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Humboldt, Neb.



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6F-5C

4. Reception Bldg.

Monday 11th.
Box 43

yuri —

This morning was rather warm.
I had already cleaned up and
was just ready to sit for a
breakfast of two hot-cakes and coffee
when Junji came downstairs.

Well, he said, "Last night I got
to thinking on bed and got homicidal
as hell."

Wh!
Then Hideo came downstairs on the
heel of Junji's sentence.

"— I don't feel like working!"
"What's the matter, sick?" I say.

Heh no. — if I don't hear from
Comanche today — in a sort of a
desperate tone.

I felt sorry for them because to
date I was the only one to get
any letter — from you dear.

How's Yokohama? I asked, because
the three sleep together and are
quite close in thro'ts and feeling

"He don't say nothing but I bet
he's homesich ^{as} ~~and~~ hell." Janzi
says.

But me? Youi dear, how do I
feel? I feel — I feel a bit
homesich too — for you.

This empty feeling was somewhat
alleviated by the necessity today of
working on the biggest patch we
worked on yet. A field of spuds
a quarter of a mile long.

It took from an hour and a
quarter to hour and a half to
negotiate one line. We went up
and down the field four times
practically crawling all the way
with a sack of potatoes dragging
on the ground between the legs.

Anyway, we came home and
found you letter waiting for me.

In all my letters all my written conversations were centered about myself that I had neglected to ask how all of you are.

Miki must have caused a great deal of worry for a moment. I'm indeed glad to learn that it was not anything too serious.

Frankly I know not where I lie. Somewhere in S.W. corner of Nebraska and closer to Denver than to Arapaho.

No, the place isn't exactly a Japanese boarding house. I learned tonight that the two storied frame house belongs to the mother-in-law of Tein's and that for a paltry sum of \$3⁰⁰ a month a person can stay here. Right now there are five boys living here regularly and work for Tein. However, there are several families, a group of

evacuated people who are living
in the neighborhood.

Nope! Mr. Ahumero has not
gone out to the lecture - I don't
think. He has been with the
hospital for some time now.

— and to Mrs. U. the Bronx
where. Let's forget about her, he?

Darling, everything is all right.
Right after dinner and after getting
your P.S. as of Saturday noon I
went right outside to the drug
store and bought vitamin pills.
Also ordered quart of milk a
day. As for housing - it is
quite adequate as I have a room
now - lit by candle power (one).

Asking to you to write often is very
mean of me. Really I won't get
disappointed if they do not care ~~it~~
but infrequently. You still have your

shows and homework which must
be piling up. So, I shall be very
patient and wait.

My writing these letters is helping
me to feel that you are right
beside me - just talking.

But today, out of a little
mischievous goblin which is pecked
me, I shall annoy you in your
office. Mind?

It sprinkled a little tonight. It
is now blowing to scattering the
yellowed autumnal leaves from
the cottonwood trees.

Tomorrow is just another day.
Maybe we will work - perhaps
not. The weather here is an
unpredictable as Conrache's.

Good night - good night dear and
sweet dreams. Will be with you
tomorrow.

Rich -