

Please
keep.

March 29, 1933

My dear Iwakuks and Jiji: —

And now about the
Banquet. You know what I wore, so you
can picture Mama Rockrise in her black
satin, touching the floor, white flowers,
fresh and oh, so sweet, over the shoulder,
black velvet slippers with glistening
imparted Chanel buckles — my pearls —
My hair in soft knot with soft little
curls around my face — oh, so demure —
Mrs. C. insisted that I wear her black
velvet wrap with big white fur collar.
I refused absolutely for many reasons.
I finally won.

Mr. Kanai had phoned me and
apologized, asking if I could be ready
by 6:30 instead of 7:00, as we had
arranged. I was all prepared
thanks to Mrs. C.'s help — (I have never
enjoyed the services before of such a
competent maid. Ahem!) Well —
I waited and waited and waited.
Mrs. C. was watching the clock and
making up all sorts of funny
excuses. She's a terrible tease.

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She finally said she was sure he was having a fight with his wife. (She had changed her mind and wouldn't let him go. I admitted, I was taking a chance, when I went out with another woman's husband, but I rather thought he was hunting his collar button under the bureau. So we laughed - but I was getting nervous and nervous -

Presumably then, I outlined his work to her. At 7:00, he came - what a relief! (He had had to move some patient to a Hospital and been very busy with him) I forgot to add - that Mrs. Warren asked about six times in half an hour - "Is she going to the Opera?" Finally, exasperated, her daughter said "Mother, ^{Mama!} if you ask that question again, I'll go mad. You know the Opera season closed!" Oh, we had fun!

Mr. K. had come in taxi and car was waiting (He knows how to do things to a taxi, ^{doesn't he?} No Subway for Mrs. Isumanna!!!)

Arrived in good time, at the Astor. Checked wraps. First people we met, as we meandered around, were a Mr. S. (and French research)

wife - about three times as big as he -
 This doctor knew your name at once.
 and was most respectful. Next Mr.
 Oguri's brother and American or Ger-
 man wife (?) Rather pretty but dumb.
 The place was crowded and a most
 expectant and cheerful and atmos-
 phere prevailed. While there were
 many, many women, they, for
 once were decidedly in the minority.
 From reliable source, I learned that
 when the idea of banquet was first
 launched - people were lukewarm -
 but last few days - tremendous de-
 mand for tickets - and they
 estimated there would be 1200
 guests and members - largest gather-
 ing for Japanese affair ever ^{at Osaka} known!

Next I met someone, I have al-
 ways desired to meet, Mrs. Kusano. She
 is a little bit of a woman, stout
 but so nice and motherly. We had
 a very nice talk - then she intro-
 duced two of her sons - who had
 been hovering near their mother.
 (they are lovely in their manner
 to her -) Very, very good looking
 boys - Japanese, Spanish, Italian -
 hard to tell - but they look
 so much alike - and very
 young looking: Mr. Mrs. K. have

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been married 30 years and her
"baby" is 21 years. She has one girl
and four boys - one boy married -
Must be a very nice family. Mrs. K.
said I must meet her husband -
she led me over to him, at some
distance. I thought I would remember
him - but seems I did not. I told
him what nice boy he has -

"Oh, but you haven't seen the
other two!" He is very proud of them.
Of course inquired for you and
sent very kindest regards. We did
not see them again. Then I met
Mr. Aguri - snow white hair - said
he knew you in school - about
1892. (I said that was before I
knew you, and he laughed heartily)
Isn't he crazy! Why, you were
a boy in Japan then - 15 years old.
I made no comment - but later
Mr. Kanai said - "It was impossi-
ble, for him, Mr. O. - to know you
in school, at that time ????. Who's
right? How long have you
known Mr. K. - I forgot to ask
him.

Our table was on the balcony -
could see all - hear all -
Very, very nice - BUT -
when I saw our table !!!

Nine Japanese gentlemen - and I only lady!!! I felt like turning around and running away. I never played basket to 9 boys at one time before - 'Boy, Oh Boy, Oh Boy'. But really, we got along beautifully. Everyone was so nice to me - (I learned later - all men in Rev. Chirugi's Class) - I felt like a Queen - (confidentially, it is rather a nice feeling!)

I had a most delicious and varied dinner - but I ate very little (I can always eat - not such a dinner, of course). How I did enjoy the colors, the lights, the hum of voices, the music - I drank it all in; I had waited so long for just such an evening. Thankyou, again, dear Daddy Rockrose, for allowing me to go - suppose I'm like a silly child - not grown up yet. —

at the Banquet hall was beautifully decorated with red hunting showing chrysanthemum on purple ground - and the head table was under masses of cherry blossom branches,

hanging from balcony overhead —
 at intervals were Japanese silk lanterns.
 Yamanaoka had charge of
 decoration — It was all very
 beautiful and carried out
 Japanese feeling and dignity.

