



Ruth Tanbara Papers

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宇美省



THE NIPPON AIRLINE CO.

August 15, - October 3

The Nippon Airline Co. Ltd. 1000 St. Paul

St. Paul, Alaska

St. Paul, Japan

From New York via Tokyo Motor Coach

Adventure Tour (Japan Tourist Bureau)

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul - New York - Tokyo

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul - New York via the Inland Sea

St. Paul

St. Paul - New York via the Inland Sea

St. Paul

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St. Paul



1964
THE TANBARA ORIENT TOUR

August 28, - October 3

Via Northwest Airlines Fan Jet from St. Paul
Chicago
Anchorage, Alaska
Tokyo, Japan
Nikko Five Day Tokaido Motor Coach
Kamakura Adventure Tour (Japan Tourist
Hakone Bureau)
Shizuoka
Hamamatsu
Nagoya
Yokkaichi
Kashikojima - Ago Bay - Toba
Matsusaka
Kyoto
Takarazuka
Kobe by Steamer through the Inland Sea
Beppu
Shimabara by Motor Coach via Unzen
Nagasaki Nippon Airlines
Osaka Civil Air Transport
Taipeh, Taiwan " " "
Hong Kong, Kowloon "
Bangkok, Thailand - Thai International SAS
Honolulu, Hawaii Japan Airlines
San Francisco, California
St. Paul, Minn. - Western Airlines

Members of the Tour: (St. Paul, Minn.)

1. Miss Bertha Ask 699-6288
1511 Grand Ave. 55105
2. Miss Betty Bachmann 699-2594
2196 Berkeley (5)
3. Miss Gertrude Hartung 699-1890
522 Davern (16)
4. Miss Clara Hovland 488-8837
1167 California Drive
55108
5. Mrs. Evelyn Mitsch 744-1791
305 E. County Road B.
55113
6. Miss Evelyn Olson 644-3142
1468 W. Iowa 55108
7. Miss Margaret Pursley 699-5463
435 Mt. Curve 55105
8. Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds 698-8477
60 Inner Drive 55116
9. Miss Irene Tacke 646-1537
1492 Portland 55104
10. Miss Edith Wallenberg 699-9643
32 S. Finn 55105
11. Miss Lucille Wells 698-7636
1957 Stanford 55105
12. Mrs. Ruth Tanbara, Escort 222-3741
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Blvd. 226-2436
St. Paul, 55101

WHERE WE VISITED AND STAYED.

Aug. 29-30-1-2	Tokyo, Nikko, -Tokyu Ginza Hotel
Sept. 3	Hakone, Fujiya Hotel
	Miyanoshita
Sept.	Okitsu
Sept. 4	Shizuoka Yashima en
	Hamamatsu
Sept. 5	Nagoya Nagoya Kanko Hotel
Sept. 6	Yokkaichi
Sept. 7	Kashikojima Shima Kanko Hotel
Sept. 7-8-9-10-11	Matsusaka
	Kyoto Kyoto Hotel
Sept. 12 Sat.	Osaka
	Kobe Kobe International
Sept. 13	Beppu Hotel Seifu
Sept. 14	Shimabara Nampuro Inn
Sept. 15-16	Nagasaki Nagasaki Grand Hotel
Sept. 17	Osaka Osaka Grand Hotel
Sept. 18	Taipei Taipei Oriental Hotel
Sept. 19 Sat.	
20-21-22-23	Hong Kong, Miramar Hotel
	Kowloon
Sept. 24-25-26	Bangkok Hotel Royal
Sept. 27-28-29	Honolulu Reef Hotel
Sept. 30-Oct. 1-2-3	San Francisco
	St. Paul

Some members stayed on in Honolulu and visited the other Islands.

Evelyn Mitsch visited in Okinawa, Japan
Others visited in California and Washington before returning to St. Paul.

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR ADVENTURE

After many months of preparation,
The airport was our destination
The twelve of us not strangers all
From far Japan had heard the call
There were nine of us when we started out
At Anchorage three joined us with a shout
One of these was our Miss Ask
Music to her was not a task
Margaret Pursley was loaded down
She met each one with never a frown
The third was Evelyn a great little gal
To everyone here she became a good pal
And Librarian Gertrude she always looked neat
To see her scrubbed look was always a treat
Elizabeth R. . . . surprised us all for her yen
For a cold glass of beverage and good looking men
Evelyn M. scared us all and almost brought on a war. . .

A mantis for her painting is what it was for
And Edith head mistress, a shopper was she
For driving a bargain, she sure had the key
When Lucille gets dressed up in all her new clothes
And looks in the glass it will sure chase the woes
At buying our Clara was second to none
To see all her purchases was very much fun.
To have Betty with us how lucky we were
On photos and trees she knew the answers for sure
Our feeling for Ruth cannot be expressed
By her and her plans we sure have been blessed
In her gentle way she's done every possible thing
To make things so easy and to us happiness bring
And about her tours we now want to say
May she have many others in the good U.S.A.
And if you think this sounds kind a wackey
Blame it all on

I.M.Tacke

IMPRESSIONS. . . .

TOKYO.

Tokyo is a fascinating place. The first time I went on the street and could not read or speak the language I felt lost. That did not hamper us as three of us found the fish market. There we saw things from the ocean we had never heard of. Many pictures were taken.

The highlight was a dinner party at a private Business Men's Club which we were taken by Ruth's relatives, an artist was present and painted a picture for each of us. There was music and Japanese dances for entertainment.

I also found the Hotel maids very honest as I left my bill fold in room 503. It was returned to me several days later after leaving Tokyo with everything intact.

The city is building like mad getting ready for the Olympics.

Margaret Pursley

9-29-64

FUJIYA HOTEL Miyanoshita, Japan 1964 Sept. 3,
on the Tokaido Adventure Tour.

We had lunch about 3 p.m. at Oiso Long Beach Hotel and continued our journey by taking a boat ride across Lake Hakone.

We expected to see Mt. Fuji, but it was cloudy, hazy and foggy and even the guide was not sure in which direction to tell us to look.

After crossing the Lake we came to the Rope way Ferry Station and walked up many steps to the Fujiya Hotel, one of the oldest Western style Hotels built in 1873. It was quite ornate inside with much wood work exquisitely carved, especially the dining room with many figures of animals around the ceiling moulding.

After dinner, we all went our own ways. Evelyn Mitsch to her sketching of the garden, trees and waterfalls. Others to a shopping area not far from the Hotel to try their luck at fishing for pearls and Betty and I ascended the red carpeted wide stairway upstairs to our suite. Yes, we drew what seemed to be the Royal Suite, besides the bedroom, a living room with Oriental rug, velvet drapes, marble top tables and beautifully carved furniture.

In the morning, we drove through Hakone National Park, but still could not see Mt. Fuji.

We will have to return another time.

Clara Hovland

9-25-64

SEPTEMBER 3, 1964

...Elizabeth Reynolds.

On this day we began the "TOKAIDO ADVENTURE" Tour by motor coach. Added to our number was a memorable Australian wanderer, and a Dr. and his wife from California, a friendly fine trio from South Africa.....a father, mother and daughter Fazila Cassimjee. Ruth's relatives and friends wished us well which was delightful to us as their welcome on our arrival in the middle of the night on Sept. 28 or was it the 29th? (we lost one day crossing the date line).

Our drive on the new highway, which gave us an occasional view of the Pacific, was mostly a view of manufacturing plants, business places and houses at Kamakura the 144ft. Buddha. . . demanded much picture taking.

Tea and French pastry was served after a trip through the Hitachi Electric Plant.....saw TV and micro Transistors being assembled. Lunch, Japanese style at the Oiso Hotel.

Then we zig-zagged up mountainous slopes, viewing crops ranging from rice on the lowlands, to tea and citrus fruits, bamboo trees and pine trees planted so they looked like sentinels marching up the mountains. No sight of Mt. Fuji! due to fog, mist and clouds. Fuji is only visible on average of 27 clear days a year, half visible 40 days and impossible to see 127 days. A launch ride on Lake Hakone, 24,000 feet up the mountains, with a big red pirate ship in the Bay. Then to the Fujiya Hotel for overnite. Red carpeted stairway, oriental rugs, carved animals in the wood paneling around walls of dining rooms, with a quiet pleasant atmosphere, comfortable huge chairs and rooms, Myna bird, Japanese garden with tinkling waterfall, beautiful gold drapes and screen in our bedroom, with sitting room adjoining. Trip down to narrow curved Main street for cultured pearls for the "cracking" of oyster shells, some good, some fair. Back to the beautiful old Hotel, few, far too short a time.

SHIZUOKA

The Japanese Inn at (Shizuura) Shizuoka will long be remembered for its native charm, the warmth and friendliness of the personnel, its simplicity of decor. In spite of the simplicity there was no feeling of austerity. In our room, one wall had a beautiful Japanese print mounted on a scroll, while below a vase held a single chrysanthemum. In addition to the Main Room, there was a lanai facing a garden, and a Japanese bath with a deep sunken tub. We slept that night on the floor, quite comfortable on soft bed rolls, everything was immaculately clean, shoes were not worn in the building, and even the scuffs provided were left off before entering the matting-floored rooms.

Dinner and breakfast were served Japanese style, guests clad in Kimonos and in most instances feet stuck out straight before them. The tables were set up u-shape so we had a good view of the other fellow's feet. Food was delicious, served by the slim limber Japanese girls who seemed to drop to their knees and rise again without effort.

Japanese homes make full use of every bit of space, and this is apparently true of the Inns as well. An early riser discovered a number of bed rolls on the floor of the Dining Room before breakfast.

I carried away with me a picture of charm, and an appreciation of the warmth and friendliness of the Japanese people.

Evelyn Olson

KYOTO. . .

In no other place in the world is there a city like Kyoto. Ever since its founding in 794, it has been the intellectual, artistic, and religious center of the Japanese Empire! For more than a thousand years, until 1868, it was the capital of Japan, and during the war, it was not bombed because of its cultural importance.

In our short stay there, we visited a few of the places of interest. At the Golden Pavilion, we could recall the glory of Japanese artistocracy; feel the calm and peace in the beautiful simplicity of the Stone Garden; see the enormous Torii gate at the Heian Shrine built to commemorate the founding of the Capital of Kyoto.

We learned about Japanese silk, and saw the outstanding gardens of which Kyoto is famous for; and saw, in the very heart of the city, the Old Imperial Palace. To many of you this was probably just another city in your travels in the Orient, but to me it was the focal point of the whole trip.

To be able to kneel in front of Chokugai Tanomura (Sensi) and feel his quiet dignity, to watch the brush of the great great grandson of an artist who had actually painted on the walls of the Imperial Palace was a dream come true.

To see the book of paintings in miniature and the working drawings which were actually presented to the princes was an honor that few westerners will ever experience. To shop at Kyukyodo's established in 1663 and the oldest store of its kind, where some of the great artists of Japan purchased their art materials makes me hope that some of the greatness of their art will come to me through these brushes.

(continued next page)

(visited Gion Corner one evening where the arts were demonstrated.)

Kyoto - continued.

I'm sure that you too enjoyed the Jukain Temple, Nijo Castle, Sanjusangendo Hall and the "Kyoto" Art and Craft Tour."

Meeting friends in the city, visiting a Japanese home (Mrs. Yabunouchi)*enjoying a lovely Japanese dinner in lacquer boxes, the tea ceremony and Flower Arranging with instructors were highlights which made our stay in Kyoto unforgettable.

Mrs. Yabunouchi and her family were most gracious. She is the sister of Mrs. Chizuko Ando whose daughter lives in Minneapolis.

Evelyn Mitsch

Our guide in Kyoto was Mr. Yutaka Tsuchia.

BEPPU. . .

Hotel Seifu

The misty island-studded Inland Sea lay behind us as our boat docked at Beppu. Our most vivid memory of the Inland Sea will always be the unexpected baptism experienced by Margaret and Irene. A gigantic wave drenched them to the skin with sticky salt water.

It was 9:15 p.m. and dark by the time we arrived and the lights of the city reflected in the water were beautiful.

At the Hotel Seifu. . . kimono-clad girls welcomed us and showed us to our rooms. What a room Clara and I had! Half Western-style and half Japanese, with a sunken bath! And what a view! The hotel is at the edge of the sea, and in the morning the sun rose out of the water before our eyes.

After breakfast, we drove through beautiful mountain country, and stopped at noon to eat our box lunch. That afternoon we bounced and lurched over a rough and rocky detour, through heavy traffic. The spectacular scenery, however, nearly made us forget the discomfort of the trip. Our driver did his best and we reached the ferry landing at Misumi with 18 minutes to spare. In an hour we arrived in Shimabara.

Betty Bachmann

Note: The Bus had to go via the old highway since the new one was yet to be finished and officially opened in October for the Olympics.

SHIMABARA..... Monday Sept. 14, 1964

.....Lucille Wells.
Early in the morning, we left our beautiful rooms at Beppu which overlooked the Inland sea and boarded a small bus followed by a car containing our baggage.

All day we bounced up and down through the National Forest of beautiful mountain scenery. We ate our box lunch at Kumamoto and bumped along until we reached the Ferry at Misumi where our bus was put on the Ferry. When we arrived at the farther shore of the Bay the Owner of the hotel boarded the bus and escorted us to the Sea Side Inn (Nampuro Inn), typically Japanese. Our very capable leader was presented with a bouquet of flowers from the Mayor of Shimabara and the people of the town, and at the entrance there was a sign "WELCOME TANBARA ORIENT TOUR."

It was a typical Japanese Inn most attractively furnished, screens, sliding doors, cushions, dressing room, sunken bath tubs and two rooms contained refrigerators well supplied with everything from Coca Cola to other drinks.

We donned blue and white kimonos for dinner after which two of our members with a little of the gambling spirit in them tried the slot machines. One fed it the money (Irene) and lucky Edith hit the jackpot.

Our stay overnight was delightful as the Inn was on the sea and the grounds most attractive.

After breakfast in our rooms served so efficiently by the cute Japanese maids, we bid farewell to all the maids and other personnel who came out and waved us off to our next adventure and furnishing us with pleasant memories of Japanese people.

NAGASAKI Sept. 15-16-17 Ruth Tanbara

There's nothing like having a Sister City and Nagasaki proved to be our favorite sister! From the special motor escort which met us at the city limits to the official welcome banners, the bouquet of flowers from the city, the Junior Red Cross and the YWCA...the official call on Mayor Tsutomu Tagawa and staff, the visit and tour of the A. Bomb Hospital...the perfect Tea Ceremony and the very special Japanese formal Luncheon at the famous Hukilo Restaurant... the tours by motorcoach seeing the scenic spots of the city, Madame Butterfly's house on the hill (Glovers Mansion), going up to the Mountain on the cable...the boat trip to see the Harbor...the modern aquarium, meeting Mr. K. Naruse and Mr. Suzuta Deputy Mayors, and the official staff who guided us each hour of the day ...receiving official pins designating employees of the city...the YWCA program and film showing.. the evening garden party at the Hotel with the women's groups of Nagasaki, discussion groups on education, the YWCA, College Education... Home-making, etc. All these made us "Queens" for three days.

It was interesting to learn that a YWCA was started in Nagasaki 7 months ago and they are working hard to build up membership. A Baby Sister Doll was presented by the President of the YWCA (Miss Chiyoko Tsuruta) for the St. Paul YWCA.

We visited the Chapel service at Kwassui Girls School, Edith Wallenberg and Lucille Wells spoke to the student body of the High School and Irene Tacke addressed the College Girls group.

Nagasaki will be remembered as one of the high spots of our Orient Adventure..we were on TV, in the Press, many photographs were taken and given to the group members, the Japanese Flag and the brocade of Glover's Mansion, were received as gifts. Sept. 16 will also be remembered as my Anniversary -13-

OSAKA. . .

After the royal reception at Nagasaki, we were prepared for a let down at Osaka, but the spectacular carpet of lights going ribbon-like in all directions as seen from the plane made us realize to what a large city we were coming, but not the pleasure ahead.

Although it was dark, our ride to the Hotel gave sign of the vast scale construction in this city of over 3 million people. Little evidence remained that the war had almost completely destroyed it.

Our arrival at the Osaka Grand Hotel gave us a complete surprise. Waiting were Ruth's friends... Mrs. Sumi Takeuchi, the famous Calligrapher Mr. Baisan Kawasaki who presented each of us with a fan with a sample of his work. Mine said "Green Tree and Red Flower"...which translated into something like "strong man and lovely woman."

Also a large group of YWCA women greeted and talked with us. Those I met were anxious to know my impressions of Japan. Needless to say I was laudatory to the Nth degree.

After they left, we gathered in the downstairs grill for a little going away party for Mr. Tsuchida who seemed quite overcome at our comments and the gifts. He had been a most solicitous guide.

Our only regret at leaving Osaka was that only the shops at the airport gave us a chance to spend our money.

Edith Wallenberg

Taipeh . . . Taiwan (formerly Formosa)
Taipei Oriental Hotel

Our arrival in Taipei was marked by the difference in the reception we had grown accustomed to. We finally got to the Hotel... one of the worst. (It was built in 1961 but nothing had been done to the decorating since). Ruth riding with the luggage and she and the driver were not the only life in the front seat.

On the sight-seeing tour we stopped at the Grand Hotel which was very beautiful and reportedly owned by Madame Chang Kai Shek. Then to a Handicraft Shop where we were pleasantly surprised at the merchandise...it was beautiful and well-displayed...a new store.

A couple of us were taken out by friends and after talking to them felt there was much intrigue as many items, gifts from the USA were being sold in the Black Market. At night when the shops close, stalls are set up in front of of them on the curbs and light poles are tapped and people are in business with no overhead.

While we were in Taipei almost the shortest time of any stop, we had more pictures taken due to an over-zealous photographer.

Irene Tacke

p.s. we were guests of the government of Taipei for this short stopover for the purpose of sightseeing and shopping.....the customs were over anxious to know what we had and how much we purchased there.

HONG KONG --- KOWLOON was a busy four days.....
Gertrude Hartung

As we circled over Hong Kong, my first surprise was over the many, many buildings of great height, the huge expanse of water with ships of all sizes and shapes, and, extending out into the Bay, the long landing strip which we later learned to be 8500 feet long constructed on filled in land.

Another pleasant surprise was the beauty of all the lights:--The fairyland look of Tai Pak, the floating Restaurant at Aberdeen, where we enjoyed a Chinese dinner, the lights along the hills as we drove back to the ferry and the hotel, and the glowing lights which some of us enjoyed going to the Carlton Hotel for dinner.

The next morning, tho, was quite a contrast as the buildings of glowing lights proved to be part of the resettlement project for refugees with their crowded conditions and accompanying dirt and squalor. Mrs. Tang and some of the YWCA ladies showed us their projects, the nursery schools, schools for children, the hostels, etc.

An exciting incident was at Dragon Inn when a chained monkey snatched Edith's glasses. No harm except to the tip of the bow.

Another pleasant experience was the tea in the charming Chinese apartment of Miss Tan Jen Chiu followed by a visit to Dr. Hua's home to watch an artist demonstrate his brush painting work.

The ride up the cable car to Victoria Peak offered an exciting experience especially when buildings seemed to lean like the leaning tower of Pisa. But the view from the top was superb!

Overall permeated the excitement of "doing" the shops,
16- dashing to fittings, and trying to lighten our luggage wght

BANGKOK. BERTHA ASK

Being the capital of Thailand is unique in many ways reminiscent of the Old World. Canals crisscross the city to serve transportation, drainage and sewage. Many are being filled in to widen the roads.

Boat trip on the river and the klong (canals) is one of the attractions of Bangkok and a unique experience. The canals wander through the town through orchards and paddy fields and serve the floating markets where farmers and housewives gather for the sale and purchase of food. Sanpans are heaped with vegetables--fruit--fish--cocoanuts--yes including even the butcher with chunks of beef-ducks and chickens.

Priests clad in bright yellow leave their temples at dawn in little sanpans.

Public buses are numerous as well as taxis. Rickshaws may still be seen although banned from the streets of the Capital. Rule of the road--like some European cities is "keep to the left." (we learned to bargain with the taxi drivers for the fare....a custom in Bangkok.

Labourers--men and women with sweat, hard manual labor and infinite patience--building with bare hands, toil through gruelling heat to carry their loads of sand, wet earth or clay to the construction site--barefoot--these baskets of dirt balanced on bamboo poles on either side of shoulders surely reminiscent of 200 years ago when there was no modern machinery. The building of intricate masonry set with varieties of other materials of high temples fills one with awe, when one considers the manual labor and time involved. Wrist leis of fresh Jasmine blossoms from the YWCA ladies of Bangkok and Mrs. Boonchuan Hongskrai meeting us was wonderful!

-17-

Had tea at the tropical home of Mrs. H. Link.

HONOLULU. Sept. 27-28-29

Plane was delayed in leaving Bangkok (JAL) so did not have time to stopover in Tokyo although Mr. and Mrs. Nomura, Mrs. Ando and friends were there to bid us farewell at the Haneda Airport. We had to carry our gifts on since we could not pass customs though we did go through quarantine. We waved to our friends and relatives as they stood patiently waiting in the rain after 11:30 p.m.

Almost overnight we were in Honolulu! Good to get back to the U.S.A. With the time changes, it seemed like we were always having dinner served on the planes instead of breakfast! Went through quarantine and customs. . . and rested and relaxed in the comfortable and beautiful Reef Hotel overlooking Waikiki Beach. Irene had a lovely Pent House room and mine was next door, it was lovely with a lanai facing the Ocean and we could see the ocean liners sailing by. This was the season of Trade Winds so it was cooler than usual in Honolulu. Went on a tour of the Island and saw many pineapple and sugar plantations, ate our share of delicious fresh pineapple and fresh coconut icecream...delicious! Shopped for a mu mu at the factory where mu-mu's are sewn by the dozen! Had some wonderful fruit salads and buffet meals on the Islands. Next day we went on a Tour of Pearl Harbor.

Saw friends and got a glimpse of the new Kahala Hilton Hotel, lunched with Susan there... very modern and elegant decor. . . beautiful in every way.

Farewell Party at the Willows Restaurant... attractive decor...excellent chicken...had a real gay time with "do not need anymore gifts" Dr. Teru Togasaki came with Pelarium leis and blossoms for all. -18- Ruth Tanbara

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

Young Women's Christian Association
1 MacDonnell Road
Hong Kong

Mrs. Ruth Tanbara Oct. 7, 1964
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Blvd.
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

I am now sending you the enclosed five copies of colour slides showing activities of our Association. On behalf of the Hong Kong YWCA, I wish to express to you our sincere gratitude to you for your keen interest of our work.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Miss Lee Bo Yung,
Secretary

p.s. Enclosed please also find our official receipt for your generous donations to our Child Welfare. We all appreciated your group visit and hope someday we'll meet again. Thank you so much for your letter from Bangkok. We are all busy for the launching of the Anne Black Central Building Fund Campaign. Miss Tan showed me your card which has your new building on the cover, hope some day our centre will come into reality and please visit us again.

Best Wishes
Mrs. Shuk King Tong

Letter from Mayor Tagawa. . .

NAGASAKI CITY HALL
Nagasaki, Japan

November 24, 1964

Mrs. Ruth N. Tanbara
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Boulevard
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota
U.S.A.

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

I want to thank you very much for your letter of October 10, 1964. I am most happy to know that all members of your Tour Group returned home safely from your 34 day trip in the Orient, with many valuable experiences and pleasant memories.

We are all very pleased that you visited Nagasaki and we could meet each one of you personally, thereby furthering friendship between us. Meeting with you from our Sister City St. Paul, we have really felt that there are special connections typical of sister cities. We think as though we have met our near-relatives coming from afar.

It is a great regret, however, that your stay in Nagasaki was too short to feel at home and enjoy our Nagasaki to the fullest. We are afraid that there might have been many things we could not give you satisfactorily.

Please send my very best regards to everyone of your Tour Group.

I firmly believe that your visit has further strengthened the ties of friendship between our two cities.

With my best wishes for you and all the citizens of St. Paul.

Sincerely yours,
-20- Tsutomu Tagawa, Mayor

Letter from Miss Chiyoko Tsuruta
President YWCA
Nagasaki, Japan

December 19, 1964

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

First of all I want to thank you for the nice letter of October 10 and I'm terribly sorry for having not answered it.

Your visit to Nagasaki with the group was the biggest and the most precious event in the brief history of the Y.W.C.A. The Baby may never be as great as the Big Sister, but she will surely try to grow as healthy, faithful and serving as her Big Sister.

The newsclipping made us feel very proud of the Baby Sister Doll and we almost thought we ourselves were there to witness the presentation. We, too, hope this will be the beginning of a wonderful Sister relationship between the YWCA's of St. Paul and Nagasaki.

Your YWCA World Fellowship Committee were so generous and thoughtful to send us the gift of twenty-five dollars (U.S.). With our heartfelt thanks for the gift we hope to put it in the building fund.

Most sincerely yours,

Chiyoko Tsuruta
Nagasaki, YWCA

-21-

Letter from Mrs. Alma Link . . . Bangkok,
Thailand.

Group was invited for Tea at her home. . .

"Thank you all so much for the wonderful
idea of the fan, most kind of you all. I
was so happy about it and please forgive
me for not writing to thank you before,
but life has been somewhat hectic. We had
our Y Bazaar Dec. 2. I helped in the Coffee
Stall again and have not recovered yet.

It was so nice meeting you all, please
remember me to everyone and I wish you all
a very happy Xmas and New Year. Hope to see
you again someday. Please thank Miss Pursley
for her card and cutting."

Yours sincerely,

Alma Link
25, Chitlom Lane

Letter from Mrs. Mary Ann ...

