

47:3 Adult - Working

86/97c

I REMEMBER HROKADA

Leut

New Yorker

4-21-52

5-8-52

Harpers

5-9-52

5-19-52

Today's Woman

5-22-52

6-2-52

Esquire

6-9-52

6-20-52

Charm

7-16-52

8-

OH BOOM, GET TO WORK

	<u>Sent</u>	<u>Ret'd</u>	
New Yorker	1-5-50	1-17-50	(with letter)
Harpers	2-5-50	2-23-50	"

Revised

	New Yorker	3-14-50	3-21-50
	Atlantic Mo	3-27-50	4-3-50
	Mlle	4-24-50	5-26-50
	Charm	5-15-51	5-29-57
old	Woman's Day	10-12-57	10-26-57
old	Harpers Bazaar	10-29-57	11-30-57

"I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW"

Charm - good ltr

6-6-52

7-15-52

N. Lyr -

7-16-52

7-22-52

Woman's Day -

7-28-52

EXCUSE ME, I FEEL BETTER

New Yorker

1-5-50

1-17-50

Harpers

2-5-50

2-23-50

Atlantic Monthly

3-27-50

4-3-50

Wille

4-24-50

5-26-50

Charm

12-14-51

12-31-51

MRS. YAMANAKA GOES HOME

3- -52

	<u>Sent</u>	<u>Returned</u>
New Yorker	3-24-52	3-31-52
Harpers	3-31-52	4-15-52
Atlantic Monthly	4-16-52	4-22-52
Life	4-23-52	5-16-52
Charm	5-19-52	6-5-52
Harpers Bazaar	6-6-52	6-20-52
Today's Woman (small letter)	6-23-52	7-15-52
Woman's Day	7-16-52	7-26-52
Partisan Review	7-28-52	

THE CREPE PAPER FLOWERS

NEW YORKER

Harpers

Atlantic Mo.

ville.

Scribners

[Mr. Meyer - to
get advice whether
it had seed. of a
novel]

5-26-52

6-5-52

6-18-52

7-3-52

7-31-52

6-5-52

6-18-52

7-2-52

7-30-52

To Harriet Wolf -

8/52

The Teachers

		Inst	Ret'd	
New Yorker	-	10-24-49	10-28-49	with comment!
Mademoiselle	-	11-8-49	1-10-50	
Harper's	-	2-28-50	3-8-50	
Atlantic Mo	-	4-25-50	4-29-50	
Charlier	-	8-24-50	9-6-50	
Tomorrow	-	5-31-51	6-13-51	
Woman's Day	-	10-12-51	10-26-51	
Harper's Bazar	-	10-29-51	11-30-51	
New Am. Mercury	-	12-10-51	12-21-51	
Partisan Review	-	4-3-52	5-8-52	

PHOTOGRAPH OF A PRESIDENT. [12-1951]

New Yorker -

1-2-52

1-3-52

Harpers -

2-1-52

2-8-52

Atlantic Monthly -

3-14-52

3-28-52

OGRE OF THE BACK HOUSE

New Yorker	5-18-50	5-26-50
Atlantic Mo'y	5-29-50	6-1-50
Harpers	6-8-50	6-23-50
Charm	11-12-51	12-7-51
Woman's Day	2-14-52	4-1-52

with letter

OF DUST AND DEAD TREES

New Yorker

Atlantic Mo.

Harpers

Women's Day

5-18-50

5-29 50

6-8-50

3-14-52

5-26-50

6-7-50

6-23-50

4-1-52

SATURDAY VISIT - 11-12-51

	Lent	- Ret'd
New Yorker	11-12-51	11-23-51 ^{lt}
Harpers Mag	11-28-51	12/7/51 ^{with} lt !
Atlantic Monthly	12-10-51	12-17-51
Charm	12-27-51	1-15-52
Woman's Day ^{Harper's Bazaar}	2-1-52	2-14-52
Mlle	3-7-52	4-1-52
Woman's Day	4-2-52	<u>SOLD !!</u>
		<u>5-9-52</u>

THE LONG YEAR

MADEMOISELLE

Goodhousekeeping

Women's Day

Charm

Sent

4-5-49

6-8-49

8-22-49

11-12-51

Ret'd -



9/3/49

12-28-51

STEP YOUR WATCH, PLEASE

New Yorker

Atlantic Mo

MLHE

charm

3-14-50

3-27-50

4-24-50

12-14-57

3-21-50

4-3-50

5-26-50

12-31-57

ON A SUMMER DAY

	Sent	Red'd
New Yorker	8-29-49	9-7-49
Mills	9-21-49	10-18-49
Harpers (revised)	2-28-50	3-8-50
Atlantic	4-25-50	4-29-50
Charm	8-24-50	9-6-50

THE MAN WITH THE GRAY HAT.

THIS SMALL WORLD (Short story)

	sent	ret'd
New Yorker -	9-26-48	✓
Mademoiselle -	2-1-49	✓ 2-10-49
Woman's Day -	3-24-49	✓ 4-7-49

ON SEEING A CHINESE VASE:

(S.S.)

Sent

Ret'd -

New Yorker -

3-49

✓

WOMAN'S DAY

3-24-49

✓ 4-1-49

TIME OUT FOR THOUGHT:

sent

Ret'd -

Reader's Digest -

3-8-49

3-24-49

ENTER J.Q. DINGLE

(S.S.)

Good Housekeeping -
milk on h. h'n -

8-4-47 -

Ret'd
✓

THE great gray Cloud - The Great of Wind -
dent -

Young Scott Bks -

9/22/49 - 6-23-50!

Lothrop, Lee - Shepard -

8-22-50

- 9-15-50

Sanble Day -

9-11-51

- 12-17-51

Let's Meet Haruko -

Fall 1946 - MACMILLANS - MISS DORIS PATEE.

Dec 46 - HARPERS - MISS URSULA NORDSTROM.

Feb. 47 (Too explicit - not subtle enough)

2-26-47 - VIKING - MRS M. DAVIS - too expensive.

6-26-47 - SAND PIPER PRESS - MISS JEAN BERGER.

(Come back later - liked it - but not ready for such specific books).

After changes made

3-24-49 - ABINGDON COKESBURY - Mrs Meyer. Ret'd - 4/11/49

4-11-49 - Oxford U. Press - " 5/12/49

6-3-49 - John C. Winston Thin Eliz. Norton

8/22-49 - Harcourt Brace - Dry for text bk - Scott Fitzgerald
Ginn, Gen. Ed. Co.

8/25/49 } Wm. Scott - Gaudin - Bring back for ed. 12/1/49

9/22/49 }

"

"

-

- Brod

"

"

"

"

Wm. Murray

12-1-49

12-13-49

went in to see

her 12-19-49

Revised

ms

retd 2/17/50

Sculners

2-27-50

AMELIA THE UNHAPPY MOUSE

	Sent	Ret'd
VIKING -	4-30-46	7-12-46 -
MACMILLAN -	4-5-46	- 4-19-46
CHILD LIFE	?	8-2-47
STORY PARADE	7-31-47 -	✓

- Revised -

Sundpiper Press	2/22/50	8/2/50
Story & Play Mag	3/28/50	6/21/50
Jack & Jill Mag	4/19/51	4/28/51

THE CLOCK THAT GOT TIRED. sent

WM. R SCOTT, INC - 3-9-48

VIKING PRESS - 1-2-48

HARCOURT BRACE - Winter 48

Wm Morrow 12-1-49

Chas Scribners 1-20-50

J.B. Lippincott 2-28-50

~~Revised~~ Story-A-Week Mag - 3-8-50

Jack + Jill Mag 4-18-51

ret'd.

4-2-48

2-11-48

✓

12-13-49

went to see
her 2/1/50

3-15-50

6-21-50

4-28-51

SUSAN IS A TOMBOY.

Ret'd

HARCOURT BRACE -

Under '48

✓

ABINGDON COOKES BURY -

3-24-49

4-11-49

Oxford Penn. - 114 5th Ave. 4-12-49

N 5-12-49

Wm Scott (Gardner)

8-25-49

9-1-49

Wm. Morrow (Hamilton)

9-6-49

10-4-49

Vetling (May Moore)

10-5-49

10-31-49

Lothrop, Lee & Stephens (Aughton)

11-16-49

12-3-49

Chas Scribners

12/49

1/50

Story - A Day May.

3-28-50

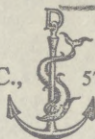
6/21/50
to Buy

Peter Gros Nursery School

	Leak	Ret'd
MacMillan	5/4/49	5/20/49
John Winston	6/3/49 (tork)	✓
Harriet Bruce	8/22 (tork in -)	✓
Young Scott (^{Wm R Scott} May Garslick)	8/25/49	9/1/49
(Too long - Don't do N.S. at all)		
William Morrow (Mrs. Hamilton)	9/6/49	10/4/49
Viking (Mary Massee)	10/5/49	10/31/49
Lothrop, Lee Shepherd	11-16-49	12/8/49
Chas. Semliners	12 - 49	1-50
J.B. Hippincott	2-28-50	3-15-50
Alfred A. Knapp	3-28-50	5-26-50
Shary-A. Way	6-23-50	

Best New Year's Greeting Jan 7

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC., 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



MURRAY HILL 8-5300

December 6, 1951

Dear Miss Uchida:

Miss Lesser has read THE JOURNEY OF THE CLOUD with interest and would like to have you come in to talk with her about it. Would you be good enough to call the early part of next week and Miss Lesser's secretary will make an appointment whenever it is convenient to you.

Sincerely yours,

Alice G. Shirley

Alice G. Shirley
Assistant Editor
JUNIOR BOOKS

Miss Yoshiko Uchida
556 W. 156th Street
New York 32, New York

AGS:sek

*she liked cloud
very much. Bring
back in fall '52
if possible '53
see -
17th floor.
56th - 57th
11:00
Monday
Dec 17th*

It was not without some misgivings that I made reservations for my return trip to the States from Japan, on ^{the Harunasan Maru} a Japanese freighter, for I remembered that a friend who had crossed the Pacific in the same way had ~~xxxxxx~~ once told me. "We had ~~xxxxxx~~ fried shrimps and rice for breakfast," she had said, ~~xxxxxx~~ turning slightly pallid at the mere recollection, ~~xxxxxx~~ and painting for me, the picture of a ship that was not the cleanest she had ever seen.

~~xxxxxx~~ With this ~~gloomy~~ dismal thought still lodged in a corner of and armed with two jars of Nescafe, my mind, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I arrived at the windy pier in Yokohama ~~xxxx~~ ~~Sunday~~ the day before we were to sail, as instructed. As my friends and I drove to the water's edge the ~~sight of a beautiful ship~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the Harunasan Maru was one of the most cheering sights I had encountered in a long time. ~~xxxxxx~~ A beautiful 19,000 ton ship - painted it a delicate apple green and cream color -/towered gracefully at the pier, looking like royalty beside the ~~black~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ streaked and rusty black and white freighters ~~that~~ docked along side.

As we boarded the ship, my spirits continued to soar, for it was immaculate^{kept} looked as tho it had just come out of dry dock. and ~~as~~ a genial and well-groomed officer presented himself to us as the Purser, he told us that the ship was ~~one of~~ the newest members of the ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~mituis lines crack merchant~~ fleet, was just about to ~~emabrk~~ on its 3rd ~~xxx~~ globe-circling journey, and furthermore had won a blue ribbon for its ~~xxx~~ record 9½ day crossing of the Pacific.

I sank back into the ~~xxxxxx~~ solid comfort of the new armchair in the lounge, and listened with further joy as the Purser told us ^{there was coffee in the mess} that breakfast was both western and Japanese - and that we would be having all our meals with the officers. ^{messing table just 2} If the other passengers - ^{of the mess} another woman - proved dull, ~~at~~ least, ^{I think I not} I thought, I would have the comforting presence of several other officers. The fact that they might be slightly pleased with the prospect of two women passengers to brighten ^{dsmal} ~~the~~ at least 10 of the long dull days at sea before them, also crossed my mind with a flicker of vanity. ^{what else could be only a specimen}

The purser took us on a tour of inspection around the ship, ~~and I had~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ which was fully equipped with the most modern ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ equipment, ~~and labeled~~ and labeled, (if that is the proper word) with shiny brass plates - all in English. I would not have known I was on a J. ship, except for the ^{glass containers} ~~bottles~~ of soy sauce that swung hung on hooks in the Jr. Officers Mess; and the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ small wooden shrine, placed high on the wall of the chart room, ^{un a place of honor} ~~with~~ in front of which were placed two beakers of x wine and a vase of greens - offered to Konpira-san, the guardian deity of all sea men. I learned that the director of the Mitsui Steamship Lines pays an annual call of homage to the Konpira Shrine on the Island of Shikoku, a 17-mile trip from Tokyo, and that the ship further assured

ウエスレーメソヂスト教会日週報

一九五六年九月廿二日

サンギ市五街五六六、C47-9933.
 牧師 林 實
 牧師住宅五街三五五、C45-9310.

日曜日夕刊 (九月廿二日午後七時)

前奏

招拜

讃美歌 三六 (オニ語)

交讀文 一一

讃美歌 五七

聖書 三二 後書一八

新讃美歌 四四

説教 林 牧師

新なる人

祝讃報献

詠告 五八

祝讃報献

集金日 九月廿二日

九月廿七日 (木) 午後八時

新教会司会者 日高兄

聖書 後書一四、五、章

九月三十日 (日) (サンギ市五街)

日曜学校 午前十時

(振起日)

英語礼拝 午前十一時

説教 後藤總理

桑陽と日曜学校 午後七時半

一、在部 当教会に於て

日本語 午後七時半

説教 林 牧師

十月二日 (火) 午後八時

定期役員会

十月四日 (木) 午後七時半

新教会司会者 日高兄

十月七日 (日)

全教会聖餐日

十月十日 (土) 午後五時

十時三十分 (皆様の出席を願います)

報告 (消息)

九月廿二日 桑陽教会、来

日曜日の午後教会に於て

メソヂスト桑陽教会が開かれ

ます。出席者 柳田と婦人

合せて出席者が約二十

お初めです

一、在部のプログラム

開会礼拝 午後三時半

説教 後藤總理

事務会 午後三時十五分

委員会 午後三時十五分

閉会式 午後五時

奨励 後藤總理

お茶 午後五時半

出産 増永四郎兄婦人

に日高兄の二女が産

み。アインと名づけられ

、深川兄就床、最近不

快でありました。深川兄は先週

来、俄かに病勢つり就床

中でありました。お祈りを願

ひ。埋葬式、廿二日、和田

兄婦には先年葬式なされ

た。今見の遺骨を去る十五日

にアインと名づけられ、林牧師の

司会により埋葬されました。

タイム

来る日曜日のサンギ市五街

に於てお祈りを願います。

献物

感謝献金 岡原 姉

金快記念 湯木武文兄

金快結核記念 岡原 姉

組金 井上 姉

石垣 兄姉

◎感謝 来る日曜日午後 教会のヤードの手入を有馬日高大野山口の諸兄へ

WESLEY METHODIST CHURCH
 566 North Fifth Street
 San Jose 12, California

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

NON PROFIT ORGANIZATION

Cycamore Congregational Ch
 576 Cycamore
 Oakland, Calif.



itself of good fortune by serving special red rice on the 15th of each month as a sort of thank-offering for the blessings of the trip. (The day we sailed, I discovered further, that the ship had acquired a sort of bonus-blessing from the mother of the ship's clerk, a young boy of 17, whose name was Origasa (or literally folding-umbrella), who was just making his second voyage.)

