

Sebastopol, Calif. Dec. 30, 1951.

Dear Kaz:

Finally got your certificate out of the box Friday and am enclosing it herewith. I just kept forgetting to get it - would think about it after the vault was locked every night, but Friday I got right after it as soon as we closed the doors at 3:00 and before the boys could slam the vault door shut. Since I have been working in the bank I don't even keep my account straight. I am always writing counter checks and forgetting to put them in the stubs, etc. Got a surprise after midnight Sunday night when Bob came walking in out of a clear sky. While we were fixing him something to eat my sister called up and asked if we could go to the airport in S.F. after Hollis who was flying in from Seattle to spend Christmas. Tom, Bob and I picked her up and away we went to the city. Got there at 4:00 after plowing through fog and rain, and he had been waiting for an hour. We got home after 6:00, and I wasn't worth much Monday at work - had a tough day, too. Hollis had to leave after midnight on Christmas day, but Bob is still here and will be leaving this week. We don't know how he is going back, but believe by train. He would like to fly if he thought he could get on a Navy plane out of Alameda, but the possibilities are very slim, so I want him to check on the train schedule tomorrow. These plane wreck being reported today don't make me feel too happy about his flying back. The radio has just finished reporting three separate planes missing here and there, all in bad weather.

Isn't this weather terrible? And right now I am freezing to death while sitting over the heater. I couldn't get closer to it without being right on top of it and still the air in the room is cold. I thought it was snowing once this afternoon, but it was light hail. I am sure that St. Helena will be covered tomorrow - it just can't be this cold without snow close by.

Tomorrow night we plan to go out to dinner - Bob made reservations for us and his girl friend's family to have dinner together at Occidental. It won't be much of an event - I'll probably overeat and be miserable all evening. They don't drink any more than Joe and I do, so we won't have to worry about that anyway. Guess we'll stay home New Year's Day. This sort of weather doesn't make one want to do any running around away from the warm house. To top it all I have income taxes to work on and every minute counts. I have everything pretty well lined up all my depreciation record made up, but it always takes time to finish them up. The lucky people are the ones that can just take their wages form and send that in. These darned farm forms take time.

Whenever you have your figures ready send them along and I will type up the forms. I am not doing any that I know of except yours and ours and Johnny's, but I can always expect to do Joe Barcaglia's and Joe Rupp's before the deadline arrives.

Joe and Tom left me high and dry and went to bed, and Bob is still out, so I am going to say goodnight and hit the hay, too. HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, and I hope the coming year will bring you good health and good luck.

Sincerely, *Lee Perry*

Income  
Taxes