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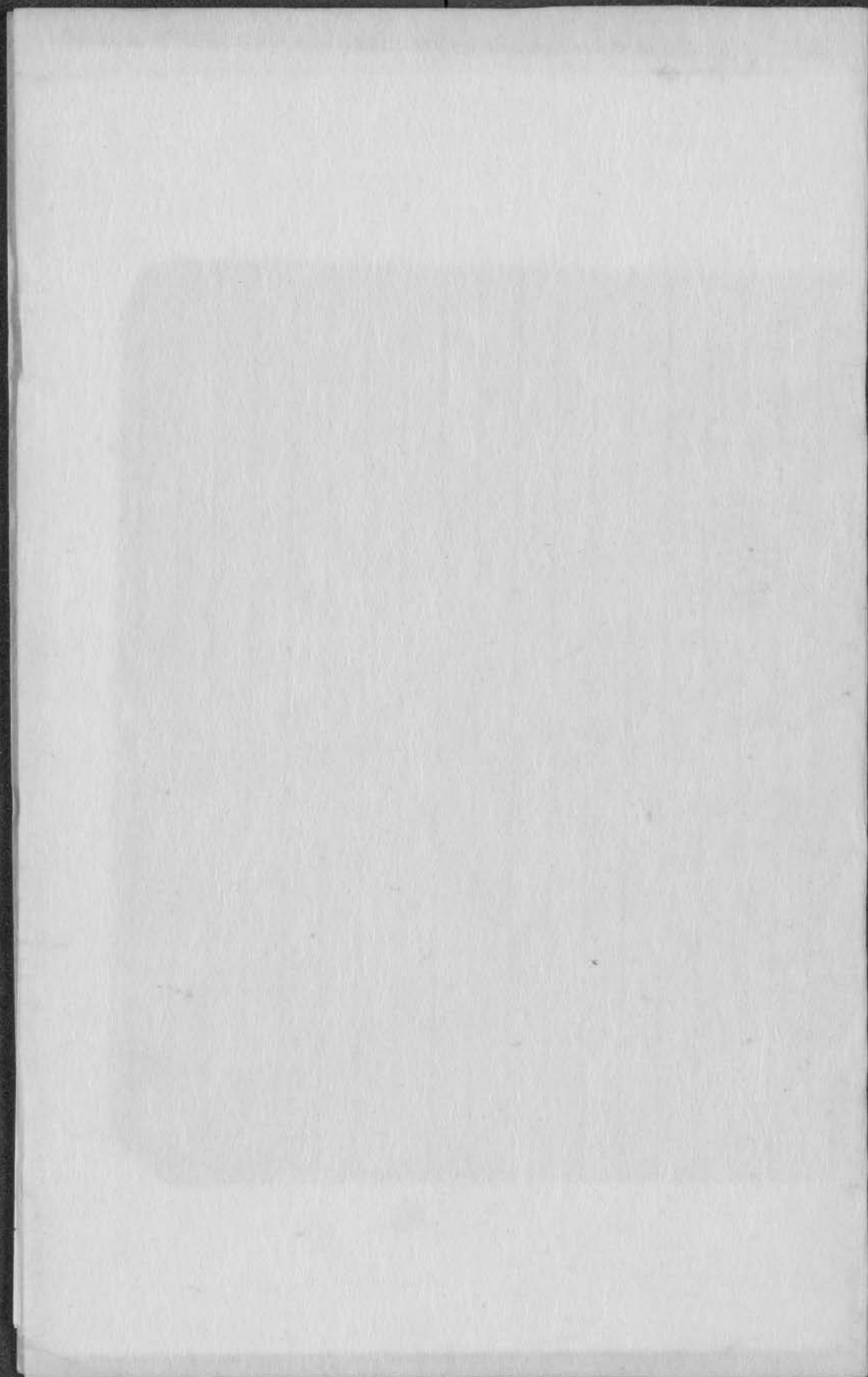
... and ...

... and ...

Guests 1967. Jan 1/67.

Mrs Mrs Horner Marwitz
Mrs Dorothy Guffels
Ludema Larson
Jan & Norman May Neigh
Louise & Robert Riehlman
Mrs Mrs Martin Dulech
Lucille Nells & Sister Dorothy
Edith Wallenberg
Margaret Pursley
Evelyn Olson & Sister Edna
Evelyn Mulech
Clara Horland
Betty Bachmann
Gertrude Harluty
Bertha Ack.
Mrs Hunt - Judy's friend
Mrs Mrs John Savage Naney, Elsie
Mary
Mrs Arley Taylor Vicki
Mary Idmuball
Gail
Ruth
Mother

Did not come
L Brewster
Lena Dudds
Lotte Lenn
Jena Jocke
E. Reynolds
Kare Ben
Mrs Bromsted
Eldi May
Barbara Swenson
Marg 2 Cassin



THE TRIP TO THE ORIENT
TRIP TO THE ORIENT

August 28 - September 30, 1964

1964

JAPAN
OKINAWA
TAIWAN
HONG KONG
BANGKOK
HONOLULU

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55108
5. Mrs. Evelyn Mitsch 744-1791
305 E. County Road B.
55113
6. Miss Evelyn Olson 644-3142
1468 W. Iowa 55108
7. Miss Margaret Pursley 699-5463
435 Mt. Curve 55105
8. Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds 698-8477
60 Inner Drive 55116
9. Miss Irene Tacke 646-1537
1492 Portland 55104
10. Miss Edith Wallenberg 699-9643
32 S. Finn 55105
11. Miss Lucille Wells 698-7636
1957 Stanford 55105
12. Mrs. Ruth Tanbara, Escort 222-3741
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Blvd. 226-2436
St. Paul, 55101

WHERE WE VISITED AND STAYED.

Aug. 29-30-1-2	Tokyo, Nikko, -Tokyu Ginza Hotel
Sept. 3	Hakone, Fujiya Hotel
	Miyanoshita
Sept.	Okitsu
Sept. 4	Shizuoka Yashima en
	Hamamatsu
Sept. 5	Nagoya Nagoya Kanko Hotel
Sept. 6	Yokkaichi
Sept. 7	Kashikojima Shima Kanko Hotel
Sept. 7-8-9-10-11	Matsusaka
	Kyoto Kyoto Hotel
Sept. 12 Sat.	Osaka
	Kobe Kobe International
Sept. 13	Beppu Hotel Seifu
Sept. 14	Shimabara Nampuro Inn
Sept. 15-16	Nagasaki Nagasaki Grand Hotel
Sept. 17	Osaka Osaka Grand Hotel
Sept. 18	Taipei Taipei Oriental Hotel
Sept. 19 Sat.	
20-21-22-23	Hong Kong, Miramar Hotel
	Kowloon
Sept. 24-25-26	Bangkok Hotel Royal
Sept. 27-28-29	Honolulu Reef Hotel
Sept. 30-Oct. 1-2-3	San Francisco
	St. Paul

Some members stayed on in Honolulu and visited the other Islands.

Evelyn Mitsch visited in Okinawa, Japan.

Others visited in California and Washington before returning to St. Paul.

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR ADVENTURE

After many months of preparation,
The airport was our destination
The twelve of us not strangers all
From far Japan had heard the call
There were nine of us when we started out
At Anchorage three joined us with a shout
One of these was our Miss Ask
Music to her was not a task
Margaret Pursley was loaded down
She met each one with never a frown
The third was Evelyn a great little gal
To everyone here she became a good pal
And Librarian Gertrude she always looked neat
To see her scrubbed look was always a treat
Elizabeth R. . . . surprised us all for her yen
For a cold glass of beverage and good looking men
Evelyn M. scared us all and almost brought on a war. . .

A mantis for her painting is what it was for
And Edith head mistress, a shopper was she
For driving a bargain, she sure had the key
When Lucille gets dressed up in all her new clothes
And looks in the glass it will sure chase the woes
At buying our Clara was second to none
To see all her purchases was very much fun.
To have Betty with us how lucky we were
On photos and trees she knew the answers for sure
Our feeling for Ruth cannot be expressed
By her and her plans we sure have been blessed
In her gentle way she's done every possible thing
To make things so easy and to us happiness bring
And about her tours we now want to say
May she have many others in the good U.S.A.
And if you think this sounds kind a wackey
Blame it all on

I.M.Tacke

IMPRESSIONS. . . .

TOKYO.

Tokyo is a fascinating place. The first time I went on the street and could not read or speak the language I felt lost. That did not hamper us as three of us found the fish market. There we saw things from the ocean we had never heard of. Many pictures were taken.

The highlight was a dinner party at a private Business Men's Club which we were taken by Ruth's relatives, an artist was present and painted a picture for each of us. There was music and Japanese dances for entertainment.

I also found the Hotel maids very honest as I left my bill fold in room 503. It was returned to me several days later after leaving Tokyo with everything intact.

The city is building like mad getting ready for the Olympics.

Margaret Pursley

9-29-64

FUJIYA HOTEL Miyanoshita, Japan 1964
on the Tokaido Adventure Tour. Sept. 3,

We had lunch about 3 p.m. at Oiso Long Beach Hotel and continued our journey by taking a boat ride across Lake Hakone.

We expected to see Mt. Fuji, but it was cloudy, hazy and foggy and even the guide was not sure in which direction to tell us to look.

After crossing the Lake we came to the Rope way Ferry Station and walked up many steps to the Fujiya Hotel, one of the oldest Western style Hotels built in 1873. It was quite ornate inside with much wood work exquisitely carved, especially the dining room with many figures of animals around the ceiling moulding.

After dinner, we all went our own ways. Evelyn Mitsch to her sketching of the garden, trees and waterfalls. Others to a shopping area not far from the Hotel to try their luck at fishing for pearls and Betty and I ascended the red carpeted wide stairway upstairs to our suite. Yes, we drew what seemed to be the Royal Suite, besides the bedroom, a living room with Oriental rug, velvet drapes, marble top tables and beautifully carved furniture.

In the morning, we drove through Hakone National Park, but still could not see Mt. Fuji.

We will have to return another time.

Clara Hovland

9-25-64

SEPTEMBER 3, 1964

...Elizabeth Reynolds.

On this day we began the "TOKAIDO ADVENTURE" Tour by motor coach. Added to our number was a memorable Australian wanderer, and a Dr. and his wife from California, a friendly fine trio from South Africa.....a father, mother and daughter Fazila Cassimjee. Ruth's relatives and friends wished us well which was delightful to us as their welcome on our arrival in the middle of the night on Sept. 28 or was it the 29th? (we lost one day crossing the date line).

Our drive on the new highway, which gave us an occasional view of the Pacific, was mostly a view of manufacturing plants, business places and houses at Kamakura the 144ft. Buddha. . . demanded much picture taking.

Tea and French pastry was served after a trip through the Hitachi Electric Plant.....saw TV and micro Transistors being assembled. Lunch, Japanese style at the Oisa Hotel.

Then we zig-zagged up mountainous slopes, viewing crops ranging from rice on the lowlands, to tea and citrus fruits, bamboo trees and pine trees planted so they looked like sentinels marching up the mountains. No sight of Mt. Fuji! due to fog, mist and clouds. Fuji is only visible on average of 27 clear days a year, half visible 40 days and impossible to see 127 days. A launch ride on Lake Hakone, 24,000 feet up the mountains, with a big red pirate ship in the Bay. Then to the Fujiya Hotel for overnite. Red carpeted stairway, oriental rugs, carved animals in the wood paneling around walls of dining rooms, with a quiet pleasant atmosphere, comfortable huge chairs and rooms, Myna bird, Japanese garden with tinkling waterfall, beautiful gold drapes and screen in our bedroom, with sitting room adjoining. Trip down to narrow curved Main street for cultured pearls for the "cracking" of oyster shells, some good, some fair. Back to the beautiful old Hotel, few, far too short a time.

SHIZUOKA

The Japanese Inn at (Shizuura) Shizuoka will long be remembered for its native charm, the warmth and friendliness of the personnel, its simplicity of decor. In spite of the simplicity there was no feeling of austerity. In our room, one wall had a beautiful Japanese print mounted on a scroll, while below a vase held a single chrysanthemum. In addition to the Main Room, there was a lanai facing a garden, and a Japanese bath with a deep sunken tub. We slept that night on the floor, quite comfortable on soft bed rolls, everything was immaculately clean, shoes were not worn in the building, and even the scuffs provided were left off before entering the matting-floored rooms.

Dinner and breakfast were served Japanese style, guests clad in Kimonos and in most instances feet stuck out straight before them. The tables were set up u-shape so we had a good view of the other fellow's feet. Food was delicious, served by the slim limber Japanese girls who seemed to drop to their knees and rise again without effort.

Japanese homes make full use of every bit of space, and this is apparently true of the Inns as well. An early riser discovered a number of bed rolls on the floor of the Dining Room before breakfast.

I carried away with me a picture of charm, and an appreciation of the warmth and friendliness of the Japanese people.

Evelyn Olson

KYOTO. . .

In no other place in the world is there a city like Kyoto. Ever since its founding in 794, it has been the intellectual, artistic, and religious center of the Japanese Empire! For more than a thousand years, until 1868, it was the capital of Japan, and during the war, it was not bombed because of its cultural importance.

In our short stay there, we visited a few of the places of interest. At the Golden Pavilion, we could recall the glory of Japanese artistocracy; feel the calm and peace in the beautiful simplicity of the Stone Garden; see the enormous Torii gate at the Heian Shrine built to commemorate the founding of the Capital of Kyoto.

We learned about Japanese silk, and saw the outstanding gardens of which Kyoto is famous for; and saw, in the very heart of the city, the Old Imperial Palace. To many of you this was probably just another city in your travels in the Orient, but to me it was the focal point of the whole trip.

To be able to kneel in front of Chokugai Tanomura (Sensi) and feel his quiet dignity, to watch the brush of the great great grandson of an artist who had actually painted on the walls of the Imperial Palace was a dream come true.

To see the book of paintings in miniature and the working drawings which were actually presented to the princes was an honor that few westerners will ever experience. To shop at Kyukyodo's established in 1663 and the oldest store of its kind, where some of the great artists of Japan purchased their art materials makes me hope that some of the greatness of their art will come to me through these brushes.

(continued next page)

(visited Gion Corner one evening where the arts were demonstrated.)

Kyoto - continued.

I'm sure that you too enjoyed the Jukain Temple, Nijo Castle, Sanjusangendo Hall and the "Kyoto" Art and Craft Tour."

Meeting friends in the city, visiting a Japanese home (Mrs. Yabunouchi)*enjoying a lovely Japanese dinner in lacquer boxes, the tea ceremony and Flower Arranging with instructors were highlights which made our stay in Kyoto unforgettable.

Mrs. Yabunouchi and her family were most gracious. She is the sister of Mrs. Chizuko Ando whose daughter lives in Minneapolis.

Evelyn Mitsch

Our guide in Kyoto was Mr. Yutaka Tsuchia.

BEPPU. . .

Hotel Seifu

The misty island-studded Inland Sea lay behind us as our boat docked at Beppu. Our most vivid memory of the Inland Sea will always be the unexpected baptism experienced by Margaret and Irene. A gigantic wave drenched them to the skin with sticky salt water.

It was 9:15 p.m. and dark by the time we arrived and the lights of the city reflected in the water were beautiful.

At the Hotel Seifu. . . kimono-clad girls welcomed us and showed us to our rooms. What a room Clara and I had! Half Western-style and half Japanese, with a sunken bath! And what a view! The hotel is at the edge of the sea, and in the morning the sun rose out of the water before our eyes.

After breakfast, we drove through beautiful mountain country, and stopped at noon to eat our box lunch. That afternoon we bounced and lurched over a rough and rocky detour, through heavy traffic. The spectacular scenery, however, nearly made us forget the discomfort of the trip. Our driver did his best and we reached the ferry landing at Misumi with 18 minutes to spare. In an hour we arrived in Shimabara.

Betty Bachmann

Note: The Bus had to go via the old highway since the new one was yet to be finished and officially opened in October for the Olympics.

-11-

SHIMABARA.... Monday Sept. 14, 1964

.....Lucille Wells.
Early in the morning, we left our beautiful rooms at Beppu which overlooked the Inland sea and boarded a small bus followed by a car containing our baggage.

All day we bounced up and down through the National Forest of beautiful mountain scenery. We ate our box lunch at Kumamoto and bumped along until we reached the Ferry at Misumi where our bus was put on the Ferry. When we arrived at the farther shore of the Bay the Owner of the hotel boarded the bus and escorted us to the Sea Side Inn (Nampuro Inn), typically Japanese. Our very capable leader was presented with a bouquet of flowers from the Mayor of Shimabara and the people of the town, and at the entrance there was a sign "WELCOME TANBARA ORIENT TOUR."

It was a typical Japanese Inn most attractively furnished, screens, sliding doors, cushions, dressing room, sunken bath tubs and two rooms contained refrigerators well supplied with everything from Coca Cola to other drinks.

We donned blue and white kimonos for dinner after which two of our members with a little of the gambling spirit in them tried the slot machines. One fed it the money (Irene) and lucky Edith hit the jackpot.

Our stay overnight was delightful as the Inn was on the sea and the grounds most attractive.

After breakfast in our rooms served so efficiently by the cute Japanese maids, we bid farewell to all the maids and other personnel who came out and waved us off to our next adventure and furnishing us with pleasant memories of Japanese people.

NAGASAKI Sept. 15-16-17 Ruth Tanbara

There's nothing like having a Sister City and Nagasaki proved to be our favorite sister! From the special motor escort which met us at the city limits to the official welcome banners, the bouquet of flowers from the city, the Junior Red Cross and the YWCA...the official call on Mayor Tsutomu Tagawa and staff, the visit and tour of the A. Bomb Hospital...the perfect Tea Ceremony and the very special Japanese formal Luncheon at the famous Hukilo Restaurant... the tours by motorcoach seeing the scenic spots of the city, Madame Butterfly's house on the hill (Glovers Mansion), going up to the Mountain on the cable...the boat trip to see the Harbor...the modern aquarium, meeting Mr. K. Naruse and Mr. Suzuta Deputy Mayors, and the official staff who guided us each hour of the day ...receiving official pins designating employees of the city...the YWCA program and film showing.. the evening garden party at the Hotel with the women's groups of Nagasaki, discussion groups on education, the YWCA, College Education... Home-making, etc. All these made us "Queens" for three days.

It was interesting to learn that a YWCA was started in Nagasaki 7 months ago and they are working hard to build up membership. A Baby Sister Doll was presented by the President of the YWCA (Miss Chiyoko Tsuruta) for the St. Paul YWCA.

We visited the Chapel service at Kwassui Girls School, Edith Wallenberg and Lucille Wells spoke to the student body of the High School and Irene Tacke addressed the College Girls group.

Nagasaki will be remembered as one of the high spots of our Orient Adventure..we were on TV, in the Press, many photographs were taken and given to the group members, the Japanese Flag and the brocade of Glover's Mansion, were received as gifts. Sept. 16 will also be remembered as my Anniversary -13-

OSAKA. . .

After the royal reception at Nagasaki, we were prepared for a let down at Osaka, but the spectacular carpet of lights going ribbon-like in all directions as seen from the plane made us realize to what a large city we were coming, but not the pleasure ahead.

Although it was dark, our ride to the Hotel gave sign of the vast scale construction in this city of over 3 million people. Little evidence remained that the war had almost completely destroyed it.

Our arrival at the Osaka Grand Hotel gave us a complete surprise. Waiting were Ruth's friends... Mrs. Sumi Takeuchi, the famous Calligrapher Mr. Baisan Kawasaki who presented each of us with a fan with a sample of his work. Mine said "Green Tree and Red Flower"...which translated into something like "strong man and lovely woman."

Also a large group of YWCA women greeted and talked with us. Those I met were anxious to know my impressions of Japan. Needless to say I was laudatory to the Nth degree.

After they left, we gathered in the downstairs grill for a little going away party for Mr. Tsuchida who seemed quite overcome at our comments and the gifts. He had been a most solicitous guide.

Our only regret at leaving Osaka was that only the shops at the airport gave us a chance to spend our money.

Edith Wallenberg

Taipeh . . . Taiwan (formerly Formosa)
Taipei Oriental Hotel

Our arrival in Taipei was marked by the difference in the reception we had grown accustomed to. We finally got to the Hotel... one of the worst. (It was built in 1961 but nothing had been done to the decorating since). Ruth riding with the luggage and she and the driver were not the only life in the front seat.

On the sight-seeing tour we stopped at the Grand Hotel which was very beautiful and reportedly owned by Madame Chang Kai Shek. Then to a Handicraft Shop where we were pleasantly surprised at the merchandise...it was beautiful and well-displayed...a new store.

A couple of us were taken out by friends and after talking to them felt there was much intrigue as many items, gifts from the USA were being sold in the Black Market. At night when the shops close, stalls are set up in front of of them on the curbs and light poles are tapped and people are in business with no overhead.

While we were in Taipei almost the shortest time of any stop, we had more pictures taken due to an over-zealous photographer.

Irene Tacke

p.s. we were guests of the government of Taipei for this short stopover for the purpose of sightseeing and shopping.....the customs were over anxious to know what we had and how much we purchased there.

HONG KONG --- KOWLOON was a busy four days.....
Gertrude Hartung

As we circled over Hong Kong, my first surprise was over the many, many buildings of great height, the huge expanse of water with ships of all sizes and shapes, and, extending out into the Bay, the long landing strip which we later learned to be 8500 feet long constructed on filled in land.

Another pleasant surprise was the beauty of all the lights:--The fairyland look of Tai Pak, the floating Restaurant at Aberdeen, where we enjoyed a Chinese dinner, the lights along the hills as we drove back to the ferry and the hotel, and the glowing lights which some of us enjoyed going to the Carlton Hotel for dinner.

The next morning, tho, was quite a contrast as the buildings of glowing lights proved to be part of the resettlement project for refugees with their crowded conditions and accompanying dirt and squalor. Mrs. Tang and some of the YWCA ladies showed us their projects, the nursery schools, schools for children, the hostels, etc.

An exciting incident was at Dragon Inn when a chained monkey snatched Edith's glasses. No harm except to the tip of the bow.

Another pleasant experience was the tea in the charming Chinese apartment of Miss Tan Jen Chiu followed by a visit to Dr. Hua's home to watch an artist demonstrate his brush painting work.

The ride up the cable car to Victoria Peak offered an exciting experience especially when buildings seemed to lean like the leaning tower of Pisa. But the view from the top was superb!

Overall permeated the excitement of "doing" the shops, 16- dashing to fittings, and trying to lighten our luggage wght

BANGKOK.

..... BERTHA ASK

Being the capital of Thailand is unique in many ways reminiscent of the Old World. Canals crisscross the city to serve transportation, drainage and sewage. Many are being filled in to widen the roads.

Boat trip on the river and the klong (canals) is one of the attractions of Bangkok and a unique experience. The canals wander through the town through orchards and paddy fields and serve the floating markets where farmers and housewives gather for the sale and purchase of food. Sanpans are heaped with vegetables--fruit--fish--cocoanuts--yes including even the butcher with chunks of beef-ducks and chickens.

Priests clad in bright yellow leave their temples at dawn in little sanpans.

Public buses are numerous as well as taxis. Rickshaws may still be seen although banned from the streets of the Capital. Rule of the road--like some European cities is "keep to the left." (we learned to bargain with the taxi drivers for the fare....a custom in Bangkok.

Labourers--men and women with sweat, hard manual labor and infinite patience--building with bare hands, toil through gruelling heat to carry their loads of sand, wet earth or clay to the construction site--barefoot--these baskets of dirt balanced on bamboo poles on either side of shoulders surely reminiscent of 200 years ago when there was no modern machinery. The building of intricate masonry set with varieties of other materials of high temples fills one with awe, when one considers the manual labor and time involved. Wrist leis of fresh Jasmine blossoms from the YWCA ladies of Bangkok and Mrs. Boonchuan Hongskrai meeting us was wonderful!

-17-

Had tea at the tropical home of Mrs. H. Link.

HONOLULU.

Sept. 27-28-29

Plane was delayed in leaving Bangkok (JAL) so did not have time to stopover in Tokyo although Mr. and Mrs. Nomura, Mrs. Ando and friends were there to bid us farewell at the Haneda Airport. We had to carry our gifts on since we could not pass customs though we did go through quarantine. We waved to our friends and relatives as they stood patiently waiting in the rain after 11:30 p.m.

Almost overnight we were in Honolulu! Good to get back to the U.S.A. With the time changes, it seemed like we were always having dinner served on the planes instead of breakfast! Went through quarantine and customs. . . and rested and relaxed in the comfortable and beautiful Reef Hotel overlooking Waikiki Beach. Irene had a lovely Pent House room and mine was next door, it was lovely with a lanai facing the Ocean and we could see the ocean liners sailing by. This was the season of Trade Winds so it was cooler than usual in Honolulu. Went on a tour of the Island and saw many pineapple and sugar plantations, ate our share of delicious fresh pineapple and fresh coconut icecream...delicious! Shopped for a mu mu at the factory where mu-mu's are sewn by the dozen! Had some wonderful fruit salads and buffet meals on the Islands. Next day we went on a Tour of Pearl Harbor.

Saw friends and got a glimpse of the new Kahala Hilton Hotel, lunched with Susan there... very modern and elegant decor. . . beautiful in every way.

