

5 MAY 30, 1942  
I never

realized what Democracy could mean to some people. I wonder if they've ever come directly in contact with us to see how hard we try to get along, to do rite as American citizens & Lash, when I read some of those editorials & comments in the P. I. as the one I just read & some in the Times - I could scream - but one voice like <sup>mine</sup> means nothing but <sup>when</sup> to think we're a minority group I guess we can do nothing now, but do as we're told -

We're going ahead with farming -

now I'm a farmerette - My hand feels like sandpaper & But with Dad away & Mike in the army - I have no other choice I might make a farmer yet.

We hear from Mike quite often & he says the fellows are swell & even if he has to do extra work he doesn't mind one bit.

put in  
You know my weight was  
120-130#; we hauled about 800 plants  
Even if I am a woman I tried  
to help the boys out & I'm all  
tucked out tonite but I figured  
if I didn't write tonite I'd be  
so stiff & tired for the next couple  
of days - I'll never get this letter  
written.

Since I visited you folks - I  
feel a lot better to think we  
have such wonderful people pulling  
for us. You don't know what friend-  
ship like yours means to us.

Our American friends & neighbors  
are so kind to us, too.

Best friends

Sincerely,

Mae