

Dear Yuri:

That's one thing I like about this old place--we can go into any room and make use of the machines providing any vacant one. Just finished eating my lunch and thought I'd drop a few lines. Got the packages yesterday and the letter. Did you want anything special--if not right away; some day soon. At times they have sales and if I have some idea of what you will be wanting in the near future, I might be able to take advantage of the sales. I know you have enough linens and towels so I shan't bother much with the white sales now going on.

What am I doing? Sure tell the girls that I am going to school and doing housework for room and board. It's perfectly all right. I started by registering for classed from ten through a three o'clock; but thought I better not try a ten because of such uncertain hours in the morning. I think in a very short time, I shall tell them that I have a ten o'clock again. It was very hard with this house-guest who certainly was spoiled by him. She was supposed to have reported to work by 8:30 but she would still be around the house at that time. Then he would take her down to the office. She was a sort of an interesting persons-- a judge and a childhood friend of his! She has now found a apartment but he has been working at home until his new office in town was being furnished. The hours consequently have been most irregular. Of course this was a little easier since he has been out of town since Saturday and hasn't returned as yet. Bonnie and I said this morning that we shan't expect him until he enters the room. He may be with RDR in Africa, I told her this morning; but she laughed and said that is one thing she is sure of--He wouldn't be with FDR. Which reminds me, during the first week here, I couldn't remember what party he belonged to. His comments about his successors wasn't too complimentary so I wondered if he were a Democrat. I've found out since that the Senator Johnson had defeated him for the Senatorial seat. He evidently came out too definitely about race and it didn't help him. He hasn't said so directly but I gather as much. It isn't only the Orientals because he had a Negro working for him at the office during his two terms there at the Capital. George, the Negro, was over yesterday and during the conversation he said he certainly didn't think that the successor would retain him. So far he has, but George doesn't know whether he would remain there. He laughingly said, he can quit him--He doesn't like him too well.

Oh! Have I digressed! Coming back to school. I thought I'd try this Opportunity School for a week and then if I didn't think I'd like it, I can pay my way through any of the private ones. I have cut my typing down to an hour in the morning but have been coming earlier the last few days just to be fooling around a typewriter. In the afternoon I'm taking a two hour course in Recording Keeping-- a compact form of Bookkeeping without the detail and the arithmetic exercises. The terms and the principals are the same and that I want to know. All I want to know about the accounting side is that I understand something of the terms and procedures so that in case I have to, I can pick it up and do something with it. Even then, sometimes when I'm trying to add up some little addition column, it makes me a little impatient, because I know I'd use a adding machine. Remember your arithmetic homework? I finished the first part of the book a few days ago and I intend to start shorthand next week. The trouble there is that the classed are either 9-11 of 1-3. I think what I'm going to do is to take the afternoon course and take my Record Keeping at home more or less with the teachers help once a week of something like that.

Well, the week is about over again. I certainly hope to get this off tonight. Last night was my night off. I went home expecting guests at least set up the dinning room table because he was supposed to come home; but as it turned out, he was delayed and Bonnie went out for dinner and the movie instead of having her friend in and then go the show. The Esquire Show is about a block and a half, on Sixth right on Downing so in case I ever want to see one, I can very easily go. So far I haven't gotten the urge to go to movies or step into a soda fountain. Food doesn't tempt me--I guess what I get is quite all right. Last night Cactus, the cat, and I had liver. I had Bonnie laughing the other night when I was feeding Cactus. I unconsciously said to him, "sit down!" She heard me in the other room and said that she was afraid he didn't know such tricks. Then I realize that I was thinking about our dogs. This Cactus is Mr. Carr's grey long haired 14 years old cat. Naturally I was quite curious about his name. He was so christened because of his very sharp claws. It is so funny, because you know I don't like cats--they don't know it though. He is cute. Reminds me of the Railroad Co. Cheshire Cat advertisement. The color is similar.

I had better have Mr. Carr get my leave papers for me this coming week. I wonder if there has been any changes in leave regulations. I think I shall put employment and schooling down. Army supervision may set in according to the papers and I don't suppose they will be much change. Outside War employment sounds is going to be one of the possibilities, doesn't it? Say, do you think it is asking too much to let me take a nine o'clock class every morning? In the mornings, it is generally just breakfast and make beds. I will have to decide today. I am very anxious to get into the two hours class of shorthand and that only comes as I said yesterday, at the hours. I think I shall ask him what his office hours are going to be when I ask him to fill out my "leave papers". If it is 8:00 a.m. like it must have been prior to governorship; this will give me ample time to make his bed and clean up the kitchen. It takes just about half hour from the house to the school building. I think if I take a transfer on Broadway, it may be quicker.

I am glad you sent me Tak's address. I think I shall many opportunity to go to Boulder. They evidently take Cynthia back when she comes and I won't be surprised if a day comes when they he would rather I go with her and bring the car back. It would be grand, wouldn't it? Bonnie doesn't drive and he isn't an exceptional driver, that is judging from the way he shifts. They have a Bu Salle and he hopes to be getting a B or C card for gas. I certainly hopes so.

