

Dear Miki and Sara,

After I had made the first copy of my memoirs I realized that it would be much more meaningful if I included many of the historic photos which might give you a better feel of the memorable events which I was fortunate enough to witness or at least was privy to.

Your grandfather, Masanori Akimoto, was born in Aomori-ken, which is in the very northern part of Honshu, in 1876. His family were land owners. Miki Mary Akimoto, nee Shiratori, was born 1889 in Hirosaki, Aomori-ken, noted for the summer palace of the Imperial family. Her family was of the Samurai class. Their family had pledged fealty to the Sugiyama family. I gather that the samurai families had to be associated with some family of the realm. She must have been a very strong willed person as her family permitted her to attend an Episcopal missionary school where they added Mary to her name. I don't know whether it was at this school or the finishing school that she learned how to cook and the art of flower arranging. She mentioned to Summer how she spent six weeks learning to cut vegetables. When Summer asked her what they did with the mountains of vegetables, she said that they were given to charitable organizations. It was here that she has her mystical experience which led to her conversion to Christianity.

Dad graduated from Keiyo University in Tokyo and was accepted for graduate work at Princeton. An account was established for him at the Sumitomo bank in San Francisco for his allowance. When he landed in San Francisco, he decided that he wanted to see the Indians before going east because he had read fascinating accounts about their lives. When he inquired where he could see the Indians in their natural homelands, he was told that he must go Idaho because the blackfoot Indian reservation was there. When he arrived at Salt Lake City, he was attired in what he thought was proper. Imagine Dad in a bowler hat, suit with vest with a gold watch chain, cravat and spats! Needless to say he caused quite a stir and someone ran to the headquarters of the Mormon Church to say that there was a strange Oriental man, well dressed and inquiring about the Indians. (I have high hopes that the photo will either be in one of Bill's albums or Jon's. His house won't be ready until April so maybe the album will be in one of the many boxes he has in his storage.) The Prophets of the church sent the man to invite Dad to lunch. The only names I remember are Heber J. Grant and Austin, men very high in the hierarchy of the Mormon Church. They told Dad that they had a sugar beet factory just outside the reservation in Blackfoot, Idaho, and that they would arrange to have someone meet him and take a tour of the reservation. When he returned he went to thank them for their kindness. They invited him to lunch and asked him what he thought about America. Dad expressed his admiration for the beautiful land and especially the American way of life. They then convinced him how thrilled his parents would be if he could show them how successful he could be in America by showing them that he had not spent one cent of the money they had sent for

SHIRATORI FAMILY L-R front row: sister, mother, mom, father. 2nd row: middle sister and brother



his allowance and had earned a substantial bank account to boot. They told him that they wanted to hire him to be a spokesman for all the Asian workers they had. They had the strange idea that he would be able to communicate with the Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos etc. because they all spoke broken English and dad being educated and speaking better English than any of them made him highly qualified. In those days letters might take two months for a letter to go from Idaho to Japan, so Dad's parents assumed he was busy at Princeton working on his master's degree.

When Dad returned to Japan the whole family was at the docks complete with banners proclaiming, "Welcome home, Masanori, with Master's degree". They all went to a restaurant to celebrate and when grandfather Akimoto asked Dad to show everyone his sheepskin and he showed them a bankbook instead, it is hard to imagine the shock and shame. To say that they all returned to Aomori with their tails between their legs is putting it mildly. Dad was told that he had bought disgrace and shame to the family and that they would not be able to show their faces in public for a long time.

Shortly after returning, Dad saw Mom and he immediately fell in love with her. Keep in mind that they had never met. When he told grandfather that he intended to marry her he was reminded that the family was in disgrace and that the Shiratoris would never speak to them. This was the age when marriages were all arranged by a go-between. (When I was in Tokyo during the occupation I met one of Dad's college friends and he told me that Dad was quite a party man and they went on regular drinking sprees but that Dad was always able to ace the tests much to his chagrin as he always fell for Dad's urging them to live it up before the tests). Dad devised a plan and had his friends spread the rumor that during the college years he acted as a mediator in the disputes between rival gangster factions. After that rumor was established then his friends spread the rumor that several gangster types had been seen arriving with the intention to kidnap Mom. In those days such a thing would have brought disgrace on both families and Mom would not be considered suitable for any marriage. In great alarm, both families met and decided that marriage was certainly more suitable than disgrace and besides, Dad was going to America to work for the Mormons and that would prevent any further chance for stains on both families' names. After the proper formalities were met, Mom and Dad were married. When Dad was ready to back to America, Mom was not permitted to go with him because she was pregnant with Ruth. The long boat trip was pronounced to be not fit for any one who was pregnant so Dad had to return alone. After Ruth was born, they sailed for America and continued on to Idaho Falls where he worked for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Beet Company as the ombudman for the workers.

Mom was the first Asian woman most people had seen and was quite a novelty. Asian

men came to work in the fields but didn't bring their wives. Mom found that on Sundays many families making a Sunday ride in their horse and buggies would stop and ask for water for their horses (This was still the day of horse and buggy transportation). She quickly realized that this was just an excuse to view her so she decided to make it easier on everyone concerned. She decided to dress in a kimono, take out her samisen, sit on the porch and play so they wouldn't have to stop and use the excuse of a thirsty horse.

The rest of us were born in Idaho Falls: Ned, Martha, Margaret, Victor, me, Johnny, Jane. The discrepancy in my birth dates is due to the heavy snowstorm which hit Idaho Falls and the several deliveries Dr. Mellor had to make in three days. He was so tired that he put down Jan 31 for me instead of Jan 30. I wasn't aware of this until I had to get my birth certificate for the army induction.

Dad rented a farm a few miles outside Idaho Falls and hired Andrew, an African American, to run it. We would spend all summer and most holidays there in a two story wooden house with an attached ice house and the two-holer outhouse. In the winter the men would go to the river and cut blocks of ice and haul them to the ice house where sacks of sawdust were waiting to be used for insulation. Our neighbors grew wheat and I remember threshing time when huge steam engines would huff and puff and turn the wheels of the threshers. We would go out and watch this exciting activity and the invitation to partake of the food leftover when the men went back to work. Radios, and TV would not appear for decades, so this was real entertainment. One year Andrew grew wheat, so when threshing time came, neighbors came to help with the threshing. I can still remember the feasts every afternoon as the women would come in with mountains of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, veggies, four kinds of pies, lemonade by the gallons. It seemed to be an unwritten rule that no beer or alcoholic beverages were allowed as I don't remember seeing any signs of them.

Your grandmother was quite a storyteller. She would tell us folk tales and ghost stories. She had the knack of making sounds as she told them that made the actions come to life in your imagination. Johnny and I used to dread going to bed for fear that a ghost or demon from Mom's stories would await us in the bedroom. A favorite concerned a "Tanuki" who could turn himself into a human being but could not rid himself of his tail. In most stories he would manage to fool everyone as he changed himself into a seductive woman and just at the last moment the man would see a tail on the lovely woman he was just about to give the family fortune to and all was saved.

Ned received a Pump BB gun for his birthday and he and Victor shot at tin cans. I was considered too young to be trusted with a BB gun so powerful. (It is interesting that Lewis



Dad in Japan, 1906



Mom in Japan 1906



Dad with assistants 1912 Idaho Falls



MR AND MRS JACKSON 1926

of the Lewis and Clark expedition had a pump gun made and he used it from time to time to impress the Indians) Tiring of this, Ned spotted a weasel robbing birds' nests up in the trees. He pumped up the gun as far as it would go and announced as he pointed the gun "I'm going to get him!" and to our astonishment and Ned's, the weasel came tumbling to the ground and died. As we surrounded the weasel Ruth announced that we should hang up the weasel on the clothes line and in a few days we would have a nice fur piece. Needless to say, to our disgust, in a few days it was covered with maggots and we couldn't figure out what went wrong. Ned was fishing from a makeshift platform we had built on the river at the edge of the property when I missed my footing and fell in. I can still remember going down, seeing the bubbles and when I arose Ned grabbed me by the hair and pulled me out. I am still puzzled by the fact that I felt no fear. Probably too young and too dumb.

One day the flue on the kitchen stove caught fire and we all yelled to Andrew "Fire! Fire" . He was tilling the far end of the field and when he heard us and saw the smoke he didn't bother to unhitch the horses and made a bee line for the house. I can still remember the straight diagonal line he made across all the horizontals. I thought it was beautiful and was so fascinated by the sight that the fire was put out by the time I turned around.

We had many fruit trees at the farm and my favorite was the cherry tree because it had a crook in which I could sit and read my book. Being so still the birds would come within arm's reach, peck at a cherry or two completely ignoring me. I always felt privileged to be able to see them up close. We also had two currant bushes beside the porch. Margaret and Martha took great pride in making currant ade and if we were nice to them they would give us some.

One day a dog "adopted" us. Ruth, being the senior of the siblings, pronounced that the dog's name would be "Caesar". She must have been studying the Roman empire at the time. After a few months, to our astonishment, "Caesar" gave birth to three puppies! After a few moments of thought, Ruth announced that from that moment on the dog's name would be "Caesarina". As you can tell from this, sex education was decades away and just saying "sex" could brand you as a lewd person.

On Sundays we would have chicken and we looked forward to it and yet dreaded it . We knew that Andrew would select a couple of chickens, hold one by the legs with one hand, pick up the hatchet with the other hand and chop off its head and let it go. The headless chicken would fly up and sometimes land and even walk a few steps before collapsing. The girls would go into the house but we were drawn irresistibly to watch the drama which was erased from our minds the moment the fried chicken was served.

NED'S REMEMBRANCES

We were living in Lincoln, Idaho when I was born. Mom met Mrs. Jackson there and they became good friends. We then moved to Idaho Falls to a house on 13th street where most of the rest of the family were born. Then we moved to a house on Canal Avenue which was located near the Snake River. We then moved to a 122 acre farm located one mile east of the town. When I was walking home from school a farmer gave me the dog which Ruth named Caesar. We lived there for about 3 years. We moved from the farm to a house right across the street from the Eastside Grammar School which was located on a small hill. Dad was working for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. Mom started to sell sewing machines but switched to life insurance. Mom went to Los Angeles to check out our move there and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson took care of us while she was gone for a couple of months. The doctor said that he thought a warmer climate might help Victor's hair to grow back so we made the move to Los Angeles. Ruth graduated from high school in three years with straight "A"s and enrolled at USC

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There was a cistern under the kitchen and when the water ran low, water was diverted from the creek and passed through gravel, sand and finally charcoal before entering the cistern. One day Johnny's puppy Ojiisan (old man) wandered under the house and fell into the well. By the time Andrew could be called to open the trapdoor and climb down it was too late. After the mourning and proper burial (I wonder if there is a farm that doesn't have a pet buried on it) Andrew announced that he was cleaning out the well and putting a mesh screen around it. It wasn't until we were back in town that Margaret in a conspiratorial whisper told me, "You know what Andrew found in the well? He found mice, rats all kinds bugs and maybe even a snake!" You can be sure that whenever we went to the farm we checked to see that the mesh was firmly in place.

I can still see the wood burning stove in the kitchen with the wells on the side for hot water. The pokers to lift the lids from the stove, the upper chambers to keep rolls warm. The living room had a pot bellied stove and you warmed yourself in the winter and then ran upstairs to slide between the sheets before your pajamas cooled down.

The house in town was made of stone so we didn't worry too much about fire. Margaret and Martha were always having girl parties and I always felt miffed because I was not allowed in the kitchen when these events happened. On one of these party days I decided to fool them. I hid under the table, concealed by an overhanging tablecloth. when I sneaked a peek I saw Margaret come in with what looked like nice, ripe Bing cherries. When she went back to the kitchen I quickly sneaked a couple and began to eat them. I erupted from my "den" screaming, "You poisoned me on purpose!" Both Margaret and Martha doubled up in laughter. This was the first time I had ever experienced eating black olives!

Lon Chaney was playing in "Phantom of the Opera" and Margaret wanted to see it but she was baby-sitting me. She was told that it was so scary that I was not to be exposed to it. She decided to go and fake me and she kept to the admonition about me by shoving my head down every time he appeared. All I saw were innocuous scenes and the back of the seat in front and Margaret got a lot of exercise.

On the Fourth of July, everyone in Idaho Falls would gather at Luna Park and there would be sack races, egg races, piggyback wrestling, ice cream stands, souvenir sellers, etc. I don't know whether you remember the fourth of July we spent at Jacob's Lake on our way to Yellowstone?. It was a typical small town celebration with the biplane flying loop-the-loops, eating fried chicken and watermelon only they had a wonderful display of fireworks, far beyond our small town experiences. Turns out that in Jacobs Lake, the town has cans at all the stores and people contribute money all year long for the fireworks plus raffles, etc. to

raise funds. Remember the fireworks reflected in the lake?

Mom developed some ailment that Dr. Mellor decided needed complete bed rest for a few months. As a result we came under the strict regimen of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. They were from Britain, in their late fifties and spoke with a definite cockney accent. He had been a sgt in his Majesty's army and proud of his service. She was determined that we would be brought up as proper ladies and gentlemen. It didn't take long for her to be in charge. We had to be ready 30 minutes before dinner for "inspection" which consisted of having us line up for hand inspection and for some strange reason, ear inspection! I blame my big ears on this as she would take me by the ears and march me to the bathroom and she would vigorously clean them! When Dad came home we had to be seated and we were served in order. Dad first and as soon as he was through she would start taking the dishes from the table. We younger ones learned how to eat fast. I can still hear her saying, "'ere, 'ere, you call those 'ands clean, off with you and don't come back until they're clean!" She was a wonderful cook and baker.

Many years later they visited us in LA and we begged her to bake her wonderful lemon meringue pie. Unfortunately she mistook the salt container for sugar. As we started to take a bite we remembered her admonition that we were not to take a bite until Dad or Mom started. Mom took a bite of hers and when she realized what had happened, gave us that stare that meant "do not say anything or show any negative expression or else...." She had a stare that could halt you in your tracks. As Mrs. Jackson beamed we ate our piece praising it as Mom eyeballed us. This was one time I was glad we had so many children as each piece was small.

One day at the farm I saw Mom take what appeared to be a piece of wood and she was shaving it on what appeared to be a box plane, upside down. She would take the small drawer from under the plane and put the shavings into a pot. I was horrified! I went to Martha and said "Are we so poor that we are going to have wood soup?" Martha was mystified and asked me where did I get such an idea. When I told her what I had seen she doubled over in laughter and when she could get her breath, went running to Margaret and Ned to tell them what I had said. They were highly amused but when they saw I was getting angry, explained that what appeared to be a block of wood was actually dried tuna filet. I did not believe them until they brought me the box and the tuna. The tuna was hard as a piece of wood and striated like wood. They finally took some of the shavings and told me to taste them. I refused until they put some in their mouths and chewed for a few minutes.

I remember the time we went through Idaho Falls 30 years after we left and I finally located



Victor, Ted, Ned with Jane, Johnny



Johnny



Ted



Ted in cherry tree

the elementary school I attended. My memory of the school was that it was located on top of a hill and in the winter I would take my sled, coast down all the way to the corner. The huge, high hill that I remembered turned out to be only 6 feet high! I remembered looking forward to fire drill as my class was on the second floor and there was a metal tube roughly 4 feet in diameter that you slid down from the second floor to the ground. It was no longer there but since we lived across the street from the school I recall how my friends and I would straddle walk up to the top and slide down yelling to hear our voices reverberate. The neighbors probably hated it because before we moved to California they put a round wood cover on the bottom with a lock!

It's strange what odd things remain in your memory. Since the workers did not have wives or children with them they were very kind to us and would treat us to goodies when we were in town. I clearly remember one man who would buy me an ice cream cone whenever I was in town. He would carry me and I would be fascinated by the very long nose hairs he had!

My older brother Victor was about six when he was so frightened by pranksters who appeared at his bedroom window that he lost all his hair in the space of a few weeks. The doctors couldn't seem to come to a solution. Finally one suggested that we move to a warmer climate so we moved to Los Angeles where Dad became a general agent for the Beneficial Life Insurance company in 1928. We lived in a large house that could handle eight children in a neighborhood which was quite diverse. Two black families, some Japanese and Korean families, Hispanics, Irish, etc. My first day in school in (2nd grade) I reported to the principals office with fear and trembling. After all I was now in a big city, in a big school. The first thing she did was point her finger at me and announce, "Your name isn't Teddy..... it's Theodore!" I was thunderstruck and stood there petrified. She then said, "Now go to room 105" I still stood there so she said again, "I said you can go to room 105 now". When I still stood there she said, "Are you deaf?" With trembling lips I replied, "How do you spell Theodore?" So I spent the first morning learning how to spell "Theodore", over and over again.

I also remember during the second grade that during recess there was this fat, larger boy who was the "bully" of the yard. Since I was a newcomer, he delighted in tormenting me. Finally after a week he made the mistake of pushing and shoving me and calling me "chicken". Then when he struck me I flailed out in desperation and hit him square on the nose and he began to bleed! At that age whenever any blood showed it amounted to a serious injury so the bully cried and ran home. I relished all the attention and adoration and became a "bully" for a week until another lad punched me in the nose and I ran home for an evaluation of the serious injury I had. After all, I was bleeding and might die if it didn't stop.

The neighborhood took care of any problems through the Mothers' Grapevine. The most feared sound was some mother saying to you, "Just wait 'til you get home 'cause your mother is gonna know what you just did!" Clarence was the neighborhood pest because he was a whiner. His favorite whine was "If you don't let me play, I'm gonna tell my Momma and she'll tell on you." We would let him, play but we would always include Kick the Can after we played a few games. When Clarence was eventually IT, we would all go to another neighborhood and continue our play. Clarence wasn't too smart as he didn't catch on until two months had gone by.

In those days every neighborhood had at least one vacant lot which became your football field, baseball field and pole-vaulting pit as the seasons rotated. Occasionally, a revival tent would spring up. The first time a tent appeared on our neighborhood vacant lot we thought it was a circus tent. That night my friend and I slipped under the tent, under the bleachers and we could hear shouting and clapping and as we worked our way, under the stands, closer to the front, to our horror we suddenly saw a woman with eyes wide open, seeing nothing and shouting words which we couldn't understand, rolling on the ground towards us! Needless to say we were terrified and fled the scene for our respective homes. This was our first and last experience with the Holy Rollers.

When I was about ten, the Travers family moved into the neighborhood. The two sons fit into our age groups but they had a disconcerting habit. They were always chewing on garlic! Needless to say they were promptly nicknamed "Stinky" and "Stinker" but fit into our group playing baseball, football or pole-vaulting in one of the many vacant lots in the neighborhood. I was in the tail end of the group as I was among the younger boys. I remember how thrilled I was when they let me play right field. I was hoping no one would hit a ball to me but as luck would have it a high fly ball came into my territory. As I maneuvered to get under it, I miscalculated and the ball hit me in the right eye. I remember seeing bright flashes of light as I fell to the ground. As I tried to open the other eye I heard "Do you think he's dead?" and I became aware of the concerned faces peering down at me. Enjoying all the attention, I closed my eye and let out a groan worthy of an Oscar. Once they knew I was not dead they promptly dispersed to continue the game with nary another thought about my condition. As I sat up I yelled, "I could have been dead!" but they had already picked a substitute and were busy playing the game. I had a shiner that lasted for a week and took quite a ribbing at school

An African American family moved into the neighborhood and we were in awe of the boy of about 13 as he told tales about how back in Chicago he had seen a murder! He had seen Al Capone and his Dad knew some of the henchmen. This was the era of prohibition

and Chicago was the hotbed of all the lurid news concerning bootlegging, etc. When his stories began to pall he came up with another gimmick. He showed us a box of 22 rim fire ammo and we were impressed. When one of us asked, "What good is the ammo without a gun?" He looked at us scornfully and said "You don't know anything. Watch this". He then took one of the shells and threw it forcefully on the pavement and it went off! He then handed each of us one and said "Try it". We ineptly threw them down on the pavement, nothing happened. He laughed at us and said that he thought we weren't very smart if we couldn't make a little 22 shell go off! He then threw one down directly under him and it went off and hit him on top of his head! We watched in horror as the blood streamed down his face and he fled home screaming "Momma I been killed!" We also fled home with the certainty that the police would be here momentarily to arrest us for our one foray into real criminal activity. When he first arrived in the neighborhood and we were in awe of him, he told us to follow him and learn something. We watched him pocket a candy bar and we followed suit and with hearts pounding left the store with him. None of us could enjoy eating our candy bars and all agreed we would never do this again as each of our families had ways of dealing with misbehavior but the punishment for stealing was too horrible to be imagined. Fortunately the bullet struck him a glancing blow and only required bandaging but we were forbidden to play with him and they moved away two weeks later.

Victor was very ingenious, showing us how to make multiple fire rubber band guns, how to make scooters with discarded lumber, clothespin match guns, etc. You could always find one discarded roller skate as they didn't wear out evenly. Victor decided that scooters were too babyish so he built a shallow box, slightly large than his shoe, took out the rubber pieces under the skates which kept them from twisting, removed the clamps and nailed the skate to the bottom of the box and nailed a piece across the toe of the box. Soon the whole neighborhood was full of this precursor to the skateboard. Victor was the leader of everything which was a disadvantage to me as he made it plain to the others that he wasn't going to show any favoritism to his brother.

Many of the houses in the neighborhood had fruit trees in their yards and we particularly loved loquats. It is only as an adult I realize something. The owner of the loquat tree never came out to chase us until we had our pockets full of his luscious, sweet, juicy fruit.

We weren't too far from USC so we would go and watch the football team practice. In those days you had only a head coach and two assistants and practice was open. We would be thrilled if a player would notice us and tousle our hair and maybe say, "Well, kid, maybe one of these days we'll be watching you practice." To this day I can still remember the names of Garrett Arbelbide, Jon Hall, Johnny Baker. When USC played away we would turn up the radio as we played in the yard and imagined ourselves playing. When

USC finally beat Notre Dame in the last minute on a Johnny Baker field goal at South Bend we went whooping around the neighborhood to spread the news for not everyone had a radio. When it was a home game we would go to the coliseum and sell newspapers as the programs cost 25 cents and the newspapers cost only a nickel and featured the line up and roster of all the players on the front page. Most customers would give us a dime because they didn't want their dates to think they were pikers. After the papers were sold, we would mingle with the crowd and get in as the ticket takers didn't notice a small person among all the others pushing in.

Later in junior high I had a terrible time as I could count on hearing the litany of "So you're the brother of Ned, ...Martha,.... Margaret,.... Victor. Well I'll expect you to get the same grades they did. Of course the teachers never said the names quickly but would pause dramatically after each name so by the time they reached Margaret the titters would be very pronounced. Victor compensated for his baldness by becoming quite an all around athlete. His hair never did grow back so he wore a cap all the time. He went to Jacob Riis HS an all boys public school, basically a vocational-ed school. He was their star pitcher, quarterback and placed third in the all-city track finals. I was always a disappointment to the PE teachers as they expected me, Vic's brother to excel in sports. I also learned to type quite well because the typing teacher told me that if I would drop typing she would give me a "C". That made me so mad that I practiced on my own until I was proficient. Ruth married just before I graduated from Jr High and I was so determined to not go to the same high school as the others that I used Ruth and Hideo's address so I could go to Poly High which was in another district than our home. At last I was on my own! No longer would I have to endure the litany of my older siblings' accomplishments!

During the depression Mom went out to sell life insurance to the farmers and she believed in the benefits so firmly that she was very successful. Ruth would drive her and many times would stay overnight as they would often travel quite a distance. They would always be invited to stay in the farmer's home. After Ruth married and Ned and Victor got jobs in the fruit markets it was my turn to drive Mom. I saw quite a bit of California. The insurance company suddenly went belly-up. One policy holder died just as the company folded and Dad insisted that as a point of honor the widow receive the amount of the policy from him. It took several years but it was accomplished. Johnny and I shared the bedroom near the kitchen so when Mom and Dad would talk after we were all in bed we could hear them. I never realized what dire circumstances we were in until I heard Mom berate Dad for giving half of the 100 lb. sack of rice to a widow. She asked him if he realized that he was taking food from his own children. I recall to this day his forceful voice telling her "Don't you realize that you at least have me to help, so I don't want to hear any more about it!" For the first time I began to understand what "The Depression" meant and I resolved to find an after

36TH ST, LOS ANGELES, 1933



L:TO R: MARGARET, TED, JOHNNY, VICTOR, DAD, NED, JANE, MOM, MARTHA

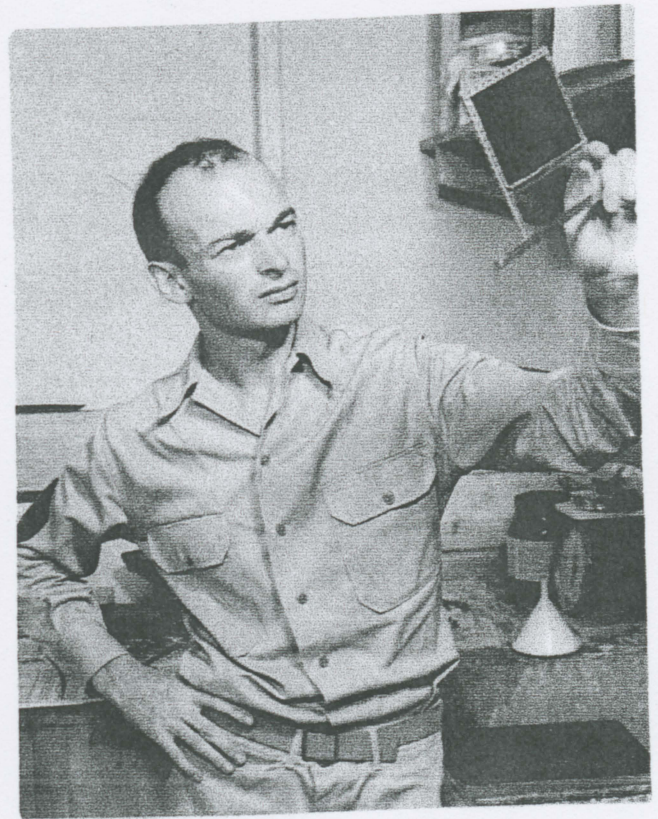
school job. I delivered a Japanese language newspaper and my route extended from 36th street to Manchester (96th street). I only had fifty customers and the paper was only 16 pages so there wasn't much weight to carry. I learned how to fold the paper so I could sail them accurately to the porches. I also learned how to peddle very fast, put my feet on the handle bars when I passed the house with a nasty chow with a purple tongue as he always seemed to want a piece of my leg. I also looked forward to the Owl Drug store special of "Half a cantaloupe with a scoop of ice cream for 5 cents" as I felt I deserved a treat to break up the "hard" delivery job.

Dad rarely showed anger so when he did, you listened carefully. I remember the time when he heard me complaining to Johnny that Roscoe had promised to pay me back the quarter I had loaned him and he was a week late. Dad turned angrily towards us and said, "I NEVER want to hear you complaining or arguing about food or money! That is vulgar! You never loan money to a friend, you GIVE it to him. This way he won't feel guilty that he can't pay you back and you won't feel resentful because he hasn't paid you. But, you must convince him that you are GIVING it to him. If he is the friend you think he is, he will give it back to you when he can." When Dad died I was able to understand the envelopes which came in with the notes saying "I would like to give back what Masanori gave me".

One thing I came to realize as I grew up was the tremendous responsibility people from the same "ken" (county?) had to each other. I guess that immigrant groups from all countries go out of their way to help those who came from the same village so it is not something that is unusual but to me it was an awakening of "face" in the Japanese ethics.

As far as I can remember, Mom had the gift of ESP. I can remember time after time when Mom would say at breakfast, "I had a dream last night" and she would describe an event, sometimes inconsequential, but sometimes concerning an accident or sickness. The most amazing event was when in the 1930's when she told us the day after Victor's birthday, "my mother came to me last night". That day we received a telegram stating that grandmother was very ill and had been in a coma for a week. We hurriedly got a ticket on the next sailing for Japan. When Mom arrived in Hirosaki her sister told her that grandmother had been in a coma for over a week and then awakened to tell them that she was so tired as she had walked all the way to America to visit Miki. She then described the birthday party we had for Victor and all the children and said how pleased she was to see how happy everyone seemed, then passed away! I guess Mom inherited her ESP.

When Hideo was courting Ruth he would always bring down abalones as a gift. The Kodanis had an abalone canning plant at Point Lobos. (The state took it over as a park and gave them equivalent acreage on the other side of the road.) Mom and Dad loved



ALAN CISSNA 1944

abalone; however, we dreaded seeing Hideo arrive as our job was to take the abalones out of the shell and pound them with a wood mallet until they were tender. We always grumbled about what a "cheapskate" he was for not bringing things like chocolates which he would have to buy instead of abalones from their factory. Wish we had someone bringing us abalones today!

When I was in high school I took a course in photography and fell in love with it. Alan Cissna was in the class and we hit it off from the first day as he also thought photography was fascinating. His parents lived in San Francisco but their work kept them traveling most of the time so their friends who lived in Los Angeles became his guardians. I invited Alan to have supper with us. With eight children in our family you never knew who would be eating at a friend's or who might be eating with us. It was always a time of fun and laughter as conversations and kidding were the themes of the dinner. He enjoyed the dinners so much that one day he noticed that there was an alcove at the top of the stairs large enough for a cot so he brought in his few belongings and moved in. After several days Mom asked me, "Is Alan living with us?" When I replied, "I think so", she said, "Tell him that if he is going to live with us he has to put his dirty socks in the laundry hamper, not on the floor!"

I had skipped a year in Junior High: Mom and Dad thought it was a good idea for me to go to summer school as I was too young to work. Ned and Victor had summer jobs. Actually, my friends and I spent many days at Exposition Park at the Natural History Museum. To our disgust, when we reported to school in the fall they placed us in the next grade. This happened twice so I was always the "cute little boy" to the girls and I resented the fact that they thought of me that way. When I finally won a letter in football in my senior year I could hardly wait to buy a letterman's sweater with the embroidered "P" on the front. Of course, the girls still considered me a little boy. I also had wavy hair (wish I had some now) which would stick up at the ends and embarrass me. After all, haircuts cost 25 cents!

After graduation, Alan and I worked as a team and made photo stories on weekends, which were featured in the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper. This was a four page, sepia colored insert with higher quality printing as it was the story, basically all photos with captions. I was working full time at the fruit and vegetable section of a supermarket, ten hours a day, five days a week, \$75 a month. I was thrilled when they raised me to \$78 a month. This was when I bought my first car. It was 17 yrs. old, I believe it was a Dodge with wooden spoke wheels; the water cap also had a thermometer in it so you could tell when it was boiling; the windshield wipers were operated by hand and you always kept the window down on the driver's side so you could signal. It also had a rumble seat. I saved up the \$54 the owner wanted. With a car we now could travel afield on or days off and take more interesting photo stories. We had sold enough stories to the papers that



POLY HS, L.A., 1938



FREMONT HS, L.A.

we were hired as regular photographers. Being the new kids on the block we got the "dog" assignments. Auto accidents, fires, prominent drunks being arrested, etc... We finally proved our skills so they gave us a chance at the Hollywood scene. We thought it would be glamorous but a couple of assignments with agents for aspiring stars was enough so we quit to work in a commercial studio. What caused us to quit? The agent picks us up at 9 am and we drive to the aspiring starlet's apartment. She greets us at the door in her fancy frou-frou robe. We go to her bedroom. she gets into bed, hair nicely coifed, the alarm is set at 6 and you take a photo of her yawning daintily as she appears to be turning off the alarm. Next, the starlet goes to the kitchen and we take a photo of her apparently frying eggs and of course she is still in her fancy bathrobe. This was in the days when you didn't take photos of starlets in the shower. Well you get the idea. So phony it is sickening.

We learned quite a bit working for the commercial studio. Keep in mind in those days you didn't have strobe flashes, fine grain film, auto focus cameras, Polaroids, etc. An ad for ice cream for example. The hot studio lights would melt the ice cream before you could shoot one shot so you use mashed potatoes. Need a photo with no shadows? Put the camera on a tripod, use a lens with f/128, slow film and "paint" the scene by moving the light around for a few minutes. We decided that we would always be the "gofers" until someone retired so when they advertised for Photo Assistants for the photo classes at Fremont High School, we applied and were accepted. We were working there when Pearl Harbor was bombed. I was very apprehensive when I had to take photos of the special assembly but the forty or so photo students scattered in the stands made sure that no one acted unseemly towards me.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, Ned had just completed his AA in aeronautical engineering. All his fellow students were snatched up by the aircraft companies to either work immediately or complete their studies at their expense. Of course Ned never had a chance to continue his schooling or get a job. Victor enlisted the day after the bombing and was immediately inducted. After basic training he was sent to Ft. Warren, Wyoming, and since distrust of anyone with Japanese descent was mounting, he ended up doing yard work as his regular assignment. Ruth, Hideo and Jon moved to Denver as it was becoming apparent that California was not a very welcoming area.

Agitation mounted in California and soon internment of anyone with any Japanese blood was ordered. We couldn't believe it. After all we were American citizens and what about all those with German or Italian blood? We were given 30 days to get rid of all large items. Cars, stoves, refrigerators, radios, etc. We were told that the government would store the trunks in which we could place smaller items. We could only take with us what we

SUGAR BEET FARM 1942
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO
REMODELED CHICKEN COOP



MOM AND DAD, SALT LAKE CITY, 1943



LOS ANGELES JAN 1, 1942 VICTOR LEAVES FOR BASIC TRAINING
L TO R: MARTHA, MOM, JOHNNY, VICTOR, NED, DAD, HIDEO, RUTH
JON IN FRONT

could carry and that included clothing and bedding. (At the end of the war all of our trunks were empty! All the traditional family heirlooms were lost) We gave away most of the large items as we would rather give them away than get the pittance that was offered. We were forbidden to own cameras, short wave radios, swords, etc..

When the awful day arrived, trucks arrived in the neighborhood with machine gun mounted jeeps behind each convoy. We were escorted to the Santa Anita Race Track and we were very fortunate to be in the second wave since the first wave had to clean out the stables and live in them until the barracks were hastily built. Each family was given a space of about 12ftx20ft and with our large family it made for very tight quarters, so sheets were used to block off some space for privacy.. You ate in the mess hall in shifts and there was a communal toilet and shower for each block of barracks. The first wave of people got most of the jobs in administration, maintenance and deserved it since they had to clean out the stables. Some worked in the grandstands making camouflage nets. The rest had nothing to do and with no radios and no library it was VERY boring. Before gas rationing began, hundreds of curious people would drive around the grounds to gawk. We were surrounded by high fences topped with barbed wire and about every 50 yards there was a guard tower with a machine gun mounted facing in. To give the curious something to see, about 20 or 30 of us would form a line at the periphery, put one hand on the shoulder of the person in front and move our legs in slow locksteps to make it look like we had chains on our legs. We would try to look weary and weak. The guard would come out and yell at us and motion with his hand to get away. We would act as if he was throwing rocks at us and cower and moan. Hard to lose the American sense of humor.

With so many men drafted or volunteering, America was faced with a serious shortage of laborers, especially in agriculture. They decided that if you would volunteer to work in the sugar beet fields for a year, they would release you with the provision that you could not migrate to either coast. Dad decided that anything was better than stagnating in the camps so our family volunteered. We were sent to Idaho to work in the sugar beet fields. Four young men were in our group. They had all worked on farms so were experienced. Our habitation consisted of a chicken coop which had been sort of remodeled and was habitable after we scrubbed and cleaned it thoroughly. We thinned, weeded and harvested the sugar beets. We city slickers learned what it is to get blisters, aching backs and all the travails of stoop labor and I have a great deal of empathy for the migrant workers of today. In between times we chopped willows, cleared land, made kindling, etc. When the year was up, Ned moved to Chicago and got a job making parts for torpedoes! Ironic considering how we were not to be trusted. Martha went east to marry Pete and Mom flipped. When Martha told Mom she was going to marry Pete she evidently chased Martha around the kitchen with a knife! She felt that we should only marry a Japanese! I

think she still had the mentality of "What will her friends think". She always stressed "Never shame the family name". Today I think a lot of it was false pride.

The National Guard from Hawaii had been shipped to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin and the War Dept. seemed to be at a loss what to do with them. The war was raging and here was a combat ready group simply doing training exercises just to keep busy. With so many soldiers being killed, the War Department finally decided to form an all Japanese-American unit and the 100th Infantry Battalion (the Hawaiian National Guard) was sent to Camp Shelby, Mississippi to be the nucleus. Victor had jumped at the chance to be part of the 442nd so he was given the rank of sergeant and transferred to be part of the cadre of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, as it was to be known. Johnny and I volunteered and he was inducted before I was. Mom and Dad moved to Salt Lake City, but with the three of us in the army, and a private's pay of \$21 a month, we could not send them very much, and they had to move to the internment camp at Amache, Colorado to survive.

