



ON BOARD

MARU

October 14, 1939

Yuki . . . .

It is now five minutes to eleven in the United States, according to the lovely Waltham you and Helen gave me in front of Henry Takahashi's office yesterday morning about this same time. Twenty-four complete hours have passed since, yet it seems but a few minutes. It was hot then. We next rushed to the pier and had an awful time trying to get a parking place. Then we hurried into the milling throng and thence to the boat.

I was so excited. And sad to part with you. As the boat pulled away from the pier I couldn't help but swallow a lump which somehow became stuck in my throat. The parting was so swift that I had no time to think of anything. I could still see you and Helen waving your white handkerchief and flag far far away. The sight of your waving white kerchief and flag made me feel so thankful. I'll never forget that scene. It is my last impression of the United States as we passed by Alcatraz.

It was too bad that we couldn't *see* each other at the Golden Gate Bridge. It was so foggy and windy as we passed under it that we could barely discern the barest outline of the huge construction as we passed beneath.

The fog was so dense that we could only see the closest part of the bridge, some 25 feet of it. And then it was because the sun cast a dark shadow as we passed under it. If only the fog had lifted for an hour; then we could possibly have seen each other once again before I sailed for Japan. But then, we'll be seeing each other in four months, ne? The first four months are the hardest, ne?

As soon as we passed under the GG bridge, the chimes for luncheon were sounded. Thus I ate my first meal on boat with land still in sight, if the fog had lifted.

During the meal several disturbing incidents occurred. In the middle of my soup, figuratively speaking, an U.S. "U" boat or submarine loomed besides us. One of the contest winners took a look at the craft and exclaimed: "Ooh, a submarine! I wonder if it's German." Another passenger looked at her in disgust and explained: "The United States flag is only staring you in the face." "Oh," she replied and sat down to drink the rest of her soup.

A few minutes later, the Mariposa came into view, and everyone at our table dropped forks and knives and dashed over to the portholes to view the huge vessel. Then a few minutes later the same group stampeded to the same portholes and saw the pilot sailboat come our way. We saw a row boat going over to the sailboat and an officious looking person get on board. And that was the last

we've seen of any signs of life since we left San Francisco, not counting any of us on the boat. After the few interruptions we finally finished our first meal on boat, a memorable but hectic one. Or should I have said; a hectic but memorable one?

While on the boat, Mr. Chiba, who recognized me instantly, took a picture of myself, Louis MacRitchie ( I hope I spelled it right) and Tosh Suzuki together with Treasure Island in the background.

I saw that you took a lot of pictures of me before the boat sailed. The fellow who was next to me, on my left, a young fellow, was none other than my room-mate, I later discovered, Mr. Yamakawa. He's that Phi Bete from Stanford who received offers from Westinghouse and GE but turned them down for a position in Japan. He bunks right above me. I am on the lower berth, while a Mr. Shiozaki, 64 years or thereabouts, a bachelor, sleeps on the couch. Mr. Yamakawa is a very nice chap, quite sociable and very intelligent. Mr. Shiozaki is from New York and is not in cahoots with the world in general. He probably has led a pretty tough life and is now a possessor of a pessimistic philosophy. Having <sup>lived</sup> alone all his life he has no care in the world, he is a regular bachelor.

Hideo Okusako is on board. He received a study-scholarship from the Gaimusho and is on his way to Japan where he will study Japanese, mainly, for about two years. He was

notified of his good fortune last Saturday, October 7, I believe. He had to rush around for his passport, sailing permit, and other essentials before this last Friday. He got his passport Friday morning, according to Mr. Okudako.

Also on the same boat are Miss Maki Ichiyasu, Miss Sumako Tsuboi, that Osaka Mainichi girl, your old friend Mr. Tsukada, Min Yasuda of San Francisco, the San Jose State boxing team and many others whom I still don't know at this moment.

