

JAPAN 84, PERSONAL, MEAD BRADNER

Nov 10

Hotel Miramar, Hong Kong, fantastic enormous old hotel with an enormous glittery lobby and with two buildings across the street from each other, connected by an overpass on an upper floor. Bathroom floor and walls are marble. Modern in that the door key is a punched card with the code changed at the main desk. Air conditioning, and needed. The room has a control box between the beds with controls for air conditioning, selecting between three channels on the radio, volume on radio, opening and closing the window drapes, turning on and off the light above the beds, another for lights on the other side of the room, lighting a 'do not disturb' indicator outside of the door, another for 'room attendant' light, another to 'stop alarm bell'. A clock in the panel tells time, but no way to adjust the alarm! The British influence is there, the light switches are down for on. Instructions in the room are multi-lingual, but different combinations of Chinese, Japanese, English, French, German. Instructions in case of fire, 'beware of touts', general rules. Both hot and cold water were tepid.

The only metal detector was in Boston and it did not pick up the metal in my hip. My yellow sweater was needed on the 767 out of Boston (wonderful wide seats even in tourist section), also on the 747 Chicago to Seattle (with the old narrow seats, but fortunately I had three seats to myself.), and also on the DC10 14 hrs to Hong Kong where I had two seats. My leg didn't bother me much even tho I slept most of the time and walked only a few times. The plane changes in Chicago and Seattle were less than 100 ft distance. But Hong Kong airport required a lot of walking and it is a sweatbox!

The starter at the airport has a list of all arriving reservations for at least some of the hotels, and a car that will, if you have a lot of patience, take you to the hotel (at twice the cost of a taxi, I found out later). On the car ride to the hotel I noted that some of the streets seemed to top Tokyo's best in amount of lights and crowded shops.

Nov 11 Sunday morning, classical music on radio and Chinese on all of the TV channels. Last night was poor one for my leg- an ache that kept me awake quite a bit, even after an extra strength Tylenol.

Walked a couple of miles in the Tsinsatsui Area looking in shop windows and buying a pin to make into a bolo tie ornament. The Hong Kong \$ prices were frightening, converted to US \$ were high and Hong Kong \$ = 1/7 US \$. No post cards and only the one with pins that could be used my way. Shoes, jewelry, and one short street of fur stores only.

Went to the airport about 1pm (by taxi following the suggestion of the girl at the desk who advised that the hotel car was twice as expensive.) Walked around a bit, but the suit case was pretty heavy and my leg complaining. Here's where I found the post cards.

Arrived at Narita airport too late to catch the bus that made the rounds of the hotels so I had to go to the central air terminal in Tokyo and take a taxi to the Grand Palace hotel. At the airport I tried to exchange my old Japanese paper money for the new only to find that the bank had no new ones, only old. The several messages for me were duplicates of the information I had already received re the standards meeting. Nothing from YEW.

At the Grand Palace Hotel, Tokyo, alarm clock works, radio channel for US Armed Services Far East Network, TV English language with largely CNN (Cable News Network) directly from the US. Hot water is hot and cold is cold, and a refrigerated water spout. Mon. 12th, good night's sleep, leg comfortable.

11/12 Mon morn walked about 3 km to the meeting place, sat for five hours, and back afterwards with little or no discomfort. Later it started to ache. I had gone to find the meeting place, following the old drainage canal and easily found it, and although the meeting I was there to attend wasn't until Wed. they insisted that I attend that afternoon and Tuesday. There were some very interesting items discussed. After the meeting I was assured that a YEW man would contact me shortly.

Shortly after I got back to the hotel on Monday late afternoon I got a telephone call from Shozo's secretary, Shu Oura, saying that Kita san would come to the hotel on Thursday morning to talk about future plans.

11/13 Tuesday afternoon, went for a walk thru Yasukuni Shrine and around thru the street of the Fairmount hotel.

11/14 Wed morning, CNN on chanel 2, snow missed Mass.