Mr. Canada was very nice as
 host — but I was surprised at his
 difficulty with English (confidential)
 But he spoke very slowly and
 distinctly — and you enjoyed every
 word he had to say. Morris —
 was jolly — but I never felt
 sure which side of the fence
 he was on. Mr. Matsuoka was
 just as nice as I thought he
 would be, and nicer. — I
 enjoyed his speech immensely.
 One laugh there was — "He said,
 "When I left the Conference at Geneva,
 I thought I was through with the
 Manchukuo question. But never
 I am not." This brought big laugh —
 (His speech was broadcast —
 nation-wide hook-up — I read
 somewhere (?))

I would like to insert above, preced-
 ing the dinner, toasts were drunk
 to the President and Mukado. The

hall was plunged in darkness - save for powerful spot light focused on waving American flag - ^{at end of long head table,} then in turn on the Japanese flag - ^{at other end.} also waving. (Out of courtesy to guest, that they would have reversed the order. It was very effective. There was a great tinkling of glasses - (seemed rather suspicious to me - i.e. the extinguished lights when the toasts were drunk! Don't you think! Of course I am joking. But during speeches, I did see one man dive down under the table, and being forth a battle and pour something in his companions' glasses - drinks were exchanged. (Don't know how many more battles I did not see, hiding under the table!)

After Mr. Konoda wished us all collectively, "Good-night", everyone arose - No dancing - A young Japanese singer gave three songs. Very nice voice! He was warmly received and encared.

Ascending, to main floor, we mingled with the stars - wished I could have met Mr. Chua. I did meet Mr. Takami, and he gave me a most up and down appreciative look. We chatted few moments and I gave your message. I told Mr. Kanno I would like to meet Mr. Nudgutani - It was funny - one

minute you would see him, and the next he would be gone - On the way to the cloak room, I finally captured him, single handed. We had a nice talk. Said he received a letter from you couple of days ago, and would answer soon as he could; that he is rushed and pressed and pressed - no rest for him anywhere. Said he would like me to come over some Sunday afternoon soon, when he will be home and feel relaxed. Mrs. M. of course did not come to dinner. Is not well enough. Poor soul. Poor both of them, for that matter. Then when I went in to get my coat, Mr. K. was looking for me - and so worried - When I did appear - and explained ^{my delay,} that I had met Mr. Midgton then he was very glad!

I've jumped ahead of my story - ^{here is the high spot!}
 Through kindness and perseverance of Kansai-san, I met His Excellency, Yasuke Matenoka!!! Was I thrilled - Of course a number of others did - also - ^{met him.} very nice looking American - He and Mr. Kanoda - stood side by side ~~at~~ at head table - Mr. K. - asked me if I knew Mr. Kanoda - I said yes - but he would not remember me at this time - but Kansai-san addressed him and said "Here is Mrs. Isuma-uma"

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Inumanna and extended his hand graciously and with mei smile. I gave you kindest regards to him. Then ——— I was introduced to His Excellency. He too, extended his hand graciously and with shaming smile. Emboldened by what I had seen one party do — somewhat ahead of me, I asked Mr. Matsuoka, if he would do me the honor, to autograph my Program. He smiled indulgently and extended his hand for my Program. Incidentally, I told him so friendly — my husband in Japanese, and he replied: ("ah-sodie-ka") "Is that so?"

My, I was proud to have that autograph and Kansai-san was so glad, too, that I got it. I'm sending it first to you — please charge George to take good care of it, going to Trudeau. After that, I wish he would return it to you — for safe keeping. "On way out, met Dr. Yamaguchi — wife in Los Angeles — and two children at home — he remembered me. We talked for few minutes.

My, what crowds — what traffic — four lines of cars up and down — eight cars abreast on Broadway — theatres were out — we had to walk up

to the corner to get a taxi. But I did not worry about time - I had night-key and it was only about 11⁰⁰.

Kamoi-san said he had received a letter from you, with check, and went over with me very carefully. But I asked him please to do what you wanted and make you happy. He will write you very soon, and perhaps you can come to Hawaii. Certainly I know, I had the happiest evening, and maybe (?) some-time I can go again. Mrs. C. says she hopes I will often have occasion to go out to nice affairs, and wear that dress. (I think it is her favourite)

No I thanked Mr. Kamoi for a most delightful and happy evening.

Mrs. C. was up - and made me come in and tell her all about it - she particularly asked if Mr. Kamoi told me how very nice I looked - I said "No". Then she called him a "mean old thing". Then I told her a fib - said it was not the custom for ^{Japanese} gentleman to comment on lady's appearance. So now, dear ones, you have the whole write up. I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. The day is coming when you and George will take Mama Rockris to Hotel Astor. Dear love to you both,
Agnes —