

Well, here I am - sunny San Francisco. No hitches yet. Al Bock managed to get me a reserved seat on the left side of the plane leaving Boston on AA, but I managed to sleep all right even though the sun was beaming in. In Chicago I made sure that I did get a seat on the right side of the plane and slept about 60 to 70% of the time to San Francisco. It's a hazy sky here but the sun is shining, a nice, comfortable cool breeze. When I checked in at Japan Airlines they told me there was a lounge next to their gate and that I should go down there, but rather than that I decided to come outside and walk around a little.

I went down to the main terminal which is about half a mile from here, wandered around and saw a very interesting exhibit in one of the stores - this was a gift store.- They had a clown made out of a balloon. It was shaped and operated so that a compressor continually kept enough air in it to make it stand up to almost full human height, then the compressor would stop and through a leak it would collapse down into a small pile with just the head sitting on top of it, then the compressor would start again and up it would stand. This was quite an attraction to two or three youngsters, they were extremely interested and amused by it.

Incidentally, I checked my bag through when I got on AA in Boston - all the way to Tokyo. Just now when I checked in at Japan Airlines the fellow ahead of me (he was on tourist) had 30 kilos, I heard the guy say in Japanese, and he had to pay for it. Of course, without my checked-through bag I had no problem since this briefcase and flight bag together are less than the³⁰/kilo allowance for 1st class. I deliberately did not weigh it all to find out where it was but I am sure it was well over if I counted my main bag.

Well, sunny San Francisco was nothing compared to sunny Hawaii. The sun is really beating down. I'm sitting at a writing-table at one end of the airport, right near the loading zone for Japan Airlines. We came in a little bit early, had to take quite an excursion out over the ocean, and still got into the airport early.

I don't think I'll get much of a sunburn here but at least it feels nice. Of course, the few people that are in the airport look at me as though I am crazy - anybody with common sense would stay in the shade around here at this time of the day, but I'm going to be in the shade for quite some time now, I guess, so I might as well take advantage of it.

I looked around the airport in San Francisco for T-shirts - I had looked in Chicago to no avail - finally, here in Hawaii, they had a store in which I got myself some T-shirts. I could have bought some fancy aloha shirts too, I guess, but maybe on my way back through.

We had a very interesting crew on that flight from San Francisco here. It was the second time that the hostess had been to America. She had made one trip to Los Angeles and she was just returning from her first trip to San Francisco. She was having quite a bit of difficulty with the English language and as soon as I used any Japanese words with her she did her best to talk always in Japanese. I'm afraid I wasn't too good at understanding - I did get some of it though, much to her pleasure. The purser on the plane was also on his first trip to America so he wasn't sure what the customs situation was going this way through Hawaii. We had to explain to him there was no such thing.

Incidentally, as I started looking at that magazine a little more (the one that Ishii sent me) I see it is a special issue on Yatsugatake, so I've been struggling off and on when I was^{n't} sleeping to see if I could get any intelligence out of it - I haven't gotten too much.

The very patient and considerate TWA agent that is working this area here just called the skipper of the plane to see if he could get us aboard with the hope that we will be leaving at 8:30.

Back to my earlier story on this flight - Apparently the problem is the ships in Boston Harbor, not here. The ship channel crosses the runway.

Well, two minutes to nine - we are just warming up the engines. It is hard to see how TWA can make money on this kind of flight - 4 1st-class and 26 tourist passengers.

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APRIL - MAY 1966

I did get quite a bit of sleep. There wasn't anybody next to me and on these Japan Airline 1st-class you can pull out the center arm-rest, so I was able to lie down for well over half the time.

I forgot to say - the first thing I did when I got in the airport was to go get a glass of pineapple juice. I guess I haven't said that I got the seat I wanted also - window seat on the right side.

Peg, I just happened to remember sitting here basking in the sun in Hawaii - could you please take those hiking boots of mine to the shoemaker in the South Station and get a pair of Vibron soles put on them. The boots are the ones in my closet on the floor under the rack and the furthest to the right. They already have a rubber cleated sole but they are getting pretty well beat up and I should have new soles before I go to the Katahdin Trip.

START --- Tuesday evening, 5 April 1966

Settled down in a room in the Palace Hotel for a night anyhow. They didn't have the right size room available so I got a monstrous one for the one night. It is about 8 meters square, a great big sofa, a dance-floor area, extra telephone in the bathroom, one of those European fixtures in the bathroom also. The outside wall is completely glass from the floor to near the ceiling. Outside is a closed off balcony. This is one of that group of three rooms, I think it is, on each floor that have the balconies that have a wall along the outside rather than just a railing. They are separated by a partition so they are quite secluded.

We arrived at Haneda just a little ahead of time. The man in the seat ahead of me laughed at me with my checked suitcase, pointing out that he would be through the customs and into Tokyo before I got out of the airport. I had to wait quite a while for my bag but then had no wait at all going through customs.

Tosi and Prof. Harada were there to meet me. Prof. Harada had planned on going back home this evening after spending a day or so at the IEEE meeting here in Tokyo, but when he heard I was going to be here he decided to stay over a day and he has a date with me first thing in the morning here at the hotel to talk to me about some of the work he has been doing. I'm sure glad I slept as much as I did because when we got to the hotel and I checked into the room I then sat around talking to Tosi and Prof. Harada, drinking in a strange manner at a bar - Prof. Harada with orange juice, Tosi with Coca Cola, and me with Kiren Lemon.

Wednesday morning (6 April) When I woke up it was quite hazy and cloudy outside. Weather forecast and weather report said that is the way it started out at sunrise and that by afternoon it ought to clear like most of the rest of Japan is now.

While I was waiting for the weather report on TV there was an interesting 15-minute camera tour of Nikko, with a bunch of students. They didn't show any place that I haven't already seen but it sure was good in bringing back memories!

By 8:15 or 8:20 the sun was starting to come out and now at 8:45 it is getting quite bright - still a lot of haze though so I can't see Fuji-san.

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There is one thing I forgot about my boasting friend last night. As Tosi, Prof. Harada and I got in the Yokogawa car, my friend was standing waiting for a car with a middle-aged western-dressed Japanese woman on his arm. Looks to me as though he was probably quite happy he had not identified himself to me in all his boasting and also maybe he should have been boasting about something else other than his ability to get through the customs line quickly.

116 I'm back down to a much more reasonable room. I didn't realize how large that other room was until I got into this one, which is my standard size. You know, I could wear myself out just walking back and forth across that other room from desk to radio to TV, etc. Still on 6th but down at the other end away from the Palace Grounds - I think it will be a better viewpoint for Fuji-san.

Prof. Harada showed up at nine o'clock on the button and a telephone call came in for him while he was on his way up by elevator. I wondered why the telephone rang a second time. I had just asked Harada-san to come on up in the elevator. The second time a strange Japanese voice started talking Japanese and then he said something about Harada-san, so I said, "Chotto matte, chotto matte", knowing that Harada was in the elevator and then I got him on the phone as soon as I could get him in the room and get him to understand there was a telephone call for him.

This morning I was taken out to the plant by Kainuma. We first exchanged pleasantries about each other's health, then I asked him about his family and then he asked, "Bonsai, genki desuka." So I answered him, "Genki desu." I didn't say, taihen genki desu - I didn't know how to say "so-so" without getting him too concerned. Peg, if you do have any questions you would like to have me ask these experts, I'd be glad to do it.

This morning when I first went to give my greetings to Yamasaki-san Dr. Tomota was also there. He immediately went out and came back with a box containing three beautiful dolls, the second row down in the set of dolls. He still remembers his original promise to give me a complete set of dolls, piece by piece. Gunshan, in having fun with Dr. Tomota, said, "Look how cheap he is. If I were giving them I would give you a complete set all at once. Dr. Tomota gives you only a little at a time." I suggested it could be that Dr. Tomota

was a good psychologist ^{if} -/he gave me a little at a time I would keep coming back, but if he gave me all at once maybe no good reason to come back to Japan.

Today I learned another bit of Japanese. It is a word "kiokikasu". The dictionary says, "to have good sense" but it is normally used if one thinks ahead, such as if a person asks for one piece of paper and he is brought three because he is going to need more than the one, it is said that the person who brought the three is "kiokikasu". It is also said when one anticipates another's need.

I just remembered something - this morning, right after Professor Harada arrived in my room, the telephone rang again and this time it was a newspaper reporter who wanted to come and visit me in the room and ask me a bunch of questions. I explained that I was busy, so he asked if he could ask the questions over the phone, so I agreed. They were simple questions about what kind of business, what American Company (he knew it was Yokogawa Denki), he wanted to know if it was arranging export of material to America, and a few other simple questions like that. (I told Harada-san I thought maybe the newspaper people watched to see who rented the fancy big rooms and they thought those people must be important people, so this is why they called me. I had been very conservative and careful in my answers. It may be that the reporter didn't get enough to be of any help.)

Thursday morning (7 April) Looks like it is not going to dawn. It is a pretty rainy, miserable day out there. I guess this probably means the end of the cherry blossoms. Japan had a very early spring this year and so all of the time schedule is out of whack. They have so many celebrations that allow for only normal variations in weather.

Yesterday, on the way to work, I saw cherry blossoms everywhere but many of the trees were obviously passed their prime. Tosi said they were very fortunate that there had not been any big wind to blow the blossoms down but I would guess a heavy rain would do a very thorough job.

I was told yesterday that a mountain climbing jaunt is scheduled for this coming weekend. It will probably be Mt. Myoko, almost directly north from Mt. Asama, and the map says it is 2446 meters high. It is quite close to the northern shore, northwest of Tokyo.

