

March 27 - April 25 62 Japan Trip I-1  
Trip to Japan - Tape #1 (postmarked April 3, 1962, received May 18, 1962)

(March 27, 1962)

We came out over the clouds before we were much out of New England. It was very interesting to note how directly under us the snow was pretty much gone, but you could easily see it taper into almost a solid snow coverage in the north. This condition continued all the way to Chicago. We left Chicago going somewhat further south, so that we went over a lot of snow-free land until we started hitting into the Rockies and then, of course, the contrast between the clear low lands and the solid snow-covered mountain peaks was very great, particularly since the sun was shining quite brightly. It was interesting to note as we went on over the desert that there was snow on almost all of the desert mountains too. Went over Lake Tahoe and down into San Francisco, where whamo! it was summer; temperature in the seventies and nice sunshine.

American Airlines fed us breakfast between Boston and Chicago and then a lunch between Chicago and San Francisco, then Japan Airlines fed us a little snack, which lasted a matter of an hour or so, with all sorts of temptuous things as well as completely unknown strange things offered. I slept more than half the time all the way out here to Honolulu, which resulted in my being able to reset my watch to Honolulu time and feel quite satisfied.

Remind me to tell Ben what Arnold looks like in a ~~"Happy Coat"~~ <sup>"Happi-coat"</sup> -- he looks happy!

We're in Hawaii - five o'clock it says by my watch. Arnold and I are now in the Hotel. Beautiful sunny day - temperature 86°F, I think he said it was. Quite a shipping strike on here and some sort of airline strike as we heard back there. There are some pretty good sized ships here in spite of the strike - the P&O Orient Line's "Oriana" and Holland-America's "Rotterdam" were on the way to the hotel (tied up by strike).

The shipping strike particularly has knocked the tourist trade down quite a bit; hotels apparently are only about two-thirds full when normally they would be clear full this time of the year. They say this is the time of the day to take a swim, so I guess I am going to do it. Incidentally, I don't feel tired at all. I slept a good share of the time on the plane and I don't see why I shouldn't keep on going to Japan, but I agreed to abide by these rules this time.

As you might guess, as soon as we hit the hotel I checked the procedure, put on my swimming suit, and was out in the surf. Unfortunately, there wasn't much surf, but I did get quite a bit of swimming - I'd estimate a mile or a mile and a half - and after dressing, Arnold and I decided to walk around and see the town a little bit.

We walked quite a ways down the beach, then back past the hotel and just then were attracted by some fairly wild (sounded like) primitive drum-beating across the street and down a ways. We followed the sound under a sign saying, "International Marketplace". Back in the center of this (almost city block) area was a stage and quite a few benches out in front of it. The benches were all full but Arnold and I stayed through the 7:00 to 8:15 performance, during which time examples were presented of some of the more spectacular and

representative dances and songs of the Pacific - Samoa, Tahiti, Hawaii, etcetera. I know now what a Hula is like and the Twist is the kindergarten version. One of the dancers was a man who did a very complicated sword dance and later on did it with fire-brands, passing them under and around himself - all with rapid twirling - and singeing. I hope I got some pictures on Mamiya. I rode through on some flashes on some of the dances and I think I got straight photographs of some of the others - the lighting wasn't too bad and I do have that extra fast film in there.

The International Marketplace is a kind of eveningtime shopping center. The area is bordered all around by restaurants, gift shops, gift clothing shops, gift shell shops, and so forth. "Don the Beachcomber" is one of them. Pretty much in the center, somewhat toward the front, are several very tall widely spreading trees from which are hung randomly various colored globes of various sizes with lights inside. Scattered throughout these trees are large numbers of loud speakers blaring out the show music and singing, also many colorful and noisy birds.

On the way back to the Hotel we decided we ought to get a milkshake before turning in - it ended up by Arnold getting a chocolate sundae and I saved a nickel by ordering a bananasplit rather than an extra thick milkshake - the banana split was the very best one I have ever had - and, incidentally, all of this was in a drugstore.

3/2<sup>e</sup> Boy! what a rough life this is! Up this morning and in for a half to three-quarters of an hour swim before breakfast; went down to the Snack Shop down the street and got something I don't think even the Pancake House has ever heard of - pancake sandwich. It was two pancakes on the bottom, big piece of ham, two more pancakes on top of that and a fried egg on top of that - covered with sweet cocoanut syrup and plenty of butter.

Arnold and I checked around and found a sight-seeing tour by boat just about to leave, so we spent the morning going through Pearl Harbor. We saw the upper works of the Arizona still sticking out of the water and the Utah (?) also. We saw Stocker's hangout - the degaussing range

Incidentally, the sun was shining almost all of the trip through Pearl Harbor. On the way back it rained for a while but stopped by the time we got to land. The boat had a cover on it, so no one had any problem except one little German girl from New York, now working for American Airlines. She got kind of sick in the swells. Had a talk with the girl. Her father was a passive anti-Nazi during the War. Whenever anybody every objects in Germany to the poor spot they have in life now, she just says, "Well, we started it, didn't we?" She quoted her father, about the time the Nazi's felt everything was going fine, as reminding his Nazi friends that America had not joined in yet. His favorite expression was, "The American planes are thick as fleas, it's foolishness for Germany to tackle America". He was careful, however, and never did get caught up by the Nazis. This girl's brother did get caught by the Russians and spent four years in Siberia before they finally let him out. He had been a very strong boy when he was

TRIP 2  
MAIZCH-APRIL  
1962

1-3-

1-3

captured, but was pretty weak when they finally let him go. In fact, he quotes them as saying that they let him go because he was no good as a worker anymore.

Got back in time to go to a recommended restaurant, just down the street, by name of "The Tropics". Here we had a lunch consisting of Lau-Lau - raw salmon and poi. I finished it off with a dish of pineapple, then beat it back here to the Hotel, packed in a hurry, put on my swimming suit and went out to bake awhile before my hour was up after lunch, a half-hour good brisk swim, a quick shower, finished packing, and out of the room at four o'clock as per guarantee.

Start

1962  
Well, we got to Tokyo (March 29th). It was a little chilly, somewhere in the forty's, which of course is no problem to me, even though I did have my fancy new topcoat packed away in my bag. Arnold and I went through the customs quite easily. The officer didn't even ask to see inside my bags. He did ask to have Arnold open his.

ARNOLD BEVERIDGE & ME

Shozo met us with a couple of fellows I had met before - one of them in the YEW Booth about three years ago and the other one was one of the early groups way back when we were first tied together with YEW.

And the Palace Hotel -- all I can say is, "Wow". I have never seen a fancier hotel. It is a brand new one with all sorts of fancy light controls, a 9-push button radio, a TV built by RCA, a room about 15 x 20 or 25 ft. a view out on what I would guess were Palace grounds. One of the channels is the Armed Forces Radio Network, which is completely American, of course. Music the same, news the same, everything - so I am listening to a Japanese station now. Actually, most of the Japanese stations seem to have a great deal of American music on them. I've got one now that sure doesn't! The Imperial Palace is across the street, I understand, but this early in the morning I haven't had a chance to really find out. The weather - rain mixed with snow.

Another thing about Japan - they copied England - everybody is on the left-hand side of the street again.

Somebody just shoved a copy of the Japan Times through the slot in the door. It's got printed in red on the front of it, "Spring Tourist Supplement" and as I look out the window there seems to be more snow with rain.

