

TRIP XIII TO JAPAN - August 1968

Friday, 2 August - Logan Airport waiting for the plane loading.

Bruce came to 30 Water Street about five minutes of seven. I drove so he could tell me about all the notes that he had taken and the things he had collected for me to take to Yokogawa. We had very heavy traffic on the Southeast Expressway but got to the airport about five minutes of eight, found a meter with twenty minutes still left on it, so I checked in and Bruce went down to the loading area here. Everybody else had gone in and sat down, so I just stood around the desk until a man showed up and so of course I got first seat choice. I noticed there were a lot of pre-assigned seats, so apparently it is possible to make a request beforehand if you know the right way to do it.

Seattle Airport. Everything fairly uneventful. The United flight was quite full. In fact, I think there was only one empty seat. I got a window seat all right but a lady and her daughter got the other two seats in that group. It became evident quickly that a man in the window seat behind me was the third in that party, so I offered to change with him. He was very appreciative and so were his wife and daughter. It turns out I was too, because the one empty seat in the plane was the middle seat in that group, so I had elbow room and spread out for camera, pillow et cetera at the times I wanted it. It is a five hour or so flight - my best guess is that I slept four hours of it. I woke up just before we crossed the southern tip of Couer-d'Alene. I hope this time the picture will show East Point, but I am worried because it was kind of hazy and the window beside me was

pretty bad. I shouldn't say "window beside me" because in that plane there were no windows beside anybody, the windows were right beside the seats and you could only push the seat far enough back to just barely get my stereo camera in to take a picture. Of course, the seat ahead was blocking off from me.

Northwest Orient always seems to be in big confusion to me. Got out here to Gate A3, which was full of people milling around. No note on the board as to what flight. I listened a little and found that there was a second section of a new flight to Honolulu that was being loaded here. Then a man came along and put up the numbers and letters for the flight to Japan. Quite a few people got in line and this man started taking their tickets, but it turned out, as he explained, there were no reserve seats in Tourist - only in First Class, so when a First Class passenger ahead of me asked about that, he explained they didn't know what seats were available until the flight arrives, so I think there are no reserved seats in First Class also! I just hope I get a window seat anyhow, so I am going to sit right next to the desk here until I get a chance to check in and get that seat of mine.

Well, standing in line first I got my window seat. There is only one more window seat in first class. Of course, I remember from last time I can't be sure until I get in and settled and the plane is on its way.

Well, they just filled the seat beside me. There are four people who have window seats with nobody beside them but it is going to be crowded, that's for sure.

-There wasn't one empty seat on the whole plane. I felt kind of sorry for the Tourists who were made to stand in line until the tour groups, and there were three of them, got on the plane and

got in their seats. Probably it really wasn't too bad because I would guess the tour groups were forced to sit in the rear, three abreast, but it was a long painful job of getting onto that plane. I decided I should be one of the first, so that I could assure my reserve space. It turned out this was not necessary, but at least I didn't have any arguments - it is possible that if I didn't get there before the fellow in the aisle seat I might have had to argue with him.

We were all standing, irritated that the tour groups were ushered in ahead-of us; when an almost scream came from the back of the line of the biggest tour group. It was a lady who had lost her passport. They had all given their passports to the tour leader, who was a twenty to thirty year old gal speaking a very broken English of Germanic race, I would guess. She had gotten them all put through the Northwest Orient desk and then called each name out. Where there was a man and his wife she expected the husband to pick up both of the passports while this guy didn't. The whole loading of the plane was stopped for some five or ten minutes. as the tour leader talked at great distance to the lady, suggesting that she come on and get on the plane and that she, the tour guide, would go back and check up on the passport before the plane took off. The lady wouldn't take this sort of leadership, so she sent her husband off to find the passport. By the time the tail end of the line got around to the door going down the ramp she wouldn't go aboard because her husband wasn't there. Well, it took about four of the Northwest Orient people to talk her into going through the door and down the ramp. Everybody breathed a sigh of relief, just to see her coming back up again saying she couldn't leave her husband behind. Everybody assured her there

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was no intention of leaving him behind. Another five minutes of talking with her finally turned her around again and down into the plane. Now they had to let in the two smaller tour groups. So it was twenty-five or thirty minutes late before the plane took off.

The flight was uneventful except that I slept right through the snack and the meal, waking up just in the nick of time to get something - somewhat abbreviated in each case!

Sat. - 3. Aug.

We got into Tokyo about ten minutes early, even though we did have to make one circle in a stack before dropping in. Rinichi, Tosi and Osamu Tada were all three waiting for me, so we exchanged greetings as I went in the Terminal Building; a little faster pace than the rest of the people got me to the luggage carousel well ahead of anybody else from our flight. In fact, even ahead of the label as to which carousel. But I asked one of the baggage men and he pointed out which one we should go to. By this time there were several people who had decided maybe I know what I was doing and they were quite relieved when the tag was put up for Northwest on the carousel I had selected.

My bag was very late - they must have put it on from the United flight before any of the Seattle boarding passengers, so only the New York people had to wait longer than me. I got through the customs line with no difficulty at all. It helped a little for me to speak a few words with one of the baggage men about the weather. He apparently understood my Japanese because his answers were the right sort. He got the customs man's attention. This fellow had been working on two lines and seemed to be pretty well stuck on the other line.

When I got out to the car with my three friends, Tosi told me that the shipping date of the Tonen had been pushed up a little and that they would like to take me to the ^{POLICE} Hotel and then directly out to Yokogawa Denki where we could look at the equipment in its final stages of checkout. We went to the hotel, very quickly checked in, went out to Yokogawa in Musashino, and spent about an hour going over the equipment as it was being finally checked out.

After looking over the Tonen computer and maybe four or five other computer systems being readied for shipment, we all went down to Tenmasu and had the wonderful tempura meal that I always look forward to. This time we had the boss man again, and I think there is definitely a difference between his cooking and his assistants.

Back to the hotel by about ten o'clock. Tomorrow is mostly a free day for me now that we have gone over the computer already today. Tosi was sure happy that I had come on the early flight. He had had some qualms because the Northwest Orient docket did not show that I was aboard the flight. Later on they found that my name was the first one on the list but it was misspelled, the M and the D (? the n and the d ?) were transposed. They were relieved however to find me coming off the plane.

Sunday morning, 4 August. Woke up about fifteen minutes early. Quite hazy, very few people around, but those looked pretty hot. After eating some breakfast and organizing things around the room, I went out for a little walk and to do a little shopping. It was hot all right. There was a breeze every once in a while to cool things off a bit. I ordered some Christmas cards and then went

on to the Ginza area to go to some of the department stores. They were really crowded. I'm not sure how many people were buying, but it was so cool in these stores that I wouldn't be surprised a good per cent of their clients just came to cool down.

I wandered around through these stores and came across a toy section of one of them. I can tell you now that the coming Christmas is going to be a Christmas of battery operated toys. The great variety of ingenious engineering designs for only three or four hundred yen is sure going to take the fancy of the American youngsters both that run with a directed stream of water out the stern, fancy plastic railed trains that allow the trains to run upside down at times, operate automatic turn-tables at the end of a run, and climb directly up vertically. One fairly large set of track with a rocket shaped car cost only 1500 yen.

Monday morning, 5 August I woke up almost an hour early, but I had gone to sleep not too far from ten o'clock last night.

To give some sort of the feel of the weather here. The temperature in the room seems to be quite well controlled at between 21 and 22°C. There are two windows spaced about 20 cm apart with quite a good seal on the inner window and a sort of felt seal on the outer one that leaks quite a bit of air, so that it is very nearly the same humidity in the space between the windows as it is outdoors. This morning you can't see through the inner window because of the heavy condensation on the outside of it - to the point that there are a couple of drips that have run down the window where the condensate formed heavily enough to form drops. This, of course, means that the humidity is high enough that the dewpoint is above the 21 or 22°. It did not rain last night, but this morning there

are low clouds causing it to be quite a dull day. The promise is for some sunshine today with a bare possibility of some rain, but the weather map would indicate a matter of a day or so before there might be anything appreciable in the form of rain.

Tosi called for me about ^{at} 5:30 on Sunday evening, as planned, and he suggested that this is the season of the year - hot and humid - when one of the traditional foods is unagi, so he suggested we go to a traditional unagi shop. He called many, many places by phone, only to find that being Sunday they were closed. Finally, he called the Miagawa which has a chain of restaurants and arranged for a reservation at their Hanten, which means original store. It was kind of pleasant going over there in the warm outdoors after spending all afternoon in the cold hotel room, and when we got there we found this is a very old (100-200 year old) building, and in fact all the furniture, dishes, and atmosphere was that old. It seems that the man who started this restaurant passed it down from one member of the family to another. The most recent resident died in January of this year. He had been a special lecturer at Kyoto University on Japanese food. It was very hot in our room, but after awhile a family that had been in the next room left and two waitresses came in, picked up our table, food and all, moving it through the opened wall into the other room that had an air conditioner that was managing to keep a five degree or so reduction in the room temperature - very comfortable then.

--Yesterday when I was shopping around I decided I should try to find a Tetron necktie. The first store I didn't do too well. I found the neckties all right but I couldn't get the sales girl to understand I wanted Tetron. She had to call one of the floor

walkers who could talk English. He explained that they didn't have any Tetron neckties. So I went to another store. Here I found the Tetron all right - no problem because they were labeled in kata kana - but they all were striped - big fancy stripes! So I talked to a sales girl. This one couldn't speak English but she did have a good imagination. She understood what I wanted and went and looked around and finally came back and explained to me - "Tetron necktie no striap nai" . So I went over to one of the other counters where I had seen some nylon ties woven and plain colors and bought one of them for 300 yen. The striped Tetron ties were 360 yen. Silk ties were from 500 to 3000 yen. It seems that silk is the material they are pushing the hardest for ties now. Some of them were fancy and some were very plain. Some looked quite rugged and maybe I should have bought one to get some experience.

