

Howard Locabon
Rt 3, Bluff
Albertson, N.Y.

Dear Kenji:

Received your reply to my letter of last fall. In case you were wondering who owed who a letter, it was you who owed me one. But what the hell! better late than never.

I'm still working with Shogo. But not at the fair. We have a job at Chapagua, N.Y. It's about fifty miles from Albertson. We board up here. Louis, an other fellow and myself are working here now. We've been on the job for about eight weeks. It's a Japanese Garden affair. Complete with rock gardens, waterfalls, pools, streams, Ishi Toros and other junk and stuff. Louis is getting kind of home sick and wants to go home. He misses his rock garden and his mammy's good cooking.

I haven't been home enough to take any pictures over.

of our jobs, but be patient, one of these years I'm liable to send you a few shots.

I got myself another car. The old jolopy just folded up and laid down on me. Like the one horse shay, it went to pieces all at once. The new junk is a thirty seven Willies. A cute little job, and economical too. The only fault I find is that it don't have much pep. It couldn't pull a man out of bed.

This fall if I can afford it, I might drive out to Oakland. A friend of mine is moving out to Trigo. This coming week, so I'll drop in and see him to. Maybe you could find a nice easy job for me on the nursery. If I can't get enough dough to get out to Cal. I'll go hunting again this fall.

If you get up enough ambitions, maybe you could send

me an answer to this letter
before next fourth of July.

We'll hope to hear from
you soon. Louis or Tatstuck
as we call him said he would
write you soon.

We'll again I guess I'll
sign off, as my pencil is
getting hot.

Howard.