

Beverly Hills
June 16, 1939

Dear Kan,

Now I'll try my hand at typing and see if I can make more mistakes than you can. It's going to be quite a job, though. Get it?

I notice your address has changed since the last time I wrote you. What's the matter, didn't the German cooking appeal to you? You seemed to be so enthusiastic about it at one time.

I didn't know you were working for somebody now. The last I knew, you were still working on the Japanese garden. You expect me to know all about what you're doing without telling me anything about it, eh? Well, it's O.K. with me. Just keep me guessing, if it pleases you.

Why don't you tell me more about New York, the Big City? What you see and where you go and things. Have you seen any of the stage shows that are always one of the main attractions in New York? What's especially interesting around there?

I heard that the Takarazuka girls didn't do so well in New York and that is why they left early. They were supposed to have stayed until June 6, but I got a card from Kiyo Kitano from Portland, Oregon postmarked June 4; so its no wonder that you were unable to get in touch with her. I'm terribly sorry I didn't write sooner to let you know she was arriving. I don't know yet whether she accompanied them to Japan, but she was thinking about it when I saw her down here.

Did you know that Ruby Minami is in New York now? She went to marry Dr. Joseph Yoshioka. You knew Ruby, didn't you? She's Willie Minami's sister. Have you seen any other California people there? I guess Japanese are few and far between, aren't they?

Gee, I haven't seen Yuri for so long that I've almost forgotten what she looks like. Her letters aren't as frequent as they used to be either. I guess she must be very busy, trying to keep Wak from doing too much. Wish we could hurry and get back to Oakland. I don't like this part of the state. Today, some crazy woman called up and wanted to know if I was Joan Bennett. When I said no, and that she must have the wrong number, she said, "Oh, no, I haven't. I know you're Joan." Isn't that silly? She called up again, and this time Mrs. Sterns answered, and she said, "I'm Joan Bennett. I'm coming right over and knock your head off and bash your teeth in." Can you imagine? Such screwy people around here. It gives me the heebie-jeebies.

Went to the beach last Sunday. You should have seen the people! Literally millions! Got nice and black--yes, even blacker than I was, if that is possible. But it certainly felt good to lie in the sand and relax.

Say, Kan, will you do me a great, big favor? If you should go to any fancy places to eat, where they have interesting menus, could you try to snatch a menu for me? I'm collecting them and am planning to make a scrap-book of them. I have some gorgeous ones already. One from the Beverly Hotel, and one from Hotel St.

Catherine in Catalina, and even one from the gambling ship S.S.Rex. It would be swell if you can get me some from back East--it will make my scrap book so much more interesting. I had asked Kiyo to get some for me, but I don't think she got my letter, since I mailed it the same time I mailed yours. You know, when you dine at the Waldorf-Astoria sometime, just try to remember to pick up a menu for me, huh? O.K? Agreed?

Now that I've started this page, I've got to try to think of things to fill it up. No sense in letting all this perfectly good paper go to waste. Now, let's see, what can I type that will fill up space. Oh, yes. Min Yonekura made copies of my commencement photo for me, and they came out very nicely. I think he's pretty good at that sort of thing. He did a very good job on my sister's picture, remember?

Guess you've heard by now that Edes Nakashima and William Enomoto are going to take the fatal step. Some time this month, I think. I can't imagine Bill being married, can you? He seems so much like a kid, yet. Well, I guess they'll be having some huge wedding---two big nurserymen, you know.

Well, I just can't think of a thing else to say, and I can't make enough errors to compete with your typing; so I think it's time I said adios.

So long, ole topper, and keep your chin up.
Same old,

Tak

I. Negi
502 N. Maple Dr.
Beverly Hills, Calif.



Air Mail

Mr. Kaneji Domoto
P.O. Box 262
Albertson, L.I., N.Y.