Farewell Party at the Willows Restaurant.. attractive decor...excellent chicken...had a real gay time with "do not need anymore gifts"
Dr. Teru Togasaki came with Pelarium leis and blossoms for all. -18- Ruth Tanbara

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

Young Women's Christian Association
1 MacDonnell Road
Hong Kong

Mrs. Ruth Tanbara Oct. 7, 1964
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Blvd.
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

I am now sending you the enclosed five copies of colour slides showing activities of our Association. On behalf of the Hong Kong YWCA, I wish to express to you our sincere gratitude to you for your keen interest of our work.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Miss Lee Bo Yung,
Secretary

p.s. Enclosed please also find our official receipt for your generous donations to our Child Welfare. We all appreciated your group visit and hope someday we'll meet again. Thank you so much for your letter from Bangkok. We are all busy for the launching of the Anne Black Central Building Fund Campaign. Miss Tan showed me your card which has your new building on the cover, hope some day our centre will come into reality and please visit us again.

Best Wishes
Mrs. Shuk King Tong

Letter from Mayor Tagawa. . .

NAGASAKI CITY HALL
Nagasaki, Japan

November 24, 1964

Mrs. Ruth N. Tanbara
YWCA 65 E. Kellogg Boulevard
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota
U.S.A.

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

I want to thank you very much for your letter of October 10, 1964. I am most happy to know that all members of your Tour Group returned home safely from your 34 day trip in the Orient, with many valuable experiences and pleasant memories.

We are all very pleased that you visited Nagasaki and we could meet each one of you personally, thereby furthering friendship between us. Meeting with you from our Sister City St. Paul, we have really felt that there are special connections typical of sister cities. We think as though we have met our near-relatives coming from afar.

It is a great regret, however, that your stay in Nagasaki was too short to feel at home and enjoy our Nagasaki to the fullest. We are afraid that there might have been many things we could not give you satisfactorily.

Please send my very best regards to everyone of your Tour Group.

I firmly believe that your visit has further strengthened the ties of friendship between our two cities.

With my best wishes for you and all the citizens of St. Paul.

Sincerely yours,

-20- Tsutomu Tagawa, Mayor

Letter from Miss Chiyoko Tsuruta
President YWCA
Nagasaki, Japan

December 19, 1964

Dear Mrs. Tanbara:

First of all I want to thank you for the nice letter of October 10 and I'm terribly sorry for having not answered it.

Your visit to Nagasaki with the group was the biggest and the most precious event in the brief history of the Y.W.C.A. The Baby may never be as great as the Big Sister, but she will surely try to grow as healthy, faithful and serving as her Big Sister.

The newsclipping made us feel very proud of the Baby Sister Doll and we almost thought we ourselves were there to witness the presentation. We, too, hope this will be the beginning of a wonderful Sister relationship between the YWCA's of St. Paul and Nagasaki.

Your YWCA World Fellowship Committee were so generous and thoughtful to send us the gift of twenty-five dollars (U.S.). With our heartfelt thanks for the gift we hope to put it in the building fund.

Most sincerely yours,

Chiyoko Tsuruta
Nagasaki, YWCA

-21-

Letter from Mrs. Alma Link . . . Bangkok,
Thailand.

Group was invited for Tea at her home. . .

"Thank you all so much for the wonderful
idea of the fan, most kind of you all. I
was so happy about it and please forgive
me for not writing to thank you before,
but life has been somewhat hectic. We had
our Y Bazaar Dec. 2. I helped in the Coffee
Stall again and have not recovered yet.

It was so nice meeting you all, please
remember me to everyone and I wish you all
a very happy Xmas and New Year. Hope to see
you again someday. Please thank Miss Pursley
for her card and cutting."

Yours sincerely,

Alma Link

25, Chitlom Lane

October 10, 1911

Dear Mr. [Name]

I have just received your letter of the 9th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you now as I have just received your letter.

THE TRIP TO THE ORIENT

August 28 - September 30, 1964

RUTH TANBARA
MARGARET PURSLEY
CLARA HOVLAND
EVELYN OLSON
EVELYN MITSCH
BERTHA ASK
EDITH WALLENBERG
GERTRUDE HARTUNG
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
IRENE TACKE
LUCILLE WELLS
BETTY BACHMANN

To Ruth -

Affectionately,

Betty

12-10-64

(Copy of my diary)

*Dana Travel Bureau
now First Metrop Travel*

Date: August 28, 1964 (Friday)

Place: St. Paul-Minneapolis Airport - to Chicago - to Anchorage, Alaska

To be so lucky to be going to the Orient! I can hardly believe it. It was exciting at the office. I left at 11 o'clock, went home and had some lunch. At 12:15 PM Ruth Tanbara and her brother picked me up. At the airport we all gathered and our luggage was checked, then our passports and vaccination certificates. Coffee was served to us in the Imperial lounge. Friends and relatives of the people were there to see them off. Some wore orchids. Evelyn Mitsch had an orchid. Lucille Wells' sister Dorothy was there and I was surprised to learn that she was her sister, because I have known her for a long time. She is with the State too.

When the plane was ready we got on and a few minutes after we were airborne we were over Minnetonka. To get the Anchorage flight, we had to go to Chicago. We were at 29,000 feet, going 650 miles an hour. It was a very short, smooth flight. We had had a good laugh at Irene Tacke's expense - she forgot her coat that she had hung up in the airport, but she remembered it in time and went back for it.

We boarded the plane for Anchorage in Chicago. First off, we were instructed on how to put on life vests in case of ditching, and were warned not to inflate them until we were out of the plane. (We'd never get through the windows?) The plane turned and we flew over Lake Michigan. The pilot announced that we were flying at 31,000 feet and that we would go over Duluth, Kenora, The Pas, and to Anchorage. We reached 31,000 in 20 minutes. Sunshine and clouds. So high we couldn't see much.

At 5:30 the stewardesses started to serve dinner. Now we were over Duluth, but we couldn't see it. At 6:20 we got a hot washcloth to wipe our hands. And waited some more for our supper. At 6:50 we were still waiting. About 7 o'clock it was served. Now we were over The Pas. Supper was very good. Red snapper, etc. By 8 PM it was a little bumpy and we had to fasten our seat belts. Now at 35,000 feet. There are 135 passengers and a crew of four on the plane. It is 9 PM by my watch, and I am wearing sun glasses. At 9:15 PM we were at 39,000 feet. By 10 PM we were over snow covered mountains. The temperature in Anchorage is 58. We landed at 10:45 PM. Anchorage time was 5:45 PM. The plane Margaret Pursley, Evelyn Olson and Bertha Ask were to come on from Seattle was late. So we waited.

we
While we waited/^{we} were taken on a bus tour of Anchorage and we saw the destruction caused by the Good Friday earthquake. Great areas sank into canyons, and houses are tilted on the edges at crazy angles. The damage is so much more extensive than we had ever imagined. Many areas are lower than they were. In the down town area the damaged buildings have been removed and there are empty lots. Bulldozers are operating all over the city, trying to level things off. Streets suddenly end in space.

At 9:15, Alaska time, Margaret, Evelyn and Miss Ask arrived. That was 2:15 AM our time. Their plane had had engine trouble. Our plane left at 11 PM - late. So we will be into Tokyo late. And Ruth's relatives were planning to meet us there.

Date: Saturday, August 29, 1964

Place: On Plane, Anchorage to Tokyo, Northwest-Orient Flight

We tried to sleep during the flight but it wasn't easy. The flight was smooth. It was warm enough, but the stewardess gave us blankets too. There were three of us, side by side, and our knees touched the seats ahead of us. They couldn't have squeezed in another person, the plane was so filled. I could see just one big star when I looked out of the window from the middle seat. After dozing somewhat we were awakened and given hot, damp washcloths for our faces and hands, and then breakfast was served. We were also given little blue plastic kits containing a toothbrush, toothpaste, a comb, emeryboard, a bottle of Lavaris, etc.

It was 9 AM by our St. Paul watches - and still pitch dark outside. The captain said we would reach Tokyo in an hour and a half - 11 AM our time, which would be 3 AM next day in Tokyo. We were given our "Application for Landing" card to fill out. We had had two nights and no daylight in between.

Date: Sunday, August 30, 1964

Place: Tokyo, Japan

We arrived about 2 AM, Tokyo time and it was Sunday. It had rained and everything was wet and steamy. Ruth's relatives, the Nomuras, were at the airport to greet her and us (at that hour!). They bowed as all true Japanese do, and it was fun to see it being done. When we arrived at the hotel, the Tokyu Ginza, they were there ahead of us, waiting to greet us again!

Everything had gone like clockwork. Customs, immigration and health went smoothly. The hotel was fine. Had a fine room. Clara and I shared the room. They were all two by two except Ruth and Irene. Edith and Getrude, Margaret and Evelyn, Evelyn and Bertha, Lucille and Elizabeth. We took a bath and went to bed - and it was now 3:20 AM. We were to be called at 7 AM.

We had breakfast in the hotel dining room at 8, then gathered for briefing by our guide of last night. On the bus tour we were joined by other people - from Pakistan, Peru, India, Israel, Venezuela and several other countries. Our first stop was at the Imperial Hotel, with its pool filled with pink and white water lilies. Then we went on to the Imperial Palace plaza and saw the wide walk and the gate in to the palace, the moat around the grounds, and the beautiful trees of all kinds. I took a picture of one of the corner watch towers. It looked like a little castle itself. All the while we traveled a pretty Japanese girl guide explained to us what we were seeing. She had beautiful teeth and she smiled much. We all liked her.

At noon we ate lunch at the famous Chinzan-so Garden Restaurant where all the food is cooked on the table. A fire is built in a sunken section of the tables and the food is cooked on steel bars laid across it. It was very hot. We had corn on the cob, green pepper, leek, onion, rhutabaga, eggplant, beef, pork, and chicken, all roasted on the table. There were many people there and each table was filled.

Below us was a lovely garden with a pool and many kinds of shrubs and trees around it. We followed the winding stone steps, and carried heavy oiled paper and bamboo parasols because it was sprinkling a little. There was a big stack of parasols all ready. On another hill just beyond, there was a pagoda reaching up to the sky.

We took pictures of the friendly pigeons which came to feed just outside the restaurant area, and also took pictures of the Japanese family, a father, mother and two little children, who also fed the pigeons. The pigeons would eat right out of the little boy's hand and he wasn't the least bit frightened.

We continued on our tour and visited a Shinto shrine after going through a huge torii. Later we visited a Buddhist temple, a huge building, where priests were chanting and turning prayer tablets. There was a crowd in the temple, about a third worshipers and the rest just visitors or tourists. It was a very ornate building, inside and out, and I wanted to take flash pictures, but after all, there were people there to whom the place was sacred. People came and prayed and purified themselves with the smoke from burners. Outside there was a small building, like a miniature temple, from which smoke issued, and people would stop and purify themselves with the smoke. We also saw a shrine where incense was burning, surrounded by red prayer banners, and which was a shrine for children.

As we continued onward, the guide told us that Tokyo covers 223 square miles. It has a population of 10 million people, which means there are 39,000 people per square mile.

The temperature was in the 90's and the humidity too. It was unusually warm for Tokyo.

We returned to the Tokyu Ginza Hotel and had a sandwich in the hotel snackbar as no one was very hungry. Afterwards we took a walk down the Ginza, which is Tokyo's Fifth Avenue. It was crowded with people, but the streets were always crowded with people, no matter what the time of day.

The girl show which we saw at the Kokysai Theater in the afternoon was simply marvelous. We had never seen anything like it. (They are patterned after the Rockettes of New York.) There are 300 Japanese girls, all pretty, all the same size, all wonderful dancers. We had planned to see the Kabuki Theater. However, that was closed. The precision dancing was especially good.

We came back to the hotel and slept well. The windows were quite interesting. On the outside were the sliding glass doors. Then a solid door which shut out the light. On the inside were other sliding doors of rice paper. We could make it dark, or we could make it opaque by using one or the other of the sliding doors. We could look down on the city but we didn't know what any of the buildings were because we couldn't read the Japanese signs. It seems very strange not to be able to read. In most of downtown Tokyo they had put up street names in English to help the visitors who will be coming for the Olympics. English is considered the universal language everywhere.

Date: Monday, August 31

Place: Tokyo - Artists, Dolls, Kimonos, Kankaso Dinner

Had breakfast in the hotel dining room about 7:30. Tonight we are invited to a Japanese dinner by Ruth's cousin, Eiichi Nomura, who is Senior Managing Director of the Teikoku Oil Co., Ltd. The dinner will be at the Kankaso Inn.

A pearl salesman and his assistant came to our hotel this morning with strands and strands of cultured pearls, very lustrous and beautiful. Several of the people bought some. They were all graduated, and I wanted just a pearl choker, all the same size, so I didn't get one from them. They also had lovely silver pins with a pearl or two on them.

Afterwards we took a cab to the Imperial Hotel arcade and shopped in the fabulous shops there. (You will hear that word "shopped" many times in the story of this trip. I think we overdid it a little, at least as far as I am concerned.) I bought a piece of rose brcade (silk, of course) and mailed it home to Erma. I had a number of requests from people at home to buy silk for them, but I may keep this piece myself. (It cost 3,550 Yen, or \$9.85.)

We went to the Terrace Cafe in the new Imperial Hotel for lunch and had a very good one, but lots of fine service, the kind you get in every country except at home it seems.

In the afternoon we saw water color painting. Then Watanabe wood block printing, which was wonderful to see. Every color is a separate printing and you can see the picture evolve. Watanabe is a very famous wood block artist. One time a representative of his was at one of our Natural History meetings and I met him at dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Rudd. At that time I didn't dream that I would ever get to Japan and see it in person.

We had an afternoon snack in an ancient palace of a Moorish prince who married a Japanese girl.

After that we visited a doll dressing and kimono factory. The dolls were beautiful and every article of clothing was made as perfectly as though for a real person. Two Japanese ladies demonstrated to us how they were made and dressed. They even make the faces, a regular ceramic job.

When we returned to the hotel after our tour Ruth's cousin, his wife and another lady were there waiting for us. It seems they were always kept waiting. Or maybe they planned to be there early. I think that was it. They came to take us to a real Japanese dinner. There were three cars for us and we had quite an exciting ride through the heavy traffic. I used to think that the Mexican taxi drivers were dare devils.

We arrived at the Inn and it was beautiful. We went inside, and the Geisha girls were sitting on the floor, waiting for us. We took off our shoes and walked on floors covered with padded woven mats. We sat on cushions on the floor, but there were back rests, and we did not have to sit on our feet. We could either put our legs to the side or under the table. And we ate with chop sticks and were glad that Ruth had trained us in the art.

There were so many courses! It was a fabulous meal. The geisha girls served and sat beside us on the floor and anticipated our every want. I sat next to Mr. Nomura and I noticed how attentive they were to him especially because he was the host. The young lady who had met us at the hotel with the Nomuras was an artist, and she painted a flower picture for each of us. Mine was a lotus blossom because I wore my sheath dress with the lotus on it. It is nice enough to frame. She painted a different flower for each person, a rose, tree peony, chrysanthemum, etc. Margaret wanted a chestnut burr (she said if it wasn't good to eat she didn't care for it, meaning flowers.) Evelyn's was bamboo, and Ruth's a bird on a branch. They were all lovely. We set them all up on a ledge in a row and it made a beautiful exhibit. Then she wrapped each picture in lovely flowered paper and gave it to us.

Two of the geishas sang and played a lute-like instrument. The girl who danced did it so gracefully and her face was so expressive. In fact the whole story was supposed to be told in the expression of her hands and her face.

Mr. Nomura had also arranged for a photographer to take pictures. He was a wonderful host. His brother and another man were there too. After the wonderful dinner there were taxis in the yard to take us back to our hotel. It was beautiful outside, with trees and shrubbery and lights.

Date: Tuesday, September 1

Place: Tokyo - to Nikko

Everybody was up bright and early because we left for Nikko at 7:15. Irene was with us at the table; she is fun. Evelyn's nephew and a friend of his were there when we came down to the lobby. They had been there since 1:30 AM - from the U. S. Air Force base 25 miles from Tokyo.

A taxi sped us to the railroad station. On the way we saw thousands upon thousands of school children going to school. The girls all wear navy blue jumpers. All men and boys wear white shirts and dark ties. No dark shirts. No colored shirts. I have never seen such white white shirts! We saw mostly young people. Japan seems to be full of young people. I understand the greater percentage of the population is under 15 years old, or something like that.

The electric train was very modern and very nice. The platform in the station was high so we could step right into the train - like in Mexico City - instead of having to step up high. Doors between cars open automatically and the washroom was very clean. There was a wash basin just outside each car. They are the cleanest people!

We passed many rice paddies or rice fields. Many apartment houses way out from Tokyo. There were 30,000 people in one such apartment house community. A million commuters go into Tokyo each day. Then came the villages of tiny houses with gray walls and dark shingles, all fluted, of tile, with the corner turned up. They do not use paint and when they do, it is creosote for preserving the wood. That is why so many Japanese landscapes are gray, with only a touch of color. It was all gray and green, looking out of the train windows. The trees are all trimmed and pruned to desired shapes. Nothing was left to grow wild.

We enjoyed the trip. There were many rice fields along the way in various stages of growth. To our left were the mountains as we went north. Many small cemeteries appeared, usually with the torii at the entrance. We arrived in Nikko, which is 2,200 feet above sea level. Up to this time we had been right down near the sea. We stopped at a hotel and from there we took a bus up the mountains. Of all the mountain roads I have seen, this was the curviest and the driver was superb. There were 33 curves to the top, which was 8,000 feet. The curves were so sharp that the vehicles had to use the other lane to make them. Of course in Japan the driving is on the left, the same as in England, Hong Kong too. At each curve there are huge round mirrors to show the driver whether there is someone coming, and there always is because these highways are always crowded. Then there are signs which tell either the down traffic or the up-going traffic to stop and let the others by in their lanes. It is tricky. And also there are signs when the drivers are to sound their horns. They are in Japanese and in sign language - jagged lines issuing from a central point. And some signs are in English.

Our trip to the top of the mountain was for the purpose of seeing the famous Kegon waterfall. It is stupendous! It falls hundreds of feet and there are numerous smaller waterfalls. An elevator took us down through the rock 300 feet so we could see the falls from near the bottom. There were many people there. Many students came in groups. Japanese students are taken to all their natural wonders, temples, etc., as a part of their education. There was one large group of native people all dressed in the same kind of kimono. We wondered whether they were pilgrims.

After going back to the top in the elevator - there were two of them, huge ones - we went to Lake Chugenji. The bus then took us back down the curves to the Nikko Kanaya Hotel for lunch. We had a wonderful lunch. While we were eating it rained a little. There were many people here. It always amazes me how large the hotels are in Japan.

Right after lunch we went to the gorgeous Toshogu Shrine. There are 23 buildings, ornately decorated. Before the war no ordinary person was allowed to go into any part of it. Now there is really only ^{one} building into which we could not go. The shrines are all surrounded by a beautiful forest of huge cryptomaria trees, more than 300 years old. They were ethereal and lovely in the misty rain. We took off our shoes before we went into the sanctuary. We also dropped our wet raincoats and umbrellas (those who had them). Picture taking was not allowed. The floors really get a polishing from all the stockinged and slippered feet. But it would be a pity to let them be scratched by shoes and dirtied.

We returned to the Nikko Kanaya Hotel in the rain and had cookies and tea. It was not the kind of rain that we minded. Just a soft gentle rain, and of course it wasn't cold.

Then the bus took us back to the train and the train took us swiftly and smoothly back through the darkness to Tokyo. What a city it is! At night with all its lights! Its size of just overwhelming.

Because it was late we ate in the snackbar as the big dining room was closed. We had some real good soup, a roll and tea. And went to our rooms and wrote up diaries, washed things, and to bed. And the beds were very good.

Date: September 2

Place: Tokyo - Shopping

Margaret, Lucille and Evelyn got up very early this morning and went to the fish market. Clare and I didn't even wake up. They said it was wonderful and wouldn't have missed it for anything. Since 67 percent of the food of Japan comes from the sea, we could imagine how the fish market looked.

After breakfast we went to the Kimono Shop, Ichi-Fuji Co. Ltd., and I bought three Happi coats (short kimonos) gold brocade for Hermine, blue for Lillian Brown and green for Dorothy Randels. Ruth's friend, Mrs. Ando, took us to the Mikimoto Pearl Shop and I bought a string of pearls, all the same size. The clasp was separate. (I had them restrung on nylon at the Oriental Shop in St. Paul.) This way we paid duty on pearls. With the clasp attached we would have paid duty on jewelry. Next we visited a department store; there aren't many of them in Oriental cities.

The Nomuros' daughter, a student at St. Sofia's University, was our guide later on. We had lunch at the New Imperial Hotel and there was a lovely style show. We would have been glad to have any of the dresses the models wore. Right after lunch we went to the International Arcade. All these arcades are shopping places. I bought a Happi coat and had it sent to Bill. Also bought other small items, such as Japanese calendars and placemats. I found a lacquer coaster set for Adele Park, which she asked me to get, and had it sent to her. It was fascinating to see all the beautiful things in the shops. The most gorgeous kimonos, very expensive; beautiful jewelry; carvings; so many things. We returned to the Tokyu Ginza Hotel about 4 o'clock, dog tired.

Two friends of Ruth's were at the hotel when we returned, and we all had supper together in the Chinese restaurant right in our hotel. One of Ruth's friends is managing editor of the English language newspaper for Tokyo. He was a very fluent talker and was interesting to listen to. We had a Chinese smorgasbord, if you can call it that. I have never seen so much food! All of it was Oriental. We fourteen were all at one big round table. When we first got down to the diningroom a man told us that the "lound" table was for us and I thought he meant "long" but it was his way of saying "round." They have trouble with their "r" and you have to get used to it.

Later in the lobby we met a handsome couple from India. We had seen them before and each time the lady wore a different sari. This time we spoke to her and pretty soon we were all talking. They were from Bombay. The man's name was Kishinchand M. Mulchandani. And before we parted they had invited us all to come to India some time to visit them. They said they had a big house and plenty of servants! We really believe they meant it too. They told us about other people they had invited, and who came, and some of them stayed several weeks. The lady's saris were beautiful. She always wore a short white blouse, and sometimes the sari would slip down in the back and you could see her brown skin between the blouse and her waist, but I guess it is all right. She always wore flat sandals and walked smoothly with no up-and-down bounce. And she wasn't skinny. Both people were very good looking.

We had had another fine day in Tokyo. All the buildings are air-conditioned, but outside it was quite warm and humid.

Date: Thursday, September 3, 1964

Place: Tokyo - to Kamakura - to Hakone

Everybody got up early so as to be ready to leave at 8:30 AM but we didn't leave until an hour later. We had a little confusion with "extras" on our bill. Ruth always checked these things for all of us.

Ruth's relatives were at the hotel to see us off. They have come every single day!

It was cloudy today but not as humid. We were on the Tokkaido Tour on the new expressway, along Tokyo Bay. We passed Hanedo Airport, where we had landed early that morning. There was so much activity all along the way. So many ships in the harbor! There are over 8,000 traffic signals in Tokyo. The subway is being expanded and in one place goes under the moat surrounding Emperor Hirohito's palace. Then we continued through mile after mile of industrial areas. Everything seems to be manufactured here. At Yokohama we saw all the ocean piers and freighters and hundreds of ships.

We stopped and visited the Okura China Company and saw the beautiful china made here, very delicate. Next we went through the Hibachi Electronics plant, where thousands of girls work on tiny transistor radios, assembling them and soldering and screwing. There were 120,000 people working in this one plant. They work 8 hours a day, 5 or 6 days a week, and must be at least 16 years old. All of them were neat and pretty. Most of them wore gloves for their work. All had such shiny dark hair. After going through the plant we were invited to come into the dining room where we sat at tables set with lovely china (everywhere in Japan we had beautiful china - not restaurant china -) and we had cream puffs, totte, and coffee or tea. Their public relations man welcomed us with a nice speech. They also took a picture of our whole group and we are supposed to receive a print - each of us. (Our guide called this a tea-blake.) Outside in the beautiful grounds, all landscaped with smooth lawns and flowers, beautiful pines and small torii, the employees sat on the grass having their lunch or playing ball.

Our next stop was at Kamakura where we saw the huge bronze Buddha cast in 1252. It weighs 210,000 pounds and is 44 feet high. It was enclosed in a temple at one time but in 1495 a tidal wave destroyed it, and the Buddha statue has been out in the open ever since. There were many visitors there, mostly Japanese. As usual, there was a long walk to the place where the Buddha sat, flights of stairs, gardens and flowers.

Then we drove past the "pleasure island" with the Pacific Ocean to our left. It was not blue. Pines had been planted thickly to hold the sandy soil. They were small and dense and stunted looking. We had our lunch at 3 PM at the Oisso Long Beach Hotel. It was a beautiful place, all glass in front, with woodblock print pines and the gray Pacific beyond. On the other side of it there were small fields and gardens. The lunch was delightful.

We continued on to the resort town of Hakone. The highway climbs up and up through the mountains. The mountains are heavily forested. We could see where trees had been cut. More trees are planted when any are harvested. I never saw such neat forests! When trees were cut they were stacked so they wouldn't roll down hill because all the forests are on the steep mountain sides. We had no chance to take pictures because all of this we saw from the moving bus.

We arrived at Hakone and had a boat trip on Lake Hakone. It reminded us of Lake Lucerne, with mountains all around. It was too cloudy for good pictures, however. We were an hour late getting here so it was after 5 o'clock. There was a great red pirate ship at the dock, and I took a picture of it. We returned to the bus and the hotel. We should have seen Mt. Fuji across Lake Hakone, but it was too cloud. People said it was "only once in a thousand days" that the air was clear enough to see it. (So we bought some slides showing Fujiyama.) We arrived at the Fujiya Hotel at Hakone just at supper time.

