

Home Sunday

Dear Nan:

Just back from the Sunday  
"buggy ride." Gosh, I'm getting good.  
I went to hit balls again this morning.  
"Good" doesn't mean here, that King tennis  
is getting along fine but it was to indi-  
cate that my intentions are such.

I feel sort of lost today with  
no dog to feed. Yesterday, Sportie was  
acting or rather feeling blue, no  
pepp and walking slow. Last night  
we had a veterinarian out - and  
tagged distemper. I sort of feared it  
the last week but his eyes weren't  
bad and I gave him plenty of bran  
when Mrs. Deer's said it's good be-  
cause of the lepativeness. Distemper  
has affect his nerves and his back -  
causing the rear to swell. He looked  
so painful, and I saw helpless. I think  
I feel worse about this "odd" dog  
than the aristocrat "Jiggy." Maybe  
he's from the slums but his darn



good — if it weren't that he de-  
mands chickens every day. I hope if  
he doesn't get back to normal, that  
he will be shot. Of all things,  
I hate to see a dog suffer, don't  
you? He may become paralyzed.

Oh what's this joke about the  
cookies. If you knew how I'm ach-  
ing to know, you wouldn't hesitate,  
and I hope you don't. In regards to  
the other package — if you can't eat  
it, let your yiddish unblunt fly  
away, and give to others. Then, you  
won't get tired of it and won't be  
stale. Don't have to eat at all but I  
just ransacked a "dooked good"  
recipe so I tried it. I'm having  
a fancy for baking, well, maybe if  
we have company real soon, your  
polite acceptance will be compen-  
sated.

well my Sunday editions  
is over — I'm calling this the  
"ff" letter. Good bye

Pa is in bed, taking a rest. <sup>weak fever but this</sup>  
no fever but this





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