

November 20, 1939

Dearest Tomoyo —

It's now over a fortnight since I wrote you last, ne darling. However, I thought of you constantly, despite the long spell. I think I dated my last letter to you on Nov. 9th. At that time I was trying to contact a former Pomona College classmate who was staying at Doshisha University in Kyoto. I received a wire about that time so I wired back immediately saying that I would visit him in Kyoto the very next day. I grabbed a train on the 10th of November, 11:00 p.m. from Shimono-seki and rushed on the "kyūko" to Kyoto. I brought him a fruit bag full of bananas, apples and "mikan's." This time the coach was not very full so I had a whole seat to myself, a comfort

and a luxury, considering my first long train ride  
from Tokyo to Shimonozeki.

I took my little black suitcase in which  
I packed something for Welly Shibata. I'm sorry to  
say I didn't take him much of anything. However,  
I'll try to make up by sending him nice things  
from the U.S.A. when I get back. I also took  
a half a dozen films.

I thought I would just make a short and  
hurried visit to Kyoto and its vicinity but before  
I could say "Urasimaru Taro" a week slipped by.  
I wanted to write to you then but I thought I  
would wait until I got back to Moji and type  
to you, so that's why I did not send you a letter  
from Kyoto. As it later turned out, I decided on  
the last moment, to hop a train to Tokyo.

This letter sounds like a diary, doesn't  
it? I feel somewhat ashamed to write you like

my hand by just holding it with all of the force I can

this. But I'll continue on like this and be the "whole cheese" of this letter. My fingers are not very flexible so I am having a hard time trying to write legibly. I do hope that you can read my handwriting. My inability to write readable letters is one very good and strong reason why I type practically all of my letters.

To come back to my diary - letter. I had scarcely been in Moji for five days when, after recovering from my stomach illness, I skipped for Kyoto, leaving the rest of the family in Moji. However, I expect to return to Moji in a week. I arrived in Kyoto the next morning, Saturday, November 11th, at 10:30 a.m. There my former school mate at Pomona, Minoru Shinoda, met me at the

West exit of the station. He hadn't changed much from  
the young fellow I knew as a junior at college.

With Minoru Shimoda and an American  
fellow, Fannin King, we three were seen practically  
everywhere. It was good to renew old times  
and revive incidents of our college days.

As soon as I landed there, we taxi'd  
to Friends Peace House, a dormitory of Doshisha  
University, commonly called Hawaii-ya, since  
most of the money came from a philanthropist  
in Hawaii. Minoru Shimoda was there for the  
last two years while he was a student teacher  
at Doshisha. His term expired this August so  
he had to give way to other fellowship students.  
However, he is staying about a block away so  
he is practically a member of the House. I slept  
at Hawaii-ya for a week - from Saturday to  
Saturday.

As soon as I left my suitcase there at  
 Hawaii-ryo, we went sight seeing. We took a  
 street car to Yasaka Jinja. We went and  
 visited the old structures there then went  
 beyond to Maruyama Park where we saw  
 a "taken" display rather similar to that I saw  
 with Jun Azari at Hibiya Park in Tokyo.  
 The Park was beautiful. Being a Saturday  
 afternoon, the day being sunny and warm,  
 there were hundreds of people viewing the  
 chrysantheums and the many-hued maple  
 leaves.

From Maruyama Koen we walked  
 to Kiyomizu Temple, a short walk of a little  
 over a mile through a picturesque but  
 narrow street, most of which was full of  
 pottery wares. Kiyomizu pottery is quite famous

so I thought of buying some for us but I didn't,  
since I thought many would break before they reached  
America. We can get some later, ne darling?  
However, in case we want some, wait you send  
me a letter saying what kind you want?  
I will probably stop in Kyoto ~~again~~ before  
sailing for San Francisco in the latter  
part of January. I forgot my stamp book at Hawaii-ya  
so I bought one in a little store in Kyomizu  
and had my first temple stamp there. It is  
a beautiful one, probably years and years of  
age.

