

Trip XI to Japan - September-October 1967

Wednesday 27 September 1967

In the air on the way to Chicago. Bucky picked me up at quarter to seven as scheduled but I found that he was scheduled to pick up five more people - four at the company and one at his home on the way in. When we got to the Company none of the four were there, so finally, almost seven o'clock, we went over and picked up Joe Holmes at his place just around the corner, came back and found Burleigh Hutchins and another fellow were there but two were missing still. Finally after a little fretting and I reminding them that I had an 8:15 flight, we went off. After we got on Rt. 95 I asked who the other two were. He gave me the note - the names were Schoppe and Nazareth. It was about 7:10 before we left the Guardhouse and they were supposed to be there at 7:00.

Everything went fine - got to the airport about 10 minutes of 8, checked through TWA and got a nice window seat, even though about 40 people had gone on ahead of me they had almost all gone on up front and left the rear seats open. There were a lot of empty seats so I just left my briefcase next to me. This is an 880 fixed up with 3 seats on one side and 2 on the other. I took a double for me and the briefcase.

I just woke up with the captain explaining that the weather at O-Hare is not bad but there are quite a lot of planes so we are likely to wander around up here for twenty or thirty minutes. I guess I'll still have time all right if he is able to stick to that.

The flight was in an hour late in to Chicago, so I went right

through to the Northwest desk. They sent me to the loading area where in a very short time they started checking tickets. Seat assignment only for first class, and the guy told me they never have had seat assignment on the Tourist on this flight, so I told him I wasn't happy and went over and put my bags blocking the gate - which had a chain across it. While the line of about 30 people were standing there a red-dressed Northwest uniformed gal took 4 or 5 people right on to the plane, leaving the rest of us sitting there. One of the men, who wasn't in the line, went over and started to climb the fence to go in also. He said he wanted to go in and was told to wait, that they would be opened in a short time. He wanted to know why these people got on ahead of him. It was obvious he was pretty mad. I guess they were getting the treatment my letter was supposed to give me, but it looked to me I might be able to do better by myself and I hadn't had time to contact this gal. When they finally opened I came on, found a triple without any "reserved" tag on it from the people who had just come in from Washington. Looks as though maybe I've got an only triple now. I stood in the aisle outside the seat until just before they closed the door. While I was standing there, the red clad gal came back to find the man that had been so unhappy. Apparently he was a Washington passenger and he said he just wanted to come on to go to sleep. I notice that he is on the aisle seat and somebody else, a big man, is on the window seat. He didn't really want to sleep very badly, I guess. He gave the gal a very rough time - all about preferential treatment and when it finally got through his head that they didn't make seat assignments here he suggested in a very loud voice that it might be a good idea for them to start doing it. I had noticed when I came on that the people

she had brought on were all first-class people and this guy happens to be tourist.

I just took several photographs of snowy mountains and snow-filled valleys. The one with the highest mountain in it = the last of that series - is just at the Canadian-Alaskan border. It may be Mt. Shasta. We are 45 minutes from Anchorage.

Well, Anchorage has changed. They've got the new terminal operating and a loading snout for the NWO flights. I went into the terminal building, dropping off my briefcase at the 1st-class space that had been assigned by the purser, and immediately went about my assignment of finding a walrus bollo tie. The place was mobbed with army personnel, apparently just arrived because they were all of them in a big rush to buy little dolls and things to ship back home. I looked through all the bollo ties and found only one with a walrus, so got in line and paid for that. Then I decided I would go over to the old terminal building where the ticket counter was for NWO. It was right where it had been before. While I was standing in line I heard my name being called by the NWO agent back at the gate I had come in, so I just stayed in line and finally got my ticket lined up. I then went around the customs office which is back in the new building and while I was there getting a registration on the Nikorex camera they paged me again, but I went ahead and finished and went on out to the gate, where by now they had called for loading of this flight NW 3. The agent at the gate had been trying to help me avoid the walk over to the main terminal. This was no problem to me, of course, and incidentally I was the second person in the loading group in this flight on to Tokyo.

Apparently I would have been all right to have stayed back in tourist. There were a lot of empty seats and I'm sure I would have been able to work somehow to keep my triple, but the sound level would have been pretty high with all of the youngsters and chatting people. Up here in first class there are only three other people with a total of fourteen seats. We have one full time hostess and the purser spends almost all his time here, so you can't do anything - you can hardly even look as though you want something before one of the two of them is here trying to help. Since this is the middle of the day as we leave Anchorage I had hoped that I would be able to get some photographs of Mt. McKinley but it was entirely too clouded over. As we go on across the Pacific it is almost a steady cloud cover over the ocean, although there are a few times I have seen some breaks through to the water.

As the plane was circling come in for a landing, there was Fuji-san sticking up; I hope I got a couple of pictures. I also took quite a few of the Japanese landscape since it was still daylight. The plane pulled in to Tokyo - Haneda - right on time, or actually maybe ten minutes early. I was all set so when the Health Officer cleared us I walked out the front end of the plane and was by far the first person to the door. I looked up above and there weren't any familiar faces at all. I began to wonder if we had let them

TRIP II

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know when I was going to arrive. Down the very long corridor I came upon another group coming in on a Japan Air Lines flight and passed most of them by the time I got to the Passport Control. Here I had to wait about a minute for the Health Office to come along to look at my certificate and then I went right straight through Passport, not having to wait for anybody. I went out and saw two of the turntables rotating but no marking. Very shortly the NWA sign went up on one of them and I would say that no more than five minutes after I got off the plane the first baggage started coming up the turn-table. The 4th piece of luggage was my suitcase, so I went right straight over to Customs where I declared the bottle of Sherry. The Customs man asked me a few more questions this time than before, all of them easy to answer such as this is another business trip, and what's in that? pointing to my briefcase, I answer always on that that - it's my business papers and equipment. I went on out through the gate - now I was ahead of all NW and JAL people, and there was Tosi right near the door reaching over the railing to shake hands. As I went around the pathway here was Rinichi waiting for me at the end of the fence. Apparently they had gotten there on time but the notice had said the plane was going to be late so they watched TV until suddenly the announcement came that the flight had arrived. It looks like I almost beat them to it.

We came down to the hotel together. Rinichi was very surprised and pleased when I told him about my having gotten a Toyota Corona. We came to the Palace and there was nobody in line so I was able to sign in immediately and go up to the room. Luck is really with

me. I'm on the favorite side of the hotel, this time Room 923. If I remember correctly I was on this floor once before but only then for a very few days. After going in my room I met the two of them up on the 10th floor bar and we sat and talked for an hour or so. One of the things they mentioned was that the reason I got in the Palace was I came before the 1st of October. That seems to be the magic date beyond which the hotel is tied up solid. Dick Jahrmarkt is coming just a little too late.

After talking for quite awhile Tosi and Rinichi said good-night to me and I went to my room first to hang up all my clothes and then down to the Coffee Shop for a piece of pie and a glass of milk; came back to the room and washed the clothes I had worn on the trip over here; now I guess it would be a good idea for me to get some sleep, being somewhat after ten o'clock.

