

2788 Honmura-machi, 1-chome, Moji, Japan

November 9, 1939

My dearest Tomoye

I am now resting in Moji. As soon as I was able to put on my Oxfords by myself, my mother hurried me aboard a 'kyuko' and away we went to Shimonoseki direct from Tokyo Station, a ride of some twenty odd hours full of trying experiences and hard seats.

The last time I wrote to you I had just recovered from some mysterious dietary disorder. It was about November 4th, I think. I remember giving the letter to Jun Ajari who was going to see his friend, Moto Asakawa, sail for the United States. I believe that the letter has reached you by now. I licked two huge 20 sen stamps and pasted them on the little NYK envelope, practically hiding the rest of the envelope, including the address et al.

Well, on November 4th, Saturday, I went down to meet Jun so that I could give him the letter. We met (actually met) at Tokyo Eki around 3:30 p.m. I was supposed to meet him around 3 sharp but I had to finish, more or less, my letter to you. After meeting Jun at the Station we hurried to the NYK building across the way in the Marunouchi section where Jun got two passes to board the boat that was sailing on the 5th. He could have gotten as many as he desired. They just handed them over to him as though it was an ordinary occurrence, just like the Japan Pavilion passing out free booklets to the hoipoloi.

After this we went to the Mimatsu building where they serve 'highcollar' food. I was thirsty, that's why we went there. There we had a sort of ice cream soda which set us back about 40 sen each, which is nothing to sneeze at. Everything is expensive here, as well as anywhere else. Living expenses in Japan is slightly more than in San Francisco. We'll make our home in San Francisco, ne darling?

It was raining slightly when we walked out of the Mimatsu, which is near Hibiya Park near Ginza. We parted there. I walked back to Yurakuchō Station where I got on a 'shosen' and returned to Asagaya. I wasn't feeling any too good, having been in bed with a fever for three days, and since I had walked all afternoon and evening with Jun and a Miya-san, a Nisei, the day before. I was tired and weak. I returned to Asagaya in Suginami-ku where my mother and aunt et al were awaiting me. I went to sleep until seven o'clock when I was awoken and told that we were going to Moji on the 9 o'clock train that night. I dressed, but did not eat anything because my stomach felt full. We took a taxi to the Asagaya Station and boarded the shosen to Tokyo Station where we waited for the train to arrive with about a million other ~~per~~ persons. It all turned out that the 999,999,999 other people were just seeing their friends off for somewhere, so we didn't feel too bad. However, when the train pulled in there was a grand and mad rush for seats. Even the second class compartments were jammed full inside of half a second. We were lucky to get a couple of seats next to the window. When the train pulled out of the Station people were standing in our compartment. It seems that people are always traveling in Japan. The government ought to do something about the crowded coaches. People paying twice as much as third class passengers and standing all the way to Osaka probably feel a mite gyped, methinks.

The ride was not as comfortable as we wished. Sitting two in a small seat is not a very pleasant sensation. And having two more facing you sleepily and slovenly and sour-puss-ly is nothing to tell Annie about. The long ride in the stuffy, smelly and hot compartment was not much of a help for my ill feelings. Besides, how could one sleep with a partner occupying the other side of the seat and the small space where we could stretch our legs already occupied by others? Well, we couldn't, though I managed somehow until sunrise when we neared Osaka. My weak condition and the non-invigorating train ride sapped my strength considerably. And it was only about 9 hours from Tokyo. I just couldn't think of the long dreary hours ahead of us until we reached Shimonoseki.

The long ride of about 20 odd hours to Moji passed like as many years. However, we reached Moji around 7 o'clock that night, November 5th, Sunday. It was the longest single ride of my life, and it had to come when I wasn't in the pink. The train moved, nay, crawled to Shimonoseki, much to my intense disappointment.

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At Shimonoseki, my father and sister, Julia, were there waiting for us, my mother and I. Also there to meet us were several other friends of the family. Very kind of them, ne darling? I was very tired and weak at that time, since I had nothing to eat for two whole days. We sardined ourselves into the little ferry boat and paddled to Moji where we taxied home. There I immediately horizontalized myself until the next morning, so tired I was and weary. I did not even talk to my sister and father.