Tuesday morning, 6 August 1968 - Bright, hazy, looks like no rain today - also no Fuji-san. Weather forecast is in the 90's again, but this is no problem at all at Yokogawa, where the entire place is air-cooled and the hire cars are all equipped with air-conditioning. Last night, on my way home to the hotel, I put my coat on so I would be more comfortable in the car.

For dinner last ^{8/5} night, Rinichi and Kita-san took me to a sushi shop quite near Mitaka. It was extremely good and the fellow behind the sushi bar took pride in preparing dishes that he said, as it was translated, I wouldn't find anywhere else in Tokyo. His ebi nodori was somewhat different from before. The shrimp was dancing all right when it was eaten, but the head was sliced down the middle and roasted and this way the shell, legs, head and all could be eaten. Two of the kinds of fish that were extremely good we couldn't find in my dictionary. We'll have to get to Tosi Arima for translation. They were kampachi and mirugai- gai means shellfish, miru was this particular kind. I learned that the fish, maguro, comes in three different forms: zuke, which is quite red and oily; toro, a very light pink that is not oily; and nakazuke, in between. One dish he prepared was the very heavy seaweed covered with fish roe that apparently comes from Alaska, and over it he scattered some shavings that he made with a very fine adjusted block plane mounted upside down over which he pushed a sort of oval shaped piece that looked like very dark red cedar. These shavings are called katsuobushi, and actually that "piece of wood" was a piece of dried bonito fish. Rinichi told me that katsuobushi was the very common flavoring throughout Japan until Ajinomoto came along, and even today it is found in many foods.

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Back in the hotel - Tuesday evening. Still hasn't rained. I had a free evening so got back fairly early and ate at the Coffee Shop.

Wednesday morning - Hazy again but sun is coming out. There's the telephone - I guess I'd better go down to the Daiwa car

Starting Tape No. 3 - Wednesday, 7 August. On TV right now is Miss Entoineetta (?) Stella, singing with the Tokyo Metropolitan Festival Hall Orchestra. It is a video tape replay of a concert on July 30th - at least that is what the newspaper said. The newspaper announced it this morning and I got back to my room just in time to turn it on tonight.

7/7 Tonight for dinner Rinichi, Hasebe-san, Senbon-san and Kita-san went with me to the Fucha Restaurant again. This is their favorite and I have been there several times with them. We had quite a variety of food, with a couple of different soups, a steak platter, a small baked fish, sashimi (raw fish), a baked crab - hard shell - that all but Kita-san ate zenbu, including the claws (of course, it was only about 2 or 2-1/2 cm. across but it was like the shrimp the other night - it was baked so that all of the shell crushed up as you chewed it. We had a very new dish to me - a layer of ice in fairly large chunks on which was placed a couple of cherries, a round mushroom that looked very much like a cherry and was quite a surprise when chewed, another round object something like yokan, and a couple of finely shredded vegetables, also three 2-cm cubes of that very fragile, almost like custard but with little pieces of mushroom rather than being sweet. Finally the dinner ended with watermelon, after of course, gohan and pickles.

At lunch today, Ishii-san came just as Taoka-san and I had finished eating. He brought with him a story of how much he had enjoyed the pack that I brought him, and a little gift in the form of very small

flashlight made specially for hikers. It has a stainless steel case and the top is so built that it can be swiveled and tipped so it can be placed on a table and pointed down at a map, or with a clip hung on one's pocket with the beam pointed down towards a map or something else requiring two hands. When Ishii-san showed me that it was made by Toshiba, I was reminded of the gas cigarette lighter in my pocket that the Toshiba people ~~had~~ had given all of us yesterday on our visit to the computer plant. Ishii-san smokes, so I gave him the lighter as a reasonable trade for the very useful flashlight. Ishii-san had brought with him also three albums of pictures, one of them just like the one he had given me on the Bandai trip, only he had added the prints I had sent him in the appropriate place in the book. The other two showed other hikes he had been on this summer. In two of them he had been the guide and only man for groups of ten to twenty college girls. We all kidded him about having selected such a good occupation.

Thursday morning (8 August) On my way to Yokogawa. The Republican Convention was called to order at just six o'clock this morning, so morning preparations were quite thoroughly overshadowed by a background of speeches and bruiting. The Daily News has a new English word every morning. This morning's one was very timely.

8/8 Thursday night - back in the hotel. Went to Rinichi's for a very enjoyable dinner tonight. Maybe I've had a lot of these things before but it seems almost every meal there is something new and different - maybe my memory is poor about what I've had before or maybe people are working hard to find things that are new to me. For instance, for dessert we had a dish that consisted of pieces of pineapple, mikan, nashi, and watermelon (suika). All of these were with a comparatively thin layer of a jelled milk something like a custard,

except that it was more tart than sweet.

cp Friday night, back in the hotel. I should be out at the airport right now meeting Gabe and Rus. Tosi, Tada-san and I were planning to meet them. Tosi called Japan Air_lines this afternoon and could not find their names on the Flight 1 roster, so at five o'clock I suggested that Tosi and I come to the hotel because Gabe knew the hotel name therefore if there was a change in plans he would undoubtedly send a telegram to the hotel. So we came down and sure enough there was a telegram here from Gabe saying Arrival tomorrow morning at 6:05 AM. The telegram said Don't get up, we'll take cab to Palace Hotel. Of course, Tosi and I both insist upon going to the airport and meeting them, but we did tell Tada-san to not go. Tada-san had stayed at Yokogawa to work with the computer fellows on the information from Chuck so they could give the best help next week. Tada-san was going to go without supper and go directly to the airport to be in the welcoming committee. We caught him before he got away, so now he is going to spend two more hours there. Tosi and I went on up to the roof restaurant in the hotel, ate fairly quickly, and Tosi headed out for his house to spend several hours going over the information that the computer people have already assembled in the form of answers and questions regarding Project 8. He is going to pick me up at about go-ji ju-go fun (5:15), so I'll have to get up maybe 4:45. I sure hope that the two fellows are getting a good night's sleep in California in order to break the trip. I'm sorry they are not getting it in Hawaii which would be considerably better.

Saturday morning (10 August) High, thin clouds. The moon when I got up at about 4:30 was bright and clear but now as it goes down toward the horizon it starts to disappear almost full.

I haven't heard anything from Tosi so I guess the plane is all right. He was going to call the airport from home and then let me know if there is any reason to delay. He is going to pick me up at 5:15. I met Tosi in the lobby at about 5:15. He had just called the airport and learned that the plane is almost 30 minutes early, so then he called and left a message for Gabe and Rus to wait for us in case we didn't get there in time.

A fast trip in the Daiwa car got us to the airport so that we could pay our 50 yen each and be standing above the Terminal Entrance to wave as the passengers came off the airplane. The airplane was taxiing toward the terminal when we got out on the observation area. I thought that coming in this early with no other international flights around it would go very smoothly and Gabe and Rus would come through customs very quickly, but unfortunately they had very few customs officers on duty and they were handling resident and non-resident both in the same line. Apparently there were several Japanese that were bringing in far more than their quota and there had to be a lot of discussion to clear them.

We came to the Palace Hotel, Gabe looking quite fresh but Rus, ^{Rosica} ^{stockwell} dragging pretty low. It was necessary for them to register in rooms on the other side of the hotel for the first day or two, then they will be moved over to this side, overlooking the fountain and Tokyo Tower.

410 I took Rus and Gabe to eat lunch in the Coffee Shop and then took them around and introduced them to the various shops on the A floor, with the idea that they could clean up a lot of their odds and ends in shopping this afternoon. I've told them that Tuesday morning is tentatively set aside for serious shopping, but of course they know that Chuck is going to drive very hard once he gets here and possibly Tuesday won't be available.

We got the edge of a typhoon here and also an occluded front. I'm not sure which one is giving us the most trouble but it has been raining off and on during the day, sometimes very hard. The Armed Forces Network promises that it will rain much harder this evening and steady. It seems to me that things should be clearing up, at least over night, unless the typhoon has come over a lot closer to Japan than I thought it would. It should be some three hundred miles east of here about now and going north and somewhat east.

On TV now is a broadcast of the goings on in the Diet, one speaker after another talking, some times, apparently, in argument. There is a girl clerk taking it all down. I wonder what kind of shorthand she is using, but she is writing it all - not using a machine.

Finally, about 4:30, a weather picture came on. This was a discussion of the tropical storm. There was a satellite picture superimposed on the Japanese islands which show that the storm is apparently going to cut mostly south and west of Tokyo. It sure changed direction fast. Armed Forces at four o'clock said nothing about it. They talked about heavy rain this evening, but if it goes the way the map showed - and apparently the men were saying "I think it is not going to rain this evening".

August 10, 1968 - A note for Scott

Watching the TV for a short time there was a Teeny Bop or Discothique or something, I'm not quite sure what, but there was a group playing - sometimes they were playing American records. They had a lighting system that seemed to consist of a projector which must have been shining vertically and then projected through a mirror onto the wall, because the background consisted of a drop of colored liquid apparently between two plates of glass that were moved with respect to each other in time with the music, thus the drop went large in irregular shapes and then small into a single spot. Each time the irregular shape was different. It gave quite an interesting effect. Maybe this is one that you are already using, but I thought you might be interested.

Another section of the wall had projected on it apparently the image of a fluid film with immiscible fluid drops in it. They moved around somewhat slowly, more like thermal action.

