

January 16 1939

Dear fly in my ointment—

How have you been for the last 172,000 records?  
It is now 11:30 p.m. Quite a long time has  
passed since I have heard from you.

11:50 p.m. — Jim just dropped in five  
minutes ago. He just left. And during this five  
minute interval, he said that he was leaving  
for Los Angeles where he had a job at the  
Ten Shods Drug store which is located below the  
Mikado Hotel. Isn't he fortunate? I'll get  
some where that fellow. He said he was leaving  
on the "Daylight" tomorrow morning. And we  
had just become acquainted. Well, I guess  
I'll be seeing him some day again. I hope  
we don't part just like that — hello, today —  
goodby tomorrow. He's a swell fellow. I'm  
glad I know him. (That sentence beginning  
with "I hope we don't part just like that — etc"  
was meant for you — that "we" meaning you  
and I, my fly paper.

I don't know why I'm writing this.

I wanted to call you on the phone today —  
but there were too many present at the office.  
I have a suspicion that Koo Shimizu saw  
us at the Kinnon Hall last Saturday night.  
She acted as though she had a secret. She was  
practically bursting with secrecy this afternoon

and Evelyn repeated — verbatim — what you told  
her on the stairs last night at the YMCA. I don't  
know whether she believes it or not. I told her that  
she had nerve asking you where I was. She said that  
she thought it was the proper thing to say so she  
said it. She hasn't read or heard of James  
Takemura. She asked me about his columns.

I'll be moving up into Leo's room any day now. Maybe tomorrow - Tuesday. Don't you think I'm a martyr for sacrificing half my pleasures? I have to learn self control - with others help.

12:10 a.m. Tuesday morning.

This letter is taking me two days to write - at me sitting, too.

I should really type this but I'm afraid my typing would not be appreciated by my immediate neighbors. My handwriting is awful, no, awata?

When do you want to borrow my other magazines on photography. They are very interesting ones, and full of pictures - pretty ones at that.

I tried not to make writing letters to you at odd hours of the night become a regular habit, but it seems that all my letters recently have been composed in the wee hours of the morning. Which means that you're the last person I'm thinking of before I drop off to sleep. Incidentally - ~~you~~ I think of you in the late mornings too - when I wake up. I wonder what I should do to get you off my mind? Marry you? But that won't ~~help me~~ keep me from thinking of you. Ah me, what a dilemma. I guess I just have to let fate take its course, though I'm not trying my best to prevent ~~it~~ it from taking its present course.

I heard "Two Sleepy People" tonight which made me think of "us". There are so many little things that remind me of you - bless them all!

Love -  
Hiroyuki



GOLDEN C  
INTERNATI  
EXPOSIT  
1939

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