Friday morning, 29 September 1967 High over-cast sky and when I woke up around six o'clock, five minutes before my alarm, there was so much haze there was no chance of seeing Fuji-san. The 35-story building seems to be pretty well closed in although it is far enough away I can't be sure. Last night there were lights in it all the way to the top. -- The weather today, according to the weather map, seems to be a likelihood of some rain by this evening, possibly clearing tomorrow. Maybe Sunday will be a good day.

It is scheduled (Sunday) according to my selection that Rinichi will be taking me out in a drive around Tokyo area to see some of the things that he and I have not seen yet. Ishii-san and his gang of mountain people had offered to take me on a small

hike on Sunday, but they also have an almost completely organized two day affair the following weekend, going up into an area north-east of Shirane into a very popular resort area to do some hiking and spend the night in a hot spa lodge.

Saturday morning, 30 Sept. 1967 - There's a steady light rain outside. Looks as though we must have a sort of tropical storm south of Japan from the weather map. There is almost a reversal and the weather for the moment seems to be the results of a fight between that storm and a high pressure zone northeast of here. The best I could gather, the weather predictor on TV couldn't quite decide whether the high would win and we would have good weather tomorrow or the storm would win and we would have rain tomorrow. From the looks of the thing I would guess probably will be cloudy and probably not rain.

9129 Incidentally, last night Tamao Nakamura called me at the hotel here. He got back the same night I arrived only a little later, from his trip to the south. He came back feeling under the weather and couldn't make it into work yesterday. He told me he does expect to get in by this afternoon. He has another appointment this morning. What he said was that he got home from this tense trip and relaxed and his stomach relaxed too much!

Saturday night (or rather Sunday morning) Back in the hotel room.

9139 Tonight Tosi invited me to his house for dinner and the evening with his family and he also invited Ohno and Hiro Yamasaki. All of Tosi's family was there and Chieko, Keiko and Kazuko sat with us in the living-room quite a while before dinner and again after and they also sat most of the time in the dining-room, serving the four of us. The son came in for a little while while we were eating and we had a chance to chat somewhat with him. Osamu is getting ready to take his college entrance exams and is studying very hard for many more months.

When we sat down to drink before dinner, Tosi opened the bottle and carefully shielded the label from me, poured some out in a

glass and said, "Here, have some ramune." I tasted it and looked at him and said, "No, champone." He turned the bottle around and sure enough, it was champone. Tosi had tried to buy some ~~what~~^{when} he was at the Ipo Tempura Restaurant with Rip Lawler. They didn't have it, so he arranged to have the Osaka office get several bottles and send to him. I drank most of two bottles, having given Ohno and Hiro enough of a taste that they decided they would rather stick to regular beer. Dinner was the usual wonderful Arima dinner. This time, apparently, the two girls had each one made some of their specialties along with Chieko's specialties and it was all very good - just too much. And of course after the dinner we went to the living-room to eat some dessert. Before we ate it I brought out the stereo pictures and showed them just the flowers in the group that I took with me. The one unnamed flower they were unable to identify, so I guess I have to get Ishii-san. Of course I should be able to find it in the Mountain Flower Book that Ishii-san gave me. I should have tried to do that before I came.

On the way home the Daiwa driver dropped Ohno-san off at Mitaka station and Hiro pretty close to his home on the way back to the hotel. It had stopped raining so it wasn't too bad. The rain has been around for most of the day, pretty light drizzle most of the time but moderate a couple of times that I noticed it during the afternoon. It sure looks now as though my guess for tomorrow was going to be pretty nearly right.

1051 Rinichi is picking me up tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning to go with Hasebe-san and Kita-san, probably driving down to the southern tip below Yokohama.

SLIDES GA "SO GA SHIMA" sep p 1147
ADD "ABURATSUBO"

Guess I'd better get some sleep now and then come back to this tape recorder in the morning.

Sunday morning, ^{Oct 1}~~30~~ Sept. 1967 - I woke as usual a few minutes after six and the sky was almost cloudless but a lot of haze to the west, so no Fuji-san. I still think it may not be good all day. Weather map shows that if it is it will be the only place in Japan - all the rest is raining.

Sunday night - I'm sorry, the business notes I started this morning carried over into Sunday night and now it is so late I know I'd better get some sleep. I'll try to cover today's trip - or rather yesterday's trip, because it is after midnight - when I get back to the hotel tonight after meeting Dick Yahrmarkt. 11-16

10/2 Monday morning - A heavy steady rain. According to the weather map the second front of the two that were very close together - one north of here and the other south - the north one has gone over and it looks as though by this evening when Dick Yahrmarkt arrives there's a reasonable chance of the weather being nice. Incidentally, I don't think I've mentioned it - it has been up in the order of 25 to 30°C most every day. Yesterday the temperature was like that with a light drizzle. I'm glad I had my umbrella because the raincoat would have been uncomfortable.

Monday night - It's after midnight when I am back in the Palace Hotel room. Reports came in this afternoon that Dick Yahrmarkt's plane was going to be an hour late, so rather than sticking with Tamao all of the time, Tosi asked me to go to dinner with him and then he would deliver me to the hotel where Tamao would pick me up. Tosi and I went to his favorite sushi-sashimi place in

10/2

Shinju-ku and we got back to the hotel maybe 7:30 and waited for Tamao to show up at close to 8:00. Tamao and I met Ed Hirano and Achiro-san at the Airport. Achiro, I guess, has been selected as the man to take care of Dick. We waited for almost a half-hour for Dick to come through the passport control but then he had a real lot of trouble with his baggage. He couldn't find anything at first. Finally he found one of his bags had come up on the carousel and taken off as the carousel filled up. The big cardboard box with the 62HD in it didn't show up. Finally we got Dick to come through customs with what he had and we went out to the Pan Am desk to try to clear the air and find out where the package was. Dick had asked the Pan Am man inside, who couldn't really help him very much. We couldn't get much attention at the desk, so I told Ed to ask for the Clipper Club. I went up and showed my card and asked the hostess for some help. She directed us to the office of the man in charge of the baggage and when he saw the Clipper Club card he started working hard. Possibly he would have anyway but he sure did. He took Dick and Ed Hirano to several places and finally concluded that the package had not come through with the plane and by this time it was obvious that the personal baggage of a lot of the people who had been on the Pan Am plane had also been left behind in Hawaii. It seems they were carrying too much cargo. After sitting around for an hour or so we finally left, after Ed and Dick had filled out all the papers they could without having the actual box in their possession. The Pan Am guy promised to expedite it tomorrow. Achiro went on home and Ed, Tamao and I took Dick to his hotel - the New Otami - and saw to it that he was checked in his room okay, then we left and came back here. An awful lot of sitting around doing nothing

and me knowing I had a lot of dictation to do. Guess I won't do too much tonight.

11/2 I guess I ought to talk a little bit about the dinner with Tosi. It was a normal, let's have a little of everything, kind of dinner with about the first 2/3 being sashimi or raw fish and the last being sushi with the raw fish put on a chunk of rice. The sashimi is generally with a boiled shrimp. We had this and then the man behind the counter suggested something to Tosi and with Tosi's encouragement he handed me, or rather put on the counter in front of me, what is called ^{ebi-no odor}ebi-no odor or dancing ebi or dancing shrimp. This is fresh shrimp so fresh that when it is laid out with the head removed and the shell removed except for the tail, it is lying on the counter quivering - that's why it is called dancing. The cook was quite surprised when I went right ahead and ate it, just as though it were an every day occurrence. It took a little doing, but all I had to do was think back on some of the other stuff I've eaten and it wasn't so difficult.