Mead

Well, they are off to Nikko with Tada-san and his brother-in-law. When I got back to my room - I had left the TV on - just in time to see an ad for ~~the~~ ^{VWE} Hachi ^(V-8) ~~(V-8)~~ seems it is supposed to be very good. On another station - typhoon again. Looks like Nagoya, Osaka, Kyoto are going to take a real beating. They are putting on warnings on TV to people to tighten down their TV antennas, store signs, et cetera. Apparently the waves are pretty high, so Oshima is getting quite a beating also.

News on TV - highlights of the Diet discussions. Seems that a big part of the discussion was on the Okinawa situation where U.S. has offered to return Okinawa with everything except the bases. Many Japanese people are not happy with the partial return, particularly since there are nuclear weapons there in the U.S. bases.

Another TV station has something that impresses me as being just about the most - it's Daniel Boone and his Indian companion talking Nihongo! Sunday morning (11 August) Must have been a shower early in the morning because the streets were wet when I woke up, but the sun was breaking through the clouds and the streets dried pretty quickly.

(I went for a walk around the Palace and got caught in a little sprinkle part way around but other than that the sun has been in and out through the thin high clouds all morning. The typhoon, according to the radar maps, has cut even more directly west than it looked like late yesterday afternoon. The occluded front has not arrived yet, so there is a reasonable chance of some rain tonight unless the typhoon breaks that front up. Of course, I don't know enough about what happens to typhoons, maybe it will turn around and come with the front and then we'll have a real humdinger, but it looks as though Chuck will get in all right before the storm, if one does come, and Jim Belz coming in the evening tomorrow will very likely come in after

any major disturbance but I guess we will just have to wait and see.

On the way around the Palace grounds I stopped for quite awhile at the Yasukuni Shrine and took several pictures. This is a place I went with Dr. Tomota one night but the gates were closed and I didn't get a chance to see what it looked like inside. There was some sort of organized tour or meeting there by what looked like business men off in one corner, but other than that there were relatively few people. I would guess that if the weather stays good this afternoon the place will be pretty crowded because here is a shrine with the drinking water trough and all of the architecture and garden of a remote shrine and right in the middle of Tokyo. Of course, it is not as extensive or beautiful as Meiji and you never get away from the sound of traffic which is just over the hedge, but still there seems to be a very pleasant feeling of peace and quiet.

Incidentally, the temperature is up around 30-32 or maybe even higher, and the humidity is pretty high, so the sprinkle rain didn't change the moisture content of my clothes one bit. I stepped under an overhang of a building for about five minutes during the heaviest part and I would have felt a lot more comfortable if I had had an umbrella - just because I was worried that it might turn into a pretty hard rain in an unsheltered area, but it never did so I got by very fine.

Well, I went shopping with Tosi, starting just before twelve o'clock and quite quickly at the first store we found what looked like a good wedding present for Barrie. Then, after eating lunch in the department store, brought the package back to the hotel. We still had quite a bit of time so we went to the Hamarikyū detached palace. This is the one down near the waterfront that I saw first from Tokyo Tower.

As we got there Tosi explained that he had never been there either, so it was a new experience for both of us. This morning I talked of a shrine with peace in the middle of the city. Well, this garden sure has it also. Fortunately I brought my umbrella because it started raining pretty hard while we were walking along the peaceful paths, but it was only short lived and we could continue through the garden. I took a couple of pictures of the general scenery and then a couple of pictures of a statue of a man that looks an awful lot like Daniel Boone - it is supposed to represent a "Don Age Man" (???) This is supposed to be the guide of the first real emperor of Japan - very possibly, Tosi tells me, this was the man that guided the first emperor from one stronghold to the next as he gathered them together in a single organized group.

We went out to the airport and got there still ahead of plane time. Tosi had checked and found that Chuck's name was on the roster and the plane was scheduled to come in on time. As it turned out it came in almost half an hour late, so we had more than sufficient time. We brought Chuck back to the hotel, gave him an hour or so to clean up while Tosi and I talked about various attitudes and watched briefly one of these amateur contests which Tosi explained to me, so I understood considerably more than I have in the past.

We then all went to the Tenth Floor only to find that we wouldn't be let in to the bar up there, so we went to the one on the first floor where the Kiren Lemon tasted just as good. Here we discussed the proposed plans for the coming ten days, then went over to Suehiro for sukiyaki. Unfortunately, Tosi had made reservations and had mentioned the Palace Hotel again. The other day when he mentioned the Palace Hotel to one of the unagi shops they explained that all they had was very common tables and nothing fit for a guest of the

Palace Hotel. Well, the Suehiro decided that we should have a private dining-room, so Chuck missed a couple of things. This dining-room had a pit under the table so he didn't get a chance to sit cross-legged and there was no entertainment. I might add there was a third thing - and that is there was a speaker which was playing fairly obnoxious modern American music rather than listening to samisen and watching dancers on the Go Kai. I should try to remember not to go to San Kai in the future.

Chuck gave me a big fat envelope and a bunch of stereo slides. Thanks a lot to everybody for their efforts.

Monday, 12 August 1968

^{BELZ}
Well, Jim's plane came in about five minutes late, according to the original schedule, but the information that Tosi's secretary had gotten at Yokogawa said it would be about half an hour early. I came down to the hotel with Chuck, Gabe and Rus, changed to my sports clothes and had no time to eat before Tosi and Tada-san showed up. Later they admitted that they had not eaten anything either. We rushed out to the airport, found that the scheduled arrival time was exactly the same as we had learned at Yokogawa, so we went out on the observation deck to wait and slowly one plane after another came in, but no JAL. Finally a JAL came in but then it went to the wrong berth. Right after it another one came in - this now five minutes after the original scheduled arrival time. So we were standing up above the gate as Jim got off of the bus - his plane had berthed quite a way away from the nearest terminal building. We had been distracted somewhat by some very mysterious activity. As we went back toward the bus unloading spot we saw that one of the terminal building spurs was roped off with many policemen around. As we went further we could look out and see lined up next to the terminal building were ten cars, three of

them with gun-ball machines and all over the place were policemen. When the Japan Airlines plane came in, the one after Jim's, and came up to the berth, a swarm of newsmen and photographers went out. Finally I took a picture, using the TV light to show people coming out of the plane. Later, Tosi overheard some people saying it was the crown prince who had arrived.

Well, Jim changed his money in the terminal, just like Chuck did and gave us another five to ten minute delay outside. (Changing into yen at the airport is not the right thing to do, because it takes up so much time right when the arriving person is tired and also many people are waiting. There is a good money exchange spot at the main desk in the Palace Hotel and anyhow there is no need for money until one gets around to doing some shopping.)

Tuesday morning, 13 August. I'm going out to the plant by myself this morning. It is a very hazy morning. From the little puddles on the sidewalks and in the gutters I would guess it must have rained during the night. Of course that is no surprise because when we got back to the hotel with Jim it was raining quite hard. Fortunately, while we were at the airport on the observation deck there had been a nice cool breeze and no rain or sprinkle at all.

Immediately after work today a number of Yokogawa men and Foxboro men packed into several Daiwa cars and went to Chinzanso, where we had the official welcoming party with hosts being Rinichi, Tosi, Tada, Tak-san, Kita-san and Sato-san. We had Chuck, Jim, Gabe, Rus and myself. We had a chance to wander around a little while in the garden and look at the pagoda and also the new construction on the waterfall - now there are three or four waterfalls in that particular vicinity and also there is a new two-level house where there used to be an outdoor area. After we were mostly through eating it started raining

very hard and was still raining when we got here to the hotel.

Wednesday morning, 14 August. It's a dull day outside there but the weather map and the forecast both indicate that it is likely to be bright and hot later on today. I'm getting a little concerned about the coming weekend. It really doesn't make too much difference what the weather is like until Sunday. It would be nice if it would clear then. If the weather moves as it would normally move the occluded front that is now about over Korea should have gotten by here by Saturday actually, but the forecaster this morning pointed out as he pointed at it - tamete desu (it has stopped). The big tropical storm, the typhoon, has still quite a bit of influence on the weather pattern, although it has swung around and is going pretty much south of the Japanese islands. I don't know whether there is any chance of it taking another swing at us or not, but forgetting that the normal pattern is going to give us enough problem. Tomorrow morning will probably tell an awful lot. If that occluded front starts moving it looks like it might be good weather behind it for two or three days. In summer around here good weather just means not raining, doesn't mean clear sky.

Wednesday evening - Everything went so well today that we all stuck around the company, ate a quick supper there, and worked another couple of hours before heading back to the hotel to arrive a little after nine o'clock.

Thursday night, 15 August - Tonight we left the company quickly at five with Tada-san to do a little shopping. Chuck wanted a suitcase and two of the other fellows wanted some pearls. We found a suitcase shop with the steel shutters almost closed, but they opened long enough for us to get in and Chuck found the bag. We then went over to the Daichi Hotel where there was a pearl shop and Jim was quickly discouraged as Gabe looked and talked and discussed - having one of the girls in the shop try on various pearl strings. He finally decided not to buy right now.

Tada called Suehiro and successfully arranged for a reservation on Go Kai, where I wanted to go with Tosi and Chuck the other night. We had sukiyaki with Rus being given a hard time by the others because his stomach was just a little queasy. In the meal we had the somewhat usual little dancing with samisen. There was one extempereous entertainment when one of the guests at a table near the stage put a saucer on the end of a long stick and spun it while he danced around to samisen music. In between the dancing one of the dancers came back and joked and kidded, of course mostly with Tada-san since her English was kind of weak. I did get a little joking in with her when I poured ocha on my rice and ate in usual Japanese slurping manner. She was very surprised and made some comment to Tada about hen Bei-jin. I just happen to know enough Japanese to know that means Crazy American, so I agreed with her enthusiastically and said back in English what she had said in Japanese. Her English was enough that she knew what I was saying. I think the waitresses and dancers at Suehiro probably know a great deal of English but they get along much better with Americans if they don't seem to know it too well. They can have a lot more fun

and some Americans get pretty crude if they think they are being understood. Obviously I am not referring to our gang. There was certainly a lot of laughing and joking but nothing that I could be ashamed of, as I often am of Americans I see in Japan.

