

Feb. 1 - Feb. 28 '64

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TRIP #4 TO JAPAN - February 1, 1964 - 6

Tape 1
mailed 2-5
rec'd 2-7 PM

Here we are in Chicago at O'Hare. Everything going very smoothly except for a couple of things. The TWA didn't have any pillows so I had to sleep sitting up straight and our friends, Northwest Orient, had some trouble so they are going to be at least an hour late getting out of here. Looking forward to a problem in sleeping - three babes in arms so far that I can see.

Rus has been having his trouble. He has been trying to find a tax-free area so that he can buy some Bourbon for gifts in Japan. Final conclusion was that there is no such thing in Chicago - in fact, there isn't even a liquor store at the airport. (It's amazing that I didn't know that!)

(3 Feb.) A bright and shining Monday morning. When I got up at about seven o'clock the sky was perfectly clear, no haze, and Fuji-san was standing up there wonderfully.

Feb 2 1964

We got into the airport and through customs with no hitches. Rus and I were met by Tamao, Tomio Endo, Ed Hirano, and, maybe significantly, Tosi Arima was the one for me. The plane was 2-1/2 hours late but even at that it gave us a chance to talk about an hour down in the lobby, or rather in the bar which is just an extension of the lobby, before going to bed about 12:30. PALACE HOTEL

Rus kept his watch on Foxboro time and insisted on talking about time referred to Foxboro all the time. He also was unable to get any sleep at all until we left Anchorage. From that leg down here I guess he probably got three hours sleep or so. I wouldn't know because I was asleep. I guess Rus didn't believe Gerry's comments to him about my sleeping because he insisted upon sitting in the seat right next to me all the way through. When we had a three-wide section in the Tourist he sat next to me and put the brief cases over on the other seat, but he found I was mighty poor company because every time he turned around I was off to sleep. Some people just don't believe things they are told.

The flight was uneventful except for the delays and this time of the year I should have remembered it gets dark in Anchorage about 4:30 in the afternoon. We arrived there about 6, so none of that beautiful mountain country was visible. The last we saw during daylight was still quite populated with quite a few roads and railroads across the land. One interesting item - there were quite a few big lakes in which you could see tracks across the lake, indicating that the road had been put out through there temporarily during the winter.

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Here it is Tuesday morning (4 Feb.) - About 12:15 AM! Got in ^{Feb 3} just a little while ago with Rus. We had quite an evening. Matsui, Tamao, and Hirano-san took us to a very nice geisha place where they had a very lively bunch of girls with the greatest variety of talents that I think I have seen so far. One of the girls that spent most of the time with us could speak French slightly better than English and her English was very good. She carried on quite a conversation with Rus in French and English and did a fair amount of translating for him. Another girl seemed to have an almost endless repertoire of songs in German, French, English and Japanese semi-classical and folk songs. Some of the songs she sang were the kind I was looking for on records the last time I was here. I asked Tamao to remember the songs so I could talk to him later. Maybe he could help me find some in a music store. I guess if I had been an opportunist I would have tried to get the girl to take me and help me buy some records. It's no where near as romantic with Tamao but I suspect far more practical.

Rus had real trouble with the hashi and gave up several times but and used fork that they supplied but he periodically went back and ended up doing quite well.

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To start the story of the day off (Monday) I must go back to last ^{Feb} night when Rus and I ~~were just checking in at the hotel desk.~~ A non-Japanese fellow came up and clasped his hands over Rus's eyes from behind. When Rus managed to turn around he was certainly surprised to see his friend, Homoyen Beklik of Tehran. In fact, this is the man he was planning on seeing in Tehran. This is the Foxboro agent. After a few minutes discussion last night a date was made for breakfast and the three of us met down in the Coffee Shop for an hour and a half of discussion. Beklik is sure a fabulous character and, incidentally, asked me to say hello to Margi for him. I might say I was proud for Margi but it kind of hurt my pride a little when Beklik identified me as the guy Margi worked with.

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A car picked us up at 9:30 as scheduled and took us painfully thru the now much worse streets in Tokyo to Yokogawa. We arrived there nearly 10:45 and spent the morning with all of the directors that were around. Shozo had not come back yet, of course.

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^{Boy,} Well sometimes you just get a real start. You know how often I've been talking about sushi as raw fish - here right in my dictionary it's straightened all out for me. Sushi is vinegared fish and rice. Sashimi is raw fish and a couple of people have asked me in America what the difference is and I didn't have sense enough to look it up in the dictionary.

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Later Tuesday ^{Feb 4} morning -- a little after six o'clock. Last night ^{Feb 3}

at dinner we had sushi in a special sort of serving that was symbolic of the Spring season. Apparently there is a Spring Festival on the day before the equinox. I didn't get the name of it. One of the symbols of the day is a little measuring box that they use to measure out soy beans. The sushi was in the box and steamed on top of a cherry-tree leaf. It gave it a very interesting and pleasant taste. Also in a little box shaped ceramic container we had some konowata. This was not discussed at all except that Tamao asked me across the table if I knew what it was and I asked him if it was konowata. ^{it was} The girls all laughed and said I was right. Rus was off talking about something else, so he didn't get in on it. I will have to tell him about it on the way to work today. Feb 3

Apparently ^{one} some of the ceremonies in this festival day is to fill the box with soy beans and scattered them through the house. This is meant to drive out the evil spirits and bring in the good spirits, aimed primarily at the agricultural crops.

Tuesday night. ^{of Feb} Tonight, Rus and I were taken to the Chirzanso for that famous meal cooked on the charcoal heated iron bars in the middle of the table. We were taken by Tamao, Tomio Endo, and Ed Hirano. This time we ate in a private house that is possibly a half mile down through the gardens from the main building where we have eaten before. It was a very pleasant walk, although it was dark, but I would guess that during the spring and summer the house would be by far the most attractive place in the whole establishment.

Today I had a new experience - I was fumigated along with the rest of the Foxboro gang in Engineering for Scarlet Fever. Apparently Tahai's secretary, Mrs. Owada, has come down with the disease. About four fellows came in with a mist dispenser, went all over her desk and typewriter, opening the drawers and moving all the things on the desk and also spraying over the desks and chairs of all of the people in the section. The disinfectant smell was strong but everybody went back to work as soon as the men in white had left. Apparently Mrs. Owada is not very sick but the doctors have diagnosed her illness as scarlet fever.

At Chirzanso, Rus was in fine fettle and we got off into some real deep philosophy and theories on the future of the world.

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This is one of Rus's favorite subjects so he could really go to town on it. He was at a disadvantage, however, because with all of his fancy words Ed Hirano had to translate for Tamao and Tomio, and Ed Hirano is a biased man - he also has theories on this, so he would translate what Rus said and then add a few licks of his own still in Japanese. This wasn't deliberate but Ed is good at translating when he himself is not involved in the discussion. It's a lot more difficult when he has strong ideas himself and of course when it is just social discussion. Some day I would like to see Rus Milham try to give forth with one of these theoretical discussions while sitting on his hands. I think maybe he would be almost speechless.

Ed Hirano's wife is expecting the second child and Ed and his wife have concluded that having successfully made the first one their desired boy they are going to make the second one a desired girl. Apparently there is quite a bit of popular acceptance of a theory that diet of both the father and mother before conception is determinant. If the girl is wanted, the mother must eat a steady vegetable diet and the father an all meat diet. If a boy is wanted, the diets should be reversed - or maybe I have them backwards. I am afraid I considered it somewhat academic.

Tosi Arima has asked for and gotten my permission to line up a two-day trip on the weekend of 15-16 February to go to the Island of Oshima and climb up and look down into the active volcano.

Plans are being made to take Rus down to Hakone on Friday and Saturday morning and I think they all want me to go along. This cuts down on my total efficiency and the present agenda, covering full four weeks, allows only maybe three days at the end for any unfinished business.

Wednesday morning (5 February) - Today Rus goes on a trip - in fact in about 15 (?) minutes at 7:30 he is supposed to be picked up to go down and swing through the industrial section between the airport and Yokohama.

High cloudiness. Temperature about the same as it has been - about -4° and expected to get up to maybe 8 or 10° today - all Centigrade, of course. I have to convert because the U.S. armed forces network gives in Fahrenheit only and does not give Centigrade like they used to. (I am going to mail this this morning.)

Friday morning. ^{geh} We head off today for Hakone and of course it is raining! Six straight days of almost cloudless skies while we are working -- but they do promise it will be only partly cloudy tomorrow. Maybe I will see Fuji-san from Hakone, but I don't know.

The present plans call for being back Saturday morning and then I will go on out to Yokogawa for Saturday afternoon working.

Last night (Thursday) ^{with} Shozo took Rus and me out to do the town, I guess. He had warned Rus that "on Thursday night I am going to kill you". Well Rus wasn't dead when we got home last night along about midnight, but he certainly wasn't thinking very much about work.

Shozo first took us to one of his private clubs, where they don't even know what cider is but they do know coca cola. I had a pocketful of hard candy, including several pieces of the yogurt candy. As far as I could see I made more of a hit with the female population of the club with that hard candy than anything any of the other men had to offer. It was the first time any of them had ever seen this yogurt candy, being a good Japanese candy, but I guess they don't often have guests in a drinking club with a pocketful of candy.

The American or Olympic influence is certainly showing. A greater percentage of the girls are now wearing Western dress and also a greater percentage are speaking anywhere from a little to a lot of English. The way they dress and the language they speak seem to have no relation.

⁹ This is one of the clubs I have been to with Shozo before, so I can make this comparison.

We tore ourselves away from there and went to an eating place for very nice meal of shabu-shabu. Rus had a little trouble with the hashi, but he managed all right and he apparently liked the food quite a bit. This was a very quiet sort of place with the waitress being a very pleasant but not startling gal of maybe forty or so years old. During the dinner she explained to us that next spring she is going to Los Angeles for about ten days and then a quick swing through San Francisco and back to Tokyo. She is going with a group of Buddhists to pray in the Buddhist temple in Los Angeles. This is the 15th anniversary of the building of that temple. She couldn't speak any English but she was quite good at sign language and of course in Shozo we had a pretty good interpreter.

From here (and it wasn't quite so hard to tear one away from there after being completely filled) Shozo took us to the Gordon's Club - another one of his private clubs. The female density of the first club was high, but here it was almost overwhelming. I'm not sure how it happened, but I got off against the wall in a booth with a quite good-English speaking kimono-clad hostess of difficult to estimate age. I finally concluded she must be in her mid or high twenties. Before the evening was over I learned that she used to be a school-teacher in the middle school but that didn't pay enough money, so she is working at the Gordon's Club. She told

me that she was an artist and had been painting since the age of 11 or 12, so I asked her about her painting. Here's where I had a double language barrier. She explained she is a surrealist painter and then gave me a lot of words that certainly mean different things to her than they do to me. The total picture seems to be that she thinks that by scattering various hued rectangles around on a piece of paper or canvas, she can learn to understand her mind and her real philosophical outlook on life. I'm afraid that when we left I was quite confused and I'm sure she was because I reversed the tables on her. The rules of her game are to keep the man talking about the things he likes. Thinking back, I think all she knows about me is that my name is Meado-san and that I am an engineer, and that I am from America. She has only been at the club about a month and I guess she hasn't quite learned the technique of getting the men to talk, but this time the fellow she was entertaining was having a considerable better time than by talking about himself I assure you. The challenge of trying to go through a double stage of translation is quite an exercise. If you are now confused - I mean from her Japanese-English-surrealist language over to American-engineer language.

