

Sunday morn
April 10, 1961
International House, Tokyo

Dear Mom, Dad and Joanie,

I'll use Jean's technique of writing carbons; that way I know that I'll get you all written. I'll try to tell you in chronological order pretty much of what happened, since that's the way it now lies in my mind.

The plane left Seattle-Tacoma International Airport at ~~ix~~ 9:25 Pacific Coast Time, 1 hour and 10 minutes late because of mechanical trouble before hitting Seattle. I just poked around the airport and the hotel most of the time. I was 2 lbs. overweight on my large suitcase, but the little airlines man ~~infixmenonn dix~~ didn't charge me for it. I was also concerned about sneaking the typewriter and tote bag on without a ~~cha~~ carry-on tag, so the porter got me 2 of them. But I needn't have worried; they didn't check the carryons at all. The plane was pretty well loaded, tho most of the people got off at Anchorage. I was sitting next to a married couple who were in the service at Anchorage; they were really sold on the place. Wife said they had lots of theatre groups; had to import snow on the streets for the annual dog races; also had ceramics classes. They were from Maine; husband tried to tell me that Anchorage had more structures than Augusta and that the Anchorage airport was better than the one at Boston or Augusta. Since I haven't seen the latter 2 airports, I couldn't argue. But when we got off at Anchorage ~~af~~ for about 40 minutes, I wasn't too impressed. The place was rather dingy; tho modern in structure; few people except in the bar; were repainting with Fuller paint (presumably a brand name) and the whole place stunk. Got a tuna salad sandwich with potato salad and hot chocolate for 85¢ and they even tasted a bit like paint.

Also on the flight was an ancient Chinese woman who was going to Hong Kong. Nobody could understand a word she said except another Chinese woman who spoke only broken English. The ~~steward~~ stewardesses had to fight with her to fasten her seat belt. She took a fancy to me--I was across the aisle--because I gave her a blanket. So while I ate my breakfast she jabbered to me in Chinese, but of course I was blank. We finally figured out that she had a headache and she took an aspirin the stewardess gave her.

After Anchorage, we could lay down on the vacant seats and from the 7 hour flight to Tokyo I really slept. They served us a delicious

breakfast about an hour before arriving. The moon was terrifically radiant as we glided along, shining on what I first thought was the Pacific, but later figured out were clouds. We flew in at about 27,000 feet.

We left Seattle in the eve. of April 6, April 7 was a lost day because of the international dateline; we arrived in Tokyo about 2:30 in the morn of April 8. In approaching Tokyo, one could see only occasional patches of lights below--must have been isolated towns. In landing, you come in over a big body of water, like at LaGuardia, and you wonder where the landing strip is. The airport is a sprawling modern one, much like Idlewild, but looked pretty dismal at that hour. We went thro customs--the little customs man was intrigued by my chignon--got money and then 2 fellows and a Korean girl and I took a limo for 400 Y from the airport and he dropped me off at International House.

The doorman ~~came~~ left me in, but the desk attendant informed me they had a reservation starting the 9th--no room yet. So they put a bed in a small room used for translations. Sufficed for the night; then moved down the hall.

In ~~approaching~~ driving thro the outlying areas of Tokyo, my first impression was that of Moscow. There were few lights and without seeing the foreign language signs, the buildings were low-slung, gray and dingy and bit tired. We did pass a few high-storied apartment houses, which looked as tho they were transplanted from the Upper East Side in new York. Really beautiful. There is a "Japanese Eiffel Tower"--supposedly the highest structure in the world--including Empire State Bldg, which has red flashing bulbs on it. Used for a radio or tv. antennae.

if the beauty of the architect is terrible, but you get to like it! Pigeon
International House is really beautiful. It reminds me of a cross between a rambling ranchhouse and a split level of the NY suburban type. But the think I like best is that one side of the room has a windowed moving door and latticed screen which you can roll back and forth. Leads to a balcony overlooking a beautiful Japanese garden--I just took a picture of it, so you can tell what it looks like too.

April 9th.

Slept til about 10--then changed rooms. Asked a little man outside Int. House how I got to the AP building. He said he was a bus driver for the Gray Line Tour and he volunteered to drop me off at that building in the bus since he was going in that direction. Incidentally, the drive on the left hand side of the street. In fact, it's hard to see how

think of Japan as Oriental. I have yet to see a pagoda or shrine. He explained their torii to me and said that he had gone to college, tho probably didn't. Didn't speak too good of English.

At the AP office, John Randolph, the man you're sending my mail to, but still haven't gotten any, has been promoted to exec. ed. Forrest Edwards, the chief of bureau, was in...had a good talk, suggested several "womanish" articles to write which I'll start working on. He invited me and another reporter to the Press Club for lunch. The Press Club is really elegant, tho it seemed small compared to one in NY. After that, he did some work and I talked with a "Harmonica Society" of the Meiji Uni...all boys... all wore uniforms to cut school costs (not military hangover). They were going to ~~praf~~ play for somethin in the Asahi Hall. Had several guitars plus bongo drums, but the music wasn't too oriental. Also have an off-step rhumba beat called Drujuba (sp), which we heard other places.

After this the AP bureau chief had to get his cigareete liter fixed so we walked down to the Ginza section of town--which he called "The Broadway of Tokyo--movie houses, lots of small shops opening onto to the street. Then to a "coffee house", which is a far cry from the Village. Really elegant. Can get almost anything to eat or drink. Had an orchestra, playing something similar to Vieneese music.

It's now 11:20 a.m. and I'm starved. Will finish this later. Am off to the AP office to go thro their files on what they've written on Jpan.

April 10.

Yesterday, Sunday, was pretty much of a nothing day in the way of touring. Ate lunch at the International House--a delicious plateful of fried Shrimp, tomatoes and french fried potatoes, with fresh strawberries for dessert. Cost a little over \$1, including the tip. The room here at International House is \$3.30 a day--not too bad, I think. Then went to the AP office and read thro their files on radio-tv here, also on women's role in Japan today, which has changed considerably since the war and the occupation. I'm going to start concentrating on these stories today. We'll have to see what comes out of it. The most I'd get would be about 4 articles, probably 3. But will be fun and will give me a chance to write from Japan, which I hadn't intended to do. Will ~~ix~~ be a help to pay some of my expenses for this long stay too.

Came home from the AP office about 7:30 after eating in a Hested-style lunch counter in one of the big shopping centers. Some of the big stores are open on Sundays and there was a big mob of people downtown in the evening when it started to rain. In fact, it's rained or drizzled every night I've been here, but the days have been sunny and warn. Was 55 when we landed at the Airport at 2:30 p.m. on the 8th and its been about the same every since, tho yesterday was a little raw.

It's now 7:15 in the a.m. and I'm going to go downstairs for breakfast. Do write me soon.

And thanks so much for everything. Will write again soon.

Love and stuff,

cc: Mom & Dad and Joan.