Tada and I figured that the four Americans should probably see sukoshi Tokyo night life, so he and I worked up with various sources of information from waitress to checkboy on the 1st floor a place that I believe I have been before. If so, I suspect these Americans will have something to remember of modern Japanese.

Kita-san talked to me about various kinds of engineering and said that Yokogawa has one somewhat distorted Japanese-English phrase. They speak of "kanjineers". Kanji is word for "feeling", so an engineer that works on feel they call kanjineer. I accused him of using another English word, conjure. I guess "conjurneer" would be somewhat less complimentary than "kanjineer" but I'm not sure how much.

Friday morning, 16 August 1968. Well, it looks kind of rough for us this weekend. The typhoon has turned around and the general west to east weather flow has apparently picked it up, so it looks like a reasonable chance that we will have the typhoon on Sunday and almost a certainty that we will have the edge of the typhoon on Sunday, and also Saturday. This morning it is very hazy and smoggy. It looks as though it may clear up a little today, but it won't last very long I guess. The weather is sure upset around here right now. There is no such thing as weather fronts right now with the typhoon. There are mixed highs and lows all over the place and I'm sure the weather men don't really have much idea of what is going to happen except that there is a pretty good chance it is going to rain almost every day - it is a question of just how much percentage of the time it rains.

Back in the hotel Friday evening, about 10:00 pm. Tonight we were all guests at the Yokogawa Company Bon Odori Festival, held on the athletic field of the company. It was quite different from the art museum that the fellows went to last night. I guess they saw some modern forms of Japanese art and some folk dances. Tonight we were given a whole bunch of tickets, printed in Japanese of course, and a program, also printed in Japanese, which told us what foods we could buy and where the stands were. Also told us the schedule of the various

activities. It started out with some group music and Hawaiian music with a few girls giving mighty good Hawaiian dance. That stage show lasted about half an hour. Near the end of it suddenly Matsui-san grabbed me as I was standing on one side of the field and together we went around picking up all of the five of us. We were herded up to one side of the stage and told that Dr. Tomota, giving official company greetings to this festival, was going to introduce us and then we were supposed to step up to the microphone and say a word or two. Dr. Tomota gave a little speech about good Foxboro-Yogogawa relationship and how nice it was to have all these fellows there and then he gave a speech that I didn't understand too well but he sure used my name many times in it. Later I found out that part of what he had said was that I was very good at speaking Japanese. I'm sorry I let him down when all I could say on the microphone was Konban-wa, dozo yoroshiku and domo and bowed and backed away from the microphone. It turned out that every one of the fellows said something in Japanese, mostly a combination of arigato. Chuck said a few words in English also. Then they rebuilt the stage and put a high scaffolding with a platform on top on which they mounted a drum about the size of a large beer barrel, and with a recording of the music and drummers taking turns to try to wear the drum out with their vigorous beating there were a couple of hours of dancing with maybe 30% of the people participating. Gabe-san got involved fairly early and Chuck followed. Finally, in the final dance, we were all in it. They had repeats on about four or five dances, each one taking quite a long while, so that by the end it was at least possible to follow somewhat the movements of the person ahead, assuming he knew what he was doing. Unfortunately, in the one dance that I got into the girl ahead of me got all mixed up and I, of course, did too, so I started watching the girl to my left and ahead

a little bit and Chuck turned up right beside me, also watching the same girl. Everything was fine except for the fact that there were several times in each series of motions in which arms were stretched out. At this point Chuck and I always tangled arms and threw each other off of stride again so I had a rough time trying to get caught up each time. Guess maybe the 30% that weren't dancing by that time had a good time watching the Americans. But all in all we were doing equal and Gabe quite a bit better than most of the Japanese. He got behind an excellent girl dancer and followed her very carefully and before long he could take on the job of being a teacher also. Finally, at a few minutes after nine, they had very brief fireworks in the form of bright burning powder. First I didn't really see what it was depicting - it was on the ground and many people around it; second were the letters YEW and I insisted that that was not Yokogawa Denki because there was nothing electric about it at all; then finally, Fujisan up over it all.

I received today the literature on the 400 speed special development of high speed Ektachrome, so I decided to expose the rest of this particular film at that speed. I did my best to try to get the right exposures but I'm sure I missed - I must have, because I have no feel for film that fast. I may have trouble with the first few pictures on the roll because they were exposed with the idea they were going to be developed to 160 speed.

During the evening I saw many, many of my friends and many other Yokogawa people came up to shake my hand and speak briefly. One time when I was standing by myself (Kita-san stayed with me more time than any one else but many of my friends were around from time to time) a fellow came up and introduced himself. He didn't give me his name but after some talking about the dancers and such he asked me if I

2116 knew the Yokogawa Company song and I told him that I have heard it and it is nice but I don't know it well enough to sing it. He then explained that he was the writer of that song - said he remembered that I was there on the 50th Anniversary when it was first played.

I saw Maruyama, Toda, Tokunaga, Katagiri, and I can't remember all of them.

One very interesting and amusing occurrence - Kita-san had gone to get some roasted corn, one ear for me and one for himself, it started to sprinkle a little so I went over to stand beside him in the queue. This was when I ran into Maruyama. We started talking, quite a ways from the roast corn place, and then slowly drifted over, caught up to Kita-san and talked to him for maybe fifteen minutes as the line moved forward slowly. They were talking about my activities as salesman for Yokogawa. This was brought about by one of the chromatography fellows telling me that it looks as though ~~Texaco~~ Matsui-Texaco will buy the Yokogawa chromatography equipment. Suddenly Maruyama let out a little cry of exclamation - here standing directly in front of Kita-san in the queue was Maruyama's wife. He had been so intent in talking to me and Kita-san and had been speaking English so she had not recognized his voice and he had not looked that far ahead. I told him that many times Peg and I will go to public affairs separately and be quite surprised when we come across each other some where.

Many, many of the men that I know brought their wives and children to meet me. Many of the children were children in arms and they didn't generally respond too well - most of them were completely awed by a big American.

Saturday morning (17 August) The first really nice sunny morning so far. Everybody got down to the lobby by at least 17 minutes after since our train was scheduled to leave at 8 o'clock. Gabe and Jim

went with Tada-san in a taxi, the rest of us went with Tosi in the Daiwa car. Of course the taxi got there maybe as much as five minutes before we did. We ~~were~~^{are} about half an hour out now from Tokyo. The rest of the gang went in to eat breakfast but of course I had already had mine in the room, so had no interest. Just saw Fuji-san standing up beautifully in the distance. Hope the picture comes out. That was really 27 minutes after leaving Tokyo station. Oyama has a cloud cap but all the rest is quite clear. I did not take a picture of that. A minute after I took the picture of Fuji-san she disappeared. Now we are out in the open in a valley about 31 minutes after leaving Tokyo and there are a lot of clouds. I can just barely see the summit of Fuji-san. I took two pictures of Fuji-san back there at 27 minutes after. I hope one of them comes out. Problem of missing the wires and the poles and everything. - In the station I bought some mikan - its very much out of season but they were selling them. Rather than in the net bags I have seen before these were in plastic bags. There was water condensed all over the outside of the bags. When I started looking inside I found that there was a lot of ice. They had been frozen under such conditions that there was a spacer of ice between the mikan. For this reason they were still very cold and kind of difficult to eat.

At about 30 minutes after leaving Tokyo we started entering tunnels. The first one pops my ears. Now at 35 after we are starting to hit the long chain of tunnels that caused me to call this the Tokkaido Subway. Tada-san thinks this is not very proper to call this wonderful train line a subway!

Tosi had purchased tickets, so that we had 4 across in one row and 3 in the next row. This way two pairs of seats could be turned to face each other and if we were fortunate the 4th seat in the other

pair would not be occupied and we'd have both pairs of seats facing. We were fortunate, and now until Nagoya which is about a 2-hour run, we have the full 8 seats for the 7 of us.

Well, we have gone out of Nagoya and no one picked up that extra seat, so we still have the full 8 seats.

This morning's weather report showed that the typhoon had gone up in the middle of the Sea of Japan so it may be that we won't have too much rain tomorrow. Now, between Nagoya and Kyoto, it is raining pretty hard, but this is part of the regular weather front apparently. So let's hope we get at least on Sunday good weather and hopefully this afternoon clear up enough that the refinery isn't impossible.

On the way back to Osaka. We got to Tonen about four o'clock after going on the super express to Osaka and a local train to Wakayama then taxied to Tonen. The train from Osaka to Wakayama was very crowded and all of us stood up most of the way, even though we were very early in the line waiting to get aboard. The seats were only parallel to the sides so the cars have a lot of standing room. This situation turned out to be reasonably satisfactory for Chuck, anyhow, who found a good Japanese language teacher who was trying to learn English, so they stood and looked at their translation dictionaries and had small talk. A couple of times the translation job was just too much for the dictionaries so Tada-san had to help out, but generally speaking they seemed to understand each other moderately well - that is, from a distance they did.