After the good night's rest and sleep I felt much better. Then I talked over old times with the rest of the family. It was a happy day for me.

For two whole days I stayed indoors, resting and eating but little in order to get myself in shape for the traveling to come. Today, I am in the best of health. I feel as fit as a healthy horse.

I received your letter two days ago. I wanted to answer it as soon as possible but since I was feeling too lazy and restless, I waited until today, November 9th. I do hope that this letter will catch the November 11th boat sailing to Vancouver. It will then reach you sometime ~~early~~ near the end of this month.

I read your letter over three times as soon as I got it. It made me so happy. I wanted you to write like that, just the way we would talk to each other as we drove home from the Ferry Building everynight. Your letter was not at all boring, as you feared. You have never been boring as far as I'm concerned, darling. You are the most interesting, vital, darlingest person in the whole world.

I have not received any letters from anyone, yet. Yours was the first. Helen wrote to mother on the same boat. Thank you for phoning Helen to write to us. She enjoys her work tremendously, ne? Doesn't she have a swell place to stay? She likes you, darling.

Today is Thursday. It is about four days since I arrived in Moji. How time flies! It's also almost a month since I last saw you, ne? Oh, yes, darling, I have good news for you. I am coming home in exactly three months from today. I am sailing on the Kamakura Maru on January 25th and will reach San Francisco on or about February 8th. Three months will pass away quickly, ne?

Yesterday I sent a special delivery letter to my Pomona College friend at Woshisha, Minoru Shinoda. I received an answer from him by wire. He is sending me a letter later. I'll see him for the first time since 1936. Wosh, that's a long time, as compared to our absence from each other.

I'll be moving out of Moji in a few days and go toward Kwansai and Osaka etc. I'll meet your Welly Shibata and others. I also received your list of books that you want. And the 200 yen that was stuck in the napkins arrived safely, much to my happiness, not to mention the fact that I was somewhat relieved.

Darling, I have toured the department stores in Ginza, Mitsukoshi and Matsuya, and inspected the numerous 'tansu' that you so much desire. I also had my mother looking for them since I told them about your wants. She said that there are a lot around 150-200 yen made of kiri which are very good. I wonder if your uncle at Osaka can get one cheaper? I hope that you have written to him of my coming and also of your wants.

About films, please don't bother about sending me any, for I have about three dozen here in Moji. They will last me for quite a while. Since the atmosphere isn't so good here, I'll buy the finished products rather than spoil my negatives with haphazard shots.

Yes, darling, I'll go to Gifu and see Mrs. Takahashi and Takekoshi. I'll ask them about the lost parasol and also deliver the pictures to both of them.

It turned out that the numerous canned goods and so forth which I brought over from the States are hardly enough to give away to friends as omiyage. I now realize that I brought 'hon-no-sukoshi'. I also realize that I should have brought more cookies, snaps, biscuits, crackers, wafers and the like rather than the canned fruits, which were heavy and too luxurious. Wig-bars and other national biscuit company products are much more appreciated here in Japan than canned fruits, it seems, since they can be brought out with tea whenever guests arrive. They would have been easier for me to pack too. What a fool I was. And I should also have brought some kisses. I had just one box. It is a valuable one now. I wish I had the foresight to have bought more. Well, now I know what is most appreciated in Japan so that whenever any one is returning to Japan I will be able to buy the necessary articles and have them shipped to Moji.

How do you like my stationary, darling? It is very beautiful, ne? It costs 40 sen for a short roll while the envelopes cost 25 sen for ten. They are rather expensive, if we think in terms of Japanese currency. The paper is made of silk. You can see some silk threads in the paper, ne darling? It also has a beautiful sheen. I bought it at the Matsuya department store in Ginza.