Memories of the transition from civilian to soldier: Interminable waits between filling out forms, physical exams which today we would consider jokes (I was told I had Pes Planus 3rd degree and when I asked him what that meant he told me "Flat Feet" so when I asked him why he stamped my enlistment papers with "Infantry" he said, "Son, they'll build up your feet". Then I noticed that they were routinely stamping all of our enlistment papers with the same stamp. We had suffered tremendous casualties during the early phases of the war, so unless you had particular talents it was the infantry for you. Told I had 138 on my mechanical aptitude and IQ tests so I deluded myself into thinking I would get into some exotic field like Intelligence or even a job as a photographer. "Hurry up and Wait" was the theme for everything. Encountering strange American accents (good prelude to hearing pidgin English in Shelby), sleeping in huge barracks with double bunks two feet apart, etc. Ask any veteran of WWII about the movie on VD and watch their reaction. Everyone was marched into the theater. (Keep in mind that this was in the era where the Hays Office made sure that you didn't show a man and woman together in bed, and sex education was limited to the birds and the bees and even that was segregated into boys' and girls' classes.) The movie starts off with close-ups of penis after penis in such a state of degradation due to syphilis or gonorrhea that you can hardly believe your eyes. A voice drones on in somber tones, "This could be you if you are careless!" Then a breather as illustrations showing what and how the bug can get you. The another bunch of close-ups. (A couple of recruits make for the exit to throw up). Then the movie shows a beautiful girl in church and a GI eyeing her from a nearby pew. Introducing himself outside the church trying to make a date. She responds that he must meet her parents first. Meeting the parents...scenes showing them bowling, skating, at the movies, etc. Train station as she sees him off to camp. Next scene, our hero wearing only shorts in line with the other GIs for

"short arm inspection". (This was a monthly inspection where every GI had to appear before the doctor, one at a time, drop their shorts and milk their penis and if a discharge appeared....disciplinary action). Closeup, doctor "Son you've got a bad case of VD." GI, "You must be mistaken sir, she's such a nice girl" Booming voice, as close-ups of disgusting penises continue, "You never can tell who has VD by their looks!" As one GI said as we left the theater, "Man that's enough to turn you off for life!.....well maybe for a month".

When I got off the train in Hattiesburg, Mississippi to get to camp, I had to urinate, so when I located the facilities I was puzzled as to whether to use the "white" or "colored" toilet. As I stood there another GI must have seen my predicament, so he said, "Down here you're either black or white and you don't look black to me."

Johnny and Victor preceded me to camp, thank goodness. The nucleus of the outfit consisted mainly of Hawaiians of Japanese descent. Most were laborers who loved to drink, gamble and brawl. They resented the mainlanders because most of the non-coms were "kotonks". They were mostly mainlanders who had volunteered right after Pearl Harbor so with this seniority were given their ranks. The Kamainas (Hawaiians) claimed that the mainlanders were called "kotonks" because they didn't have sense enough not to nap under a coconut tree and when a coconut fell and hit them on the head the sound was "kotonk" The first day I was in Camp Shelby, I was issued a helmet liner with "Akimoto" inscribed on the front. We were supposed to wear it whenever we weren't indoors. That afternoon as I left the barracks I was accosted by another GI who said "You kotonk. You me fight" I thought to myself "the first day in camp and I'm going to get my head knocked off." I replied, I've got nothing against you, why should I want to fight you?". His reply, "You kotonk, me kamaina, you me fight". He took off his helmet liner and as he indicated I should do the same, noticed the name inscribed on it and said, "Victa you blah?" By now I gathered that he was asking whether Victor was my brother so I nodded. "Johnny your blah?" Once again I nodded. He put his helmet liner back on his head and said, "You okay. You, me go to PX'. Seems when Victor appeared as a non-com in his company he was challenged to a fight. Victor was slight, but they had no way of knowing that in our neighborhood there was a Golden Gloves contender who felt that we should know the basics of boxing and he gave us weekly lessons using huge 16 oz. gloves. The Hawaiians used roundhouse fighting techniques, so Victor kept him at a distance by constantly jabbing and then hooking until the other GI collapsed. He was never challenged again. They couldn't get over the fact that Victor emerged without a blow being landed on him. Johnny was into weightlifting (rare for that time) so no one ever challenged him and by the luck of timing, I was spared a beating.

The first time I reported to my company HQ, the first sergeant asked for my serial number. When I answered and said "sir" at the end he roared at me "Don't you know you don't "sir" a non-com?" When I replied without thinking, "No, sir" He began shouting about these dumb kotonks, when the company clerk who was sitting behind his desk said "Now Clarence don't get so excited, you're liable to get a heart attack!" He yelled at Bob, "It's First Sergeant to you and don't forget it!"

Bob Ikari became an instant buddy and boon companion. Bob did not speak pidgin English, was a good conversationalist and we shared many confidences before the outfit shipped out. Clarence had me on KP very often, but he couldn't put Bob on KP because he was the only one in our outfit who could type proficiently and could make sense out of the military language in the constant stream of memos that were issued. The cooks took pity on me and would often tell me to take off and go hide somewhere until the next meal. One day George Harada and I were detailed to stack the extra mattresses in an empty barrack. We arranged the mattresses so there was an empty spot in the middle of the six foot pile. The next time I was on KP I headed for the hole in the mattress pile and just as I was ready to drop in, saw the new lieutenant sound asleep in the hole! Goldbricks come in all grades!

It took me awhile to get used to Pidgin English as a common language of the 442nd. An example: I was assigned to the heavy weapons company (machine guns and mortars). I was carrying the tripod when the sergeant told me, "Hey kotonk, mo bettah you take da kine no tree place". When I asked what he had said, he replied, "whassa matta you? You know no English?" Seems he wanted me to take the tripod to the clearing ahead. Some other pidgin that I recall. "I never knew you was coming" "Why you never told"; "Why you think not allowed for to go"; "going tomorrow for see you". They also had no fear of snakes as the mongoose on the islands seem to have eliminated them. They would play with coral snakes and couldn't seem to understand that a small snake could be venomous. Feral pigs were another matter. Evidently there are vicious feral pigs on the islands. We were on maneuvers and I was carrying the barrel of the machine gun and the tripod bearer was ahead of us. Suddenly we saw him take off and then realizing that the tripod was impeding his speed, hastily threw it off and disappeared into the woods. We found him perched on the lower limbs of a tree shouting to us to "Watch out!" We had seen the reason for his sudden burst of speed. As we were searching for him we had seen a razorback sow with her piglets trotting hastily away.

The Hawaiians always seemed to have a lot of money and their mail seemed almost always to include money orders. Everyone was employed in Hawaii with many in high paying jobs whereas the majority of the internees had no income to speak of. There was

quite a bit of animosity between the mainlanders and Hawaiians until a group was invited to visit the Rohwer Internment camp in Arkansas. When the Hawaiians saw the internees behind barbed wire and guard towers with machine guns, they were astonished that the "kotonks" would even consider volunteering for the army when their parents and sweethearts were behind barbed wire. I believe that this episode led to a respect for the "kotonks" and a realization that we truly believed in the motto "Go for Broke" and that we all knew that if we failed to prove ourselves we could expect to be second class citizens, and deservedly so.

I was assigned to Company D which was a heavy weapons company, meaning machine guns and mortars. I was assigned to the mortar platoon. The 81mm mortar consists of a metal tube weighing approximately 35 lbs, an adjustable tripod approximately 20 lbs and a base plate roughly 20 inches x 24 inches about 30 lbs. The squad consisted of one man carrying the tube, one the tripod and one the base plate. You carried the baseplate on the shoulder pad and it is so awkward that you were constantly shifting it. The rest of the squad carried ammunition in jackets which had three slots in front and three in back. I envied "Legs", an 18 year old Hawaiian who carried the tube. He would jauntily march ahead and back while I plodded along saying to myself "after all he is three years younger".

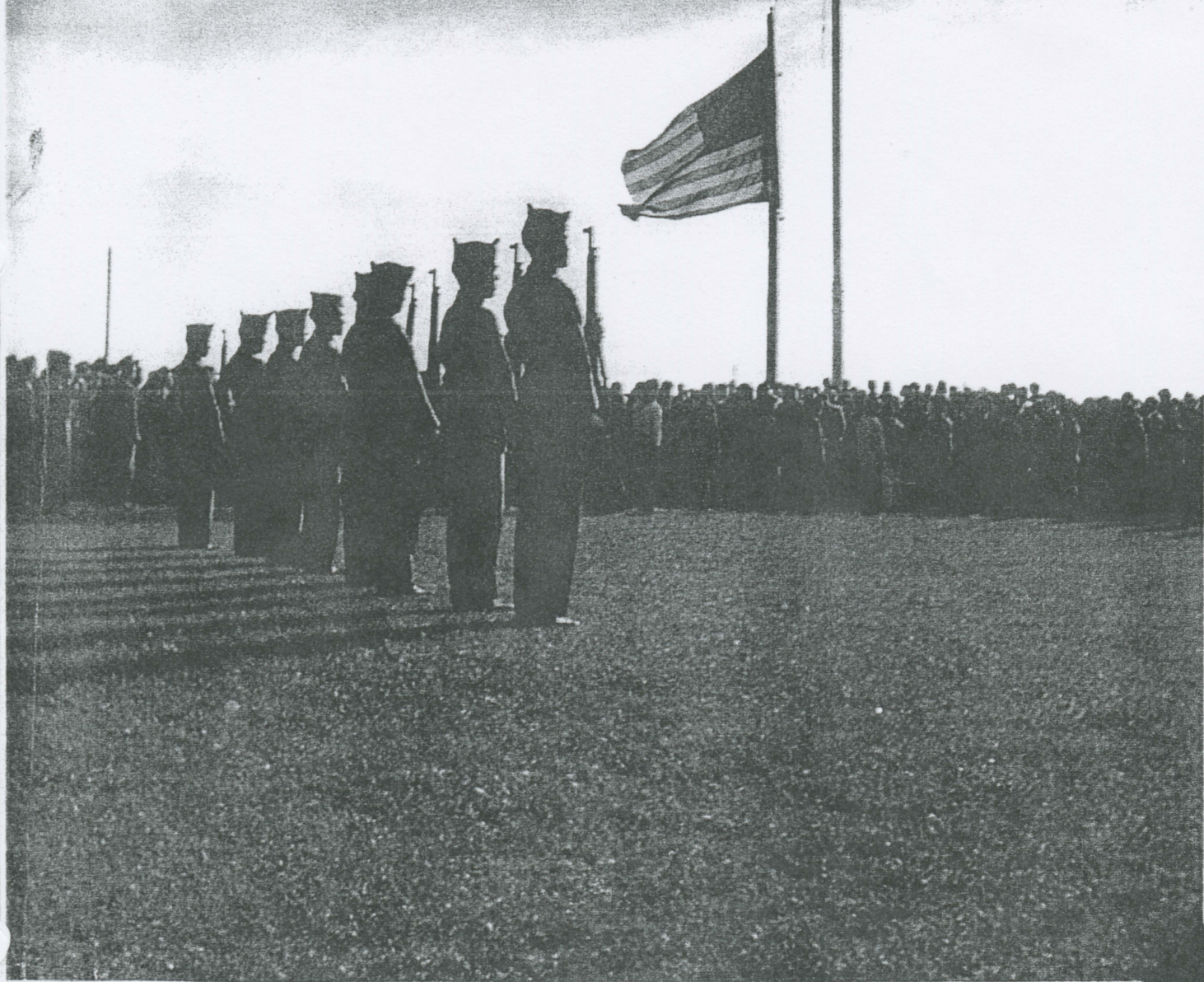
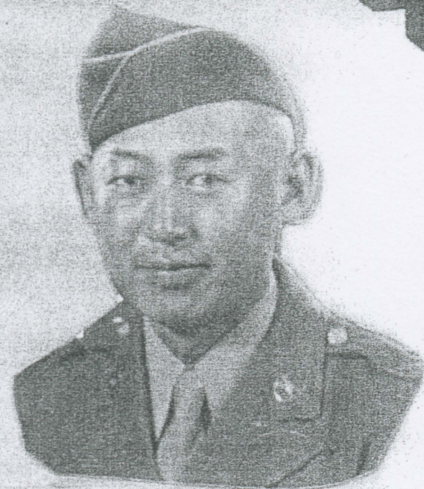
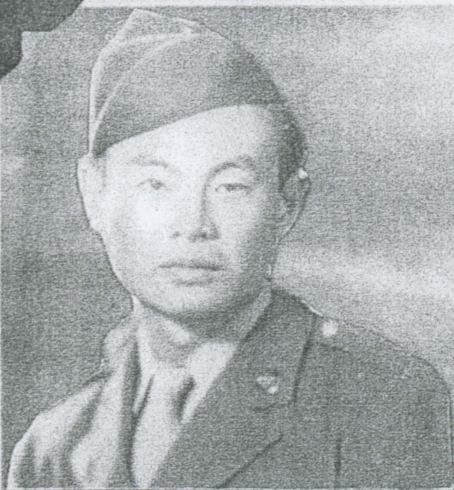
Clarence was still giving me a hard time because the company had found out his name. HQ received orders to send a detail of men for a short special assignment. It turned out to be a "dog" detail meaning you were guarding German Prisoners of War to and from farm details and then standing guard during the night, a really boring job. When Clarence got a request for another detail of men he put me at the head of the list with all the others he thought did not respect him. He couldn't put Bob on the list since he was too invaluable as company clerk. Much to our surprise we were put on a train to Ocala, Florida to be part of a training film! We stayed in a nice hotel, ate in their restaurant and since it was a War Dept., job the hotel received extra ration points, so we ate steak and other goodies! The other detail were veterans of the men stationed in Alaska and had seen some action in Attu. We marched in the background in one scene and since we were far away you couldn't tell we were Japanese-Americans. Then we donned the uniforms of the Japanese army and went to Silver Springs and became snipers sneaking through the jungle and then became bodies on a sandy dune. When they found out that I was a photographer, they handed me a speed graphic and had me take the still photos. All in all it was a cushy two weeks and when we got back we would always say aloud in the presence of Clarence what a great time we had.

Bob being the company clerk had to read all the bulletins from HQ so when he got a bulletin saying the Infantry was establishing a new position for each heavy weapons

company, he immediately gave me all the specifications and manuals to read. The new position would have the rank of sergeant and you would RIDE with the company commander and carry a carbine instead of the heavy garand rifle! When the CO announced the new position and said he would interview anyone interested, I was first in line, so my boning up on map reading, the Morse code, etc. paid off, and soon I was riding most of the time and the raise in pay allowed for a larger allotment to Mom and Dad.

The Hawaiians missed the rice they were used to eating and also Japanese food. The food was good as the army always had meat and sugar which was rationed outside. So that you wouldn't waste food, there was always a non-com at the tray turn-in, and if there was any food left, they would order you to go back and finish it. You learned to never hold your tray directly under the GIs serving the food but to hold it back until you saw how much food they had in their ladles. The Mess sergeant was encouraged to buy local produce, but when he bought okra and they boiled a mess of it, someone told them it was American poi! There was almost a riot when the garbage detail tried to force the men to eat the goo. There was a lot of garbage that day and the local farmers had lots to feed their pigs.

By the end of basic training and maneuvers, Victor was a platoon sergeant and I was a communications sergeant. All of us were in different companies. Bill was in the 522nd field artillery which was part of the 442nd Combat team. They developed such a reputation for accuracy and efficiency that they were often deployed to other units during the conflict. The 100th Inf. Div was shipped out first so everyone knew that the time was coming for deployment. We naturally expected that everyone would go, so when the commander told us that the list of those shipping out would be posted we couldn't understand it. When the lists were posted, my name and Victor's were not on it. When I saw my CO to ask why my name wasn't on it he told me that a certain number of non-coms were being held back as a cadre to train the replacements for the expected casualties. Chaplains had much influence in the military and the refrain "go tell it to the chaplain" wasn't just an idle refrain. I went to the chaplain to see if he would intercede on my behalf. He told me that Victor had already been to see him and said that he had promised Mom that he would look after Johnny and me. So the chaplain had gone to the regimental CO and been told that no NCO other than those on the list would ship out, whereupon Victor asked to be busted to private if that would make him eligible. Then asked the CO to not permit me to do the same as one member of the family should remain behind. When I went to see my Battalion commander to receive permission to see the Regimental commander, he blew up and shouted, "My name isn't on the list either! Don't you think I want to go with the men I've trained with? Some of us have been ordered to stay behind and train the replacements and that's that! If you want to be busted to private, I'll do that, but you'll stay here with me!" I was stunned by his outburst and just stood there. He suddenly came over to me and put



MOM MADE THIS PAGE AFTER JOHNNY AND VICTOR WERE KILLED

They, Too, Die for Their Country

The other day, in the tabulation of Utahns killed in action in this war, three of the eight names listed were those of Japanese-Americans. It serves to call to the attention of Utahns the service so many of these Americans of Japanese ancestry are giving in this war.

These three boys were killed in Italy where, presumably, they were fighting with the 442nd regiment, a unit composed entirely of Japanese-Americans. One of them, Sgt. Tom Sagimori, had been wounded twice previously. Another, Pfc. Noburu Miyoko, is the second member of his family to die in combat and he has two more brothers in the army, one of whom is now hospitalized in Italy. The third, Pfc. Roy Y. Ikeda, had been in the service three years and was wounded last fall while serving in France. He has a brother who is also in the army.

The case of a fourth Japanese-American, Pvt. Victor Akimoto, listed as dead two days later, was quite unusual. First of all, Akimoto voluntarily gave up his technical sergeant's rating here in the United States to join the Japanese-American 100th infantry battalion as a private in order to get into combat. He was cited in Italy for capturing four Germans while unarmed. He was wounded while fighting in France and died later in a German hospital. Victor Akimoto is the second son of this Japanese-American family to die in combat service. Another brother is now in officer candidate school at Fort Benning, Ga.

A good many of these Japanese-American boys have already given their lives in combat both in Europe and in the Pacific. Many more have been wounded. A number have earned awards for heroism.

It is a simple fact that these thousands of young men of Japanese ancestry are proving to America the hard way that they are entitled to call themselves Americans. The courage they have shown in action, their patriotic willingness to shed their blood in defense of the country of their birth, has earned for them and for their loved ones here at home America's respect and praise.

Battle Wounds Fatal To S. L. Soldier

Pvt. Victor Akimoto, 26, son of Mr. and Mrs. Masanori Akimoto, 903-3rd ave., died Dec. 14 in a German hospital of battle wounds. He had been reported missing in action in France since Oct. 23.

He is the second son to be killed in action. Pvt. John Akimoto, 20, having been killed in Italy last July.

Victor was cited in July, 1944, for capturing four nazis while unarmed in Italy. A technical sergeant while in training in the United States, he voluntarily gave up his stripes to join the Japanese-American 100th infantry battalion as a private in order to see combat.

Survivors include his parents; four sisters, Jane Akimoto and Mrs. Margaret Kajikawa, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Martha Hamlett, Chicago; Mrs. Ruth Kodani, Denver; two brothers, Ned Akimoto, Chicago, and Ted Akimoto, officer candidate, Fort Benning, Ga.

Pvt. Akimoto Reported Killed On Italy Front

Volunteered in 1943
For Japanese American
Army Combat Unit

AMACHE, Colo.—The death of Pvt. John Akimoto, 21, on August 2 in Italy has been reported to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Akimoto of the Granada relocation center.

Pvt. Akimoto and other members of his family were residents of Los Angeles before the war, but voluntarily evacuated to Idaho Falls, Idaho, in the spring of 1942. He was one of the first volunteers for the army from Amache and went into training with the 442nd Combat Team at Camp Shelby. He volunteered early this year as a replacement for the famous 100th Infantry Battalion in Italy.

He is a graduate of Dorsey high school in Los Angeles.

He is survived by his parents, three brothers, two of whom are in service, and four sisters, Martha in Chicago, Mrs. Ruth Kodani in Idaho Falls, Mrs. Margaret Kajikawa and Jane in Salt Lake City. Two of the brothers, Sgt. Victor Akimoto in Italy and Sgt. Ted Akimoto in Florida, are in the service. The third brother, Ned, is in war work in Chicago. Mrs. Kajikawa's husband, Cpl. Bill Kajikawa, former assistant football coach at Arizona State college at Tempe, is also in Italy with the Japanese American Combat Team.

his arms on my shoulders and said, "Son, I'm sorry for my outburst, but I feel just as bad as you do about being left behind. The only two transfers authorized right now are to the airborne troops or to Officer Candidate School. If you go airborne, you will never join the outfit because they are not airborne. If you go to OCS, you have a good chance of joining the outfit. I will be happy to recommend you for OCS". A few months later I was in Ft. Benning, Georgia at OCS. New 2nd Lts. are called 90 day wonders, but it took me another month due to a training injury. I truly believe I am alive today because of Victor's action, as the casualty rate for the 442nd was very high and they are known as the "Purple Heart battalion". Johnny died on the push to Rome, Victor in the rescue of the "Lost Battalion" in the Vosges Mountains.

I was assigned to the Infantry Training Center at Fort McClellan, Alabama. My inquiries concerning an assignment to the 442nd resulted in more paper work but no action. It was a heady experience being an officer. 24 years old, and instead of you saluting the officer, men are saluting you. However, you soon get the "I don't see you" attitude, so you would look the other way when in town so they wouldn't see you and you didn't have to get the "tired right arm syndrome".

While at McClellan, I had to take some Hawaiians through the Battle Conditioning Course. I had to take them eight at a time. They had to crawl through mud, upside down and, to make sure they kept a low profile, live machine-gun bursts would fire three feet over their bodies so they would get used to the sound of close fire, keep their rifles clean enough to fire at a target at the end of the course. When I got back to get the next group I saw them in a circle, quite excited and I thought, "Damn, leave them for a minute and they start a crap game!" When I yelled "Ten Hut!" they snapped to attention and then I noticed that they had been teasing a large rattlesnake with a branch from a tree! Another group I was instructing on how to take the Browning Automatic Rifle apart and put it back together. We were outside under the shade of a tree and I noticed that one GI at the back of the circle was playing with something as the others were busy taking the BAR apart. When I walked quietly to him, I realized that he was playing with a coral snake! Trying to stay calm, I said in a quiet voice, "Hold still and don't move. That's an order!" He looked at me, puzzled, but my stare must have told him it was important and the snake slithered away, to my relief! After ascertaining that he hadn't been bitten, a 30 minute lecture was given about the potency of rattlesnakes and coral snakes. I don't believe most of them believed me.

I was excited when the company clerk told me that he had some orders for me. To my surprise I was ordered to report to the Language School in Ft. Snelling, Minnesota. When I arrived there I was impressed by the permanence of the buildings. Stone buildings and even the officer's quarters were in old stone buildings, unlike the South where everything

looked so temporary that you thought a strong wind could blow things over.

When I reported to the commandant and protested that I was an Infantry officer and that I should be joining the 442nd, he told me that it was a typical SNAFU (situation normal allup) and that as soon as my records came in everything would be squared away. He told me that all I had to do was report to his office twice a day, 9 and 3 and the rest of the time was my own. That night as I was sound asleep, someone flung open the door and shouted something in Japanese (as far as I knew) and then fled. This happened the second night and when I reported to the commandant he asked me if I had any requests. I told him about the awakenings and asked permission to clobber him. He assured me that it was probably an accident as all the bachelor officer's quarters looked alike and that probably some officer who celebrated too much thought he was in his own building. I stayed awake that night but nothing happened. Then the next two days, each time I went to report, someone walking down the hall towards me or behind me would say something to me in Japanese, so I would reply, "Sorry, I don't know what you said". When I reported to him the third day, I said, "Sir, there's a war going on and I don't seem to be doing much about it." He replied, "Don't worry, your records will catch up and you will be on your way". The sixth day when I reported he said, "Well, you've convinced us." I asked, "About what?" He said, "That you don't know any Japanese." The light bulb shone above my head. "Oh, you mean those guys who woke me up. Those guys who said something to me on the way to your office?" He replied, "Yes, they were insulting you and then insulting your mother and father so when you didn't respond, we knew you were telling the truth. Any normal Nisei would have been in several fights by now." The humor of the situation hit me and I asked, "So what do we do now, coach?"

The next day he said, "I do not have the authority to transfer you as you have been assigned to me and I have to make use of you. Beginning tomorrow you will be in a crash course for 30 days, 10 hours a day, 7 days a week! When I protested, he said, "Well, you know there's a war going on." For a couple of weeks I had to memorize interrogation questions such as, "You're lying, Who is your commanding officer? Where did you hide your weapons? etc...etc...then I had to learn the words for regiment, battalion, machine guns, numbers, etc. Nothing which I could use in normal conversation and all of which I have conveniently forgotten in the 55 years since. At the end of that time I was put in charge of 120 Nisei translators and interpreters who could speak, read, and write Japanese, and to take them to the Pacific. Before we entrained for the west coast, one of the sergeants came to me and asked if he could say goodbye to his parents and girlfriend when we stopped at Mountain Home, Idaho. I told him that they wouldn't tell even me when and how we would get to the port of embarkation, Seattle, but that if we ever stopped in Mountain Home, he had my blessings to get off the train and say his goodbyes. We were alerted and taken to

the depot, and with the curtains drawn (still blackout conditions) chugged off. About 2 in the morning the train stopped and I peeked through the curtain and saw the station sign "Mountain Home" and the sergeant kissing his girlfriend goodbye with his family surrounding them! Among the things I learned in the army, is that if you want something done or need anything, you don't go to higher authorities: you go to your sergeants and warrant officers because they know the ropes.

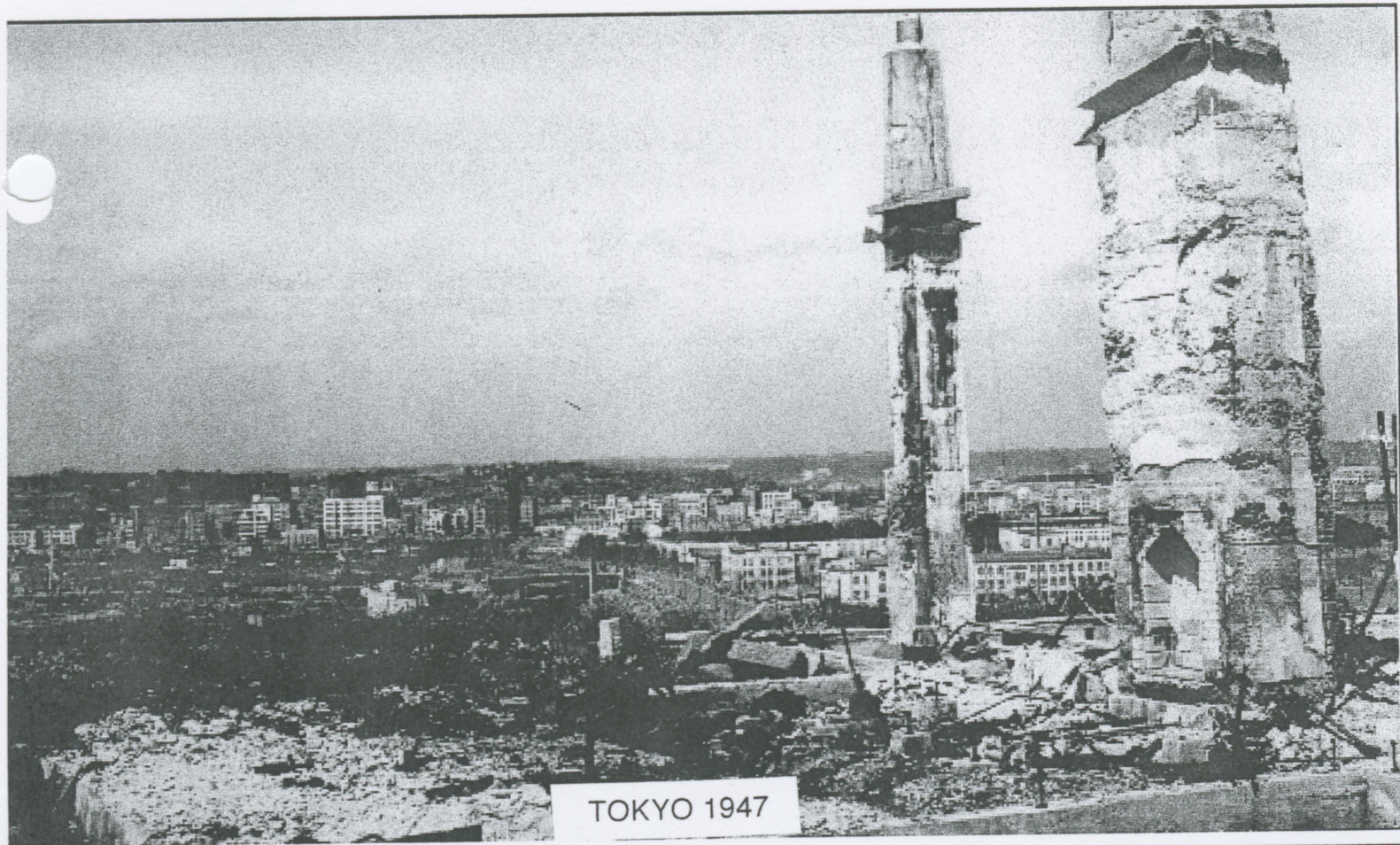
Seattle Port of Embarkation was a miserable experience. It rained for 20 straight days. We had periodic "we're shipping out" routines where we went to the harbor and practiced going down rope ladders from a ship in case we had to abandon ship. Fortunately the war in the Pacific ended so I could do no harm. We hit the tail end of a typhoon and as the ship would rock up and down the propeller would clear the water and the whole ship would shudder. One of my men fell down the hatch and broke his leg so I went down to see how the rest were doing. The stacks of bunks and the smell of the seasick ones made me glad that I didn't have to stay down there.

When we docked in Yokohama we all lined up at the side of the ship facing the dock. There was a line of poorly dressed children back by the buildings, some barefoot. Knowing we would disembark in stages we began to throw candy to them. We were impressed at the orderliness and politeness. They would snatch the candy, look up and bow to us then go back and share it with others. This of course made such an impression that soon we went back and got whatever we could spare and continued the shower of not only candy but soap, rations, etc.

When we got on the trucks and began our drive to the replacement depot, we were shocked to see how devastating our bombing had been. Anything that would burn was subject to our fire bombs. Later when we talked to the people, most would say "We would stay outside and watch the bombs flicker in the sky like fireworks until the first ones hit and then we would go to the shelters" Makeshift homes made of whatever they could scrounge from the ruins in the area covered most of the areas which used to be covered with wooden houses. The shells of concrete and brick buildings stood forlornly against the sky.

Food was very scarce and the military government made and rationed bread which the populace ate, but it was obvious that their desire for rice was overpowering. It seemed to me that most of the people were going out to try to find food to buy, carrying belongings to sell.

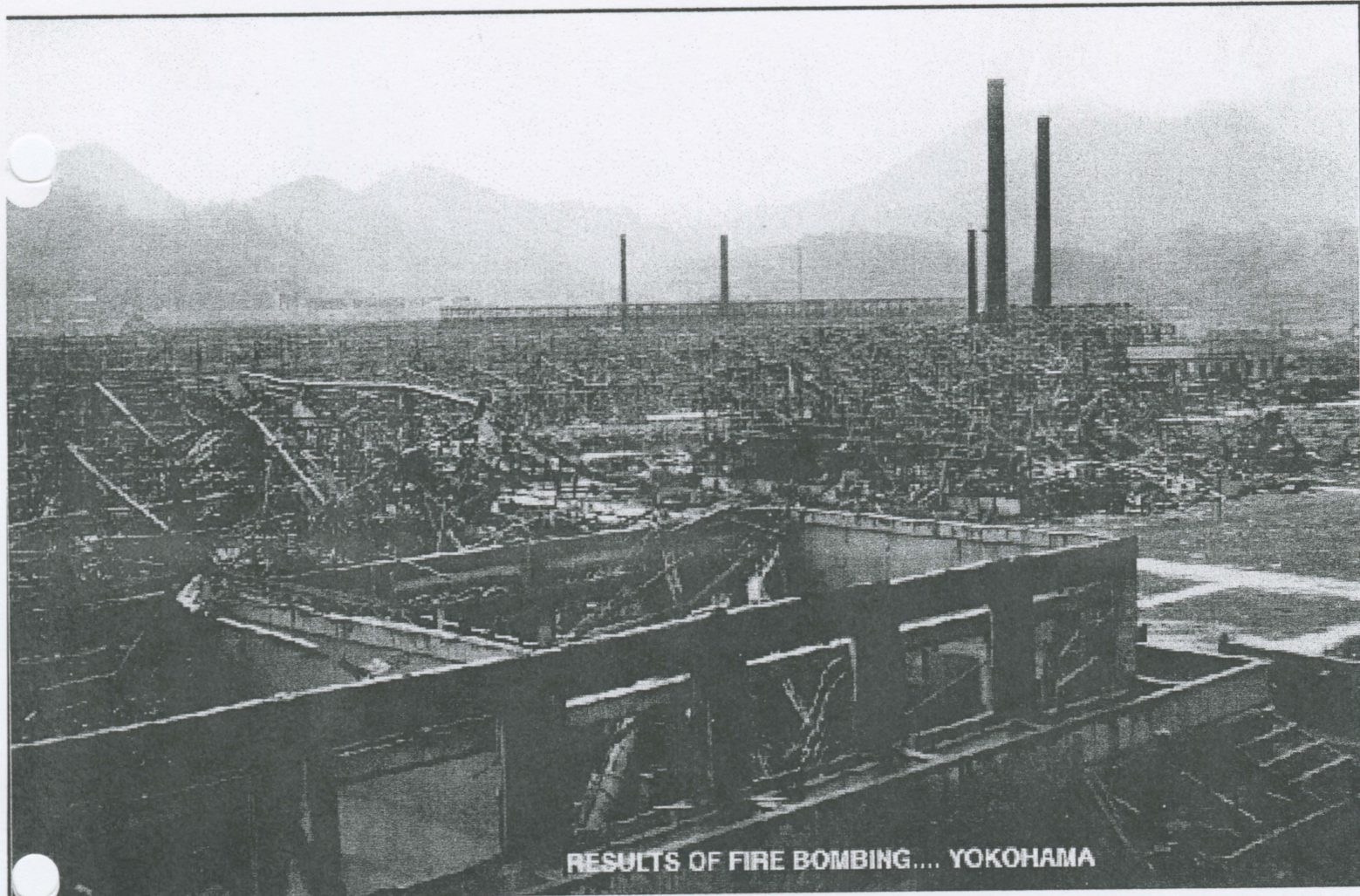
The Replacement Depot was a camp of tents, as personnel were supposed to be there



TOKYO 1947



OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO 1947



GINZA 1947

only a day or two and sent to their permanent stations. My men were snatched up by the Military Government and HQs of all the units throughout Japan. I was in a large tent and there was only one other officer in it. He was a chemical warfare officer and with the peace, he was not particularly in demand. About as useful as a Military Intelligence officer who couldn't speak Japanese. I was still recorded as an Infantry officer. When I was eating lunch in the mess hall, I overheard someone mention that it was a shame he wasn't a photographer because the Signal Corp was looking for some. When I quizzed the officer, he gave me some information, so I took off for Tokyo. The camp we were in was about 20 miles outside of Tokyo. I got a lift to the station, managed to find the right train for Tokyo and, for the first time in my life, I felt tall. As I stood in the crowded car I could actually see over most of the passengers! You didn't need tickets, because, in your uniform you represented the conqueror. There were no taxis, so I took a ricksha. I finally found the Shufu-no-tomo magazine building, one of the few fairly intact buildings. All wooden structures had been destroyed by the fire bombs.

As soon as I entered the building, someone shouted "Ten Hut!" and I saw a sergeant holding his salute. After I had recovered from my first shock and returned his salute, I asked where I could find the commanding officer. He directed me to the third floor, and on each floor someone would shout "Ten Hut" or "Ten'shun". I thought to myself "Man! what a gung-ho outfit this is". I finally located his office and knocked on the door, trying to remember the protocol you used when reporting to a CO. I heard a muffled "Come in". I entered and, remembering the formalities, saluted and said, "Lt. Ted Akimoto, 2nd Lt., Infantry, reporting to the commanding officer of the 3026th combat photo unit, requesting an interview, Sir!" He looked at me in astonishment, managed to wave a half hearted salute back at me and asked, "What can I do for you?" I replied, "Sir, I heard through the grapevine that you are looking for photo officers and here are my qualifications. I was a news photographer, worked for a commercial photo company, was photo assistant at Fremont High School in Los Angeles before the war. My basic MOS is Infantry Platoon Leader and frankly, Sir, I don't relish marching". He arose and walked to the window and said, "Come here". When I stood beside him he waved to a line of jeeps down below and said "Which one of those do you want?" I thought to myself, "He's nuts, probably shell-shocked and he's going to shove me out the window!". He said, "I'd take the one on the end. It's in good shape. We were supposed to shove them into the ocean on the way from the Philippines, but I managed to sneak them into Japan. All I ask is, if you hear the IG is coming, hide the jeep somewhere out of this district" Once he said this I realized how smart he was.

