

April 12, 1939

Dear Wak:

You know, I must write quite a bit. I used up all my folder papers from Berkeley. Kair got the last one. Call him a "nigger baby" or "old maid". You have the distinction, honor, and nuts, of being the recipient of the first paper from the binder papers I bought at the 5 and 10 in Flushing N.Y. (I had two goes at the word "recipient". I wonder if I have it just right. I guess I'll look it up at the library tonight.) I usually read there till nine o'clock. I'm reading an autobiography of Frank Lloyd Wright just now. When I come home, I draw or write letters or print or develop pictures. I do some more reading too. When I'm ready to sleep I bring a book to bed. After a couple of pages or until I almost drop the book, I keep on reading; then I shut the light and I'm asleep.

We have very funny weather here. Yesterday morning the sun came out away early. I have an Eastern and Southern exposure. The day was very warm. Towards evening it started clouding up. Around seven o'clock it was raining - just a little. This morning wasn't neither good nor bad. But this afternoon the wind started up. It's windier than hell now. 6:00 P.M.

The work at the garden is coming along pretty fast. We have most of the trees planted in front. In fact we are just about finished. We are cleaning up and leveling the ground. We haven't cemented or put the sod in yet. We are going to plant some large pine trees in the back in the next day or so. Oh, yes! there are two more trees to go in the front part.

The building is looking better. They have brass fittings on the ends or sides of the boards or railing ~~in~~ the building. Well, I better send you some pictures so that you can really see

what it is going to look like. I like it very much too. In the morning the sun shines on the brass ornament and it reflects on the copper roof. What a sight. There are some Japanese interior decorator working inside. A Mr. Kazumi who was at S.F. is here too. He is a pretty good fellow.

The whole group eat together in the Shack. They bring rice now. The salt fish, okoko, etc. I ate one bowl of rice today with okoko and salt fish. If Sakurai wasn't there, I'd make myself at home more. He gives me a complex. I hate to be obliged to him. Mr. Kazumi offered the rice so I accepted. Sakurai try to say that I didn't eat any rice. He certainly is small.

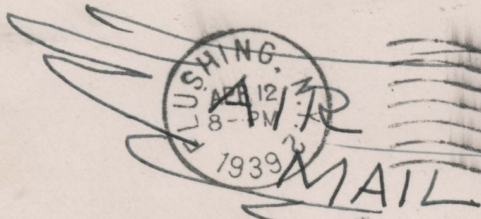
We had frankfurters for supper. They were encased in cellophane. I slit mine one both sides and peeled them. You know, it's a good thing I like potato because I'll have it every supper. It's the characteristic thing for a German meal. She had of course Sauerkraut. Somehow the food agree with me. I even eat corn beef and cabbage with a great deal of gusto.

Mr. Miyada said he got another job at the Fair Grounds. He may have another. I wonder if he is going to put me on any of them. He doesn't do the actual work. He is just the designer. Well, as long as I get paid for my work it would be OK. I rather work with "Chakugens" Noto is feeling better or something, ever so often he tells me how things are done in Japan, etc. He lets me arrange the plants etc. more too.

You know, my writing is pretty lousy. I better improve a lot more. Pretty soon you wouldn't be able to read it. Well "I'm going to the library now, so I'm going to stop, altho I'm good for another page."

PS. You don't believe me huh! well I'll prove it some other time.

135-01 Cherry Ave.
Flushing, N. Y.



MISS WAKAKO DOMOTO
878 ALICE ST.
HAYWARD, CALIF.

