

On the eve of our 14th
Anniversary — Dec. 12, 1939

To mo ge —

Fourteen months have already passed since we first met that night at Sand's End. It seems but a few days ago — that remarkable night. It was quite dark where we sat — and you said you liked it. And you've been saying it since. Tonight, here in Sendai — or rather — Matsushima — since we are nearer there now, it is very dark. The moon has already set, or perhaps, it hasn't risen yet. Anyway it's pretty dark outside.

Tonight, I caught the 9:35 train to Aomori at Sendai. It's now 9:40 p.m., just a few minutes after I said goodbye to my cousins and aunt (my father's sister).

Since I last wrote to you, I've been

having a busy time. I left Moji for Tokyo
on the 6th of December, 11 p.m., and arrived
in Kyoto the following morning where I was
met by Minoru Shinoda.

Minoru and I then went to Onishi's
place and left Mrs. McAllister's fan. He said
that if he could find any bones or bamboo that
would fit the fan (which is a very unusual type
made in China) he would do it. He also said
that if he couldn't repair it, no one else could.
Then Minoru and I left for Kara where
we visited the wood-carvers. Mr. Somekawa has
a shop in the business district while Mr.
Imanishi is located in the park near Mikasayama.
Mr. Somekawa has a shop which appears more
refined and expensive.

They both treated us fine, Mr. Somekawa
giving us coffee and Mr. Imanishi serving us

tea and cakes. When we left Mr. Imairishi gave us some post cards and a cigarette holder made from the deer horns.

That same evening, December 7th, I left for Tokyo. Early that morning I mailed some Xmas cards to America, including yours. I hope it reached you in time. I am saving my Xmas gifts until later, darling. I do hope you don't mind.

I arrived in Tokyo on the 8th. That afternoon (Saturday, I believe) I walked around Kanda around the book stores. I bought Inazo Nitobe's "Bushido" for ¥1.80 and Onoie Hariss's "Tales of Old Japan" for ¥1.30. They were second ~~hand~~ hand, of course, so much cheaper than at Masuzen or at the Kobe book store. However, I plan to buy some more at Kobe and Tokyo.

That night, I ate dinner with Masami Yamakawa, my cabin mate on the Kamakura Maru, at Fujiya in Ginza. We had pretty good steak there for ¥1.20. Whenever I eat out with someone, I wished that that someone was someone who lived on Hanjō Street. Somehow I just can't enjoy a meal fully without that someone opposite me.

The following day, Sunday, I slept late at my aunt's home in Asagaya, then I saw ~~some~~ news reels at small news cinema in Shinjuku. That night I met Jim Kiji and we had dinner at the Florida Kitchen near Ginza. We had chicken ~~macaroni~~ macaroni for 50 sen. Very cheap but very good.

Then we walked around Ginza, then parted.

The next day, Monday, December 10th, I left Utsunomiya Station (10 a.m.) for Sendai where my aunt, whom I had never seen, lives. I reached Sendai at 4:35 p.m. where I was met by my uncle and several of my cousins. In order that I recognize my relatives, my father had sent them a white banner with my name written in English. They were waving it at the station as I recognized them immediately.

We then street-carred to their home where I met my aunt for the first time. That night I spent at her home, Mrs. Naoji Suzuki.

The next day it snowed for the first time in Sendai this winter. It was very cold and windy. That afternoon we took an electric train to Matsushima, my aunt, her 5 year old daughter, my grand mother and my cousin of about 18.

It snowed all the way to Matsushima.

The nationally famed park was beautiful in its serene white blanketed scenery. All the myriads of pine covered islands stood out majestically in the distance, snow glistening from the tree tops. Matsushima might be more beautiful in the spring and summer but it breath taking in winter — especially the first snow of winter — to me, at least.

That night we went to Ishinomaki, about 1 1/2 hours from Sendai which goes through Matsushima (the train, I mean).

There for the first time I met my father's relatives, including his father. There were plenty of them. His brothers and sisters must be quite few for I saw a lot of them.

That was also the first taste of country life for me, though I admit I was treated like

a being, and not like one of them.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was already up, bright and warm. When I looked out, it was white all over for it had snowed that the night before. The rice mountains ~~the~~ ~~the~~ were snow covered and presented a beautiful sight. I took some pictures - my first snow scenes. I wonder how they came out? I also tried out my yellow filter and sun shade which I bought in Tokyo on Saturday. I hope they weren't failures.

That afternoon - which is today by the way, I left for Sendai and thence to the station where I ~~was~~ caught this train I'm now on for Aomori where my mother's brother is now living.

I plan to visit Hokkaido and then return on the other route, thus completely

including Japan proper, tax has, paid a

I'll send this letter here and mail it
to you. Henceforth I'll be writing and
mailing you letters every three or four days
so that when you receive them some might
come ahead or behind the others. I'll number them so that you won't
read the others first. I'll begin with this.
The number or mark will be on the back of the
envelope.

I've been away five days now, I
guess a letter from you is waiting for me
when I get back. How I wish I could receive
a letter every day from you. But that is
asking the impossible, is it not? I read and reread
your letters every so often.

Sayonara

Dear

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國
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Tomoye Nozawa
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U. S. A



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