I was told by ~~the boy~~ ^{the boy's mother} that we would be sailing at 8:00 the following morning, but I knew that the ways of freighters are ~~not punctilious~~ but governed only by the loading of its freight, and so I dismissed the possibility of such an early departure ~~and decided~~ when my friends had left, decided I would acquaint myself with my fellow-passenger and perhaps, with her, explore the upper decks of the ship.

Mrs. Kato, I discovered, was the wife of a mathematics professor who had preceded her to Calif, where he was to spend a year as an exchange professor. She and I were the only passengers ~~onboard~~, and the only two women on ~~the~~ board the ship, which otherwise carried a crew of 52 men, and a cargo of plywood, ~~frozen~~ ^{many, many} frozen tuna, beans, canned goods, and several hundred crates of miscellaneous china ~~knick-knacks~~ ^{knick-knacks, buckets} which would soon splay themselves over the assorted shelves of the 5 and 10 ~~stores~~ ^{H.M.} of America. ~~The~~ ^{She} was bound for ~~Vancouver~~ ^{Antwerp, Hamburg, Le Havre} Portland, Sf, LA NY, and then to London, Rotterdam, Hamburg, ~~Marseille~~, and on ~~through~~ to Genoa, Alexandria, Port Said, Singapore Saigon, Bangkok and Hong Kong, before she would reach Yokohama once more. Both Mrs. Kato and I intended to leave her at Portland.

Mrs. K. and I went up on deck ~~and found~~ ^{and found}. The night was dark and starless and the lights of Yokohama ~~blinked~~ ^{flecked} ~~spontaneously~~ ^{marked} the darkness of the harbor with bits of blinking whiteness. We climbed to a point where we could safely watch the crew filling the hold of the ship under brilliant lights. The booms crossed and recrossed the deck, lifting and lowering gigantic wooden crates, and wobbly ~~but~~ ^{bulging} nets bulging with the stiff frozen ~~carcasses~~ of thousands of tuna. ~~I had never realized before how large~~ ^{Having} Tuna to me had always been small round oz tins of canned fish, which made pleasant sandwiches with lemon juice and ~~chopped green pepper~~ ^{was nice on} toast with a can of mushroom soup. ~~I~~ ^I I gaped in amazement now at these enormous frozen creatures of the sea, and Mrs. Kato had to speak twice before I listened to her importunate voice.

"And did you enjoy your two years in Japan?" she asked. "Ah, you were there on a fellowship.... Then you ^{had} just finished school? But you must still be quite young."

I knew she was consumed with curiosity about my age, as most Japanese are when they encounter an unmarried female, for the J. mind invariably ~~reverts~~ ^{turns} immediately to thoughts of go-between and arrangements for marriages, and seem to

香港パインバースト教會週報

第百五十五号

和信書牧師
常務牧師
一九五六年九月三十日発行

聖句

異邦人の途にゆくな。又サマリヤ人の
野に入るな。事あるイスラエルの家の失
せたる羊にゆけ。往きて宣べつたへ
「天もは近づき」と言へ。病める者を
いやし、死にたる者を甦へらせ。痲病
人をまよめ、悪鬼を逐ひいさせ。

價をばに受けたれば價なりと云ふ

私共が福音を信するものは賢い
からではない。又立派な人間だからでは
ない。いかに心の傷をもつものでもない
また跛者ども、盲人ども、貧民ども
何れもよい。神はその傷の重なる者に
洗て下さる。傷の大きいほど、神は
よろこび、その傷を洗て下さる。
ありう。神は、つまらぬ者を選んで
大なるものとするのである。

私共が信するものは、資格がある
からではない。又試験に及第したから
ではない。

神の不思議は、今日信じしと、明日忘れ
るものにも恵は残るゑあるといふこと
だ。この奇蹟なる神は、試験する

九月三日

日曜礼拝 午前十時

讃美歌五四、五三一

交讀文九

説教

和信書牧師

時百かえの時同に受えられます

雜報

パインバースト福音部々々が、サマリヤ
教會に於て礼を奉じます。此を奉じ
三丘の方から出て来るものなり。

十月七日は、聖書の日です。

十月廿二日は、一五部を奉じ、
量食会・家庭所集會、奉じ、
例會と多岐な日です。あつて
けの日のために祈り、は、備えられ
ませう。

十月の月を奉じ、奉じ、奉じ、

石崎、新海、佐々木、土井、ら、あ、
山に、諸君、人

礼拝の時の接待を仰せられ、

志社録

月会費金

七、八、九月分、土井兄弟

特別寄付附

二五、十、奉じ、奉じ、奉じ、

大和スキャナより、お書きを、

教會の台、又、用として、

い、い、い、い、い、い、い、い、
を、出、し、た、ま、す。

め、め、め、め、め、め、め、め、

す、す、す、す、す、す、す、す、

か、か、か、か、か、か、か、か、
あ、あ、あ、あ、あ、あ、あ、あ、

土井兄弟 二五二

ハイツの獨立教會週報
五十六年九月二日発行
第百四十号

教會キリスト教西三七
二世主使荒田ヨセフ牧師
一世顧問渡邊宗三郎牧師

電話 教會 NO40036
牧師宅 NO59087

標語

善を爲すに倦む勿ル

聖句

われは人々を愛す者の如くなれ
いと真に知られぬ者の如くな
れ知られ死なんとする者の如
なれ親よ生けるもの慈さ
らる者の如くなれ教へられ
憂ふもの如くなれ常に喜
び哀しき者の如くなれ
の人を富ませ何れ有たぬ者の如
くなれ凡ての物を有てり
ヨハネ後六ハ一〇

一世禮拜 午前十一時半

頌榮 五三九

主の祈

文讀文 二八

聖書朗讀

祈禱

讚美歌 三三一

説教 渡邊牧師

讚美歌 二八八

献金報告

頌榮 五四一

視察

朝の願ひ

今日一日、私は神の子として
暮らそう。神の愛は私の周
圍にあふれている。私は何事
も爲すに先づ正直で、本
気でやろう。私は凡ての腹
ち、苛立ち、恐れから超越し
悠々とした気持を持ちたい。私
は凡てのことが神を受くる者
のために働いて益を爲すの
を信する

書二の心でなへ

神は樹木にすくすく伸び
びる樹を教へ、小鳥に歌を
歌ふ本能を供して居られる

われ神にありて動き、生き、存
在を許されている。私にも神の
使命がある。それを忠実に実
行しよう。神の能力と神の
智慧が、私を導いて働き給
ふことを信じて、素直に神の
導きに従わばう

夕の思ひ

一日の働きを終へて静かな夕べが
訪れた。夜陰が漸く大地を
掩はんとするこの一時を、清
瞑想に費やそう。神に支へ
られ、神にはげます。一日を
顧みて感謝が自ら心に湧い
てくる。一日の仕事は華やかでなかつた
かも知れない。利益は興へられな
かつたかも知れない。しかし、静かに
顧みて「私生命はキリストに
共に神の中に隠れ居る」と
を知る。これ以上の寶は此世
にない。肉體の病氣も、政上
の不如意も、この寶を失ふと
ひかることは出来ない

寝時の祈

願ひは主によりてこゝに安
らがる眠りにつかう。主
よ、あなたは「親よ、我は世の終
りまで汝等と共にある」と約束
されました。主の約束を信じま
す。たとへば明日の如何なること
も、憂うことなく、明日のまにまに
生きよとせうとします。アーメン

婦人会便り

九月十五日二世連の教の奉
仕とソフトボールの優勝等の
事祝ひを感謝を合せて婦人会は
餐會を致しませう

○本月中の支早天祈禱會
教會に於て催され、例の如く
婦人会は朝食を供します

○大坪婦の所令孫は八月廿九

日北加セバ、そのお宅に於て
才にも、その下には、その
誠にも、その下に、その
地に落ち死なすは、唯一粒に
あふんとし、死なすは、其の
結ぶ

約十二、廿四

昔から孫は、見より可愛く、由
通り可愛く、その子、その子
大坪婦の所令孫に對して、其の
の言葉は、唯、其の言葉は、
まを、其の言葉は、其の言葉は、
書の言葉は、其の言葉は、
の、其の言葉は、其の言葉は、
に、其の言葉は、其の言葉は、
を、其の言葉は、其の言葉は、
を、其の言葉は、其の言葉は、

崎田婦の記念會

去る水曜日は、故崎田兄の三年の
記念祈禱會、二世親族の、
出席、教會員一同にて、
田兄司會、同友の、
人代表、萬方姉、教會代表、
沖村、米姉、鎌田、
杉村、姉會、祈、
きに依りて、其の言葉は、
○本週の新教會は、福音堂を
開會中にて、休會

亦次週且曜礼拝連合礼拝

と、合流して、自由、
礼拝は、就、教會、
○大賀島、
大坂、
行、
○感謝録
一、柏木、
者、
一、大坪、
様、
一、岡、
石、

感謝録

一、柏木、
者、
一、大坪、
様、
一、岡、
石、

感謝録

一、柏木、
者、
一、大坪、
様、
一、岡、
石、

he said. "His mother is worried." It would be five months before - with a christmas and new year's at sea - before his mother would see Origasa again. She would have many prayers to say before his safe return.

As suddenly as it had appeared, the little launch swerved and headed back to the safety of the harbor. The shouting voices faded away, and bucking a north wind, we headed out for the open sea. The purser slowly wound up ~~the~~ ^{the} serious little freighter's friv. concession to and tossed overboard the tangled mass of tape, our last ~~our last~~ ^{our last} tenuous link its two passengers, and with the shore, and ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~infinitely~~ ^{infinitely} ~~frivolous~~ ^{frivolous} ~~concession~~ ^{concession} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~man~~ ^{man}

Sakai-san appeared in a stiffly starched white jacket and bowed as he murmured a soft "Dozo" informing us that breakfast would now be served. Sakai was not yet 20, but he had been at sea for 5 years and was now the Salon Boy, seniro over 2 other boys who assisted him. He was known simply as "Salon" to the ship's officers, and was a quiet hard-working lad, whose poise and social graces ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~only~~ ^{only} gradually revealed to me.

Mrs. Kato smiled with satisfaction as she ate ^{she ate} her bean soup and rice and soft boiled egg. "Why, I don't believe I'll be seasick at all," she said. But ~~this was the last meal that she was to enjoy until after we had crossed the~~ ^{in a} 180 meridian. By noon, the ship was pitching in the waters off the Japanese coast, and I sat alone with the Purser at the smaller of 2 tables in the Salon, I wondered where the other officers were, and learned that they had eaten a half-hour before ~~we~~ ^{we}, in order, I supposed, to allow Sakai-san to concentrate on serving at our table. As the ship fell into a more normal routine, I ~~thought~~ ^{we would have some suitable time} the others would ~~perhaps~~ ^{perhaps} join us at meals. That evening, there was bean soup, slivers of raw tuna on grated white radish, bamboo shoots cooked with chicken and slices of carrots, and steaming white rice. But by now, the ship felt like a giant sea-saw, ~~from which~~ ^{and} the Purser and I felt, ~~if~~ ^{if} we could not climb off, we would at least like to ride it horizontal fashion. We both hurried thru the meal and ~~clung~~ ^{clung} to the comfort of our ~~berths~~ ^{berths} - a decision that Mrs. Kato had made long before we had. "We have storms to the north and one chasing us from behind," the Purser had explained. "We're getting swells from both."

The next day, was ~~sunny and~~ ^{sunny} surprisingly sunny and placid, and alth Mrs. Kato ventured from her cabin, we shared all our meals again in the ~~empty~~ ^{empty}

*Original Copy
5-76-82
Zigamon Eng. Church*



標語
 基督と偕に前進

聖書日課

十月四日	コリント前書	三二―三三
五日	全	九二―一二七
六日	全	一〇二―一三三
七日(日)	全	一一一―一四四
八日	全	一二二―一三一
九日	全	一三二―一四四
十日	全	一五二―一五八

これ即ち汝等工匠の業し所の
 石屋の隅の首石と云れる者なり。
 此は特別に救ある事なし。
 蓋天下の人の中に我等のまじ
 たのみて救るべき他の名を賜され
 ばなり。
 (使徒行傳四章十二節)

新約聖書は或一つの明白なる確
 実なることを傳へる。それは主
 イエスキリストである。彼が其主人
 であるのである。彼を世に示さん
 がために其二十七書け書かれたの
 である。彼を世の方面より見
 たる其記録が新約聖書である。

其見方の異なるは見る立場と人
 とが異なるからである。而して異なり
 たる方面より異りたる人が見て、
 茲に最も完全に彼が世に示さ
 れたのである。我等はキリストを
 知らんとして聖書を學ぶのであ
 る。而して人は必ずしもその発せ
 る言辭ではない。又必ずしも其意
 せし行でもない。その言辭と行
 爲とを通じて傳はる精神である。聖
 神を知り其靈をうけんが爲に聖書に
 行くのである。

集會案内

十月七日(日)
 日曜學校 午前九時半
 二世合同禮拜 午前十一時
 説教 大柁牧師
 讚美歌 五、六、四三
 聖書 使徒行傳七章二―九
 閉會祈禱 廿良兄
 聖餐式
 婦人奉仕會例會 午後二時
 王所婦人奉仕會員招待
 十月十日(水) 午後七時半
 祈禱會 司會 山崎姉
 聖書講義 大柁牧師
 詩篇 十四篇

秋季傳道 北加基督教會同盟
 主催 池田東部會

十月十三日(金)
 家庭奉仕會(予定)
 証言者 正田夫人
 十月十四日(土) 午後二時
 礼拝説教 尾崎牧師
 聯合礼拝 午後七時
 於妻領會同教會
 歡迎晩餐會 午後五時
 場所未定

感謝録

月次献金 キスレー姉 9-10
 金 五円 菊池姉
 金 五円 全
 婦人會へ
 右故與三吉兄十七周年記念
 献花 小崎家

桂木一鉢 湯の花園
 牧師館應接同用
 ケーキ類 二世婦人會員
 MYF ラリーデー

報告 消息その他

○来る婦人會例會には王所夫人
 教會婦人奉仕會の人々を招待して
 懇談會が持たれるので會員漏
 れなく出席する様希望をもらて
 居る。
 ○日曜學校のリーダーに登録し
 た生徒は四十二名、猶多小増加の
 見込なり。
 ○財政部委員会に於て本年分の
 豫算草案が検討せられた。その線
 に添ふて財政は運用せらるる。
 ○菊池家の母會は柁生兄が司
 會、廿良兄其他の追想談、蜂須
 賀姉の独唱などあり、善き集會
 が持たれた。
 ○桑濱部會には三台の自動車
 に分乘し二世婦人の方がお伴レ
 られた。
 ○竹田惣一兄は糖尿病と心臓の
 故障で暫く家庭にて静養中の
 由快憶を祈る。
 ○仏教會に泊泊中の児玉元吉兄
 は永らく視力の不自由になやまれ
 て居られたが先頃庭先にててん
 倒し入れ入院中、近々レスノ老人
 ホームに入園の由アララドに長く住
 む人だけに殊に後生涯の平安を
 祈る。
 この夕秋風吹きぬ白露に半
 ふ廿秋の明日を思ふ。

内村鑑三著「一日一生より」

サンゼ市五街五五五 47-9933.