That day, November 3rd, when Jun, Miya-san and I went walking around Tokyo, we first went to Hibiya Park where we saw some beautiful displays of 'kiku'. We had some sandwiches at the Nittoh, a pretty ritzy place famed for its black tea. The beef, cheese and

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After our snack at the Nitto which is next to the Takarazuka Gekijo we went Ginbura. Walking up and down the sidewalks we came to a shoe store which sold some shoe trees for 2 yen each so we all bought a pair apiece. They aren't so bad, darling, and help preserve the shape of the shoes.

We walked up Shimbashi, we three, Jun Miyasan who works as research chemist at Shiseido (a former Hanford fellow who studied at Cal Pharmacy in San Francisco) and I. Since we neared the Shimbashi Dance Hall we decided to take a peek into one of the terpsichorean salons. We did. Much to our surprise we had to pay 50 sen each for a mere peek into the dancing hall. Well, we finally paid the 50 sen and watched the Japanese dance lovers "go to town". They are swell steppers, and made Jun remark that they "were sure swell". He was surprised because he didn't expect them to dance so well. It was his first time he stepped into a Tokyo Dance Hall and he was certainly surprised. We liked the music which reminded us of home. None of us danced but we enjoyed looking at others dance.

Jun said that I had better not say anything about our visiting the Shimbashi Dance Hall. He feared that I was going astray while you were not around to watch over me. We laughed over that. I guess our friends take us for granted, darling. At least Jun does. And he still remembers the dinner we had at the La Favorite. And he still has the menu. Remember?

After browsing around Ginza we parted and I left on the electric trains for my home in Asagaya. I was feeling pretty good then though rather fatigued from the long walk. I wasn't accustomed to walking, let alone the fact that I had just gotten up from a sick bed. The next day, Saturday, I met Jun at Tokyo Station where I handed him my letter to you. You know the rest from the earlier part of this letter some feet above these very words.

Here in Moji, since my folks have told their friends that I am very fond of fruits, our home is at present deluged with persimmons, apples, bananas, and tangerines. It is certainly paradise for me as far as fruits are concerned. All the people here are so good to us. I think that I shall have to send a lot of things back to Moji when I get back to the States and you. Gosh I miss you a lot. I miss the rides to and from the Ferry Building, those rides that completed the days for me, those rides that will forever remain in my memories. A day was not complete unless I had seen you at least once and had talked to you at least once, especially in the evening prior to bedtime. Somehow, I just had to meet you just before going to sleep. I slept better, then, darling.

This is certainly a long letter, ne darling? I shudder when I look at its length, to think that you have to read all that even before you read this little bit. I bet it took you minutes, if not an hour. Speaking of hours, I started this letter around 9 a.m. and it is now 15 minutes to 1. During that time I have received visitors, eaten lunch and numerous things. I bet this letter sounds disjointed and incoherent. No continuity of thought at all.

Which reminds me, thank you for the clipping. It was very interesting, especially about the gastronomic delights of Tokyo by Miss Moore. Rambles Takahashi is now rambling and will be rambling back to San Francisco in February. Just before Valentine's Day, ne? Just before February 12th, too, our 16th monthly 'anniversary'.

About the time you receive this letter you were pretty ill, ne? And I used to phone you every afternoon at around 3 p.m. as soon as I finished work at the Shimbunsha. Those were the days. And we used to talk for minutes, sometimes nearly an hour. People must have thought us nuts. We were nuts about each other, though.

Yesterday, November 8th, Wednesday, we went visiting, my father and I. We visited the homes and shops of various friends who have been kind to us and to me. My uncle from Yawata, Mr. Kohira, a PH. D. (Japan) and a graduate of the Imperial University and now an engineer at Yawata, visited us with his wife. He came two nights ago. He's a swell fellow, about 40 years old, perhaps younger.

Yesterday was the first time I ventured outside of our garden walls since I arrived in Moji last Sunday night. Until then I have been indoors resting and recuperating from my gastronomic malady. I feel fine now, darling, so please don't worry. I'm slightly thinner having lost some weight in the last week.

It is now almost a month since I sailed from San

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I wonder how we'll meet. Will we run into each other's arms? I would like to. But maybe we'll have to wait until it's more private, ne? I think of you night and day and all the time.