11/15 Thur morn. CNN has trouble with blackouts in addition to their self-imposed ones to eliminate ads not intended for Japan.

Two nights straight with no pain in the leg.

11/16 Fri morn on walk around the Palace grounds (competing with a continuous stream of runners) I was stopped by a couple asking if I understood English. They had concluded that almost no one in Japan does. I talked about the problem of understanding even when the Japanese were talking "English" and they remembered that they had always gotten some answers, but concluded that it was Japanese language. They said that last year in Communist China many people would come up to them to practice their English, but here noone seemed to understand. I suggested that the school children were the most likely to talk to them. Just then a group of 5 busses with school children stopped at a traffic light across from us and they all shouted greetings in English.

4 oclock back at the hotel. Walked all the way around the Palace grounds, over to the Imperial Hotel, over to Ginza Sony Building for an Italian spaghetti lunch, ducking the rain, around to the old Palace Hotel where I finally found a pair of wheels to cary my luggage on the way back home (and hopefully avoid the leg pain), and then on around to this hotel.

11/19 Sunday evening. I just got back after a weekend with YEW mountain climbing club. Kita san had arranged for me to meet Ishii san at the Asagaya station on the Chuo line at 7:30, meaning that I would miss the breakfast at the hotel. I planned to leave about 6:00 to be sure since I knew so little about the subway-train system. I had looked at all the maps and scouted out the subways near the hotel and concluded I had to take one subway to Shinjuku and go over to the train station and get another ticket and go out to Asaguya. I called Kita san Friday evening to tell him I had not been able to contact Arima san. Kita san, beginning to realize that I didn't know the system, and there were too few English signs, so he proposed to meet me at the hotel at 7:00 and show me how to go by one train (giving me a chance to eat my oatmeal and prunes after all. Ishii san had arranged for us to ride with Sugaya in his spotless Honda. We drove out to Mitaka where the gang was gathering (5 cars in all).

Sugaya needed some gasoline so I had a chance to see how they do it in Japan. Two men came out, one to put in the gas, and the other to wash carefully all of the windows and outside mirrors with clean rags. When we were ready to leave one of the men went out on the street and directed traffic so we could go on our way.

The first part of the trip was on the limited access Chuo expressway, but when we came to Rt 141 and started north one of the first things that happened was the group got separated and drove around until they got back together. Finally, after stopping several places to look at the approaching mountains, we got to a lunch place associated with the Seisenryo Kiyosato Educational Experiment Project, a non-profit foundation established in 1948 by Dr. Paul F. Rusch to provide "Food, Faith, Health, and Hope for Youth" for Japan. It is now a conference center, The Ohio State Experimental Farm, a hospital, youth camp, and nursery school. A library room lined with mostly Japanese language books. The only English ones I saw were 'Views of Louisville since 1766', 'Readers Digest Treasures of America', and 'The Glory of Westminster Abbey.

The food was western- I ended up with a cucumber sandwich as being the only non-cholesterol thing available.

From here we drove up and up, stopping several times to look at Yatsugatake which was fairly close. Finally we turned into the YHP lodge. First was off with the boots I was wearing and on with the typical slippers that have room only for my toes and half of the foot. One of the first things was to go up a spiral stericase (iron, outside) to look at the view of the mountains. This required exchanging the 'inside' slippers for 'outside' ones that seemed to be even smaller, and then, with cane, struggling up the spiral without loosing the slippers or balance. Several times we went up and down and I managed to survive. Next was a hot bath in a large one where three of us went at once. I went with Ishii san and another man who I had noticed was limping some also. He showed me his hip scar to match mine, and also the rest of his badly mangled leg. "Machine gun" I could understand in his Japanese English. I did not ask for details and he did not offer, possibly because there was nobody who could talk much English. The bath was 42°C, 10 to 15 min. temperature.

