



Thursday -

Dear Ken:—

One more sheet of paper  
and my last day. (I hope, I hope  
I hope.) And I bet you're busy  
as the dickens. I'm not. Oh, I'm  
a lady without appendix. Some day.  
I'll hold another private showing of  
my beautiful piece of carving. I've had  
only a ~~private~~, very exclusive "opening"  
up to date. Those who've seen<sup>it</sup> are still  
raving about it. Why<sup>on</sup> this morning, the  
chief cutter himself took a look with elation  
while he exclaimed "nice, beautiful" and  
couldn't help but touch, ~~push~~ and ~~poke~~  
around. Being such a work of art, it is  
still ~~protected~~ <sup>protected</sup> most carefully by nice thick  
pads and wrapped in especially made "fluffs"  
and gauzes treated so that no moths + bugs



can get it. This plastic material hasn't as yet hardened, but can stretch, twist, or turn, now without damage. Why I can even jump rope (and I should for my waist measurement) but alas, my "good-for-nothing" legs. They're a little late in being fashionable but insist on trying this fed of forcing me to be a "sit-downer". Boy! and how they won out, I didn't argue with them. Why they threatened me by sending little prickly feeling like pin sticking via the sole of my feet. Yip! they got me by surprise the first time and kept it up the second day but I had a shakedown. Yes sir! After I had made one trip to the stationary <sup>post</sup> ~~chair~~ in the bath room, nothing could fust me on that darn wiggly pan<sup>again</sup>. Walking on pointed needles — da! da! That was nothing! Anything was worth it — to get to that

sanctuary — a heaven indeed.

Aren't you missing something! Just imagine being a sister around the house too weak to lift this, more that or carry the other. Tak Negi accuses me of playing possum; but you wouldn't go that far, would you? Tak + Min came Sunday. Gee it was good to see them — the first since Xmas. Both looked fine. They dined at 'B'anc's and obasan gave them a Japanese doll she had just made. Evidently she took private lessons from those people at Treasure Isle while she was in Japan. The one Tak had was cute — truly classic Japanese — a young boy I assume with some sort of stuff. Thanks for those pictures — very interesting. Son had mentioned her pictures which you sent her so naturally I was anxious to see them. I hope you can see that picture which showed me last night.

Be sure to remind us of it when you're home. Mr. Baldocchi who is quite a photographer happened to catch Pa. & Mich. out at the nursery one day and he has enlarged the pictures and mounted them. The one of Pa. is especially fine. He is a good & interesting subject for a portrait, huh? You can tell how much fatter he's gotten by recalling that snap you took of him on the porch. Honestly his cheeks on this one is so full, it's sort of pressed his creases out.

Well, the Garden Show opened last night and so I haven't seen much of Mich. He dropped in rather late last night and just had time to see the pictures. Doty & Diana of Portland are in town too, you could imagine. I wonder how it is. Sorry to miss it and more so about the Takarazuka Japanese Dancers. Oh well, such is life. And how is life with you. Day tired, huh?

Golly I'm running out of paper, what shall I do? Shall I call for some?

No rolls. My! My! This hospital  
is cheap. look at this! Good I  
hope the nurse doesn't come in  
now with that thermometer. It's  
about time too.

This paper is harsh! Not soft  
and absorbent. I resent it. I'm  
getting out of here. The ideas!

Ray & Mary Bick sent a clever  
card today saying "The old gray  
mare - aint what she used to  
be" with a mare looking over  
a fence with posies in his mouth.  
Nep! That's right, aint what I used  
to be but still I have some kick left  
and I don't kick the bucket.  
So as always - work.

This paper not  
approved by a  
good patient



Mr. Kaneji Donoto  
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Flushing, New York.

*Fir  
Mails*

Peralta Hospital  
Oakland.

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need the address  
because last chance  
Book! save grub?