Then the cook cleaned the legs and some of the shell off the head and roasted them. The trick is to chew the meat off without getting too much shell or body structure of the ebi.

I also had a complete roasted ebi. Add to this a dozen or so of the different kinds, two or three of each, and you'll know what I got for dinner.

Tuesday morning, 3 October 1967 6:00 am. Raining very hard. The weather map is kind of confusing. That weather center couple of hundred miles south has turned into the tip of an occluded front. Just heard on the radio that Olie is obviously very happy along with half a million or so other people. The Red Sox made it. There has been no news at all on baseball for several days, suddenly this morning this announcement came over the radio.

The nearest weather front is maybe 200 miles or/south of here ^{so} and the whole sky is full of highs across the north of here, but this little corner down here in Tokyo is rainy - the rest of Japan is either sunny or will be partial cloudy only. By all the rules I know it certainly ought to start clearing today but I guess we'll have to wait and see.

(Peg - has he forgotten he hasn't told us about Sunday's outing? mh) ^{yes}
see page 11-9, 11-17

I just noticed there's a Hamilton PTA meeting. I hope somebody else takes care of it - it's a little too late to say anything because I won't even finish this tape by the time of the meeting.

I'm quite impressed on this trip because I see more and more Japanese original songs rather than the straight copy of western songs. I don't necessarily say that they are the most enjoyable, but it is a lot more pleasing than the straight mimicing of U.S. songs.

Boy, the American Wild West shows are sure tame. I turned over to another TV Show here - kind of the equivalent of the American Wild West - one guy masqueraded as an actor in approximately 5 minutes first killed three poisonous snakes by throwing knives, then after discussing the situation a little bit proceeded to kill some seventy-five enemies single-handed with his sword. I just saw the tell-tale. It is the story of Ieyasu. Next week's episode seems to be the same sort of thing. This guy has a unique way of swinging the sword so that about half of the men he hits don't seem to realize it until they have gone a step or two and then they die in the most graceful sort of way.

This is Tuesday evening - a free evening. Guess I watch more TV in Japan than I do anywhere else in the world. - The next show after that one is quite a switch. It is a kimono-clad coy young lady who just fought off six men, mostly with jujitsu. She acts like a scatter-brained helpless little girl until she gets into trouble.

- Well, to business.

Wednesday morning, October 4, 1967 - 6:00 AM there were spots of blue in the sky but looking at the weather map - just like yesterday morning. Kanto District is only rainy part of Japan except now Kyushu has apparently some rain. The little occluded front has moved east only a hundred miles or so in the last 24 hours and another front has developed, also almost horizontal, between that one and Tokyo. If this keeps up we'll never have good weather, but on the other hand the longer this holds I would guess the better chance that the highs will be giving us good weather over the weekend. It's still high pressure almost the entire area north of all of Japan. The Japanese TV weather forecast shows Tokyo cloudy but rain just south of Yokohama and also over in Chiba, so it is a very fine line they are drawing, but the sky is getting quite a bit brighter now at 6:30.

This morning the Sales Dept. has asked me to get Dick out to the Company and since they are all Sales people they can't get up early. For this reason I am supposed to pick up Dick at New Otami at 8:30, which means I'll be getting out to work probably an hour late this morning. I said it will be okay this morning but tomorrow morning when I have a date with Haji-san and his group I don't want to be that late, because I have just about 4 hours scheduled for discussion with him. I have a tentative date at Rinichi's for dinner tonight. This will probably mean very late, so I'll probably want the drive-out for dictating also.

Incidentally, I finally got the envelope weighed by the true postal people last night and it came out 410 again, meanwhile I paid twice 450 yen because that's what the fellows behind the desk asked for.

The Armed Forces network sports section this morning was entirely about the forthcoming World Series starting in Boston. The announcer went back to 1946 and retold the details of the series at that time between the same two teams. I kind of wonder if there's going to be any work done in Boston area for the next week or so. Guess if I want any answers to telexes I had better get them off today because I am sure a lot of people will not be working Thursday afternoon even if they are at the Company!

This announcer sounds as excited as a native of Boston should sound. Nobody said anything about it but I bet he is from New England.

~~ixgmxkxkxk~~ I just remembered I haven't said much about last Sunday's trip but I guess I won't on this tape. 10-17

11-17

Wednesday, October 4, 1967 - Back in the hotel after an evening at Rinichi's with Senbon-san as an added guest. We had a delightful dinner, the three of us ate in Rinichi's own room where there is a table large enough for the three of us to have a full blown Japanese dinner with sashimi, unagi, small piece of fried meat, soup, egg-plant cooked, many pickles and things, and for me besides the ocha - Mitsuya cida. Many, many tasty dishes. I had fun with the beans that are still in the pod. Generally there are two in a pod, so you can pick up the center, chew the bean out of one end, carefully twist the hashi spinning the bean over so the other end is accessible and chew the bean out of that. Miyauchi-san does not like that way, it is too difficult. After eating this meal on tatami, we went back to the living-room where I showed the flower pictures I had with me, plus the ones of Allen and the Toyota and Allen on the skateboard, and the one of Kay and Mo on the Warner hike.

10-1
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Now let's go back and pick up that trip on Sunday (October 1, 1967) 10/1
Rinichi collected me at the Palace Hotel about 9:00 on Sunday morning and with Kita-san and Hasebe-san in the back seat and my seat pushed back for knee room we headed off in Rinichi's Toyota Corona - cream colored and steering wheel on the other side but otherwise looking very much like the one at 30 Water Street. On Saturday a new section of elevated tollway had been opened, so we went that way, getting a free map of the total highway system. We took the Yokohama bypass and ended up on Sagami Bay right at Enoshima. We went down the coast, cut across to a better highway on the East coast, went through Yokosuka, Miura, and then down a fairly narrow road to Jyogashima. I took a picture or so from the

mainland side of the relatively new bridge, then we went over it to Jyogashima. The sun had come out a little bit a couple of times on the way down and there was a little mist, but probably because we took our umbrellas there was no rain while we were out on Jyogashima. First we went to the eastern end, where there were almost no people and just a nice hiking area. Here Rinichi told me about a story written about the stretch of water between the island and the mainland. Many years ago before the bridge was built the poem tells about a fine misty rain which the boy rowing the boat thru the canal imagines is the tears of his secret love on the shore. This poem has made Jyogashima the reputation of almost always having rain, and I guess it does from what I hear.

We then went back up a little ways on the west coast to Aburatubo which means 'oil bottle'. Here we went to the hotel Kancheso and had a very large completely Japanese dinner on tatami. It started to rain a little but still very light. The hotel overlooks a bay to the north and on the south of the very narrow strip of land is the "oil bottle".

After eating we walked down a very nice path in trees on a high ridge overlooking the Aburatubo Wan (Oil Bottle Bay). At the end of the path was a house with kanji spelling out Home of Water People (Japanese for Aquarium). In here were a lot of interesting fish, eels, crabs, and giant tortoises. There were a couple of baby fish like sting-rays that had decided they were going to learn to fly in the air and were doing pretty well, being able to get halfway or better out of the water on their periodic attempts.