Last night, Friday, I had a good long talk with Mr. Yoshimoto of the Japan Tourist Bureau on the Kamakura Maru. He is a young man, quite a likeable chap whom I shall probably see quite frequently during the rest of my trip. He invited me to his cabin where we had our long interesting conversation. According to him, we can probably take in as much film into Japan as we like. He cited the case where a person took about 10 dozen 35 mm film into Japan and wasn't charged a cent.

The sea was calm all the way from San Francisco. So unusually serene that the dining room was full at dinner time, a rarity, which is the word Mr. Yoshimoto used. The dense fog at the Golden Gate bridge was the only mark against Neptune. It lifted a few miles from shore, however. But that wasn't at all satisfactory in my estimation. No one is sea-sick to date in our cabin. I feel fit as a fiddle. I slept well my first night. It feels strange not being able to phone you at any time, now.

ON BOARD



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MARU

I am seated with Rev. White of the San Francisco Buddhist Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen of Salt Lake City, Mr. Kreutzberg of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Mathews of Sacramento at the dining room. Mr. Jensen is an abstractor in real estate, Mr. Kreutzberg is an electrical engineer, Mrs. Mathews is a missionary and Mrs. Jensen is just traveling with her husband. Mrs. Mathews has lots of Japanese friends and is a little familiar with Japanese food and customs; Rev. White was in Japan 33 years ago is quite up to date with things Japanese; Mr. Kreutzberg has never been in Japan; Mr. Jensen was in Japan about 20 years ago for about 4 years and can speak Nihongo quite fluently.

Everyone of us ~~was~~ at the breakfast table this morning at 8 a.m. The clock is moved ahead 30 minutes every day so we have an extra half hour of sleep daily which is quite okay.

This morning I went over to Mr. Chiba's dark room and had a chat with him. He still remembered me and also my sister. And he also asked about my folks. After talking about various things, including my work and the Shinsekai photographer, Mr. Imatsu, we began to discuss photography and films and filters and other similar topics. I found out that many extras can be bought in Japan. He offered his exposure meter with case to me for \$5.00. It costs over 60 yen in Japan and is probably quite expensive in America. I think I shall buy it. He thinks it is a good one and is

worth much more, at least twice or three times more than what I am going to pay him. He is also handy when it comes to buying Japanese filters, and other articles which I might want to get while in Japan. He also advised me to buy an enlarger in Japan. One which retails for about 80 yen now in Japan is very good, he said. Much better than a lot of American enlargers. I think that I'll bring one back with me when I return in February. I hope Mr. Moss Gill is there to inspect me.

Mr. Chiba also loaned me two Japanese photography magazines for me to read during the trip. The magazines will give me much valuable information concerning Japanese photographic equipments.

Mr. Yoshimoto of the Tourist Bureau also thinks that I can get my typewriter in Japan duty free, being a second class passenger. He is rather dubious about a third class passenger, but he believes that a second class passenger gets by more leniently. I was very happy to hear him say that.

This time yesterday, five minutes to 12 according to the beautiful wrist-watch you and Helen so thoughtfully gave me, we were waving frantic farewells at the pier in San Francisco. It seems almost impossible that I won't be able to drop a nickel into a phone and callé Fairgrounds 1313, Industrial Arts, or BAYview 0798. By the way, we must ~~pl~~ frame a nickel for old time's sake and for other obvious reasons.

I received a telegram from your sister. Very thoughtful of her.

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I'll have all the pictures I took developed as soon as possible and ~~xxxx~~ sent to you and Helen. I hope that they came out well. My address in Japan is 2788, Honmura-machi, Itchome, Moji, Japan. I would like to see the pictures you took of me and the boat and everything.

I hope I made a favorable impression when I spoke to your father about us yesterday morning. I hope that he doesn't think that we're rushing headlong without any rational thinking on our part. He probably realized what I wanted to say, because he took me upstairs when I started to talk to him. Let's hope for the best. I do hope that he realizes that I love you very much, that I couldn't think of anyone else replacing you at any time. I have met quite a few girls in my short time but I have never felt the way I do about you when I met the others. You are different, the most loveable girl in the world. I probably will realize it when I am away from you for the next four months. The longer I am parted from you the sooner I would like to return to the United States. But four months won't be very long, if we think of the years ahead when we'll be together all the time. Four months will be like a few hours.