This was my introduction to "Cappy" who should have been a Lieutenant Colonel by now but had the misfortune to either have his records bombed or lost in transit so they never had caught up yet. He also said, "Lay off that "sir" bit. I'm Cappy." When I asked him why

the enlisted men were so "gung-ho", he laughed and told me that anytime I heard "ten hut" or anything like that it meant that there was a strange officer around so get everything not authorized out of sight. He told me to go to HQ and get a billet assignment and assigned a sergeant to drive me to HQ and have my assignment to the outfit officially done. Captain Berard then told me to take three days off. I filled up the tank of the jeep and when I got to the repo-depot, I drove to the tent, put my footlocker and duffel bag into the jeep, the chemical warfare officer came out and said, "Where did you get the jeep?" I told him, "I stole it. I'm sick of this chicken outfit. I'm bugging out!" I can still see his face in the rearview mirror, mouth agape.

Billets were in the many office buildings and the assignments were very loose. I was assigned to the San Shin bldg, the Signal Corp billet, but all my Nisei friends were in the NYK Bldg. so I took a billet assigned to one of the translators who was living with his girlfriend. Since this had been an office building the quarters were spartan. Two cots to a room, two wall lockers, a foot locker and a stove for heat. Bathroom down the hall.

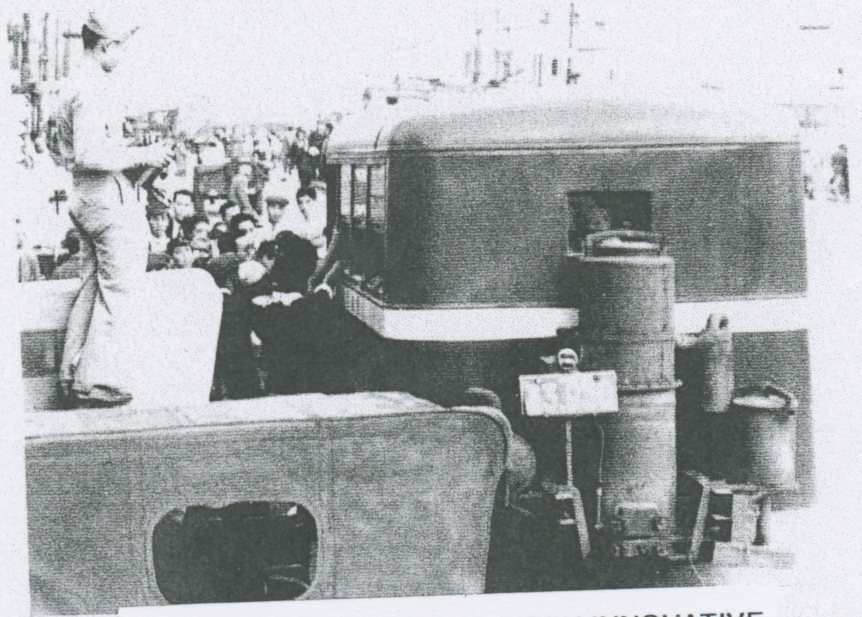
No taxis, but many rickshas to take you places if you didn't have access to a jeep. No civilian autos on the street but the few buses ran on charcoal! An object shaped like a water heater was mounted at the rear of the bus and converted the charcoal into a gas which the engine could use. Occasionally men or oxen pulling wagons full of "honey buckets" would appear on the streets and you knew they were coming by the odor! The "honeybuckets" referred to the buckets of human excrement which was used for fertilizer! Women on the streets wore "mompei" sort of like harem trousers. This was sort of the civilian dress during the war. Men wore all sorts of shirts and trousers. Women did dress in kimonos, later, on festive days. Then as more women made contact with the occupation forces, dresses began to appear.

Transportation was horrible for the populace as trains were scarce and unreliable. This Ainu chieftain made his way all the way to Tokyo to present to MacArthur the gifts he is holding as a sign of respect for the "new" emperor of Japan! These aborigine of Japan, at that time, still regarded the bear as totem. Many are blue eyed and the women tattooed.

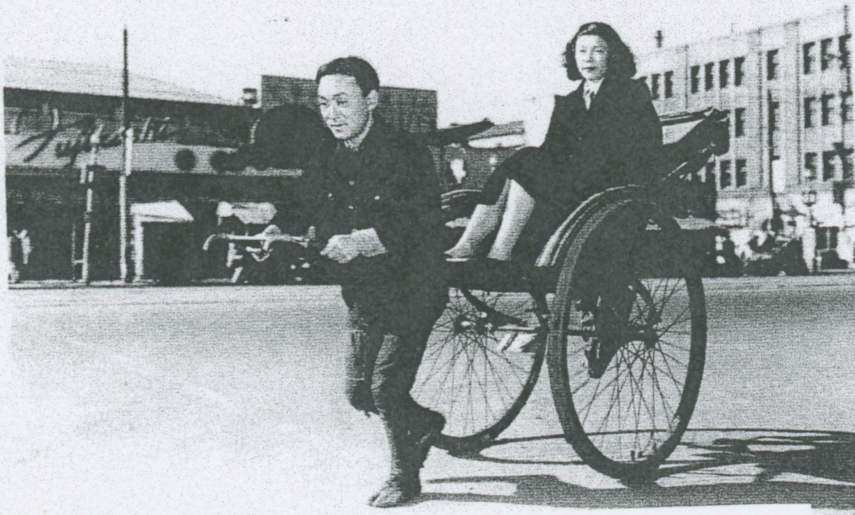
Imagine being single, 25, and officer in the army (immediate status in their eyes) in a country where people were surprised to find that you did not want to force them to do your will. Where mothers were happy to have their daughters go with you since you were Nisei and if you got married there would be no stigma on the family name. Every unit had an officer's club and Japanese beer and scotch were served and you paid a pittance. Talk about living "high on the hog", this was a time that will never come again. Many of us were offered the chance of converting to regular army to make a career but most refused as we wanted the



NO GAS, NO TRUCKS SO HUMAN LABOR PREVAILS



CHARCOAL FUELED BUS. VERY INNOVATIVE



RICKSHAS EVERYWHERE AS THERE ARE NO TAXIS



ONE MILE FROM EPICENTER OF BLAST

chance to return to the states and use the GI bill to go to college. We realized that this was a temporary, wonderful chance to live a life that every single man in the world would envy.

Our photo outfit occupied one half of the magazine Shufu-no-tomo's building. SCAP had decided that a free press was essential so they were allowed to keep one half of the building. I noticed in the basement some photo equipment and lights which we had confiscated but never used. I asked Cappy if I could return it to them and Cappy, ever pragmatic, said "If we go through channels it will take a mountain of paper work and a year. Why don't you just work out it out with Takamurasan (she was sort of a liaison with the magazine) and no one will notice." They were so grateful to get some of their equipment back that I was invited to meet with Dr. Ishikawa, the publisher, for lunch.. His real name was something else, but in the Japanese tradition, when a family has no male heirs, if a daughter marries she only marries someone who agrees to change his name to hers. He was a radiologist before marrying and had done some work in Germany so German words would pop in his stilted broken English.

I was given the job of Assignment Officer which is akin to the photo editor of a newspaper, except we also had to take newsreels since there were no newsreel companies overseas yet. I assigned the photographers but also had to screen all the photos before we gave them a serial number and placed them in the files. Every photo that had General MacArthur's face in it had to be approved by Colonel Huff at SCAP HQ, so we made sure that any photo that showed a double chin was immediately destroyed and the negative also. Cappy told me that if I wanted to cover something interesting myself to put a sergeant temporarily at my desk and go ahead. Talk about a job made to order. Generally the publicity officer (you never called it that publicly) in MacArthur's HQ would send us a list of things he thought we should cover, so that was the bulk of our work.

When I heard that General Tansey was going to Hiroshima I assigned myself to be the backup photographer. Hence the photo of me with Gen. Tansey's secretary near the epicenter of the blast. The dome in the background was ground zero and the blast was 800 yds directly above it. We were given the task of taking photos of the survivors with the horrible scars and mangled limbs for the Atomic Energy Commission. I had to relieve the photographers about every week because it was such a downer. I did not bring any of those photos back with me.

When General Eisenhower came to Japan, General MacArthur took him on a tour of the scenic areas. I assigned myself to be one of the photographers covering this historic event. I took official signal corp photos but also managed to take a few with my personal camera.

DR. KAZUO ISHIKAWA, PRESIDENT, SHUFU-NO-TOMO



ISHIKAWA FAMILY



A-BOMB WENT OFF 800' ABOVE CROSSROAD AND RIVER

When Ike came out of a cable car, he engaged me in a conversation and when I mentioned that two of my brothers died fighting with the 442nd, he told me that he was sorry and that he had the greatest respect for their well deserved reputation.

General MacArthur's pilots were evidently bored silly because he seldom seemed to have time to travel. They were happy to have an excuse to fly, so when Mt. Aso began to erupt, we asked them if they would fly us over it. After the flight they said, "You better have your buddy take your picture with the plane or no one will believe you flew in Mac's plane, and if you said you did they'd just think you were a champion BS-er." Corregidor and Bataan are two places associated with MacArthur and the Philippines, so that's the reason for his plane being named "Bataan".

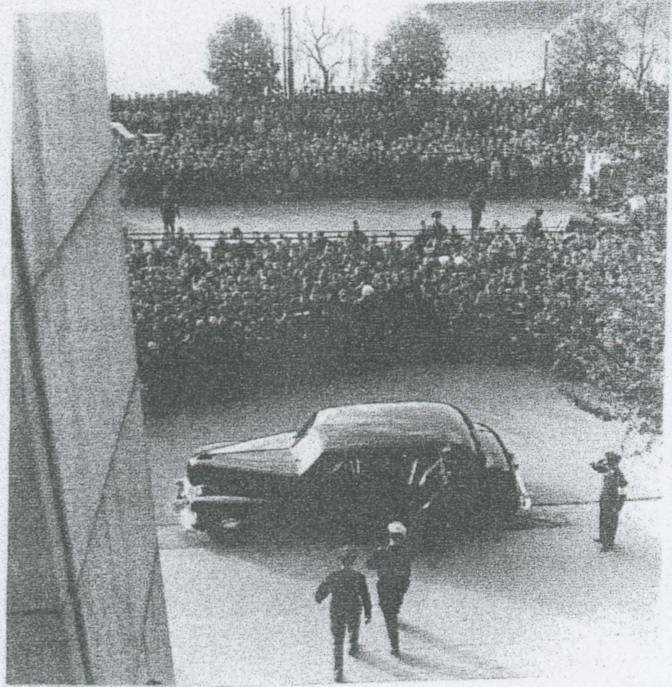
Reading an article about Texans triggered my memory of an interpreter from Texas who was in the group I brought overseas. Harvey Saibara's family raised rice in Texas and he had a Texas accent plus the inevitable "you all" to the end of any request or order. I sent a photographer to take photos of a boatload of repatriates from Manchuria. When he returned he said "I swear Ted, the interpreter on the bridge is from the south. He said 'hidare ikenasai you all.' I thought I was hearing things so he gave another order and again ended with 'you all.'" Curiosity got the best of me so I drove to Yokohama, located the ship and sure enough it was Harvey. We spent a few hours talking about what had happened since I brought them over. He said the repatriates probably thought he was a champion BSer when he told them how they didn't plant individual plants of rice but seeded the area using planes! Even I had a hard time swallowing that but had to believe as he was not prone to exaggeration.

When the MPs went to arrest Tojo, he attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself. His aim was a little off and he missed his heart so we hospitalized him and after he recovered, was put under arrest and placed in Sugamo prison where all the war criminals were imprisoned. One of Tojo's lawyers was a US Navy captain. The judges represented most of the WWII allies. During the trial, one of the defendants sitting in back of Tojo became deranged and slapped Tojo on his bald head and then started to disrobe. An MP stopped him and helped to button up his shirt. My photographer appreciated this diversion since most of the time it was very boring listening to all the dry testimonies. At first everyone wanted to go and tickets were very hard to obtain, but as the trials dragged on, interest in attending dropped and I had to resort to a rotating roster. It seems ironic that we went to all the trouble to help him recover his strength and health so we could hang him.

My most embarrassing Moment. I received a call from Col. Huff, Gen. MacArthur's aide.



GENERALS MAC ARTHUR AND EICHELBERGER



CROWD WATCHING MAC LEAVE



MAC ARTHUR AND EISENHOWER



GENERAL EISENHOWER

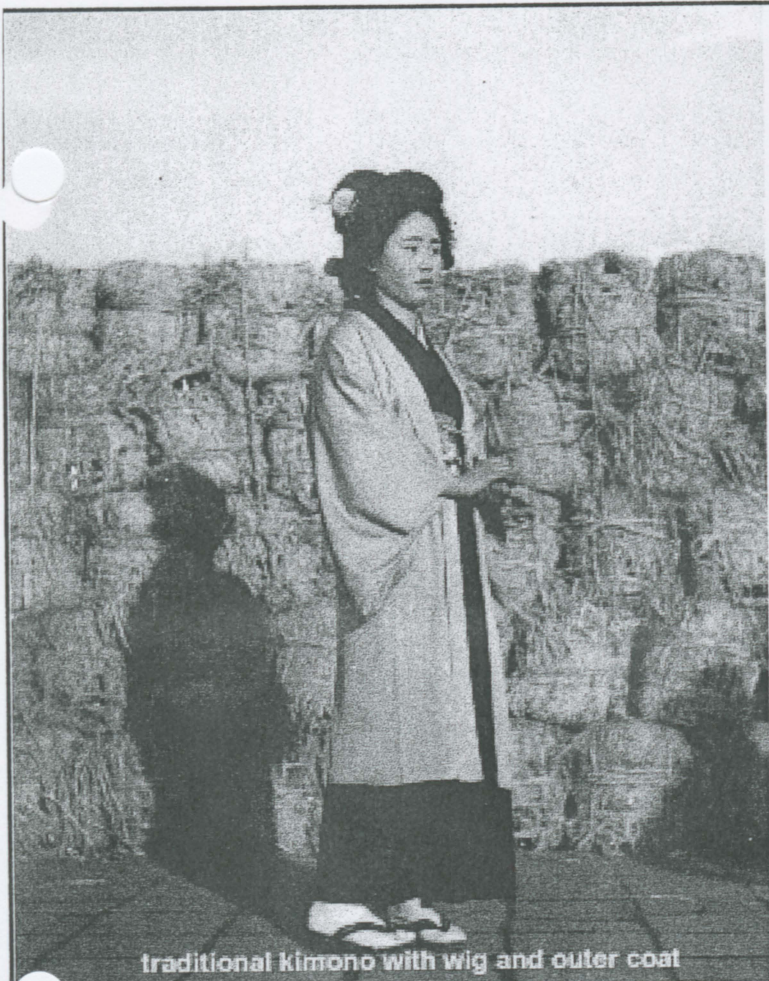
There was a rumor that Prime Minister Yoshida was going to resign, so we were to get a newsreel team out ASAP. I looked around and all of my photogs were out on assignment, so I dashed down to the motor pool and got a newsreel jeep (equipped with a generator and portable lights) drove to the NYK Bldg., dashed in and told the sergeant at the desk, "I need an interpreter right now!" He looked at me and said, "You're kidding!" "No, I'm not kidding".....,"none available"....."You better find one even if you come yourself because this comes straight from Mac's office"....."Well, we do have an officer who came in last night from the States, but we generally let them rest for a day before assigning them"...."You better call him now". After ten minutes, down the stairs came this sandy haired caucasian sleepily tying his tie. I looked at the sergeant and said, "Now you're kidding!" He replied, "No, Sir. He is a graduate of the language school in Boulder and is a qualified translator-interpreter." As we sped along, I asked him his name and where he came from. He said, "I'm 2nd Lt. David Goldstein, my home is Brooklyn".

We arrived at the Prime Minister's residence, a massive stone building which had withstood the fire bombing. While David knocked on the door, I hastily started the generator and pulled out the lights and camera. A man in tails opened the door and David said, "He's the Prime Minister's secretary and says he has been expecting us." He ushered us into a small ante-room with one desk in it. I hastily set up the lights on each side of the camera, set up the camera on a tripod, and turned on the bright lights when the secretary said something. I asked David, "What did he say?" (Since there was no sound we had to remember everything that was said so that our narration could accompany the film),,,, "The honorable Prime Minister of Japan ,,,,,, Yoshida"(sorry, I can't think of his first name)..... He came in blinking in the glare of the lights. As he sat down I noticed that the lights were reflecting off his glasses so I stepped out from behind the camera and motioned for him to tilt his head down while David was asking him in Japanese, whether he was going to resign. He said something to his secretary and since I had to remember what was said, I asked David, "What did he say?" David said, "He wants to know which one is the interpreter?"

When we were finished, he asked us both about our backgrounds and he was fascinated that David could speak such good Japanese and I, a Nisei, knew so little. Then he told his secretary, "America is a remarkable country where a Jew from Brooklyn has to be an interpreter for a Nisei" As we were leaving, the secretary said in perfect English, "It was a pleasure and an honor to have you here". I said, "You speak English!" He replied, "Certainly. It is a requirement as the Prime Minister's secretary".

Red face number 2. Another time when there were no extra photographers, word came from HQ that the Emperor was taking the train. A rainy day. I park the jeep and notice that





traditional kimono with wig and outer coat



AINU, ABORIGINE OF NORTHERN JAPAN



mompei

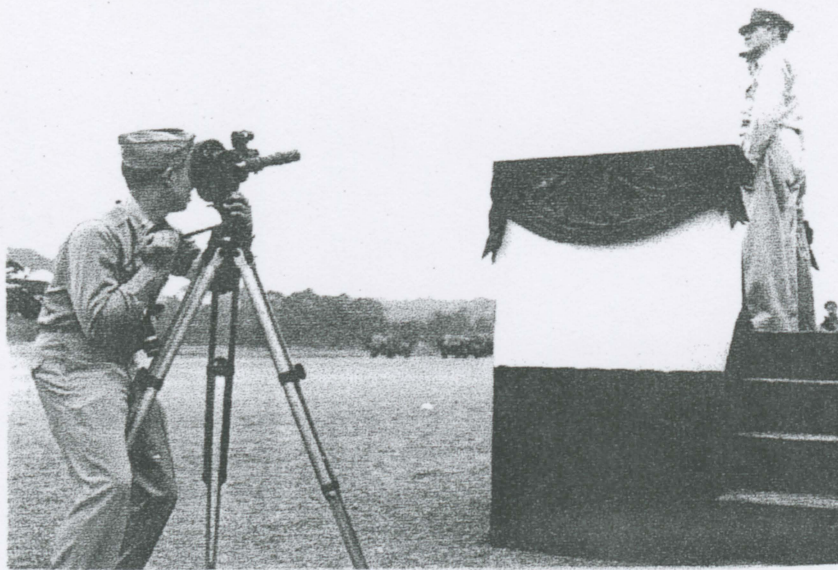
traditional kimono



there is a canvas covering the fence that leads into the station. I lift up the canvas, dash for a few yards before I notice I am running on a red carpet! Oh.... yes.....the Emperor... I slip back outside the fence and find the platform....I am the only photographer present... the Emperor heads his entourage and enters his royal coach with the chrysanthemum symbol. He sits... I motion for him to stand and he graciously rises and poses for me. I wonder what he thought when he saw a few yards of GI footprints on his red carpet!

My buddy Worsham is over 6 ft tall so when we walked together it was like Mutt and Jeff. His height was the source of another amusing episode. I knew I had an uncle (my father's brother) who before the war was teaching Marine Engineering at one of the universities in Tokyo. The city had been devastated by the fire bombs as most of the homes were made of wood and paper. Worsh and I started with the old address my father had given me. After several tries we were told that they thought he was living in an area which was being reconstructed. Worsh did most of the inquiry since he spoke better Japanese than I did. We zeroed in on an area where some homes had been rebuilt. There was a wooden fence, almost a wall, in front of each house about 6 ft high. As we walked along Worsh would go on tiptoes to see if anyone was in the yard so we could ask directions. Finally someone told us that Akimoto-san lived in the next block. Worsh, on tiptoes, peeked over the wall and I heard a gasp from someone when Worsh asked if Akimoto-san lived there. It was his house. After getting acquainted, they marveled at Worsh's skill with Japanese and when we asked about the gasp, they said they thought that some gaijin(American) had brought along a box in order to peer over the walls and were offended when they saw his face over the wall! I was considered tall by the standards of that time so Worsh was a giant in their eyes.

The top photo shows the birthday party Worsham and I held for the photographer in the middle. This photo was taken three hours after the party began. Outfit was sort of like "MASH" as it was really laid back and after hours there was no feeling of rank. Since we were pretty much the same ages, it was easy to engage in social events. Ken Miura, the one by my left shoulder with his mouth open I located by chance two years ago. I was trying to locate a former student who was in his senior year in Cinematography at USC. To my delight and surprise, Ken answered as he was Associate Dean of Cinematography and was surprised to hear from me. He told me he was RETIRING that year! I still thought of him as the rambunctious young photographer. The middle photo shows some of my photographers with Worsham in the back, Ken then Omachi, Rubenstein, Satoda, Nishibayashi, Walker then me. Nish, Yone, Hank and I were officers but we were never harassed about consorting with the enlisted men.



TAKING NEWSREEL OF MAC ARTHUR ON REVIEWING STAND



WAITING FOR ARRIVAL OF MAC ARTHUR AND EICHELBERGER



FIRST TIME DEMONSTRATIONS WERE PERMITTED.

Elizabeth G. Vining, 97

A tutor to Japan's crown prince

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Elizabeth Gray Vining, a children's author from Philadelphia who was a private tutor of Japan's Crown Prince Akihito half a century ago, died Nov. 27 at a Quaker retirement community in Kennett Square, Pa. She was 97.

Before they met, Japan's young emperor-in-waiting had been carefully instructed on what to say to the American woman who would become his tutor.

Say it was very good of her to come so far to teach you, his chamberlain told Akihito.

But before the meeting, Ms. Vining had sent the prince a box of American confectios. It was a precious gift in the war-battered Japan of 1940, when sugar was a scarce commodity and candy a rare luxury even for royalty.

So Akihito, excited as any boy of 12 would be, forgot his prescribed speech. "Thank you for the candy," he blurted out.

"I knew right then," Ms. Vining said, "that we would get along very well."

Such candor became the trademark of an enduring friendship between the Quaker schoolteacher and Japan's 125th emperor. The unusual bond, maintained through correspondence, phone calls and occasional visits, was broken with Ms. Vining's death last month.

She described her tutelage of Akihito in the 1952 book she wrote, "Windows for a Crown Prince."

"It's a fairy story," she wrote, "that a quiet Philadelphia Quaker should have been picked up and carried halfway across the world and dropped in the middle of the oldest and most mysterious court in the world."

This is how the story began: A group of 25 American educators had traveled to Japan to conduct a study on postwar education. During a meeting with the head of the group, Emperor Hirohito made a request for "an American schoolmaster" to teach his son.

Ms. Vining tutored him privately and at the school he attended with the offspring of nobility. One of her goals was to expand his contacts with other children, so she invited Akihito and his classmates to her Western-style home one afternoon a week.

She called parent-teacher conferences with the emperor and empress, once telling Hirohito in frank terms that he needed to see his son more often. Hirohito had confided that he didn't feel worthy of a closer relationship because of his shame at being unable to prevent Japan's involvement in World War II.

On the eve of Akihito's crowning as emperor in 1989, Ms. Vining recalled her former pupil as "a good student, very bright and very nice."



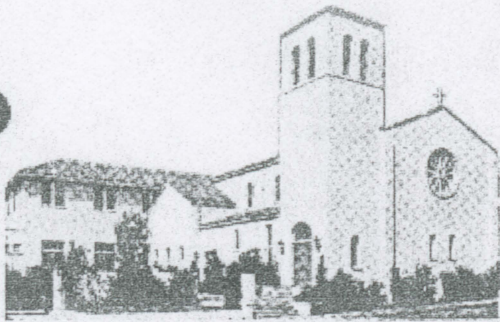


OFFICIAL VISIT OF EMPEROR HIROHITO TO GENERAL MACARTHUR

THE REV. JOHN H. M. YAMAZAKI
RECTOR

THE REV. JOHN MISAO YAMAZAKI
RECTOR EMERITUS

REC. 960 S. NORMANDIE AVE., L.A.



St. Mary's Episcopal Church

961 SO. MARIPOSA AVENUE • LOS ANGELES 6, CALIFORNIA
DUNKIRK 5-2037

Feb. 4, 1965
Los Angeles, California
U. S. A.

To whom it may concern:

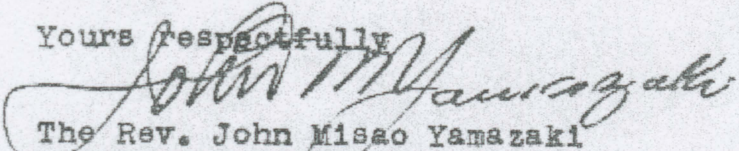
This is to certify that,

MIKI AKIMOTO, Born August 28, 1889, in Japan
was Baptized on April 6, 1912,
at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church,
Aomori City, Japan,
By The Rev. J. C. Ambler,
The Missionary Priest in Charge.
The Sponsors for the Baptism being,
Nao Sasaki, Rokuro Takuma and
Miss Bristol, a missionary
She was Confirmed by Bishop John McKim,
The Diocese of Tokyo, Japan ,
on June 13, 1912.

She came to the United States of America
in 1913, and her Church membership was
transferred to St. Andrew's Episcopal Church,
Idaho Falls, Idaho, in 1914. Thence to
St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Los Angeles,
California, May 25, 1925 and has been a
member of good standing, of my Church.

MIKI Akimoto (Mrs. M. Akimoto, a widow) is a Gold Star mother
whose two sons, Victor and John served in the U.S. Army at the
World War II, with the 442 Combat Battalion . Both of them
died in action in France. Any kindness shown to her shall
be greatly appreciated by me.

Yours respectfully

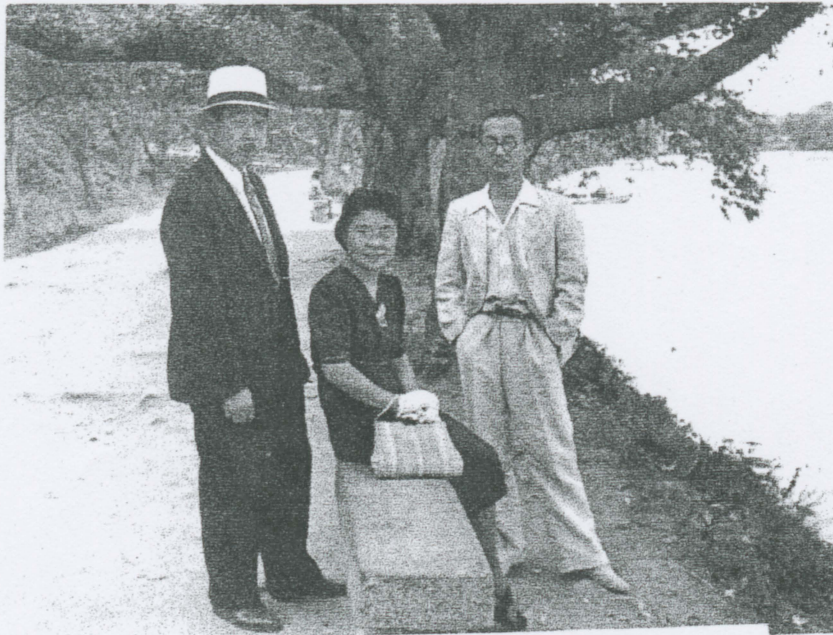

The Rev. John Misao Yamazaki
Rector Emeritus,
St. Mary's Episcopal Church,
Los Angeles , California, U.S.A.



THE COUSIN, (L. FRONT) IS MARRIED TO THE MAN AT THE TOP(MR. HASEGAWA). THE YOUNG MAN IN FRONT IS SHINICHI WHO SAVED MY NECK BY TRANSLATING FOR ME. MOM'S SISTER IS NEXT TO HIM



MOM'S SISTER WHO HAS THE GIRL'S SCHOOL



MR AND MRS HASEGAWA AND SHINICHI

The bottom photo shows our regular group except for the host. Front row: Yone Satoda, Gunji Moriuchi, Hank Lambert, Hank Omachi, me. Second row: Mary(Atsuko's sister), Nishibayashi, Atsuko Moriuchi, Worsham, Sally(the only WAC in our outfit), Mr. Santori (Host), and my date who was a nurse in the army hospital.

Mom and Dad wrote and asked me to go to Hiroasaki to visit my aunt, Mom's sister. They were wise enough to include a letter of introduction. I decided to talk as little as possible since they had not taught me useful phrases such as "where is the toilet?" Only phrases such as "you're lying", "where did you hide your weapons", etc., and if I slipped and said anything like that, they would think I was loco. My aunt owned a private high school for girls. Every train had a separate car reserved for occupation forces only, so you were never crowded whereas the Japanese populace were lucky to get into a car. I reached Hiroasaki about five in the afternoon and had rehearsed the name of the school, so about sundown I found it.

A high wooden wall surrounded the two story dormitory and grounds. Everything was made of wood and Hiroasaki had nothing of strategic value, so it was not bombed. I entered the gates and decided that the office was the only one story building at the end of the quadrangle. As I walked towards it, I could feel eyes peering through the wooden slats of the dormitory even though I couldn't see them. I reached the building, took off my shoes and knocked on the sliding shoji door. I could hear muffled whispers on the other side and after what seemed an eternity I heard some more discussion and then the door slid back a few inches and someone said something in Japanese. I slipped the letter through the opening and after a few moments the door was flung open and I was literally dragged inside facing four beaming women, all chattering at me in Japanese, while one slipped out. The three women discussed me at great length and I was wondering what to say or do when I heard a bicycle coming to a sudden stop and a young man came bounding in and said in halting English, "I am your cousin Shinichi" I could have kissed him.

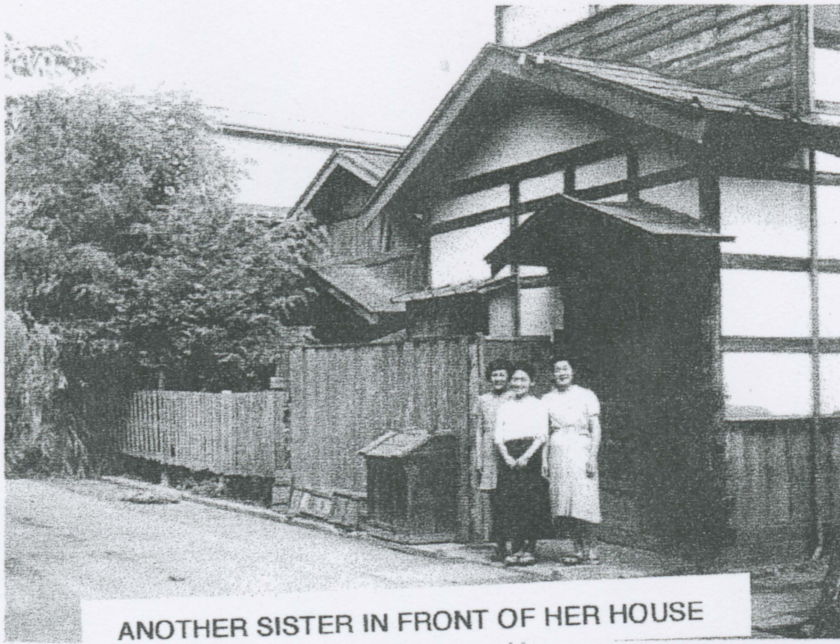
We then had a spirited conversation in which they peppered me with questions, and they told me that when I appeared, they thought I was probably a Chinese officer coming to requisition the school for their personnel. The only other time they had seen an American uniform was when the military governor had made a brief stop in their town. They had heard how anyone with Japanese blood had been placed in camps and assumed that there were no Nisei in the army. They were astounded that any Nisei could become an officer. Meantime, more and more of the relatives arrived and more tea and conversation. Whenever we went on leave, we were ordered to take rations with us because we were not to use up food of the populace. We were also instructed to take DDT powder with us. When a flea landed on my arm, my cousin apologized and said no insecticides were

available during the war so there was nothing they could do. They had heard about the powers of DDT. Enter Action Man, he who carries DDT, the scourge of all insects. They were thrilled to have me sprinkle it on all the tatami. They marveled at our K-rations, which we detested. They thought they were extravagant as they contained candy, cigarettes, sugar, biscuits and canned meat! I was happy to give them my K-rations for tofu and freshly cooked fish.

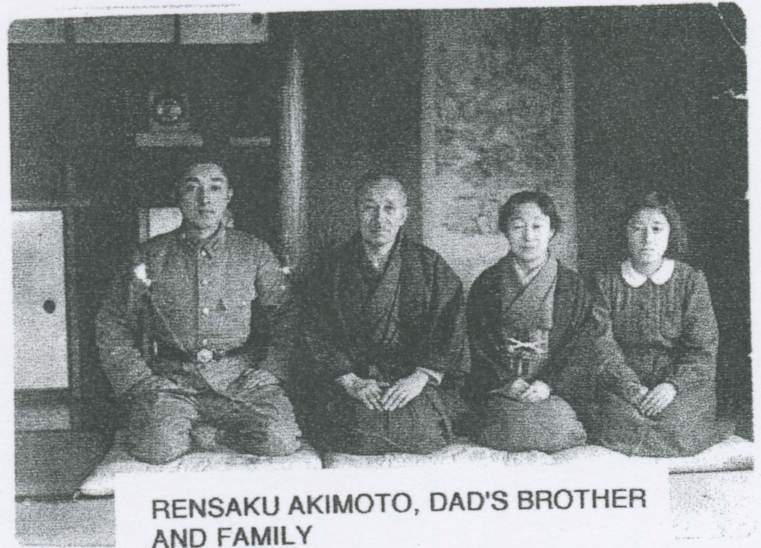
The next morning my cousin told me that we were expected in the auditorium and I was expected to give a speech to the students! Panic!... I tried to get out of it but my cousin said that the student body was assembling even as we spoke. Thanks to the time it takes to translate, I was able to gather my thoughts as he translated. I only remember talking about the responsibility they all had to develop a free society. It wasn't too difficult since the 200 or so girls were all kneeling on the polished wood floor of the auditorium, heads down. Now and then one would sneak a peek at me, but there was utter silence. This was probably the shortest talk they ever had. After that, Shinichi and his mother and father insisted on taking me on a walking tour of the town. There were many beautiful sights, but it became apparent after a short while that this was a face-making tour. I knew enough Japanese to realize that they just didn't say hello to friends, but they were making sure that they knew that their relative was an officer in the United States Army.

I then asked my cousin to accompany me to visit my father's brother in a neighboring village. When we went to the depot, the station master shoed away the people waiting in one of the rooms and had tea served to us. I asked Shinichi when the train would leave because it was already at the depot with three cars full and people hanging on precariously in between. He said, "In just a few minutes". After about ten minutes we were escorted out and on the end of the train was a coach which obviously had just been hauled out from somewhere, still wet from the washing and women still wiping off the interior! To be part of the occupation forces in a small village really made you a VIP in spades even though you were only a lowly second lieutenant. When we got on, I felt guilty as we were the only ones in the car and people were barely hanging, on so I told Shinichi to invite some of them to come in. He was young and enjoying this new status. He practically ordered some of them to enter and they entered apprehensively and as far away as possible. He then ordered more to come in but made sure that they knew that they couldn't come too close.

