

KAMAKURA MARU
October 23, 1939

MARU

Hello Darling . . .

Gosh! it's been several days since I last wrote to you. The day I landed in Honolulu was the last time, ne? And I vowed that I would communicate with you every day. Though I didn't write to you I thought of you constantly. I won't let myself become lazy again.

Today might be the 23rd of this month, but don't let it astound you. We skipped the 22nd today, Sunday. However, it's still 4 whole days since I last wrote to you, ne? Please forgive me.

As soon as I finished your letter on the 18th, I dressed and ate my luncheon and went off the boat on to terra firma. It was 12:15 then. As soon as I landed I called up Rev. Masaichi Goto of the Nuuanu Japanese Church. He came after me and my room-mate, Mas Yamakawa and took us all over the Island City! First we went to the Hawaiian Pineapple Company where some 7,000 people work during its busy season.

As soon as we landed into the confines of the enormous industry, a nice young lady asked us to sign slips saying that the company was not responsible for any injury which might befall us during our sightseeing tour through the cannery. We didn't feel any too happy but we complied with her request. She then called a young lady guide who conducted us through the plant, giving us a thorough lecture of how the company functioned. I took a few snaps in the cannery which came out quite well. They were taken at f 3.5 at 1/25 of a second, Super XX film. They came out better than I expected, despite the fact that it was quite dark in there.

From the cannery, where we had our fill of fresh sweet pineapple juice and slices of pineapple, we went to the famed Nuuanu Pali where we were nearly blown off the cliff. Mrs. Goto, who is Mrs. Maki Hamada's sister, accompanied us on this trip to the Pali. They have two children now.

Then we hurried to Waikiki Beach. We made a hurried drive through the parks and enjoyed the beautiful scenery. Then we went back to the city where we parted with Rev. Goto. I then went to the post office where I mailed my postcards and letters. Then we went to the shopping center where I purchased a hat, \$4.50. I also entered a haberdashery and came out with a pair of socks, \$1.00, and a couple of neckties, \$2.00.

We found the Eastman Kodak store where I bought a quart of hypo, three quarts of DK20 and a half a dozen films of Panatomic X, tropical pack. Altogether I paid \$3.85 there. I decided to purchase those things because I heard from Chiba-san that the Japanese photographers did not know how to handle the super pan films made in America. I thought that I would rather develop my own films rather than have an inexperienced person ruin my pictures. I would know whom to blame in case my pictures were bad. I am going to buy a developing tank, trays, and other necessary articles in Japan, completing my dark room. Before I return to the United States and you I shall accumulate a good enlarger and filters, lensshade and other accessories. We'll have a pretty good dark room, ne darling?

I also bought a Popular Photography magazine, the November issue. The next number, December, is the great Salon Issue. It sounds like a good one, if all advance notices are true indications.

Please excuse my faulty typing and poor grammatical constructions. I know that the typing is bad. This is the second copy. I threw away the first since it was so bad.



As soon as we finished our purchasing, we hurried to our boat where we deposited our goods in our cabin and set forth for the Japanese Nuanu Church where Rev. Goto awaited us. He then took us to Wo Fat, a chop suey restaurant, where we had our final meal. It was good, hardly any grease and fat, and lots of vegetables. We made our boat barely in time. We reached the Kamakura Maru at about 10 minutes before sailing time, which was a pretty close call. I was so worried all during our meal. We started to order at 5 after six. The food did not arrive until 25 after, and we didn't finish until about 15 minutes to seven, our sailing time. I worried all during my meal.

That night we sat out on the upper deck and gazed at the lights of Honolulu as we sailed quietly past. The US fleet was in and we had a lovely display of spotlighting.

The Japanese naval training vessels arrived in Honolulu a few hours before us. All in all there were about five boats belonging to Japanese and Japan which arrived in Honolulu that day. And the Matson liner, Mariposa, also landed that same morning.

The Kamakura Maru was delayed several hours. Now the Kamakura Maru will be delayed one whole day, reaching Yokohama on the morning of the 28th, Saturday, five days away. The engine is not so good, according to several people working on this ship. There is a cracked piston, so that the ship is not allowed to run on all its full power. We'll be on this boat a full day longer than scheduled.