On the way back to the car it started to rain fairly hard, so the umbrellas came in quite handy.

As we came to the vantage point above Aburatubo Wan, Rinichi read

the story of how the bottle-shaped bay got its name. Apparently many years ago there was a big fortress castle across the peninsula here and it was set afire by enemy spilling many hundreds of people badly injured into the bay and the blood was thick that it was given the name of the oil bottle (not a very nice story but it is the Japanese explanation.

From this point on it was kind of rough for Rinichi because as we started back the rain started heavier still but at Rinichi's recommendation I ~~zzzzzz~~ leaned back in my seat a little bit, slouched down and went off to sleep. I woke a couple of times, once in Yokohama and then again pretty well into Tokyo. We went to Suehiro and went up to go kai, the all-Japanese floor. Here we had a private room, tatami, and had sukiyaki until it was coming out of our ears. They kind of surprised us by having the Mitsuya cider which is seldom found in the better restaurants. They now serve either Coca Cola or Seven Up - a few still serve Kiren Lemon but very seldom do you find cider and never Ramune or Champon or Karupis, in other words my favorites none of the better restaurants seem to handle = shows how my taste runs.

After this they all took me back to the Palace Hotel, a little tired and quite happy about the day.

Thursday morning (October 5, 1967) High cloudiness and low haze. Still no Fuji-san. Yesterday the sun came out pretty nice for a few hours but there was too much cloudiness to see Fuji-san from the office. Weather map shows that that new front has formed an occluded tip and that has this corner of Japan all cloudy again. Western Japan and northern Japan - sunshine - but the promise is possibly some rain today. Yesterday, Miyauchi-san said this time of the year one day in six can be expected to be good, so if it

keeps being bad like this until the weekend maybe we'll have good weather - at least one day.

I got a map yesterday from Arima-san of the Bandai-yama Area showing what we are planning on doing. There is quite a bit of hiking. I'm going to be tired, that's for sure. We have to carry everything with us, so I asked if I could get a knapsack and on the ~~kix~~ trip through the Factory when we were talking to Ishii-san he showed me a little folding stool to use on the train, so I asked if he could buy one for me. Just after lunch he came around with a knapsack and a stool, both of which they had in the Company store. Total price for knapsack and rugged folding stool that folds up so it will go in my coat pocket is 500 yen.

10/5 Back in the hotel, Thursday evening, after a very nice dinner with Tamao and Dick Yahrmarkt. Tamao first suggested we go up to the bar in the ju kai Palace Hotel and then we went over to the Tenichi Tempura Restaurant and had a very nice tempura dinner. It was kind of spoiled because at the same small bar was placed a retired couple from Toronto. They hadn't even tried to use hashi before and didn't know anything about the food, so Tamao spent most of the time explaining to them how to use the hashi and about the food they were eating. The couple was pleasant enough, not loud like so many Americans, but all the talking was in English and I just haven't gotten around to being able to alternate back and forth and so I feel I took quite a setback, what with Dick and that couple I was talking fairly rapidly English most of the time this evening. Tamao ordered for us after the tempura the real ochazuki, according to him. I think

it was something different. First of all, no ocha, and second a lot of seaweed was scattered on the rice and then a sort of soup poured on that. It was zuki all right but not Ocha zuki. I was not about to argue with him. The man explained to us that he was going to take a private tour through the Palace. Said he had gone to the entrance and spoken to a very official looking individual who explained to him that the Palace was open only twice a year for visitors except on very special invitation. The man explained to us that he said to his informant, "You look like very important person to me, can't you give me an invitation?" Whereupon an invitation was written out with instructions as to when to show up at the Palace gate for the open door treatment. I wonder if they were pulling his leg, or he pulling our leg, or whether maybe it was all fact.

Friday morning (October 6) the streets are wet, seems to have stopped raining temporarily. The weather map shows that doggone front hasn't moved at all in the last 24 hours, but since we are going north quite a ways tonight I think we will be able to see blue sky north from us, if we don't actually have it. The cloud line only needs to move some 50 miles south or east and we'll have ii o tenki desho. It looks, from the map, that just off the map to the east a matter of maybe 500 to a 1000 miles is some sort of a tropical storm center. Maybe that is what has been holding this weather here and preventing its traveling east as it normally would. Our plan is to leave the hotel tonight about ten o'clock, all night by train, hiking and climbing all day tomorrow, and halfway thru Sunday, then mid-afternoon we hope to pick up a train (this is the one I'll probably use the folding chair on) The area is Bandai Mt. There is a lot of lakes all around and apparently a lot of maple trees and others that turn beautiful colors and apparently this is

the right time.

This morning the number one item on the news is the World Series. I still think this guy is from New England - he is sure pro-Boston. On the NHK TV news the last several mornings the major item has been the many efforts to stop the Viet Nam war. ~~They~~ They spend a lot of time talking about the various countries and people who have been heard from and they are looking forward with great anticipation to Sato's visit to the U.S. The newspapers are headlining the Okinawa situation and Sato is predicted as having taken a very strong stand that this is going to be a demand of his in the U.S. - the return of Okinawa to Japan.

Just listened to the Armed Forces weather forecast and comments - they seem to think we ought to have pretty good weather, and that tropical storm, as it was called by them, is ^{nautical} 525/miles east of Tokyo. Guess my estimates aren't too good.

Friday night, 6 October 1967

It is about 11:30 PM - in the train. Ishii-san and Tokunaga-san picked me up at the hotel at 10:30. I put on my boots and left the shoes because we have got to carry everything, and we came over to the station with a taxi driver that ^{had} a completely superfluous protection behind his head. If he ever gets into trouble it's because he hits something, not because anything can possibly catch up to him! Ishii-san's son met us at the station and, after we stood around for maybe 45 minutes, the train came in.

10/7 4:30 in the morning - we are a few minutes away from the station - lights in the car just turned on. Got an amazing amount of sleep with the car full of people but everybody else wanted to sleep, too. One little baby up front did a little bit of crying at one time but most of the time was perfectly quiet too. Can't see what the weather is like because it is still dark. Well, the weather is dry - can't see many stars. We are in a taxi doing about 60 - first over very rough roads, now smooth. After a few minutes of driving up around 80 we came to the rough gravel switch-back road going up to the Bandai/^{ski} area - at times we would back down to low gear and working hard. There are some lights on in the ski lodge. Ken finally rapped on one of the windows and got some attention. It's awful dark up here except for those lights and the lights of the city down below. Looking up there seem to be some scattered low clouds and then with no stars visible there must be some high clouds too. Finally about 5:00 AM someone opened the door so we could sit in the sitting-room with some light on. This is a ski slope that Ken has been on for many years.

12/7 On the train we went to Inawashiro and then came up here to the lodge by taxi. From here you can see the Inawashiro Lake now at 5:30. The sky is cloudy all right, now that it is getting bright enough to see it all.

Ishii-san set up his little gas stove on the fireplace and brewed up some instant noodles and some water for tea. We had quite a breakfast with deviled eggs, ham, raisin buns, lettuce, and all. About 6:20 another taxi came up with five hikers. Two hikers just started up. I guess they are the first. A lot of clouds up there, some of them pretty black. A cloud covers the top of Bandai-yama. Another taxi just came up with two more hikers, about even the number of girls and boys.