Two hours later we arrived at my uncle's village. When I asked my cousin for a taxi he told me that this village had no gas but there was a taxi of sorts. Our taxi turned out to be a horse and closed buggy! You've seen the photo. When we arrived at my uncle's house, I could feel some tension. When my cousin said that they were asking whether I had come to claim the property in the name of my father, I laughed and told him to tell them that Dad had



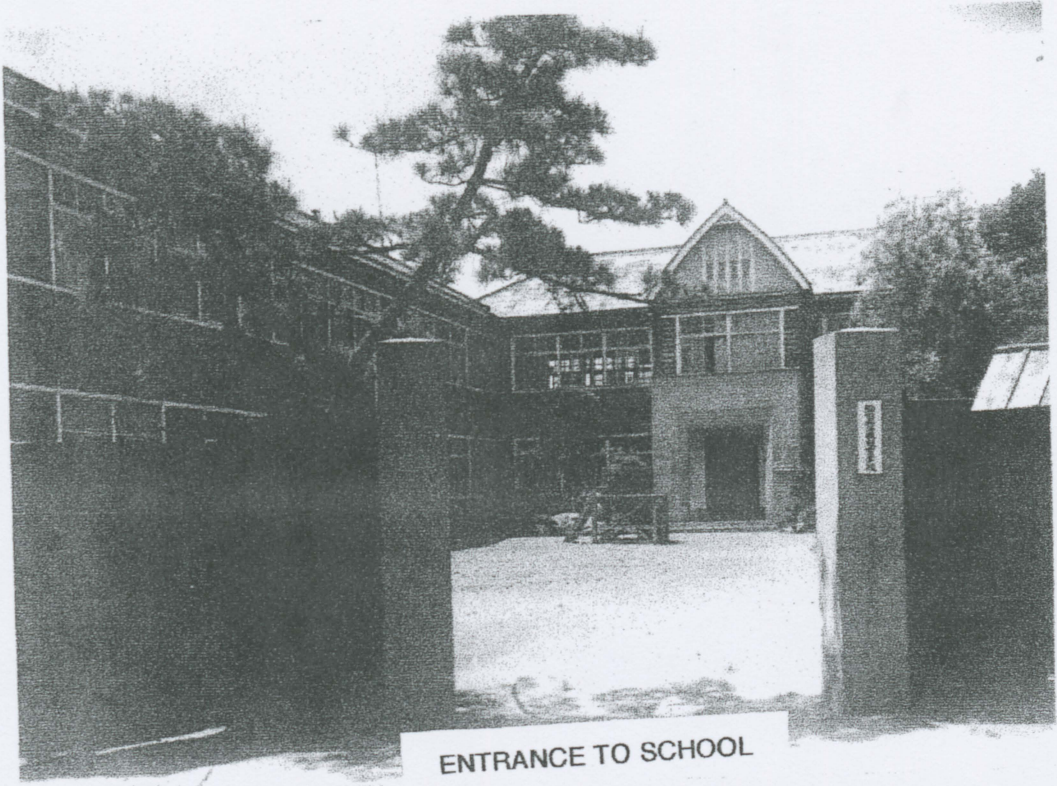
ANOTHER SISTER IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE



RENSAKU AKIMOTO, DAD'S BROTHER AND FAMILY



"BASHA", TAXI FROM STATION TO UNCLE'S HOUSE



ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL



AUDITORIUM WHERE I SPOKE. NOTICE NO CHAIRS!

no interest in ever residing in Japan and wanted no part of any property, and that Dad simply wanted to send his greetings and to find out how they had fared during the war. The relief on their faces was something to behold and we had a nice visit and they learned about our family. It was very difficult to try to explain about the internment.

Someone in the Special Services Office had the bright idea that we should encourage the musical arts of the western world, so an opera company was established. I guess the idea was to introduce "culture" to the GIs and officers. I hardly think Wagner is a good intro. They put on "Lohengrin" and it was supposed to be only for the Occupation Forces. It was very hot and with no air conditioning, they put blocks of ice in the aisles!! I kid you not. Of course the GIs and officers brought their girlfriends and the MP's looked the other way. By the end of the first act over half of the audience had scooted for more entertaining fields. Next they tried Cavalleria and Pagliacci and somehow, opera in Japanese just isn't the same. Same result.... Next ballet.... no, no.... finally they got smart and had Michio Ito to produce a Las Vegas type of production titled "Tabasco" and finally got the attention of the troops.

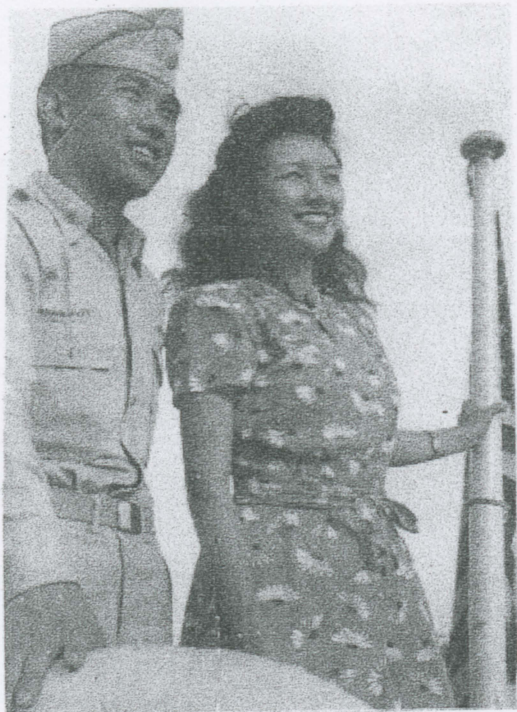
The military forces had many Rest and Recuperation hotels throughout Japan so troops stationed in remote areas and hardship posts would have a chance to enjoy the beautiful scenic areas of Japan. Nara and Nikko are two such areas. Kyoto was also a desired spot to see as it was spared bombing as it was considered a non-military target and renowned for it's artistic treasures. Most GIs had heard of the three monkeys and the huge bronze Buddha located in the world's largest wooden building, the Daibutsuden.

The photos on this page show Yone Satoda with the movie star "Dekochan". Since Yone spoke excellent Japanese, communication was no problem. She was established as a star and Yone still had his college to complete so when we prodded him his reply was "I can't afford to keep her in stockings!" Many years later someone coming back to the USA was leafing through a Japanese magazine and saw an article about her retiring and in the article she mentioned the Nisei American Officer that she really was fond of when she was young. The photo of Worsh shows you how much taller he was than us. The second time I went to see the prime minister I made sure I had a Nisei interpreter. The bottom photo is one I took right after a minor typhoon and the sky was beautiful and Mt Fuji nice and clear. I drove to this side of the lake and had a hard time convincing the man in the boat to stop bailing out the boat as he was making ripples ruining the reflection. Someone in Mac's office saw it and requested a big enlargement for their office.

The only obnoxious officer in our outfit was a captain who had been a regular army corporal when the war began and had attained the rank of captain by being booted upstairs because he was the kind of person of whom the outfits would say "We don't care how you



TABASCO



YONE AND MOVIE STAR "DEKOCHAN"



DAD, WORSH, MOM AND ME



WORSH WITH MAC'S H.Q. IN BACKGROUND



2ND VISIT TO PRIME MINISTER. NISEI INTERPRETER

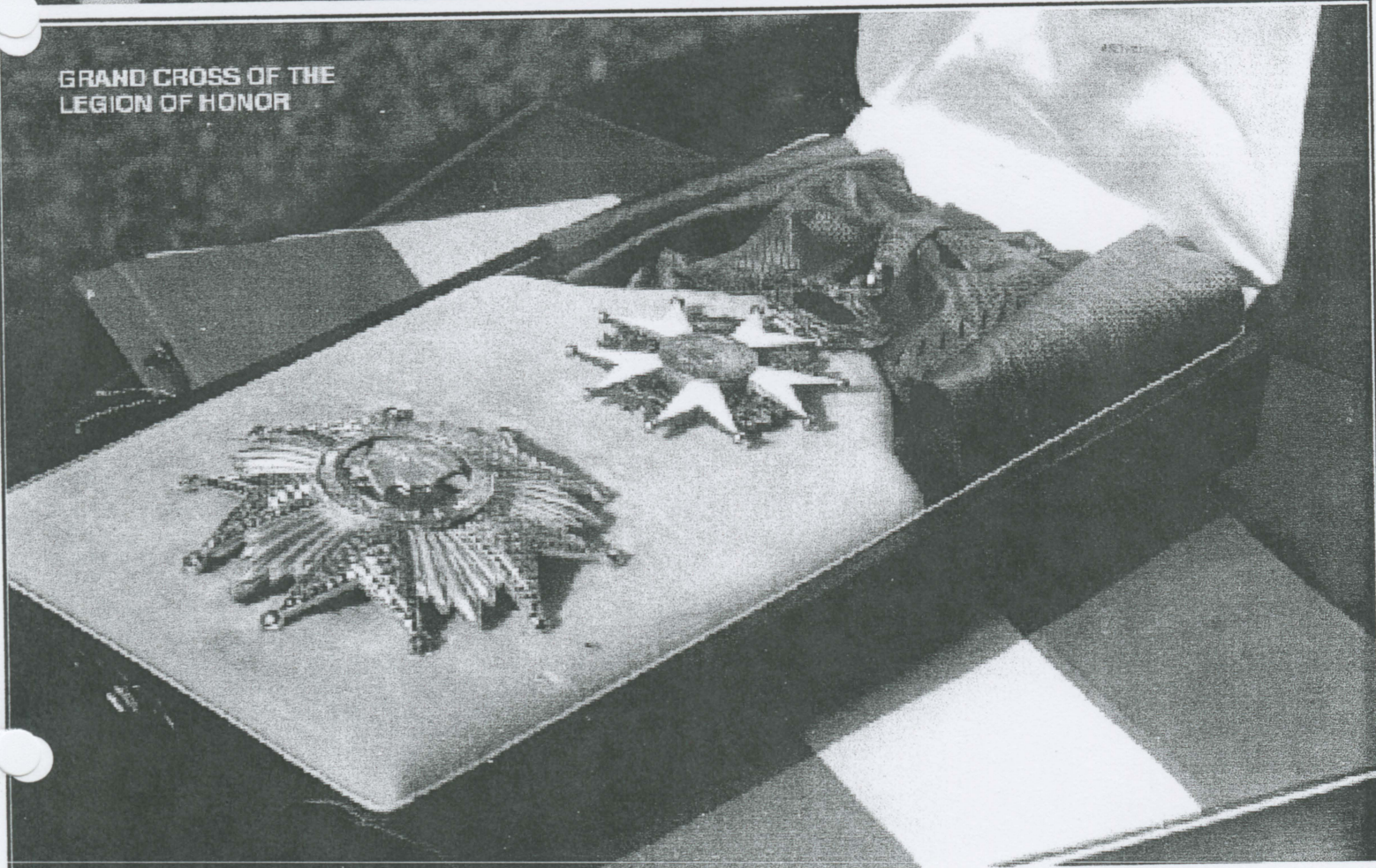


PHOTO WHICH WAS REQUESTED FOR MAC ARTHUR'S OFFICE

GENERAL MACARTHUR RECEIVES LEGION OF HONOR FROM
GENERAL PECHKOFF CHIEF OF FRENCH MISSION TO SCAP



GRAND CROSS OF THE
LEGION OF HONOR



get rid of him, but get him out of here!" Cappy detested him, as he was constantly "brown nosing" "That was a great job you did, sir" Can I go to the Px for you, Sir?" "You must have lost weight, Sir, you look great" Cappy didn't suffer fools lightly. He made a tour of the islands we had captured and one day after he had returned, told us to be sure to eat at the mess on Thursday. We generally ate at different messes as some had specialties on certain days. Our mess had tablecloths (sheets) and waitresses in kimonos and a full complement of Japanese cooks.

That Thursday we went early to the mess and Cappy was seated at a table by himself. When we went to join him, he told us sotto voce to just sit somewhere we could see his table. We were all seated and started our dinner when Capt. Vale appeared, and who, seeing no one at Cappy's table, made a beeline for it and asked "May I have the honor of eating with you sir?" Cappy grunted his consent. The first course was a cream soup and when the waitress served his soup we noticed that Cappy diverted his attention to the kitchen. Vale took one spoonful of soup and after about the third spoonful got a quizzical look on his face and we could see his tongue inside his mouth probing. Cappy asked him if there was something wrong. Vale assured him everything was fine but in a few moments we noticed his tongue again probing his mouth. After another look in his spoon, he made another reconnaissance of his mouth and suddenly leaped to his feet and shouted, "MESS SERGEANT! COME HERE RIGHT NOW!! WHAT'S THIS TOOTH DOING IN MY SOUP?" He was so wrought up that he was oblivious to his surroundings. He then shouted, "I WANT ALL THE COOKS OUT HERE RIGHT NOW!!" He lined up the cooks and ordered them to open their mouths when the roars of laughter from everyone penetrated his consciousness. He did an about-face and stomped out of the mess. We immediately surrounded Cappy and he assured us that it was a hygienic joke. He said that in one of the caves they inspected, a pack rat had made a pile of teeth, so he took a few, had the medics autoclave them and then thought of a way to maybe break Vale of his habit of brown-nosing him.

He also was aware of Vale constantly trying to make the other officers look bad by making up rumors that had no basis of fact. An example, he always insisted that an enlisted man drive him on assignments. On one assignment he told the driver that he knew I was black-marketing cigarettes since I had quit smoking. He was hoping the driver was a rumor monger, but it backfired because the driver told me about it and said that he would be willing to testify if it came to a trial. I told Cappy about it and he went to the regimental commander and said he thought I deserved an apology. Vale was called before the regimental commander and had to apologize to me in front of him and a reprimand was put on his record. Vale avoided me like a plague and began to drive himself much to the relief of the men.



TOKYO TRAIN STATION WHERE I STEPPED ON THE RED CARPET



DAI ICHI BLDG HQ OF SCAP (SUPREME COMMAND ALLIED POWERS)

We had special Photographers' ID cards issued by SCAP(Supreme Commander Allied Powers) which stated "The bearer will NOT be interfered with in the performance of his duties" and since this was Gen. MacArthur's title we could go anywhere as long as we were in my jeep and had a camera with us and that included "off limits" areas! We had more freedom than anyone we knew.

Yone Satoda was with the counter intelligence Corp stationed in Northern Japan. As far as I can remember, he would detain and question any Japanese person entering Japan in his sector and interrogate them to determine whether he or she was on a spy mission for the Russians. Being a hardship post he was given frequent leaves and would come down to Tokyo to the NYK Officer's Club where many of his friends, who were with the translators and interpreters units, met. We were expecting him at six for dinner but when he didn't show, we ate and just as we were finishing he came in, apologized and said he was so fascinated by his room mates' talk at the transient billets that he had to stay until the end.

He then explained that when he went to the room he was sharing with an army captain, a navy lieutenant was engaged in an intense conversation with him. They hardly acknowledged his presence as they were working on a speech for someone. As they went on, Yone realized that they were writing the speech that MacArthur was to make in a couple of days when he was going to receive the Legion of Honor from the French Mission. The two would try out acceptance speeches on each other..."From Lafayette to....no, no, too flowery.....In the glorious traditions of the French nah.....from the American Revolution to the World Wars....." Yone was fascinated by the process. The men then said almost simultaneously, "General Pechkoff has only one arm! How will he present the medal? Is he going to kiss him on both cheeks".....hurried phone calls to the French Mission....."Which arm is missing?" "How is he going to place the ribbon on his neck?" (more phone calls)... more attempts at speeches....Finally, "Look, let's keep it simple and short. How about, 'may it ever be thus!' You can't blow that". Yone swore this was true.

I couldn't resist, so I assigned myself to take the newsreel. I decided against a tripod as that way I could maneuver faster as it would be crowded. The ceremony went along well and when the time came for the presentation, General Pechkoff gave Mac the medal case. Mac opened it looked at the medal, grasped Pechkoff's arm and said, "May it ever be thus!" and I lost it and began to laugh. Needless to say I wasn't holding the camera very steady, so when the critique of the reel came back it said, "Instruct the photographer to use a tripod". As I mentioned before, we were instructed never to number and file a photo with MacArthur in it until it was approved by HQ SCAP, the penalty being reassignment to Korea! He was evidently very self-conscious about a double chin which might account for

the way he always thrust his jaw up.

One of my friends was with the Counter Intelligence Corps and he asked us if we wanted any swords. All the Japanese had to turn in their swords. He gave me five. Three looked like they belonged to the Cavalry as they were ornate and long. Two were plain and one of the two was short. Some of my men had been overseas quite awhile, so as they rotated I allowed them to pick a sword. I ended up with the very plain short sword. When Dad came overseas, he was horrified that I had been hacking up wood for the wood stove with it. He told me that I should take better care of it. 40 years later I was finally able to have a collector decipher the inscribed maker of the sword. It turned out to be made in the 14-15th century by the Hide Kage swordmaking family in Bishu Osafune, Honshu and was probably the only old one of the lot that had any history.

Every mess hall in every outfit seemed to have an adopted orphan and ours was no exception. Against regulations, he was given space in the storeroom and the supply sergeant put a cot in it. He would help out in the kitchen and at the end of each meal, after the mess personnel and waitresses had shared the leftovers, he would take his and share his with friends waiting at the back door! When I ate at other messes I noticed similar situations.

.One day a young lab worker, probably 16 years old, came to me and in broken English told me that there was a very important baseball game in the afternoon. Thinking he wanted to take the day off I told him to ask Washee-ami-san (Worsham) as he was in charge of the lab. He thanked me politely and went back to the lab. Worsh emerged a few minutes later and said, "What Jimbo-san wants is for you to assign yourself to take photos of this historic baseball championship and maybe you just might need an assistant" The light bulb appeared over my head and I told Worsh to send Jimbo-san to me. I told him in very slow, very simple, almost broken English, "Jimbo-san, General MacArthur office say big, important college baseball championship play today. I must take photos but I need assistant. You want to be my assistant today?" The glow on his face and his big smile was something I still remember. Since the lab was under my command, he dashed in to the lab to tell Worsh that he was going with me. When I drove my jeep to the station I could hardly believe my eyes as the stadium was surrounded by people trying to get in. I was so used to most of the populace going out to the country to find food and never seeing a great crowd, this was amazing. As I wondered how I could maneuver the jeep to the entrance, Jimbo-san stood up and shouted in Japanese (as far as I could make out) "General MacArthur's photographer is here, make way for him!" At the sound of General MacArthur's name they immediately focused their attention on us and a path miraculously opened and we drove through the entrance and on to the infield. The police immediately made some



JUDGES OF THE WAR CRIMES TRIALS



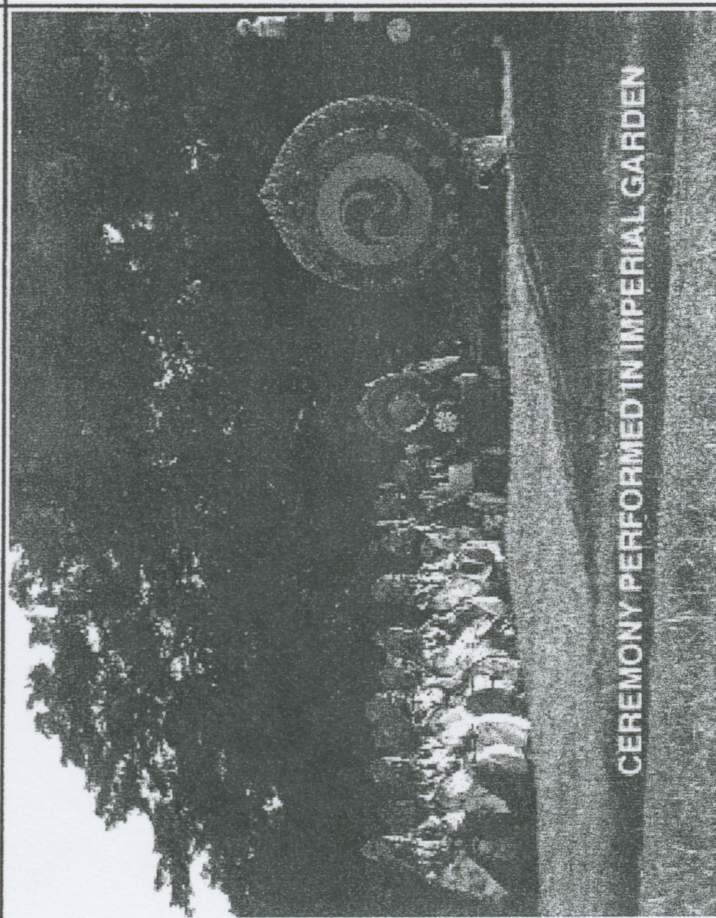
DERANGED DEFENDANT HAD JUST SLAPPED TOJO ON THE HEAD AND STARTED TO DISROBE



GEISHAS PERFORMING LION DANCE



TELEPHONE OPERATORS BOWING TO SUPERVISOR BEFORE BEGINNING WORK IN MORNING



CEREMONY PERFORMED IN IMPERIAL GARDEN



FIRST TIME EMPEROR WALKED IN PUBLIC SINCE END OF WAR. NOTE EXPRESSIONS ON FACES

people give up their seats but I told Jimbo-san that I would stand parallel to the batter and didn't need a seat. I told him that he could sit but he refused. He told me that he wanted to stand beside me so that the fans and he hoped, some of his friends, could see what a fine job he had. The game was quite revelation. First, both teams came on the field, lined up in two rows and bowed respectfully to each other. Then they formed a single line and as the officials were announced, they would bow again. As the game progressed the first base ump made a bad call. I fully expected a big protest. Instead the runner came to the ump, bowed respectfully and went to his dugout! Jimbo-san was the hero of the lab as he got to see THE game which was a sell out and was right there on the field!!

Every outfit had an Officer's Club and since Tokyo was the mecca for GIs on leave, HQ decided to make an enlisted men's club in Tokyo as well. No officer was to be allowed in. At the grand opening only the VIP officers participating in the opening were to be allowed entry. The evening of the opening, several of my photographers appeared at my billet and told me that I should join them for the event. I told them no officer was to be permitted entry. They told me that they would enjoy outranking me for a day so they had brought me a corporal's uniform to wear to the opening and they wanted me to see the new "digs" and celebrate with them. As we were enjoying the evening, the official opening began and to my horror I saw that among VIPs was Cappy! I couldn't move in the crush of the crowd and as General Back and Cappy made their round, I was suddenly face to face with them! Cappy said, "General Back, this is Corporal Akimoto, one of my ace photographers" Cappy got a lot of chuckles out of this as he would call me "corporal" from time to time in the next few weeks.

We were given a date to change from summer to winter uniforms. We kept our uniforms in metal upright lockers. I had forgotten the date and as I was dressing my room mate said, "Hey, you have to wear winter from today" I hastily reached in the locker, put on my winter uniform and went to work. Cappy said to me, "Ted, you have a minute? Come into my office." When I stood in front of him he asked me, "Ted, what rank is represented by a green bar?" I thought it was a joke so I said, "I'll bite, what rank is it or has the army created a new rank?" He said, "I don't know myself but you sure as heck have green bars on your shoulders!" When I looked, I realized that in the hot humid summer months the gold bars had formed a green mold on them. I turned red and tried to explain why I hadn't polished them. Cappy laughed and said, "Well, I can take a hint. I'll put you in for a promotion".

Japan is on the "Ring of Fire" so there are many hot springs. Worsh and I discovered the joys of this soothing experience. Most are in beautiful areas. When you arrive you take your shoes off at the entrance and they give you a pair of zoris. The hostess escorts you to your room which has a straw mat floors and appears bare. There are sliding wood and

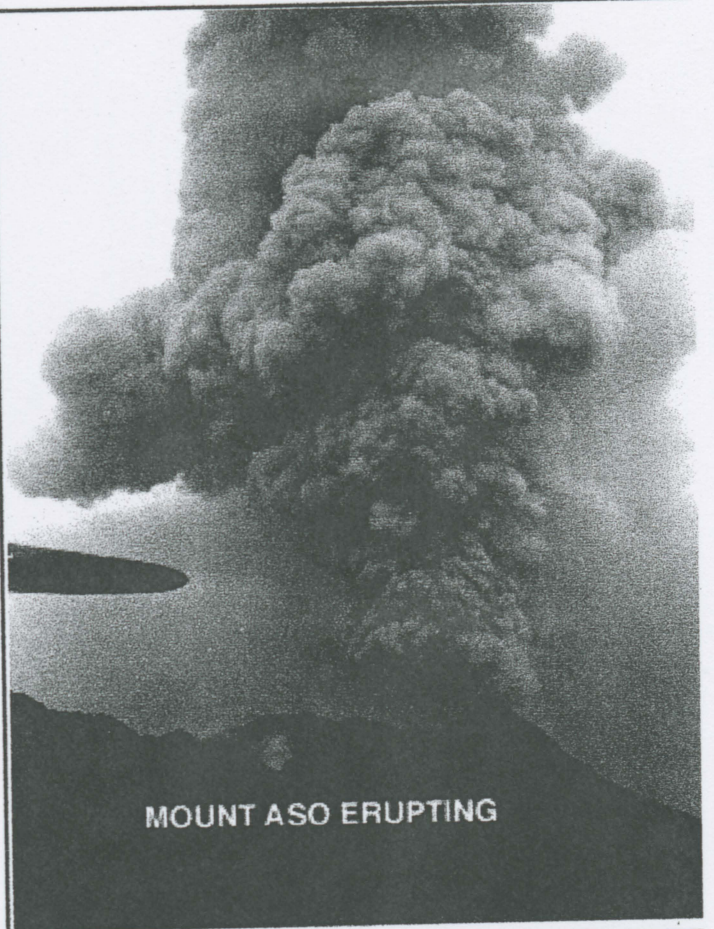
paper doors which conceal shelves that hold the bedding. She brings you a basket which has a yukata (kimono type of bathrobe) in it. You undress, put on the yukata and go to the hot spring bath. This one had a huge boulder in the middle and the steam rises from the water. About 20 feet from the front of the pool are several low, wooden stools. You sit on the stool and a woman comes in and scrubs your back while you wash your front. Then she takes a bucket of water and rinses you off. You enter the pool an inch at a time as the water is HOT! When you emerge after a while, you are limp and so hot it seems as if your body dries itself without a towel.

We were assigned a very young, naive photographer from a small town in Iowa. He had heard about our hot spring trips and asked if he could come along on our next trip. When we went to the pool there was no one else around. When we sat on the stool and the woman washed my back and then Worsh's. Poor Brad was sitting on his stool and whispered to Worsh, "You didn't tell me about this! Tell her that I don't want my back washed." Worsh told him, "You have to have your back washed as it is very important that you are clean before entering the pool" He was in abject misery as he tried to conceal his genitals while the woman scrubbed his back. At the pool, he learned how to inch his way down, and just as his body was completely immersed, a family of four came in, mother, father, teenage girl and a boy about nine. They were completely naked, of course, and when they saw our faces, lined up and bowed to us. I thought Brad was going to disappear under the water! Worsh and I got out and sat on the edge of the pool but Brad would not. He whispered, "What are they doing here?" We told him that this was the custom. That whole families came to enjoy these hot spring baths. Soap was virtually non existent, so I took the bar of soap we had and slid it to the father saying, "Dozo, omiyagi" (Please, a gift). You would have thought I had given them a gold bar. He took the soap, looked it over, smelled it, gave it to his wife who did the same and then handed it to the daughter. They then came over, lined up to face us. bowed and thanked us. Poor Brad was still in the water and again tried to make himself as small as possible. We told him he better get out but he whispered, "Not until they are gone!" By the time they left, Brad was so weak that we had to lift him from the water.

Later more dependents were arriving in Japan and, not wishing to shock the more staid, GHQ announced that all hot spring baths would be off limits. Worsh and I would find that the MPs had placed "off limits" on the last spa we had been to, so we would go farther afield to one they hadn't yet posted. One trip was to a beautiful mountainside old inn. Our room overlooked a rapid stream below and we could see cherry blossoms on the trees and a picture postcard scene of the mountains in the background. There was no modern plumbing so it would never be approved by the military. The loo consisted of a five holer in a three sided structure roughly 10ft long with side walls about 6 ft high, a slanting roof with



MRS MACARTHUR



MOUNT ASO ERUPTING



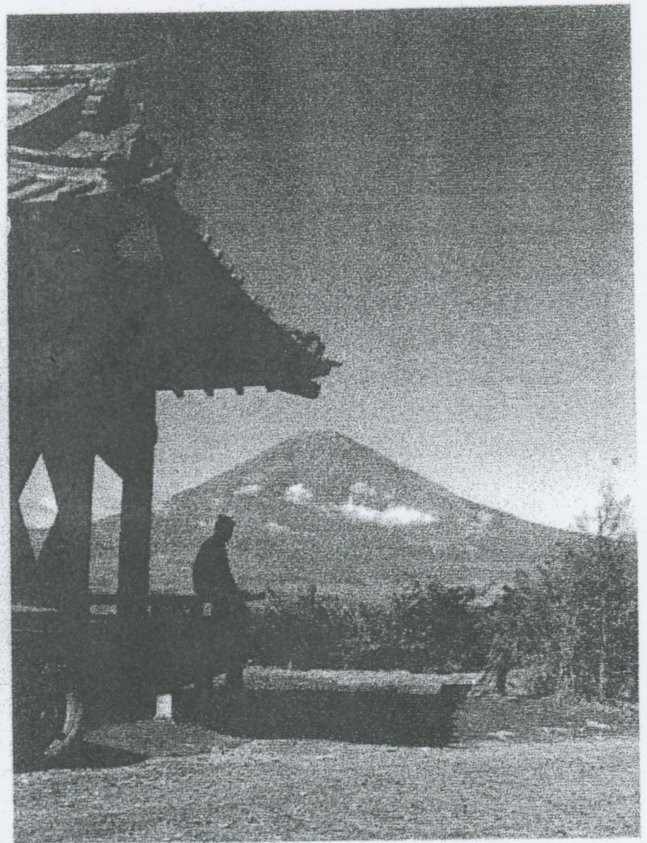
TOKYO ROSE



LARGE BUDDHA IN DAIBUTSUDEN



Hiroshima. Bomb went off 800ft above dome



Fujiyama



Emperor Hirohito

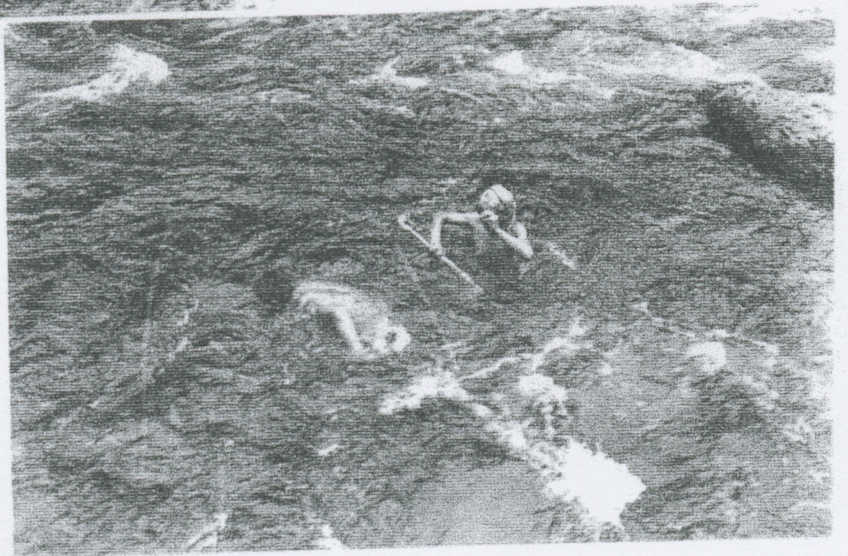
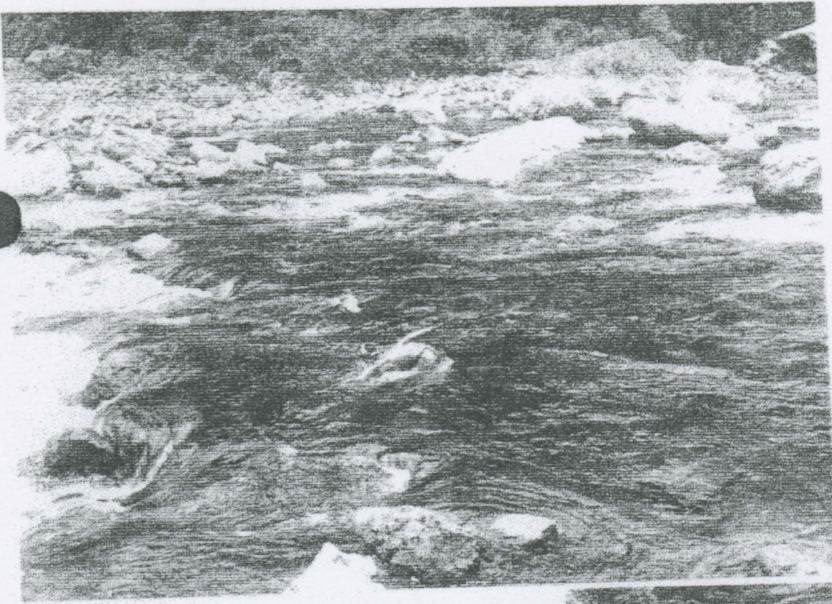


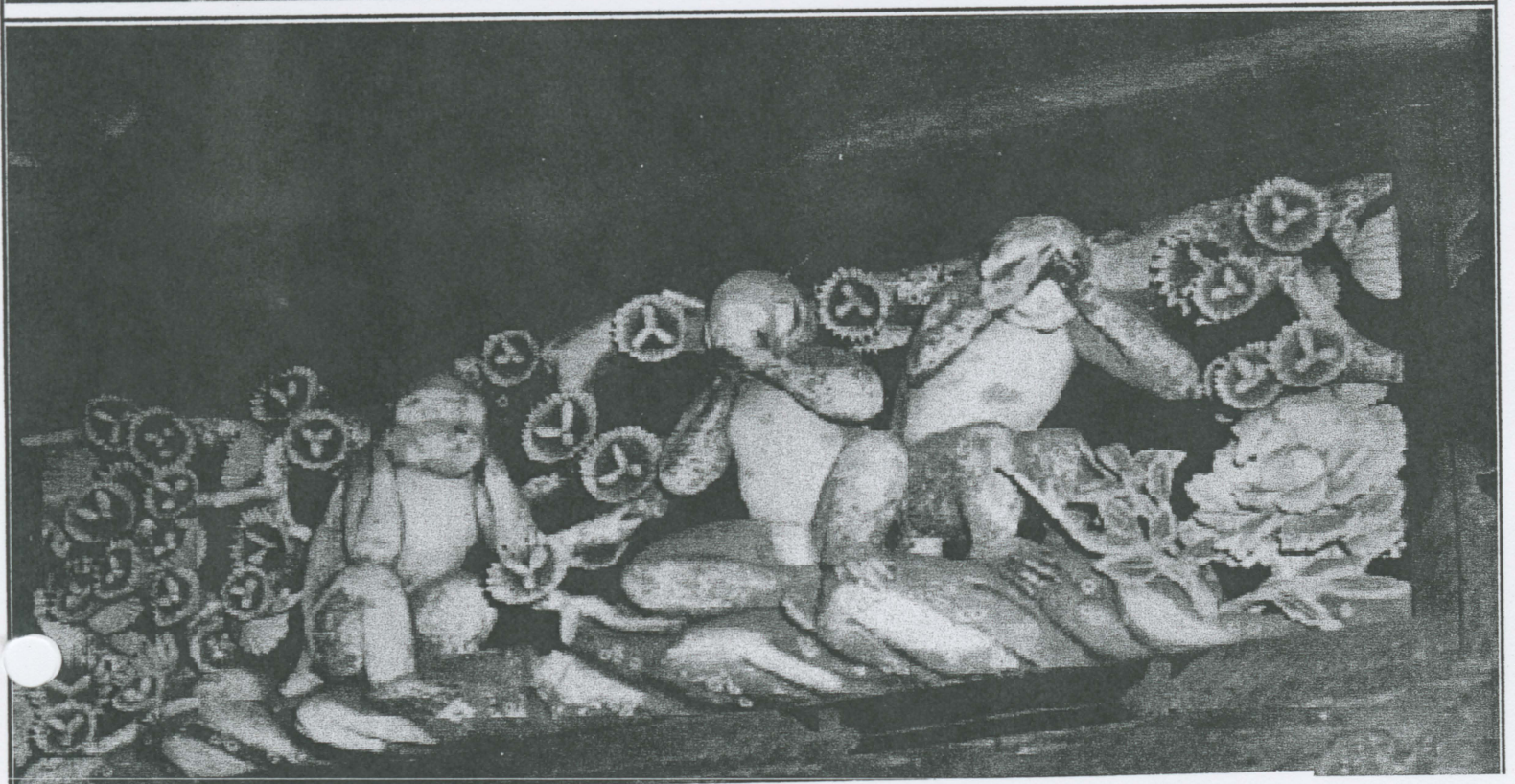
Crown Prince Akihito

an eave to keep you protected in case of rain, but no door! The view was spectacular and I could see how peaceful it would be when you did your daily contemplations. I got up at 5am since I thought then I could "contemplate" in private. I had just sat down when to my horror a woman came by, greeted me saying "oh-haio-gozaïmasu" and started a conversation. I kept my answers as short as possible and she chattered on for what seemed an eternity before she left! The next morning Worsh was at the balcony and said, "Hey, Ted, take a look at this!" I went to the balcony and looked down at the rapid stream and saw what looked like small buttocks sticking out of the water. Suddenly a hand emerged from the water and beat the surface and boy with goggles arose with a fish on his spear! The three boys continued until they had a string of small fish. When we went down to observe this way of fishing, they bowed and greeted us. We asked them to continue so I could get some photos of them.

