

May 1967

Sunday, 21 May 1967 - Here it is about 10:30 AM. I'm on the United-Flight 109, which sure takes a long time to get there, but all the more chance for me to do some sleeping. - Well this was a slow way to get to San Diego in that the plane had over an hour's wait in Chicago and again more than an hour in Los Angeles - and since we arrived about fifteen minutes early it seemed even longer. The weather was fairly overcast a good part of the way across the continent - at least that part that I saw, I was sleeping most of it. By the time we hit the western Nevada area it started clearing but as we came over the mountains and looked down on the Los Angeles bowl, the bowl was filled to overflowing with heavy smog. The bright sunshine from up above died out into a dreary day by the time we got there, then we got to San Diego and there was a hazy but not too bad.

Marje met me at the plane and stated that Hugh was coming in from San Francisco at seven o'clock. He had not gone East because the conference in Washington had been cancelled. In place of this he had gone up to Berkeley. So Marje and I went up to their home for an hour or so and then dropped down to the airport to pick up Hugh and go directly to the Miyako, a very nice Japanese restaurant with what I remember as Japanese food it was quite good. We had sukiyaki but Marje wouldn't eat the raw egg as a dip and that gave me my usual double order on the egg.

Up early on Monday (22 May). Hugh and I talked for a couple of hours before he went off to work at nine o'clock. I checked Hugh on the speaker that he has and although it is a shaped horn design the driver is meant for very low audio level and high fidelity. During the day on Monday I called a couple of the war surplus houses in San Diego. The biggest one explained to me that these days high

power speakers are not found among the surplus items - the speaker elements are all blown out before they get their hands on them. A couple others of the surplus outfits have apparently gone out of business - either they wouldn't answer their telephone or the telephone was not listed in the most recent Yellow Book section. So I sat around shirtless in the bright sunlight and read Technology and Change, by Schon. I tried briefly to work on a couple of bad water faucets but found it necessary to turn off the cold water and I couldn't find the cold water shut-off. It's out in the street.

Near the end of the morning I got ambitious, went down to a hardware store who sent me to another~~one~~ to get some large sheetmetal screws so that I could replace about fifty screws in three chairs that had been rebuilt with new plastic webbing but the screws were too small and were falling out. I managed to get through a fair amount of Schon in addition to the chair repair and some sleeping and picked up quite a red color before Marje and I went off to an afternoon seminar at the Oceanographics School. It was a sort of chat by Ray Cannon, author of Fishing and Other Sportstypes books on the Pacific Coast of California and Baha, California. He is a specialist on the Gulf of California - or more appropriately, the Sea of Cortes. As Marje and I approached the building, Mr. Cannon was standing outside with the symposium leader, who knew Marje and introduced us, so we had several minutes of general chat before the formal one in the small theatre indoors. Cannon gave a series of spectacular stories, one considerably longer than the other, which Marje later found was in his book on the Sea of Cortes. It was a fantastic tale about what he calls the "Fish Pile-up at the in the Sea of Cortes". They pile up as enormous

schools of yellow-tail fish gorging themselves on sardines and other small fish while sharks, sea lions, dolphins, birds and fishermen get in the middle of it and cause the greatest carnage that one can imagine. He described by a story the various things that can happen - such as dolphins jumping the boats, twenty and thirty foot long sharks bumping the boats, pelicans dive-bombing at fish and landing in the boats and breaking their necks, and so on in an enormous arm-waving .

5123? I bet I'm in trouble with Hertz now. While I was waiting for Hugh's flight to come in I checked the various flights back to Los Angeles, selected one, arriving L.A. at 8:20, went to the Hertz desk and asked them to be sure that word got up to L.A. that I was coming in on that United flight. When I got into L.A. I decided to pick up the car keys and take care of the paper work before my baggage came through. I went around the corner where the National, the Hertz, the Avis counters are, asked for the compact that I had reserved. The girl called over to their area - told me she couldn't give me a compact but she would give me a Ford at compact price. She helped me with a map to locate where the Holiday Inn was and sent me off front. I went out and after a while a Hertz service bus came along but no blue Ford with the license Number UEU96. I approached the Hertz guy and said I was told and he said if they said that they may be bringing it - just then a blue Ford came up and I said to him "It's a blue Ford that I'm supposed to be looking for and he said "That's it right there, I guess" so he offered to help me with my bags but of course I turned him down, but he started over with me to the car that was some fifty feet away and when we got part way there he said, "Were you looking for a Hertz car?" I looked at the license plate and it was certainly the license number that

I had been given, so I pulled the slip out of my pocket and believe it or not, even though I had handed the Hertz credit card to the gal, I had signed up with an Avis booth. I'd like to know what I was thinking about. Well, anyhow I got good service and as previously used the Hertz card and gave me complete 20% reduction, just like the Hertz people do.

I drove out to the Holiday Inn here. It is a 5-story affair, run just like a motel in that you park anywhere around the building in marked parking places. They give you a key to the room and point to where the elevator is and the tariff here in L.A. area is only eleven dollars a room per night. I have a room on the 3rd floor overlooking a parking lot with a Taco Bell eating place and a dairy and pasteurizing plant; off to one side is the Bakers Field freeway. But each room has an aircondition unit built into it and quite soundproof windows, so all the traffic and things don't interfere with one's rest.

5/23 On Tuesday night, Marty Reuben took me home while he got a coat, introduced me to his dog, Frosty; I'm not sure what kind, maybe a Scotch terrier - whatever he is he is black with a white set of chin whiskers. They thought he was going to be white all over, that's the reason he got the name Frosty. Marty warned me about the dog, saying although he was small he was comparatively vicious and nipped people's ankles and heels pretty bad, particularly when they were leaving, so while I sat around and waited for Marty to change a bit and get his coat, I drank a glass of Fresca and started making friends with the dog. When Marty came out for us to go, there was Frosty sitting on the couch next to me, pushing over hard against me while I scratched his back. As I left I said goodbye to Frosty and he watched us go out with a very friendly look on his face - no sign of growling or barking or nipping that Marty had

warned me about. I finally talked Marty into going some place where he wanted to go rather than a place he thought I would like to go. He told me later that the first place he had suggested he had been to a couple of dozen times and was getting pretty tired of it but apparently all visitors liked it. We went to a Russian restaurant - the Moskva Cliff, where I proceeded to order 100% Russian meal. The main course was Bitochki Smetani. I didn't tell Marty but I think this is a place I went to before with Hugh on one of my trips. Neither Marty nor I drink but on the table was a little invitation to order from the bar with a first Russian lesson - the word for toasting to your health was given as Nastrovia.

24 May - At lunch someone commented about Massachusetts holding the record in number of Brink's robberies. I remarked that that was undoubtedly true and that I was sure it was much more impressive than the 120 bank robberies in Los Angeles so far this year. We went quickly onto another subject.

Peg - Over TV the other day I turned on just to get the tail end of a discussion of the present Greater Los Angeles library situation and the proposed plans for improving the situation. There were a lot of photographs of overstocked shelves and crowded reading-rooms and a very strong plea for more facilities to the tune of something like twenty or thirty million dollars for the central library alone. I bought a great, fat daily newspaper the next morning with the idea that it would all be written up there, but believe it or not there wasn't one word in the paper about the library. I guess they don't consider it news.

Well, I'm at the airport with a window seat near the rear on the right. I came in the other day and asked for this and just now they gave me a window seat on the left, but when I questioned it they changed. Japan Airlines has a private lounge on the 3rd floor

above the boarding entrances and since I was here about an hour before my plane boarding time they suggested I come up to the lounge. Outside of the lounge is a fancy gold portable shrine and a little explanatory sign. It is called a Mikoshi and was presented to Los Angeles by the sister city of Nagoya. The story of a mikoshi is given as follows: Long before Buddhism came to Japan the people observe the simple ways of Shinto worship - a religion with many gods, each of whom has his own special shrine. The ancient Japanese, believing the gods wanted to gavat in the outside world once a year, built miniature replicas of their shrines in which the gods were to be carried outside by young men and boys. Hoisting the mikoshi on their shoulders on two long poles they carried it through the streets waving, dancing and singing. The custom is said to have originated in the time of Emperor Gotoba, 1108 to 1123, and to this day the mikoshi may be seen in the various Shinto festivals.

--Japan Airlines is about ready to jump onto the take-off. They have the practice of revving the engines up to almost full speed with the brakes holding it back and then almost jumping when the brakes are released. We are getting away a half-hour late for unexplained reasons, part of it may be that there is a heavy overcast that may be 200 feet at altitude and they probably are having trouble getting the other planes in. We stood out on the field for most of this 30 minutes, just standing in queue.