Sunday morning, 18 August - In Hira-yama. Last night we got to Ipo at about eight o'clock, if I remember correctly. Had a very nice tempura dinner with champon. The fellows were quite impressed by the fact that we ate our first pickles, ^{and} sukoshi sushi in one room and went to another where the owner prepared our tempura and finally went back in the first room to finish up. As usual it kept coming and coming. Each time they were ask me I would say, oh, almost through.

We got here after going by taxi to the train station in Osaka and this time we got a chance to sit down to Kyoto. I guess most of us dozed off a little. Then taxi here. Hot bath and massage. The fellow that gave me the working over was not blind but he was young - about 35 - and very experienced. He explained through Tada-san that he had gone to school for many years to learn all the places in the body where he could hurt you, and of course that's his job in this Japanese type which is called "finger presser" - not massage.

Japanese name called shiatsu - shi means finger, and that includes thumb, ^{appaku}atsu means pressure. He went on for an hour and a half. He must have known my threshold level on pain because he got right on the edge and then he would back off and go to another place, then he would come back to the first one and kept going this way up and down from temples clear down to toes and back. It sure felt good, particularly after he stopped. This morning, of course, I took another bath just like the one I took before the shiapsu treatment. Tada-san took advantage of the hot bath last night but not this morning, and Tosi won't go near it.

Breakfast is being prepared. First thing is ocha and yusuraome. This is the pickled small plum. I wondered where the sugar was and it was explained to me that in Kyoto they do it the formal way and they don't use sugar. I'm used to the country way where we do use sugar.

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The waitress explained

Last night it rained like mad but there was a lot of lightening - that's right, the typhoon has gone and the weather map this morning didn't even show it. This morning there is a little spot of blue in the sky and the weather map shows that it ought to clear today around here. It is already clear west of here.

We just left the hotel. As we left the staff said, goki-yenyo, which is sayonara Kyoto style.

The first place we are going is Kinkakuji. It is about 9 o'clock. Blue sky didn't materialize yet. It is quite cloudy.

The principle of Kinkakuji - Don't kill but if not your will okay. Don't take orders not given. Don't do bad love (?). Don't tell a lie. Don't get drunk. Don't drink without work. (This is a placard at the entrance of the temple - Tosi translated it for us. Several people had comments to make as to how wise or difficult the advice was to follow.

Just before the toll gate going in there was a little box with a sign on it, Please Help the Red Cross, Thank you. Kyoto Branch. I took a picture. In a little store in the temple grounds. Most of the fellows bought a few little dolls and trinkets.

Last thing before we left the temple Chuck got a picture of a whole bunch of school girls just arriving to go through. He had their attention quite thoroughly, almost up to the picture time, then their leader took them off!

Next we are going to Ninnaji, which is a very special one. This is where Tosi learned tea ceremony. It says on the sign here -Mother Temple of the Omuro Branch of Shinyan sect of Buddhism - founded in 888 by Emperor Uda. Most of the buildings have been lost by fire. It is a national treasure now. In springtime many cherry trees, known

as Omuro cherrytrees - they are small and bloom late.

Arima-san has made us all put out coats on because this is a formal place. There are quite a few people here, none with coats on yet. Now I know why the coats. We were invited in to temple - invited to sit at a little table - and now one of the priests is taking us through. Nobody else in here. Just one hundred years ago this temple is where the armies gathered to move capital to Tokyo, so it is, as Chuck says, just like Freedom Trail. The area we are going through is called goten, which means residence. The temple was off a few hundred meters away where the pagoda is in my picture. I took a couple of inside pictures at 1 to 1-1/2 seconds. We were taken on a very special little side tour down to a very peaceful and quiet little tea house built three hundred years ago. A very good study of architecture and garden design. Very simple and peaceful. - Back to the residence again. There are more people now but nobody else came down to this tea garden. - We were taken over to another building to a little reception room in the priests' living quarters. In the drawing room we had cold Japanese tea and the priest gave us all postcards of the temple. Arima-san borrowed my felt tipped pen to write on a little packet which he gave the priest.

I took a picture of the 5-story pagoda while we went up for a minute or two to see the temple. From the temple we came to the Domoto Art Museum. This artist painted the sliding doors at the temple residence where we just were. These paintings are a long way from that. The one I just passed is a nude with hat. The paintings are a great mixture of traditional Japanese paintings and very modern Western art and almost everything in between. One very nice painting, full size, of a Japanese girl under a cherrytree - somewhat traditional type of painting. The paintings in the temple residence, of course,

were quite new since it burned down 30 or 40 years ago. One obvious Buddhist trend painting of a lady nursing a baby, with a halo around her head to give Christian connotation.

Now we come to Takashima Depato. We are going up escalator to restaurant floor for lunch. For lunch I am getting zoru noodle and snice fruits. We have finished lunch and we have just agreed to spend an hour and a half in this department store. We have split into two groups. Tosi took Jim and Gabe, Tada-san took Chuck and Rus, I'm tagging along. First place we stopped is ladies lingerie - nightgowns and things. Rus is awfully uncomfortable. - Down the stairway passed roku kai - household furniture and furnishings. - Now go kai - the floor for toys. I just bought six little Japanese figures. - Now we are in the silk lingerie area. Not quite sure why. I see some of these marked "Made in China". - Tada-san and I are going around looking at the ceilings. Now Rus is also looking at the ceilings. - Well, we got away from there and now we are down on san kai. We ran into the other guys. They are buying kimono and obi. My gang are looking for tabi. The Japanese clothing floor - all are Japanese mannikins - almost all. Well, we went through shoe shop. Rus needs a ni-ju-nana size and ni-ju-roku-hanbun (?) is largest in Japan, so slippers don't fit. - Now we've got a water-cigarette smoking gadget. It has a water bowl and a mouthpiece and a holder for the cigarette. Guess who wants that one.

We finally got together and in the cars by about 3:30. We are now heading for the Heian Shrine. Tosi and I are discussing what to do for supper. We have a problem. The train leaves at 7:30. I like the idea of shabu-shabu, but Tosi is afraid it will take too long to eat it.

Here we see the Sakura Hidari Mikan mi - that is, looking from the temple. I took a picture of the dragon at the water trough and hope I got Mikan to Sakura .

Now we are going to Kiyomizu. I was hoping this, of course, and now guess we'll do it. We are going to have some complaints from the guys about so much climbing but I guess they can take it.

We went around on the upper level and saw the stone dolls and some of the fellows experimented with whipping the robe to ring the bell in a couple of the buildings.

While we were

~~Waxixxwaxaxax~~ right there on top of Kiyomizu. a very severe single shock came through. We'll have to get some sort of story from the newspaper probably, but you could hear the shutters...

This dinner was labeled shabu-shabu. It comes nearer being shab-shab since everything was thrown in the bowl and it was boiled, so we had no choice on the amount of cooking and we had to dig around underneath the vegetables to find the beef. Name - Maruyamako-in.

We are now on our way. We got to the station about 6:45. Our train leaves at 7:18. There is a train that goes at two minutes of seven, but we don't have seats and I guess we'd better wait.

Well apparently the earthquake we felt in Kyoto wasn't enough to upset the tracks because the super express arrived on time in Kyoto and also in Tokyo. It is a 3-hour run now from Osaka to Tokyo. They expect this autumn to drop it down to 2-1/2 hours by pushing the speed of the trains up to 250 kilometers per hour. Most of us slept part or all of the distance. Tada-san and I talked a little bit about English and Japanese grammar, but I just couldn't stay awake, so had to excuse myself.

When we got into Tokyo there was a very long queue at the taxi stand and taxies were coming very slowly, so we got Daiwa cars, one of which Tosi and Tada-san will ride out to their part of town. Got in about twenty minutes of eleven.

Monday morning, 19 August - Sunny but quite hazy. Looking at the weather map right now. That typhoon just disappeared. There is an occluded front off the east coast of Hokkaido and that's the only weather disturbance on the whole map. This is a larger map than we sometimes get - it goes way over into Siberia and China. Shows a couple of lows coming away over in there, but there is a high east and a high west of Tokyo here. The expectation is that it will be sunny all day. That's my guess and it seems to be the weather forecasters.

Thinking back about yesterday are a few things I failed to talk about. In the morning I shaved in the conventional Japanese way in the hot bath room. There is a little stool about 10 cm high, only 10 x 20 cm surface area, and there is a mirror standing on the floor about 10 cm off of it. I bet that would have made quite a picture. Using the little wooden tub - maybe 15 cm in diameter and 8 or 10 deep - as a washbasin, throwing used water on the floor near the drain and dipping more out of the hot bath. This one happened to be an all wood one and it was just comfortable for me to move around in such a way that I could get completely under clear up to my chin. I would guess that the water temperature was in the order of 43°C, maybe 44. For this reason it was not possible to get in just simply. The water near your skin is cooled down by your body so if you enter the bath slowly enough it is possible to stand the temperature for quite a few minutes. On the other hand, if you make the mistake of getting in fast or of moving fast once you get in, the first thing you know you are really burning.

Well, I guess we were part of history in Kyoto over the weekend. Headline on an article starting out - THE SECOND HEAVIEST RAIN IN JAPAN'S MODERN HISTORY DISRUPTED RAILWAYS, DAMAGED HIGHWAYS AND INUNDATED THOUSANDS OF HOUSES IN THE CENTRAL PART OF HONSHU SATURDAY NIGHT TO SUNDAY MORNING. THE FLOODS SUSPENDED STREET CAR SERVICES IN KYOTO AND STOPPED A PART OF THE HANKYU RAILWAYS KYOTO LINE.

The busses that were swept into a river by a landslide were a victim of the same rainstorm.