空しーメーダト教会週報

牧師 林

實

一九五六年七月廿五日

牧師館 五街三五五 47-9933 10.

日曜日礼拝

(七月廿九日午後八時)

前奏

招美

讃美歌

交讀文

讃美歌

黙禱

讃美歌

説教

山に向いて目を上げ

祝

讃美歌

讃美歌

讃美歌

讃美歌

讃美歌

讃美歌

讃美歌

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を永久に記憶致したい。

集金會案内

七月廿九日(木)午後八時

お話し会、主婦人奉仕会主催

講師、二世婦人宣教師

新井見正子主人

(一) 二世婦人会右会に合流

いたす事(結構な事か下さい)

七月廿九日(日)

日曜学校 午前十時

英語礼拝 午前十一時

青年集金 午後七時

日本語礼拝 午後八時

八月二日(木) 午後八時

新井見正子夫人

新井見正子夫人

新井見正子夫人

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新井見正子夫人

を以て送る事だ。遺族の

上に神様の恵みをお願ひ

を祈つてやうです

一特別講演、オレゴン州の

出身に二世婦人宣教師

二世婦人宣教師

鹿兒島市、封任四年間

活動して全面帰米された

新井見正子夫人が二十日

(木)午後八時より当教会に

於て二世婦人奉仕会のため

お話し下さいます。二世婦

人会また奉仕会に合流する

事に関するお話の出席

を望みます

一お話し、香山先生奥様

が持参の「天国への道」

と云ふ小冊子が、手紙、

良、讀み物であり、人々

が仙遊す、入口のテーブルの上に

あります。代價は五円です

一献物

感謝献金 鹿村兄弟

組合

井上静子、G. 北兄弟

小夏姉、相良兄弟

お花 古井姉

証生、紙生、日置パトリック

南田カレン、藤道スタン

藤野、先藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

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藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

藤野、トリス姉

WESLEY METHODIST CHURCH
566 North Fifth Street
San Jose 12, California

NON PROFIT ORGANIZATION

1 CENT 1

JULY 25, 1956

Cycamore Congregational Ch.
576 Cycamore
Oakland, Calif.

The HM was an orderly ship, and each man seemed to perform his own duties in a quiet efficient way, and then retire quickly to his quarters. I spent a good deal of my waking hours out on deck, ~~sitting~~ ^{reading} on the ~~single~~ ^{one} stiff bench ~~provided us~~ - the only accomodation for passengers ~~on deck~~. On sunny days, I saw an ~~exceptional~~ ^{number} the men cleaning, and painting their equipment, and performing other duties which I knew must be aiding the well-being of the ship. But not one of the officers ever seemed to so much as stick his nose outside of his porthole. It was too cold this time of year, the Purser told me, but later I wondered if they were afraid they might run into me.

The only companions ~~on~~ I could count on with regularity were the 5 or 6 albatross that followed us all the way across the cold Pacific. They swooped and swerved over our stern, scavenging in our wake, and appeared especially beautiful at sunset, when they soared against the pink-gray clouds that massed in the western sky. They stayed with us until the day before we reached land, when, they suddenly disappeared, ~~returning~~ ^{were} agin to the cold gray comfort of their ocean home. *I saw 2 albatrosses* *Sakai here* *★★*

~~Then~~ One day, I went in to lunch in several ~~layers~~ of old sweaters and a pair of wool slacks, and was greeted by still another gentleman dressed in a gold-braided dark dress uniform. He rose as I entered, bowed formally, and presented a calling card. "My name is Mashiko" he murmured. I returned his bow, but had no card to offer in return, and in the presence of his polished shoes and his neatly pressed uniform, I felt like a tramp who has blundered into a Ball dress banquet. *that my clothing was highly inappropriate* He sat stiff and uncomfortable on the edge of his chair, and beads of perspiration edged across his forehead.

Mr. Mashiko was the Chief Wireless Operator, and came from the same province as Mrs. Kato. I was sorry she was not there to help him in his unease.

And then, he mentioned that he was from the small pottery-making village of Mashiko that bore the same name as his own. From that moment, we were on safe ground. Rural pottery had been one of my biggest delights in Japan, and I told him that I had twice visited Mashiko to see its famed potter Shoji Hamada.

Mr. Mashiko's face lit up and he ~~flashed~~ ^{was} a smile of ~~brilliant gold~~ that displayed a brilliant array of gold. "You came all the way from America, and you visited my little village. You were actually in my village?" He seemed pleased beyond words.

Mr. Mashiko quickly relaxed in the happy discovery of our mutual interest, and soon, he told me how he had shaved, ~~showered~~ ^{and bathed} pulled out his best dress uniform, ~~and~~ in order to present himself at my table. "Why, I even put on my shoes," he said. And I ~~slowly~~ ^{then} realized, that these men spent their ^{unshaven} days/in old shirts and slacks, ~~wearing~~ ^{padding} about ~~unshaven~~, in stock-inged feet and straw slippers, until the day when they were obliged to come sit

4352aveling Blvd.,
San Lorenzo, Calif.
Phone EL 1-8470

牧師 篠田タニエル、福田吉郎

○中谷ヒロ子姉と御主人とよりお子さま誕生をお祝ひ申上げた事に對して町慶なる礼状を下さいました。

○ミセスタケ子マツケ姉は去る十七日田子さんを安産されましたお慶

○モデスト石田遷太郎兄弟と今息
と田上ジツ子姉とは去る礼拜に出

○サマテオ清水ケイ姉宗姉また
マウテンツエー中村清児姉は去る
礼拜に出席なさいました。

へてギルロイ修養會に出席された。伊
 沢思徳哉兄と之國栄兄とまた
 修養會年會より御尋逢の西郷府の兄
 不健一兄と去る。礼拜に休まれました。
 のシカゴ友交會牧師は、ギルロイより書

教会街來訪亦二には早天祈禱會
聖書講義、礼拝の三面の御用とな
して下され特に礼拝に聖國にある
當教會の兄弟方の為め心温まる獨
唱をいたされました。

府へ。佐々木牧師は井上兄姉宅に迎へられ、九月三日シヤートルへ向はれます。

小ホル石野牧師と同夫人は年會より御帰途、九月二日夜牧師館をお訪ね下され、九月三日早朝南に向はれました。

皇太子先生は修養会に於て
 連日御用を果たして南に向はれまし
 たが八月二日には再び岩内へお越し下
 さつて上記の御用をなして下さいます。

八月 教會下
橋本勝次 兄
廣中秋三郎 兄
八月 婦人 合月番
西村主惠 姉
篠田美津子 姉
石田絹代 姉
母貝田富美 姉
高松マツ工 姉
野廣子 姉

八月誕生方
八月二日田村淡子姉

不依一宗と云ふ

教會御來訪亦曰は早天祈禱會
聖書講義、礼拝、三曲の却用を各

基督教の兄弟方の爲め心懸ける筈

それでは、禮拜位は遠來の兄弟方

者、伊沢、戸田両兄は、片木兄の車にて四往

へられたいと申す。へられたいと申す。

リ御帰途九日夜牧師館をお訪

菅白原定市先生は修養会に於て

速く信用を果たして南に向はれまし

さつて上記の御用をなして下さいます。

八月 教会アサ一

廣中秋郎兄

西村主惠妍
篠田美津子婦
石田絹代婦

高松 三工 婦
又 廣子 市

八月誕生方
(八月二日)田村淡子姉

** Apart from the purser, who dutifully came at least once a day to ~~visit and inquire~~ seek me out on deck or in the cabin, for a social call, ~~the~~ ~~Boysen~~ Sakai, our Salon Boy, was the other individual whom I saw ~~with~~ most regularly, and who capably handled the function of ^{junior} ~~host~~. ~~He was~~ If I were not in my cabin, he would ~~reach~~ the deck or search me out in the bridge ~~to my cabin~~ and with a slight bow, announce that luncheon or dinner was served. As he brought in the soup, he would murmur a soft, "dozo .. please" and we would bow back and say, "Itadaki masu..." the ~~polite~~ polite phrase of gratitude, ~~with which~~ with which all Japanese will preface a meal. If he brought us a plate of hot fried shrimp, he would urge us ~~to~~ "Please, W while they are hot." And it was Sakai, who brought magazines to us the 2nd night out, and who urged Mrs. Kato to "~~eat~~" "eat - even a little bit. You'll feel better, and you can leave whenever you like."

&
He was ~~a~~ small thin,... he worked with ~~efficiency and~~ quiet efficiency; he was thoughtful and alert. ~~He was~~ and bright. It saddened me to think that the ultimate position he might reach, after long years of service with the lines, was ~~to~~ become ~~chief~~ cook spending his days ~~around the~~ sailing around the world sweating in the heat of the galley - cooking enormous pots of rice, preparing the glutinous rice cakes over steaming vats for ~~the~~ a Japanese new year's at sea, as his maximum effort. He could never become one of the ship's officer

麦ダチスト同教会報

第千八百号
十月二十日

バネ市カルト街
牧師 鈴木 街
アズリ 三井 街

世界聖餐日を迎ふ
来る七日の聖日は世界聖
餐の日である。見ると多
数の教会に於ける世界の
教会のこの日を迎へて主
の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。
一は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。
二は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。
三は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。

の事を考へて御礼を言ふ
は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。
二は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。
三は、主の御名に於けることばを
宣へて御礼を言ふのである。

月定献金
林田幸造 師小成ツル 師
持井牧師 妻植山富代 師
警森スエ 師 持井 師
牧高木タロ 十周年記念 金
故儀作兄 五周年記念 金
献花 三井 師
信濃 寺 師
信濃 寺 師

集会

聖日 十月七日
日旺学校 午前九時
英話 鈴木 牧師
聖餐 藤井 牧師
主の聖餐とその意義
聖餐式

持は当日は御会出者の方
また大學生諸君のため
聖餐の準備と信託付等
由幸仕下され諸師に
御礼申し上げます。

牧師再任歓迎会
教会役員会 午後
婦人会委員会 二時
新詩 今 午後七時
日会 吉田 夫人

何事か云々
入れをまた何事か云々
かばくしく云々
かたうに云々

予造 廣東部会主催
秋期伝道家連集 十月
協会上部会 十月
全廣東聯合教会 十月
西果会 正田 夫人

日本孫沢春山牧師御
経営ののぞみ奉園建策の後
授のお志ある方は
の竹下静馬兄おゆみ

教報と消息

来る日旺日午後
ミナト部会には
木井 牧師 世部 中
（中略）
和屋吉貴 中村 牧師
トシ等の諸師出席せ

八月 月 前 二一
九月 月 前 一五
十月 月 前 一六
十一月 月 前 一七
十二月 月 前 一八

嶺田先生本日如何出飛、此は、月初旬。・日本貝之敵田、小
 崎尤大牧師、服部嘉明牧師、大妻本日着米來麥、山崎師は十
 六日までの服部衛夫妻は十日まで滞在、其後いれも南下予定
 ラ、故会保阪に作元月下訪麥中。・川俣子姉、母君、女室君
 兄弟を、めに先週御訪ひ、存に、分りて婚約中なる。
 公山、之、嫌、並に市長い、君、本月元日御結婚予定。・日語
 學、南條公彦、校、卒業生、加藤、富田、根井、横山、諸兄、姉、慶賀

"That was the Captain?" I asked him after lunch, when we met in the corridor?

Sakai-san looked concerned? "Didn't you meet him?" he asked, and the Purser later told me that he had reprimanded the captain, saying, "Our guest did not even know who you were. You must introduce yourself, captain."

That evening, to celebrate the crossing, we had a big sukiyaki party - with all the sr. officers - ~~then came the men~~ who had eaten with me so far, and including two, who could not, under any circumstances endure the ordeal of eating alone with a strange woman. ^{even Mrs. Kato was able to join us} It was a gay party, and the men had not bothered to wear their dress uniforms. They relaxed with the aid of some sake, and I suppose with their feet slippered and unfettered of stiff heavy shoes, and at last, I did not feel like an intruder on the ship.

That evening, as the ~~chief wireless~~ Mr. Mashiko, & the Purser sat with Mrs. Kato and me in the lounge, ~~any young~~ the young 2nd Officer came to join us. He was a pleasant, friendly man, evidently at ease with strangers and/or women, and it was from him that I got ~~some~~ some insight not only into the vast shipping empire of Mitsui that circled and recircled the globe - but of the lives of the men who circled and recircled the globe in their lonely small ships - going from one strange land to another, as they counted the months until they would have a brief 2 weeks in Japan.

"Some of the older men have been at sea for 20-30 years," he told me. and the younger men - from 5-10. "It's really a lonely life," he admitted. "We live from day to day, and find small pleasures in photography, or books, or keeping a pair of love-birds, like the engineer - or gold-fish, like Mashiko-san."

Of all the men I spoke to - this 2nd officer, seemed he only one who had truly wanted to live a life at sea. (quotation)
The Purser told me that he had signed up to take the test at the Lines, only because his brother had failed and he wanted to prove that one of them could pass it. He had really wanted another job in Japan, but this one came thru first. "Shikatanagai..." it can't be helped," he told me one day. He was a quiet gentle soft-spoken individual, whom, ^{well-} indeed, I could have imagined working ~~well~~ as an accountant in some business house - solid and safe on the comfort of land. He seemed unhappy and lonely - not just for his wife and ~~son~~ who was his senior - and who, it seemed he had married by arrangement - but for some solid security and love he missed. As universal a problem, as this is, it seemed particularly poignant, for an individual, who, trapped on ~~his ship~~ an island of steel that floated around the world - ~~he lived, worked, slept, in~~ ^{inter day} could never leave the confines of the work he wished to escape.