2/7
(Friday morning continued)

At twenty-one minutes of ten Rus called me. He had left straightening out his tickets until this morning. He now finds that in spite of Al Bock's assurance to the contrary he does need a visa to go to Taipei for more than 72 hours and this is what he is planning on. So I guess our trip to Hakone will either be delayed for several hours or cut off completely. Ed Hirano is due here anywhere from twenty minutes of to ten minutes of ten.

Rus has another interesting problem - Beklik left a lot of personal jewelry, such as rings, tie tacks, and even a necklace, and cabled back yesterday asking Rus to bring it through. Rus has got a little problem of figuring out what he can say to the customs people in the various countries as he goes through. Tie tacks and rings he could argue were his own personal jewelry but the necklace - it hardly fits Rus's personality.

Last night Rus got in quite an argument with the clerk. (end of tape #2)

Tape #3 (continuation of Friday morning)

This is still Friday morning, about ten minutes of ten, so I don't know what the story is regarding Russ's plans from now on.

The sun just came out - still very hazy down low but nice bright sunlight above.

Russ just called about five or ten minutes after ten. He is going over to the Chinese Embassy on the visa, and now this Beklik thing has gotten the Trade Industry and Pan Am all involved in it. Russ says the total value is appalling.

Here it is Sunday morning (9 Feb.) already - I haven't talked to this thing now for a couple of days. It's about ten o'clock - a dreary wet day outside - just kind of a sprinkle right now. Earlier there was a very heavy snowstorm, but the temperature is high enough that it all melted as soon as it hit the ground - none stuck to the trees even. I guess it must have snowed for about three hours very heavy.

On Friday ^{7 Feb.} with all of Russ's problems with Chinese visas and airplane tickets we didn't get away from here until eleven or eleven-thirty. We went by car down past Yokohama and along the Sagami Bay. Tomio and Ed thought it would be nice if we would stop at Eno Shima to eat some lunch but that's all resort area through there and there were no places open this type of the year. So we went on down another ten miles or so and stopped in a Cantonese Chinese restaurant for Russ's and my usual Friday noon Chinese lunch. Tomio, who suggested that we stop there, did not know that Russ and I had this weekly date.

After lunch, and I probably ought to say that the sun we saw in Tokyo was the last sun that I have seen. It was quite cloudy and hazy but of course the countryside and the houses' architecture etcetera is very interesting, particularly to Russ on his first trip to Japan.

We stopped at Odawara, went up to the castle, this time the zoo was open, so for a little while we watched the baboons, lions, a sea lion, elephant, and particularly watched the Japanese children enjoying it. There were quite a few plum trees blooming down below the castle but not any good stereo shots.

After driving further along Sagami Bay we headed up into the mountains, where there was no chance of any sort of farming, although some of the places looked as though sheep might be able to exist on what grass there was. We saw the torii at Lake Ashi and spent a few minutes going up to the Shinto shrine above it up on the hill. Ed asked the monk who was sitting at the souvenir window if they had any cards, so he brought out a tray of cards. Russ picked out a few that he wanted and I alerted myself to listen and see if I could understand how much money he wanted. The guy gave the cost in English - more than that, he could talk English. Russ had a little fun talking with him for a few minutes. This is the first monk so far that I have ever heard talking English, but of course there was nobody else around on this somewhat miserable day in February.

I tried a couple of shots. I hope they come out but I certainly wouldn't bet on it a bit. I had slow film in the camera and therefore had to take very long exposures.

We then drove around to Miyanoshita, where the Fujiya Hotel is located. I think this is the hotel I stayed in before, but Ed Hirano says it isn't. Who am I to argue? Well anyhow this time we didn't go to the Fujiya Hotel - we went to the Hotel Naraya

* I find this is Japanese name of Lake Hakone. -mead/4

- a Japanese hotel - and the four of us were joined somewhat later by Tamao in a separate cottage of our own, and also, of course, a girl to wait on us all of the time.

Tomio and I went up to the big bath at the main building of the hotel and Russ decided to take his bath in the one in our own cottage. I'm not sure whether I was relieved or disappointed, but anyhow Tomio and I were the only ones in the bath, which was one of two in the main building. No one was in the other bath. I guess we just picked the wrong (?) time.

805 257 After a long, long evening of philosophy by Russ, the massage girl showed up, so the party broke up. I still haven't had a good Japanese massage, I guess. This girl was sure an amateur and didn't give me anywhere near as rough treatment as I think one ought to get. Apparently Russ's was a real pro - almost broke Russ's back and really left him limp. I will admit that the mild rubdown I got was pleasant. I went to sleep two or three times, but I guess before I get involved in this kind of thing I'd better learn enough Japanese to discuss with the gal how much muscle she should be using.

Well, these were closer to Japanese beds than I had had before, I guess. There may have been three inches of padding but no foam rubber like before, and of course like before there was entirely too much cover. There were three big spreads that added up to maybe six inches thickness. Before morning, I had thrown two of them off and thrown the third one down below my waist in order to be anywhere near comfortable.

Tomio told me yesterday that the girl had explained to him that she had made one bed up for a tall man and one for a fat man. I'm sure I'm happier with that distinction than Russ might be if he had known it.

257 The dinner on Friday night had been an almost endless affair. I guess we sat at the table eating for two or three hours. Russ found the hashi much better for gestures than for eating, so he spent most of the time using them for that. He didn't get very much eaten but you know me - I made good use of the hashi and had a very nice, very big Japanese dinner.

58 218 Well, the next morning we awoke to see a dreary day and while we were eating breakfast it started to rain a little, so I guess no Fuji. We were quite a sight, the five of us sitting around on the floor in those fancy Japanese clothes. All of us took pictures. I hope some of them will come out. Incidentally, the first thing we had done when arriving was to shed regular clothes and put these on. Quite comfortable and under those conditions seem to be perfectly natural. I'm afraid it wouldn't seem so at home.

Breakfast was more or less the same kind of food normally eaten for dinner, with rice and pickled vegetables, fried fish, tea, but added to this was added a soft boiled egg. Russ had been getting away with the hashi on all sorts of soft food by spearing it with one of the sticks. This method could not be used in this case. I'm not sure whether he ever did manage to eat that item.

Leaving in the rain, we went up over the mountains again, stopped two or three places for an imaginary view of Fuji-san, and went on down to Odawara, where we caught a train back to Tokyo. Tamao and I took a cab out to Yokogawa, ate lunch and had a regular afternoon's work. I saw Tomio and Ed for dinner. They had met me at the hotel. They had taken Russ shopping and then had taken him out to the airport to see him off. Apparently Russ had gotten most of the shopping done that he had hoped to and, of course, the plane did take off all right.

For dinner we went to the place I have been before for aryruyaki (sp?) (this would be Wakasugi Rest. probably, mh) It was a very pleasant evening and I took the challenge of seeing if I could talk without interpreter. All three of the fellows had complained that they could not understand Russ. I suggested that I thought maybe Russ did not want to have people understand him insofar as detailed words were concerned. I said I thought maybe Russ was trying to get a broad vague thought across and therefore he didn't want to spend the time to see that the details were all understood.

I have about concluded that the Japanese just don't have enough music to keep stations going. What actually happens if that any station that has music a fair amount of the time has American recordings. The stations that have Japanese music on them invariably are talking more than half the time so one is forced to listen to American music most of the time unless listening is all he is doing. It is very distracting to hear talking in the background.

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Speaking of Margi, I don't remember whether I passed word back to her or not, but Homoyen Beklik made a very definite point of asking me to say hello to Margi for him and he made a plea for me to send Margi to the Middle East to make a survey for the establishment of engineering assistance in that area. Please tell Margi that I think that her friend Beklik has gishi's and geisha's kind of mixed up, but on the other hand it is possible he did know exactly what he was talking about.

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It is now about 10:30 Sunday night (9 Feb.)

(I'd better get over with all this social stuff and get to work, but first I'd better talk about today.)

2/9 Tomio picked me up at 11:30 AM and took me to the Kabuki-za Theatre. This is the traditional Kabuki playhouse. Playing today, and I guess all of February for matinee were two items, one a play and the other a dance. The play lasted from noon to four o'clock with one twenty minute and one ten minute intermission. This play was called Aotozoshi hanano nishiki-E. The dance was called Yukino dojoji. Unfortunately, one of the rules of the Kabuki-za is "please refrain from taking pictures during performance". One thing nice, of course, is "please do not smoke in the auditorium", but I had high speed film in my camera and was all set. It is interesting to note that on the first page there is a notice warning that the English story may not be exactly like the play, since actors' personal preferences and time element and other factors often cause last minute changes. There were two or three that were very obvious to me. One of the changes even went so far as to relieve one of the actresses from committing suicide with a sword or dagger and allowing her to jump off a cliff in its place.

The Aotozoshihananonishiki-E is a very well known play, approximately one hundred years old. Like so many of the Kabuki plays, it is written around the activities of robbers and thieves. Oftentimes, of course, related in some way with high level powerful people. Normally, only two or three scenes are played in this particular play, but we sat through all five of the acts from the beginning giving the background through to the relatively pleasant ending. Tomio had given me a copy of this English program last night so that I could have an opportunity to read it over before the play today. It was interesting for me to see how well I could follow the action, particularly since I began to understand some of the words they were using. The Kabuki actors talk very slowly, but they put a great deal of intonation into what they say, so on one hand it's easier and on the other more difficult. As it

was I was very happy and thoroughly enjoyed it. There are several places in this particular play where considerable humor is shown. Several times I recognized, either by the action or by the words, that such a humorous situation had been presented, but of course most of them I didn't understand why people laughed.

I am sure that everyone by now knows that all characters in Kabuki plays are portrayed by men. It's quite interesting to see a large group of men and another large group of women talking back and forth with the women in such a successful falsetto that they sound very much like the actual women they are portraying. There is one place in the play where one of the fairly rough and tumble men disguises himself as a woman and spends fifteen or twenty minutes fooling several of the other people around him. When he is called by someone who knows his trick, he reverts back from the falsetto to a man's voice with quite a reaction on the audience. This particular actor was very successful in carrying out both characters.