I wanted to bring Mom and Dad to Japan. I had declared them my dependents and this was easy to establish since my monthly allotments were made out to them. Mom fell from the bunk in the ship on the way over and broke her shoulder, so her arrival was greeted with apprehension, since I had only received word that she was in the ship's infirmary and feared the worst. We were assigned a house in the newly built Grant Heights. We were assigned a maid and with three bedrooms and a maid's room. It was very comfortable. It was completely furnished including silverware and dishes. Mom, of course, first thing started Bible classes for the maids in the housing area. We found it easier to invite relatives and friends to come to us to visit while Mom still had her arm in a sling. Dad had a ball renewing old acquaintances and relatives regularly came to visit although transportation was still very difficult. I know it thrilled Mom and Dad to be able to provide some scarce items to them even though the regulations stated that you could not "sell or GIVE things obtained in the PX or commissary" The MPs really cracked down on blackmarketeers and would occasionally arrest some GI for giving things to his girlfriend's family, I never heard of an officer being arrested unless he was black marketing.

I began to have trouble with my kidney, and when they determined that they couldn't handle it there decided to air-evac me to the States to Fitzsimons Hospital in Denver. Mom and Dad still had many friends they wanted to see. If you remember, I said if you wanted to get anything done see a sergeant or warrant officer. Bryson was the warrant officer in our unit. He was a remarkable, caring person and knew how to get things done. I relied on him several times when the signal photo needed something and he always came through. I mentioned that it was a shame that the regulations stated that when someone was sent back to the states, all dependents had to follow within a month. Bryson said, "HQ Personnel owe me a few favors, I'll see what I can do." He went to GHQ and said to the sergeant that he needed a favor and that the sergeant still owed him a couple. The





ORIGINAL "HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL" MONKEYS



BATAAN

GENERAL MAC ARTHUR'S PLANE "BATAAN"



THE "GANG" AT AN INN BY LAKE HAKONE



PREPARING TO LEAVE JAPAN ON AIR EVAC PLANE

sergeant said, "Funny thing, the Akimoto file is on the top of the 'in' box and I have to go out for a cup of java". Taking the hint, Bryson took the file and put it on the bottom. He asked the sergeant how long would it take him to get to the bottom. Every time the file came to the top the sergeant would phone Bryson and tell him he had to get a cup of coffee at 10 am. After two months, he couldn't postpone the paperwork any more as his bosses were breathing down his neck, so Mom and Dad had to leave, but they did have two extra months for reunions. Worth found out when my evac plane was leaving. It was leaving at 9 in the evening and to my surprise and delight he had managed transportation for Mom and Dad, for Atsuko Moriuchi and her sister and for as many of the photogs as were not on duty. They all drove on to the tarmac for a rousing farewell amid the popping of flashbulbs.

It took 42 flying hours to get to San Francisco! We stopped at Johnson Island which seemed to me to be just large enough for a landing strip and refueling depot and at Guam to refuel before we got to Honolulu. No jets in those days. The evac plane had stretchers on each side, two high and you had to be strapped in for takeoffs and landings. Some of the patients had to be in them all the time but if you were ambulatory you could walk around or sit on the floor as the center of the plane was clear. During one of the flights the co-pilot came out and asked if anyone could play Bridge. I said I played at it whereupon he shouted to the cockpit, "Hey we've got a fourth!" The pilot then came out and we sat on the floor and as we started play, I asked in alarm, "Hey who's flying the plane?" He said "Don't worry, it's on auto pilot and the engineer will let me know if anything goes wrong".

Our landing in Hawaii was exciting. One of the tires blew out on take off and we weren't aware of this until the nurse gave each of us in the stretchers a pillow to place over our faces. I couldn't resist looking out as I had a porthole window. I saw the runway with four fire engines on each side parallel with the strip and as we came down they sped along with us at the ready. I couldn't see the runway as we came down but the pilot must have told them that he would attempt a wheel landing and not a belly landing. He was really skilled as he came down on the good tire and we went along for hundreds of feet before it blew and we skidded along in a shower of sparks and the fire engines spraying the undercarriage. Later when someone asked the pilot why he didn't make a belly landing he replied, "Look, Baby and I have been together for a long time and I'm not about to mess up her complexion!"

In Hawaii, I was able to wrangle a three day pass and was able to fly to Hilo for a short visit with Martha, Pete and Ernie. As we flew over Molokai I remember the men from Hawaii telling us about how the leper colony was established there and how Father Damian ministered to them and how he finally contracted leprosy. I was hoping to see Bob Ikari in Honolulu but he was still in Paris working on his book.

Next stop: San Francisco for a day and we had to get used to looking to our left when we wanted to cross an intesection as they drive on the left side in Japan! Then on to Denver and Fitzsimons Hospital.



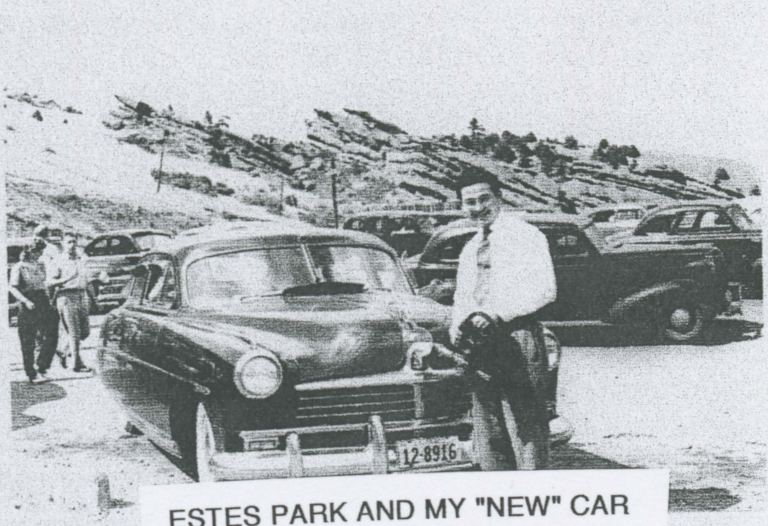
FITZSIMONS HOSPITAL



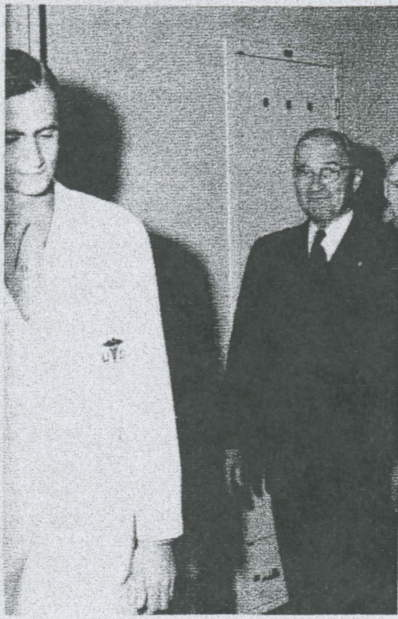
PRE-OPERATION PARTY. JACK NELSON (FAR RT)



WAITING TO MEET THE BOARD



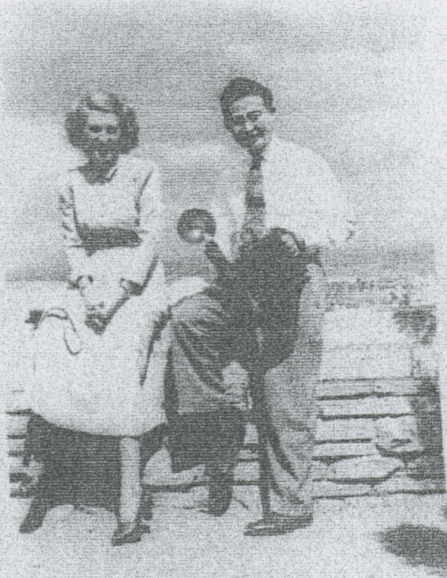
ESTES PARK AND MY "NEW" CAR



PRESIDENT TRUMAN



PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S ARRIVAL



trip to Estes Park w/nurse



surprise Christmas party



Junior waiting for "swimps"



trout fishing in Golden



Macantonio's constant poker game



birthday surprise Dr. O'Donnell

Fitzsimons Hospital is located near Denver, Colorado. It is an eight story brick building with wings extending right and left and a tunnel which goes to the theater, so in inclement weather, ambulatory patients can attend without going outside. The Commanding General's house, which is behind the hospital, is a single house with a large pond in front. The pond is stocked with trout and once a week patients may fish there. It was no fun as you were bound to catch the trout. Our wing on the third floor had one private room outside the ward, next to the elevator. As you entered the ward through the swinging doors there were five private rooms on each side but the rooms on the left side opened to a long corridor which contained five beds. The main open ward was large and contained twenty beds. The five rooms on the right side were for officers and the five on the left side were for patients on stryker frames. I don't know how or why I got the private room outside the ward but it was very nice and private. The ward Sergeant showed me how I could have privacy. As you opened my door, on the right side was a built in wall locker with two sliding drawers below. If you closed the door and opened one of the drawers it was impossible to enter. He winked his eye and said, "You'll never have to worry about someone surprising you if you want privacy. You lucked out as this is the only room outside the ward."

To avoid the internment camps, Ruth, Hideo and Jon had moved to Denver before they were trapped in L.A. Hideo continued to work for the Occidental Life Insurance Company. They had established themselves in the community and had a network of friends. When I arrived at Fitzsimons, I phoned them and Hideo invited me to have dinner in town and bring anyone I knew, so two other patients, Dr. Dick Bagley and Dr. Warren Piccolo came with me. He took us to a steak house and this was our first encounter with the HUGE martinis they serve in the USA. He warned us that at this higher altitude, two would make us tipsy. Then Hideo took us to the display case and told us to pick out our steaks. I looked at the steaks apprehensively as they looked old and some even looked as if they had a bit of mold on them! This was my first experience with "aged" steaks and when Hideo explained the process I was still doubtful until I ate the most tender, delicious steak I had ever tasted. I was introduced to Cliff and Velda Weiss and young Cliff Jordan and later when Summer and I wed in Denver, they and their friends made it a very festive occasion.

There was a warrant officer patient who was probably homosexual but in that period of time you never came out and said anything even though his mannerisms were very effeminate. We all thought he was weird and a snob but only Walt Pizarowski, coal miner from Pennsylvania, said aloud that he thought AJ was a "fag". We had no concept of what that meant.

One day there was a great deal of excitement when word spread that President Truman

was going to visit the hospital. I still had a 4x5 Speed Graphic camera so I took a picture of the arrival and when they said he was visiting only the fifth floor I used my newsphoto experience and went to the fifth floor and waited for the elevator to open and got my photo. In those days, Presidents evidently didn't have the phalanx of secret service men as presidents do today. I was by myself when the elevator door opened and the doctor of the ward escorted the President into the ward.

I was put on a course of INH (pills) and considered an ambulatory patient meaning I could go to the movie theater at night or to the PX during the day, go to the occupational therapy shop downstairs, Library and on Saturdays, after taking my pills, go to town on leave until Sunday midnight. Most of the time was spent on the open ward or in the dayroom playing cards. Gambling was forbidden but the men would play for matchsticks which they would cash in after all the nurses and doctors were out of sight. Junior and Hezekiah would shoot craps in a corner of the porch unit and Junior's whoops of joy when he hit a natural was a dead giveaway, but the nurses seemed to have momentary deafness to that sound.

Dr. Driscoll, my physician, found out I loved fishing. He also was an avid fisherman so he told me about the nice fishing areas in Colorado that he had explored. He told me that if I promised to take along my medication and take it at the prescribed times, he would give me three day passes so I could try some of these rivers and streams. I was able to buy a car because veterans went to the top of the waiting list. This enabled me to take full advantage of the passes and I spent many three day passes exploring and fishing the many fishing streams and rivers in Colorado.

I was living the life of Riley for months. Active duty pay, time for fishing, sightseeing, visits to Hideo and Ruth, and getting to know all the patients, nurses and doctors. Early in December the head nurse told me that from that day I was to be a bed patient! After nine months of different medications, they suddenly decided my left kidney had to go. Before they operated, they told me that I had to meet the retirement board. I was told to meet the board in full uniform. I had just got used to wearing civvies for nine months so when I tried on my uniform, to my horror, found I had gained quite a bit of weight. I managed to squeeze into the uniform and fortunately the board took only a couple of hours. I felt like a hotdog in a microwave. Anyhow that disability retirement was like getting a prepaid titanium credit card as I have not had to pay a cent for the removal of the kidney, three aneurysms and triple bypass (not to mention all the medical care for the rest of the family) and we were able to go by boat to Europe paying only for meals. I missed my active duty pay, though, since the retired pay was only \$157.50 a month.

Dick Bagley, fellow patient, was a doctor. He went to the medical library and researched

the histories of patients with the same ailment. He came into my room and asked me, "Ted, would you like to know the prognosis of how long, on an average, we will live?" I told him, "Of course. After all it makes planning for the future easier." He said, "Well, 17 years but with all the new discoveries, who knows?" This was in 1948, so thanks to the discoveries and new techniques I have beaten the odds and then some.

I was operated on December 15th, and Jack Nelson and Lt. Bleeker and other patients would come in and tell jokes just to see me laugh and hold my side in pain. It was also during this convalescence that a wonderful new invention, the LP record player, became available, with priority to the patients. The only model offered was a console which I ordered and the ward men brought it into my room. They only had two records available, a demonstration record and the Tschaikovsky Piano Concerto. Soon I had a steady stream of doctors, nurses, patients coming to my room to hear this remarkable thing that could play 30 minutes of music on one record!!

You got to know everyone on the ward, patients, nurses, corpsmen, etc. You felt as if you were a member of an extended family. They knew that Ruth and Hideo had moved to California, so before Christmas the nurses and Red Cross worker came into my room with a huge Christmas stocking filled with goodies.

It was here that I met Jack Nelson who would become an inspiration and lifelong friend. He was a patient in the open ward. His wife was pregnant and living in subsidized housing in Denver. They were barely making ends meet yet they were always upbeat, smiling and when visiting hours were over he never lost his smile or sense of humor. We spent many hours on the ward making leather purses (The occupational therapy people would come in with leather forms, tools to stamp decorations, lacing, etc.), playing cards, discussing our plans for the future, etc. I told Jack that any time he wanted to go into business I would like to be a partner. This was when the idea of raising chickens in batteries was to be the wave of the future and we thought it would be ideal, as it seemed that you could work a few hours in the morning putting the feed in the troughs, collect the eggs and deliver them and have time to go to classes and study. We both were intent upon using the GI bill and go to college.

There were three African American patients on the ward. Hezekiah (50 yrs. old), Junior (18 yrs. old), and "Flash" (19 yrs. old). Hezekiah, to us, was old and slow. Junior delighted in giving Hezekiah a hard time and I can still hear the entertaining exchanges that took place. Hezekiah: "What you go and wake me up for?" Junior: "I just wanted to know whether you was dead or alive 'cause you stopped snorin'" H: "Man, didn't yo' mammy teach you no manners? I'm gonna catch you and bop you side your head." J: "By the time you catch

me the Mississippi gonna run dry!" You get the idea. We always had seafood on Fridays and I can never see shrimps without hearing Junior's voice saying "Hey, Lieutenant, we gonna have "swimps" today!"

A Red Cross worker from Texas asked me to a dance at the Officer's Club. I was fascinated by her broad Texas accent. We went to some dances and shows and the nurses were also very kind and would invite us to the club. Most of us were younger so you could have a good time without getting serious. The most interesting nurse was Lt. Bleeker. Thin as a rail but strong and athletic. She loved all sports so I gave her my golf clubs after my operation. Alan Cissna had sent me a commando knife so when she said she was practicing knife throwing, I gave it to her, also. I felt it was the perfect opportunity to give away something I knew I would never put to use. She had a good sense of humor, so Jack and I could have a fun time kidding and razzing her but she could dish it out also, so we had many entertaining exchanges.

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I had been in the hospital for ten months before they operated. Certainly was different in those days. Three months after the operation they released me. Jack had been discharged a week earlier. He didn't want to go back to Detroit so I invited him to go with me to Arizona as we had discussed what business we could try while we attended college. Jack fell in love with Tempe and brought his pregnant wife Barbara and son to Tempe and bought a house near Bill and Margaret. Vets could buy a house with very little down. I went to visit Ruth and Hideo, who had moved to Pacific Palisades from Denver. After a week I received a telegram from Jack saying we were in business. I returned to Tempe and to my surprise, instead of chickens and eggs, we were in the toy business. Jack had rented a house on the main street of Tempe, hired a veteran who was just starting a house building business to renovate the house to look something like a "toy house" with "ginger bread" decorations and painted purple and yellow to catch the attention of passersby. He explained that he had taken his son John to one of the two toy stores in Phoenix and as soon as they entered the door the owner wagged his finger at John and said, "Don't forget little boy, don't touch anything!" Jack was incensed and went to the other store and received the same treatment. He went to the library and researched the statistics and found that after the essentials, food, clothing, shelter, the public spent their money on cosmetics, then toys. That spurred him

on so by the time I arrived walls had been ripped out, shelves built and a small apartment in back for me. The wholesalers were happy to extend us credit and so we began stocking the shelves and had a local afternoon disc jockey, Dick Gilbert, handle advertising for us. Keep in mind Tempe only had a population of about 15,000 then so his broadcast had a captive audience.

A week before we opened, Peg Henry came in with her two boys and asked if we could please sell her some toys, as her boys had been invited to a birthday party the next day and she didn't want to drive into Phoenix. We assured her that she was welcome to look around and select her toys, but we would continue to stock the shelves. She thanked us and turned to her two boys and said, "Don't touch anything, boys!". We said to her, "The boys are welcome to touch anything they want. We have put the heavy model toys on the floor and anything they can reach should be sturdy enough to handle examination. If it breaks, we'll put it up higher or stop carrying it" She could hardly believe her ears and asked us, "Do you really mean it?" When we said "yes," she said, "You don't know what this means to me. To actually shop and not be on pins and needles wondering what the boys are up to." She spent about an hour and her bill was \$50 which was a lot in those days! She told us as she left, "You can be sure I'll tell my friends about this." She did a such a good job, we had to hire Margaret to work in the store so we could continue stocking the shelves.

The first Christmas was bedlam, as the store was crowded with customers who evidently had had enough of the Phoenix stores' snotty attitude. We hired students from the University to assemble the wagons and tricycles so the parents could pick them up assembled. They asked us to carry playground equipment, so soon the front yard was full of swings, teeter-totters, etc. Many asked us to carry baby furniture and bicycles so we had to build an extension to the store. The third year they asked us to have a branch in Mesa. We started one, but it wasn't as much fun since we enjoyed working together. I remember that in January of that year we looked at each other and almost simultaneously said, "It's time to call it quits". We had just discussed how much tax we had to pay and whether there was some way to avoid some. In the hospital when we had discussed going into business together, we agreed that the instant we got concerned about how much taxes we paid and when it wasn't fulfilling, it was time to quit. Jack said that his brother and mother-in-law wanted to leave cold Detroit. We could sell them the stores and they could pay us in monthly payments so we could finish our schooling and have a monthly income. So, with the GI bill, disability income and the store sale, we were able to really enjoy our last years in college in comfort. The fact that I was courting Summer might also been a help in making the decision as time with her became very important to me.

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The account of our happy, magic, married life will take another volume so I will stop for now.



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The first place we lived in, after our marriage in November of 1959, was a tiny house behind the landlord's house. The address was 1200 1/2 Ash. Try saying that out loud fast. The wall that separated the two quarters was about waist high. When we returned from our wedding in Denver, in the early morning hours on Sunday after Thanksgiving, we were greeted (Ted's description) or charged (Summer's version) by the landlord's boxer. Never athletic, my feat of landing in one leap on the top of the wall, screaming, was therefore impressive. Or silly.

There was a very tall oleander hedge, roughly 8 feet tall, at the back of the yard. The first evening just as we were settled in bed we heard a train whistle and it became louder and louder. Then we heard the unmistakable rumble of a train which seemed to be coming right through our house! As the train rumbled past we realized for the first time that the train tracks were right behind the hedge! Since the evening train traffic seemed to be limited to one a night, we became accustomed to it and soon slept the night through. Believe it or not, at that time there was a popular song entitled *And the railroad ran throught the middle of the house*.

That summer we decided to go to Mexico and when we decided to take courses at the art school in San Miguel de Allende, we persuaded Jimmy Komatsu to go with us. We were on our way there via Mazatlan and as we drove inland we came to a point where the road disappeared under a flood of water. Evidently there had been a cloudburst and the road dipped for about 100 feet and was under water! The road was dirt at this point and rather rough. Some enterprising young boys offered to guide us through by walking ahead of the car. The idea was that we would follow them leaving about 25 feet between us. Then if he suddenly was up to his chest we would know there was a hole! He would then find the solid area and we would turn and follow him.

We will never forget the cricket motel in Ciudad Obregon. Everything was fine until we turned out the lights and suddenly we were surrounded by a cricket serenade by what sounded like 100 of them. We finally put the lamp under the bed and were able to get some sleep. This was also the first time we saw a bathroom where the shower, toilet and wash basin were crammed together so that when you took a shower everything in the room got wet!

We wanted to see a tequila factory and we knew we were at it when we saw some pigs foraging in a yard and they wobbled and appeared drunk! They apparently were as they were gobbling up anything that came out of the factory and some were on their knees!

In Mexico City Jimmy looked up a friend of his father who spoke Spanish and Japanese and a little English. When we said we would like to try some food that the Mexicans ate, he

took us to a restaurant called "Las Casuelas". The food was displayed in glass cases so you could see the food before selecting it. Ted saw what appeared to be sort of cheese puffs and when he said he would like some, Mr. Sugimoto suggested he select Chile Rellenos. Later, Jimmy explained that the "cheese puffs" were deep fried Maguey plant grubs!

When we registered for classes at the art school in San Miguel de Allende, the faculty was in a state of turmoil. Seems the new dean had decided that everyone should teach their second specialty that year. As a result, the Jewelry teacher's first specialty was ceramics and painting teacher was a sculpture, etc.... needless to say, the faculty was very unhappy and not very dedicated. Ted decided that he could learn more from the shop where a lot of the students had rings, bracelets, etc., made. Ted would regale us at the end of the day with what had transpired during the day and when possible, I would drop into the shop to see these fascinating brothers. The four Cerro Blanco brothers had a shop which also served as a 3rd class bus station. It was an unpretentious shop. There was no show window. The adobe building had an entry door with their sign and the only openings were three without glass about 2 feet by 3 with bars. They all worked in the long front room and there was a large yard in back with living quarters on the right and back and the middle of the yard was a long cemented area with a water holding area and slanted areas for laundering. Ted asked if he could observe them and learn and they were very cordial and agreed. They were the most laid back people we have ever known. Ted asked when he should come in the morning and Pedro shrugged his shoulders and so Ted prompted him and asked if nine would be okay. He said "Okay". Ted appeared at nine and no one was there although the door was open. About 9:40 Pedro appeared, greeted him and then looked out the opening. About 10 o'clock, a bus chugged to the front and Ted was greeted with the sight of a real Mexican Third Class Bus! On the top were several chickens, legs tied together, in bunches of three and lashed to the roof rails. Then he noticed a man with a small pig in his arms approach the window to buy a ticket. Then Pedro disappeared. About 10:30 Manuel and Pablo appeared, greeted him and sat down at their work places. Shortly thereafter, Pedro and Miguel appeared and soon they were all busy working on their items. About an hour after, Miguel took the guitar hanging on the wall and after strumming a few bars, began to sing and soon all four stopped work and were singing. After about fifteen minutes, Miguel put the guitar back on the wall and they resumed work as if nothing had happened! Ted loved it and will never forget these wonderful brothers.

Another unforgettable experience. They needed some gold to goldplate a chalice and paten so one of the brothers had to go to Mexico City to buy it. Pedro was elected and when the day came he was decked out in his Sunday Finest and all wished him well as he boarded the bus. Three days later when he came back, the brothers all bombarded him

with questions about the city and what he had done. After a recitation of about 20 minutes, Miguel asked him about the gold. Pedro looked blank and shouted, "Caramba, I forgot all about the gold!" We were amazed when the other brothers laughed until tears came to their eyes and they exclaimed "He was having such a good time he forgot all about the gold!"

In a small room adjoining the long work room was a lathe which was held in place by an anvil which was tied to it. There was a broad leather belt attached to the lathe which the operator would buckle on to work the lathe and turn out cups and plates. They showed Ted the brass chalice and paten they had turned on the lathe and now they were going to gold plate them. He asked them when they were going to do this as he had never seen a goldplating machine.

He had learned that when they said one o'clock it generally meant 1:30 so he appeared at 1:15 and at 1:30 Pedro showed up and took him to the yard and took two low stools out of a shed for them to sit on. He then produced a potty and brought out a gallon jug of green liquid. When asked what it was, he said "El Dorado" and poured it into the potty. He then brought out two auto batteries and apologized saying that he had to use two as the batteries were pretty weak. He then attached a wire to anode and diode and after awhile Miguel came out with two small pieces of gold which he attached to the wires. Then as we talked, Pedro slowly waved the gold around the pieces immersed in the El Dorado. Talk about high tech equipment, these people used only the most basic of equipment and still produced works of art.

We found a house and the owner must have been short as the doorways from the front room to the back were less than 6 feet high! The rooms had large wood beams which held up the roof. We would awaken to find fine sawdust on the bed and when we asked the landlord he told us that "Oh yes, we have termites and that is the reason for the sawdust. But don't worry, I replace the beams every ten years. These are still good for another year or two.

We met a very charming young lady next door and when we asked her why the streets changed names as you walked along, she explained, "Ah, senor, you see, we have so many heroes and so few streets". Then we noticed when we took our walks that many houses had plaques stating such things as "On the evening of Sept 14, 1845, a meeting was held in this house by the heroes of the revolution,". We then knew that the young lady had spoken a simple fact.

It was while we were visiting the Pyramid to The Sun that an incident occurred which changed our lives. It was a very hot day but when we had climbed to the top of the pyramid a cool breeze brushed us as we gazed at the magnificent ruins surrounding us.

Then we noticed a large auto at the bottom and a guide got out followed by an elderly couple (probably younger than we are now!) and we could tell he was telling them about the history of the area. He had quite a bit to say as he was just finishing when we descended to the bottom. We heard him say to them, "Why don't you climb up to the top and you will have a magnificent view of the area and you will find it cool up there". He turned to her and said "Why don't you go up, dear, I don't think I could make it" She said to him, "I know I couldn't make it to the top". We looked at each other and decided that we would retire then and there and work the rest of our lives. We might not be able to afford everything but we better try while we were still young and strong enough to get around.

It would be another two years of teaching before we felt we had enough saved up to spend a year abroad. We didn't have any definite plans, except to take advantage of space-A (space available) travel. We made a long, leisurely trip across the US and Canada, ending up in New York in September of 1959. It was on our way from Canada to Newark that we stopped for dinner at an old Inn in Vermont. It was early evening so there weren't many in the cozy dining room. A middle aged couple was seated near us and we heard the waiter recommending Vichyoisse as a starter. Our ears perked up as this was the first place where we had ever seen it on a menu so we ordered it as a starter. The couple were served theirs and he motioned for the waiter and said in a very loud whisper, "Our soups are cold!". Without a change of expression he said, "I'm very sorry, I will take care of the situation". Our impulse to applaud was difficult to restrain. It was excellent! We came to the decision that it probably would still be great served hot.

We checked in at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and registered to take the first boat going out. We left our two steamer trunks in a locker and went down to Delaware to visit Joy and Eddie. We were there only a couple of days before we got a call asking if we could leave for Germany in two days. We had really rather hoped for Italy, but gift horse and all that made us say, "You bet!" We just had time to get a power of attorney for the car so Joy and Eddie could sell it for us and get ourselves to the port.

For the grand sum of \$46.30, we set sail on the USS Bruckner, headed for Bremerhaven, on a ten day voyage. One day out of port, all sponsors were called for a briefing, to determine luggage destination. "Never mind, we'll take care of it. Just leave it on the dock." Not an acceptable answer. The guy behind Ted in the line, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Say Munich. My wife's from there, and you'll love it!" He did, and we did. Not, as you know, for the one year "to really see all of Europe", but for 32 years of the best life imaginable.

Before embarking on our European adventure, we felt that we should be better informed about this vast country of ours. So combining the pleasures of visiting friends and seeing states we had not visited before, we became tourists. California was truly a delight. Disneyland, Marineland with trained whales, seals, porpoises, Padua Hills Playhouse, Jack Benny-famous Cucamonga, Cinerama, fog shrouded San Francisco, Richmond, the Bay Bridge seen from below, the Sacramento River, eating in true Japanese fashion were but a small part of our wonderful experience there. Nevada, with it's wastelands and fabulous gambling places (frankly, we found the gamblers the most fascinating. Everything from girls in tight sweaters and slacks, men in dungarees, overalls, or a \$200 suit to a tiny white haired lady of about 70, dressed in black, sitting on a stool, slowly and deliberately playing the silver dollar slot machine - carefully peering through her old fashioned glasses at the fruits clinking to a stop in the windows just above her eye level). Utah, the living monument to Mormonism with its fantastic Temple grounds; the unbelievable Salt Lake where you can swim (?). Arizona with the GrandCanyon, Petrified Forest . . well, you should all know . . . New Mexico with a different kind of desert and wasteland; a different heritage as evidenced by the people and their ways - the Gallup Indian Ceremonial and Albuquerque Old Town. Carlsbad Caverns - what a spot to store surplus butter. Texas - where the people don't seem to understand that they are now only the second largest state. Dallas and Fort Worth side by side with all the friendliness of Tempe and Tucson. Room to expand for a long time to come. Oklahoma eagerly anticipating the end of it's "dry spell" as the liquor license applications come flooding in. Narrow roads and rough roads - sure hope they use some of that liquor tax money for roads! Kansas constant windy days. Let your hair go girls, it's no use. Get a windblown cut. Illinois is the land of Lincoln, Lincoln green that is. The one on the five dollar bill. We're just bitter as we happened to hit every place late at night where there was either a convention or a fair and and one room with a single bed for \$13. Indiana in the summer, a living calendar picture with kids swimming in inner tubes on pretty lakes and streams; fishermen lazily watching heir bobbers; the wondrous aroma of luscious, honest-to-goodness country style cooking in the air. Michigan. What a contrast between the green, beautiful farms and the hustling, smoky, traffic-ridden town of Detroit. Unsmiling faces above their clutched steering wheels graphically illustrate the development of ulcers, almost as if they were posing for a Robert Osborn cartoon. Narrow streets lined with two story houses so close together that they seem to be supporting each other, are canopied with trees over the streets Since we are this far north, why not see Canada? So over the Windsor Bridge and into Canada and our first real customs inspection.

Cameras? Car radio? Seat Covers? Where are you going? How long? Open the trunk please. Sign here. Look! Our first bi-lingual road sign! How strange that just going across a river should make such a difference in the architecture of houses. Ontario, what a surprise! Beautiful pastoral scenes and of all things, tobacco growing in huge fields, the tobacco leaves ready, tied in bundles in the fields like miniature haystacks. Our first glimpse of

tobacco curing sheds with their various and ingenious methods of ventilation. Toronto, in the midst of their annual Canadian National Exhibition where the opening performance at the Maple Leaf Gardens was the Russian Festival of Song and Dance. This was really a show of shows since these represented the best of 40 or so groups which are allowed to tour outside of Russia. Ottawa, the capitol with its old old world charm must really be a bit of London for their Parliamentary Buildings are huge and architecturally similar. By now we are accustomed to hearing French being spoken frequently. The Canadians must have huge appetites because all our meals came in huge portions. Montreal, the French stronghold; one hears French spoken almost exclusively. Monolithic buildings, beautiful park covering a large hilltop overlooking the city and the St. Lawrence Seawall beyond. Peterboro, with the world's highest hydraulic lift lock, once commercially used, now the towns only claim to fame. Canadians tell us how they really shouldn't, but do, receive malicious pleasure from being able, for the first time in their history, to make Americans give \$1.06 for every Canadian dollar.

We reentered the U.S. through the beautiful New England countryside. Neither of us was familiar with the sight of Inns or guest houses, some 100 years old. We had dinner at one where we found out why these inns are so famous, and justly so.. The food is plain, very plain, but so good, so fresh, made only from choice ingredients. We who live predominately on foods already processed in some way, finally have the opportunity to taste foods in their natural state. We ordered Vichyssoise as it was the soup of the day. An elderly couple at another table, the only other guests, ordered the soup and when it was served he said, "The soup is cold!". The waiter maintained his stoic manner and said, "I'm sorry sir, I shall rectify the matter immediately" What aplomb! As we continued our journey we passed red barns trimmed in white which gave a touch of precision to an ordered and pastoral scene. There were patches of "the forest primeval" - We took a second class road on a short cut through one of these late at night and the Styx itself could scarcely be inkier. We stopped over for a few days in Rockport, Massachusetts, where aside from the Gloucester fishermen and the Rockport artists, the principal sights are the tourists. Connecticut with it's wooded areas startled us, newly come as we were from the wide open spaces. One never sees more than a quarter of a mile except on the sea coastal But we didn't know what a hemmed in feeling was until we got to New York.

New York City. Narrow streets, usually full of trucks, each with a surly driver sitting on a fender smoking a cigar, wiping his hand on a dirty T shirt waiting for the guy in front to move so he can unload. Crowded, busy avenues whizzing with taxis on their way somewhere. What we will remember most about New York are the plays! We saw "J.B." and "The Pleasure of His Company" in the company of old friends which made it even better.

We drove down to Delaware for a few days through smoky, gigantic, frightening, industrial, coastal New Jersey. It looks like "The City of Tomorrow" drawings of 50 years ago. full of

towers, derricks, smokestacks, factories, bridges, tunnels, and cars everywhere. The Turnpike is no place to be during rush hours. While in Delaware we visited the Winterthur Museum which is owned, sponsored and run by the DuPont family. It was built to accommodate whole rooms taken down and rebuilt to the nail! It now contains some 100 old rooms dating from 1640-1840, one street and the fronts of some buildings. The tapestries and silk are hanged quarterly and the gardens are seasonal too.