I hope you don't mind my typing this letter to you. I think you'll be able to read this more easily than my illegible scrawl. I think that I can pack more words this way, too. I've become so used to typing what I'm thinking that I now have a very difficult time writing what I think.

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My bath hour is at 4:40 p.m., which is just after tea which is at 3 p.m. and just before dinner at 6:30.

This is already the eighth page. I didn't realize that I would write or type such a lengthy letter to you. I thought that I would just tell you a few things every day, mostly about my everyday occurrences. This is practically two whole pages, both sides, of a full length typewriter size paper, single-spaced. That's a lot of words!

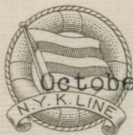
Thank you very much for the case for the Ikoflex, darling. It was wonderful of you to sacrifice such a beautiful case for me. You are wonderful. Most wonderful.

I am thinking of exchanging a hundred yen for about 23 dollars to one of our passengers, which would net me the handsome profit of about \$5.50, which would easily buy a pretty good hat in Hawaii. I think that I had better do that and keep the rest of the dollars to spend on my homeward voyage. Mr. Chiappari was so kind to come to the pier to see me off. Thank him for me when you see him. I'll write to him before I reach Hawaii.

Oh, yes, I wonder if Jimmie of the Kitamura Pearls could bring some films for me? Just a thought. He might have to pay duty, though, not owning a camera and traveling third class and not going to Japan as a tourist. I think that we better not ask him for he might be taxed.

It is about lunch time now. The sea is getting a little ruffer now, though the sun is shining brightly. Until tomorrow, 'slut'.





October 15, 1939

MARU

Continued from yesterday. . . .

It is exactly 10:15 in San Francisco according to your beautiful gift. About this time every day we are usually in our coupe talking about nothing in general, though on topics very interesting and carefree. I somehow miss those nights now. . . .

Yesterday after concluding my day's letter to you I had a lovely lunch. After lunch I walked the deck with Masami Yamakawa for a while, talked to Chiba-san, took a few pictures and then went to bed for want of nothing to do. Strangely, I slept until dinner time. After dinner, a movie was shown in the dining room; "Only Angels Have Wings" with Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. It was pretty good, exciting, and packed with thrills. Something to forget the sorrows of parting temporarily. It isn't good enough to tell you that you MUST see it, though it can be worse. Fair, is the only term that can describe it.

It was dark outside, despite the fact that the sky was cloudless. This was around eleven o'clock last night. After admiring the blackness of the night with Louis McRitchie, I went to bed.

Mr. Masami Yamakawa did not feel so good last night, though he couldn't feel any better today. He ate a healthy luncheon, and put away another huge dinner tonight.

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Tonight, as I type this letter, you should be thankful to Mr. Yoshimoto of the Japan Tourist Bureau of this boat. I am typing this letter in his room. Since Mr. Shiozaki, who is feeling not so well, is sleeping in bed, I decided to go to the reading room to write to you because of "Dark Victory" being shown at the dining room at this hour. It was occupied so I was going to forego writing to you on a typewriter when Mr. Yoshimoto volunteered the use of his own room. It was very kind of him, wasn't it?

Since the movie for tonight was or is Dark Victory which I have already seen with you, darling, I decided to save this time for writing a letter to you.

This morning I awoke with a huge appetite. (Excuse the typing and errors.) After roaming around the deck after breakfast, I took some more pictures. I will have them developed and printed before I reach Hawaii. I shall have them mailed from Hawaii. I hope that the pictures we took before we sailed came out. I'll send all of them to you. I took some pictures of the boxing team on this boat. That group from San Jose State College. I would like you to give the negatives to John Yumoto so that he can make a cut for the New World-Sun. Perhaps you should show the pictures to Kay Nishida before giving them to Johnny. Just to get the editor's okay, ne? I'll try to send a little write-up about the team so that the pictures will be timely and interesting.

