

December 20, 1943

Dear Family,

This is intended as a timely greeting in lieu of a phone call or telegram. I hope it will find you having a pleasant, cozy Christmas "on the home front"! It is sure that those of us who are having something other than "honey" Christmases want the practise perpetuated even though what we happen to be doing when we are is more important than any one custom.

Probably you will be
right if you imagine me
at midnight service (in the
congregation for a change) where
Bishop Rhea will officiate. Christ-
mas morning there may be
a service — I don't know what

my breakfast plans will be.

I think they are going to make
a big effort to make dinner
more of a family style affair
than they did Thanksgiving.

Ellen is going to eat with the
Davidsons, so I think Rakel and
I may be the only ones from
our doors.

I expect that a few of my
school boys will be up to help
me while away the afternoon.
Sunday I'll be tied up with
the Sunday school party all
afternoon.

As for the past week, I
don't say I'm weary of well

2/ doing (It's the spice of my life!), but I most certainly am weary from it! But it's so rewarding!

I think I told you that Bob, Kake, Louise and I went to church together a week ago at night. They had evensong and a reception for the paroled internees - mostly Alaskans (all ^{male} family heads we interred regardless of connections or records). It was fun although largely in Japanese.

Monday night Bob came over for an evening of Chinese checkers. Tuesday and Wednesday nights I wrote more Christmas cards and notes. It was quite nervous work because after writing from 6:30 till 10:30 or so I'd be too keyed up to sleep.

Thursday I had planned to continue, but in the afternoon Tak Miyamoto, one of my last year's Cox children & one of my sweetest and dearest boys came to me practically in tears about his

courses — convinced that he was "losing his grip." He was too upset and there wasn't any quiet place to talk so I invited him to come up in the evening. After a session from 7:30 till 10:30 I had him walking on air and smiling like himself again. I find so many youngsters who are terribly frightened because they think their adolescent moodiness is a fundamental change of character! I suppose the circumstances of evacuation have made it seem more possibly true.

Well Friday night was the Junior Jounce — the season's best party so far. Before going down I dropped in at the open-house farewell for Mrs. Schaffer who is going to the Army (former asst. project director). He used to be a big shot in the Michigan Relief Administra-
tion while I was a senior and

3/ we spent a lot of time com-
panying notes. Accidentally if you
can get the Nov. 1943 issue of
Compass the professional
social work magazine, he
has a splendid article in it.

The Junior party was games
and stunts till 9, then refresh-
ments, then dancing so that
non-dancers could enjoy it
too. Much to my surprise
and Gladys', our Johnny
(with the record school record, but
who is trying so hard to gain
acceptance as the reformed
boy he is) showed up about 10.
I spent the next hour or so
chatting with him, then he
and his pal walked me home.
Johnny was in an indigo mood
and wanted to share his troubles
— so I did. His pal was a dull child
and was content just to sit. I
learned a lot about Johnny that
night — his life makes Dead

End pale by comparison. I know enough about his case record to say his story checks with fact. Between having an utterly no-good family which has been a broken one to boot, he has had a fantastic series of experiences through no fault but chance. Now the puzzle is to find out where the inclinations to right and good things come from! The satisfying thing to me is that his progress here is slow enough to seem genuine and possibly lasting!

Saturday I went to town after work and finished shopping. I met John DeYoung at the bus so we rode out together. He was cordiality and attentiveness in person! He helped carry my bundles to the dorm and I invited them in but as we entered I discovered Johnny and a pal awaiting me! So we played my records and radio and talked and had

4/ coffee and cake till midnight!
Both boys were most appreciative.
At least there was one night when
they were exposed to a wholesome
home atmosphere instead of a bunch
of loafers. The pal pummed a cup
well I thought when he said that
usually, after being in rough
company such as he keeps,
he was uncomfortable talking
to girls for fear he'd say something
propagandist or indelicate but
he hadn't that evening. And
both boys really were very polite
— as much as they knew how
to be. They certainly talked freely
about a multitude of things
and gave definitely uncensored
viewpoints. That is highest
flattery to me — or a real compli-
ment, I feel. It gives me a chance
to steer by voicing observations
casually.

But Sunday I was
quite worn out after 8 AM church
and then Sunday school.

I just slept the time away.

Tonight we had a shower
for Gladys. She is being
married Friday afternoon.
The party was at the 'Lights'. It
was the familiar group - very
congenial, and we mostly
sat and listened to records.
Jumps latest are Basil Rathbone
in The Christmas Carol and
a Brahms piano concerto.

Rathlander left for home
Saturday. I hope you can meet
her and jump her about the
project and me. She lives
in Brookville - 3 Brooklands.

I hope you are all keeping
well and avoiding the flu bug.
I think my vitamin pills and
happy existence are building
me up even though I've gained
no weight!

Love,

Helen