サンロレンゾ ホーリネス 教會週報 (第百四號)

一九五六年 十月二日 發行

牧師 福田吉郎

435 LEWELLING BLVD.
SAN LORENZO, CALIF.
PHONE EL. 1-8470

主イエスの言葉は、宮の内では高貴する者に対しては、いかに打ちをなすたのではない。鵲をうける者には、その鳥の逃げ去らぬように、これらの物を此處より取り去れと宣うている。

その時、主の御態度のいかに峻厳であつたかといふことは、弟子をして直に「なんぢの家を思ふ熱心なれを食はん」との詩六九の九節の聖言を思ひ出さしめられた。また、祭司長を初め多くの反対者、かゝる主の強硬な態度に對して、誹り反抗して居ないことによつても知ることが出来る。

そこで、我らは今も主は神の宮たる教會の神聖を要求して居たうことを強く認識せねばならぬことであると思ふ。とくに「なんぢこれらの事をなすからには我らに何の徴を示すか」と詰問すると、主はその機會を以て、心靈の聖潔に就て教へ給ふた。

人の心は活ける神の宮である。その心が非、何心によつてまことに穢れてゐる、この心の聖潔は主イエスの十字架の死と主の復活によつて全ふせられることを教へ、且つ預言をなして給ふたのである。

集會

○十月七日(聖日)

早天祈禱會

聖書講義

禮拜と説教

さんびか

説教「新生」

連合禮拜と聖餐式

親睦茶會

○十月十日(水)

特集「神の祈禱」

総動員出席を切望します

四季會と教會創立七周年記念會

十月十二日(金) 午後五時半分

祝謝晚餐會 於 教育館

食券大人五仙 小(生)二仙 五仙

信徒あかし會 午後七時半分

祝謝傳道 於 教會

四季會は昼間開かれます

○十月十四日(日)

早天祈禱會 午前六時半分

聖書講義 午後九時半分

祝謝禮拜 午後二時

家庭伝道會 午後七時半分

(以上いづれも特別講師による御用)

(注意)右三日間の特集には教會員及教友は総出席下さり、また是非御友人をお誘ひ下さい。

役員會決議事項

四季會代員宿舎に於て福田吉郎、福田、橋本、井上の六元姉兄と牧師院が應募された。また食事は、毎日の三食は婦人會の方々の奉仕で教會にて供應する。記念晚餐會に當り、各會の方々の御夫婦を招待する事。

創立記念會特別獻金を募る事。特別會計 佐方、西山、西元、一、建築資金、献金を創立記念事業として再開する事。

四季會代議員に西村留元を推選す。

消息

末廣監督令嬢の光子嬢は野田輝司氏と九月九日出度く結婚式を挙げられた。新家庭に祝福を祈ります。

野田(師)による野田教會秋季伝道は、先を拜され、高野野田師は、シトル伝道の帰途来る十四日を中心に出発地に於て伝道をされ、八月は御掃羅の豫定と事。

勝谷が牧師は来る土曜日来事され、また、モリスの集會を以て、その後、引返して、彼地の集會に出席されました。

去る禮拜は、過去三月間の苦悩を、思ひ、病と闘ひ、快勝され、井上重政兄、南、静養して、帰られた家、村、また、初子を與へられたミセス、ベグ、武子嬢が、集はれて大變に福でありました。

感謝録

一、月約献金

M 篠田姉 宮木元姉 高松姉

田上元姉(モリス) 石見元姉(モリス)

一、月末感謝献金

光吉元姉 井元姉 黄田元姉

西山元姉 児玉姉 M 篠田姉

高松姉 竹村姉 清水姉

蜂須賀姉 賢田姉 宮木元姉

田辺元姉 原元姉

一、教會創立記念獻金 勝谷が牧師

一、聖餐金 佐方きよ姉

一、週報費 佐藤駒吉兄

一、婦人會へ 常盤名會より

一、集會献金 モリスの集會

一、献金 M 篠田姉、西村兄姉

一、作業奉仕 信本佐方、成尾三姉

橋本、西村、成尾、佐方、西元

以上、感謝いたします。

十月 婦人會 月番

河原、田村、廣田、橋本、清水

木本六姉

十月 教會「シ」

佐方、西山、西元

十月 誕生元姉

成尾秋子姉 (十月一日)

成尾直兄 (〃四)

梅田邦郎兄 (〃六)

宮木辰夫兄 (〃十)

高松マサ姉 (〃十四)

蜂須賀あす姉 (〃十八)

諸元姉の祝福を祈ります。

惠の跡

ミセス、ゴア、直子姉兄の九月、常盤會は、主名の出席、新しく清子さん、加入、婦人會より六名の応援、司會、頼田姉、自己紹介、五名のあかしあり、集會の靈調、整ふて力ある身、本會、ソッペ、ナは、道なるモリス、冬、リ、レ、レ、レ、シ、ン、トの時は、和氣室に満ち、好、好、好、ホ、ホ、次會は、十月、十五日、吉野、姉、兄、と、決定、○田上元姉、兄、に、於、ける、モリスの集會は、サ、サ、サ、より、九、名、出席、モリスの姉、兄、に、藤、宮、姉、兄、は、於、ける、計、十六、名、橋本、元、司、會、貴、い、あ、か、し、数、々、ソ、ッ、ペ、取、手、言、を、い、つ、く、と、田上元姉は、後、年、の、宿、望、を、あ、つ、た、家、庭、會、合、を、な、り、と、感謝、さ、る、静、か、な、お、持、の、集、會、十、月、は、石、見、元、姉、と、さ、ま、る。

Even the captain, and the chief engineer - those who had been at sea the longest - shrugged... they did not know why they had chosen this lonely life. They did not particularly like it - but it was no use now... it couldn't be helped.

By the time our ship docked in Portland after ~~10~~ a mere 10 days, all the officers ~~seemed to feel free to talk with me~~, relaxed enough to smile and offer a word of greeting if they should see me on deck. Like the Japanese people, who will ~~never~~ engage a caller in conversation only after they have ushered him into their best room, seated him on a silken cushion, and bowed several times in greeting - these men, ~~could~~ now that they had met me in the Salon - ~~could offer me~~ and exchanged a formal word of greeting - could engage in informal repartee.

The trip came to an end, just as we were beginning to enjoy our friendship. It was sad to say goodbye, just when we had become friends. But perhaps it ~~wasn't the best way~~ was better to part this way, than as on the passenger line I had taken to go to Japan - ^{when} I wearied of importunate faces and longed for the end of the trip. ~~with the trip~~

The day we docked in Portland, the officers were all in their uniforms; and they all wore shoes; The ship took on a brisk, efficient air, as it the pilots came on board at the mouth of the Col River. raised its landing flags, the officers on watch now had the duty of signalling the engine room; the Capt took his place on the bridge... ~~and then~~

I left the lighted ship ~~after dark~~... the officers all came out on deck to shake my hand and to say goodbye... ^{they all seemed genuinely sorry to see it} the Purser and the Boy-san waved until they could no longer see me... by morning, they would return ~~to the ship~~ like the albatross to their old cold ocean home, and it would not be till January, perhaps

The ship came to war up the Col. River - between banks of autumn-colored leaves - it was also dark when she finally came alongside dock - Quarantine - Immigration. Officials climbed on board, came from warmth of parked cars.

BERKELEY FREE METHODIST CHURCH
1521 DERBY STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

MR. & MRS. T. UCHIDA
645 - 63RD ST.
OAKLAND, CALIF.



本月特別集會予報

二百五 事務會 創立四十年 記念聖日 記念朝拜 同祇賀祇拜 二百六 四季會 伝道集會 研習會 (諸名師 永永々々人馬師

[illegible]

会堂修繕及ハインテス作業進行
 外評は之は完了アリ、目下私拜堂、階上室、階下室と塗飾
 中、金業は連日お岩諸氏によりマ進捗中
 部急刊行物入手

上先づ捧獻式を行ひ、而して會員會友諸兄姉へ依次贈

とに痛し左記念書之好みます

所は廻送されます
尚部倉集会に前行する四子会

指名委員會之相當部署指定

願ひます

乃シテ一十百當番、世部按刀
空真係一坂本由呂兄

會場裝飾——婦人會有志
接待係——二世婦人会

朝拜時間變更

—

晉
 下前三
 九
 上三
 記)
 鍋
 里
 左
 尊
 豆
 田
 豆
 番

共計
月四

烟庄諸兄

九
百
二
十
三
番
留
清
姉
吉
魚
子
久
保
川
島
海

古義

感謝錄

田土岩次郎兄
土田清諭兄
塚崎龜太郎兄

王城中の如
藤軍臣兄姉
永田松三良兄
村上近雄兄姉
永井益一兄姉
中沢益姉
静香兄姉

葛 づる 姉

會員月定獻金

中城姉(二百分) 田中姉 吉田姉(一百分)

坂本元祐
最祐(三十分)
田中
祐

中沃

勤勞奉仕者
(前週分)

加藤村上鍋田父子、大石兄弟、前田兄弟、浦津、酒井R、

個人茶果奉仕者 (一〇〇)

會堂裏側之工修理
鳥羽田
豐夫
元元

五

大和長門守ト權守ト事也三主并奏之即來此山下遠近

物色中、主の最善を受けにれるようにお祈り致します
寸本并朱、良子并ア野案々々ナ示しル事御列帝

予不_レ公_ニ茂川始_ニ次郎兄牧師館來訪、牧師一家_ニ聖言_ニては

prodigal-lavish
the abundant Calif.

A fairly good indication that/spring ~~was~~ about to yield to ~~xxx~~
the gentle advances of the browning summer, was the

A fairly goo dindication

~~axfx~~

An accurat

A fiarly good indication that the prodigal springtime of
California was about to yield to the gentle browning advances of
summer, was the annual church picnic at our little Japanese church.
Held each year when those of us in the little sunday school classes
were beginning to look to summer vacations and, ~~perhaps~~ if we were
unlucky - to some Japanese language classes at the church - it/^{was}heralded
the announcement of
by/a Sunday afternoon scouting party for a likely location.

On a warm languid Sunday afternoon, perhaps in ~~May~~ late May,
my father, who for countess years was the Superintendant of the
Sunday School, and who stood before the scatter~~ing~~ of children ~~who~~
~~xxx~~ le~~all~~ing them stories and leading songs in front of the dark
wood-pannelled chapel - would drive about the outskirts of Oakland
and Berkely - ~~With~~ a carload including my sister and myself, ~~ane~~
or two/^{ss}teachers, ~~anxxxxxxvxxxxxxx~~ the minister, and whoever else
cared to come.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|-----|---|
| 904 | Sheppard, Janice
University of Colorado
Box 45
Monte Vista, Colorado | 916 | Singh, Ram
Divinity School
409 Prospect St.
New Haven, Conn. |
| 905 | Shinn, Syd
Vanderbilt University
2000 Linden Avenue
Nashville, Tennessee | 917 | Singleton, R. C.
University of Georgia
Wesley Found., First Meth.
Athens, Ga. Church |
| 906 | Shiley, Ernest Darwin
University of Illinois
412 E. Green
Champaign, Illinois | 918 | Six, Orion Lee
University of Oklahoma
513 N. Blvd.
Norman, Oklahoma |
| 907 | Shimomurh, Lincoln
Maryville College
Maryville
Tennessee | 919 | Sloane, Frances W.
University of Pennsylvania
7104 McCallum Street
Philadelphia, Pa. |
| 908 | Shirata, Tamio
University of Utah
715 Scott Avenue
Salt Lake, Utah | 920 | Slyker, Cathryne Yvonne
Ohio State
40 Center Street
Willoughby, Ohio |
| 909 | Shireman, Wayne A.
Kansas State Teachers
209 E. Cleveland
Pittsburg, Kansas | 921 | Small, Joann
University of Wyoming
703 Ivinson
Laramie, Wyoming |
| 910 | Short, Alfred Lee
University of Nebraska
Men's Dorm.
Lincoln, Nebraska | 922 | Smalley, Robert H.
University of Georgia
Joe Brown Hall
Athens, Georgia |
| 911 | Sieg, Arline
Radcliffe
61 Garden Street
Cambridge, 38, Mass. | 923 | Smashey, Wilma
Texas Christian U.
324 Medland
Little Rock, Arkansas |
| 912 | Sikes, Margaret
University of Denver
2250 S. Madison
Denver, Colorado | 924 | Smith, Beth
Kansas State College
Route 1
Independence, Kansas |
| 913 | Simmons, Dorothy Jean
George Washington U.
3517 R. St., N.W.
Washington, D. C. | 925 | Smith, Carl Bernard
University of So. Car.
Box 3676
Columbia, South Carolina |
| 914 | Simpson, Robert B.
University of Wichita
3318 Country Club
Wichita, Kansas | 926 | Smith, Charles A.
Nebraska U.
858 So. 33
Lincoln, Nebraska |
| 915 | Simpson, Jr., Walter R.
Louisiana State U.
Box 6614
Baton Rouge, Louisiana | 927 | Smith, Ernest Eugene
Eden Seminary
Webster Groves
Missouri |

Chair An Olympic Cheer -

IV *b*

I saw a poster at Idlewild Airport the other day that rather caught my eye and fancy. It was tacked to the wall of the Scandinavian Airways System booth, and called attention to the forthcoming Olympic Games in Finland next year. As I glanced at it in passing, I remembered a cruious ~~event~~ incident that took place when I was taken to the olympic games in Los Angeles many ^{long} years ago. ^{And} Examining ~~andkkkkokkkgkek~~ the shape and substance of that event in the protective covering of the years that have passed, ^{I think} ~~xxxxxx~~ I can understand it quite well.

Our going to Los Angeles the summer of the Olympics was no special occurence, for, as long as I could remember, we ususally drove down there to spend a few weeks with Grandmother. Ever since she had come from Japan, she had lived with my ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{& uncle} aunt ~~andkkkk~~ and had helped bring up ~~ther~~ four children because of my aunt's chronic illness. My cousins were all older than I, but the youngest girls were not more than 3 or 4 years my seniors. There are certainstage s in life, however, when 3 or 4 years can ~~xxxx~~ separate children into two different worlds, and for a long while, I remained in the hazy languid world of make-believe ~~withxxxxxxwithxxxxxx~~, content to play the grand lady with colored glass beads, while my cousins had already slipped into the more solid, brittle world of lipstick ~~and~~ high heels and boys.

That wasn't the only difference - for their home was pervaded with the spirit of Grandmother, and her life was still anchored in the ways of Japan. She accepted her responsibility in their house- hold with goodness of heart and spirit and her energetic soul revealed itself in many typically Japanese ways. Thus, my cousins were adept at speaking Japanese, and could ~~bkckck~~ greet the many first genera- tion callers at their house without ^{the} ~~xxx~~ ~~ccccc~~ - quivering groping for words that I always suffered in the presence of Issei. They bowed

UNITED STUDENT CHRISTIAN COUNCIL
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

October 16, 1950

Dear Friend,

This year the Universal Day of Prayer for Students will be observed on Sunday, February 18, 1951.

The Day of Prayer provides an opportunity for local student Christian groups to interest their campuses in the World's Student Christian Federation. Some might like to have their Federation Emphasis Week preceding, with this Sunday as the climax. If you would like to have a speaker about WSCF - either American or some other nationality - USCC will try to help. The collection taken at the Service will prove a most welcome contribution to WSCF; this is the main source of funds early in the year. WSCF will be most appreciative of all the special efforts you can make.

Local groups may like to use this time to draw attention to the publications of the World's Student Christian Federation. A list is enclosed. Also, we are sending you a sample of the WSCF contribution envelope which you may order free in any quantity you can use to good advantage. Individuals can indicate on the envelope which USCC member movement they want to have the credit for their contribution, the expense of publications being deducted. This is an excellent opportunity to get new and renewal contributions from "Friends" (\$5.00 or more).

Please do your best to educate your fellow-students about your own international Christian organization at this time. The Federation craves your interest and prayers and its life is enriched by your participation.

