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Rec. 11/13

Hunt, Idaho
Nov. 7, 1943

Dearest Uncle,

We've finally come home, Miyo-chan and I, from one month's work of picking spuds. Just yesterday noon at 12:20, we entered that familiar gate into Hunt, and it felt so good to get back home again. Although all 60 of us started off from Oakley near noon, the bus-driver and others who were in charge of us, wouldn't even stop at a city for even 5 minutes for us to eat lunch. We all yelled that we were hungry since we all had had to eat our breakfast about 6:30, but they just would not stop in at a city, so we reached home with empty stomachs. I think that was rather mean to not even permit us to eat lunch, don't you think?

Spud-picking is really hard work, and back-breaking. It took me at least a week to get used to the bending and picking, but my fingers are still sore. For the first time two weeks, my fingertips cracked and split open, so it was so painful to pick the potatoes, but now the skin has ~~hard~~ ^{hard}ent up. It was so hard working and cold working in the morning, and several times we worked through rain and mud and snow.

We had such a good experience in learning to live through a lot of hardships that you naturally begin to appreciate things more and more. I always think whenever I do any chores that nothing is ~~so~~ as hard as spud picking. Although everything was hard and bad, we had a lot of fun working with other boys and girls our age, that I almost wish that we could start all over again that one whole month.

While we were there, we received your

package containing the tid-bits and towels, and
want to thank you for them. At that time we didn't
have anything to eat when we become hungry at time
so we all enjoyed those tid-bits greatly. It always
seems as though we are causing you so much trouble.

Oji-san, will you be having a^{re} hearing soon?
It would really be so nice if you could be with us
all again. We all miss you so much. At any rate,
I'll always be praying for your quick return
so we could be together once more. Please take
good care of yourself, Oji-san, and never give
up hope. We're all looking forward to that day
when you'll come back to us.

With Love,
Yoshiko.