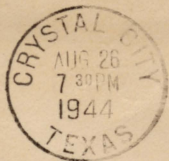


Nakamura, Mitsuko  
EQ-80-3+4  
P.O. Box 788  
Crystal City, Texas



Miss Yvonne Domoto  
Apt 2  
13 Parkman St  
Boston  
Mass.

✓ E



Crystal City, Texas  
August 25, 1944

Dearest Yuri

Thanks for your letter. It was nice hearing from you--especially to receive such a comforting letter. We are all getting along well, and I sincerely hope that you and Wak are in good health and are getting along in your new environment.

I guess you have already heard that mother died of a heart attack. She passed away so suddenly that at times it is still difficult to realize that she is no longer here. She didn't seem any worse than usual on the day of her death, and she was up and around until the last minute. But she did go out of her way to talk to all our neighbors on that day. Around 7:30 p.m. she went to take a shower after giving Bobby a haircut. She came back and stood talking to our next door neighbor and just as she got ready to go inside, the attack came. She called out to me and I caught her and yelled for help. I believe that death came shortly after that, although at that time I only thought that she had a bad attack. This will kill you. The doctor came half an hour later--and the car (there isn't any ambulance service here) came a good hour later.

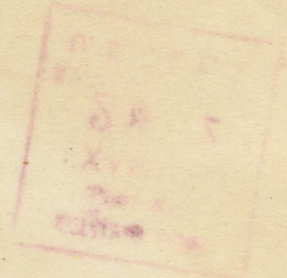
The only thing that I can say is that I am happy that she didn't have to suffer before she died. That may sound funny, 'cause she suffered so much all along, but it would have been worse if she suffered a lot before dying. Death came fast, painlessly, and peacefully, and we are thankful for that. We miss her, but then one must accept death along with life. She was a good mother and I'm sorry that she had to pass away in an internment camp, away from all her close friends and relatives. But then everyone here has been very nice--including the Chief Med. Officer and the Officer in Charge.

You should see me trying to keep house. It's terrific. I literally live with the broom and mop all day long. It's ~~so~~ hard trying to keep our rooms clean. Every time anyone walks in--they track in a good load of sand, mud, etc. On top of all the regular housework, I have to sew. And you know how good I am at that! All in all, I am coming along fine. Don't worry about me. I feel that mother's gone to a better place and that eases the pain somewhat. I know now that I neglected you a lot during those dark days for you and your family--I guess one has to learn the hard way.

Take good care of yourself. Regards to Wak. What happened to Dick?

Love,

Mita —





Crystal City, Texas  
August 28, 1944

Dearest Yuri

Thanks for your letter. It was nice hearing from you--especially to receive such a comforting letter. We are all getting along well, and I sincerely hope that you and Wak are in good health and are getting along in your new environment.

I guess you have already heard that mother died of a heart attack. She passed away so suddenly that at times it is still difficult to realize that she is no longer here. She didn't seem any worse than usual on the day of her death, and she was up and around until the last minute. But she did go out of her way to talk to all our neighbors on that day. Around 7:30 p.m. she went to take a shower after giving Bobby a haircut. She came back and stood talking to our next door neighbor and just as she got ready to go inside, the attack came. She called out to me and I caught her and yelled for help. I believe that death came shortly after that, although at that time I only thought that she had a bad attack. This will kill you. The doctor came half an hour later--and the car (there isn't any ambulance service here) came a good hour later.

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Love,