Yours very sincerely,

John Deschner

John Deschner
Executive Secretary

United Student Christian Council
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

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politely, called grandmother to the parlor, and quickly put the kettle on for tea. They ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{knew how} to serve tea on small red-lacquered trays, bringing out dishes of salted ricecake or ~~XXXX~~ chocolates from the cupboard, ~~XXXX~~ and proffering it properly ^{to} to their guests. They knew how to read and write Japanese, and often exchanged letters with our cousins in Tokyo whom I knew by name only. They even knew ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ the words to some songs currently popular in Japan, and could sing them in the high nasal style of the orient.

~~We often visited them for New Year's too, and celebrated this holiday in traditional Japanese manner.~~

We often drove down to spend New Year's day with my grandmother and "her family", and ~~greeted the new year~~ ^{that occasion too was celebrated} in traditional Japanese fashion. We knew that for days before, their kitchen had chattered ~~to~~ with the activity of knives clipping at the cutting boards, chopping and cooking bamboo shoots, black beans, strips of seaweed twisted into shiny knots, sweet chestnuts, ^{boiled} eggs cut into fancy shapes, and always, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ omochi - rice cakes made of special flour, thick, white and pasty - to be eaten with broth, or toasted and dipped in soy sauce and sugar. On new year's day these elaborate dishes were served around enormous centerpieces of whole broiled lobster and red snapper amid the happy chatter of ~~holiday spirits~~ callers who came to offer gifts and greetings in celebration of the new year.

For the long ~~year~~ years of childhood during which I visited my ~~greekcokkckckckc~~ cousins, I ~~was not always~~ ^{don't think I was ever too} comfortable in their presence. ^{because of that} They tolerated and accepted me, however, in my silent awkwardness, and I made an effort to understand their intricate ways, but not ~~always~~ without a tinge of uncertainty.

The summer of the Olympic Games, we had the mutual excitement and anticipation of the games to share together, so that for several weeks before we drove down, they began to write me letters. They wrote

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on white paper, alternating red ink with blue for each paragraph, so the letters bore an overall impression of ~~redwhiteblackblackblack~~ patriotic olympic spirits. I answered ~~blackblackblackblack~~ them promptly, matching their enthusiasm with a proper spirit of emulation. "Isn't it exciting about the Olympics?" I wrote, printing the word exciting in large red block letters and underlining it several times in blue ink.

Even my mother got into the mood, and made me a white silk pongee dress, the belt of which was buckled by two plastic circles - one red, the other blue. I was elated at my mother's cleverness, and in my extreme red-white-and-blueness, I descended proudly on Los Angeles and the Olympic games.

I fail to remember now just what events I was taken to see, but I do recall rather vaguely ^{me} a swimming meet. From a hazy collection of impressions, I seem to recall ^{water} a row of black bathing suits lined along the edge of the pool. Then, the sharp retort of a gun that threw them into a sudden frothing mass of struggling arms, bubbles and foam. It was over quickly, and they ~~blackblack~~ emerged - those black suits - writhing, shiny and slick from the water, with, I suppose, many saddened hearts inside of them.

But more especially, I remember the one track ~~event~~, which, for some reason, only my two younger cousins and I went to see. The great coliseum of Los Angeles must have been a thrilling spectacle, thronged with people, full of the color of parading athletes from all parts of the world, and throbbing with the flags of participating nations flapping briskly around the rim of the big oval bowl. I must have stood numb with excitement as the ~~fixxxxxfixthex~~ winners of the first three places took their ~~blackblackblack~~ positions on the rostrum, the flags of their countries hurtling to the top of ^{the} three
f

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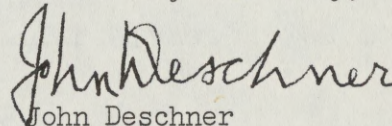
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flagpoles at the end of the coliseum, and the trumpets blaring forth a shrill fanfare. Strangely enough, the details of what must have been a lavish spectacle have somehow faded by the remembering of an incident that held more significance for me. It happened during one of the track events - perhaps the 500 yard dash, or something similar to it. Entrées from several countries participated, but I kept a watchful and anxious eye on the boy with the stars and stripes on his shirt, ready to cheer him on to first place. As the gun sounded and the men broke away, I jumped up from the bench and shouted at the American to hurry. I turned to exchange an excited glance with my cousins, when I suddenly noticed that they weren't sharing my enthusiasm in the least. With an odd sense of having disgraced myself in their worldly presence, I sat down flushed and confused. I saw immediately that our minds were not following the same pattern, and once again, I felt pushed to the outer rim of their private world. They were quite obviously watching another runner, and he was not an American. One of my cousins saw my questioning glance and bent toward me. "See that man over there?" she asked, pointing to a small lithe athlete from Japan, "He's the one I want to have win." Then, she abruptly ~~by~~ turned from her excited explanation, ~~xxx~~ to clap and shout encouragement to the Japanese boy as he gradually edged toward the front ranks. I sat down silent and glum, too confused and startled to cheer anymore for anyone. I don't remember who eventually won that race, but I do remember that for the first time in ~~my~~ life, I realized that ^{we} my cousins and I were something more than ordinary Americans. ~~I somehow felt that my cousins were wrong, but I didn't have the courage then to question their act.~~ The realization became a small core of anxiety deep inside of me, but at the time, I didn't dare to acknowledge its presence aloud to my cousins. Silently and alone, I examined it

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as I would a speckled stone on my palm, turning it over, twisting it about, holding it heavily in my heart as I pondered its reality.

If my cousins hadn't inadvertently made me aware of it that day, I would have had to face it eventually, for after I grew older there were those occasions when I had to call a dept. store ~~beauty~~ ^{going} ~~salon~~ before ~~making an appointment~~ ^{for a haircut,} there, adding tentatively, "I'm a Japanese-American, does it make any difference?" By that time, there wasn't any more wondering, for I had already bowed down to the full weight of its reality, and the thing was just there to be faced.

It seems strange to be able only to remember this incident from the excitement of those olympic games in Los Angeles. Many things have changed since then. I am ~~no longer close enough~~ ^{too far away} to spend New Years with my grandmother and my cousins - ~~even though they are still in Los Angeles~~ - but I do know that their household has been reshaped and moulded to younger, more Americanized ways. The callers still come, but the time-consuming Japanese dishes have been replaced by roast ham, and the ~~day~~ ^{dinner} is dominated by ~~the~~ ^{the} third generation who run about noisily, shouting their radio cowboy language, unable to utter a word of Japanese, and ~~not even~~ ^{completely} ~~being~~ ^{unaware} having ever heard of ~~any~~ ^{any} the Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

~~I would like to see the poster, and heard the faint mur-~~

Now that I have seen the poster, and heard the faint murmurings of friends who are going to be in Finland in 1952, I cannot suppress a hearty desire to be at the Olympic Games there next year.

I know I would thrill to see the flags hurtling to the top of the winners posts and the spectacle of the participating athletes parading down the fields. But most of all, I shall ~~know~~ ^{enjoy} be quite ~~aware of whose side I am~~ ^{fulfilling my} rooting for, and I shall proceed to cheer loud and long for whomever I please, no matter who is sitting beside me.

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The Professional Writer:

1. Makes a habit of writing - is prolific
2. Keeps list of subject about which he wants to write
Subject should be - (a) easy to write about, (b) convenient to you & (c) familiar to you

Forget salability in making list.

Keep subjects small - within limits of your capabilities -
Can put down S.S. ideas - after characters & plot -
fairly clear - Plot sh. be laid in 3-4 sentences.

List of Books for a Workshop Library

"Elbow Books" - Reference books.

- 1 - Oxford Concise Dictionary - any gd handy dic
- 2 - Oxford Book of English Prose (#325)
- 3 - Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage (#4-)
- 4 - Bartlett's Familiar Quotations (#6-)

Manuals & Handbooks:

- 1 - Munson - "The Written Word"
- 2 - Rudolph Herch: "The Way to Write" (+A.H. Lane) (#310)
(elementary side of writing)
- 3 - " : " : "The Art of Plain Talk" (#217)
- 4 - " : " : "The Art of Readable Writing" (#3-)
- 5 - Graves & Hodge: "Reader Over Your Shoulder"

Writing Fiction:

11-7-49

- 1 - Writers should have primitive image of what they're trying to do - that primarily, they are tellers of tales.

Should write because you have a story to tell - not because you have to write.

Think of self as a story-teller

- 2 - The story world: - Fiction should transmit emotion - to the reader.

Fiction is illusion, make-believe. - getting illusion is everything - 1st task is to create a make-believe world.
Must be careful not to break illusion:

- a - Must give reader enough information to create the illusion - Must remember that reader doesn't know the characters - create suspense = breaks illusion
 - b - Characters must seem real - speak naturally
 - c - Story should hold true to facts - shouldn't have discrepancies.
 - d - Writer coming out to lecture - propagandize, or moralize - breaks illusion - ok if character in story speaks it - but writer shouldn't intrude.
- Truth is stranger than fiction - but we believe the improbable when properly attested for -

When fiction is too improbable - reader doesn't believe it. - Fiction must deal with the probable
Shouldn't strain belief - keep away from coincidences -

Aspects of Illusionary or Story world

- a- completeness: cause & effect are both evident.
purpose & result, question & answer, beg & end.
- b- curiosity arising: curiosity exploited to achieve
uncertainty & suspense - what next? →
arouses immediate interest. also
outcome interest - how will it turn out?
- c- story people: the characters - people interest people
most.

3- The Storyable element: what is a good story?

- a- mixture of the credible & the surprising
- b- story must be striking ^(exceptional) yet average, everyday.
Need a combination of the two.

Ex: striking anecdote - Menopausant's - The Week-end
common - everyday + striking incident - irony -
Hardy: the 3 strangers.

- 4- The Characters: - casting characters - characters must
~~have interest~~ can be copied from life -
but must suit your (fiction) narrative.

11-14-49.

Who should tell the story - Method of Narration

(1) "I" as protagonist

(2) "I" as witness

(3) A minor character - 3rd person narrates

(4) The objective method - story is treated as a play -
unrolls before you

(5) Omniscient point of view - author knows everything -
• presides over whole piece. This is more
Victorian - less liked today -

Moderns like spontaneity - story proceeds under own power -
doesn't need author to push it along.

a short story must transmit emotion -

American Vanguard: ^{to Jan} Dr. Glushberg 40 School - \$20 - deadline: Thanksgiving Day - out by Jan'y -

Inner Ear for Rhythm

Rhythmical writing is fairly advanced consciousness

There is a rhythm of phrasing in literature

Sound is subsidiary to sense - but writing
can be graceless (no pleasure to ear) or
graceful (rhythmic phrasing)

Prose is orderly - but uses irregular rhythm.

Prose rhythm - seeks variety & divergence

Final test for how things sound - is to read a
thing silently - use the inner ear - the better
your thing sounds - harder it is for outer ear to hear -
Overtones etc...

Wendell's blank verse a principle from prose -

Forget about formal prose rhythm - but work for what
sounds best to you when listening silently
& intently to your writing - with inner ear.

Creation of Characters in Fiction:

- 1- Use known traits of known people - use as inspiration device on people you imagine. Don't copy people in life for stories.
- 2- We have social attitude toward real people which govern our conceptions of that person. In fiction abandon all social attitude toward characters - (no employer-employee, or equal relationships) - doesn't make for creative characters.

Dialogue:

- 1- must sound natural - even tho' not functional
 - 2- How does one acquire natural dialogue - when people talk, listen completely - not only what but how they say it.
 - 3- Dialogue must fulfill 2 purposes
 - a - advance the story
 - b - reveal character -
 It must be purposive in fiction -
 Get away from meandering, affable, small talk.
- Dial: Edited conversation to reveal purpose.

11-28-49

Revision

Write - with impulse, spontaneously
Revise as a reader - meticulously, carefully

Aids in revision - Reader Over Your Shoulder - Graves, Hodge
Dictionary of Mod. Engl. Usage - Fowler

Both help writer sharpen his work

Things to look for in revision

- 1 - Ambiguity: should have clarity.
- 2 - redundancy: - cut out superfluous words,
writing will be crisper
- 3 - Elegant variations: - Don't try too hard to avoid
repetition of words - ex using women + ladies, etc.
Better to be obvious than to be obviously
avoiding being obvious - Write with purpose.
- 4 - Words which are empty - words not truly
felt or sensed are empty. Ex: saying
- hissed - when words are unhissable.
Sound images must be alert.
- 5 - Awkward phrasing - Read Hesch
- 6 - Hackneyed words + phrases, cliche, platitudinous
tho'ts - Look for trite stuff + get it
out -

7. Illogical order & Thinking straight? -
Is your writing logical -

-

11. Radioactive Iodine as an Indicator of the Metabolism of Iodine. I. Turnover of Iodine in the Tissues of the Normal Animal with Particular Reference to the Thyroid. I. Perlman, I. L. Chaikoff, and M. E. Morton, J. Biol. Chem. 139, 433 (1941).
12. II. The Rates of Formation of Thyroxine and Diiodotyrosine by the Intact Normal Thyroid Gland. I. Perlman, M. E. Morton, and I. L. Chaikoff, J. Biol. Chem. 139, 449 (1941).
13. III. The Effect of Thyrotropic Hormone on the Turnover of Thyroxine and Diiodotyrosine in the Thyroid Gland and Plasma. I. Perlman, M. E. Morton, and I. L. Chaikoff, J. Biol. Chem. 140, 603 (1941).
14. The Selective Uptake of Bromine by the Thyroid Gland with Radioactive Bromine as Indicator. I. Perlman, M. E. Morton, and I. L. Chaikoff, Am. J. Physiol. 134, 107 (1941).
15. Synthesis and Breakdown of Liver Phospholipide in Vitro with Radioactive Phosphorus as Indicator. M. C. Fishler, Alvin Taurog, I. Perlman, and I. L. Chaikoff, J. Biol. Chem. 141, 809 (1941).
16. Radioactive Iodine as an Indicator of the Metabolism of Iodine. IV. The Distribution of Labeled Thyroxine and Diiodotyrosine in Liver, Muscle, and Small Intestine. I. Perlman, M. E. Morton, and I. L. Chaikoff, Endocrinology 30, 487 (1942).
17. V. The Effects of Hypophysectomy on the Distribution of Labeled Thyroxine and Diiodotyrosine in Thyroid Gland and Plasma. M. E. Morton, I. Perlman, Evelyn Anderson, and I. L. Chaikoff, Endocrinology 30, 495 (1942).
18. Effect of Anaerobic Conditions and Respiratory Inhibitors on the Phospholipide Formation in Nitro and Kidney with Radioactive Phosphorus as Indicator. Alvin Taurog, I. L. Chaikoff, and I. Perlman, J. Biol. Chem. 145, 281 (1942).
19. Phosphorus Deposition in the Egg as Measured with Radioactive Phosphorus. F. W. Lorenz, I. Perlman, and I. L. Chaikoff, Am. J. Physiol. 138, 318 (1943).

POSTWAR

20. Water Problems in the Industrial Application of the Utilization of Atomic Energy. I. Perlman, Atomic Energy Commission Declassified Document MDDC-403 (1946).
21. The Cyclotron in Atomic Energy Developments. I. Perlman, Chem. and Eng. News 24, 3032 (1946).
22. Atomic Energy in Industry. I. Perlman, J. Chem. Ed. 24, 115 (1947).

Christine hesitated for only a moment, and then bought a ticket on "Special First". This was all part of the plan. This for the cruise around Lake Biwa.

