

November 11, 1943

Dear Betty,

What a wretch I am. No longer do I deserve to be called your friend. You were perfectly justified in thinking that I had not written because I hadn't received an acknowledgment of the Pictorial, but truthfully and apologetically, that wasn't the reason. Somehow, my days and evenings are so occupied there's very little time to sit down and write. I know I should make time, but letter ^{writing} takes me so long - one letter means at least one hour. (No, Mirko, you're being selfish when you can't spare even one hour to keep a good friendship!) At the rate I've been answering my letters, I won't have any friends! (Looking at your last letter, you did thank ^{me}!) Thanks loads for having patience enough to pen me a few lines in spite of my negligence. May I also very belatedly thank you ever so much for the snapshots of the girls. Their professions and careers haven't changed them one bit, have they? Everytime I looked at the snaps, they bring back some nostalgic memory of days gone by. How typical is the pose that Wilda was taken in. ^(magnifying glass!) I love Katie's profile. The one you're in - you look like you have a black eye - must have been the fighting - or are you getting dark circles from working nights?

Really, Betty, seeing you girls once again would be grand and I truly appreciate how much you do think of me and your desire to

come up to visit. If you write to Pat first, will you tell her, I shall never forget her sincere unselfishness in her suggestion that you girls get a car and come up!

Don't make me laugh Betty! Nothing out of the ordinary - such as marriage has caught us in its snare, yet. Looks as though we're destined to become one of the few million old maids. If the parental opposition wasn't too great, I do believe my sister, whom you complimented so highly, would be well on the road of matrimony. When yours truly is ready to pass the traditional box of chocolates, I assure you, it won't fail to reach you. Don't expect it to ever happen and you won't be too disappointed.

11-11-43
Yes, since last July, or was it June, I've been struggling to educate and train myself as a kindergarten teacher. It's cruelty to the innocent little children, and many-a-time I've wanted to quit, but at this stage of the game, I can't resign unless I'm going to relocate in the near future. The Education Department now tells us if we quit, we'll be black-listed and another job will be difficult if not impossible to obtain. So, you see, until the day when I shall be able to bid farewell to Manganar, my present job shall have to satisfy. How soon will I be relocating? Wish I could say definitely myself.

Just the other week a postcard came from Honey postmarked, rather addressed

3) from the same place of residence as before. She writes that she is now attending the U. of Maryland full time carrying 19 hours a week mapping in sociology. She is no longer working at the Labor Department. I say she misses her old friends even though she's made many new ones. My long silence has started her wondering, too. Ah, me, I ought to type one letter and send carbon copies to all my friends, but I hate typewritten letters so I'll never do that.

11-11-43
Manzanar had an open house for the Inyo-Mono County residents sometime in ~~September~~. Certainly wished you could have come then. The farm had a big exhibit of its products and there were a number of other interesting displays of wood craft, leather craft, embroidery, sewing, ^{typing} flower making, art, etc. A carnival and program were also held at the same time. In September, the teachers of Inyo-Mono counties held their last day of Teachers' Institute in Manzanar. A luncheon prepared by the high school cooking classes and consisting of Manzanar-grown products was served. After a program of ~~musical~~ talent, the teachers were taken on a tour of the camp highlights. Many who visited and saw for the first time what has been done and is being accomplished here were amazed and enlightened. Quite a number were old residents of this valley - so Manzanar meant more to them.

Autumn has come in full glory here; leaves are turning gold, red, brown, ^{so} days

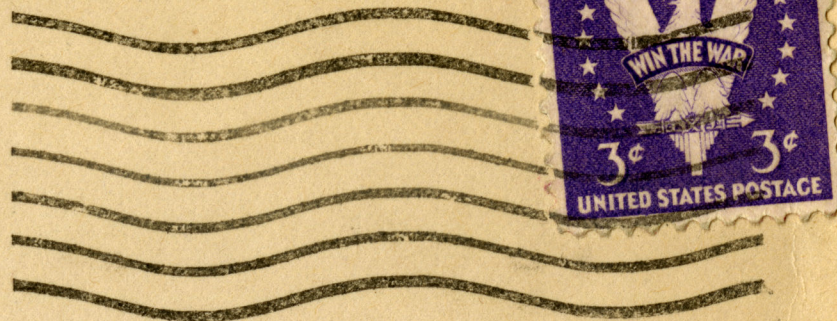
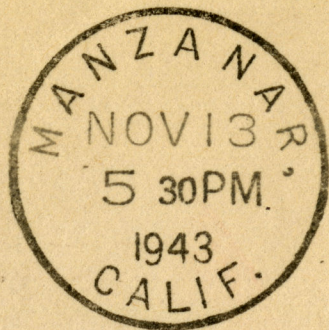
have grown much shorter - the stars
are still shining brightly when I arise
about 6:45, and in the evenings the
sun has slipped down behind Mt. William
son by 5:00. Some of the mornings are so
nippy, I feel as though I'll turn ~~to~~ ice
walking down to work. The afternoons
have been lovely and warm these last
few days. As long as it doesn't blow dust,
I'm not going to complain. Right now I'm
singing, "How dry I am!" Literally, my
epidermis is as dry as the desert. no
amount of cream or lotion seems to keep
it lubricated.

Have some ironing to do now, so
I shall close with heartiest salutations
to your folks and any ^{or all} of the girls whom
you might meet or write to.

Sincerely,
Mirko

11/11/43

29-6-4
Manzanar, Calif.



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