On another page - STRONG EARTHQUAKE SHAKES WEST JAPAN. AT THE CENTER WAS LOCATED CENTRAL KYOTO. QUAKE REGISTERED AN INTENSITY OF 3 ON THE JAPANESE SCALE OF 8 IN KYOTO.

No wonder Kiyomizu shook. It was interesting to note that I recognized it was a vertical shock rather than a horizontal and it was one sharp blow. This, according to Tosi, is a good sign you are directly over the center. If you are many miles away the earth moves horizontally. The article comments that the earthquake disrupted power transmission on the new Tokaido Line and put two of the super expresses behind schedule. By the time we were on everything was going smoothly again. Apparently it didn't shift the rail bed.

2/12 Tonight we went to Aya as Dr. Tomota's guests. It was called a fare-welcome party because Bob McGinnes had just arrived and 4 Americans are just leaving. It was a very enjoyable dinner with some very nice dancing and pleasant attention from the dancers. The biggest hit seemed to be the Japanese "rock, scissors, paper" baseball game, although the mining song folk dance that several of the fellows had learned at Yokogawa festival was certainly danced with enthusiasm by most of the foreigners. Dr. Tomota gave each of us a very nice fan with our own names in kanji and the names of our Japanese hosts written in Eigo. At the party were Dr. Tomota, Tosi, Rinichi, Tada, Tak-san, Kita-san.

Tuesday, 20 August - Well, we got them all off on the planes, I think. At least we got them headed down the red carpet. Tosi, Rinichi and I took Chuck to the airport. After checking him through with almost no competition we went up to the small Japanese restaurant on Ni kai, the one called Yamato with exactly the same characters as the hire car people use called Daiwa. (As a side light - the first of those characters - dai - the picture of a man with arms and legs outstretched - in this case pronounced ya; the second character - looks somewhat like a combination of a shock of rice and a mouth - is pronounced to; and the ma kind of falls in between in the empty space - another example of the problems one runs into in trying to learn this language.)

Chuck knew he was going to be eating most of the way across the Pacific so he ate only a piece of melon and tried a little taste of my dish of unagi. Meanwhile, Tosi and Rinichi both had some sashimi and some rice and vegetable sticks wrapped in seaweed. While we were sitting and talking, the first call came for Chuck's flight, so we leisurely finished up and saw Chuck off down the red carpet to the rest of the wide, wide world. We had only a few minutes to nose around in the shops before Tada-san found us. He had gone to the hotel and brought the other three men to the airport. By the time we all got down to the desk Gabe and Jim had checked through and a couple of little girls had gotten in front of Rus, so we had to stand around until he could get through the check-in procedure.

We went up to the lounge and sat around awhile. Only then did I realize that the three fellows were not on the ten o'clock flight but on the ten-thirty flight, and they had maybe left the hotel a little early, so we had about an hour and a half to sit there in the lounge.

After we talked and kidded for quite awhile I finally took out the Harada conference paper and started translating Japanese English into English. Before I knew it they were calling the flight, so we guided these three down the same red carpet and through the automatic glass door, saying Sayonara all the way.

There had been quite a bit of joking about the fact that these fellows had arranged to get on the wrong plane - that really they should be on a cargo plane rather than a passenger plane. Gabe and Rus, in particular, had really gone all out in buying things, and even Chuck now had an extra bag loaded with thermos pitchers. They all had overflow luggage which they were carrying onto the flight because they didn't want to trust it to the normal baggage handling. (I just got a bad thought - I didn't think to warn them that everything they had tax free certificates for they had to show to the Japanese Exit authorities. I sure hope they had read the fine print in the various documents they had.)

Tosi, Tada-san, and Rinichi went back to the hotel with me. There was a very free and light atmosphere and we laughed all the way back to the hotel, sometimes over the silliest things and sometimes we had adequate reason to laugh over some joke. Part of the way they were trying to explain to me why I was a good example of kamatoto. Tada-san said something about the kama referred to kamagoko and I'm not sure where toto comes in. I had to conclude that it either meant someone who talked as though he knew everything and didn't or it means somebody who claims to not be an expert and actually is. I didn't see anyway that the definition could be in between these - it had to be one extreme or the other and honestly I never was clear as to which they were referring to. Maybe I'll have to figure it out some other way.

(You won't believe it, but that thing that sounds like a horn is a about a 3 meter long piece of rubber hose that a horn player is using in a symphony concert. He has played many wind instruments, including a conch shell, French horns, and so forth. The orchestra joined him on the one I just let you hear.)

Back at the hotel on Wednesday evening, August 21. Tosi let me leave a little early tonight as I requested, so I got back to the hotel not far from ten o'clock. When I got to the hotel, the fellow that gave me the key also gave me a single sheet - it was Japan Times special edition with the headline "Soviet Satellite Troops Cross Czech Borders". Sounds like they are going to have some real mess over there.

Senbon-san went to Tosi's to dinner with me tonight and Kazuko and Chieko were the only members of the family around, so it was a fairly small group. We had the usually very delicious dinner with many dishes - steak and beans cooked very much like Western, soup, sushi like Japanese, salad like Western, but the dessert was something brand new. Chieko explained it was a Japanese invention called "cake omelette". It consisted of a thin slice of cake wrapped around a banana. She said it could also be ichigo (strawberries) or other fruit also. After this we had some very nice freshly sliced Japanese peaches and of course kalpis/ I did not mix champon and kalpis tonight. In fact, it wasn't offered even.

Thursday morning, 22 August - very nice and clear and yup - there's Fuji-san! I'm not going to take a picture because from my room that new plant completely spoils the picture, but it is nice to look at Fuji-san anyhow. I say "clear" - I mean the atmosphere is clear. There is high cloudiness over most of the sky around here, but it must be high enough that it is over 12,360 feet. This is the first time I

have seen clearly the new 36-story building on this trip. From the top 20 floors on that there is one side points very much towards Fuji-san, so it can be a very frequent view for them.

Looking at TV this morning I see the weather map gives good promise of good weather straight through until the time I leave.

On TV right now are movies taken in Prague during the Russian take-over. Looks like telephoto movies but it is very easy to see troop carriers and heavy tanks and guns.

Incidentally, on TV I learned how to say write in katakana the sound "wh" like in Whitehouse: ho wa i to ha u su. Czechoslovakia is Chi e ko.

There was a very clear movie of Johnson with his voice on his statement regarding the invasion of Czechoslovakia, obviously came by satellite.

Friday morning (August 23 1968) Well, I'm starting to get worried again about my ability to carry the stuff home that I bought. I'm also concerned over what discussions I'll have with the customs people, but I guess that's just part of international travel.

It is usual summer weather again this morning - hazy and high clouds. --Well, it is about one o'clock Saturday morning. Friday evening Rinichi, Tosi and Tada-san went with me to have ~~Shabu-Shabu~~ Shabu. We couldn't really tell the difference between that and shabu-shabu, guess those people just couldn't spell. We went to the Niku-noman-sei - it is one of a large chain of restaurants. They had shoes-off, sit-on-the-floor and also sit-up tables. The sit-on-the-floor ones were screened off from the rest of the room a little bit. We took one of these of course. We went through a somewhat more than typical conversation, but let me try to reconstruct it.

Rinichi reached for a cigarette and said - I want a coffin nail.

Tada-san said - Nani? Tosi explained what a coffin nail was by

first explaining what a coffin was and then a nail in Nihongo to Tada-san. Then Rinichi said - Meado-san doesn't have coffin nail, he has coffin glue. What's the name of it that you eat, Mead, that you buy from the store? I said - Yogurt, you mean? - Yes, Yogurt, I think Yogurt candy if it is heated to maybe 60°C will become very soft and sticky, it would make a very good glue for a coffin. - Then he turned to me and said - Mead, I think the best thing for you is to very quickly get in a coffin and let us glue it up, then you have no more troubles. Tosi said, If he gets in a coffin before very long he will become a mummy. I said - Ah, yes, mitsu-mame -- and everybody laughed almost to tears, including me of course. Mitsumame is a very nice sweet dessert. That was one thing that they all knew, and also they knew that my Japanese name kanji characters the first character can also be pronounced Mitsu and often is by people who first see it, so again we had a lot of fun twisting English and Japanese around with the Japanese using English words and me using Japanese words. That was kind of silly, but we sure had a lot of fun, and the whole dinner was that way.

In this Chabu-chabu business, we had the job of putting all the vegetables in as well as the meat and cooking it to our liking. Part of the vegetables were long flat noodles. I put some in and didn't hold on too well so lost a few of them, so after putting the noodles in the sauce dish I went back after my remaining ones. By this time, Tosi, who was sharing that half of the boiling water bowl with me, had put some noodles in with his hashi. I saw a piece bubbling to the surface on my side so I reached down and grabbed it and lifted it up and dog-goned if it didn't lead right over to his hashi. Another big laugh. I waited until he had left the bowl, then I went in and got the remaining well cooked noodles left over from my attempt.

I finally found out what kamatoto means. First of all it is impolite

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to use it in Japan except amongst close friends. What it means is a person who knows just about everything but acts very naive, so tonight at dinner Tada said something about some subject and wished he knew more, so Tosi jerked his thumb toward Tada-san and said 'kamatoto'. In return Tada said, oh, I think Tosi is No. 1 kamatoto. Tosi answered - I think Tada-san is No. 1. Then there is a No. 2, a No. 3, a No. 4, maybe I'm No. 5. Now we all knew who really was kamatoto and Tosi shouldn't squirm out of it. We sure had a laugh over it.