Before proceeding to the temples, Minoru  
Shino da and I had our lunch at Fujiya, a  
beautiful western style restaurant near Minamiza,  
the Kabuki theater of Kyoto in the main "nigiyaka"  
main. We had "pork katsu." It was good.

After seeing the shrine and walking through a beautiful glade just next to Kyo-mizu-dera, in fact, to look at it, and also passing through a densely stored cemetery, we went back to the main section of Kyoto and walked through the Theater Street. After a tad walking around and looking at the many samurai houses sold there we entered the Minatom Restaurant there, a beautiful western style eating pavilion, and had some sandwiches and coffee at exorbitant prices. It is a sister restaurant to the Minatom in Tokyo. After resting for some time there we walked around there and entered a Japanese restaurant famous for its "ABURA-YAKI", which is similar to maki-yaki. The meal was excellent, and also somewhat different. It is

probably the only place in Kyoto which serves such a dish. It is prepared like *anbuzaki*. Only a certain portion of a cow is used, called the "HERI." Animal fat (butter is probably a good substitute) is first spread on the pan which is not heated very much (that is, not too hot so that the meat can be put from pan to mouth without burning your tongue). Then the thinly sliced meat is placed on the heated pan. Also, onions and mushrooms. Perhaps *takenoko* could also be used in place of mushrooms. Vegetables were few. When the meat was half cooked, that is, when the outside was burned and the inside still red, the meat was eaten. Some *shoyu* and sugar was ~~added~~ used in the pan. Then the meat was ~~put~~ dipped in a dish of "daikoro shi" and *shoyu* (instead of egg, as in *anbuzaki*) and eaten. It was



well. We'll have to eat some together when I return. Will have fun trying, no darling? Perhaps it won't be very good since I'm not a cook by profession, but will have fun trying. Perhaps we must have the proper setting in order to get the right taste - tatarini, kibochu et al.

That night we returned to Hawaii-ryo where we had a hot bath and thence to bed.

It was a trying day for me, seeing all the beautiful places, experiencing new things after the tiring train ride from Moji. I was all tuckered out that night.

I slept late Sunday morning at the Hawaii-ryo. I slept on a couch. All the fellows sleep on beds there. It is almost like an American dormitory.

Oh, I beg your pardon! Before retiring, in fact, immediately after our "ABURA-YAKI" at the MIKAKU restaurant, we went to Teidai Students Club where the Kokusai Bunkai Shinkokai was holding its monthly meeting. (Kyoto division.) Mr. Benkinstein, a scholarly German who has studied Japanese philology for the past five years and who does not intend to return to Germany gave a speech on the Su-chu Islands, their customs and their philology. He speaks and writes Japanese like a native and is well versed in Japanese culture.

That night, at the KBS meeting, after the lecture, I met several persons, including a Miss Clapp who taught at Pomona College in 1912-1916. I also met Mrs. Denton, an aged woman who has put Doshisha on its feet.

financially. How? She entertained all  
 rich Westerners who came to Kyoto, even  
 dragging them away from hotels. She put  
 them up for a night or more (according to  
 the visitor's wishes) and when they were about  
 to leave Kyoto she would give them a pep  
 talk on Doshisha and then ask them how  
 much they would give to the school. Of  
 course they donated. This is a famous  
 character in Kyoto and is not well liked  
 by innkeepers and hotel owners since  
 she takes away a good deal of their  
 customers.

Gosh, it's the sixth page already  
 and I've only written half of what I want  
 to say. I hope you can read everything I  
 have written. I guess you'll just have to

get used to my handwriting. But if you can't read my letters I won't blame you for I sometimes have a difficult time making out my own handwriting.

The next morning Sunday I rested comfortably and leisurely.

Oh, by the way, I also visited Heian Shrine, Okazaki Park, a beautiful natural garden, on the day I arrived in Kyoto.

The next day, Sunday, Minon and I visited the Silver Pavilion. The garden there is considered the most perfect in all Japan. It can be viewed from all angles and still be lovely. It is a model of other gardens in Japan. There I also saw Buson's poems.

