

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Mrs. K. Kayama

No 16109, Rec. 3-D-10

W. G. C. A. Bldg. Center

W. Portland, Oreg.



7/25/42

-AIR MAIL-

Dr. Keizaburo Kayama

K-1-1905

Internment Camp
Camp Livingston,
Louisiana

Insured
Camp Livingston
Internment Camp
HARMON M. TURNER

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To Dr. Keizaburo Hayama
K-1-1905-
Internment Camp
Camp Livingston,
La.

Mrs. K. Hayama
16109, Section 3-D-10
W. V. U. P. Mrs. Center
N. Portland, Oreg.
July 20, 1942

Dearest Kii: - I just mailed one letter this A.M. but I happened to think of a few more things.

Little Kiyō received your birthday greeting card and was she happy over it! Are you using the shirts shirts you got from the Monkey Ward? How about the color? Some one here told me that you are not supposed to wear certainly shade of color for your clothing, sorry I did not know about it, but you should have told me when you asked me for them, I am sure you can write that much if others can.

Since yesterday we are having warm weather again but not as bad as we had before, heat does not bother me so much as cold weather.

Some people have lots of money and lots of worries, but I have no money and no worries. This must be just a rumor but some one told me that a woman here owns a swanky hotel and gets two thousands dollar income every month! Yesterday, one of our church men came to me and told me that in case of emergency I should not hesitate to ask him for financial aid, I feel better now, he is the third party who spoke up for

to aid our family. At present we are not so much in need, we get good meals, shelter and ranteen tickets and it is rumored that in the near future we'll be getting a few dollars for clothing, its hiddies' shoes that on my mind now. Kei, it is so strange, some people offer me help, some even do not want to pay the bill they owe you for your dental service.

We go out lots of times to get all the sunshine we can, and I am quite brown now, wish you could see me. We are now out in the back-yard of the center sitting on the grass, watching the boys play baseball, its a perfect scene of picnic, only one thing is lacking, that is, some fried chicken, potato salad & some other goodies, — time is about 8:30 P.M., just about getting nice and cool, and on our blanket there are Mrs. Namba, Takaya, Kobayashi and Kayama. Mrs. Kobayashi & I are writing "love - letters" (says Mrs. Namba) to husbands in far off (State La., Mrs. Namba is teasing us, she is always full of fun, we sure need person like she is, she calls us "love - sick" wives. I met Mrs. Ono and Mrs. Morinaga of Wapato, also three pretty daughters of Mrs. Morinaga. I am glad to meet many nice people here. Well, no news for this time, so till next time.

Love, Fern