Up to this time there had been no English spoken except one word here and there - the same as my Japanese. As we were waiting for supper, watching Sumu wrestling, suddenly I heard a loud "Miido san, you are here?". It was Yamakawa whom I had taken on the Warner trail many years ago. He had climbed Yatsugatake that day and was coming to spend the weekend with the other 'mountain men-yama no otoko'. His English is quite good so it was easier to communicate from then on. They had spotted cars, he explained, just like I had taught him on the Warner hike. There were several who had been on my Fujisan climb or one of the other 20 or so of my Japanese climbs, and several had been to Foxmass, but forgotten most of their English, but there was a fair amount of communication from then on.

After a good typical Japanese supper, sitting on chairs at a table, with all the rice, pickles, pickled minnows, fresh salad etc, we all went to a small tatami, sit on the floor, room about 4m square, all 25 or so people. It was chummy, and the beer and whiskey got louder and louder. I sat between 2 and 3 hours looking, with several others at photo albums that Ishii had brought. One of them was almost completely filled with pictures of the AMC group that I had introduced to them thru Tokonaga, whose name came up many times, with expression of sorrow that he couldn't be with us, being almost an American now in Georgia. Finally I left and went to my tatami bed, one of four beds crowded into a small room. It was very comfortable and I slept better than most of the nights in the hotel, in spite of the sitting in cars, walking over rough paths, hot bath, climbing the spiral staircase several times, and sitting on the floor. There were two pads under all of the beds.

11/17

Just after supper, Yamakawa and two of the other club members told me that they had the assignment of arranging some omoide (souvenir) for the 50th ann. celebration of the YEW mountain club in '86. They had noticed my bolo tie ornament made from a miniature Vibram boot sole key chain ornament and wondered about how they could get some. I suggested that they could make themselves at YEW if they had a model and gave them mine, asking that they send it back when thru with it. Yamakawa was very appreciative and later sent a memo to me acknowledging the loan and promise.

11/18

Sunday morning I woke up about my usual time and laid for about an hour until one of the others got up. It looked like it would be a good day. At supper the night before Yamakawa told me he knew of my long term hope to climb Kitadake, the second highest mountain in Japan, and he suggested that he might take me to a view point, and then get me back to Tokyo on Sunday. Before the evening was over all 25 of the club decided they would go also, in 10 cars!

Asagohan, breakfast, was a typical Japanese one with all the rice you could eat with the seaweed-soy sauce, with the pickled fish, pickled vegetables, etc. I did not eat the ham wrapped with scrambled egg.

We started out about 9. First we had to make a wrong turn, all 10 cars. From then on the lead car would go fast and stop to wait for the rest every once in a while. For the most of the way the roads were paved and fairly wide, but finally we went back to the country roads I remember from the past- deep ruts, pot holes, mud, narrow, fast switchbacks, new construction. No American car would stand up very long on them, but these Hondas, Toyotas, Nisans, etc took it in stride and stayed together, to the consternation of the few oncoming cars and trucks who pulled over to let us pass, up to the pass.

After we got out of the cars Yamakawa pointed up to a peak about 100 metres higher and up a steep slope, "OK Miidosan?" Of course I said OK! 30 minutes later panting and sweating I got up there, Mt. Niyugasa. Ishii san pointed at his watch and said "guidebook time, omedeto" There had been three or four times that the next step was too high, or on a slippery rock and two or three of the gang would lift me over it. The climb was sure worth it, 360° around there were mountains; the Southern Alps, the Middle Alps, the North Alps, and Yatsugataki. Ishii san marked on a panoramic map the peaks he and I had climbed together- we could see 6 or 7 of them. And, of course we could see Kitadake. The sky was clear with a hot sun, but a cold wind. We all took a lot of pictures and I promised to send some stereo slides for Ishii san to show in his viewer. I kept moving to keep the leg from stiffening so on the way down there was no problem at all.