Saturday, March 31 - Charlie, Arnold and I came back after lunch to the Hotel, then went for a walk up through the business and shopping district. Walked several blocks along the Ginza, considered the central shopping district. Went pretty much through the Matsuya Department Store, through several arcades, and ended up buying almost nothing, but we did see a lot of people and these people were dressed all the way from perfectly conventional Western dress clear through to completely Japanese attire. There were many, many women in very bright kimonoes, quite a few of them walking with the wooden shoes,

most of them, however, had on more modern sandals with the two straps coming up between their toes. There were a few men dressed in old Japanese, but most of these were beggars on the street.

Charlie <sup>Sw</sup>warzler just came in with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and an apple. It seems the Chase Manhattan Bank had heard that Arnold and Charlie were both going to be here, so they sent a large basket of fruit and a bouquet to Arnold yesterday and the same thing to Charlie today. Before Charlie received his bouquet but after he had received his fruit, I made some kidding remark about the fact that it seemed to me they were being kind of mean to leave me out of this picture, so Charlie insisted I keep the flowers. (I don't know what they all are but there are some daisies and some pink chrysanthemums and there are some yellow flowers with long slender petals and some purple ones with a sort of trumpet shape and a lot of green stuff all around. It looked nice and smelt even nicer.)

Coming down from YEW by cab today I had my camera out so that I was able to take two or three pictures of a parade of miners going down the street. I think one of the pictures show the signs they had with them, if anybody will translate them I'll be happy, then we'll know what they were doing - maybe the paper tomorrow will say something.

*Arnold*  
*S.B.*  
 Sunday Morning - Charlie cancelled our proposed trip to the Hakone area, which is reported to be a very nice photogenic area, with the major view being that of Mt. Fuji, so last night about seven o'clock *now* Shozo and Hirano picked us up for the evening. First stop was a "bar" where Shozo has a lot of giggling friends - (The "Gordon" - for members only.) The ginger ale was good but communication was quite difficult - mighty little English was spoken but I did have a chance to learn a little bit about the city of Shimonoseki which is the westernmost city on this island of Honshu. It is the equivalent of Gibraltar from the inland sea. For obvious reasons I already knew quite a bit about it, but I learned more about the somewhat mountainous country around there that is very popular for picnicking, hiking and camping over night. It is somewhat warmer over there than it is here in Tokyo, so that all of the flowers and bushes come out a little earlier.

Shozo then took us to a nice Japanese restaurant where, as almost everywhere else, our shoes came off and we sat on the floor eating from a table about a foot off the floor. The ~~main~~ main meal was beef, sliced about 1/4" thick, fried in olive oil with some greenery and some onions fried along with it. The beef was so tender that it was possible to part it into bit-size pieces with chopsticks alone. This is the beef that was described in the N.G.S. magazine, where the cattle had been fed on the mash used in making beer, and rubbed down very hard and thoroughly every day. They claim this is what makes the meat so tender. This restaurant was the Wakasugi, which specializes in beef dishes. Dinner was topped off with big strawberries. Everywhere there are strawberries now, and they are all big. A little later on another crop comes in that is about the size of our normal strawberries.

April 1

Sunday was sure a full day. Shozo picked us up about 10:30 and took us to the most spectacular thing I have ever seen - the Haru kazuma odori (sp?), otherwise known as Tokyo Spring Dance 1962. This was a series of dances by the best of the geisha girls in Tokyo. They were the old traditional dances in the most colorful costumes imaginable. Each one of the series of dances was given by a different group with their own musical accompaniment. The music was played on very ancient Japanese stringed-instruments and sung in a way only a Japanese can sing. We had a program that was written in English, giving a brief rundown of each of the dances. It was so well done that I was able to anticipate the next action in almost every case. I hope I got some good pictures.

This was the first day and the place was packed solid. Shozo explained as we got there that he had been unable to get any tickets, but, as he said it, he has a big face - he sure does! He walked in by himself in the lobby, got the eye of one of the kimono-clad hostesses (or ushers) and first thing we knew we were in almost ideal balcony seats with the usher sitting with us. The usher introduced us to her very charming geisha daughter and four or five others that were sitting behind us. She also went out and brought in as presents for us - for each one - a little tin of candy, a lacquered oval box for holding toothpicks and with toothpicks in it, a couple of small bags of a citrus fruit (looks like a tangerine but, believe it or not, is absolutely seedless - tastes like a tangerine too - I forget what their name is for it.)

*-Insert page 6 ->*

There was one long intermission during which time we all participated in a traditional Japanese Tea Ceremony. Again our usher managed to get us in absolutely the best place. And again, I hope I got some pictures. The tea they have in these ceremonies is different from any other tea I ever tasted. It is made by mixing a powdered green tea with water in a very special way with every detailed motion carefully planned out and specified by tradition. The tea turns out to be a comparatively thick bright green liquid. I tried to follow all the motions, even including carefully turning the tea bowl 180° before one drank from it. There was a sweet cake a couple of inches in diameter in a little box given to each person, and a thing about like a heavy tooth pick that you used to cut it up with and transfer it to your mouth. Boy, there is a lot to learn if one really wants to be part of this society!

We left before the show was over, it now being 2:00 PM, and went to eat at Benihana Restaurant. Here we had a dish that was a mixture of Japanese clams, shrimp that were approximately 6" long, fried chicken, fried thinly-sliced pork, and Japanese fried potatoes (we call these French fried in America, but the Japanese claim they did it long before the French thought of it).

Then Shozo took us down to the biggest department store in the world - the Mitsukochi Department Store (designed by his brother Yoko). We toured the complete store and I guess the only thing we didn't see was the Toy Dept. Not only do they have everything there, but they have every kind of everything! For instance, if you want an umbrella there is every imaginable style, color and pattern. Kimonos turned out to cover at least an acre of floor space - every imaginable style, color, price range, material, etc.

We looked around to see if we could find any Westerners. There apparently was one with a Japanese girl other than the four of us and all but a small handful of the women were wearing kimonos of the traditional style. Quite a few of the girls were wearing their geisha costumes, because all of the geisha girls in town come around to watch the real professionals perform -- this is the ultimate from their standpoint.

Shozo then took us to the Silk Gallery, a long way out from the center of the town, where silk articles of every imaginable type were available. A beautiful little garden out back was very photogenic and I took a picture. We bought a few things here and left a lot that we would have liked to have bought. On the way back through town, Shozo happened to take the same street that was being used by a communist-incited parade. It would be hard to estimate the number of people, but they occupied half the street going the opposite way, packed solid, except for a couple of small gaps, for over a mile. Everything seemed to be pretty well controlled except one section where they were trying to get into a snake dance and here there were hundreds of policemen forcing them to keep in a straight line. Shozo was quite relieved, and I am sure the rest of us were too, when we got by the end of the parade. There were many sound trucks, colorful banners, and almost everyone had on some sort of colorful marking - head-band or coat- or sleeve-band of some sort. The majority seemed to be working-men but there were sections which were composed heavily of teen-agers. Shozo explained this was a group that was protesting the proposed Japan-Korea talks about war reparations. Their objection is that they feel the talks should not be exclusively with South Korea but should also include North Korea and maybe even China. This is a very explosive issue at the present time, and particularly so with the resurgence of the strong Nationalist groups in this country, who feel so strongly that they have vowed each and every one of their tens of thousands of members is prepared to select one communist and kill him, probably committing suicide immediately thereafter. These groups often try to break up the communist-incited marches.

Downtown, after the Silk Gallery, we went to H Ohno Pearls. Here Arnold picked out several he wanted to take home, and thanks to Shozo's "big face" got a very substantial discount.

The day was pretty well shot by this time, so back to the Hotel. We ate dinner in the Hotel dining-room. After Shozo left, Arnold, Charlie and I went for a little walk and then off to bed.