The last scene would be quite a challenge for most of the ballet dancers that I have seen over TV. This same man who had disguised himself as a woman, fights off an army and as they succumb one by one they take various somersaults in the air, sometimes off of the slate roof they are on, sometimes falling into an awkward dying position from the somersault, all the while the actor has a sword which he is swinging around at a great rate, parrying blows and striking people, but of course he never strikes them - he only comes within an inch or so, and this is very rapidly done at this point. Most of the play was very slow, very deliberate and the sword play was never close, but during this particular scene it's quite a scramble.

Incidentally, ~~the scene in the~~ this scene and the next one really show up the versatility of the Kabuki Theatre. The stage is quite a fancy combination. It is a large rotating table which replaces a good 50% of the usable stage and it has a variety of elevators built in, one of them large enough that a house stretching thirty or forty feet in length is raised after the action on the roof has come to an end so that action down at the next lower ~~flight~~ floor can be observed. All in all it was a very entertaining and enjoyable afternoon.

The dance number, Yukinodojoji, is hardly what any westerner would call a dance. There is a great deal of chanting and a considerable amount of slow moving around in the clumsy Kabuki manner, but I guess that's all.

Now I'm getting sleepy enough that I'd better try to get some sleep before going on the business.

Incidentally, the other day Sen Nagayama came up to me just after we had been having one of these big meetings with Russ and gave me a very, very nice book titled "We Japanese". It is put out by Fujiya Hotel, Ltd. and written, I believe, by the manager of the hotel. Sub-title is "Being Descriptions of Many of the Customs, Manners, Ceremonies, Festivals, Arts and Crafts of the Japanese besides numerous other subjects. 600 pages, 889 illustrations. It

is bound in the old Japanese manner and printed also same way. All the printing being on one side of paper but each sheet being folded so that there is printing on both sides of the sheet.

(10 Feb.)

It is Monday morning. Kind of dreary and rainy, and the weather forecast promises more of the same today.

Back to yesterday - At the Kabuki theatre Tomio had gotten seats in the balcony along the side, front row, 3rd and 4th seats from the front. This would have been absolutely perfect for stereo photographs. The first four seats on the second row were occupied by an English family - mother, father, daughter and another man whose relation I didn't get - probably business. This is the second trip for the parents and the first for the daughter. They arrived the night before and the first thing they see in Japan - or rather the first thing the daughter sees in Japan - is Kabuki Theatre. She has to leave next Wednesday to go back to school and the school is not far from Cambridge. I talked to them during intermission because I heard the girl speak of Cambridge. I just wondered if by any chance they knew Howard Purnell, but I didn't mention his name when I found they were not from Cambridge - actually the family is from Kent. The girl had no idea of what Kabuki was all about before they arrived. Luckily they saw the English program that I had and hurried out and got copies so they could read it. Crowded in the first two seats was a young Japanese couple - I say crowded because they were fairly large Japanese and of course they were surrounded with English speaking people.

Before the show and during one of the intermissions, Tomio and I wandered through the theatre. It is a very fancy place with statues and representative garments in various show cases. The evening play, for instance, had to do with Nikko and there was even a section of the stable wall that has the three "Hear no, evil, see no evil, speak no evil" monkeys. Maybe it was not from the stable but the edge of the frame showed weather marks and nail marks to indicate that it had been taken from a wall of some sort.

It was still raining when we got out of Kabuki. We had a little trouble getting a cab, but when we did we came to the hotel so I could pick up my stereo pictures and then, as Tomio had told me during the play, he had made arrangements for us to visit with his family, who just happened to be at the home of his wife's parents. By the time we ~~see~~ got there it was snowing quite hard again and actually sticking some on the ground. I had a very enjoyable evening with three generations and some of each generation being able to talk some English. For instance, the in-laws - of course grandparents who are both of them almost eighty years old - had learned many English words. The grandmother knew about as many English words as I know Japanese. The grandfather, however, knew quite a few more. He was an engineer - civil engineer - and was responsible for designing and supervising the construction of the Osaka subway system. He's a very fine gentleman and obviously an engineer. He approached even a new thing like a stereo viewer with a very engineering point of view in examining for adjustment, etc.

Tomio's oldest boy, now a sophomore in high school, is larger than either of his parents and understands a few, in fact quite a few English words and can talk a little bit. The youngest Endo is a very much oversized child, as they pointed out he was the largest in his class at school. He was mostly interested in watching the TV while the rest of the party was going on. Tomio's wife's sister and her husband and family live quite close by, so some of them were there when we arrived and finally they were all there. This is a big family. The husband speaks quite good English. He works for an economic magazine and has been to America to visit LIFE and TIME Publishing Offices and the Chicago Printing plant where I used to work. He is very bright and a pleasant individual to be around and so is Tomio's sister-in-law. Her English isn't quite as good as her husband's but that didn't prove to be any problem. I added up that they had three daughters. One teen-ager was quite good in English - a very attractive and very friendly young lady, and the other two were early grade school age and they hadn't gotten to English yet. Of course, I should not have left Tomio's wife till the end because I think I felt more at home because of her completely relaxed acceptance of this foreign visitor than for anything else, although the whole gang treated me this way. Tomio's wife had taken over the responsibility of the dinner, even though it was in her parents' home. Her sister had helped her and of course so had the sister's oldest daughter. I think that adds up the people that were there.

After we had eaten and talked about all sorts of things from watches to construction of power plants, we looked at some of my slides. I think the slides that impressed them the most were those of the Old Crock Run in England. They got a big kick out of those, so I showed them several rather than just the spotted one of each type that I gave them for the rest of the viewing. Tomio showed a couple of reels of movies that he had taken from around Lake Yamanaka during swimming and boating season. It is a very active place.

The wife's brother-in-law packed the whole Endo family and me in his little car which is quite a bit smaller than the Vauxall and off we went over the torn up streets of Tokyo to get me back to the hotel. He was going to take the Endo family home after that. It had stopped snowing and it was just raining at that time, so not quite so bad.

After I got home I realized that I had not spoken much Japanese because so many of the people could talk English. We had had trouble only with the word "glacier" when Tomio was out of the room. But his mother-in-law came up with the Japanese word for it as soon as she looked at the slide. This is a remarkable woman. Remember, these were slides taken from 35000 ft, in the air, which of course she had never experienced and yet she knew what it was.

Monday night (10 February) The sun set on an almost clear sky. It had been quite cloudy and even drizzling until mid-afternoon, but I suspect it will be nice weather tomorrow - probably see Fuji again. Russ Milham came to Japan - and I can hardly believe - he didn't see Fuji once, although several days he could have seen it out of his bedroom window and he could have seen it from the

window of Yokogawa. I guess he really wasn't looking for it too hard.

250 Tonight Tosi took me out to dinner. We went to the Aji Sushi House where I have been before with Tosi and with Rinichi. This time Tosi stayed with me through 12 different kinds and 21 pieces (normal serving is 2 pieces so several times we divided a serving so as to get more thorough coverage). Tosi explains to me that the dictionary was right - sushi, in the very old days, is always vinegared fish because that was the only way they could keep it from spoiling. Now in Tokyo, Sushi means mostly fresh uncooked fish. Some of it is vinegared and some of it is seasoned and some of it is cooked, but most of it is raw fish. We had IKURA, which is the red caviar plus quail egg; KAMAMAGURO, WHICH is Tuna; TAI, red snapper; IKA, cuttlefish; ~~ebi~~ EBI, Shrimp; GEISO (?), steamed leg of cuttlefish; ~~awabi~~ AWABI, ear shell fish (whatever that is) (mh note: My book gives awabi as abalone); tamago, which is solid cold scrambled eggs (also called yooku); SEIRI, vinegared snipe fish; ARKAGAI, bloody clam; AROYAKI, the dictionary didn't have it but one of the men behind the counter said it was called trophy shell - it was a shell fish of some sort; then UNI ?, which is seasoned caviar of sea urchin; and back to IKURA to finish it off. This is called Edo Sushi - also Nigirizushi.

After Tosi gave up we went over to a dessert place, the name of which I forget, and there I had a dish they call ogurayama - ogura means something with sweet bean on it and the yama is the house name of vanilla ice cream, so vanilla ice cream sundae with sweet beans. It was very nice, in fact maybe the best dessert I have had so far in Japan. I may be biased because, of course, the vanilla ice cream is a lot like America.

Today was a big day for me as far as gifts were concerned. It started off first with Tosi giving me a shoe horn with a small abacus attached. Then I got a set of pictures ~~with~~ two each of two different pictures showing quite a gang of people in front of Yokogawa - namely Shozo, Rinichi, Tamao, Tomio, Tosi, Russ and myself. The camera must have moved on the best picture with Castle of No Excuses behind us. Russ is just the right height to make me stand out above the rest of them, so the other picture which is good focus shows the old office building behind the group - six of them standing on a curb and me standing down on the street in front of it and just about the same height. I'll try to remember to send one set with this tape. (I guess he forgot - was not enclosed - h)

2150
 Today when I went over to lunch I was by myself. I was supposed to meet Tosi there and he, as usual, was rather late. Maybe I was listening a little more but this time the waitress, when she saw me coming, went over to the window to the kitchen and called as usual but this time maybe a little bit louder something about Meado-san. I have noticed this lately - a clear announcement to everybody in the lunch room and the kitchen that Meado-san has arrived. As a regular thing now I sit at a table in the back corner with a couple of screens up that partially shield the table from the rest of the room - not too well - in fact, many times I see some of my friends and nod to them as they are coming or going.

Well today I guess the girl did a pretty good job of calling because while I was sitting waiting for Tosi to come a strange Japanese fellow came up, said hello in a friendly sort of way, and then introduced himself as Ueno of Yokogawa Aviation. Then I recognized him, but I had had no thought that he might be around Yokogawa Electric. He told me that he was on a visit to Yokogawa and that he had just prepared to leave when he heard the girl call my name, so he had searched all over the building and finally found me in the corner of the dining room. We talked a little bit about the health of each of us and he left just about the same time that Tosi arrived, so I guess it does pay to have one's name called out so loud and clear, but it is a little bit on the embarrassing side. I will admit I would rather have it "Meado-san" than Bradner-san or something like that. Most everybody knows that that is my first name and therefore it makes them all feel a lot more friendly. I bet my parents never had the idea of giving me a first name that fits so well in the Japanese way of talking. Meado-san is so comfortable to say that I am almost never spoken to or about in anything but that name. Many times I am introduced to complete strangers just with that one name, Meado-san.

Tuesday morning (11 February) Phooey! It's raining outside again. Maybe I shouldn't say it that way because I want it to get it out of its system before this coming weekend when we are scheduled to go to Oshima. (Ojima?) - *something*.

Tuesday evening (11 February) I finished up the other tape this morning but of course didn't get a chance to get at this one until now.

I'm sending off a belated Valentine's Day card and just in case you can't read it, Peg, it says Kinotatsu gobujide kazoku ichido. Meado - which means 1964 which is the kino year of the *Tatsu* Dragon | good health to you all of the family - Mead.

