

Thursday Morn.

Dear Kan:

Here, it's the middle of the week already--so another attempt. I guess you were surprised to get a letter from Kaeck, say what? It might have been just a blank sheet, but that would have been an additional surprise

yes, we've got, I believe, all the readable magazines around. Golden Book, American, and the American Boy, are all sitting on the window seat, waiting to be scrutinized by the detectable eyes. (Pause in order to think further.)

Oh yes, Sportie is coming back home this aft. Gosh, I bet all my Easter earning will go - fly, fly. I've always seen pictures of money flying with a pair of wings; ~~for~~ now I know. Everything is getting to be so air-minded, you never can tell what's what.

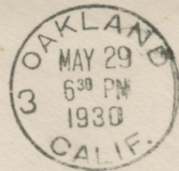
As usual, I baked yesterday - the same type of cake as I sent down. It was all glooey; and a piece remains in the subbard yet.

well, tomorrow is a holiday - the Vets' day, heh. I suppose we'll go to the cemetery; but no speeches for me. When I see those Vets, I sort of pity them but then again, I feel as though, it's their day to recall their youthful days and tell everyone of their by-gone days. May 30 is one day in the year when they have someone to listen to them any way.

Oh gosh I can't think of anything further. Notice my writing is getting larger. Kago wrote us (Nicks) a letter of thanks for the gift. It was very well written and far better than his brother who hasn't said anything. I think Kago will be all right after a year or so in Japan, - I hope so.

Pa is still in bed, coming along slowly. He looks like a hermit when he squats on his bed and reads the Bible. His thin features add to the picture, but I darn't tell him because he knows he's gotten thin and occasionally looks in the mirror with ~~a~~ ^{worky} eyes.

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