



Mrs Yuriko Inkada
13 Parkman St.
Boston 14, Mass.

Sunday
1:30 P.M.

Hello Honey,

What gives?

Nothing much here, right now.

Hide Masuda is getting ready to
shove off for Cleveland in a few hours.
But the memory of her stay will linger
for quite some time. Her frequent smoking
combined with the dank, sultry atmosphere
smells the room up like a cellar pool-
hall.

And visiting downtown is just
Candow of the Candow sisters. As she knows
both 1st and 2nd floor people I don't
quite understand whom she is visiting.
— and her legs are quite like Mabel's
too.

The children are playing someplace
in the house because I can hear
Miki or Ange raise his voice now and
then. The kids are inside because
it will start to rain at any moment.

Got up around 8 A.M. and went out to buy the Times. Had a breakfast of corn muffins, grapefruit juice, coffee and dry cereal.

Swey swept and mopped the 3rd floor.

Honey, the Times Magazine has a very good review on Frank Sinatra's latest musical, Anchors Aweigh. I think it would be the picture to take the sour taste caused by Great John L.S. —. As if you can wait — lets see it together.

Just finished lunch. Julie is visiting us. Lots of powder on her face but like M. also has poor complexion. Latty huh! And also not wear a sky blue dress V neck.

In spite of the bum weather we are going down to the cave. I'll go along to see if it is warm enough to take a dip. Honey, I feel pretty bad always when I go there without you — do you mind?

Bye for now — All my love and kisses.

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P.S. The envelop is green — no paper to match