 Tosi and I went to the Suehiro Steak House tonight and this time we could get in. Tosi had himself a nice steak and I joined him. This "rice fed" steak was certainly nice and tender - even rare the way I had it. When we got through eating we were so full that I talked Tosi out of going to a zenzai eating place. All we did was to stop at a sweet shop and buy some of those double pancake-with-sweet-bean-between type of cakes.

In the car tonight Tosi told me a little bit about the Russian black market situation and some of the living conditions. The black market - or the black merchants, as Tosi calls them - is quite a game. A stranger, such as a Japanese, walking in the streets within a few blocks of the hotel, will be stopped by normally a relatively young man and asked if he has anything he'd like to sell, such as clothing, a watch or transistor radio, or a chocolate bar or even gum.

Roughly, a ruble is equivalent to a dollar. It may be 10% off. Some of the prices these men will pay are, for instance, for a 6 transistor radio 100 to 150 rubles. When Tosi talked to one of them he found out that this fellow knew where he could sell that same radio (the equivalent of \$5 or \$6 value in Japan) for 200 rubles. A chocolate bar that costs 80 yen at the Yokogawa Company store may be as much as 10 times that price in Moscow. Another item of interest is chewing gum - Khrushchev, apparently, has said there shall be no chewing-gum factories in Russia, so people are willing to pay 1 ruble per pack of chewing-gum. Watches go for a very high price also. Russia does have a watch manufacturing but apparently the watches are not particularly good so Japanese Seiko watches are much in demand.

Some of Tosi's comments on Russian living - in hotels, for instance, the outside looks wonderful and modern and one can expect or anticipate the very best interior, but curtains, hangers, window frames, door frames, and particularly bathroom fixtures, including water faucets and shower curtains, etc. are all very shabby and are always in a bad state of repair. Service in the hotel is quite poor, apparently, and service in dining rooms and cafeterias is extremely bad. Some people have reported having to wait for an hour or more to get their food. Tosi said that he bought the pre-prepared dishes so as to avoid the delay but he found them very hard to eat. I gather that even the best food is not particularly good.

Wednesday morning (12 Feb.) dawned clear and beautiful and there was Mt. Fuji.

Wednesday night - Kita-san took me out to dinner. We went to a very nice little place and had sukiyaki. I told Rinichi at lunch that I did not mind eating by myself and that I certainly hoped they don't worry too much about taking care of me, but of course Kita-san himself would like to go out. He is a little bashful and as he explained to me after a little fumbling at this place, he didn't really know how to handle himself, so I think it is very good for him to take me out because he will get more experience.

I was quite disturbed when he kept referring to the meal we were eating as sukiyaki. Finally I told him he was confusing me - that I had always corrected my American friends when they called it by that name. Then he explained that he had been saying that because that's what he understood Americans said and he thought I might understand better. I suggested that he talk Japanese to me. If you will remember, Tahei has always given the Japanese answer to a do you or don't you kind of question. Now every once in a while he will give an American answer. I asked him please not to, because I understood it when he gave me a Japanese answer and I never was quite sure when he gave an American answer.

Thursday morning (13 Feb.)

Well, I guess winter has come to Japan. Yesterday morning on the way to work I noticed all the little puddles were frozen. This morning there is actually a skim of ice over most of the moat out front of the hotel here below my window. It is a nice clear morning and Fuji-san is up there just as nice as can be.

Yesterday morning Tomio sent to me by way of Tanaka a nice little article from one of the newspapers written in English all about the Kabukiza show that I saw. Apparently the lead man, Beiko, is a very popular and top notch actor on the Kabukiza stage.

Last night (Feb. 13) for dinner Rinichi and Kita-san took me to a very nice tempura place - name was Tenhama - located near the Ogikuboekinonishiuchi, which means west entrance of the Ogikubo Railroad Station. It was very definitely Japanese. There were no other Americans there and I seemed to be quite an attraction to several of the families that were eating there. Apparently it is a family eating place. Kita-san says he takes his family there once a month. The food was very good and of course no one except my two friends even tried to talk English.

On the way home I had a new experience. The hire car driver could talk some English. This is the first one and he was quite talkative. His Japanese English was somewhat poorer than most anybody I know at Yokogawa but he was sure tickled to be able to almost converse in English. Of course there were quite a few times when he did not understand what I said and I had to throw in a Japanese word or two to explain it to him. In this mixed Japanese and English from both of us, I learned quite a bit about his past. He hadn't been able to go to school so he had learned what English he had as a driver for American army personnel. He worked for several of them off and on and now that he is working for a Japanese hire car outfit, he almost never gets a chance to talk English. He was a little too helpful, or desirous of a little too much help, in that he tried two or three times to get me interested in going to some night club. First in Shinjuko, and then in Ginza. I was able to explain to him that this wasn't part of my plans for that evening. I had to get back to the hotel. So he brought me directly back. He didn't try anything to trick me at all and I chose to think that he was seriously trying to help me have a good time.

Just before we left the Tenhama, Rinichi bought for me a box of chocolate-covered manju. This is a very interesting and tasty breakfast which I just had - chocolate coating on the outside and a sort of cake or bread on the inside and almost white an paste.

Actually what I did last night was to read ~~to~~ the literature which Tosi Arima gave me yesterday about Oshima and the Izu Peninsula. We will be spending the next two days in that area. Plans are to go by boat to Oshima (shima means island). We'll spend tomorrow or most of tomorrow climbing and going around the island, go back to Izu Peninsula and stay over night in a Japanese Inn at Atagawa (or Atakawa - same thing), and then on Sunday go clear down to the end of the peninsular to Irozaki and then clear back up to Odawara by car and on back to Tokyo by train. I sure hope the weather is at least as good as it is right now here, with almost cloudless sky but quite a bit of haze. Fuji-san is disappearing but this morning at sunrise it was sure nice.

Tonight (Feb. 14) is another one of these all night affairs. I'm not sure how much sleep I'll get. The boat leaves Tokyo at about 11:00 PM and arrives at Oshima maybe 5:00 AM.

At lunch the other day, Kita-san commented that he had never been to a Geisha house. This came up when he had explained to me there are many girl engineers in Japan, so I had made the now trite comment about geishas and gishis. I asked Kita-san if his wife would like it if he went to a Geisha house. He said emphatically, "No, she would be very unhappy." I said I was surprised, I thought in Japan all wives expected their husbands to go to Geisha houses. Kita-san said he thought that maybe all Japanese wives had the same feeling as his wife did, but maybe there wasn't anything they could do about it. I told Kita-san maybe wives are the same all over the world.

Friday evening (14 Feb.) Getting close to 10:00 PM. Tosi, Tak, Rinichi and I are now aboard the _____ along with thousands of other people. The line of people waiting to get aboard looked just like the path to Mt. Fuji - tighter packed and two blocks long in real confusion. // On the deck, as I was taking some pictures, I came across an American sailor from the Coast Guard, who really longed for talking to an American. After we were out there a while we came in, he went to his stateroom and I went back out. When I came back to our stateroom here he was with Tosi and he stayed in here for better than an hour, telling us all about Iwo Jima where he has spent most of the year - telling about the antenna there the height of the Empire State Building, telling all about his wife and two children back home in Akron, Ohio. He was very interested in learning from Tosi and the maps we had as much as he could about Oshima, to which he has been transferred for another 7 months or a year.

The boat heaved to while we were still in Tokyo harbor to wait for a half hour or so, so that when it got to Oshima it would not be too early. We are underway again. (Incidentally, I just had to repair the Dictet. The bearing on one of the spindles is worn enough that the reel was hitting the plate. I put a couple of pieces of bandaïd adhesive on it to repair it. Whoever heard of repairing a Dictet with a Bandaïd.)

It is about 5:30 AM on Saturday (15 Feb.) The ship docked at a pier on the leeward side in quite a heavy wind. It was quite a manoeuvre. We went and got in a bus to come to this hotel and I looked back twenty minutes later and there was still a solid stream of people coming off of the boat.

This is at the hotel - Kowakien. That's entertainment (can hear Japanese singing - mh) in the dining area. It is full of people sitting on the floor. The four of us went into a dining room, sat at tables. Rinichi and I ate Japanese breakfast and Tosi and Tak American breakfast. The difference was with their ham and eggs they got toast and coffee, with our sausage and eggs we got rice, pickles, fish, tea and quite a few other things. The breakfasts cost the same!

Well, I'm on another boat, this time from Motomachi pier on Oshima to Ito on Izu Peninsula. We are almost there. It is 5:30 - we left there at 4:00. *At 5:30 we left for Ito*

The repair wasn't good on the Dictet, so I'm having to recut an awful lot of it. I carried this with me all the way and the few times I checked it it seemed to be all right, but then once it didn't sound good so I checked back and found that nothing was recording properly. So now with the cover off, sitting on the bed in the Palace Hotel on Sunday night I'll kind of start over.

On Friday night, 14 Feb., Rinichi and Takemet me at the hotel about nine o'clock with our intrepid leader, Tosi Arima. We were in trouble right off the bat. The taxi driver didn't know where the ship pier was and Rinichi, having lived many years in that particular part of Tokyo, took on the responsibility of finding the ship pier - only problem is, that was 17 to 20 years ago and quite a few things have happened since then. We finally got there perfectly all right with more than enough time to spare, but we sure sped around a number of alleys and argued with cement trucks a few times.

The Japanese excursion boats now require a slip filled out with the name of each and every passenger to be left ashore - just in case. So, in the midst of the complete and thorough confusion of the building at the ship dock we got those slips filled out and then rather than waiting until the First-class passengers gang plank was laid out, we went in with the thousands of other people that were jamming the other decks and went up to our two staterooms. I couldn't help but have a few qualms about this excursion liner, particularly since if I remember correctly the Japanese have lost a copy of them the last two or three years - ostensibly because they were over crowded, but I relaxed when I realized that we did not have heavy seas to contend with and both of those, as I recall it, had been so involved. You can understand my concern when I noticed an ever increasing line of people three and four abreast, stretching back a couple of city blocks to get aboard an 1800-ton excursion boat.