Your package arrived safely this noon. I was eating my lunch when it came. I didn't even finish my lunch before I began to untie the strings to see the pajamas you made for me. They are lovely. My mother thinks it is swell, and so does father. In fact my mother wants me to get some material like that so that she can make some for my father. I'll do that when I return, won't we, darling? The pajamas will keep me warm during the cold Japanese winter. Thank you very much. "big hug (). And a big XXXXXXXXX. And the little Bible is very cute and interesting. Father is quite attracted by the little scripture. The package arrived without any duty at all. The literature from the Japan Tourist Bureau also arrived in the package safely. All we had to pay was 10 sen which everyone does for all packages delivered by the postoffice, whether they come from abroad or from friends in the nation.

Now that I am well I will be traveling again. This time I will watch my diet and will not eat in any strange place. Nor will I partake of any mysterious concoction. I will start from today to take a tablet of your Vitamin A and D's until I run out of them.

Typing a letter on stationary is very convenient, darling. I don't have to change papers or do anything. Such stationary is a boon to lazy men like me. All I have to do is type and type and type. If Father does not want this typewriter I'll try to sell it to someone and buy some gifts to America. Anyway I'll try to buy things with the money so that I can get more than their value in America.

November 2nd has passed. I wonder if your re-zoning have passed without any mis-firing? I do hope that everything has taken the turn for the better and that you were able to thumb your nose at the woman from Marysville. When I return your laundry will probably be a beautiful looking place. And please give my best regards to Bert Crowley his wife and the rest of the gang. I do hope that Moss Gill is my inspector when I arrive in February on the Kamakura Maru.

I am going visiting this afternoon so I'll have to end this letter. Also, I think that I had better mail this letter this afternoon so that it will make the boat that sails from Yokohama on November 11th. I do hope that this won't miss the boat which goes to Vancouver.

See you later, darling, in my dreams. . . .

Love —

Hami

Henri Takahashi
2788 Honmura-machi
1-chome, Moji,
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After our snack at the Nitto which is next to the Takarazuka Gekijo we went Ginbura. Walking up and down the sidewalks we came to a shoe store which sold some shoe trees for 2 yen each so we all bought a pair apiece. They aren't so bad, darling, and help preserve the shape of the shoes.

We walked up Shimabashi, we three, Jun Miyasan who works as research chemist at Shiseido (a former Stanford fellow who studied at Cal Pharmacy in San Francisco) and I. Since we neared the Himbashi Dance Hall we decided to take a peek into one of the terpsichorean salons. We did. Much to our surprise we had to pay 50 sen each for a mere peek into the dancing hall. Well, we finally paid the 50 sen and watched the Japanese dance lovers "go to town". They are swell steppers, and made Jun remark that they "were sure swell". He was surprised because he didn't expect them to dance so well. It was his first time he stepped into a Tokyo Dance Hall and he was certainly surprised. We liked the music which reminded us of home. None of us danced but we enjoyed looking at others dance.

Jun said that I had better not say anything about our visiting the Himbashi Dance Hall. He feared that I was going astray while you were not around to watch over me. We laughed over that. I guess our friends take us for granted, darling. At least Jun does. And he still remembers the dinner we had at the La Favorite. And he still has the menu. Remember?

After browsing around Ginza we parted and I left on the electric trains for my home in Asagaya. I was feeling pretty good then though rather fatigued from the long walk. I wasn't accustomed to walking, let alone the fact that I had just gotten up from a sick bed. The next day, Saturday, I met Jun at Tokyo Station where I handed him my letter to you. You know the rest from the earlier part of this letter some feet above these very words.

Here in Moji, since my folks have told their friends that I am very fond of fruits, our home is at present deluged with persimmons, apples, bananas, and tangerines. It is certainly paradise for me as far as fruits are concerned. All the people here are so good to me. I think that I shall have to send a lot of things back to Moji when I get back to the States and you. Gosh I miss you a lot. I miss the rides to and from the Ferry Building, those rides that completed the days for me, those rides that will forever remain in my memories. A day was not complete unless I had seen you at least once and had talked to you at least once, especially in the evening prior to bedtime. Somehow, I just had to meet you just before going to sleep. I slept better, then, darling.