And the 10 cars went back down this awful road, then paved highways to a very popular udon stand where we distributed the gang thruout wherever there was at least two places to sit on the floor. Quite a challenge to find someplace for my leg to be out of the way. 10 inch diameter castiron bowls filled with noodles, many vegetables (2 1/2 inch diameter carrots) and soup. A large serving spoon came in each bowl so one could provide a staging area for cooling down and could use to eat the soup. Hashi are fine for recovering the solid food, but were not hollow for soup.

The gang broke up in the parking lot, with everyone going his own way from here. Handshakes, a little thankyou speech in English by me, many repeats of the invitation to come back and climb Kitadake. Ishii san and I took the train at Mitaka, he got off at Nakano and I went on to Kudanshita, the stop close to the hotel.

Monday Tosi Arima showed up at 10 in the morning. We talked in my room until lunch. We brought each other up to date on happenings. He is still very busy with the scientific society activities. He has no arrangement with YEW. He is a member of a Chinese-Japanese-American team to exchange

information on process control. He is a member of the Japanese associate with API and was very interested in my involvement in the flow measurement standard. He is still loosely associated with the company that was developing scientific improvement of plant growing. They have concluded that the expence of doing it scientifically is not waranted by the improved efficiency.

Keyko has one boy and one girl and lives close to her parents. She still does a lot of weaving, for sale, with the looms still in her parent's house. Her husband is still with Marubeni and has been almost commuting to Saudi Arabia. Kazuko lives a little further away, has two sons, her husband has left Sony to join a small company. Tosi's son went to work as a technical man, but recently that company was bought by a large combine and Osamu is very busy doing management analysis for the entire group of companies, using computers.

For lunch we went to the Sony building, where I had eaten spaghetti previously, but this time we went to the 6th floor, rather than the 7th. The prices were about 1/3, the variety greater, sit at counter rather than table cloth and fancy glasses. The food was just as good. I had decided that my best bet in finding the souvenirs I wanted was to go to the Asakusa shrine, but I only told Tosi what I wanted, and suggested a street leading to a shrine. He suggested Asakusa, and we went, on the subway. With a slight sprinkle and threatening a lot more shopping was a success, and just in time to miss the rain that came. Being too early for supper, we went to Ueno to a sweet shop, OKano-eisendo, an historic shop mentioned in the writings of the author whose face is on the new 1000 Yen bill. Then by taxi back to the hotel where he left me.

Tosi wants a copy of the history of Foxboro, which probably came out with the 50th anniversary.

11/20 Tuesday, Tosi came to the hotel about 11:00 with the plan that we would eat lunch and then go to the garden in the Palace grounds. But it was raining quite hard so after lunch I suggested that we go to the New Science Museum also on the Palace grounds. Tosi said that the older one in Ueno was better so we went there and spent about 4 hours. Many interesting demonstrations, most interesting was a flow visualization of air around a foil that could be tilted continuously from negative to positive attack angle. Ten or so streams of powder were introduced upstream giving very clean white lines, parallel ahead of the foil and clearly showing the separation caused by the foil. The air was completely cleaned before being recirculated. There was a Zero, a full size rocket, a model of the magnetically levitated vehicle being built by JAL for the Science Fair next year for mass transportation. Also Science of Man, the origin and development of the Japanese people, geology, minerals, fossils, textiles, lacquer ware mfg., Japanese paper, energy and architecture, etc, etc.

We went by subway to Shinjuku where we went to a Sushi shop that he has been going to for some 30 years, and took me once several years ago, Tamagawa. I had tuna, red snapper, flat fish, octopus, tekka roll of tuna, mizo soup with mushrooms. And then we went to a sweet shop for anmizo, sweet beans and syrup on tasteless clear blocks like gelatin. Tosi then took me back to the hotel. He had explained on Monday that Chieko had an abscessed tooth that required pulling so I could not go to their home and see her. This also meant that I would not see any of the rest of the family. I gave him 4 towels for Chieko, Kazuko, Keiko, and Keiko (wife of Osamu). Walking thru a museum is good exercise for my leg, at least it feels tired, but it was a wonderful day. The stores, incidentally, are gearing up for Christmas with typical American decorations and big "Merry Christmas" signs.

