

Jan. 9, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Gates:-

I thank you so much for your very kind letter and all your trouble. I have received a bill of lading from Hansen Bros. and am sure that the trunk will arrive in due time. As the enclosed joint covers that which you prepared for us, your kindness, all your time and the storage will at this time, have to be marked off by sincerely saying "Thank you".

Contrary to expectations, we enjoyed a very lovely Christmas. The children were worried about Santa here, wondering if he too had to have a badn pass to come within the M.P. gates and the barbed wire fence. But, thanks to the thoughtfulness of the outside churches and organizations, they were beautifully loaded with all kinds of gifts, much more in some cases than Christmas of other years. Our recreation staff worked tirelessly, dragging home heavy feet in the mud as late as 10:30 P.M. every night. I enjoyed my part in Santa's workshop tremendously. A census was taken of all children 18 and under, a gift was distributed to each boy and girl.

From the camp-wide contribution, each block raised \$35 which was expended for decoration, candy, and nuts. A dining hall decoration contest was held which brought out all the ingenuity that is so typical of our people. How we made something out of nothing was marvellous. The residents utilized tin cans, egg shells, sage brush, and even wood shavings sprayed green to decorate the halls. Festivity reigned throughout and on Christmas Eve as the carolers sang thru the camp on an open trailer, all the dining halls held open houses for the judges as well as for their neighbor blocks. This was a new Christmas for all of us, one we will never forget.

Each block held their own Christmas Party. We put a little finishing touch to ours by mimeographing our program, entitling it "On a Starry Night" as our hall was carried out on a starlit night effect with reindeers prancing around the walls. Candy and nuts were passed out to all the residents, Santa made his appearance in time and amidst laughter and songs, we really and truly exchanged our greetings. Heretofore, I had for some years spent Christmas with the Masudas and felt that had they been here too,

The holiday would have been complete.

In New Year, the steward dept managed to buy some "sweet rice", a special rice which was steamed and pounded into cake which is called "mochi". It is a "must have" food for a Japanese New Year. To the older folks, that extra food meant everything. An elderly woman across the table from us on New Year morn cried shamelessly. Her silent tears seemed to say so much. You see, her eldest son is somewhere in Africa now and as she choked on her food, she mumbled something about her Paul's love for "mochi".

Yes, this camp life produces many problems. The W.R.G. policy seems to be "change by experience", granted that everything is new and must be tried. Our problems, however, cannot so easily be solved and I dread to think of the effect this kind of living is to leave on all the people. I cannot pride in the race anymore because petty theft is a daily occurrence. There is very little case of burglary, just twice that I have heard of, but the way people walk off with government property is shameful. In a way, it cannot be helped as the bare apartments do need a shelf or a bench. In our recreation department, we had trouble with part of Ping-Pong

table disappearing in parts. The board will be minus the half. The 2x4 used to extend from over the 2 "horses" will be gone, and finally the "horses" itself disappears. So everything now is under lock and key. I realize, that necessity drive people into such habits, and sincerely hope that all this is temporary.

The close living quarters create social problems. The young people feel at a loss in these one room environment and hardly stay at home. It is the common cry of every mother "My daughter didn't go out so much in Seattle but wants to go out every night after coming to camp." The only entertainment they have is the weekly 16mm moving picture and the dances. However, there is consolation to see a packed hall at every word-concert program.

Many, noticeably the students, are slowly being released. The policy of the W.R.A. is to relocate as many out as possible but the red tape procedure is taxing on the patience. Between us, we have often discussed plans of going out but have not as yet taken any steps to do so because of our births. I am very anxious to go to a design school to finish where I left off. He too wants to enroll in a similar school. Strange as it may seem, that's his interest.

From a letter received today, my former neighbor related her problems of ration and the matter of contentment from a full stomach. It must be a headache to be a good housewife today. The food the ration is here too but as the food is all prepared for us, we just eat it - beans and all. In that respect, it is a life of ease for us who had to worry about the family table before.

Mr. Floyd Schmos was in all this week and have enjoyed meeting him. He and his benevolent organization is doing so much for us. The kindness of the people outside to provide a job and in many cases a home too, is most gratifying. It is so hopeful to realize that there ^{are} so many who still understand us.

I rambled on longer than I realized. We have the radio entertaining us but the program was abruptly disturbed as he layed down the Post Intelligence to cry - "What would I give to go to the Student Prince in the Blossom Time at the Metropolitan." The both loved such entertainment so much - it makes us so homesick. The miss Cecilia Schultz serials and the attractions at the Meany Hall. The

use to save our movie allotment to attend
the concerts and now we have nothing to
look forward to.

Tomorrow, Sunday, we will spend the
day tacking up the wall with the corrugated
paper we patiently saved. As our room is
on the north end, it is very cold.

The kindest of regards to Mr. Bates,
a sincere thank you from both of us.

Yours very sincerely,
Lohi Morishita

M. Mousita
7-3-A
Hunt, Idaho.



Mrs. Chas. Gates.

1272. E. 69th St

Seattle, Wash.

