

1635 Granville Ave.  
Los Angeles 25, Calif.  
November 30, 1945

Dear Joe,

I certainly am not keeping up with my correspondence but I can tell you that I at least came home with a good grade on my report card. I hope you don't pull your hair out from surprise because I got an "A" in Descriptive Science which isn't exactly anything too simple. I got a "B" in Plans and all of the rest "C's". The report card is not anything to be proud of as a whole but that "A" really means everything!

A few weeks ago, the Senior A's and B's gave a stage play called "Stage Door." I happened to be different and saved thirty cents and didn't go. After, I heard that Shirley Temple was there in the audience. Oh well, I guess that's really nothing to miss!!! In fact I know a couple of Westwood girls that personally know Van Johnson and that's really something!! At least, I think so. This girl lives across the street from Van Johnson's "Stand in" and Van picks his stand in up every morning before this girl goes to

school. She's always telling me how exciting it is to look from Van Johnson. Another girl who is in my science class has a picture of herself taken with Van Johnson taken in Beverly Hills. Gosh, I wish I were her at times but it may be really ~~a~~ crazy to get such ideas.

At this we had our field day. It really was super as I was one of the mighty Senior "B's" and we won! Our class <sup>name</sup> presentation was lousy but we won most of those games and relays. The one respecting either white sweaters or cherry red sweaters and with ~~ed~~ our class name as "Carousels." Next Wednesday were getting our sweater measurements and I hope it doesn't take too much time.

Tonight the R.O.T.C. is having their military ball and really have their place all fixed swell.

The other week we had our pictures taken for record purposes. I got mine back and I looked exactly like a boy because I had my hair up in braids but even tho its funny, I sure think I resemble Tor. Half of my face is smiling while the other half is all twisted up like a mean persons face! Well, you can tell when you really do see it.

On Thanksgiving day we had Chicken instead of Turkey. It was expensive to buy another roast pan and turkey at the same time so we went without it this time. I only can wish you and Tor can be home to share turkey with us on the next Thanksgiving day. It still doesn't feel like home with both of you away. I sure do miss those good old fights we used to have all the time.

After we ate the chicken, Mitsuho  
Ishida came over and asked me to  
go to the pier. So I went with  
her & her sister, Fumi & Kenji  
Nahamaki and Mack Mayeda.  
Mack drove us down to Ocean Park  
in his '41\* Chevy. Really is swell.

He rode on the Merry go round  
but I certainly didn't get in place.  
It seemed so babyish! He rode  
on the little cars that keep on  
bumping into everything. He tried  
to knock the milk bottles down  
too! Gosh, if Kenji & Mack didn't  
persuade us to go on the roller  
coaster I wouldn't have gone!

Boy, I was never so scared in my  
life. Gee, I was at least 5  
inches off of my seat, too. My  
hair was coming down! Boy, I  
couldn't even scream. Mitsuho  
was about to cry but the coaster  
finally stopped. Never again!!

I couldn't forget about it for a week. What a night mare!! Everything was expensive. At least a quarter for everything. I thought I paid a quarter to die when I went on the rally coaster. I'm telling you, never ask a girl to go on! It's too dangerous!!

This sure is getting filled with millions of boobies. It's getting so you can't miss bumping into one wherever you go. Oh well, I better start getting used to it!

Our old Essex finally went to the junk yard. Our little black coupe is ready to sell as pop got another car. This time it's a 1933 plymouth and I'm really glad it's not so square. The color of it makes it look like a fire engine but at least it runs and I'm thankful for that.

It runs swell but the inside  
of the car could stand some  
covering as it looks pretty raggedy.  
Lately I've been dying to learn how  
to drive but pap just won't seem  
to give in to the idea. But I  
think I should learn as I am  
now 18 years old. I see kids ~~brothers~~  
coming to school driving and they  
are only sixteen and girls at that.  
Well, I'm going to learn if pap  
likes it or not. Maybe soon, too!

Would you please tell Fov if  
he doesn't want to send the camera  
tell me. It's pretty disgusting because  
I've been waiting since July and  
here it's going to be December.  
Will you send it for Fov if Fov  
can't do it? I certainly will be  
appreciative for <sup>you</sup> doing it.

Well, good bye —  
Just, sis