An observation on Tokyo - Everywhere the streets are cut up; they are doing construction work everywhere one turns; many new hotels are going up, many streets are being widened or improved; they are putting through some limited-access highways and doing a very thorough job. The reason given is that the 1964 World Olympics are going to be held here and they are trying desperately to get into shape so they can handle the people.

I found the other day that the word gishi means engineer. Of course, I am over here on gishi business. When Arnold gets back there he is going to be passing the word around that I am on "gishi business". Remember, the girls are called gasha girls.

gasha

APR 2

Monday night - back to the Hotel about 10:30 after an evening with the Board of Directors of Yokogawa. Shozo picked Arnold, Charlie and me up at 6:00 and warned me that I should bring my cameras, which I did - with high-speed film. This night we spent the whole time in one place called the Chi-yo-sen. Several picturesque Japanese dances, almost endless oishi food, in fact it was ichiban oishi, which means "tastes very good". We were surrounded by an almost endless stream of ichiban kirie waitresses and they weren't "gishis" either. I think I have a fair amount recorded by my cameras!

There was a great deal of fun at my expense, since I was drinking cold milk and straight ginger ale, and after a number of parlor-type games entered into by all of the directors, including Arnold with great enthusiasm, I made one of my usual performances of eating more dessert than anyone had ever seen eaten before. These were the Japanese very sweet mochi cakes, very similar to the ones we had at the Tea Ceremony only these were bright green, filled with sweet beans; I ate three and Tosi Arima managed to eat one and a half; many did not eat any and many forced one down. After all this it was time to say, "Oyasumi" and "Sayonara" and go back to the Hotel.

(end of Tape #1 from Japan)

Trip to Japan (Tapes 2-6, inc.) 1962  
Tapes numbered 1-1, 1-2 etc

1-9

Last night (April 3) we went to President Yamasaki's house for dinner with Shozo and Hamada. Mr. Yamasaki's wife, daughter, and mother were all there, and his son came in after dinner. The daughter is about twenty but would pass for mid-teen in America; she is taking Japanese history at the University. The boy is a graduate in economics, is working for one of the banks; this being the year-end accounting he was busy until late.

The dinner was a completely traditional Japanese dinner. We did have a pit to put our feet down in (for the second time). After dinner we saw the movies that Mr. Yamasaki had made on his trip to America and Europe. The movie projector operator was his daughter Nobuko. He does have another daughter, who is married and has one child. Nobuko gave me a little glass bead purse that she had made for me to take to Kay. I got her to write down her name and address so that Kay could thank her. Nobuko's English isn't any too good but, since she sat next to me at the corner of the table, we carried on a fairly complete conversation. I guess I really impressed her when they had strawberry jello made from the real fresh strawberries and I ate three portions, while everyone else could just manage one after the large meal. After the movies they brought out some very nice mellow. As soon as I had eaten the first piece, Nobuko insisted that I take a second.

April 4 -- Off to Osaka -- some more of this hard life over here!

Well, we made it. We're all on the plane after the wildest ride I've ever had. This YEW driver sure knows how to handle his car; even at that I wouldn't give more than a nickel and a half for the chances of our getting through many of the spots we got into. We ran into about every kind of obstacle you could imagine, from road construction to spectators of baseball games, to two trains going in opposite directions on a double track, and including many traffic situations resulting in fraction of millimeters clearance, one of them was a negative, all the rest were positive. The negative one was only estimated 1 millimeter - a little talking by the driver straightened that out. Well, they've started the engines, so I'll sign off for the moment.

Rio and Seiki Hamada came over to spend these 2-1/2 days with Charlie, Arnold, and myself. We flew over in a DC-4 with 5 seats across, 3 on one side and 2 on the other. It's lucky that we were the only westerners because the shoulder room was not enough for 2 westerners sitting side by side.

Saw Mt. Fuji through a window on the other side of the plane and hopefully got a picture taken by a passenger over there using my Mamiya. Coming into Osaka I also hopefully got a picture of a central castle or shrine surrounded by a moat.

At the Airport we were met by Mr. Iichi Shibata, the Yokogawa Sales Manager in this district located at Osaka. Mr. Shibata and his driver brought us up to Kyoto, where we checked into the Kyoto Hotel,

and then went over to a Japanese restaurant by the name of Nakamura-ya. For entertainment the geisha girls gave us two dances, accompanied by that fantastic singing of theirs; one dance was called "Fun to You" (?) and danced with fans -- not only fans, though, geisha girls don't need fans. The second dance was danced by two of them and was called "The Four Seasons". High light of the entertainment, however, was friend Shibata, who developed to be a real top-notch magician. He had a bagful of tricks and pocketful of tricks and extremely good dexterity. I don't believe I have ever seen a man who could perform as well in the middle of a group.

(Apr. 5) Arnold and I are in a room with three beds, a sofa, a coffee table, and relatively little floor space left. We have a balcony which faces the east and therefore the rising sun came into our room very nicely. It is a clear sky, kind of hazy, and by now (which is 7:15) one can hardly see the surrounding mountains. At sunrise they were all very clear. I should have taken a picture then; it is too late now.

First picture in Kyoto was out our bedroom window.

We are now at the Kiyomizu Temple in Kyoto. Kiyomizu means clear water. This little slip of paper here says the temple was build in 798. Nice view. At one time they had the very best performances of plays and so forth here, and even today they refer to the very best performance anywhere as being comparable to a Kiyomizu performance. Another saying originating here is that the biggest decisions are as hard to make as jumping off the side of the temple down the 50- or 60-foot drop.

Stereo picture of the gang also shows the indoor stage in the temple.

Seiki had his fortune told. He shook a cylinder and a rod dropped out that had symbols on it that designated a particular drawer in a large cabinet. The man pulled out a slip of paper from the drawer, which said that Seiki was going to be lucky. Seiki tied the piece of paper on a tree, along with many other pieces, since only then will your fortune come true.

I took a stereo picture in a little house filled with dizoes (sp.?) (stone dolls) normally seen only one at a time along the countryside to protect the lives of the people. The dizo represents the spirit that meets the recently departed as he crosses over the river into his never-never land. There were over a hundred dizoes in this little house.

With the Mamiya I took a right angle of the spring from which the Temple gets its name. Just ahead of us a group with long-handled cups had been drinking the water. It is a legend that this will make you smart and also able to sing. I didn't take any because I didn't want to learn how to sing. (And you are already smart. mh)

£ also took a picture with stereo, showing the Dragon Fountain, where true worshippers always wash their hands before entering.

415

(On the left in the above picture are the ticket offices, my back is to the entrance, in the distance can be seen some of the temple buildings and some of downtown Kyoto.)

We are just entering the Silver Temple, called in Japanese ~~Kinkakuji~~ <sup>Ginkakuji</sup> (sp?) -- very nicely kept grounds, first impressions are of the nicely kept trees along the path, once inside there are many sand beds -- this was built about 1500.

One large, raised pile of sand fifty feet or so across in an irregular pattern about two feet high, is the pile for appreciating the moonlight. The top of the sand bed is raked to form sort of ripples. I just took a picture from the hillside trail down across the temple grounds, showing this large bed of sand and the temple in the background. With the Mamiya I took a picture of the little sand and rock garden in the entrance to this temple.

Coming down the street I hope I got pictures from the hip of several of the people going up - an elderly man and a group of youngsters, primarily. There should be a picture of a group of students in their uniforms also. The final picture was back up the street without the wide angle lens.