Back to New York and Naval Yard. We reported to the transportation office and to our surprise the man at the office said "It is probable that you can sail today although tomorrow is certain. Why don't you go into town and see a show and come back in the morning at 10 o'clock?" We did see a show with Jerry and Gail and said our goodbyes in a lonely subway tunnel at midnight. We turned around, realizing our last contact with family and friends was gone - we were off! We arrived at the dock the next morning, suffered some anxiety as we were told that our space had not been confirmed yet and we might have to wait a couple of weeks. Our lucky streak held as we were told, minutes before sailing, to board while a small jazz band played "When The Saints Go Marching In" as a sendoff. Needless to say, we were quite excited as we watched the tugs toot their way around the ship and slowly pull us away from the dock. Within an hour however, we were even more excited as alarm bells rang and clanged and voices shouted over the loudspeakers that this was an "Abandon Ship" drill. life jackets on, report to your boat station. Great excitement, people at the wrong stations, babies crying, etc... Accounts of boat trips can be boring so we shall try to summarize the nine days by saying that the recreation facilities were superb. Dancing, movies every night and afternoon, shuffleboard and sunning on the upper deck, bridge and ping pong. The precise measure of the barometer was the number of people present in the dining room at each meal. We were seated at the First Officer's table but we only saw him at five meals. No, he wasn't seasick but had duties which coincided with most of his meal times. After seeing nothing but water for a few days it's surprising how even a ship on the horizon can be an object of such interest to so many people. You can imagine how the sight of a few scattered islands near the coast of England brought everyone to the rails.,

We arrived in Bremerhaven during the night but it seemed as if everyone was up and on deck to see the German tugs push us into our berth. It was COLD up north in Bremerhaven in September. We did not see much of the city as we had the chance to get on the military train to Heidelberg. We boarded the train directly from the ship about ten o'clock at night. We occupied part of the evening talking with a German porter who spoke excellent English and learned something about the average working man. He makes 320 Deutsche Marks a month, about 80 American dollars. Their economy is in shambles. Afterwards we spent a little while peering out of the window at the landscape silhouetted by the moonlight. We knew that it would probably be unlike anything we had seen before but we were totally unprepared for the surprise and thrill of seeing Heidelberg for the first

time! As we alighted from the train we couldn't help but note that the station was new and well designed. Men in frayed clothes with badges on their caps saying "Gepach Traeger" came up and by the simple expedient of saying "Heidelberg?", took our four bags and indicated that the fee was a set one of 50pfg (12 1/2 cents) per bag. This major task accomplished, we set off up the steps leading to the station proper. The sign said "Ausgang zum Bahnhof". Since everyone seemed to be going in that direction we figured it was okay. It was pretty nippy despite the sun so we were glad we had worn our light coats. As we walked into the well lit and modern terminal, a moment of panic hit us as we realized that we could not read any of the signs! Wondering where we should pick up our bags, we wandered somewhat aimlessly toward what seemed to be the entrance and behold, a sign we could understand. "U.S. Information and Ticket Office" All our resolve to go native and only speak German melted into a pathetic gratitude for a language we recognized. Not having any definite plans, we entered and had a cup of coffee at the snack bar in this American waiting room and discovered as we sat there drinking; our coffee that our bags were being deposited just outside the window. We knew we wanted to spend a few days in Heidelberg but "What do we do now coach?" Taking our courage (dictionary to you) in hand we marched out looking for all the world as if we knew what we were about. We claimed our bags, called a taxi. We were surprised to find that almost all taxis were new Mercedes 180s! Using our trusty Berlitz phrase book we haltingly asked him where he could find a Pension. Thinking for a moment, he rattled off a question in return. We had no idea what he had asked but he zoomed into the traffic. German traffic is Mexico City traffic magnified many times!. Drivers all seem to be late for an appointment. We sped along a well paved street with streetcar tracks along the side, by a new, modern fountain, passed several new buildings under construction, around a traffic circle and suddenly almost as if we had crossed an invisible border into another century with different sights and feelings We experienced the latter as we bounced over the rough cobblestone streets, ancient buildings many stories high built right out to the sidewalks. Our taxi rattled and bounced as we made our way up a hill and stopped at our first pension experience, The Pension Brandstatter is an old four storied, high ceiling house located behind a wall and a good distance from the street. The back of the building faces a steep, forested mountain The owner, an old, well rounded man with a small mustache, greeted us when we rang the bell. His wife peered over her glasses from the kitchen. She is a female counterpart except her mustache is not so pronounced. They chatter away and show us to the room. We made out a few words and manage to ask about breakfast. Ja, they will serve us breakfast. The room was huge - about 16'X30' with two beds placed together on an enormous frame. In Germany, we have found that the beds are made to take three cushions in each instead of a one piece mattress. The two beds together form an "Emperor" size bed. Huge, fluffy, down filled comforters about four inches thick keep you very warm. Most pensions have a wash basin and mirror in the room. You are charged for each bath that you since they have to use coal to fire the hot water heater which is located at the one end of the tub or over the

tub. The bathroom and toilet are usually located down the hall. From our large windows we can see the ancient buildings across the street. Presumably apartment buildings with traditional garrets at the top. Since this is near the University our imagination takes over and we can see Rudolfo and Mimi in the garret apartment.

Heidelberg. . . The very name seems to conjure up all sorts of castles, students drinking and singing, narrow cobblestone streets which have buildings right out to their sidewalks forming a veritable wall so that one feels as if he is walking down a very tall corridor. A beautiful river, winding its way by the town, lined with trees which shade the walk along the edge where people leisurely stroll. Yes, even today those things still exist making Heidelberg one of the most enchanting towns in Germany. But today there are also massive canal and freight barges chugging resolutely up and down the river. On Sundays and holidays people can be seen in small sailboats, pedal boats, kayaks, which they rent. The city is located in a small valley between several wooded hills on the edge of the river Neckar which is spanned by a modern concrete bridge. They have a good streetcar system but the cars are small. After riding on them we know why. The streets are so narrow and the corners so sharp that a long streetcar could not navigate the turns without knocking someone off the sidewalks. Although the town boasts one or two large department stores, most are highly specialized. As far as foods are concerned, you buy canned goods and groceries from the Lebensmittel, meats from the Metzgerei or Fleischwaren, fruits and vegetables from the Obst und Gemusewaren, milk from the Molkerei, breads from the Backerei, etc. One of the most beautiful or terrifying (if you are trying to lose weight) sights in Germany is a Konditerei Cafe. They have the most beautifully decorated cakes we have ever seen. Not even in New York have we ever seen such works of art and taste. They will have over 30 or 40 different cakes cut to display in their showcase. You select a piece, or two, and go your table and order a coffee, tea, wine or liquor to augment your selection. Some are composed of thin layers of cake separated by whipped cream of various colors and flavoring and nuts and fruits. Some are so elaborate that you can't figure out how they made it. It is not unusual to see someone order extra whipped cream.

For our first German dinner we went to the Restaurant Perkeo, named for a famous medieval jester. It was an old building near the main street. We entered the quiet, cool room and were seated by the head waiter. The ceiling was quite high and made of dark, brown wood supported by massive beams also dark with age and stain. The leaded windows had a sort of rippled glass in the panes. The center panel had a stained glass insignia. Old cast iron coat hooks were placed in the walls at intervals and the wood paneling wainscoting was about 6 feet high. We were justly pleased with the service. The mistress carefully places each plate so that the insignia of the house faces you, carefully pours the wine and murmurs "Guten appetit" We couldn't read the menu so we ordered Junghirsch and to our delight, it turned out to be a filet. with a sauce. Everything came on its

own platter - the meat course, the vegetables, soup, wine, coffee. It wasn't until we got out our dictionary, later, that we had eaten the filet of a young deer! That was the tastiest filet we had eaten for months. At the next table was a party of four women with a dog lying on the floor beside them. We found that dogs are permitted in most restaurants and stores. Where they are not permitted, it is not unusual to find arrangements for leaving them in a space just inside the entrance, complete with pads and drinking water. Germans do not bring a glass of water unless you ask for it. Most people were drinking beer with their dinner as casually as we drink water. Even a boy of ten was sharing his father's glass which held over a pint. We were surprised to learn that liquor is sold in the most unexpected places. A candy shop, grocery store or dessert shop. However we did not see one drunken person during our stay in Heidelberg.

On a beautiful, sunny afternoon we took the "Toonerville" trolley out as far as it would go upriver. We followed the beautiful Neckar river and began to climb. Suddenly we found ourselves at the end of the line in the picturesque village of Neckargemund. We stepped off into the 15th century. Had it not been for a car we met on one of the streets, all perforce one way, the spell would have been complete. Looking almost as if it tumbled over, Neckargemund perches high on a bluff above the junction of the Elsenz and Neckar rivers. A peasant girl carrying a water bucket hurries up a steep cobblestone alley which is dark all day except for a brief time when the sun strikes the bottom. Aside from her, there was no one about. It was noon and in Heidelberg, just five miles away, streets were teeming with activity. Here everyone seemed to be at work or at some other activity which kept them off the streets. Neckargemund is understandably a favorite of the University students. No doubt imagining themselves in conversation with Goethe when he was here. Neckargemund has the usual supply of Roman ruins and the gates to the Elector Karl Theodor. Its charm lies in the quiet and uncommercial way it goes about its life. No commercial signs to speak of, only one neon sign and even the streetcar penetrates only the outer edge of the newer 18th century part of town. We read the dates on many buildings which go back to the 1600s and they were still being used as homes, restaurants and shops. You almost expect someone dressed like Cyrano de Bergerac to come swaggering down the street followed by Athos, Porthos and Aramis. They would have a hard time staging a street fight here however as the streets which are very narrow, twist and turn so often that one cannot see more than 50 feet at a time. Not only that, the cobblestones are very slippery. We left Heidelberg somewhat reluctantly as we had not seen two of the major attractions. The Philosophers' Way and the castle. We are returning soon so we have something to anticipate. Somehow we managed to stuff everything into our four bags and when we struggled to lift them into the train they felt as if they were stuffed with bricks. German trains have a corridor on one side and compartments on the other. Some for smokers and some nonsmokers. Each compartment has two benches on the sides so you are facing each other, three on each side. You place your luggage under the seats or on overhead shelves. We were advised to take the second class "schnellzug" (express) as you save one third of

the first class ticket. Even with our limited German we were able to obtain the proper tickets. Fortunately, the Pension owner had a large time table which showed, in symbols, the trains which were express, local, extra fare, dining cars, sleepers and club cars. Germans pride themselves on the punctuality of their trains. They use the 24 hour system so 2:00 pm is 14:00 hrs. We arrived in Munich at 16:45. 85% of Munich was destroyed by the bombing. Here we were in this huge station, still being rebuilt, each of us with two bags in hand. German signs everywhere and this time with no US information in sight. We knew not a single person in Munich or the name of even a pension. Where do we go? What do we do? We picked up a brochure which listed hotels and pensions. Summer, phrase book in hand, phoned the first pension on the list. Pension Alpina. "Haben Sie ein zimmer frei?" The woman on the other end answered in a language Summer didn't understand so she hung up and tried the next on the list. Pension Austria. This time she understood the answer and we hailed a taxi to take us. Struggling with our four bags, which had grown larger and heavier. The driver must have thought we were extravagant to take a taxi for a five block ride but by now our bags felt like steamer trunks. With obvious regret for a more profitable customer he might have had, he deposited us at the Pension Austria. We had to tote our bags and trudge our way to the third floor as the pension **began** at the third floor. We flopped wearily on our beds, glad to finally stop after four delightful months of traveling. We were awakened very late in the evening by the sounds of people singing, drunkenly in the street. We looked and saw women with large pretzels hanging from their necks, men with funny hats staggering down the street singing "Ein Prosit". When we asked the landlady about their behavior she looked at us in astonishment and simply said, "Oktoberfest". This was our introduction to Munich's "Oktoberfest". We had never heard about it before to our recollection. We were fortunate to have a Muenchener, who spoke excellent English, explain to us that there is a Bavarian dialect which many speak and believe me, it sounds like Greek to us.

in spite of our good resolutions to get an early start, we did not leave until the afternoon. In our excitement, we scarcely noticed the heat. We arrived at the border town of Nogales about 6 PM. Our car, loaded with the trunk full and a carrier on the roof bulging under the protective tarp, was really riding low. We had been given advice on "How to avoid a two to six hour inspection" by some friends who had gone to Mexico last year. Remembering the advice, when the Mexican customs inspector came sauntering up, we surreptitiously handed him 50 cents. He was not surprised in the least and took us inside to get our car permit. In this filthy, fly-ridden office an elderly man in a T shirt laboriously typed out our permit and the customs man told us it cost 50 cents (We found out later that it should have been free). When we went outside, we found a little man with a bucket and cloth cleaning our bumpers! We duly opened our trunk and the customs man whispered something that sounded like "Dolla for el jefe" and sure enough, a paunchy, sloppily uniformed man came around the car with stickers in his hand. As he looked into the trunk I put a dollar into his hand and like magic, our bags had stickers put upon them and I didn't even have to remove the tarp from our roof carrier and not one bag had been looked into! Within fifteen minutes we were gliding down the highway on our way south.

Nogales is a typical border-tourist town in that both sides of the narrow main street are filled with small shops and liquor stores but just a few blocks from this area, you run into the filthy slum type of housing and small, dirty shops. The road ran parallel to the railroad track for awhile and we saw strings of boxcars sectioned off so two families could live in each car and here were these many, many box cars with a mass of humanity moving around, in and out.

Not long after we left Nogales it became dark but one could still feel the desolation. Lights were such a novelty that we were almost startled when one would suddenly appear against the black slopes of the mountainsides on either side of us. After hours of the desert that never seemed to end and the nerve racking expectation of finding a herd of cattle around the bend, we came to the oasis of Hermosillo. Lights! Neon and electric! and the welcome sign we were searching for. "Porters La Siesta Motel. Refrigerated, Swimming pool, Restaurant". By the time we had registered it was midnight and a midnight swim was truly an excellent introduction to Old Mexico. We had been looking for this motel as they had their own water purifying plant and we knew their drinking water would be safe. When we awakened just before nine the next morning, we found that most of the guests had gone on their way to avoid the heat. We had decided to buy our Mexican car insurance so following directions given to us, we made our way into town to find that each place said they didn't carry such insurance. We finally found an office that consisted of two desks, two chairs and a map which sold tourist insurance. To our horror, we found that insurance for two months would cost \$66! Our policy was stamped "Especial para turista" and we didn't find out how special later when we found out that the \$5,000 policy was five times what was paid out in damages when a person is injured or killed and ten times what a peon would receive. Oh well, live and learn. Of course all this took considerable time as our Spanish is so poor and we found few who could even speak a little English. We were now 170 miles from the border.

From Hermosillo we headed directly south to Guaymas and in the light of day we found that all our suspicions concerning the desolation true. Guaymas is the filthiest place we had ever seen in spite of calling itself a "fisherman's paradise". Dirty, naked children, broken glass and dirty paper mix in the streets. The terrific stench of people and fish, beggars everywhere. High prices, and knowing glances "ah mas turistas", these things are Guaymas. Much saddened, we left for Ciudad Obregon despite our empty stomachs.

Except for an occasional farm or what appeared to be tilled land, the land was still rather desolate and lonely broken only by an occasional peon walking along the road, a few burros grazing, the ever present buzzards and Mexican eagles.

Caudal Obregon. What a pleasant surprise! Our battery was so weak we decided to stop and have it checked. At the entrance to the city was a very modern, huge, Ford agency, one that that any city in America would love to have. Explaining the trouble in my terrible

Spanish, I was surprised to find that they wanted me to go to a Chevrolet/Oldsmobile agency. It seems that they have a sort of unwritten agreement to work only on their make of automobile! As we entered the city we were pleased and surprised to find such a well kept, clean, modern town in sharp contrast to Guaymas with its old, tumbledown, dirty houses and shops. How different and modern, architecturally. Very clean streets which are cobblestone or cement, even in the poorer section. There were beautiful plazas with tall, modern arched lamp posts, each in a pastel color different from its neighbor. A pastel colored band shell in the midst of a park which looked like green velvet embroidered with pink hibiscus and white vinca. In the block next to it was a semicircular shelter of flagstone and blue copper ore which flanked a monumental pedestal but with no monument as yet. Adjoining the park was an outdoor cafe with chairs with wrought iron legs and seats and backs of colored cloth. From a distance it looked like a movie version of a French outdoor cafe for the many colors were striking. On the opposite side of the park was a row of huge hedge type trees all very neatly trimmed to look like upturned buckets on sticks. We found the GMC agency and fortunately found the one man who spoke English. He said it would take an hour and told us that there was a restaurant in the hotel directly across the street. It was an old Colonial, ranch style hotel, one story high but spread out with trees surrounding it. We ate our first real Mexican meal there. As we waited for our food, a man at a table near was served an enormous bowl of soup. We thought to ourselves "That's a meal in itself" and wished we had ordered it. Two minutes later they brought each of us an enormous bowl of soup! This was only the first course of our meal! Next, they brought us a bowl of fresh fruits and a basket full of bolillos. These are like a French rolls and we had never tasted a better bread. By the time she brought the salad the bread bowl was empty. We didn't eat the salad as we had been warned about eating raw vegetable. Then they brought out the tacos and guacamole. These are not common meals for the Mexicans but a great favorite of Americans. We were too full to eat dessert. After this feast we went back for the car and found that they had fixed the problem with the voltage regulator to the amazing sum of 98 cents! Every street was deserted except for a few construction workers. It was siesta time....

We found someone to sell us a gallon bottle of purified water and a block of ice. At a Sears Roebuck store we bought a wide mouth 1/2 gallon bottle. We filled it and packed it in ice in our scotch cooler. This was a real life saver. From Obregon we started through the desert again. The countryside consists of brown, barren, trees, probably a form of mesquite which look dead but are dormant until rainy season. Now and then we pass a roadside shrine. We are not sure of the purpose. A place for worship? A victim of an accident? A grave? Many of them have flowers, pieces of paper on the wooden cross and a few have only a pile of stones in front of the cross, which is the only universal feature. Later we pass one with a base of aluminum and a plaque. After this shrine, for 20 miles nothing but roads, a burro. Look! A sign. "Poblado Proximo" Town Near. Where? You just went through it. It had one grass thatched hut, one dog, two burros, five children, a woman cooking in the front yard and a Coca Cola sign. You soon get used to expecting small collections of huts to qualify to be called a "Poblado". We had hoped to spend the night at Los Mochis. We arrived about 9 PM. It was about two miles off the highway. The road was paved all the way TO town but just when you arrived AT the town the streets were dirt and hundreds of people seemed to be milling around. Bicycle riders galore and an air of excitement. The only decent motel in town was owned by Americans but was full. The evening was hot and sticky. We had no alternative but to push on to Culiacan the only town of any size, according to our map. After taking a refreshing drink from our water bottle we started out on the excellent highway and with a only few stray cattle and burros to worry about and a straight road, we made it to Culiacan by 11:30 PM. We followed the detour at the entrance to the town. It took us up and around and we found that we were at the end of the town so we ended up entering the town from the back. Only a few stands were open. We followed the signs that said "San Luis Motel" and found ourselves on a hill overlooking the town and at the entrance to a new, modern motel complete with a wonderful view of the town and swimming pool. But woe! Not a room left. However the owner would phone a hotel and get us a room. Oh yes, this hotel is air conditioned. Following his instructions we came to a hotel "Del Rio". It appeared old but neat. As we walked down what we thought was the hall we noticed many crickets on the floor. It wasn't until later that we discovered that

the "hall" had no roof! Being famished, we asked the manager if there was a restaurant open. He said that there was an excellent one open all night about 5 kilometers down the highway. He would even write a note to them for us. Being starved we took a chance and went in search of this place. "La Gruta" turned out to be a combination beer hall-dance floor-restaurant that one might as well be called open-air as there were window openings but no window panes. No customers, three dogs sleeping on the dance floor, two waiters leaping at the chance to make some money, a sleepy bartender and a man making busy noises in the kitchen. A very dimly lit place with huge paper mache masks on the wall, probably left over from some fiesta. After making a halfhearted attempt to eat what they called fried chicken, we beat a hasty retreat back to the hotel. To our chagrin we found that just as soon as we turned out the light, despite the air conditioner, the twenty or thirty crickets in our room would begin their chorus! We finally discovered that if we took the bed lamp and put it on the floor, the light would discourage all but the most stalwart of the suitor's choruses. We refer to this hotel as "cricket hotel". The next morning we enjoyed watching the many two wheeled horse carriages taking their passengers to their destinations. Men riding or driving heavily laden burros down the alongside automobiles made one realize how the old and the new meet in Mexico. We were now 620 miles from the border. After icing our cooler we were on our way again. We noted that we could make out individual farmlands and saw that the soil was quite rich. It was still quite hot and as we approached Mazatlan we could feel the higher humidity. By now, the Mexican lethargy and siesta custom had caught up with us and although we had only traveled 144 miles, we found a very nice motel with a swimming pool and beautiful dining room. We took a room even though it was not air-conditioned as it was the only one left. Mazatlan looks like Monterey with beautiful stretches of sandy beaches and also a rocky peninsula with viewpoints built up along the beach so you can climb the stairs and watch the waves crashing against the rocks below. On the other side of the peninsula is the breakwater and in the calm waters one can see schools of sunfish cavorting around the rocks near the shore and we watched several fishing with just a line, hooks and a weight. They would bait the hooks, twirl the line a few times and then let the line fly among the school of fish about 50 yards out. The hot humid weather made us feel as if we were in a tropical zone and sure enough we had just crossed the Tropic of Cancer! It was here that we first visited the Mercado Principal or main market place that every town seems to have. It was a huge, roofed area and everything was sort of open air, even the meats! The stench was terrific and those with weak stomachs would do well to avoid the meat and fish sections of the Mercados. There are countless stalls with ragged women selling tomatoes, chills, potatoes and some vegetables that we couldn't recognize. Other women sold only one product. Some of the individual items: pineapples, lilies, mangoes, papayas (some weighing ten pounds!!), red or yellow bananas, onions, shoes, clothes, toys, etc. Really a colorful sight. From Mazatlan to Tepic is 110 miles. We climbed steadily for quite awhile and immediately felt we were truly in the tropical section of Mexico. The land was covered with lush, green foliage and banana trees by the thousands could be seen on the mountainsides and in the small valleys. Even the houses or huts resembled the grass covered huts one associates with the South Pacific. One cannot help but mentally compare this lush area with the barren areas of North Mexico. We kept climbing and finally seemed to reach the crest of the range of mountains. Looking back we were amazed to find that we could make out the silver ribbon on the horizon which was the ocean! We traveled up and down and saw small villages nestled overlooking the valleys precariously perched on steep hillsides. When we reached the valley we saw a sign pointing to the right, "Tuxpan, 8 Km" so we decided to see what it looked like. We found this delightful little town located beside a lazy, very wide, shallow river. We watched women washing clothes in the muddy water, spreading them on the bushes to dry. It was quite colorful to see all the vari-hued clothes blossoming on the many bushes along the river. Below us we suddenly noticed two HUGE uguanas at least 18 inches long scurrying to hide in their holes. Far down the river, two flat bottomed ferries slowly moved across the river and closer to us. Two fishermen wading in the middle of the river cast their nets and drew them in with no results. Only the desire to arrive in Tepic before dark prompted us to leave Tuxpan. Tepic, a town of about 24,000 people, has several plazas but as in all larger towns has one main, large plaza or square directly in front of the cathedral. The trees are very old, tall and form a canopy over the walk all the way around the square making shade at all times. Our

hotel, the best in town, was an old colonial type with adjoining dining room. A double with bath costs the magnificent sum of 45 pesos, \$3.60 in American dollars! The usual assortment of small boys quickly guided us to an enclosed parking garage directly across from the hotel. They took our baggage, arguing as to who could carry them as there were more boys than luggage. We were now 944 miles from the border. We managed to resist the shops in and around the hotel. We didn't leave until the afternoon as Guadalajara, our next destination was only 145 miles away, We had no conception as to the size of Guadalajara so as we approached the city we were surprised to note the large factories along the way. At the immediate entry to the city there is a large traffic circle with a huge statue of Minerva, complete with shield and sword. You go around the circle and enter the city through a double archway, truly a beautiful introduction to such a wonderful, colonial city of 400,000. Beautiful old Colonial houses. Unlike the narrow streets of other towns, wide streets lined with huge tall trees. Flowers blooming in the yards. Bright splashes of red, purpleorange and yellow giving life to the yards of these old houses. It is here that Orozco, Mexico's most noted muralist lived and died. We went through his home/studio, which is now a museum. Next, on to the University of Guadalajara, the Governor's palace, and the Orphanage to see several of his huge murals. The Orphanage is a very huge old building surrounded by very high walls. It looks more as if it was a convent at one time as there is a large patio with towering mango trees and at the far end is an arched area with wings going in each direction and a very tall dome rising far above. The murals seem to show opposing forces or morality and progress. Half of it is done in a very abstract style and the other half in a very realistic manner. It is almost impossible to describe the vast scale of these murals stretching from about 6 feet on up to the ceiling about 60 feet above! Since the building is constructed in the arched barrel way, even or I should say, especially, the ceilings are covered with depictions of a mechanized horse and man charging forward, men grappling with unseen forces, benign priests looking down upon you, an inquisitor waiting for his next victim, etc...

They have a fleet of ancient hansoms with equally ancient looking horses lined up outside the Mercado so for the sum of 80 cents an hour we took a ride around the town. It was on this leisurely ride that we had the opportunity to get a good look at the beautiful houses. Houses with tall columns, large porches, large yards. Others built closer to the street in the Spanish style. They are all built with two or three stories. We had noted that in most of the larger towns we had gone through, Hermasillo, Guaymas, Mazatlan, Tepic, all had many, many statues and monuments built in the middle of the street in large traffic circles. In fact, it is common to get directions by asking how many monuments down the street it is. Since we were now 1,089 miles from the border we made our first nonfood purchases. We felt hemmed in by the hundreds of roadside stalls, bicycles, carts and people. The sound of all the vendors as you pass. "Zapatos," "Limons," "Pinas a peso, a peso a pinya!", "Mangos a veinte", "Tortillas", "Papayas", "Carne", "Ropas", "Cabollas", "Tomates", all mingle into a sort of constant, loud hum. We watched some women patting out tortillas in a constant rhythm. We turned a corner and here was a small jeweler's stall. In his showcase we noted a string of coral made into a necklace but to our surprise, we saw that each piece had been connected to the other by loops of silver wire. "Cuanta Questo?" "Veinte y cinco"... For \$2 we couldn't see how we could go wrong so without haggling we bought it. Our first purchase and what a feeling of accomplishment. Not a thought of whether we had been stung. We didn't find another necklace like this one on the rest of our travels. We did find other coral necklaces but they all were just strung together with string. We ventured into the Mercado and there in the inner recesses was a section reserved for clothing. We saw hundreds of skirts hanging. We found out later that they were made by the Oaxahacans in deep south Mexico. Once again, without haggling, we bought a skirt for \$2.40. We went further down the aisle and found a similar skirt for \$2! That was our lesson on why we should haggle. We had always heard of a place called Tlaquepacque and discovered that it adjoins Guadalajara. We went out on a Sunday and to our delight found that it was a fiesta day complete with a bull fight. We bought the best seats (80 cents each) on the shady side. Our seats were directly behind the handlers who pass out the sword to the toreador and the also give the barbed bandillos to the matador. Adjoining us was the bullfight band and what they lacked in finesse they made up in volume. Our ignorance throughout the trip was mitigated by our good luck. Before everything began, we saw some little boys dash

in through the gate which the toreadors use, shinny up the protective barrier to the sunny side seats. A benevolent policeman looked the other way. Soon more boys entered and scampered into the sunny side of the stand. We counted a total of 62. One boy tried to climb into a seat on the shady side. The policeman shook his finger at him and he quickly scooted back to the sunny side. Some of the children were so small that they had to be boosted up into the stand. We were in for an afternoon of inept bull fighters. There was not a single clean kill. The sword would go through the top of the bull and emerge from the bottom and still the bull stagger around the ring. One bull decided that this wasn't for him so he sat down in the middle of the ring! He refused to be goaded on and suffered the ignominious fate of having the toreador twist his tail to get him on his feet. All in all, one bull fight is enough. It was interesting to see young, beautiful girls, escorted properly by their mothers, look adoringly at the toreadors and throwing lowers to their favorites seemingly unmoved by all the blood and gore gushing from the wounds of the dying bulls. following the crowds out of the ring we wandered into town and discovered that their square, unlike the others we had seen, was in the center of a block of restaurants and stores, sort of like a squared donut., the donut being stores and restaurant (open air type w/roof) and the hole of the donut, the square. Mariachis were playing vigorously and the crowd so thick that it was hard to realize that the promenade was in progress. The girls, dressed in their best fiesta dresses, walked in one direction. The boys walked in the opposite direction. Every now and then a boy would break an eggshell, full of colored confetti, over the head of a girl. If she didn't desire his attentions she would continue her walk without a smile. Ha, but if she smiled back the lad would quickly turn and walk along side of her trying to win her favor. There seemed to be constant chatter for the boys all spoke to some girl or in some cases, all the girls passing by. There were many cast iron benches along the walk and on one we noticed a young girl demurely sitting, casting yearning glances at the passing parade. Her mother and father were seated on each side. Several times other girls would stop and try to persuade the parents to allow her to join the promenade to no avail. But true love will triumph. A nice looking lad stopped in front of the parents, spoke courteously to them, passed the time of day and before long it was evident that the parents approved of his observing the niceties and traditions of yore and it was a delight to see how the girl also was impressed enough to join him in the pomade. Here we must leave this scene and hope that it was meant to be. 250 miles later, in the dark of evening, we arrived at San Miguel de Allende, our home for the next month. We know that we have used this phrase before. A picturesque, beautiful, colonial town. Its 10,000 inhabitants must include all the dogs and burros in the vicinity. 26 churches serve this town and when they all decide to signal a Sunday Mass, the clanging, dinging and sonorous donging are truly an awesome sound. San Miguel is built on a series of hills so the streets all go up and down. High plastered walls surround many of the churches and old buildings. Surrounding the main square one finds the Posada de San Francisco (the finest hotel/inn in town), the police station/jail and a grocery store. Directly opposite this is what some people consider the

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We decided that we would begin our adventure by going by train from Bremerhaven to Heidelberg. To us it symbolized all that represented Germany as seen in the movies and operettas. We sat and were intrigued by the scenes passing by. The houses were so different. They seemed to be built of solid material. Rock and thick masonry walls which made you wonder how long ago were they built. They certainly looked as if they could withstand the ravages of many years to come. No huge farms such as the ones we had seen on our wanderings from Arizona to Delaware via Detroit and Eastern Canada.

We arrived early enough that we located the American Express office, changed some dollars into marks. American Express had offices in the major cities. You could also use their address and they would hold letters mailed to you so this was a very handy way of keeping in touch with your loved ones back home. We also were able to find a room in a pension (small hotel, rooming house, inn) with a courtyard. We bought a bottle of wine, some cheese, cold cuts and semmel (rolls). As we looked at the building across the courtyard. We found ourselves thinking about La Boheme and imagining that we could see Rudolfo and Mimi in the top apartment. It was truly a magical introduction to our first day of our adventure.

The next day we went to a restaurant and were startled to see a dog lying on the floor patiently waiting for his owner to finish her lunch. It was common to see dogs in the restaurants in those days. Heidelberg suffered little damage from the bombings compared to Munich, Frankfurt and Berlin. After a few days of wandering around, and marveling at sights such as, a woman asking the waiter for a beer warmer. The waiter returned with a small metal cylinder attached to a chain and hook. The cylinder evidently contained hot water. She hooked it over her glass of beer, waited a minute or so, sipped the beer and removed the warmer.

At a party, a woman took from her purse a silver tube, pushed a lever and a whisk came out. She then whisked the bubbles out of her champagne! When we left Germany these were out of style and the warmers and whisks are collectors items.

We managed to get a train to Munich. We saw women in dirndls and wrote home that "women wear aprons over their dresses" and "They deliver kegs of beer in horse drawn wagons."

We had a difficult time finding a suitable apartment as 85% of Munich suffered damage from our bombing. We found a new mansard apartment which overlooked the Englischer Garten. The fact that it was on the third floor didn't faze us as we were young and strong then. We bought a used Mercedes but quickly sold it and bought an old VW beetle as

you had to pay a yearly tax on your car and it was determined by the displacement of the engine! It had the "machts nichts stix"(turn signals) These were little arms about 7 inches long, one on the left and one on the right. It was considered a great improvement as you could keep the windows closed during the winter.

The apartment was unfurnished except for a stove and a tiny refrigerator with one ice tray. I found a store that sold doors so I bought an unfinished one. We placed it on the footlocker and that was our dining table. We sat on the floor to eat. It was in this early stage of our "retirement" that I got my first "comeuppance". The doorbell rang and we found a man from the Jehovah's Witness. He wanted to give us some literature in German so I pretended that I couldn't speak German as I had just arrived in Germany. Two weeks later he returned with literature in Japanese! Thank goodness he didn't know any Japanese.

We kept pestering the American Express people about our luggage and they kept telling us they had not received anything for us. We then met some GIs and realized that there was an American Army base by Perlacher Forst. We found the Kaserne and were astonished to find a housing area with three story apartment buildings, a church, movie theater, an elementary and high school directly across from a large hospital. In the Kaserne was a library, bowling alley, postoffice, garage, snack bar, liquor store, commissary, more apartment buildings and the Administration building with a novel way to get to each floor. It is somewhat like a ferris wheel. A continuous series of boxes go slowly around and you get into one and when you got to your floor you stepped out. The local name for it was "Pater Nosters" We found the Transportation Office. When we identified ourselves the sergeant said, "Well it's about time! We were about to junk them in few days." They delivered them to our apartment! "Timing is everything," we always say.

Our funds were at a critical stage when we were told that the Dependents' schools desperately needed qualified substitute teachers so we filled out the necessary forms to teach. This was our introduction to the Department of Defense Dependent School system.

We quickly adapted to the wonderful life of being able to have access to the PX and commissary. The meager pension plus our teaching money plus having an exchange rate of 4.2 Deutschmarks per dollar enabled us to not only live high on the hog but go on trips whenever we pleased. Whenever we saved enough money we would take trips. We visited France, Yugoslavia, Italy and Austria during this time.

We had been in Munich only a few months when Ted received a telegram from Phoenix College offering him a job to head the new Communications Department. It seems that they had contacted Dr. Harry Wood, Head of the Art Department at Arizona State College in Tempe, for recommendations. We felt that we should not reply until we could honestly

say that we were committed to something for at least a year. We had been substitute teaching at the Army school so we knew that the German Headquarters was in Karlsruhe. We drove there and filled out the forms necessary to be a permanent teacher. We then could reply and honestly say that we were committed to the Army School system for the coming school year. That was truly very tempting but we had decided on the top of the Temple to The Sun in Mexico to travel and see places and things we had only seen in magazines and books. Temptation reared its ugly head the next year when they offered the position again and would credit him with the years he had taught plus one for the year in Munich.

Our decision was affirmed the following summer when Dr. Wood and his wife came on an European vacation. The dollar was still strong so we were able to obtain the king's box at the Prinzregenten Theater where operas were performed. The King's box has an anteroom with waiter. You order your refreshments as you enter and during the intermission you go to the anteroom and a table is set with your champagne and snacks! We also were able to accompany them to some of the famed art museums as we were still subbing and were free to work or not. On the day they were leaving Dr. Wood said to Ted, "I'm taking back the offer I was going to make to you. I had come to offer you a job at the college but it's obvious that you two are living a life that we envy"

We discovered that Episcopal services were held at the Old Catholic Church downtown Munich. It is a small, sturdy stone church which survived the bombings. That Sunday we attended the ten o'clock service and heard a pitiful choir of four adults in the tiny choir loft and only a dozen or so worshippers. After the service we asked the choir directors a young American soldier and his wife, if we could join the choir. Dick Verduin and his wife Clare, practically kidnapped us. They insisted that we go home with them and have lunch. This was the start of a lifelong friendship. Dick said that he had decided that this was the last time he would try to start a choir and when we appeared. He felt that maybe the tide had turned. He had the knack of making everyone feel he or she could sing. Within a year he had a choir of 25 singers, many who had come to Germany to try to break into the opera world as any town with a few thousand seemed to have an opera house. After two years the choir was invited to sing at the pro cathedral in Paris and their congregation would house and feed us. We asked him once what his life's dream was. He replied, "I dream big. I would like to direct and lead a chorus and orchestra doing the "Messiah"! After a few years he had attained the rank of Warrant Officer" and was sent to Korea. He immediately started a men's chorus and children's chorus. He achieved his dream as he did lead the Seoul symphony orchestra and chorus in Handel's Messiah!

The church had no central heating and some ninny had put some heating panels so high in the church that only the pigeons on the roof could feel any heat. Someone in the

congregation said. "This is the only church where you not only hear the word of God but you can see it too!" The congregation was a mix of Germans, British, Americans. A mixture of business people and students. The rector when we arrived was a retired army Colonel who had served as a chaplain in the army during W.W.II. The church had a small student center near the Munich University. A young American woman was studying at the University when she died. Her parents set up a fund to maintain a center for English speaking students and friends. The choir rehearsed there as it was conveniently located for most. and there was a piano. Bob was a tall American man studying at the University. He was meek in nature and the glasses added to this impression. He came in one evening, obviously annoyed. He said "It makes me so mad! Every time I go to the Postamt to mail a letter home the man turns around, starts stamping some papers or leaves to do something, I hate these petty bureaucrats!" Jurgen, a German, who was listening with great interest, said to Bob. "The next time you go there, I want you to slap your letter down hard and say in a very loud commanding voice, 'BEI LUFTPOST'! and GLARE at him." At the next rehearsal, Bob shook Jurgen's hand and said, "You've changed my life! I did what you said and he immediately took my letter and said 'ja wohl!'"

The church grew in the ensuing years to such an extent that we out grew the little Emmaus Kirche. Vlad Pascaleff was a diplomat and the story of his escape with his family from Bulgaria is stuff for a Hollywood thriller. He was an ex-Bulgarian ambassador who was in the American sector of Vienna and was recruited to work for the Americans. His knowledge of the people that the Russians installed was very valuable. An army captain who befriended him asked him one day, "Vlad do you trust me?" He said, "My inside man tells me that the Russian puppets have a "kidnap" list and you are high on the list. I want you to take your wife and two children to my apartment and you are to not open the door to anyone unless he gives you this knock and this code word. Take nothing but dress warm." Vlad and family waited two days and at midnight came the eagerly awaited knock and code. Two army cars, motors running awaited. They got in one and they drove down the darkened streets. After a few blocks the other car veered off on another street as a decoy as they were followed. Fortunately, the tail followed the decoy. They drove to a huge storage yard miles from the city. Inside the yard were two small army artillery observation planes. Vlad and one child got in one and his wife and son in the other. Chocks were on the wheels and the pilots revved the engines high and the men pulled the chocks so the planes could clear the fence at the end of the yard. They flew to Switzerland to the refugee camp there. Vlad was working for Radio Free Europe and he used his skills to enable the Episcopal congregation to share a Lutheran Church. This was quite a coup as the church was very near the McGraw Kaserne so it was an easy commute for many and parking certainly was easier.