Thursday evening - 7 April - I have just come in from a supper of sushi and sashimi with Tosi Arima, topped off with Japanese version of American cakes - kind of half-way to French pastry.

Today, just after lunch, Ishii-san came around to talk about the hike this weekend. I find I misunderstood. It is Mt. Shirane that we are scheduled to go up. It looks now as though it won't be an awful lot of climbing, since a ropeway takes care of most of it, but there will be several miles of hiking around on the top and if the weather is anything like good the scenery and view ought to be wonderful. There will undoubtedly still be some snow, so we are going prepared for cold and wet. Mt. Shirane is closer to Asama than Miyoko and in fact is far enough inland we probably cannot see the Sea of Japan, but we certainly ought to be able to see Asama. Tosi Arima is not going to be able to come but lucky Kita-san/^{will.}(I'm not quite sure how lucky he thinks he is - I think he will be proud afterwards to say what he has done but he is not looking forward to it with any great anticipation. I think climbing mountains is not one of Kita-san's favorite activities.) Mt. Shirane is only 2162 meters high - kind of a small mountain - but I guess we will get Saturday night in a hot springs spa and then by the time we get home Sunday night, I think I'll be reasonably tired.

Sunday morning - 10 April - The sky is covered with clouds hanging down quite close. All the trees are covered with ice from the storm last night. Across the valley I can see a hot spring where all of the snow has melted. There is another hot spring point that shows yellow contrasted to the white snow. The wind is blowing fairly hard - every once in a while gusts pick up snow and blow it.

Yesterday (Saturday - 9 April) we left Tokyo - a nice spring day. As we went north it got cooler but it was quite late before we started seeing caps of snow on the mountains. The terrain became

more and more rugged and very spectacular as we approached Naganohara. There we changed from the train to a bus. We had planned to go Hire Car but there was a bus with some empty seats. I got a seat right over the rear wheel - I would say the seat was large enough to be comfortable for a 5-year old child but by turning sideways and relaxing I was reasonably comfortable. The bus wound up and up on very narrow roads - so narrow that it was impossible to pass other cars except at very special places - and the many motorcycles even had to carefully select places to wait for the bus.

As we went up it started to drizzle and then this drizzle turned to snow and before long there was a fairly steady snow and the sides of the road got piled higher and higher until there was a six to eight-foot trough that we were riding in. The bus didn't go all the way to the Hotel Manza so we had to walk the last half-mile or so in the snow. I was glad I had my ski jacket and also my cleated hiking-shoes. There were several other people in the bus also going to the same hotel. They were still in their business clothes and were quite a sight by the time they got to the hotel. All three of us had jackets but Kita-san didn't have a hat, so Ishii-san gave him an umbrella that he had folded in his pack.

A brief tea and then a Japanese dinner with several new things to me. One of them is a tōfu that has been frozen and therefore become a sponge. This is a dangerous item, because it is large enough you want to bite it in two but if you do, you will splash the liquid all over. Also we had the pickled fiddle-heads and I learned these are not warabi, they have another word that also means "hairspring" - it is zenmai.

An hour or so after dinner we went into the public bath (separate ones for men and women) to have a nice, very sulphurous stew.

(Sunday again) After a leisurely hot bath and breakfast and watching the sky clear and the sun come out, we are now on our way at quarter of nine. It is well below freezing in the shade, but the bright sun is causing a little softening. There are enough hot springs it is difficult to know whether it is the sun or the hot springs in some places.

This mountain is covered with ski lifts, tows rather. The one down below that we passed has a loudspeaker and music to entertain the skiers. We came on up to the foot of the long lift that will take us up to the top if it runs. Ishii-san is going in to check now to see if they are going to operate it. It will be a nice long walk if they are not operating it. While Kita-san and I are waiting for Ishii-san we are watching an instructor here with a bunch of people. I took a picture across.....Well the big lift isn't working today, so we are walking down to the short one which will take us maybe half way up to the top, then we can try struggling the rest of the way. Kita-san is not so happy about this, he would be a lot happier if the tow went all the way to the other end of the trail!

(Well, apparently the plug pulled out of the Dictet either during that first lift or immediately afterwards. I would guess the hook on the shoulder strap snagged the plug and pulled it out even though I have that special holder, so I'll try to reconstruct.)

The first was a chair-lift, following that we walked for half an hour or so, or rather climbed fairly steeply on packed snow, breaking through every once in a while a matter of several inches up to maybe a foot sometimes. We got to the top of the non-operating ropeway, took some very nice scenes - I hope the pictures come out good - and

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then we walked over to the horizontal ropeway and found that it was shut-down because of ice, so we went down and around up over a very steep side of the mountain to the top of Mt. Shirane. From here we went down over a long slope. We saw a couple of skiers on the top of Shirane. They followed us down as we went toward the lake. The lake is called Shirane-yukama. The almost bright green color sure made a big contrast with the white snow covering all the rest of the ground. Apparently this lake does not freeze even in the coldest winter - maybe because of its chemical content or maybe because of the heat. I gather it does get some heat from underground springs.

We hiked on over several kilometers to the head of a gondola ropeway. This took us down quite a bit in altitude to where there were a few bare spots at times on the ground. Here we stopped and had some lunch of anman and juice from cans, of course Ocha and amazake. Amazake is the brew that is headed for sake after it turns sweet and before alcohol starts forming. I got a package of concentrated amazake to bring back with me. The Japanese often refer to concentrated drink as "konku".

Well, after a leisurely time here we took a chair-lift on which we rode maybe fifteen or twenty minutes and at times were fifty feet or so off the ground down to low altitude - there were times in which we were so close to the ground that my feet would have dragged if I hadn't lifted them. When we got to the bottom we found that it cost nothing to come down the lift, so we said domo arigato. At the bottom of this rope-lift the snow was starting to get pretty scarce. There were patches where the shadows had protected it but in the sun it was all gone except for a couple of pretty deep spots.

We then hiked a quarter mile or so to the head of another chair lift. This one took us down cellar - I say cellar, because there was no

snow at all left when we got there. The sun was nice and warm, but in the shadows of the buildings the ground was frozen and much of it covered with ice.

From here we hiked down into the town. Going down into Kusatsu we went through a shrine grounds going from the back. We came upon two little boys stealing money out of the donation box. Neither Kita-san nor Ishii-san recognized what they were doing so we went on without interfering with their operations.

From here we would have taken a bus or a hire car. We found we could take a bus but Kita-san assured me that anyone who had a reserved seat on the train - and we did- also had a reserved seat on the bus. It was hard for me to understand this but I accepted it and chose to go outside on the street and watch people rather than just sit in the station for thirty minutes. After about ten minutes or so, Kita-san came running out, explaining that he was so sorry, the sign didn't say that and we did need to stand in line to get seats, so we went in quickly. There were many people ahead of us. Ishii-san was saving Kita-san's spot in the line and insisted I take that and Kita-san had to get quite far back in the line and when we boarded the bus it was obvious there weren't enough seats to allow everybody ahead of Kita-san to get aboard. Ishii-san spoke to the conductor quickly and Kita-san ended up being the last one to come onto the bus. Now we had no problem because at the end of the bus-run we had reserved seats on the train.

(We are about a third of the way back to Tokyo now and there are only about six in this reserved seat car.)

As the bus went down the well-paved road we got further and further into summertime so in a few hours we had gone from winter to almost summer. The sun is still bright and it is very warm, comparatively speaking.

Asamayama was quite clear so I took a couple of pictures, one through the bus (?) and one out the bus window.

Incidentally, there is a string of volcanic mountains in Japan. The first one in the south is Mihara-yama, then there is Fuji, then Asama-yama, then Shirane, so steadily I'm climbing one after the other of this string of volcanoes. This whole area up here is one of water-power. We have seen many generator installations and the large pipe coming down out of the mountains to feed the stations.

We went on in to Ueno Station, transferred to another train to downtown Tokyo, had a tempura dinner, came on over to the hotel and Kita-san and Ishii-san planned on going home in the same taxi.

There were 150 people in line for taxis. This is the most efficient taxi stand I have ever seen. They have one starter who is working hard all the time. He has three lines of taxis and loads two in each line simultaneously and then brings forward the whole three lines of taxis again and loads six more. This way it took us maybe ten minutes to get into a cab with the 150 people ahead of us in the queue. There were plenty of taxis - always 25 or 30 in each line backing up the one being loaded.

--- A couple of things I remember now that I should have put on the tape before.

The hotel Manza was a typical Japanese resort hotel. There was no English at all and apparently no attempt to cater to foreigners. I was told there were some bedrooms with western beds but almost all of the rooms were standard tatami rooms with the little sitting-room between the main room and the outside windows.

When I referred to the bus from Kusatsu being completely full I meant also to say by being full I meant also the aisle seats. The

Japanese buses have small folding seats that fold out into the aisle and when a bus is full it means there are two people sitting in the aisle for every row of seats, so it is impossible to get out quickly. In fact, almost impossible to get out until the people ahead have gotten out. Some buses are not quite so inconveniently built - they have only one jumper seat that folds out into the aisle. In this case, a slim person can just squeeze by the people that are sitting in the aisle.

As I arrived at the hotel room, I could see my sun and wind burned face which had been protected by sunglasses and a stocking-cap. This leaves a very odd shaped sunburned area.

There are many other things I am sure I have forgotten.