This is certainly a long letter, ne darling? I shudder when I look at its length. I think that you have to read all that even before you read this little bit. I bet it took you minutes, if not an hour. Speaking of hours, I started this letter around 9 a.m. and it is now 15 minutes to 1. During that time I have received visitors, eaten lunch and numerous things. I bet this letter sounds disjointed and incoherent. No continuity of thought at all.

Which reminds me, thank you for the clipping. It was very interesting, especially about the gastronomic delights of Tokyo by Miss Moore. Rambles Takahashi is now rambling and will be rambling back to San Francisco in February. Just before Valentine's Day, ne? Just before February 12th, too, our 16th monthly 'anniversary'.

About the time you receive this letter you were pretty ill, ne? And I used to phone you every afternoon at around 3 p.m. as soon as I finished work at the Shimbunsha. Those were the days. And we used to talk for minutes, sometimes nearly an hour. People must have thought us nuts. We were nuts about each other, though.

Yesterday, November 8th, Wednesday, we went visiting, my father and I. We visited the homes and shops of various friends who have been kind to us and to me. My uncle from Yawata, Mr. Kohira, a Ph. D. (Japan) and a graduate of the Imperial University and now an engineer at Yawata, visited us with his wife. He came two nights ago. He's a swell fellow, about 40 years old, perhaps younger.

Yesterday was the first time I ventured outside of our garden walls since I arrived in Moji last Sunday night. Until then I have been indoors resting and recuperating from my gastronomic malady. I feel fine now, darling, so please don't worry. I'm slightly thinner having lost some weight in the last week.

It is now almost a month since I sailed from San Francisco, ne? When this letter reaches you it will be a month and a half. And by the time you answer this letter it will be over two months. And before long it will be three and four months and I will be back in San Francisco.

I wonder how we'll meet. Will we run into each other's arms? I would like to. But maybe we'll have to wait until it's more private, ne? I think of you night and day and all the time.

Your package arrived safely this noon. I was eating my lunch when it came. I didn't even finish my lunch before I began to untie the strings to see the pajamas you made for me. They are lovely. My mother thinks it is swell, and so does father. In fact my mother wants me to get some material like that so that she can make some for my father. I'll do that when I return, won't we, darling? The pajamas will keep me warm during the cold Japanese winter. Thank you very much. "Big Hug ()". And a big XXXXXXXXX.

The little Hible is very cute and interesting. Father is quite attracted by the little scripture. The package arrived without any duty at all. The literature from the Japan Tourist Bureau also arrived in the package safely. All we had to pay was 10 sen which everyone does for all packages delivered by the postoffice, whether they come from abroad or from friends in the nation.

Now that I am well I will be traveling again. This time I will watch my diet and will not eat in any strange place. Nor will I partake of any mysterious concoction. I will start from today to take a tablet of your Vitamin A and D's until I run out of them.

Typing a letter on stationary is very convenient, darling. I don't have to change papers or do anything. Such stationary is a boon to lazy men like me. All I have to do is type and type and type. If Father does not want this typewriter I'll try to sell it to someone and buy some gifts to America. Anyway I'll try to buy things with the money so that I can get more than their value in America.

November 2nd has passed. I wonder if your re-zoning have passed without any mis-firing? I do hope that everything has taken the turn for the better and that you were able to thump your nose at the woman from Marysville. When I return your laundry will probably be a beautiful looking place. And please give my best regards to Bert Crowley his wife and the rest of the gang. I do hope that Moss Gill is my inspector when I arrive in February on the Kamakura Maru.

I am going visiting this afternoon so I'll have to end this letter. Also, I think that I had better mail this letter this afternoon so that it will make the boat that sails from Yokohama on November 11th. I do hope that this won't miss the boat which goes to Vancouver.

See you later, darling, in my dreams. . . .
Love

Hami