

TRIP IX TO JAPAN - November 1966

2 November 1966 - 8:00 in the morning on the TWA flight for Chicago. Everything running smoothly so far except that Logan is socked in pretty bad. Planes were taking off a little earlier but I haven't heard one recently. Let's hope we get off in time to catch that Chicago flight. The plane is quite lightly loaded and I guess I could get a triple if I want it, but there aren't any pillows.

- 10 after 8 - planes are taking off, even though I can hardly see them as they go out toward the runway.

Well, that was quite a surprise. Coming in over Lake Michigan the weather that had cleared some time during my sleep started to close in again and believe it or not when we came over Chicago there was a solid layer of snow over everything and it was still snowing. When we got to the airport it was still spitting snow a little and there were quite a few patches of ice on the runway, but there wasn't quite as much snow as downtown.

Checked in at Northwest and found there is no seat assignment on this flight either. The TWA from Boston was first come first served, now this flight to Anchorage and on thru to Tokyo is on the same bases. They guy assured me it was very slightly loaded but I don't like to work this way. I can do it and almost always out maneuver the large majority of the other passengers but it takes a lot of energy and distraction to do it. I managed to get on the TWA first passenger by noting that they were going to switch exit doors from the terminal between the ones the first-class passengers went out and the ones the tourist passengers were going to go out. Here in Chicago they've got the snouts out to the planes and I think that the plane I'm going on is out there already. If so, it has only got a snout at one end - the front. This means there is a good

probability that I'll be able to get a window seat in the far aft because most people just won't stay with it long enough to get back there until all the seats are taken.

I've got about an hour more wait here in Chicago.

Boy, what a mess this Northwest 3 is. Got into the loading area, found that they had a tour group of 47 people going aboard and they were not assigning seats, so first I tried to maneuver around to beat most of the tour group - they had not had to stand in line and get their tickets checked, they were all lined up ready to go in to the plane - then I found they were all going to be row 19 back, so I managed to be the first person aboard who was not of the tour group. I picked out row 17 and managed to block it enough while I was taking my coats and things off and though there are many row of triples filled I've got an empty triple. I'm going to lie down and stretch out very quickly so that I don't have anybody doubling up on me. I'd better do it soon because there is a triple filled right across the aisle from me. Of course the tour groups are all filled with triples also.

We are a half hour late. We are standing in line, or in queue rather, with about two planes ahead of us now. It is spitting snow outside there again and getting cold again. There was a brief period of ~~very~~ bright sunshine. The hostess, Miss Sorenson, is having an awful time with me since I am scheduled to move up to first-class in Anchorage. She knows I am going to Tokyo. That means by rule she should put an "occupied" tag on seat so that when I get off at Anchorage I have my seat to get back to, but then I am not coming back to ~~this~~ seat. She has just come through for the 3rd time, trying to get it straight in her mind.

Well, I guess here we go. We are pulling out on the runway with no

one ahead of us. This means we have been given the go-ahead.

--An hour and a half later - I went off to sleep right away, got up, looked around and found that the other fellow who had been complaining along with me about the first-come first-served arrangement on this flight also has a triple to himself. I guess there are probably two or three sets of triple seats with only two to a ^{set} ~~seat~~ and all the rest have three to a ^{set} ~~seat~~.

I just remembered that at the desk at Northwest in Chicago when I asked about the seating assignment I was told that I needn't worry too much because the flight was loaded very lightly!

We are just coming in to Anchorage. Half hour ago as we were starting to descend the hostess asked me to go up front and pick out the seat I wanted in first class. There must be 30 seats, correction- 32 - and only 6 occupied.

In the Airport Building. They have done quite a bit of re-building here. A Lufthansa plane came in to a sort of round building that is new - has a snout for loading but that wasn't used for Lufthansa. Inside the Airport Bldg is somewhat the same as before but quite a bit more space. There is the inevitable store with trinkets and souvenirs - some bolo ties at \$85 and \$90. I checked in and switched over to my first class at the Northwest counter and a few minutes later Polly called me from her present home 110 miles away from here. We had a nice talk. She is doing Child Welfare Work with two adopted seven year old youngsters going around with her on her trips a lot when they aren't going to school. She puts many thousand miles on her car every month and flies quite a bit also. She wanted me to tell Peg that her former husband, Brad, died recently. She doesn't have any details on it. Also her brother-in-law died recently.

This Child Welfare Work sometimes takes her several hundred miles

from home. She was commenting that this time of the year she doesn't like the roads at all because they are partially clear and partially icy. Starting about the first of December the roads are all snowed over, packed down and graded, then with studded tires she finds driving is no problem at all. She has a small home of her own that she recently bought and is planning to work on this job probably through next summer when she hopes to go back to the university. She has an acceptance from Washington University. She got bulletins from several New England universities as possibilities. She gets a little homesick for that part of the world.

It's almost three o'clock and our flight was supposed to take off at about two-thirty. Now that it is delayed this much another Northwest flight is just arriving and a KLM flight also is just arriving in addition to three or four of the smaller airlines. This is a large airport building but before long it is going to be crowded.

Going on three-thirty. We are still aground. A bunch of soldiers that have been here seven or eight hours are going on the flight so I guess my shift to first class was wise.

Well, we took off at four o'clock - or rather now that we are in the air it is eleven o'clock. The tourist is jammed packed and only seven people in first class.

The plane took off heading north and swung around clockwise to head to Japan. Mt McKinley would have been there if they had swung their normal counter clockwise.

--

→ This is Thursday evening, 3 November, about ten o'clock. I am all settled - that is, for one night - in another one of these very fancy, very large rooms in the Palace Hotel. Again they don't have one of the right rate waiting for me so they put me in this one for the night.

TRIA 9
NOVEMBER 1966

9-5-

Nov 3
1966

The plane was almost an hour late and then it took an awful long time for the luggage to come through and this time I wasn't so fortunate - mine wasn't among the first, in fact, about three-quarters of the luggage had come through when mine finally arrived. The fellow that was running the tour sure had them all fouled up and had them all going through one or two of the customs lines and so I went immediately to an open line and went through. This time, for the first time that I recall, I was asked to open my baggage so that the fellow could look. The towel calendars kind of confused him when I told him that was what they were, but he didn't open them up to examine. He was kind of interested in the maple sugar candy but he really didn't want to know what was in my bag, he just wanted to go through the gestures.

I had managed to get through the passport control probably fifth or sixth from our plane, but that didn't help too much. While I was waiting for my baggage I looked around out the window and found the people who were waiting for me. There were Rinichi and Tosi, Kimura-san and Ed Hirano. Quite an illustrious group to meet me! After I got out and talked to them I found my name had not been on the Northwest passenger list and there had been some considerable discussion, during which Ed confidently insisted that I was the kind of guy that would be on the plane, I would not have missed it. Apparently during the hour that they were waiting they went to one of the bars and had a pretty good time and thanked me afterwards for giving them the opportunity.

As we were waiting for the Daiwa car to pick us up - that is, all but Kimura-san who had driven his own car and therefore had been unable to do any drinking with the rest of them - Tosi explained to me that this coming weekend is a holiday trip scheduled for the

We looked at stereo pictures until about midnight when the lights were turned down low and then during most of the night slept somewhat fitfully. These first-class coaches have very nice double reclining seats that lean back very far - quite a bit farther than the airlines' seats do - so with my heavy jacket as a pillow against the wall I was just as comfortable as I am in a plane when I have the window seat to sleep in.

Its a little after 4:30 now - due to arrive at Matsumoto. From here we are scheduled to take a bus to Kamikochi where we hope to get - where we are planning to get breakfast in the same place where we are going to stay tonight.

The only thing one could complain about these coaches is the temperature control. It must have gotten up around 90° around 2:00 AM and by 4:00 it was down to maybe 65°.

Just outside the station - we went to get a taxi, there were several very small ones and I was worried about how we were all going to get in when along came a larger Cedric. We piled in and off we went like crazy. At first the roads were pretty bad from construction but up until now they seem to be getting better until they are wide enough that we can pass oncoming cars at this speed without any qualms.

In the dim, early morning light I suddenly saw the sky full of peculiar objects. Looking more carefully apparently there was a mining operation on the other side of the valley and they were bringing the stuff over by a whole bunch of cables with gondolas on them, so the sky was full of gondolas. These gondolas are coming up the valley for a matter of several miles.

We just came across the workings of a dam they are building across the valley. The gondolas, the driver explained, are being used to bring the fill up to make the dam. It turns out that actually

they are building three dams quite close together.

This is really spectacular country. I think it will be more so when it becomes daylight. Right now you can only see the bottom where the lights are on the dam workings.

The road is now down to very narrow one-way very rough construction road with a few thin poles with a rope tied between them along the side sometimes for a 400 to 500 ft drop. Of course the taxi driver doesn't slow down. Sometimes the thin poles and the rope are missing too - looks like maybe they have been knocked down!

The sun is coming up now pretty clear. The light is getting a lot better so over the edge you can see the bottom - maybe 500 to 600 ft. now.

We are coming up near the third dam. The sky is full of gondolas again. There are great cables across and in the gap above us there must be fifteen or so gondolas on each cable.

We just had to stop and wait for them to do some dynamiting.

Well, we have been on the road for about an hour. Our bones are settled down about as far as they can be now, I guess. The very rough road is often just wide enough for the car. We just went through a tunnel that couldn't have been more than eight feet wide, although it is about half a mile long. - Along here now the road is cut through rock formations that go right down to the river valley. They weren't concerned about high vehicles, so the rock overhang often curves right up over the car, missing it only by a few feet. We are coming into the hot spring area - car is hitting the bottom springs pretty often now. Right now we are going through a tunnel - can't see the other end. It is hewn out of the rock and is rough inside, most of it. The roadway itself is about as rough as any we've had so far and it goes up at quite a high pitch - now can't

see either end of the tunnel.

We've come out this end of the tunnel - everything is covered with hoarfrost. -- A little ways further and there was Yakedake, active volcano, in the morning sun. Originally Ishii-san planned that we should climb this but it is too active and no one is allowed to climb. We stopped and took a picture, also took a picture the other way of snow-covered Hodake.//Would you believe it, when we got here there are some buses that came up that same way!

--

57 kilometers in an hour and a half!

--

(Sat.)
 «) 8:45 - we are just starting out from the ^{LODGE} ~~Large~~ Nishitoya. Completely cloudless sky, little puffs of smoke coming from the volcano, small puddles of water have a skim of ice on them.

15 minutes along the dirt road we come to a plaque in the memory of Rev. Walter Weston - 1861-1940. He is credited with naming this part of Japan the "Japanese Alps".

We are walking along the bank of a rapidly flowing river, the bank on this side is wrapped in an interesting way - a galvanized link chain holds down rows of rocks with the linked wire anchored on about 3 ft. centers. This wrapping has a sort of rippled appearance running down toward the river.