By the way, Kainuma has obtained permission to bring bonsai trees to my desk at the company. On the 7th of April, Thursday, he brought a Boke, which is a Japanese Quince. It was flowering nicely with -- in fact there were two of them, one with red blossoms and one with white blossoms. I hope my picture is satisfactory. And then, on Saturday, 9 April, he brought a Shitan, which is red Sandalwood or Rosettawood. It had very small blossoms just opening and was very beautiful. I will try to get a picture of it this morning. (Monday)
Monday evening (11 April) Shozo changed his invitation to Tuesday evening, leaving me Monday free.

Tonight I decided I would try eating in the Grille Simpson. Very interesting - serves only American food and it was about half full and it was only just as I was about to leave that the first other American showed up.

In this restaurant, the desk where you pay is quite a ways away from the dining area and there is no one to tell the girl behind the desk what table you are at. If you remember in the Coffee Shop, every waiter or waitress sings out your table number as you get up but not

4031 so in the Grille Simpson, so I walked up to the desk and the girl was working away at her bookkeeping or something and didn't look up, just asked in Japanese what my table number was. I answered her back, "Yonjuichi" so she reached up, picked up the slip and handed it to me. Only then did she look up and see that it was an American and was apparently somewhat taken back. But it was my slip, so I signed it. As I walked away the man behind me said, "Yonjugo", which had been his table. This time it was a Japanese.

Listening to the news tonight I hear tales about earthquakes in Matsushiro and the surrounding cities. It reminded me that Saturday night at Manza we were only 20 to 25 miles away from Matsushiro and during the night there were three or four quakes that were heavy enough that they woke me up. I have no idea how many there were that I didn't feel. I'm getting so used to them that I forget all about them.

Incidentally, Kainuma has been my steady driver going to work in the morning and on several other occasions, such as Saturday noon and again this evening. Apparently he is Harada-san's driver and Harada must be out of town, so Kainuma has been assigned to me for the time being. Tosi tells me that Kainuma wishes to have me take a bonsai tree back to America. I have told Tosi that I am not expert, that I don't know which ones I could take in. We would have to investigate. He said he would do that. I suggested that the very best way to do was for me to pay a normal shipping organization to take care of it, just as they do other bonsai trees. It does sound as though it might be a good idea for me to try to get a permit anyhow, and if the right way is for it to come from the U.S. I would appreciate it, Peg, if you would so arrange. If you could leave the port of entry pretty broad, such as saying Honolulu, San Francisco, Seattle, and Anchorage as possibilities. You could leave Anchorage out if that

would help any because I guess now Northwest Orient's fastest route is Seattle. Also I don't know what kind of tree is possible. If it is practical to get such a permit to me before I leave (and now it looks as though it is pretty certain it will be as late as the 29th) then, Peg, will you please send me a note saying you are trying to get the permit and then follow that up with the permit. If it is not practical, please let me know as soon as you can. Not knowing what you will be able to do, I will be trying with Tosi's help to do something on this end - that is, if Kainuma's offer is strong enough that Tosi wants to follow through on it. There are so many uncertainties, but I guess that's the way it is in dealing in foreign countries, particularly in Japan.

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Incidentally, I have not seen Fuji-san yet and from what I hear if I had been in Tokyo yesterday, Sunday, I wouldn't have seen it. Apparently it was sunny for a little while around noon but the rest of the time pretty cloudy here. Everybody was very surprised when we reported how good the weather had been up Shirane way.

And I have got to learn which Shirane this is. Shirane means white and I guess there must be a dozen or more shirane mountains in Japan. I guess it is all right to call this Kusatsu Shirane, but I think there is another name that is the official name.

Tuesday morning (12 April 1966) Raining - not hard but the streets are very wet. Weather forecast shows that it should clear this afternoon so that Shozo will have good weather for his party this evening. He told me one reason he wanted me to come was that he was proud of his cherry blossom tree.

Tuesday evening - Back to the hotel. It is now almost 12:30. This was quite a long evening. Went to Shozo's with Ralph Lee, Newman and his wife, and another man - Carl Schwarz, who is production manager, and his wife.

We have a very delightful, mixed-up Japanese, English, American and Chinese dinner, and afterwards I dragged out my stereo slides to supplement the pictures that Shozo and Mariko had shown before dinner. There were quite a few of Cavier and Dave Packard and their wives, as well as Newman, and so they were of great interest. The one that got the most attention was Dave Packard kneeling in a good Japanese manner alongside a meiko with a beautiful flower arrangement in the background. This was Rex's picture.

Shozo's English is sure getting better and Mariko's too.

After the rest of the gang left, Shozo and I sat around and talked for a couple of hours or more on Foxboro, Yokogawa Denki, Y-H-P, and

Hewlett-Packard - their present policies, future plans, etc. Mariko looked through the rest of my stereo slides while we were doing this discussing.

Wednesday morning, 13 April The sky is clearing - looks like we may have a sunny day.

Wednesday evening - Back in the hotel after a very enjoyable tempura dinner with Tamao Nakamura.

Thursday morning, 14 April Cloudy and hazy - no Fuji-san yet. On my way to work this morning, as I got on the elevator there was a very attractive, very small and slender lady dressed in the long dress of southeast Asia. She was obviously very nervous and asked me if I was going down in the elevator. Automatically I answered, "hai" so she punched the No. 1 button for me, then as we went down she said in very good English, "I am scheduled to fly back to Saigon ^{are landing} this morning but I don't know whether they ~~will be landing~~ or not." The elevator is a fast elevator so I had only the opportunity to smile sympathetically and say that I certainly hoped she makes it all right. I had noticed she had punched the A-button and as I got off the elevator she said, "Good-bye." It was certainly obvious she wanted somebody friendly to talk to but probably fortunately for me I had to go to work right away.

Thursday evening - back in the hotel after eating dinner with Rinichi, Tahei, Senbon-san and Hasebe-san.

Starting Tape #4 approximately midnight Thursday, 14 April.

When I came to my room tonight I found we had quite a crisis in the hotel. There was a note in my door which said, "We sincerely regert to inform you that, due to the regular cleaning of our child water tank, child water supply will be suspended from 10 AM to 5 PM on April 15, 1966. Your cooperation will be appreciated." I don't know what we are going to do without our "child water".

Today, Kainuma brought the 4th bonzai. This one is a nire keyaki - nire means elm and keyaki means zelkova tree. It is supposed to be a zelkova tree that looks something like an elm. It is a beautiful little tree, the leaves being only 5 or 6 mm long and maybe 3 mm wide.

Friday morning, 15 April A promised drizzle today and looking at the weather map there is an occluded front just below Korea and the way these things go that means late today probably that will hit, and right behind that, just about in time to get us by tomorrow morning - by my estimation - is another potential occluded front.

Friday evening - A free evening so I'm getting to work on the dictation pretty early.

Today when I was buying my asa gohan at noontime, Kita-san pointed out two packages on the counter. One of them was a bar of candy which had the words "I Love You" on it, and the other was a box with a tube of ointment with the word "Rub" on it. To an American that seems reasonable enough, certainly we can see the difference between Rub and Love, but if you go to katakana, which is going to the phonetics of the Japanese language, you find very quickly that ~~ka~~takana for those two words are identical. Of course, kanji meaning those two different things would be entirely different in all probability.

More fun is slated for this Sunday. Ishii-san is running a hike for residents of Musashino. The bus leaves Mitaka station at about 7:30 and we go to, or close to Itsukaichi - about 50 kilometers from this hotel. We go on out beyond Hachioji - just short of the town. The hike then goes up through what looks like pretty rough country with this map. The first rise goes up about 250 meters in something like 600 or 700 meters - sure sounds like Old Spek all over again. The total hike is about ten miles, according to Ishii-san, and this first peak is actually about a third of the way through, so we will have our lunch hanbun. The start of the hike is at about 200 meter altitude. After we hit the hike I mentioned before we go down a hundred meters or so in a couple of kilometers and then go back up, climbing up to about 620 meter altitude near the peak of Mt. Kariyose, where on a shoulder we have the other hanbun. The mount itself is 687 meters to its peak. The trail then goes almost due north, down a long sloping ridge where it hits the highway just west of Itsukaichi where the bus is supposed to meet us. The highway there is down to about 200 meters. All of this sure sounds wonderful in good weather. I'm not sure how many people will want to go the trek if it is raining and I understand that Ishii-san had alternate plan if it is raining and he will have the bus take us on another sight-seeing tour. Let's hope it is clear, because I'd sure like to do the hiking. I'd like to see what the countryside is like. This hiking map that shows the contours (that Ishii-san has supplied) shows an awful lot of trails through this country and it looks like pretty rough country. About 15 or 20 kilometers northwest is Mt. Otake, which just means Big Mountain. It is 1267 meters altitude. Another 4 or 5 kilometers west of that is Mt. Gozen, with an altitude of just over 1400 meters. Someone with 4000 ft. aspirations could sure go crazy here (in this little map that is only 20 km by 25 km there are a dozen or so

4000 ft. peaks - many of them not even named on this detailed map).
Saturday morning (16 April) It has been raining during the night. The streets are wet. It is very overcast. Doesn't look particularly good but the weather forecast is clearing by afternoon. Looking at the weather map right now I'm not sure how it is going to come that fast but for the first time in many days I have seen some highs on the weather map, which goes over into China a ways. Right now there are two highs coming in, one from Manchuria and one from down south of the tip of Korea. This looks real promising for us down here in the Tokyo area. - He says the sun is going to be shining later on today out Osaka way, but this guy says it will stop raining and just be cloudy this afternoon - at least that is what I read in the signs - obviously I can't understand him well enough. For tomorrow those highs ought to be just about over us.