Well, looking around in this plane I see I did a very wise thing. They put everybody up front, two and sometimes three to a triple seat. Back here in the back we are one to a triple seat and many empty triples.

TRIP 10

10-7-

MAY-JUNE 1967

After 10 minutes in the air from Honolulu it sure looks as though we are going to Wake. There is quite a difference, you know - this time of the year and the time of the day, the sun comes in on the right side of the plane when we are going to Wake and comes in the left side when we are going directly to Tokyo, so my carefully selected right-side or starboard window seat was wrong, not that the sun really interferes with my sleeping very much. The captain just came on and confirmed the fact that we have weather conditions that require that we land at Wake. Well, it will be bright daylight as opposed to middle of the night, the only other time the plane landed there, so I'll get a chance to see Wake this time. We'll have twenty-five minutes there according to the captain.

I guess I was right in my choice of 1st class vs tourist. This flight, anyhow, is packed solid in the tourist section and I've got a double seat in the 1st class, which means not quite as much leg room but at least I can stretch out a little bit. I would have had to be very fortunate to have a three-seat combination in the back.

START
→ Well, I'm in the Palace Hotel, on my favorite side - nana san san. The plane came in quite late and there to greet me were Tosi, Rinichi, Ken Tokunaga, Tamao Nakamura, and one of Tamao's daughters; also one of the Overseas Operations fellows whose name I do not know. There was a fair amount of juggling between Rinichi, Tosi and Tamao - Tosi pulled his rank and brought me back to the hotel in his car with no one else. Tamao made an early manouvre with me and arranged to go out to the Company with me in the morning. Rinichi came in from the airport in his car, getting to the hotel fifteen or twenty minutes after Tosi and I got there, and when he called the room

626
Tosi answered the phone and convinced Rinichi that he had better just say goodnight to me over the phone and see me in the morning. At the airport, Ken got in his car very nicely. He apologized very profusely for not having written his thanks to me but offered compensation in the form of a piece of paper he handed me then. This piece of paper had outlined on it a schedule for a mountain climbing trip next weekend with Ken, Ishii, and the fellow from Research I have not met I guess. I'll give details on this trip later.

The stop in Wake was for about 30 minutes I guess. They wouldn't let us get off the plane and in fact instructions were to keep the seat belts on all the time. As we came in and then taxied back to the runway it was pretty obvious that Wake is just a desolate spot - half covered with tall antenna poles in arrays and the rest covered with military airplanes. I decided that the best thing to do was to sleep under these conditions, so I just curled up and went to sleep. I was aware that we took off, but didn't check the time at all. I then proceeded to sleep through until too close to Tokyo to get any of the Japanese food they had on the plane. On the earlier meal between Honolulu and Wake they had given us a standard Western meal and then came around with Japanese, so I pretty much stopped eating the Western food and concentrated on the Japanese.

When we came into the airport building I glanced up and could see Rinichi. I didn't recognize anybody else but waved as though I did. As soon as I got in the building I noticed many people coming in two other entrances, apparently at least three large planes were unloading at once. This looked like trouble to me, so I walked at my usual somewhat faster than average speed and found myself in the line from the Japan Airlines leading. I went through the

58 quarantine and passport operation and then picked the turntable for luggage. They had luggage coming up from one of the others - that was from a BOAC flight - apparently the 3rd one was a Northwest flight - well my bag came up about 10th on the load, so I skipped right over to the customs, answered his questions politely and he shot me right through. I am sure it had not been more than 10 minutes from the time the plane door opened to the time I was out in the lobby with my friends.

In the car coming back to the hotel, Tosi explained that the reason ~~had~~^{he} had come with me especially was that Harada-san, the professor from Kyushu, had finally gotten married last Monday and he was starting on his honeymoon by coming to Tokyo and in fact was registered in the Palace Hotel. So here was an opportunity to talk to him. When we got to the hotel and I got checked in, no Harada in his room, so finally Tosi left and he left a note in Harada's box. About half an hour later as I was just about finished unpacking the telephone rang. It was Harada, inviting me to come down to their room. Tosi had told me that he had sent the congratulatory telegram we had ready last November so I was not surprised when he greeted me at the door of his room with a great deal of thanks for the congratulatory telegram. He introduced me to his wife, who is a student in the University. Her name is Yasuko, and at Harada-san's request she wrote her name in my notebook in kanji. I spent maybe half an hour and talked about a variety of things, some business, and I apologized for it. From here the Haradas are going on a real honeymoon, hitting a couple of places in northwestern Japan that are traditional honeymoon areas. He had to come here to attend some conferences. I told Yasuko, when Harada was talking to Tosi over the phone, that she must train her new husband better. (He should

talk!)

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page
10-19

I was just listening ~~xxxx~~ to the radio news over the Armed Forces Network. I wonder how Foxboro made out in this storm - talking about snow and flooding rain and a few other things like that - sure hope it didn't put too much snow up around Traveller, but when they talked about 7 or 8" of snow in New Hampshire can't help but think must have had some up around Katahdin.

Saturday morning (27 May) When I woke up about quarter of six the sky was overcast but the weather forecast last night and again at six o'clock said they expect it to be clear today. Well, by six-thirty the sun was shining and the sky was fairly clear, but there was a lot of haze so of course no Fuji-san.

Last night Tosi said something about going on a hike tomorrow with him and his family and also being in his house tonight.//Looks like we are in for some frustration tomorrow - rain coming in from the west. I can hope that it clears before tomorrow morning but I don't have a feel of the speed yet of these weather patterns this time of the year.

Well, I guess I might have expected it - Tosi invited Rinichi and Ohno to his house along with me tonight and the thing I should have expected is that it would be about eleven o'clock before I got back to the room. It is a very nice home with one fairly good size garden on one side and a very small one on the other. The bush I brought from America a couple of years ago is now about 4 ft. high - not very bushy and it has not started to blossom yet, but it does seem to be healthy, with nice green leaves.

It is scheduled that tomorrow Tosi, Ishii-san and I - maybe others - will go to O-yama (of course, there are many, many O-yamas in Japan). This one is fairly close to Tokyo. It is one of the ridge of mountains to the west of the Kanto Plain and can be seen from

Yokogawa plant. If the weather is fine I am told there is a beautiful view of the Kanto Plain and with good imagination the Yokogawa Plant. I'm afraid from present indications it will not be good weather. O-yama is twelve hundred forty-six meters high.

Next weekend is scheduled one of these "fill the weekend" affairs to Shiga Heights near Nagano. That trip will be with Ishii-san, Ken Tokunaga and Tatsu Nakajima. Schedule is to start from the hotel about 10:30 Friday evening, go by train all night, then by bus and a hike to Mt. Shiga and down to a shelter to stay in overnight. The following day hike some more to get to a bus and back to the train and back to Tokyo about nine o'clock at night.

407 Today, Saturday the 27th, was a full working day at Yokogawa. I spent it all day with Tosi and Rinichi, with lunch with Matsui-san and Tamao Nakamura, and over an hour with Dr. Tomota.

Sunday morning - 28 May 1967 - Took the Dictet apart and cleaned all the contacts.

It is pretty cloudy this morning and the weather map shows that the front is still west of us. The sunshine is clear out beyond Kobe and Kyoto. There doesn't seem to be much hope for sunshine, but it isn't raining yet and the map looks as though we will just have clouds. The weak occlusion is quite a ways north of here.

I think I have forgotten to comment on the first person I saw on Saturday morning while I was waiting in the lobby for Tamao Nakamura to show up. I happened to glance up and see coming across the lobby in his shirt sleeves, in a very businesslike way, Everett Swift. I remembered that he had said something about coming to Japan but I didn't remember that it was to be right now. He was talking to me when Tamao came in, so I introduced them. Ev had

met him a long time ago but neither remembered the looks of the other. Ev explained that he and his wife were on a tour group heading off in an hour or so for a 5-day tour of Kyoto, Nara and so forth. Tamao made a strong invitation for him to visit the Yokogawa plant and I suggested that he could go out with me in my car in the morning and then come back whenever he wanted.