In the afternoon we visited the Gold Pavilion. It so happens that the Silver and

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Gold Pavilions are situated on the extremities of Kyoto. The Silver Pavilion is in the East ~~side~~ while the Gold Pavilion is in the West. The Gold Pavilion does not have as beautiful garden as the Silver Pavilion but the people leave there were beautiful.

That afternoon we had some coffee in an honest to goodness tea room. Strange to say, no bad drinks were served there, but it had that dark and sinister atmosphere usually connected with grills and cafes. I wonder how the cafes in Japan are? Don't worry darling, I won't go even for the experience. These tea rooms are hang outs for students. They pay double for soft drinks and listen to phonograph records as they sip their coffees or "ko-ocha". The phonograph records owned by these tea rooms are extensive and valuable. They do not play cheap

jazz but go in for the classics. Some tea rooms are noted for their collections of Brahms, Beethoven, Bach and so forth. Students and other clients pay for the privilege of listening to these expensive collections, plus the exorbitant price of their soft drinks. The girls serving the drinks are sometimes good looking but 95 per cent of the time they are not worth the extra price we pay for our coffee or tea. These same girls are usually very dumb or have very little education. Most of them have only had grammar school education. Hardly any have high school training. Since this type of work is not very respectable, you can imagine the type of girls working in such places.

The next day, Monday afternoon, we went to the Doshisha University where the head librarian, Mr. Shigehisa, conducted us through the library. Then he took time off and took us through the college,

including the Women's school, I received two  
post cards of the school then we went to the  
Teidai Museum.

That night I walked for miles and  
miles. I never walked so much in all my  
life, or so it seemed to me. Minoru Shinoda,  
Taro Inuzawa (Minoru's class mate at the  
University of Hawaii) and a Doshisha Student,  
Mr. Tagawa took me around one part of  
Kyoto in the chilly evening just before dinner.

This Tagawa fellow, a son of a gold  
mine owner of Korea, an ordinary Japanese student  
as far as perambulating is concerned, led the  
merry pace. He was the shortest of us four  
but he took the longest stride which did  
not diminish in length no pace for the whole  
walk. We went about 4 miles in less than  
an hour and a half which is some fast

timing and a world's record of some sort, as far as I'm concerned. If I measured the distance, I would say we tramped from the Ferry Building in San Francisco to the Cliff House. Maybe it was longer. Anyway, 75 per cent of us simultaneously agreed that it was a pretty long walk. You see, we are all foreigners to Japan.

After the walk we had dinner at a place in Kyoto, I forgot its name, which is known for its beef. We had steak which was comparable to U.S. Steak. However, we didn't get the other things along with the steak in the same tasty manner.

Tuesday morning, Minoru Shinoda, Mrs. Harry Komuro (wife of Rev. Komuro of Honolulu) and I went to HIRAKATA to see the famous "KIKU-NINGYO." Mrs. Harry Komuro



is from New Orleans and cannot speak much

Japanese. Rev. Harry Kinnis is the eldest son of Rev. Kinnis who is now in New York and who was pastor of the Methodist Church in San Francisco in the War years long ago.

The Kiku-nings at Urakata which is a play ground between Osaka and Kyoto were rather dried up when we went because it was already in the middle of November.

However, we could still see the remains of what was splendid chrysanthemum displays. We could imagine their splendor as we walked through the exhibition. The living and growing flowers also had famous Japanese historical characters. The displays were wonderful. They reminded me of the "Orange Show" held in San Bernardino (Southern California) every year.

Nov. 23, 1939.

Two days have gone since I last wrote you. Today is President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Day in the United States, my darling? Today, Jim Ajuri and I plan to attend the Japan - America Society's Thanksgiving Dinner at the Marble Restaurant in the Meiji Seimei Building in Marunouchi.

It is now 9:15 a.m.

To go back to my letter-diary of a few days back, On Wednesday morning in Kyoto, Minoru Shinoda, Taro Suyenaga and I went to visit Tojukuji in Kyoto. We saw a lot of school children there on their excursions. I took several snapshots there. After our visit there we went into a tempura restaurant and had some tempura which reminded me of our day at Tenkatsu and Tenkin in San Francisco.

