

June 27, 1945

Dear Mr. Merrill, Mann, Roden,
Greenplate and Caward,

Now it is almost a week since I left camp; however it seems much more longer. As I am a native of Portland, I feel as if I've never gone away to a relocation center these past three years. There is hardly no change in the city except that there are so many people rushing around the town. Everyone seems so busy all the time.

First I shall tell you what has happened to me since I stepped into the Shoshone bus. I was in Shoshone until 2:30 as the train was late. The conductor said - "standing room only" but I got on anyway. Luckily I found a

seat in the Smoking Room. Since some girls from Hunt were going back to Seattle, I had company all the way. The ride was very dirty and tiresome that I don't believe I slept at all. The afternoon was just plain stuffy and hot. I'd rather ride in a car anytime than a train. We finally arrived in Portland just a little before nine Friday morning. We were due there at 7:30. (The Columbia Highway was very beautiful.)

I do hope I'm making sense and that you follow my thoughts as I am so tired every night.

Well to get back to Friday morning, Jean Kouns (from Hunt - used to work for McLaughlin) and Mr. Richardson both of the Portland W.R.A. came to meet me. They took me to the office and I talked to Mrs. Friedman. She was the lady who

was in camp the week of June 11-16 and interviewed me for the job I have now. We went to International House where I was to stay, but seeing that it was too crowded, I decided to stay with a girl from my block 39. She is teaching kindergarten at a federal project and stays at one of these federal housing units. That's where I am right now. I like it very much. It's an apartment like place. It has a private shower just like your place. Of course, no elaborate thing as heater or refrigerator. After I moved in, I made my bed and hung up my clothes and tried to get settled. Goodness I was so tired I went straight to bed.

Next morning I went to work - just half a day. I still was very very tired and sleepy. Incidentally before I forget I work at the "National Conference of

Christiana & June, 722 Bedell Bldg.
Portland 4, Ore. Mrs. Sales is my boss
and she's a young lady not thirty yet.
Here's two elderly women - Mrs. Sandy-
secretary and Miss Kessle (typing & short-
hand teacher.) I like the office very much.
They are so nice to me. I think this job
is temporary as Miss Kessle told me she
started work a week before I did. Before
Fall I shall probably have to look for
another job. Nothing is definite yet.

Now, Lasses, don't think that I've
forgotten the office. No - I haven't. I
miss it very much. After all I've worked
there for almost 2 1/2 yrs. That's quite
an attachment.

By the way. How are things in
Procurement? Busy? Or are you all
through with the contracts and such.
What about the Surplus Property? Do you

still have things to tag? By now I think there wouldn't be anything left. That's all right though - it'll keep you all busy.

I suppose someone has opened the package by now. Ya - it's cigars. A new box full. Now, don't look at me with such suspicious eyes - it's not a black market good. As all the war workers who live here at University homes ~~go~~ buy their merchandise at Fred Meyer's across the street, they seem to have priority. Anyway I looked all over town, even the wholesale dealers that my dad knows for cigars but ended without any. Sunday I passed the cigar and cigarette counter of Fred Meyer's and saw those cigars. So I asked for a box and there it is. Maybe you don't like them, but they're the best I could find with cellophane wrappers. Sorry - no cigarettes. Will you

(Sack, Mick, Luce)
Please let the Ladies of the office
read this as I don't want to repeat
myself again about my trip.

please divide it equally among your-
selves.

Well, I have so much to say and
if I do I'll go on and on so I shall
say, "so-long for awhile".

Last but not least I'd like to
say, "Thanks an awful lot for the
lovely gift. I shall cherish it very much.
Whenever I carry it, I'll think of you
and all you've done for me. Thanks
again.

As ever,
Mings

P. S.

Now have you all been good little
boys today. If so, I shall tell Sack,
Mick, and Luce to let you have a sniff
of the candy. No - I'm just kidding. Help
yourselves.

P.S. Imagine I have to cook my breakfast
and dinner. I eat lunch in town.

Please write if you are at leisure.

University Homes
3918 N. Bataan
Portland 3, Oregon
Apr. 14



Mr. Merrill

c/o Procurement Office
Minidaka Project
Hunt, Idaho