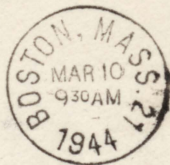


53 Park Rd
Boston, Mass.

AIR MAIL



Miss Yuri Domoto
6F-5 R
Amache, Colorado

53 Union Pk
Boston, Mass
March 5, 1944

Yuri darling,

Tomorrow is the red letter day for me.

I'm going down to Providence for an interview with the Washburn Wire.

Mr. Richardson is interested primarily in getting Japanese labor. He learned enough about my qualification to see if there is a place in the Company for my training. In either case, it would be a double barreled job of selling myself and our people.

It is a firm, long established and with sound business policy. One of few companies which weathered the depression. It is making the same products as prior to war, except that the customer is Uncle Sam. Hence, it would not have to go through the machine changes which other defense companies have to do.

The A.F.L. stands in the way but I hope that the committee is in a good mood when

it meets next Wednesday. Mr. Blapp will probably
be at the meeting and maybe your B.F. #1 shall
also go as exhibit A.. Gee honey, I should be
working for the W. R. G..

Honey, Luck is still following me around.
Today, I wrote a letter to Kan, a postcard to
Sam and had the parcel post for you. Just
as I dropped in the mail box a letter for Kan
and looked in my pockets for the card, I
couldn't find it - it wasn't addressed yet.
I thought maybe I left it at the boarding
house and didn't give it any thought. I went
to a section of the post office to see about
getting stamps for the parcel post when the
floor cop, placed a post card on the stamp
desk saying, "Look a postcard without address!"
My card!

Then, this morning I was wondering what
to do with a spare time when a call came in
asking if there was somebody at the B.H. who
would punch bit as a domestic for a week at
\$30⁰⁰. I was going to take it if it weren't for

This interview tomorrow.

When (94) the job is gotten, you, the W. R. G., is going down with me to find a place for me to stay in Providence. A very good place, they tell me.

Starting, this place (B.H.) is a little more than a mercenary enterprise. The Bostonian Japanese - mostly domestic workers - gather here to chew the rag and eat Japanese food - tonight it was sushi yaki with miso shun and tofu. Knocked me over with the tofu. Last night, there were a few here. Three of them brought their Caucasian wives with them. American to my best observation. The rent is dirt cheap \$4⁰⁰ a week. Dinner 65¢.

The atmosphere between evacuee boarders here isn't too friendly. Some have invited me to their room. Guess, too many people come and go to bother.

Heard yesterday that Mr. Clapp is formerly a social worker. Gee, good news for you?

Today, honey, I went into a hamburger joint in shopping district. This place also sold ale and ~~was~~^{run} by a little runt of an Eye-talian. A dope next to me was drinking ale and kind of mumbling to himself, looking at me occasionally. He started to mumble about whether I was a "chance or a pep." So, this Eye-talian goes up and sez, "Drop it, Mister." He shutted up. I enjoyed two hamburgers very much.

Really darling, Boston people are very nice every where I've been. Except a jeweler who said it would cost \$9.50 to clean my wristwatch and a month to do it in!

The weather is nippy and my how the people walk fast to keep warm. Never saw so many fur coats worn as casually as we would a sweater.

See, honey, I went through the shopping district today and darling I can see you in the dresses, in fur coats, wearing the rings in every shop I go by. You darling I miss you terribly - Love Dick.