We were taken to our rooms, and Clara and I must have been put in the royal suite! We had never seen anything so sumptuous! A bedroom facing the living room, thick Oriental rugs, such scenery from our windows! a beautiful bath! beautiful furniture and lamps! And very spacious. From the windows we could see other wings of the hotel, and of course the beautifully pruned and shaped pines, and blue mountains beyond. The Fujiya Hotel is one of the oldest Western style hotels in Japan. The new ones, of course, are all Western style but not as ornate. The whole building was beautifully furnished. Such gorgeous rugs in all the rooms, and damask covered furniture. We just wandered around and admired everything. And pictures and statuary. And outside the lovely Japanese gardens. A broad terrace out in front under the pines, with garden furniture.

Our supper was delicious. Lucille Wells and Elizabeth Reynolds ate with Clara and me. We had consomme, fish (turbot), potatoes au gratin, chicken, etc. etc., and a fresh pear for dessert, round like an apple, but tasting just like a pear, very juicy and sweet. Afterwards we came back to our gorgeous room, took a bath, wrote cards and diaries. What a wonderful day we had had! Except for the chain-smokers in front of us in the bus, the day was fine. It was cloudy of course, which seems to be natural for Japan, and our pictures would be better if we had sunshine and blue sky.

Date: Friday, September 4

Place: Hakone - to Namura

We slept deliciously in our beautiful rooms. Only Clara's "frillikins" didn't quite dry overnight and when she sat on a pillow she left a damp spot. We laughed about it and hoped it would dry. We looked out of our windows at the misty blue mountains and the pine trees and the wings of the hotel. We put our bags outside the door so they could be picked up, and walked down the crimson-carpeted stairs and looked around the lovely rooms. The Oriental rugs were all solid color in the center - either rose or rose-red, with a border design. There were beautiful articles in the gift shop, and beautiful things in cabinets around the rooms.

The mountains go up all around, and the grounds have those graceful pines, shaped twig by twig. We had a good breakfast and then went out early to the bus so we wouldn't have to sit behind the chain smokers. They were already at it in the dining room. There were two couples, and one of the men was a doctor, but all four of them smoked continuously. They made the bus stink! I told one of the women who sat in front of us the first day that the smoke made me ill (and it did) but she didn't do anything about it, but she could see that we were avoiding them. Even standing next to them out in the open was unpleasant. They finally left our tour.

It was a lovely misty day. There was a beautiful Japanese garden with waterfalls right beside the hotel. The hotel was made up of many wings and it followed the contour of the mountain; that made all kinds of little places for plantings and gardens. There is always water. There are also hot springs in this area.

Our trip took us to the top of the mountains and we should have seen a beautiful lake but the mist was too thick. As we came down we could see the lovely small fields. Each one is so perfect. There were vegetables ready for harvest and others just planted. The rice fields were in terraces. The sun came out as we reached Numazu, which is also a resort city. We came into the train station for our tea break.

We continued on the Tokaido Road, the "Eastern Sea Road." We had lunch at the Mimoguchiya Inn at Okitsu. Around it was a pine garden, no flowers at all, of gracefully formed, stunted pines. We sat on the floor around a long table and ate with chopsticks, since this was a real Japanese Inn. Shrimp tempura was on the menu, which I didn't eat. But there was much food, and always plenty of rice, and lots of good tea.

Next we visited a typical farm house of Japan and passed through groves of Mandarin oranges. The hillsides were all cultivated, every inch of them, orange trees and tea plants in tiers. We watched an old man level off a small spot below the highway and the bridge and above the river for a small garden. He pushed big rocks to the edge and worked very hard.

At a high point - at the Nihondaira Plateau - we stopped again to look at the view, but it was too hazy to take pictures or to see much. But it was typical of Japan. The bus took us on to Shizuoka, through small villages with narrow streets just when all the school children in their uniforms were going home. We visited a reconstruction of two buildings of straw and poles from a hamlet of 2,000 years ago - a straw warehouse and a home.

Date: Friday, Sept. 4

Place: Numazu - to Okitsu -Shizuoka

We came to the Japanese Inn, took off our shoes, put on slippers and the waiting maids took us to our rooms. First thing they brought us tea and Clara and I sat on either side of the low table and enjoyed it thoroughly. I hadn't felt right since lunch time, but I lost my lunch and then I felt somewhat better but I knew I shouldn't eat any supper. I took some Alkaseltzer and was glad I had brought some along. I lay down on the cushions on the floor. We put on the kimonos provided. That is the thing to do in the Japanese inns. As soon as you arrive you take off your dress and put on these nice clean crisp kimonos.

I was almost glad I got sick. I never had so much attention! First the little Japanese maid came in and fixed the beds so I could lie down. She took three thick pads out of a cupboard and put them on the floor for each bed, a sheet on top, and a sheet-covered blanket on that, with a nice pillow and a white pillowslip. (All the Japanese laundry is sparkling white.) A young man who spoke English then came up and asked if I wanted a doctor, or medicine, or whether they could do anything for me. Then our guide called (when I didn't show up for supper) and asked if I wished anything, and to let him know if I did. And a little later the maid came with a little bowl of luscious fruit, (which I ate) on a beautiful lacquer tray.

Between the two beds on the floor the maid placed a tray with a thermos jug of ice water and glasses. A small lamp she also placed on the floor. And the electric fan on a little raised platform. And she lighted an incense burner.

Beyond our room there is an enclosed porch from which we can look into a lovely garden. A fountain tinkles all the time. A lovely place, this Japanese inn.

Date: Saturday, Sept. 5

Place: Shizuoka - to Hamamatsu

We slept well on our padded beds on the floor and woke to the tinkle of water. We got up and looked down on the lovely garden with the pool and a crane spouting water from his beak, and gold fish swimming around. I felt OK again. We laughed about the small Japanese sheets. We found them small everywhere except on the western style beds. They just barely cover the mats. Clara had been restless in the night and she was entirely under her sheet.

Our breakfast was served in a big diningroom on the second floor of the inn. It was a Japanese room and we sat on cushions on the floor and the maids waited on us right away. We had western style breakfasts, ham and eggs, toast, coffee, and a can of orange juice. Ruth had a Japanese style breakfast - "for her mother" - including soup and rice. Today Ruth gave me

her Argus camera to use. (She bought a new Pentax in Tokyo.) Mine gave up the ghost yesterday at the Japanese Inn. Now I would have to buy a new one.

Our bus left at 9 o'clock and we continued south through many congested areas of little houses, all gray and drab, and fields of green tea in neat rows and hummocks, with the mountains always beyond. At a lookout place we stopped to take pictures. Now it was quite hot and humid.

We had lunch at the Hotel Sagano in Hamamatsu, Japanese style. It was very good - vegetables and chicken. I was glad because I decided to refrain from eating seafoods of any kind.

At Hamamatsu we visited a High School and had the experience of our lives. As soon as we got off the bus, a flock of school girls, all in their uniform of blue pleated skirt and white middie blouse, came running toward us and each one acted as our personal guide all over and through the school. The girl who was my guide was Yumiko Inuzuka. She was a delightful little girl and eager to tell all about her school. She spoke English well as they all did. She said she would like to visit the United States some time. We took pictures of our individual guides all over the campus, and answered their eager questions, taking care to speak slowly and clearly. Then we were all invited to have tea with them, and the doctor from California who smoked all the time, bless his heart made a very nice speech thanking them. We thought better of him after that although he and his three companions were still nuisances to us. I promised to send Yumiko copies of the pictures after I got home.

Next we visited a stone mason's work shop where Japanese garden lanterns are made (Evelyn and I would both like to have one for our yards, but they must weight a ton - but Al Nelson has one in his garden that he had shipped from Japan.) The masons were chiseling out tombstones, statues, fierce lions, monks, etc. It was very interesting. The shop was on a narrow street of many kinds of shops.

We stopped at a nice park where there were many flowers and a zoo and enjoyed walking around a while. There was an old castle there too but we didn't go inside. It was up many flights of stone stairs. Suddenly the sky became quite black and it rained quite hard but by that time we were back in the bus. We continued on to Nagoya.

Wereached the outskirts of Nagoya at 5 PM but did not get to the hotel until after 6. The population of Nagoya is 1,800,000. It was 70 percent destroyed during the war so it is made up mostly new buildings. We went to the Hotel Kankō, all air-conditioned and beautiful. We took a bath, changed clothes and had dinner. Good old potroast and mashed potatoes! They knew how to make Americans happy. Then we took a cab to a shopping arcade and Clara and I each bought a pearl pendant. We walked back to the hotel and had orange juice befor going to bed. It was 220 yen, which was steep for orange guice, but it was nice service. All twelve of us were there and we sat in the comfortable chairs and enjoyed ourselves.

Date: Sunday, Sept. 6

Place: Nagoya - to Yokkaichi - to Futamigaura Beach - to Kashikojima

A beautiful Sunday with bright sunshine and a blue sky. Woke up at 6 and then went to sleep again and when we woke the second time it was 7:15 so we hurried to get ready. We always put our bags out in the corridor because our bags go ahead of us in a car and are at our destination when we arrive. A very nice arrangement. We are now in a smaller bus of our own.

At breakfast we had Clara's birthday candle on her hot cakes (I had brought it all the way from home) and we all sang "happy birthday" to her in the dining room.

We visited the magnificent Nagoya feudal castle and went up to the top for the view. It is a typical Japanese castle, with tiers of roofs higher and higher, turned up at the corners. On top are two golden dolphins, each 12 ~~feet~~ feet long, ~~gax~~ covered with real gold. Ruth remembered the castle before the war when she was a student. It was completely destroyed during the war but was rebuilt in the same way. Except now it is a museum instead of being used by a war lord as his domain. On the top floor in a glass case there is a golden replica of the dolphins on top and I took a picture of it. Of course we also took lots of pictures from the outside. There were many visitors at the castle, mostly Japanese, and I saw two darling little children that I wanted to take a picture of. Their father noticed it, and he made them pose nicely for me. Another time a little girl, not very pretty, but so starchily dressed up, was made to stand still by her mother so I could take her picture. Everybody seemed to be pleased to have their picture taken.

We continued on our trip and visited the Noritake China shop in Nagoya. Such beautiful things! Very fragile, some of it. We all wanted to buy something to send home. They had some people on duty just to be there to open the place for us on Sunday morning.

Our next stop was Yokkaichi. This is a harbor city and we had our lunch in the Yokkaichi Grill. We had passed a number of wide rivers flowing into the Pacific. There were many rice fields, small villages of paintless buildings, and the mountains beyond were higher. There were many canals with boats on them and so much to photograph. Our lunch began with cream of potato soup, very smooth and good. Then beans, carrots, spaghetti and ground beef with onion. ~~Good~~ Good rolls. A typical American dinner we thought, although there were people with us from other countries, - South Africa, Australia, Ireland, Cambodia, Canada. (In most places where we stopped there are western style as well as Japanese toilets.)

On the way we saw flocks of white Japanese herons. Rice straw drying in neat stacks. Much of it is chopped up in little machines right in the fields and put back into the soil for fertilizer.

At Futamigaura Beach we walked along the shore with hundreds of Japanese Sunday visitors, to the "wedded rocks" which were simply two huge Oregon-type rocks near shore connected by heavy ropes. On top of the larger one was a small shrine and torii. It was very warm. And there were so many people.

A ferry boat took us to the Mikimoto Pearl Island where we went through the museum to see how pearls were produced. The nucleus, which is inserted into the body of the oyster, comes from oyster shells from the Mississippi River! They are made into tiny round pellets, and the pearl is formed around them. The oysters are then put into wire baskets and suspended in the water from rafts where they remain for from three to five years, or longer. They have to be in bays where the water is the right depth and the temperature quite constant.

The oysters used for the processing are brought up from the bottom of the water by women divers. They have done it from olden times. They are called "almas." The women are from 16 to 60 years old and are in better health than the average. They do this work every day, and can stay under water for nearly two minutes at a time. We saw them do it and timed them. They wear white outfits, which includes a hood. They are very graceful divers, naturally, and it is a pleasure to see them. They have a floating bucket fastened to their belts by a long rope, and bring up one or two oysters at a time.

We also saw them sorting the pearls that had been extracted from the oysters, according to size and color and perfection. The way they open the oyster, both for inserting the nucleus and a number of years later to retrieve the pearl, is to insert a metal wedge between the shells, and then a wooden wedge to keep them open, and then they fish around inside for the pearl. The girls who sort the pearls had hundreds, or maybe thousands, of pearls before them and they sorted them by hand. The white and the pink ones are considered the best, then the yellowish ones, and there are also gray ones which they call black pearls. Also baroque pearls, which are unevenly shaped. It was fascinating to see so many shining pearls. We also saw a girl drill the holes through them. She would put it on the spot where there may be a tiny flaw, probably where it was attached to the oyster, and an electric machine drills it. They are drilled one at a time, one by one. It's a wonder they don't cost more. The string I bought is sort of pink, real pretty. From the museum we went to a platform from which we could see the diving.

After seeing the pearl divers and having our pictures taken we came to the Shima Kanko Hotel. It is in a superb location, on an island, high on the heights, overlooking the pearl bays with all the rafts. The hotel is huge, with one section many stories high, beautiful landscaping and spacious grounds. We had a fine supper of roast beef and celebrated Clara's birthday with a bottle of red Japanese wine (from Margaret) and a box of Fanny Farmer candy brought from home (from Ruth). At the gift shop in the hotel I saw some silver filigree ear rings with a pearl in the center, in the shape of a flower, which I thought would look fine with my pearl necklace but I didn't buy it, thinking that I could get it at Hong Kong for maybe less. But I never saw any like them again and I may yet write for them.

Our room was very nice and the view from the big windows was out on the grounds. A lovely place. We could have stayed here a week and been happy.

Date: Monday, September 7

Place: Kashikojima - to Kyoto

We were up at 5:30. A beautiful day! Such blue sky and white clouds and sunshine! Clara and I went out and took pictures of the pearl oyster rafts in the waters below, all around our island. We also walked down several nice trails. And we found a tiny old shrine, and in front of it someone had placed some fruit which was quite dried up by now.

After breakfast in our sunny dining room, we took a ferry boat around Ago Bay and saw the rafts and wire containers filled with oysters. It was a lovely trip, and the water was so blue. Our bus met us at another dock and went on to the outer garden of the Ise Jingo Shrine (Shinto). The garden was beautiful with giant trees like our cypress or redwoods. We stopped to buy cards and gave each of the little girls waiting on us a new copper U. S. Cent.

Took many pictures. (On Film #4) (Nat coupling #3 still in my unusable camera). The temperature was in the 80's. Some of the trees were 700 years old, and huge. Shrubs were loaded with paper prayers. They tie these little paper slips to the twigs and these were simply loaded and looked as though they were made of paper. Also the ropes across the entrance were covered with these prayers.

The Ise Jingo Shrine is very austere, but the inner building did have a roof ridge pole of gold. There were signs saying that photographing was not allowed.

We had a sukiyaki dinner at a Japanese inn. I noticed they all pronounced it skiyaki. It was cooked over a charcoal fire in the center of the table. It was interesting to watch the waitresses cook all our food right before us.

Afterwards Elizabeth Reynolds and I had quite a time finding a washroom, there were so many corridors and turns, but a dozen people helped us out, pointing and leading and giving us slippers, and when we came back gave us hot wet little towels to wash our hands. Our hands dried almost immediately without wiping them dry. (We passed up several Japanese toilets until we found a western one.)

On our way to where the bus was parked, down a narrow little street of shops, Clara and I each bought a pair of getas, or wooden clogs. We brought them all the way home too although they were cumbersome to pack.

And then we went to see the cows that provided the wonderful beef for the sukiyaki dinner we had had. It was such tender meat! We went into the stable, which was very clean, and see the big square animals, like our black Angus. They are fed two huge bottles of beer every day, are fed malt, and are massaged! with a roller made of straw. A man took one of the animals outside the door so we could see it drink beer (like the burro at Acapulco) and then he rubbed it down with the roller. It was so heavy it could hardly walk. But the beef is famous. And delicious.

The rice harvest was going on here. Rice is shoulder high on the people. It should ~~be~~ have 100 grains to the stalk to be a good crop.

Date: Monday, September 7

Place: Kashikojima to Kyoto

The streets were lined with rows of ginkgo trees, or willows, especially where there were canals. They were all pruned and kept low because the annual hurricanes would break them if they were allowed to get very tall. Highways were under construction everywhere. But even the new highway is no wider than our double lanes at home. Some of the ancient pines that lined the old Tokaido Highway can still be seen where the new road parallels it or straightens out a curve.

The highway went through the mountains and over Zuzuki Pass. Everywhere it was green. Forests, tea plantations, rice fields. Through a tunnel, and we were on the other side of the mountains. Japan is mostly mountains. There is no idle land in Japan. Every square inch not in forests is in crops. With 100 million people to feed, they have to raise all the food they can... Shizuoka tea is grown here.

We stopped for a refreshment break at 5:30. It was much cooler now that we were away from the ocean and higher in the mountains. Before we got off the bus the girl assistant gave each of us a little rolled up damp towel to wipe our hands. The driver of each bus has a girl assistant, in uniform, to see if there is room for the bus to pass; she whistles him to a parking place, backing up, or any time there is a narrow squeeze. Sometimes going down the village streets the bus touched the overhanging roofs, and he needed a guide. She would look out the door to see if there was room to pass over narrow bridges. And when the bus was backing up, or passing, she would say "orright - orright - orright" and she was really using the English "all right." We all got to saying "orright - orright." (The little wet towel was wrapped in plastic.)

We traveled into Kyoto on the new expressway, the finest road in Japan. Quite a contrast over the narrow, crowded, crooked road we had been on. The population of Kyoto is $1\frac{1}{2}$ million. Last year there were eight million visitors here. It was founded in the seventh century, and was the capital of Japan until 1868. We passed beautiful Lake Biwa. Part of the old road was the ancient feudal highway and the checkpoints would be pointed out to us - where the feudal lords had all travelers and their belongings examined. None wanted weapons brought into his territory.

Our hotel is the Kyoto Hotel and we have a wonderful view from our sixth floor room. We look up a broad avenue to the mountains. The spaces between the lanes are all landscaped. There is an ancient pine in the lawn across the street in front of the city hall. We had a delightful dinner in the beautiful diningroom. There was a table reserved for our group, as there usually was. I keep forgetting to mention all the special things that are done for us. On the hotel bulletin boards it always gives the itinerary of the "Tanbara Orient Tour." And there are welcome signs at the entrance just for us. I bet people thought we were celebrities of some kind. We always had beautiful rooms too.

Date: Tuesday, September 8, 1964

Place: Kyoto, Japan

the front

Woke at 6:15 and looked out of our room, which was all glass sliding doors. Last night the lights of the city were beautiful, from this vantage point, and this morning the sun lighted up the buildings and trees to the mountains beyond. Kyoto is a very ancient city, and a very modern one. The part that was destroyed during the war is all built up to very modern buildings, and wide streets.

After breakfast in the big dining room we were taken by bus on the "arts and crafts" tour and half a dozen times I wished Hermine were there too to see what we were seeing. We visited the Senshuen Kimono dyeing factory. It takes 13 yards of narrow material, woven especially for kimonos, to make one. The designs are drawn by hand and certain parts of the design are covered while the background is dyed. They were using paper stencils and painting a film of gray clay on the design. Some of the cloth was out in the sun drying, stretched apart with bamboo sticks. When it is finished it is washed in the river which flows near by, and some days the water runs blue, and some days it is orange, depending on what is being washed.

Kimono dyers earn from \$180 to \$200 a month, which is considered very good pay here. A girl will spend \$100 for one kimono for New Year's. They all have to have a new one for that holiday. Kyoto kimonos are among the finest made in Japan.

7 We bought hand printed pillow covers for 500 yen apiece, which was rather expensive, but then we saw them being printed and that meant something to us. One is red with a white design, and other is a plum color. (The red one is for Grace Hanson.)

Our next stop was at a wood block print shop and we watched Mr. Tokurika himself make prints, and bought some. Mine is of a lovely pagoda against a blue sky, and cherry blossoms below it. Each color is a separate woodblock. I also bought a little book by Mr. Tokurika about wood block printing and he autographed it. Also some small prints that he had made.

The Fujihira Pottery was the next stop and we watched the men go through the whole process, throwing on the wheel, decorating, and firing. There was a whole series of kilns inside a building, on a sloping hillside, so that each kiln was a little lower than the previous one. They had some perfectly beautiful pottery in their show room and I bought a little vase, and got a good picture of the colorful things on the shelves. None of this is marked "Made in Japan." It must be for their own use. I have never seen such gorgeous colors.

From here the bus took us to the Kyoto Weaving Company, where silk brocade is woven by machines. We saw girls winding warp of very fine silk threads, so fine you could hardly see them. The clatter of the machines was terrific. The brocades were beautiful! They were crimson, and gold, and blue, and many had more than one color. We were just fascinated by it.

Our next stop was at the Jukoin Temple where a young priest performed the tea ceremony for us. All of it is done slowly and solemnly and it is relaxing because you just sit on the floor and watch. Of course took off our shoes again. Everywhere we went we took off our shoes. Those floors were polished!

We returned to the Kyoto Hotel and washed and changed clothes. The streets around the hotel are wide and we always tried to make the safety zone in the middle before dashing on to the other side. The traffic was wild.

At 5:30 PM Mrs. Ando called for us, dressed in a beautiful kimono. Her car and three cabs took us to a lovely Japanese house, through a peaceful garden, where the tea ceremony was again performed. It was her sister's house built 350 years ago, with a thatched roof under the tile. Some of screens dividing the rooms were beautifully painted and had much gold on them. Mrs. Ando's niece and another young girl, both very pretty and very charming and reserved, dressed in beautiful kimonos, did the tea ceremony. Afterwards long tables were set up in front of us and seat backs were given us and we had a Japanese dinner served on a covered lacquer box. When the cover was lifted, the food inside made a lovely picture. Rice formed into rolls, fish, shrimp, fried onion, little eggplants, chestnuts, pork, ginkgo seeds, fish eggs, etc. etc. Soup also was served in a lacquered dish with a cover. Sake' in tiny cups. Iced tea. Baumkuchen, a little cake like the cross section of a tree, like growth rings. It was a lovely experience to be at a real Japanese dinner like this. Afterwards the taxis took us back to the hotel, and the whole household stood at the entrance and waved to us until we were out of sight.

In the evening I looked at Pentax camers at the shop in the hotel. They were \$103 with the leather cover and the light meter. Decided to look at cameras at a camera shop in the morning, and also at Hong Kong. We are always told that you can get everything in Hong Kong.

Date: Wednesday, September 9

Place: Kyoto

No mountains in sight when we looked out of our windows this morning - cloudy, but nice. Went over to the dining room in the new building and met Margaret and Evelyn there for breakfast. (The two buildings are connected by a covered driveway where the cars and taxis come in.) Soon the other eight came too. We usually tried to get to the dining room about the same time.

Our small bus took us to the Niji Castle, built in 1603, the residence of a feudal lord. A very beautiful castle. Then we went on to the Golden Pavilion which was built in 1697 by another feudal lord as a retreat. It is gilded and it reflected in a lovely pool filled with rose colored water lilies. In 1950 a junior priest went mad and burned the pavilion but five years later it was completely restored. It seems to float on the water, and behind it are high mountains. One of them was called the Silk Mountain. This same feudal lord demanded one time that he wished to have the mountain snow covered for a certain occasion, but didn't snow, so the people covered it with silk cloth and draped it on all the trees and bushes to give the effect of snow!

We also visited the Zen-Ryomji Temple and its rock garden. The garden is all smoothed sand and pebbles raked to resemble the seashore and here and there are rock rocks. The Buddhist priests sat on the steps above the garden and tried to empty their minds of all thought. I think they still do it to this day. They don't just sit and contemplate or pray; they are supposed to think of nothing at all. That's hard to do.

From here we went to the old Imperial Palace, which was the palace of the emperors beginning with the year 700 until it was moved to Tokyo in 1868. There are many immense buildings, huge gravel courtyards, and very beautiful pine trees, all shaped to specifications. It was a very austere place but perhaps at the time of the emperors there were flowering trees in the courtyards. It is the place for the coronations, even now when the emperor has a new residence.

We returned to the Kyoto Hotel and had lunch in the case in the basement. First we squeezed eight of us at two tables together, but the head waiter put us at two separate tables on the terrace with soft cushioned chairs. I had chicken sandwiches and milk. Our meals had been rather large and everybody was tapering off.

After lunch we went to the Amida Jewelry Shop and I bought Damascus ear rings and a pendant for Lucille Smith (or her mother) for 1950 Yen (\$5.42.) Finding the shop wasn't quite as simple as this sounds. Margaret had the directions and we walked and walked, and by asking questions we did find it. We watched the shop workmen make the jewelry. They start with a steel disk and enamel is added and the design is incised and then the gold is pounded in, and also silver wire. The design on the jewelry I bought was the bamboo.

Wed., Sept. 9, Kyoto

After looking at all the beautiful things in the Amita jewelry shop, damascene, cloisonne, jade, pearls, etc., we hurried back to the hotel, and at 3:30 PM we left in three taxis and a car provided by the YWCA and went to the Y where we enjoyed meeting the executives, and also the tea. They have some remarkably fine women at these foreign YWCA's, and they would be, serving women who need them. This YW also operates a hostel and we looked at the neat rooms. The rent is very reasonable. While we were at tea the rain came down in torrents but it was all over by the time we left.

We returned to the hotel and in the shopping arcade I bought a silk Happi coat for 1,000 Yen, not much more than the cotton ones. It has chrysanthemums in color on a black background. Came back to our rooms and wrote diaries and got dressed for the evening. Had dinner at 6:30 in the diningroom.