The sea is getting rougher. It was calm until we left Honolulu. It became bad yesterday morning, 21st. It was so bad that the swimming pool was closed for the day.

I was so tired on the 18th when we walked all over Honolulu that I went to sleep around 9:30 p.m. The next day, 19th, I went swimming at 7:30 a.m., which was very refreshing. Then I browsed until lunch. I went to the photographer after lunch and had my film developed. After that, around 4:15, I went into the pool again for about 15 minutes or so. Then I went to eat my dinner. After dinner there was dancing on board. I danced twice, once with Maki Ichiyasu, and once with a Mrs. Toshi Fujioka of Los Angeles, both third class passengers. Mas and I were sitting on the deck, a warm night it was, when the melodies of "Mexicali Rose" came floating our way. The ship's orchestra was playing it. I just couldn't help but think of you, darling. It brought so many sweet memories about you and the wonderful, heavenly times we had together. I dreamt that I was again dancing with you. It was a pleasure. Thank you very much. Not only did they play our favorite song, but they also played "I Love You Truly". Again I thought of the ride across the San Francisco-Oakland bridge the night I sold my first typewriter. Remember? We sang together, beautifully and harmoniously. I'll never forget that night, and you. You were so close to me, and I had known you but a few days. But I'll never forget that drive over the bridge. It will remain in my memories forever.

Dancing with the two persons was entirely different from dancing with you. I still maintain that I can't dance with anyone anymore. You have spoiled me too much. How lucky I am to have you for my lifelong partner.

After the two swimming dips and the dancing, I was too tired to write you a letter, though I knew that I should have written. I felt quite guilty then. And the next day I again failed my vow. I had gone swimming at 7:30 a.m. and again at 4 o'clock. The second

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time I stayed in for over half a hour. It must have tired me considerably for I went to sleep immediately after dinner and didn't wake up till a little past midnight when I awoke and took off my clothes and then dropped off to sleep again. That night there was a movie but I didn't feel like I had the energy to look at it. I didn't. And I again failed to write to you. I am very sorry, darling.

And last night, 21st, I again failed you. There was a display of fireworks. Beautiful, it was. And then I again went to sleep. The boat was rocking pretty badly all day yesterday so that I didn't feel any too good, though I didn't miss any meals so far. It was the worst since we left San Francisco. My room-mates are in bed now. Both of them have been there a good part of the time, ever since we left Honolulu. Mas is pretty sick now, and the old man does not feel as though he's strong enough to walk around yet.

Both of them are paying \$210 for their fare to Japan. I felt pretty good when I found that out, since that is the same as my fare. And I hadn't missed a meal on boat yet. Many people who hadn't succumbed to the rocking of boat became rather ill yesterday and today.

Tonight there is going to be a movie in our section of the boat, while the third class passengers will witness a Japanese drama performance put on by the members of the crew. I don't know whether I'll see the movie or the drama downstairs.

Today I sent a telegraph to my parents in Moji. It cost me 80 sen or about 20 cents. It was pretty cheap, ne? I'll wire Jun later.

Imagine my surprise when I tried to cash one of my five yen notes when I was notified that it was Chinese and not Japanese and that it couldn't be spent in Japan. I was scared for a moment but I found that it was marked differently. I looked all over my other notes and found that it was the only one among the 300 yen that I was carrying. I don't know how the other 200 yen is. I hope that all is safe. I'll try to pass them to people going to China, or else trade it in Moji to somewhere going to China. Nothing to worry about, darling. As I told you, I am selling a hundred yen for about 23 dollars and fifty cents. I am keeping the dollars so that I can have some when I return to the United States. Not a bad idea, ne? I can always change the dollars into yen, but it would be hard to change the yen into dollars.

It's been so warm since we left San Francisco that I have been sleeping without any blankets or sheets, just in my shorts. Last night was the first time that I felt a little chilly so I put on the blankets in the middle of the night. I feel fine, no chills nor cold. I eat a lot of fruits and vegetables and drink milk at all the meals so that I am well guarded against such things.