It's nine o'clock now and darn it the cat just jumped up my lap. He came home this morning a sick man--something he ate. He left last Friday and said he started to feel sick last Saturday. Much as I figured, it couldn't be my cooking. When he feels better maybe I shall kid him and said it could have been something you cooked for your lunch before you left Friday. How do you like this typewriter? This is the one here in the Library--the one his secretary uses. I'm getting lazy about writing long hand. I think I need the practice I get anyways. Mr. Carr said today something about being last without a typewriter because he had never learned to write with his hand. I commented on his signature and his reply was he certainly had practice on that to write legibly. Say guess who dropped in tonight when Bonnie and I were having somewhat a hectic supper. Since it was going to be just two of us, we decided on waffles: a simple dinner turned out to be quite an interrupted one. Strangely, my waffles stuck--a nice Manning-Bowen twin waffle plate which was Bonnie's wedding gift--and while we were trying to figure out what was wrong, Mr. Carr couldn't find his Tux cuff links so she had to dash up. Just as they found a substitute and I got it fixed, in walks Mr. Willis Hansen. It has been a great worry to me for some time that he would be here for dinner someday, and I kept on hoping that it would be some time in a great future. I don't think it will be tomorrow. I certainly hope not. Mr. Carr is pretty sick--"loose stomach" and I don't think neither of them will think it adviseable. He said something about some

changes going to be made on the camp and asked me what I thought of it. Something about Relocation because Bonnie said something about not knowing whether I'd stay or not and he said something about they don't definitely what anyone back come back to camp. Before I could ask him to what he was referring, he asked me if I saw Toichi's last letter from Illinois? and his offer. He said he thought he, Toichi should definitely take it, being such a liberal offer--evidently a proposition in which he will have the control of several greenhouses to grow camellias. I guess that phrase came in because the last week I had asked Pete Milan to send a box of camellias to Bonnie for me and Mr. Carr's secretary had just finished commenting on the flowers. It was quite a jumble--they, the secretary and Mr. Hansen had come after the "Govnor" to take him to the dinner or rather the banquet of which he was the toastmaster. His secretary is a very competent person. That is one thing I will have to get accutomed to--everyone coming into the kitchen and gabbing about and fooling around. You know how annoyed we were at home at times.

Oh! Did I ever tell you who I met on the streets of Denver on my first tour of the town several weeks ago? I had just gotten off the bus and walking on Glenarm between sixteenth and seventeenth when here comes George Noda. Yes of all people, he was the first Japanese I met: I certainly had to chuckle to myself. As yet, I don't know where the Japanese section of this town is. I tried to find some of the people's addresses in the phone book but couldn't so I just thought they weren't listed. I looked again after I got your letter. This time I used the one in the library and the names were listed. The one downstairs must be the old one. I think I saw Mrs. Yanaga on the street in front of Kress too but not really knowing her and the uncertainty of the recognition, I just let it go. The first time I went to see Kimi at the "Y", Mr. Yanaga was there. I didn't know him but Emi who was downstairs told me that I could go see Kimi because she should be just about through with Mr. Yanaga. Kimi's apartment is about five blocks away toward the town from Downing. Maybe someday, I'll take a walk to her place.

Tomorrow I think I shall ^{ask} his secretary about his office hours. She has been giving me some good advices and maybe she would tell me if it is asking too much. She has been open about many things about the house; and she certainly knows everything about it. I think she is finding it a let-down after being more or less a private secretary and not doing the actual typing and the letter writing for the last four years. She no doubt enjoyed the receptionist and the seeding out side of the large public "traffic". She is smart though.

Today I bought myself a fifty cents brown hat. About the color of the brown or should I say tan stripes of the coat. So don't be surprised if you receive your travelled hat back again. Thank(s) loads. I think I better quit. Bonnie's guest has gone home and she may want to use the typewriter too. She is good about writing letters to her Bob. Bob and Bonnie--that sounds sort of cute, doesn't it? Whenever you next get a chance will you put in a hat pin. I think we had several extras around the place. Perhaps in the sewing machine. I hope to find a sewing machine somewheres soon. I won't say good bye right now because I don't know when I'm going to mail this.

Well, my mistake! Bonnie had gone out to just take a walk + got some ice-cream. (It isn't clean no more.) No whipping cream is sold either. Bonnie got the silly streak. The fruit salad ice cream - like our tutti-frutti - got her started and they had bought a pie - strawberry - banana said the label - but it was highly colored red-gelatinous + no bananas. The top - a rock whipped cream, believe it or not, tasted the best. Bonnie insisted that it was Best pie. Just as I broke away from them, + got to my room to either go sleep or do something,

Mr. Carr came home feeling sort of good - Honestly
he is at times so "child-like" not in mind but he
is just one of those people who loves to have people
and likes to have them about him, you get me. Like
last night, he didn't stop down stairs but called
to me when he got on the second and there wasn't
anything for me to do but go all the way down and ask
him, how it was and etc. Interesting. Then Bonnie came
up and just as we had decided to go to bed (12-)
phone rings and he had decided to wait for some
out of towners - Bonnie said she came up at 2-
I don't know what time he came up. One thing I'm
glad he doesn't either smoke nor drink. He gets a lot
of bottles but just keeps it for his friends.

Eight o'clock phone woke us all. He went
down town and evidently saw Hansen & Lindley. Said
Lindley had visited Pa. at the hospital and that he looked
much better. Thought (Pa) he would be going home very
soon. It looks like a little difference of opinion there -

Have you heard from Son?

Got to clean up the kitchen -

Good bye -

Wak.