11/21 Wednesday, nice weather, so I went to the Imperial garden, all green except one bright red tree high on the top of a wall along with mostly evergreens, hedges immaculately trimmed. Along the walk around the outer edge there are maybe a hundred benches each with an ash tray and a separate refuse

recepticle. Many, many birds of many different types. Passed a tour group of at least 500 people. The guide had a power megaphone and he stopped to use it frequently. In some sections of the garden there were varieties of trees identified by plaques, all of the trees were well kept. I met three women one of whom could speak English and we had a few minutes discussion on the beauty of the garden and the nice weather.

From here I walked on around the moat outside of the Palace grounds and up by the Diet Building where there was a man with a megaphone sounding very angry, but apparently entertaining a large gathering of men dressed in business clothes. I went on out by dead reckoning and found the AKasaka Palace grounds, but I could not get in - needed a pass. By more dead reckoning I was able to return to the hotel by completing the circuit. A total of about 9.5 miles. I had taken two sweet bean cakes with me for lunch and had walked steadily for 6 hours.

After resting about 1/2 hour I went to the subway, bought a ticket in the machine and went out to Kichijoji and met Kitasan at the appointed place on the platform. He took me to a sushi house, Sushisho. Very fresh and tasty raw fish, 5 or 6 different kinds, and served plain, on rice pillow, or wrapped with rice in seaweed. We then went to his home where his wife had prepared all sorts of vegetables and some fat-free chicken chunks along with some Japanese sweet balls and of course ocha. Then a dish of fruit including kaki, apple, and a green oval shaped fruit that was very tasty. There was too much to eat and when I finally gave up she brought on a big bowl of mikan, which I couldn't do very much to. So she put several kaki, mikan, and the green ovals in a bag for me to take back to the hotel.

Kitasan's wife is very skilled and artistic, showed 8 or 10 4 to 6 inch high (warrior, Emperor, geisha, etc.) Japanese dolls she had made. She wanted me to take one of them to Peg, but I explained that my baggage didn't have that much room available and with the cane I couldn't handle any more packages. So she selected a small table cover with a nice flower design that she had made and a small tooled leather coin purse made by her daughter-in-law. These I could handle. I gave her the towel with scenes of Boston. About 9:00 she drove us in their car to the station, down "streets" about 8 ft wide in places, slightly wider spots to use to pass an oncoming car, or bus! The train ride back to the hotel was uneventful, I was feeling more and more confident.

2. info?
3. how?

Now to face the problem of peeling the kaki- it requires a fairly large sharp knife which I did not have. Good excuse for another walk, across town to a depato (department store). I went to Takashimaya about 2 miles away and after failing to find an appropriate knife in the sporting area that I found, I asked at an information desk, almost no English spoken, but an English language listing of the areas on each floor steered me to the tableware display where I bought the cheapest, but high quality sharp stainless steel table knife. It worked well. I did find in the sporting dept an inexpensive stainless steel chain to replace my broken-up key chain. I got back to the hotel in time to get a quick bite to eat from the supply I had in the room.

About 1:00 Rinichi arrived and we sat and talked in the room until about 4:00 and then went out to his home where his wife and daughter had prepared a very elaborate meal that unfortunately had beef in the first dishes, but then some good chicken chunks and a large variety of sushi. In the discussion I told about my walk out to the AKasaka Palace grounds and it turned out that at the very time I was going around it Rinichi and his wife were inside on a special pass that had been given to them. Rinichi produced a Rubic cube and a pad of paper. He had not tried the cube until he had visualized and drawn all the possible moves and sequence of moves. He had filled maybe fifty pages of the pad. After that he can perform 'magic', can present single odd colors on