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My toothache is not so bad now. It wasn't as bad today as it was that day I sailed, of the day before I sailed. I'm glad that the pain is not so acute.

The first class passengers are dancing tonight. How I wish that I could be with you doing the tangos, waltzes, fox trots and the numerous other steps which we do so excellently together. I have never enjoyed dancing so much before as I have with you. We were just made for each other. Do you remember, "Made for each other", that movie? Well, we'll be dancing with each other soon, sooner than we realize.

After perusing through some of the Japanese camera magazines loaned by Chiba-san, I have come to the conclusion that I should purchase numerous camera accessories in Japan, for instance, an enlarger, lens shade, filters, trays for developing and putting in other chemicals. They are quite cheap and durable, according to Chiba-san. He advised me to get an enlarger that retails for around 60 to 90 yen. That would be quite cheap if calculated in dollars and cents, ne? A good one around a 100 yen would be just as good as a 60 dollar enlarger in the U.S. I'll bring a good one home for us, darling. Won't that be swell?

And several of the passengers on this voyage are planning to return on the return trip of the Kamakura Maru which will probably reach San Francisco a few days before Christmas. You ought to tell Mr. Reicher that. It might interest him. Do you want anything special for Xmas?

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I bought about 20 of the thank you post cards tonight. I shall mail them to every person that I can think of who did me a favor before I sailed. To the better ones I shall write personal thank you letters or notes. That would be better, ne darling? I mail them from Hawaii.

By the way, I wonder how these snaps you took of us sailing at San Francisco came out? I'm so anxious to see them. Mr. Chiba's 5X7 Graflex photos of the boat sailing and the numerous people at the dock came out beautifully. I'll take them home to my folks to show them. You and Helen and Uchida-san can be seen clearly in one of the pictures, though not very sharply. Either he moved the camera a little or else the focus wasn't very sharp. I'll show them to you when I return next February.

(After reading over what I have typed I see so may errors in grammar and spelling and typing that I feel a little ashamed, I hope you'll forgive me, darling.)

I did a lot of walking today. I played ping pong for two solid hours with Mas Yamakawa. We were about equal, though I think he's better than I.

At dinner, one of the winners at our dinner table, Mr. Kreutzberg, ate all the Japanese mustard in one gulp. He didn't feel the effects until about five seconds later when his face grew red as a rose and he started to puff and drank the whole goblet of ice water and swallow whole pieces of bread to keep from yelling. It was very comical.



October 15 1939

MARU

At our dinner table we have a peculiar combination of people, a Buddhist priest, a Christian missionary, an electrical engineer, an abstractor and his wife and myself. We're the jolliest table in the whole dining room, with the happiest lot of people. Rev. White is a genial old codger with a sense of humor that is oftentimes droll. Mr. Kreutzberg is a happy go lucky sort of fellow with a broad sense of humor, besides being a fat room-mate for Rev. White, while Mrs. Mathews is also a jovial woman with a little leaning towards the religious, though not so very accentuated. Mr. Jensen is more reserved though has a pretty good sense of humor, while his wife is a pretty good sport. She is a lovely woman.

By the way, I wonder how the picture Shreiner of the Pavilion took of us at the Fair came out? Did they look very good? I hope you were able to ~~get~~ obtain a copy of each of the pictures he took of us.

It is now eleven o'clock. This is about the time when I tell you that it's getting quite late, then do nothing about it. So far I've been getting to ~~fall~~ sleep before 12 a.m. This is pretty good, considering the previous year's training in San Francisco. But, I guess I can get back the old habits when I return, ne? Or perhaps we should abandon all that?

I still can't believe that I can't grab a phone, drop a nickel in the slot and dial Bayview 0798 or call Fairgrounds 1313.

