

Box 93
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Miss Yuri Lamoto
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Last night's letter written tonight —
Sunday.

Dear Yumiharu —

Saturdays always bring a sort of welcomed relief — of anticipated chance to go "out" and of a free Sunday on which to rest. But, we worked — harder than ever.

First because we all have steadied down and gotten more or less used to the back breaking work. Second because we are three men that and still have to do our quota of picking for the day.

We usually get this with work around 5:30, have dinner at 7. By 8 there is a poker game or a crap game going on.

Tonight, the boys all have the "sat." spirit and all are staying up — most of them are watching the dice game (Bob. is our Caucasian friend now \$80⁰⁰.)

Yuzi, Hideo, George and myself played

500. Before the game I went out to buy a pr. of pants. Went from store to store looking for \$29.29 in denim or jean. but ended up by getting a rather grey pants which you won't like. Also bought two prs of work socks, a box of mixed salted nuts to have mailed to you.

Inadvertently, I asked the soda counter for a lime freeze drink. The girls looked at each other and I enjoyed their last look. One girl suddenly brightened up and said very sweetly, "I'm sorry but we are out of that syrup." I got strawberry sundae.

The room where I slept - hallway and under a drafty window was so cold last nite that I decided to move. Found a room cluttered with junk but otherwise quite

unhabitable. Cleared it up this morning and moved in.

Tomie's letter written tonight.

_____ Sunday.

Just like another day. We worked as usual.

Felt pretty pooped out and felt like I would die on the spot.

We were all nesting around 3 P.M. when a fellow yelled.

'Zambada!'

Another letter for you, and the only one from Amabe so far to any of us.

Felt so good that it began going like hell for the rest of the day. Junji yelled at me 'Hey! where do you get all the cosmic energy?'

Usually the guy who goes too fast gets a potato a few aimed at his noggin. They couldn't reach me - was too far out ahead of them for them to touch me - ahem.

But damn my pon back, is it stiff tonight!

No use telling our pains and aches to anyone - get no sympathy so we have to pity ourselves.

Including the parents of a lot of guy who yell bloody, crocodile tears because they've been constipated for four days.

Sorry that you have such an awful time reading my writing maybe that's more I used to get such lousy grades.

So far we have been getting beautiful weather. But tonight for the

first two since we've come here
there are heavy banks of clouds.
It might rain, snow or freeze.
It might go on more a night
turn and march on Amache
your letter to ^{be} late exactly two
days to reach me.

Keep your back 12 PM and don't
give up. They say that the first
2 weeks are the hardest and you'll
get used to sleeping early. — then
I shall be home — give!

Tills? No man I feel wonderful.
Eat like a horse and worked to
death like one. For extra energy
I would recommend to myself some
delicious, delectable super super
energizer "your special" Letters. Letters!

For here, 300 miles away from you
surrounded by bachelors and young
husbands, more a less confined to

curfew tempo, as think most of
home — of my girl I left there.

Good nite — until tomorrow.

Rich