

It's a funny thing, dear, but I just can't figure out why it takes thirteen days to go to Japan from San Francisco when it takes fifteen days to go to San Francisco from Japan. There is definitely something wrong someplace. Why should there be a discrepancy of two days? We sailed on the 25th of May and we shall reach Yokohama on the 8th of June. That makes thirteen days, since we skipped a day (June 3rd). And when we sail from Yokohama on the twenty-eighth we gain a day and reach San Francisco on the twelfth of July. That makes fifteen days. Anyway, there are thirty-four days more before I set foot on San Francisco soil again. By the time this letter reaches you there will only be about fifteen more days. I'll be on this boat again and will be back sooner than we imagined.

You must be quite busy now moving from the old place to the new. I wish I were back now helping you move and become adjusted to the new place. It must feel pretty good to work in a brand new shop. You must be so busy that the days must pass by like a blitzkrieg. Maybe I'll get in the way when I come back, just as I did when I came back in March last time. I must have irritated you a heckuva lot of times during the two odd months I was in San Francisco this year. I hope that I do not cause you the same trouble on my return.

There is a fellow on this boat, in my cabin, to be exact, who works for General Motors. He said that he might sell me his Chevrotet Coupe '38 for about 450 dollars, if it is not sold by the time he comes back. He will return from Japan in about two months, a month after I return. It's a swell buy, according to him. I might get it if I have the money. Of course, I want your uncle's car. I can sell that easily, I think, for the price I am going to pay for it so I won't lose anything on the deal. A 1938 model sells for at least a hundred dollars more than the price he offered me in San Francisco. He has also kept it in perfect condition and has also added a million extras so that I am sure that I am getting a bargain. You won't object, will you darling. This is a best buy and a good opportunity.

We reach Yokohama tomorrow noon. The original schedule was early in the morning but the captain changed his mind somewhere between Oahu and Yokohama, thus altering his course some hundred miles. The added three hours or more does not exactly make this trip more interesting. However, I'll be able to get a bit more sleep, at least more than I expected.

There are some people in our cabin who haven't returned to Japan for 33 years. One old man of 70 hasn't seen his wife for 33 years. He doesn't know how his children look except by pictures. How I hate to be in his shoes. Gosh it must be awful to be separated from the rest of his family like that! Most of the old people in our cabin have families in Japan. And they have children in Japan whom they haven't seen for years. That's not the proper way to raise children, is it.

The hours drag so slowly on this boat. If there were only something interesting to do on this boat. Ever since we sailed from Honolulu I have gone swimming. At least that is something I'm interested in. It helps considerably to pass the idle hours. I shave in mid-afternoon nowadays in order to kill more time and make the afternoons pass more quickly. This morning I was awakened at about five thirty (an everyday occurrence ever since the boat sailed). It seems hours since I was in bed last, but it is now actually only nine o'clock. I began writing this letter to you at eight.

Since there is nothing to do on this boat, I spend my spare time thinking of you. And the more I think of you the more I wish that this liner was going the other way and that tomorrow was the day I was disembarking in San Francisco. I hope that the next three weeks in Japan will be short and interesting. I have a feeling the days will pass very rapidly. But I have an equally uncomfortable feeling that the two weeks on the boat coming back will take a very very long time.

Letter

Your clipper has been read and reread so many times that it looks like a dirty piece of paper. Oh, but how precious!

June 8th

Hello, again, dearest. Here I am back again at my old tricks writing to you on the last day of the trip. It is now five minutes to eight and I've been up for hours! The old folks got up around midnight and have been excited ever since. We won't reach U. S. Kama till this afternoon. We will probably reach the pier around five p.m. Gosh, that feels a long long way off. If only this boat were entering the Golden Gate Bay at 12 this noon. I want to be near you so much. You're the dearest, most understanding, charming, lovely, sweet person on earth. And I'm the luckiest man alive. I think of you when I wake up and when I go to bed and during the day - which is practically all the time. It was a lucky day for me when I decided to work at the paper. We have to thank Pete and Salvo kids for getting us together. And also that night and the phone and Leo Santos. Anyway, thank God for everything.

There are only 20 more days for me in Japan, then I shall hurry back to San Francisco. The next 35 days seem so far away. I hope that the days in Japan will be short and interesting.

This trip has been unusually calm, just like the others. Let's hope that when we take ours together, the voyage will be equally calm. Gosh, what a swell honeymoon! Ideal!

I hope that the trying ordeal of moving house will not leave you weak and in ill health. I want to find you nice and healthy when I return so that we can go to the fair and into the hills and go dancing and have a good time. I can't have a good time with anyone else, you know. There is no substitute for you. You're so precious, so valuable, so priceless. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, goes the saying, and it certainly applies to me. Everytime I leave you I love you more. But I hope this is the last time I travel without you.

Love
Helen

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