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Miss Nellie Wilson  
3039 Boulder St.  
Los Angeles, 33, Calif.

March 31, 1944

Dear Mollie ole pal!

Long time no write neh! I aughta be spanked for not answering any of my letters. Imagine, being stacked with 20 or more letters to be answered!! I won't have any friends left if I don't hustle and say at least "hello" to each one. It was swell to hear from you after a long, long silence-- Glad to hear you're in school now, I'm on the same boat too, attending the Minneapolis Business College. I've been there since the middle of February, in fact I started on Valentines day. As you have noticed the change of address, will tell you that I've moved and am now working as school girl in a doctor's home. No children there so I really have peace. As compared to the former place, I like it a lot better, they had three kids. And were they                      (I better not say!) I worked exactly 4 months in Dr. Rees' home (He's pastor of one of the largest churches in this city) before I actually got away to go to school. Now I can't see why I didn't start earlier. I really wasted some time doing just domestic work, yet in a way it did me some good to see how things are run in a minister's home. Lots, and lots of experience to be added to my list after leaving camp. I did miss the camp crowd but with my new friends in this city it isn't half as lonesome as you mite think.

Say Mollie, you sure have been studying up on the Japanese lingo ha! You're mity good, if you ask me, how did you do it? You know I wrote to my mom telling her about your ambitiousness of taking up Yaboe language and all the "kanji" too, well, she came back with--"Mary better study a little too, cuz, I never use any kanji, I don't take the time out to think about the hard words I used to know. Honest, my letters are like a second graders, and am really ashamed of myself, but without a dictionary or no one to ask, I'm stuck. Mother makes corrections every so often, but now I'm in a stage where it's impossible to make any cuz I write the easiest way possible. Bad neh! Well, better than nothing.

I'm writing this in one of my practice typing classes, see the practice work at the top? Well, in case one of the instructors come around I'll just roll it back and act like I'm starting a new sheet, at the end of the week it gets so boring doing the same thing over and over again, that I usually spend my Friday's answering one or two letters, at least you can see, I try to answer my letters. School and work ~~XXXX~~ keeps me occupied too much, really, this is one time I'm realizing or rather appreciating the soft life I used to lead. What do you do--just go to school and come home and find supper all ready--then eat and sit down and study and go to bed? That's the way it used to be for both of us, some years ago,,, I'm just wondering if your life has changed any. You know, I actually cook for the doctor and Mrs. at my place. I bet they have indigestion every time they eat at home! Good thing they don't eat in all the time. I also prepare breakfast before I leave for school and clean up the

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Hi Molly ole pal!

Long time no write neh!

mess before I leave too, it's a wonder that the dishes stay in one piece the way I wash and wipe in 20 minutes. I leave about 8:15 and get to school in time for 8:40 roll call. Dismissal at 3:45 and then home I be at 4:00 or any time after that/like fun, I always stop in at one place or another and sometimes get home at least a half an hour late. No complaints yet--I don't have much to do anyway--just dust around a bit or do little odds and ends and prepare supper if I have to. Wanna be my Taster, or tester one o these days? Wonder who I'm practicing for???? Well, believe it or not but I'm still carrying the torch for "Kuki (Fukuri to you) He's in St. Louis going to some Lab. Tech school. He couldn't get into any college where they had the Pharmacy dept. open to Yaboos, or any way, they wouldn't accept Yaboos, or they were over the quota/ etc. He had more trouble trying to find a school where he could enter and make use of what he got there. He'll be graduating in August or September and then he'll be down here visiting me again. He spent Christmas in Minny--and boy, was it good to see him after our parting in April, 1942. 20 months----faithful weren't I! The flame is still burning brightly, don't think it'll ever burn out either. Is that telling you anything? Since it's leap year maybe I'll take a leap. No Mollie, don't get any ideas, cuz I'm young yet--and you too, I didn't even get a chance to wish you a happy birthday--your birthday is one I can keep tract of cuz it's so close to mine. At least we're out of the minor age neh. Do you feel any older? I guess I've matured quite a bit, since being so independent starting when I was still 17. No one ever thinks I'm 18, always past 20--how embarrassed I feel some times too.

This is sure getting to be a lengthy letter, I just type anything that pops into my mind, and what a mess of things I've chatted about too--it was good to get all the B.H. gossip in mind again--if I ever go back, I'll have more people to congratulate and probably wouldn't even recognize half of them. Drop me a line when you have time again o.k. and include all the ole time friends news. There isn't much I can say about the friends, that is the ones I used to go around with, cuz, I've lost track of most of them. I've made plenty of new ones, they're all o.k. too. This city is getting pretty full of relocators from various camps--in fact there's 7 of them in this school. It's a swell place too. I must admit it's quite cold with quite a bit of snow, but all together we've had a very mild winter. I'll miss the scorching Arizona sun this summer! No more sun tan for me. Getting rid of the Indian look anyway.

Time to close now, today's my day off and I expect to shop for my spring outfit. Easter is coming and you know what that means. Mom sent me a big money order to buy it so I was happy to get ahold of it.

Best regards to all the kids, and to your family too.

Love,

Mary

*Excuse cheap paper - it's from school  
and so please understand, I don't write  
all my letters on paper like this*