Thursday morning I took it easy for it

was rather cold in Kyoto. In fact it was very very cold all during my week's stay there. It must have been a cold spell or something for when I went to Tokyo, people there informed me that it was also cold in Tokyo during that same week. And I was also told that Kyoto was the cold belt in Kwansai, even colder than Tokyo in the winter.

At noon, Mrs. Komuro's ikebana teacher came, (also Minoru's teacher). I had my first lesson in Japanese flower arrangement. It was indeed quite fascinating, and very complicated, despite the fact that it was Mrs. Komuro's first few lessons. Minoru had taken the course for a year and acted as interpreter since Mrs. Komuro did not know and could not speak much Japanese, being a nisei brought up in New Orleans. After

intrinsically the lesson I wished that I had more time to study it, that is Ikebana. I am glad that you have taken some lessons in this art and I do hope that you will continue to do so for it is very fascinating and entertaining. Someone in our family should know this interesting art. By the way, this teacher of Minoru's charges only 4 yen a month, which includes about 6 lessons and also all the necessary flowers and proper plants. The reason why this is so cheap is because competition in Kyoto is very stiff. This teacher is of a more informal school and is considered one of the best in Kyoto.

That night, Thursday, November 16, Minoru and I went to ~~see~~ see a Japanese movie in a little out of the way theater. It cost us 30 sen for a first class seat so you can imagine

its type. It was ~~was~~ a very interesting  
 experience. We could see people standing in  
 the orchestra pit. The lighting was so dim that  
 we could barely distinguish the figures on  
 the screen.

One Friday morning, Minou and I  
 woke up a little earlier than usual and  
 hustled to Osaka. We went immediately to  
 the Osaka Mainichi Building. We asked for  
 Welly Shibata and found that he did not  
 report to work until 3 p.m. that day. So we  
 asked for Mr. Masao Dodo of the Foreign News  
 Department. He is Mrs. Komura's brother-in-  
 law and also a former English Editor of the  
 Rafu Shimpo. I had a package for him  
 from my friend, Edith Kodama, of Los Angeles,  
 sister of Florence who is now working in San  
 Francisco. Mr. Dodo was in so we talked for

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a while. Minoru knew him from before so we  
got along beautifully. Then he called up the English  
Department to get a reporter to interview us.  
Mr. Eimei Kato (that fellow who conducts the  
Nisai column every Sunday) came and he  
conducted us through the whole plant. The  
tour was very entertaining. He said that 4,000  
persons were working in that building at  
that particular time and all the other days.  
Quite a few persons in the building  
on Minoru and I ate a wonderful steak  
dinner at the Uneda Hotel right next to the  
Dai Mai building for our lunch. Then Minoru  
and I left for Dōtombō and Shinsei boshi  
for a little stroll. Then we returned to the  
Dai Mai building to meet Welly Shubata. He's  
a nice fellow, me darling. He said that you had  
written to him and that Larry Tajiri hadn't

and a lot of other things. I gave him your  
 hair oil and two yillos. I wished I had other  
 things to offer him. I felt as empty handed.  
 I think I'll send him something when I return  
 to San Francisco. Welly invited us to lunch  
 the next day - Saturday. He had to go back  
 to work so we parted and left for Kyoto.

Saturday morning we again went to  
 Osaka and met Welly at the Dai Mai  
 Bldg. and then we went to a little cozy  
 Japanese restaurant and had a delicious  
 Tonkatsu meal. The setting was very comfortable  
 and cheerful. Lots of very Japanese decorations  
 adorned the walls and ceiling to make the  
 atmosphere very soothing and rather exotic  
 (to me, anyway.)