Well, they all got aboard and we shoved off right at the scheduled time of one o'clock. I took a couple of pictures of the Tokyo skyline, but there really isn't very much to see at night, and on deck I saw an American sailor who turned out to be extremely anxious to talk to an American and I couldn't duck him for anything. I stayed out in the cold wind with my coat on and he shivered but insisted upon staying and talking. When we went in I found my stateroom locked and he had already gone into his, so I went back on the deck to see if I could find one of my gang. They weren't there but I watched the other ships and dredges as well as the plants that we passed as we went out toward the harbor entrance. Tak came along shortly and we went back into the stateroom, and here was the American Coast Guard sailor talking to Tosi, waiting forme to come back. The sailor's nickname was Moose. I think his last name was Douglas. He told Tosi and me all about his wife and three youngsters back in Akron, Ohio, about the various experiences he had had, particularly telling us about Iwo Jima where he had just spent most of the year. He was very proud of the antenna that they have there that's taller than the Empire State Building. He also was somewhat

proud of the fact that the Americans had blown half of the cradle of the top of Iwo Jima away during the war, but I guess he got my signal and stopped talking about that quickly. Moose explained to me that he was planning on getting out of the navy as soon as his duty was through and he was going to go into business as a consultant with small business firms, telling them how they could get into business and how they could most economically stay in business. He explained he had had quite a bit of experience with this and also his father was ~~also~~ already a CPA and in the business. I think there is some reason to believe that the father's experience has a fair amount to do with Moose's selection of future work. Moose suddenly asked me, "What was the first thing you did when you came in this stateroom?" I said, "I looked around and saw the plaque there that said Life Boat No. 1." He said, "Good - what was the second thing?" I said, "I looked for the life preservers." He said, "Doing fine! Now, where's the life boat No. 1?" I said, "I don't know - I asked my friends here to find it for me and I haven't talked to them since." He said, "OK, you pass all right." Then he commented on there being a lot of people on board and I told him my concern based on past few years experience and he was obviously moved, but after awhile, about midnight, he finally left and went his way.

On the way out of Tokyo harbor the boat stopped for fifteen or twenty minutes and they explained over the loudspeaker system that they were afraid they would get to Oshima too early. Finally when they did get underway and my sailor friend left, Tosi and I turned in on the bunks in the stateroom and I got a very good night's sleep - that is, from 12 until about 4:30 the next morning, just before we docked at Okada (sp?) Pier.

(I've already talked about Kowakien Hotel.) Right after breakfast (Saturday, Feb. 15) we took the cab down to Oshima Natural Park. This is on the east side of the island. We saw many almost free wild animals, all sorts of birds - including quite a flock of real postcard kind of American turkeys. I took quite a few pictures, including some of some camels. A gang of people came through while we were watching the camels and one of the "maidens of Oshima, commonly called Onko-san" (estimated by Rinichi to be in her 50's) fed some twigs with needles on it to the camels which they apparently really enjoyed. One of the men of the gang through a half smoked cigarette into the area and finally, after the gang had left, one of the camels spotted the cigarette and leaned down to smell it. Apparently camels don't like Camels - or at least it gives them quite a kick, because this camel made the darnedest face I've ever seen, held his head up in the air and opened his mouth and showed a terrific reaction. After this settled down I'll be darned if he didn't stick his nose down and take another whiff and come up with the same reaction. At about this point I asked Rinichi "Say, Rinichi, do you have any idea what you look like when you're smoking a cigarette?" His sense of humor is good and he sure caught on and got a big laugh over it.

We started up the mountain from this Natural Park, but our guide and our leader hadn't really worked out the details too well and so finally, after following very faint trails but always going up, we came across a road just as a car came along. The driver in the car introduced himself as being one of the Mountain Keepers and explained that we were way off our trail and were about to go to Habu Pier, which is the southeasternmost tip of Oshima and was the location where our Coast Guard friend was to be stationed for the next year. We got going straight this time and got onto the main trail going up. It was pretty steady and pretty tiring climbing, particularly when we got into what they call the desert area, which is soft sand and quite hard on the footing. Well, down in the hotel we had seen a very interesting display of World War II Japanese rifle, helmet and then a man showed up dressed in a tattered and torn uniform and with smudges of black all over his face. On the way out to our taxi, I noticed some camera boxes with a TV station name on them, so we decided they must be making a movie to be put on TV one of these days. Well, as we crossed the "desert" approaching the last deep climb up Mt. Mihara we saw some very bright lights which we decided must be lights of some sort going with this movie business. Sure enough, as we got up closer here were two characters in real ragged condition and having movies taken of them right and left. They happened to be going very much the same way we were, going from one shooting location to another, so I got fairly close to one of the fellows and he turned around to speak to one of the others just exactly the right time for me to get what I hope is a good stereo picture which will have the first reaction of having been taken back during World War II.

It was cloudy all the way with an occasional break through of sun to be seen on one of the peaks of Mihara, and the temperature was pretty low. In fact, as we went up the last climb and it got steeper and steeper it also got colder and colder, until we found icicles and ice in various spots. This is what they had told me was going to be a hot mountain - always warm, always springlike. Well, we got kind of cold but kept on and finally got around to the popular ascent point. Here there was a policeman that explained all of the warning posts which had kept us from getting anywhere near close to the crater. The policeman said that the volcano had been acting up pretty bad the last two or three days and so they felt it necessary to keep people away. In fact, one could hear a very heavy roar coming from the bottom in a periodic sort of way, and a lot of steam and smoke coming up, and also a ridge of the top of the mountain was smoking as though it were burning itself. We took quite a few pictures around here and then dropped down to a little hut, where we got the usual cup of tea and I drank cider while the rest of them drank hot coffee.

Then we went down the fancy way, and here was real class. One could hire a horseback ride up to the summit and quite a few people were, also the path was paved and steps all the way. Actually steps are harder, particularly coming down, than a continual slope, so I wasn't too happy but it just so happened that that went in the direction of Motomachi Pier where our boat was tied

up. So we went down to Gojinka (sp.?) where the basses can go and where there is quite a community and then headed off away from the crowd again and walked the rest of the way down on what was apparently the original path to the summit. There were very old stone walls and steps. We came down into the back side of the town of Motomachi, went by Ichigome and I took a couple of pictures to add to the rest of them I had taken around the summit without sunshine. As we came down the path, there were frequent bursts of aerial bombs of some sort of fireworks celebration, so when we got to town we looked around to try to find what it was and at the boat pier we found quite a show going on of Onko-sans, and these were a lot younger, doing quite a few dances. I hope the pictures I took were good. Ag

Again there was a mob getting on the boat, this time we were going to Ito, over on the Izu Peninsula. We had seats in the second-class reserved section, which gave us two pairs of seats facing forward. They were a little crowded but I managed to sleep most of the way in spite of the cigarette smoke which irritates my ~~smack~~ throat quite a bit, and all of the noise ~~ab~~ and above it music. Before I went to sleep most of the music was Japanese, although the last thing I remember was hearing the song - I'm a gambling man - and then waking up an hour and a half later also hearing I'm a gambling man. Now, however, almost all of the songs were American - kind of quiet singing songs. Rinichi pointed out to me they were very good for a thing like this because none of the Japanese could understand them and it would put them to sleep.

After we arrived in Ito, our luck really played it right. There was only one hire car there and we managed to latch onto it to take us down along the coast to Atagawa where we had our hotel reservations. * It was about 20 km and good highway, so we made it quite quickly. After a big dinner and a good hot bath, I finally got a good massage. This time I had a man, really not my choice, Tosi decided, and for some reason he decided for a girl for Rinichi. This particular suite we had had one room with twin beds - western style - and then the large room in which we ate and in which the three Japanese beds were made Rinichi, Tak and me, and Tosi slept on one of the American beds. This arrangement made it possible for me to watch the girl's job on Rinichi while part of the time, anyhow, I was getting a massage from the man. This particular girl did a real thorough back-beating job and the man only did a very thorough rubbing job on my back. Apparently there are two schools of thought and these two were the different schools. I thought that the girl was going to give Tak a back rub also but it turned out that that's all there was and she left just after the man went in to give Tosi a back rub. I realized too late that she was leaving and didn't get a chance to ask to have an opportunity to compare the two schools, but anyhow I had a good massage and so I had nothing to complain about.

*
Well, this morning dawned a little hazy. I got a picture over Mt. Mihara and after a lot of dawdling around we finally got on the way. In the car we went down the coast through Kawazu, Shimoda, to Shimoda Harbor. This is the location of the first foreign

* sep 26

2/15

sep 27

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an

counsel to Japan. It was American by the name of Townsend Harris. Since the only public buildings in Japan at the time were temples, his counsel office and his own living quarters were set up in the Giokusenji (?) Temple. Harris was a pretty wise man and sections of his diary are quoted many places around the temple. I think the one that struck me the most was one big plaque in which he describes the setting up of the first flag mast and finished by pointing out how momentous the day was - the beginning of the end - and finishing up with a query "If, for the real good of Japan". Harris did many things. One of the interesting ones to my standpoint is that he introduced milk drinking to Japan. He was a milk drinker and the Japanese did not know of the use of milk. There are little signs all around the temple showing interesting little events. The most odd one is a little sign pointing out the now patched hole in the side of the temple, through which the smoke pipe came from Harris's stove.

This is a very attractive and quite well sheltered harbor. I can well understand why it was selected for the first location. From here we went on down to Irozaki which is the southernmost tip of the Izu Peninsula. There is a lighthouse at the end of it and the scenery is very beautiful. I took several pictures here, as well as several along the coast coming down to it. The weather forecaster had promised that it would be sunny in the morning and clouding up maybe by noon. He was wrong this time. The haze in the morning burned through to a beautiful clear sky and at Irozaki the four of us sat out on a little balcony overlooking the water in a most beautiful sunny day.

*See p 27***
From Irozaki we doubled back to Shimokamo and went up the west coast. ~~By~~ now there were no paved roads at all. There had been only about half of it paved coming down the east coast and this was pretty rough going. The driver was very skillful and kept going as fast as the car and the road would possibly allow. I had looked at the maps and decided where the first possible sighting of Fuji-san might be and sure enough, there it was and I was by far the first to see it, having to call everyone else's attention.

It was quite close to Ukusu (?) and quite a ways before the marked Fuji-view on the map. Probably since the marking was in Japanese the others weren't looking for Fuji yet and I didn't know any better. ** see p 26*

We went on up the coast to Toi, where we cut inland and went into some real rugged mountain country. Here was pothole gravel road, sharp hairpin turning through the mountains. No guard rails generally and narrow enough that there was a real problem with most any car one met and always looked like an impossible problem when one met a bus. Generally one vehicle had to back up if he hadn't waited in an appropriate slightly wider area. One of the times when we came up behind a bus that was backing up to get out of the way of a second bus, the conductor pointed out that we had a soft tire and sure enough we did. The driver quickly changed to another tire, which was also soft, but we all assumed that the new tire was not getting soft as fast as the older one was. Everyone climbed in, keeping well over on the other side of the car

crowding the front seat were three people and they put me on the other side of the car to keep the weight off. Well, we went on down the very rough gravel road for another ten miles or so before we came to a town that had a compressed air station. I began to get worried because I knew darn well that soft tire wouldn't take this wild driving at all over these roads for very long. But in another few miles we got onto a good road again, now back up to 80 and 90 km/hour, up the center of the Izu Peninsula through Ohito, Nirayama and into Misima, where we picked up a train with ten minutes leeway. We needed to get this train too because the train we had tickets on from Odawara left before the next train from Misima got there. We stood up the full half hour from Misima, through Atami to Odawara, standing in the lunch car eating very, very slowly a sandwich or two that we bought as an excuse to be in there. Incidentally, this particular route has the longest tunnel in Japan except for one that has just recently been completed. The train ride from Odawara back to Tokyo was uneventful, all of us sleeping a good share of the way.

