

Friday 12-14-45

Dear Family,

I'm under the dryer again, but this time it's in a beauty shop owned by a couple of girls who graduated from Hunt H.S.. I like it much better.

We have been working day and night on our survey so there isn't much to report.

Last Sunday I slept all morning and in the afternoon we went to a meeting of representatives Nisei from all the groups in the community. It was one of those "spontaneous" affairs that had been carefully set up. We came out with a very good chairman and possibilities of really accomplishing the coordination of activities.

In the evening Dr Joe and Elmer and I had dinner with one of the first families to return to Seattle. The two daughters used to teach in the grade schools and the brother in high school at Hunt. After dinner we went to the Japanese Methodist church where Dr Joe was to speak at the Nisei fellowship group.



4 The furnace was out of order, so we  
nearly froze around a little wood  
stove. The people there were h.s. and  
older but the games they played and the  
intellectual level of the whole evening  
were gr. h.s. at least. It was a case  
of their going for sociability and having  
to take the religion which was the  
pretext for meeting. Therefore the religion  
was as diluted as possible and —  
in my estimation — both ends were  
defeated.

We went back to Murakami and  
drank hot tea until 11 to get warm.  
Monday we worked even in the  
evening after dinner.

That night Mrs. Matsushita got word  
that her uncle (bachelor who lives alone)  
had been taken ill so I arranged to move  
to the Y on Tuesday. Elmer thinks I should  
write up the experience as an evaluation  
of a local institution. I'm in an  
awkward spot since they are sponsoring  
me. But I was slightly taken aback to  
be told, after I had explained my predicament,  
that they would have to do some talking  
to the lady in charge of transient rooms  
to make her let me stay more than 6 days!  
That is the limit — like a hotel. And



(The desk clerk)  
3/ When I came in Tuesday she said  
it was a regular 1.50 room. I haven't  
been able to contact the lady who is  
my contact person in Y to ask if I have  
to pay it. The room is small and  
uncomfortable and there hasn't been  
any maid service since I moved  
in! And I have to be in by 12 every  
night. Usually that's OK - but when I  
have to attend social affairs *ex officio*  
it's very inconvenient.

Tuesday night I moved.

Wednesday night we worked.

Last night Fr Joe took us to the

Okudas for dinner and the evening.  
Mr. Okuda is over 80. He is the ranking  
member of the Japanese community  
and a remarkable man. He came  
to the U.S. in 1883! He is very Americanized.  
He was in on the ~~founding~~ <sup>building</sup> of the Great  
Northern RR and then on the founding  
of the Japanese community in Seattle!

From 5:30 till 10 he told fascinating  
anecdotes of the early days as well  
as of his experiences with recent  
ambassadors from Japan.

Tonight there is a Nisei gathering  
at Floyd Schmees which we should



4/  
attend. Tomorrow Tak comes from  
Tacoma. There is a Nisii dance at  
night which we may attend.

We have located nearly 500  
Nisii of 7th grade or older. We have  
addressed envelopes to them and  
mimeographed letters and question-  
naires. Now we must put the  
kids' names on the letters and get  
all in the mail this weekend. I'm not  
sure how we can do all that!

My Xmas shopping has been  
rather slovenly this year. Somehow  
both Elmer and I find it hard to get into  
the Christmas spirit with so much  
else pressing on us. I think being  
away from home (He for the first  
time) makes a difference too.

You ask about the prospects beyond  
January 1. I have no idea! We are  
told it will depend on the outcome  
of our survey. I think my second  
possibility rests with the new  
committee which meets again  
Dec. 23.

If nothing turns up, I'll leave  
the first week in January and spend  
a few days with Aunt Betty, then  
come East. I'll let you know when I know.  
I guess that's all for now. Love, Helen