The lodge has the same name as the Lake and Town - Inawashiro. At 6:30 we started off up the slope. At about 5 to 7, after a switch-back trail, we came on a big clover field. Beautiful view of the Lake but very hazy. I'm not going to try to get a picture. We past about 7 or 8 hikers just stopping to eat their breakfast. There are a few bright leaves on some of the trees now. The map says an estimated two hours and thirty minutes to the top of Bandai. We are catching up to that first couple. At about 7 we met two girls coming down who said they had started from the other side this morning - I wonder if it was before or after midnight. A break of about ten minutes to eat a couple more of the twentieth century pears - the idea is to divide the load up a little by taking out of the one large pack and putting into four stomachs. I'm carrying by far the lightest pack but the knapsack is pretty full. Finally at 7:30 we are at the head of the chair-lift. Tried another Picture from the ski-lift terminal. I'm afraid the previous ones

have been over-exposed a little.

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As we climb, more and more brightly colored leaves of maple.

Ichi-gome is just above the chair-lift. A new section of trail goes off to the right and ichi-gome and goes up a clearing that I guess was made for skiing. Five minutes or so later the new trail comes out on an outlook to the south and joins the old trail.

At quarter to eight - starting to get a few drops. Up to now it has been one on my almost bare head maybe every five minutes.

We are getting fairly close to the edge of the cloud cap on the mountain. This trail is very clearly marked with large white circles with a ~~and~~/black dot~~s~~ inside. Trees are getting very short, mostly rocky terrain with just little bushes.

At about eight o'clock we had to stop and put on rain gear. I need to protect this Dictet. Ishii is using an umbrella. Ken and I both have jackets. Bringing up the rear is Ishii-san with an umbrella. Maybe I'll be sorry because it looks like I'll get somewhat wetter than they do with the umbrellas but on the other hand, I don't know how to handle an umbrella in the wind. I'll watch young Ishii.

There's a technique of turning it into the wind but you must be fast.

About 8:15 we got to a pond in a flat area. We have about 5 kilometers to go to the summit - correction, 2 kilometers.

About 8:30 we came to the end of the flat area and started up.

8:45 we came to the edge of the crater. A man with the arm-bands saying in Eigo "Patrol" passed us just before that then waited for us there and told us it would take us ten minutes to get up to a shelter. That's where we are now, that's the reason I can talk with the Dictet. At the edge of the crater there was a sulphur smoking spot. I took a picture of it behind a red plant. I had three umbrellas protecting me. I hope I got a picture. ^{J. G.}

Ken just brought me in a drink of water - very special water - kobomizu. The story goes that a priest named Kobo climbed this mountain once many years ago and stuck his staff in the ground and out came water - this is the spring. It is very good water, good mountain water.

It started raining very hard about the time we got to the crater. Looking over the edge of the crater we could see the lakes north of here. They were formed by the north half of the mountain being blown into the valley. This is modern history, not like the spring water story.

The wind started blowing pretty hard too, so there was quite a bit of difficulty holding onto the umbrellas. I'm pretty wet from the bottom of my rain jacket down from the water running off the rain jacket. I'll have to design some way of avoiding that. I've thought about it in the past with a poncho - I'm sure it's possible to put a little drain rim around the bottom and have it all come off the one place. This could be done maybe with a piece of tubing, I don't know, I'll have to figure it out.

The patrol fellow turns out to be the keeper of the shelter. I was surprised he didn't have any weather protection at all, no rain jacket, no umbrella, guess he knows he can get up here and dry off. There are now 12 steaming and some shivering people in this small room. It is still raining hard outside. It is about a 20 minute hard climb to the summit. Can't see much good reason for going up there because we won't see anything and will just get all the wetter. The patrol fellow is real pessimistic, says we cannot expect good weather either today or tomorrow.

About twenty-five minutes of eleven - we left the shelter about ten minutes after ten and we just got to the edge of the crater.

10/7 We can see the lakes in the distance and the smoke coming off of a sharp ridge. I took a picture with some bushes in the foreground and I hope I'll get all of that in it.

About 12:15 we got down to the hotel that Ishii-san had hoped for first and at 12:20 we got to the bus station, the first shelter since the one at the top.

Bandai blew about 80 years ago and some 1200 people were killed by being buried - from this end down here it is a big cliff-looking thing; I'm told, I could see only a little bit of it with all the clouds and rain.

Rather than take the bus that we were scheduled to take - that would take two hours on the skyline drive - we are going to take a taxi. We've got about a half-hour wait so we are going to eat something.

By the time we were through lunch and ready to get in the cab the sun was starting to come out and spots of blue sky.

We got to the hotel about 2:00, cold and wet. We were back up in a raining cloud. We took off our wet clothes and switched over to Japanese, drank some hot ocha, and some heat from charcoal fire - in the background you hear TV on baseball game.

It's now about 3:30. We've already had a hot bath - seemed to be awfully hot when I first got in and as time went on I seemed to think that it was cooler and cooler until I went over and sat in the stream where it was coming in. Of course I couldn't get Ishii-san or Tokunaga-san to follow me. I asked Ken to tell me whether it was a physical fact that it got cooler or was it a psychological effect or was it physiological. We finally decided it was physical because when we went in there were no people and by the time I

10/7 moved over to the hot area there were maybe half a dozen besides us and the half a dozen made the very big noise about how hot it was on the far side away from the inlet. This was a very interesting bath in that it used to be a communal one and a wooden wall was built above the water level just to the women's side of the hot water inlet. I didn't hear any female voices coming over the wall which was only a little over 6 ft. tall, so I don't know whether it was being used on the other side or not. Ishii-san said the first time he was here there was no wall but there were separate entrances.

I took a couple of hours Saturday afternoon to show my stereo pictures. It was then time to eat, so we ate slowly a very large all Japanese dinner. It was getting kind of chilly, so Ken and Ishii-san transferred a lot of the charcoal coals to the pit in the middle of the room, put the small protecting table over it, and we all sat with our feet under one of the bedspreads placed over the table. We were radiating out in four different ways from the table. I went to sleep pretty quickly and woke up when Ken tells me they had fixed up the other three beds, so I fixed up mine. Ken complained it was too early to go to sleep, but it wasn't for me.

10/8 I woke up at 6:00 Sunday morning with bright sunshine coming thru the fogged-up window in the outer porch. This particular room had the paper wall between the porch and the inner room except one panel of glass. The sunshine came directly through that onto my face. I wondered at bright sunshine, because the day after a heavy rain in the mountains almost always a cloud cap over the mountain

10/4 at least. Sure enough, in about five minutes the sun started to disappear again. Ishii-san woke up very shortly after that, opened up the windows and there it was, a solid cloud cap over us and a bright horizon.

I don't think I described the coming down from the mountain ^{10/7} yesterday. It was raining very hard and every once in a while the trail was a brook and required extra skill to keep from going in the water two or three inches deep; with the water run-off from the rain jacket my trousers became completely soaked and finally enough water ran down to soak all my socks and my boots. I couldn't talk very much on the Dictet because of all the rain. A couple of times we stopped so that I could try to take a picture and then Ken held his umbrella over me so I could take the picture and sometimes talk into the Dictet.