(Now I had better get some sleep. I'm going to be having to work tomorrow. I'll finish up this tape in the car on the way out.)

Insert p 25

*Back where I said I first saw Fuji from the Izu Peninsula I should have added - As we drove across and up the west side of the Izu Peninsula, I noted that the atmosphere was becoming more and more hazy and I wondered whether we would get to a place of seeing Fuji-san before it got too hazy. When we came around the bend and I saw Fuji, it was more like a ghost than a reality. It towered way up higher than I had imagined it would be and we could only see the top half in a sort of eerie manner. We could see, or imagine we could see Fuji for another fifteen minutes or so but it was disappearing rapidly. Our timing had been as late as possible and still see Fuji.

Insert on p 24

Notes back on the Atagawa stay. Atagawa is built on the side of a steep slope down into the ocean. As we came into the town on the new high level road we could see our hotel, the Tsuchiya, down below us and only a few hundred yards away. When we wound down through the narrow twisting streets we came to the bottom and found that this hotel was seven stories high with a roof garden on top. It is only about a year old - or at least the upper stories are - but even at that it is a disorganized, rambling sort of thing where it is very easy to get lost and there is a good reason to have the always present guides to take you around. The suite we had consisted of one 10 x 20 room, a little sitting alcove with two facing short settees with a table between them - this had one full glass wall looking out over the town and down the shore, and there was a 3rd room about 15 or 18 ft. sq. with two twin beds. The Japanese bath and toilet rooms were off a little hall going off of the entranceway, and the wash basin was right in the entranceway. The Japanese bath was convenient in that it did have a shower of the English hand-held shower head variety, but the tub itself was kind of small. It was about the size of the one at the Osaka Grande and I had to kind of interwind my legs to get all of me in the water. I would have gotten

cramps, I think, if I had been in normal temperature water but not so with the hot water that was in the bath. When I took my bath, Rinichi and Tak both tested the water to see if it was all right and they assured me that it was just right. They wanted to be sure it wasn't too hot, but when I got in it wasn't hot enough, so I got out and filled the volume that I had displaced with straight hot water out of the faucet. This brought it up to more reasonable temperature, but I had to repeat this process before it got really hot. I'm afraid every once in a while my friends here forget that I am a Japanese and not an American.

Smart on p 24 * The next morning Rinichi gave me a free packet with tooth brush and toothpaste and a plastic box containing a towel, comb, razor, toilet soap, and a plastic sealed capsule with hair oil. I used everything except the soap and hair oil. The toothpaste came in a one-inch long 1/4" diameter plastic extrusion that had just one brushful of paste, and the brush was kind of on the weak side - the bristles and the handle both - but it managed to freshen up my mouth. It had been two days now because on board the ship we had nothing. The free razor was quite a challenge. The razor and my beard fought and fought but finally after enough scraping I got into fairly good shape without cutting myself, but there were times when I thought that if my pen knife only had the right kind of handle on it I could probably do a better job with it. I'm afraid this blade wasn't made for an American beard and mine isn't tough at all, of course. I know many of my American friends who couldn't have used the razor at all because of tender skin and rough beard. Incidentally, the plastic box had a band around it advertising Sibu Hunter's Products with the name Foppy Goose. I asked Rinichi what kind of Japanese that was and he assured me it was supposed to be English. I told him that my vocabulary wasn't good enough to know the meaning of the word .

Smart on p 25 ** When we got to the west coast we were right in the Dogashima area. This has ~~o~~ many sharp islands sticking up out of the sea, some very small and some with holes through them through which ships can go. We did not take the cruise since we didn't have time, but I hope I did get a picture or so. We stopped for some lunch and I ate along with Rinichi and Tak some katsudon. This is a bowl of rice with some egg and thin ham cutlet cooked together and put on top with some tastey juice. This was very satisfactory.

Along the way all day long we picked up a variety of foods which we ate off and on and for me was a substitute for supper.

Mon
 17 Feb. on way to work.....Incidentally, we just passed a fellow on a motorcycle with a tray about 2 ft. x 3 ft. filled with dishes and another tray on top of it with dishes on it. He was driving somewhat cautiously.

Monday evening. Tonight I went to a very nice shoes-off-sit-on-the-floor Japanese restaurant specializing in Chinese dishes - it is called the Chihantei - with Foxboro Production people - Ishii-san, boss man, Fujimura, Shin, and Kita-san. None of the waitresses could speak a bit of English, so we had two different conversations going on. They couldn't understand any of the English and I could only understand a very small part of the Japanese - enough to worry them a little bit but that's all. (How do you like that Japanese station background?)

Today was really a day, one confusion and problem after another.

18 Feb.
 Tuesday - not particularly good morning - it is pretty cloudy outside.

The telephone just rang at twenty-five minutes of eight - voice on other end said, "Good morning, Sir, porter speak, waiting car here come." Now it is obvious what he was saying was - This is the porter speaking, your car is waiting, will you please come." But, Japanese English is wonderful.

As I travel to work every morning there is very clear evidence of progress on almost all of the construction projects. The steel work for the overhead freeway is progressing very rapidly, but I still don't see how they have a chance of finishing the whole thing up by October. Shozo assured Russ Milham and me that almost all of the projects would be completed, based upon a careful study being continually made. I notice reference to this in the newspaper the other day - they make periodic reports on percentage of completeness on all of the projects related to the Olympics. I keep saying to Yokogawa people I expect they will have a depression after the Olympics, because so many projects will be completed, but I am assured the government has other plans to keep the people busy.

(You should see me juggling with this thing in my lap to change the reels amongst all of the evidence of the Olympics.)

18 Feb.
 Tuesday evening - Back in the hotel after an evening at the Arima's with Rinichi also there as a guest. Tosi had told me on Saturday that he was inviting me to his house next Friday. I am afraid his English is not as good as I sometimes take it to be. As time goes on, it becomes more and more obvious that Rinichi and I have an extremely good meeting of minds. We very seldom misunderstand each other - part of it because of language - but most of it because the two of us think so much alike. Many times he can just make a motion with his hands in the air completely out of context with everything else going around and I will understand and respond correctly - such as giving him a particular piece of paper that he was referring to, or my dictionary or something. I am afraid that I am not so successful with Tosi or Tahei.

Wednesday morning, 19 February. It's still a little early to say what the weather is going to be like - pretty cloudy outside now. I didn't want to take up space on the last tape to tell you there was a very hard snowstorm yesterday (Tuesday). The snow started about mid-morning, got heavier and heavier until about four or five o'clock - good heavy soft snowfall - almost no end. The streets and many of the sidewalks were warm enough that the snow melted as soon as it hit, but on the trees and the grassy ground, and on the automobiles and houses, it stuck pretty well so that the trees were really laden down almost to the point of branch breaking. Looking outside this morning I see that the snow stayed on the trees all night.

You asked about the help of that mailing stamp. The difference in postmark from leaving Foxboro to arriving at Yokogawa is quite regularly 5 days regardless of whether it has the stamp or not. I don't understand quite why the stamp would help once it gets in the Yokogawa organization, but the valentine card that Peg and the family sent and Peg's letter of the same date (10 Feb.) both arrived at Yokogawa on the 15th, but I got them on the 18th! On the other hand, the envelopes that you have sent I have gotten either the day they arrived at Yokogawa or the day after. I am afraid it is our friend Tanaka-san. (You might tell Peg if she sends any more she might put Yokogawa Electric Works on the envelope - she didn't on the letter.)

Wednesday evening -- They gave me a chance to come directly to the hotel tonight, so I went down and got a haircut and the barber gave me one of the most enjoyable back, neck and head rubs as part of the deal, but price of haircut alone is 400 yen and this is one place where tips are supposed to be given, so 460 yen - that's getting almost as high priced as Foxboro, Mass. with special reservation.

Tani-san, off to the side told Rinichi, after talking to me, that they found a very pleasant difference between Americans from the East Coast and those from the West Coast. I gather he appreciated somebody who said, "I'm sorry, I don't know but I will find out." (Question -- Is MB from the East Coast or the West Coast? mh)

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Thursday morning, 20 February) A good eight hours sleep last night - sure feels good. Outside it is raining now, at least very wet, and weather forecast is turning to snow by noon.

4-30
~~1001~~

2/20 Rinichi considers himself quite a punster in Japanese. In fact, we looked up this word today. Japanese word is But Rinichi is always telling everybody that he is the laziest man in Yokogawa. So today I gave him the reason why he was so lazy. The characters of Miyauchi mean "shrine, inside of", and of course inside of shrines you generally find an idol, and a close approximation to the word is idle, which of course can be stretched to mean lazy, so by going through English pun we can show that Rinichi was given the name at birth of being lazy man. Rinichi was very tickled with this play with words and languages.

Sunday morning (23 February) Started out kind of cloudy but it is clearing ^{spots} up - lots of blue sky. It is a lazy Sunday morning. I was chicken and asked Ed Hirano if he would do some shopping with me this morning. I still want to get some of those records and also I want to look at some cameras to see just what kind of camera we should be getting for the exhibition photographing. Can't do much shopping, because with Gerry's wide-angle lens and Micky's watch it adds up to about 34,500 yen and of course I only have 36,000 yen allowance.

This is Sunday night and I feel very nicely worn out. I figured I walked about 9 kilometers today, the first 3 with Ed Hirano. We walked over to Chuodori, which is the new name for Ginza. We went into a camera store and looked at all the possibilities for company camera for show pictures - didn't buy anything. Then we went into a couple of department stores at the two ends of Chuodori. We went to the Matsuyakaiya and we went to the Shirokia. (This is the one where the paintings were that Micky wanted.

There were still some of this man's paintings there - some new ones and one of them I'm sure was there from the time before.

We ate unagi for a late lunch between going to some of the stores. I stopped in a music store with Ed also and bought some records. Let's hope these are better this time than the ones I have gotten before.

After the final department store, we went around and had some more ammitsu. This time I got one that had apricots in it along with all the other regular stuff and Ed got one with bananas. This sweet shop was just like the one Tosi Arima has taken me to. Almost never do you see a man in them. They are crowded with women all the time, mostly young women. Even if I didn't like sweets I might have a good excuse for going in.

We went back to the hotel by cab and Ed took the cab on over to Tokyo Central to take a train home.

2/23
 Meanwhile I grabbed a camera because there was some sunshine and headed off to take some pictures. In the following one and one-quarter hours I walked approximately 6 kilometers and took about 20 pictures, all of them around the Imperial Palace Grounds. I walked most of the time on the one street that goes right around the moat called Uchiboridori. I hope I have some pictures of the beauty of the palace grounds and also of the great amount of construction going on right around there too. †

We just passed a train going in town. It was sure jam-packed. In a couple of places it looked as though the faces of passengers were actually flattened out against the door. It's a wonder they weren't all black and blue.

