

April 15  
Sun. at work

Dear Violet-

I guess we're both getting quite bad at our letter-writing, but I know there's always a good reason for long silences. I certainly hadn't meant to neglect my writing as I have to all my old friends in L.B., but it has been almost impossible to settle down to writing, so here I am - at work.

I hope all is well with you Violet. I often wonder just how you've been; physically, that is. You mention how busy you are, and the usual routine of your varied activities, but no mention of how you've been feeling.

I received your long & newsworthy letter, forwarded to us here in Nebraska. It's always so good to hear from you and to be posted on what's happening among my friends.

There is one apology I must make, something I should have mentioned long, long ago. It's regarding receipt of that very kind (form letter) received from the YWCA back home. It was just at a time when I was recovering from a stubborn cold of about 2 months' duration. You can imagine, with all the smudge, grey skies of mid-winter and our not too honey atmosphere in Chicago - how good a lift it was to see the familiar names I could see among those given at the close of the letter. If I don't get an acknowledgement out to the Y, please mention what I've ~~not~~ written in this letter. It just gives us such strength

and just a little more courage to face a little adversity. It also gives one assurance that our friends have and are proving themselves the truest friends one can boast of possessing, and it takes just such chaotic conditions as these to prove such qualities, we so often take for granted. And you may be sure, that I'm not the only one who feels this way about you kind people. Each letter I get from my in-laws at Gila, they mention of Papa working every day, rain or shine, at his work bench on some new object of cactus or iron-wood. You can see it's nothing but gratitude and appreciation that creates that urge to make a set of "appropriate" gifts by next Christmas. It appears to me that it's that feeling only that keeps him alive in that confined living. Both Mama & Papa are well - the in-laws can't get over how well and energetic Mama is, for which we are more than thankful. John wrote me a few weeks ago that he heard from Wilma. She hadn't heard from me for so long, she was beginning to suspect all sorts of evil had befallen me. John knew we were busy here with our chick-sexing season in full-swing, but he pleaded me to write even a short note. I don't suppose she'd have heard from me unless I got that letter from John. If only I could keep my letters short and brief, perhaps I'd get them written oftener, but you know me. Once I get going, I forget when

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to write the closing salutation.

I don't know whether I'd mentioned it to you, but, — no, I haven't written you since coming here. We're the 1<sup>st</sup> Japanese the town has had. Business people are much more tactful, but when the farmers come into town and we're caught shopping down town, you should see their expressions! They actually forget how they themselves act and look.

Many of them mutter "I can't figure out what they are!" Of course, I'm quite used to all this by now, and merely smile at them the best I can. Whenever an opportunity presents itself, I chime in with a crack or two to convince them that somehow or other I've had an American background and can enjoy a humorous situation with them too.

Our hatcherymen of course have employed Japanese sexors, but they were workers from some other town in this vicinity and rarely showed themselves in public to be scrutinized.

Our neighbors are friendly and congenial. They are in the truest sense, neighbors and we're indeed grateful for such nice people. I could ramble on and on, Violet, for I have so much to tell you.

If you haven't already heard from Wilma, I must break the news to you that I'm expecting to be a mother around the 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> of August. The most miserable months of early pregnancy were spent in that dismal

Chicago atmosphere. My employers at  
 Town & Country were so good to me and tried  
 convincing me into remaining there, that I  
 could continue working there as long as I  
 could rather than coming to Nebraska with  
 Tomio, but I just couldn't stand the air  
 and was gasping for clean country air, like  
 a goldfish out of water.

We stopped to see Martha in Rochester on our  
 way out here, and as early as that, I began  
 feeling better. It's psychological, I know. But  
 even tho' I'm in my 5th month, I ride as far as  
 55 miles from here to hatcheries - of course, I  
 don't drive, I'm always a back seat passenger,  
 but I'm feeling like a new person compared  
 to how I was in Chicago. The wife of our  
 Norfolk hatcheryman took me to her doctor  
 last Tuesday. She was worried about me  
 because I continue to work and travel about,  
 but Dr. assured me I was intact in every  
 respect with the exception that my blood count  
 is low. I am therefore taking iron tablets to  
 correct this. The boys will need my help thru'  
 this and <sup>up to the</sup> middle of next month. Thereafter, I  
 shall remain home and behave myself. This  
 is a new territory, and we are "beginners" and  
 new to the hatchery-people, therefore, our repu-  
 tation determines the outcome of increase or  
 decrease in our work next year.

I am already warning Tomio that I am  
 prepared to remain here in Norfolk with the

infant and wait for his return for next season's work. (I only got one page done at the hatchery today.) I'm writing now at home. Tomio and I have just been discussing what to do at the close of the season. He has misgivings of leaving me here alone and wants me to go to camp to be with the folks, but I've told him I don't care to, not that I don't want to see my parents. I'd love to and they'd love to see the little one, but it's the fact that we must buck so much red-tape to get into or out of camp - especially our Gila Camp. We must have especially urgent business to warrant a 2 week's visit; no more. It's just not worth the effort. But we shall see how things turn out. Tomio just tells he wants to study as soon as he returns to Chicago, which I heartily approve. He's not so sure that an American law background will help him much in the post-war era. He seems to come to the conclusion that sociology will be of much more use after the war. If Japan should be a vanquished nation, he feels he would be of greater service in the social reorganization of that country if this country should be the administrator of Japan. Well - this is all uncertain as yet, but there was a time in New York when he was all set on studying sociology and he's gone back to the same thing, so he might as well try. I don't know how employment is in this small town, but I

hope to take even part-time work if I can. If outlook is favorable, I would prefer to stay here because our neighbors are so good. Well, many things can develop yet in the next few months, but this is how things stand with us.

John mentions being interested in buying a farm in Ohio - 60 miles from Pittsburgh + 100 miles from Cleveland, but buying a large place is something requiring investigation so I don't know what's come of the project. He wants a place to call the parents to. He's been granted deferment til August, so he's still working at the same firm.

Perhaps you wonder what we do in our work. I'd given up sewing from Chicago 'cause I couldn't stand the practice in the evenings. Tom's and a younger brother work together doing the sewing. I do the counting of chicks they'd completed and label each box, puller or cockerel. In between, now that I'm a little more efficient, I can sit and rest myself. Work slackens in all the hatcheries toward the end of May and gradually tapers off by the end of June.

I may not be able to write Mrs. Lawson or the Burchams. Please give them my very best regards. I intend to get around to writing them too, eventually. Remember me to Hazel + Claude. With love, Amy

A.S.

Br.  
Norfolk, Nebr.

NORFOLK  
APR 16  
8<sup>30</sup> AM  
1945  
NEBR.



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NORFOLK, NEBRASKA