

Tents.

I arrived in Sloan, October 30th, 1942, and my family were immediately compelled to live in a tent.

This was an old discarded army tent, as on the second day of occupation a heavy storm arose and the tent collapsed! There was absolutely no heating system and the only warmth came from the charcoal, which we burnt and carried inside. The tent did not adequately protect us from the cold weather and rain.

After placing two board beds, we found our room was very cramped. There were no windows and the tent was in perpetual darkness, except for the lights which crept through the many holes.

Two weeks later we moved into a 10 by 14 room in the bunkhouse. This was for my family of 5 and the room was too cramped and over crowded for proper housing.