

To YUKI TAKAHIRO —

1:25 a.m. december 31

Last night, December 30, 1938, Friday, we — Jun Ajari, George Wada, and I — went to the UPTOWN to see B. Davis and E. Flynn in THE SISTERS. It was really a very good picture, with lots of drama, and love, and sentimentality in it. I liked it very much. B. Davis was excellent. Somehow she reminded me of you. Her acting —

And all the time I was viewing the movie I was wishing you were besides me. I hope that you can see the picture some day. Take Yoshi no-i-san with you some night. If you don't, I'd like to see it with you again. The story is about a newspaper man who has the spirit of adventure in his soul. He marries a woman who loves him above everything else in the world. She does every thing for him, even though he turns out to be a sort of bum. He

runs away because he drinks too much and is too hot tempered and is fired by his boss. He leaves her suddenly. She waits for him for two long years waiting patiently for him to come back. The San Francisco earthquake happens in the interim. She suffers tremendously. Then he returns. She still loves him. He has reformed. His wanderlust has been erased from his life. He no longer realizes that he had wanted freedom and independence and the search for new things. He just wanted to be near his wife. She receives him with open arms. . .

1:37 a.m. - the same morning

The radio is now playing "MELANCHOLY BABY"
 Am thinking of you. . . .

1:38 a.m. - the same morning

The radio has changed its tune to STARDUST.

1:40 a.m. - ditto morning

One picture that I want to see with you is "CITADEL". Shall we see it sometime soon? I would love to, very much. Jim says it's a very good production.

1:45 a.m. —

How wonderful it would be if I could see you on New Year's Eve. Although I can cold-logically say to myself that I can see you many times, other than on New Year's Eve, etc., but somehow, there seems to be something lacking. This is the first New Year's Eve that I really wanted to be with any certain party. But I guess I can't have every thing all the time. But, gee — it would have been wonderful.

1:50 a.m. —

I don't know whether I want to go to the New Year's Eve Frolic at the YMCA or not. I have a pass, too. But it won't be much fun. I don't know many people and all that. And probably it'd be crowded. And the girls probably won't be able to follow my own peculiar steps.

1:53 a.m. —

The radio ^{is} playing our "MEXICALI ROSE." Nearly all the songs I hear over the radio makes me think of you somehow. And they all take on a richer meaning.

1:55 a.m.

Met Nels at the Mixer Grill tonight. We had quite a chat. In our conversation he

said that you are very good in dancing now. That you have improved tremendously. That you were really an excellent dancer. And I heartily agreed with him. He said that you were too stiff before. I can't believe it, however. I don't see how you could have been so stiff — you who are so full of rhythm and grace in your body.

We began talking about the types of dancing in Japan — and Nebo wated enthusiastic over the subject. Then I suggested to him to start a dancing class at the YMCA. He seemed to like the idea. I am going to suggest him to Lincoln Kawai. I think that Nebo is probably a better teacher than this Sanderdale fellow we had before. Nebo knows how to hold a woman, the correct form in dancing and all the proper ways of dancing which this Sanderdale has no knowledge. Maybe I can help him and collect a small cut. Anyway, it's a thought.

2:03 a.m. —

Jim and I were talking the other night — the night you came at 10⁰' clock and we

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went to Yaught Harbor, I mean Yacht Harbor. (Spelling - tsk, tsk.) We thought that it ^{would} be a swell idea if we started a "date bureau" in Lil Osaka. Then all the lonely gals and the lonely guys can get dates with each other and have a good time. Something like that, we felt, should be done around these parts, since these young bucks and does or ganders or what-have-you are so anxious to meet each other ~~and~~ but can't. But then, we thought that if we led any such movement in this little town we would be blackballed from this place by the Issai element.

2:10 am. —

Met Gas Dobiko at the Nisei Grill ~~the~~ yesterday afternoon. After the usual customary exchange of greetings we began to talk about this JAMES TAKEMURA person. He didn't remember about the pepper + salt business. Then he didn't know that you were the gal who swept the NCA sidewalk that morning, but he thought that you were the glamor girl with brains, personality, etc. who lived for art. The reason why is because the original article said that "she lived near KEZAR!" Are there many Cal students living near you, darling?

