

Myssa, Ore.

July 23-1942

Dear Grandma,

I received your letter last night so will drop you a few lines.

I guess that there was some miss understanding about mother, you stated in your letter that she was in the worst scrape of any of us so I took it for granted that she was sick so tried to get a telegram from her but couldn't so called Mrs Frogman. Who said that she was fine the day before which was Sat. It was no fault of yours or

mother. I was worried about her because of the hot weather in Portland. So no doubt jumped at the idea. I have not heard from mother since I sent the telegram.

I was so glad I called Krognans for I got to ~~talk~~ talk to Al. It didn't cost much and did make us feel so much better.

Father and I have been working steady. He is working about seven miles from camp near ~~Adrian~~ Adrian and I am working about 35 miles from here. You know I never did much hoeing but since I got here I have found out it isn't half bad. Satoshi and I bought a

checker board. we play every evening. It makes the evenings pass much better.

You have no doubt wondered why I don't write more often. Well it is because I don't have much time until Sunday. The nine and ten hours so it takes up a good bit of the time.

The weather has been fine up here. One feels so much better working in the fields than in camp.

We are getting more acquainted which makes it much nicer. We are hoping to stay here as long as we can.

Staying in tents is quite  
a change. It is fine at night  
but quite swarms during  
the after noon.

Tell you and Aunt Vickie  
take good care of yourselves.

Love,  
George.