On our way up to the observatory on the top of Mt. Hiei, a very steep, tortuous road, traffic almost bumper to bumper with more buses than automobiles (remember, this is a week day, Thursday, wonder what it is like on a holiday). Lake Biwa is on the other side of the mountain, but you can see it for quite a ways going up the road to the observatory. Incidentally, every bus has a girl along as well as the driver. A very common sight is the bus backing up, with the girl tearing out behind blowing a whistle to tell the driver it is all right to back up and also warning everybody behind.

I took a picture from a little observation point down over toward the Lake. You can see the road as it winds up with the grass-planted steep slopes along the road. Just down in front there's a bunch of girl students in their blue uniform-type dresses.

This is quite an amusement park area up here. We are shouldering and shoving all the time a complete mob. So far we haven't seen one other non-Japanese.

We are now on the rotating observation platform. The platform has a large number of seats on it, is completely enclosed and protected, rotates about two or three minutes per revolution. The district names are painted on the windows to identify them as you go by. Down below is one large group all eating their lunch right now. There are many of the rotating, fling-type of rides up here, also many games. One of them we played -- they sell you five 3" diameter clay saucers, which you try to spin through a group of 1-1/2 ft. diameter hoops at a distance of 50 yards. If you sail these properly upside down they will sail out over the valley 100 to 150 yards or so.

With the Mamiya I took a picture of the new hotel part way up the road to the summit. I think we are going to eat lunch there.

The platform has rotated now passed the view of the lake and we are looking over Kyoto.

Took the last stereo of Kyoto just as we were getting to the parking lot.

I insisted on buying a package of o-ochi (~~sp.?~~) from one of the many women selling them. (Don't believe a word that Arnold Beveridge says -- all she did was look at me. She talked quite a bit -- I have to trust the other people to tell me what she said. Rio tells me she was commenting something about American movie actors and so forth. Arnold says he got more of the message by just the way she looked.)

Mt. Hiei has a cleared area near the top where a large Japanese symbol is made in the form of a fire at night frequently. The symbol means "big". I got a Mamiya picture of it. During the day the symbol is just the burned lines in the grass area.

Just going into the Heian Shrine. Again, people everywhere; big groups having their pictures taken. This shrine has a large area of gravel with everybody walking around in it or standing in groups to have their pictures taken. It was built in 1895 but is meant to show very accurately what the past was like. They have a great number of cherry trees supported by fancy bamboo structures; the buds are just coming out well, so no cherry blossoms.

Mamiya shot of a tree very thoroughly covered with fortune pieces of paper.

Here is the oldest street-car (?) from Japan.

Stereo of one of the pools at this shrine. Mamiya picture of a mother carrying her youngster on her back across stepping stones across the lake or pool in this shrine. These are the foundations of a bridge some five or six hundred years old. Mamiya of a covered bridge going across this pool, which is turning into a long, thin lake. As you can see from the picture, it is a beautiful sunny day.

*Kin-ka-koji*

We are now going into the ~~Kinkowuji~~ (sp?) Golden Pavilion. At various times all of this has burned, most recently it was the Golden Pavilion itself. It was rebuilt within the last five years. Took a Mamiya of the temple, and a stereo which included in the foreground a young fellow who was sketching the temple.

4/6

4/5

This is Friday morning -- Last night we spent at the Hotel Honjencheausuyma (sp?). Just like the night before, Arnold and I won in the toss so that we could sleep in the same room and Charlie got the single. I am going to try to take some pictures of the bedrooms when the light comes up a little bit more.

413

I think last night's dinner was the most complicated and involved that we've had, so with Arnold's help I am going to try to say what it was we ate. We had raw whale blubber, oh yes, we started with a raw egg in some sort of sauce (which, incidentally, you were supposed to eat with your chopsticks but actually everybody just inhaled them), two different kinds of raw fish, steak, half a chicken, two or three small salads as time went on, soup, lobster, crabmeat, a bunch of boiled eggs (these are all very small eggs about 3/4" in diameter), the usual three or four varieties of seaweed (pickled and otherwise), rice, tea, sake, orangeade, mellon (I am not giving these in the same order in which we ate them, but there wasn't any system in that either). Believe it or not, Arnold and I both slept well and feel fine this morning.

This is a Japanese-American hotel and therefore there is a mixture. We sleep on the floor, have western plumbing fixtures, and take baths in the steaming hot tub about two or three feet deep. I had a little trouble getting Arnold in the tub, but I think he enjoyed it after he got there.

The big waterfall that greets you when you come in the main entrance is only a few feet away from our bedroom window. I guess they only run it at night when they can play lights on it; they have to pump the water up to run back down and I guess that costs them a little too much money.

I must admit I kind of miss my shoes. In a place like this they take your shoes away from you as soon as you come in the front door, and on cold mornings like this they would feel pretty good. We had the windows open during the night and I would guess that the temperature was down in the 30's.

Incidentally, our dinner last night was held in the Yokogawa Room. It seems that back many eons ago or something, there was a castle on the spot where this hotel is, and a lord by the name of Yokogawa didn't quite like the fellow that had the castle and so they had a fight about it. I gather, since Rio didn't say that the Yokogawas won, that they lost, but for some reason there is a special room for the Yokogawas today. They gave us some very fancy jackets to wear that only lords are allowed to wear. -- There were no dancers last night.

I just noticed the green feather sticking in my coat. I didn't comment on that, but yesterday there were some Girl Scouts running a sort of tag-day at one of the shrines. It was a "Keep Japan Green" sort of effort. In return for a 10 yen piece one of the girls very nicely pinned the green feather on my coat.

528  
feather

Well, we've got our shoes back!

416 Just visited the Osaka Castle. I took a stereo picture. There is now only one moat around it but originally (I'm wrong, there are two moats now, at least around part of it). It represents a fantastic

8-14

HiDoshu?

amount of labor and enormous rocks. The ruler, Totomi (sp?) had all his subject lords bring rocks for the walls. Some of these rocks are twenty to thirty feet across. It was Tokugawa that started the shogun system that finally licked this guy.

4/6

We are heading toward Nara, going up a mountain at this moment. Along the side of the road is the same sort of drainage that we have seen in many places - a ditch about 6" wide, maybe 1 ft. to 1-1/2 ft. deep, and no guard rail at all - nothing to prevent the car wheel from dropping right in!

(I forgot to mention that in last night's dinner along on the dish with the half-chicken and half-dozen hard boiled eggs was some salad of lettuce and a few other vegetables, and one enormous strawberry.)

This is the oldest of the temples in Japan, built 1350 years ago. In the center is a wooden building built at that time with a unique structure - the center pole does not rest on the ground, it has some sort of free-wheeling arrangement so that earthquakes will not knock the building down. In the buildings are treasures a lot older than this.

This Horyuji temple has several buildings filled with very fancy old statues of Buddha, warriors, et cetera. The light is very dim and no photography is allowed in the buildings. I took one picture from outside of one of the large Buddhas with the Mamiya, also took another picture of the main building from one of the corners of the courtyard, and I took a picture of the Hall of Vision with a few buds of a cherry tree in the foreground.

*Nara*  
We have just come into the Chuguji Temple, part of this same large group. It is exclusively for women monks, if you call them that, heads shaven and monks clothes. The Buddha in this temple is very famous for the fact that he is smiling and that his right leg is crossed over his left - he is thinking of how to save mankind. It is a very well preserved wooden statue. Although this is right along side the other temples, it is peaceful and quiet as opposed to the mob in the other one. One has to take his shoes off to go in and they have the straw mats. Incidentally, it was very obvious that it was a girl with the shaven head when she began to talk and explain all about it. In there also is the oldest tapestry in the world, a very nice piece of workmanship. No photographs can be taken inside the grounds, so I took a stereo from the yard outside the entrance to the grounds.