The ticket seller scarcely looked at her as she handed her 3 the change. ~~Calling out the amount in a high whine.~~ Christine accepted the change without counting it and stuffed it into her bag. It ~~always flustered~~ still flustered her to have the change given to her as a lump sum, instead of having it counted back to the original sum.

Christine nodded slightly to the attendants as they bowed and welcomed her with "irashai mase." ~~xxx~~ To her friends back home she wrote often of the wonderful Japanese service and courtesies, but it was not so much the courtesy that appealed to her, as a matter of fact. It was the slight sense of superiority it gave her to be bowed to, to be served with such obsequiousness, that gave her a strange satisfaction. She lifted her head and walked briskly toward the top deck, which the attendant indicated with a graceful motion of a white³/₄gloved hand. As a foreigner, she was led immediately to the best table - ~~jxx~~ almost in line with the prow of the ship. And she had hardly settled herself in the chair before a boy-san had brought ~~xx~~ a pot of green tea and bean cake.

It was when she got up to ~~go to the windows~~ watch the ship slip away from the Pier, that she first noticed the young Japanese man with the ~~camera~~. ~~He was alone~~. Unlike most of the other J. passengers who were travelling in family or party grps, he was alone. He wore a sportscoat and slacks which might have come from America, but his hair was slicked down with the usual heavy J. oil. He looked up slightly, as Christine stood at the windows near him, and took a step away, as though to give her more room.

imply

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Anna - Jim Conventry
= Japan. & trip. Co. - same function
betw 2.

He likes to go to the Club,
She tells down to J.

at n.c. she is regular.

get into the country.

the North her hand -

lies - i eyes

"Down" she is the youngest of the

Christine avoided looking at the girl with the tape, for she knew that when their eyes met, she would find the long stick with the rolls of tape being thrust in her face. She looked out beyond them. But now, she felt a tap on her arm. It was the J. man at her side, smiling and offering her 2 of the 3 rolls that he already held in his hand.

"Please take, ^{them} dozo," he insisted.

And Christine found herself ~~taking them gratefully~~, saying "Domo arigato."

Together they watched the ship pull away from the pier, the colored streamers billowing in the breeze. The roll of tape unwound more and more quickly, and Christine found herself trying hard to keep the tape out of the water, trying to see if it would hold until the last of it had unwound in her hand.

"Ah," the man said when his tape fell into the water. It was a sad little utterance, as tho he had lost something very precious. He turned to look at Christine and smiled. "This is your first time in Japan?" he asked in very good English.

"I have been here for 6 months now," Christine answered carefully, speaking much louder than she need have, ~~and~~ as tho the man to whom she spoke were both deaf and slightly stupid.

The man's voice was ~~far~~ low and gentle in comparison. "You are enjoying a vacation, perhaps?" he asked.

"Just for a few days," Christine said, "and I've come with a friend from Tokyo. We work for a shipping company." And tho she rarely mentioned this to anyone else, she added, "My uncle runs the Tokyo office, so he invited me to come for a year or two. I've always wanted to see Japan."

The ship had turned and was heading out toward the center of the lake, and now the high-pitched voice of the stewardess came over the loudspeaker. ~~She~~ in a scramble of sounds. Christine

"Why don't you join me at my table?" Christine asked, tried to close her ears to the annoying pitch of the voice, turned to invite the J. man to join her at her table, ~~and~~ found that he was listening intently to the voice. After an interval, he turned to render all his newly acquired information into slow, careful English for Christine's benefit.

"We are now travelling the narrowest part of the lake - you see; and over there," he pointed, "you can see the nets for the shrimp fishing." ^{in the lake} The man carried his teacup to Christine's table, ~~and~~ sat beside her, quite naturally. ~~He~~ She was sure he must at, some time, have been in the states. He had an ease and assurance with a woman that she had not seen before in any of the J. men she had met.

By the time the boy came to take their orders for lunch, Christine had learned that he had indeed been in New York for 1 yr, for ~~Toshiko~~ some big export house, whose name she couldn't catch. He was on a business trip now, in fact, but had just missed his client in Osaka, and had decided on the spur of the moment to take this trip on the lake.

"I needed a day away from the cars and the people and the noise," he said. "It is very peaceful on the lake."

"That is exactly how I felt," Christine answered. "I just had to be away from all that ^{not want} traffic in Tokyo for a while." ^{I do think Christi's dream is good!} They ~~smiled at each other~~ ^{impossible} Christine ~~suddenly~~ ^{she was} put her hand on his arm and felt the scratch of his ~~suddenly~~ ^{he was} had to touch him. She put her hand lightly on his arm, and wondered how old he was. She guessed he must be 28, but you could never tell about the J. They seemed ageless. He might have been 35. She excused herself and went to powder her nose and comb her hair.

She peered into the gull spotted mirror and ran a comb quickly thru her red hair. The waves fell into place quickly, and she remembered the admiring glances of the girls in the beauty parlor who washed and set her hair for less than \$1. Many of the J. girls were dying their hair brown and red these days, but they could never achieve the gold-red of hers. Christine added a touch of lipstick and put on some green eye shadow that she hadn't bothered with in the morning. She stood back, and studied her own face for a moment. She wondered if he had guessed she was 27. Maybe J. found it difficult to guess the age of an Am. too. ~~She~~ As she stood there, pondering, a man came in to use the wash basin, and Christine hurried out. The J. still had mixed rest rooms here and there, ~~xxx~~ a practice which Ch. found revolting.

~~When she got back to the firm table,~~ ^{completely alone}

Christine realized, as she hurried back to her table, that she didn't know what to call her friend. ~~But~~, But one adult could hardly approach another and ask, "What is your name?"

"I'm Christine", she said as she sat down. She didn't bother with d'haroncourt, for she knew he would never be able to say it

"My name is Tanaka," he answered. He didn't bother with the calling card, which Christine expected him to produce, and he had not told her ^{her} his first name ~~xxxxx~~.

"Ah, Tanaka-san," Christine nodded. And as they sat back to wait for the first stop at Chikubu Island, Christine ~~xxxxx~~ ~~watched~~ ~~the~~ relaxed, and felt a contentment she hadn't felt for many months. ^{an empty herself of all the (or feeling - except) one is well-being}

^{she was being nothing - & she was content} Occ'ly, Tanaka-san would point to a spot on the surface of the water and say, "Look, a school of fish," and ~~transhign~~ ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ Christine would see the slight ripple on the surface of the water. The ship moved smoothly and the calm of the lake ~~filled~~ ~~Christine~~ ~~within~~ seemed to cover Christine with its ~~like~~ ^{multifarious} like a coat of heavy cream. She slid down in her chair and found, ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~let~~ ~~it~~ ~~rest~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~arm~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~chair~~ ~~her~~ ~~arm~~ ~~touch~~ ~~ed~~ ~~his~~, when she let it rest on the arm of the chair. Christine closed her eyes and wondered what it would be like to be married to a J. man; to live in Japan forever, in one of those paper and wood houses, with doors that slid open onto ponds and moss covered stone, and a bright eyed youngster for a maid, who bowed and put your shoes facing the right direction for you when you left the house. It mightn't be so very bad, Christine thought. In fact, it could be quite pleasant, and surely more fun than living in Chicago and married to a physicist at ~~the~~ Argonne. Christine had to know if Tanaka-san was married. ^{when she had dated a gr.}

"Where is your family?" she asked. But at that moment, the ship blew its whistle; the loudspeaker announced their arrival

at Chikubu Island, and the ship was ~~sudden~~ filled with the activity of debarking - for 50 minutes. "There will be time for ~~xxx~~ us to climb the stone steps to the shrine at the top," Tanaka^{san} said, putting on his coat and adjusting the strap of his camera over his shoulder. and ~~taking~~ touching her elbow lightly, he guided her toward the steps to the deck below.

The path to the shrine was lined with tiny stalls selling ~~toys and dolls~~ toys made of chestnuts and acorns, kokeshi dolls with heads that wiggled and waggled, good luck charms, little monkeys that beat a drum, and boxes of sweets and cakes. The vendors called out urging the tourists to buy this or buy that, but very few of them stopped. All of them moved quickly and with singleness of purpose toward the steep flight of stone steps that led to the temple at the top. Old women in wooden clogs lifted the skirts of their kimono, and without looking up, climbed steadily up the 800 or more steps.

When Christine hesitated, Tanaka-san stretched out his hand for her. "You must come," he said. "It is beautiful at the top." ~~And~~ When they reached the top, Christine was breathless, but she was glad she had come. They edged along with the crowd to the temple, constructed in the Momoyama^{word carving} period; inside the priests were busy stamping the seal of the temple in the books that many of the J. carried with them, collecting as many seals as they could from the temples they toured. The enclosure was filled with the heavy smell of incense, and a group of pilgrims was clustered close to the altar, clutching sutra books and chanting the sutra in unison. Christine felt ~~xxxxxxx~~ fascinated. ~~The sex people~~ ^{as she watched the faces, browned, wrinkled, ugly} coarse - complete unlike the faces of the Tokyo Japanese. "These people are wonderful," she whispered to Tanaka, and she didn't even mind the commercialism ~~of~~ that existed side by side with this religious fervor, as the priests collected yen for the seals, and an old woman sold good luck charms next to the altar.

From the top of the stone steps, they could look down over clumps of cedar and cryptomeria and bamboo, and see the white ship moored in the cove. The water looked green from there, and when Christine said so, Tanaka nodded. "Like a jewel," he said. "This wooded island could be a jewel to o," he said, "without the commercialism."

"But if it weren't included on this boat trip, I never would have seen it," Christine said. "So we're a party to spoiling it too - really." *but I'm grateful*

Christine had stopped talking to Tanaka ~~as tho~~ as tho he were deaf and stupid, and she found he understood everything. "I've never been able to talk to a Japanese like this before," she said gratefully.

"~~xxxxxxx~~ Or I have not either," he said, but she understood *knew what he meant & she nodded.*

She talks to him about how J. is being spoiled - & westernized - mechanized - He listens graciously. "But Mr. J. needs, my friend - sit still while the world goes by? We cannot forever be graceful & charming."

This time when the ship pulled away from the island, Christine found the music rather pleasant, and she did not laugh at it as she knew she would have with Helen.

It was Tanaka, instead, who had a half-smile on his lips.

"We Japanese are very sentimental," he said.

~~And Christine~~ "But nice just the same," Christine said, defending them on his behalf. She checked herself before she added, "And so polite." She didn't have to bother with that for Tanaka. That was for her postcards back home.

The next stop was at Omimaiko - which Ch. gathered must have been a summer beach resort. There were small wooden cabins lined along the sand and pine trees leaning into the wind. The villagers were hauling in an enormous length of net. Fifteen to twenty of them men and women - were straining and pulling the heavy mile of net inch by inch, chanting and groaning, as they strained against the catch.

"I wish I had remembered my camera," Christine said wistfully. She could almost hear the gasps of her friends in Chicago as she showed them a color view of the natives bringing in their catch; silhouetted against the white sand and the pine trees - a small boat moored in the water. It was almost physically painful to see such a beautiful sight and not be able to record it.

~~"Here, I'll take one for you," Tanaka said~~

Tanaka, however, was more interested in the catch. He went up to one of them and asked what kind of fish they were after. And then coming back to Christine's side, he watched in silence. "They ought to have a winch," he said. "All that waste effort."

The ship blew its whistle urgently. They were 10 minutes behind schedule, for they had waited a full 15 minutes for late comers when they had first started. The purser was coming after them on a bicycle now, urging them to hurry. "We leave, we leave," he shouted, red-faced to Christine, as though it were her fault that they were late, and they ran back, laughing and stumbling, the last.

By the time the ship was within sight of Hama Otsu again where they had first boarded, Christine was delighted with ~~him~~ sure she had found a friend. Perhaps, he would come to Tokyo some day and look her up. Perhaps, he would suggest dinner that night. ~~They~~ He walked slightly ahead of her now, in search of a cab, and found one quickly. He let her in first, and then, when she slid aside to make room for him, he thrust his hand out instead.

"I have enjoyed talking with you," he said smiling pleasantly and then, like a school boy, he added. "It was very good practice for my English."

Christine shook his hand, but now could no longer prolong the conversation which he had so obviously ended. "Goodbye," she said "Goodbye, Tanaka-san," and as the driver started away, she looked back to wave. Tanaka-san, however, was not standing there, bowing, as she had expected. Already, he was briskly walking in the other direction, looking for another cab.

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"No, I ~~don't~~ ^{not} ~~care~~ ^{especially}," Carolyn said ~~I~~
"Oh then, added a softening touch" "I'd really rather not, dear"
seeing (red) - disappointment even Ralph's face me

~~on~~

husb takes her to n.c. in 1970.

Beauty parlor - chemo - wash & more
Ry. hair - sensei
with a team wash, & putty & hair.
7900 for shampoo & perm.
car phones at drops & radio
plan to visit
all call "angels" - "dolls"

Leisurely 8 car - conductor - in stripes
tells to S. in car in front

Bar - dark, intimate - 3 girls sitting cluster around
n. club - 4 " some in lemons - 2 - western

4/52

The old man's hands trembled as he took the large parcel from the mail man.

"I see you have a friend in the United States of America," the mailman said, looking at the stamps and holding on to one end of the pkge as tho ^{reluctant} ~~he did not want~~ to let go.

The old man was, in fact, just as surprised as the mailman to receive such a parcel in the mail for it had been 20 years since he returned from America to live out his last days in his native village. ^{in Japan.} No one had ~~ever~~ bothered to even send him a letter since then. But the old man still had his pride. He ~~could not~~ tried not to peer too anxiously at the return address and said in a voice that wavered with excitement, "I still have many friends in America."

He need not have ~~bothered to~~ ^{ed} present this proudface to the mailman however, for the mail man knew every one of the fifty families in Sugi Village. He knew too, that the old man never received any letters, much less mail from America. But the mailman found enough kindness in his heart to say, "I daresay, Toda San. You spent many years in America at one time, didn't you?"

Ordinarily, the old man would have ^{severely} grasped such a chance to talk about ~~these~~ ^{early} days in his youth when he had been one of the early Japanese to sail for ^{America} California. But today, ~~since~~ ^{curious} he was too anxious to see what ^{about the} this large parcel contained. He nodded briefly, "Yes, many years," he said "I was only 21 when I went." He ^{felt the eager rush of words that always} ~~was torn between the desire to~~ ^{waited to be heard by someone, but the place was there waiting like a} ~~go on talking and to hurry inside. But there were~~ ^{nothing there -} ~~not many who would listen to him talk.~~

^{however} But the mail man himself ended the conversation, like a mother ^{closing a} firmly tying up the bag of candy to end further indulgence. "I have letters to deliver, Toda San," he said, and he hopped on his red bicycle and was soon crunching down the dusty ~~road~~ pebbled road.

The old man hurried inside and sat at the low table where he ~~nnnnnn~~ took all his meals. He placed the package on the table

Additions and corrections to the
Building 70 directory.