That evening we went to the Gion Corner. It is a theater where you get a sample of the various kinds of entertainment, a puppet show, dancing, tea ceremony, music, etc. Taxis picked us up, and at breakneck speed we flew to the theater. By this time we had gotten accustomed to their driving. The traffic is so heavy and they all seem to race each other and we expected to crash every minute.

At the theater the seats were crimson plush, soft and comfortable, with the rows far enough apart so there was room for little tables in front of us on which we could put purses, gloves, and things. First we saw a tea ceremony, performed very beautifully. It was done so slowly, with such grace. It is always done in exactly the same way. Each one we had seen was exactly like the others. Then two girls played a long stringed instrument. I haven't the name of it in my diary, and my literature is still en route. They are about six feet long and stand low on the floor and the girls sit on the floor to play them. The musicians were very pretty, their hair piled on top of their heads in a big bun.

Next there was a dance by a girl ornately and elaborately dressed, and it was a grotesque dance to some weird music by four musicians. The music sounds odd to our ears. All those extra tones. Then two girls dressed in gorgeous kimonos slowly danced, very elegantly.

Last came a puppet show with one lady puppet operated by three men. The men were right there on the stage in plain sight and their faces were very serious and solemn. Evidently the lady was trying to warn someone out at sea, a ship I think. It was snowing hard, huge paper snowflakes. She tried again and again to climb the tower but she always slipped back wearily. She finally made it and struck the bell and then slumped down and the men tenderly carried her off. It was very dramatic.

Most of the people at the theater were foreigners, I mean they were other than Japanese. That is the purpose of the Gion Corner - to give visitors a sample of their entertainment.

We had another speedy taxi ride back. We had to walk down a long dark alley-like street to the main avenue to get taxis and there were

people walking, and at that hour some were quite gay, and we didn't enjoy it a bit. I think we all clutched our bags tightly, with our passports and checks and valuables in them. We were conscious of our passports all the time because it had been so impressed on us that we had better not lose them. It wasn't quite as bad in Japan, but after we got to Hong Kong, where there were refugees, we had to be especially careful.

We got out to the street all right and after waiting for some time we got three taxis, and again they raced each other to our hotel. They don't drive. They just aim.

Date: September 10, Thursday

Place: Kyoto, Japan

Right after our 8 o'clock breakfast we looked for a camera shop and I looked at Pentax, Canon and Fujiya cameras. While we were in the shop the rain poured down. In a few minutes the shower was over and the air was fresh and there were lovely white clouds. There is no warning when such a shower comes. It just opens up and everybody runs for cover, waits a few minutes, and it is all over.

We returned to the hotel and by taxis we went to Mrs. Ando's sister's house again. Mrs. Ando's niece and another beautiful young Japanese girl demonstrated flower arranging. A newpew was there too and helped, and took pictures. Instead of sitting on the mats as we had the other time, we had chairs. They served tea and cookies and it was the most enjoyable party. After the two girls had demonstrated the arrangement of flowers, they let some of us try and I did one too. It was fun and ours looked pretty good too. We were each given a fan by Mrs. Ando's sister, and when we left we all got corsages too. Came back to the hotel for lunch.

After lunch we went on a tour of the city. We visited the famous Nijo Castle, very beautiful. Then to the Sanju Sangendo Temple where there are 1,001 golden goddesses each with ten extra pairs of arms, and a huge golden Buddha in the center, about 40 feet high. It is the most impressive thing we have seen. This long long building, and 1001 golden statues in long rows, all gleaming gold.

Next we went to the Heian Shrine through the largest torii of all. If there is a torii at the entrance it is a Shinto Shrine. The Buddhist Temples do not have them. But even a Buddhist couldn't tell us the difference between the two religions. Sometimes they are married under one and buried under the other.

At the Tatsumura Silk Mansion we watched men weave tapestries for obis, perfectly beautiful. I thought how much Hermine would enjoy this. The men used mirrors to see the pattern and to show us. The pattern was underneath. These tapestry obis, with much gold thread, are very costly. A man works for weeks on one and only the very wealthy can afford to buy them, but they do. I bought an evening bag here, black silk with silver and gold chrysanthemums woven into it. I bought it for a gift, but it is beautiful I may keep it. (This forenoon at the hotel shopping arcade I bought a screen for use in flower arrangements and sent it to Hermine and Bill.)

Today had been a beautiful day also as to weather - sun and beautiful clouds and clear sky and low humidity. It has been so steamy that a little less humidity felt good.

We all had supper together at the Kyoto Hotel. Then we went to our rooms and most of us packed small purchases and literature to send home so we wouldn't have to lug it with us from now on. The value of mine was only \$7.42. The box cost 150 yen, and the postage to ship 1,200 yen.

Date: Friday, September 11

Place: Kyoto

After breakfast Clara, Margaret, Evelyn and I went shopping. We walked along the street, crowded with people going to work, and little boys and girls going to school. The small ones all wore white blouses or shirts and powder blue skirts or short pants. They all looked so freshly washed and pressed and clean! They also wore hats. None of the grownups wear hats but the small children all do - little round ones with turned-up brims, and they look like little dolls in them. We looked in all the shop windows and admired things, and stopped at a fruit store and looked at all the luscious fruit. The camera store that was recommended to us didn't open until 10 AM. So we went into the Catholic Church right across the street, for a short time.

Right after 10 o'clock the shutters were removed from in front of the camera shop, and I bought a Pentax camera. It was 36,000 Yen, but we got a discount because the guide from Tokyo, "Tacki" had sent us. So with the light meter which fits onto the top of the camera I paid 34,000 Yen, which is \$94.45. At home they are over \$200. (A few days later I also bought the flash attachment, so the whole outfit was about \$100.) Margaret also bought a Pentax, instead of clothes in Hong Kong, she said, and Clara bought a Nikon for \$174, and a pair of small high-powered binoculars. Evelyn bought a light meter for her Pentax. A good day's business for the shop. There were five young men and two girls taking care of us - with all our passports and declarations and certificates of origin and travel checks. Now all we had to do was to learn to use the new cameras. I found that it was harder to focus than my old Argus. With the Argus, if the broken line was put into a straight line it was in focus.

Elizabeth Reynolds who had been with us had to take a cab back to the hotel because she became ill again. She was sick yesterday. After shopping a little more, in some of the most delightful small china shops, we went to the department store where we were to meet Irene and some of the others. A Japanese lady near the entrance, who had evidently been watching for us, gave us a note from Irene saying they were on the 7th floor. I suppose we stuck out like sore thumbs among the Japanese people and the lady didn't have much trouble spotting us.

We had our lunch at the beautiful Minako Hotel, on the top floor from where we had a wonderful view of the city and the mountains. We had a real satisfying lunch of ham and potato salad and tea. We looked at all the beautiful things in the hotel shopping arcade and then went back to our hotel - in style. The hotel cab had embroidered linen seat covers, and the driver went sedately without scaring the life out of us.

After lunch we tried out our new cameras, and I discovered that my light meter did not work. Evelyn walked back to the shop with me, and they gave me another one. They should have checked it in the morning when I first bought it so see if it was working. I was glad it was not our last day there or I might have gone off without discovering that it didn't function.

That evening after dinner we packed up because in the morning we were leaving for Nara and Kobe. We had loved Kyoto. It is a beautiful city and a very interesting one.

Date: Saturday, September 12

Place: Kyoto to Kobe via Takarazuka

Up at 6:30. Another nice day. I now have three cameras, my old one, my new one, and Ruth's old one. Packed my old camera in ~~the~~ Clara's box and sent it home. Postage 560 Yen. Now I won't have to carry it, and it is a good feeling because three cameras are heavy. We had a very good breakfast, all of us together. More tours are coming into the hotel.

Our little bus took the twelve of us on our way to Kobe. We had lunch at the Takarazuka Hotel - their famous beef dinner. Afterwards we went to the Takarazuka Familyland, something like Disneyland where we could see the local people and lots of children. We were practically the only foreigners there and we were looked at plenty too. They sold many kinds of food, and all of it was prepared right there, or it came out of an ingenious machine, and all the people did things so deftly that we were just fascinated and watched them for long minutes. There was a fountain out in a court yard that spurted at different elevations from time to time.

At 3 o'clock we went into the theater and saw the 400 members of the All-Girl Troup of the Takarazuka Theater. The first half was a dramatic story with much emoting, and not understanding the words we had to imagine what they were saying. It was very interesting to watch. Then after a half hour intermission we saw the most wonderful performance by the girls - of a trip around the world, showing the various nationalities and their dances. And the Americans did the twist. Ugh! It was a spectacular performance, superbly staged and acted. At one side there was a chorus of girls and they sang beautifully and stood as still as statues. Some of our people had seen the Rockettes in Rockefeller Center in New York, and claimed that these Japanese girls were even better. I had never seen anything like it. And they were such pretty girls. We didn't see many girls anywhere with those extreme slit eyes.

At 5:15 we had to tear ourselves away because we had to reach Kobe for dinner and we still had quite a way to go. Kobe has high mountains on three sides of it and the sea on the other. We began to see blue tile roofs, in contrast to the drab, dull ones which prevail in Japan. Once in a while there was an orange roof. It perked us up considerably, especially the photographers.

We reached our hotel and went up to the sixth floor to the lobby. Our rooms are on the seventh floor, and the diningroom is on the eighth. We face the most spectacular view of the city and can hardly wait for daylight to come.

There was a beautiful centerpiece of chrysanthemums and blue gentians on our table. Our gentians aren't nearly as beautiful as long stemmed. Again we had that wonderful Kobe beef. I had heard about it, and people had told us to be sure to have it when we got to Kobe, and it really exceeded expectations; just as tender and flavorful.

At 8 o'clock that evening three cars from the YWCA called for us and took us to the YW for tea. It was delightful. We sat at two tables along two sides of the room. A dozen or more young girls, members of the Y, sang a program of songs for us, and then we had the tea ceremony. They were delighted to have us visit them from so far away. Ruth spoke, and then introduced each of us and stood up and bowed like nice people.

A brother of a friend of Ruth's had read in the paper of our arrival and he came to the Y to see her. Our visit was written up in so many places that we visited because of Ruth's connections and we enjoyed all the attention.

Tomorrow we leave early in the morning on our boat trip down the Inland Sea of Japan and we are looking forward to it.

From our windows we can see the lights of ships in the harbor. The sea is never very far away.

Date: Sunday, September 13

Place: Kobe - Inland Sea - Beppu

Woke up early and looked out to see the ships in the harbor; it was a lovely day and the sunrise told us the weather would be fine.

Yesterday we heard of a man who has been off balance ever since he arrived in Japan because of the time change. They are always getting oranges for him and we wondered if he has diabetes. Coming over we lost all the daylight one day, so our meals were all off schedule and we had to get accustomed to having night and day reversed.

Taxiss took us to the pier, we boarded the ship, a very beautiful modern one, and then took pictures of the paper streamers from ship to shore. It was just like starting on a long ocean voyage. The ships in the harbor were just thrilling. There must have been thousands large and small. Because the trip takes all day and into the night we have staterooms on the ship. After spending some time on deck, taking pictures, we came back to our staterooms and found that tea had been served in the meantime - so we had some.

(I finished film #5 on Ruth's Argus and started #6 on my new one - the ships in Kobe Harbor. The Mermaid was the first ship I took a picture of.)

It was a beautiful boat trip, interesting and restful too. There are over 3,000 islands in the Inland Sea, all of them high, like the tops of mountains, and wooded. There were many ships, both large and small. Some villages too. We docked at Matsuyama and let off passengers and took on more. We stood on the top deck and watched all the people. The waterfront buildings were picturesque and the hills just beyond were outlined with pines

We had had ham sandwiches for lunch, but had a regular 60course dinner at 6 o'clock in the evening. We told them at lunch time whether we wished a Japanese or a western dinner. After our evening meal we went to the movie on board ship. It was in Japanese, of course, all about a shogun who was about to be overthrown, and there was intrigue and sword fighting galore. We liked it because all the scenery, the interiors, attitudes, etc., we had seen in the temples and palaces we had visited. One of the girls remarked that she couldn't see why they didn't do it in English! forgetting where we were.

We docked at Beppu about 9:15 that night. This was what we had been looking forward to! The lights of the city reflected in the water were beautiful! When we got off the ship we could see a big sign: "Welcome Tanbara Tour." We were taken to the Hotel Seifo and half a dozen young girls in kimonos took care of our things and we were taken to our rooms. And what a room we have! It is twice as large as any we have had before, half in Western style and the other half is raised and is Japanese style with tatamis (mats) on the floor, a square lacquered table about a foot high, two cushions and arm rests. There was a separate bedroom with twin beds but we decided to sleep on the Japanese beds in the big open living room. And the refrigerator was filled with bottles of soft drinks.

One of the little maids brought us tea and cakes right away, which helped to revive us. The bath is sunken and we took our bath outside as the Japanese do, and then got in and soaked. They have faucets and a wash bowl and a little stool that you can sit on while you wash yourself clean. They don't put soap in their soaking baths. It was a beautiful bath, all of tiny tiles.

We called the maids and they fixed our Japanese beds on the floor for us.

Date: Monday, September 14

Place: Beppu to Misumi to Shimabara

What a view!! The end of our beautiful room is All sliding glass doors and we saw the sunrise this morning without getting off our luscious beds. The hotel is right at the edge of the sea and it is perfectly beautiful. To one side there is a high cliff, as this is a bay. To think that we only sleep here one night, when we had five days in Kyoto, one with nothing scheduled. We surely would like to stay longer.

We had a very good breakfast, and right afterwards we left by bus through beautiful green mountain country. We stopped at a park where there were many hot springs -- this region is noted for its hot springs, and the hot water is used even for cooking heat. There were bubbling mud pots and hot springs everywhere.

We continued through narrow mountain passes where the rows of planted Japanese cedar made a symmetrical pattern on the steep mountainsides. There were terraces of rice fields. We had always thought that rice had to be planted in water, in low places, but there were many rice fields in tiers up the hillsides. They were all beautifully green and they looked like gardens. At noon we stopped at a restaurant and ate the box lunches we brought with us, along with tea and bottled orange drink. The toilet was coeducational so one of us always stood watch while somebody went in.

The good paved road we had been sailing along on was suddenly closed to traffic and we had to take the worst rocky, rough road we had ever traveled on, and so narrow that it was dangerous at times. The traffic was quite heavy besides. There was not always room for two vehicles to pass so we had to back up or wait, and sometimes we were so close to the edge that we just held our breaths. We flew off our seats many a time. At the same time we had to go as fast as possible in order to get to the ferry landing at Misumi by 3:30 PM. Several times the driver had to stop and ask for directions as he had not expected to come on this particular road. We had eighteen minutes to spare when we reached the dock. Our driver was excellent, and just a young man. We rode the bus onto the ferry boat and then got out and went up on deck to take pictures of the beautiful scenery. It was a perfectly clear day, with masses of white clouds, just made for photographers.

In an hour we reached Shimabara, on another peninsula of the Island of Kyushu. A man from the Nampuro Inn met us at the dock and directed our driver to the inn. We were delighted with the accommodations! At the entrance we slipped off our shoes and put on the slippers provided for us. Girls in kimonos took us to our rooms. Ours is a whole suite, with a sitting room (table and cushions on the floor) a glass enclosed alcove, an entryway

with a cushion and a standing mirror, a bedroom, a double bath room. A maid brought us tea and cakes. A refrigerator holds soft drinks. The place was air conditioned! without any noisy machinery. The view was out of this world - the inn rambling, the pruned and shaped pines, and the island-dotted sea beyond.

Everyone put on the cotton kimonos provided and paraded around the halls and got acquainted with all the nooks and crannies and corridors. Everything was beautiful and clean. At the rear we looked down on trees and a pool.

We ate supper in our kimonos and we looked like a whole tableful of pilgrims. Most of us ate western style dinners although they served Japanese dinners to people who preferred them.

Although we had a bedroom with twin beds, we preferred to sleep on Japanese beds on the floor in the middle of our living room. They are so comfortable. Our coverlets were of pink satin brocade. They all have white slip covers on them, at the bottom and up around the edges. In the center the satin shows.

There was an artistic Japanese flower arrangement on a little raised platform with a wall hanging behind it of a Japanese brush painting. Also a small teakwood table with a lovely porcelain jar, blue and white, on it.

Date: Tuesday, September 15

Place: Nampuro Inn, Shimabara, to Unzen Mountain

We woke up to see the sunrise over the sea, a soft pink and we took a picture of it. Our breakfast was served to us in our room and it was simply delightful. We were in our kimono and we watched the preparations. First the little maid put away the mats of our beds. Everything was folded up and put away out of sight in a closet especially for it. Then we sat at the low table, on the cushions, and the maid served our breakfast, and everytime she served something she had to get down on her knees. They do it so easily and gracefully.

After breakfast we walked around the beautiful grounds and admired everything and took pictures of the interesting buildings and the pruned and shaped pines and even the Japanese stone lanterns, and garden tables and chairs like giant ceramic mushrooms. Opposite the sea were the blue mountains with clouds like wisps of smoke on them.

Down at the shore we watched a tiny native woman catching something with a crab fastened to a cord which she let down into little holes. When the crab fastened onto something she would pull it up by the cord. Whatever it was, it was very small, maybe a snail, and we couldn't see very well.

At 11 o'clock we left and all the little maids waved goodbye to us at the entrance. A little woman came with a basket of grapes and we bought some, perfectly beautiful compact bunches of purple grapes.

We drove through Shimabara, up Mount Unzen, the highest on the island of Kyushu.

(When we came into the harbor yesterday we noticed a white cross on the pier. It was in memory of a "rebellion" 350 years ago. Actually the Shogun and his army of 100,000 warriors killed off 35,000 people who were on the side of the Christians who were in the village. Just recently the cross had been erected.)

We drove up Mt. Unzen as far as it is possible to go. We passed a beautiful green golf course on the way, all surrounded by steep wooded cliffs. We climbed up some steep stairs to a landing and had tea at a little restaurant before taking the cable car to the top of the mountain. This one hangs free and it was quite a thrill to be suspended in space over the beautiful green mountain-side. The view was superb from the top. We got out of the cable car and climbed still higher on flights of stone steps. Coming up and going down were Japanese people, all smiling at us. Only two or three of our group went all the way to the top. I had to. I always have to get to the top or I am unhappy. We could see the bays of the Inland Sea. And we could look down on the cable car.

And we discovered that the golf course we had passed down below was the bottom of a huge crater of a long-gone volcano! It was a big one!

Over to one side ~~sulphur~~ sulphur vapors were coming out of the side of the mountain we were on. They looked like clouds and I took a picture.

From Unzen Mountain we drove to the Unzen Kanko Hotel for a wonderful lunch. A beautiful hotel, with a double row of tall cedars leading to it. Behind the hotel the mountains rose up tall and dark green. Many flowers were in bloom. We bought little ceramic jars in the gift shop of the hotel as souvenirs for people back home. They also had lovely pears, but we had already bought ours.

After lunch we continued on toward Nagasaki, and I couldn't help but wonder whether people would like us there. It was true, they bombed Pearl Harbor first, but we dropped the atomic bomb on their city.

Date: Tuesday, September 15

Place: Nagasaki

About half an hour outside the city of Nagasaki, probably at the city limits, our bus was stopped and two young men from a big Buick came over to greet us. They were representatives of Mayor Tagawa of Nagasaki! They greeted Ruth and the rest of us and then led us into the city. The car with our luggage followed. And then the combs and compacts and lipsticks came out and were used to good effect. We had been traveling so long we hadn't cared much how we looked - until that moment.

When we came to the City Hall there was a big sign over the front entrance: WELCOME Citizens of St. Paul our Sister City. The American flag was on one side and the Japanese flag on the other. We were just about overcome. We didn't realize it at the time, but the Mayor came out of his office and got into another car which took him and his staff to the Grand Hotel where we were to stay.

When we arrived at the hotel we were simply overwhelmed by the welcome awaiting us. The Mayor, his wife, his deputy, members of the Chamber of Commerce, the YWCA, the Junior Red Cross, and teachers and officials and interpreters were all in the lobby and out in front as we got off the bus. There were ~~at~~ ^{at} least 50 people. They had a rose corsage for each of us, with ~~our~~ ^{our} name in a streamer in Japanese! There were speeches in the big lobby, and the interpreter translated those made in Japanese. There were reporters and cameramen. Ruth had two big bouquets of flowers presented to her. Then everyone was introduced to us. After that we all mingled and talked and smiled. Ruth had responded nobly, first in Japanese, which was translated, and then in English.

I talked with the prettiest young Japanese girl who was an announcer at a radio station. She wore a beautiful kimono in our honor.

After a very exciting hour we finally went to our rooms, and nearly everyone dashed frantically for an appointment with the hair dresser! Tomorrow there is a full program planned for us by the Mayor.

We had our supper after we washed and changed clothes. Lobster after the soup, then beefsteak, dessert, fruit cup and coffee. I came up to our room and washed my hair too, took a bath, washed underwear and wrote up my diary. When Clara came from the hair dressers we ate the luscious grapes we had bought from the little woman outside the Nampuro Inn, that morning.

Date: Wednesday, September 16

Place: Nagasaki

After a good breakfast in the lively dining room we boarded our bus - all dressed up, wearing our roses with our name tags in Japanese - and were taken to the Mayor's office in the city hall. We were ushered into his reception room where we were served tea around a long table, and Nagasaki's own famous sponge cake. The end of the room was all glass and we looked out onto mountain scenery.

When Mayor Tagawa walked in we were each introduced to him in Japanese and we each bowed properly. There were reporters who asked us questions, and photographers all over the place, and pictures were taken for TV. The Mayor showed us photographs of himself in our city hall, with Mayor Dillion, and other city officials in St. Paul. He was a man with a big broad smile, and lots of gold in his teeth. He showed us that he was genuinely pleased to have us there.

It was all very exciting because it seemed so important to everyone. I am sure that none of us had ever had such attention and red carpet treatment. We went outside after that and sat on chairs in front of the city hall with the welcome sign above us and we had our pictures taken with the mayor, his deputy, and other officials. We were each given a print of the picture next day. We were each presented with a tapestry picture of Madame Butterfly's house above Nagasaki Bay, a beautyfil picture for framing.

Next we were taken to the A-Bomb hospital where there are 132 beds - victims of the A-bomb. The hospital is world-famous for research in radiation effects. The World Health Organization of the United Nations is cooperating. The studies made here will be of benefit to other countries in research on radiation. We went into some of the wards where the patients were lying, and we saw transparencies of what happened to some of the people, and the patients were so happy to see us and smiled at us so cheerfully that I had to cry. I went outside into the hall so they wouldn't see me, but when the newspaper came out that evening it mentioned that some of the American visitors were in tears. Although it was said that the A-bomb resulted in the liberation of Japan from its military government and an emperor who was a god, with the result that it is a democratic country now, I couldn't help thinking why did the bomb have to be used, - after seeing the gentle women and sweet little children. Ruth presented a bouquet of flowers (thoughtfully provided by the mayor) to one of the patients, from us. Camera men and reporters followed us again. First we had been taken into the Superintendent's office and tea was served. There were many people waiting in the lobby. They are checked regularly, and their children too.

From the hospital we were taken to a beautiful place where we took part in a tea ceremony. It is a lovely custom and every motion is done gracefully and slowly. The tea ceremony was established way back in the 16th century. Briefly (until I can write it up in more detail) training in the serving and drinking of the powdered green tea is not only to teach correct manners and deportment, but also to give tranquility of mind to the routine of busy everyday life. It is also considered a prerequisite for well-bred and educated women in giving them grace and poise. The Mayor's wife joined us (and we were told afterward that she rarely goes out) as well as the English-speaking professors we met the evening before.

Our Japanese lunch was served in a large room in the same building. It was most impressive and beautiful. There were 28 guests on cushions around the long, low table. The Mayor and Mrs. Tagawa sat right across from me, with Ruth at my left and Elizabeth Clarke to my right (from one of the colleges) and she acted as my interpreter. We had an enjoyable time and everyone talked, trusting the other person would understand. They took pictures galore.

Right after lunch and after we had said our thank-you's and goodbyes, we were taken by bus to another cable car which took us to the top of another mountain. These cars held at least 12 or 15 people. Everyone went up except Margaret. From the top we could see most of Nagasaki. The northeastern section was the one flattened by the A-bomb. The Japanese people told us it was the industrial section. We could look down on the harbor and all the ships at anchor. The sky was a deep blue with beautiful white clouds.

We came down in the cable car, swinging free in a delightful way, and were taken to Madame Butterfly's home which is now a national treasure. It is a lovely location, on a high point with a view of the bay in all directions but one. There were many Japanese visitors. We were the only foreigners. There is a lifesize statue of Madam Butterfly in the garden, with her little boy. She was a real person, Mrs. Glover, and the opera was built around her life. The house was very interesting with verandahs all around. We could go inside and see all the carved furniture, and her things.

We also visited the Peace Memorial, a huge bronze statue of a young man in sitting position, with one arm outstretched in friendship and the other hand pointing upward. Near here is the epicenter of the A-bomb blast. People are very conscious of the A-bomb blast here, as well they may be.

Next we visited the memorial to the 26 martyred Christians (6 Japanese and 22 Caucasians) who were crucified in 1597 by the shogun who feared they would get too strong. At this place altogether there were 600 Christians martyred.

Date: Wednesday, September 16

Place: Nagasaki

Although we were already plenty tired, we were taken on a tour of the Nagasaki Aquarium, and it was a fascinating place, out at the edge of the city. It is quite new, and they are proud of it. In it are all the fishes, reptiles, etc. of that part of the Pacific. They were beautifully displayed and housed. Birds of all kinds too. Really wonderful.

