

T. Negi

207-14th Ave S.W.

Rochester, Minn



Miss Yvri Donato

6 F 5 C

Amache, Colorado

Nov. 21, 1943

Dearest Yuri,

I feel like a perfect hell  
for not writing to you sooner,  
especially at a time like this.  
I've thought of you every day  
since the sad news came,  
and wished that I could be  
with you to talk to you, and  
help if I could. The least I  
could have done was write  
to you often and try to  
comfort you. But as you  
know, I'm absolutely no good  
when it comes to writing  
the way I feel.

Then yesterday I was  
shocked further when I  
learned of your uncle's death  
in Minneapolis. Kimi saw  
it in the paper (she met Tazzy  
when we went up to Minneapolis)  
and called my attention to  
it. Was it not in King Henry IV  
that Shakespeare said, "When



around a little until something came up for her to do. Would you be at all interested? Of course, Rochester holds no promise for anyone outside of the medical field, but it's close to Minneapolis & there's a lot of things there, I'm sure.

Margaret is in Philadelphia now as you probably know. I haven't had a letter yet - only a card, but I presume she is happy to get out and be on her own again. I sincerely hope that everyone will soon be out and start living a normal life again.

If there's anything I can do to help in obtaining a job for you, please let me know. If you and Wak would only come out this way, I'm sure you'd find something to do without

troubles come, they come not in single spies, but in battalions". That passage is so painfully true, isn't it.

Fay had said that her Dad was not very strong, and I suppose the shock of your Dad's death must have been too much for him. It certainly has been a hard thing to take for all of you, hasn't it. It's almost too much to bear.

Dear Yuri, I wish you and Wak would try to get out as soon as possible. The Pastor of our church has asked if I knew any girl who wanted a temporary home until she found something to do - he said she could live at his home & just help



difficulty.

It must be horribly  
lonesome without your Dad  
especially after being so close  
to him this past year, more  
so than ever before. I  
feel so lonesome, too. Somehow  
your Dad was more than  
just a friend to me. I felt  
in him something strong  
and stable — someone to look  
to for advice and sound  
thinking. It's like having a  
support knocked out from  
under you.

Please write to me  
whenever you feel so inclined  
and pour out your heart to  
me if it will help any.  
I shall be going home  
early next year and will  
see you then.

Love,

John.