Back at the hotel on Sunday evening. Had a very interesting and enjoyable day. By the time that Fosi and Ishii showed up with ^{ARIMA,} Ishii's son it was raining steady. We went ahead and took a taxi to Shinjuku Station where we got on a limited express. It was very interesting to note that about half the people in the car had on hiking boots. The first train taking off after we got to the station was really loaded and ^{we} would have had to stand up all the way, so we waited for the next one, first in line, and everybody had seats all the way to Ohata-no. The bus was crowded full so we took a little Cedric taxi and drove up to Yabitsutoke where we started hiking. Our climbing rate was kind of slow compared to the standard - we took almost an hour and three-quarters for what was labeled 1.2 hours going up to the summit of O-yama. The road the taxi went on was a very narrow, very rough graveled road in which two cars could not pass. It was necessary for one of them to pull off into a passing area every time. Of course, it was considerably more of a problem when one met the bus, but the taxi driver got the bus to back up most of the time even though the bus had to back up up hill. This area around Ohata-no is a tobacco-growing area, also a lot of wheat is grown here. Quite a bit of the wheat is hung in such a way that it protects the tobacco plants from the direct wind.

428 After we started hiking we stopped shortly and I took a picture of the other three with Togatake as background, and then, having started hiking at 10:15 suddenly at 10:45 we came around a corner and there was Fuji-san. From the middle on up was clear, so I took a carefully framed picture which I hope comes out right and 10 or 15 minutes later the top of Fuji-san had disappeared and never reappeared all day.

As we went along the path, I noticed a large number of elderberry bushes. And looking over toward Fuji it was possible to see the Hakone mountains but not Fuji-san. This mountain, O-yama, is only 1245 meters high and we started climbing at 760 meters, but in that distance it has 28 gomes and a beautiful big carved granite post at each gome. The rain had stopped by the time we had gotten to Turanake (?) Station on the train and the ground was dry at Ohato-no. It stayed dry although cloudy until as we approached the summit the sun started coming out fairly bright with shadows but the valley was quite hazy so it was not good picture-taking. At the summit we found ourselves a little spot in some bushes overlooking the valley with not too many people close to us. By the time we got finished eating I felt I just had to take a photograph to see how many people there were up there, in fact, I took two photographs about 1:15 as we were leaving. -- Radios were everywhere. Better than 10% of the hikers were carrying radios blasting away. Fortunately sometimes they would be all tuned to the same station, so it was not too disconcerting, although some of the music was the worst America has to offer.

When we came down we chose an alternate way and hiked down to the head of the ropeway or rather, cable-car; took the cable car to the bottom then a bus down to Isehara Station where we got a train back to Tokyo.

At about three o'clock we hit the top of the cable-car. It is a shrine called the O-yama aburi Shrine. It was built during the reign of the 10th Emperor of Japan - which makes it about 1500 years ago. There used to be a statue of the god Tengu. It was damaged in an earthquake and so a substitute in the form of an engraving on the rock was made and placed there. I have a photo of this.

Tengu was a symbol of "Force to destroy badness". These were the words that the priest in the shrine had told Tosi. Tosi added that the god's mission was to see to it that the human race must cooperate. One place in one of the shrines calls Tengu the "go-between" between people. The statue or rather etching of Tengu has above it four characters Minzo-ku-yu-go. Yu-go means melt, like snow melts, in one status. Maybe this was the forerunner of the American term "melting pot of the world". Somewhat appropriate, the main torii at the head of the cable car was put in maybe four hundred years ago and it was made out of solid copper. The cable car left to go down at 3:40, the bus left at about 4:00 and we got to Isehara about 4:25. The train left at 4:32 and arrived at Shinjuku close to 6:00. It was necessary for all of us but Tosi to stand all of the way except the last few minutes and Tosi had to stand the first half hour. I had to almost fight with him to get him to sit down and he promptly went to sleep.

Monday morning, 29 May 1967 - Reasonably bright. Haze cut off Fuji-san. I suspect it is going to be hot and muggy.

When I went over the story that I told about the trip yesterday it seemed to be very stiff and colorless. The truth of it is

that there were many birds such as cuckoos and nightingales or mocking-birds and quite a few I couldn't identify. We didn't see any animals, although there were a couple of deer in a pen near the top of the cable-car and a sign talked about the fact that there were a lot of them throughout the woods running wild. There were trees everywhere with blossoms and bushes with blossoms. Azalia many places; a beautiful blossoming tree which I believe is called **Sakura** Azalia. It is Sakura, anyhow, meaning it blossoms just about the same time as the cherry-tree does. Along the path were many, many elderberry bushes and we even saw a holly bush. This was the first of these that Tosi has seen in the Japanese islands.

The shrine at the head of the cable car has a very beautiful location. I hope that a couple of stereo pictures show this. At the bottom of a long, very steep stairway leading up from the shrine, in our case leading down to it, is a copper torii that was built in the Edo time and up near the top there is a duplicate built about 1900 by a bunch of merchants in Tokyo. The one at the bottom has weathered better than the one at the top. Apparently, water got inside the one at the top and it froze and split open. Maybe the one at the bottom had some drainage provision.

This morning at quarter of eight the telephone rang and Tamao was here to ride to work with me again. He asked the other day if he could ride with me and I said, "Of course, but I do have work to do sometimes in the morning." Today, during the day, Kita-san asked if he could ride with me since Senbon was not here right now and normally Kita-san gets a ride with Senbon. Tamao wanted to talk to me about Rip Lawler's visit. I explained that Henry Milo wanted to make decisions on Rip's schedule.

↑ I am dictating this Monday morning, 29 May 1967, in the Palace Hotel, Tokyo.

Tuesday morning 30 May - Rained during the night but it is clearing now. The forecast looks like a high will be coming over sometime a little later today and it will be quite clear for a day or so. Can't see any disturbance behind it yet, but I'd better be watching things for this coming weekend.

In the moat down below, the first morning I saw one of the swans lying on one of the platforms that is built just above the water line. It is quite a ways above the water right now, but there is a ramp with an extension on it that goes down to the present water level. I thought I could see a little head sticking up from under one of the swan's wings. Well, this morning they were out there swimming around - two big swans and two little babies. The babies were investigating all the little cracks in the stone wall on the other side of the moat while one of the older ones was searching around under the water and the other one continued to look around very alertly in an apparently protective sort of way.

It looks pretty much like it has before from this room - there are a few somewhat taller buildings to be seen, but just off to the right on beyond the park where everybody walks to see the entrance to the Imperial Palace is an enormous tall skyscraper going up. It seems to be already at least three times as tall as any other building - it will be 35 or more floors high.

Well, the weather report at 5 of 7 is the most comprehensive - the forecaster goes over the weather map very carefully and explains it and explains his forecast. Of course, I don't understand the Japanese, but I think I can understand what he is showing. The high that is over Kyushu this morning will be maybe over Nagoya by tomorrow morning.

The pattern is going very slowly but back off the map I can see just the corner of a low northwest over Manchuria. Let's hope that somewhere south of that there is a high that I can't see that will keep that low away from us this coming weekend, otherwise it seems to me at the moment to be in exactly the wrong place - but this is only Tuesday - many things can happen.

5/20 Tuesday evening - Free again this evening. I spent the afternoon with Tosi Arima at a special Matsushita Electronics Corp. Show. They are the people that make the National equipment. Tosi had a special invitation which resulted in our getting some very special treatment by Mr. Komatsubara. He saw to it that the best experts showed us the various components and equipment and he arranged for the manager of the Tokyo sales office and the manager of the Electrolytic Capacitor plant to introduce themselves to us. Then he personally took us to see the most important thing for us - the variable capacity diode that Woodie wanted. Here he arranged on the spot for an order to be placed to have some shipped to Tosi for us. Then to top it all off, he arranged for me to buy a 40-watt exponential speaker at a very special dealer's wholesale price. The Show was not too big, so I got back to the hotel with Tosi at about 4:30. Tosi had a meeting tonight so he left me on my own.

I came to the room, arranged a few things, and decided to check JAL for possible routes back. I found them at 5:15 with a big sign in their door saying "Closed. The hours are from 1000 to 1800." So I decided to walk over to the normal sight-seeing area at the Palace. There I saw three white swans and scads of carp. They were all eating some grass that had been cut and thrown into the moat. The swans were swimming along at a pretty good pace and scooping up the grass just as fast as they could. The carp were sure big lazy fish - at least a meter long in general - they lazily would come up to the surface and

get the top of their head out an inch or two as they grabbed big bits of the grass.