Five after nine - we turned off ^{up} the well cleared and traveled trail - elaborate signs at the bottom with maps and expected climbing time posted right there. The trail goes up rather steeply climbing farther and farther above the brook (?) to the left, then turns away a little and starts up fairly rapidly. This is just like White Mountain type of trail; large boulders many times, many times a stream in the springtime is running down it, as a general thing the trees are larger and more widely spaced, relatively little undergrowth.

A Yokogawa group going to the summit - they started a couple of hours ahead of us. Ishii-san has a walkie-talkie and they are supposed to make contact on the half-hour or hour but so far we've been unable to get any answer. It is about two minutes to contact time again at 9:30.

We stopped for a moment to shed jackets. Right now we are going about an Old Speck steepness. We must look funny - Ishii-san with his walkie-talkie and me with the Dictet on a shoulder holster and no jacket over it.

We just passed three girls who had stopped for a breather.

10:10 - we have reached the half way point to the hut where we are going to eat lunch. If we keep this up we'll get there too early. A ten-minute break and off we go again up the now rapidly switching back and forth trail. The footing is quite good - very few large steps.

About 10:30 - we started hitting ground that had been frozen and is now melting and getting quite muddy.

11:00 - about five minutes ago the trail leveled off quite a bit. Now in the woods we are starting to hit snow - very small patches so far.

11:15 - we've reached the lookout point with a little bench made out of logs overlooking the volcano across the valley of green fir trees and a smaller peak also covered with trees, and on beyond Yakedake completely barren with smoke coming out of the top and steam coming out of a hole on one side. (I think I'll take a picture of that later in the afternoon on our way back) and on beyond with its snow cap.

The three girls that have been following behind us caught up after

9-11-

11/5 about fifteen minutes so we moved on. I took a picture of them earlier as they were coming up the steep slope behind us.

I'm about two minutes climbing beyond the lookout. We came around the bend and there was the hut we were looking for for our lunch. We'll get there about 11:25.

At the hut - I took a picture over the sign pointing to the summit saying it is a 2-hour hike from here. In the distance is Yatsugatake Ishii-san has asked if the Yokogawa group has gone through. Every one seems to be completely blank on almost everything. They are looking at the receipts right now to see if they can identify them. Up above the hut - we decided to go up higher for lunch. Took a picture across the rocks in the trail of Kasagatake. Kasa is the name for the peaked Chinese hat - you will note the top of the mountain is a peak. I took a picture up the trail up Nishiho - the east peak of the three that make up Hōpake.

About ten minutes of twelve we turned off the trail and went on the east side protected from the wind and exposed to the sun in a cloudless sky. - From our lunch spot took a picture of Miho. One can clearly see from this side going up almost the middle is a trail that is only about ten years old.

We finished lunch at one o'clock and started up the trail. About 10⁺ of two we got to the ^{Nishiho} ~~Summit~~. Still a longways up to the top. I guess we aren't going to try to make that. We would come back by moonlight and there isn't very much moonlight these days.

Now twenty-five after two - we have started our descent. Still cloudless but there is a little haze, as the pictures taken from the top will show. ??

Seven after three - we are back at the hut. The summit was 2900 meters high.

11/5 Steady down is not the problem with breath but you've sure got to keep your eyes open to avoid turning an ankle.

Five o'clock on the nose - down at the bottom on the river bank. The light was getting kind of poor in the woods. Another half or three-quarters of an hour and we might have had to use the only flashlight we had - my little rechargeable battery one.

Correction on that description of the wrapping on the bank (page 9). The heavy galvanized wire makes up long tubes that are filled with rocks that are fifteen to twenty cm major dimension. These tubes are then laid side by side up the bank.

5:25 - we are back at the lodge and it is almost pitch black.

--

Sunday morning, 6 November, beautiful sky again. A little bit of haze but looks like it may be another perfect day. I didn't mention it yesterday but the distance from the river to the point we went to was 6.5 kilometers and there is at least another 1/2 kilometer here to the lodge, so we went about 14 kilometers.

Got a good night's sleep last night - over eight hours on a couple of pads that added up to maybe three inches thick.

After a leisurely Japanese breakfast it is quarter of nine and we are on the way.

This morning's breakfast had one new delicacy - lotus root pickled in vinegar (very tasty). Last night's delicacy was baked small trout which I have had before and also we had bee

I was impressed because obviously it is expensive but I wouldn't go out of my way for the taste.

Got kind of chilly again last night - about 10 or 12 mm of ice on all of the still water.

11/6 The walk took us to a beautiful pond beyond Deitori (?) It is called ^{Daitori?} ~~Miojin?~~ ^{Miyajin?} A couple of high peaks overlook the pond and there are beautiful trees around it. The third picture I took was Kasumizawa (?) ^{Kasumizawa?} in the background and the first one the peak on the right is Mimiyauchi(?) and the one to the left is Okimyojin(?)

Coming across the bridge over the river we met the four Yokogawa fellows who had made the long circuit starting two days before us. They were going over to see the Miyajin Pond. They had left their packs on this side of the river.

For lunch for dessert we had keichushiruko. It first looked a little bit like a Boston beanpot but when you put it in the cup and poured hot water over it the cakelike outside almost dissolved and ^{allowed} the instant shiruko inside to get mixed with the water. Oishi desu.

We thought there would be a lot of taxis at the bus station but it turns out there weren't any and the bus was sold out solid. The next bus would get us too late to catch our train. So Ishii-san finally talked one of these midget fellows to take us. This time I'm sitting in the front seat because there wouldn't be room for three in the back if I were there. It's going to take us a lot longer because there is all sorts of traffic on the road - many, many private cars. The other morning we didn't meet any. This little car can sure take it. I think it would be unfair to put a Sherman tank through this.

That long narrow tunnel is 2.8 meters wide. We just got to the beginning of the one way stretch. We got here a couple of minutes too late and now we have to wait maybe twenty-five minutes for the batch of cars and trucks to come through from the other end. We got to Matsumoto with about thirty minutes to spare. We've come over here to the Matsumoto Castle. The castle was built in

1510. This castle has not burned therefore it is the original construction. Mostly the castle is steps. Very few exhibits - one large model of the way the castle used to be with the surrounding moats and barracks for soldiers. In several places they have old artifacts from the castle itself, such as the large fish from the top that had been replaced. There is one one-foot high model of the framework of the castle, showing how it is constructed. This visit was more of a chore to Ishii-san and Tokunaga as they both still had on their boots and this was a shoes-off place.

We had plenty of time - we got to the train just one minute before it left.

Ken Tokunaga left us at Hachioji Station. At Shinjuku Ishii-san went on his way and we said "sayonara", then Kita-san and I came on by train to Tokyo Central and taxi to the Hotel.

I've got some distraction - this TV program looks like an old traditional Japanese play but I can't understand a bit of it. As usual, people are very often in misery and very often fighting. I guess right now this gal is unhappy with the treatment she has been getting. She just said something very sadly about hanami and kabuki - maybe he hasn't been taking her out anywhere.

Station break for Maxwell Coffee - Instant Maxwell Coffee - and Johnson Beauty Floor. All the lettering on the Maxwell bottle was romaji. The Johnson is romaji on one side and on the other the name Johnson is in romaji but the rest of it is in katakana.

Then an ad for a Japanese drink - Onamina - and then an ad for Lipton's Instant Tea.

Note
K/G

9-14-64

Kita-san, Ishii-san and Tokunaga have been talking now for maybe fifteen minutes to try to get straight who is going to take the courses and who is going to give the courses. When it all settles down I'll give it again - if it is different from what I have already given you.

Reminder - Ken Tokunaga is coming to the U.S. during the IEEE Show next year. He is being asked to bring his scratch recorder and demonstrate it at the IEEE Show. He is coming with another man from the Instrument Division of Yokogawa and plans to visit several places in the U.S., leaving only three or four days at Foxboro. Ken wanted to study Foxboro's design philosophy since as he said, his boss has told him that Foxboro designs are very good because they make more money for Yokogawa than the Yokogawa designs do, but he is afraid that the three or four days won't give him much chance.

I offered to try to help him along this line as much as possible if he would let me know exactly what his plans are as soon as they are made.

11/2 Monday

Note 11/6
A few things I should know now -
on these hiking trips you should always take your own towel and this is not a towel like you get in the hotel, much more like the colorful hanging ones.

Also, apparently the right place to shave is in the hot bathroom. Saturday night the four of us took a hot bath along with half a dozen others. The actual bath itself was too small for everybody at once. Tokunaga gave me his razor and I joined the others, sitting completely in the raw on a very fragile 3" high plastic stool facing a mirror that covered the entire wall from about 1 ft. to 4 ft. height. ~~Apparently~~ a pair of faucets about every 3 feet provided the water for the little plastic pans and of course the wash cloth was the towel, which Tokunaga had talked the lodge out of. This towel is a very interesting thing in that it is used for a wash cloth and then rung out and used for a towel. This is a continual activity while scrubbing down for the bath.

On Saturday night after we had finished eating we were all of us pretty chilly so we went down to a main room below where they had some electric fires that really did a job of toasting us then.

9/14-C

NEOEL

DOBT

12/6 Note

We have set up tentative schedules for Dick and Bill. We expect to probably take a long weekend (two full days) on their first weekend here even though YEW will be working on that Saturday. Probably we will go to Nikko. Then the following weekend will be a legally ok two days and that time we'll probably go to Kyoto, Nara and Osaka.

I think I will go on both trips to make it easier for all parties concerned.

Ishii-san has told me about the new Japanese program for better mountain safety. A new school is now being built in Toyama Prefecture. It will be entirely for giving 3-months courses to school teachers of various phases of mountain and hiking safety. These teachers will mostly be people who teach in physical education teachers schools. Right now most of the physical education teachers schools give an option course on mountain safety, but in a few years the government has already decided that it will become a mandatory course in three years. Correction: The physical education teachers in high school must take the special 3-months course at the government school in Toyama Prefecture. They must take this course so that in three years from now they will be able to start teaching mountain safety in high school as a mandatory part of the physical education course.

--

6 November 1966

Correction: It is hoped that all high schools in 6 largest cities in Japan will be taking mandatory mountain safety courses within the three years.

The average over the last two or three years has been six hundred people a year killed and the number is going up.

Monday morning, 7 November 1966 - Started out a little cloudy - quite hazy now on the way to work but the sky is almost cloudless and the sun by now is quite bright.

Tape #2 - 7 November - (A man singing on TV in Japanese "I Wandered Today to the Hills, Maggie, ..." - that tune, anyhow.) I catch the word "Maggie", so apparently it is that song.)

