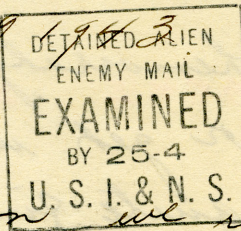


36-10-C

Rec 12/6

Hunt, Idaho

Nov. 29



Dearest Uncle,

Just this afternoon, we received your letter dated Nov. 25, and I had not realized that neither of us hadn't written to you since Nov. 11. Reading that you were quite concerned about Father's illness, I am writing to you now to tell you that he came home from the hospital on Nov. 24, just the day before Thanksgiving, and he is quite well. However, he is ~~sure~~ resting in bed most of the time. Oji-san, because I ~~to~~ always say that Papa is quite well, please don't worry, for I can never say that he is very well.

since no one can ever tell
when his ulcer troubles or
hemorrhage troubles will occur
or get worse. At present, he is
quite fine because of the rest
he is having. As for the rest of
us, we are all fine. Kazumi
is getting so smart at hinting
around and getting her own
way that it is almost disquiet-
ing. When we come home from
Ipad picking I was surpris-
ed to hear her "jabber" so
much in English. I think
she can practically out-talk
any of us.

Oh yes, we'd all like to thank
you for that nice big box of
delicious cookies which we re-
ceived from you on the 24th
of this month. There aren't any

cookies like those ⁽²⁾ in here, so
we were surprised that you were
able to get them. He's causing
you so much trouble, because
you send us good things so
often. Is there anything that
you would like to have us
send to you? If there is, please
tell us, won't you please?

Mother would like to thank
you especially for ^{your} recent letter
to her, and she gives you her
best regards, since she is so
busy and can not find enough
time to write ^{to} you.

She received a letter from
Fumie-chan recently, and she
seems to be getting along fine.
She is uncertain about being

able to come home for Christ-
mas, but we are hoping that she
can. Gll, Oji-san, I'd wish
we could all be together on
Christmas, and ^{then} it'd be so good.

Is it so dreary there, as it
is in here? All our ~~the~~ flowers
and vegetables have died so every-
where it's bare and dreary. It's
so much nicer in spring, when
things are all green and growing.

Snowball, our dog, is so gray
now a days, that we call ~~her~~ ^{her}
Blackball. If we wash her, she's
so pretty that she's just like a
cute lamb, but she only stays clean
one day, and after that she goes
outside and rolls around on the
coal pile ~~and~~ with some other puppies.
The dogs have such a grand time,
but they get so so dirty. Well, good-night.
Uncle, I'll be writing again soon. Thanks again
for the cookies. Love, Yoshiko