

April 18, 1942

Hello Bill,

This is Janice. It's been rather a long time since I saw you last. I think it was at the dance in the Boys' Gym. I guess it was the boys' gym.

As you may have told you, practically all the social affairs have been suspended with. But still the students in Stockton are making an attempt to keep the ball rolling even though it is a little flat. They all get together once in awhile and take in the good shows while we still have the chance. There are lots of American socials given in mid-afternoon so we take in those too - occasionally. Last Tuesday they had a roast pig social, given by the Meat Production class. What a bear!

What affects us the hardest is the 8 o'clock curfew. I never thought I'd have to see the day when we would have to

As I said, there ~~isn't~~<sup>is</sup> anything  
happening around here so supposing now  
you tell me about your camp life?

Be good. Until again —

Always,  
Janice

P.S. By the way, the address is J. Uyeda  
48 W. Rose St.  
Stockton, Calif.

be in by eight every night. To some people  
it's quite a problem. You boys in the  
army have until 9 o'clock, don't you?  
It at least gives you time to see what it  
looks like outside when the sun goes  
down. I'm even afraid to stick my nose  
out after 8. One person was caught  
getting home few minutes late. Isn't  
that terrific? Well, after that I'm  
not taking any chances. I certainly  
don't relish the thought of getting  
caught in such a predicament.

Chuck tells me he told you about  
our last date together. I guess he's  
told you practically everything and I  
wouldn't have anything new to say so  
maybe I'd better let that topic slide.  
Don't you think he's a swell person  
though? I do. Don't repeat these  
things to him, please.