We have until three o'clock this afternoon to get to the train station so we were going to go on the skyline drive in a hire car if the weather was ok, but I sure doubt it now.

Seven o'clock - time to get up. Apparently they have a man here that makes the beds and unmakes them. He came round to unmake them this morning at 7:00, saw that we didn't have mattresses and pointed out to us that out on the porch there is a stack of nice 4" thick foam rubber mattresses. I didn't miss it though with the less than 2" pad - I slept wonderfully.

The weather is clearing. There is a high wind coming from the west blowing the cloud cap off and showing in the blue sky a few scattered clouds. It looks real promising right now. Brightly colored leaves are beginning to show up so maybe the skyline drive will be really good.

Switzerland
10/16

At about 8:30 the taxi arrived. The weather was half and half clearing and cloudy. As soon as we hit the skyline drive we were in the clouds. There seems to be a bus about every hundred meters or so going each way and most of the time they must one of them come to a stop while the other creeps by him it is such a narrow road. The bus ahead of us just now stopped on a turn to let an automobile go by, it was so narrow. The road is paved and the total width is almost exactly twice the width of the bus. If they get any clearance between the buses it is necessary for one of them to go on the shoulder a little.

After a while it cleared a little. We stopped and I took a couple of pictures. The second one is Azuma ^{Ko-Fuji P 11-21} the first one from nearly the same place was a smoking sulphur smoke.

When we came to the foot of Azuma it was quite clear. We stopped and climbed up. The jacket that Ken carried all this way sure came in handy. The wind is blowing very hard and cold. We came down here inside the crater a little bit where we are protected from the wind. People on the edge just above are almost being blown in. The fog has come in making visibility quite poor at the moment.

Coming down is almost as hard as going up, the wind is blowing so ^{wind blowing} hard. On the top I got a couple of pictures of how strong the wind was. Ko-Fuji (?) is the name of the volcano crater we have just been looking at. I was wrong in my statement of Azuma.⁹

The foliage is very bright - red, yellows, and all shades.

We stopped at a bridge across a deep ravine called kubakuro (?) - means swallow.

Quarter of eleven we went off the highway onto a narrow road going over to hot springs hotel run by Osamu Tada's cousin. This is for Izaka - very famous ~~is~~ the hot springs baths.

this isn't page 1136

This hotel's name is

Ken has explained that the

dialect in this district is interesting in that they interchange the sounds "e" and "i" and therefore make it very confusing to a foreigner from Tokyo.

Before lunch I took a hot bath in a one-man tub just off this room. It was really hot. I was able to get in without putting any cold water in, but I couldn't stay in longer than 30 seconds. I then put a little cold water in and was able to get in and stayed maybe five minutes until the temperature again got so high that I couldn't stand it. After lunch, Ishii-san decided he would take a hot bath also. I challenged him to get in without any cold water. He hasn't come out yet so I don't know how well he made out.

Back at the other hotel we all took a hot bath before breakfast, this time there were quite a few female voices coming over the partition, but I'm afraid that at that temperature I couldn't get very excited about it all.

We've managed to arrange a different train going back. This one starts here and there are no reserve seats, so if we get there half hour or so before train time we should be able to get in line and get seats. The train starts an hour before the one we previously were going on, it is an express but it takes about half or three-quarters of an hour longer than the super-express, so I guess we will get to Tokyo about the same time. Hopefully, though we will be sitting on train seats rather than the little folding seats.

I finally got that mountain name straight - it's both with a hyphen -

➤ Azuma-Kofuji .

We got to the station about ten minutes of two. There were 24 people ahead of us in the shortest line. As time goes on one after another new person shows up to take the place of his bag or brief case that

he had left in the line.

Another difference in this dialect - cow is called beko (?) and a calf bekoko. Ofcourse, cow is ushi normally in Japanese.

Boy, what a struggle. We got in and found there were a lot of people trying to hold three and four seats , so young Ishii and I just moved in and took over in one place where one man was trying to hold all four. He just picked up and left and two more came in quickly. Ishii-san edged his way in across the aisle under similar circumstances and so did Tokunaga-san in a different place just one seat back. It was quickly a dog-eat-dog sort of situation. People in the aisle almost full length, standing, or sitting on the arm of the seat. Hardly even dare stand up enough to put a package on the rack overhead - likely to have somebody slip under you. This is one place where a little extra size sure helps.

A girl sitting beside Ishii-san who has a window seat - apparently it was her boy friend who was sitting on the arm and she invited him to sit on the seat with his legs out in the aisle. The arms on the seat have no support at the front end so he can do that. Kind of crowds Ishii-san, but she's an attractive girl so maybe he doesn't mind too much. The fellow who is sitting with his feet in the aisle just opened a can of beer and sprayed it all over everybody.

As soon as the train started, the girl next to Ishii-san asked if the fellow next to Ishii-san's son could trade seats with him so that the boy could be next to her. Ishii-san very quickly switched the deal and got the boy to switch seats with Tokunaga-san, then the boy next to me wanted to sit next to the girl so he traded seats with Ishii-san, now the four of us are together in a very fancy manouver that ended up with the girl not having the boy she wanted,

but I guess they can work out something if they want to.

Ishii-san got his folding-chair=for the fellow sitting on the arm next to him and I got my folding-chair for the one sitting on the arm next to Tokunaga-san, now we are comfortable, those two are comfortable, and also very appreciative.

About 3:15 - most everybody in the aisle sitting on the floor now except the two guys by our seats that have the folding chairs. The conductor~~s~~ came through and had a very tough time finding his way without stepping on people.

After the train got started, Tokunaga-san brought out a big can of pineapple that his wife had sent as a gift. He had 4 dishes and a bunch of throw-away hashi, so we/enjoyed a couple of slices of pineapple and the juice. Then we opened up a bar of yokan and finished that up, then finished up a bag of what Arnold Beveridge calls "fish and chips".

Back in the Hotel - After we arrived at Ueno Station we all went to a restaurant nearby and ate sukiyaki. After that they brought me home to the hotel on the way to Tokyo Central. I got back to the hotel about quarter of nine and just started to get straightened out when the phone rang from Bruce's call. When I picked up my key at the desk I had a letter from Peg but of course I had not had a chance to read it yet. Some how the time was out of phase and Bruce got me an hour before I expected him.

Here's what there is on TV----- First - a serious drama - the next shows an airplane flying with a music background and has shots of the pilot manipulating the controls, whatever all this amounts to. Channel 6 is Japanese-speaking American movie.

Channel 8, same thing only another show. Channel 10 - Japanese speaking - advertising the movie, I think. If you listen carefully

you can hear him talk about Cooper several places - other times he spoke of Gary Cooper. Channel 1 has news, some sort of bus burning riot that I don't quite understand.

Just looking at the weather map - we looked at it briefly on the TV in Tada-san's cousin's hotel. This one looked just the same. The line of rain goes right over the top of Bandai. North of that and east of that it is sunny weather. Well, that's the way it was all right. Seems to me there is a fair chance I'll be able to see Fuji-san in the morning.

