

Received 8/26/42

Dear Oji-san,

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Aug. 17. 42

It's almost two months now since you were transferred from Montana to Lordsburg, New Mexico, but how have you been all that time? It must be terribly hot down there as it is amazingly warm here in Puyallup. I remember last year during the hot spell when I came home from housework on my day off and found you in the office with your vest off and shirt sleeves rolled up, mopping the office floor to keep it cool. My, but those days seem ages ago though in reality it's been only a year. Every day see another group of 500 people

leave for the Minidoka Relocation Center in Eden, Idaho. Area D, the first to leave, is quite a fare place with the barracks all bare and rubbish~~ish~~ piled outside lock door.

The apartments under the grandstand are especially quiet and walking through there by yourself gives one an uneasy feeling. The only people who are there are those from Area A who go to clean the place up. Other than that, there are no humans around. I still go over every day as I am working at the Hospital. It is very interesting work and I find it both exciting and of good experience to me. It is something that I've never come in contact with before, that is, working with nurses and doctors and each day I learn as much as if I were going to school. I have seen cuts sewn up, dressings changed, and typhoid shots given - all of which I think is invaluable experience. I am not planning to become a nurse, but just the same

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I like it as much as I like to pound a typewriter and take dictation. We will soon be moving out, too, so everyone around our block is now making crates and boxes since we were given our pieces of lumber yesterday. Everything must be crated other than hand luggage because the baggage crew ^{slam} the luggage onto the trucks as though it were parcel post packages. Area B. has cleared out since yesterday and Area C will be leaving very soon. The first group from C will leave tomorrow morning and the latter group will leave on Aug. 29 or 30. We'll follow them in about a day or so. There is a lapse of a week between the Aug. 21st movement and the 29th. This, they say, is due to the fact that everything is not completed over in Idaho. A friend of mine received a letter from her brother in Minidoka and what he says about the Relocation Center is quite interesting. The ride on the train from Puyallup to Idaho takes a day and a few hours. The food is first class and served by Negro waitresses on the train. The center itself is a flat, dusty place with sagebrushes growing plentifully around it. The barracks (Thank heavens!) have more than one window and are equipped with a coal stove. In a recent Idaho paper I saw a picture of a barrack in the camp and it has even steps leading up to the door. Which

is something, indeed! She too also wrote that there were real doors. It seems funny to say real doors, but they must be a great deal different from the ones we are now used to here in Camp Harmony. Oji-san, were you transferred straight from Montana to Lordsburg? I heard from a Mrs Kawaguchi, who came back from North Dakota recently, that Mr. Fujikage-san, Yasutake and several others had dropped over to Bismarck on their way to New Mexico.

I just wondered if you had done the same thing. Mr. Yasutake is the new governor over there, isn't he? His daughter, Miteyo-san told me. What are you, Oji-san? What do you do every day? It's too bad that half of what you write in your letters is censored so that by the time it reaches us we have no idea what it was you ^{tried} to say. I hope the censors don't cut out anything in this letter, not that there is anything very important in it, but because I want you to read it all as I haven't written you for so long that I wrote an especially long one. The next time you hear from us will probably be from Eden, Idaho, so as soon as we reach there, one of us will send you our new address.

Until then please take care of yourself and don't exert yourself too much.

Lovingly

Miyoko.

P.S. I am writing this outside of our door on our neighbor's

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card table. Noriko Yano, our neighbor, is serenading me on her Ukulele and I wish you could hear her. ^{夜3時外テ歌ム} She's awfully good. In the evening when we're sweating after shooting basketballs, we sit down on our wooden bench and sing to the strumming of the uke.

It is very restful and soothing then, but we can't help remembering that you are still in camp

Good-bye

P.S. Mother and Father and Nisan and Neisa and every one else send their love to you.