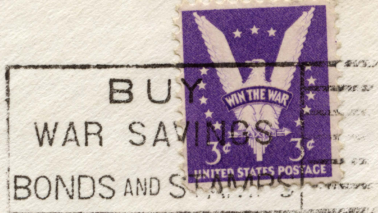
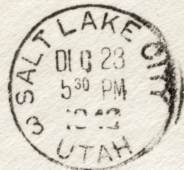


GEORGE I. REEVES  
1466 EDISON STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Mr. George M. Kida,

Nyssa,

Oregon.

% J. R. Dunaway





1466 Edison Street, Salt Lake City4, Utah  
December 22, 1943

Dear Kay,-

So often we think of you and wonder what you are doing,- of course I know you are busy with housework, sewing, and all the different jobs that follow along with the different seasons; I wonder if you had plenty of fruit to put up last summer for the winter; whether there are any wild blackberries in eastern Oregon; and if you had chickens and maybe turkeys. I have been doing a lot of knitting the past two years, and I often wish I could visit with you while I knit, and tell you about some of the interesting experiences I have had with that work.

I always liked to knit, ever since I was a child, but had never made anything very large or difficult, - just stockings and sweaters for the Red Cross, and wool gloves after the first world war. About two years ago I decided to make a nice sweater for myself and happened to buy the yarn at a department store where they offered to give instruction for knitters. I was surprised to find how much there was to be learned, - things I had never even heard of, and after I had made a sweater for each of us, and two for friends I began to get requests from people who wanted to pay me for knitting! I can't get over my surprise that I should receive any pay for doing what is such fun for me, - and of course the rate of pay is not very high by the hour. But it uses odd minutes as one can spare them, time that might not be used for anything else, and I feel that I am learning more about nice knitting with every piece I make. Last spring I made a nice dress for a friend of ours who is a leader of the Girls' 4-H clubs in this county. She has a lot to do with the county fair, as the 4-H club girls exhibit their work there, and have a "style review"; so she said that the dress I made for her must go to the fair, too. In order to make up enough for her to bother with, I borrowed back a few things I had made for other people, and was surprised and pleased that from four entries, I got three blue ribbons and one red one! George has also learned to knit (within the last two years) and after making one sweater for himself which he let the lady at the store plan and "lay out", he has gone on to doing even that for himself, - says that is the most fun about it. He has made sweaters, scarfs and gloves for several friends. One of his was for this same lady who took her dress to the fair for me. She had some yarn that had been used before, ravelled and dyed, and he made her a sweater from his own measurements and plans that fit her nicely and was very pretty. She did not ask him, but took it to the fair in his name, as there was one department for "remodelled garments", and he received a blue ribbon for that! When I found it was so easy, I decided to try my luck at the state fair which came the following month. I took three knit pieces, and also a sample of my canned cherries, and again I was lucky enough to get three blue ribbons and one red one. Next year if the cherries are nice, I shall try again and be more careful, -



this time I did not select specially large cherries and pit them as carefully as I might, (- they were pie cherries.) Some were not as large as others, and some were a little broken in pitting. I think if I'd really try, I could make them really beautiful, - but maybe they wouldn't do any better at the fair!

I have just finished knitting a black suit for a Japanese-American girl who is an evacuee from Los Angeles. She was in Salt Lake a year ago, and bought some very nice yarn to make a suit, for a Christmas present for her mother. She had just learned to knit, and planned to make the suit. But she was married after Christmas, and was not able to come into the store often for instruction, so last summer she had got only two inches done on the skirt and was looking for someone she could hire to finish the suit so her mother could have it for this Christmas, anyway. Her husband is attending school at Princeton, N.J., where my niece and her family live, and they had met him and liked him very much so my niece had written me to look him up, when she found he was in Salt Lake for a while last year. It was ~~at~~ the time they were married. The two are back in Princeton this winter, and I have just written to tell her that the dress is done, and wrapped ready to be delivered in time for Christmas. Her mother is staying with relatives near Salt Lake. I wish you could see the dress, it is really very nice, and I do hope it will fit well and that Mrs. Kurata will be pleased with it.

Just now I am finishing a pair of socks which a lady wants to give to her husband for Christmas. And I have a lot of work promised ahead, - but no more "rush" orders for a while, I hope.

We had a few notes and letters from Aunt Sade's niece, Kathleen McClintock Carroll, but have not heard from her lately. I hope that her husband is safe and well, wherever he is in military service. The last Kathleen wrote, she was back in Pendleton, helping her father run the store.

We have had a very mild, pleasant fall, and are thankful that it has not taken as much coal to keep us warm as it does some winters. But we may have plenty of cold weather yet. We do not mind the gasoline restrictions so much in the winter, but in summer we miss being able to use the car more.

I hope we may hear from you, and that you are all keeping well, and finding eastern Oregon more homelike as you get acquainted.

With best wishes for the holidays and for 1944,

*Sincerely yours,*

*Miriam W. Press*



1466 Edison St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dec. 22, 1943.

Dear Folks:

We are quite anxious to hear how you are getting along. I hope this will be a pleasanter Christmas than you had last year. What news do you hear from Mr. Johnson at White Salmon? Did you finally get the best of the wire-worms in your potato crop? It takes a good deal of courage to undertake farming in a climate and soil so different from the one you were accustomed to, and I hope you made a success of it.

Miriam and I are both well and we have had a pleasant summer and fall, although it is a little too dry to suit the farmers around here. My left knee has been bothering me for about a month and I have been wearing an elastic bandage to keep it from getting twisted. I believe it is getting well, but the bandage makes me limp and the knee is still a little swollen. Last week I had a lame back so that I couldn't even limp, but now that is all right again.

Mrs. Howard, of Portland, who visited you with me once, and Mrs. French, the captain's mother, both died last summer, and in both cases the cause was heart failure, so they



passed out quite suddenly while lying down at home. Irene French is alone now, but she has relatives at Vancouver, Wash.

It makes me sad to think of the changes that have taken place. Your place at White Salmon seemed more like my boyhood home than my own home does now. I still hope to see you back there, but I'm afraid it will take lots of patience. People all over the country are criticising the government for its treatment of Japanese-Americans, and I believe that eventually it will be straightened out. A soldier just home from the South Pacific wrote to "Time" magazine that it made his blood boil to come home and find the government treating loyal Japanese-Americans as if Hitler were running the government.

I don't know any better Americans than the Kida family, and I will be glad when you can go back home. Meanwhile, let me know if there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, or make the time pass more easily.

With love, George I. Reeves.