The pictures that I took in Honolulu I am sending to you. They didn't come out as well as I expected but they are good enough. Then we took some on the boat which I am also sending to you. I think that they were overexposed. I wished that I had a filter when I took most of the shots in Hawaii and on the boat.

It is nearly lunch time on the boat. It is now 4 o'clock in San Francisco. I used to call you about an hour from now, ne? I'll be doing the same when I return. I'll bother you every day of the weeks And I'll bother you every hour of the day. You had better get some rest now for the seige next year in February. Until then, Auf Wiedersehen . . .

ON BOARD



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October 24, 1939.

Here I am back again, darling. I just couldn't keep away. It is 9 o'clock in the evening on this boat now but it is still 20 minutes to 2 by your watch.

Dancing on the second class deck began a half an hour ago but I just couldn't help but think of you so I had to come down to my stateroom to type this letter. I couldn't enjoy myself by just being a spectator so I left.

Yesterday morning I sent a wire to my folks. Last night I received two wires just before we had our "sukiyaki" dinner on the deck for our second class passengers. One of them was from my mother and the other from my uncle in Tokyo. Fast service, ne? I was so happy to receive my telegraphs. It made me feel as though I had practically landed in Japan.

I heard that we will reach Japan on the night of Friday, October 27th. However, since Japan will be in "blackout" for a week beginning on the 27th so that we will not be able to land that evening. We'll have to wait till the 28th to walk on terra firma.

~~By~~ By the way, when I return to the United States, I'll send a wire from Honolulu, nedarling? It will only cost me a dollar from there. I noticed a sign as I passed a telegraph station there. I was almost tempted to send you a wire from there. Perhaps I should have that day, the 18th. At least, I thought of you.

Yesterday afternoon immediately after lunch we had our pictures taken, our souvenir photographs. I bought three of them for 30 cents apiece. I'll take them to Japan and show them to my parents before showing them to you. I also took some snaps that afternoon. I will find out how they will appear when I receive them tomorrow.

According to rumors abroad, this boat is heading into a typhoon tonight. It is calm today. It has been calm all day.

Last night after the sukiyaki dinner I went to see the movies since the Japanese drama arena was too crowded and hot and stuffy. The movies were rather interesting. There were two short reels on Japan, one of Japan in the autumn and another in the winter. They were pretty good but nothing to worry about, or become raving enthusiastic about. ~~it~~

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Gosh, my English is rotten.

I was musing today and I remembered that the day we skipped on this voyage, October 22, was the tenth day since we met a year ago. It was also the night we went to the JACL Inaugural Ball at the YMBA hall, ne darling? We entered late that night after you went to the Fireman's Ball and met the Mayor. Then five of us including Ruth, Jimmy, Helen, and you went to the dance. We had a few glorious dances together. That was the night I gave my first corsage to a girl, and it was you. It was a red flower and you put it in your hair. You had a lovely evening gown that night. And I was so proud of you. It was too bad that we hadn't as many dances as we desired. The speeches were so long and dry.

This morning I got up at the ungodly hour of 5 a.m. and went up on deck to witness the sun rise. Imagining my chagrin when I found that the sun did not rise until an hour after I stood against the rails in the rear of the boat and waited for the sun to rise. However, I was rewarded handsomely with a beautiful display of cloud lighting. This evening I decided to complete the day with a view of the sunset but I went up a few minutes too late. I found

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a few red remains of clouds which reflected the rays of the sun in the west. It was not a very good experience for me. I am going to see a sunset tomorrow, my first since I sailed from San Francisco on the 13th.

Speaking of being superstitious, I found that none of the members on my table ~~are~~ is scared of the fact that we sailed on Friday the 13th. Mr. Kreutzberg remarked that the weather has been very quiet for us ever since we sailed, ~~the/best/since/we~~ We also noticed that the menu failed to use the number "13" for numbering the various foods. They completely left out the number from the menu.

This afternoon, since the weather was calm and since I was badly in need of exercise, I went swimming at 3:30. I didn't get out of the pool until 4:30. That was the longest I have been in there during this trip. I was rather tired, but ~~not~~ very refreshed.

