

San Francisco, Sunny California,
April 13, 1939
Domoto Kan San:

Sank you for sociarbre retter received, very nice prease, oh yes'.
Hope that according to the best traditions as I have been ably taught by my
colleagues, the foregoing is correct. Suppose that the usual thing to do
is to apologize for tardy replies. Well, I just can't think of any real good
excuses to give other than just allowing the thing to drag for no good reason
at all.

Glad to hear that you are doing okay for yourself what with traveling
all around the country and seeing places and things. These rich millionaires
who are able to do this! According to the press, this World's Fair back there
should be opening pretty quick. Hence, about this proposition of arranging a
transcontinental amateur radio conversation between you back there and we out
here should be looked into pretty soon before you pull stakes and start moving
around again. I have talked to Nobi about it before and it seems to me that if
he were to look long enough in his log book, or through his call book of station
locations, some sort of a schedule could be arranged someplace along the line.
However, we can readily see where you would be at a handicap. You know the usual
hour that any of the tribe out here get to bed on a night out, which simply means
that by the time we would be going to bed, you would meet yourself getting up
for breakfast (and no sleep). Anyway, we'll have to write you again and further
on it after a conference with the Board of Directors out here.

Dick is still with the West Nursery, and for the past week or so has been
going down to the Foothill Blvd. Branch selling from the floor. George Minami
just recently bought a Rototiller for his place. I was out there one Saturday
morning just after he got it and they had the whole field turned over swell for
field grown Stocks for the market. Got quite a kick out of a moment of flurry
while there, and I don't believe that much damage was done however. George was
talking to me out in the field, his brother was running the rig to the far side,
and when making a turn to come back, the thing got messed up with the water
pipe somehow. Here was a geyser of water shooting up in the air, his brother
maneuvering to shut down the machine, and George making a bee-line for the tank
house to pull the switch to the water pump.

Haven't been doing very much in the way of any garden additions, other than
trying to get the place looking a little bit better ship shape than it usually
looks. I will say though, that this year the whole place looks better than it
ever has. The Magnolia Soulanguia all bloomed out and it was gorgeous. Likewise
the Flowering Plum which last summer for awhile I thought looked pretty sick.
Suppose it was just like you said, we were a little bit stingy with the water,
or lazy with the water, or something. Oh yes, I have too occupied myself with
a little permanent building. It was a rack for the berries. You know me, when
I undertake to do anything, how meticulous the thing has to be. The German
influence I guess. Well, when I got all through and things properly lined up,
leveled and plumbed, there are two redwood posts in the ground imbedded in
concrete. Two cross arms, and some clothes line wire running between the two
cross arms. I prepared some redwood bars on which the berry canes could rest,

(over)

and fastened these bars onto the two strands of clothes line wire by means of screw eyes. My idea was that these bars could slide along the wires to any location where necessary, I have but one suspension span between the two supporting cross arms, and everything is free and unincumbered for working around the bushes for watering, mulching, etc. Thought of getting a patent on it, but I doubt whether any would care to become that fussy in setting the thing up for duplicated useage.

Tell me, are you able to get any of the usual good things to eat back there as can be found out here. For instance, I speak of those cookies that you and I and Dick had the day we went fishing down the estuary. Dick thought that artichokes were a rarity on the market back there. Just make up a general list, but omit such items as California Spring Lamb, or a dish of beef noodles, etc. as I question whether we would be able to make the grade.

Can't think of very much more at this sitting, so will defer any additional discourse until the next sitting writing. Hope that this finds you well and happy, and not too loaded down with a varied assortment of undeveloped films, or did you take your camera with you? Saw that issue of Life about the Camellias and at the time thought about you and wondered whether you had hit this spot. Appreciated the folder that you sent from those other gardens.

Best regards,

H. E. Danvers

Dick is still with the West Nursery, and for the past week or so has been going down to the Pootill Bldg. Branch selling from the floor. George Minami just recently bought a Rotoliner for his place. I was out there one Saturday morning just after he got it and they had the whole field turned over well for field grown stocks for the market. Got quite a kick out of a moment of funny while there, and I don't believe that much damage was done however. George was talking to me out in the field, his brother was running the rig to the far side and when making a turn to come back, the thing got messed up with the water pipe somehow. Here was a geyser of water shooting up in the air, his brother maneuvering to shut down the machine, and George making a bee-line for the tank house to pull the switch to the water pump.

Haven't been doing very much in the way of any garden additions, other than trying to get the place looking a little bit better ship shape than it usually looks. I will say though, that this year the whole place looks better than it ever has. The Magnolia Soulangia all bloomed out and it was gorgeous. Likewise the Flowering Plum which last summer for awhile I thought looked pretty sick. Suppose it was just like you said, we were a little bit stinky with the water, or lazy with the water, or something. Oh yes, I have too occupied myself with a little permanent building. It was a rack for the berries. You know me, when I undertake to do anything, how meticulous the thing has to be. The German influence I guess. Well, when I got all through and things properly lined up, leveled and plumbed, there are two redwood posts in the ground imbedded in concrete. Two cross arms, and some clothes line wire running between the two cross arms. I prepared some redwood bars on which the berry cans could rest.

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