This will bring you up to date on the exploits growth and development of our children.

Not that you give a darn.

But as a bachelor with hardly any children to speak of, I had to endure for a number of years the endless recitations of the MEMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MMR LITTLE BOY/GIRL". I suppose that from a combination like that (boy/girl) remarkable achievements are inevitable. At any rate, I then became determined that I would marry, would presper and would have children and would inflict wither friends with the adventures of our children, their rare qualities and remarkable achievements.

This will be a short letter.

Makexawzmixtrhezxbwatzik Let there be no misunderstanding: Bruce is undoubtedly a genius and Jesse xixexzwwxxxix of course was born in October. Novembrexxxxixixxxix The significance of this last statement may be lost on you, but some neurotic woman called me to inform me among other things (this conversation lasted for approximately one-half hour and coursed everything from the current exhibition at the Art Center to the appearance of the parking lot and the backwardness of Des Moines in not having a light opera company and the agesof her children and deeds of her children, xxxx often all in one sentence as it now appears here!) that babies born in October were unusually gifted people (look at George Washington) because her sister was born in October...All this wisdom was for free (thanks to Alexander Graham Bell) from a woman I had never met (THANKS TO A.G.B.)

The truth of the matter is that my natural, innate Oriental reserve has caused me in the past to make deprecating remarks whenever people have had the dutiful kindness to ask me as to the progress of Bruce at first and later of Jesse too. Consequently, there is x suspicion among those who don't know Bruce and who have not seen him in action that he is feeble minded. Now, this letter is intended to help dispel this fallacy. Therewell troubles intended to help dispel this fallacy.

This task is made difficult because of my inscrutable Oriental mind which has chosen to blur and hide xxx memories of past achievements of our children and trying to delve into my memory is like look trying to look through an opaque or frosted window (foggy is the adjective that will immediately occur to you, but I choose to avoid that word). When tixtiex Joyce Hirano whozisxgrawingxlikezazwerdxandx (Nowztherezisxxx now THERE is a girl whose light is being hidden under a bushel all because her mother is overworked and her loutish father spends all his spare moments in the public library cutting up magazines, the clippings of which he sends in lieu of letters!) asked us to recite all the cute things that Bruce had done, we couldn't remember. Livvie, of course, has no instrutable Oriental mind other than mind to use as an excuse, but I must confess that she too is overworkedx. At this time, we made up our minds to remember all of Bruce's cute tricks as they occurred. Unfortunately, since then Livvie has been preoccupied with the her pregnancy and then birth and care of Jesse while I have been at the library clipping -- no, That was Hirano; I have only been busy driving a taxicab nights in order to pay for the baby and entering contests in xx a vain endeavor to win some kind of transportation. The only xxxxxxxxx contest we have entered xxx successfully resulted in a waxxxxxx monstrous tv-radio-phono which, as far as income tax is concerned, wjust about wipes out the gain we had made by having a baby. We had been aboiding contests in which tv sets were first prize only to win second prize in this thing. Livere was not entirely convinced that it was a mixtake to keep the TV with one locaring when he was looking of the noon, he said "Moon, FV is 5hy"-

