

December 18, 1939

11 a.m. on train

Tomoye

Between Shiojiri (Nagano-ken) and Nagoya.
I believe that the last time I wrote you
was when I was on a train from Asahi to Tokyo.

Just before I arrived at Ueno Station in
Tokyo, mother nature decided to display her splendor
to occupants on the train — it was dawn — the
sun arose majestically and cast its rays toward
us. In so doing she lit Fuji-san, which rose
regally in the distance. It was a spectacle that
can't be described in words.

That night, Friday, I met Jun Aisai. We
had dinner together. Before I met him, however, I
tramped around Yokohama with my cousin, Mrs.
Hisako Gomi — about 22 yrs. We went to Benten-
dori and window shopped. Seeing many objects which

As I attracted my family I decided to purchase some before
returning to San Francisco. I liked the silks, wools,
and silver wares, not to mention a hundred and
my things (we can't say) in joint market

The next day, Saturday, I returned to
Yokohama alone and purchased Mr. Chappari's
silk — pure and hard to obtain during these
trying times — a beautiful black kimono with
chrysanthemum flowers as designs for his
mother — the dainty long flowing petalled "Kiku-
hana. And for Mr. Chappari I bought a bath
robe — navy blue — which I believe will like.
Both of them altogether cost slightly over 50 Yen.
The reason why silk goods is cheap (relatively
speaking) in Yokohama is because there is
plenty of the old stock left — as they say. Now
in Tokyo (Ginza) the same material would cost
insidiously more, I am told. This is because

There is not much domestic demand for such goods
 sold in Yokohama — at least, in Benten-dou —
~~because~~ because they do not suit the Japanese
 temperament nor the styles. Thus, for the same
 kimono that I purchased for Mrs. Chappari made
 of the same kind of silk, it would cost at least
 10 or 20 yen more in Ginza or elsewhere in
 Japan. Mr. Chappari's bathrobe is designed
 with the Japanese character (good luck, or
 some thing) that is as commonly seen in Chinatown
 in San Francisco. I'm sure he'll like it.

And, darling, I bought the wonder fullest
~~scar~~ mufflers — two of them. They're of pure
 silk, soft and warm, and ~~are~~ have Japanese
 country life scenes printed on them. I purchased
 a brown and navy blue one — costing 11 yen for
 the pair. Perhaps I'll get more before I return
 as presents. I'll get some "furoshiki" of similar

designs for you, darling, to use as a card.

~~Sunday~~ Saturday night, Jun and I had dinner with Maki Ichizono in a Ginja restaurant. This was the first time I met her since we landed in Japan last October. Then we "gin-bura"ed for several hours.

Yes, Saturday was quite a day for me - shopping in Yokohama and dining with the two friends.

Oh, yes, dear - I went dancing at the Florida Dance hall Friday night with Jun. I just wanted to go there just once for old time's sake. It was the same old place and same type of social life. But this time I didn't get so much fun out of dancing with the taxi dancers. They were good, all right, but that's all. No personal appeal. I guess when I return to San Francisco, I'll feel much better when I'm

dancing with you. You might think you aren't a very good dancer, but I can at least say that you were better than the professionals in Tokyo - the three or four that I danced with. They just didn't have your rhythm and lightness.

I received your letter which sailed on the Tatsuta (Ruby Fujita) when I returned to Tokyo. My father had sent it to Asagaya thinking that I might want to read it as quickly as possible. Nice of him.

I enjoyed your letter immensely. I get a thrill whenever I receive one and another thrill when I start reading it and then another thrill when I re-read it. Gosh, your don't know how welcome news from you is, darling.

I came home around 12 midnight (Friday) from the Florida Dance Pavilion and found your letter waiting for me. I was more than delighted.

I read it in bed, just before going to sleep so that

I would have you on my mind all during the
night and in my dreams.

Your practice "New Year Greetings" were
wonderful. My relatives were amazed at your
fine drawings and "oshiji". I felt so proud.

I thank you so much for the drawings. They
are very interesting.

And thank you for your photograph,
and your notes. Both of you look very well and
lovely. I noticed that both of you took off your
glasses. You look good with or without glasses.
My aunt, after carefully scrutinizing your
snapshot, said that you looked to be a sincere
and charming person and that you look so capable
and poised that she would not be afraid of my
being far away from her, knowing that you
are such a capable person as you will be near me.

She also said that you'll make a better man out of me - I being no "nonkie" She was full of compliments. If your picture can do such wonders, I wish my aunt and folks can see you in person.

On Sunday afternoon I decided to go to Kamisawa - a hot spring resort in Nagano-ken. I missed the train which left in the afternoon so I browsed around Shinjuku all afternoon and evening before leaving on the 10:45 p.m. from Shinjuku. On my way I passed through Yamanashi-ken - but I did not see anything of it since I slept all the way. I arrived in Kamisawa at 6 a.m. It was still dark then.