all sides, two, a pattern etc etc. He claims that the longest time he has taken to return the cube to the base condition from any condition that someone else has arranged has been 3 minutes. Rinichi claims he is the laziest man around! Then he brought out another pad. In this one he had written many poems - somewhat unusual poems in that the sound was identical whether read from the beginning to the end or the reverse. Rinichi is a lazy man? And, if that wasn't enough he brought out another pad. In this one he had been writing the Buddah bible (he explained he is not a Buddah) with all the Kanji being the same size on a page and each page being one of the sections of the bible. He rejected my suggestion that a word processor would do this job, he prefers to take the challenge of working it out himself. This is a lazy man? After giving me a large box of YoKan Rinichi escorted me by bus to the railroad station where he planned to go part way with me because there had to be a transfer from the railroad to the subway at Nakano at this time of night. He suddenly realized that he had left his money home and wouldn't have money to come back. I assured him that I should be able to make it by myself, and he described accurately the entire trip, so I made it easily.

11/23

While I was at the Miyauchis Kitanasan called to say that Ishii had made some plans for tomorrow, Friday, that required that I be at Mitaka at 8:00, which means I should be getting on the subway about 7:00, just enough time to grab breakfast and run. The mountain, Takao, is mostly climbed by cable car, so the long subway stairs down, up, down etc will be the major exercise. (Little did I know).

When I went to the subway I watched the changing sign that tells destinations of the next two trains and I noted that even after the first train left both destinations were still Nakano (in Kanji) so I guessed that none went thru to Mitaka and took the next subway to Nakano and searched out a Mitaka train, getting there just before 8:00. At Mitaka we boarded a train marked for Takao, and there were many others going the same way. A few hundred meters up a sloping street brought us to the cable car station. This car took us up some 250 meters in altitude at what seemed to be about a 45° slope. From here we walked up and up, sometimes by stairs and sometimes sloping path. There were several shrines along the way and I took pictures of most. Some of the trees were labeled to be over 1000 years old. One honored a special group of angels that had human bodies and bird wings, and their noses were generally beaks like birds; named Tengu and Karastengu (Karas is crow).

I had my tape recorder with me, under my arm, but with the crutch and glove I couldn't get it going fast enough to get any of the ceremonies at the shrines. Took a picture of Biwa falls at the shrine. We went on up the 150 metres additional height to get to the Fuji lookout (pic) (if Fuji is showing its head, which it wasn't). We ate some noodles at an open air restaurant (pic), went back to see if Fuji was showing yet, which it wasn't, and started down to the cable car station. We missed a turn and soon found ourselves, sometimes inching, going down a path that was cut into the side of the 60° slope of rock, several hundred feet down at times. Sometimes the path was as little as 18 inches wide and muddy and a continual stream of people coming the other way. We met one girl who had been on a hike led by Ishiisan and a couple that Kitanasan had been the matchmaker for. After about 3 miles and 1200ft loss in altitude we came to the cable car station, the bottom one.

On the train we went to Shinjuku where Kitanasan wanted to show me a festival of rakes (leaf rakes) (Tori no ichi). Many, many stalls where they were being sold, from a couple of inches to several feet tall. These provide good luck if properly prepared. At one sale we saw there were four men, one the new owner, chanting, singing, clapping hands, and generally making it very clear to the gods as well as everyone within a hundred metres, that this was a worthy recipient of future special attention, and instilling in the rake the magic potion to ensure the success of the new owner. On the way back to the station

2

we passed a loud sound, monster screen sales pitch for IBM Pc jr. In the station the stores were all decked out, for "Xmas sale", "Xmas" in English and "sale" in Japanese Kata Kana. This was the first day of the Japanese Thanksgiving 3 day holiday.

11/24 Saturday morning my leg tells me that we had a tough workout yesterday, so maybe take it easy today, particularly since the weather forecast is for rain. (can't complain after yesterday's cloudless sky all day).