Gosh, it can't seem possible that I won't be able to do that for a few months.

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It is getting late, though the clock on the beat says it's only five after ten. I still have my gift watch from Helen and you set at California time so that I can tell what you might be doing whenever I glance at the time. Not only do I think of you but I can also see you before me. I'm glad that I have the few pictures I took of you and Helen with me, especially yours. I look at them every night before going to sleep. You look lovely in every one. ~~But~~ Beautiful, in fact. Now don't shake your head and say, "Stop", or "Uh-uh!"

I think I had better close this letter her for the day for it is getting late and Mr. Yoshimoto might be wanting to get back into this room. This is a swell place.

Last night I met the second engineer whom Helen wanted me to meet. He's quite an intelligent young man. He also introduced me to two of his fellow workers. There I had my first taste of Nihon nashi. It was swell.

The swimming pool is open from today. I hope that the water is warm enough tomorrow so that I can go in swimming. I think I'll love it.

This is my first and only letter which I have written so far. Tomorrow I shall start writing to all the friends whom I know who wished me bon voyage. I hope that I get them done before I reach Hawaii. Then until tomorrow, darling, I shall end this letter at this point. . .

October 16, 1939 . . . . .

It is now exactly 11:20 p.m., San Francisco time. About this time daily we used to sit in our car and enjoy a lovely chat, ne darling? I miss it now after an absence of several nights.

Tonight from 8:30 p.m., the second class passengers are having a dance on deck. The orchestra are playing lovely music, among them our favorite waltz, I Love You Truly. When the band started to play the waltz, I just couldn't help but think of the time when we used to go dancing practically twice a week, enjoying every minute in each other's arms. I can hardly wait until I get back. I'll never enjoy a dance with any one else now that I have had the exquisite pleasure of dancing with you. You have spoiled me so much that I can't enjoy dancing with any one else.

The pictures which I had given to Chiba-san to be developed will be ready tomorrow afternoon. I can hardly wait to see how your pictures came out, including mine and other ~~s~~napshots.

We will reach Honolulu on the morning of the 18th. I'll send these letters to you from there. Besides this I'll send about thirty post cards to all or practically all the acquaintances in the U.S.A. I didn't realize that it would take so long. I have written about seventeen already and I have oodles to go yet. It seems as though I won't be able to finish all of them before I get to Honolulu. But I have to or else the postage rate will be unfavorable for my pocketbook after sailing from Oahu.

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This afternoon at 3:30 I went in swimming. It was cold at first but after the first dive it felt swell. Since I had not been in swimming for months, not including the brief dip at Fleishhacker last month, I became exhausted in a few minutes after swimming the length of the pool not more than ten times. I'll try to get a dip every day so that I'll be in training when I land in Japan.

As you advised me, I am eating heartily at every meal. I have ordered milk for every luncheon and dinner so far. It became such a regular drink for me at meal time that when I came for my luncheon today I found a glass of milk at my seat. I was rather surprised.

I am typing this letter in the dining room this time. So far I have typed in three different rooms. I wonder where I'll type tomorrow's letter to you?

There is a passenger on this boat who was born in Boston, an American, and went to Japan when he was 10. He studied in Japan for 20 years and now can speak better Japanese than he can English. His English is better than average too. Better than a certain Ferd, ne? He is now a manager of the Pennsylvania Oil Company at Osaka. This young man went to see the GGIE on the Kamakura Maru and is returning on the same boat, staying in San Francisco for eight whole days. Some trip, I say.

Rev. White was very ill today. He probably ate too much. He said that he never ate





October 16, 1939. . . .continued . . .

MARU

much in his whole life, that he was not going to watch his diet or calories, that he was going to eat anything and everything he pleased. He did. Mrs. White would have been horrified had she seen how and what he ate. Now he is in bed with an awful pain in his stomach, besides having a fever and other ill effects. But I am feeling fine. I ~~my~~ eating all I can, but I am not stuffing myself.