Took a stereo just outside the temple of a grandmother carrying a youngster on her back.

Believe it or not - another crazy American with a dictating-machine in the Nara Hotel dining-room!

We had green tea ice-cream - that is, everybody but Arnold!

7-13

Music on the PA System in the hotel lobby - "Bei mir bist du schön" -- right in the middle of Japan!

Still in Nara -- Just went by a park full of deer. The deer are so tame they are wandering around the park in the open. There is one about twenty feet from me now, not really paying much attention. Across the way there is a little girl feeding a biscuit of some sort to one. Just took a picture with my Mamiya of the little red miniature temple where the fox is a deity. This is a very strong phase of the Japanese superstition picture.

We are just coming into the Todaiji Temple - largest of all Buddhas. It is around this temple where the park is full of deer.

Mamiya picture of a deer, also one out of focus, stereo picture of the path going toward the temple, showing the large number of people on this Friday afternoon. Somewhere out there are Arnold and Charlie. Walking up this path we passed quite a bunch of school children of the 10 to 12 year age. Many of them made a great thing of smiling broadly and saying hello. And here is the Buddha - over 16 meters high in the sitting position. It sure towers up there. I am going to try a stereo but the light is very poor, so I'll have to really hold it. (I took 4 or 5 Mamiyas and a couple of stereos. The stereos I had to hold for a second, so I am not sure whether I got anything useful or not - all in the one Buddha temple. There were several other figures around that I got also. Just took a picture with the Mamiya of a large bunch of children feeding one of the deer.)

Nara is trying very hard to keep the whole town one of history enshrined as opposed to Kyoto where they are trying to become industrialized. Kyoto is a city of temples, blocks and blocks of them in a continuous row. Nara is a city of history and tradition.

At the Night Club Vallon - Almost all evening they played American dance music and the floor show was almost exclusively American (such classics as Tiger Rag, Aloha Hawaii, et cetera.). The floor show featured a tall, gangly girl, who among other things danced the Twist with her husband and then they went out into the audience and dragged people out onto the floor to do the Twist. At one time they had the whole dance floor doing the Twist. (I was not out on the dance floor, although the Lord knows they tried hard enough to get me out there. I guess every American is supposed to know how to do the Twist. They didn't get Arnold or Charlie out, either.) There were mighty few Americans in the whole place, although far more than we had seen at any of the temples and parks during the day.

887 Well, this is the next morning, I believe it is Saturday morning! As far as I can see, both Arnold and I got out of this thing last night without any scars. Haven't seen Charlie this morning yet.

Incidentally, about half the girls at the Night Club were in kimonos and about half of them in Western dress.

In the ballpark across the street they have two practice games going. They started at 6:00 AM. As I understand it, these fellows play for a while like this and then rush over and go to work on their regular jobs.

For dinner last night before the Night Club, we went to the Suehiro, where we had shabu-shabu. Each person cooks his own thinly sliced beef by dipping it into a kettle of boiling water containing vegetables and soybean cake. It is a very simple and very nice meal. The beef is dipped in a thin sauce to cool it down and to give it additional flavor before you eat it. Of course, there was the usual rice and pickled vegetable dessert. This is a bowl of gummy rice that's really not too easy to eat with hashi (chopsticks). All of our meals have been eaten with chopsticks except a few places where they use spoons also. Last night I ate my rice covered with soup taken from the boiling cauldron in the middle of the table. I think it improved it quite a bit. And then, of course, when they gave me another dish of those great big strawberries and put on a plate of sliced juicy oranges, I figured that we had our dessert in the right way. That particular restaurant, Suehiro, supports some students going through school by donations from their patrons. Each of us gave the great sum of 10 yen and received a receipt for it. It looks like it has the four symbols K H U O on it, but I say that only to identify it. Before we left, our waitress gave each one of us a little package. Arnold just opened his - it is a little Boston beanpot, but I guess it is supposed to be used for mustard or something similar.

Here we are, back in Tokyo. It is a nice sunny day. Hotel with beds and showers!

end of tape

Saturday, 7 April

Looking down the street stretching out from the hotel here, it is absolutely packed with automobiles (it being just after noon on Saturday). Going across the street right now, heading for the Palace Grounds, is a group of maybe 200 of characteristic yellow hat with red band and white Japanese symbols of the Demonstrators. Here come some more, another 100, I would guess, of which fifty have on yellow coats also. I think I'll stay in my room for a little while and watch what these Demonstrators do. Several small groups of them have wandered up toward the entrance to the Palace Grounds. I think I'll eat for lunch this bag of what Arnold calls "fish and chips". It is a very crunchy tit-bit made out of rice flour cut into strips 1/2" wide and 1-1/2" long and wrapped with thin seaweed - you eat them in place of potato chips.

Incidentally, the Japan Airlines this morning served for breakfast these little rolls of rice with meat in the center and seaweed wrapped around the outside, also chunks of rice with slices of raw fish on top - tasted very good with soy sauce - and a peach and a strawberry with whipped cream, and a cup of yellow tea to finish the meal.

Most of the Demonstrators are in two groups, stretched out on the lawn, one group is beside the moat and the other is diagonally across the intersection. There are still small groups going up toward the entrance one at a time. None of them are entering - they are all lining up on the fence looking over the other side as though something interesting is going on. Several plain-dressed people were looking that way before any of the Demonstrators showed up. There is a group of maybe 500 or 600 that I didn't see before, waiting on the other side of the park; now they are inching up the sidewalk and fence along that side of the approach to the entrance. Just saw another bunch of maybe 500 about three blocks down the street. Here comes another 100 or so out of the woods about two blocks away, but these seem to be going down the street. They are all on their feet now and that bunch is marching ~~up-toward-the~~ down away from the Palace; the other group over here is marching up toward the Palace. I haven't seen any police anywhere yet. The large group that was heading for the Palace steered off and now is going down in the other direction. Now coming out from behind the hotel here and going down the street is another 200 or 300 - a lot of these have on blue jackets with a white band diagonally across - let's see where they go. Slowly one group after another is leaving the entrance and drifting away, but back behind the trees, way over on the other end of this park, there is getting to be quite a big rally. It seems that groups have been drifting in there from all directions, although, as I mentioned earlier, two or three good-sized groups did not join that. I can see them now about four or five blocks away, going down in the direction of the big tower (this is the Japanese improvement on the Eiffel Tower). Well, it looks as though it is all broken up. The major group in the rally is going down the street toward the tower. It is called 1st St.

10  
1-18

This is Saturday evening. Shozo and his wife took Arnold, Charlie, and me out for a Chinese dinner, the like of which none of us had ever had before, at the Royal Restaurant - a Chinese restaurant. It is a small place but the food is extremely good. I have a copy of the menu on the back of which is written what we had to eat. The appetizer consisted of a large plate on a lazy-susan in the middle of the table from which we could extract slices of abalone, several meats including chicken and turkey, eggs so old they had turned black, eggs not quite so old but hard boiled, long gummy transparent things a little bit like cooked spaghetti in handling quality which turned out to be jellyfish. All of these things were to be dipped in a soy sauce with spice added and then eaten gracefully.

Next course was more abalone, along with a very small delicate shrimp, and a very large shrimp from the South China Sea. Next course was bear's paw - these are bears' left paws, because it is the one they dig honey out of the tree with. The story goes that they fight with the right one and it is too tough. Next course was shark fin, followed by a duck-skin "sandwich", I would call it - the broiled skin is dipped in a salty sauce like a gravy, placed on a piece of edible (?) material that closely resembled a very tough filter paper disk about 4 or 5 inches in diameter, and one placed some onion slivers along with celery and cucumber slivers in the middle, rolled it up tight, turned over the ends, and ate it with two bites.

