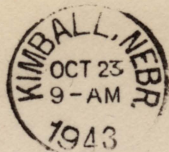


Box 93

Kimball, Neb.



Mitsuri Omoto

6F-5C

Amache, Colorado

Oct. 22nd.

Dearest Yun.

Today makes the 16th day of work. We lost only one day due to bad weather. Guess we are really lucky that the weather is so nice.

Our food is being improved. We had more meat and vegetables lately. For the last four days we have been getting hot food for lunch - stews and spaghetti.

Just came back from a show. It featured a double and both were losing. Fainted George Nohama to a cowboy picture. Am still a little groggy because I already have torn up two sheets of paper.

It took me a long time to write the letter to you, last night. Must have stared and tried to focus and organize my mind to the pertinent for two hours. It was past one o'clock.

Felt very good today. My back didn't ache. - as they said, "the first 2 weeks are the hardest". The boys are all racing up and down the field. We early seems to have reached the home stretch and is giving all he has.

Tonight, my weight on the scale was up to my norm again.

And now for my super duper story. —

"The Love Life of an Amoeba"

— if, my dear reader were privileged. And could have read one more — just one more paragraph — you would have read. —

Was it a faint breath of emotion — of a pin point of triumph which momentarily lingered on the face of the princess? Or perhaps it was to stifle a sneeze as the row narrowed for a second under her snaffle and tickled it? The princess, ^{rattling} tensed — leaved forward on the alabaster ^{rattling}.

— Why, was the Princess so tense? —

Be sure to read the next episode in Tomorous
Love Life of a Amoeba — otherwise known as L.L.O..

Dick