After our lunch ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~went~~ <sup>taxied</sup> to  
 Osaka Castle, the three of us. I suppose you have

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already seen the magnificent structure already.  
We went up to the top floor and viewed the  
city below us. We could see for miles and  
miles, it being a very clear day, warm and  
sunny. I got my stamp book stamped there.  
We had coffee at the Asakusa Kaikan then we  
said goodbye to Welly and left for Kyoto.  
Before we left we made a date with Welly.  
We were to meet the the Pennonoya station  
on Saturday, November 25<sup>th</sup>, at 11 a.m. to go  
to Kobe and buy your books. Saturday is only  
a few days away now. I have to mail this  
letter today, Thursday, in order to make the  
boat which sails tomorrow.

That night, Saturday, I left for Tokyo.  
I had wired Jun Aizai to meet me at  
Tokyo Station at 7:30 a.m. Sunday. When I  
arrived we missed each other. I phoned Jun



but he was not in for he had come to meet me.

So I left for Asagoya after waiting for Jun for an hour and 15 minutes. It was the second time I missed him out of two attempts. To Jun I am betting 1,000 percent as far as missing Jun at Stations are concerned. To day, I am to meet him at Utsunomiya Station at 12 noon, November 23rd. I hope I find him. I've also heard of "the third time, etc."

I later found out that Jun had gone to Tokyo-eki and not finding me there had returned home. He heard that I had phoned so he rushed back to Tokyo-eki then came to Asagoya and there was where we met.

I phoned my Kamakura Mori cabin mate, Miss Arie Yamahara and we all three met at Giza in front of Hattori Tailor on Giza-cho Odori or 4-cho-me. We had lunch at a Sugehira

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restaurant in Ginza, 2-chome. It was wonderful,  
and the most remarkable fact was that it cost  
us only 50 sen for our sukiyaki. We were  
astounded, to say the least, for food in Japan  
is very ~~high~~ high and of relatively poor  
quality.

After our lunch we browsed around  
Ginza, visiting department stores, then parted  
in the evening. Before parting we had hot  
cakes at Fuji Ice on 5-chome. It was pretty  
good, but all we got was two small slabs the  
size of a big butter chip. It cost us 25 sen  
apiece. We were spending money just as though  
~~we~~ we were millionaires for we had coffee too.

On Monday I stayed in Asagaya all  
day for it was cloudy and showery. I was also  
quite tired from that trying train ride from  
Kyoto. That was the day I first started this letter.

On Tuesday, November 21, I went with my  
 cousin, Kiyoko Gomi, to her mother's home in  
 Shibuya, Mrs. Hisako Gomi ~~in~~ Jimma. She is  
 only 21 but has been married for two years  
 already. Kiyoko is about 19 years old. Kiyoko  
 is staying at Asagaya while her two sisters,  
 Hisako and Kikuko are in Shibuya.


Hisako, Kiyoko and I went to Ujima  
 Park and Asakusa that afternoon. After  
 walking around the parks we went into a  
 theater in Asakusa in the main theater  
 district. That night I stayed in Shibuya.

The next day, Nov. 22, it rained or  
 rather drizzled all day so we stayed indoors,  
 our feet tucked under a kotatsu and chatted  
 and sang, reviving old times. That night I  
 returned to Asagaya in the light rain.

Today, November 23, I am going to  
 Asakusa.

P. Cap. Eric Zimmerman sent the stamps. Joe. Irvine

P.S. Cape Emie Hingame about the stamps, fine. Please

meet Jim Ajari in Ginza. He just phoned me  
about 15 minutes ago while I was writing this  
letter. We don't know what we're going to  
do this afternoon yet.  
I'm sorry I have not written sooner.  
My only excuse is that it was so cold in  
Yokohama I could not flex my fingers in order  
to write to you. That's a poor excuse, is it darling?  
However, I constantly thought of you.  
This letter will reach you on or about  
December 15th, if not earlier. I shall write  
to you again in a few days, that is, after  
I meet Welly Shibata in Kobe and after I  
return to Moji. I'll be back in Moji for a  
few days next week in order to get my warmer  
clothes and also to see my parents.  
I'll end this letter here. Lots of love and  
hugs. I'll be seeing you in less than two months  
from the time you read this letter.  Henri

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