On the way back to the hotel, I was very surprised to see a taxi coming along with a lady driver. Things sure have gone to pieces over here. And then another surprise caught me - as I got to the hotel entrance here was a car with a British flag mounted on a nice support in front of and above the radiator center on a big Chrysler automobile. I then went down to the Optical Store in the arcade to pick up the half glasses I had ordered last night and the place was out of business. All of the movable merchandise was out in the middle of the arcade and a team of about 4 men were swabbing down the floor and scrubbing it. So I went down to the other end to the Seiko place to pick up a catalog or something on battery clocks for Claude Young and walked into the wide open door only to be told angrily by one of the men working in there that the place was closed. I looked around as I left and there was a sign in the door that was open saying that they were closed for inventory.

So I went to the Coffee Shoppe and got some dinner.

When I went back to the Optical Store it was operating ok. Incidentally the price of the glasses had come down over 20% from the quote last night - a different person had quoted me. The girl that took my money had the slip from last night right with the glasses with the higher price written on it.

An item of definite interest - from 30 to 40% of the automobiles I see on the streets in Japan now have a head crash support for the driver. Maybe 10% or less have the support for others in the car.

The other day on the way to Oyama, Ishii's son told me he was majoring in philosophy and specializing in a study of the Japanese form of comedy called Rakugo. As I understand it now, Rakugo is a monologue generally and consists normally of a story all entangled with puns and building up to one monstrous pun at the end as the punch line. The work raku means drop and go is the same as in Nihon-go - language. We always said that the pun is the lowest form of wit, maybe it's because it was dropped.

One time today I was talking to Kita-san about the Rakugo and puns and he explained to me that the Japanese equivalent of the word "pun" is "share" and that is considered a different kind of game than Rakugo, which is a sort of shaggy-dog story.

Back when I was here in November there was a good possibility that Prof. Harada would get married just after I left so I left with Tosi a telegram congratulating him and giving my regrets that I could not attend. Finally, when he was married, Tosi tells me he sent this telegram for me. Prof. Harada told Tosi that part of the ceremony had been that the Go-Between had the job of reading all of the congratulatory telegrams. When he came to this one of mine, which had been sent in English, apparently he had quite a difficult time and Harada says that for some of the people present this was the first time they had ever had English read to them and they were quite impressed..

I've been kind of wondering how the gang made out up Katahdin way - it sure seems from here that they had plenty of snow, maybe too much.

Kita-san tells me that a colloquialism in the Yokogawa plant when they are talking about parts that may be okay but there is some doubt, the workmen often refer to them as "for China".

Wednesday morning, 31 May 1967 - Very hazy in the beginning but the sky is clearing and I think will be cloudless today. Weather map shows an almost cloudless Japan - zenbu. The high that is coming in is still just a little west of Korea. It did come down and at the present time looks as though it is going to be nice and protective for two or three days, maybe even four, but I have some concern over Sunday, and of course looking forward, even three days is pretty optimistic on my part.

I'm back in the hotel after a day at Yokogawa and dinner with Kita-san. He wanted me to make a decision on where to go, so I suggested the Mendori where he has taken me a couple of times before and I am sure he likes it.

I've got to make a correction on one of the things I have been saying for some time. I talked about toriyaki as being chicken sukiyaki. I'm wrong. Chicken sukiyaki is called torisuki.

Kita-san and Miyauchi-san have been trying to teach me a new phrase - it is "dozo go yukkuri" - yukkuri means "slow", dozo "please", go is just a connective but here you can use it in the English meaning. Coming back in the car tonight we came up behind a miniature truck like those that are seen all over Tokyo, only this one was quite battered, painted black all over, and painted in white across the back of it, it said, "No thank you back kiss." The message was clear to me.

Thursday morning, 1 June 1967 Clear, cloudless sky but heavy ground smog, so still no Fuji-san. I got up a little early this morning to get some work done, because Tamao is going to come by and talk to me on the way to work.

Well, looking at the weather map at five minutes of seven it does look possible that we'll have good weather come Saturday and maybe Sunday. Very interesting pattern - it is going almost due/east. There is a high that has moved a little bit east. If it goes at the same speed that it has gone the last day or two it will be right over this part of Japan on Saturday. Coming across a few hundred miles south is an occluded front and it may make it cloudy around Tokyo for a while. North of us and coming across about the same distance to the north is another front.

Thursday night The 10:58 weather map looks quite promising. Sure looks as though the worst that will happen will be cloudy weather through Sunday.

Boy, this watch of mine is sure keeping good time. At this time of night it has been 12 seconds fast ± a couple of seconds since Monday night, and in the morning it is 2 seconds fast ± 1 or 2 seconds for the same period.

Tonight Tamao had a Foxboro party. He invited Ev Swift and his wife to go out to dinner and Everett's son, Stephen, came along. He had come a few days ago from Saigon. Tamao also invited Fujii to learn to understand Americans a little better, and, after talking to me, he invited his elder daughter to come along to give Ev's wife a feeling of company amongst all the men, and then Tamao also asked me.

We went to the house of the 12 steps and the waitress for our room recognized me and asked me in Japanese if I hadn't been there before.

Then I recognized her and said I had been.

Jack
15-24
Su ni
Danya

We had a nice, sit on the floor, private room, Japanese dinner. I think the Swifts were very pleased. We had mostly shabu-shabu, which they all thought was extremely good. I told Tamao I thought maybe he had selected that meal because I like it so much.

We had a little crisis on the way to the dinner. It ended up that I was in a Daiwa car with the three Swifts and Tamao with his daughter and Fujii went in a taxi and told the Daiwa car to follow. Apparently Tamao did not tell the Daiwa car where we were going, because suddenly we got separated in traffic and the Daiwa driver was lost. First he just pulled over to the side and waited, looking back hopefully but the taxi did not appear. Then he turned to me and said, "Meado-san"; and of course he was trying to ask me where we were going, so I said, "Sumimasen - don't know." Very disappointedly he said, "Don't know." Then he backed up to the last street we had gone by, turned into it, and sure enough there was the taxi cross ways across the end of the street. When we got down to the end, the taxi went off to the right and Fujii went to the left on foot, so the Daiwa car started to turn right. I said, "Hidari, dozo", so he turned left and went down a little ways. He still hadn't identified Fujii, so when Fujii pointed to the house we were going to I just said, "Hai, dozo" and for the moment I forgot tomari, but that was all right - he understood and stopped.

After dinner we came back to the hotel. Ev ran up and got his camera to take a picture of Tamao and his daughter. He insisted that his wife and I both get into the picture also. Stephen and Fujii were off in a corner while Fujii was teaching Stephen how to use the abacus.

I'm having a lot of fun with this partial understanding of Japanese.

6((At lunch today, as we were finishing the main course (Rinichi, Tosi, and myself) the girl came over and spoke to Tosi in Japanese.

Tosi said several of the directors tried to buy some for me but they found it takes two days advance notice to get them, so they bought a different kind of sweet which Tosi brought. So I got the benefits of the Stockholders Meeting and Directors Meeting without the headaches. Friday morning, 2 June - Still heavy haze and no Fuji-san. The weather map sure looks hopeful now. West of here there are highs everywhere. The front that was possibly coming in from the northwest did form an occluded area which hit northern Japan last night sometime. The dragging tail of it maybe will give some cloudiness and possibly some showers this afternoon, but the one south of here has gone by and to the west there are high pressure centers three different places - north of west, west, and south of west. They are far enough away that I would guess it would be Monday or Tuesday before we need to worry about any inclement weather around here. Back over Manchuria there is a low coming in but the way the weather is travelling these days it is a long ways off. Of course, the weather pattern could start moving rapidly and then all my guesses would be off.

Friday evening 6/2

That's a children's chorus on TV. - It's about quarter of nine. I've got all my stuff together, ready for the hike. Ishii-san is coming to the hotel about ten minutes of eleven - or as he said at lunch today - ju ji go ju pun. Tamao Nakamura was worried that I didn't know what Ishii meant but we'd already discussed the subject and so this was just a reminder. I'm supposed to be sleeping right now but I had to work quite a bit to get everything together and Now I think I'm going to try to clean up quite a few of my notes - maybe clean up this tape before he comes.

The weather map at ten of seven this evening showed an awful fast motion of the highs but still it looks as though tomorrow ought to be

6/2 nice and sunny, and that's the major part of the hike anyhow.

Sunday ought to be pretty good, but maybe I'm stretching my luck a little too much to ask for that.