11/25 Sunday I went for a walk of about 3 miles out to Iidabashi and on to the Korakuen garden. At one intersection I pressed the pedestrian light button and when the light changed and the green man showed the intersection was filled with the tune Coming Thru The Rye, the next one played something that sounded more Japanese. The park was on hill with an athletic center. Some contrast, runners stretching and running and at the other end a group of elders playing croquet. There was an interesting fountain which I hope I got in a picture. There were a lot of flowers I hope I got also. By dead reckoning I found my way back (I admit I had a map, but all the signs are in Japanese).

At 4:00 Tosi called me from the hotel lobby and I went down to see not only him, but also Chieko, Kazuko, her husband and their two boys. We had several minutes of talking. Kazuko doesn't seem to change with time. They had photos of Osamu and his wife, Keiko. Osamu looks very much older than when I last saw him. The boys were bashful, but as they were leaving they both came up with outstretched hand to shake and say sayanara.

This has been the time of the finals of Sumo wrestling and, by chance I turned on when they announced the winner and handed out the prizes. This year the winner had almost no belly, was small compared with the traditional ones. (I had seen him win once when he just sidestepped the lunging giant and pushed him to help him fall on the floor). There was one after another giant cup given, in each case the giver read from the certificate and then struggled to pass the cup to the wrestler who easily carried it over and handed to his helpers. There must have been a dozen or more, and a keg of saki, etc, etc. Some obviously were from companies. Several bowls and large dishes, a Samari sword, an enormous silver Coke bottle. Finally the TV station cut it off.

11/26 Now I met Kitanan at Kichijoji station and he took me for a soba noodle lunch, then train to Mitaka and walked over to the YEW plant that I had been to so often in the past. Masa Toyama was the host for Shozo who was at their Shinjuku office. For the first hour or so Masa with Tak Yamanaka and an assistant showed me a video tape of YEW, showing the very broad range of involvement of the company, but also showing that 65% of their business is process control. They intend to bring that down to 50%. Masa commented that many people at YEW believe that the company would not have been as successful if it had not been for the teaching of Miidosan. (this was repeated many times that afternoon and evening). I was then taken on a tour of the manufacturing of CENTUM, Model 80 line, Foxboro design pneumatic and electronic D/P cells, Model 40 recorders and controllers, Model 43 controllers, Bell meters, YEW new electronic delta P transmitters (similar to Rosemount, but they claim to have greatly reduced the manufacturing cost)(Kitanan was in charge of this line when it was developed), electron beam welding. At one point we saw one of the men that had been at the YHP Lodge and he pulled out an album of pictures and insisted that I take two of them that showed me. ack

Then went to the Research Dept. where I was showed double beam tuning forks, quartz resonant pressure transmitters, thin flat quartz based galvanometer elements, temperature standard that is apparently better than the Japanese National Lab. one, thin film circuit elements. They are growing their own xtals, and have developed their own x-ray photovoltaic sensor. Kitanan showed with pride a 24 X 24 dot matrix printer being developed in the department he now manages. It produces camera ready copy of Kanji, and it's expensive.

11/26

At 5:00 a car arrived to take us to the Century Hyatt hotel in Shinjuku. What a fancy hotel!!! An elaborate buffet was laid out, many with a lot of cholesterol, but a salad of tuna fish and variety of vegetables, and some fruit salads provided all that I had time to eat. A whole gang of my friends had gathered and more kept streaming in. Taokasan met me with my drink in his hand, "not saki, Kirin lemon" He remembered! I put my cane away and moved around having a wonderful time talking to one after the other of the 20 or more. (I knew that shaking hands and using the cane were mutually exclusive) Sugita wanted to talk a long time about what Shozo and he had gone to talk to Foxboro about on the recent visit. He is convinced that YEW and Foxboro should be close because YEW can never be a significant competitor in the US and by implication neither can Foxboro in Japan. Sugita asked me to encourage Chuck McKay to visit YEW, he was in Japan and didn't visit. Sen Nagayama made quite a point that in no way could YEW hope to set up sufficient application engineering in the US to be successful. Senbon wanted to know how Jim Graham is and wants me to pass on his regards. Shozo came in for most of the time. As soon as he came in I very pointedly congratulated him for his recently receiving the Emperor's citation.