Detailed forecast on TV shows cloudy today in Tokyo but just west of Tokyo and just north of Tokyo he claims it is going to clear, so it depends upon where the Arimas and I go this afternoon. I understood from Tosi that we were going to spend the afternoon west of Tokyo. So, maybe it will be good, at least I don't think it will be bad. (I hope the dictation I gave last night made sense! I sure had a hard time staying awake.)

Going to work on Saturday morning I see the school children going to school just as on every other weekday.

Back to the hotel after an afternoon with Arima-san to Tak-san and then the three of us at the Arima's house eating, then looking at the stereo pictures, and then listening for a little while to the Berlin Symphony, or rather Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. It was on TV a good share of the time I was at Shozo's the other night and again tonight, when I saw the beginning of the Leonora Overture No. 3 and the end of Symphony No. 9, both of them Beethoven, of course. The Berlin Philharmonic is getting a terrific applause here in Tokyo and they have a real actor in their meistro Herbert von Karjan (?).

After lunch today we drove out to UNESCO Village, which is right next to a large water reservoir for Tokyo. We participated in some very mild hanami, hana meaning blossom and mi meaning see, and it always means looking at cherry blossoms. I commented that maybe tomorrow would be good hanami and Tosi said, "No, you do not have real hanami without sake." Just about that time the car went around the bend in the narrow dirt country road we were on and there were two men that had started out hanami, I guess, but they were beyond the mi stage. Their bicycles were nicely parked, but they were flat on the ground some twenty feet apart, one of them quite near the road. As we went by he feebly raised a hand, sort of pleading for help, it seemed, but there was no expression at all on his messy face.

At UNESCO Village I took several pictures showing several kinds of cherry blossoms. One of them has a very interesting name, but first let me say that the characteristic which we call buck-teeth in half Japanese is called ha before hana, ha being teeth and

hana being nose - ha also means leaf and hana means blossom, so this one cherry tree the ha comes before hana just like the buck teeth - the exact expression is used to describe both situations.

At UNESCO I also took a picture of an iron horse and an iron elephant. The iron horse was an old steam-engine, of course. The iron elephant was a passenger-carrying open topped truck formed out of sheet steel so that front end looked very much like Dumbo.

This coming Tuesday, when I am scheduled to be at Tokyo University, YEW Union is scheduled for a strike; then there is a countrywide transportation strike scheduled for the 26th, and another one for the 30th if they don't get on the 26th what they ask for. Things are sure getting hot.

4(17)

This is tape #5. I'm starting it 17 April (Sunday) at 00:10 (10 after 12). Guess I'd better get some sleep with a 10 mile hike coming up tomorrow and now only about 5 hours sleep possible.

Now 5:15 AM - Sky quite clear above but still too much haze to see Fuji-san. When I looked out the window there were a bunch of buses already with sight-seeing students. Now at 6:00 the sun is quite high and the sky is clearer but still no Fuji.

One of the things I forgot to say a few hours ago was that during the afternoon with bright sunlight suddenly it was summertime - it was so hot almost everyone had his coat off.

I'm not going to take the Dictet with me today because these new batteries are also showing very weak.

4(17)

Back at the hotel - Now after a hot bath it is about 8:00 PM. We had very nice weather all day. Sun was shining a lot of the time and it wasn't too chilly even up on top when the sun wasn't shining. The sake-less hanami was quite good in spots, so was the hunting for warabi (fiddle-heads) and the Daiwa car man and I finally struck upon a common description - Kyō taihen undō deshita. Maybe that isn't good Japanese but he understood that I meant I had had a good hard day's exercise.

Also one other disappointment - Fuji-san wa miyama sen deshita (I did not see Fuji-san).

This was a certainly well organized hike. We waited until 7:45 to leave Mitaka, this being 15 minutes leaway on the deadline published. We arrived at the bus at the other end at 15:33, three minutes later than scheduled.

In the morning as soon as the bus started we were each given a printed list of all people in the party with their addresses, and we were also all given little printed-on-ditto-machine song books - about a third of the 12 to 15 songs are American tunes but Japanese words.

The bus had a PA system and a spot in front and another one in back where a long mike cable could be plugged in, so that everyone in the bus could be reached with a mike.

A
~~The~~ ten-minute station break at a public roadside WC; we arrived at the starting point, Tatami Nahara at 9:15. Here we first had about a ten minute session of warm-up exercises led by one of the leaders. Ishii-san organized the hike but he let the other five men run it completely, possibly he arranged it that way so that he could stay with me - I don't know, but we were hiking close together most of the time. While we were still in the town we came to a large painted steel plate with a map of the countryside and showing the various paths. We went about 20 minutes on a gravel road and stopped just before the first steep climb for station break and strip down of jackets and heavy sweaters. Here were the last houses we were to see until just before we got back to the bus in the afternoon. This was the beginning of a forest of a great variety of trees and flowers and birds - trees such as cherry, bamboo, cedar, pine, etc.

At 10:15 we got to a good viewpoint overlooking the large town, Itsukaichi. Here we had a 7-minute rest.

A little after 10:30 we arrived at the summit, after a steady, very steep climb, and here's where we had our lunch - taking all of two hours. After we had finished eating, it was suggested we go on a warabi hunt. It warmed us up quite a bit, because it meant scrambling up and down and around on a seldom less than 45 degrees. Lunch was quite something. At the most I usually will eat a sandwich, an orange and a small amount of chocolate, but today Kita-san and his daughter, Kaiyoko, along with Kazuko and Keiko Arima and myself, had provided for lunch two jugs of ocha (they were canteens, actually), 10 anpan, 2 large bars of chocolate, 6 mikan, 6 juice cans, 6 rice balls, 3 4" wheels of cheese, box of crackers, peanuts, package of what Arnold calls "fish and chips", package of chestnuts, 3 hard-boiled eggs, a whole pineapple, a large salad and dressing, 10 bananas. Ishii-san and his son Yutaka shared some of this with us. They had only brought 6 sandwiches (small) and a cook stove with enough water to make up for each of the 7 of us a batch of instant shiroko.

We were on our way at 12:30, going steadily down for 20 minutes or so, then at 1:00 they had a 5-minute rest. From here we hit three peaks and valleys in sequence at 5-minute intervals, and then a 4th one where we arrived at 1:45 near the summit of Mt. Kariyose. Here we had a 20-minute stop and ate a little bit more of the food.

One group of half a dozen guys had had a barbecue at the first place. This time they broke out a large frosted sweetbread, sort of like a breakfast roll, and as they cut it up amongst the group they sang "Happy Birthday to You". I should remind that there were only two or three of this whole group of some 50 people that were able to communicate at all in English with me. Several times we started but always bogged down when they found they had to go back to Nihongo.

From this point we went down an extremely steep drop, first going in a straight line like South Turner, and then reverting to switchback trails that even then were quite steep. In about 30 minutes, at 2:35, we arrived at a stream at the bottom of Bombari Valley. After a 5-minute rest we started rock-hopping down the stream bed for maybe a kilometer til we came to apparently what was a logging road, since the only activity apparent was the cutting and replanting of trees. A 5-minute break here, then we walked quite steadily down to the little town of Sawatobashi, where we got to the bus at 3:33. After four or five minutes of standing around and some people loading their gear into the bus, again we had setting up exercises for a good 10 minutes. Every one pitches into this in unison, apparently having simple names for each exercise, so they can shift from one to the other without much delay.

On the way back to Mitaka, almost every one on the bus was asked to entertain one way or another. Most of them led group singing, some sang little songs solo, and of course the inevitable, they asked Meado-san to sing. I had been trying to remember some of Ron's favorites, but I couldn't get started at all, particularly with everyone singing the Japanese songs or the American songs with Japanese words. I couldn't even remember the words of Clementine when they sang it in Japanese. So finally I gave a very short speech and afterwards I thought of so many things I should have said and could have said about the way the hike was run, how good the leaders were, and all. All I said was how much fun I had had, how much I appreciated having been asked, and Kitasan translated into Japanese. Everybody applauded very loudly, although I certainly didn't feel that I had earned any applause at all. (I've got to remember to bring with me Hiking and Campfire Songs - first I should find some thin paper assembly of words of songs, but of course the big problem is going to be if I try to sing. This will probably take more practice and study than learning to speak Nihongo.

About 5:30 the bus got back to Mitaka Station. Kita-san wanted to eat dinner with me somewhere local but the only shop he considered suitable was a tempura shop that was closed, so he called a Daiwa car and I asked to take Kita-san and Kaiyoko home on the way back to the hotel.

On the bus trip back to Mitaka, there was one girl maybe 9 or 10 years' old who had slowed down quite a bit near the end of the hike but in the beginning had been very much in the lead. She led the singing two or three times, one time with the Japanese version of Do, Re, Mi, which is in the Song Book; another was a hand-clapping, first-stamping community-sing song which she did very well.

Looking back over the list of people that were on the hike, Kazuko and Keiko together gave me translations of all the names. Sixteen of the people gave Yokogawa as their address - that was my address, too - and a total of about 23 were Yokogawa employees or their family.

4) On bonsai, the latest - April 16 - Kainuma brought a true keyaki. It has considerably larger leaves, also it is quite a bit older and larger tree.

Did I explain the April 12th one? Ezomatsu - Ezo is the name for old Hokkaido and matsu is a pine tree. Ezomatsu is a pine-like tree from Hokkaido and I think the dictionary says it is a spruce.

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On the blackboard right close to my desk is pinned up the Christmas card with the New England snow scene that we sent to the Engineering Group this past Christmas.

Monday morning (18 April 1966) Kirei desu to Fuji-san ni masu. Wonderful! The sky is perfectly clear. No clouds, no haze at this 5:30 in the morning. Now at 7:00 in the morning the sky is still perfectly clear with no haze at all.