My mother and her folks come originally from Nagano-ken - near Lake Saw Tsuwa, near Kamisawa. It is a beautiful place surrounded by high mountains. Kamisawa is a favorite winter resort, having a hot spring, ice skating on Lake Tsuwa and skiing in the

mountains. I suppose you Yamashiro-kan is

of a similar "order" as yours. — I am from
where. My mother's side is of samurai stock, but
my father is of peasant origin. He is the only one
in his family who has gone out of Perhai to make
a name for himself. His family does farming in
a pretty large scale.

When I arrived in Kamisawa I went to the
Yonagisa-ryokan which has a ~~both~~ hot
spring bath. It was the first of its kind that
I visited. I stayed there a few hours, ate my
break fast, then left for Nagoya.

At Kamisawa I bought 5 "chira-kaba"
art works. They charged me 7.50 yen, which was
very reasonable. They'll make well hanging
on the walls of our home, darling, if we don't
give them away. They'll bring a nice fortune
if we decide to sell them.

I shall study Japanese earnestly for me
full month, darling. I know that you are rather
disappointed in my desire to ~~read~~ return to
San Francisco so early. I might take your advice
and stay another month in Japan if I do not
master a reading knowledge of Japanese. I am
picking up a fairly passable vocabulary while I
travel up and down the island of Honshu. I have
to be able to read some Japanese in order to get on the
proper trains at the stations. Through necessity I am
learning my Japanese language. After I settle down
in Moji I plan to study about 5 hrs daily. I hope
to finish the grammar grades in that time. ~~ent~~
I do hope that I prove not too ~~truly~~
disappointing to you when I return next
February. However, if I am not up on my ~~what~~
Japanese written language at that time I shall stay
here another month.

I'll try & my best to get that camphor chest
for you from Korea. We can get most things through
Moji duty free, but we had not rely on that. It is
specially trying at present because of the
emergency and the custom officials are now
stricter. By the time this letter reaches you,
it'll be too late for you to answer me, so please
rest assured that I will obtain that camphor
chest for you before I return. Since you won't
need the "Tansen" just yet I will not buy it,
darling. They are rather expensive nowadays,
since wood is scarce and since labor is higher.
The man-woman ratio in Japan Proper is
about 3-1 in favor of the females. So you
can imagine how scarce man power is in Japan
today. Women are now seen in many places, taking
the place of their husbands and brothers.

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I plan to visit the umbrella makers today.

I will arrive in Gifu around 4:30 p.m. I'll have to locate them in the dark, I guess.

I have the two pictures with me you wanted me to give them — Mr. Takekoshi and Takahashi. Afterwards I am going directly to Moji where my parents are waiting for me.

I'll mail this letter in Nagoya today.

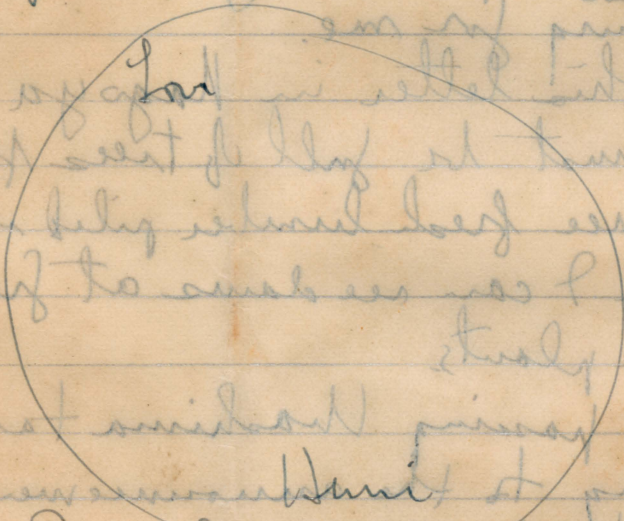
This route must be full of trees for at every station I can see fresh lumber piled up — huge ones too. And I can see dams at frequent intervals. Also power plants.

I am now passing Washima Taira's birth place, according to the announcement of the guide on this train. We are passing continuously through deep gorges and ravines. It is beautiful here. This vicinity compares with Yosemite.

The rooftops are covered with heavy rocks.

I guess it must be quite windy around here. They look like slate roofs, not tiled, entirely different from those seen in Tokyo and Kansai.

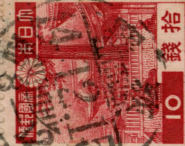
I shall be writing again in a few days.



P.S. I am also sending you the papers that I bought while traveling. They might be interesting. I can't buy papers every day since I can't get them in the smaller cities. — Hemi.

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