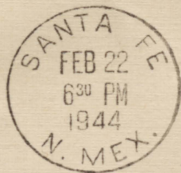


6F-70
Amache, Colo.



Miss Yvonne Komoto
6F-5C
Amache, Colorado

Montezuma Hotel

Feb. 21, 1944

Room 39



Honey,

Thank you for running all over the place with me. I finally got here.

See. I'm all confused about going to bed. For reason that will be explained later. I took out a room here in Santa Fe.

The proprietor of this hotel didn't have any single so she gave me a key to 39. To and behold - bathtub, wash basin, flush toilet and this is the payoff - a choice of sleeping in a single or

what Washington is up against!

Then Mr. Jones, Poor Mr. Kelly,
and Mr Jensen and Mr. Lindley. I
wouldn't want their work of trying
to solve each case in and do it as
fast and happily as each want.

The day's score: Mr Jensen
will wire Washington immediately.
Answer expected Wed. or Thursday.
Mr. Jensen suggested that I stay
because Mr. Narumi might be
able to go back with me. None -
the wonder suite.

See, in between visiting hours
there isn't much for me to do but
sit around. Working.

The trip and all have been

2.
double bed in the room! Both
with sprung mattresses! Tired
and sleepy as I am - it is a
sort of a Cinderella dream and I
can't make up for my mind as to
whether ^{to} jump into one of the beds
or take a tub bath all night. -
the whole dodad cost only \$250
a night. True place too.

Interesting too that all my
neighbors - 4 rooms are occupied
by people who have come to
visit their interred relatives. I
talked with two different parties
tonite - all three of us have different
reasons and motive. See, just to
multiply it by 400 and we can guess

elegant.

The taxi picked me ^{up} at the gate and brought me to the bus depot. During the wait for my bus, the tibet agent read me a letter from his son in the Army, gave me five pieces of candy and delivered an extemporaneous speech on "Economic Aspect of War".

The trip was dull and tiring.

Santa Fe is a broken down frontier day town, predominantly inhabited by Spanish descents (they recent being called Mexican) A few room around town with blankets

wrapped around their
 shoulders - looks very
 commercial. The people
 are friendly, in stores
 and in places where one has
 to turn his shoulder to let
 a person go by - there is a
 friendly greeting. Was disappointed
 in the relative lack of cola I
 painted in my mind's eye about
 the town. But then, in wartime
 the dyes are hard to get. The
 town is rich in S.W. history -
 oldest church in America - cowboy
 saga etc. and the citizens are

Mr. Jensen's kind, sympathetic interest in his responsibility, flows through all the members of his staff and employees. The officers are very helpful and considerate. My hope is that our people will not abuse that consideration.

This is about all I can say just now. I mailed those letters and by today ^{should be} well on the way to Phil.

I'll be back Thursday or Friday on camp.

Darling, I pray that my trip was not in vain.

Wondering now whether I can get to be with you by Thursday noon.

justly proud of their hard won community.

The internee camp is located about a mile away from the \heartsuit of town. The barracks are built like Mangana. They have their own machine laundry, bakery and well stocked canteen. Their food is considered excellent. I was immensely happy that they do get good treatment under the circumstance.

I want to speak most highly of the administration here.

Hello to all.

Am writing to S. G. B., conveying
(1) Thanks (2) via S. G. B. tell
Mrs W. Stanale about visiting
hour schedule here.

Everything ok?

Dick
with love