

Sunday night, Feb. 23

Dear Kan.

Well, we have made another trip to the cemetery since you last saw us. Yes, we kids went today even in the rain storm. Son was generous and took the freshly polished Packard out in the hail....but there was a catch in it. As soon as we entered the garage, we all scampered around for sponge, papers, and chamois skin and gave the vehicle a rub-down after its exercise. It wasn't raining when we left home, but by the time we got there ...oh that was another story. French frogs came down first and then rock salts. I guess the fancy and the expensive frogs were to be pickled. I started to write this letter with the intention to use good English A style; but alas, it has failed as so many other like resolutions have. Gosh darn it/ This ribbon is going hay-wire.

Say, are you taking some history course. As I remember(ah, the ribbon is working now) from what I read, you seemed to have purchased books along this line. I may be mistaken, nothing new for me to be though, but unfortunately your paper has already gone into the basket, for a Saturday has passed since I received your last letter. Oh, well, what of such trifles. There are for me ^{re} space occupiers anyway. I haven't as yet joined the econimist society so I still ramble along. I think Son has sent you the asked money already. I hope so. Maybe she gave you something else beside what you called for. Ha, ha, I 'm not afraid of you not re-

ceiving it(whatever it was) because we all must have been reared for a few years around the vicinity of the Tight-wad Hill found internationally. If it is a case of renewing your sole or the soul, I'd take to cow-hide. Gosh it's a good thing I'm not taking or rather writing this for an English course--suck beastly attempts. I don't blame you for taking a comp course with the letters you read from home. For all I know, maybe you don't read such ununderstandable literature. Don't wade through too deep of water to get to such nonsences; for after all, what is it? (There goes the ribbon again.)

War doesn't seem to be approaching yet. No package of ammunition have been sent out to the front. But no telling though. Yuri made some candy-fudge- this afternoon but I will tell you with certainty that they will not be sent so far to the trenches. Wait until we have some more explosive materials. You in turn can send home some empty shell. The one I am refering to is the one which was made to tight around the out-side. After all, my blood will show in place^s No kidding-- send that rain hat back; because I want to re sew the cutter rims. I bet I know what book you took back. It's the "Adventure of the Prodigal Son" by Trewalney. I don't mind and hope you enjoy it. It is a darn good book-- as far as I read into the pages, it was certainly an amusing adventure. I think I'll sign off reading for a while, and take up some domestic ideas of mine. If you haven't read the "Haunted Boodshop" by Morely, do it some time in the futur I liked it a lot...a good short story.

How did you like a Saturday morning class off? Yuri feels so gypt because the 22 fell on a Saturday this time. That's one thing about a Saturday class--you feel as though you really have a holiday. The only difference it made to us was that we didn't have any roast with onions smuggled in for our Sunday dinner. Oh, that reminds me. Did you receive a box of candy from Tok the other day?

I haven't a thing to say but due to the fact that I know that Uncle Sam carries this envelop with two sheets of paper at the same price as he would with only one sheet, I'm doing my darrest to fill this second. Oh, you may say that paper is expensive; but look on the back of this. You know, look into the horse's mouth before you buy it. I often wonder what Mich did with the buyer of our old horse in order to have it taken away. I even think he got something for it.

It looks as though the weather was too cold down there for the blackbirds for Saturday's game with Cal. So they couldn't get the ball from the blackbirds---too bad. How pathetic. They turned into blue-birds, heh. Well, that's sort of queer with a person by name of "Hunt" to lead them in this chase. I bet it was a wild goose chase.

A new golf links has been open with a boom. Gee, on Saturdays and Sundays, Daniel Webster is certainly littered with golf enthusiasts. Although I'm interested in golf and would like to play; unfortunately we have only received, so

far, golf balls but no sticks. I'll just have to wait patiently for some one to get good and disgusted with golf so that during his rage, he will unconsciously throw his stick over the fence for me. What about your genuine one? Weell, I've decided to keep that as an heirloom or sale it later for an antique. You know Kaich said once that maybe she'll open a quaint oddity shop.

This is better than I thought. I've typed my pages already. I am not going to leave this to tomorrow and try to fill it. I'm closing right now, but won't promise to mail it in the morning. If I get up in time to get to the office before the mailman and think about this letter, so much the better, If I don't, it is just too bad. This is not flower--however it may be scented-- and doesn't have to be rushed.

Wak.

Love from all, I suppose, I'm too lazy to go and ask them in the parlor, and who cares.

Well, we have made another trip to the cemetery

Dear Kan.

Feb. 23, Home.

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