┌ This is Tape #6. I'm starting it about ten o'clock in the evening on Friday, 2 June, just before going off to Shiga Heights. *to page 10-37*
Well, the trip started off right. We left the hotel in a taxi driven by a girl. She drove just like any other taxi driver with possibly a very little bit of conservatism. We had reserve seats on the train - it ended up we had the whole car for the four of us and two other people, so after looking over Ken Tokunaga's pictures from his trip to America we spread out pretty much all over one section of the car and went to sleep. The conductor kept talking over a loudspeaker system, so I reached in my pocket and got the ear plugs I had put there last night just in case.

6/3 It is now 4:30 or 4:45 AM. The sun came out with a vengeance, but I rolled over and went back to sleep. Finally, at 5:30, we arrived at Nagano where we had to wait for half hour or so for the self-powered train on which we are on now.

This hiking is going to be very close to the Manza Shirane hiking area that we came to before (April '66). Looking at the map, I think we ought to be able to see Shirane from Shigayama. There are many lakes in this part of the country and particularly on the course that we are going to be hiking today.

Around Nagano it was very dry. The rice fields were completely dry and the planting of taue had not been done, but as we came up toward Yudanaka there got to be more and more water and taue was all completed and the rice was growing well.

Now we are taking a bus. As we started out on the bus, steam was rising from the manholes over the pipe line bringing the hot water down to the hot baths. Also in many house lots there were pools

6/3 in which there were many carp or koi. .

This bus is really loaded. We stopped in the center of a bunch of hotels and picked up another four or five hikers. Now all of the jumper seats in the aisle are filled and three more people standing up front and still the bus stops and picks up more. Now there are eight standing up front. I don't see how they can get any more in. Four more got on - now the baggage is coming off of the jumper seats and they are putting two to an aisle seat.

Many of the homes up here still have the koi-nobori flying one month late.

Now the road is no longer paved - very choppy gravel - and I'm sitting right over the rear wheels. This is partially a sightseeing bus and the girl every once in a ~~while~~ ^{while} gives comments on the views. Fortunately I sat on the left side so, since almost all views are hidari, I have a good view. She has called attention several times to hanami and now we see our second power station - sorry, same one only now we are looking down from above.- There are many very low pink flowers called ^{tsutsuji} ~~suji~~. Sometimes they get almost orange and add very much to the color of the hillside.

The early morning haze is clearing. Of course, right now we have a lot of dust to substitute for the haze. The sky has some very high thin clouds but I suspect we are going to have a pretty nice day.

This bus is just about the same size as the Shoe. Now that several people have gotten off there are only rokuju. At one time there were at least rokuju roku nin.

We are staying at Hotel Sirakabaso. We went there within a quarter of a mile by bus, then ate a brief breakfast consisting of a banana and ocha. We took a bus right outside of the hotel, which takes us around to the lift going up to the top of Hengashitake (?) which is our first objective. So far the exercise has been mostly on the

63 sitting muscles. I took a picture of Hingahaitake when the bus stopped in a slightly widened section of the road to let another bus pass. Our bus's wheels were maybe six inches from the edge of a straight drop of several hundred feet.

I forgot to comment, on the second train there were two seats length-wise, one on each side. Once I looked over to the seat on the other side and everybody, total of 13, were sound asleep.

We are not taking any rain gear with us today because there is so nearly zero chance of any rain. I hope we are wise. Truth of it is, I'm taking my rain jacket but only for a wind breaker. It will help if something happens because it has a hood also.

Everywhere there are ski slopes. Tokunaga-san is an expert in this area during the winter but this is the first time he has been here in the summer.

First when we got to the cable car we were the only four, but there is another cable car that comes across the valley. We waited around and ended up with this cable car jammed full of people that had come up that way.

Picture of mountain with _____ is picture of Shiga-san.

On the mountains around here there are still patches of snow, even though it is in to June. Tallest mountains are only a little over 2000 meters but it seems to be tall enough.

After looking around and taking some pictures of the top we went ^{mt.} ~~to the top~~ down one flight and while the rest of them drank coffee I drank cider.

Then we went down another set of stairs and ate soba noodle and some rice balls that Ken had made.

It is now about eleven o'clock and we are just starting down. We are going to walk down rather than go down by cable car so good, we'll get some exercise.

6/3 Ken wanted to start us off down the ski slope. It is kind of steep right at the beginning so we went around another way. I kidded him about forgetting that we were on foot. When we came down further we followed the ski trail. Near the bottom we came to some wet land with a large number of flowers called mizubasho. Before they blossom they look a lot like skunk cabbage but they have a single white leaf flower and a very large prickly looking center that carries the pollen, maybe also seed pod. Apparently Uzeinuma near Nikko is famous for these flowers. -- I think those pink flowers are honeysuckle - Japanese name is tsutsuji (dictionary gives it as azalea - mh).

It seems to get more hazy as times goes on so we won't get many views today I'm afraid.

Don't here at the bus stop near the cable car terminal there are hundreds of swallows. It is hard to see where they live because they disappear - now I've found them. There is a hotel here with a wooden overhang over its 4th floor and the swallows are going up under that.

We are on the bus again. It actually is the same bus that we came over on. We are sitting up near the front now so I can see what a beating the girl attendant gets over these rough roads. She has to stand up all the time and take the continual shock on her whole body while the rest of us have the seats to filter it out for us. As we were walking up this road - down below in a gulley there was a lot of snow. A few minutes later there was snow right up to the road in one sheltered spot. LakeOnuma is a beautiful lake - very clear and blue, particularly when the sun is shining on it. Reminds me a lot of South Branch Pond with the high ground all around and a narrow neck sort of separating two parts of it. We stopped here

6/2 on the edge of the lake to eat some lunch. There are some man-made benches over there a ways but we went by them and came over to sit on a big log. We've got some honest-to-goodness black flies here. They aren't very thick but there are some anyhow. I haven't let any bite me yet. Maybe I should experiment to see if they will. Somehow I don't like that big lump afterwards. - Ken sliced up some cucumbers, mixed some lettuce he had, to make cucumber sandwiches. Ishii-san is boiling the water for tea.

Going this way, coming away from the lake, it is a steady steep climb - log stairs so you can't pick your own pace - hard work right after lunch. But the big steps come nearer matching my legs than the rest of the gang and also the rest are carrying much heavier packs than I am. We are getting up into snow country again, almost every sheltered little valley or gulley is filled with snow. Now we are having to climb over the snow right on the trail, maybe a meter thick in places. After we got to the top and following along on more or less level trail it began to get pretty dark and hazy - the peak right ahead of us has clouds coming right over its top and once in a while a little drop of rain - well, it is starting to rain a little bit, not enough to put on any protection yet, as if anyone had protection other than me.

Took a couple of pictures of Yanjuhachi ke - 48 ponds. One of the pictures shows the very large number of flowers. I've decided to take Miyauchi-san's advise. He was afraid I would insist upon finding all 48 of the ponds, so I haven't even counted to see if there were two. There is a very nice shelter here - sort of a picnic table under a good solid roof. All over this bunch of lakes, which are really very small ponds only a few feet across, there are frogs croaking. Seems to me the frogs are croaking in Japanese. They don't sound quite like the American frogs. It is almost a clacking sound.

6/3

Not musical in the least bit. Suddenly all the frogs stopped. It is deathly still.- The rain has stopped also, only a very few minutes after we started waiting. After about a 15-minute wait ^{it looked as tho} the little sprinkling was probably the end of it, so we decided to go on. I put on my rain jacket to protect the Dictet. In five minutes the sun was out.

Just met on the trail half a dozen people that had big cans of snow and were throwing it around very excitedly. My guess is it is almost the last snow we will see near the trail.

The sun was out nice and bright when we got to Shibuta Lake. There are some floating islands in the lake. I took a picture with Ken Tokunaga standing on a log on one of the floating islands.

Here we stopped for ocha and some sweets. From this lake we went a short cut that in 40 minutes is supposed to get us pretty well back to the hotel. If we went the other way by way of the Hot Spa we would have to walk for a long time. This trail takes us to Kitohike (?) which is about 40 minute walk from the hotel. The other way would be a lot of walking on the bus road, dusty and uninteresting. I sure wouldn't come this way in wet weather or probably even in normal weather this time of year. It is quite muddy even though Japan has had a very long dry spell. The end of the short cut is near the hotel where the bus stops and we got there just three minutes before the bus was due.

By some bit of coincidence we are on the same bus - the 3rd time today. I accused Ishii-san of being a friend of the girl on the bus and deliberating catching this bus. Nagashima-san said maybe ^{K³ Hideo's?} it is the only bus running on this line.