Gosh, to think that I am going to be away from you for the next four months. It is a long time, especially these last few days since I have not been meeting you at the Ferry Building. I'll never forget those drives down Golden Gate Avenue, through Sixth street down Mission on to the Embarcadero and down to the Ferry Building. Those were the days. I can still remember those turns, the stop lights, and the bumps on Mission street. I'll never forget those drives, they'll be among my most cherished memories. And every night as I drove over to meet you I would usually repeat; "I Love her, I love her" over and over, sometimes calling her my "wife". Some day I hope it will come true, some day in the near future.

The night is pitch dark except for the clear sparkling stars. The moon has set beyond the horizon. The waves ~~spl~~ splash hoarsely besides the portholes as cool breezes fan my face. The dining room is quite save for the clicking of my typewriter keys.

The people are dancing above me, but I do not feel as though I could join in the fun.

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My dancing days are over as far as this trip is concerned. I must have but one partner, and she is not anywhere near here for me to enjoy. But then, I'd rather not dance with anyone else and be disappointed. Anyone else would surely be a disappointment after fancying with my partner. (Accent on "my partner".)

We had our passports examined this morning. I had my re-entry permit examined.

Today I decided to buy a synchronizer in Japan if there is a good one that can be bought relatively cheaply, a second hand one, if possible. Chiba-san said that he can help me select second hand equipments. This way I can buy lots of accessories very cheaply.

Gosh, I'm on my 18th page to you already. How I write! Getting sleepy? I hate to read over my letter for fear I'd tear it up. I know it sounds awful, but I'm not going to re-type it, for it would take hours.

Your sister Martha sent me a wire, the only wire I received. It was very thoughtful of her.

It is now 12 midnight. Gosh, it is late now, but then we never thought of the time when we were together, ne? How time flew by when we were together. And I hated so much to part from you. The photos of you will remind me of you constantly. I'm glad I have them.

I had better leave the dining room. I guess it's about time they turn off the lights. I'll tell you how the pictures came out in tomorrow's installment. You probably saw them already ~~if~~ since they will be in the same envelope.

October 17, 1939 . . . . .

Starting with the time on the beautiful Waltnam wrist-watch, it is now exactly 15 minutes to one in San Francisco. However, it is only fifteen minutes to eleven on this boat.

I heard today the boat was stopped for about two hours two days ago. The engine went on the blink and had to be repaired just after we left San Francisco. Because of that we will reach Honolulu several hours later than expected. We will get there about 12 noon. We will have but five hours in which we can see the island.

Today, I have decided to buy some DK 201 developer in Honolulu and then buy a developing tank in Japan. Thus I can do my own films in Japan. I'll have to get some hypo too. I think I will get better results with the fine grain developer rather than hand over my films ~~off~~ to any old photographer in Japan. I might want to enlarge some of my pictures some day.

Speaking of pictures, I received the prints from Chiba-san this afternoon. They came out swell, especially the one of you standing with Helen and me at the pier, taken by Shindo-san of the boat. The pictures of mine taken of you and Helen and the rest of the throng just as the boat pulled away from the pier did not come out as sharply as I desired. However, you two can be clearly distinguished from the rest of the people on the dock. I'll never forget the scene as long as I live. I can still see your two white flags waving at the pier while the

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boat was leaving San Francisco Bay. I hope to see the same two persons when I pull into the pier next February. I would especially like to see you, darling.

Tonight, there was a picture here in the dining room where I am again typing this letter. Both my cabin mates are sleeping so I was forced to vacate my cabin for another place. The picture that was shown tonight was John Garfield's Blackwell Island with Rosemary Lane. It was the usual run of crime pictures with the graft that is so prevalent in Hollywood produced pictures of penitentiary life.

