

HOLIDAY



GREETINGS

Monday 11:20 PM

Dear Family,

Christmas is beginning to take on reality tonight. Most of the gifts, except a few local ones have been taken care of, and my cards need only to be addressed according to the list. Cards and notes are beginning to roll in - a heart-warming harvest of the year's efforts.

Each day's crises eclipse the previous ones so it's hard to do justice to a description of the past two weeks. It seems that every night I have a sigh that at last I have some idea of what to expect, only to awake in the morning to a new set of circumstances. This much at least is sure - the West Coast is again open. Probably the centers will close in about 8 months. School will close permanently in June. Elmer predicts crisis upon crisis, and a rising tide of anti-evacue feeling from now on. He has been detailed to do community analyses on the coast for 8 weeks starting Jan. 2, but is prepared to be there longer, chiefly in Oregon and Washington. Meanwhile the winter, comparatively alone in the sense of our relations with the youngsters, looks pretty bleak.

I'm not going to try to make any plans beyond what tell this is all over and I've had a rest.

Now, to go back over the past two weeks.

Tuesday, the 5<sup>th</sup>, there was a get-together at Father Joe's to discuss adult education offerings for young people. It wasn't too successful.

Thursday Evelyn and I went to town expecting to see Till We Meet Again - but it wasn't on so we saw I Love a Soldier, set in San Francisco and very good. We ate almost continuously and gored in it!

Friday night was another session at Father Joe's. This time a research asst. (niece) from the U. of Chicago Sociology Dept. who told of resettlement in Chicago.

Saturday afternoon I shopped. In the evening we saw Till We Meet Again. I wasn't thrilled!

Sunday I wrapped packages all afternoon so my distraction I found I lost one package containing gifts for Daddy, Uncle Joe, and Chuck Bran. I couldn't replace them, till day before yesterday. However, I did at last get mother's birthday gift. That was in the package without the Christmas label.

In the evening, instead of writing letters as planned, I was in bed before 9, exhausted.

Monday night after Japanese class I stopped to chat with Miss Jite and didn't get away till 1 AM! She had a most upsetting story of intrigue concerning her section.

Tuesday night Frank Watanabe took me to town to see Wilson. We double dated with Sylvia Goodfriend (librarian by 3 weeks) and Willard Jaeger and had a delightful time. We had chicken dinner before the show and ice cream afterwards, with good conversation. Frank is a jewel! He has invited me to go along when he gives his family an outing in town. He is so appreciative of your hospitality!

Wednesday Elmer was in charge of a symposium on Indians for the Vulturey for Culture. I was exhausted, but I found it interesting. Several staff members have worked with Indians.

Thursday night I was in bed by 9 again!

Friday night Elmer took me to the Hi-Y dance. It was our last together and we gathered every ounce of enjoyment from it. It was a very lovely party, too.



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HOLIDAY

GREETINGS

I had to work all day Saturday, but in the evening Sylvia and I shopped very successfully and finished nearly all of my list except a few local things.

Yesterday after dinner Elmer and I had a long talk. He sketched some of the possibilities for the future, he and in his work on the coast. I can see a little clearer what lies ahead, what must be done, and where I can look for help, so I feel more secure. Everyone (Elmer, Frank, Father Joe, Sylvia) stresses the importance of my influence <sup>on the youngsters</sup> and until I have a hard time to decide just how exaggerated their statements are!

I ought I've been organizing my card list and finishing up details on gifts. Tomorrow Elmer and I have dinner together in town if no emergencies arise. Wednesday night Father Joe entertains the College Board Club at a bull session. Friday night Sylvia has invited Frank and me to a party for her library staff (misc).

Mr. Huberman has invited me to have Christmas dinner with them, and help stuff the turkey Sunday. Bishop Rhea will be here for the midnight service. It will be my last Christmas here - our last, for all of us -

It's probably going to be hard to watch the work we struggled so to organize, being

systematically dismantled during the coming months.

So far, most of the people are rather stunned. Many are hesitant to go back to the coast because they don't know whether they have any friends left. On the other hand, a peculiar reaction seems fairly typical: our head janitor's remark was "Well, I guess now will be leaving for Chicago."

Reports from the West coast coupled with those from the East on the Negro and Jewish problems, make us fear more for the future than we did at the worst periods in W.A. In fact, the post war period in America looks more charged with dynamite than in any other country.

One more thing, Daddy, will you give Aunt Anna the last installment of bonds? I've written her that the ceremony was to have been just Christmas, but I'm afraid I'm too late.

I just hope this letter reaches you for the holiday. Maybe we can have a reunion next Christmas!

Love,

Helen  
P.S. On my shopping trip Saturday before last I lost the package containing the gifts for Daddy, Uncle Joe, and Chuck Bean and couldn't replace them till day before yesterday. I do hope they arrive on time!

5/ Tuesday evening Tom and I were both very content to sit and talk together till about eight. I think this final trip is hard for him. He's turning over the work he organized and developed over 3 years and in the first two camps the outlook hadn't been good. While here he received notice of a hearing on his draft status (2A) which makes his future more confused than just his previous debate between overseas work for Friends Service Committee and Student Relocation.

Wednesday night Tom was invited out to dinner and I tumbled into bed early — 7PM.

Thursday night we wound up our business at 6:15. I was home and through the tub and ready for dinner at Huberman's

6/ at 7 PM! The Hobsons were  
there too. We had a nice time.  
Mr H. has a very interesting  
collection of records including  
some art ballads on the  
Okeo and some foreign  
recordings of Spanish civil  
war songs.

Tom left Friday just before  
noon.

Friday night I had quite  
a visit with the Y.W. secretary  
here to review Girl Reserves  
work. She is very good.

Yesterday I took her and  
six girls to an all day conference  
in Hazelton. By 3:30 I was  
so exhausted that I slipped  
off to the study hall and put  
my head down on the desk  
and dozed for an hour.  
Then there I just went to town  
for coffee which revived  
us all considerably.

I was home at 8:45 and  
in bed by 9. I skipped  
church and Sunday

7/ school to sleep and relax.  
I had a second cup of coffee  
with Miss Dite and a new  
case worker from Provia, Ill.  
She had heard of Luanda Bur-  
hans and we are both wondering  
if the baby ever arrived!

Since all laundry and  
cleaning service has been  
discontinued for us I had  
quite a washing to do. It's  
still perplexed - ~~my~~ except  
in emergencies I talk at  
sheets and handkerchiefs.

I backed out of going to  
town for dinner and (showing  
(11:30 - 7:30) with Miss Dite and  
a "paratrooper" from her Washing-  
ton office. Instead, I ate here  
and John Graham came  
over and visited till 5.

Today for the first in weeks  
my clothes are all clean and  
pressed.

I understand one core  
teacher arrived today to take  
over 10th grade. That will help  
me considerably.

I may even be relieved

of my dit and Cox 11 the week  
Wednesday night I am guest  
of honor at the 18th grade party.  
Elmer will be there too if all goes  
well.

Friday night I have dinner  
in home with John Graham.

There is no school Sunday  
because we're having the early

Thanksgiving.

I think Tom's visit may  
have some rather good results  
for my status in getting me  
clerical help and a place to  
have privacy.

I think I'll be off to bed soon.

Love,

Helen

P.S. I mailed a bond by registered  
mail yesterday.

Thank you for the candy.  
It came today - safely.