We came back to the Grand Hotel and had just 20 minutes to get ready for our 6 o'clock supper. We were always rushing, with just a few minutes to do this or that, and squeezing something in between. We ate together at a long table, with flowers in the center, in the beautiful dining room. There were lovely curtains at the long windows and hand woven silk draperies and beautiful furniture, and of course superb service. We had just marvelous service everywhere.

This was Ruth and Earl Tanbara's 29th wedding anniversary. Clara and Irene had gone shopping for a doll for Ruth instead of going to the aquarium with us. We gave them to Ruth at the table (two of them). One was a little boy doll, with tears rolling down his cheeks (that was Earl, because he couldn't be here with Ruth) and the other was a warrior doll. Dolls are favorite gifts over here. Dolls and fans.

At 7 o'clock we were to meet with local women, YWCA representatives, and teachers. We gathered in the hotel assembly room and there were movies, and speeches, nice little ones, some in Japanese. Then we had our garden party out in the lantern-lit garden beside the hotel. There was a fountain, and music, and at the edge a big clump of feathery bamboo, and flowers. First we divided into groups so that all the ladies could have a chance to visit with each of us. We sat in little circles or around the garden tables.

We had three delightful young Japanese girls with us in the first group, an English teacher, a missionary, and a young American wife from Alabama. We talked about lots of things, mostly answering their questions. One of the Japanese girls had become a Christian just a few months previously, and if I had had my little cross necklace on I would have given it to her.

We talked and visited for about an hour and then we had refreshments (of course). It was a beautiful balmy evening, very clear, and we must have made quite a picture, with the lighted hotel beyond us. At the end of the evening we all formed a big circle and held hands crossed and sang "With Christ there is no East or West" and then had a minute of silent prayer for peace and understanding. What a wonderful evening it had been with these Christian women!

Date: Thursday, September 17

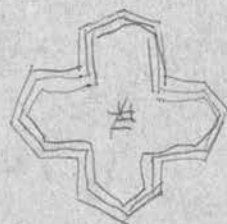
Place: Nagasaki

Today at 8 o'clock cabs took us to the Christian Kwassui Woman's Junior College. Kwassui means Living Water. Six of us went to the college, and six went to a high school. We attended their chapel service, which is in English on Thursdays. First we met around a table on three sides of a room with the professors and teachers, for silent meditation. Then to the chapel, filled with Japanese girls in their white blouses and navy blue skirts. We six sat on chairs up in front. The scripture lesson was about the resurrection of Christ. Then we all sang the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," and another hymn on the resurrection. They all sang in English! On the other days it is in Japanese. The leader, a young Caucasian woman, then gave the prayer and included their friends from St. Paul in America and asked the Lord to bless us while we were in Japan and when we traveled on.

We were asked to step on the stage, or at the altar, and were introduced individually. Irene Tacke made the finest response, about our relatives in our sister city and how happy we were to know them. After it was over we returned to the president's office or reception room I believe it was, and we were served tea and refreshments. Each of us was given a pin of the school emblem. The lines meant water flowing - Living Water, Christ the Living Water. It was in the shape of a cross something like this:

We had a chance to talk with the teachers, most of whom were missionaries, some Japanese and some English and American. This college receives only \$12,000 annually from the mission board. Kwassui College was started in 1879 by a Miss Elizabeth Russell, just 20 years after the arrival of the first Protestant missionaries. There was only one pupil, a grownup girl, in the first grade. It was in a little tiny building. Now they have many big buildings, and instead of the bare hillside which shows up in some of the old photographs it is beautifully landscaped after the Japanese manner, and great spreading camphor trees planted by Miss Russell herself. Students aren't necessarily Christians, but most of them are. They dropped Latin and Greek years ago, and they are training the girls to be teachers, interpreters, dieticians, as well as home makers. They were darling girls, all about the same size, all black haired. Quite different from our big and little, blond and brunette, fat and skinny kids.

The entire staff went outside with us to say goodbye and I took a picture of them. I promised to send a print of it to the president, whose card I have, and who is the mayor's official interpreter.



Date: Thursday, September 17

Place: Nagasaki

We came back to the hotel and put our bags out in the hall. Rooms must be vacated by 11 A. M. Clara and I then walked through the shopping arcade which extends for about six blocks. I bought a tortoise shell pin (which I later sent to Bill's Aunt Sally) and a tea jar, blue and white, with a cover. Came back to the lobby to cool off. Hotels and shops are all air cooled, and outside it was warm and humid. I wore my colorful polished cotton dress, the one with the rose colored flowers and green leaves on it, and once I felt someone touch my sleeve. I looked down to see who it was, and there was a tiny Japanese woman "feeling the goods" in my dress. I bet she wondered what kind of material it was. She was so intent on feeling it that she never saw me look at her.

We managed to get back to the dining room, or rather the lobby of our hotel before noon, and we saw ourselves on TV on the 11:55 News. It was real exciting and there were other people in the lobby as interested as we because they could see that we were all excited.

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When we were in the diningroom Tschida, our little guide, gave us each a copy of the Nagasaki newspaper which had our picture in the hospital in it and an article about our activities. It was fun seeing ourselves and reading about us too!

At 1:30 we boarded a City of Nagasaki cruiser for an excursion around the bay. We went past the dry docks, one of the world's largest shipbuilding docks, and we saw two huge ships under construction. They were so big that the workmen on the decks looked like little toy men. In Japan a ship is built in three months, and in the United States it takes nine for the same type of ship. We noticed how hard the Japanese work. Everything is done so vigorously and they seem to enjoy working hard.

Of course we took pictures of the ships in the bay and the city from the bay. One ship I photographed was from Bombay. Actually Bombay wasn't so far from where we were; it was just far from home, that's all. We were the only people on the cruiser and we enjoyed it to the fullest. It was a gorgeous day.

When we came back to the Grand Hotel there were some Japanese ladies waiting to say goodbye to us. We were really overwhelmed by their hospitality and courtesy. They just couldn't seem to do enough for us to let us know they were glad we came all the way from America.

As we got on our bus we were each handed an envelope by a man from Mayor Tagawa's office containing pictures of us at the Mayor's reception and tea ceremony. When we came to the City Hall we stopped, and the Mayor came out to say goodbye to us. I took a picture of him through the bus window and it turned out very well. Three representatives of his office accompanied us to the airport in their car and waved goodbye until our plane was out of sight. Everywhere they did that - and they would wave as long as we could see them.

On the way to the airport we stopped at a pillar beside the highway which marked the boundary of the Nagasaki Prefecture. Up above was the Olympic insignia - five circles entwined. This is where the Olympic torch changed hands on its way to Tokyo.

Our plane came down in about 20 minutes in Kumamoto, where we had eaten our box lunches a few days ago. In twenty minutes we were on our way again, over the inland Sea. We were flying back to Osaka from where we were to board a plane for Okinawa. At first we could see the rice fields. Then we were up in the clouds. Soon the hostess brought us hot, wet little towels to wipe our faces and hands. Then she brought little sandwiches, a sweet drink and two sweets. We came down just once. When we arrived over Osaka the lights of the city were beautiful.

Nagasaki had been the experience of a lifetime.

Date: Thursday, September 17

Place: Osaka, Japan

Osaka is a very large city, with a population of 3,420,000. It was entirely burned during the war and is entirely new. The city was so lit up as we came through it on the bus on the way to the Osaka Grand Hotel, and the stores and shops looked so fabulous along the wide streets that all the shoppers groaned because we will be leaving in the morning.

We had been bemoaning the fact that after Nagasaki there would be no one to meet us and greet us. But when we arrived at the beautiful big Grand Hotel - there was the same little Japanese lady whom we had met before, Ruth's friend, and a whole delegation from the Osaka YWCA! There was so much excitement with everyone being greeted, and I think the other guests in the lobby wondered what kind of VIP's we were.

Also there to meet us was the famous Japanese calligrapher Baizon Kawasaki. He had a fan for each of us, with his autograph and seal on it. His seal on a picture is worth \$25. The fans were beautifully made. The characters on mine mean long life and happiness. He looked like an artist. He is also a friend of Ruth's. What wonderful things have happened to us through Ruth!

All the Japanese ladies had remarked that we must be very tired! When we excused ourselves and got to our rooms we understood why they thought so. On the plane we had been given a little hot wet towel, as usual, with which we wiped our faces and hands, and that left us pretty shiny and our hair wasn't exactly as though we had just combed it. So we got straightened up and powdered our faces, and went down to the beautiful lobby again. We visited with all of them and had a very exciting time. They had to leave in order to catch the 10:30 PM express. All of them had come quite a distance to greet us. It always seemed so wonderful and almost incredible that they would make such extraordinary efforts to welcome us to their country.

After they left we went downstairs to the grill, the dining room being closed, and had our supper and we gave our guide, Yutaka Tsuchida (of the Travel Center, Tokyo, Japan) who had been with us all this time, and a very wonderful guide he was and our slightest wish was his command, his farewell party because he would be returning to Tokyo in the morning. We gave him a card with all our signatures, 4,000 Yen, and presents for his wife and his two little girls. He said Thank You over and over again and he was just about overcome. We liked him so much. He was going to guide a group of New York businessmen on his next assignment. I know he liked us too.

Sept. 18
Osaka to Okinawa to Taiwan

-39-

We went up to our tenth floor room, overlooking the city. Right below us was a broad canal and the water looked clear and shining. The lights of the city were gorgeous, but we were too tired to bother with taking pictures. Osaka is extremely modern. There is much construction going on - as in all Japanese cities we have visited - a new freeway overhead, with cranes and bulldozers everywhere and a maze of steel scaffolding. There is no unemployment in Japan.

At 7 o'clock in the morning we boarded our bus for the airport. To me it was always a delight to be flying again. Our passports were examined, and while they were being checked we ate toast and coffee at the lunch counter. We changed our Japanese money into U. S. Currency (I had over \$10 left) at the Tokyo branch bank in a building right next to the airport. Everything was very convenient and efficient and the tourist's welfare was always considered. We think the Japanese are the most efficient people in the world. And everything is so clean!

We boarded the Japanese plane (I took two pictures of our group boarding) at 9 o'clock. It was a CAT plane (Civil Air Transport). By 9:30 we were served breakfast - including steak! and we ate it all. The two stewardesses are tiny and slender and we asked them to pose for pictures for us. They were dressed in beautiful white high-necked Japanese shifts. And they thanked us for taking their pictures! We were in a private compartment in the plane so there was no one else with us. We felt very special. This was the Mandarin flight, and they gave us tiny golden dragon pins.

Below us were white clouds and the mountainous green land which is Japan. Sometimes we could see an island with a sandy beach. I took several pictures of them in the middle of the blue Pacific. It was a very beautiful day. There were white clouds floating airily. We were quite thrilled at the thought of being on our way to Formosa, Chiang Keisheck's stronghold. It had always seemed so exotic and far away. Half way round the world, almost, from home.

We read in the English edition of the Japanese Times that the opposition to the American-backed group in Saigon had been suppressed. We couldn't help but think about Saigon, since we were getting so close to it.

Most signs in Japan are also in English, English being considered the Universal language. Everywhere we were treated with special courtesy and friendliness.

The plane trip over the blue Pacific was beautiful. We landed on Okinawa about noon, a beautiful tropical island, surrounded by blue and green lagoons. It is U. S. territory and there were many U. S. planes standing in rows and quite a few taking off when we landed. We were requested not to take any pictures.

Sept. 18

Okinawa to Taiwan

The weather on Okinawa was warm and the sun was bright. We showed our vaccination certificates and passports. We had done it so often that I think we would have handed them over in our sleep.

After we left Okinawa we flew over the blue Pacific - and it is blue! and every now and then there was a steep, wooded little island below. One was a perfect cone with a crater in its top. Around them the water was turquoise in various shades. Some had white breakers around them.

We reached Taipei about 1:30, the time having changed. (We put our watches back an hour.) We showed our vaccination certificates and passports again. Did not have to open our luggage. Everywhere they were very nice and very courteous to us. (In Boston they nearly scared us to death.)

A representative of the travel agency met us at the airport and we came to the Hotel Orient. Clara and I were assigned a suite. Sometimes some of us get special accommodations because they are short of ordinary rooms, I suppose. Clara and I were unusually fortunate in being the lucky ones pretty often.

We had had our lunch on the plane, so after getting straightened up, a small bus took us sight seeing. There were thousands of bicycles and thousands of pedicabs - which are like rickshas except the ~~man~~ man pedals a bicycle instead of pulling the carriage by running. The guide told us these would be replaced by motors soon, which would be more "humane." There are many busses and taxicabs. Every single vehicle must blare itself with its horn. Even without any reason for doing so they honk their horns. There is hardly a moment without them - and far into the night.

Japan was so clean and tidy, particularly the hotels where we stayed, but Taipei is not. In Japan all we saw was spotless white shirts and clean little children, but here they looked dirty. People are more Chinese in facial character. I guess they are Chinese. The street signs were very colorful.

It was overcast while we were on the trip. We stopped at the Taipei Handicraft Center and we wandered through the big establishment with all its beautiful things. I bought a teak wood carving and had it sent to Bill. A smiling old Chinese man, one that everyone recognized as signifying "Long Life." It cost \$7.00 and the charge for shipping it to Bill was \$2.50. I hope he likes it. I thought he and Hermine would like something from Taiwan, or Formosa, "the beautiful island." I bought some brass bookends for \$1.40, and a small Long Life carving for 75¢. They had such lovely things, but many of them were too big and heavy to send.

Date: Friday, September 18

Place: Taipei, Taiwan

We returned to the Hotel Orient. Ruth checked with the manager about some charges. Evidently the Davis Travel Agency had not made proper arrangements. A photographer who had followed us all afternoon and took dozens of pictures wanted to sell them to us for 25¢ U.S. apiece. That would have been 14 NT's in their own money (New Taiwan dollars). And we were all photographers ourselves.

Clara and Irene had a letter here from friends of theirs who asked them to dinner at the gorgeously spectacular Grand Hotel. It is of Chinese design, extremely ornate, huge, overpowering, and Madame Chiang Kaishek has an interest in it or owns it or something.

Besides pedicabs, there are ox-carts threading their leisurely way through the frantic traffic. I didn't get a single picture of an ox-cart because we were always hanging on for dear life in a speeding taxi or bus. We never could figure out how the ox-carts managed to get through without getting demolished, but they did it.

We had a Chinese dinner that evening, with about 15 kinds of food. I tried only a few. The big platters and bowls were placed on a big lazy Susan in the center of the round table. We would rotate it so that each of us could serve herself and it was very interesting and what I ate tasted fine. The young fellow who had taken so many pictures of us came with a stack of them and we bought a few from him. He was very nice, but we just didn't care for pictures of ourselves. Later, a man from the travel agency came and checked our passports and tickets to Hong Kong. He had asked us for them when we arrived but Ruth had made it a policy never to give up our passports. And this was China.

Date: Saturday, September 19

Place: Taipei to Hong Kong

This morning we are leaving on the Mandarin Jet for Hong Kong! While we waited for our bus we stood at the corner of the hotel, watching for pedicabs to photograph. Suddenly a young Chinese came over from across the street to talk to us. He said, "You American?" and we said we were. Then he said, "You talk. I listen. I learn English." He said he was the shoe shine boy from across the street. We talked and he asked us how to say things. He spoke English pretty well and said he had just picked it up from Americans. Then he wanted to shine our shoes, but mine were tennis shoes, and one pair was suede

and only Irene had leather shoes. So we talked her into having them shined, and we all trotted across the street, stepping over the little trench alongside the street on either side, which was an open sewer. There were boards across them but sufficient openings so they could be used.

Our Chinese shoeshine friend talked and smiled and got out his brushes and started working on Irene's shoes. He had a fat little dog-eared book on his stand. Then he whipped out a little black book from his back pocket and paged through it and read to us from Chinese characters: "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" We said of course we did, we were Christians and asked him if he was and he said Yes, and he picked up the fat little book, and it was a Bible, in Chinese! He said on Sunday morning he goes to church but in the afternoon he shines shoes again. I took his picture when he came back across the street with us to wait for our bus. It was a real missionary experience to have this Chinese man ask us whether we believed in Jesus Christ. I wish I had his name so I could send him his picture. His ambition was to come to the United States. That seems to be the ultimate highest ambition of most of the people we met - to come to the United States.

Soon afterwards a bus came for us, and our luggage was put into a taxi. Ruth insisted on riding with the taxi driver and our luggage. She wasn't taking any chances on losing anything in this country. It was a pretty dusty taxi. In Japan the drivers were always wiping and polishing when they weren't doing something else. In Taipei the pedicab drivers would recline in their vehicles and wait for business instead of dusting them off. I don't think they ever heard of washing or polishing or cleaning anything.

At the airport, as aliens, we had our passports looked at again. We boarded the same plane for the "Mandarin flight". The C A T paid for our lodging and meals at Taipei because there was no other flight to Hong Kong, and we were glad we had a chance to see the city and the country.

Our breakfast was served on the plane at 9:30. Egg omelet and ham, fruit juice, fruit dish of pineapple, watermelon and papaya, a bread roll, a sweet roll, jam, butter, and coffee. The lovely little stewardess served it. Also gave us each a copy of a newspaper, The China Post, published in Free China.

We moved our watches ahead an hour as we came into Hong Kong at 1:15 PM. As we came in over the harbor, on a man-made landing strip, over 8,000 feet long, extending out into the harbor, we could see the shores lined with tall skyscraper apartment buildings. It was like many Chicagos. They just scrape away another terra cotta colored mountain or fill in a bay and put up another apartment building. On the slopes above are large areas of those miserable little shacks where the Chinese refugees live. The mountains here are not green as in Japan.

When we reached the airport and were walking toward the stairway we saw a huge yellow banner, held by two young men, saying: WELCOME TO HONG KONG - Safaritours (Orient) - and they meant us!

Date: Saturday, September 19

Place: Hong Kong

We arrived at the Hotel Miramar on Nathan Road, which is like 5th Avenue in New York. The hotel is a huge one. We were taken to our rooms and we got cleaned up and then went down for lunch. Most of us just had soup. And then right away we went shopping! The shops are filled with the most marvelous things! Ivory carvings, jade, silks, everything. It is like a wonderful museum to see all the beautiful things. I sent a little ivory carved lady to Hermine and Bill. We looked at beaded sweaters on the 11th floor of a building and Clara bought the most beautiful beaded white one. An all-over design. The only one like it we had seen. They make them and ship them.

We came down in the elevator and we had pushed the button for the first floor. Well, the first floor here is the one above the main, as in Europe. As we got out, we saw a Lutheran Church sign, so we went in. It was a nice new chapel. Really on the second floor, according to our reckoning. We talked with two young Chinese men, one of whom took us into a room where two Sunday School classes were in session, taught by young Chinese women. They were teaching in English, so they were getting the language as well as religion. The man told us they were using our Kindergarten material and these youngsters were ten or twelve years old. It was most interesting for us. We each left a contribution for their work and they asked us to sign a book, which we did.

Then we looked at sweaters and silk dresses in the Flower Drum Fashion shop and Clara bought sweaters for friends who had asked her to, and dresses for herself. I didn't try on a thing! I was too hot and sticky, although the shops are all air conditioned. If people knew what a job it is to choose something for another person I don't think they would ask their friends to make purchases for them. Some of our people spent more time trying to choose just the right thing for their friends than they did on their own. Silks was simple especially when they knew the color wanted.

When we got back to the Miramar Hotel we looked in the shopping arcade. There are dozens of shops, all filled with the most beautiful things! Beautifully carved screens, furniture, jewelry, etc. etc., as well as clothing. Just looking at it all is a treat and a joy. We ran into Margaret and Evelyn in the lobby. They came up with Clara and me while we got ready, and then we had our supper together. After supper when I returned to our room a message was brought from Ruth saying that eight of them had gone to the Carlton Hotel at the suggestion of Miss Tan (Ruth's friend in Hong Kong) - and asking us too. It was too late, of course. We wondered where the message had been all this time, but maybe they tried to deliver it and we weren't there. After a while I joined Clara, Margaret and Evelyn and then we went to their room and sampled the box of candy someone had given them. Then back to our room to write cards and diaries. I had received seven letters when we arrived at the airport!

Date: Sunday, September 20

Place: Hong Kong

When we looked out of the window this morning it was all steamy because it had rained. The clouds hung low over the mountains and Victoria Peak across the bay from us was all but hidden. Being on the Kowloon Peninsula, we could see the bay from two sides, with all the tall buildings, and the mountains beyond. It was one of the most beautiful and fascinating views I have ever seen. We could see the ships in the harbor. At times the water was like silver. There were always clouds, sometimes beautiful white ones.

After breakfast in the diningroom we went up on the roof of the hotel and looked all around. Tonight we want to go up there to take pictures of all the lights. We are told that the view with the millions of lights is more than beautiful. The lights, of different colors, are like jewels. The eight who had gone to the Carlton Hotel last night, high up on the mountainside said they had never seen anything to equal it. The lights looked like jewels.

After breakfast we went on a scheduled tour of the city of Hong Kong. It was like a beehive; people everywhere! Crowds of people! It wasn't oppressive, however.

Finally we came to one of the housing projects built by the British government for the Chinese refugees. We got out of the bus and the first thing I noticed was the sound of a million tongues talking in a sweet high pitch - Cantonese. It was like a million birds twittering. And it never stopped. The sound was continuous, like a waterfall. No one can imagine Hong Kong. You have to see it. No pictures or written words can describe it.

Farther up the mountainsides are the little makeshift shacks where the refugees live who have no government building to live in as yet. They are indescribable. We wouldn't keep a dog or a pig in such a place. There is no water, no sewer, no lights. They find a piece of tin or a board or something and make a shelter. And they would rather live like that than be on the other side of the bamboo curtain in Red China.

Kowloon is on the mainland; also the so-called New Territories, which were leased from China by Great Britain in 1899, for 99 years. What will happen in 1998 when the lease expires no one knows or wants to guess. We had Castle Peak pointed out to us - a high mountain, below which lies the Castle Peak fishing village, such poor little shacks, but at least it is not in the crowded area. Then to Un Long Village, also jammed with people. Next came the ancient Walled Village of Kamtin which dates back to the 11th century.

Hong Kong has a population of more than four million people, only 2 percent of whom are not Chinese. The Lutheran Church has churches or missions in many villages. This morning I saw a little yellow church from the bus with the Lutheran sign on it.

In the bay there were many, many sampans, boats on which 25,000 people spend their entire lives. They are born on them and they live on them until they die. The boats are so close together that you wouldn't know there was water under them. They all have the typical rounded top of the sampan. We saw several children leave their boat and come ashore. They hold their clothes up to their necks and wade through the shallow shore water. Beyond the sampans are the junks. They are the boats with the large sails and are the fishing boats of these people. Every morning they go out into deep water to fish, as most of their food comes from the sea. The sampans do not move. In fact they are connected by little wooden runways from one to the next.

We saw evidence of Hurricane Ruby along the bay - huge logs drifted from the opposite shore from the veneer factories. Trees were twisted. Two steamers sank in the harbor and many people lost their homes. The hurricane wind blew for four solid hours. There was no one and nothing on the streets of Hong Kong for 24 hours. This happened before we arrived.

We passed sugar cane plantations and some rice fields. They raise only 20 percent of their rice needs here. Lotus roots were being harvested. We saw many duck ponds. Saw many water buffaloes with white Japanese cranes standing on their backs, eating the ticks off them. Once I took a picture with three white cranes on the black buffalo backs but when it was only one. The other two got away.

Much land is being built. Bays are filled in. The 8,300' runway at the airport is built out into the bay, every foot of it man-made.

The water shortage has been acute until recently. For a year there was water available only two hours a day. The sign was still on our bathroom wall - a permanent sign - "Water from - To". Just before we came there were rains. I presume with the hurricanes. The reservoirs are full. They were pointed out to us. They looked like lakes in the mountain pockets. They bought water from China in tank cars or tank wagons. Now there is a 60-mile pipeline from the Pearl River in China, which will bring water when needed.

We came to the Shum Chum River, which is the boundary line separating Hong Kong from Red China. We saw the British headquarters with the Union Jack flying above it.

At the Shatin Heights Hotel we had "tiffin" which is India British for luncheon. The circular dining room, all glass, had a view all across the mountains. It was magnificent. Some people were dining out on the terrace but the wind became too strong and they had to come in. It was still hurricane weather. The mountains are not as green as they are in Japan. The red earth shows through.

8 Then we returned to the Miramar Hotel for a while. We were invited to tea at Miss Tan's this afternoon.

Date: Sunday, September 20

Place: Hong Kong

While we were waiting to go to Miss Tan's we went down to the shopping arcade. There is one shop after another so you can just wander around and look in the windows or go inside. The shop keepers are very nice and do not try to rush anyone into buying. (They know you can't resist anyway!) I bought a fine silk and wool stole with a gold border. Would make a beautiful skirt. (White.) Cost \$10 HK (\$1.80 US.)

At 3:45 we left in taxis. Miss Tan has the most beautiful Chinese home on the 10th floor of a new apartment building. Such lovely art objects! And beautiful rugs! A very spacious place. Miss Tan's "ahma" served tea and cookies, jasmine tea it was, very good, and moon viewing cookies, which is made especially for their moon-viewing festival, and is something like our fruit cake. We used knives and spoons of bronze with black buffalo horn handles. The bronze was the color of gold.

Today is the day of the moon viewing festival, and the shops were doing a tremendous business with people buying provisions for the festival. It was our September Moon, but for the Chinese it was the August moon of the year 4,612. They gather at their homes and watch the moon and serve the cakes and the children go around with lighted lanterns, and there are fireworks.

