

36-10-C

Hunt, Idaho

Dec. 20, 1943.

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Dear Oji-san -

It has been sometime now since I last wrote you when we were out in Oakley, hasn't it? More than a month, to be exact.

Just received today your letter of Dec. 15 and I'm glad to hear that you are well despite the worrying spell that you went through concerning Papa-san's illness. Please rest assured for he is quite well now and even now he is complaining of something or other. He goes out on errands practically every day and retires early. The thing is that he has all his meals at home and therefore it results in double work for Mama-san. However, it can't be helped, I guess.

Just now the whole center is preparing for the Christmas holidays, getting the dining halls decorated, the Christmas trees

trimmed, and all in all putting
on the gay ^{PS} Christmas spirit.

✓ A contest is to be held in the
project to determine the 5 best
decorated dining halls and so
we young people are raking our
brains to make it look really
good. The crepe paper and materials
are given out equally to each
block and from them the residents
are to make something using their
ingenuity. The prizes this year
will be enlarged pictures of the
block. Last year our mess
hall won first prize, but unfor-
tunately they never gave out
the prize which was to be a
mural. The artists who were
to make the mural relocated
before even starting on it.

I've been unable to help
the past week because of a bad
cold, but I hope to be up soon.
There are a number of details to
look after especially if one
is the president of the block young
people - they had an election
just recently and I'm the goat.

A Mr. Semba who came back
from Santa Fe was living in our
block and I happened to talk to
him one day. He knows you well,
he says. His daughter Mayme, now
married, was a nurse at the Puyallup
center where I worked also in the hospital.
Will write again. Love
Miyoko