



GRAND CENTRAL  
ANNEX



Mrs. Yuriko Tuhada  
13 Parkman St.  
Boston 14. Mass



Monday July 9, 1945

Dearest Mrs. Tsuchida.

Your poor husband. He was a sad man when he came back from his first day of work and there was no letter waiting for him. That's what I get for not writing to you except once last week.

Anyways, when I returned the kids yelled "come home!" Before I knew where Miki disappeared she came into the kitchen with my pair of slippers she returned all the way from the 3rd floor. Sally used a cake with a single candle on it to celebrate the first day of work.

Down at work, everything was quiet and easy. I didn't do hardly a thing and the boss made me take it easy. Pencil pushing isn't bad at all. I did some figuring of costs, insurance and freight schedule.

Yesterday, we all went to the beach instead of to the Boat. I took a nap in the afternoon - in the meantime, Mr. + Mrs. Ishimaru of Oakland dropped in. They are working on a family in Long Island. They send their regards. Mr. Ishimaru drove the boss's Cadillac down here. uoo' uoo'!



Honey, dollar to doughnut you're neck deep  
in the papers. And five dollars to a doughnut  
that the bugs are religiously shewing on your  
leg. So, never you mind about writing me. I'll  
do all the scuttling and you do the reading O.K.?

Something quite different is going on  
tonight. A whole pile of letters come today but  
they all went upstairs. So with blood in  
our eyes, Nan, Sally and I are all furiously  
writing answer fetching (you are exempted) letters  
so we could get a letter from somebody - even  
a bill or circular will do.

Tomorrow, the boss told me to drop into  
Jones and get a couple of papers before coming  
to work.

Honey, when will be about able to get away  
again?

lick.