Mas Yamakawa is out of his bed and walking around today, though not as ~~slowly~~ gingerly as expected after a day of mal de mer, or something like that.

I bought a half a dozen more films today besides two bottles of brilliantine as presents in Japan. I purchased 3 verichromes and 3 panatomic X films, all tropical packs. I am just making sure that I don't run out of films in Japan.

There are quite a few girls on boat but none of them are at all interesting. I also see young love walking around the boat and I always think of you whenever I spy those young couples. I feel sad then. The moon is lovely tonight. I wish that I were with you looking at the moon at Lands End or up on Twin Peaks or Coit Tower or at Yacht Harbor or somewhere with you, anywhere. I feel as though my trip to Japan will be cut short, though I think I'll try to stay until February.

It is warm and sultry in our cabin tonight. I am perspiring as this letter is being typed. The old man, Mr. Kenji Shiosaka, is lying on his bunk, just as he's been doing for the whole trip. I don't see how he can stand it. He's raving about the fact that we are only three more days and four more night before we reach Japan. He's quite happy over the fact. He's the most unusual old codger I've ever met or will ever meet. He's very modern in his ideas, having lived in New York for over 40 years without contacting Japanese all during that time. Although he's 64, the old bachelor is still young in spirit and in body. His hair is jet black and he also has a goodly amount of hair on his pate, about as much as I have.

It is now 15 after 2 a.m. by your wristwatch. Remember the many times we used to part around this time? I'll never forget them. They were wonderful times. You were divine, heavenly, lovely, beautiful, wonderful. But we had better not continue with such a life when I come back, ne darling? We ought to call a stop to such goings on, ne?

I think I'll send a wire to Jun Ajari tomorrow. It is getting late so I'll sign off. I'll take a brief walk before I dream of you. I think of you the minute I wake up and the last moment of consciousness before I go to sleep. I always think of you before sleeping to make me sleep better and more comfortably. I feel better then auf wiedersehen . . .

ON BOARD



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October 26.....

Yesterday I was very ill, or rather, pretty weak. I ate too much desert ~~last~~ the night before last. I had five slices of pineapple, 2 cream puffs, ice cream, and apple pie, besides having a whole meal before that. I guess I must have you beside me so that I can be told when to stop.

I felt good till about four o'clock in the middle of the night when I had to leave the bed all of a sudden. I appeared at the table for breakfast, but I just ate a quarter of a small papayah and that was all for the rest of the morning and noon. I ate something at night. I felt better then. However, yesterday I was not in any good shape to write a letter to you.

Today I feel much better, yet I do not believe that I am yet in the best of health. I could not eat anything in sight, nor did I have the proper appetite. I guess I had better rest for a while. . . .see you tomorrow.

October 27.

After taking a bit of rest yesterday I wrote three letters to friends in the States. I thought I had better get rid of them before I landed.

There was the Sayonara Dinner last night. Everyone was in gay humor. Everyone was given a paper hat to wear. I had a red beret which did not become me any too well. We had a wonderful dinner but I was not up to my old talents. I had a good time, however. Immediately after dinner I went to sleep and did not wake until the nextday.

Today is the last day on boat. We had our final luncheon and dinner today. I was busy making out my baggage declarations, finishing my letter-writing, and all the final preparations prior to landing.

Since the Kanto district is now in the midst of a blackout week, our boat is also observing it now. It is almost eleven p.m. now, 11:20 p.m. to be exact. It is now Tokyo time. We will reach Japan in a few hours. Already we can see the lighthouse beams, giving us the first sight of land since we passed Bird Island near Hawaii. Everyone is feeling excited. Many are now up on deck, which is pitch black due to the blackout order, eagerly searching for more signs of civilizations. They will not be able to see anything for Tokyo and Yokohama is now black as ebony.

I am practically all through with my packing. Just a little bit here and there. I think that I will probably get through quite easily, through the customs officials, I mean.

Several nights ago I mentioned something about a storm coming. It was only a false alarm. Someone probably wanted to give us a scare or something. Anyway, we haven't come across one yet. Maybe we'll get one when we land, possibly. But anything can happen ne? The sea has been quite smooth. The voyage so far has been exceptionally calm. We had only two days of rough weather.