Miss Tan's ahma was dressed in typical Chinese costume, with black pants and a blue top, both hanging loose. She never said a word while she served us. She was feeling very low because something bad had happened. Miss Tan had borrowed a set of slides which a friend of hers had taken in Peking. Then the friend was sending someone with a car to pick them up again and the ahma took them down in the elevator and was waiting out at the curb with the box of slides. A car came along and a man got out and took the slides and thanked her. Then they discovered that he was not the messenger at all! When the right one came along the slides had already been given to a stranger! And of course they don't know who he was or where he went or why he took the slides or how he knew about them! And of course they could never be replaced because they can't get to Peking any time they want to.

From her house Miss Tan took us to Dr. Hua's. He is a physician who is also an artist. He and his art teacher, who is a famous artist, made half a dozen brush paintings while we watched. It was fascinating. It was a beautiful home too. Before we left, the doctor's son Stephen came home. He had attended Macalester College in St. Paul and some of our people knew him. He was such a fine young man, and quite tall too. Some of these Chinese are quite tall.

Stephen in his car, Dr. Hua's chauffeur, and Miss Tan took us back to the Miramar Hotel. We had dinner at the hotel, and as usual we enjoyed the meal very much. Sometimes we were at three tables and sometimes at one long table for the twelve of us. And always the service was very fine.

As Clara and I were getting ready for bed we could hear fireworks, so we went out on the balcony and watched the beautiful display. It was for the moon viewing festival. The moon was full and there were clouds in the sky which kept moving, so it was a lovely night for their holiday. We could see the reflection of the lighted lanterns which children were carrying far below us, and we could hear them scream with delight every time there was a burst of fireworks. We were both using our new cameras, and I found that I didn't know how to take a time exposure. I had it on "bulb" but the shutter would close. (I didn't get much of a picture. It was sort of a composite.)

Before it was all over we went to bed. It had been a wonderful Sunday. Although we didn't get to church, we had our Portals of Prayer which we tried to read every day. Clara gave me a little booklet of prayers for vacations.

Date: Monday, September 17

Place: Hong Kong

After breakfast I went shopping, I mean to buy something. Everybody else had dashed out the minute we got here to have suits and coats made, but I didn't feel like spending time on fittings, even though I did need a coat (and after I got home I bought one.) But I decided I would regret it if I didn't buy SOMETHING in Hong Kong. I bought a blue-green Thai silk dress at the Flower Drum Shop on Nathan Road, a black cashmere sweater with a beautiful design in dull gold beads, and 6 bronze dessert forks and spoons, made in Thailand, the same kind as Miss Tan used when we were at her house for tea.

I had been shopping alone, so I came back to the hotel dining room by myself and had my lunch in the beautiful Chinese room.

At 3 o'clock we gathered for the trip to Hong Kong Island. So far we had been on the Kowloon mainland. We crossed on the ferryboat. We passed the impressive government, banking and consulate buildings, the new Hong Kong Hilton Hotel and then took the funicular cablecar to the top of Victoria Peak, from which we had a marvelous view of the harbor of Hong Kong and the city. It was very windy on top. Ships filled the huge harbor.

We traveled through the Eastern District, which was made famous by the novel, "The World of Susie Wong." We looked up at the famous Tiger Balm Gardens but they were closed at 4 o'clock. The Chinese who sold the Tiger Balm ointment got wealthy on it and established this fantastic garden with all kinds of statuary in it.

We saw the Repulse Bay area, the Deep Water Bay area, and then the Aberdeen fishing village where more thousands live on little boats all their lives. Aberdeen is Hong Kong's main fishing village. All together there are 150,000 people who live on sampans. In the Aberdeen village there are 4,000 boats (6,000 at another place), 21,000 sampans and junks in the Colony. A mile or so farther on were fleets of junks. There was a forest of masts. About 5 o'clock we stopped at the beautiful Repulse Bay hotel on the hillside over looking the bay.

And then we had another interesting experience - we ate our supper on one of the floating restaurants, the "Tai Pak." It is modeled after an ancient Chinese palace. It was gorgeous! Small boats, or sampans, rowed by two women took us to and from the restaurant. It was a huge building. While the women waited in their boat to take us back to the mainland they and a small girl were busy assembling artificial flowers, the kind that are sold in the dime stores for 19¢ and are marked "Made in Hong Kong."

All the food was Chinese, of course, many different kinds. We could have chosen our live lobster or fish but all we did was look at them. It got dark before we returned to shore and then I took a picture of the lighted Tai Pak.

Date: Monday, Sept. 21

Place: Hong Kong

We crossed back to Kowloon on the big ferry boat. On the other side Evelyn Mitsch, Clara and Irene met a friend of the Mitsch's to go to a country club on Hong Kong Island. I had been invited too but I didn't feel like having a late evening after that Chinese dinner so I went back to our hotel and wrote cards. Card writing gets to be quite a problem on a trip and you have to squeeze one in whenever there is a spare minute or they never get written.

When I returned to our room our laundered dresses were back. They were so beautifully done! Mine never looked like that before, but of course they were done by the original laundrymen. They actually looked better than new. I don't know how they do it. And the charge was very reasonable. So we had things laundered every chance we had.

Our tour guide today told us that he had been in social work for the Lutheran Church here. There are Lutheran churches in all five sections of Hong Kong, we learned.

When Clara came back later she told me about the view of the lights of the city from all the high places that they had been to, just perfectly beautiful.

Date: Tuesday, Sept. 22

Place: Hong Kong

Showers this morning, but they always stop and the sun shines and everything is fresh. People just dash into shops or doorways and wait. We had fun at breakfast this morning, telling jokes. I told Ruth Spahr's joke about the rain and the parkerhouse roll.

The view over Hong Kong harbor was beautiful, even though it was cloudy. The water was silvery, and Victoria Peak had clouds down to her middle.

About 10 o'clock two Chinese ladies from the YWCA called for us in a pouring rain and we took the bus to one of the housing projects where the YW takes care of 2,000 children a day - recreation, food, and study for the older ones. There are 60,000 people in 200 blocks. (This was the same area, only a different section, that we had visited before.) A room 8'x 10' is allotted to every six persons. That is right - 8 feet by 10 feet, for every six persons. About all they could do is sleep side by side on their mats.

The street was filled with baskets of refuse which had not been hauled away. We heard the city was short of garbage collectors.

We climbed many flights of concrete steps to the top of the building. The rooftop had been enclosed and converted into classrooms. The open roof tops, with wire at the edges were playgrounds. The teachers are paid. There were about 40 small children in each class. There were pictures of Jesus in all the rooms, both the schoolrooms and the playrooms.

This building which we visited also had 176 rooms for business girls who paid \$54 Hong Kong (\$9.00 US) per month.

An elderly man was sleeping on one of the landings as we went upstairs and never woke up while 14 of us filed past him. He had no other place to sleep.

Still in the rain we visited another building - a YWCA building, and saw several rooms full of children under two years of age who were there while their mothers work. They were eating their bowls of rice and the women who had charge of them helped them if they were not eating or were having trouble. I took a picture of one such room full of little Chinese doll children. They were just darling. Later on we saw them all taking a nap, either on a little bed or on a mat on the floor.

Next we visited the main YWCA building. A very nice building, but they have hopes of building a new one. There were plaques on the walls, showing who had donated things or the furnishings for that room. The YW does so much for the local people and for the refugee children. I felt real proud to be a member of the YW, and of the Lutheran Church, because we could see what both were doing. One time when we were looking at the mansion of a wealthy Chinese, and across the ravine were the miserable little shacks of the refugees, I asked our guide why the rich man didn't use some of his wealth to help those poor people. And the guide said because he is not a Christian. It doesn't occur to them that they ought to help their brother; that is taught only by the Christian religion.

Our next stop was on the island, and we took the ferry boat over to Hong Kong island and walked through the wetness to the restaurant where we had a Chinese meal. It was called MacDougal's. A very large dining room, high up in the tall building. It was a noisy place, but the ladies from the Y felt we would appreciate the experience of eating there, where all the Chinese people eat. Girls carrying large trays of different kinds of food walked around among the tables, hawking their particular item in a loud nasal tone of voice. Everyone else shouted to be heard. As is typical, our food was placed in the center of the table and we helped ourselves from each dish, when one of the ladies did not serve us. What I enjoyed most was the noodle soup. It was delicious, with fine little noodles. They serve so much shrimp here, which everyone else just loved.

When we had finished our dinner we went to the beautiful washroom, where a Chinese lady attendant handed us our towels, just as in Mexico. Then we returned to Kowloon and our hotel.

Date: Tuesday, Sept. 22

Place: Hong Kong

We took the ferry back to Kowloon. People come off the ferry and walk along a railing and the taxis come along on the other side and people get into them in turn. No one can go out and hail one ahead of the others. Came up to our hotel room, and found that the lovely bronze forms and spoons had been delivered. Just beautiful!

Then I went to the Flower Drum Shop and picked up my Comprehensive Certificate of Origin for my green silk dress. These certificates cost a dollar and they have to be signed, certifying that the item was not made in Communist China. Otherwise there is no use in buying it because it wouldn't pass through U. S. Customs. We heard about a lady who bought some beautiful embroidered table linens, made in Communist China, and she never got them because Customs wouldn't permit them to go through. While I was at the Flower Drum shop I looked at cashmere coats, but the few they had did not fit me. Everything is tailor made here.

At the Mayfair Tailors in our hotel shopping arcade I bought two pairs of gloves embroidered with beads, and three yards of gold shantung for a dress. The gloves cost 90 cents a pair. (When we reached Honolulu we saw the same ones for \$5.95. At Field's in St. Paul they are \$10.00 a pair.) I met three or four of the others shopping too. It is more than shopping; there are such treasures everywhere!

With Mrs. Reynolds I went to The Rice Bowl across the street from the hotel. These shops are set up by the American Consulate for Chinese refugees. The attendants are American women volunteers. They sell the most beautiful hand made things, sweaters, wood carvings, metal ware, etc/ I bought a fine, lacy, hand knit yellow sweater for me. Just what I had been looking for. But I still hadn't found the silver filligree ear rings which I didn't buy at Kanko Shima.

We all had supper in the dining room, then I paid my bill for the laundry, etc., and mailed a package of literature home for HK\$2.85. Returned to our rooms to pack up as we are leaving for Bangkok tomorrow afternoon. Clara got her silk and linen suit and she looks like a fashion model in it. It buttons on the side. She had shoes made of the same material. About 9 o'clock we gathered in Margaret's room for cookies and coffee, good old instant Maxwell House from the USA.

Date: Wednesday, Sept. 23

Place: Hong Kong to Bangkok

After breakfast everyone dashed out for a few last minutes of seeing Hong Kong (and shopping, I suspect.) I bought a flash attachment for my new Pentax camera for \$4.33 US. Also bought a hand embroidered blouse.

Our crowd stood out everywhere. We just looked up or down the street and there they were conspicuous among the black haired people. Today we are looking forward to getting to Bangkok. Have a bottle of "Off" ready for the mosquitoes and bugs we are supposed to encounter there.

After packing away my new purchases Clara and I walked up Nathan Road in the opposite direction from which we had been shopping and found more sumptuous shops with silk materials. There were rickshaws on the streets and colorful Chinese signs. And Nathan Road has a row of beautiful old trees on either side, with huge trunks and gnarly roots like the ahuehuete trees in Mexico.

Joe, our Safaratitour guide, picked us up and the bus took us to the airport. It was crowded by people leaving and seeing people off. Several flights left for Bangkok before ours. We heard that our plane had "technical difficulties" (passport trouble, or something). Our plane came from London, to Frankfurt, to Cairo, to New Delhi, to Bangkok. When we were finally on the plane - Thai International and Scandinavian Air Service - our stewardess gave each of us an orchid corsage and a lovely fan, orchid and gray, of silk and teakwood. Shortly afterward a sheet of paper was passed around giving the names of the crew. Captain Westermarck was the chief pilot. Must be a Scandinavian we logically concluded. We were informed that we were traveling at 500 miles an hour, at 28,000 feet. The temperature up here was 17° below zero. In Bangkok it was 85° above at the time.

Supper was served promptly - orange juice and potato chips, then cheese and crackers, tomato and lettuce salad, rolls, rice, and beef stroganoff, iced tea, apple pastry, and coffee. At 6:30 PM another note was passed around telling us that it was raining in Bangkok at 86° degrees. We could see the ocean most of the way. Some clouds, but a very smooth flight. It was a brand new plane. Evelyn Olson was my seat partner. We changed off so we could visit with everyone. The plane is a Caravelle Jetliner, a beautiful shining plane. While we traveled I read up on Thailand. Thailand's chief products are rice, teak, tin, copra and rubber. Bangkok has 400 temples and monasteries. The money is the Baht. I think we flew over Viet Nam and Cambodia but there was a cloud layer down below us. Once I saw a very wide and winding river. Maybe it was the Mekong!

Date: Wednesday, September 23

Place: To Bangkok

As our plane came in over Thailand we could see the canals, or klongs, at regular intervals across the land. It was overcast, but the waterways were plainly visible. In between the canals were the ricefields, - as far as the eye could see, which was plenty far. The country seemed very level. I wondered whether the canals were for irrigation or for drainage. Later on I found out that they were the highways of Thailand and had been for centuries.

We landed at the Bangkok airport in the rain. The airport is a large modern one. We went through Health, Immigration and Customs as we had so many times before, and a bus took us to the Hotel Royal, not far from the Royal Palace and the golden temples and the royal crematorium grounds. Paralleling the street at the side of the hotel was a klong.

As we went up the steps of the hotel and entered the spacious lobby, there was a lovely gracious lady to meet us, and a young girl with her hands each of us a wrist lei of fresh jasmine blossoms, with roses hanging from it!! We were just thrilled to pieces! They were so fragrant! The lady was Mrs. Boonchuan Hongskrai, Executive Director of the YWCA. Wherever we went, if there was a YW they welcomed us. That is part of the World Fellowship that the Y is always stressing, and we found out how wonderful it was to have friends in foreign countries.

We went to our rooms and cleaned up a little and when we came ^{back} again Margaret Strane was in the lobby! We were delighted to see her. She is Eleanor Travis niece, and she is a medical missionary for the Presbyterian Church at Chiang Mai in northern Thailand. She flew down to join us for a few days. She looked fine. She was wearing sandals without stockings, as we found out that everyone wears here. Most of the women we met wore simple shifts, but of beautiful silk material. They are so small that they can buy the width of the material instead of having to buy the length of it as we do. Margaret came in an hour before we did and had checked in at the Christian Mission where she will be staying during her visit with us - "about 20 minutes" from our hotel.

We all went into the diningroom and had fresh pineapple and ice cream, and lots of conversation... Bangkok is a city of wide streets, many beautiful new buildings, fountains, and shops. It was dark at 6 o'clock when our plane landed. It was raining and cool, and we had expected it to be very hot! They are glad for the rain. It was brought by the edge of the hurricane which has been hovering around. And there were no bugs, this evening or any other evening to use our "Off" on. We never unscrewed the caps.

Date: Thursday, September 24

Place: Bangkok, Thailand

Here we expected it to be hot and humid, and it is the first place where we have been cool. This is the monsoon season which brings rain and lower temperatures. The hotel is built for a hot climate; the center is a huge stair well, all open and airy.

After breakfast I bought two sets of Niellaware ear rings, one set of red for Lucille Smith and black which I may keep. They had some lovely things in cases right in the hotel lobby.

Then the bus took us to the Royal Palace and the temples at the palace. It was raining but it wasn't chilly so we trudged behind the guide after we entered the huge gateway to the temple. First we visited the dazzling Wat (Temple) Phra Keo of the Emerald Buddha. The emerald Buddha is made of one immense piece of jade and I would guess it was about two feet high. It is on a throne high above an ornate altar. The king himself or his appointed emissary dress the little Buddha in appropriate robes, different each season.

Everything was so unbelievably lovely that we couldn't find words to describe it. Everything was very delicate and fairyland-like. There were clipped tamarind trees, and Ming trees. The golden spires and turrets gleamed even in the rain and we took pictures by holding our raincoats over our cameras. We imagined that the golden spires and columns must really be dazzling in the sunlight, and we hoped to return on a sunny day. All the corners of the roofs turned up; that was to let the spirits go up. We visited so many buildings and shrines and each one was lovelier than the last. We just couldn't believe that this was all real, and it was 1964. We had never seen anything so amazingly beautiful. We saw the platform where the king stands and then mounts the white elephant on which he rides around so all his subjects may see him. Anyone who has seen the movie, "The King and I" knows what beautiful things we saw. We all planned to see the movie again if it was ever shown again.

At noon the bus took us to the Bangkok YWCA where Board members met us and served luncheon. It was such a delightful affair! We ate on an open space under the building, with the garden before us. Some of the ladies were American. Afterwards we were taken to the Phraprapaeng Center of the YW where the District Supervisor of that section welcomed us in Thai, which was interpreted by one of the YW members. Then a young girl performed a Thai dance, to the accompaniment of an instrument, boat-shaped, played like a xylophone on wooden slats. Then another girl sang. Their music is strange to our ears, and plaintive. They served orange drink while we were entertained.

When we got back to the bus to return to our hotel, the boy was trying to change a flat tire. He tried and tried to get the lugs off and even stood on the tool and skinned his ankle but he couldn't budge them. I watched him and thought that he was trying to turn them the wrong way, as I had done the first time I had a flat tire. So I told one of the ladies to suggest to him that he try the other way. And sure enough, that did it. He was such a pleasant young fellow although his skinned ankle must have hurt.

As we traveled we could see how many canals or klongs there were in this country. Most of the main streets and highways were paralleled by Canals and all the houses were on the other side and had to be reached by a bridge. The vegetation was tropical. It was very different country from anything we had seen before.

After supper at our hotel - and the diningroom was so air-conditioned that we were cold - we went to the Rama Hotel, about five miles away, and saw a beautiful exhibition of Thai folk dancing. The girls wore gorgeous costumes and performed their dances so slowly and gracefully. Overhead there were flood lights so that we could take pictures without using a flash.

Toward the end there was a Thai wedding ceremony, just as they are performed here. The bride and groom in their gorgeous bejeweled costumes and the attendants, all barefoot, with such beautiful perfect feet. At a real wedding ceremony all the guests pour a little water between the folded hands of the bride and groom. Below is a big bowl to catch the water. We all did it. One of the attendants gave each of us a little container with water and we poured it between their hands. Each guest was given a small bowl of the kind the Buddhist priests use for asking for food. They go out in the morning with their bowls and people put food in them. They have no money and they are not supposed to beg, but they go around with their bowls. They wear those saffron robes you see in pictures. All very fine looking young men with a faraway look on their faces. They are supposed to rid their minds of all thoughts.

When we got to the Rama Hotel we had seen our delightful South African friends (who really were from India, I am sure). They were Mr. and Mrs. Ismael Amod Cassimjee and their daughter Fazella) and we were all so glad to see them again. We had met them in other places on our trip too. After the dance performance they invited all of us and our guide to be their guests at tea. It was a delightful evening. We all took pictures like mad.

Date: Friday, September 25

Place: Bangkok

After breakfast Clara and I walked down to the royal palace grounds and took a few more pictures. We took pictures of the great high wall with its interesting top, and the golden spires extending above it. We went to the entrance when it opened but by that time it was too late to go inside with a guide. The police station was across the street from the palace and when one of the officers saw us taking pictures from the outside he told us where the entrance was and when it would open. Everyone was very accomodating, and we found it to be true that first people smiled at you and then they spoke. It is a nice trait, and we liked it. In the diningroom too, everyone smiled right away.

At ten o'clock the bus took us to the Wat Po temple, the most extensive temple in Bangkok, very beautiful, with much gold decorating the gables, almost like filligree, so delicate and lovely, and golden doors. Then we went to the National Museum where are stored the great golden crafts used to transport the bodies of deceased kings. Then to another gorgeous temple which was so full of splendid towers and buildings and pillars ~~it~~ it was confusing. Steep steps and ballustrades and corridors ...

Right after lunch at the Hotel Royal - and the meals were all very good here - we were called for by Mrs. Boonchuan Hongskrai, the general director of the YWCA and she took us shopping. Her chauffeur drove her car and two taxis followed. I bought two pieces of silk, green for Hermine and yellow for me. The whole street was little shops and very interesting. The fronts are all open, of course.

From our shopping we went directly to the home of Mrs. Herbert Link, 25 Chitlom Lane, 4th bridge past Ploenchitr Road (across the canal) for tea. After crossing over the canal we came to the beautiful grounds. The house was a huge three-story building, all open, as these tropical homes are. A Great Dane (dog) met us and there were two other dogs, three monkeys in cages, and three cats. There were quite a few ladies there to meet us. Mrs. Chandhanee Santaputra, 94 Kowson Road, Bangkok, was also there.

We had tea (and every so many different kinds of things to go with it) on the second floor, looking out into the tropical gardens. There were tables everywhere, all laid with embroidered linens and beautiful silver, and a little vase of flowers in the center of each. There were four or five maids, and about as many boys employed there. They all were barefoot, and the maids wore those sarong type of long skirts. The floors were of tile, of course. Mrs. Link said one very good maid quit because she couldn't stand the cold floors, but they don't think of wearing shoes; they just don't like shoes on their feet. They all have beautiful feet as a consequence.

We also saw the third floor bedrooms, huge rooms, with

the huge bed in the center of the room so there would be circulation of air all around. Each half of the big bed had a "Dutch wife" on it. And there were two little beds, one with pink sheets, for the girl monkey, in the bedroom, and one with blue sheets out on the terrace for the boy monkey, and as soon as the third one was ready to sleep in the house he was going to get a little bed with yellow sheets!

The whole house was filled with beautiful things from many parts of the world and we wandered all around and looked at everything at Mrs. Link's invitation. She was the nicest person! A big woman, she was born of English parents in Russia, and her husband was German. She had pictures of herself and her husband with the King of Thailand. Both of them belong to the Royal Order of the White Elephant, a great honor in Thailand. The white elephant is the king's own sacred animal. Mrs. Link had a stack of brushes, like fireplace brushes, that she was selling for a church auxiliary, and nearly everyone bought one. They were made by the king's mother! The King of Thailand is only 29 years old - and he was born in Boston, Mass. He is a very democratic king, and all the people like him. The guides and others were always talking about "the king."

On our way back to the hotel Mrs. Santaputra took us to her cousin's silk shop where some of the others bought more silk, at a special price I am sure. She also pointed out to us the embassies of the various countries which were along the main road, across the canal.

We returned to the hotel and ate just a light supper. We packed our things so as not to leave it for the very last day.

We surely had had a wonderful day.

Date: Saturday, Sept. 26

Place: Bangkok

We had an early breakfast. Clara and I had looked out of our balcony windows to see what the day was like. Although it was still early, there was a young fellow down on a safety isle in the middle of the busy intersection - shadow boxing for all he was worth! He boxed and dodged and went through all the motions of a vigorous fight. It looked so funny to us! Every day he did the same thing, without paying any attention to passersby, bus loads of people, taxis, Buddhist priests --

We also noticed early in the morning that the stalls were already set up on the cremation grounds for the weekend market. There were canvas canopies, as in the Mexican markets, and lots of people and children, and we were eager to go over to see it.

This was our day for the Floating Market, and the bus called for us and took us to the dock and we boarded a boat and went up the Chao Phya River, a very broad, muddy looking stream. The river was filled with boats, launches, dugouts, motor boats, barges, ferries, little boats, big boats, long ones with motors, some fast ones with "hot rodders" driving them, etc. etc. This was market day. All along the river and the canal into which we turned were lined with homes on stilts of the Canal People. They washed clothes in the canal, bathed themselves in it, washed the vegetables for market in it, also their dishes, dogs, etc. No wonder it looked murky!

First we stopped to see the king's barges in dry dock. There are 45 barges, royal barges. The king's is 150 feet long, 11 feet wide; 52 men in red uniforms row it with paddles having gilded blades. The king's throne is on a platform in the center. The barge is ~~is~~ intricately carved, covered with gold leaf and having iridescent pieces of glass inserted into the pattern. We had never seen anything so gorgeous! Just unbelievable! The front curved up about 25 feet. Some of these curved-up prows were in the shape of a swan's neck and head.

As we went toward the dry-dock Evelyn Mitsh missed a step in the wooden bridge that we were crossing (across a wide canal) and fell, skinning her arm and wrist badly. Thank goodness she was one of the few who had had a tetanus shot! Her glasses fell off her nose and she grabbed them before they went into the canal and her purse opened up, but all she lost was a little plastic rainhood. Before we left, a little boy had retrieved it and returned it to her!

We had seen all the "spirit houses" along the way. Each home has a little spirit house, like a fancy bird house, where they place food and flowers for the spirits of departed loved ones or "any others that may be hanging around." Now we saw one close up and we all took a picture of it. It was particularly colorful.

We went back to our boat and turned off into the canal, a very wide one, almost like a river. Houses on stilts on both sides, people washing, children playing and swimming, waving to us as we went by. They never failed to wave back, and many times they waved first. They wave with their palms toward you, swaying the hand back and forth. And grinning broadly. The small children, especially the small boys, wore no clothing but they didn't seem naked because they were so brown.

It was a beautiful day, with white clouds in the blue sky and a delightful breeze. We hadn't suffered from the heat in Bangkok at all. We had expected to be real hot. Of course it was warm and we wore summer clothes, and no stockings, some of us, but it was not unbearable.

It was a most interesting experience to go up the klong. We saw the women going shopping in their little boats, others bringing their produce in them. They carried parasols if they had someone rowing for them, but most of them wore huge hats shaped like lamp shades. The vegetables looked luscious and the bananas were golden and delicious. They carried folded banana leaves for wrapping things.