I just got in from a very brief evening with Tosi Arima. Tosi took me to his favorite sushi place in Shinju-ku. I had a lot of new kinds of food. Actually, we didn't have sashimi, since that's the form of name for raw fish without rice but it must also be arranged somewhat artistically on a plate or board as it is presented to the guest. Tsumami is a form of raw fish when it is prepared and presented one or two at a time to the guest sitting at a bar. Also Tsumami can include various forms of vegetables. I had many of the same species of Tsumami that I had had before and in addition I had anago, which is a sea eel on rice and a sweet sort of barbecue sauce on it. You do not dip this in the normal soy sauce used in Tsumami and Sashimi or even in the sauce used for Sushi. It seems that for sushi one has a shallow dish four or five cm sq. with a little soy sauce in the bottom of it, so that it is possible to dip the rice and one end of the fish in the sauce before popping it in your mouth using your fingers. In Tsumami and Sashimi one has only chunks of raw fish which you normally pick up with hashi and dip into a bowl that may be 5 or 6 cm in diameter and maybe 4 cm deep. I also had shako, which is apparently very similar to our crawfish. It also is served with the same sweet sauce. Cuttlefish - the body of it anyhow - is normally served as Tsumami and eaten with the soy sauce, but the cuttlefish legs are apparently frequently served with rice patties stuck to the bottom like sushi, but with the sweet sauce

added before it is given to the guest.

Incidentally, I found out another thing. In a Sushi shop they do not understand the word Ocha. One must ask for Agari if he wants Japanese tea.

Did I mention before that my friend, Kainuma, finally got out of his driving job and is now in the Yokogawa Service Dept. being trained as a serviceman. Kainuma had some technical school training and apparently has been waiting for an opportunity to get involved in that kind of work. The driver that met me this morning also was the one that brought Tosi and me down this evening. His name is Wada. He understands English very well and so I must be careful what I dictate when he is driving me. I understand from Tosi that Wada-san worked for a short while for one of the Army Bases. He sure has a good grasp of the English language - in fact, in the talking we did tonight I would say he knows more normal ways to say things than most anybody else at Yokogawa.

After the Sushi House we went over to a sweet shop. This is one I have been in with Tosi several times also. I chose anmitsu and so did Wada-san. The waitress asked Tosi in Japanese if I wanted white honey or black. When Tosi translated I very quickly said black. The waitress understood and smiled very approvingly. Tosi explained that people with tsu always ask for the black.

Tuesday morning, 8 Nov. 1966 - Going to work with Wada-san again. This morning the weather is still fine - quite a heavy haze or some people might call it smog over Tokyo, but the sky is almost cloudless, the haze was too much for Fuji-san though.

I hope that that dictation last night was not too bad. I finally had to give up because I couldn't stay awake.

9-17-

BURT
NEUFEL

Tuesday evening, 8 November 1966 - Well, Bill and Dick are both safely in their rooms. They arrived about twenty-five minutes late at Haneda but got through customs without any hitch. Kita-san and Senbon-san along with Tosi and me met the two weary travelers and brought them down to the hotel. Tosi and I came in the same company car with Dick and Bill and the other two went on home in Senbon's car. At the hotel they checked in their rooms and then all four of us went up to the top floor for a relaxed half or three-quarters of an hour in the Skytop Bar. They got to bed about eleven-thirty and I told them I would like to meet them at 8:15 in the morning so that we could eat breakfast and be ready for Wada-san when he arrived at ku-ji.

On our way out to the Airport Tosi and I stopped in Hamaseiho and had a nice tempura dinner along with some fairly serious talk. Tomorrow will be kind of getting used to Yokogawa during the day and Tokyo at night. We are scheduled to go on a bus sight-seeing night of Tokyo. This lasts from 6:10 to 11:30 PM, takes us through dinner at Suehiro one act of Kabuki, a cabaret, and some sort of floor-show. Fortunately, I had asked for a visit to the Analytical Instrument Show on Thursday morning and that doesn't open until 10:00 and it is just around the corner from the hotel, so we can get a little sleep on the other end.

Wednesday morning, 9 November 1966 - Heavy haze first thing over Tokyo, but it is going to clear and be up in the low twenties today. It's sure like summer weather.

I'm taking Bill and Dick to breakfast this morning to show them the ropes, then after that they will be on their own.

))) (c) Wednesday evening - Back in the Palace Hotel. Well, big surprise! It turns out that because of the Union negotiations and many other commitments, tonight was the only night that a number of the fellows were

15/8 going to be available to eat dinner, and anyhow, Dr. Tomota wanted to have a good welcoming party for Dick and Bill, so a whole gang of us went to Oya and apparently Bill and Dick had a real wonderful time. As the day wore on today they got in worse and worse shape so they were really dragging near the end. We spent most of the day in a tour around the factory and Dick and Bill found many things of interest, but they had a pretty tough time keeping going. But when we got back to the hotel from Oya they were really in the clouds, feeling wonderful, having really enjoyed the party, and incidentally establishing quite an image because they joined me in no drinking and stayed with me on the Mitsuya cider. The gang at the party were Dr. Tomota, Tosi Arima, Rinichi Miyauchi, Haji-san Taoka, Senbon-san, ~~Ha-san~~ ^{HASEBE} Ha-san, OsamuTada, ~~Ono-san~~ ^{Shno} Ono-san, and us three Americans. We played games like picking up Go men with hashi in a race, burning the paper away from a coin suspended by the paper, flipping matches and cigarettes, and playing baseball. The only problem in the whole evening was that Dick and Bill had decided before hand that they just weren't going to eat anything that any fish in it, regardless whether it was cooked or raw or what. They were awfully cautious about the sake also. I guess that each of them must have had as much as two dishes - the little flat ones - of sake, but there was a lot of cider and also quite a bit of food other than raw fish - best of all was the leg of fried chicken.

I should have said earlier that Kita-san wanted to come with us but unfortunately he had a date for this evening that he could not break. I have been doing washing and straightening some things up and I realize here it is Wednesday midnight here in Tokyo and I haven't heard a thing about the election. Maybe I'd better listen to the Armed Forces Net work at midnight.

Thursday morning, 10 November 1966 - I went to sleep before the news came on and woke up maybe an hour later, so still I haven't any election news.

Thursday morning's weather again very much like it has been before - very thin clouds up high, mostly blue sky, but on the ground there is a smog what-am. You can just barely see the building down to the right of the main street going past the hotel. Tokyo Tower I can now just faintly see the top 25%. The weather map gives me some worries about the weekend - maybe the coming poor weather will get out of the system by Saturday afternoon when we get to Nikko but possibly we are in for a poor weekend at Nikko.

On Channel 1 this morning just saw some movie shots of the London to Brighton run of "Old Crocks". Also some movie shots of the Hindu Sadhus riot, as well as the mud-covered Italian streets. - Well, I did hear the good news on the elections, at least in a very brief form, but the Japan Times this morning gave far more details. Very interesting to note the extremely good international publicity given to Brooke - not only extremely good for him but also for the U.S.; with all of the propaganda the Communists are putting out about the suppression of the negroes in the U.S. what could be more impressive than a white lady embracing the new Senator from Massachusetts - front page on Japan Times.

I think I have not mentioned the news about Tosi's home.

The September typhoon that hit Japan caught Tosi's house partially built. The roof was finished with its usual heavy slate covering but the walls were not attached to the framework. The typhoon gave the roof a rotating torque and the whole house collapsed. The architect quickly re-designed and the contractor started rebuilding - this time it is apparently being built so strong that the next typhoon that comes

along is likely to stub its toe if it hits it! This has put a big delay in moving and I guess it is still a couple of months away. Chieko is spending all day almost every day out at the house. I'll bet that contractor doesn't miss one nail that Chieko doesn't call his attention to.

10:30 Thursday evening (10 November) I'm watching a TV show that Ishii-san suggested that I watch. It is on Mountain Safety and the Emergency Rescue Operations. First it shows an accident. Then it shows a bunch of plaques various places in the mountains in memory of people who have died due to such accidents, emphasizing that the loss of life is something like that in a war, there are so many of them. - Now some real fancy shots of some fancy rock climbing, some of it in some pretty bad snow and ice conditions. They showed many pictures of mobs of mountain climbers getting off the trains. One of them showed what was apparently a registration system whereby all the climbers registered right at the railroad station as they got off. They showed a whole flock of people heading up one rock and showed an accident. Now the rescue group has gotten together and discussed their planned approach. They are preparing to climb with their gear, including a stretcher. They've gotten the injured man up off of the ledge - it was possible for him to ride the back of one of the rescuers and then they took him down a trail by riding one man's back after another.//Now they show one where they are having to lower the man with a broken leg from the ledge. Again he is riding the back of one man, going down the rope with a winch arrangement from below and a pulley above. // The final shot showed the rescue of a dummy - this time by lifting him by rope and tackle up about 500 feet to the top of a cliff.

Friday morning - 11 November 1966 - Beautiful cloudless sky, very little haze but, I'm sorry, no Fuji-san.

Friday evening - Back in the hotel. Tonight Kita-san took Bill, Dick and me to Shinjuku. We went to the Shinjuku Station building, gokai, which is a floor full of restaurants. Maybe we saw 20 or 25 different displays of food, in a few places the waitresses or cashiers called out inviting us in, but ^{at} one of them a couple of waitresses came out and pleaded with us. We had been all the way around and this one had sukiyaki, so Kita-san and I decided we should have sukiyaki. Both Bill and Dick were very hesitant, but their minds sure changed after they had been eating for awhile. For dessert, first I had ochazuki and they (all three of them) drank their tea and ate their rice separately, then we ordered melon, mikan, and kaki - all of them (a couple each). The kaki were very sweet and tender and so Bill and Dick liked all of the fruits. Dick and Bill are sure enjoyable guys to take around on sightseeing or just seeing new and different things, they are both so spontaneous in their reactions and so open and unreserved. The three of us make quite a combination, however, when we go to eat because we always all three order milk, no coffee, and although Dick does drink a little beer he is essentially a non-drinker and Bill and I don't have much use for the stuff, so we are three very odd Americans. As far as smoking is concerned, Bill makes up for the rest of us. He buys Hope cigarettes. I suggested he was selecting that brand so that he could hope cigarettes didn't harm him. Both Bill and Dick brought international drivers licenses but they have made it very clear they have no intention of using those licenses here in Japan. Dick says he would like to have somebody else drive so he could look around and Bill, I think, is just plain interested in continuing to live.

Incidentally, I'm able to keep the room temperature reasonably decent by leaving about a half-inch crack on the left-hand side of the inside window and a foot or so opening in the outside window on the right.

Very little noise comes through, but a fair amount of cool air.

There is a cold front coming. Maybe I'll wake up cold ones of these nights. That would sure be a pleasant difference.