The moon was lovely tonight as it peeped through fleecy tropical clouds. It made a beautiful contrast against the deep blue heavens. The masthead was silhouetted against the clouds with the moon, a quarter moon, in the background. I couldn't help but think of you as I looked at the moon. It reminded me of nights when we were together. We used to take a peep at the moon once in a while and admire its beauty. It was just as beautiful last night. It made me think of you instantly. I hoped that you had also looked at the moon at that time. It was around seven forty at night. I kept thinking: "The lady in the moon is Tomoye" and felt greatly comforted.

I didn't think that I could type this letter to you tonight. I wanted to see the picture and I did a lot of things. I glanced at my new watch and found that it was past twelve and almost went to bed when I realized that it was San Francisco Time.

October 17, 1939<sup>N</sup> BOARD. .



Today after partially finishing <sup>writing</sup> postcards to most of my friends I found that I had scribbled to thirty three different people. And I am not through yet. I'll finish them tomorrow morning before we reach Honolulu. I wrote a letter to Helen tonight. Just before I started typing this letter to you. I am also sending her some of the pictures taken in San Francisco and in Oakland, the same ones, I think, that I am sending to you.

We saw flying fishes today. Millions of them. They all skimmed over the waves as the liner slashed through the water. They were mostly little baby flying fishes. They were the first ones I saw during this trip.

I am sending you practically all of the pictures taken on the Verichrome film. Those that I am ~~not~~ sending you are of hardly any interest, being those of passengers on the boat whom you have not met.

Mr. MaRitchie wants to know how his pictures came. The one taken at the Pavilion that day we had our pictures taken by Schriener. I would like to see them too.

Tonight at our table, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, the president of an abstract firm in Salt Lake City, had to leave the table. They couldn't eat a thing. There are now only three of us left who have not missed a single meal, Mr. Kreutzberg, Mrs. Mathews, and myself. Mr. Kreutzberg is the oldest of the winners, 57, and I am the youngest. Mrs. Mathews is next oldest at 55, R<sup>th</sup> v. White around 54, Mr. Jensen, 50, and his wife a few years behind.

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Darling, you look wonderful in the photograph of you, Helen~~ny~~ and myself. I think you're just too wonderful for words. I'll be so proud to let my parents see your picture.

I guess when this letter reaches San Francisco, I might be in Japan or else be very close to the Cherry Islands. I somehow feel glad and sorry that I am on this boat. Glad that I'll see my mother and father and sister again after six and a half years, and sorry that I am not going to see you for the next four months. But then, four months will be just like a few hours after we start making our home together, ne? The old gentleman ~~of~~ in our cabin who is all of 64 says that his 40 years in America is just like an hour's dream. He can't believe it possible that he is returning to Japan after an absence of forty years. Our four months ~~xxx~~ away from each other will be like that some twenty five years from now, ne darling? But yet I can't help but envy those happy young couples on this boat. And while they were dancing last night, I just coldn't help but think of those days last year about ~~xxx~~ this time when we used to be dancing at the YMCA and all over the Bay R gion.

Remember, the second night after we were introduced for the nth time by Leo that we went to the dance class at the Y? That was how it all started. Then I asked you to go to the JA CL Ball. And you accepted. I was so afraid that you would refuse me. Then the next night we went to the War Memorial Museum of Arts and saw some architectural photographs of the bay region. The following night we went to the dance

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At Armstrong College, that UC-UCLA hop. Frankie took you, remember? Your presence made me so very happy. You were the best dancer there. And that night you went home with Alice Kikuchi and her boy friend. And I stayed in Oakland and caught a slight cold. Monday I had to call you so I did, with a pretty fair excuse, that the YMCA salesmanship class wanted more students. You came and made my life much more happy. Between the salesmanship class, dancing class and other occurrences which filled in so very happily, we had a very hectic and rapid romance, didn't we? I'll never forget those days and weeks.

It is now 11:30 p.m. on the Kamakura Maru. Only 12 hours remain before we reach Honolulu. There I will send all my postcards and letters. As much as I can. And I won't forget to buy a hat. And perhaps a few socks.