It is now about 5:30 - almost cloudless sky again and almost no haze but it is too low to see anything.

NAKASHIMA
Oo
STEVED

6/13 Nagaike - long pond - very largest in the Shiga Heights. I took a picture of it with the sign. Also took a picture of the "honeysuckle". Ken says that as a boy he remembers picking the blossoms and sucking the honey out of them.

We went up through a botanical garden run by the Prefecture and National Government combined and saw many different kinds of plants - probably more than anything else though, scattered all through, were stalks of warabi. Some had the little brown sort of fringe on the one side, which I understand from YANKEE magazine are the best for eating, some were enormous all green, some enormous with brown fuzz all over them, and of course everywhere we could see fresh stalks of bamboo - the bamboo that is called ^{Bear} ~~Thair~~ Bamboo.

Tosi Arima told me last week about this. He said it is called ^{Bear} ~~Thair~~ Bamboo because up in northern Japan the bears catching fish use this bamboo to string the fish up to carry the fish home. I told him I wasn't sure whether this was a "bear story" or a "fish story".

We got back on the road and came down a ways and now we are going into the entrance to the Kyoto University Lodge, where Ken Tokunaga spent many enjoyable times when he was in school and also for several years after ~~when~~ he got out. I see around rhododendron - at least it sure looks like it, particularly the leaves, and the flowers looked awfully familiar - shakunage.

We finally got back to the hotel at about twenty-five minutes of seven.

Sunday morning, 4 June - Cloud completely over the sky but not very dark; by breakfast time it is getting quite bright with strong shadows, so maybe it will clear.

Special treat for asa gohan - warabi. This way of cooking it they have used a lot of wasabi too, so I am not quite sure what warabi tastes like. Also for asa gohan - eggs sunnyside up, shreadded cabbage, yamagobo which looks like very small carrot but I am told it was black before it was pickled, slides of a fishmeal cake wrapped in seaweed, and of course every other bite is gohan and of course ocha. Soup, slices salmon, and the thin seaweed sheets to eat with gohan. They have a very interesting sauce pitcher - it has a spout out each side and one side of the top is colored red for Worcestershire Sauce and the other green for the soybean sauce. It has an overhanging spout arrangement which is dropless. The egg was very lightly fried and I couldn't pick it up, so I picked up the plate and slid it off onto the gohan. The soup was a sort of stew of seaweed with soybean powder added.

Last night we had a wonderful hot bath in a bath that was just about right size for four although six or eight could get in if needed. A good complete Japanese dinner. Looked at my slides of New Hampshire trip.

As we started to eat dinner we started to see flashes of lightening and before long there was a very heavy rain, thunder and lightening. These stairways still give me a lot of trouble with these small slippers. I have to drive the slippers onto my feet against a post or something before starting up or down stairs. Everybody looks at me kind of peculiar.

Tough luck - this was a different bus. Our record is broken now! A bunch of hikers just got off where we got on last night. Maybe they are going back over the other way from the course we took, which is about 8 or 9 kilometers. We noticed yesterday that many people were going from this end and we were apparently the only ones from the other end.

Certainly a lot of honeysuckle. Everywhere are ski lifts and ski courses. Standing here, just as we start on this leg of the hike at about quarter of nine, behind me is the chair lift, to the right is a chair lift, directly ahead a chair lift, on the mountain some distance away to the left another chair lift, on the entrance to the ski lift right here the ticket house wall is all scarred up with skis. The trail starts somewhere around these ski slopes but with all the bulldozer and the slashed bare bamboo can't find any sign yet of the trail start. I saw a sign on a tree up a ways. We went up and it was so old nothing was left to read on it. This slashed bare bamboo is pretty rough, very slippery, and where it is cut off has very sharp points, so it is a good idea not to fall. We ended up coming up one of the ski trails that had been cleared even of the bamboo, but now at the top here we can't locate the trail. It is off to the left somewhere and Ken and Ishii-san are looking for it right now. Map shows it falls between ~~the~~ ^{this} slope and the long slope quite a ways over to the left. Bushwacking through this bare bamboo is very tough going. We did a little bit of it yesterday and I'd hate to have to do a mile or so. On the map it sure looks as though the sign I saw was right, so we are going back down the ski slope because there is quite a gulley between us and where the trail apparently is. There are two gulleys one between this ~~trail~~ ski slope and the trail and one between the other ski slope and the trail. We think we have found the trail but Ken has gone through the bamboo to see if he can follow what looks like a trail starting into it. It is sure overgrown but underfoot looks like it was a trail.

We are heading for Kasadake after almost an hour delay. Ken Tokunaga found the sign. I was going around a different way and would have

in maybe a minute. Ken found the trail partway up the other ski slope so we got started. The trail he had found before was too small. This is an old trail. Now that we are off the ski trail or ski slope I like it. We've got a well worn path and right now going pretty much level, skirting around the first hills. We have to carry everything with us today, so I had to empty the brief case and the knapsack is really jammed tight and quite a bit heavier - enough so that the strings cut into my shoulder pretty hard, but folding a handkerchief under one and putting the other one over the shoulder pad on the Dictet strap I'm able to spread it out so it is not bad at present.

Now we come to a big red sign, quite a bit of kanji, also written NO HUNTING AREA, Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. My empty brief case is folded in the top of Ishii-san's pack. Nakashima-san is carrying my shoes and Ken is carrying one pair of socks which I just couldn't get in the knapsack and also a little polyethylene tea holder that I got on the train coming up. It is different from any I've had before so I wanted to take it home - same principle but different shape. I'm carrying my coat folded under the camera belt and hanging down behind me plus the camera on its belt and the Dictet. Without a jacket or coat on the Dictet kind of throws me off balance because I've got to keep it from bouncing.

Birds singing everywhere. Cuckoo, nightingale, and several others that I don't recognize. We turned and started up steeply to the left. This time no log steps. Right up the dirt path. Some rain. Stopped raining. Some high thin clouds come and go so that sometimes we have sunshine and sometimes not. We stopped for about ten minutes. Some patches of snow along the trail. 10:50 - came to the shelter. We discussed what we should do. (Sorry, it is garbled near end of A side.)

(Something about a large group holding a religious ceremony and they asked Mead's group to go on up.)

Took a picture of Shirane with the cairn of this mountain in the foreground. Took another picture almost exactly the opposite direction down into the sunny valley.

- If you could hear it that was the priest all dressed up reading in front of a little shrine directly under the big rock on top of the bottom. -

We came down quickly passed the shelter on to a gravel road cut out of the side of the mountain. Took a picture back at the also another one down below. I've been having trouble with this Dictet bouncing. Just before we started down this last steep drop into the place we are supposed to be for lunch, I found a straw rope on the road and I've got it tied around it now. Off the road to the left down in the valley we came pasture land just covered with warabi.

Just 30 minutes late we arrived and met Punchan who runs this house. What a wonderful lunch! Almost everything was from nature right around close. Warabi we had in many ways, soup, uncooked but treated by putting some ^{asa} ~~ask~~ with it and then pouring boiling water over it and letting it stand over night. Bamboo shoots roasted like roast corn, also in a sort of vinegar treatment, and then tempura with bamboo shoots, ~~and~~ ^{red} /maple tree leaves, many, many flowers and plants.

The man who was doing the praying at the top of the mountain just came in an automobile. He came bringing a bottle half full of sake, offering a sip of sake in a little cup in return for a donation, so both Punshan and Otake accepted his offer.

By the time we left Punshan's hospitality, it was raining very hard and the taxi splashed and bounced over the gravel road winding down

the mountain side. All I hope is that the windshields of the oncoming cars aren't as fogged up as ours is. The taxi driver just came up on a motorcyclist with a flat tire. He handed him complete equipment, patches, clamp to hold while burning the patches, pump, and a box of matches. More sliding and slipping around. A lot of traffic on this road and it is just about comfortable width for one direction for an American car. Some of the sharp turns would require full extreme turning for many American cars and when we meet a bus there ~~are~~ ^{is} sure a lot of slipping and sliding. Haven't hit anything yet.

As we came to Suzaka the road became paved and the driver stepped up to between 60 and 70. You can hear the horn blowing. All of the rice fields were nicely flooded. We saw most of them were all planted but we did see one taue in progress.

Now we come to a traffic light. Sun is shining quite brightly here at Suzaka.

