



Moji - Japan

June 19, 1940

My dearest Tomoyo -

How are you getting along? Must be pretty busy nowadays - moving and getting settled in the new place. Wish I were there to help you. Even I might be able to do something useful - much to your surprise.

I miss you a lot. Haven't heard from you for over a week now.

I wonder when the package for Mr. Okada will arrive? And also the pictures that you developed for me. Or maybe you have sent them to Asagaya. If so, then they have probably arrived. I'll get them in a few days when I return to Tokyo.

Yesterday I intended to write to you, since I received glad tidings, but I was so sleepy that I went to bed instead. Mr. Suzuki, branch manager of the New World Sun in Tokyo, wired me saying that he

had reserved a second class ticket on the Tatsuta Maru for me. I immediately sent him a reply by telegram thanking him for his kindness. He certainly helped me a lot, since I had made up my mind to return to you via 1st class. He saved us \$550 in cash, a tremendous saving. I owe him a lot, no darling? After receiving his wire I intended to write to you - but I took a hot bath after which I became so sleepy I went immediately to bed. Please forgive me, darling.

There is an amusing anecdote which I shall insert here at this time before it slips my mind. It seems that there was a young man who had just arrived in Japan from America. After shopping in Ginza and Moribiru, buying about 65 yen worth of records and some liquor wares, he boarded the electric train from Utsunomiya for Asagaya. He made the proper transfer at Tokyo Station and proceeded

calmly to his aunt's place in Sujinami-ky. Needless to say,
 he was rather tired and foot sore after tramping up and down the
 chopping districts of Tokyo, carrying some thirty pounds of records.
 Before his train reached Shinjuku the three-quarter mark to Asagaya-
 yagawa he was fast asleep. Imagine his surprise when he was rudely awakened
 by the conductor who yelled into his ear - "This coach stops here, transfer
 to the front coaches." Thinking he was in Nakano, two stations prior to
 Asagaya, he hurried to the front coaches and sat down, without realizing
 then that he had already passed Asagaya. He managed to stay awake
 after a fashion at the next station. Much to his surprise he did
 not find the name of the next station to be Koenji, but instead
 an unfamiliar "Musashi-Sakai". Quick as a flash he summoned
 his muscular facilities together (also the records and desquevantes)
 and hastened off the coach. Then followed a tortuous wait. It was

11 p.m. when he got off at the station, but it was not until 11:20 that a train bound for Tokyo Station came into sight. But before proceeding with the story, our hero experienced a thrill which passed as quickly as it came. As soon as he landed at Musashi Sakai, a light came speeding down the tracks bound for Tokyo. Ah! here was the train back for Aragaya. But the light just went by without slackening speed. It was a freighter. Another ^{light} came by a few minutes later. Again our hero's hopes were brightened, but it darkened immediately when it proved to be a through limited express. There came the exasperating wait for the Tokyo bound electric trolley. Well, our hero finally reached Aragaya, a few minutes to 12 midnight, several hours late. (The end.)

The weather is wonderful today. It has been this way since yesterday morning. The rain stopped Monday afternoon, and it's just like San Francisco Indian summer weather. About 75° at the hottest.

Today I had my small pox vaccination. I have to have myself vaccinated or else the U.S. government will refuse me any entrance. Took the onslaught of the medical laynet with great intestinal fortitude.

Also, today, I purchased \$40 worth of records for ourselves - including "Imitation to the Wally-Wally," "Die Fledermas - Strauss," "Barber of Seville," "Carmen Overture - Bizet," "Home Sweet Home + Last Rose of Summer, song by Galli-Curci," "Enrico Caruso's 'Marta-M'appari and Pogliacci Vesti la giubba,'" "In a Persian Market," Vienna Woods songs from the Great Waltz sung by Miliiza Krizna, "Tito Schifano's Santa Lucia" and "Vieni Sul Mar," "Dance Orientale with L. Stadenovsky," "Old Times Night at the 'PAs,'" and Jan Kiepura's "O Sole Mio." We have a fairly good beginning for our record library now, darling. All in all we must have about 50 or more altogether, maybe about 75.

By gradually accumulating others as we go along we ought to have a pretty comprehensive library before long - one that we shall be proud of. And we can also be proud of our library of books, though I haven't bought any as yet, I shall do so when I get to Tokyo in a few days. I'll visit the second hand bookstores in Kanda again and see what I can pick up. I'll try to get some modern color prints for our room - with lacquered frames.

