February 28, 1995

Happy Birthday, Kids!!

Some 43 year old "kids" — but someday you also will be referring to Mari and Danny in that fashion.

I was super busy all night last night, and although we remembered that it was Bob's birthday, it just slipped our minds. Actually, yesterday I was at the computer continuously from about 10 a.m. until 6 a.m today, because I had stupidly agreed to review Deena Nakatas magnum opus for "historical accuracy." The review and the critique took me most of two whole days, but what made it so stressful, was at the 11th hour, Bones Onishi wanted to put in his two bits worth. That wasn't too bad, because he gave me about 10 hours lead time. But last night at 8 p.m. Harue Ninomiya calls to complain about all the errors in the manuscript, which "we have to have corrected." So, at 8:30, here she comes with two pages of closely written script. There was an even later one, at 10 last night too. So it was very, very hard work. But despite all this effort, I think that the work eventually will be considered only fair to mediocre

We speculate that you must have taken the family out to celebrate your joint happy days tonight, because all's we got was your telephone machine. So we hope that you had a good one, and that you'll enjoy many more together.

It was great labor looking after Toz, the Vashon Cannonball, but at the same time, it was great fun. I guess little kids, like dogs, are just irrestible to me, especially if I have some connection with them.

Here's a picture of Barb reading to Toz with a very serious mien — surely it couldn't have been just a picture book or a child's story that you were looking at. Still, it's a nice picture.

Take care. We're both fine.