

June 18, 1942

Dear Oji-San,

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My, it's been a long, long time since I wrote you last, hasn't it? How have you been and what have you been doing recently? I hope you're fine as usual, Oji-San. As for ~~us~~^{us}, we're all fine and as healthy as can be.

Yes, even father. He wasn't feeling very well for a few days but now he's as good as ever and up and around so don't worry your (shall I say, white head?) any more. Everything is almost as it was before the war, now that Niisan has returned to us from Fort. Sakota. I say almost, because everything won't be the same until you come back too, Oji-San. How I wish you could join us and how you must have hoped you could until word come from Washington, D.C. Please don't be too disappointed for although we miss you greatly, from what we hear from Niisan, life must not be too bad in camp. In fact it seems better than camp Harmony. Of course, this is only an assembly center and not the permanent relocation center and so we can't expect things to be too well-established. We just have to do the best with what we now have and hope that conditions will be improved at the relocation center. Camp Harmony has been definitely informed that all the people will go to Tule Lake, California and we're now wondering when we will be given the order to move. I don't know which area will leave first, but I'm certainly happy to know that all Camp Harmony will go to one and the same destination. I've heard that Tule Lake is quite nice, that things are very much better there than here and

the only trouble is that the water has mineral in it and also because of the dust. Dust is something we are grateful we haven't got here, but I guess we can't escape it down here.

The weather here has been terrible! One minute it's shining and the next minute it is raining "cats and dog". It's so fickle that I'm getting tired of it.

I put away my galoshes things it wouldn't rain again now that it is June, but no, there's a thunderstorm and out comes the galoshes. Oh, it's so muddy here that our feet go squishing down into the earth if we don't watch our foothold. You look down the road and you see only a sea of brown earth with humps and tire makes ~~making~~ deep grooves here and there. I doubt if you have as much rain in Montana as here. Is it warm there? Remember how often we used to go to Jackson Ice Creamery on hot summer days, Oji-San?

Well, no more. At first we used to be able to get ice cream from the store across the street by means of little boys running back and forth, but after that they opened a little canteen, temporary one, and it became very popular because it sold such things as ice cream, potato chips, candies, etc. That store, however, closed down last week and now the regular

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Canteen has opened business although they have only a limited stock of goods. Goodness, how I miss ice cream - but I've got to restrain from eating such rich foods. Aji-san, you ~~referred~~ referred to me in another letter as being plump. Well, I want you to know that when I came out here I had lost almost 10 pounds. I think I've gained it all back now, tho, because we eat such starchy foods here. I'll try not to get so out-of-shape that you won't recognize me when you come out.

What have I been doing since I come out here? Well, I've been working on the medical staff and have been going back and forth to D every day. The camp hospital has been set up there and about 20 of us girls were helping check up the files after the physical examinations were given. But soon there wasn't enough work to do and we used to go to Area D and do nothing but croquet and knit all day. Then the hospital mess hall was opened and so we girls took turns serving tables, etc.

This is different from regular mess hall work. Food is served to the doctors, nurses, nurses' aids, orderlies, and the American W. C. C. A. officials who work in the main Headquarter office. We serve it family style, not "lashing" out food as in the mess halls. The mess hall is so tiny that it has been quite fun working there, but it certainly wears one out. It wears out too much shoe leather and rubber so

precious, you know. These last two days I've been staying home doing odds and ends, but it gets so tire-some just staying at home, too, that I am going to see if I can't work again.

Too many girls were on the medical staff that some had to be asked to quit, but I think I'm still on. What do you do every day, Oji-san?

What kind of work do you do? My friend, Seiko Kawagawa, was here from Area C the other day and she was saying that her father made little vases out of rocks that he had gathered. It sounded awfully nice and he sent some to her.

Do you know anything about Mr. Nagamatsu? Kimi-chan, his daughter, was saying that he is still in the hospital. I hope he's improving.

Just outside our window is a basketball field and it's full of running boys whenever the field is dry. To-day they are playing and exerting on the court as hard as ever. They have so little to do that they use up all their energy playing on the various fields such as valley ball, baseball, tennis, etc. The other areas which I have seen, that is, B. C. and D do not have such large fields for out door recreation.

Well, I think I'd better end this letter for this time anyway. Love from everyone

from Father to Kazumi

Lovingly

Your niece Miyoko

P.S. Mother says that she is indeed sorry to learn that we won't see you until after the war. But 'keep your chin up' Ojisan, for we won't see Seattle until after the war either. Goodbye I'll write again.