Today I received a wire from Mr. Okada asking me to see him before I sail from Japan. I'll reply saying that I shall meet him at Sannomiya Station on the evening of June 21st at 6:24 p.m. I intend to leave Moji in the morning of June 21st - 8:50 a.m. That night I shall stay overnight in Kobe, do my shopping and talk typewriters at Inabara Company in Kobe then go to Osaka, visit Welly, then proceed to Nagoya - see Mr. Kato of Kato Bros. Importing-Exporting

Kato, then proceed to Tokyo. Looks like I'll be pretty busy the next few days. On the 21st I'll leave Moji, reach Kobe, meet Mr. Okada and a friend who came with me in the boat (Mr. Nozaki, Kato of Idaho) deep in Kobe, besides do a bit of shopping if possible. On the 22nd I'll see the Inakura typewriter, then go to Osaka and meet Wally then go to Nagoya to Mr. Kato - and if possible, go out to Tokyo if time and schedule permits. Otherwise I stay overnight in Nagoya and then go to Tokyo on the 23rd. On the 23rd, I want to have dinner with Jim Bizari and Masumi Yamakawa in Ginza. When! what a schedule! Well, it's getting late, darling, so I had better end the letter here until tomorrow morning. I shall dream happy dreams about you. I think you go often that I'm getting to maybe complex. I see nothing but tomorrow, wherever I go + whatever I do. I like it. Good night, dearest. I'll be back soon. Till then - O (ersetz)

June 20 - Today's my last day in Moji. It's another sun-dingy day, at least, it is at 8 a.m. Yep, dear, I get up early here in Japan. Ever since my experience in the Tatsuta Maru where all the inmates of cabin 367 woke up ahead of the sun - except me. I only woke up with the sun, which was hours after the others awoke. Nowadays I can't help but wake up early - which is around 6:30 - 7:30 a.m. A bad habit indeed.

Tomorrow morning at 8:50 I will board the express for Kobe. I'll leave Moji around 7:45 a.m. That'll be the last of Moji, my father and sister until you and I come back in a year or less, ne darling?


I just finished eating part of my breakfast - a huge nanas inch banana, juicy and delicious. Wish you were here to enjoy it. Wish you were here only nanas banana or nanas banana. Speaking of bananas, Moji is full of them - all from Taiwan. They cost about 10 sen a pound triple to 12 sen. At one time it was up to 20 sen a pound down to 6 sen. (store) ○ - not lit. was shot at LP. traces, tiger boy

The price of everything has gone up considerably since I was here last. And the quality of the articles have become bad. You can't get decent rice any more - but some brown dis-tasteful rice which come from China or Siam or some foreign Asiatic country. You visit the restaurants and eat terrible meals at the same outrageous prices. Eggs - medium - cost around 7 ren apiece. Sugar is hard to get. Bread is very poor, crumbly and small at 20 ren a loaf half the former size. Vegetables are more too cheap. Neither is fish or meat. Milk is worse than before because the cows don't get ^{the} proper diet. Butter and cheese are hardly obtainable - and most are substitutes. Soap is terrible. Can't get a decent lather. The soaps I brought back were greatly appreciated. Cotton cloth for sheets are now sold at prohibitive prices - something like 10 yards of pure cotton (not too good) at 25 yen or 5 yards for \$12.50. Towels with a little "sulfur" costs half from 50 cen and bath towels cost at least \$2.50 - \$4.00. They are expensive

even if the money was converted into dollars. The price of milk has gone up so much that I wonder if it is wise for me to purchase Mr. Chappan's milk bathrobe? I hear that prices have doubled since I was here last. And the government is now levying taxes right and left for luxury goods - from 10% - 30% per article. (Two visitors just arrived now, darling. See you later.)

It's 11 a.m. now. I received a note from John Yumoto's father this morning. It's not so good so I'll leave it with someone in Miiji. Also, a letter came from Mr. Katsie brother from Nagoya saying that he received my bank draft for ¥730 which I owed him from the sale of his typewriter. He wants me to meet him in Nagoya before I sail for San Francisco. I'll probably see him at the station in Nagoya and hear what he wants to say. I'm wondering whether the Kab. Bus. are going to use me to their advantage. However, I won't dance to their flutes, but I'll try to find

out what they are trying to make use of me. I'll try not to reveal
 any trade secrets to him, or else my typewriter business will be
 threatened in San Francisco. Gotta be careful with business men
 like the importing-exporting Kato brothers. But I'll try to worm
 out information from Mr. Kato in Nagoya, instead of giving him my
 information.

Darling, I had your "han" made here in Moji. It looks pretty
 good. Here's a sample, dear:  The one on the left is yours
 and the other is mine. I had another made to use when I
 make my invoices etc. The two together cost ¥3.20. The "niku" costs ¥1.60.

The next time I write to you, it shall be from Tokyo. I won't have
 much baggage with me this time since I have practically left everything
 here in Japan. It will be easier for me in San Francisco when the customs
 officials attack my baggage. Might be able to take my baggage home in my car.

There are only 8 days for me in Japan. Somehow, the just 12 days have passed more or less quickly, though I feel that I've been in Japan for a month. Almost, since I've done so much, or I feel that I have. The next week will pass in no time, I believe, since every day shall be occupied to the fullest. From tomorrow on I shall be on the move every hour of the day. My week in Moji has been a restful and peaceful one. The next two weeks on the boat will drag and drag slowly I feel. I was never so lonely as I was on the Asama Maru coming back to San Francisco last February-March. I feel that this coming trip will also be lonely. But it shall be worth it, what with you waiting at the end of the voyage.

This letter will probably reach you a few days from the day I reach San Francisco. Good luck and lots of love.