It looks as though we are likely to have good weather tomorrow and maybe part way into Sunday.

Saturday morning (12 November 1966) The sky is disappointingly cloudy, but the weather map and the Armed Forces Network forecast indicate we ought to have sunny weather. Forecast this morning still has me concerned about Sunday.

Saturday morning, 12 November 1966 - We played safe and with Wada-san driving we got to the railroad station maybe twenty minutes or so early but that is the best way. Our reserved seats were such that Dick and ^{Hasebe} Ha-san are together and Bill and Senbon-san. I'm sitting in a seat ahead of Bill with an about six-foot Japanese fellow sleeping beside me right now.

The cloudy weather cleared a little bit and there was actually pretty heavy shadow but now there are pretty heavy high clouds again.

The Kanaya Hotel was full of Americans, almost all language spoken was English. We didn't have rooms ready yet so checked our baggage, and picked up a Ford Fairlane at the station - with all of the Americans in buses we decided we'd better go up the road soon. We stopped at the Akechidaira Station at the top of the cog-railway and took the rope way on up for the beautiful view of Lake Chuzenji and Kegon Falls. The sun is shining quite brightly right now.

As the cable car got to the bottom of the lake, the operator opening the door said, "Domo omachido-sama deshita".

In the cable car we were ~~attached~~ suspended freely above the ground by fifty feet or so, now we are going down the Kegon Falls approach, down the elevator and now the walk. Beautiful sunshine but it is too late for the sunshine on the falls.

Lunch at the Chuzenji Kanaya Hotel. Very difficult to find anything except American food but Senbon and I had chicken rice, the others had sandwiches, beer, coffee, etc.

Stopped along the side of Chuzenji to take pictures. Stopped at Ryuzu Falls to take some pictures and for me to eat some ice cream.

Yudaki Falls - the road has been washed out down below so we can only see from above. This will be a different viewpoint.

Took picture of Yunoko. Here is a lake that feeds Yudaki Falls.

Went through the tunnel on the other side - very heavy typhoon damage. Many twenty and thirty centimeter trees blown down.

We stopped at Chuzenju Temple and Ha-san bought for Bill _____ for his daughter. It is the right one for her year of birth.

We got back to the hotel about 4:30, having come down the old Irozaki drive and giving Dick and Bill quite a thrill.

At dinner, Bill's back, which had been bothering him a great deal evenings the last two or three days, began to be very painful so I asked Senbon to go with me to the desk where we arranged for a doctor to come and see Bill. First report was that it would be an hour or so but it turned out to be only fifteen minutes. The doctor gave bill a great deal of comfort by describing his condition of curvature of the spine and stating that the condition he had was a pinched nerve which one could expect with this kind of back after long hours of sitting. He gave Bill an injection (you'd think from what Bill said that the hypodermic cylinder was an inch in diameter and six inches long). This was to quiet the nerve and relax the muscle. He also gave Bill some pills for pain killing and a prescription to take care of him further. The whole thing cost something like 3200 yen but Bill was quite pleased and relaxed. I'll be very interested to see how we make out tomorrow, because we will be walking around in the morning and then a couple of hours on the train in the afternoon.

Sunday morning, 13 November 1966. A high thin cloud-layer, Mt. Nantai is perfectly clear and of course all the lower mountains are too. The high cloudiness means no sharp shadows, but the light is quite bright. Down at this altitude there is a lot of beautiful trees.

In front of my window is one of these very small-leaf maples a

11/13 brilliant red, another one that is going to yellow from green, and there are many orange colored, some are still green. These maples are really beautiful.

Last night at dinner I asked for fruit for dessert and took a mikan which I ate then and an apple which I stuck in my pocket for this morning.

Outside the hotel entrance last night we noted a parked Honda Dream 300 - I'd guess it was the biggest Honda motorcycle made. Just now when I came out, waiting for the others to finish their breakfast, an American couple (I'd guess in their 40's) a sixty year old or so Japanese gentleman commented that you had to be young to enjoy that. I said, "Young in spirit, anyhow" and the American lady said, "Yup, that's all."

Lower clouds are coming in now. Mt. Nantai is pretty well covered at the top. Very dull day, unfortunately.

Here at the Nikko temples. When we got up near the Sleeping Cat there it was, the gate was open again! So for the 3rd time I have been to the Tokugawa Shrine. This time they are selling small bottles of sake with cups, so I bought one to take home. Also at the Shrine there were two little girls dressed in their brilliant red and white - maybe they were six or eight years old. For a little while they helped the lady who was cleaning up the leaves among the stones. I finally talked Bill into taking a picture of them and then Ba-san took a picture of them with the rest of us.

Well, it finally started drizzling, about quarter of twelve as we came out of the Museum. The Museum is a temporary one while they are rebuilding the old. By memory most of the artifacts are their in a temporary sheet-metal building.

There is a very nice little gift shop right near the hotel now. We

stopped there and most of us bought something or other.

At the table next to us at lunch there is a group of men, some Japanese and some European I'd guess. There are two flags at the table - one Japanese and the other with three stripes starting at the top white, green and red, and in the upper corner near the standard is a yellow, red and green figure of some sort.

By the time lunch was over it was raining very hard, so we called off the Kirifuri trip and we are sitting around in the hotel for an hour or so before starting back for the train. We are watching a Japanese TV show - a Japanese Superman - some very fancy sword play and fighting with the Japanese two-handed sword.

As we drive along in the rain we are going parallel to the old tree-lined road, many, many trees were blown down by the typhoon - maybe as much as 5% of them. The highway goes down between the trees off and on for many miles - very impressive with the very tall, closely packed big trees. We got to the station about fifteen minutes early. This time we are on a real fancy, very quiet, new reserve-seat express - one of the streamline type that have the trucks in between the cars. I'm sitting by myself on an aisle seat with the others sitting in pairs.

When we arrived in Ueno station it was raining very hard. The taxi line was maybe three hundred feet long, three or four people wide, so we decided to get a hire car. Ba-san called Daiwa and after several minutes in which we could watch the scramble of taxis, the Daiwa car came and brought us to the hotel.

We all ate at the Coffee Shop in the hotel tonight. ^{Hasebe} Ba-san and I both got the spaghetti with meat sauce. The others got sandwiches. I taught ^{Hasebe} Ba-san how to eat spaghetti with the large spoon and at the same time I asked for hashi - hashi is better. We broke up about seven o'clock and I left the two Americans in the Book Shop.

11/3 I came up to my room - have a TV show going now - all Japanese. Started out with some very nice light Japanese music then they swung into some American songs, singing quite well - one of the girls was just singing Down Mexico Way in English and the only problem she had was the pronunciation of Mexico. The Japanese say mekikico.

Monday morning, 14 November - As expected, the morning dawned kind of wet, hasn't been raining since dawn and it is now almost quarter of eight, but the streets are wet and there are high clouds. Looks like a chance there might be some blue sky, but the weather map would indicate no certainty of it today. Of course - no Fuji-san. It may clear tomorrow, in fact I'm pretty sure it is going to be clear tomorrow but that doesn't mean much to us but it does to the youngsters who are going to Shichigo-san because I think tomorrow is their big day.

I talked to Miyauchi-san about the trip this coming weekend and suggested that maybe the two Americans would be better off if I did not go. I suggested that maybe they would learn more about Japan and learn to know the Yokogawa people better if I was not there. Then I learned that the plans were for Rinichi alone to go with Bill, Dick and me, so I suggested that possibly Kita-san should go in my place. I told him that Kita-san had been unable to go to the party last week and also couldn't go to Nikko with us and maybe this would be a good opportunity for Bill and Kita-san to get to know each other better. I said that I would certainly miss the wonderful time that I would have with Rinichi but I suggested that maybe the others should get more attention. Miyauchi san said he would not try to force me to go and he agreed it might be a good idea for Kita-san to go, so this is the way it will be. I have no plans for the weekend. I told Rinichi not to worry,

1/11/48 that maybe I would go shopping over on Ginza, that I had done this before several times.

Rinichi and I talked about the trip to Kyoto and Nara and I made several suggestions such as Gion Corner and Kiyomizu Temple. I also suggested that he call Mariko to get from her the name of her favorite little temple - this might be a very nice experience since it is such an unspoiled and relatively unknown temple.

→ Tonight Bill, Dick and I were invited to Hasebe-san's home where we met his wife, his little daughter Keiko (actually a much longer name but abbreviated to Keiko) and his son Toru. Keiko is 4 and Toru 12. Toru had done some of the cooking and was a very ambitious waiter, running up and down stairs, bringing many things for us to eat and being a big help to his mother. We had a very nice variety of Japanese and Chinese food, finished off by cocha then cake, then ocha and fruit. We had a little dish of cut fruit with a nice sweet sauce, and then a basket of fruit. We didn't touch the basket even though there were mikan, kaki and enormous apples, so just before we left ^{HASEBE} Ba-san put all the fruit in a paper bag, wrapped it up in furoshika and gave to me to bring to the hotel for my asa gohan and also for the others if they wanted it.

* Insert 9-27K → Today I got a letter from Bruce, a letter from Marion and a letter from Peg. Bruce's and Peg's first gave me the very welcome political news and Peg, it sure sounds like Buster is doing all right as far as the Shoe is concerned. I am somewhat amazed at all of the technical terms that you used, Peg, such as cylinder walls in good shape and only needing honing and re-boring. I hope they rebore first and then hone, or maybe six of them will be honed and two re-bored for the new pistons. But anyhow, it sounds like a mighty good deal. I'm particularly happy about the disk type brake. It will give me a lot more confidence and comfort in the future, when

Hasabe has a very nice semi-modern home. He has a carport that is large for his car and a two-story house. We sat and ate upstairs in ^{Hasabe} Ba-san's room where he has a Western table and dining-room chairs and also a sofa and a couple of comfortable easy-chairs. It is about a twenty minutes drive from Yokogawa and if he doesn't have a car he can ride the train out two more stops beyond Mitaka and take a bus that goes right by his house.

^{Hasabe}
At ^{Hasabe} Be-san's home the other night he gave me a taste of a plum wine made from plums from the tree in his yard. It is a very concentrated wine that is diluted 5 to 1 with water and under those conditions it is still nice and sweet and very low alcoholic content. It is called ume wine.

going down mountainous roads. Maybe American roads should more of them have the kind of construction the old and therefore down-going section of the Irohazaka Drive. Near the bottom at one of the bends there is an extension straight out and going up a bit for may 50 meters - with row after row of soft dirt piled up - a slowing down point for vehicles whose brakes have failed on them. There weren't any tracks up the soft dirt, so it is difficult to know how many have taken advantage of this unventaichi feature. - The fact that Peg says nothing about the furnace would indicate to me that she is not having any trouble with it. This, I might say, is what I should expect but obviously have some misgivings on. I was pretty sure a couple of times before that I had the situation corrected and found that I was wrong. This time I should be more certain but I do kind of keep my fingers crossed.