We just went to Zenkoji. This temple has a completely dark winding corridor and they say there is a key in the wall and if you find it you will have good luck for the rest of your life. They instruct that the key is hip height on the right hand wall. I didn't feel with my hands, I covered the entire wall from finger tip to elbow from one end to the other, holding my arms such that no normal human being's hip would be outside the span.

We just saw a white oxen - the name Ushi is used for cow, bull, oxen, all of them. This was oxen. It is a holy animal, imported from India - sacred animal.

Japanese word for sacred is sei, so should be able to remember it related to English.

There is a lady here by the temple selling peanuts, little dishes of them, for people to feed the pigeons. The pigeons don't touch

those, but the moment that she sells some and gives them to the buyers in a little plastic dish they swarm around. She's got some well trained pigeons. I'm not sure whether she works for the pigeons or the pigeons work for her, but they certainly work as a good team.

I forgot to say that before we left Punshan gave me a pair of miniature snowshoes called wakan. Sounds like a very reasonable name if you are American. They are unique construction. I had seen some large ones hanging near the entrance but she didn't know it when she gave me the pair of miniature ones.

In Tokyo Central Station - just as we came out fifteen or twenty girls just going in, each with a pack on that would kill the average man. I think every one was carrying a tent, a pack filled with food stuff was Ken's guess. They were well over three feet wide and the full height.

Got back to the hotel about 9:15. I think I am sleepy enough that I'll try to get a long night's sleep tonight.

Monday morning, 5 June. The weather map now shows all sorts of occluded fronts. According to Ken Tokunaga, the weather man now say that the rainy season will start on the 10th of June. Maybe this very disturbed weather pattern is an indication of its coming. My watch has gotten up to 15 seconds fast.

Well, this news about the Roxbury District disturbances kind of hits a little close to home. I guess there are some pretty skillful rabble rousers methodically go around the U.S. watching carefully for all sorts of issues and taking advantage of them.

I certainly hope today I get some news on how the Katahdin trip went and what else may be going on back in Foxboro.

65 Boy, this old world is starting to stir around - first the reports about Roxbury this morning and now when I get home from an evening at Nakamura's here is a steady program on the Armed Forces Network on news of the war that has started in the Middle East. There is no let up on the Armed Forces Network so I've just got to cut it off and come back later.

I checked my little portable radio. It's in good shape so I can listen to the Armed Forces news when I'm in the bathroom as well as when in the bedroom. This will let me do some washing during the continuous news broadcast, and I've got a lot of washing left over from the weekend. Also I've got a lot of stuff to dictate and I'd better get at it. Tamao doesn't seem to understand that when I go out to dinner I want to get home early. He always brings me home late enough that I lose out an hour or two of sleep. He didn't get me home until somewhat after eleven tonight.

His daughter drove me down in their car with Tamao sitting beside her on the front seat. After she had stalled the engine a couple of times by letting the clutch out too fast and had pulled up pretty sharp to avoid hitting the back end of taxis, she said, "Do you know that I got my drivers license from six months?" I said, "You drive very well in such heavy traffic."

I had a very enjoyable time at Tamao's. He invited Ken Tokunaga and Tamao's assistant, Fujii, and Toda and me to discuss plans for Henry Milo's visit. We discussed the subject off and on during the evening, never coming to a definite conclusion, but I think there was a pretty good understanding before we got through, insofar as the informal plans that Tokunaga and Toda might have with their group of English-speaking friends who want to meet with Henry. We also discussed various shopping trips that Henry might take. Everybody wants to know more about Henry Milo and much more about Rip Lawler, because many of them had never heard Rip's name.

This is tape #7. I'm starting it after midnight so that makes it Tuesday, 6 June, with a newsman over the Armed Forces Network giving a step by step summary of the various acts that led up to the present open conflict in the Middle East.

Tuesday morning, 6 June Bright and very hazy sky. Weather forecast is partial cloudiness today. This morning the Armed Forces Network at this 7:00 AM news time just reran the Security Council special meeting which I heard last night, so I've got to wait for 7:30 to get a rundown on any late happenings.

Tuesday night, back in the hotel. Just got kind of a start - still don't know what it is all about, but when I came in the Desk Clerk said he had just gotten a call for me and when I didn't answer my room the Japanese gentleman asked to be transferred to Mr. Bristol in Room. 527. The key was in the 527 box and also nobody answered when I tried to call - so I wonder what Mr. Bristol?

Just had a very interesting evening at the Hototokisu Restaurant.

This is the restaurant famous for

All the Research gang came except Tosi, who had to go to a meeting: Ohno, Tada, Tak Yamanaka, Saito. Saito doesn't talk much English but he can understand a fair amount. The other three talk quite fluently, so we had an interesting discussion during which we got into quite a long discussion about analog people and digital people. Then I talked quite a bit to Ohno and Tak about how to get closer to digital and where the inventions are needed in the digital area. After I got through, Tak said I had given a very nice understandable lecture. He said my discussion of digital systems was like my Japanese English - clear and simple, and easy to understand.

Wednesday morning, June 7 - I just came down to the desk on my way out and checked - the Mr. Bristol turned out to be an E.C. Bristow from England. Maybe there is some relation but it seems highly improbable.

In the corridor I just noticed at one of the streetcar intersections a quite well-dressed man with a white shirt, suit coat and trousers, with a little broom and metal rod cleaning the dirt out of the streetcar switch.

Just came up beside a bus^{ful} of youngsters singing songs.

Wednesday evening - Back at the hotel after a very enjoyable dinner with Rinichi, Kita-san and Be^{Hasabe}-san at the Tenmasu - the wonderful tempura place. It was just as good as ever, if not better. I forget how good tempura really is when it is cooked by such an expert. Senbon is off on a trip and not back yet, so he couldn't eat with us.

Thursday morning, June 8 When I woke up about five minutes before the alarm was to go off I pulled the curtains and there it was, bright sunshine, but no luck - enough haze I couldn't see Fuji-san.

I took a picture showing the new building going up.

Incidentally, the alarm clock has awakened me only twice - I've wakened myself between five and thirty minutes before the alarm about every other morning.

I'm still going around without a passport. Yesterday I asked Tanaka-san to check and he came back with the report that they said it would take three or four more days. Three days is Saturday, four days is Sunday. I may have to stay here a couple of more days. This trip to Poland is not starting off in the best and smoothest way.

Thursday night, June 8 - A little bit after eleven o'clock. Long dinner tonight, or rather a long time for dinner. We went way out west of the city to a restaurant by the name of Yama-ya. The present owner is over seventy years old and he's the third generation at least. The restaurant was rebuilt in 1893 after a fire destroyed a whole section of the city. It was already well known at that time. Dr. Tomota, Rinichi, Tosi and I went out in Dr. T's car and it took us about an hour to get there. When we got through eating at about nine o'clock, we drove back to Mitaka, where we first let off Dr. Tomota, then Tosi at a Daiwa garage, then Rinichi close to his home, and then the driver brought me down to the hotel. There is a castle near the restaurant. It was one of the peripheral castles, or outpost stations. It was one day's travel from the Imperial Palace and in peaceful times apparently was used as a sort of holiday palace.

Being so far inland the Yama-ya specializes in inland food; for instance there is no seafood served - it is all fresh water fish or vegetables from the countryside. The mainstay on fish is carp, although trout is also served. We had both - we had carp in two or three different forms. The problem with carp is that it has so many little bones. There was a bean soup that had a big chunk of fish in it. This was quite difficult soup to make and takes _____ days to make it. We had already been talking about the bones, so as I picked away with the fine pointed hashi that they supplied, I said, "Yes, and two days to eat it." It tasted very nice and I hated to give up, but finally even with my glasses on and digging very carefully I kept getting so many bones in my mouth that I was obviously going to starve before I could get through it.

858 We had fresh strawberries to end the meal and at the same time some very nice sweet an cakes. They were new to me - called kintsuba - they come in a cubicle form about 2 cm on the side - the brown bean paste with many unmashed beans. The outer coating is a very tough unpalatable skin which is quite easy to pull away so that you had just the soft innards.