On our return trip we stopped at a Floating Market weaving place. There must have been a hundred looms going, each operated by a barefoot girl in a sarong. (If they do not wear Western dress they wear an over blouse and a sarong to their ankles, and never any shoes.) Other women were filling bobbins with silk for the weavers. All were a bright color; the place just glowed! At the shop in connection with the weaving place they sold silk material and I bought a piece of plaid silk, just enough for a skirt or a blouse, although afterwards I regretted not having bought enough for a dress. This is Thai silk. Also bought a double shopping bag with a bamboo handle. There was a terrific clatter in the whole place, from all the looms. I thought Hermine ought to be there to see it all. All of it was silk, very fine silk.

We returned to the boat, bought some bananas from a little woman in a boat alongside ours, waved to dozens of children, thought sure our boat would run down all the youngsters who were swimming and trying to hook a ride, returned to the dock, and the bus took us back to our hotel. We knew now what the Floating Market was.

Date: Saturday, Sept. 26

Place: Bangkok

In the afternoon, Càra, Evelyn and I walked over to the market place on the crematorium grounds and we saw more food and more kinds of vegetables and fruits and meats than we had ever seen before! Strange fish, strange fruit, strange vegetables. Then a young university student joined us. He asked whether we were Americans, and whether he could walk with us and practice his English. He was a nice young fellow, with sharply creased pants, sort of a green uniform color, and an outside shirt. I think we taught him one thing -- how to say "rice" instead of "lice." I showed him first how to roll his r's and he could do that and so he learned to say rice properly and other words like it. He told us the names of the food we couldn't identify, and one thing that looked like a sea urchin was a fruit. He asked the woman selling it to split one for us, and inside were two round things like grapes and they tasted something like grapes.

We cut across the middle of the grounds instead of going all the way around because we had to return to the hotel as we were to go to the Guest House of the Church of Christ Mission as Margaret Stranes's guests for supper. The Thai student who had been with us walked all the way to the hotel steps with us and then he made the nicest little speech. It was something like this: "And now I wish to thank you for letting you walk with me and I hope you enjoy your stay in Thailand very much and also the rest of your trip." He had his own way of saying it and I didn't write it down so this is about as I remember it. He bowed and said goodby. We had enjoyed having him walk with us.

With us at the Mission House dinner were Elizabeth Reynolds, Evelyn, Margaret, and Clara. At the table with us were four people from Indonesia, a father, mother, high school daughter and college son. The boy hoped to go to School in the United States. The father is going to Chiang Mai to teach. Chiang Mai is where Margaret Strane works in the hospital.

We had a real American roast beef and mashed potato dinner, and of course we enjoyed that as much as the conversation about Indonesia and other places. We also visited the building itself. Everything was sort of open for ventilation. In the living room where we waited for dinner to be announced, there were big fans and everything was very spacious. We left right after dinner because Margaret Strane had to get an early plane in the morning to return to Chiang Mai. We had enjoyed her so much although we really didn't see enough of her as she had other friends in Bangkok too. I didn't even get a picture of her!

We returned to the Hotel Royal and got ready for our trip to Hawaii via Hong Kong and Tokyo - a long trip!

Date: Sunday, Sept. 27

Place: Bangkok to Honolulu

Up early and put our packed bags outside our doors. After breakfast some of us walked over to the market place again. It is one of the most extensive markets I have ever seen. We looked at all the strange foods and fruit again. We noticed that some of the younger women were putting things in plastic bags! That is like the women at Tequisquiapan washing their clothes in the little canal - with Fab! There were other modern touches at the market - like big water coolers. And we saw women washing their babies' bottoms at the water coolers. We also saw a boy carrying a book on the cover of which we read, "From Russia - With love." At the time we thought it was a text book donated by Russia. I have since learned that there is a book by that title. I ought to read it to see what this Thai youngster was reading.

Yesterday Clara and I had given some candy to a little boy who was with his parents at a book stall across from the market. The entire block was book stalls. And local people were standing there, studying the books. Well this little boy was very bashful but before he took the candy he said thank you in the Thai manner - by placing his palms together and raising them to his forehead and bowing. This small boy did that!

Today when we went along the book stalls again on the way back to the hotel I could see the little boy, his dark eyes shining, because he recognized us. Then when I called Clara's attention to him she took out another stick of candy but he was almost too shy to take it. His parents urged him to do so, and again he said thank you in the Thai manner, with his small hands together and up to his forehead, and bowing.

There was a klong paralleling the street in which our hotel faced. It was filled with boats, and on the shore were more canvasses covering articles for the market, mostly flowering plants. Down the street there was a Buddhist priest, his saffron robe a wonderful spot of color. We walked down one side of the canal and scared a naked little boy into his house. Why they don't fall into the canals, I don't know, or maybe they can all swim when they are born. We crossed over the canal and Clara gave a stick of candy to another little boy. The news spread, and soon we were surrounded by little children swarming from all directions, poor children, and they all wanted candy.

We went to the airport early. Ruth checked all the luggage as usual to see that everything got on our bus. At the airport there was the usual hectic few minutes when they checked passports. All passengers were given tickets for refreshments at the airport. Then we learned that our plane would not leave until 12:30 PM instead of 11:30 AM. It was coming from Calcutta and a typhoon delayed it.

A plane, the Kamakura, Japan Air Lines, arrived at 12:30 but it was not our plane. Our plane originated in London. We finally boarded our plane about 1:30 and soon after changed our watches two hours ahead. Luncheon was served - Wiener Schnitzel, green beans, mashed potato rosettes, seafood cocktail, mixed salad, baked custard, rolls and coffee. A beautiful little booklet was given each of us which described the menu for each of the meals from London to Frankfurt to Rome, Cairo, Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok. Each meal was from a different nation. It was real nice of them to make our meal a Viennese one! It was a huge jet we were on, one of the largest, Japan Airlines. And shining as a new dime. They just don't tolerate dust or grease on anything.

At 5:30 we were told to fasten seat belts because we might be flying through turbulence. Why not just call it rough weather. (Call a spade a spade, like in that Reader's Digest article.) There were typhoons hanging around. Friday in Tokyo they put small boats or yachts in lobbies to protect them from Hurricane Wilda. They hope they will be all over by the time the Olympics start October 10.

When we reached Hong Kong we got off the plane, had orange juice, free, while we waited. Here Evelyn Mitsch left us and we hardly had time to wave goodbye to her and she was off on the way to visit a son on Okinawa. We returned to our plane and were told we would have to get off and take another plane; we got off and were told to get on again. It was drizzling when we left. We got one last look at beautiful, wonderful Hong Kong Harbor. Soon it was dark. We were told that we might miss the plane in Tokyo for Hawaii because we had been delayed so much. However, they said they would try to get it to wait for us. When we reached the Tokyo airport a doctor walked through and looked at us quickly, to see if any of us had cholera, and we were apparently all bright eyed and healthy looking. We got off and dashed into the terminal and there were officials right there to look at our credentials. We had never before been rushed through an examination like this! We were told to hurry and we dashed out and got onto our new plane, also Japan Air Lines, bound for Hawaii. Ruth's relatives were at the airport to see us again and she had a present for them, but of course we couldn't see them and perhaps they hadn't even waited, but on the other hand they probably did.

On the new plane the eleven of us each had three seats to ourselves - we had asked the steward and the stewardess if it could possibly be arranged, and it was. So we took out the two arm rests and each had a bed, with two pillows and two blankets. Fastened our seat belts around us. Slept quite well. When I awoke at 3 AM on my watch the sun was already shining. I went to the washroom and washed up. Coffee was served soon after. A little later breakfast came.

Date: Sunday, September 27 Again!

Place: Honolulu, Hawaii

While we were approaching Hawaii we filled out forms for Customs and Immigration because now we were re-entering the United States and this is where Customs would really give us the once or twice over! It was 5 A. M. by my watch, but it must have been about 9 A. M., and as we had crossed the International Date Line it was Sunday, September 27th again. How wonderful! Later we set our watches ahead five hours, plus the two of yesterday. We get all mixed up in time.

As we neared the Island of Oahu I was studying the map and I suddenly realized that we were right over Pearl Harbor! I had my camera ready but by the time I took the picture we were just a little past it, but at least I know that the water in my picture is Pearl Harbor. It was noon when we landed, and it was beautiful! Everybody just beamed. The air was so perfectly clear and sparkling, the sky was so blue and there were such beautiful white clouds, and the mountains looked just as they do in pictures, and there were tropical flowers in bloom everywhere.

We went through Health, Immigration and Customs - for the last time we thought. The Customs men were nice. They had been educated to be courteous to people instead of treating them like deadbeats. The Customs man who looked at my things was a great big smiling Hawaiian. I had neatly folded the silks and things I had bought on top of my suitcase, and I had a list of everything I had bought and where and the price. I showed him my camera and my string of pearls. He didn't take anything out of my bag at all, just lifted up the corners. When he saw the silk and wool and gold stole from Hong Kong (\$1.80) he said "That's pretty!" I believe they figure the wholesale price of things, rather than what you paid. Anyway, I didn't have to pay very much at all. He asked me whether I had ever been out of the U. S. before and I said Yes I had been to Europe. All the time we were in the air terminal we were champing at the bit to get out into the beautiful sunshine. Oh yes, and he called me Elizabeth!

Some of us waited outside for the others to get through. A few of them had made quite a lot of expensive purchases and it took them longer. While we waited the Hawaiian driver of the station wagon that was to take us to the Reef Hotel visited with us and pretty soon he was calling us all by our first names. When Ruth Tanbara came through the door he called to her, "Ruth, over here!" and she turned around to see whom he was talking to that was also named Ruth. We found that typical of Hawaii; right away you are friends and using only first names. We each carried our flight bags and I had my new flash attachment in the top of mine. This driver grabbed all our bags and put them in the back of the station wagon, real helpful-like, although we would rather have carried them. And then they put our heavy bags on top of them. And it broke one of the little wings in the flash attachment, I discovered later. Which goes to show that there is a limit to being helpful.

As we drove to the Reef Hotel we looked goggle-eyed at all the palms trees and flowers and beautiful buildings. The hotel is on Waikiki Beach, with Diamond Head over to our left. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, an older more stately hotel, is in between. The sea was right in front of us, that beautiful blue-green sea with the whitest breakers.

Our rooms were beautiful. It was like three rooms in a row. First we entered and that was the first section, with two davenports which were the beds at night, a dressing table, lamps, etc., then another section with chairs, a writing desk, more lamps, and then the lanai, all open to the breeze. We were just entranced with the view.

Breakfast had been served on the plane. We had our lunch in the coffee shop of the hotel, which opens right onto the beach and where all the beach bathers come in. The waitresses and the boys were a little more casual than they had been in the Orient, more like home, and a little more careless.

We had been traveling so long that we slept in the afternoon, and then had our supper on the terrace overlooking the beach and facing the sunset. Afterwards there was native music and dancing on the sand. We watched them from the 8th floor lanai and it sounded just wonderful. Overhead were the stars. We had to keep telling ourselves where we were! and it was a very wonderful feeling. The Hawaiians are so proud and happy to belong to the United States! The signs all read: Hawaii, U.S.A. We are "the mainland" and we had to be careful not to talk as though they were still outsiders.

Date: Monday, Sept. 28

Place: Honolulu, Hawaii

We were awakened by myhna birds this morning, calling to each other, the first time I had heard wild ones. Had our breakfast in the coffee shop and then gathered in the lobby until it was time to go on our island tour. The whole side of the lobby was open facing a huge inner patio with palm trees and flowers and three swimming pools. At the end of the lobby were shops with beautiful things which made our shoppers eager to start shopping. They had Hawaiian dresses, and jade, which we didn't dare buy in Hong Kong, and carved ivory necklaces in the shape of jasmine blossoms. (I weakened and bought one, and a pair of ear rings. Genuine elephant tusk ivory, not bone.)

Our bus trip took us on a 100-mile circle tour of the Island of Oahu, past beautiful homes, hedges of flowers, blue mountains, and then stopped at a factory where they made muu-muus. Then we stopped at a Buddhist temple. I just looked inside and went out again. We had seen hundreds of much more beautiful temples. We stopped again at a rest point where they sold souvenirs, and once more before lunch. It was a typical tourist trip, and one we could have done without! It was anti-climactic after coming from the Orient. Probably all right for those who had come from the mainland for the first time. But we considered it a waste of time.

Our lunch was a luau - every imaginable kind of food, where we helped ourselves. Cost was \$1.95. Many people were there and we had to stand in line.

We continued around the island to sugar cane plantations and pineapple plantations. Sugar cane matures in 2 years and is about 20 feet tall when harvested. The fields are set on fire to burn off the dry leaves. Then the whole plant, roots and all, is dug up with bulldozers, the stalks are hauled to the factory, the dirt washed off under hydraulic pressure, and processed into raw sugar. Raw sugar is coarse and brown. Only enough is processed into white sugar for local use. All the rest is shipped to the mainland. They want no more manufacturing and smoke than they can help because the clear air is something they want to keep. The pineapple plantations are harvested twice a year from the same plants. They are all planted by hand, one at a time. When the harvesting is finished, these pineapple plantations also are burned over. We stopped to buy wedges of fresh pineapple, and it was most delicious. We paid 35¢ apiece for it, and we remembered that in the Orient they would have served it free.

For supper we all went to The Willows, a very unique eating place, with a pool, and tall plumerias or frangi pani in full bloom and dripping blossoms, and everything landscaped as though we were outside in a garden. It was our farewell dinner.

On the way over we took three taxies and ours was the last. When we got into the cab the young driver, a Hawaiian, asked us what G.O.P. meant, and we told him Grand Old Party, the Republican Party, the only one to vote for!! We put it on thick. And we said we were from the home state of Hubert Humphrey and we wouldn't vote for him -- that ought to tell him how we felt! He said, well he didn't think he would vote Republican. And we were off again, giving him a sales talk on the Republican Party; it was all in fun particularly as we realized that he was a Democrat. Finally he said, "But ladies, -- all I asked you was what does G.O.P. mean!" We were laughing so hard when we arrived that the others who were already there demanded to know what was so funny. We had even threatened not to pay his fare if he went Democratic. Then he said, "Well, for this evening I Republican!"

At the dinner we each had brought a gift for someone else - something from our bags that we no longer wanted. Some of them had wrapped up the little toilet kits we got on the overnight planes, or the slippers we were given, or peds, and things like that. Clara and I had bought little things at the gift shop. We didn't realize it was to be something they really didn't want any longer. I bought the cutest little hula girl and when you turned the crank she hula-ed. Miss Ask got her, and I don't think she appreciated it at all.

A friend of Ruth's, a lady doctor, joined us for dessert, bringing a beautiful white plumeria lei for Ruth and half a dozen other leis, pink, and yellow flowers. Ruth had bought a black and white shift that morning so the white lei looked just right on her and provided the finishing touch. Afterwards we all went back to Irene's rooms and read our articles on the places we had visited, each of us had one city to write up, and then we took some pictures. And got to bed about midnight.

Date: Tuesday, Sept. 29

Place: Honolulu

Every morning it was beautiful. Such bright sunshine and always a blue sky. This morning we visited Pearl Harbor. A nice boat, the Adventure II, took us over. The air was clear as crystal and the sea was a deep blue, with green edges, and tinges of turquoise. The mountainous island was like a picture, and behind us was Diamond Head. Diamond Head is the remains of a very huge volcano. I saw a picture of it from the air and it is an immense hollow, just a shell of what was once a huge fire spitting mountain. Above the mountains were thick puffy white clouds. Everybody took pictures.

As we neared Pearl Harbor - we were about opposite Hickam Field - when we all had to give up our cameras and they were locked up in a locker. No more picture taking was allowed from here on, which is a good idea, seeing what happened before.

We went in through the narrow harbor and a young sailor on our boat gave a very good running commentary on the various installations and what happened on December 7, 1941. I used to think that Pearl Harbor was one big round harbor, but it has many arms and bays and inlets and waterways, and it is immense!

We saw where the various ships were destroyed by the Japanese. One of the ships, I think it was the Omaha, rammed herself onto the shore rather than sink in one of the narrow places and thus plug up the harbor. We saw the turret of the Arizona which is all that is visible above water, and the memorial that has been built across her plow. There are over 1,100 men in the wreck and sentimentally she is still considered in service and the United States flag flies at the top of the mast. Divers tried to go down but the hull is a mass of razor sharp pieces and it was too dangerous for them to try to get any bodies out. So they lie buried in their ship.

There are dry docks where ships are repaired; none are built here. There are housing units, hospitals, everything that the people at Pearl Harbor need. It is quite a city in itself. We were able to buy photographs taken during the bombardment of Pearl Harbor, some taken by our own men and some taken by the Japanese and taken away from them. They had it planned so perfectly. They knew exactly which ship was to be whose target. I will always remember that Sunday. I was in the kitchen, ironing, and Carl was there and we were talking. Suddenly the radio announced the attack on Pearl Harbor, and Carl said "That means war!"

It made us feel very patriotic to visit Pearl Harbor, and proud of what the United States has there. We came back to the Honolulu Harbor, with its hundreds of ships - sailing ships - and I took a picture of our flag flying at the top of a mast. Out a little distance there were surfboard riders, and beyond was Diamond Head.

Clara and I took a walk along the palm-lined streets of Honolulu and had our lunch at a coffee shop. Next to us was a very beautiful girl, beautifully made up, talking to a young man, who was also very handsome. She wore a dress slit up the sides, and no stockings of course, and it was slit so far up that I sure hoped she was wearing a little something under that dress, but you couldn't be sure. We enjoyed our lunch nevertheless.

Then we walked along the streets and looked into the beautiful shops at all the lovely things just to see what things cost here. Our Hong Kong beaded sweaters were \$39.95 to \$69.95. We had paid from \$15 to \$20. Silk dresses were \$50.00 to \$160.00 and we paid \$21.00. Beaded gloves, for which we paid 90¢ and \$1.00 in Hong Kong were \$5.95. That's Honolulu. Most of the cars were Cadillacs.

Clara did buy two dresses on sale, and I bought a Jantzen nylon skirt for \$5.00. I didn't need it, but for \$5 -- in Hawaii! We looked at figurines and ivory carvings and admired all the gorgeous hotels and homes, and the flowers and palm trees making the whole city look like a park.

We visited the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It has beautiful grounds. It is a very gorgeous place, full of older people who all act and look like millionaires. It too has shops filled with the most tempting things. And a very good view of Diamond Head. And people on the front lawn facing the sea, having their pictures taken against the view.

When we got back to the Reef Hotel I spent some time in Clara's room because I had had to check out at 2 o'clock. Five of us had a light supper on the terrace, facing the sea and the sunset. The air was balmy. Palm trees rustled. The sky turned golden, and the torches along the shore were lighted.

Then just before Ruth, Bertha, Irene, Elizabeth and I left for the airport for our trip home we all gathered in Margaret and Evelyn's room. We had coffee and cookies. Clara, Marg and Evelyn were staying long^{er}, and so were Edith and Getrude. We took some more pictures.

Date: Wednesday, Sept. 30

Place: Honolulu to San Francisco

Before we got on the plane for San Francisco, the Customs inspector in Honolulu checked our luggage again. He was a Finn from the Iron Range country in Minnesota, and we had quite a visit because he knew some of our rangers in that area. When he asked me whether I had any plant material in my bags I said No emphatically - that we had enough insects and diseases already. Then he asked me where I worked and I told him the Conservation Department and then he told me that he was from northern Minnesota. We all had a good time visiting, and it was midnight before we left on our flight to the mainland.

We changed our watches at midnight to 3 A. M., which was the time in San Francisco/ Although the plane was pretty well filled - with Japanese - they let each of us have three seats by juggling passengers, so we could lie down and sleep. The service on the Japanese planes is superior to any other airline, we think. We loved the fans and slippers they gave us and the orchids each passenger received. Meals were good too, and served promptly, and so nicely.

I saw the Big Dipper rise in the sky from down under/ It was still dark when everybody sat up and had our breakfast but it was soon morning. We landed in San Francisco at 7:30 A. M. The friends Ruth expected were there to meet her, also Bertha Ask's and Elizabeth Reynolds' nephew. Irene was going to a hotel. I checked my flight bag, paid a quarter for a washroom in the terminal and changed to the dress I carried from Honolulu. I hadn't worn even a sweater for a month. I had carried my dress and sweater under my raincoat - put on my raincoat - and left the hanger with my dress and sweater on my seat in the plane - but a few minutes later one of the Japan Airlines men brought it to the main waiting room and I claimed it.

I wrote cards to Hernine & Bill and Aunt Sally and then went to the coffee shop and had toast and coffee and looked at all the foreign travelers.

It was very hazy when we came in over San Francisco in the morning, but by 9:30 it was clearing. The hills that showed up were bare and drab like elephant hide. It was very dull compared to the luxuriant vegetation we had just left at midnight, and which we had seen for the past five weeks.

I had two plastic bags of flower leis of rose colored frangi pani, two white, and one yellow, to take to the office next morning.

At 12:30 we boarded the Western Airlines Jet 94 and flew over San Francisco and the bay. The scene was drab and ugly, compared to the beautiful Hong Kong harbor and many others in the Orient. I hoped newcomers to this country would not arrive during this dry, dead season! Although the sun was shining there was much mist and haze and the lower sky, the water and the land looked dirty.

We saw Lake Tahoe below and the Sierras from 33,000 feet, at 575 miles per hour. (The captain called our attention to these landmarks.) Also saw Yosemite, and little patches of snow. Then came patches of sulphur color which was the aspens in their autumn dress. Then a great area of a faint rose, which looked like a desert. A writhing, winding river, more rough terrain, escarpments like walls' dry rivers, mesas, deep canyons, now a few clouds below, smaller aircraft below us speeding in the opposite direction.

Over Rocky Mountain National Park I am quite sure I saw Long's Peak. All snow covered. Deep canyons. High peaks. The whole Rocky Mountain Range laid out below us like a school relief map. Not even very impressive from that height. Nearing Denver there was rough air over the mountains as we descended. At Denver a new airport was under construction. We had to wait a half hour for the other Western Jet which we had to change to.

We arrived at the St. Paul-Minneapolis international airport at 6:45 PM. Eva and Erma were there to meet me! It was good to be at home again!

Date: October 1

Place; Office

Did not do much work today. Mostly talking with people about the trip and showing what I brought. I brought the five leis from Hawaii. Wore my blue-green Thai silk dress and the jasmine ivory necklace. It was hard to settle down to work again. Most of the time my thoughts were still in the Orient. It is an entirely different world. When we read about riots over there, it seems impossible because those we met were all such gentle people.

THE CEREMONIAL TEA, OR CHANOYU

The spirit of Cha-No-Yu or the tea ceremony is still alive in the life of the Japanese people today, some 400 years after Sen-No-Rikyo established its formula and etiquette. Especially in Kyoto, the cradle of the tea ceremony, the art is deeply rooted in the daily life of the people at home, at school, and at the workshop. A study of Cha-No-Yu will be a highly effective approach to understand and appreciate the daily living of the Japanese people.

The custom of drinking tea is in itself universal. Cha-No-Yu, however, is the ceremonial form of serving tea according to strict rules of etiquette which regulate the manner in which the tea is prepared and drunk. Sen-No-Rikyu was a wealthy tea-master and he created the ritual of serving tea with strict etiquette based on deep contemplation. The formula and manner established by him still remain the basic practices as taught by various schools.

In this solemn tea ritual, guests are formally invited to a party by the host, who brews and serves tea to his guests. In serving tea, a fine powder of choice green tea is put in a bowl much larger than an ordinary teacup, and then hot water is poured over it. The mixture is beaten by means of a bamboo whisk.

The courtesy of appreciating the aroma of tea and the tea utensils, sometimes those made in ancient Korea or Japan, is an integral part of the sophisticated tea ceremony. In order to be able to express admiration, knowledge of Japanese and Oriental arts and crafts is indispensable for the guests. The tea ceremony stimulated a new development of utensils. The refined taste of tea-masters inspired artisans. Utensils came into being through their esthetic eyes. A knowledge of ceramics is essential for the full enjoyment of the tea ritual. Devotees are also expected to be connoisseurs in the art of landscape gardening and flower arrangement. A study of calligraphy on the hanging scrolls as well as lacquerware, bronze, and iron wares and textiles, will deepen pleasure in the art of the tea ceremony.

The idea of the tea cult is to develop a life of absolute satisfaction with one's situation, an execution of daily duties with a lofty spiritual attitude, an ever replenished wonder in one's surroundings, and sympathy toward others. Training and serving in the drinking of the powdered tea is not only to teach correct manners and deportment but also to give tranquility of mind to the routine of busy everyday life. It is also considered a prerequisite for well-bred and educated women in giving them grace and poise.

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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of the growth of a nation from a collection of small, separate states into a single, unified country. It is a story of the struggles and triumphs of a people who have built a great and powerful nation out of humble beginnings.

The story begins with the first settlers who came to the New World in search of a better life. They found a land of vast resources and opportunities, but they also found a land of many challenges. They had to learn to live with the native Americans, to build a new society, and to defend themselves against the forces of nature.

As the years passed, the colonies grew in number and in power. They began to assert their independence from Britain, and they fought a long and hard war to win their freedom. The result was the birth of a new nation, the United States of America.

The new nation was faced with many challenges. It had to build a government, to establish a system of laws, and to defend itself against foreign powers. It also had to deal with the problem of slavery, which was a major source of conflict and division. Despite these challenges, the United States emerged as a great and powerful nation, one that has inspired and led the world for over two centuries.

The story of the United States is a story of the human spirit, of the power of ideas, and of the ability of a people to overcome adversity. It is a story that continues to inspire and guide us today, as we strive to build a better world for ourselves and for future generations.

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