Monday night - I went with Kita-san and Kainuma to the Mendori. I vaguely have recollections of having been there before but I guess we were on the 2nd floor before and this time on the first. Mendori means "hen's house" so I had chicken sukiyaki and liver cachetori, I think.

Today the Union arranged to take off about fifteen minutes early and have a big rally on the athletic field. Tomorrow it is scheduled to go out on a full-fledged strike at 2:30 in the afternoon. This is one of these industry-wide affairs which the local union doesn't take very seriously.

Some notes back on that trip yesterday. It was interesting to note that many people are preparing for the 5 May Boys Day. There were quite a few places that there were long poles in the air with the two oppositely rotating pin wheels at the top and there were even some with the top streamer and carp below. One fellow was sure proud - his pole wasn't too high but he had the most enormous carp and there were so many of them that I couldn't count as we went by, in fact, I couldn't even see the details of his house they so thoroughly hid it. Also as we were going along I began to notice quite a few signs with a little English here and there, different from those in Tokyo, and then suddenly I noticed on my side of the bus all signs were in English! There was no Nihongo at all. Then I realized that I was looking through a barbed wire fence into the U.S. Air Base at Tachikawa. It was sure

a contrast to see absolutely no Japanese at all, not even danger signs were written in both languages. I guess people that live in there - & if they do - could be completely isolated since the Armed Forces Radio Station is on 24 hours a day. The only problem is that for TV they must listen to all of the usual American characters speaking Japanese.

4519 Tuesday morning (19 April 1966) Cloudy sky, very hazy. Weather map shows that just this little bit of the southeast corner of Japan and Hokkaido are cloudy, all the rest have sun. Looks as though the sun ought to come out this afternoon on this map - maybe even before noon - and should be sunshiny all day, then possibly rainy during the night and maybe sunny tomorrow morning. I have a great deal of difficulty anticipating the speed at which these air masses move across.

They're sure pushing the Red Cross on this Armed Forces station. About every 15 minutes some sort of testimony or plea, all of them specially directed at overseas bases.

Well, the Armed Forces weatherman has come up with the same forecast I did. Now we'll see what happens.

Just got in from dinner with Arima-san. Turned on TV to see what might be on. Here is a lesson on how to use an abacus. It is a most elementary lesson - $5 + 2$, $10 - 8$. -- Tosi and I ate tonight at the Owada. We had unagi and wonderful strawberries for dessert.

This afternoon Tosi and I went to ^{To Byo} ~~Kyoto~~ University to visit Prof. Isobe, his assistant, Toyota; and a graduate student, Kashiwagi.

4519 Today Kainuma with another bonsai, only this one is really bonseki. It is another nire keyaki tree but it has a large chunk of lava also in the same tray with the same skilfully grown moss around the bottom that he has had in most of the other bonsai.

Wednesday morning (20 April 1966) It has started out very cloudy and hazy. Boy, was I wrong about the weather. This little corner down here by Tokyo was cloudy all day yesterday and quite raw, still cloudy this morning, but all the rest of Japan is sunny and was most of yesterday. I would guess 50 kilometers inland and it would have been good.

Now it is 7:00 AM. It is starting to clear outside, getting brighter, but still a haze over everything. Weather forecast is partial cloudy.

Wednesday night - Free night tonight.

This is Tape #6, I am starting it on Wednesday at approximately 10 PM.

4/25 Thursday night - This is another free night but I worked with Taoka-san Sugita-san and others until 6:30. (This may be the last you hear on tape. I'm going to take the Dictet apart to see what is causing the excessive drain on the motor batteries. Well, I think you can probably hear my voice again! Seems to me I have freed it up quite a bit.)

Well, another bonsai today (21 April) This one is a Chabo-shiba. chabo means bantam, shiba means brushwood. It is an evergreen and is only 3 to 3-1/2 inches high, also with moss and a few rocks. Some of the moss, Kainuma-san explained, came from the ^{Tokyo}~~Kyoto~~ University yard while he was waiting for Arima-san and me the other day.

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4/27 ~~Thursday morning (that's what he says - Friday usually follows Thursday night)~~ Heavy overcast and a lot of haze. Yesterday at lunch Ishii-san and Tokunaga-san came around as we were finishing eating. Ishii brought with him prints of the pictures he had taken in both our week-end trips. He gave me a stack maybe 5 mm thick. Tokunaga came with great apologies for not having thanked me for the picture of his getting the award. He also came to explain the numbers on the

Christmas card. At times when one can buy postcards from the Post Office with an additional 1 yen to go to charity and to give a chance in a sort of lottery. The number on the card to me had not been a lucky number but Tokunaga did have one lucky one for which he got a block of stamps. He insisted that I take the stamps as an example of the prizes that one can get.

Tokunaga told me that he is very active in the YMCA here in Tokyo and that the other day he had to prepare for and then read a sermon of Martin Luther King's. He was most impressed by the passage advocating that one should be strong in mind but soft in heart. Tokunaga thought this was an almost impossible requirement but one well worth striving for.

Well, I'm glad I'm not planning on going anywhere this weekend. The weather map at 6:55 shows that an occluded front is coming. It is just west of Kyushu at the present time. It could be that the weather would clear up by Sunday. This weather map doesn't give enough distance into China - it is only good for about a day or day and a half at normal weather motion speed. The weather man just put his markers on the board and sure enough they show rain coming to Tokyo.

The news at 7:00 AM showed movies of the treatment of the 6 Americans who went to South Viet Nam to bring peace. The students that tore up their banners and argued with them showed amazing respect and reserve. They argued violently but made no~~t~~ move to rough up the Americans or anything.

There^{are}/about 30 buses over in the unloading zone for students to view the moat. Quite a traffic jam right now.

This is tape #7 - Friday, April 22, 1966. It looks like the motor batteries may last out now. That change in load on the felt pad sure made a big difference, but I am still being quite cautious, thinking ahead, talking quite fast, and stopping frequently.

I got to the office just at 8:30. There has been a rally every noontime and every evening for some time now, handbills handed out every morning. This morning everybody is putting on yellow ribbons.

5 o'clock - I'm about to go home. Both entrances of the plant are blocked ~~by~~ by groups of strikers singing songs - they have been singing all afternoon. I'll tell more about this later.

Back in the hotel. Went to dinner with Tosi. Had sukiyaki at the Suehiro where I have been two or three times before.

It has been a slight mist most of the day but by now it is raining fairly hard.

When I got to work this morning I mentioned I saw the yellow badges they passed out and quite a few arm bands - both red with white markings and white with red markings. I had seen them in the Factory yesterday. It was explained that the red ones were permanent union representatives and the white ones were temporary for this present series of strikes.

Shortly after I dictated that comment, Kita-san told me that there was a strike scheduled for this afternoon, so right at twelve everybody went out into the athletic field for another singing and speech-making rally. I ate lunch with Sato-san and Kita-san. When we got back to go-kai my desk was surrounded by people with white arm badges and most of them also with a white bandana. The Company had asked the employees to come in for a half-hour to listen to the Company's proposal. At 1:30 everybody changed into their street clothes and armed with umbrellas walked out into the field.

4/2 I went up to nana-kai with Research people - Arima, Yamanaka, and Ohno and we started to talk about Research projects. Outside we could hear loud singing and chanting at times. After a while this died down but it seemed to then spring up closer to the Company and for a couple of hours there was continual singing pretty much below our window. Finally, at about 3:30, I climbed up on a desk so that I could see over the ledge and saw there was a group of about twenty or twenty-five standing in front of the main entrance with some musical instruments and singing. There was almost no lull in this singing, which I normally would have enjoyed but under these circumstances it seemed it carried a continual threat and feeling of discomfort. Finally, at five o'clock, a telephone call came that a car was waiting for me by the normal employees' entrance, so Tosi and I went down. He was going to stay for a while longer, but when we got to the first floor we saw a larger group - maybe fifty people - standing in front of the other gate and singing, so Tosi quickly told me to wait and he would change his coat. When he came we walked out and the guards opened the gate momentarily for us to go through and a couple of the singers stepped aside. Those whose faces I saw looked at me a little bit puzzled. I don't think there was any antagonism but also I didn't see a feeling of friendliness, although I didn't recognize any of the men as ones I knew from the Company.

5-4-82
 After we got in the car, which was a ^{see 2-37} Daiwa car, Tosi explained he wanted to eat with me also. On the way downtown he commented how unhappy they were to have me here at this trying time. I told him I was sorry to be interfering since I knew they all had more than enough things to do in the time available, but I said that I thought it was very important that the complete ECI-EBS story be understood by Yokogawa people before he and Senbon came to Foxboro.

4(22) But now on the lighter side - this morning, just before I went to talk computers with Sato-san, Tanaka-san came and he presented me with a great honor. The Yokogawa employees have a weekly newspaper and each week there is a section on one page devoted to a man who has been selected as the Yokogawa Man-of-the-Week. They asked me if I would agree to be the Man-of-the-Week next week. I protested that there were many Yokogawa people I was sure were more worthy of this honor, but when Tanaka-san insisted I agreed, so he called the photographer and together they took pictures and interviewed me for information to put in the magazine. It is certainly an honor. Possibly they felt that a man with no connection with the Labor Union or Management might be a good choice at this time.

Saturday morning (23 April) Another cloudy, hazy day. Tokyo seems to be kind of a pocket down at the end here. North of here there is quite a bit of sunshine expected today, but not in Tokyo.

I'm going to try to get this tape off by tomorrow morning to try to be sure it gets away and out of Japan before the strike starts on Tuesday. It is only supposed to be a one day strike, but I figure it will take several days to recover and any mail on its way may easily be delayed.