When I began repacking my goods I found that there were more things than when I first began. I couldn't understand, for I had my overcoat in my suitcase when I left San Francisco. Now I have it out and still there seems to be no room for everything.

I wonder who will be at Yokohama to meet me. I know that my mother will be there. I wonder if Jun will also be there. And who else? My relatives? I hope so. I also hope that some influential friend might be there so that I can land quickly and easily.

As soon as we ate our breakfast we were informed that our medical examination had been completed. That was the first time that I had a medical exam taken while I was eating my meal. It must have been done by remote control or telepathy for we saw no signs of a doctor on the vessel. However, as soon as our medical examination and breakfast was over, we proceeded to pack up our final belongings and await the inspectors. Before the trials of the coming examinations, we had to go up to the first class lounge and smoking room to have our passports, tobacco, money and other things looked at and ohkeyed. I got by without any trouble at all. After completing these troublesome trifles, down I went to my room, around 9 o'clock, it was. Finishing our baggage inspection, which was a perfunctory check of our goods, most of my suit cases not being opened, I hurried up to the decks where I met Mr. Yoji Enomoto of the Japan Tourist Bureau who presented me with a one month's railroad pass, as he did to nine other contest winners. However, the pass can be extended another month providing I obtained a permit saying that I would like to stay in Japan a little while longer. If I stay longer I'll see if I can manage a third month, ne darling?

The boat neared pier 4 at Yokohama around 10:30 a.m. or thereabouts. As the boat drew nearer the dock I could distinguish hundreds of faces lined up and down the pier on the second story. I could not pick out my mother from that crowd no matter how hard I tried.

They saw me first for I heard my name being called as we neared the pier. There standing in one single group was my mother, aunt, uncle, cousin and JUN AJARI. I wondered how he happened to be standing there with my mother and her group. I thought perhaps that they had met before. I thought of the time that we, you and I, sent some chocolates through Jun to my folks. However, it turned out to be just pure COINCIDENCE, the fact that they happened to occupy the same position.

My mother called my name and so did therest. And so did Jun. So my mother turned around and asked him whether he knew me and he said yes and they introduced each other and that is how they met.

I took four pictures of them while the boat was nearing the wharf. I wonder how they came out. I hope that they were successful. When I took my shots, my relatives on the other side of the water were at first frightened that my camera might be taken away from me since Yokohama is in fortified area. It so happened that outer Yokohama bay is in that zone, not the pier so I was perfectly at liberty to snap my pictures. I assured myself before photographing by asking an officious looking person who was sporting a short sword.

As soon as the boat docked my friends came on board to meet me. They took some time in getting to my room, but as soon as they did I showed them my cabin and then hustled out of the ship on to terra firma. They were probably more anxious to see the boat than I was to get off.

Because of our camera I got into a lot of trouble before getting it out of the harbor. It seems that the customs officials are especially strict about those things nowadays ever since the war started. They probably fear profiteering, I suppose. Our camera, second hand, costs around 500 yen here in Tokyo.

I had to ask Mr. Enomoto to see whether he could get it off the boat without any duties. He said that he could. He asked Mr. Fuji, also of the Tourist Bureau who also asked several others and so forth. Then we proceeded to the customs office where we had to do some more bothersome things. We were not permitted to take the camera out of the harbor. So we left it in care of the Yokohama Express and left, since the Tourist Bureau had other things more important to take care of. I plan to go after it Monday. I doubt whether I will have to pay anything for it. But I'm doing a lot of worrying and running around for it.

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Monday noon, the contest winners will gather at the Koyokan in Shiba, a Japanese restaurant, where the Tourist Bureau is giving our group a luncheon. They probably chose this date since Tokyo is in a blackout all this week, ending tonight, Sunday. Anyway we will all gather there Monday, perhaps for the last time together. I wonder what is in store for us. I hope it is exciting and full of thrills.

Yesterday noon after dispensing with the camera I left the party of contest winners, who were taken in automobiles to their hotels in Tokyo, and went home to Asagaya with my mother and aunt. My cousin had to go to work while my uncle went off somewhere while Jun went back to his residence. I am typing this letter from Asagaya, 3-chome, 252, in Suginami-ku.