	<u>Room</u>	<u>Local</u>
Abed, Ursula	153	397
Buchla, Don	143	413
Chang, Jacqueline K.	189	406
Chiao, Lung-Wen	221	319
Cosmatos, Alexander	215	430
Cotter, John E.	221G11	7-472
Crespo, Vitor P.	275	378
Hanlan, James F.	173	349
Huffman, Eugene H.	204	470
Jeung, Edward	103	345
Lang, Sidney B.	158	250
Ledesma, Victor L.	158	250
Li, Nian-Tze	222G11	7-473
Lovejoy, Carolyn A.	209	430
Mahoney, Jeannette	114	420
Marhenke, Karl	141	437
Marshalek, Eugene R.	211	430
Patzelt, Rupert	153	397
Winocur, Joseph	143	413
Wong, Randolph M.	358	114

as carefully as he might have set down a trayful of tea. Then, wiping his glasses, he looked at the sender's name. Mrs. Bernice Waksman only of Oakland California. For/a moment, the old man's mind struggled with recollection, ~~but he remembered~~ ^{then} immediately, he remembered. ~~He had~~ Mrs. Waksman was the first American lady for whom he had worked. ^{That was in 1905.} ~~Only a week after he had arrived in the United States,~~ ^{where he had} then employment he had He had sat in the drab bench-lined employment agency ~~room~~ with dozens of other homesick Japanese and after a week, had gotten the assignment to go to Mrs. Waksman's. Determined to make the finest impression possible, he borrowed a morning coat from the fellow whose bed was next to his at the J. church dormitory, and in the full splendor of evening clothes and reeking with moth balls, he had appeared at Mrs. Waksman's door. The old man had to laugh at himself even now as he recalled how he must have appeared. He still remembered the startled look on Mrs. Waksman's face and he remembered ^{called her kindness to him} how, ^{finding} after the first few weeks, ^{of time} Mrs. Waksman had ^{taught} taken to him and taught him everything about keeping house. By the time he left her employ 5 years later, he could bake ~~himself~~ ^{many} demon meringue pies, make ~~home~~ bread and croissants, and even darn a hole in his sock.

The old man had not heard from Mrs. Waksman ~~for many, many~~ years, ~~perhaps not~~ since she had written to wish him goodbye and goodluck on his retirement to his native land. 15 years ago. She must be close to 83 herself, the old man thought now as he fingered the large package, wondering if she had wrapped it herself.

~~For~~ It was tied securely and wound around many, many times with long thick twine. The old man was frugal enough to see that the twine might have many uses yet. He began plucking at the largest knot with stiff fingers and it took him almost 15 minutes just to undo all the knots.

Although I am discouraged at some aspects of the quality of education which we are offering our youngsters today, I would like to say that I am heartened by some examples of the degree of understanding of science which is becoming evident among children of grammar school age. Perhaps the speaking acquaintance with science, which I suggest is essential, will actually become quite widespread in the next generation. Let me tell you of an incident that helps me toward this optimism. Recently my eight year old son's third grade class invited me to come and lecture to them on the atom. The questions were endless, and I finally had to literally force my way out of the room. Before leaving I asked "How many of you are planning to be scientists?" Everybody in the class, with the exception of a shy girl or two in the back row, raised his or her hand. Of course, we may lose some of these would-be scientists somewhere along the way! I wouldn't be surprised if words like photon, neutron, proton, etc. will not only be a part of nearly everyone's vocabulary, but will be understood a generation hence, and it will no longer be a mark of pride to be ignorant of their meaning.

May I close with a very appropriate quotation of 1780 by Benjamin Franklin:

"The rapid progress true science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which ~~may~~ be carried, in a thousand years, the power of man over matter. We may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity, for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may diminish its labor and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, not excepting even that of old age, and our lives lengthened at pleasure even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!"

He removed the wrapping paper, too, with care, folding it up neatly before allowing himself the luxury of opening up the box.

And finally, there was the large carton itself. It was stuffed with old tissue and newspapers, and even these, the old man removed carefully, smoothing out each piece. The tissue would have a use and he ~~might~~^{would} just try reading the old newspapers to see ~~how his english comprehension was~~^{if he could still}.

And then, he came upon the contents. The first was a ~~small silver~~ ~~angxn~~ hollow paper angel with silver wings and halo. He remembered climbing on Mrs. Waksman's ladder to put her at the top of the Xmas tree each year. And then, there followed strings of red and blue and gold beads that they had wound around the tree. And then came the balls, large and small, silver and gold and red and green. The old man moved faster and faster, pulling out little dolls, wooden angels, and animals, and finally, a box of tinsel. Mrs. Waksman had sent him all her Xmas tree ornaments!

The old man was overwhelmed with ~~curiosity~~^{a w} and disappointment. What had possessed the old woman to do a thing like that. In ~~his~~ little village, no one celebrated Cmas, for it was the New Year celebration that concerned everyone. The children never had cmas trees and had probably never hung up a stocking in their lives. Where would they hang ^{dark} them anyway?, the old man thought miserably, thinking of the small thatched roofed houses most of the farmers occupied. The only warmth they ever found on cold ~~winter~~ winter nights was around a small charcoal brazier.

The old man looked helplessly at the pile of glittering ornaments that ~~lay~~ strewn on the table and on the floor matting around him. What could he ever do with them? He didn't even know a single child to whom he might give them, ~~xxxx~~

As he sat there, in the cold drafty room, he felt once more the sense of loneliness and fear that had begun to creep into his heart more and more the past few months.

The old man knew he would not live for many more years, for already he was in his 80th years and lately he had felt the stiffening in his bones, the rigid unwillingness of his body to respond as he wished it to, ~~and mainly,~~ ~~the~~ and a sort of giving up of his spirit. This last was what bothered him most.

It was not the fear of dying itself that bothered the old man. It was what lay after that. Who would bring flowers ~~to his grave~~ and sweet bakes to his grave ~~and then when~~? Who would fill a dipper full of cold water to cool his tombstone? Who in all of Sugi Village would remember him at all?

To all these questions the old man knew the answer was the same. There was no one. No one at all. He had remained in America during the years he might have married and returned to his village an old man, too late to find even one last member of his family. His mother and father were long gone; his brother had died of Tuberculosis and his nephews and nieces had gone off to Tokyo and Osaka ~~and had no~~ with little thought for their native village - or for him. The old man knew, it was his own fault. He had never taken the time to write to them when he was in America. He did not even know what they looked like. ^{There was no reason why} ~~Why should they~~ care at all about him now.

^{He was simply} ~~I am just a lonely old man, he said to himself, with money enough~~ to eat better than anyone else in the village. He knew that he ~~must be~~ ^{was} the only one in the whole village to drink American coffee and have ~~egg~~ eggs and toast dripping with butter for breakfast. He could manage on rice and fish for lunch or supper, but for breakfast, ~~now, it had become~~ ^{was he had} a ritual. He ~~made~~ his toast on ~~top of the~~ the brazier, over the glowing coals. He fried his egg next, using a bit of ~~the~~ butter, and then, he placed the egg on top of the toast and cut it into quarters. He ate each quarter slowly, sipping his hot black coffee and ^{knowing} thinking there was nothing ^{more satisfying} in the world ~~that~~ ^{than a breakfast} ~~tested so good.~~ ^{it} ~~This breakfast was what he looked forward to for 2 hours as he~~ ^{it}

manager and executive will have to have a broader training in the technological areas upon which his organization depends.

Secondly, we must face squarely the implications of an expanding population which will place an additional 160 million persons in the United States by the end of this century for whom food, homes, living space, schools, jobs, and recreational opportunities must be provided. Our total electrical generating capacity will need to be tripled or quadrupled. In the face of very sizeable withdrawals of our best present farm lands for other uses we shall require great skill on the part of our soil scientists, agronomists and agricultural experts to keep farm productivity at the required levels. Our requirements for forest and mineral products will be staggering. Congestion in our cities will intensify our present problems and create new ones in transportation, utilities, water supply, waste disposal, public health, recreation, mental health, race relations and social behavior.

Thirdly, it is becoming more and more clear that our personal lives, our economic health, even the physical safety of our homes, our bodies and our civilization are deeply influenced and threatened by what goes on in all other parts of this planet. As voters or leaders in any occupation or walk of life we shall all be called upon to make decisions which can truly be said to be life and death decisions about the conduct of our foreign affairs or the social and economic relations of ourselves with other peoples. As a scientist I can see that many of these decisions will depend upon matters of scientific fact or interpretation. I do not wish to discount the other factors involved in any way but I do feel that the general or liberal education which prepares the future citizen to make intelligent decisions on the political questions of today must include "scientific literacy".

I personally believe that we are paying a high price for our scientific illiteracy. Can we not make a good case for the thesis that the apparently insoluble dilemma posed by our ideological conflict with the Soviet Union, with its horrible potentialities, could have been ameliorated in large measure if our people could have assimilated understanding of the scientific changes as they took place during the last two or three generations? This scientific basis for our existence has crept up on us during the last few generations without the vital corresponding change in our education. Now we find ourselves at the mercy of the relatively few vocal scientific experts for the analysis of the basic information upon which our future depends so vitally, and the dilemma is even greater when these experts disagree.

I should like to say a few words about the special importance of arithmetic and mathematics. Command of mathematics is absolutely essential for any serious work in science or engineering. In spite of this, it seems quite clear that our schools are

lay on his thick quilts, waiting for morning to come. ^{altho} He usually awakened at 4:30 ~~and~~, but he waited ~~in get up~~ until it was light to get up so the day that stretched ahead would not be too long.

The ~~long~~ days were ~~just about the same~~ all about the same. If it was a pleasant day, he worked in his vegetable patch in the morning and read his books in the afternoon. ^{3 times a week} ~~if it was a pleasant day~~ he waked to the ~~weather~~ ^{He went to bed early.} ~~shops to buy food and tobacco.~~ It was a life of waiting, for time to pass, ~~for the end to come.~~

^{Now} The old man looked ~~now~~ ^{surprised} again ~~now~~ at the ~~box~~ array of Cmas ornaments that surrounded him and knew he must write a letter to Mrs. Waksman. What should he tell her? Should he take the box of ornaments to the ~~little~~ village school and let them do as they wished with it? ~~The children~~ But ~~the teacher~~ ^{he knew} if he did that, he would ~~never~~ ^{be there to see because of them.} know what they did with them. The ornaments might be put away on a cupboard to gather dust on a dim shelf. ^{or the children might pick ~ & or cleaning and wear them & break all} The old man knew that he ~~wanted~~ owed it to Mrs. Waksman to do something with them himself. And ~~when he knew what was to be done with them,~~ he must write her a letter. He thought of her alone, too, in the big house on the hill, waiting for the days to pass, just as he was.

~~On the~~ It was now the 20th day of December. Mrs. Waksman had mailed the package so it would arrived just in time for Cmas. The old man suddendly became so full of the desire to do something truly wonderful with the ornaments that he found he could no longer sit still. He put on his warm coat, wrapped a wooldscarf around his throat, put on his clogs and stepped out into his front yard. The vegetable patch was covered with a thin layer of ^{fresh} snow that had fallen during the night, and ~~the~~ ^{spindly} a few sparrows hopped about, ~~looking~~ looking for food. At ~~least the birds came to see him,~~ even if no one else did.

As the old man looked about his garden, inspecting each tree, and each bush, he heard the shouts of the ^{small child} ~~little boy~~ who lived next door. He was chas-

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~~hixxiag~~ something, whatever it is little boys chase. He had often seen him running down the road, but the boy always was carefully not to come near the old man's gate. He was afraid of the old man, just as all the other children were .

For a moment, the old man thot of calling to the child and hading him the box. It would be like a gift from heaven. But the child might break the angels ~~and the golden balls~~ and the golden balls, and what did he ever know about Cmas trees.

The old man turned, ~~and suddenly~~ and suddenly, therein his own garden saw the answer ~~to his~~. In a corner, just at the edge of the fence, beyon his vegetable patch, there grew a small fir tree. It was a little lopsided, but it was a perfect cmas tree. The old man knew now, what he would do. He wuld decorate the tree and enjoy Cmas all by himself. He would trim the tree exactly as he had done in Mrs. Waksman's home, with the angel on top.

The old man hurried inside, and carried the box of ornaments out beside his tree. Carefully he hung the colored balls, wound the beads in and out of the branches, ~~placed the~~ and then laced the tree with tinsel. It was the prettiest sight the old man had seen in many years and for the first time in many months, he forgot about his lunch. ~~When it was~~ he had finished, it was almost 2:00.

~~He knew~~ When the mailman came again the next day with still another pkge, the old man could scarcely contain himself. And ~~the mailman~~ as the mailman was about to leave, he couldn't help showing him the tree.

"Ah, so this is a Cmas tree," the mailman said, stepping closer to admire it. ~~"My sister in Tokyo has written to me"~~ "I have seen pictures of them in the magazines, but I never thot we would have ^{I see} one in Sugi 'illage."

He ~~contemplated the tree as~~ ~~he~~ ~~inspected~~ He inspcted the tree with the same care he had inspected the old man's package. "Old man " he said as he left, "You must have a very kind friend in America."

career, much more emphasis on mathematics and science in preparation for living in today's world. Another reason for the increased emphasis on mathematics and science is, of course, our much publicized need for an adequate supply of qualified scientists. However, we should not aim to make every intelligent American youth into a nuclear physicist or a rocket fuel chemist, we should not engage in an all-out numbers race with the Soviet Union to see who can produce the greater number of engineers, and we should not so load the curriculum with math and science courses that those who do survive the training are lopsided in their development and those who fail are unfit for anything else. May I say that from my own observation those who are worried over the dangers of a one-sided technological education may resume normal breathing. We are a long way from encountering this situation. A strengthened pre-college curriculum in math and science is just as important for the future lawyer, legislator, army officer, humanist or business leader as it is for the future scientist.

Our goal should be a broad and balanced education for every American boy and girl capable of absorbing it. Although the accomplishment of almost universal education in the face of a severely expanding population through the years has been a great achievement, I believe that the quality of this education falls far short of what our advanced technological society forces us to expect of it. It is not a question of whether we have a better educational system today than we had in 1900 — I think that we do. It would be almost inconceivable that we shouldn't have made much progress in the last fifty years. The point is that our educational system is not good enough for today. Our performance in solving our problems in American education today will be a measure of our success in remaining a world power tomorrow, hopefully a power beneficial to the whole world.

Our educational system is not providing in sufficient quantity the trained brainpower that we need. Let us consider some of the tasks of the future for which we shall require all the assistance we can get from trained brainpower — from the scientist, the engineer, the lawyer, the industrial executive, the economist, the social scientist, the statesman, and many others.

First of all, merely to maintain our present economy we shall have to carry out scientific research and development on an accelerated pace. To fill the needs of our economy and to maintain the standards of living we find desirable will require new products, new sources of materials, new techniques of manufacture. The intellectual skills required of the ordinary factory worker will increase while simple manual exertion and dexterity will count for less. A large body of trained technicians must be raised to fill many new types of industrial positions. The industrial

The 2nd pkge simply proved the truth of the mialman's remark, for it too was from Mrs. Waksman and contained in it a string of lights³ for the Christmas tree. The old man saw that she had intended it to arrive~~d~~ first and there was a little card that read, "I hope ~~this~~ pkages might make Cmas happy for some of your friends in the village."