Next course was chicken leg - a drumstick quite highly spiced and well cooked, followed by bird's nest soup with hard-boiled quail eggs (these are the same kind of eggs we had the other night); this was followed by a large slice of delicious melon, then a tangerine peeling filled with hard-frozen orange sherbert, all topped off with a cup of Chinese tea. They leave the shredded tea leaves right in the tea and after it is cooled down to a possible temperature one drinks it strained through the crack under the cover to the cup. That's Chinese food.

Sunday Morning (April 8) - Arnold, Charlie, and I (their plane had been delayed until 2:00 P.M.) took a walk over to the entrance to the Imperial Palace Grounds, where all of the Demonstrators were yesterday, to see what was so interesting and why it is there is a continual stream of people going up there. I would guess from my room I can see an average of a hundred people all the time - they come in the entrance from the parking place right down at this end, walk ~~down~~ through and out the other end, and what do they see? some 2-and 3-ft. long carp in the moat and a few swans -- but they belong to the Emperor!

Sunday Afternoon - Shozo, his wife Mariko, and his younger son Ken, took Charlie, Arnold, and me to the Airport. After an hour or so wait and another delay call for the plane, Arnold and Charlie insisted that we go on and leave them there.

11/7/9

They then took me through a great variety of sections of Tokyo, including some very narrow one-car width dirt roads; showed me Kin's school and Jun's school; showed me Jun playing Rugby on his school's field. We went back to Jun's school, where the cherry blossoms were out in full force. I took a stereo of the three of them with a pine tree and a cherry tree as background.

Shozo then drove us over to a park, meant primarily to show off trees and plants (maybe one calls it an arboretum); it is called the Jindai shokubutsu koen. It was a very popular place with many groups eating lunch, and in one large field a bunch of Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts were playing a very active game, the objective being that members of the two teams try to pull the neckerchiefs of the opposing team out from under their belts. One interesting item was that the Cub Scouts had "Den Mothers" who certainly weren't mothers, they were just about the same age as the Boy Scouts. This made for a lot of fun, I assure you.

On the way back to our car, we stopped by a little roadside stand and ate some noodles and trimmings. The noodles again were very much like spaghetti. You can imagine a plateful of spaghetti and only hashi to eat them with - a very noisy procedure! The noodles were dipped into a sauce and then inhaled. I gather the more you like them the more noise you make. Of course, there was tea to go with it and, of course, no sugar. A little appetizer ahead of time consisted of fish sausage of a couple of kinds and a slab of stuff that reminds one of blubber. This was just a snack to keep us going until we got to Shozo's home, where first Shozo showed me his photographic album from his early boyhood right straight up through World War II, showing him (I'm pretty sure it was he) with a British flag at Hong Kong. There were many indications that Shozo has had quite an active social life.

After the pictures we had a very delightful meal. This was sukiyaki, cooked right in the middle of the table much as the shabu-shabu was. Sukiyaki requires that you break open one or two raw eggs and whip them up very thoroughly, again with hashi, then you take as it is cooked, beef, onion, beans, more noodles, and soy bean cake, dip it in the raw egg and eat it. A fair amount of spicing is added along with some sake. It is an extremely good meal. To go with the rice at the end, we had a couple of what Shozo says were very special dishes - a highly spiced "sea chestnut", consisting of little chunks in a paste, and it needed the rice to cool it down a little bit; and another dish which was pickled whale bones, small bones about the size of chicken ribs, which were soft enough to chew but very spicy and also required the rice. This was topped off by mochi cakes (beans) and some gummy squares, one of which was flavored by green tea.

Both Jun and Ken showed me their rooms, then they all brought me down to the hotel. On the way down, Ken finally got to talking a little bit and he and Jun asked me if somehow they could arrange a trade with the Bradner children, whereby they could send over to the Bradners something they wanted in return for which they hoped to get some of the very latest 45 RPM records. They must be among the Top Ten listed in the top show business magazine (I can't remember the name of it right now). They must be the latest hit tunes from America. Jun is quite good with a guitar and Ken is learning also - American hit songs and cowboy songs.

Monday Morning (9 April) A couple of things I just remembered from yesterday -- last night I told Shozo that I felt a little guilty about being on his hands. His answer was, "You are one of my family." Well, I hope I can act the part properly.

Also yesterday I took a stereo of a tall monument in the arboretum - a monument to animals. I also took a Mamiya picture (now using Japanese film) of a fishing pool down near the eating place, and also a picture of a plate of noodles. (This film costs 380 yen for a roll, including development.)

There is another thing about Japan that I should be commenting on - people over here are, of course, considerably shorter than in America and wherever I go there are comments and looks of great approval for this big man. Maybe I ought to stay over here - I sure get a lot more appreciation than I do at home - that is, for my size I do! All of the old houses and old restaurants have such low doorways that I have to stoop a large percentage of the time to get in, and when one of the waitresses tries to help me put my coat on there is always a comment as to how high she has to hold it. The other day, over in the deer park in Nara, a boy in his late teens or early twenties had his girl friend riding on the motorcycle with him. He had to go around a barrier and got the motorcycle stuck. As I was right there, I reached over and did 80% of the job of pulling it up out of the trap it was in. I sure got an appreciative smile from his girl friend. Of course, he thanked me too. But one thing I had better not forget - almost all of these fellows know judo so I had better not try to argue with them, even though I am bigger.

Re  
tc

No -  
misunder-  
standing -

Apr 9

Monday Evening. I am in the hotel room after having a brief dinner of tempura with Tosi Arima. This was at the Funabashi-ya. We sat up at a counter along with quite a few other people. The men cooking behind the counter periodically came over and dropped some of the food on the oil-absorbing paper on our trays. This meal was topped off with strawberries and sugar. (And green tea?)

Tuesday morning (10 April)

Today is the day of the big scheduled strike; all of the taxi drivers are supposed to go on strike this morning until noon, and a total of 350,000 workers on the railroads and in government jobs are going off all day, I believe. They picked a poor day - it happens to be a miserable rainy day - if they want to do any demonstration marching it won't be nice. I'm lucky that the Yokogawa driver is picking me up this morning.

Changing the subject - the radio reminded me right now that one comforting thing here in Japan is that there is one good powerful radio station, part of the Far East Network of American Forces, so there is continually all day long pretty much regular American radio programs minus the advertising. One nice similarity, however, was that every half hour for the first week I was here they would give the time and then add, "Time to donate to the Red Cross". It must be that April is their Red Cross month.

Tuesday evening *over*

Just got in from eating dinner with Maruyama and Nakato. (Nakato is a judo guy, who plays hard ball.) It was quite an experience for me. We ate at Lohmeyer's Restaurant in Yurakucho District of Tokyo. Maruyama has been to Germany and knows a little bit of German, but the other fellow had never eaten any German food and knew no German at all. I had a lot of fun ordering for them, reading from the menu, Wiener schnitzel, brockwurst, and so forth, and finally ordering braun kuchen for dessert. I capped it off by buying them a bar of halb bitter schokolade direct from Germany.

Afterwards we strolled down the Ginza to 10th Street and back up 5th Street to the Yurakucho Railroad Station, where we purchased a 10 yen ticket apiece and ~~rode~~ the railroad to the Tokyo Station, about a block and a half. The two were afraid of losing me, so they insisted on walking up to A Avenue, where I turned around and sent them back to the station, where they were to board a train and go home. The sign of the Palace Hotel is very easily seen from this point, and anyhow, they were walking so slowly it was getting on my nerves. (A walk on the Ginza is a Ginbura - a bura-bura is just walking without an objective.)