My mother, aunt, cousin and Jun and already taken a taxi to Sakuragi-cho station, leaving my uncle behind who was walking the distance, which was about a mile or two. I began walking with him. He took the long way round. I tried to get a taxi but none came our way so we had to walk to the street car stop which was about a mile away too. I think that it would have been far wiser had we walked to the station, we consumed as much time and energy.

My mother and relatives, including Jun, were waiting at the station. We clambered aboard the "shoshen" and away we went, my first ride on such a conveyance with the use of my pass.

I better eat breakfast now. It is now 9a.m. I had better get dressed and meet Jun. So long.....

November 4, 1939

Herein lies a story of woe.

A chapter has flown by which ought not be recorded in my history, or bibliography.

I was a sick man for the past few days. Very ill, with a fever and an aching stomach. Ever since the day I left for the Koyokan at Shiba Park on October 30.

Darling, I guess you might as well know the worst. But I do hope that you won't worry too much when you get to this part of the letter. I am fine, healthy, and in top shape now.

That day I left the letter unfinished and ran off to meet Jun, I left in a hurry and went down to Shinjuku Station there to wait for friend Jun. He didn't show up for a good hour and a half so I thought there must have been some mistake in the place of meeting. But since it was too late already I decided to explore my old haunts in Tokyo alone. So I boarded the shoshen and went to Ginza where I rambled up and down the streets looking at everything I could lay my eyes on. When I became hungry I walked into the Olympic where I had chicken rice, which, I practically sincerely believe, was the cause of my downfall. It didn't taste very good. Anyway, thinking that food in Japan tasted that way, I tolerated the not so delicate bit of morsel and then went on my way. I returned home before dark, footsore and tired. I had done more perambulating that one afternoon than I have ever ever done in San Francisco for my whole stay there. (Slight exaggeration, of course.) That night, before retiring, I got my haircut so that I would look my best at the Koyokan. It was a swell haircut which included a shave and a massage, all for 50 sen. I refused a shampoo for I was sleepy and did

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want to be awoken. Also I didn't like the smell of the pomade that they used there. So back home I went with a fresh haircut and a marvelous shave.

The next morning, October 30, I awoke early, ate breakfast, and went to Yokohama with my mother to take care of my baggage which I had left behind and also to see if I could obtain my camera. We found that my baggage was okay, not a single sen to pay. Meaning that everything I had brought came in duty free, including my typewriter. Since I have not opened my baggages I do not know the 200 yen hidden among the napkins, but I think that they are safe since I had received no reprimands from the government.

A funny incident occurred, which wasn't to be laughed at, not at that moment, at least, so to speak. (A little bit incoherent, but that's all right, ne darling?) When we went to the Japan Express office my baggages were already there. I opened one of them to see if I could find the napkins but they were in the wooden box so I did not open that. However, my mother took out the Pond's Cleansing cream from the container and wrapped it in her furoshiki. Then we went past the customs officials into the harbor to see about our camera. No soap, said the officials, unless we had the right permit, so we had to leave our camera behind. We started back along the same route but the customs officials stopped us, opened our furoshiki and demanded that our Ponds Cream be stamped before we take it back across the ~~Y~~ line. We had to go through a lot of red tape before we finally passed them with our jar of cream. What a lot of bother simply because of the officials' own carelessness.

We then went back to the city of Yokohama and began to walk to the shopping district. On our way we saw a lot of canned goods which sold at fantastic prices, including olives, cheese and the like. We walked as far as Nozawa-ya but we found that it was Monday, a day off for all department stores. So we turned around and walked back to Sakuragi-cho Station and returned to Tokyo. Getting off a Shimbashi, we walked the Ginza for a few minutes then I got into a taxi and left for Koyokan in Shiba Park.

At that time I wasn't feeling in the best of health. I felt sort of weak, but I thought that it was nothing, that I would soon get over the dull feeling. At the Koyokan I met Louis MacRitchie at the entrance. He had also just arrived. We went in and enjoyed the beautiful garden. We were ushered into a western style waiting room where we were served tea and a hot steaming towel with which to wipe our faces and hands.

