

June 11, 1942.

Dear Mrs. Bates: -

Thank you so much for sending the miniature dresser and the dust pan to us. As ours is a life minus comfort and luxury, every little article adds so much to rounding out our daily routine.

In the rush of the last day, we had forgotten to mention the matter of a trunk left in the Masada basement. The black one under the stairs, I'm afraid without any identification, is ours. It's packed with extra clothing which I had intended to ask of you to forward to ^{us} you after relocation. I am very sorry that we did not push it into a corner away from such an oft used space but hope that it is not ^{too} much in your way.

The two parcel post packages I had left, too, thank you so much for your trouble. We also appreciate your forwarding our mail to us.

May we ask another favor of you? We have a box of dishes in the basement which

we'd like to get. In the the southwest corner of the back basement, is a corrugated box about the size of canned milk case just marked with our name. I could not say for sure whether we left one or two such boxes but we are sure that just one of them contains the dishes. It is just a matter of two dinner plates, some cups and saucers, and other odds & ends. Please do not hesitate to open it to make sure of the contents. I understand Miss Haines is coming out again soon and would appreciate your contacting her for her favor.

No doubt, you are well informed by now as to how we are getting along. By degrees we have adjusted ourselves to this barren barracks living, the humiliation of standing in the bread line, and all the rules and regulations, which though necessary, irritated us no end. From this morning, we must be within our doors at 9:00 A.M. and at 9:30 P.M. for roll call, a new order issued by the army.

Rumors are that we are to be on the move again. Our hopes of voluntary move to Denver has been completely blasted. Contrary

& all the assurance that we will be
able to go on our own, the rules as it
stands contradicts all the army's promises.

I am very disappointed but can only hope
that there will be a change of policies again.

The Masudas live around the corner
from us. We have a little room to ourselves
now before which we were assigned to
quarters under the grand stand, a dark
sunless room with concrete floor. It was
a climax to my pent up emotions and I
confess now, I lived my first hour of
confinement away in that dungeon.

At the present, I am helping at the
canteen, probably at \$8 per month. Regardless
of the compensation, it helps while the time away.

With faith and courage, I am sure
we can somehow live through all of this,
patiently awaiting peace and normal
pursuit of healthy living mentally as
well as physically.

With our best regards to Mr. Gates
we are,
Yours sincerely,

Mitsuji and Ichi Morisuta.



Mrs. Chas. Gates
1272. E. 69th St
Prairie, Wash.

MRS. M. MORISHITA

D-3-61

Camp Harmony,
Puget Sound, Wash.