

Censored

Camp Livingston

Internment Camp

HAROLD M. TURNER

Keigakuro Koyama (no 6109)

Branch

Idaho

35-8-D

9/26/42



Dr. Keigakuro Koyama
1st Internment Camp. 1905
Camp Livingston, La.

85-8-2

Mnidoka Project
Eden Idaho
Twin Falls

Dearest Father,

I'm very sorry I didn't write to you.

Day it sure is dusty down here, its so dusty, that its hard to breath. We just got our lights and we got some of our freight some time ago.

There was a man named Hito Ikada, he came to see mamma some time ago, he said he saw you & Louisiana.

Oh yes did you know that Esther Torii went to college? Well she went to college and by it she lucky. In case you want to write to her I will give her address to you in case you want to write to her:

Miss Esther Torii

Rice Hall

Macalester College

Saint Paul Minnesota

Daddy do you have good things
to eat there? I hope so. Don't you
call me "fat" because I'm not
fat, and another thing you always
writes to Miriam and Willie and
it's no fair.

Willie is building a airplane
nowadays.

Lovingly yours,
Eva Adyana

Sept. 21, 1940, Monday

Dearest Kui: - Your letter of Sept. 16 came to us Sept. 19 and we were very happy to hear from you for we did not get any letter for nearly two weeks and oh, were we lonesome!

Mrs. Hito & Shaha came on 16 inst. and gave us the money \$50⁰⁰ but did not tell me where the money came from and part of your letter was cut off too so I can't tell, but it does not make difference, we were very, very thankful to get it. I have to pay back to some of our good friends who loaned us a few dollars now and then, but Oh, how I hated to borrow!

government I do not feel well enough to get any job here. Soon we'll be in need of warm clothing, especially boots and wind-proof top coats, - the clothing we used in Portland will not do much good here when winter comes. So many of us are hoping that the India lake government will issue some clothing allowance.

as to weather, when we get used to it, I think I like it here better than in Portland because of its' dryness.

Mornings are quite cold now, about 30° above zero, the other morning I spilled some water over barrack porch and to my surprise, in a few minutes it got frozen to ice! Then in P.M. the sun gets ^{hot} so, that we all have to change to summer clothes, children even ask for sun suits; Mornings are cold but the air is clean, in P.M. it gets hot & sultry, & most every day wind subsides at night.

When we first came, there was such storm every day

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and children cried, and we too gave ourselves to tears, but for the last four days, thanks be to God, we have fair weather with less dust and oh, you should see children smile and play outdoor! a few days ago we had sprinkle of rain for about ten minutes and it ^{but} soon cleaned up the air, soon the ground got dry. Once in a while some of the wagons drive along the water tanks and sprinkle the roads which helps a lot.

Last Friday little Miriam and I had to go to hospital walking 6 miles round trip, every time truck & W.R.A. car passed, we had to walk in dust clouds. I got sinus treatment from Dr. Koike and got some nose drop, Miriam could not get the feeling to her teeth, dentist all taken up with appointment, so we were forced to come back next day again. When we came home we were too tired to eat. The next day our black manager gave us ride one way and walk home and that was not so bad. Dr. Higashida took care Miriam. Of course he did not know who we were. I did not see either Dr. Nakamura or Uchida. Later we found out that we could have rode on the ambulance car but at first we did not know, and next day we just missed one, so we had to walk.

Our room is 17x20 ft, a bit larger than Portland Center room, with four ^{small} windows & makes the room very light. at last we got a light in our room, now we are waiting for the coal stove to be put in. They say there is lots of coal.

Last night, when children were all asleep, and all the neighborhood quiet, the moon was shining into our

room, directly on my face, and I could not go to sleep for a long time. I thought of many things, of you so much, of our need to be home sweet home in dear Portland, of the millions of boys in the battle fields, on boats somewhere on South Seas, longing for their homes, mothers and sweethearts. I prayed, Oh so hard, and I could not keep my tears! No matter whatever I do, my heart is filled with prayer that we may see the day of Peace soon, that the nations may live side by side peacefully as Christ taught us to. Two thousand years ago Christ came to teach in the true way of Life, but it looks to me we have not learned much, but we must keep on living and hoping that some day we'll learn to live the way He wants us to. I like this simple way of living, less furnitures, less dusting, more time for culture, for meditation upon God.

Yesterday we had a good church service by Rev. Hashimoto, on "Walking toward perfection day by day". Oh, it was so good. Last Sunday we all had to stand during the service, so yesterday some brought folding chairs, I brought mine & could sit down; there were no chair or organ or piano, but we had the best of the services! Seems to me that our worst enemy is luxury.

We have prayer meetings on Thursday evenings but since we have to walk some distance of dark roads, so I do not go.

Yesterday, I took a walk to the west end edge of the camp and saw for the first time in a far off distance, a small canal branched off the Snake River, spots of green

tree and miles of fields of green, maybe wheat or oats; and still farther off I could see many ridges of purple mountains. I stood there for a long time and dreamed. This land could become a spot of beauty if this strip of sage brush could be cleared off, irrigated and planted. Then I walked to the East end edge of the camp and there, saw nothing else but miles of plains of scrub sage bushes and that is the project for the evacuees, to be cultivated, made more inhabitable and be no more of desert place, — all for our heavenly Father, for, "This is our Father's land" and we are His husbandmen.

Ken, is there any chance of our joining you, or you joining us? It is bad for children to be separated so long from their father. I do not see much sense being interned separately while there is no actual charge against you.

I have a very hard ^{time} to make my children mind me, and I cannot scold them too much either, for children too are going thru trials at this extra ordinary time, but oh, the way they talk back to me is terrible, no respect or consideration for mother or elders, especially Wm., he shoots himself out somewhere in the morning like a bullet and I do not see him all day, I know he eats somewhere but not with us, I do not know whom he plays with or where, he comes around me whenever he gets hungry for ice cream or candies, of course, he is not a bad boy, but he needs father's companionship. Girls are a little easier, but they are terribly lonesome for daddy. This is not a complain, it's the fact.

As ever, Terri

P.S. Please let me know how many days this letter will take to get you.
I do not like to use C & A mail always, I want to be careful with our money.
I am sending this with ordinary 3¢ postage.