

Dear Kan:—

Still in bed, you seem to have a much luck<sup>to</sup> I seem to get tough breaks, you son of a gun!

Well I'm writing this to wish you good luck, as you will get it before you leave for Wisconsin and Frank Lloyd Wright the architect par excellence. I'm a little superstitious here, so if you get this letter and its blessing before you start on the journey, you won't have any trouble on the way, and your job with F.L.W. is as good as in your palm right now. If you don't get right, there's always the rock pile waiting for you in my back yard; I'm always willing to accommodate, you know.

Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

I sure would like to tag along with you is a side kick. The picture of chugging along in an asthmatic #20 Ford along a deserted highway on a moonlit night in search of a career, full of courage and hope and faith in oneself only a youth can have, thrills me. Ah, that is adventure! And if I had a health like yours, I'd be roaming the continents and the seven seas, tasting the wind and the dust on the plains, and the salt sprays, and all I'd ask "is a tall ship and a star to steer her by" answering that "I'd call and a clear call that may not be denied" But to get down to earth. Watch out for some of the female hitch hikers. Maybe you already know but there are some girls on the road who hitch a ride across the state border and try to blackmail you. There is a statutory law against transporting girls across the state line. So if you feel kind hearted and pick up some poor soul on the road, it's a good idea to drop her just this side of the state line & let her walk across.

There isn't much news here. The boys and girls are excited just now about district convention of the J.A.C.L. They are making efforts to make some of the Nisei drop their dual citizenship.

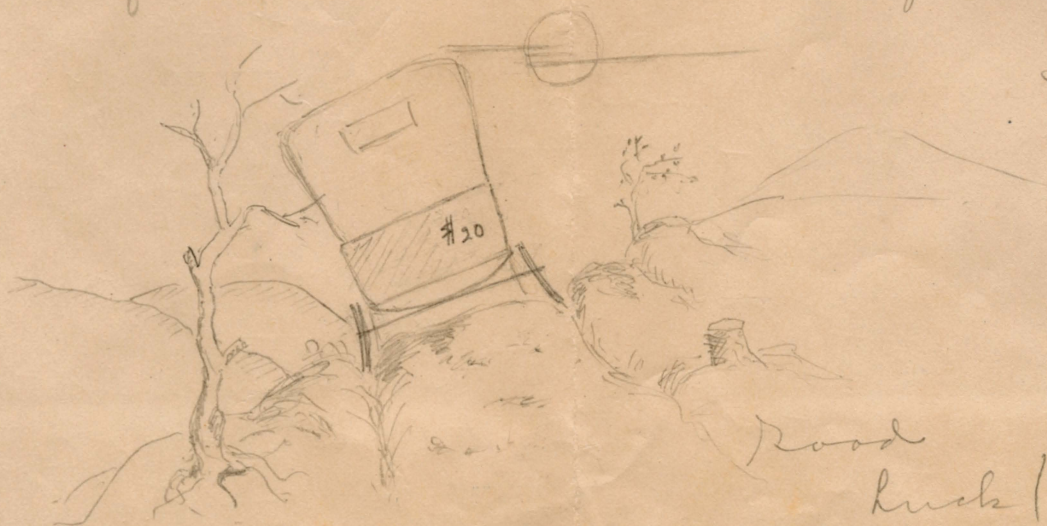
The fair here is still going.

I was reading the other day in Japanese mag. (Nippon to America) an article by a Japanese there in N.Y. — name is Sasaki; know him? Sort of a letters from New York stuff. Some one knocked on his door; he said come in, and a girl of about 20 stepped in, appeared a bit nervous, and asked if he had any shopping for her to do. He didn't have any, but he asked her to mail a letter, which she did. Some of the people must be rather hard up over there. The girl came back that night and invited him for a walk. My story ends here. Come to think of it what made me write it anyway. Imagine my telling you about N.Y. But I liked it; there's something cosmopolitan (or metropolitan) and human about it. O. Henry might have made something out of that.

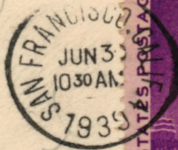
By the way, probably because of the Japanese exhibit here, but a nurseryman across the bay tells me some of his American customers often ask for bonsai.

Yours truly

Ishio



429 Spruce St.  
San Francisco, Calif.



Air Mail



Kan Donato, Esq.  
P O Box 262  
Albertson, New York