Well, let me give the story of kamatoto. It seems that maybe five hundred years ago in the Shogun's court there were always many members of the official organization, but there were a limited number. It seems that the job passed from father to son and stayed in the family, but when there was more than one son it was kind of rough on the No. 2 on down. They grew up in a very wealthy situation but then when they came of age they had no job and most of them took to the church to become priests, as being a lot better than going out and getting a job somewhere which would be very menial. In those days the priests could eat no meat at all, including fish, they had to eat vegetables only. They couldn't drink sake, they could drink water. They lived a pretty rough life. These spoiled boys coming in to the church found it very difficult to give up the wonderful life they had had, so they stretched the definitions on food. One thing they chose to eat was fish sausage, called kamaboko, then they drank sake and called it water, and in many ways they avoided the strict laws. Once in a while this activity would eat on the other priests enough that they would go to the head priest and complain who would then call the young fellow in, and the priest would say - You aren't living the right way, you eat kamaboko. The young fellow would say - kamaboko? what's wrong with that? And the priest would

say - it is fish. Kamaboko is fish? I thought it was vegetable. --
 Then he would call him to task on the sake and would get the answer -
 I thought that was water I was drinking, not clean water but water.
 Finally, after several of these things, the high priest would declare
 - you have come from a good family. You know much better. You are
 kamatoto -- which became a word that described a person who claimed
 ignorance of all sorts of things but in fact really was very knowledge-
 able.

Saturday, 24 August 1968. Very hazy. Can't see san-ju-roku kai or
 Tokyo Tower - no, I can see the very tip-top of Tokyo Tower and a
 very dim line where the sunshine is hitting the top of San-ju-roku kai.
 The other day on the clear day, Rinichi was showing me that you could
 see both Tokyo Tower and San-ju-roku kai from the window right behind
 his desk. He said if he could see those two, then almost always he
 could see Fuji-san from the other side of the building, so the easiest
 thing to do was to look first from his desk and if he couldn't see
 those buildings then he would not go over to see if he could see
 Fuji-san.

I took a picture that day of Fuji at Yokogawa. I didn't take it
 driving on the way out there because I missed my opportunity. There
 aren't too many times when driving that you can see it. It is low
 enough on the horizon that it has to be pretty much directly down a
 long street that you are driving on and I guess there is only once
 on the trip out that we point toward Fuji that well.

I took a picture this morning. First time since the first days I
 was here that the black swans and the white swans were both out in
 front. Also there were two little wild ducks. I'm not sure all
 of this will come out in the picture. Depends on how well I judged
 the exposure.

On the elevator yesterday there was a lady in a Red Cross Uniform - American Red Cross. I said, "I'm glad to see the Red Cross." She said, and pointed to the man in the elevator, "My husband almost refused to go downstairs with me with the uniform on." I said, "I'm awfully happy you wore it because now I know you are here." She apparently is assigned to Oji Base. She said that they are here for 8 months as a standard tour of duty - she said it was long enough to get use to Japan. So I asked her husband, "Hachi kai, dozo" He looked at me and said, "Ah, I don't understand that language." Maybe she was learning something about Japan but it didn't look as though he was or wanted to.

8/24 Well, I'm in the car on the way to Yokogawa and all checked out of the hotel. It was more complicated this morning. Normally I just sign the bill and everything is all right, but first somebody signed my room number last night for an 8 sen yen dinner, then I had to pay partially cash and partially traveller's cheques, which have two different rates of exchange. It took me pretty nearly twenty minutes to take care of all of it. The fellow behind the desk came up to me just before I got away and explained they had found the man who had signed my room number had been in room nanna-san^{san,} not hachi-san.san. The only thing I could read in his signature for sure was the first letter of his last name. The rest of it was certainly confusing but it was obvious it wasn't mine.

This morning I didn't like the packing^{on}/the radio. It just was entirely too large to have any hopes of taking on the plane, although it was packed in such a way that I think I could have checked it. This morning I quickly changed it over to a package that I can carry easy enough and probably get onto the plane with me. I can't be sure. My impression of Chuck's flight was that there were relatively few people. It may not be the same thing on Saturday, but it is a new

flight and not too many people know about it. I do have to carry it now because I put the radio in the carrier then the tuning knob sticks out and is exposed too much. If I tried to check it through I am pretty sure it would be damaged.

Pretty clear morning this morning by now. The sun has gotten up a ways and the haze is pretty low so the sun is getting pretty hot. There is quite a disturbed front coming along so pretty good chance I will have rain sending me off tonight.

Sitting in the airport, just waiting for the final boarding. As usual I've got an impossible load, but Pan Am didn't question it. That is they didn't question the radio plus suitcase plus briefcase. Kita-san had the other flight bag on his shoulder, so we didn't discuss that. It has never been a problem before.

Well, here they go calling it so guess I'd better get in line.

I'm now on the plane, sitting in my sit. I got through the Japanese customs. I had to give them tax-free certificate from the radio and I was supposed to give the radio to a Pan Am representative there. There was none so they suggested I take it on. When I got to the checkout line I asked again and they suggested I take to the gate. This time I had my flight bag on my shoulder. I got to the gate. They have a new system at Pan Am. They were stopping everybody with any sort of package. They said they had a special location called Hatch and were taking things away from everybody. I handed them the radio. He apparently didn't see that it was already labeled to go in the hatch and he got so interested in that that he didn't see the flight bag and I came on aboard. Now I'm on board they are starting talking about the Federal Aviation and necessary to put all hand luggage under the seat so I guess I'd better hide this briefcase under my legs before I get in trouble.

We are on our way. We sat around for almost 30 minutes waiting for

other flights to come in, even though it seems to be awfully clear. I can see more lights down there than ever before.

Well, the hostess didn't say anything to me about the briefcase and we have an empty seat between me and the fellow in the aisle. He was on standby until just a few minutes before boarding time. I would the plane is about 80% loaded. There ~~is~~^{was} one man in the triple row ahead of us. Before the plane started taxiing the hostess came and asked him if he would please change seats with a lady up ahead who has two or three children - one baby in arms, one maybe 2 years old, another one maybe four or five years old. The four or five year old stayed up ahead, maybe with her father, I don't know, but the babe in arms and the 2 year old are in the row just ahead of us. This may prove to be somewhat of a problem in sleeping, but I'm tired enough right now I don't think it will interfere very much.

Well, they are serving food, so I guess I've got to wake up. The disturbing noise is certainly not from the children in front so far.

There is a lady behind that has a voice that even comes through the ear protector. She took a sleeping pill just after the plane took off and everyone in this end of the plane could hear her debating with herself loudly, telling the man in the seat next to her, every stage of her debate on when to take the pill and whether to take the pill. I went off to sleep. When I woke up now she is loudly complaining that she can't stay awake. Somewhere along the line she also told the people in this end of the plane that she had come thru for, I think, 27 hours without having any food or sleep. Somehow it is hard for me to believe that. I hope her spring winds down pretty quick. I'm certainly hoping she does get some food but I hope she passes out then and doesn't wake up until we land in Los Angeles. Of course that/^{is}very wishful thinking.

Almost a half-hour later the lady behind is now complaining that she is so sleepy because of the sleeping pill that she can't stay awake to drink her coffee. I'm not quite sure why she took the sleeping pill. I wish she would just give in to it.

- Well, finally she did, at least I didn't hear her. I woke up once or twice and saw her sound asleep. It is almost noon in Los Angeles. We are due in in about an hour. The man behind me, talking to that lady again, talking about the fact that he had to pay \$60. for his 20 kilos overweight. Looks like my fooling around sure works. I had Kita-san carry my flight bag, then when I went up to the desk I put my suitcase and the radio on and talked a lot about how I should handle the radio. He assured me that the handling would be very careful in the special hatch. I had left my briefcase back out of sight from the guy at the desk. At one point I think the guy did ask me if that was everything I had and I started talking about the radio, then just as I was about to leave I said, "Oh, I want a tag for my briefcase here." He said, "Will you put it on the scale please?" My suitcase and the radio were on this already, so I put on my briefcase, waited about 3 seconds and picked up the radio. I guess the shuffling was too much for him, also it is just conceivable that the little blue tag which I made very prominent on my suitcase was of some help, I mean by that the tag that shows that I am a Clipper Club member.

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Well, please remind me never to come into Los Angeles International with the idea of getting anywhere in a hurry. They have the poorest organization of any airport I have ever seen. The luggage is brought in by trucks, piled on shelves that are arranged so you can't watch them and can't really get around the shelves. There's only about

ten foot clearance between the shelves and the line-up posts, beyond which is the customs area. The top shelf is about 4 ft. high at its front edge and the luggage people never put any bags on that, just little hat boxes and such, so the lower shelf they put just as much luggage on as they can, which means that half of the luggage anyhow is in a 2nd row, impossible to get out without removing the luggage in the first row, and of course very difficult to see also. Even with one plane unloading it is extremely difficult and if you have two you have to be extremely rude and push people around or just stand/^{back}and wait and be patient. Well, finally my bag came, must have been almost the last one off the plane. I gave up trying to carry the briefcase and flight bag around with me, because I was always bumping into people in the narrow space, so I got in one customs line going very very slowly with a lot of people ahead of me. I looked around and saw another one opening up so I got over there and got through very quickly - a very pleasant guy. I gave him a ^{LIST}~~slip~~ which showed \$109.51. I had listed the radio, the tea and coffee stuff, and miscellaneous, the miscellaneous only being \$16.00 worth total. He looked over all of the duty list and decided that if he took \$10. of the radio and charged me at that rate it would cost me \$1.20 for duty, which seemed reasonable to me. He had a tickling cough and so after he had decided on how much I should pay I gave him a piece of Yogurt candy, suggesting that that might fix the tickle in his throat. Just as I left that line, a baggage man said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I hope to get to San Diego but I don't have any reservation." He said, "Let me see your ticket." He grabbed the ticket and went off. When he came back he said, "Looks like your best bet is the United flight. Western goes a little later. There's a United man right here. So he shuffled me over to the United agent who made up my ticket sticker and the luggage guy made up the plane