At one time they asked me to say a few words so I took out my little notebook and half read:

WATAKUSHI NO NIHONGO WARUI DESU, GOMEN NASAI
 WATAKUSHI NO YOKOGAWA TOMODACHI, KONBANWA
 SHIBARAKU DESHITA
 ANATA GATA NI AIMASU YOROKUBU DESU
 OMOI DASHIMASHITE SHIGOTO TO TANOSHIMU
 YOKOGAWA SAN GA ENKAI NI
 DOMO ARIGATO GOZAIMASU
 ISHII SAN GA HAIKING NI
 DOMO ARIGATO
 KITA SAN GA KUFU NI
 DOMO ARIGATO
 SAYANARA DE NAI
 SUGU KAETTE KIMASU

I was trying to say "I'm sorry that my Japanese is poor. My Yokogawa friends, good evening. I'm happy to see you again. It reminds me of all the hard work we did together, and all of the enjoyment we had. I want to thank Shozo Yokogawa for this party, and Ishii san for the hiking, and Kita san for the planning. I will not say good by, just 'see you later'.

Shozo handed me a small package of yokan as soon as I finished and someone said, "Shozo's gold banana!". By this time most of them had heard the story about the gold banana on my lapel.

Ishii san was there taking all sorts of pictures, and even Rinichi was taking some. Ishii san gave me an album with pictures from last weekend with the YEW Yama no Otoko group and some from that hike up Yatsugataki. He also gave me two maps, one of Takao and one showing YHP Lodge, Mt Niugasa, and Yatsugataki, with English labels on the key points.

Present were; Shozo, Kitanan, Sugita, Toyama, Nagayama, Ohte, Senbon, Miyauchi, Ishii, Yamanaka, Taoka, Nureki, Katagiri, Tada, Sato, Fujimura, Kunii, Fujita, Harada, Fukuda, and Toda.

Many people asked me to say hello to Bruce Hainsworth and Bill Burtt.

(12)

I packed things and strapped the briefcase with 3 inches of paper and my carry-on bag on to the wheels I had bought in Japan so I did not have to carry any of that weight. My trip back to the US was uneventful, I slept most of the way to Portland, then flew to San Diego via San Francisco (2+ hour circling of San Fran). Visit with brother Hugh, and Marge for two days was very enjoyable, then flew to Boston via Chicago.

MISC TECHNICAL ITEMS, JAPAN 84

Tue after lunch strategy talk with Spencer. After going over all the reasons we could imagine for API to be so tenacious in avoiding changing from the AGA3, we agreed that Tony will propose changing Task Group 3 assignment to develop a proposal to bring the two efforts together. I offered to be active on that Task Group.

Dan Kemp in a private discussion with MB, said he expects in the US it must be one or the other of the standards, not both. He said he expects the final revised 2530 to be with BSR in Jan. I did not volunteer the status of the ASME standard.

Wed. walked back to the hotel with Gustof Grob of Geneva Switzerland. He's a consultant with main interest in mass measurement of fluids stored in tanks. He is quite impressed by the John Curren tank gauging system. He knows YEW density measurement, and of course Solatron. He did not know of Foxboro's pres and diff pres transmitters also using the resonant wire. He pressed me quite hard on the performance of the tank measurement and I defended it.

Whetstone privately told MB that in a couple of months he is leaving the area of flow measurement as far as he can get.

Kinghorn is upset at the long delay in the testing of the 200mm orifices at Foxboro

I gave my copy of RWM comments on the Boulder data to Spencer.

I gave my copy of Norman's paper to Kemp.