During this walk, it was again brought to my attention that people in Tokyo just do not have any concept of street names or the use of maps. They neither one of them knew any street except Ginza and I found this from the various drivers also. They know how to get where they are going because of years of experience, but they don't know the names of the streets. I will admit it is quite confusing - avenues and streets go in all directions - I noticed this morning on the way to work where there was an intersection of N Avenue and M Avenue at right angles.

(In Lohmeyer's Restaurant)

Sat up in a chair tonight for dinner and this time, for the first time, used knife and fork. Felt very clumsy. Also ate with my shoes on -- I guess this is only the second time so far for supper.

\* (Remind me to wear something like elastic top shoes or one of these quick snap shoe things -- I've been spending a large percentage of my time taking my shoes off and putting them back on.)

Most of the waitresses and the waiters talked English, even to the Japanese, but one of the waitresses, when I asked for braun kuchen and pointed at it, went away with her finger on it so she wouldn't forget which one it was.

They had a couple of large speakers playing quite low volume, mostly German music with some American.

The food was very good German food.

Wednesday night (11 April)

Went out to dinner with Sato, Tak, Kitajima. We went to a very nice restaurant near the Kannon Temple, not far from Ueno Railroad Station in Tokyo. The Kabuki Restaurant was an off with the shoes, sit on the floor, eat with hashi, with very nice food restaurant - right in the middle of the darnedest jungle of small shops that I have ever seen. Afterwards we went to the Funawa Restaurant for dessert. This was kurizenzai - a bowl of very thick, gooey, sweet bean paste, with chunks of rice flour cake and chestnuts scattered through it. Very sweet and very nice.

*Ichiban & ichi??*

Thursday 12 April 1962

7:00 AM There are now two or three hundred students going up toward the Palace entrance to look at the fish and swans. It's sure amazing! And out in the big parking-lot there are around twenty barefooted, characteristically dressed judo students taking a workout, bouncing around in an area that Arnold commented he could feel the stones through his shoe soles. Two of the twenty are girls, according to my binoculars.... Another three hundred students, ranging from college age down to 4th grade, I would guess, have joined the others in taking that quarter-mile hike to see the fish.

7:30 AM - Another three hundred or so students!

Thursday night - Had dinner with Arima, Miyauchi, and the driver of the car who guided us so well last night to the Kabuki Restaurant by the Kannon Temple was also invited by Tosi. Tonight it was another Kabuki Restaurant, same chain I think, in Shinagawa-Ku (sp ?) -- will find out later. This was shoes-off, sit on the floor on very thin pad, and hashi - difference was that most of the 4 ft. sq. table was taken up by a gas-fired grille plate on which the waitress and our chauffeur took turns cooking all sorts of things, such as the Chinese call Egg Foo Yong, topped off with strawberries and cream. Then we went to a Tea House, the Shirobasha -- sat on chairs, ate rich cake and drank tea, and listened to a lousy PA system with a live Japanese band playing Spanish, et cetera music.

(I'm eating an <sup>ame?</sup> ~~ahme~~ (ahmē) meaning hard candy. They come wrapped with an inside soluble wrapper; you put it in your mouth with the wrapper on it and it dissolves. The same word, pronounced ~~ame~~, amē means rain.)

Friday 13 April (riding to work)

During the last couple of days the temperature has been in the 50's with drizzle and rain. The cherry blossoms have sure come out, they are lining the streets everywhere, much of it very beautiful. The Japanese think that the Washington cherry blossoms are nicer than their own -- my feeling is that in Washington they are all concentrated in one spot, while here it is everywhere and adds a nice touch to the whole city.

Many people from America have told me how discourteous Japanese drivers are. I don't believe it! These Americans don't know how to drive. The Japanese driver is extremely courteous. They drive hard and very skillfully, but the moment that one driver has an advantage over another, the second gives way; you find no grudge or emotional driving such as you do in America.

7-16-  
1-2 4

Incidentally, I don't know how it is going to work out when I get back home -- around here all of the secretaries, all of the cleaning women, make a deep bow every time they come into my presence and every time they leave. I guess I'll have to get used to America again.

Sunday 15 April

I am on a trip this weekend with Tosi, his wife, and Ed. The main objective is to see Mt. Fuji (12,394 feet) and the Hakone region.

This is Sunday morning. Ed, Mrs. Arima and I came down early yesterday afternoon and Tosi followed. We came in a fancy, undulating train, and a few of us went on a hike up the mountain behind the hotel, called the Fujiya Hotel. There is a spot called Fuji View, but it was too cloudy. We hiked on over to the other side and when we hit the highway came back by taxi.

This morning before breakfast I went up the mountain again and this time got some pictures of Mt. Fuji. I would guess it is about 1000- or 1200 ft. climb in a very snaky trail.

Just took stereo picture of Lake Ashinoko from close to Nagayo Pass. Also took stereo of Tosi with valley and mountains behind him. Took Mamiya showing steam coming from side of one mountain. This is a narrow dirt road with a short drop down on the left side and a rock curb on the other. We are stopped right now with many buses trying to pass each other.

At Nagayo Pass where one gets the best view of Fuji, the clouds didn't cooperate. I got a better picture this morning - took telephoto of brief view of top.

For 45¢ we just came up a tramway cable car a matter of several miles to the location where steam is coming out of the ground - left over from volcano activity.

Well, we are all eating black eggs - at least the shell is black. If you eat an egg that has been boiled in this steaming sulphur water, they say you will live seven years longer than you would otherwise. Tosi says he has eaten at least ten of them already - he is going to live a nice long life. Well, I ate two - that makes fourteen years. The eggs were good and they supplied salt. (Several Mamiya shots from cable car, two stereos of steaming spring.)

11 April 1962

Great celebration - Ohno's wife had a boy. They already had a girl and, of course, wanted a boy very badly.

--

A little disturbance yesterday. Quite a few of the office fellows were going around with red ribbons on. They explained this was their way of telling their management they wanted a raise. I said I wanted a raise too; first thing you knew, I had a red tag on me. I don't know whether it worked, but I'll find out. If it did, I'll bring the tag home with me to see if it works at home (maybe Ben can't read Japanese though).

---

\* MB should take greater care in drawing diagrams on blackboard - could avoid many confusions.

We just came down the length of the lake in a sixty-foot boat. I took a stereo back.

In the first place that we went to look for lunch one of the waitresses was carrying her youngster on her back; in the second place, <sup>and</sup> of the cutest sights I have ever seen, a youngster on his mother's back being fed by the father who was sitting across the table, while both the mother and father were eating.

Up here at Jukkoku Pass, about 3/4 mile from the top of the cable car, about half a dozen Japanese couples learning to square dance with a fellow playing American tunes on an accordian.

I took a stereo of Tosi, his back to a stone plaque, and in the background is Cape Manazuru into the Pacific Ocean. Took another stereo looking the other direction over where the new highway goes.

Just went to the Odawara Castle. Took a stereo of the Castle with cherry blossoms in front of it. Also took Mamiya of an airplane ride with a little baby riding his mother's back.

They are having a festival here. There are many red and white banners out and little zigzag ornaments are strung along most of the streets.

Monday night 16 April

Back in the hotel room after spending a very enjoyable evening at the Arima's with Ohno and Tak, and with their children. The oldest girl, Kazuko, gave me a little doll wearing an ancient geisha costume to give to Kay. Kazuko is studying German. The younger sister, in 2nd year high school, named Keiko, would like very much to correspond with Linc and will write him a letter very soon. The boy, Osumu, also a very nice youngster, is in grade school.

