly do much to boost my morale. We all speak of the Whiteseeps so much, I believe they feel that they know all of you too. They have all come to the conclusion the Whiteseeps must be wonderful people. I will thank you in advance for all the blankets, and for sending Readers Digest and Life too. (They-people <sup>love</sup> them)

Incidentally, they have a library here too, but there aren't many books, so reading matter is scarce. To-day one of Virginia's friends send in a box of edibles, and The Sunday

examiner. Goodness, from far & near they came to see what's new! Mr. Whitney's radio is certainly appreciated as we do get some of the news, and listening to music breaks the monotony of a long day. JS

I wrote to Mrs. Daugherty this morning and told her it wasn't too warm, but after a couple of hours, I was tempted to re-write otherwise. It is already 7 P.M., but very, very warm. The only consolation is the wind has ceased to blow for the past two days.

Friday -

It was too warm inside, so a group of us "meandered" to see the ball game, and then for a long walk. I believe every one likes late evenings the best of all at Boston, because it really is pleasant. Oh yes, Masato is a very frequent caller of Louise's. He certainly is a gentleman in all ways. The Okamoto's live one block to the east, and two (south) blocks down.

Last night the most peculiar thing happened. Around 10:30 P.M., the block manager called on all Japanese families with a special Bulletin issued by a Mr. Head here, who I understand is the

49  
directors of this Project saying  
those who desired to go back to  
Japan register with him between  
the hours of 8-10 A.M. this morning.  
We've all been wondering if there  
is a catch to it - maybe a way  
of finding the pro-Japanese element  
or otherwise. I don't think there  
are many "fools" who will sign  
up as we all feel Boston may not  
be the best place on earth, but  
neither would Japan - & we'd  
prefer living here.

This is getting much too long.  
I am enclosing the check Mrs.  
Whitney - would you please get  
stamps in return for us, and  
we all want you to take out  
postage enough (for yourself) for  
the package we received Tuesday.  
I think that is only fair.

All send their regards to  
you, Mr. Whitney & the Bays.  
Yes, Mr. Whitney may give the  
tire to the proper person (that is  
in the garage.)

Another edition about Boston  
next time.

With love,  
Dumiko