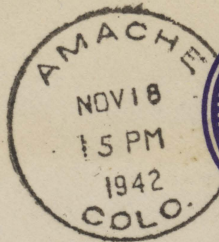


After 5 days, return to

Jarvis Laito

Bell HK-8C

Amache Br.,
LAMAR, COLORADO.



*Miss Molly Wilson
3039 Boulder Street
Los Angeles, California*

Nov. 17, 1942

Dear Mally,

I thank a lot for your letter. Sure had to wait a long time for it.

What's your favorite song? Mine is "White Christmas". It sure is pretty. On the solid side is "Mr. 5 x 5". Also, "Praise The Lord and Pass The Ammunition."

We've had 2 assemblies already in school. One was called "Pencils with Personalities". A man comes and tells all about his pencils. "This is Shirley Temple's pencil," etc.

you know it! Reminds me
of the old times at Belvedere.
Miss Seymour, Lina-Louise
Blues, Old Lady Estabrook, etc.

I got my G. I's. (Government
Issued clothes) Dog-gone it!
I dropped my pen and it doesn't
write good anymore. In fact,
it doesn't write, period!

A Y. H. C. A. started here
and we had a Y. H. C. A.
Rally. It went over pretty
good. I just changed my pen.
Can you notice it?

Do you know what our
school is called? Amable
High School! Isn't it a sad
name? You know it!

Our school building isn't

The other one was today.
An all woman or I mean
girl orchestra. They go by the
name "Lee Sentinels." They
sure ^{were} ~~was~~ shot! No lie! They
had to pay a dime too!

Do you know what? I met
some soldiers from Camp
Bliss, Morris, Iowa. They
took my pictures, so I'll send
you one as soon as ~~it~~ he
develops it for me. I sure
meet a lot of guys in the
mess hall. I make \$16 a
month as a waitress. It
sure is an easy job. And
what fun! The fool
around most of the time,

been started yet. I wonder when they're going to start building it? I wonder.-----

Oh yes! Before I forget! Lillian Igasaki told me to tell you "hello".

I'll have to close now Molly. Remember I'm a working woman now I have to wake up 5:30 A.M. The sunset & sunrise here is beautiful.

The barracks and all the objects turn red. That a sight! A scene that you never see in L.A. The had snow too. Everything was covered with this white blanket. It was really beautiful. The snow feels like feathers when it hits you. That an experience! Write!!
Sincerely,
Sookie