There are about 800 people on board, including about 300 of the crew. About 200 or more are getting on at Honolulu, making over 1,000 passengers on this boat in all. Quite a good sized load, I should say.

I got an interview with the boxing coach of the San Jose State College team which is going to appear in Japan. I hope that the Shinsekai will use it. I also took a photo of them. I am sending a negative of their picture to Kay Nishida. I hope that he can use it. I'll give him a note to John Yumoto to enlarge it before showing it to Kay, ne darling?

I went swimming again today. Yesterday I became very tired after fifteen minutes of splashing about. Today I am fine and dandy.

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Yesterday I think that I over-did myself. I took it easily and did not strain myself. Mas Yamakawa also went in swimming with me today. We had a swell time. The waves were choppy today so the pool was the same. It felt somewhat queer to have the waves practically empty on one side of the tank while the other side practically overflowed. The salt in the water hurt my eyes. Yesterday my eyes were bloodshot immediately after I got out of the pool. The swim this afternoon gave me a tremendous appetite.

It is cool tonight. It is becoming warmer as we reach the Hawaiian Islands. Last night I slept in my shorts only without any other covering. I couldn't sleep with a blanket or even a sheet over me. This morning when I awoke I had no ill effects, nor did I feel a sniffle. Don't worry about me darling, I'm all right. I'll use those vitamin tablets when I get to Japan. Right now I am eating a lot of fresh vegetables and fruits so that I needn't take those vitamin tablets. I'll think of you as I swallow each one, just as I did some months ago when I went through the same procedure. I actually did it once a day regularly until they disappeared into my system.

This will be the last installment before we reach Honolulu. I hope you are getting along fine. I know that you can use all the spare time you have to the best of advantage. I probably interrupted a lot of things in your schedule. I'll type a few more things before I reach the Islands, a parting note before I seal the letter. I wonder how much postage will be required to send you this letter? I'll find out tomorrow. . .





October 18, 1939 . . .

ON BOARD

MARU

It is now 1:20 p.m. according to your beautiful wristwatch. You are now at the Pavilion in the Industrial Arts room. I wish that I could see you.

This morning we sighted land for the first time since we embarked from San Francisco. A few minutes ago we passed Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach. It is fairly cool today. We are going to land soon.

We are practically at the pier now. I can see people and boats and houses and other signs of civilization as I type this letter to you. It is eleven o'clock according to boat time. The engine has just stopped. It is quiet and calm and serene. I will eat my luncheon before I set my foot on Honolulu and terra firma. Honolulu is a beautiful sight as I peer out of the porthole.

Everyone is getting dressed to tour the Island, but I have already been there and I think that I ought to communicate with you before doing anything like that.

I wish that I could be touring Honolulu this afternoon with you. I am sure that I would have twice as much fun. We must travel together some ~~day~~ day soon. I think it would be more fun and thrilling. I somehow feel as though I am missing something.

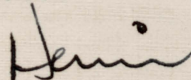
We won't leave for Japan until about 7 p.m. tonight, which will give us ample time for us to see the city.

I'm sorry to put this letter off till the last moment. But I had to. I wrote a message to practically all the persons I knew. Altogether I have written to about 50 or more persons.

I can hear the diving boys shouting now. I wish I could hear your voice. I am glad that I have your photograph to see every time I become lonesome.

We are now pulling into the dock. The diving boys are yelling for their money. The Yakumo, the training vessel from Japan is right besides us at the dock. How exciting. I can see hundreds of Japanese sailors in their white uniforms. Many people are waiting at the wharf. To think that we will walk on firm land once more, if only for a few brief hours. I will enclose the pictures before I leave this boat. Say hello to your father. I hope he is feeling in good condition. I do hope that I made a favorable impression. I will tell my parents when I reach Japan. For the present, then, darling, I shall be signing off until tonight or tomorrow.

Aloha





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ASK

S  
STER

Miss Tomoyo Nozawa  
786 Stangan  
San Francisco, Calif.