

FA 7

Rec. March 2.

36-10-c  
Thunt, Idaho.

Feb. 15. 1943.

Dear Oji-san,

Happy Birthday! I meant to write and thank you for the lovely vase you made from the rocks you collected at Montana but somehow time has slipped by so fast that before I can quite realize it, it is now February. I want to tell you how much we all have enjoyed using the vase. We all jumped upon the package and opened it immediately and that underwear you had stuck in the vase to protect it, brought good many laughs from each and all of us. We have put the vase in the most striking place in the room - on top of our dresser - the one we ordered from Sears Roebuck.

I'm glad you liked the package we sent you. Neesan, Yoshi-chan and Mame-san did most of it since Fumi-chan and I are working, but we did put in a stitch or two so I hope you'll wear it often and remember us by doing so. Did you like the box of candy? We were able to get quite a variety there through ordering to Sears Roebuck, but just now it is impossible to get any kind of sweets. We hope you like it, Oji-san.  
Feb. 16, 1943.

Last night on reaching home from the hospital, I found a letter from you addressed to all of us. A short while after mail from the internees were censored at New York, the letters from you were delayed considerably coming in. <sup>Feb. 15</sup> batches all at once. But now it's quite regular and doesn't take any longer to receive letters from you than from my friends in Seattle.

You asked whether weather here is as cold as Siberian winter, but at present we're enjoying sunshine and soft winds similar to Seattle's Springtime and if it weren't for this awful mud and glue-like earth, I could begin to like Idaho, but, of course, nothing can compare with good old Seattle weather. Did you read about the unusual snow and blizzard that struck Seattle recently? It was a terrific surprise to me to read about snow a foot deep and factories closing down because the workers, due to tied up traffic, were unable to go to work.

Whenever I think of Seattle, I think of the blight lights, neon signs and beautiful theatres, the department store windows full of longed-for things, and, of course, our hotel. I correspond with a teacher in Seattle - who wrote <sup>and</sup> me said that Seattle is no longer

what we think of it to be, that the streets are dark as soon as twilight falls and the ramshackle houses that were left behind by the Japanese are now being reconstructed to house the hundreds of new people who have come to work in the defense factories. This kind of talk makes me wonder if I want to go back to Seattle after the war for it will be such a different sort of community and whether we Japanese will be welcomed is questionable.

Living in a place like this and seeing only Japanese people all day long makes you want to get outside.

As you probably know by now, Fumi-chan has been trying to get out to school for a long time. She has been accepted and recently received her release from this center. Antioch college in Yellow Springs, Ohio is her destination and I suppose before very long she will be enroute there. That means that I will have to take care of the books, etc., and somehow or other it makes me feel heavy with responsibility.

Papa-san is figuring out the income-tax return these days. It certainly seems like a great deal of trouble the way he labors over it. I'm sure that taking care of the books won't be <sup>an</sup> easy job.

You must be enjoying very fair weather down there to be able to play baseball outdoors. By the time <sup>we</sup> see you again, Oji-san, you will probably be as much of a baseball fan as any ardent American fan.

I'm still working down here at the hospital and am enjoying it quite a bit as I learn <sup>so</sup> much of an entirely new field.

Just now the young men in this camp are being given a chance to offer their services in the armed forces of the U.S. In addition, all men and women of all ages are being registered so that future relocation of us

evacees may be expedited. <sup>促進</sup> When it comes right down to it, I wonder if the Issei are willing to leave this place - after all, most of them are too old to start out in another occupation. When we are in circumstances such as this, I guess we just naturally have to consider a great many more things and not take every-  
thing for granted.

Well, Ajo-San, this is a much longer letter than I thought it would be. Won't you write us again?

Lovingly yours,  
Miyoko

P.S. Did I tell you that Nisan is visiting down in Salt Lake City for a week to attend a convention of all the representatives of the different Coops in the many relocation centers. He hasn't returned yet, but he'll probably be back by this Friday.

Well goodbye.