

Sat Sukuma
44-10-E
N. R. A.
HUNT, IDAHO



Mr. E. Wells
U. S. Education Dept
N. R. A.
Manzanar, California

44-10-E

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Hunt, Idaho

Dear Mr. Wells

We finally reached after a couple of days of tiresome train rides. We didn't come across any beauty spot but we went through San Fernando Valley, Blendal and Salt Lake City.

The only thing was that we went through this early in the morning about 3 o'clock. I was awake and tried to see but did not succeed. All the rest of the place was all desert land with only sage brush. We didn't do much on the train except looked foreword for our meals. The eats were pretty good. All the rest of the time we spent writing letters or

play pinole. We reached camp about
five o'clock in the evening. By
the fine cooperation of the Minidoka
people we got all our baggage that
night. They really worked hard.
When we walked in our apartment
the fire was going full blast and
the beds and blankets were all
ready in the apartment. We were
really welcomed in this camp. Every
body is friendly. They even puttying
on a welcome mat for us and we're
supposed to be the guest. They were all
ready for us to come in because when
we came in every thing was
in order and doors going in each apartment
It really was swell for the people of
Minidoka to do this. We took a
shower and went to bed early
that night. I really made up my
lost sleep on the train. Because

I don't get up every morning until 9:30 - 10 o'clock in the morning. This morning was the first time I got up for breakfast.

I'll tell you little bit of this camp. This camp is really complicated. I can't figure out head or tail on the place. It's shaped something like a horseshoe. All even blocks are on one side and odds on another and some building is facing another way. There are forty-four blocks in this camp. The blocks are little smaller than in Manzanar. It happens to be living in the last block. It's a long way from the business section. We tried walking to block one but got so tired that we turned around and headed

for home. The building in this camp is lot better constructed. It has regular doors and flooring.

Each block has twelve living quarters, mess hall, laundry room, and a women and men latrine. Each barrack has five apartment each different size. According to the number of people in family they get their apartment. One outer door leads to two apartment, what I mean by that is when you open the outer door in go into a little hall. Inside that little hall way are two doors one on each side which leads to two different apartment. In each apartment there is a built in closet and a coal heater that gives off four times as much heat as the one in Manzanar. They issued per person a wooden cot, regular mattress (not those straw mattresses in Manzanar, two army

Blankets.

The laundry room is a combination of a laundry and ironing room. Most all the residents use the ironing room to iron.

The mess hall in one block is not open yet. The floor of the mess hall is concrete. I think the cats in Mangana is lot better. The food up here seemed to me like it's kind of starchy.

The latrines down here are lot bigger and better. We have regular wash basin and a big stove to keep warm.

There isn't much to do for your recreation as yet. We hang out in the big laundry room where we talk all day. There is a big stove in there to keep us warm. Have

we don't do that we stay home
and write letters. Boy, it's a lot of
work writing letters all day. We
don't go walking around camp
because it's too far in the first place.
Secondly it's too cold.

The weather in Manzanar is
lot warmer. The cold breeze blowing
all day is pretty cold. The ground
freezes during the night and thaws
out in the morning. It sure gets
muddy.

We registered for school yesterday.
All we did was put down the subject
that we took in Manzanar in
order that it came. They don't know
just how they going to work it.
This semester ends March 19. The
school ^{does not seem} ~~is~~ to be very good.

Telling all our letters saying off. Say
hello to the class for me - they. Don't
forget to write always
Sgt. Sakuma