The garden of Koyokan is beautiful, full of green shrubs and plants and trees, including the maple, bamboo, camelia and hundreds of different kinds of trees and plants.

The guest began to arrive. So did the hosts and other guests. (Slightly repititious, said she, lifting her left eyebrow.) When everyone finally arrived the luncheon started. It was a gorgeous affair, with fishes, and lots of other delicacies. At this time I did not feel very hungry so I dabbled at the meal.

In front of each of the contest winners was a huge package given us by the Tourist Bureau. Each person from America was given a specially built thing to squat on, which was composed of two zabutons, and a sort of back so that we can lean back and rest. It was quite stuffy but comfortable. The Japanese had to be satisfied with just plain zabutons. In front of us was a dai on which was a tray of food. Then there was a young waitress and an old one for nearly each person in the room. The meal progressed rapidly and excellently. And so did my fever. I began to feel chills. My stomach began to feel none too good.

Just before the meal ended I requested one of the waitresses to direct me to a lavatory. I felt a little better afterwards, but in about five minutes I began to feel weaker and woozy. My head began to get dizzy and I felt like lying down somewhere to rest. My face must have become white or pale for the man next to me called a waitress and I was led out of the room into another where I was made to lie down for a rest. Then I was suddenly attacked by cold chills. I began to shiver like a model T Ford, although it was not too cold. The Koyokan people became frightened and called a doctor. They probably thought that the food might have caused it, I guess. Even though I was covered with futons I was still shivering like a dog shaking off water. I tried to stop myself from shivering, but I couldn't. When the doctor came I was still shivering.

He said that it preceded a fever. I did get a fever, which must have gone up to about 102 or 103. He injected something into me and left. I stayed there for several hours until the sun had set before I was taken home by taxi. My mother and aunt came after me when Mr. Enomoto called for them, since I did not show signs of getting any better. They came and we went home via taxi. I was so weak that I had hardly enough strength to move my legs. I did not feel like walking. My feet felt like toothpicks, so weak and frail. I had to lean on someone so that I could get into and off the taxi.

When I got back to Asagaya I was immediately bundled into blankets and put to bed. I went off to sleep with a fever of 102 or thereabouts. And that night was agony for me.

I had to visit the lavatory hourly for the next forty eight hours. I just couldn't hold anything. And the toilets in Japan aren't very comfortable, you know, not mentioning the draft.

It seems that some poisonous substance had remained in my system and I had a terrible time getting rid of it. Even castor oil did not help.

For two days and nights I remained in constant state of fever and going to the lavatory. I did not feel very good either. But on the third day, November 2nd, I became better, and began to eat a little bit. That night I phoned Jun saying that I was sorry that I had not met him on October 29. I phoned him that night too, darling. Jun and I decided to see each other so we arranged for him to come to visit me at Asagaya on the next day, Nov. 3.

Yesterday Jun came over with a friend, a Mr. Miya, a pharmacist at Shishido, a research chemist like Jun. He studied at Cal in San Francisco and knows Shiz Okamoto, having graduated at the same time. We ate lunch here and talked of old times. Then, since I was feeling better I went with them to Hibiya to see the chrysanthemums and other exhibits. They (kiku) were wonderful creations. It is a wonder how these Japanese could do so much with just plain chrysanthemums, ne darling? Including bonkei, ikebana, exquisite flowers and designs, all of kiku.

I'm hurrying this letter, so I'll close now and save the rest for the next one, ne darling? I am now going to meet Jun at Tokyo Station to give him his letter. He in turn will give this to a friend who is leaving for America, a Moto Asakawa, I believe. I am feeling better now so please don't worry about me.

I wonder how the car is getting along? Not wrecked, I presume. Well, I'll be back in three months to claim it, anyway. It is almost one month since I sailed, ne? Ten more days and it will be just one month. And then it will be only a few more days before I'll be seeing you again. I think of you night and day. I dream of you. I see you all over the place. Sayonara, darling

Love
Henry

2 788 Honmura, 1-chome
Moji, Japan
H. Takahashi



Miss Tomoye Nozawa
786 Stanyan Street
San Francisco
California, USA