(Oct. 9)
Monday morning ~~z~~ Sky has a few wispy clouds. There is quite a bit of haze around the horizon, but Fuji-san is there all right - very weak but from this height room it is really up there high. The only problem ~~is~~ ^{from} this room is that that dog-gone plant sure spoils the view.

Well, it doesn't sound too good for the Red Sox, does it? This morning was the first time I had heard anything since Friday morning so two games had gone by and both of them to St. Louis. Monday evening - back in the hotel. Kita-san went to dinner with me tonight. We went to Shinjuku Station Bldg, up to go kai, and walked around looking at all of the displays of simulated food until we hit upon a Chinese restaurant where we ate a mighty inexpensive but still very satisfying meal. It was an interesting dish of about a dozen eggs (small eggs) and little slices of all sorts of meat and a few miniature shrimps. With this went cold tea and a couple of bowls of rice. After this we hunted around for a sweet shop on the same floor and went in to be placed at a very small table immediately opposite two girls. Looking around - there was one man with his wife and child and about twenty girls and women, mostly girls. The man with his family left very soon, leaving Kita-san and me in this small room crowded with girls - a dangerous

situation. There was one waitress handling all of these people, running around like mad, greeting people, taking their orders, delivering the orders, and calling out to everyone who left, "Domo arigator gozaimashita". She was a pretty busy waitress. Finally, a teen-age boy came in with two girls, one of them obviously his girl-friend and the other one it was difficult to tell the relationship. I think he was quite relieved to find a couple of fellows in there already, but they stayed only a short time. Most of the girls were very quiet and stayed by themselves, but after a while two came in and sat beyond Kita-san from me and started talking about "this crazy American" - of course all Nihon-go but I could tell from what Kita-san was saying and a few words dropped here and there that they were talking about me. Finally, the girl nearest Kita-san leaned over a little and said to me, "I am very surprised to see two men in a sweet shop like this." I answered, "Well, it's just this crazy American". She only said, "Oh, no, no, mo." It was getting close to time for us to leave and pay the bill, so I said sayonara to them and one girl said "good-bye" to me. Kita-san thanked me for giving him the opportunity of such an enjoyable few minutes with all the attractive young ladies and with a good excuse to start a conversation.

16/a
When I went to work this morning I found on my desk a little arrangement of beautiful red flowers called Keito, which means chicken-head. It is shaped just like a rooster's comb and is a very deep red. Took a picture of it - I hope it comes out.)
(Sounds to me like the flower we call cockscomb - mh) The arrangement was put there by the senior girl in Kita-san's group - she does most of the drafting work. She also had a flower arrangement there the other day which was very nice but I failed to get a picture of it before it was too late.

Tuesday, 10 October 1967 - I don't know why I woke up when I did but I woke up the middle of the 8th inning, 5th game of the World Series and AFM had the game on live so I listened to the Red Sox clean up the game and take the series back to Boston. Well, I might as well get back to the dictation

Tuesday morning (again) a few high clouds but a heavy low haze and no Fuji-san. The weather map shows Japanese islands sunny everywhere. That rainy spot just disappeared after it soaked us down. One morning last week Hasebe-san brought several branches of kaki from his home. These have been very nice for asa gohan along with 20th Century nashi (pear) that I brought back from Iizaka, the town where Tada-san's aunt runs the inn. (I found from Tada-san it was his aunt and not his cousin.)

Back in the room - about 9:30 PM. Boy, what a day. First Tosi and I went shopping. We went first to a greeting card store and the minimum price for anything like a reasonable card was 50 yen each, so I bought one hundred of a variety - some with greeting and some without. Then we went over to the store formerly named Shirokia, now Tokyu, where on go kai there was some paintings by Seiki. Tamao Nakamura had found that they were there by a telephone call. When we got there there was only one that had the character that I was looking for and there was only one other one of Seiki - this one that I selected was about twice the size of the previous ones and the price was just about twice. It was 4000 yen. My major problem is going to be carrying it without damaging it. I think I am packed lightly enough in my suitcase that I will be able to do it. -- Wandering through the toy department here was a glue-it-yourself 1915 Ford for just over 300 yen,

so I thought of Al Collier and his old Ford models and bought it. They had models of all sorts of Fords there, it seemed to be the most popular kind of car to the glue-it-yourself company.

We ate on the nana kai of this same store in a very interesting restaurant. Out front there were six different/^{show}cases with different foods in each one. One had tempura type, another sushi type, another American type, so I picked kamameshi and so did Tosi. We got into the restaurant and found that we were given a map of the restaurant and there were numbers indicating various sections, each section corresponding to one of the show cases, so they had specialists in those areas and even a separate set of waitresses for each section. Quite interesting.

Came back to the hotel and Tosi and I talked for an hour or so on various aspects, mostly royalties. Then Sasaki came and after we had talked for close to an hour, Tosi called Harada-san who came up to the room and we spent then another three hours talking over the various patents and patent applications that he has. And finally, we all went to the Matsuyama Tempura Shop - I guess this is the one Shozo took me to originally, way back, his name is very big there anyhow.

We all came back to the hotel and Tosi and Sasaki-san left and Harada-san and I sat in the lobby for close to 45 minutes talking over various ideas he had. Finally he said he had to contact a friend of us and we split up.

Incidentally, shortly after Harada-san came to the room Tosi explained to him how he had neglected answering my request relating to a wedding present for the Haradas and for that reason I hadn't sent one. He explained that when I got back to the States Peg and I would be sending a present.

As we were breaking up after the discussions, I gave Harada-san the remaining three custard cups and asked him to take them to his wife.

Wednesday morning (October 11, 1967) Looks like it was sprinkling a little during the night - cloudy, completely overcast.

I saw the new weather program on Channel 6 at 7:15. Interesting enough it is put on by the Palace Hotel and it's a girl giving the story on the map and the forecast. She speaks quite a bit slower than the man on the other program and I can almost understand the words she's using with her pointer on the map at the same time. Kita-san's boy has given me a couple of records to take to Vern of this kind of noise (hear on side A, reel 7) and he asks in return a tape giving some examples of Vern's group. Kita-san's son now owns two electric guitars and has ambitions to join a group.

I guess I didn't say last night how tired I was, but I guess I was more tired than after that climb of Bandai, because almost all after-
almost
noon the talking was/entirely in Japanese and I was concentrating the best I could to follow it. I hope I didn't do too sloppy a job in dictating some of those items.

Wednesday noon - JEMIMA - On the way to eat (in Rinichi's car) we were listening to a traffic report over one of the radio stations. The girl described it as being a 5-times traffic. This means that if you come to a cross street with a traffic light you must wait for the traffic light to change five times before you get up to the intersection and can go through.

We went to Suehiro - this time again to yan kai. The waitress didn't recognize me until Rinichi said I wanted cider, then suddenly she remembered me - the crazy American that wants cider. We had mizutaki in which the beef and vegetables are all stewed very much like shabu-shabu, only the beef is left in and taken out by the waitress. The garage downstairs in Suehiro is very interesting. There is a

turn-table in the middle of the very small floor so the cars that come down are turned around by the attendant so they can be backed into the parking space and in general driven out forward, although some of the places are so cramped that it is necessary to drive onto the turn-table and again be turned to head out properly.