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Ahh... Munich, "Paris of Germany", Music Lover's Paradise, Crossroad for Europe, full of "Gemuetlichkeit" and Milwaukee notwithstanding, probably the "Beer Capital of the World". As we mentioned before, our pension was but a few blocks from the Oktoberfest grounds. On a cold September night we set out to walk the few blocks to the O'fest which is held in a permanent sort of fairgrounds. The lights of the roller coasters, tall ferris wheels and other spinning rides could be seen blocks away and the music from the merry-go-rounds and other attractions filled the air as we strolled leisurely through the gaily lit entrance. The grounds were as bright as day and the aroma of almonds being candied, chickens being grilled, warm sauerkraut, freshly baked semmel, grilled mackerel on sticks and beer, beer and more beer, all added to a feeling of good cheer. Normally staid and ultra dignified Germans strolled arm in arm, the men in ridiculous hats and most of the women wearing the symbols associated with Oktoberfest, a candy replica of a heart, miniature beer stein or a large pretzel about a foot long inscribed in frosting, "Ich liebe dich", "mein lieblich" or the German equivalent of "23 skidoo" complete with a long red ribbon to wear around their necks.

Booths of all sorts line the wide streets. Knock the bottles Down, Shoot the Balloons, ring the bell with the sledge hammer, Throw the Hoops, Pull the Strings, Souvenirs, House of Mirrors, Bumper Cars, Musical Shows, ... hurry! Hurry! Well you get the idea.

Scattered through the grounds we found 7 enormous halls, each large enough to hold 5,000 people seated at long, picnic type tables! In the middle of each hall is an upraised bandstand which holds the 50 piece oompah band. Food booths of all sorts line three sides of the hall. The fourth is devoted to barrels and barrels of beer from which the buxom waitresses draw the liter steins of beer. Each hall is devoted to one brewery but they all seemed to be full of people eating, drinking, singing to the oompa beat of the band. When they played familiar songs such as "Oh mein Papa" the tent would sway as the chorus of thousands would sing and sway as one. This was Bavaria in her festive best! We stood goggle eyed as a waitress in a dirndl shouted in a Wagnerian voice, "VORSICHT!!" She was carrying **eight 1 liter steins!!!** Three in each hand and two atop her breasts!! Needless to say, no one wears clothing of delicate fabric. Above the entrance to the Lowenbrau tent was a large, seated lion outlined in neon. He would raise a stein to his mouth as the loudspeaker would roar "**LOO-ENN-BROY!!**". Oktoberfest begins late in September and fourteen days later on the first Sunday in October, it ends. During this year 16 million people passed through the gates, over 3 millions liters of beer were consumed, 250,000 chickens were eaten (end to end would extend from Phoenix to Wickenburg), and 1,400,000 wurst were devoured (a chain from Phoenix to Tucson). This is a metropolitan city of more than a million people. It is crowded and has employment problems. Not enough workers. You have to remember the number of soldiers who died. The housing problem is really critical and the weekend pastime seems to be, looking for a

house to occupy next year. The air is smoky and makes L.A. seem healthful. The standard and not so funny joke is that Munich's death rate is so much higher than the average of the nation due to the air. Coal being the main source of heating, naturally causes much of the smoke. Add to this the many diesel cars and trucks and you have smoke with a capital S.

These worries do not prevent the entertainment mad citizens from glutting themselves on the most fabulous array of music and theater offerings. The good cheer and care free abandon with which the Muencheners pursued the Oktoberfest turned out to be not just one time of the year when "The poor overworked peasant" lives it up. The opera and operetta, both which are state supported, change their bills daily and their repertoires are unbelievable. In addition there is the Cuvilles Theater a tiny rococo theater which presents Mozart and better dramas. Three playhouses run a cycle of popular offerings. Each Saturday you can see an opera done with puppets (voices and music recordings). There is the Munich Symphony orchestra as well as the Rundfunk (radio) symphony orchestra. Among the musical treats we have enjoyed since coming: The Hungarian ballet, Andre Segovia, the Ukrainian Dance and Chorus Festival, Don Cossack Chorus, Merry Widow, Orpheus in the Underworld, Rigoletto, Tosca, La Traviata, Das Christelphlein, Hansel and Gretel, Abduction from the seraglio, Don Giovanni, the puppet opera Die Kluge by Karl Orff. T

There are fifteen museums and galleries devoted to works of art. Among the special shows we have seen are: 1.000 Years of Chinese Art, one man show of sculptures by Manzu, The Annual Haus der Kunst exhibition, Primitive Art of Australia, Children's Art of Germany. The museums are so huge that we are looking at only a few rooms each time we visit. It is a thrill to see so many originals of things which we have seen only in our text books. Van Gogh's "Sunflowers", the cylix of Exekias showing Dionysus sailing on a sea surrounded by dolphins, The archer and many of the other figures from the Temple of Aphaia at Aegina, Daumier's "At the Theater", Rubens, Tintoretto, Gauguin, Titian, Durer, daVinci, Barlach, Cranach, Holbein, Klee, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Renoir, etc... truly, these museums require days and days of visiting in order to enjoy them at all. In a week or so they are having a special showing of Gauguin's works. This will give you some idea why we haven't left the city for awhile.

To give you a better picture of Munich, we will have to delve into its history. It was settled almost a thousand years ago on the west side of the Isar river, a walled city with four gates. Three of the original gates (towered entrances), still remain. The builder of these walls was Leon (The Lion). The lion is therefore frequently used as an emblem of the city or on some of their products. The most well known is "Lowenbrau" or Lion's brew. The city streets in the center of town meander in all directions and have the disconcerting habit of changing names as they meander! Outside the center (Old Munich) the streets tend to be

straighter and are perpendicular to each other, comparatively speaking, of course. During WWII the city was struck by 60 air raids and about 90,600 buildings and houses were destroyed. However, now you only find a few buildings here and there which are merely shells with two or more walls standing. Bavarians, being great lovers of tradition are rebuilding and restoring historical buildings in the same style. Exceptions are where the structure was completely destroyed. As a result it is difficult to think of this city as anything but old. Restoration is so cleverly done that you can't tell where the restoration began and where the old wall ended.

They are still working on the National Opera House. Several years ago when they were planning the restoration, several people said that a new design was in order as the acoustics in the old house were not the best. WHAM! BAM! From what we hear, you would have thought a civil war was about to begin!! Angry words, letters to the editors, radio programs, arguments galore, almost split Bavaria in twain. The traditionalists won although they had to promise to put in the most modern sound equipment. Then the radicals grumbled that there should be no artificial sound enhancement, that opera was meant to be sung without any meddling. You can find almost every example of architecture imaginable here. You name it, they have an example. Since they have so many buildings to replace most are pretty monotonous in design. To alleviate the drabness they place bas reliefs, mosaics, all sorts of geometrical designs, paintings, on the solid walls of the buildings. However some of the new multicolored apartments show a little more imagination. Apparently they have not had ten or twelve floor apartments before so they must have drawn upon other countries for inspiration.

Munich now covers so much territory that the Isar river now runs approximately in the middle of it. There are beautiful tree shaded walks on both sides of the river with several parks here and there. Since we arrived in October we had an opportunity to see the glowing canopy of golden yellows, oranges, reds over us and along the banks of this lazy river. As we strolled along the river, a light breeze would send these colorful leaves floating down on us. The leaves seemed like feathers as they slowly pirouetted down, reluctant to fall into the clear, cold, green water below. Soon the walks were covered with a blanket of color and in the parks the leaves formed in piles just right for a "Charlie Brown" to leap into with a satisfying crunch. Alas, these ever efficient Germans! Just as we were getting into the spirit of making a pile of leaves to fall into, two Germans with rakes appeared and started to rake up the leaves! Every day as we would drive through the park on our way to the post office there they would be, raking up the leaves as quickly as they fell. Too bad that "Peanuts" isn't printed in their papers. I guess we should console ourselves with the thought that they probably preserved our dignity.

Munich has a very efficient streetcar and bus system. The cars are all quite new and clean.

The streetcars are hooked in pairs so that only one motorman is needed. You enter from the back of the car and the conductor (mostly women) sits behind an elevated booth. From this position she can see the front, middle and back doors and presses a buzzer when all three are clear. You tell her your destination and she rubber-stamps an arrow on your ticket which shows the whole route. The fare is 6 or 7 cents depending on how far you are going. It is quite an interesting ride. You find women with huge loads of groceries in string bags distended to a point where you expect them to burst any moment., some with dogs on a leash or held in their arms, young girls and boys entering gingerly with their long skirts, farmers and farmer's wives with their large knapsacks bulging with vegetables standing next to a smartly dressed woman in high heels and the innumerable students with knapsacks full of books. One thing we noticed and which men from America will immediately notice. Women's legs. We would see a striking young lady, beautifully dressed and conjecture whether she was German, American, French, British ... then as we would survey her and our eyes wandered to her legs, we would know in an instant that she was German by her hairy legs. Of course many German women may shave their legs but it is amazing how many do not. If you have a preconceived notion of what the average German girl looks like, forget it. We heard that she would be stocky. In Munich most of the girls run on the thin side. Perhaps the fact that they have to do so much walking, even to get to a streetcar stop and the shortage of foods might have something to do with it. However the older women do tend to be on the heavy side. Unlike America, the streetcar stops are rather far apart. As a result you do get to your destination more quickly. At the stops they have timetables. As we have mentioned before, they pride themselves on punctuality so you can count on the streetcar arriving on time. They do not tarry at a stop and once they close their doors they will not open until the next stop. Those who come running up and pound on the doors are imperiously ignored. He who hesitates is left behind. After the initial shock of the furious German traffic one can begin to notice other related things. You wonder where all these Volkswagens are built and also these small bug like cars which seat only two persons. They have one "bug" which seats two people, tandem style. Two wheels in front, one in back and huge headlights that look like eyes. You cannot escape thinking of it as a giant grasshopper. All the cars seem strangely small until one day you see an American car and you wonder "Why on earth would anyone want a car so large?" and then you realize that you are looking at the smallest model of a Ford! The streets are crowded with cars which will barely seat four medium sized people. The engines of these cars are so small that most American hot rodders would probably shake their heads and then break out in laughter. Germany may make the smallest cars in the world but they also make some of the largest trucks we have ever seen. At a stop light it is quite a sight when a large truck pulls up alongside one of these cars. Their tires are as tall as the height of the cars!! There are three reasons why the small cars. One, the insurance is calculated on the horsepower of the car. Two, The annual tax is based on the volume of the engine. Three. Gas is 57 cents a gallon for regular, 66 cents for premium. As a result the average man cannot afford a car with a

large engine. We have an old '53 Mercedes 220 with only 70 horsepower but our insurance (minimum only. PL and PD) runs to \$104 a year. The tax is \$84 a year. Bicycles, scooters, motorized bikes and motorcycles, delivery carts are numerous and present quite a hazard when you drive. Outside the very middle of Munich you will find strips of asphalt between the sidewalk and the curb. This is reserved for bicycles only. They even have their own eye level traffic signals! In the country you will find places where there will be special lanes paralleling the highway for bicycles only. However in the middle of the city where the traffic is the heaviest there are no special provisions so they weave in and out of traffic, occasionally thrusting their hand out but never looking back as they weave in front of you. Bavarian drivers are the worst we have seen in a long time. In a survey by one of the newspapers, 75% of the drivers said that they would not let a car they considered inferior to theirs pass them on the autobahn!!

There are hundreds of driving schools here as you cannot get a driver's license until you go to a driving school and pass their test. When you see a car with a sign in the window which reads "Fahrschule" you generally give them a wide berth. Now one would be inclined to believe that they should be very good drivers after such mandatory schooling. Forget it! Among the more common sights you encounter as you drive: Right hand turns from the middle lane, left hand turns from the right lane, traffic held up because a man double parks. It's almost as if the driver gets the diplomat mentality once he has that license in his possession. When you drive you mentally set your alarm system to the ultimate sensitive position. Perhaps one of the reasons for such conduct is because there are no roving traffic police cars such as we know (at least we haven't seen any) Small wonder that in a small land like west Germany, 12,000 people were killed in auto accidents last year. That is four times our national rate! Even the newspapers comment on the fact that once the average German slides behind the wheel of a car, his personality changes. The average German has been driving only 4 years!! They are quite jealous of their cars. When two cars touch bumpers you can count on both drivers leaving their cars to inspect the possible damage, oblivious to the line of cars behind them, glare at each other and get into their cars to the cacophony of horns from the people held up.

We have never seen a car pushing another. After all, you might scratch the chrome. We offered to push a man whose car wouldn't start because of a low battery. When we drove behind his car. preparing to push, if he wanted it, his wife streaked to the back of his car, thrust both of her arms out to prevent us from coming closer. She then waited until she could get another friend to help push the car.

It was amusing to see two drivers who felt the other was at fault for some infringement, roll down their windows, driving side by side while they hurled invectives at each other. You soon become used to seeing old men and women on bicycles, in all kinds of weather,

pedaling slowly up and down the streets. However, there is one sight to which we still cannot become accustomed. Seeing smartly dressed young women in high heels, casually putting on a kerchief over their heads, mounting a scooter and go put-putting down the street. More startling is to see a young man hanging on behind her. We have seen couples after a concert, on a rainy night with sturdy shoes and proper rain gear, mounting their scooters to go home. Apparently they bring their change of clothing in a bag, check the bag and change in the restroom at the end of the concert. We have also seen girls hanging on behind their date, dressed in their best and getting splashed by every passing car. Ahhhh . . . dating in Germany must try the soul and stamina of many of these girls.

Unfortunately we have not been on the autobahn yet but we are leaving for Kuln (cologne) tomorrow so will be able to tell you more about them in the next letter.

Europe has a standard set of traffic symbols and signs. They are quite graphic and thus easy to decipher so no matter where you drive, even if you don't know the language you know what to do. For example, a circular sign bordered in red means the road is closed. If this sign has an outline of a truck with the letters and numbers 1.5t, it means that the road is closed to trucks over 1 1/2 tons.

The German Government, through the police, certainly has a pretty good idea where everyone is. Everyone must register with the local police station and must have an identity card with his picture on it. If you move, you must report to the local police station within a few days and fill out a new "anmeldung" form. Foreigners intending to stay awhile in Germany really have a hassle. You first go to the paper store and buy a couple of registration forms. Since these are in German, you get out the dictionary to fill them out. Then you must get the owner of the house to sign them. You take these to the local police station (they only accept paper work from 8-12, Monday through Friday). They make a file on you, laboriously typing out the form. Then they rubberstamp your stub. You take your stub and passport photo to the Main Police Station downtown in the heart of Munich. Generally you will find a line outside the door you wish to enter. After about an hour you get into the room where they scrutinize your stub, hand you another form to fill out. Out you go, fill out these forms, back in line. When you are back in the room, he types out another form for his file, rubber-stamps all his forms and your passport and stub. He then tells you to go another part of the building and pay your fee, come back and he will return your passport. German bureaucracy is best exemplified by the deskfull of rubber stamps. We have never seen so much rubber-stamping in all our lives. We find this excessive stamping and paper work not confined to governmental agencies. Even in the department stores when you buy something, the clerk makes out a sales slip. Then you must go to the cashier and pay for it there. Then you go to another cage, present your rubber-stamped receipt but before you can receive your purchase she must record the purchase in a master ledger. Since you must have a photo for your International Drivers license, Police records,

German licenses, and for the Germans their Identity Card, Streetcar passes. The passport photo business is a thriving one.

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About three weeks ago, the armed forces held an Episcopal Retreat at Berchtesgarden and when we found that we were eligible, we quickly drove there. Berchtesgarden is located in the mountains and the General Walker hotel, where the retreat was held, is even higher up and close to the famed "Eagles Nest" which was Hitler's hideout. This hotel was built by Hitler as a rest and recreation place for his SS officers so it is quite lavish and rambles like a Spanish, ranch style hotel. We arrived Sunday evening and to our astonishment, all the beautiful tulips, all the nice green grass, everything was completely covered with snow! We could hardly believe our eyes. We had planned to visit Salzburg as nothing was happening until that evening. After breakfast and a few reassuring words from some Germans, we drove apprehensively down the mountain road and lo and behold, the lower we got, the less snow we saw. By the time we arrived at the Austrian border 40 minutes later we were in high spirits as there was no trace of snow! Summer was quite delighted at the prospect of having another stamp added to our passports. We hastily checked to be sure we had our passports, driver's license, registration card. All in order so we slowed, then stopped at the designated spot. A German border guard approached our car and asked for our papers and upon seeing we were Americans asked for our driver's licenses and registration. With a perfunctory glance at each, he waved us on. Summer was crushed, nothing added to our passports. Oh well, when we return the Austrian border guards will stamp them. With that reassuring thought, we drove on.

We were quite taken with Salzburg and the people. The Austrians seem to be quite fond of Americans and although we only spent a few hours there, we intend to return here and then go on to Vienna. We only had time to see the Cathedral and the castle. They have a cable car which takes you high up where the castle is located. We were grateful as it saved us much time and physical effort. The view from there is awe inspiring. You get a panorama in every direction for miles and miles and miles ... you get the idea. We had a bowl of soup and our dinner in a restaurant which is located on the castle wall. As we still had some schillings and grosschen left, we stopped in a coffee shop called "Tomacelli". When we stepped in we thought we had walked into a page of the New Yorker ad section that says "Nearly everybody reads the Philadelphia Inquirer" as EVERYONE except us had a newspaper in their hands perusing it or on their table! The coffee and pastry were excellent and we had our first cafe-au-lait. All the pastry came with whipped cream and a dollop in the coffees. The only reason we aren't as fat as Kruschev is the 54 steps we have to climb to our apartment several times a day.

The idea that Europe is much older than America was brought home to us when we went back to Salzburg at the end of the Retreat. We saw a coin showing a seated Patrona Bavaria. The coin is slighter larger than our dollar. A jeweler had patiently sawed around the figure and the letters, outlined it with a silver rope and soldered on a pin back. We asked to see it and exclaimed "so old!" The woman asked to see it and disdainfully replied in German that it certainly was not old at all. The date on the coin "1775". As we drove back to Berchtesgarden, we were so enthralled with our first visit to Austria and things we had seen that we scarcely noticed that the border guards merely waved us through. It wasn't until we entered the hotel that we realized that we had not had our passports stamped!

We visited the old salt mines of Berchtesgarden and it was educational, interesting and a lot of fun. Salt was an important product in the past. The translation of "Salzburg" is salt mountain. You enter the mine and put on a suit of salt miners. Sort of like coveralls with a large piece of leather on the back seat. A pill box hat completes the outfit. Everyone rides on open, narrow carts straddling the bench. These carts run on tracks and are cable drawn through very narrow, dark tunnels which extend for several hundred meters into the mountain. You finally end up in a large, high ceilinged chamber. To get to the lower level and the start of the tour, you must slide down a wooden slide 80 feet long. Wheeeeand down you go in groups of three. Now you see the reason for the leather seat.

During the tour you slide down three wooden slides, boat across a deep pool of solid brine 100 by 200 yards in size and this is in the mountain.

Shortly after we returned to Munich, we made the long promised trip to visit Dr. Shabarum in Coblenz. We made it a leisurely trip and stopped in Heidelberg to visit our nephew Jon who is studying at the university there. He took us to the Koenigstuhl (King's seat) for a view of Heidelberg and the surrounding land at night. Another very impressive sight ... Heidelberg at night. He seemed to be very appreciative of the cheeseburger which we were able to get at the army snack bar come to think of it, after several days of German food, we also got an itch to eat a hamburger or sandwiches of the American variety. I guess we are still pretty provincial.

We took the old road out of Heidelberg as Jon had told us that it is very scenic and it would also give us an opportunity to stop in Worms and see the ancient cathedral there. It seemed as if every few miles we would see a castle on the hills or mountain along the road. Some were in ruins but others seemed to be in fairly good shape. Some even looked as if additions were made within the last fifty years.

The cathedral in Worms has none of the splendor or ornate paintings and gilded choirs. In fact, it seemed almost gloomy within. However you receive a feeling unlike any other cathedral you visit. There is a feeling that nothing has been done to make it attractive to tourists. No conveniences for the mere passerby. A few electric lights seem to be the only concession beside the inconspicuous amplifiers located on the columns. We went down to the crypt which is very small, hardly room for the six coffins hewn from stone. We were the only ones in this crypt and we left hurriedly as one feels as if he is intruding upon the rest of these people who have been here for almost a thousand years ... In fact one has been there for 1005 years! Summer could almost hear Kriemhilde wailing her sorrow over Siegfried's body for here is where he was brought after he had been murdered. Yes, we shall return to this historic spot again.

We drove up the west bank of the Rhine in the glow of the late afternoon sun. The steep banks and slopes of the mountains were covered from top to bottom with the neatly implanted stakes, row on row, with grape vines beginning to crawl tortuously up the supporting wires. Mile after mile after mile . . . nothing but grape vines hill after hill, some slopes so steep one wonders how they manage to till the land or harvest the grapes. The Rhine below, flowing its languid way to the ocean, constantly belabored by the huge barges and tugs beating their way upstream while those going downstream merely cruised along. The amount of traffic on the river is staggering and one can see immediately why the Rhine is considered one of the life lines of Germany and Europe. Ships with flags from France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland fly from their stands.

We arrived in Coblenz with just enough daylight left to see it from the river level, from above it and see some of its sights. There is a monument outside the cathedral there. The French had erected a monument "Commemorating the war between France and Russia, 1812". The Russians drove out the French and when the Russian commander saw the monument, instead of tearing it down, had them add these words. "Seen and approved by the Russian Commander, 1814". We had dinner with Dr. Schabarum and his cousin who is married to a judge. Both still in their thirties. He had lost a leg in Russia but manages quite well. We then drove to Dr. Schabarum's home which is in a small, old town about 40 km away. Miehlen has a population of approximately 1,500 and their one-room schoolhouse built in 1841 is still being used! The weather for all the time we were there was just perfect. We had come at an ideal time for all the apple trees were in bloom and this side of the Rhine is loaded with apple trees. The tulips were also in their very best Sunday colors and everything was green. We took a drive then along some of the country

roads which Dr. Schabarum had traveled many years ago. We met only one car during all this part of our trip! Tranquility is truly the keyword for this section. From here we drove down the ... or perhaps I should say, we drove UP the east side of the Rhine. Again, we were impressed at the number of castles we saw along the Rhine. Dr. Schabarum said that he had a cousin who had a vineyard and wine cellar up on that hill which overlooked the Rhine. We drove up a steep incline and into the vineyard. What a view! To the right you can see a castle on the next bluff, below the castle in the middle of the river. Across the river, another castle on the highest peak. To break the monotony, if one can call peace and quiet monotony, there is a constant stream of river traffic and an occasional train that passed below. Another beautiful spot to add to our memories. Already intoxicated by the scene below, we were introduced to his cousin who took us into the huge cellar full of barrels of wine. She introduced us to her cellar manager who explained the process and then gave us samples from several barrels of wine. '53, '57, '58, '59. I don't remember how many years and types we sampled. It was quite cool in the cellar and he warned us to be careful when we emerged as it was very hot outside and it was not uncommon for guests to leave the cellar perfectly sober and after a few minutes in the warm sunshine, get dizzy. We heeded his advice and sat under the trees for awhile. This was a perfect way to be introduced to German wines. There were flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere! Spring comes with a vengeance here. After dinner in a cafe with a view of the river, we drove up a tributary, the Lahn. We came to a town which is famous as a spa with mineral waters with remarkable curative powers. It was loaded with older people of course. Since the rivers are surrounded by steep mountains we drove to a coffee shop which overlooked the river and village. This river was so slow moving and restful that we descended and rented a pedal boat. We pedaled to the strains of a concert orchestra playing in the garden of one of the baths. Bad in German means "bath" and generally if you find that in the name of a town it means that they have hot springs or mineral water springs. We saw an interesting looking Russian Orthodox church so we stopped pedaling and while Dr. Schabarum tended the boat, we went inside to look. It was quite tiny and had no seats. They only hold services every three weeks when someone comes from Zurich. It is a very clean, gilded church with paintings and much gilded metal ornaments. This town of Bad Ems was one of the favorite spots of the Czars of Russia and also Kaiser Wilhelm so you can imagine how the more ornate places in town look.

Back in Munich we were able to see the amazing collection of Gauguin's works at the Haus der Kunst. Most of the paintings, woodcuts, lithos and sculpture were done before his second Tahitian phase so it was very interesting. We didn't care much for his earlier works. We also went to see the opera "Wozzeck" which is done in an atonal style. The story was very interesting and each of the three acts has five scenes! The poor stage crew and orchestra really had to hop as there was no intermission! We are already buying tickets for the Opernfest which lasts from Aug 7- Sept 9. If one wants to be sure to get a decent seats at moderate prices, he has to know just when the tickets go on sale and then know exactly which seats to buy. We hope to get tickets for the Salzburg festival through the army as every outside source is sold out including the ticket offices in Salzburg! Of course there are some available at the travel agencies but you have to buy their whole lot in order to get the tickets.

We invited Irmgard to come with us on a summer vacation trip to Greece. She said that we should go by way of Vienna. We didn't want to tell her that it was hardly on the way as she is so enthusiastic about Vienna. The ballet Petrouchka was on so we were able to get very good seats on the main floor in the 8th row. An American tour group had evidently bought seats at the last minute as they were scattered throughout the main floor. There was much standing up and looking around for friends to wave to as they waited for the performance to begin. Directly in front of us were a middle aged couple. As the performance went on he began to fidget and turned to his wife and said in a loud aside, "When are they going to sing?" She shushed him but he obviously wanted an answer. She whispered "It's a ballet." He was not to be quashed. He said, "This is the Vienna Opera House so when are they going to sing?" She must have done something physical to him as we heard "Ouch" but he kept silent for the rest of the performance. During the intermission he complained that "You would think in a fancy house like this they could afford shoes that don't squeak".

Irmgard said it would be sacrilegious to not go to the Hotel Sacher and partake of their famous Sachertorte. Next it was off to Demels, a famous sweets shop. There she purchased some candied violets. As we were driving on our way to Hochosterwitz we noticed that Irmgard was looking very carefully at each violet. It turned out that she had bitten one in half and discovered an insect had been candied with the violet!

Hochosterwitz is a castle built on the only high hill which overlooks a vast area of farmland. Massive, winding walls of stone 10 feet high, climb upwards and there are several cross walls with small doors making it very difficult for invaders to get within the castle grounds. When we arrived, colorful banners and flags were flying in the wind and the castle looked so familiar. This castle was the one where the Disney artists stayed for one month making sketches for *Cinderella!* Once they were besieged by the Turks but they had a secret tunnel that could be used in a siege so that they could get some supplies from the valley. After many months the Turks decided that they would have a "winner take all" contest. Each side would send out their strongest and bravest warrior and if the Turks won the castle and inhabitants would surrender. If they lost, they would withdraw and leave them in peace. In the castle is a huge suit of armor which must have been made for someone at least 7 feet tall! Next to it is a small suit of armor which must have been made for a dwarf. The tale says that when the two went out to meet the Turk's champion he was so psyched out that he fled.. At least that is what the guide said.

Irmgard insisted that we should take a carload of teachers and drive to Vienna to see the new Zeffirelli production of "La Boheme". Ahh, we were young and driving several hours to see an opera was considered ordinary. There were no tickets left but Irmgard said we were not to worry as she had mastered the art of "goldfishing". This art consists of standing by the box office and when you see someone approaching and pulling out tickets you go to them before they reach the box office and offer to buy them. We all were able to get tickets except for Irmgard but she was able to get a "standing room only" ticket. It was a spectacular performance with Mirella Freni. This production became the standard for many years and we were able to see it again in Munich.

To get some idea of the Austrian character we will use an episode in Miki's life as a "junior year abroad" in Vienna. She made trips to come home to Munich on their vacation times. She went to the Hauptbahnhof (main train station) to buy a ticket to Munich. When she asked for a reserved seat the ticket seller said he would not sell her that ticket. He said, "You are young and healthy so you just come earlier and you will get a seat and you will save your parents money."

Your "aunt" Irmgard is truly a unique person as you both know. Music and the Matterhorn

are her two passions. She made it possible to obtain tickets and season tickets for the symphony orchestras, the opera, Musica Viva, ballet, etc. She spoke fluent German and was willing to battle the bureaucrats to obtain tickets for the faculty and friends, something we were not capable of doing. She quickly learned that to obtain tickets for prime concerts, ballet and opera, one had to stay in line the night before at 9 PM. By 10 PM someone would go down the line and you signed in. You were then free to go but every hour on the hour you had to check in. When the box-office opened at 10 AM the line was assembled according to the list. Many times we parked our car near the theater so Irmgard could check in and have a place to rest. Our season tickets had 12 performances a year. As Germany became prosperous there were so many complaints about the season ticket holders that they reduced the number to 10, and by the time we left they were cut to 8! As teachers with season tickets retired or were transferred you could not transfer your account. Irmgard figured out that you just had to change the address. The new ticket holder had to be reminded that any mail from the opera haus or symphony although addressed to the old teacher should be opened and answered by the new holder. We had 8th row center of the main floor for the opera and front row balcony for the Munich Philharmonic and the Bayerische Rundfunk symphony. Rafael Kubelik and Rudolf Kempe were conductors then. Rudolf Kempe was just about to begin a concert when someone in the 3rd row center began coughing loudly. He put down his baton and waited while the musicians all held their instruments at the ready. When the coughing subsided, he picked up his baton and just as he began his motion the coughing exploded. He halted his movement, turned around and glared at the offender who threaded his way to the aisle and escaped as quickly as he could to the exit. The audience burst into applause. That year they had a pre-Lent surprise concert. When you entered, instead of paying one mark for the program it was marked as 56 pfennig. You then were given a small bag containing a three cough drops. As you sat waiting a few musicians wandered on stage with their instruments all in everyday clothing. Then a few more and a few more until the stage was full. They all seemed to be asking each other where the conductor was. All the while you noticed this man making his way to a middle seat in the second row. Being in the balcony we could see that there was no empty seat. The man finally reached the center, looked at his ticket, apologized and everyone on that side of the row had to stand up again to let him out. He then went to the fifth row and did the same thing and then it hit you that this was all a hoax and you could see people laughing at the people who were so angry at this bumbler. Meantime the concert master could be seen querying the other musicians and finally one pointed to the audience and there was Meister Kempe sitting in the 3rd row! He came on stage and the concert began. It was truly one of a kind. The orchestra would begin with a Schubert symphony and just as you anticipated the next measure you were shocked by the orchestra switching to a movement of a Brahms symphony and then to part of a Strauss waltz, etc... It was amazing to hear and great fun. At the intermission, as you left the hall they gave you a krapfen (doughnut)! This is a concert that will live in our memory as it was so unlike the formality of German concert behavior.

The Stuttgart ballet made quite a splash when the South African ballet choreographer took over. They made a tour of the United States to overwhelming applause everywhere they toured. John Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Eugene Onegin* were performed in Munich. I was team teaching a course in Humanities and our host nation teacher obtained tickets for *The Taming of the Shrew*. We wanted to show the students, especially the male students that Ballet could be masculine and fun. Cranko's choreography and the challenge to emulate some of the moves made by the dancers by our male students, was a sight to behold. They realized that ballet could be exciting and masculine. It was such a tragedy when Cranko's died on the flight back to Germany from America after another successful tour of America. He evidently died by choking on some meat. This was before the development of the Heimlich maneuver.

Relying on a thirteen year old Michelin Guide Bleu is quite an experience. We read that we would find Halos by looking for the "two white towers on the left side of the road. We did find two drab ruins and decided that this must be the place. This was summer so it was very hot. We trudged up a treeless hill and to our surprise found a German 50 pfennig coin dated 1925 on the ground. This was due to the fact that I was pooped and had my head down as we panted and puffed our way to the top. To our disappointment there was not much to see there although the sight behind us was the magnificent blue sea. I don't know what we expected but it was a disappointment.

We spoke no Greek so relied on a lot of pantomiming. My job was to find a place to buy some ice for our ice chest, and to buy the day's wine. Irmgard and Summer's jobs were to buy the bread, cheese, fruit (watermelon if available). We had read that in Northern Greece, Nousse wine was considered excellent. I wandered around the lonely streets and found small shops selling donkey bells, and some leather goods, etc.. I entered this small one man grocery store as he had a rack of wines behind the counter. He studied me carefully and I realized that few foreigners must enter his shop. I pointed to the wine rack and said "Aretsina". He looked at me and said "Retsina" I shook my head and said "Noussa, Aretsina" Retsina is wine that is stored in pine barrels and to me tastes like kerosene. What I wanted was Naoussa wine that was not resinated. He pulled out a bottle and showed me the label which I couldn't make out as it was in Cyrillic. I held out my hand with some money but instead of taking it he began to pantomime. He pointed to himself, then to a calendar and fingers upraised held both hands up. He then opened and closed his hands six times. Obviously he was telling me that he was 60 years old. I thought it must be his birthday and was thinking how to pantomime "congratulations". He pointed to himself, took the bottle and put his finger to 1/4 of the way down. He then pointed to the calendar again and held up one finger. Then, both hands with fingers upraised, he opened and closed them five times. Okay, so he has been drinking wine every day for 50 years. Then he pointed to me and held his finger again about 1/4th of the way down, pointed at me and shook his head woozily. I had to smile and admire his pantomiming ability. I nodded my head that I understood and then and only then did he take my money. Summer and Irmgard had a similar experience on the island of Mykonos. Active windmills dotted the island. They went ahead to inspect a windmill up close as I set off to take some photos. By the time I found them they were in the upper room of the windmill and they told me that the man could change the direction of the windmill by using a wooden bar and placing it in the notches above them. He had a wife and three children. When I said "You mean he speaks English?". They told me that all this was done through pantomiming!

We recommend the island tour. We sailed from Piraeus to Crete where the wonderful palace which had running water, a version of a flush toilet plus huge ceramic storage jars about 5 to 6 feet tall! Be careful who you call a "Cretan" as you will be complimenting him in our estimation.

Rhodes where the "colossus" stood straddling the entrance to the harbor has a "valley of the butterflies" You enter the ravine, pick up some gravel and hurl them into the trees and suddenly a swarm of hundreds of butterflies flutter into the air. We had rented a small two cylinder car and enjoyed stopping at roadside stands to drink a glass of ouzo. They would always serve interesting snacks such as grilled pieces of eggplant, okra, fishes or olives.

Mykonos with its functioning windmills still grinding wheat into flour. Delos where the attractive young female guide when asked what the huge, carved from stone phallic symbol with balls was replied, "That is a rooster". A middle aged American woman turned to her husband and said "can't you see, someone a long time ago knocked off its head." Patmos where in a grotto, the guide will show you where St. John prayed holding on to a

niche cut into the rock wall.

We had heard that on the evening of a full moon one could climb the Acropolis and see the Parthenon by moonlight. We did so and I was able to take a time exposure of the Acropolis by moonlight. You can tell the time exposure by the short streaks in the sky made by the movement of the stars while the shutter was open.

We had seen the frieze of the Parthenon in the London Museum so we could imagine how they would look in place. It was a thrill to see the Caryatids in person. We were very fortunate to see the places in the world which we had only seen in our text books.