check on the bag and took the bag. The United guy had arranged a ticket for some lady from the Philippines to go some place else. He pointed us toward an elevator to go down and catch a shuttle bus. This shuttle bus doesn't go outside like the shuttle busses I have been on in Los Angeles before. It runs around on the field, ducking in among the airplanes that are taxiing to and from their loading areas. Got over to United. This was fine. Then I thought, I've got plenty of time - maybe I ought to get something to eat. I looked at the board and it said - Arrival 3:00 P.M., Leaving 3:30 P.M. So I looked around for something to eat - Please remind me never to eat in Los Angeles Airport. Every place was queued up so I got in queue at a so-called Snack Bar that had listed many sandwiches and drinks - all they really had was hot dogs and coke, so that was my lunch. Now my plane is an hour late on the board. I wonder what is going to happen. If it can change one hour in about fifteen minutes what can it do in a couple of hours! It is three o'clock now, so I have another hour and a half to wait according to the schedule now. My bag is already checked on to it, so guess all I can do is wait for it. - Well, seems to settle on 4:25 leaving time, so I called Hugh to tell me what my schedule is. Boy this is a nice clear day. There's a terrific forest fire back in the hills behind Los Angeles. I hope I got enough of a picture to give an impression. I've got to keep my eyes open - maybe I can get a picture down on top of LaJolla. We'll probably be going in very much over it, but at this speed if I don't recognize it right away we're in trouble. When I got on this plane they had a lot of storage area amidships. The hostess said I had to go under the seat. I said "Well, I've got to use two seats then." She looked at the load I had and said, "You sure do". I've got a triple but of course for 20 minutes

I can't really take advantage of a triple except that I can store my luggage under. I'll be leaving off enough stuff at LaJolla I think I can put everything in the flight bag and be back down to a reasonable size load again.

SUNDAY night, 25 August - In LaJolla. I've just finished packing. From this corner room I can see down over the city and out on to the ocean. It is a beautiful clear night, stars out quite bright. When I arrived last night Hugh met me and brought me home right away. We got into swim suits and Marj had a picnic all set with charcoal briquets and a barbecue unit. We went right down to the beach, even though it was almost six o'clock. Hugh and I went in for a short swim while Marj got the fire going. Afterwards we ate steak from the barbecue with a cheese macaroni sort of dish and fruit and then watched the most beautiful sunset. I was sure angry I didn't have my camera. We came back and I unpacked the various things I had brought, particularly the coffee and tea sets for Barrie's wedding present. Then we looked at some of the stereos until it was time to get some sleep. -- Up early this morning. Hugh and I went down again and swam some more, this time with face plates. Didn't really see very much. There were a trillion or so small fish under the pier and also sorts of star fish clinging to the piles of the pier in addition to the barnacles, but that is about all we saw except the seaweed and the kelp. -- We went over to the Physics Dept. and saw ^{QUIMBY DUNTLY} ~~Crimley Buckley~~ (SP?) the man who was Prof. Hardy's assistant when I was running the color analyzer a few years ago. We talked about ^{his} the problems of measuring suspended material in water at a very dilute condition similar to clear sea water or clear fresh water. We also talked a little bit about my interest in material that could be used for disappearing record recorder. He had some

ideas and suggested some places I could contact. Also I was able to give a little information on the Yokogawa Turbidity Meter which was on the same principle as his measuring equipment. I promised to send some English literature. After this Hugh and I beat it back here, gulped down some IB (instant breakfast) to carry us through, it being noon and we weren't going to be eating lunch until maybe two o'clock or so, and off we went for the Mexican border.

We went right on through Tia Juana and on down highway to Kilometer 44. A lot of the towns on that road are named for the distance they are from the border. At Kilometer 44 we had had the cutoff of the new toll highway to go onto the old road a few miles north. When we got to Kilometer 44 I found that Hugh and Marj had bought some lobsters there once a few years ago and Marj wanted some to bring back for a party she was having next Wednesday, so we wandered around a little bit. The first thing you know a little boy with a big happy grin and a very pleasant expression called to us. He came over and Hugh asked him in his best Spanish where to get lobsters and the boy pointed down the road and asked if he could ride, so Hugh let him in and we drove down a very dirty dilapidated street or road in this bright yellow convertible with the top down to a building right at the end. Here the little boy knocked on the door and introduced Hugh. Very quickly we were invited in. It turned out to be a restaurant of a sort, hardly the fanciest that I have seen, but not too dirty. We were taken on through a door on the other side into another room. Here was a great big tub full of lobsters - very active - and not having the big claws couldn't hurt each other particularly. The man picked up a few to show us and they snapped their tails violently. We finally got it acrossed that we wanted to buy some lobsters and we would be back that evening. We went out to leave and our little boy

came out with us. Hugh gave him three or four nickels and he beamed all over. We talked a little bit and when asked in English by Marj what was his name he answered "Tony". So Tony waved us a very pleasant goodbye/~~and~~^{as we} went off. (*Insert A.*)

Down in Ensenada Marj did some shopping for some silver wine glasses that one of their friends had asked her to buy for Barrie's wedding present. We wandered around just looking in the stores. We came across one store that had some enormous sombreros, more than a meter in diameter selling for 89¢ apiece, so Marj talked me into bringing one back for Vern - pretty much daring me to go on a plane with it - a little bit like the time I went back with the 3 ft. high paper bird. It will be interesting to see how I make out because it's a hat and ought to go in the hat rack all right. I'm not sure the hat rack is big enough though. Then, not being happy about bringing back something for only one, decided I'd bring back something for Grant and Allen, since they also are living at 30 Water Street. Marj had already selected something for Peg so I wandered around and finally found a couple of coatlike things which I picked up. I went back and Marj was dickering on the wine glasses. The price of silver has gone up an awful lot and also she couldn't get the usual 20% discount she gets, it was only 10% with this girl, so she had to buy fewer than she expected - so with a lot of odds and ends adding up to considerably over a hundred dollars we headed back, paying off the toll road a little before the Kilometer 44. We went back to our lobster place. There were a lot of people eating lobster there, so we decided we would eat there. Hugh was able to get across the fact that we wanted medium size lobsters and we went to an outdoor table in the back. I took a picture here down the coast and then without sighting the camera took one of the restaurant. I hope it shows it in all its glory. There was a very pleasant guy drinking beer at the

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Insert A

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After we left Kilometer 44 heading for Ensenada we stopped by some large sand dunes and walked in a little ways where we ate out lunch. Here there was also a little boy who said all sorts of nice things about the car but since he hadn't performed any service Hugh didn't give him any tip.

table near. Turns out he had lived in the United States. He said a lot of things in his very broken English. Hugh carried on almost all the conversation, a little in Spanish but mostly in English. The guy had a friend with him who was the most pleasant and intelligent looking that I have seen in a long time but his English was nil, so he just sat and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the conversation - I'm not sure how much he understood. Let's call this man Hugh talked to the "Man from Sacramento" because that was the first place he named in the States. He said he worked for a cannery there. Also said he worked in Chicago. Visited New York. Been all over the United States. But also he claimed he had an automobile that would do 160 miles an hour and he assured us he didn't mean 160 kilometers, so I'm not sure how much veracity, but anyhow he sure filled the time up to the time our food came - which was just about the best lobster I have had in a long time. Apparently the lobster was real fresh and I had seen the fellow take them from the big tub. They were then sliced down the middle and broiled with some seasoning. It wasn't Mexican highly seasoned at all. There was a water glass almost full of the very hot sauce, but of course I chose not to eat any. Along with this lobster came tortillas and a dish of brown beans, again not spiced at all. The others were drinking beer but she had some Orange Crush. ^{The waitress} ~~She~~ apologized that it wasn't cold - this was in Spanish but it was obvious what she was saying. After we got through eating we asked for the 5 lobsters and they picked out 5 of the biggest they had - \$2.00 apiece. These must have been at least 3 lbs. or maybe 4 lbs. each, put them in a box and put them in the back of the car. The dinner had cost \$7.50 for the three of us, and the lobsters were \$10.00. So off we went to the border and we started thinking about the customs people. When we got there, after ~~standing~~ ^{WAITING} in line for awhile, the customs

inspector said, "What did you buy". Hugh said, "Well, we bought some lobsters" and he didn't much more than get that out before the guy said, "Lobsters, live lobsters?" Hugh said, "Yes"" Well, you're in a spot. Do you have a license in Mexico. If you don't have a license it costs you a hundred dollars if they caught you - what's more license or no license it is out of season, so you are lucky you weren't picked up there, but of course I can't let you in because they are out of season in California too." "O.K., where can I dump them?" said Hugh. The guy said, "I'll take them." Hugh went back, opened the back, the guy started to take the box then he said, "No, you'd better take them over there" and pointed to an area called "For Inspection". He wrote out a yellow slip which just said on it Lobsters and Hugh's license number. We went over and very quickly ~~gax~~ tried to give the box of lobsters to an officer. He said, "You can give them to that old man over there if you want to." Obviously that was the man that was cleaning up on what people brought in that was contraband. So Hugh gave him this wonderful batch of lobsters. We thanked out stars that we hadn't tangled with the Fish and Game Warden either in Mexico before we got to the line or if we had been let through, with the Fish and Game Warden after we left the line I'd better get some sleep, because it is up at about quarter after five tomorrow morning so that I can be sure to catch the seven o'clock plane for Los Angeles.

--Sitting in the Los Angeles Airport, about 10:30, waiting for my 11:45 plane *for Boston.*