During dinner we talked about many light, foolish and enjoyable things. We did talk a little seriously about Foxboro Company organization and Rinichi told Dr. Tomota some of the things I had told him earlier. The waitress told ^{this} ~~the~~ little story: apparently there is an air base not too far away and many of the wives, to pass the day, come to Yama-ya for tea in the morning or afternoon. There is a minimum charge at the place, so these women feel they have to get a drink or something/^{to} get their money's worth. One day this waitress of ours was waiting on a group of them and after a drink or two they were preparing to leave and the waitress helped one of the women with some packages. The lady turned and very pleasantly bowed and said to the waitress, in thanks for her efforts, "Domo bakyaro". This same waitress, as we were about to leave, went out ahead of us. Somebody mentioned getting matches, so very quickly she said to Rinichi, who was going out at the same time, "Chotto matcha kudasai." The word matcha is used for matches, but when one wants to say - Will you wait just a moment - you say, Chotto matte kudasai, if you want someone to give you a box of matches you say - Matcha kudasai. So she put the two together and out came something that was very un-Japanese - sounded a little bit like a Meado-san perversion of the language.

The other evening we were discussing the meaning of Japanese high collar. You will recall this means "most modern and high class". Of course, high collars have gone out of style a long time ago. I

was reminded of a note in the Japan Times a few days ago which quoted a young lady in a style show of mini-skirts commenting that the skirt she had on when she sat down made a good collar, so I suggested that maybe mini-skirts are high collar in more than one way.

Saturday¹⁰ morning about 1:00 AM. I'm all finished packing. It's not too bad - looks as though it is easily carryable.

6/9- Went out with Shozo for dinner. Had steak for the first time on this trip to Japan. We went to a place called France-ya. All of the employees and the owner are Japanese but there was a large percentage of Americans there. It is a very small place. The main dining-room has a counter around the very small kitchen area and four places were set at the counter. There was one very small table for two people and another table that could be used for four people, then there were some tatami rooms, two anyhow (I don't know how many more). We had one of the tatami rooms, so here we were, shoes off, sit on the floor, French cuisine mostly specializing in steak, and the room on the other side of the paper wall occupied by a bunch of very noisy American women. I didn't see a pair of hashi in the whole place, everybody eating with knife, fork and spoon.

Saturday morning, June 10 I woke up just three minutes before my alarm clock was scheduled to go off. It looks pretty certain as though I am not going to see Fuji-san from the hotel because it is raining - heavy mist. It will have to do a lot of fast clearing up if I am going to see Fuji-san from the Company. The weather bureau people said the rainy season would start on June 10 - this is sure a good start for the rainy season. Not raining hard but just about as rainy as one could imagine.

660 Well, I guess I'm all set. It's about twenty-five minutes of eight. I think I've got everything but food which I just don't have room for and actually it would spoil in all probability, so I left a 100-yen piece on the top of the food on the desk to help compensate for all the clean-up necessary.

We are well over half way to San Francisco. I didn't do any dictating last night because this place was just too crowded. Pan Am did their usual only even better this time. I don't think there is one empty seat in either tourist or 1st-class. Last night we left Yokogawa at about five of five, two cars of us. Tosi and Tamao in my car, Rinichi, Hiro, and Kita-san in the other car. Some day the airlines running out of Tokyo will get wise to me. I had one of the fellows carry the flight bag so when I checked in I said to the desk guy that I had the one bag to check and I wanted to carry the brief case. He said okay but he wanted to weigh both the briefcase and the suitcase, so I let him. I'll have to check what they weigh but I'm sure it is an awful lot more than 44 lbs. I would guess the two of them together are more than 66 lbs.

Pan Am did all right by me - window seat near the back; so all of us went up to the little restaurant where we had sashimi - I had a bowl of unagi, and then we finished off with sushi. It was a fairly good meal and I did it deliberately so that I could sleep during the Pan Am meal.

After about 45 minutes of very enjoyable chatter, I suggested that I could go on through the gate and they could then go on home. When I got through the line was already formed for this flight, so I went on through and got into the bus to carry me out to the plane. Apparently several other bus loads had already come out because the plane was almost filled. I had had some false hope that it might

be a lightly loaded flight when I saw how few there were on the bus with me. There was a very large area right behind the last row where my seat was. There was already a lot of luggage just loosely dropped in there. The hostess was muttering something about it couldn't stay like that, but that didn't concern me too much because it only enabled me to push the flight bag under my seat from behind (the whole thing was so thick that it wouldn't go under the seat normally) so if I hadn't had the last row seat I might have been in trouble.

The middle seat in my row was occupied by a Japanese lady and the aisle seat by a big rugged-looking fellow. Turned out after a little while he wasn't as rugged as he looked. He explained he had been in Japan for a couple of weeks and hadn't been able to get himself to eat any Japanese food. I guess that was all I found out about either one of them because I had decided I was going to sleep, so I told her to tell the stewardess that I was not interested in any food. I put on the ear cup and leaned over against the two pillows that I grabbed before getting in here, and I don't even remember the plane taking off. When I became conscious at all the rugged guy was occupying the middle seat and overlapping both sides, and the Japanese woman was on the aisle seat. But that was all right with me because when I'm leaning against the wall I don't really need the arm rest on the other side, in fact I don't use it at all.

Across the aisle was a lady from India. They put the same sausage and scrambled eggs in front of her and of course she didn't eat any. I didn't notice it but the fellow right ahead of me did and he called the stewardess's attention. Together they decided that regular dry cereal might be good. The lady nodded very appreciably when the stewardess gave it to her.

Quite suddenly it has gotten very rough. Seat belt sign on. A lot of people must have coffee on them I'm sure. The stewardesses are having quite a time. I can hear them exclaiming over the mess that is being made in the kitchen. One of the stewardesses was taking trays to the people up front - she is down to one at a time and bringing back one empty each time rather than the normal three or four. A couple of people up a ways seem to be getting squeemish. They asked the stewardess to open the air vent for them. The captain has slowed the engines down a little bit but even at that I overheard one of the stewardesses saying, "Can't he slot it down a little bit?"

Looks like they are not going to give us the Customs Declaration forms. That's going to hold people up a lot. I hope it doesn't delay me enough that I miss the TWA flight.

Well, it did settle down enough and they are bringing around the forms, so my worries were unnecessary. We are coming out over the clouds, so maybe San Francisco will be nice clear weather.

All around me as we were approaching San Francisco were people who had gifts they had never opened up or hadn't kept track of what they had bought - none of them apparently had thought about this. I didn't see one professional traveller within several rows. I gave them all the very calm advice - don't worry, the Customs people will be friendly if you don't try to get away with anything.

After we got through the health checkout line and got into immigration we started getting mixed up with the Quantas flight that had just come in from Australia. When we got into the baggage area they only have one carousel and the baggage was coming kind of mixed up

but there were a lot of customs inspectors and when my bag did come I was able to get in line with only one person ahead of me. I made out a list because I was over a hundred dollars. I had estimated the earrings at \$50. and listed the oil and diodes separate, and also the glasses and speaker separate, because each of those was over \$5. The Customs man, when I told him everything was in the flight bag or attached to it, poked very lightly in the bags, asked if I had any seeds or anything, then when I opened my briefcase he just glanced in it and said, "What are you, an electronics guy of some sort?" I said, "Well, in a way." Then he looked at the flight bag - I had the earrings box out to show him and he shrugged me off, just saying, "All of these are retail price, right?" I said, "To the best of my knowledge." "OK, we'll give you an allowance make it a hundred dollars and you're all set." (I didn't get behind any of those people around me because without an estimate of some sort the Customs man couldn't help them a bit.)

10.11

A little girl about six walking around here interrupted me. She seems to be quite intrigued with this business of my sitting and talking to myself this way.

As soon as I got from customs I checked in TWA, went out to the boarding area and since I had some time went to a telephone booth and called Claire and talked to her about her plans to come East. Came back and checked in in time to get my window seat and now they are boarding, so guess I had better go.

Well, this is sure a different flight. Got a triple for myself and the TWA seats are more comfortable anyhow. They lean back quite a bit further. But I guess I'm going to use a triple after it starts to get a little dark. -- I'm not sure. The hostess just brought a woman with 3 youngsters and put them in a triple on the other side behind me and the 3rd youngster in a window seat two rows behind me. I think they are going to be hollering back and forth pretty loud. I guess that ear cover thing is going to help. This has a movie and the stewardess just explained how superior this whole thing was as the projector light source is more powerful than any projector lamp anywhere else and the windows are equipped with Polaroid. I had noticed that because there is a rainbow across the sky repeating itself about four times, so what is that going to do to pictures I might want to take. The Polaroid sheet is just slipped in front of the window, so it was very easy for me to lift it out. It is awfully hazy around San Francisco anyhow so I doubt if I can get much in the way of pictures, but maybe after we get over the mountains it will be better. I hope I don't have too much trouble with the hostesses.

The mountains here in Nevada are heavily covered with snow even now.