During lunch we talked about the bee comb and honey that I gave to Kita-san. His youngsters had not seen comb before. Rinichi pointed out that the sugar-coated seaweed that I had bought is called kombu (sp?) - quite different, I assure you.

Thursday, October 12 - Almost cloudless sky but enough haze no Fuji-san.

On Channel 6 this morning there is a Japanese girl interviewing Americans in America before a TV camera, asking all sorts of questions. - One was a negro who answered her series of questions bang-bang. She had a series of questions that didn't tie together at all, such things as:

- Do you think racial discrimination is necessary for freedom?
- Do you think America has freedom?
- Do you close your eyes when you kiss?

What are you doing here?

- What did you have for breakfast?
- What are you?

The negro fellow was proud of being an American and suggested that the girl try him to find out whether he closed his eyes during the kiss or not, said he was happy because he was alive, said he was not too well fed because he was lazy and you needed to work to get enough to eat, and in answer to What are you, said, "I am T.J."

There was a lady doctor in her 50's, recently married, also answered very well. She said she was proud to be an American, had two eggs for breakfast, kept her eyes open during a kiss so she could see who she was kissing, and to What are you - said, "I'm basically a female"

There was one interview in a discotheque.

Now she is talking to a student. He doesn't kiss. Freedom doesn't have much meaning. He is a citizen of the world.

One was about a 12-year old girl. She had long comments on happiness related to her parents but very little about integration and such. Nobody of those I saw said they like President Johnson. The negro was not too unhappy with the president. The student, of course, was pretty strong in his "no", and so was the southern dowager, but the lady doctor kind of figured that the president was all right even though she didn't agree with him on some things he was doing or saying.

I guess I have had my last chance to see Fuji-san. From the weather forecast there is a lot of stuff coming in from the west. Channel 6 girl said, "Ashita ame desho" - rain tomorrow. Behind that comes more and worse.

I didn't wake up in time this morning to hear any of the ballgame but the New Englander on the Armed Forces Network sure was enthused and gave a lot of details of the nine action-packed innings.

Guess I'd better wake up a little early tomorrow morning to hear the tail-end of the game anyhow.

11/12 Thursday evening - I'm back at the hotel after eating dinner at Harada-san's with Dick Yahrmarkt, Tomio Endo, Susumu Maruyama, also Harada-san's two daughters. I think he said the youngest one's

name was Eiko, and the older one was there with her husband and two children. The husband is an anesthetist. We had a many-faceted dinner with tori and some Chinese little pastry-enclosed meat pieces, and then a kansei-style sushi, - it was rice and various other things all stirred together and cooked. I don't think there was any fish in it. I think it was all vegetables. For me there were sweets beforehand to go with the orange drink, rather than the salty things (which I ate anyhow). Then the younger daughter gave us a tea ceremony demonstration after dinner, and after some more talking I, for the first time, begged for the opportunity to head home. Wata-san was there. He is Harada's driver, and he brought Dick and me down to our hotel. It was nice to see him again and to talk a little. I had seen him briefly in the lobby of Yokogawa before on this trip.

Friday morning (Oct. 13) Very heavy ground fog and mist. Can't even see the new high building. I woke up the last half of the second inning, went back to sleep, woke up again, first half of the 7th, just after the picture change but by that time it seemed as though the Boston team didn't have much of a chance. I went back to sleep again and woke up just before six o'clock and heard the sad news for Boston. The first five minutes of the worldwide news was taken up with a re-hash of the game.

(Music? - Creola Beats).

See PAGE 11-42A

Friday night - back in the hotel packing..Got started early, it is only quarter of ten and I think I can see the end. -- Well, just midnight - far as I can see I am all packed. I'm ending up with a somewhat fancy arrangement - plastic bag carrying a lot of literature from the Show, JAL flight bag full and a package tied on the side - looks innocent enough but it is really packed with stuff - and of course my briefcase and suitcase. Hope I can get all but the suitcase in the cabin because I'd hate to have to put any of the rest of it in baggage, but I guess going 1st-class JAL I'll get through to San Francisco this way anyhow.

Saturday morning - October 14, 1967 - scattered high clouds, or maybe it is better to say scattered high clearing, because more than 50% is clouds. Almost no haze ground level but Fuji-san is not visible. Seems to be a big cloud right about where Fuji-san should be. Most of the horizon seems to be clear beyond the distance to Fuji-san. Maybe I can see it on take-off - I can hope, anyhow.

Sitting in the JAL lounge in Honolulu - As we got to the airport this morning (we were there very early - more than an hour and a half early) the lobby was very crowded and as it turned out the

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Kita-san's drafting girl put another flower arrangement on my desk -
this time it had the same keito flowers and also a small branch of
a tree with kaki about 2 cm. diameter and also above it all
blossoms of kiku. I took a picture of this also.

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(slide)

flight was filled solid. The Travel Agent had made what he thought was very good arrangements for Dr. Tomota and me to sit side by side in row 1, aisle and window seat on the right side of the plane. I am afraid I wasn't very good company to Dr. Tomota because I slept too much of the time, but we did have a few interesting conversations. -- As we left the plane Dr. Tomota was very kind and helped me with the bag full of literature from JEMIMA, and since it didn't have any significance going through Customs I let the travel agent who met Dr. Tomota see that it got through the customs area. Dr. Tomota went through very smoothly but I didn't. I declared the watch I had bought for one of the fellows at the Company and of course I was carrying with me the Research models of Mag Flow dividers and in addition to this I was over a hundred dollars by a very small amount, so it ended up I paid duty of \$12.20 on the watch, \$1.50 on the Research models, and \$1.00 for myself. The JAL agent then had the hostess for Japan Air Lines bring us over here to the lounge room where there were two men sitting quietly. Just now, about ten or twenty minutes later, two families came in - you can probably hear the one baby crying over on one of the couches. The other family had three youngsters, one baby in arms and two about 1-1/2 or 2 - maybe it's two families, because they look too close together in age and still not close enough to be twins.

San Francisco Airport. A JAL man met Dr. Tomota as soon as he stepped off the plane to the snout and took charge of getting him to his hotel. They are sure giving him the royal treatment.

As we got into the lobby from the plane, there was a TWA man there among several others of the domestic airlines. He checked my ticket and sent me directly to the gate - the loading area had not opened yet. There must have been 30 or 40 people sitting in it. They had

come in around the back way. I just stood and waited outside for about three minutes and of course I was first in line to be able to select my seat, so I feel quite comfortable sitting here. Outside it is a cloudless day, usual San Francisco 60's, I would guess, but I haven't been outside and I guess with this loading arrangement I still won't get outside.

--- Only about 45 minutes out of Boston now. I didn't think I looked tired enough for the attention I got. Maybe it was because of my ticket, but anyhow I was left with the only one with a triple seat. I don't need to tell you how I took advantage of that. I stretched out before the plane left the loading dock, woke up for about ten minutes, possibly 30 minutes later, and then woke up again to see the hostesses just finishing putting out the food. I got a tray all right, but even before I got the tray the captain announced that we were only an hour and a half out of Boston. The hostess's main comment was, "Those ear things sure work, don't they?" I said, "Yup." I didn't say anything about the trip from Tokyo.