

Sunday noon  
8-5-45

Dear Family,

We're on the last three months! And this one is flashing along unbelievably fast! Life continues to be a strange combination of gracious living and ruthless decadence.

For the first I mean that I am now more on my own than I have been since Jerry Light's case started to boil and my work is the least passing ever. Also, with Eugene, Alice, Father, Joe, Perry and others, my "after hours" life is very congenial.

For the second I mean that in every corner there

seems to be frustration  
and intrigue. The question  
is whether or not we can  
just remain in a simmer-  
ing condition below the  
surface until November 1  
or whether the mess will  
erupt in an explosion  
that will rock the project.

Petty politics, "misappropriation"  
of gas, meats, etc., and  
low moral standards  
are shocking. WKA policy  
is now getting so high-handed  
that there is some question  
how far some of us are  
willing to go with it. You  
may guess that this past week  
has been especially upsetting  
in terms of new policies  
announced and cases  
of "ape handle psychology"  
practiced on the project.  
Now to reconstruct the  
past week —

Monday night I wrote letters and went to the Pt with Louise.

Tuesday night we had an 1/2 day of meals for the first. Breakfast included rubbery green peaches and all the milk and cream we saw. Lunch was almost as unsatisfactory. (End of the month). By afternoon I felt low so Father Joe invited me home for a good dinner - it was! Later in the evening we went back for a get-together.

But the next morning alas, the heat and the food and late hours caught up with me and I had a touch of the bug going around. All morning I regretted anything I'd ever eaten. By dinner time I was up and about and rode to Eden with Elmer after supper.

The days here continue  
broiling hot, but the mornings  
and nights are lovely.

Thursday night we  
had a very light supper, so  
Elmer took two of the fellows  
and me to Eden for more.

Friday was an especially  
trying day. I had to take my  
laundry to Jerome, so Elmer  
came with me and we  
revived our spirits with  
delicious T Bone steaks.  
That night Pooch had failed  
to show up, so Louise and  
I walked down to look in  
Blocks 22 and 23. No luck.

Yesterday we discovered she  
had gotten locked in the  
church office accidentally  
Friday afternoon. She was  
very glad to get out! I'm  
beginning to consider her a  
vestal virgin the way she  
hangs around the chapel.  
Really I think she enjoys the  
coolness of the luncheon

and the sociability of people  
coming and going. Also  
she likes to big rides in  
Mrs. Peppers' car.

Last night was the  
last dance to be put on  
by Community Activities.  
They had worked all week  
transforming the school  
dining hall into "Cafe Adios."  
It was charming! Tables  
with candles, a small  
dance floor roped off,  
a "bar" which sold  
cokes, sundaes and  
sandwiches, waiters in  
white coats, etc. They had  
a good floor show with  
Elms as M.C.

The crowd was quite  
small (because of lubrication)  
and augmented by the  
largest group of A.P.'s ever.

They were really friendly  
ones and well accepted  
but I did seem strange  
to Elmer and me not to  
be practically the only  
"haku jin" couple there.  
(white)

It was delightful and yet  
unutterably sad because  
it was the end of some  
of our happiest times.  
As a special occasion  
they danced till 2 AM.

Today I crawled out at  
8:20 and played for church  
at 8:45. John Graham  
brought me home and  
we chatted over coffee and  
ginger snaps till 10:30.  
Then one of my first students  
called for a nice chat.

In about half an hour  
Elmer and I are entertaining

Alice and Eugene (my Student Relocation helpers) at dinner. I don't know how long they will stay.

Then tonight we all have dinner at Father Joe's.

This coming week there are some paratroopers expected and possible fireworks.

Friday night there is a farewell party for Father Shoji who is returning to Seattle. It will be dull and very "jissei" but we owe him the respect.

Saturday I am invited to ride to Boise for the weekend with Father Rollo and come back Sunday afternoon. I am annoyed at Father Joe and Elmer. They planned it for me. I don't quite know whether to suspect a plot in my absence or whether they really

are just concerned that I shall maintain the gains I made during my vacation! I really believe the latter. It will also be a chance to see Tak Myamoto.

Everyone commented on how much better I looked when I returned.

By the way, my hayfever stopped as suddenly as it started - August 2. Exactly 2 months. It's a real relief!

I'm afraid I forgot to mention last night that my birthday glasses made my vacation perfect. Especially while driving, the colors were more beautiful (the glasses bring out subtleties that are lost in glass) and it was good to see details and all without double weight of "seeing" and dark glasses.

Daddy should be glad to hear I'm putting my raise into bonds.

More anon -  
Love,

Helen



Frankly, with time and a half over 40 hrs. and over 48 hours week, my new income impresses me. I'll put the increase in bonds. Of course, I won't be getting that much so very much longer.

I have some prospects after November 1 in New York but nothing definite yet. I don't even know when the AP's will leave - at least Jan 1.

I think that bring us up to date.

Does Mother still want the pinking shears?

Father Dai and Frank and everyone you've met sent greetings to you.

Nantucket sounded enjoyable. I think under other circumstances it would have been my ideal of a vacation. Hope some day I can show you the west!

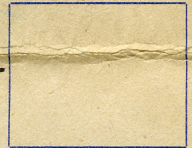
The Empire State Bldg. accident certainly was exciting. We got bare ~~de~~ outline story on the radio Saturday noon and nothing more till I saw a Boise paper tonight which did it justice. With WPA on 59th and 65th floors we were quite anxious.

I have at last around Irrogator's with the graduation speeches and pictures. Will forward soon.

Bed time.

Love,

Helen



To ~~Anna~~ P. James

~~Patricia~~  
Michigan

To Mrs. S. W. Harris  
P.O. Box 1265

Carroll  
Calif.

FOLD HERE

~~Frank and Helen~~  
Michigan