

Friday
Dec. 25, 1942
P.M.

Dear Betty,
Here it is - Christmas Day -
and I'm spending it - huddled as
close to the stove as possible -
trying to catch up on my correspondence
a little bit. I can't go out. -
Hope - my folks aren't keeping me
in for being a bad girl - It's
this blasted (pardon my language)
monstrous weather
that comes up every once in a
while - wind & dust - more wind
and dust. It's really terrific.
The wind goes whizzing by.
Dust goes right along with it.
Sometimes it's so terrific - you
can't even see the barograph next to
us. - And it's getting cold. -
There are clouds hanging over
the mountains meaning snow.
I had expected a "white"

Christmas here in Mangamar —
but no such luck. This morning —
it was beautiful. — The silver
peaks just glistened. — The first
time I'd seen snow — clear down
to the foot of the mountains.
If it weren't for this dust storm
we would have had a wonderful
Christmas. — Last night — our
block had a Christmas party —
for young & old alike — from little
fluffy babies — to bearded old
grandpops. — Song Christmas
songs — played games — had
refreshments — and then — guess what?
Some other than Santa Claus
made his appearance. — Yes
sir — ~~and~~ with his whiskers, his
red cap & coat — and a bag
over his shoulder — full of toys
and presents for the little
ones. The little kiddies certainly
got a kick out of it.

How did you spend your Christmas?
 You didn't have to work, did you?
 I hope not. Are you still on
 the swing shift? Have you
 found other means of entertaining
 yourself besides just staying at
 home? — By the way, where
 is your sister working? Is she
 a defence worker too? Don't
 let the work get the best of
 you. — Remember what we used
 to say as often as I.C. —
 "You must be well-rounded"
 And I don't mean just physically
 either. How are you getting along with
 gas rationing? — and all the
 other shortages too — rubber, sugar,
 butter, eggs, or milk, etc.
 It may seem strange — but even

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here in Manzanar - we feel the
effects. The laundry had
butter for a long, long time -
and then - only the little kids
get milk.

Here I am standing right up against
the stove and writing. Gosh,
it's getting colder & colder. And
the wind is still blowing.
He's supposed to go back to
work tomorrow.

How horrid.
Oh well, it'll probably be just as
cold - wherever I go - and I
might just as well be doing something.

Write when you're not too
tired Salzie

And a very
Happy New Year

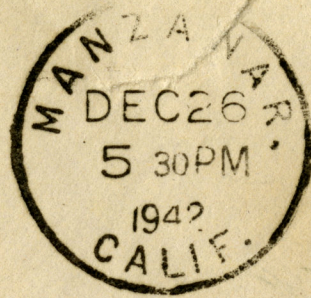
to you.

Love,

Foney

Don't
celebrate
too wildly!

Honey Loda
17-11-4
Manzanar, California



Miss Betty Salzman
1755
Lardner St.
Glendale
California