Monday night (24 Feb.) I just spent a very enjoyable evening at the Wataki, the special sushi house run by Dr. Tomota's friend. This time Dr. Tomota took me and Tosi also went along. Tosi quit long before all the food came on and I guess the last three courses, that is three out of the four, he passed up. He took the strawberries but the two courses of rice and miniature clam soup he passed up as well as the unknown contents course just before the strawberries. We sat around and talked about a variety of things. One of them started when Dr. T. explained that Prince Yoshi, 2nd son of the emperor, was an expert on many forms of sea life and that he was particularly investigating how the fishes fin developed into an arm on the mammal. This reminded me of the recent newspaper comments about Prince Yoshi. Saturday morning's Japan Times has a large spread on the front page headed with a double photograph and the headline - Yoshi Meets Prospective Bride. The article goes on to explain how Miss Hanako Suguru was introduced to the prince on Thursday where they met for about thirty minutes. They quote, Peteshi Usami, director of Imperial Household Agency,

as admitting the Prince and Hanako had had a miai (the traditional meeting between prospective meeting between bride and groom) but Usami could say nothing more because Miss Sugaru had not yet given her consent to the marriage. The article continues to say that Usami will call on the Sugaru family to receive the girl's answer sometime on Thursday. By telephone the girl's mother insisted she knew nothing about the matter but finally, after great pressure for several hours, the girl consented to receive news men in her backyard.

That was Saturday. On Sunday, headline also on front page but now at the bottom - Sugaru Family gives consent - and quotes the family as having said they consented to the marriage on Saturday afternoon and it continues to say that formalities for the marriage will be completed after it is approved by the Imperial Household council sometime next week. They comment that it is believed the wedding will take place at least six months after the official engagement to "permit time for Miss Sugaru to prepare for her new life as a member of the Imperial Family".

Incidentally, the Saturday paper said that the girl would not give her measurements but that she did appear a little shorter than the average young Japanese girl and of course it was necessary that she be shorter than 1.6 meters because that was the height of the prince and one of the qualifications for his bride is that she must not be taller with shoes on than he is. Other qualifications that the girl has is that she is related through both parents to countless former princes, marquis, counts and barons; also she was an ace sprinter in her schooldays, was a member of the Hawaiian Band at her Junior High School, and she plays the ukulele. One of the articles says the agency (Imperial Household Agency) has spent almost five years and has reportedly screened 1500 candidates before they finally settled on Miss Sugaru in December. The paper says Prince Yoshi showed an active interest in Miss Sugaru after his chamberman showed him her picture and ~~described~~ described her personality. The Saturday paper reported that she had seen the prince at school (both had attended the same school) but had never spoken to him before their meeting on Thursday.

When I spoke to Dr. Tomota tonight he seemed to think that quite a bit of this was a play for the public - in fact, it is his contention that the prince has had a good opportunity to talk to this young lady in secret and that after talking to many of the candidates he has made this choice. I like Dr. T's story better than the newspaper from a human standpoint but I guess from a tradition standpoint the newspaper is more nearly right. However, the Crown Prince, if you will recall, took it in his own hands and went out and picked his own girl - a commoner. I guess this guy was just too slow in picking one and so the Imperial Household Agency picked one for him.

I told you that Masa Toyama's father had died. Today at lunch, while I was eating with Dr. Tomota and Tosi Arima, Tesi explained that he must leave the company for a half hour to an hour just after lunch to go to the funeral of Masa's father. Then after talking a moment or two with Dr. T. in Japanese he asked me if I might like to go. I explained that I knew Masa quite well and that I would very much like to go to show my respect, so in due course a black band was pinned on my left arm and I went with Tosi, Hage-san, and Tak-san. The funeral was a conservative Buddhist funeral and held in a residential district, in what easily could have been a home, I'm not sure. We went in a narrow path lined with men in formal dress bowing and waited our turn to walk up to some urns on a counter facing the funeral display. The only thing I can really remember was that there was a photograph of Masa's father on top of a bunch of stuff that easily could have been a casket and there must have been flowers or some similar decorations around. In the room off to the right side were many, many women in black, sitting in traditional Japanese style, perfectly still.

I noticed that each man ahead of me had taken a pinch of powder and thrown it in the urn to cause a little smoke to rise and then had made some sort of gesture in a bowing manner. I chose not to follow the complete ritual and conveniently I could wait for Tosi and then bypass the urns and go down another narrow walk, also lined with men in formal attire. One was Masa, to whom everybody was bowing and he was bowing in return. When he saw me, he took one long step forward,

and with a good strong handshake said, "Thank you very much", then stepped back and I went on.

As we left, going down a narrow walk out to the street, we were each handed a little envelope. In it was a card which I have yet to translate, but I assume it is a thanks from the family. - I forgot to say that on the way in there was a table at which everyone presented his card and so I presented one of mine also. Tosi had taken Dr. Tomota's card with him and presented the card at this point also.

The senior Toyama-san apparently had been a very influential man in his section of Tokyo and had even been more influential as a banker a few years ago until he got in big argument with the Minister of Finance, after which he changed jobs. (I'm not getting very much done in the way of business tonight, am I? Because now I must also refer back to my walk yesterday.)

(Sunday) As soon as Ed Hirano left me at the hotel, I rushed upstairs, put a roll of film in my stereo camera, strapped the belt on and pushed out, because as we had come down toward the hotel I had noticed the sunlight was shining on the only building one can see from the street in the Imperial Palace Grounds. I wanted to get a picture of it. So I walked quite rapidly and stopped once to take a picture back towards the Hotel; then as I walked across the large open area across which I have seen so many thousands of school children walk, I noticed a Japanese lady prancing fairly rapidly in an almost majorette style, but the feet were more majorette -way and not body. And then I noticed as I approached that her steps were exactly in unison with mine but at twice the speed. She was taking very short steps and of course I was taking quite long ones because I was in a hurry. As I approached and I cut in such a way as to cut behind her, she suddenly turned around, made a gesture just as a majorette would to a band behind her, and then very skillfully took maybe two steps forward and turned briskly and timed perfectly to have a perfect collision course with me. All of this foot work had thrown me off guard completely so I was thoroughly surprised and all I could do was very quickly say "Sumimasen" and keep on at my pace - maybe going somewhat faster even. I didn't

even look around to see what had happened to her. I don't know - maybe I was a little bit frightened, but anyhow I didn't see anything more of her, so I don't really know what happened. I guess I was just as happy. If one calls that an approach, it was sure a forceful approach. I think that if I had been normal Japanese size she might have stopped me, but of course my mass was about five times hers and so she didn't slow me down very much, but I didn't turn around to see what it did to her. I would guess that she had a big laugh over it but I don't know.

Today (this is Monday, 24 February) I said to Dr. Tomota, "I have a good picture of you" and I pulled out the copy of the Yokogawa magazine that Kita-san had gotten for me. Dr. Tomota said, "I have prepared the original of that picture to give to you". He left the conference room for a couple of minutes and came back and gave me the color photograph plus signature of all three on the back. Then Dr. Tomota said, "You know, in Japan we have followed the old Chinese holiday custom. The Chinese had an attitude toward equals - they thought they were special. For instance, 1 January, 2 February, 3 March, and so forth. Then he said, "You know what 3 March is? 3 March is special day for girls. This is traditional in Japan to give dolls to girls on 3 March." And then he proceeded to describe the large doll sets such as I had seen at the department store on Sunday and that Ed Hirano had not been able to explain to me, or at least he had not explained. These were sets that had two very regal looking dolls at the top. Dr. Tomota said that these are King and Queen. Then below it another line of three dolls, and then I believe there are five and maybe finally seven, each row having certain significance. I think the seven are musicians. Then Dr. Tomota said, "I think that in America your daughter should have this set of dolls, but it is too big, so I have prepared to give you the two dolls, the king and queen at ^{first} ~~first~~, and then next time you come I will give you the next row, etc." I was very impressed and I thanked him very much, and then

I told him about my trip to the department store yesterday. Ed Hirano had bought for his boy maybe two or three years ago a very crude train and that train had been broken before long, and then he bought him a better set, but still very cheap, and that had not lasted very long, and now Ed was wondering about buying another better train. I said, "Ed, I am an experienced man. Do not buy the next better train, buy a very good train, but only buy maybe two or three cars and a little track, and then on special occasions give your boy a little more and maybe the boy will earn some money, as you have said he does, and maybe he will spend this money for the train and in this way he will build it and he will be very happy with it and will treat it like a nice possession." Ed thanked me very much and said that this is what he would do.

And then as we walked by these dolls and I saw the enormous collection of dolls in some of these boxes, I pointed at them and I said, "Ed, same thing here and with the train - no one should give a girl all of these dolls at once. They ~~were~~ would be too many and she would not appreciate them. They should be given to her a little bit at a time and then she will enjoy it more." Dr. Tomota thought this was a very interesting coincidence and so did I.

And while we were talking about Japanese customs, Dr. Tomota also said that from the Chinese has come the custom that when a man has become seventy-seven years old this is his "happy" anniversary - and the two characters seven and seven in Japanese are placed together and that character means "Happy"; when he is eighty-eight this is called the rice celebration and the two characters together mean rice; when he is ninety-nine the celebration is called the "white" celebration, but this time 99 is 100 - 1, so the character for 100 has 1 line removed from the top and this is the character that means white. Dr. Tomota said, "And when a man is 100 his birthday is celebrated, and 101 and for every year thereafter that he lives."

Tuesday morning (25 February) It's a winter wonderland outside. It was snowing when I came back to the hotel last night but not very hard, but this morning the snow has stuck to the streets and the ground as well as the trees - so maybe it looks a little bit like home. I think it may take a little bit longer to get to work this morning.

(This refers back to Masa's father's funeral. When we returned to the Yokogawa Company one of the reception girls hurried out and met us with a little box with salt in it which she proceeded to sprinkle on each of us. This is a ritual performed always after one has been to a funeral. I gather the implication is quite complex but ~~simplified~~ simplified it is that salt is considered very clean and this sprinkling of salt is supposed to ward off the evil spirits that might have come along with you, these evil spirits being the ones that had taken the person whose funeral you had just attended.)