Irmgard has climbed the Matterhorn several times. She wistfully said, "I've always wondered how it would be to climb Mount Olympus." We decided that she should fulfill her wish so Summer inquired around and found that the Greek army used Mt. Olympus for their winter training. We drove to the base of the mountain and found a military base there. After much discussion back and forth we were finally able to get across the point that we wanted permission to drive further up the mountain to the place where the army trained. We had lost track of days and didn't realize it was Sunday! We finally received permission and drove up the rocky, bulldozed road to a level area with tents and semi-permanent huts. When we arrived a soldier was chasing a donkey who was clopping away at great speed. Other soldiers, laughing, helped to capture the animal. We were led to a hutment and met Dr. Livades who spoke excellent English. He was building an observatory there. He was very gracious and was surprised that Irmgard was the climber. He then gave Irmgard a pair of binoculars and provided her with a handsome young Greek soldier complete with rifle. When Irmgard protested he informed her that renegade wolves turned out of the pack were very dangerous as they would attack anything. He said that they should not return for several hours so he would provide us with lunch and a place to nap. He evidently ordered one of the officer to provide us with his room. As we conversed further he told us of finding a room in one of his excavations which was absolutely sanitary meaning it was in an excellent state of preservation. He also said that he had uncovered some old structure but hastily covered it up as the government would halt his observatory and set him back years. He said that once his observatory is built he will "discover" the site and inform the authorities. He studied in America under the Fulbright grant. As a small thank you he was ordering only American equipment. We had a simple lunch and time flew by. His conversation was so enthralling and educational that we did not take a nap. We did not realize how many hours had passed. He said that we should go out and he handed us two binoculars and said that if we looked at the ridge of a nearby mountain we would see them approaching. He said it would take about an hour from that point back to where we stood. Suddenly we heard great shouting from the soldiers below and saw a sunburned Irmgard followed by the weary soldier who had shed his shirt. He was evidently taking quite a ribbing from his fellow comrades. Irmgard said that they got within 50 meters of the summit so she pantomimed that he should leave his rifle and guide her to the summit. This was all rock and the kind of climbing she had come for. He refused and pantomimed that if she fell it would be his neck. Hands gesturing to show tumbling or falling and then fingers pointing to himself and then slashing motion across his throat. If losing a donkey meant 4 to 5 years in the brig, imagine what the penalty would be for losing an American tourist! When we remarked that we were concerned about her sunburn Dr. Livades replied, "You don't have to worry about her. She has climbed Olympus and is now immortal so nothing can harm her!" They tried to persuade us to remain overnight as they said that the road was tricky going down but we prevailed. When we finally arrived back down at the entrance, the guard saw us and immediately ran to the phone to reassure Dr Livades that we had safely descended. Their hospitality and concern for our welfare was touching.

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We left on Good Friday by bus to Nuremberg only to transfer to another bus for the ride to Prague, Czechoslovakia. First of all, European buses are not as large as American buses. There is much less leg room and space between the seats and the seats do not recline as far down as in the Greyhounds.

Shortly before 3 pm we arrived at the border and to our horror, we saw a line of cars and buses extending over one mile! The Czech border was not prepared for the number of Germans who wished to spend the four day holiday in Czechoslovakia! After FOUR HOURS of sitting and waiting, they finally allowed the tour buses to go ahead of the cars.

We went through Pilsen (Pilsener beer) after dark but were too tired to appreciate it, besides, it was raining. We arrived in Prague about 10:30 pm and by the time we checked in and ate dinner it was midnight., still raining so we didn't go out. Next morning it was overcast but they took us on a tour of the city. The shops didn't look well stocked. In the town square we noticed a great deal of activity. It turned out that many couples were getting married on the Saturday before Easter!! One couple would come out of the building, pose for the photographer, get into a hired car and off they would go. In a couple of more minutes, another couple would emerge, pose, get into a car and leave. We watched in fascination wondering how many couples would come out but we were led to the bus as our plane was scheduled to leave in an hour. As the bus neared the airport we noticed that a fog began creeping in. Little did we realize that this nasty fog sneaking in would mean a 48 hour delay!! That evening, after waiting in vain for the plane to arrive, we were notified that all the hotels were occupied by other tours and we would have to go to a hotel out of town. They didn't say how far so THREE HOURS later our bus finally stopped at a hotel. We had backtracked to a hotel which was located almost to the East German border!

The next morning, a three hour ride back to the airport and another long wait. They finally were able to obtain two smaller prop planes to ferry us to Bratislava and finally at 10 in the evening we finally boarded an Aeroflot jetliner for Moscow. There were three stewardesses on board and two must have weighed at least over 180 pounds. Every time they came down the aisle, even with your eyes closed, you knew they were coming by the vibrations. They don't make gum in Russia so on take off they would come around with a tray of hard candies.

The Jetliner was not very well pressurized and several of the passengers had horrible ear aches. We arrived in Moscow 2 am their time. Since we were the only ones arriving at that ungodly hour. the customs agents took pity on us and only inspected six bags. I was one of the lucky ones. Our whole tour was made up of Americans, mostly teachers. Eight were high school students and four or five business people.

The Russian customs inspectors are intensely curious about anything they have not seen before. A female high school student was one of the six. An inspector opened her bag, took out a box of kleenex and waved it her. He obviously wanted to know what was in it. The girl motioned to her nose and blew but the inspector didn't catch on. Her sister then went behind the barrier, took a kleenex out of her pocket, pointed to the box and blew her nose. His eyes opened wide and he nodded his head in comprehension. They had finished with my bag and as I closed it I heard the girl wailing to her sister, "Sis, help me explain this!". The inspector had a box of Tampax in his hand! I never did see the demonstration as I was escorted out of the customs area.

We arrived, dead tired, at our hotel which turned out to be one of those Moscow Monstrosities about 30 stories, tiered like a wedding cake. The lobby was very impressive but looked more like the reception room of one of mad Ludwig's castles. The

rooms were quite comfortable and had a bathroom. There was a dressing table and one of the drawers was the radio! There were two knobs, one for on and off and the other for the volume so you have no choice of stations.

Despite the split with China there are several Chinese men on our floor. The next morning at 8:00 we had breakfast and then our guide met us and we went on a tour of the Kremlin, Red Square Gum's Department Store and to the circus that evening. Each bus was assigned two guides. They must not trust only one

.The Bolshoi was not performing that evening. They will be in Munich the week we return so we will see them as we have tickets.

A river runs just outside the Kremlin wall. There are several churches in the Kremlin but they are now museums. We moved to the big museum. You are required to slip on slippers over your shoes before you enter. This museum contains treasures that the Czars had received or acquired. We are so used to lavish displays of treasures that most displays leave us cold. There were several very nice things including a huge screen from Japan which was embroidered with silvery waves.

We then walked to Red Square which adjoins the Kremlin and since it was Monday, Lenin's tomb was closed so the usual line of Russians and tourists was missing. Red Square contains Lenin's tomb, St. Basil's church at one end and Gum's department store on the long side. St. Basil's has many domes placed one next to the other, each in a different style and color! It is truly a fantastic sight.

Gum's store is just a series of three arcades, three stories high and a block wide and long. It has the dullest series of shops we have ever seen. The displays are horrible with little imagination and little variety in merchandise. Evidently when some scarce item arrives, it is "first come first served" for we saw lines of people beside some stalls and none at others.

Self service cold drink machines are in evidence but instead of each person getting a paper cup, there is one glass cup and a little rinser so you put your the glass cup over this little fountain, rinse it out, put your coin in the slot, place the glass under the spout and when the glass is full, you drink. Meanwhile, others in line must wait until you are finished!

Kruschev when he visited America was really impressed with corn and the various ways we used it. He must have ordered the industry to develop a corn soda pop as it was served with almost all of our meals. We ended up drinking beer most of the time. Vodka is relatively expensive. You could count on having potatoes and canned string beans at every evening meal with your meat or fish. We kept hoping that we would be served some Belulga caviar somewhere but the closest was one meal where they served us some red salmon roe. We had been spoiled as our friend who was the district manager for PanAm had invited us over to share some Beluga caviar. The only caviar we had to that time was the black buckshot type served in America. One of the PanAm pilots who flew the leg from Russia to Germany would occasionally bring a half kilogram tin of Beluga caviar to George. His wife had blinis and sour cream ready and we easily finished off the tin. Only those who have indulged in this delicacy can understand when we say that it is indescribably delicious!

We had brought along a roll of high speed color but the days were all dark and gray so we don't have much hope in getting good photos. I took a photo of a women shoveling snow on the streets and a Russian man came up to me, shaking his finger to show that he resented my taking photos of women doing such tasks. This we considered humorous as the guide kept repeating from time to time, "In Russia the women are just as equal as men"

We spent most of the time in Leningrad in the Winter Palace where the Hermitage is located. This was the place where Catherine would go when she felt the pace of court life was too hectic. We flew back to Moscow and since the airport is a good 45 minutes drive from the city, by the time we finished eating, it was too late to do anything.

The next day, early in the morning, we started our bus trip home. We still had our two guides with us as they are assigned to you for the whole trip in Russia. Since we had some Germans in the tour group, we had two German speaking guides. From Moscow to Smolensk there is very little to see except snow and here and there a little village or a farmhouse. We ate lunch at Smolensk, a very dirty, muddy, drab industrial town. As we continued our journey, we saw snow covering everything. It was a treat to the eyes to see a village in the distance to relieve the monotony of white. We finally stopped at a village to eat lunch at a small village. Tables for four filled the room and our eyes saw that at each table a very small bowl full of gray, pearls of Beluga caviar!! One of the students asked loudly "What is that gray stuff?" I replied, "Fish eggs". We had all been served salmon roe at some of the meals in Moscow so they knew one form of fish eggs and they, after the first try, would send the roe back untouched. Needless to say, the students all passed their plates to us as well as some of the teachers. We must have eaten a thousand dollars of Belluga caviar that afternoon!!

We arrived in Minsk to stay overnight in the only hotel in town. In America we would call this a third class hotel. The students were wandering through the streets that evening and met some university students who took them, at 11 in the evening, to see their university. They told us that it was pretty grim. Some of the classrooms have only wooden benches. They asked the students about religion. The students were told that it would be very difficult to enter the university if they were church members. If they went to church after they were students, they would get lectures. We asked the guides the next day about freedom of religion. He said, "In Russia there is no discrimination. If you want to go to church you may go. Of course the younger people do not prefer to go to church or be religious." We could go on and on so we'll save most of the details until we see you this summer.

As soon as we crossed the border into Poland there was a marked difference in the farmland. Our Polish guide (at every border you pick up a guide who says with you until you leave) informed us that 89% of the farms are privately owned! This would account for the much better cared for and prosperous looking farms. In Warsaw compared to Moscow, we found the stores had much more attractive displays and the people looked much more happy and alive. The Muscovites all look like peasants, plodding along the streets with no laughter in their faces or spring in their steps. Glancing at the shops as we strolled, we saw a shop specializing in Chinese items including cloisonné vases. We purchased a vase. We saw other shops with Cuban items, jewelry, musical instruments, and lots of bookstores. A large department store in the style we are used to with much more to sell than Gums in Moscow. People much more stylish in dress and women use makeup.

We took a tour which included a movie of films captured from the Nazis and shows the systematic destruction of Warsaw when the Germans captured it. It seems incredible that the city was rebuilt from the sea of rubble it was. Strange feeling to see people in the churches actually worshipping and the guide talking in whispers while in the church. Only one horrible monstrosity in town. The Palace of Culture which the Russians built and gave them. A tall wedding cake which houses theaters, swimming pools, gyms, libraries, etc... an architectural mongoloid. We enjoyed our one day in Warsaw as we were free to spend the whole day wandering along the streets without a deadline to meet the bus. The next day we were back in Prague on our way home.

Impressions

Moscow . . tremendously wide streets with only buses and few cars which appear to be privately owned but are really taxis. Rush hour... although the sidewalks are jammed, no change in the number of buses and cars on the streets. People as a whole have that square jawed , round face, peasant look. Clothing all pretty dark and everyone has their head covered except the tourists. Monstrous wedding cake shaped buildings which are apartment houses, university and even our hotel. The whole city seems to live in apartment houses ten stories high. When you leave the edge of the city, there is no suburban area. As soon as the apartment houses end you are in the flat countryside with a few farm houses. You are free to wander around without your guide, if you wish. Red Square large, cobble stoned, with the Kremlin on one side, St. Basils Church on the adjoining side, Gums Department store opposite the Kremlin and another government building on the other side. Children coming up, one after the other wanting to exchange pins which the soldiers wear on their caps, city pins, Lenin's anniversary pin, etc. for a piece of bubble gum. Men approaching you to inquire whether you would like to sell your shirt, pants, underwear, etc. From what we understand from the other bus members, the favorite spots for these transactions is on the bridge, at night. When you exchange dollars for rubles at the official exchange you only get 90 kopecks for every dollar. Of course the ruble is worth only about 1/2 of that in other areas of Europe or even less so there is quite a black market of dollars. Few if any neon signs in Moscow. Subway system is impressive but they have an army of women continually sweeping and polishing. Their claim of no unemployment might be true as you see women all over, sweeping the streets, chipping ice from the gutters or doing thousands of chores which are done by machines in America. I asked the guide about this and her reply was, "The women prefer to work than stay at home" Gums Department store a series of little open shops, all under a covered arcade. None of the sales girls we met could speak French, German or English. Czech border at dusk....

Young guard on duty at a bridge. We give him a ball point pen which he accepts with a shy smile .. we try to converse, but no use.... end of pantomiming. Our Czech guide, an old man who promptly gets us lost at ten in the evening. Ends up asking for directions from a youngster.

Prague probably a charming city in the sunlight but with the overcast skies and rain, creates the feeling of an ancient city. Old city overlooks the newer city, Shops don't look full of merchandise. More cars than in Moscow but very few foreign cars. People dressed in drab colors, probably for utilitarian reasons. Since it isn't too far from Munich we may try to see it in better weather as other people have been charmed by this city.

During the Memorial Day weekend we are going to Vienna to hear and see the Vienna Music Festival. We will see Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, The flying Dutchman, La Boheme and hear the Vienna Philharmonic with Herbert von Karajan conducting.

Our vacation this year began at Easter. We went to Berlin to attend the International Congress of Art Education to which Ted and two other teachers were representatives for the Army schools of Europe. We were interested in "The Wall" since we were in Berlin last year on August 14, the day after it began to go up. We remember walking towards the Brandenburg gate and found small groups of men waving their arms and arguing earnestly. Seeing us looking bewildered by the scene, a young man who spoke English told us "The Russians have blocked off their area. As we went past the men we found that the street in front of us had concrete blocks arranged in a pattern which would make driving straight through impossible. The sidewalks had rolls of barbed wire strung across so you could not walk through. Weirdest of all, our army tour to the monument in the Russian zone was not canceled! Our bus went through the checkpoint and as the bus lumbered through the narrow streets we noticed Russian tanks behind several of the buildings. As we approached, the Russian soldiers would quickly scurry to the other side of the tanks. When we reached the parking lot of the monument, two men dressed in raincoats, hats and dark glasses appeared from the wooded area surrounding the lot. They looked like movie versions of spies. They were obviously counting the people in our group. When we returned to enter the bus they reappeared and looked at something in their hands to be sure that we were not harboring an escapee. In a year they had built a wall and effectively created their own city within a city. It is a monstrous thing and it seems incredible that a country, families and friends could be divided by a wall of concrete and barbed wire. As we may have mentioned, Berliners are much more cosmopolitan than their cousins in Munich who roll up the sidewalks after eleven PM. Late dining and wining seems to be the order of the day. There seems to be a more subtle sense of humor. The Bavarians seem to favor the heavy slapstick, country type of humor. Needless to say, we enjoyed our week and managed to see "My Fair Lady" in German! It was a wonderful production and the lead looked and acted like Rex Harrison. We wondered how they would handle the "rain in Spain" number but they neatly solved the dialect problem by using the classic German versus the Berliner dialect. Another production of the musical opened in Munich and we were surprised that they used the Berlin dialect as the Bavarian dialect is so much more pronounced. We saw "The Masked Ball" and the two leads were Americans. You will find American opera singers everywhere in Germany as opera houses can be found in towns as small as Detmold whereas in America you can only find them in major cities. The Berlin opera house is new and most striking. Not built in the traditional style. Very modern. It is even more striking inside than out. There are boxes projecting out of the walls at irregular intervals so the sound can go around. The seats are covered in light chartreuse and the walls are a combed plywood in light driftwood gray and they expand toward the back of the stage rather than looking at the back of the auditorium itself.

Over a month before the end of school, an English teacher left unexpectedly. Summer was asked to teach for him, as he was only going to be gone for a couple of weeks. Just like last year it meant the end of the school year headaches and worries for her since, of course,

he didn't come back. As a result, our preparations for Greece were quite hurried. We have had such miserable wet summers the past two years that we thought a trip to Greece for six weeks of uninterrupted sunshine would be a blessing and remind us of Arizona weather. We invited a math teacher, Irmgard Anthofer, to accompany us on this trip. She is an avid mountain climber and skier so we promised her that she could climb Mt. Olympus. After the hectic last days of school we didn't want to be tied down to any definite schedule or reservations so we decided to Vienna first. On the way we stopped at St. Wolfgangsee, a beautiful lakeside village. It is at the end of a side road so it is not a place where travelers would suddenly decide to stay overnight.. The peace and quiet were welcome. There are small and excellent restaurants built over the water and if you throw bread into the water, hundreds of fish, four to eight inches long, will swarm around it nibbling until it is gone. The small hotels and inns are built in the traditional "chalet" style, two to three stories high, steeply sloped roofs, balcony fronted. Being made of wood there will be cut out patterns or carving on the balconies and railings. You may rent pedal boats, rowboats, or electric boats. Being in lazy mood, we took the electric boat and spent a pleasant afternoon exploring the lake.

The next day we arrived in Vienna, truly a city of charm. The people seem to be happy and kind. There is much to see, eat and hear. We spent three days and saw the castle and the magnificent grounds of the Schoenbrunn. We went to the museums and saw excellent collections of Brueghels, Rubens, Titian and others. One evening we went to an evening of Stravinsky ballets at the opera house. The opera house is built in the traditional horseshoe with the tiers of balconies to the top. An American tour group was in attendance and were scattered around on the main floor. One coupe was seated directly in front of us. Before the performance began, they stood up, yoohooed to friends seated ten rows back. Shortly after the performance began, the man whispered to his wife, "When are they going to sing?" She whispered back "It's a ballet". He wasn't going to be satisfied with this response so he countered with "This is an opera house so why aren't they singing?" She didn't deign to reply. At the intermission he grumbled to her, "You would think in such a fancy place that they could afford shoes that didn't squeak".

Anton Karas who achieved much fame by playing the "third man theme" in the movie, has a restaurant so we decided to eat dinner there. They only serve chicken and is a tourist mecca. Many restaurants will place a small flag of your country into a ball in the middle of the table. We decided to say I was from Japan to see if they had a Japanese flag. It took about five minutes but they did find a Japanese flag. He appeared and to much applause played several folk tunes on his zither and then to thunderous applause played the "third man theme". As he left the small stage, he noticed the Japanese flag. To my surprise, he stopped at our table and said in English, "I enjoyed playing in Japan" and he gestured to the wall behind us. We had not noticed that there were framed photos of Karas on a tour of Japan! Irmgard and Summer were trying to keep a straight face as I replied to his questions

in broken, Japanese accented English! "Ah,so, I born Aomoriken. You berry famos in Tokyo....."

From Vienna we headed south to Yugoslavia and taking a lesson from last year took the longer way through a corner of Italy. This way we avoided the Loibl pass which cost us a day and a torsion bar on the old Volkswagen. Our Rambler station wagon was pretty heavily loaded so we decided to play it safe. We spent the first night at Lake Bled, a vacation resort which is quite beautiful. Even Tito has a villa here. We rented a rowboat and rowed to a small island which has a small church. A sudden windstorm sent us rowing frantically back to the landing and a trip to an old fortress with a restaurant on the top of a bluff overlooking the lake. As we drank our cup of Turkish coffee we could see the gondola type sightseeing boats with the oarsmen at the back leaning into their sweeps looking like animated toys. Since Irmgard had never been to Yugoslavia and not seen the Plivtce lakes, we drove there and stayed in a modern hotel which was not full last year and this year appears the same. The twelve lakes are connected, one above the other by a series of waterfalls. A travertine deposit in one of the upper lakes makes all the lower lakes appear light turquoise. The water is crystal clear and the travertine puts a coating of white on everything so even the tree limbs which fall in the lake are soon covered with a coating of white. Rather eerie. As we walked along the edge of one of the lakes we came upon a group of four children all about ten to twelve years of age. One girl and three boys. She had on men's shoes too large for her feet. One of the boys was barefooted. They had fashioned small baskets from birch bark and filled them with wild strawberries. Wild strawberries never grow larger than a small grape and the taste is remarkable as it seems the taste is concentrated. They are very difficult to find in the wild. We couldn't resist buying a basket from each of these shy, appealing children. We had brought along candy to give to children as we traveled so we went back to the car and gave some to each. The excitement in their faces warmed our hearts. They tried to give back the money but we refused. But the hit of the day was the polaroid camera we had borrowed for the trip. We took their picture and the reaction when we showed them the print was worth all the effort. They were entranced and the wonderment on their faces was charming for there was none of the pseudo-sophistication we find so often in our schools these days. After the first awe they looked at each other in silence and then began to talk excitedly as they crowded around the small print for another look. We gave them the print and took another photo when we realized that they were from two families. They wanted to give us the rest of the berries they had picked as a token of thanks but we refused. The Greek and Yugoslavian children seem so unspoiled but maybe it's because we have more contact with children in the smaller villages. Irmgard was able to get the girl to write her name and address as she is going to send clothes and shoes to her. We left the lakes and went to Zagreb to show Irmgard the Cathedral (which is always full of worshippers), Mestrovic's works, and the market place. As we headed towards Belgrade on the Autoput (their version of a

freeway), we saw a boy hitchhiking so we offered him a lift. He was a Yugoslavian who was born in Austria and spoke German. He was a good looking, clean cut, wearing a sweater and unlike most boys in Europe, had a short haircut. He was thrilled to be riding in an American car and he couldn't believe that the speedometer was registering miles per hour instead of kilometers per hour. He was very impressed that we were passing up the few cars and trucks on the road with no effort. He was even impressed with the ticket we got for speeding in a zone we never saw the markings for. The radio was also quite a hit. He was going south 250 miles to visit his girl who was working as a "volunteer" youth worker on the autoput near the Greek border. We let him sleep in the car that evening and since the front seat drops down flat it makes a bed. He was also thrilled to be able to listen to the radio as much as he wanted to. (We have a removable portable radio so it is independent of the car battery) He was truly a happy teenager. Next day we left him at a camp near where his girl was working and continued to the Greek border. We sent him postcards for his collection from the Greek isles and have had two letters from him since we returned. After leaving him we had the only really bad stretch of road on our trip. Fifteen miles of rocks, thick dust and you would swear that it had only recently been bulldozed. It took an hour to maneuver this section. The closer we got to the border the better the road became. After the customary delay at the Yugoslavian border we drove across to the Greek custom house to find that we had lost an hour because we were in a different time zone. The improvement in roads and farms is immediately apparent after crossing the border. Here farmers have machines and we noticed in the fields a man with a portable sprayer on his back spraying the fields as the motor put-putted on his back. The Yugoslavian farmer has a long way to go for a decent standard of living. Here was a graphic comparison of life under Communism and Democracy. Advertising painted on the sides of barns are written in Greek and after the Cyrillic alphabet of southern Yugoslavia, seemed more legible. Fortunately, the Greeks put both their spelling and the Roman one on road signs so finding the right road is not difficult. We arrived in the hustling, bustling city of Thessalonika during the rush hour and were quite surprised to discover that it is a large city. Consulting our guide books we chose a hotel and stopped at the curb to ask a policeman how to get to 8 Odos Spiros. He didn't speak English so he got into the car with us to direct us to the hotel! He insisted on walking back to where we had picked him up! It was hot and we were not used to so much traffic. Feeling very harassed, we were doubly grateful for his kindness. After a shower, we strolled down to the beach front restaurants where it seems almost everyone walks with his wife and children until dinner. Dinner seems to be between eight and ten o'clock. We were hungry and they reluctantly agreed to let us in to view the kitchen at 7:30. No, not to eat but to practice a delightful Greek custom. It is not necessary to read a menu even if you can. All the copper cauldrons and dishes are there for you to smell and see. This was very helpful as Irmgard and I detest Okra while Summer loves it. The next day, Fourth of July, we moved to a villa outside of town for a breath of cool air.

Conjure up all your childhood ideas of hot, crowded oriental cities, Baghdad, Damascus or any other Sinbad town. That's Saloniki or Thessalonika, the Byzantine city. We were already in love with Greece. The people are so friendly and they don't want anything from you except a smile and an opportunity to serve you. The place is a tourist paradise. The government has done a great deal to encourage tourism with a singular lack of success except for Athens whose attractions are so widely known. The results are, deluxe hotels at moderate prices, and excellent roads (with some exceptions where construction is in progress), and people who openly welcome you. I guess it is still too far from the centers of Europe for touring groups who are traveling for the first time. I think in a few more years it will replace Italy as a sunny resort with a lot to see. Italy seems so commercialized in comparison to Greece. We hope to go back to Italy another time when the comparison will not be so fresh in our minds and we are fresher. On our way home, we will stop in Venice to see the Biennale (huge international art show held every two years) and Florence to visit a few art museums. It's a good thing we rested all day on the fourth because on the fifth we set out for the biblical site of Phillipi. Equipped only with the glowing recommendation of friends and the guide book's rather fuzzy remarks about "Characteristic towers, visible from afar". We didn't know whether it was a citadel on a hill, a ruined church, a scrubby modern village on the ancient site, a Roman forum or an amphitheater. As it turned out, it was all these things! But what we kept looking for was the "Characteristic towers". We saw them but couldn't find the way up. We took a few false turns and after driving through a town whose streets, made of red clay made us happy that it hadn't rained. We found the road heading uphill. After a few hundred yards the road stopped so we decided to take our thermoses of cold water and started walking uphill. The hill was littered with huge boulders and we were stepping or leaping from boulder to boulder., trying to avoid the wild holly growing between the boulders. Suddenly a man appeared ahead of us, waving his arms and shouting something which we did not understand but he did motion that we were to climb to the right. We changed course and a few minutes later the ground shook and "KABANG" a loud explosion was heard to our left. He was concerned, it seems, lest we get in the blaster's path. Hoping our car was not under some of the mountain, but deciding that it was too late to do anything, we soldiered on. Irmgard, the mountaineer, kept telling us not to give up. "It's right there!" dramatically pointing her finger. It was hot, very hot and we took many breaks to drink our water. An hour and three quarters later we reached the top, scratched from the holly and exhausted from clambering among the rocks, nay boulders. To our chagrin, we discovered that there was a lovely path, graded and with steps on the shady side! We had gone up the sunny side in 105 degree heat! The Germans had occupied the area as we found graffiti scratched on some of the stones. Hans Myer, Augsburg Rolf Eisen, Hamburg etc. We looked at the rest of the ruins, briefly and crept back to our villa. We saw a lot of gypsies and nomadic people (see Atlantic, June 1962) but we were in no mood to be amused.

From Thesaloniki we headed for Larisa as the center for our next excursion. Mt Olympus where Irmgard would achieve her long awaited opportunity to climb to its top!

From Larisa we went to Meteora. Monasteries and convents are built on top of what appears to be inaccessible rock pillars. There are drawbridges to most of them across frightening crevices. You can easily understand how the legend, how the original rope was carried aloft in the beak of an eagle., began.

We left Meteora and drove through the gorge of Brallo down the plain of Thebes. In 346 BC, with the combined efforts of the city states and Phillip of Macedonia, the Turks finally got it. A stone lion still marks the spot. Then the tortuous and slow climb up the southern

face of Parnassus brings you through some of the loveliest landscape in the country. After thirty or forty miles of a road that looks as if a child threw spaghetti over a relief map for the engineer's plans, one comes to a vista better described in guide book terms. "A veritable sea of olive trees, some thousands of years old, spill out from the Amphisa gorge with its red ruggedness, down, down to the gulf of Corinth". The picture one gets is that someone with a limited palette of red, green and two shades of blue painted it on an afternoon when he saw things fuzzy. The sun is so brilliant that everything looks like an overexposed photograph. We arrived in Delphi for the night. The place was jammed with tours and tourists. This was a little disappointing since by now we were accustomed to being novelties. We decided that the only way to beat it was to go to bed at once and get up with the sun. It turned out that we were not the only ones with this idea but in the long run it turned out doubly entertaining. We thought it a bit odd that there were so many people up at dawn. Greece comes to, rather later in the morning than you would expect. It developed that these were young esthetes, up to catch the first rays of the sun on Apollo's Temple, an early center for the worship of this sun god. When I appeared, there was a great fluttering sounds as these sprawled junior year abroad girls suddenly sat up and rearranged their skirts.

Next stop, Osias Loukas, or hermitage of the Holy Luke, a twelfth century ascetic whose church is known for its mosaics in a country just full of Byzantine mosaics. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that there was a simple inn, for nine people only. We decided to spend the night. We had been working hard sightseeing and just for once it was nice to take time to just sit. We did that on a terrace overlooking a lonely and backward valley until the sun went down. The generator went on and we ate on the terrace and enjoyed the French menu. Seems ironic that the best French food thus far was in a small inn in Greece!. We looked over the valley and didn't see a single electric light in the forty or fifty miles of our view. A young man and young girl, possibly college students, did all the hard work. Another man was nominally in charge but these two were still up at eleven o'clock shining shoes. They arose by five to start their chores. When we got up, the tables had been moved to the most advantageous morning view and breakfast was ready. I wanted to shave but we could find no outlet that worked. When we asked about it, the boy said just a moment and ran up the hill and started the generator. We were so embarrassed.

From here we went on to Athens which is hot, noisy, and over rated. The Acropolis is more than worth the trek and more works than I have at my command have been written about it. without making it any more comprehensible to the uninitiated. It strikes, almost physically your view from miles in any direction as you approach the city, which is by no means level. It dominates, reminds and recalls the past that is so much a part of the life of the Greeks, they with their terribly proud awareness that Athens was the founder of what we call democracy. All tours of the city begin and end in it. Outside the National Archeology Museum, in fact, we did not see much of the rest of the town. We drove out to Sounion, a

cape some forty miles outside of Athens, on a lovely Sunday afternoon in time to watch the sun set on the Temple of Neptune, the remains of which rise majestically on the edge of Homer's "wine, dark sea" like a sentinel looking far out to sea for a ship not yet come home. One has the feeling that this country has posed for calendar pictures so often that it wears a permanently frozen smile turned on for the visitor. Not so: the Greeks themselves weep as they tell you of a part of the country you have not yet seen, but MUST see.

We took a cruise to the islands of Delos, Rhodes, Patmos, Kos, Mykonos and Crete. The whole atmosphere of the Mediterranean here is so different. The past is still cloudy; we do not fully understand who the Aegeans were or where they came from. There is a less certainty that this piece is where so and so died and another ruled. Here you are told, ".....we think that this is so, and that that might be true." The ruins of Crete, with their frescoes artfully restored; the terribly modern features of the ancient palace of Knossos, such as light wells and interlocked drainage pipes; the city of Kalymnos, that really looks like a city; the valley of butterflies, where a handful of tossed pebbles raises a cloud of hundreds of red winged beauties; the oddly medieval character of Rhodes, inhabited by the Knights of St. John, later to be the Maltese Knights after the Turks chased them and everybody else from this part of the world; each of these are impressions capable of expansion into a lifetime of pleasant memories. In the islands we saw a tree forty six feet in circumference, reported to be the descendent of the tree under which Hippocrates himself first saw patients; the grotto where St. John the Devine wrote the Revelations and it was so still that you could feel the silence and sense the waves crashing on the shores miles away; the Turkish coast and the little town of Hallicarnossos whose mausoleum was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; the haunting island of Delos, birthplace of Apollo since it was the only place on earth which dared give refuge to his mother fleeing the anger of Juno; its one odd palm tree, the only one one in all these islands and under which Apollo himself was supposed to have been born; the beautiful beaches of Mykonos where wall painters got carried away and painted the sidewalks with whitewash too, so that you have the uneasy feeling that it rains whitewash here; and above all, or rather under and around all, the sea, an unbelievable, gorgeous, hypnotizing sea. We took boats into the grottos like those in Capri, but such life forms! One was entirely green in its light and wall color but all the water plants and animals were red, a bluish wine red. And the sea, the sea - we will remember the color of the sea all our lives.

We were sorry to end such an idyll, not sure the mainland would be so enchanting after the fair land of the Dodecanese. We drove away from Athens as quickly as possible so as not to break the spell, across the Isthmus of Corinth. Visible for some miles here is an Acropolis called Acro-Corinth or old high Corinth. There were no guides, guards or gates. We had read that it was here and started climbing, always hoping to uncover a fetish or potshard. We found a lot of the latter but as the place was uninhabited as late as the middle ages, that is not surprising. We did find an iron nail, much like the ones we saw in the

museums and we treasure it as our "relic". We drove on then to Mycenae, Heinrich Schliemann's great intuitive discovery. Homer was widely held to be a mere myth when this great German linguist and Romantic, with Homer in one hand and a pickax in the other, found ancient Troy. His faith in Homer led him to Mycenae where, in the golden mask of an earlier king, he believed until he died that he had looked upon the face of Agamemnon. He had not, but perhaps it is fitting that he never knew it. More adventurer than scientist, he nonetheless almost single-handedly renewed interest in ancient Troy and its conquerors. More than any where else we felt the ghosts of the past, as the guard showed us just at sundown the portal where Orestes crept in; the cistern, still in use, where he hid; the porch where the mad Elektra let him in; the Red Bath where Clytemnestra murdered Aegisthus when she got around to repenting having gotten him to murder Agamemnon. These things may not have been real, but they are now, for us. And after all, so much of Homer that had been dismissed as legend because it could not be understood by earlier scholars has proved true; why not the intrigue of the murder of Helen's brother-in-law?

We drove on past Tyrins on our way to Naplion, happy for a rest from matters that needed thinking about. We climbed the marvelous amphitheater at Epidaurros, listening to a child standing on the spot reciting. There were a few straggling tourists in the noon day sun; it was not so difficult to think of them as straggling playgoers from other times, rather than odd visitors like ourselves. Epidaurros is still the scene of summer drama festivals but we had come a day too late.

We did go by Tyrins "of the cyclopean walls" on our way to Olympia. About noon we had left our hotel, which straddled a peninsula of the Samian gulf so that there is ocean on either side of the hotel with a castle on either end of this peninsula and still another one out in the bay itself. Not even the sweat of noon day brings understanding of the walls of Tyrins, essentially a mound, which had been visible even from our rooms. But when you are there this innocent looking mound is really a citadel whose foundation ramparts are made of stones weighing up to 30 tons! And no mortar! They have been standing there through numerous earthquakes and weather for 27 centuries. No wonder the ancients thought that only Cyclops could have built them.

We came at evening to Olympia, home of the Games. The grove has been replanted, of course, but the spell is almost complete as the cicadas whirr about shutting out even the sounds of your own thoughts. We made a pilgrimage to the museum to see the Hermes of Praxiteles before finding supper. No other work of art in Greece impressed us so much as the grace, the glow, the perfection of this work;. A considerable amount of valuable and important statuary remains of Olympia where women were once banned on penalty of death; but none of them compare with the "Hermes holding the infant Dionysus".

We drove up the other side of Greece rather quickly in order to have time for a stopover on the island of Corfu. A regular ferry makes the run to Italy daily and you may stop over for as long as you like. We stayed only one day but it was an enchanted one. We drove along the beautiful east bays to watch the children swimming, see the summer homes of the world's aristocracy, the former place of empress Elizabeth of Austria, wife of Franz Joseph. In the afternoon we went across the island to Paleokastritsa, surely some sort of paradise. We visited the monastery on the hill and chanced to hear priests chanting in preparation for the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. With them was an almost blind almond-seller who had the most beautiful voice for chanting any of us ever remembers having heard. We bought some almonds needless to say, took the little tour of the place, took pictures of a 90 year old monk who was only too happy to pose for us. We even felt a little deprived that we too did not share in the monastic life. We stopped down at the bay where we rode out to the traps to select our lobster and while it cooked, took a boat ride to the grottos mentioned earlier. After we had eaten our lobsters, we waited the appropriate time and went skin diving in the blue crystal they called the water there, until sundown. The gorgeous sunset we saw as we drove back up the hill through the olive groves was an appropriate climax to what had been the perfect vacation

MEMORIES

Being in Berlin the day that the Russians split the city in two. Climbing up the Acropolis by the light of the full moon and taking a photo by the light of a full moon, viewing cave paintings in Spain and being the only ones around, viewing wild animals in their natural habitat in Kenya, seeing the "human landfill" in South Africa., viewing Anghor Wat with no other tourists around and when there was only one hotel in town which we shared with a team from the United Nations who were there to find and destroy the mines which were still active, touring through China before the crack down in Tienan Minh Square, touring through Thailand for five weeks, seeing the "reversing falls" in Canada as well as the bottom of the ocean, "Bummeling" in Alaska for a month, seeing how large the blocks of stone are which make up the famous pyramids in Egypt, touring Morocco in the heat of mid summer and seeing our first leper, clliimbing Ayers Rock in Australia, watching the surfers in Hawaii and attending a "tourist Luau", touring Russian during Kruschev's reign, Yugoslavia when Tito was still alive,