(Saturday night)
4(23) It is a little after eleven/- just got back to the hotel from Rinichi's where I spent the evening. The phone rang at eleven o'clock and I wondered who from Foxboro was calling. The Overseas Operator from the U.S. was calling for a Mr. Bradley. Guess I am too well known in this hotel. About half the time when I go to get my key in the lobby one of the fellows behind the desk gets it without my asking. They remember my number so well. This has happened a couple of times when there were 25 or 30 people waiting to be waited on at the desk.

SAT

4/23

This afternoon, Rinichi drove me out passed Tachikawa up north of Itsukaichi, through Ome to Mitake. Mitake has a hiking course that goes up through a community of Japanese Inns to a Shrine and then on over to Otake, and if you are interested in a long hike, there is a course that goes down to Itsukaichi. Rinichi drove to the foot of an ancient cable car and we rode up to the top of that but the time was so short we could not hike on up to the top of Mitake. Rinichi showed me a sign as we drove up to the foot of the cable car. The sign said Kitajima. Rinichi explained that the man who was caretaker for this shrine is a relative of Tahei Kitajima, maybe an uncle or maybe slightly more remote than this. I couldn't help but think of the trying times in that family during the period that Kita-san was a Christian before he went back to Buddhism.

It was quite hazy and overcast. I tried a picture but don't have much hopes of its being good.

This mountain's name, Mitake, means large mountain. This particular character for MI means large. I am told there is another mountain in the middle of Japan with exactly the same characters only its name is pronounced Ondake. Sometimes I think the Japanese work hard to confuse the poor foreigners.

On the way out to Mitake, we went by three Yokogawa subsidiaries - the first one, the MM Co. makes power rheostats and some other miscellaneous items; the second one, Panelook, is the panel shop. They were turning out very impressive panels with very good workmanship. They start from scratch with sheet steel and fabricate completely, including spray paint and baking. The base metal treatment like bonderizing is done in enormous tanks by dipping. Almost all of the panels being worked on were for Foxboro instruments with some ER's and some ERE's. The 3rd plant we went by but did not go into was Hachimon Denki - this is their motor manufacturing plant.

4/2 At Rinichi's tonight I learned that the Japanese call all of this spring activity of the union shunko ? shumko? ??? shunto?
So they say somewhat disgustedly " " It means spring fight.

Rinichi repeated to me an old Japanese tale that one of his daughters reminded him about. It was about an artist who was captured and his hands bound behind him. He was such a wonderful artist that he painted a mouse with his tears. This mouse was so real that he ran around behind the artist and chewed the rope loose. I then spent about ten minutes explaining why I thought this man should be called an "escape artist".

Rinichi was telling about a joking expression that fellows at Yokogawa have developed to describe their action with normal Americans who talk too fast to be understood. They say they follow a cyclic operation. They nod "yes" twice and then say "no", then nod "yes" twice and then say "no" again.

will
Tonight/be the first night since I have gotten here that I don't have some time schedule to meet tomorrow morning, but even at that I think I should get some sleep starting about now, which is 12:10 (juni ji ju fun.)

4/24 So I woke up just before 7:00 AM (Sunday, 24 April) It was raining hard then and has been for an hour or so since. Looks like my anticipation was about right. There is some hope that it will clear somewhat this afternoon.

I am going to try to get this tape off with this morning's mail that leaves the hotel at 10:00 AM.

There was another bonsai ^{4/23} Saturday morning. This was a tsuta, which is an ivy. The ivy has been trimmed back so that it has a very treelike trunk and the ivy leaves are on branches that look like a tree.

42-1 Looking out my window this rainy morning I have seen quite a few numbered cars going by. Apparently a rally is being run.

The other evening, Tosi and I had a Daiwa driver who also picked me up the next morning and took me to Yokogawa. He was a very interesting conservative driver and when he turned as though he were going through standard traffic ~~pi~~ taking me out Saturday morning, I said "Dozo highway kudasai" He hesitated a moment and then said, "Highway, hai" but as he said that he took his hat off and bowed and I was reminded of the night before. He can only speak to passengers in his car with his hat off, even in traffic. When he was talking to Tosi he would take one hand off the wheel to tip his hat way forward and bow forward every time he said anything. This was a little disconcerting and I kept wanting to stop Tosi from talking because every time the driver did this, his view of the road ahead of him was completely blocked.

One of the channels on this radio re-broadcasts news programs from capitals all over the world. Just listening to one from Moscow in which they were doing a very thorough job of criticizing the American invaders of South Viet Nam. It was done very skilfully and I am sure would convince many people that the Americans are invading South Viet Nam but are incapable of winning because of their ineptness and poor equipment. One would expect the Americans now to make a desperate effort toward invading North Viet Nam.

Tape #8, being started shortly after noon on Sunday, 24 April.

Still raining here at six o'clock. I just went out and walked around to get some fresh air under the overhang of the building. Got a chance to stretch my legs a little bit but it's sure different from the last couple of weekends.

There's a wonderful old-fashioned ballet on TV - all the fluffy white dresses and the wonderful light music.

Following the ballet comes Bunraku puppet show, which seems always to be all tragedy, nothing light at all.

4/25 Well, it's about 11:30. Just back in the hotel from an evening at Yamasaki's. Tosi Arima thought that Yamasaki-san would be quite tired from all of his negotiations, so he arranged that we should leave the plant at 4:30, go to Yamasaki's, and the Daiwa car would pick me up at 8:30 and bring me back to the Hotel. I had so much work to do I thought that would be fine. When we got to Yamasaki's Gunshan was not home but Fumiko took very good care of us - Tosi, Rinichi and myself - and Yamasaki-san's mother also was there. After Gunshan got home and we were sitting in the middle of his beautiful yard having gone all around it a couple of times and I took quite a few pictures, who should show up but Nobuko. She explained that her husband was desperately trying to get a driving licence. It seems that she had been able to get one and he was getting tired and quite chagrined by having to ride as she drove. Apparently he is having quite a bit of difficulty. So tonight he was taking lessons. After leisurely and enjoyable hors d'oeuvres out in the garden with Yamasaki, his mother and me all drinking kiren lemon, we finally went in to have dinner. It was almost eight by the time we got through dinner, so I quickly got my pictures and showed a few,

425 mostly the ones that had the Yamasakis or Rex and Chick in them. They said many nice things. But when I showed Fuji by moonlight, everyone voted loudly that that was No. 1 picture, some even said it was the best they had ever seen of Fuji. I was very flattered.

Gunshan then decided that we should see his movies and he had taken some very nice ones of the same 50th Anniversary, and he had had someone else using his camera part of the time, and he had also taken some on his trip to America with Fumi, so ~~he~~^{it} is getting almost ten o'clock before we broke up. I overheard a fair amount of discussion about getting Nobuko home and the conclusion that the Daiwa car should take Tosi, Rinichi, and Nobuko home on the way to the Palace Hotel. I might say everyone was quite surprise when I knew exactly what the plans were, only I didn't know all - what I didn't know was the maid also, so we all climbed in; Rinichi, Tosi and I in the back seat, Nobuko and the maid with the driver in the front seat of the Cedric. The maid we took to Mitaka station which was pretty much on the way, Tosi right on the way - dropped him half a block from his house - same thing with Rinichi, Nobuko however was somewhat different story. She lives quite a way south-east and it was well after eleven by the time we got back to the hotel.

I had a fair amount of conversation with Nobuko after Rinichi was let off. It was then that she told me of the trouble her husband was having getting a license.

Tomorrow is going to be quite a day, I think. I'm scheduled to talk with Dr. Tomota along with Tosi and maybe Miyauchi-san on EBS-ECI. Of course, the transportation strike is starting in about five minutes at midnight and then Yokogawa people go out on strike again half day tomorrow afternoon. At present I am scheduled to go to Sato-san's house for dinner directly from the Company.

He lives in a new apartment house about a hundred meters from the Company, so we will walk over there, assuming it is reasonably good weather - probably anyhow.

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4/25 The new bonsai on Monday morning was a very small sugi or cedar.
Tuesday morning (26 April 1966) overcast and hazy. Still only the one time for Fuji-san.

Boy, the Japanese Channel 1 station is sure on the spot with TV coverage. On this transportation strike this morning, for instance, on the 6 AM News they showed views of the yards and then station platforms in which the clock read ten minutes of six - they were completely empty platforms in one view. Another one showed the unions trying to stop the non-striking workers from running some of the national trains. On the 7 AM News, some of the shots were real time. The clock on the platform reading exactly the digital presentation on the lower corner of the TV.

4/26 Tuesday night Not quite so late - got back to the hotel at about ten o'clock from a very delightful evening with Toru Sato and his family. Toru's wife, Aiko, is very pleasant, speaks goshi (?) English, and is a very talented artist. She showed me many water color paintings she had made and gave me one strip painting of camelia - on the back of it she wrote a poem in her other specialty - that of Japanese character writing. This was a poem in the definition of the Japanese, which told about this evening that Sato-san had brought home his friend from America to eat dinner and enjoy conversation. Sato-san's boy, Hiroshi, is just 17 years old, last grade of high school, hoping to go to university next year. His daughter, Mari, is 12 and is very well behaved, helpful young lady. Hiroshi likes to hike and climb mountains and he showed me pictures he had taken

this last summer when he went to Kyushu and climbed four or five active volcanoes and saw many beautiful sights.

I had two of the small super-balls left in my brief case so I gave one to each of the children and they were having fun bouncing them around all evening.

