

Dearest Mom,

Finally back to the desk. In a few more hours it'll be your birthdaay.

Gonna stay up all aite and answer as many correspondents as possible.

Also changed my mind on a few things. I forgot to include a stamp fund in my SOS to you, so instead of paying for a room, I'm going to stay at the USO. Just got Mr. Whitten's permission. What a coincident I'll be back to the kind of existence that I started work here in Hattiesburg. Remember.....sleeping on the floor and taking showers at the USO Cottage? Then, that rent money can be used for stamps. Mr. Whitten has a two burner hot-plate so I can cook here too.

This USO is completely changed. It's an empty hall except for this one desk and typewriter, which will be here for about a week.

The light and gas will also be on for a week, so I can stay a full week. In that time I'll be ready to ship out to Minneapolis.

Since I won't have any address, it'll just be: General Delivery, Main Post Office, Minneapolis, Minnesota. I'll find housing in whichever town I find a job.

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Oh gosh, guess what? Mr. Finch left just a few hours before I reached Hattiesburg. I was sorta stunned. He's so unpredictable. Now, am absolutely lost.....but definitely on my own. ~~now~~ That trip to Minneapolis may now be.....no,it couldn't all be in vain. But right now, I don't have any idea what the score is. Telegraphed him, but don't know what I'm supposed to do or not supposed to do.

Oh well, everything will turn out okay. Nuts, I'm tired of worrying. It's a wonderful way to get old fast.

Besides, I'm hungry. My appetite has become terrific. Now, I'm sorta sorry I have such an appetite. I'll have to gradually get back to my Hattiesburg bird diet.

But right now, I'm gonna eat. I still have that money I was gonna ~~buy~~ use for taxi. Instead, I walked. Bertie Hamamoto carried my bag for me all the way to the USO. Thanx to her I saved a quarter. I won't need that other taxi fare either, since I'm not gonna go home to-nite.

Will go home tomorrow morning. Sleep in ~~that~~ my room all day tomorrow, come back to the USO and move out everything, and send to you what I can. The rest, I'll send out to Minneapolis. (Oh, that means I'll need about 10 dollars for just railway express fee).

Wait! I better go eat before the joint closes.

Love,

Mary