I appreciated very much the rest of Bruce's news. Sounds like you're having fun Bruce. I appreciate your covering for me and giving me condensed abstracts so that I can keep a feel of the way things are going while I'm away.

And thank you, Marion, for your notes. My American friends were quite interested in the 25 millimeters of snow around Worcester and the 75 millimeters in Pittsfield. It has been normally between 20 and 25°C every day - and that's hot.

Over the weekend Dick had considerable trouble with his movie camera and last night in Bill's room he took it apart, maybe half way according to Bill, and according to Dick he put it back together and it seemed to run fine for maybe fifteen minutes and then jammed up pretty tight. Dick is now looking around very seriously for a good buy in a Japanese camera which will supply him with film that he can use in his present editing and projecting equipment. This is a little bit of a problem since the real big fad and most of the new designs in movie cameras in Japan are the super-8 and single-8 cameras. Dick's is the split-16 type. Today we walked over at noontime to a camera shop in Mitaka but the only catalogues they had were in Japanese and Dick wasn't satisfied, so they promised to get an English catalog for tomorrow. This evening I got an English one out of the rack in the hotel which may enable them to make a decision on what he wants to buy before he goes back.

I just looked over a bunch of pictures that Ishii-san had left for me to look at. One group of them were taken at Kamikochi just two weeks before we went up there and there may have been six inches or so of snow up on the trail. We probably never would have gotten to the top on a day like that.

Also Tokunaga-san (Ken) brought along a sketch he made of me while I was taking my nap after lunch.

Kita-san gave me some prints of pictures that he had taken - one of them is quite spectacular I think, but you people back home will have to decide that.

Tuesday morning (15 November 1966) Got up early but too many things I tried to do organizing my work so now I'm a couple of minutes late. It has been sprinkling this morning. I think it is going to clear a little bit today but I'm not too sure.

Tuesday night - back in my room. This was a free night tonight, so Bill, Dick and I came directly to the hotel with Wada-san right after work. We ate in the Coffee Shop, then I took the two of them to my friend from Chicago - the Nikko Co., Ltd. in the Palace Hotel Arcade. All of us did a fair amount of our shopping there. Then we went up to Dick's room and talked over the various items they are thinking of buying and I gave them some suggestions which I'll repeat to Kita-san tomorrow. Kita-san said this morning that he very much wanted me to go along on the shopping trip, but I explained that I was sure he could handle it very well and that I did have some additional things to cover and that I was going to have quite a bit of difficulty doing the job well in the time I had available. Dick stayed up very late last night trying to fix his camera and today got a small set of tools from Ba-san and he is working again on the camera tonight.

9-30A-
↓
(9-31)

Wednesday morning, 16 November 1966 - So busy straightening things out and reading reports this morning I didn't get anything taped until now that we are on our way with Wada-san. The weather this morning is quite dull, heavy overcast. The Armed Forces weather man spent most of his time trying to explain it - not too successfully. Seems we have a couple of highs with a low that is sneaking in between them.

Tonight we went to Chizⁿzan-so with Rinichi, Tahei, Senbon and Hasebe-san. Both Bill and Dick were very happy with this kind of Japanese food. In fact, Bill said his whole attitude toward Japanese food had changed. Now he was satisfied it was all right.

no 21

K 106

After dinner we went for a walk around the garden, which is now perked up a little bit more with the waterfall that was being put in when I was there last time. The weather was a little chilly but no rain, so the walk around the garden was very nice.

We stopped by the three tiered pagoda and Rinichi and I had quite an argumentative discussion over why a pagoda didn't fall down when there was an earthquake.

The waitress gave us three Americans a little envelope omiyage (souvenir).

Back to Nikko trip - When we were being given a speech by the priest in the next to inner sanctum in the temple, I heard the priest talking about kiren and then he said something about kiren beer and everybody laughed. Later Ba-san explained that on the two walls, one side there is a picture of a phantasy animal, the baku, that eats bad dreams. On the other is the Ren, which gives one peace of mind. Therefore no bad dreams to be eaten by the Baku, I guess. At this point the priest commented that maybe it was because of the peace of mind that everybody drank kiren beer.

Back to the movie on Mountain Safety - I missed seeing Ishii-san because he wasn't in any of the mountain shots. He was, however, near the end in a presentation of awards to the men who carried out the rescue mission. This was an indication of the kind of recognition these people get.

I talked the other day about the ceremony in the boiler room at Yokogawa, well the picture of me at that ceremony is in the Yokogawa Weekly Newspaper. It seems I do something everytime I get here that puts me in that paper. I've got two or three copies from Kita-san. The name of that ceremony was Fuigomatsuri - Fuigo is the name of a blower used to make fires go, such as in blacksmith shops. The Japanese one is a piston pushed back and forth by hand and a couple of light valves, such as feather valves. (MH note - I don't remember anything about such a ceremony.)

Thursday (17 November 1966) Woke up a little early. I want to clean up all of this back dictation and if I have enough I want to get the tape off this morning too.

Clear cloudless sky with bright shining stars (boy, he is early!)

I think the Armed Forces people will have a hard time explaining this one. Last night they said it was going to be raining all night and all day today.

I am kind of worried that Saturday will be a poor day for the fellows in the Kyoto area and maybe on Sunday in Nara. I certainly hope they see Fuji-san before they leave. So far, one evening they did see the summit in the sunset from Kita-san's office area, _____

Senbon has suggested that he and Be-san take me over into Chiba Prefecture one day this weekend while the rest of them are off to the west.

---At the Chinzan-so last night at the table next to us was the Chicago Patent Attorney and his wife. She was so tickled that they had finally gotten rid of their Japanese guide. They had one evening - last night - to themselves and this morning they are off on their way back home. He hadn't realized what the calling-card situation was in Japan so had run out completely. He wrote his name

on a hashi wrapper to give to me as they left. His wife expressed the situation as being that they felt seeing me was almost like "old home week" and they made a very strong invitation for me to visit them in Chicago if I ever get there. His name is Lloyd C. Root, 135 South LaSalle Street, Chicago - telephone CE6-5030.

Yesterday morning, Bill commented that he would like to see more of the city and I realized we had gone by highway every morning, so this morning Wada-san will take us by another way, maybe somewhat like my past routes and then tomorrow morning again a different one.

11/17 Thursday evening - back at the hotel. Actually, Wada-san went a little more devious route but still he got us at Yokogawa at the nine o'clock that we had planned on. He took us by the big Olympic Stadium and then past the Olympic Swimming-pool, and he stayed off the highway all the way, so we had quite a few new sights for Dick and Bill.

This evening right after work we came directly to the hotel with Rio Imamura and ^{MORIO TANAKA} Taka of the Overseas Operations group. From the hotel we went to the Zakuro restaurant, where we couldn't get tatami but had a very enjoyable shabu-shabu dinner sitting up at a table. This was probably better for Dick and Bill anyhow, Bill's back had started to act up a little near quitting time today.

From here we took a taxi over to Ginza area and wandered around dropping in a couple of places, one of them being the Ginza Fugetsudo where we had refreshments of one sort or another (this is a sweets shop) so I got an awfully fancy thing with all sorts of fruit, ice cream, etc. - kind of a small banana split. Bill had a coke and a unique experience with common facilities. In our wandering around

the Ginza area Dick and Bill took quite a few movie shots of all of the bright lights and street scenes. Finally, far from bored by the experiences of the evening, we took a taxi back to the hotel, arriving about ten o'clock - a little late for people who want to do tape recording.

Friday morning, 18 November 1966 - first thing was quite heavy haze. It is clearing quite rapidly and the high clouds are also thinning out overhead. Looking at the weather map, I haven't done too well lately, but I would say that Dick and Bill are in for good weather on their trip. I would guess it would be sunny by this afternoon. It will be interesting to see what the Armed Forces Network says about the weather. There are two highs coming in, one from Korea and one from Manchuria, that ought to be hitting the west coast along Shimonoseki late today. - Well, this time the Armed Forces weather forecast is exactly the same as mine -- Hey, I can see Fuji-san! It sticks out quite clear in spite of the haze - there's snow all over the top of it too. Wonder if Bill and Dick have looked out. Couldn't see it earlier, now from my room here one of the cranes over the new Imperial Palace building is almost directly in line. Maybe after the building is built we'll be able to see Fuji-san better. From the other end of the hotel - that's the end farthest away from the Palace - Fuji-san would be clear of that construction tower.

Friday evening. This evening was free. Bill and Dick went shopping this afternoon. I stayed at the company and worked on EBS all afternoon. When I got back to the hotel I found Bill and Dick in the coffee shop and so we ate dinner together. They tell me they had a very satisfactory time in their shopping - got everything they wanted.

The weather still looks good for the weekend, so maybe Bill and Dick

will have a good time - also Kita-san and Rinichi.

11/14 Today at noontime Tamao Nakamura came around to see if there was any chance of getting together with me. We ended up making a date for Sunday. He will spend the afternoon with me, first going down to one of the department stores to do a little bit of shopping myself. Tomorrow, Saturday, I will be with Senbon and ^{Fusabe} Be-san.

11/14 Saturday morning, 19 November 1966 - Well, this weather here sure has got me stumped. The two highs clear over the mainland yesterday morning have apparently passed over Japan and now there are three lows coming in rapidly from all directions from the west. Looks as though it may be clear from this heavy overcast so that maybe this afternoon will be good in Osaka, Kyoto and Nara area, and the Armed Forces Network says maybe broken cloudiness this afternoon around here, but I'm worried now about tomorrow at Nara. I sure hope those guys take their raincoats and I hope they get quite a few pictures today because maybe tomorrow won't be too good. Two of those lows are associated with occluded fronts. It's conceivable that one will miss this section of Japan to the north and the other off to the sea at the south, so maybe not too much rain, but I guess we can't hope for anything but cloudiness at least tomorrow.

-- It is just about eight o'clock and Bill and Dick should be on their way for the West.

Yesterday Kita-san gave me a print of a photo taken on the mountain climbing hike and told me there will be an article in this week's weekly paper on that, so I got my picture in the paper twice on this trip. Either the editorial staff has something favorable in his attitude toward Americans or they are awful short of news, or maybe this one is in there because of Kita-san - the fact that he climbed -

because everybody at Yokogawa knows him as a non-athletic guy. I'll have to ask him.