Sato's apartment is in a building that is just being completed - in fact, the entrance hall is not completed, the floor is not finished in the entrance to the building, sidewalk out front not finished and much evidence of construction. Also Sato-san does not have a phone, so Hiroshi had to go out and go some distance to a telephone to call the Daiwa car when it came time to leave.

4/26 Bonsai on the 26th was tokaede - a Chinese maple (turns red), has 3-fingered shiny leaves.

I'm sure getting blase. Haven't said anything about the transportation strike or Yokogawa's ^{4/25} today. The transportation strike - Daiwa cars came as usual. I got there a little early, so we got away maybe five minutes earlier than normal, but the traffic was very light and we got to the highway much sooner than normal, but as soon as he came down off the highway it began to be obvious that there was real traffic problems. Traffic was bumper to bumper with four lanes sometimes when the street was meant to be for two, and some buses were running. These buses were jammed beyond a point that I could do justice with words. People standing in the aisles were so pushed out toward the outside that many of them had their hands against the window frames, supporting themselves over the people sitting, and every bus stop long queues of people. By the time we got to Musashino, the queues were so long that I counted one of them with approximately 150 people and cars were solid, going fairly steady but only a couple of feet between the bumpers, almost

to Musashino City limits. Many of the cars were quite packed also, showing that people were pooling and packing a lot in, although there was still a large number of cars with only single drivers. Every once in a while someone with ingenuity had rigged up additional capacity. Most pronounced was several flatbed trucks that went by with people sitting solid all over the back of the truck. These were people in their nice business suits carrying brief cases.

Going the way ~~we~~ was there was, if anything, less traffic than normal until we got essentially to Musashino, then there was some tie-ups, largely because of the large number of cars going the ^{other} way and coming in from the sidestreets, so ~~we~~ did get to work maybe five minutes late.

As far as Yokogawa was concerned, there were as before some meetings right after lunch inside the yard, but at about 1:30 to 2:00 they all went outside and by 2:00 everything was secured. This time we were asked to leave the Research building and go over into my other office, the guest room near the main entrance on the 2nd floor. Here Tosi Arima, Sato-san, Tada-san, and I spent the afternoon. It was really very peaceful and quiet. We could hear once in a while during the first hour loud singing or applause or shouting from the athletic field and then that rally broke up and I didn't see any other indication until it was time to leave to walk home with Sato. At this time we had to go out the entrance near the store and here was a large group, maybe twenty-five, strikers with arms linked around in a circle singing songs. They were blocking the entrance a little bit but one of the guards pushed them aside a little so that Sato and I could go out. There was no resistance at all, so we walked out and around them. I didn't look at any of them, I guess I'd rather not identify any of them. They were still singing as we walk~~ed~~ around the corner and down toward

4/25 Sato's new apartment house. Sato remarked that maybe this singing was just like playing Rugby or Soccer, maybe it was just a way of letting off steam, and I reminded him that the union had sufficient funds to pay all the people when out on strike rather than have Yokogawa pay them and that they could probably do this for a month, so here they could have some fun and continue to get the same pay also - not too bad a situation after all.

Today Tosi Arima tried to contact a friend of his to get an answer to me to a question. He found that the man had stayed home because of the transportation strike. The secretary said the man was working at home. Tosi said he doubted this. I suggested maybe the man was doing like Tosi did last Sunday - that is, sawing wood. Then I had to spend some time explaining that I meant "sleeping" by sawing wood.. Those present were very tickled with this expression and told me a similar Japanese one. It happens before "sawing wood". When a man is trying to stay awake but his head is nodding, this is called "rowing a boat".

4/27 Wednesday morning - very heavy haze and cloudiness. I'll look at the weather forecast in a few minutes. One thing for sure, there's no Fuji-san this morning.

(Blank foot or so of tape.)

We're a little south of the occluded front so maybe no rain, but it's likely to be cloudy for a few hours anyhow. TV forecast shows cloudy all day in Tokyo but in most of the area around they show that it is likely to clear and have sunshine. There is a high coming in from the mainland, so maybe it will be good weather tomorrow. Not that it is awfully important.

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4/27? About 12:30 Wednesday night. Guess I'm all packed now. Tonight Dr. Tomota wanted me to go out and eat dinner. We went to the ^AOya again. I've been there before with him - a very nice place - room to ourselves. There were Asada-san, Sugita-san, Taoka-san, Ohno-san, Tomota-san, to Meado-san.

My packing problem was nowhere near as much as it has been a few times before, but I do have one problem facing me at the Company. Matsui-san wants me to take back to Arnold Beveridge a May 5th Carp affair. I don't know how many fish there are, I guess it is supposed to be the right number for sons or grandsons, or something. Anyhow, I saw the box today - about the size of a suitcase. This has ornaments, ropes, carp and everything. I said I'd take it and check it through like regular baggage. Of course, it ought to get to Sharon before the 5th of May or it can't be used. I will admit that I have some doubts as to whether Arnold will use them. Maybe he has a flag pole that big. And then, of course, there are the pearl earrings that ~~Masaki-san~~ Yamasaki-san to Fumi are sending to Chick. As it is, without having bought anything for myself, I am up to approximately 30,000 yen and 36,000 is the limit. I am sure the earrings are worth more than 6,000 yen but Tosi is checking for me. Whatever they are I'll declare them and I guess Rex will end up paying the duty. I'll do the same thing with the Carp flags with Arnold. I don't see any other way around it.

Got pretty hot today - around 27 or 28°C. Right now I've got my outside window open trying to cool the room down - it is up at 25°C. I don't trust this air conditioning, it always seems to be going the wrong way or too far if the right way. I did turn it on and it seems to be cooling but I don't dare leave it on for the night or I'll be freezing by morning.

Today I got a note from Marion saying that was probably the

last mail that would get to me. Well, it certainly was awfully close to it - it got to me the last thing this afternoon. I got a letter from Peg at the Hotel this evening - that certainly was pretty near the last possible time also.

Thursday morning, 28 April 1966 - The long day starts - it is raining. The forecast from Armed Forces this morning is thunder storm during the day.

7:30 I'm all set, everything seems to be in order so I'll go downstairs, check out and wait for the car.

Well, I'm on the plane. It is due to take off in about ten minutes but there is quite a bit of loading activity. (Northwest 6 to Seattle with Rinichi ~~xx~~ - 100% sold out) When I got to the airport/and Tosi Arima, they had me slated for an aisle seat, even though a week ago I asked Hirano-san to get a window seat. I talked the guy into giving me a window seat. It is right over the wing and this means there are some children around close. We are starting off in great style. About half the passengers are quarreling with each other over the locations of their baggage. Everybody seems to have come on with a lot of excess. The hostess is going around insisting that everything go under the seats. I'm afraid whoever is behind me isn't going to have any too much foot room because^{of} the flight bag plus the dolls tied on behind.

Arima-san and Miyauchi-san ate some sushi with me before I came on the plane.//I see who are my co-passengers now. There is a family ~~of five - colored - little boys sitting~~ of five - colored - little boy sitting next to me. He wants to see out the window. I hope he is reasonably quiet because I do want to get some sleep. His name is Tony and he is a very well behaved 7-year old boy - quite shy but

very interested in everything. He is quite disappointed because sitting over the wing this way and in the middle seat he can't see very much.//As we took off in Tokyo I changed my watch from 7:15 (P.M.) to 3:15. It is now 9:30 and we have just had breakfast.

In the row directly behind me there is a under 1-year old baby that has been completely quiet all night. Two rows ahead is the first row in Tourist and there there is a Chinese lady with an about 6-mos. old baby that screamed its head off for - or at least when I woke up a few times in the first three hours he was screaming every time. This ear protector sure is a good idea. I would guess I slept around five of the six and a half hours we have been in the air.

Tony has become very interested in the little toiletry bag given to all passengers. Right now he is diligently combing his 1/8" long curly black hair. I don't see that he is making much headway.

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Now the baby behind me as well as the one up front is crying and I want to get a little more sleep, so I guess the ear thing better go on.

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Got to Seattle with no occurances of note. I did let Tony have my window seat as we landed, he was so anxious to see what was going on outside and he was very excited. There were towering, solid-looking clouds that we dropped into and even though I told him the clouds were really very soft, just like fog on the ground, he still let out a sound of apprehension when we did go into the clouds. He was very surprised - no bump or anything. And of course he was apprehensive again when we landed and when the engines were revved up for reverse thrust - all the noise and bumping and everything. When we did get down and around to the airport he was all set to get off the plane. They are taking a Western flight to San Francisco.

My bag came through fairly quickly and I went to a custom's man who had no business at all. He poked his finger into my large bag in quite a few places. I had told him that everything I had to declare was in the flight bag. He saw that I had listed a Sony radio and a Sony tape recorder, some miscellaneous items, and a pair of pearl earrings, also the dolls. I had to make estimate on the dolls and on the earrings. He looked at them and made some comment about true value was probably 40% of my guess, or rather the wholesale value, and apparently he was working on wholesale values. He didn't even look at the radio or tape recorder, but I had specified, so there was no reason and he could see they were there. He sent me over to the window to pay. I had itemized so it was perfectly possible for the duty to be on any item and as the practice apparently is they selected one with low duty percentagewise, so I guess we came through fine and as far as Chick and Rex are concerned I didn't have to pay any duty at all and the earrings will be truly a gift from Yamasaki to Chick.