2/25
Tuesday evening - Well, I'm sure getting behind, but it's fun. I went to the Yamasaki's tonight for dinner with Tosi Arima. The youngest daughter, Nobuko, prepared the meal completely and we all ate together. Gunshon, Fumiko his wife, Nobuko, Tosi and myself. His son Akira did not come home before I left, which was well after 10:30. It was a very enjoyable evening. Nobuko had certainly prepared a wonderful meal. It started off in their living-room with appetizers, such as the little seaweed-wrapped crackers that Arnold calls "fish and chips" and included whole octopuses - one of which I ate. It was my first attempt to do this sort of thing, but actually it was very nice - very much more tender than the uncooked ones at the sushi houses. The tentacles as I bit them off and chewed them were very tasty and tender. It was just a little bit more of a problem to ^{eat} ~~suck~~ the body and in fact I was encouraged by Fumiko to not eat it and Tosi didn't eat his. But when I saw Gunshon eat his, I said I also will eat mine. It wasn't bad at all, but I did have to swallow a little hard a couple of times. Dinner was real good old-fashioned Japanese style - all of us sitting around cross-legged on pillows around an earthen bowl set down in a well in the floor
so

so that the top was somewhat below floor level - and a charcoal fire under it kept it good and hot. Simmering in this bowl were just about every kind of vegetable in Japan plus some beef and some very tasty soup. This was followed by some beef cooked in more or less sukiyaki form, and then followed with rice with some of the soup from the bowl and a shredded celery salad and tea, and a little more of each - the gohan (rice) had several pickles to go along with it - two of them specialties of Kyushu I had never had before, one was a somewhat pickled rape seed which was actually quite pleasant and not too sour like so many of the pickles, and the other was a radish, five or six inches in diameter, sliced maybe 20/1000 thick. This~~s~~ also was somewhat sweet and very nice.

Then we went into the ~~ya~~ living room again and here we had a very nice dessert consisting of a sort of tapioca type of pudding with a sauce and ~~orange~~ orange sections, and then a type of manju shaped like plum blossom, of course an paste inside of it, and along with this we had good old-fashioned ceremonial tea - a couple of bowls of that. Then a box of very interesting ~~sandy~~ candy - a great variety.

I showed a half dozen of my stereo slides and then talked Gunshon into singing a couple of old Kyushu songs, one of them was probably five hundred years old. He told the story of the two songs and then sang them. I suggested that he get Rex to sing and maybe also teach Rex some of these Japanese songs.

And then the evening broke up altogether too soon. Everybody seemed to be having a good time but I ^{found} found out afterwards the driver of the car had been sitting outside for an hour or so. I watch very carefully when I go to these places and normally can get the sign when the car has arrived and make some sort of move to leave at that time, but this time I saw no indication at all, and I am pretty sure the Yamasakis were not anxious to shoo Tosi and me away.

Just before I left they insisted upon giving me a few gifts for the family and incidentally, throughout the evening they asked many things about the family and several times they said I must bring "anato-no tsuma" to Japan on~~e~~ one trip

very soon. I explained that watakushi-no 0joosan maybe had better chance to come before my wife but of course that was a big dream for all of us.

Oh, I forgot to say that Gunshon's mother was also there during the evening. She is a very pleasant, very intelligent wide-awake person. She enjoyed the stereo pictures and we got along very fine. She didn't understand too much of the English but Fumiko understood a great deal and knows maybe the same amount of English that I know Japanese, so off and on we had many chances to communicate in a friendly sort of way.

Tomorrow night I am invited to Tamao's home, so again probably it will be ^{late} ~~alte~~ but also I am sure it will be enjoyable.

Driving to work again - Tokyo, day and night, sure is enormous contrast now because of course in the daytime one sees all the mud, the dirt, and the construction, and at night going through the centers like Shinchugo all one sees is the very bright lights and brilliant atmosphere. Maybe the day after a snowstorm while there is still snow along the side and much mud this is even more pronounced.

Wednesday night (26 Feb.) about 11:00 PM. Boy, am I embarrassed. Last night at Yamasaki's we had a wonderful dinner but this morning I woke up feeling a little squeemish and at noon I could hardly eat anything. I sucked on these Yokurt candies all day and this kept my stomach fairly well settled but I did use a couple of Amitone pills that I had in my bag. Tonight at Tamao's I could eat only a little bit. Can you imagine the consternation at the Yamasaki home. I tell everybody I ate too much, but I don't know - it's just possible that that octopus was to blame. I vaguely remember having a nightmare during the night and I think there was an octopus in it, but I have proven that I am bigger than octopus because now I feel pretty good. I think I have conquered - I'll know better tomorrow.

2/20/64

At Tamao's tonight his wife and the three younger daughters were there, Tamao also invited Ed Hirano and Kamia-san, the most long-term salesman for Foxboro instruments in the world. Kamia-san gave me a magazine with some nice photographs in it made by a Yokogawa mountain climber. He also promised to take me to the Japan Alps, the southernmost ones, in November when I come back. And then the Nakamura's presented me with a pair of dolls for Kay. This was added onto another pair presented by Dr. Tomota for Kay, and Yamasaki-san last night said that he had "ordered" Dr. T. to make the gift, so maybe it is from top management. And then also Dr. T. gave me two dolls to take in glass cases to Marion and Margi. And then Fujimura presented me with three pairs of dolls, these were small ones, made by his sister, and Tosi gave me a personal han made out of water buffalo horn - a beautiful thing. This, of course, is added to the things that Yamasaki-san gave me last night. I think this is going to bulk about the maximum I every brought home on Christmas from New York. I'm not sure how successful I'll be getting on the airplane, but we'll just have to see. I'm going to try to make it in such groups that I can just hand some Ed Hirano if the airplane will not let me bring them aboard, and also so I can handle them when I hit San Francisco. With all these things I think I am going to have to leave ^{Micky}/Allen's watch behind and get somebody else to bring it over, on the other hand maybe I'll bring it and pay the fine. I know Micky wants it so I guess I'll have to take it. I would guess I have something like \$40. worth of dolls. Oh, I've got all sorts of plum blossoms also - artificial ones. A

At Nakamura's, Kamia-san showed maybe a hundred slides quite rapidly of the Japan Alps, and I showed maybe four stereos. The car was waiting outside before I got to turn it off but I wanted to show them the Fuji pictures and then the icicles at 30 Water Street. Of course everybody asked me for a picture of the family. I've got to remember to take one along with me. (Please put that on the list.) Luckily I had the valentine card with the kind of small picture of all the six but no Peg - but that did help somewhat.

(I've got a lot of dictating to do but it is after eleven and I've just got to

get some sleep tonight or I am not going to be in any kind of shape at all tomorrow.

I just took an almost Japanese temperature hot bath in the conventional western bath tub and maybe I'll sleep well.

Well, here it is Thursday, ^{27 Feb.} my last day here. There is a weak sunlight but so hazy that Fuji-san is nowhere to be seen. I'm feeling quite a bit better than yesterday morning but still not comfortable. This morning I got up a little bit early and put all of the gifts for the various people in bags that I got from Yokogawa store - that is, all/^{but}the record for the Yokogawa's which wouldn't go in one of the bags. I used my new han as signature on all of them.

What I decided to do in addition to the records that were already identified for Arima's and Yokogawa's and the comic books for Kita-san's boy - last night I gave a towel to Tomao's wife and I expect to give two towels to Yamasaki's - one to Mrs. Yamasaki (Fumiko) and one to the daughter who prepared the meal - Nobuko. I'm going to give one towel to Endo for his wife, the Happiness book to Kita-san for the Kitajima family, and the other cartoon book to Rinichi for his family. I wanted also to give a towel to Tomio's ~~mother-in-law~~ mother-in-law but I thought it was more appropriate for me to give two to the Yamasaki's.

Well, here we are - Friday morning (28 Feb.) about ten minutes of eight - beautiful almost cloudless sky. Getting a little hazy now but I hope I got a picture of Fuji-san earlier - Fuji stood out nice and clear and almost no haze. I'm all packed. I'm not sure what I mean by this but I've got everything in such shape that I can carry it all - my suitcase, my briefcase, a jam-packed Japan Airlines bag with a long slender basket tied along the top and a bag of ribbons in the basket. Then another box, 9 x 12 x 9 inches high and another box 11 inches square and 18 inches high. The two boxes are tied in such a way there is a heavy loop on one side that I can put two or three fingers through and carry them sticking out to the side of the bag that I have in that hand.

So as I said, I can carry them. I'm not sure how far I could carry them but I think quite a ways. Only problem is when I come to customs unwrapping will be quite a chore. I think with what I have they will let me on the plane unless the plane is jam-packed. I had a lot of fun last night - I started out with a bed completely full of packages and I took a photograph of it. I hope it comes out. Maybe I ought to take a photograph of what I have now.

Ed Hirano, along with Rinichi and Kita-san are all coming to the hotel about 9:30 to take me out to the airport, so I'll try to get dictation done before then. I'm sitting here with the window wide open on this nice spring morning.

Well, on my way. We are about two hours out. I have slept about half the time. Just finished the lunch. It is about twenty minutes of twelve, midnight, in San Francisco, so I should be sleeping but I think I had better be doing some dictating first.

*F. ed
7/6*
Rinichi, Kita-san, and Ed Hirano met me at the hotel. They got there a little late because the traffic was so heavy but I was all set downstairs waiting for them. The trip to the airport was quite rapid because now, as I mentioned on my way in, about two-thirds of it is on their new freeway.

When we got to the Pan Am desk this was different from the other airline. This one weighed everything in and so we should have some notes about this -- PanAm weighs everything but they did give me cargo rate on my overage, so that saved a little bit, but they cannot use my air credit card for cargo so the bill will be sent to my home. I think my card ought to be changed to include the "X" in the corner for cargo so that I can take care of it this way if necessary. Also - they number their seats from the rear forward, so if I want a rear seat it must be a low number as opposed to most of the other airlines. Also PanAm preassigns seats so it is necessary to ask for them before you arrive at the airport.

On a jet like this, one of the emergency exit doors on either side is missing a seat, so there is a fair amount of storage for luggage but also there is no window or wall to lean against.

After we checked in at the gate the Yokogawa fellows wanted to get something to eat because it was going to be so late for them by the time they got back to the company and they thought maybe I should have something also because my flight wasn't scheduled to leave until 12:30 and maybe I would not get lunch on the plane. (This was wrong because we did get lunch.) As we went across the terminal to the coffee shop I heard somebody calling loudly, "Meado-san, Meado-san." I looked around and here was Kamia-san. He had come in from Yokohama to see me off. As we ate lunch, it was even more than that. Kamia-san has a cousin who works on the plane maintenance group at the airport. Kamia-san had ~~very~~ very carefully gone to this man and told him to be extra careful on servicing this Pan Am plane and he assured me that it was getting very good attention. He was quite worried because I guess just yesterday there was a second plane accident in a week in Japan - both of them were on propeller type aircraft but he wanted to be as sure as he could be that I did not get involved in an accident. Incidentally, Tanaka-san had taken care of getting me reservations on this plane and he did very fine - partially accidentally probably, but I have ended up with a triple and also no children within five rows in any direction. The seat is 18-A, which is right over the wings, right in between the emergency exits on the left-hand side.

I just filled out my customs declaration - it's kind of frightening. \$151. actual cost plus estimate. Not very much of it for me, either. But, a lot of other people will have fun.

Well, it's about 4:00 AM. I woke up smelling food and looked back - sure enough, the hostesses are serving, I don't know which meal this is, but anyhow, a meal.

Well, I'm sitting in the San Francisco airport. The plane got in about 4:30 and I've got to wait for an 8:30 flight. I could have done better on TWA. I could have saved an hour or an hour and a half getting to Boston.