-- ~~HASEBE~~

With Be-san and Sen-san - we are now in Chiba Prefecture; in Funabashi I thought of Henry Milo - there's a big ice-skating building - skate inside and outside on the roof is a ski track maybe ten lanes wide. Not sure how the ski tracks are made but maybe a nylon pile with water. - We were on a brand new road for a little while but it didn't last - back to the old one, bumper to bumper just like South-east Expressway. Overcast sky looks a little hopeful. A few thin spots here and there. I still think we are going to have some sunshine this afternoon. There's certainly a lot of industry along this road. We are in Chiba now - just went past Chiba Kawasaki Iron and Steel and Tokyo Electric Power Generating Plant, and many, many other large plants, many of them flying the green cross - anzen daiichi - flag. We go along quite near the water and every once in awhile an inlet with docking and out on the bay I can see large ship-loading and unloading facilities. One company making oil for tempura and also salad oil with very large storage tanks off in the distance. Now I can see a couple of flares on the refinery I've been smelling for awhile. - An ink manufacturing company right here. Fuji Sash Co. - window sash. - Now we are coming into a very broad refinery complex. First is Asahi Glass Mfg. I can see four or five flares at one time - that's a chemical company, oil company, Maruzen has a very large flare going right now, fertilizer company right along side. One of the plants we just went by is one that had trouble with Foxboro 693 connected to 63 Alarms and on power dip the overshoot would shut the plant down. Mitsui Petro-chemical just building a new plant. They will probably use no name series because they wanted

individual power supply and Yamatake price too much lower than ECI. A couple more refineries and chemical plants. Most of this is on reclaimed land.

Now we are back on the old road and out on the shore you can see many, many pipes that bring in the sludge from the dredges to fill the land with.

Stop for traffic here. In the little muddy shallow ditch beside the road a whole bunch of crawdads, Japanese name - zarigani, which is a type of ebi.

We turned inland about Kisarazu, now we are going up into higher country. First along a road lined with very large cherry trees. The road is going up Mt. Kano and my ears are popping. Took picture of Mt. Kano Golf Course - the first tee is up by the house near the top and the golf course goes around the mountain.

We went in the temple, Kanozan. It is called Jinyaji - Jin means god, ya - field, the same character as the no in Kano, ka meaning deer. As we went in the temple there was a large number of pens with deer on one side and pigeons on the other. Several buildings - quite well kept in this 300-year old temple. I had never seen so many money boxes. In one of the buildings there must have been over thirty. The building was a museum - among other things was a sculpture of a snake made by the same man who made the sleeping cat at Nikko. The snake has its eyes open but I guess he was sleeping because he certainly wasn't moving. I expected him to any moment, it was so realistic. There were the twelve gods standing side by side for the various years - in front of each one was a little money box so you could ask the appropriate god to give you some assistance.

All three of us felt very secure so we didn't put in any money in the boxes. - In another building out behind that one and through a very nice little garden which is a replica of another one in Tokyo, there was a blooming tree which I took a picture of, and around the corner in another building were three parrots, far more interested in eating than talking, even though ^{Hasebe} Be-san and Sen-san tried to get them to say something.

Just had a very nice lunch at the Kanozan Country Club called Barbecue - a gas-flame heated iron plate in the middle of the table was used to cook meat, chicken and many vegetables. Ichiban oichi.

There is a very nice view from the club out across the golf course of a large number of small peaks, Kujukutani - which means valley. After lunch - it was big enough to be called dinner - the sun was shining so we took a few pictures. We had kaki and apples for dessert and a lecture on kaki from an expert grower - ^{Hasebe} Be-san, who has four kinds of trees in his yard. Now I know all of the stories I have been hearing are correct but they are for different kinds of kaki. One kind of kaki is shaped a little bit like a football. This one is much like the American persimmon in taste and requires three or four months of leaching by alcohol vapor to make it edible, then it is nice and soft and sweet. Another sort is pumpkin-shaped. This one has very soft edible seeds and needs no treatment after it is ripe. A third one is about spherical, has hard seeds, and is edible without treatment but the meat itself is somewhat harder than the pumpkin shaped one/ The fourth one is apparently about the size of the American persimmon but it is sweet and edible without treatment and very full of small hard seeds, so it is normally not eaten too much.//The waitress told us that from the Kanozan Country Club

one can see on a clear day Miharayama and Fuji-san, also Tokyo Tower. I asked her if she could also see America.

Several places I have seen the katakana "maza" and I couldn't figure out what it was all about but I see now on a big barn with some cows Mother Farm - it's a dairy farm.

Going back to comments on the temples - there was a sign in one of them saying that there is record of their being a temple first built on the mountain about one thousand three hundred years ago.

Coming down into Osawa there were many places where heavy water from typhoon had washed away parts of the road and it has been recently repaired.

We just visited Tokyo Wankannon, which is the very large cement buddha figure overlooking Tokyo Bay (Tokyo Wan). We climbed to the top and took a few pictures - good little exercise after riding around all day. One of the pictures looked east and showed both the place where we ate and Maza Farm.

Well, we got to the ferry exactly at the time they are supposed to leave but we've got a few minutes because they haven't started yet. Now we find that Sen-san's timetable is old and rather than 4:25 it leaves at 4:40. When we got on the ferry I found in the lounge two TV sets showing sumo wrestling. This was fine, but I was a little worried when I went up above and found a TV set also on sumo wrestling in the pilot house. I wonder if the pilot will be watching the TV or where he is taking the boat. -- As we pulled out going into the Bay Sen-san pointed out the window and there was Fuji-san against the red sky! I hope my picture came out - I took one at a hundredth and one at a fiftieth of a second. -- We are still a ways out and to the left in the Kawasaki district you can see many flares.

Right now we are going directly toward Haneda. The runway lights are directly in front of us. But it's time to go down and get in the car now because we are getting so close.

As we drove off the ferry, one of the crew men was standing there saluting to every car as it left, just as polite as any of the fancy restaurants we go to.

We just came up behind a Tones (?) It looks like a large car here. One thing I forgot to mention earlier - we were the only people being fed at the Country Club, although there were quite a few out playing golf. There were only a couple of other people at the temple when we went through.

--

I got back to the hotel a little after ten o'clock. I sure had a good time at Senbon's tonight. We didn't sit down to dinner until maybe seven-thirty and he was very apologetic. I explained that I was only worried about his family having to wait too long, that it was all right with me because I could sleep in the morning. ^{Hasebe} Be-san and I ate with the whole Senbon family - his daughter, his son Nobuaki, and his wife. His son, maybe eight years old, said he hadn't really waited for us, he had been sneaking a little bit of the food from time to time while he was waiting. Be-san to oku-san gave me quite a rundown on ocha and it goes this way: sencha is what I've been calling Nihoncha. It is the first picking of new leaves. They are treated by being steamed for a short while and then dried. This is also often called green tea and, of course, is yellow. -- Macha, sometimes called ceremonial tea, is bright green and is presumed to be sencha powdered. -- Heehieha Hojicha is second picking and is steamed and then roasted in a rotating drum. It is a sort of grey brown. -- Boncha is also second picking but not roasted. It is sometimes called brown tea

but it is a grey color and has a strong rugged taste as opposed to the quite bitter taste of sencha. -- Kocho is sometimes called black tea. It is the brown colored tea that Americans normally think of when they refer to tea. -- Uroncha is Chinese tea and is the delicate and sometimes almost perfumed tasting tea. -- Now, is it clear to everybody?

Today we were driving along the road with three big trucks driving like crazy leading a parade with us following right behind the trucks. Be-san explained this was called Tsuyuharai. The trucks were described as this because they were clearing the way. Literally this means wiping off the dew and it describes the lead man's responsibility in the train of people carrying the ruler from one location to another. He explained that this was a very appropriate word for mountain climbers, because after a heavy dew or rain the lead man has that responsibility, whether he likes it or not. The leader normally is tsuyuharai.

I didn't mention that on Friday on the way to work Wada-san took us by way of Yasakuni Shrine, which is the shrine for Japanese ~~dead of wars~~ veterans. It was built in the early 1900's - is my impression. All of us took some pictures.

Sunday morning, 20 November 1966 - High, very thin clouds, very heavy smog, so no Fuji-san. Those two low pressure centers have moved clear off the east coast of Japan in 24 hours. The weather pattern is moving a lot faster than I thought. It looks as though everything is rosey for Dick, Bill, Rinichi and Tahei. A high has come in rapidly from the southwest - looks as though it is going to be clear sunny weather all day in Kyoto - Nara area, and very early this morning it will become clear and sunny here.

It is after ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Tokyo Tower is completely lost in the smog or haze, let's call it.

I took a picture of the heavy haze. The fountains are all operating nicely.

Well, Dick and Bill are back. Apparently they had a wonderful time. Saturday morning they saw Fuji-san and with the new binoculars they had bought they could see the weather observatory on the top. Incidentally, these two guys are like peas in a pod. When they were both carrying movie cameras the other day they took identical shots, almost never did one take a shot that the other didn't. They both bought the same kind of binoculars, and they sure back each other up on eating a very minimum of Japanese food. Apparently they did like Gion Corner and Kiyomizu, but they both are really worn out by all of the walking they did today. I suspect I did more walking than they did.

120
see 9-26
 Tamao Nakamura showed up right on the dot of twelve and we walked over toward town and finally found a soba noodle shop open where we had tempura soba noodle called yabu soba. Yabu is the name of a school where they teach making soba noodle. To top it off we had soba manju. This is manju with the outside being made with the same kind of flour that the noodles are made, rather than with the rice flour as in most manju. The center was not the pure an paste, it wasn't quite as sweet and had a slightly different taste. It was very good. From there we walked to Mitsukoshi Dept. Store. I had two things to get. One was a Japanese cooking dish for Nobby Clarke in England and the other a Japanese creche for Mary Bowditch. I gave up on both of them at that store, although I did buy an umbrella for myself and a couple of little items. Went over to a second store by subway. Still no luck on the creche. Finally gave up on the Japanese cooking dish. The only cooking dishes around were Corning Glass dishes and the very heavy stew cooking dishes with tops that were ornamented but nothing inside. I bought a

nut dish I hope will be a suitable substitute. -- Tamao asked around and was told that Isetan in Shinjuku had a special Christian Christmas center, so he called them up and sure enough they said they had a display that we might be interested in. We went by taxi and finally found the spot. There was a nun working as clerk behind the counter and when Tamao identified us as the people that called she went around behind a large creche that was typical American and came out with a 10 or 12" high statue of what the Japanese call Mariya, obviously Japanese in kimono with a halo and hands held in prayer. There was nothing else at all, so I gambled, since it wasn't too expensive and it is pretty nice looking. Meanwhile, Tamao had picked up presents for Bill and Dick and Bill's daughter, Carol which he asked me to deliver to them tonight. I added the ones that Senbon had given me last night, after eating dinner in the coffee shop with the two of them. They went off looking forward to spending most of the night getting things packed.

The Mariya that I bought is called a Hakata Ningyo. They are made in northern Kyushu. Hakata is the old name of that section.