I went to the Western Air counter and saw that the flight that had been listed for 1:10 now with new schedule was 2:00 and it was delayed until a scheduled 2:20. I complained a little bit about having to wait, so the guy hesitated and then said, "Why don't you go over to United. They have a non-stop that leaves at 2:05. It will get you to L.A. a lot quicker. The Western stops at San Francisco." So I went over and sure enough they did have space and now I am waiting for two o'clock to come around. So, I left Tokyo at about 7:15 tonight and arrived here at 11:45 this morning.

Went into the head to use my electric shaver. Fellow in there said, "Boy, am I tired. ~~He~~ I said, "How far did you come?" He said, "From Alaska". I said, "I just came in from Japan, Maybe I have a reason

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to be tired, too." He said, "Well, maybe, but you see I've been on the Aleutians - no women, nothing to do only liquor - I'm not tired from traveling, it's what I've been doing since I got here."

This United flight is one of the triple class ones. The first class is really deluxe. As we leave Seattle there is a lot of snow on the high land - not only peaks but on the flat ground - lakes are still frozen solid, many of them covered with snow, some of them with the ice melting around the shore a little bit. Suddenly there is no more snow and the lakes are clear of ice - correction - some of the higher land in the woods has patches of snow. It is a little too hazy to get much in the way of pictures. I may try a couple.

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Called Chuck McKay and he insisted on coming right down to the airport to pick me up, so I decided to come into the United Reservations Center. You press a lever and take a ticket. I got #94. I've been here 10 minutes - #89 is still on the board. I finally got my United reservation. I asked for San Diego to Boston and it turns out the cost is the same as Los Angeles to Boston, so when I go down to visit Hugh and his family I'll have to pay the ticket down to San Diego but all the way back is clear. I got the thing all lined up about five minutes more than the half hour I thought it would take Chuck to arrive and sure enough, just as I walked out to go check again in front Chuck came around. He had been there just about five minutes.

On the way out the stop and go freeway, Chuck apologized that he was going to have to take me to his house for supper because his wife was going out after supper and he would have to baby sit. I explained that this was wonderful for me - I'd much rather do that than go to some restaurant. I am now in the Carriage Inn. John Boynton is also here so I have been over talking to him a little bit. Guess I'd better get some sleep tonight.

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This is tape #9. I'm starting it on Friday, 29 April, in Van Nuys at the Carriage Motel, a little after 6:00 AM. I just found a very discouraging thing. I had heard previously a crackling sound a few times when I was recording and wondered what it was. This time I took the cover off and looked - the tape had wandered up quite a ways and I'm sure I lost the recordings during those times so there will probably be some bad places on the last tape or so. Undoubtedly it is because I have reduced the tension too much on the felt drag.

I didn't even comment because it is so usual, but yesterday the sun was shining nice and bright; north of Chuck's home you could see the mountains. I'll admit it was a little indistinct because of haze, but I can again tell Henry Milo that the sun shines in California when I am here.

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I'm on United 501 on my way to San Diego - Saturday morning. Took the helicopter from Van Nuys - that's really the way to travel if you have a relatively short distance to go, skimming the tree tops almost. Actually, he followed the freeway almost all the way. Yesterday was a nice sunny day, quite clear. This morning in Van Nuys the sun was cutting through the fairly low clouds or fog but down here at the Los Angeles International Airport, there seems to be quite a high overcast. Weather forecast is clear, sunny weather by noon.

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Here in LaJolla - nice sunny day. Sky a little hazy but not bad at all. Marge picked me up at the Airport after I gave her a ring and I spent the day with Marge talking in the morning then we ate lunch with Hugh at the University. Afterwards I went to the Scripps Building and acted as a couple of hands in helping Hugh set up a seismic instrument. Had a chance to talk to a couple of fellows there, one of them

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in particular about reliability and suitability of digital type components he was using on ~~an~~ one of the units.

Right now I'm sitting on the hill just above the house - they call it their yard. Its level is about 4 feet above the roof. They have done a very fair job of reworking this and making it very attractive with three large flower boxes some 3 ft. wide and 10 ft. long in which Marge is cultivating some flowers, then there is a large crushed rock area and quite a few bushes and flowers planted around. From up here I can see all the buildings downtown in LaJolla and a long stretch of the shoreline. I think I'll ~~gamble~~ gamble on its being clearer weather tomorrow than it is right now and wait until then to take a picture.

Shortly after Marge drove me back to the house, she showed me a clipping from a local newspaper announcing that Hugh had been made Acting Provost of the Revel Campus of the University of California San Diego. The job of provost has not been particularly well defined but it seems that it is a sort of coordinator or executive secretary with no authority at all. The job becomes effective 1 June, I think, and Hugh intends to clarify the authority aspect before the starting date. It's certainly a big responsibility in a brand new field. I told him I wondered how long he could stand it. He said he could always go back to his teaching job and research job, since they have life tenure so he thinks it is a good thing to have some experience at. Hugh asked me if I thought he could succeed and I said that I was sure he could do a good job but I was also sure that it was not possible to win in the long run, because in this political atmosphere anyone doing that job must of necessity slowly build up people who would vote against him.

Tosi Arima tells me that Girls Day- 3 March - that used to be a National Holiday (was originally known as Girls Day, or Dolls Day, or Peach Blossom Day)

It is proposed that 5 May be changed from Boys Day to Childrens Day. (known as Boys Day or Iris Day, since iris is in good blossom at that time).

The last day, just after lunch, I was told that Yamasaki-san would like to say goodbye to me but he had to leave at approximately one o'clock, so I should be over in the main entrance. Apparently there had been a large board meeting because before Gunshan showed up, Yoko and Shozo both came down the stairs and I had an opportunity to talk to both a little bit. Yoko wanted me to be sure to tell Rex that the Golf Pro book (or books) had been very useful for Yoko to impress business associates with.

Gunshan wanted me to say hello to all his friends at Foxboro but particularly to Peg.

In the Los Angeles International Airport in the TWA area. It is about 9 o'clock on Sunday evening. I have to wait until an 11:45 plane. Sitting here with a flight bag obviously from Japan, Japan Airlines bag with a cheap cardboard box tied on one side with the little colored edging on it which identifies it as Japanese, on one side of the bag is a brightly colored plastic encased package about 14" square - this is the fish for Arnold Beveridge, on the other side of the bag in the pocket are stuffed a number of things but I note that the most pronounced is a magazine titled "Japan Visitors Guide, April 16, 1966", but sticking up from the top of the bag and package combination is a peculiar non-oriental flower. About 10 inches above the bag a cluster of red flowers sticks up above a heavy stalk of green leaves - all part of a plant known as the Buttonhole

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orchid and in my briefcase is a small potted plant of this same kind. It is wrapped up in foil with just the plant sticking out through the top and I hope it survives the trip. It is a present to Peg from Marge and the flowers and leaves are to show what it will bloom like sometime next year if it lives. Chances are it had better be kept indoors. The plant came from a bunch that originally came in from Hawaii.

Last night at Hugh's and Marge's I had dinner with the other guest being a man - I think his name is George Murphy - as of June 1st he will be the Dean of Students at this campus. He has just transferred from Berkeley where he has had the job of Assistant Dean.

We had a long discussion about how do you face the problems of demands for free speech, demands for meeting places, etc. that the Psychology Major students, and these seem to be the ones leading all these things, are requesting.

George seems to be a mighty well balanced man and certainly has had a lot of experience. There is an amazing similarity to these problems and those associated with a union trying to organize a company.

This is certainly Los Angeles. Where else would you see a couple in an airport waiting-room - the guy a good 6'1 or 2" with zip-on suede 10" boots, trousers that are so tight at the ankle I don't see how he could get them on, and a big bushy permanent wave hairdo above a face with probably 3 days' beard growth on it. And the gal - a platinum blond with high-heeled slippers and skin-tight slacks, followed by a good 8 inches of bare midriff, distracting one's attention from an apparently very well proportioned remainder. I repeat - where but in Los Angeles.

Most of the weekend was spent in listening to discussions on personnel problems, programs of administrative nature by several very enthusiastic, very dedicated guys who intend to make this university campus the very best. Things may not be defined too well but they certainly haven't got anybody holding them back from making reasonable arrangements.

This afternoon Hugh and I spent the whole afternoon working on the construction (and design simultaneously) of parts of a Rush Seismometer. We took on the job of mounting some batteries and almost completed the job. Hugh was going off to Seattle tonight and I changed my flight to come up to Los Angeles with him and reduced Marge's trip to the airport down to one, this is why I have such a long wait here. Otherwise I would have stayed in San Diego another hour or hour and a half.

I walked over to the United building after eating a snack with Hugh and seeing him off. This is quite a walk because the two buildings are diagonally across the airfield.

When I got into TWA, the colored fellow behind the desk greeted me very pleasantly and started to take my ticket and stuff it into a TWA folder. Suddenly he stopped and said, "Oh, I'd better put it in one of these fancy ones" where upon he reached for the super first class envelope, carefully wrote my name on the outside, and from then on addressed me as Mr. Bradner. This first class business sure makes it pleasant if you want special attention from everybody. The main thing I'm going to want is sleep and I hope that I have a double first class seat and that I can take the arm out and then I don't want any attention at all - I just want to sleep.

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This is Tape No. 10. I'm starting it on Sunday, May 1st, Los Angeles Airport Terminal, about 9:45 PM

Well, I'm seated and the engines are just revving up, we are swinging away from the dock. This first-class section has seats for 30 people. There are 6 total. True enough there's no one sitting beside me in fact there is no one in the row ahead or the row behind, but that doesn't really help very much because these TWA things have a great big permanent arm rest in between the seats. At least it looks like it, I'm going to tug around on it a little bit but if it does come out there will be a big gap there. Maybe I can put my feet on the arm rest ahead of me, I'll see as time goes on.