Wonderful shoes-off, sit on the floor, hashi dinner, with perfect dessert in the living-room afterwards - first, white cake with strawberries, then Japanese ~~sweet~~ bean "fudge" and some sweet potato same thing, then strawberries and cream, and finally, oranges that you peeled yourself - all, of course, with green tea.

Before I left, Mrs. Arima gave me a whole fistful of Japanese stamps -- I would guess without actually counting that there is at least 2000-yen worth on face value. I asked Tosi to let me know before I leave what stamps she would like, because I intend to barter with these to get some for her.

Tuesday 17 April

You should see the "*Flint Stones*" talking Japanese - just saw the last five minutes. Fancy party tonight with Engineering Dept. Several new foods. So far everything's good, much to amazement of Japanese.

(No water at night in Tokyo now.)

4117  
Dinner at Hototokisu -- this is a Buddha religion dominated place and since Buddha likes cattle no beef was served - chicken was OK. We ate in the store room which has been redecorated, but because of the 1-1/2 ft. to 2 ft. thick walls and roof made of dirt, the supporting beams are 1-1/2 ft. square and about eyebrow height for me.

(I must conserve tape!)

~~Thursday-19-April~~  
Wednesday 18 April

Right after work I attended the meeting of the ESS English Speaking Society. Each one introduced himself and short reports were given on ESS, Dokoki (Company social organization), skating activity, photo club, chorus group.

Thursday 19 April

Had dinner with Tosi (at Tamagawa Restaurant, Shinjuku Station). This was Sushi - raw fish on rice with seaweed; we tried everything they had, which was 13 different kinds of raw fish: tuna, octopus, red cavier (2), cuttlefish, red snapper, akagai, aoyagu, mirugai (these last three being shell fish), kappamaki (jelly fish), kazunokomaki, takuanmaki, uni, awabi, katsuo, tamagoyaki (?)

Friday Morning 20 April

On way to Osaka with Shozo and Rinichi on Limited Express Kodama.

The YEW office in Osaka is in a brand new, extremely modern office building, right across the street from Osaka Station -- automatic elevators, 4-level underground parking, even automatic elevators for bringing the cars up.

(We made this trip to Osaka to attend the Trade Show.)

9- For dinner, the five of us from Tokyo with the Osaka Manager went to another sit-at-the-counter Sushi place, but here Sushi is mainly just eating raw fish and not much rice. I guess they gave me the final trial but I enjoyed it all.

For lunch we had had unagi, a very delicious barbecued eel on top of a sweetly spiced rice, but last night I must admit I had never thought of eating raw shrimp - that is, while it is still wiggling! I guess they thought the real test was passed when I said I liked the chitni (SP?) of sea snail; the consistency is very much like the white of an egg. It actually did taste pretty good. KIDNEY

1957  
1-27

Saturday Morning - 21 April

In Kyoto. We went first to the Zen Garden of the Ryoan-ji. This is the famous stone garden and is said to be a sanctuary for dragons. It sure is beautiful in its simplicity.

We stopped on the way out in a little house, much like the traditional Tea Houses, and sat on the floor to eat and drink a Japanese brunch.

Next we went to the Saihoji Kokedera. This is a moss garden of quite a large area, completely covered with over a hundred type of mosses. It is also quiet, but there were many more Americans there and so much more noise! (Ask me about the Japanese symbol for "noise" some time.)

Sunday Afternoon - 22 April (Easter)

We went for a drive up through the mountains between Osaka and Kobe. Across the top and through many tunnels is a beautiful paved highway, costing 1000 yen to drive over -- but the approaches are not ~~as~~ in as good shape as the logging-roads in Northern Maine, and there are 15 or 20 miles of this approach each side!

See \*  
ie returned to Tokyo

Had dinner Sunday night with Shozo and his two sons -- a smorgasbord at the Imperial Hotel (just like the Lord Fox).

Monday morning - 23 April

The Easter accident in Foxboro was on the news of the Far East Armed Forces Network this morning, but no names were given - can't help but wonder who they were.

\* Easter was sure "business as usual" here. Spent the morning going through the crowded Osaka Fair, then went to the Dairuko Department Store, ate lunch in the mobbed dining-room on the top floor, and bought five carp for 5th of May (Boys' Day)

4/23

Had dinner Monday night at Terako-ya with Tosi Arima, Kimura, Tokunaga, and Uematsu. Interesting that Tokunaga was invited - he is one of the Union leaders and sat across the table from Arima in negotiations and also at the dinner, but relations are obviously very friendly. \* \* - see below

79

Tuesday - 24 April

Time is running out! I have certainly seen an awful lot of Japan in these few weeks but there are many more things to learn and do and see before I can think I know Japan. I have gotten so I understand enough words and gestures and thinking of the people I am around every day that very often I understand the sentences ~~they are~~ before they are translated and many times I answer before the translation.

\*\* This was a beautiful Japanese garden sort of place with a couple of ceremonial Tea Houses and a 40- or 50- ft. pole with three enormous carps flying from it. My guess is that the largest one would have cost close to \$100.

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..

... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..

-20-  
1-28

The Japanese have one real major hurdle, however, and I mean major. Communication, face to face on simple technical subjects, is much more involved than when using the English language. The language is full of complicated ways of saying things, so that they speak one phrase at a time and ask if the other person understands. This is a major handicap.

And when it comes to written correspondence, it must all be done long-hand. There are no typewriters and no typists. For instance, they cannot use a dictating-machine such as this because they have no secretaries who can put down on paper what they say. Every single bit of communication becomes as much a problem as the most complicated and advanced mathematical theory papers in America.

I asked why they did not use the new Japanese characters, of which there are only 50, and I find that they do use it in teletype, but very often they cannot convey a meaning without the use of the Chinese characters, of which there are 3000. There is available what they call romanje, which is using our alphabet and writing out phonetically each character, but this is not practical because each character has one or more meaning and also one or more completely unrelated way of saying it.

It is my humble opinion at this time, that the Japanese nation must go to a new language. Everyone is taught English in school, so that almost everywhere one can find someone who has had at least a smattering of English and can understand an American's needs; maybe English is the correct one for them. Their sentence structure, however, is much closer to German and if I invert my sentence Germanwise, I find I can get across my message much clearer, so maybe German is the language. But I am convinced they are going to have to go to a new one, if they are going to hold their place as a large, important nation. I am tempted to believe that this communication difficulty is one of the major reasons for their great desire for direct copying as a starting point.

Gosh, I almost forgot to say I experienced my first earthquake yesterday. While we were sitting at lunch the doors started to rattle rhythmically and then the whole building started to slowly shake, but Dr. T, Tosi Arima, and I kept on talking on the technical subject and after it was over Tosi calmly said that we had been through an earthquake.

Incidentally, Yokogawa is quite a musical place these days. The employees practice noontimes and immediately after work the labor songs they will be singing in the May Day Parade.

J T-I  
1-31 23  
8000  
31

An interesting note on Japanese customs -- In Japan, the legal way to sign a letter or document is to use personal stamps. Some are made out of rubber, but the most legal ones are made from ivory. At YEW, each official has his own YEW stamp that has date in the center, changed every day by the secretary. Most everyone has a general use signature stamp for normal letters of a personal nature and most people also have a registered legal document stamp. Sometimes it is necessary to use the stamp and signature, and nowadays there is getting to be more and more use of the signature alone, but the initialling of mail in YEW, for instance, is done exclusively with the stamps.

MB:h