Monday morning, 21 November 1966, sky over head is quite clear, Tokyo Tower is still there but not quite as clear as it was last night but certainly a lot better than it was yesterday morning. Can't see Fuji-san yet. I guess it will be about 7:15 before the sun hits it good. The sun has to get up above the clouds that are high in the east.

Well, even though Dick ran into an airline hostess for breakfast we did get away from the hotel about on time. Tanaka-san and Tada-san met us, they were actually waiting in the lobby when I got down there early. Tanaka-san went with Bill and Dick with Wada-san in

his car and Tada-san and I took a taxi. The taxi left about a minute after Wada-san and arrived at the airport at least five minutes before Wada-san. We checked through and got them all set at the ticket counter, holding out their brief cases, now Dick and Bill are in the Bank of Tokyo Branch changing their yen back into dollars.

In the Bank they are vacuum-cleaning the rug right now. Big canister type vacuum-cleaner, a lady working the sweeper end working hard, dragging back and forth, a man pulling the canister and keeping the cord straight. It is pretty obvious who is working hardest here. The girl is rocking back and forth, pressing down hard, the man standing still most of the time as he watches to keep the hose about right for her convenience.

Saw a somewhat opposite situation on TV this morning - it was showing another one of the documentary interesting items of farm life - they were making something that was doughy-like but seemed to require an awful lot of impact. A man was swinging a very large sledge and it looked like his mother was reaching in in between the blows and turning the dough over a little. It was a wonder she didn't get a broken arm out of that.

9:18 - they haven't called flight 2 yet but it seems to be on time so we are going to send the guys on through and the rest of us get to work. -- They both looked a little frightened as they went down the red carpet and said goodbye to all of us, but I'm sure they'll get through all right.

At the Computer Trade Show - Took a break for lunch. I was able to pick out and read the various kinds of luncheons that were available and selected the spaghetti with meat sauce, and kiren lemon. I needed to add a hundred yen to the hundred yen of tickets that I had gotten free with my entrance ticket. When I asked for spaghetti, the man behind the counter reached down, picked up a handful of spaghetti and threw it into a strainer, which he then dipped in the boiling water, swirled it a round a little, and then dumped it on a platter. Another man dumped a dipper of meat sauce and a couple of spoons of cheese and I had my spaghetti. When I got to the end of the line there was a lady handing out knife and fork wrapped in a napkin, or a fork wrapped in a napkin, or hashi. She gave me a fork, even though I asked for hashi, and then I took hashi much to her surprise. Tada-san also had spaghetti and he ate it with a fork.

Back in the hotel Monday evening. Well, this was a pretty busy day. Got a couple of letters from Bruce Hainsworth, letter from Bruce Baldrige, letter from Marion, letter from Tamao Nakamura and a copy of the most recent issue of the Yokogawa weekly paper. This is of quite a bit of interest to me. There is an article by Rio Imamura about New York and America, there is an article about awards that Dr. Tomota and Ohno-san have gotten for patents, there is an article on the 4 guys who went hiking in the Northern Alps.

I was free this evening mainly because Kita-san and Miyauchi-san were both still recovering from the weekend.//About quitting time Fuji-san was sure beautiful in the sunset. I tried a couple of pictures and I hope they come out reasonably well but I'm worried - it's awfully dark under those conditions but the sky is awfully bright still.

Tuesday morning, 22 November 1966 - Dawned beautiful and bright, cloudless sky, almost no haze, and Fuji-san is out nice and clear, but that darl-gon crane over the Imperial Palace is turned with its side toward me so that it completely covers Fuji-san. I can see the mountain in between the steel structure.

The weather map on TV looks as though we are likely to have pretty good weather for several days. All there is to the west is highs but they go through awful fast, at least this time of year. This is the time of the year ^{of} ~~that~~/the highest speed jet stream over Japan. It gets up well over the temperature here in Tokyo. Last night was down to -3°C . The Armed Forces Station, which seldom gives weather forecasts beyond the afternoon today has ventured that it will be a clear, cloudless day again tomorrow in Tokyo. Incidentally, it was snowing last night in northern Japan in the Alps area and further north in Hokkaido.

Here it is ten minutes after eight and Fuji-san is still quite clearly to be seen from the hotel. Shozo is coming by to pick me up at nine o'clock. That's why I'm still here now.

Tuesday evening, back at the hotel. I'm getting to be quite blasé about telephones now. When I got here the desk downstairs gave me a message from Pan Am. The local telephone number I dialed all right and learned that they had got me on TWA 74 from San Francisco and now I just got through talking to Tosi Arima. Shozo had given me the telephone number this afternoon. I had to ask the operator for this one but managed to get it through perfectly all right and made an arrangement for Tosi to come around tomorrow a little before noon with a sushi luncheon for us and promised me that Chieko will meet us for supper tomorrow evening.

Well, I've been back at the hotel now for a half hour or so and we ate about half an hour away from here by car, so I guess there is no real rush in my dictating this! To-night I ate a very enjoyable

11/22 dinner with Shozo Yokogawa and Toshio Muraoka of Y-H.P. Shozo took us to the Fukugen Restaurant. It is a restaurant that is open from October until March only every year because its sole dish is the famous Japanese blow fish. The dinner consisted almost completely of dishes made from the fish. First of all was hirezake, being a good size cup of ~~very~~ special sake made by putting in the bottom of the cup fins from the fish that have been previously cooked, then boiling sake is poured on and the vapors coming off lighted with a match and let burn until they stop. This certainly didn't taste like any sake I had had before, and actually was pleasant enough that I drank the whole cup, even though Shozo had ordered cider for me. There were several soups that included various parts of the

fish, as evidence that it was in fact male fugu that we were eating. The female is the one that contains poison that gives you the twenty minutes to live after you have eaten it. Apparently, during the summer months, March to October, the male fish also is poisonous. The main dish was fugusashi, which consisted of some chunks of the meat, thin strips of the skin, and then some paper thin shavings of the flesh of the fish. A little manipulation with hashi and the chunks with the skin strings are wrapped in the thin raw fish, this then dipped in a sauce and popped in your mouth. Somewhere along the line there was a moist zuke of some sort called ojiya. I gather that it was also made with some of the fish soup. -- We ended up with melon and then anmanju and a very nice tasting tea that was not bitter but still was Japanese green tea.

We had several discussions over the philosophy of intercompany relationships, and discussed various experiences.

This morning about nine o'clock Shozo picked me up at the hotel and drove me out to the plant at Hachioji in his new sports car - it is really a hot little car. As we got away from the buildings in Tokyo and out near Hachioji where the buildings were lower, there was Fuji-san, nice and clear and covered with snow.

In the morning I talked mostly with George Newman who is still here from Hewlett-Packard and went on a factory tour with George and Shozo. It is certainly a well organized plant of about two hundred people, making 43 different instruments at a total volume of about 1-1/2 million dollars a year.

For lunch, Shozo and George took me to a restaurant called in kata kana Ronshiyau, but the Romaji on the other side of the matchbox says Longchamp Restaurant. We had a very nice small steak, Shozo

taking pan as a side dish and me of course taking gohan. George took a small piece of bread. This was somewhat different from Long-champs that I have eaten in before. The three of us sat at a counter that divided the kitchen area from the restaurant, the counter being long enough with the end that Shozo and I sat at that a total of six people could sit at the counter. There were two tables in the dining area, each one of which would hold four people very crowded. The proprietor and cook had his wife as an assistant with the cook having a total work area of a 2-burner gas stove, a miniature refrigerator, and a low counter about 2 sq. ft. The wife spent most of her time in washing dishes and pots in the cold water of a very small sink. There were two men in there when we first arrived. They left before long and another man came in who George and Shozo seemed to know quite well. It turned out he was the local liquor dealer. He had a special rice and chicken meal made up for him. The rice was sort of fried in a somewhat rounded bottom fry pan which the cook, or probably I should call him chef, used very skillfully turning the rice over by flipping it in the air over the gas flame. He did this continuously to keep turning the rice for better frying.

Well, here it is - Wednesday, 23 November 1966, my first Thanksgiving Day. It started a little cloudy but I feel fine - I guess that was a male blow-fish after all. Kind of an interesting turn in weather - all of Japan apparently is sunny weather except Tokyo and one section of the Japan Alps up pretty close to where we climbed the other day, but I guess Tokyo is going to clear today.

Incidentally, speaking of weather, yesterday on the way out to

Hachioji we passed a large truck that had about 2" of snow on it. There just isn't any snow close enough to Tokyo that a truck could get through without having it all melt off. Shozo couldn't help me at all in trying to figure out where it came from. I guess it snowed in Nikko the other day, maybe a week ago, but they would have had to put this truck in cold storage some place to preserve the snow. I will admit it has been below freezing the last several nights, so it is conceivable that the poor driver of this truck had to beat his way down from far enough north - but the highways just aren't that good as far as I know. One of Rinichi's sayings is very appropriate though - "seeing is believing".

Last night on the way back into town I talked to Shozo a little bit about the politics in Japan. I said I had seen an article in one of the papers saying that Sato was "like a swinging door that could be pushed open from either side". I told him I thought Sato was a pretty strong man. He agreed he is and that Fujiyama is much weaker but, Shozo explained, Fujiyama understands business and industry and Sato doesn't, so it may be a lot better for industry. I suggested that this was a little bit like ^{ing} ~~es~~ changing horses in mid-stream, that under Sato the business was recovering and seemed to be going pretty steadily up and I wondered if a new man coming at this time would really be helpful.

Well, the time has come again. Everything is packed that is going to be packed.

I picked up a kamameshi bowl on that hike but there is no place for it - also the 6 sliderules are going to have a hard time getting there by me. Briefcase stuffed, suitcase really stuffed, flight bag bulging, and a box the size of a large shoe box tied on the

side of it, show literature in a furoshika, and the slide rules and gifts I am giving people tomorrow are in a shopping bag that I got at the Computer Trade Show.

It is about 12:30 - not as bad as it has been sometimes.

Tosi came around to see me about quarter of twelve and stayed here and discussed things until about six o'clock, when Chieko arrived at the hotel and we went out to eat. This was another wonderful evening, very simple, just the three of us. We went to Rantei, an old-fashioned Japanese cooking restaurant. The name means deep water blue house, and tonight I had several new things again. First was a little sample of mane - the same kidney bean that is used everywhere only this time it was in a thin sweet juice and is the way in which the bean is eaten on New Year's Day to wish for good health.