The upshot of all this is that we have only a vague recollection of Bruce's development. We are convinced that he had a logical wind turn of mind; wxxwix from the time he was about 18 months old, he had no difficulty in carrying over things he had learned toto other areas. For instance we would count his fingers when his hand would emerge from his pajama tops (where's Bruce's hand? there it is, 1,2,3,4,5 and wtherzzilly such like all of which isxmeaning will be meaningless for these of you who are childless). But one day, I had three things on the dining foom table, and he came around and counted 1,2,3x without our tedicating that here was another www. numerical situation. He tells stories in sequence. When the xaxaxxxxxxx cleaner made a delivery some months ago, Bruce xxix heard the car stop and said "car" and ran to the window. He saw the delivery man get out and approach the house so he ran to Livvie and said, "Man, taxi hat" Liv claims that even third graders have difficulty in telling a story in sequence. Incidentally, forxxxxxxxxxxxxxx since last spring he has been able to differentiate between wxxxxxxxxx cars, buses, trucks, xxx taxicabsx ** and zhetweenzthezsewadsxofztrainsxzplazex and motorcycles though he knows they are all somewhat related; also he has been able to differentiate between the sounds planes and trains. He has a pounding toy that Marguerite and Gretchen have gotten him with seven xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx pegs of different shapes; these he pushes out and puts in again at the right places. He is telephone happy but carry on a comversation worth beahs. When Livvie was in the hospital, he would look at me accusingly and say, "Mommy all gone" even though we have no Pennsylvania Dutch background at all. His favorite curse xxxxx phrase since I kawaxk started driving a cab nights has been "Daddy Work" (if he only knew!). We used to think that he resented my having to go off at night and work, but since the Baby was born, I've only been out once, and he still continues to use the phrase even when obviously I am home; consequently we are beginning to think that he means, "Daddy, why don't you work, you deadbeat!).

Thexent Wexhauszforgattemzmostxofzthezamusingzthiagzahuszhazzdomexoverzthe
yearzezeptxxxx The only amusing things he has done over the year that we
can remember are a bit on the vulgar side. Having heaped warm words of
praise upon him with each success at the john (as recommended by all of the
baby and child psych books), we are now reaping an unhappy reward;; If he is
downstairs and one of us filtshes the john, he will come to the foot of the
stairs and holler, "Good boy, Daddy!" or "Good boy, Mommy!" though Liv now
has informed him that she is a girl. And once when I put down some groceries,
he brandished a cucumber and hollered, "Bamboose" which is still his version
of "bathroom" though he now has no trouble with the th or r sounds. Once when
I was tucking in my shirt tail, the impertinent child sauntered by and
tossed off a casual, "Good boy, Baddy." kixzwazziazimzzihrony. And there have
been other instances similar instances which are mercifully forgotten.

He puns too. One day after he had coaxed me into playing horsie for him, he went around saying, "Horsie, horsie, horsie, horsie ya (I'll see ya!)" I spent the rest of the evening trying to teach him how to groan properly as befits a punster.

At the Rodin show, he said "Jump" at the dancing figures, thought that the dead martyr was "sleeping" and when Liv told him that the praying figure was saying "Amen", he whispered. "Goodnight"

was saying "Amen", he whispered, "Goodnight".

Jesse being less than two-months old has not asserted much personality as yet. He was as funny-looking as Bruce was when at birth, but as Bruce has turned out so beautifully we thought that there was hope for Jesse and decided to keep him. It may pay off as he strongly resembles Liv's sister, kotte.

Charlotte, who should be Miss Universe; she is almost as pretty as Liv.

He seems quite placid and takes his new surroundings withoutxmuchzfuxx for granted whereas Bruce always looked around at everything with great curiosity.

We naturally looked for resentment and jealousy on Bruce's partx. I had tried to prepare him by telling him that Liv had gone to bring home a baby each time he would accuse me, xx "Mommy all gone," but when he finally saw the baby, he seemed baffled even though he came over and dutifully smeared a kiss on Jesse's head. Outside of being bewildered, however, he hasn't shown any jealousy. However That is until the other night when Liv was holding Jesse at the dinner table. I had just opened Liv a bottle of beer (I wasn't having any as I had to go out on every-member canvass for the church) and had resumed my seat. When Bruce started climbing out of his high chair muttering "Mommy's lap, mommy's lap". I, on my low chair with chin resting on the table tried to persuade him to sit on my lap but he would have none of it, and Liv and I exchanged disgusted glances. So while Liv brought Jesse over to me, Bruce clambered up on her chair and clutched the bottle of beer. Well, I suppose that it is better to have an alcoholic rather than a jealous child.

We hope that you will hang onto this document as you may find it valuable whenever if you should embark on a study of the early eauses of juvenile delinquency.