

This will bring you up to date on the ~~explicit~~ 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 "REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR 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 prosper~~ and would have children and would inflict ~~other~~ friends with the adventures of our children, their rare qualities and remarkable achievements.

This will be a short letter.

~~Make no mistake about it~~ Let there be no misunderstanding: Bruce is undoubtedly a genius and Jesse ~~is of course~~ of course was born in October. ~~November~~ ~~This is~~ 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 covered 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 ages of her children and deeds of her children, ~~and~~ 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 a 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. ~~The only~~ ~~trouble is that this is~~

This task is made difficult because of my inscrutable Oriental mind which has chosen to blur and hide ~~my~~ memories of past achievements of our children and trying to delve into my memory is like ~~looking~~ 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 ~~little~~ Joyce Hirano ~~was growing like a weed~~ (Now there is ~~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 inscrutable Oriental mind other than mind to use as an excuse, but I must confess that she too is overworked. 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 ~~an~~ a vain endeavor to win some kind of transportation. The only ~~successful~~ contest we have entered ~~and~~ successfully resulted in a ~~monstrous~~ monstrous tv-radio-phono which, as far as income tax is concerned, just about wipes out the gain we had made by having a baby. We had been avoiding contests in which tv sets were first prize only to win second prize in this thing. *Livvie was not entirely convinced that it was a mistake to keep the TV until one evening when he was looking at the room, he said "Moon, TV is 54"*

Jesse

He seems quite placid and takes his new surroundings ~~without much fuss~~ for granted whereas Bruce always looked around at everything with great curiosity.

We naturally looked for resentment and jealousy on Bruce's part. I had tried to prepare him by telling him that Liv had gone to bring home a baby each time he would accuse me, ~~of~~ "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. ~~How does~~ 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.

Otherwise Bruce sings to Jesse, either his version of bye baby bunting or go to sleepy little baby (a kentucky lullaby) we discovered in one of our books) and ^{in an way in which} otherwise finds means of ~~keeping Jesse from going to sleep~~ making enough noise to keep Jesse awake.

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