Health also is pronounced mane although the character is different, so they all laughed and agreed when I suggested that this should be called mane no mane. After this we had many dishes, many cups of tea, many of the things I've had before but slightly different form. The small trout that had been sun dried and then sort of stewed and is edible - head, tail and all, -the usual samples of raw fish and vegetables. One small delicacy was an extremely small cucumber about 1/8" diameter and 1" long with its yellow blossom on it. You can imagine the logistics and control problems associated with supplying this delicacy to restaurants on request. -- And then later on in the meal a sort of rice stew called zosui, zo in another way of pronouncing the character normally pronounced zatsu which means miscellaneous, and sui means water - so this means miscellaneous stuff in water. There was a little seaweed, some of the large red caviar, and I'm not sure what else but it was nice.

The overall taste was supplied by a jelly-like glob in the middle that was stirred throughout the whole stew before eating. This glob was made out of many simmered down vegetables and a starch made from a vine. -- As the meal came to a conclusion we first had a lot of fruit - melon, mikan, pear, green grapes, kaki and watermelon. The watermelon was seven or eight inches spherical, I would guess from the shape of the piece on the dish. It tasted quite different from American watermelon but was obviously the same family. The seeds were only about 1/8" but slippery and scattered just the same way. -- Finally came shiruko which this time was very smooth texture, very high viscosity, and the little white rice paste pieces in it were spherical, about 3/8" diameter, rather than the great chunks.

I got back about nine o'clock and now I think I'd better get some sleep, although I do have a lot of dictating I could do.

--

While Tosi and I were waiting for Chieko in the lobby he said he would like to send a bonsai to Peg but that the best advisers he could get told him that in the springtime would be safer than in the fall for sending to New England. I agreed I thought that was so. He said he would like to do this and wondered how to go about it, so I reached in my pocket and handed him the lists of trees and gave him the number to write down so that he could send it on our permit number. I had decided not to say anything to him about it because the permit was good until June 1968. I thought maybe next time I came around Japan and Tosi was here more of the time maybe we could go out and select one and send it through an exporting agent.

Incidentally, Tosi had a pretty tough time arranging for a place for us to eat, this being Labor Thanksgiving Day. Most of the restaurants around Ginza were closed. He asked me what kind of place I would like to go and I said I would like to go where Chieko wanted to go, so he called Chieko and she said Tosi had better decide. He was in a dilemma, particularly since the first three or four places he called were not open tonight. Finally he called the Rantei and it turned out to be an extremely good one. -- As we were leaving he identified himself as Yokogawa Denki and the girls almost exploded - I heard them talking around quite a bit and identified the fact that this was where the Sales Dept. often bring customers. Shimidzu's name was mentioned several times.

--

Well, it is eight o'clock. Came in about quarter of eight, worked my way through the weighing in procedure, put my large bag on the scale - 20 kilos according to the fellow behind the desk. Then I got him involved in changing my ticket over to TWA from San Francisco and before I got through he didn't ask for the flight bag I had over my shoulder, therefore I didn't put the briefcase on and also Kitasan was holding a furoshika full of ~~conference~~ ^{trade show} literature.

This area was filling up very rapidly with many, many military men - quite a few in uniforms with Vietnam on the shoulder. Then they called the flight and I came aboard. This is going to be a jampacked flight - looks as though almost every seat is going to be taken. Right now I am fortunate enough - there's an empty seat in the middle in this particular section. Most of the sections are filled up with three each. I suspect there's not going to be anything but sleeping and grousing because people are making too much noise. There are three quite loud-mouthed guys behind me - maybe they will quiet down

but if they start drinking I'm afraid it is going to get worse.

-- We are about to take off maybe fifteen minutes late. There are maybe a dozen middle seats empty now.

-- Just as I feared, one of those guys behind me is getting tanked. We are up about an hour and a half and I have slept better than an hour of it. The hostess just woke me up to give me some apple cider, saying they are going to be serving dinner shortly.

--Kita-san, Rinichi and Tosi went to the airport with me with Wada-san driving. We got there early so that I could check in and also so we could get a bite to eat. We went to the Japanese restaurant ate some sashimi and a nice dish of unagi. At the table next to us was a family-like group, one man, three women, and two children. The only thing surprising was that everybody was Japanese except one of the children, about 4-year old girl, obviously western in appearance but she was keeping right up with the rest of them in Nihongo and the only time there was any indication at all of other languages was when she was given a little bouquet of flowers - I would guess that she must have been leaving Japan - she said with a decided Japanese accent, "Oh thank you, thank you" and then right off into Japanese. I have no evidence that she can speak or understand English but she sure seemed to be handling Japanese all right.

-- On the plane we haven't gotten to the date line yet so we are getting a Thanksgiving Dinner - turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings according to the menu. Of course, with Tosi and Chieko I had a Japanese Thanksgiving Dinner last night, then here comes one now, I'm sure looking forward to one in San Francisco, and then Saturday at Pinkham Notch. I still don't know how many Bradners I'll see after I arrive in San Francisco at noon today - about eight hours before I left Japan! Whatever it is, I am sure

it will be nice. -- Well, we are about an hour or so out of San Francisco. Most of what I've been doing is sleeping. Before dinner last night I slept almost an hour, this morning they woke us up about two hours before landing time.

Well, I'm all set by the Customs in San Francisco. I had to wait a long time for my baggage and then I got into what looked like the best bet of all of the lines - by that time there were maybe 20 people in line for each of the inspectors, but the fellow ahead of me with an enormous amount of luggage decided he had better write out a declaration so he sent me ahead, then when the inspector saw that I had about \$111 declared I told him most everything I had to declare was in the flight bag but pajamas were in the suitcase - he said, "Are you a business man?" I said, "Yes" - "On business in Japan?" "Yes" "What kind of business" - "I'm engineering coordinator for The Foxboro Company" "Oh, is the Lord Fox still in business?" I said, "Oh yes, I eat there every once in a while. They've had a few fires in the last few years." "Well, it's a sure nice place to eat with that buffet - Okay you're all set" During this time he had superficially looked at both sides of my large bag, glanced about two seconds in my briefcase, and asked me if I had any liquor while he looked but didn't pry into the flight bag - didn't ask to see the Hakata doll that I had carefully unleashed from my flight bag, and didn't probe into the flight bag at all.

-- Sitting stuffed and happy at the San Francisco Airport, waiting for TW 74 for Boston. Spent the afternoon and evening with Claire, Hugh, Marge and Barrie and Marge's sister's family at their home. It was a wonderful conventional Thanksgiving Dinner with turkey, cranberries, vegetables and pies galore. Marge's mother was also there. Before I left Claire's motel room I pulled out all the little

trinkets I had and took a couple of Noh masks about 1-1/2" high and gave to Barbara and her mother. I gave Marge a little nylon "stuff in its own pocket" bag. To Claire the Japanese temple hanging calendar. - - While I'm talking about presents, I gave the Grist Mill hanging calendar to Tamao Nakamura and his family, the bird one to Kita-san, the maple one to Hasebe-san and his wife when I had dinner there, and the fourth one to Senbon for his wife for the evening there. One maple candy box I gave to Hasebe-san with the calendar, a second one I gave to Matsui for his daughters. I gave the place mat with the New England scene to Dr. Tomota, telling him that maybe his vice-presidents, now that he was president, would not allow him to go to New England when the foliage was colorful, just like he had kept Yamasaki from coming, so I gave him a picture to have in its place. When I gave the Harvard Business School document to Dr. Tomota, Yamasaki approved very strongly and Dr. Tomota seemed to be very pleased.

This flight does look pretty lightly loaded and the guy at the desk told one couple if they didn't like the seats they had they could go to another one that someone didn't already have.

Well, I've sure been suspicious that things were going too well. I got on the plane in San Francisco, had a full triple, stretched out and went to sleep before the plane took off - had to get a blanket before we got to Los Angeles but I was asleep when we landed, woke up, turned over, went back to sleep while we were on the ground, and then about 6:30 this morning the hostess woke me up for breakfast. Everything smooth. Then the pilot announced at about quarter of seven that Boston airport just closed in below our limit for landing, so we are going to New York. Don't know how we'll get you

up to Boston, but probably on another flight of TWA; so we are landing in New York about fifteen minutes before we were scheduled to land in Boston. Of course, the thing to do is to beat it over to LaGuardia from Kennedy, but with all my baggage that's not going to be too easy. -- Anyhow, it is a beautiful sunrise and along thru here we can see the ground thru a thin cloud layer, so the weather shouldn't be too much of a problem except the fog over Logan Airport. At least I'm on the East Coast, that's one consolation.

In the sign-off speech here on the ground at Kennedy Airport the hostess gave the standard speech and then said, "We would like to apologize for any inconvenience this has caused you this morning and Captain, whatever his name is, and the entire Boston crew wish you a good morning" indicating they all need to get there too.

Before we got to the unloading area the announcement came over the speaker system that we were going to go to Boston on flight 44.

I find that is leaving at 8:30 This is a 707 also, so we will have the same landing problem if the fog is still there. This gate 11 where this flight is loading from is quite a long walk from the place we unloaded. We had to get off on a regular outdoor stairway because it was an unscheduled landing. When we got over here to the check-in line there were three guys with 1st-class tickets giving the agent here quite a rough time, demanding that the flight take off earlier than 8:30 and generally making it rough. They were blocking the way for the rest of us, so finally I came up behind one of them and said, "Would you mind if the rest of us check in?" and kind of half shoved him aside and broke the tension, and the 1st class VIP's quietly went off to one side. The agent was very friendly when he said, as he handed the ticket back to me, "Thank you, Mr. Bradner"

Reminds me a little of Tokyo. When we were getting ready to leave the call came through and everybody got into line - a very long queue - I was about a third of the way back from the front - it was going a little slow but so what, we still had forty-five minutes. One man came up from way back in the back and very obnoxiously said, "Come on, let's get a move on here, we'll never get onto that flight or the flight will be late" The agent, a Nisei I would guess, said very firmly to him, "Don't worry, the flight will take off on time and all of you will be on board." But the guy didn't let up his ranting as he went on back toward his spot in the line. I said to the agent as I went through, "They give you a rough time sometimes, don't they?" He said, "Thank you, thank you very much"

Those first class guys shouldn't be complaining too much, there's one lady with about a 4-year old youngster, another one with three youngsters, one of them only a few months old, and two more and the three of them look as though they are as close together as physically possible. Those three youngsters are all of them pleasant and quite happy and the mother looks quite relaxed about it all. The least distance they could have come was from Los Angeles. The other mother with the one youngster looks really beat.

Now we've been told it is possible we won't take off at 8:30 because the Enterprise and another ship are coming up the river and this forces a 5 ft. minimum ceiling requirement. That's the first time I ever heard that ship traffic affected airplane traffic.

I'd better make a couple of notes here about the last meeting with Yamasaki and Tomota with Tosi Arima - I gave to Yamasaki four sticks of the cranberry candy to give to his grandchildren. He looked at them and said, "I have three grandchildren, so I will take one piece,"

then there will be no argument between them."

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.