I'm getting worried about this James
Takemura person. If he keeps on hinting
about you like that I'm afraid I'm going
~~the~~^{to} receive a lot of undesired competition.
And I don't like that. Don't you think
he ought to pick on someone else for a
change?

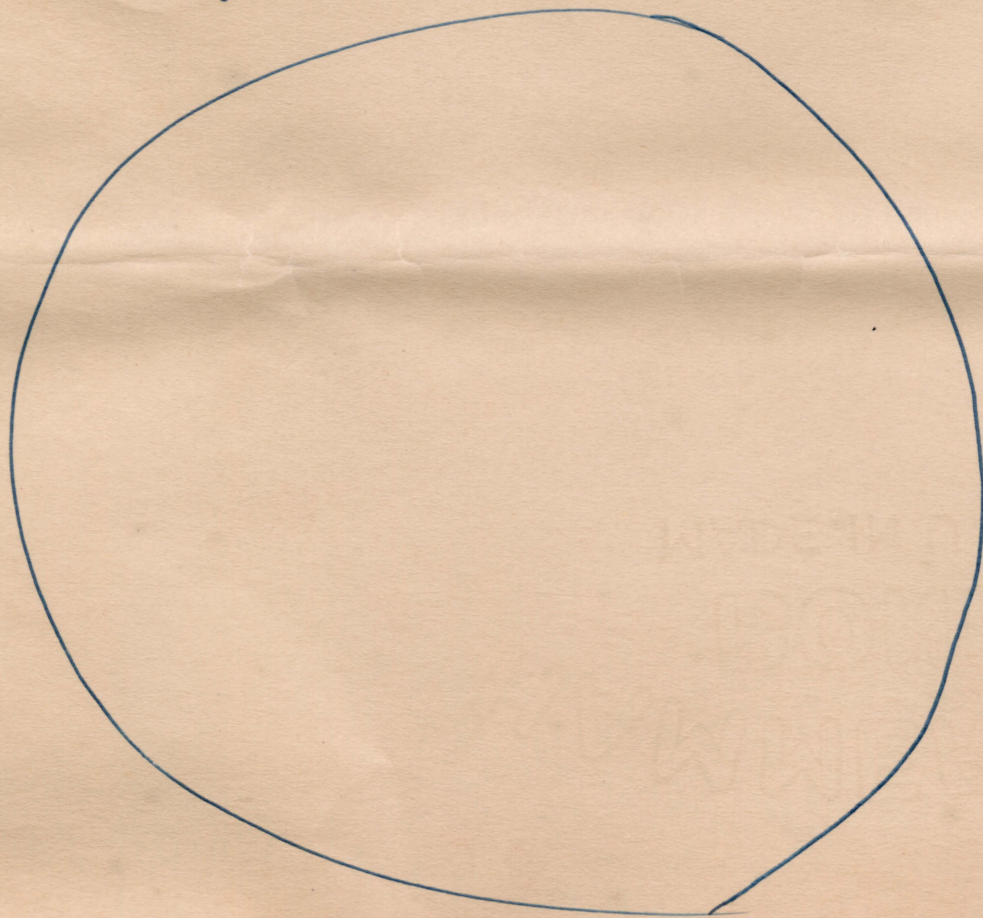
2:20 am. —

It's cold. My fingers are getting
numb. They are getting sorta blue.
And it's an hour since I started writing
to you. Gosh! what a woman can do
to a man!

2:21 a.m. —

If I don't phone you or leave any message
then you will know that I am staying in
Oakland on the First. Then I shall be
expecting you at 576 Sycamore Street —
between Telegraph and Grove streets.
Sycamore street is between 25th + 26th
streets. Any time on the 2nd will do. We'll
prepare lunches and room the countryside, ne?
Or perhaps I shall come home on the First —
then you can pick me up at the Hotel. I'll
phone you at 9 o'clock if I am at the Hotel.

The 2nd is a long ways off. Practically
three whole days. What a terrible wait.
Hope you have a happy new years eve. I'll
miss you till the 2nd.



Huoyuki

THE NEW WORLD-SUN

JAPANESE DAILY NEWS

1618 GEARY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO - - CALIFORNIA

新世界朝日新聞社

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