Never mind if he had no friends, at least she was making his the finest Cmas he'd had since he returned to Japan. He removed all the trimmings he had put on the tree the day before, carefully strung the lights, and then trimmed the tree all over again. He pulled an extension cord out into the yard and connected one end with the light bulb over his little table. Now, he had only to wait for darkness. This time, the old man forgot about supper.

Darkness came early with a cold brittle chill, and as soon as the tree began to fade into the shadows, the old man turned on the lights. It was such a beautiful sight, the little tree, glowing with red and green and blue and yellow lights in the snow, the old man cried out in spite of himself.

And then, he found himself runn~~ing~~ opening his gate and rushing out to the road. He was ready to grab the first person who passed and call him in, for such a sight had to be ~~sharpened~~ seen and exclaimed over by someone else, or it might all be a dream. The old man rushed out to the dark road, eager and waiting. But ~~no~~ one came. It was the hour when all the villagers were gathered about their charcoal braziers, having bean soup and fresh steaming rice. It was not time for any one to be wandering on the road.

The old man went into his own darkened house, and because he could not turn on the light over his table, he ate a supper of salt fish and rice by candle light. He sat where he could look out and see his tree, but somehow, the jubilation that he had felt was seeping out of his bones, just as the cold was creeping in. The old man sat looking

Additions and corrections to the
Building 70 directory.

	<u>Room</u>	<u>Local</u>
Abed, Ursula	153	397
Buchla, Don	143	413
Chang, Jacqueline K.	189	406
Chiao, Lung-Wen	221	319
Cosmatos, Alexander	215	430
Cotter, John E.	221G11	7-472
Crespo, Vitor P.	275	378
Hanlan, James F.	173	349
Huffman, Eugene H.	204	470
Jeung, Edward	103	345
Lang, Sidney B.	158	250
Ledesma, Victor L.	158	250
Li, Nian-Tze	222G11	7-473
Lovejoy, Carolyn A.	209	430
Mahoney, Jeannette	114	420
Marhenke, Karl	141	437
Marshalek, Eugene R.	211	430
Patzelt, Rupert	153	397
Winocur, Joseph	143	413
Wong, Randolph M.	358	114

at the tree for a long time, and he thought of Mrs. Waksman and of the letter she was waiting to get from him. And by the time he had finished his supper, he knew what he must do.

He put on his warm scarf and his wool cape and picked up his walking stick and headed down the road to his neighbor's house. As he approached their door, he could hear the sound of voices and laughter and the little boy's shouts.

He slid open the front door, calling, "Gomenkudasai... Excuse me." He swallowed, for his throat felt dry and his voice was feeble. In the 15 years since he had come ~~xxxx~~ back to live at Sugi Village, he had perhaps only once or twice. ~~xxxxx~~ come to call on his neighbors. Nor had they bothered to come to visit him. Even now, he was not sure what kind of words to use or exactly in what shape his idea would emerge for them to receive.

"Hai," the little boy was the first to hear him. He came running to the door and then, seeing the old man, turned around and ran inside to call his mother.

"It's the old man," he said, as though he had seen his grandfather's ghost.

For such a visit, the father came to the door and bowed to the old man. "It has been a long time since you have honored us with a visit," he said.

"Yes, I.. yes, I have been busy," the old man stammered. And then he blurted out, "There is something, I think your little boy would like to see. That is, I think he might like it. It is in my yard."

The old man ~~was talking~~ sounded like a child himself., but somehow the eagerness in his face prompted the father to nod and allow the child to go with the old man. And then, the father too, followed along for he could not remain behind so full of curiosity and wonder.

The old man did not say a word. He simply took the child by the hand and walked briskly down the road to his own gateway, and then he let the child enter first, and pointed to the tree.

Throughout the history of this nation Americans have had to adapt to changes in their society. Our revolution against England, our civil war and two great world wars were all events which caused sharp breaks with the traditions of the past. These wars were superimposed on peaceful revolutions of no less significance. The settlement of the American continent, the industrial revolutions, the agricultural revolutions, the revolution in medicine and public health, the growth of media of transportation and mass communication and finally, the emergence of science systematically exploited for human gain and welfare, have also changed things irresistibly and irrevocably. Change has been a part of American life as long as the white man has been on this continent. There is no time that we can look back upon as being "normal". Our world of today is different, not because we have crisis and change, but because the rate of change is so much greater than it used to be.

Practically all aspects of life today are based on a scientific and engineering technology which is now advancing at an explosive rate because we have learned how to develop new knowledge and to exploit it systematically, and because we have been driven by events to force-feed this exploitation by the expenditure of vast sums of money. One can, and I personally would, argue that the great advance of technology of recent years has been largely beneficial to the human race, but there is no denying that the technological revolution of the past 15 years superimposed on the not-so-cold war between East and West, the great growth of population in all parts of this planet, and the struggle of former colonial regions of the world to achieve some new political and economic status have seriously intensified some extremely thorny problems. Some have urged that we must turn from science and deal directly with the matters of politics, economics, psychology and human understanding which are obviously involved in any attack on these problems. I agree that matters of politics, economics, psychology and human understanding are of crucial importance in the world of today, but I feel that any attack on these problems which is carried out without a knowledge of the scientific basis of our society is bound to be an ineffective attack. Scientific facts and theories should not and cannot dominate the discussion of world problems, but neither should science be ignored. This is too broad a problem to discuss in any depth this afternoon and I wish to confine myself largely to a discussion of some thoughts on the place of science in the education of our youth for the world of today.

More meaningful to us than the existence of this world in ferment is the part which we as Americans must play in shaping the future. No longer are we as a nation insulated from what goes on elsewhere but of necessity it is we who must "call the shots" for better or for worse. A taxi driver in Athens or a shepherd in Iraq may

The child let out a whoop and ran to the tree like a moth flies to a lamp. He touched the golden balls with his fingertips, lightly, and he ~~rannanxundxandxann~~ walked around ~~and~~ around the tree, ~~likexaxan~~ exclaiming to his father. "Look, look! A ~~lightxann~~ tree dressed up for a festival."

The father behaved just as the old man had earlier. He simply had to show someone else, and he soon ran off to call his neighbor and his wife. Word spread quickly down the village road, from neighbor to neighbor, and soon everyone of the villagers was in the old man's yard, trampling on his vegetable patch, chattering like children as they admired the glistening, sparkling tree.

And the old man found himself explaining again and again about Mrs. Waksman and the packages, and the mailman stood beside him, nodding his confirmation; accpeting for himself some of the glory, for was he not the one who had delivered the packages himself? ~~And each time he told the story, there was less need to tell about~~

And then, the old man found himself telling ~~the~~ villagers that he would trim the Xmas tree each year from now on, and that they were all welcome to come see it every year.

"And when I am gone, the children of the village will find another tree and they will trim it every Christmas for everyone," he added.

And we will remember you always, every Christmas," the villagers told the old man.

The old man was so excited that night, he could not sleep. He kept the charcoal glowing in his brazier and he left the lights on his little tree until the sky grew light with morning. And he wrote his letter to Mrs. Waksman, a long letter, which he had to rewrite 4 times. But at the end, he knew exactly what to say. "Thank you for bringing Christmas to my village, dear friend," he wrote. "But thank you especially for bringing it into my own heart."

And the old man slept soundly and without dreams for the first time in many months.

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11

Florence Ketter sat in her neat tatami-matted ~~room~~ Japanese room and ~~looked~~
on waited for Tanaka-san. He should be coming soon, for she had asked him to
~~come by 4:30~~ be there by 4:30, so they might have a short visit before dinner.

She looked ~~many~~ out thru the glass doors at the garden and noticed how shabby
it had grown ~~just~~ in the year since she had come to live at Mrs. Kaneko's. In
the old days, Mrs. Kaneko had told her, they had had a gardener coming each week,
~~and Florence could not do it herself~~ Each had kept then ~~He had probably peddled about~~
in his rubber-soled tabi
He had even climbed the pine trees to pull off the ~~brown~~ dead needles before they
dropped to the moss.

"Those were the happy years," Mrs. Kaneko would sigh whenever she spoke to
Florence of ~~their~~ ^{she explains} their life before the war. "Papa-san was living then, ~~and~~
"there were the two maids," And I didn't have to spend ^{all} my time cooking and cleaning."
~~And although she never said so, she would have liked to add, "Nor take foreigners~~
~~into my~~ ^{did not add} She would have liked to add, "Nor take foreigners into my beautiful home,"
Instead, she sighed deeply, "But those days will never return," she said. "Shika
taga nai. It can't ^{not} be helped."

Florence ^{believed} thought she was comforting Mrs. Kaneko when she said, "But still,
you have been fortunate. The occupation forces didn't take ~~over~~ your house."

"I know... I know," Mrs. Kaneko would answer then. "That was my best fortune.
It is amazing to think of it, when my house has a flush toilet!"

Mrs. Kaneko ^{had} ~~had been able to keep her own house, but there had not been money~~
^{enough} ~~hadn't been enough money~~ to send her two sons to Kyoto University
and so she had ~~asked~~ offered her two best rooms on the first floor of the house
to ~~Mild~~ Florence. It had seemed a happy arrangement for everyone, for Florence
~~had~~ ^{It} had been a happy solution for everyone. Mrs. Kaneko had ~~ang~~ ^{been able to rent 2 rooms in} a house with western
plumbing in which to live.

"It will be nice to have your company," Mrs. K. had said to her shortly after
she arrived. ^{sometimes} "I miss having someone my own age to talk with ~~sometimes~~."

It was true, Florence wasn't more than 3 years younger than Mrs. Kaneko,
Still, she didn't like ~~any~~ ^{for this fact to be} people to acknowledge ^{so} this fact to openly, and it
was a constant source of irritation to her that ~~the Japanese~~ ^{her friends} were so curious about
her ~~own~~ age. She ~~could not~~ ^{had} Japanese to understand when a caller
would ask in a furtive whisper, behind a raised hand, "And how old is she - your
boarder?" Mrs. Kaneko's response was ^{be} invariably the same. "She is 45. And she
is not yet married," ~~she would say, then add~~ with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

支那

萬里の長城

「支那本部の北方にある城壁で、有名なる支那、秦の始皇帝が、兵三十萬を發して、北匈奴を伐たしめ、河南（今の内蒙古鄂爾多斯の地）の地を收めて長城を築つた。西は臨洮縣（今の甘肅省、蘭山道岷縣）より起つて、東は遼東郡に至る、山に據り谷に架し、蜿蜒七百餘里（日本の里で）、これを號して萬里の長城と言ふのである。城壁の高さ厚さ共、各二丈ばかり、毎六十間に堡塞を設け、戍兵を置いた。實に規模雄大、千古の偉業を残したのである。當時用ひた甃瓦が、往々にして發見されることがあるが、皆紫色をしてゐるので紫塞とも言ふ。

而して現時の長城は、その後、後魏、北齊北周等歴代これを修築し、隋の時開皇、大業の間また盛に長城を築いたので、東は山海關に起り、直隸の北境を縫ひ、山西を經、その間内城、外城の二重あり、更に西、陝西を過ぎて甘肅の嘉峪關に至る。二重の箇所を合算して凡そ一千七百六十餘里、この體積を換算すれば、實に約一億六千萬立方丈であると言ふ。而して各所に堡口を造り、墩臺を營々、敵臺を設けてゐるが、今日に於ては殆どその用をなさない。然し、長城は支那本部と滿洲及び蒙古方面との自然



Then the ~~caller~~ ^{her} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~understandingly~~ "In America, it is not the same. The women do not all marry," Mrs. Kaneko would feel ~~it was~~ obliged to explain. And the caller would nod in a surge of ~~compassion~~. "Ah.... I see." and offer Florence a faint limpid smile.

Florence looked at the clock now, and lit another cigarette. She smoked the Japanese cigarettes ^{now} without ^{much} ~~without~~ the pious self-righteousness she had ~~felt~~ ^{felt} when she first embarked on her private program of "assimilation". ~~Many~~ ~~at~~ ~~St. John's~~ ~~and~~ she smoked them ~~even~~ even when she was alone; when there was no one to watch and to compliment her upon being able to give up American cigarettes.

Florence looked at the clock now, and lit another cig. She smoked the Japanese "Peace" even when she was alone now; even when there was no one to see and to compliment her own ~~such thorough~~ ^{such thorough} ~~her~~ ^{her} "assimilation" to Japanese life.

~~When~~ ^{When} Florence had finished her cigarette she ~~began~~ ^{was} to wonder with ~~growing~~ ^{growing} irritation what had become of Mr. Tanaka. She had explicitly asked him to come early so they could talk before dinner.

"^{There is} I have something I must tell you," she had said. ^{to him yesterday, vaguely} ~~She thought she had grown~~ ^{quite like a} ~~the Japanese~~ ^{manner.} ~~even in her thought processes.~~ She had not just gone into his office at the ~~small~~ ^{high school} college and said "Tanaka-san, I am going to resign. I am going to return to my home in America." She had planned instead, a leisurely visit in her quiet rooms, overlooking the garden. She would serve him ~~some~~ crackers and cheese, and ~~perhaps~~ some coffeee - ~~or~~ perhaps, ^{sherry}. Then, just before dinner, she would say gently, "Tanaka-san, I have something to tell you." It would come as a ~~great~~ ^{hard} blow to Mr. Tanaka, Florence thought, with some compassion. ^{City} ~~He~~ ^{could} not be ~~easy~~ ^{not} for him to find another American teacher for ~~the~~ English department on the salary he offered. ^{small} ~~of~~ ^{his} ~~affiliated with the Mission College.~~

Florence ^{thought} of Mr. Tanaka, ~~shuffling~~ ^{huddling} ~~stoop-shouldered~~ ^{down} through the cold bare halls of his school, wearing the suit from America ~~that was~~ 2 sizes too large and ~~his~~ ^{thin} tennis shoes - his "indoor shoes." She remembered the day she ^{met} him. They had unexpectedly come ^{up} ~~on~~ each other in the hall and he had bowed and presented his calling card, saying gravely, "I am the ~~procurator~~." Indeed, if he hadn't, she might ~~easily~~ have mistaken him for one of the clerks. He seemed ~~so~~ ^{so} insignificant and ~~shabby~~ ^{younger than his 50 yrs.}.

Shortly after that first meeting, he had come to call on her, ^{wearing his best} ~~He wore the~~ ~~this~~ ~~best~~ suit, his hair ~~softly~~ ^{pleated} with camellia oil ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~hair~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~so~~ ~~thick~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~compelled~~ ~~to~~ ~~slide~~ ~~open~~ ~~the~~ ~~doors~~ ~~and~~ ~~still~~ ~~the~~ ~~rich~~ ~~sweet~~ ~~scent~~ ~~had~~ ~~lingered~~



の分界をなしてをり、
又、山海關、喜峯口、古
北口、獨石口、張家口、
殺虎口、嘉峪關等の關
門は、いづれも險要の
地を扼するを以つて、
或は戍兵を設けてこれ
を防守し、或は行旅を
點檢をしたり關稅を徴
したり、非常に重要な
役目をつとめてゐる。
なほ、長城の北を呼ん
で塞外又は口外と稱
し、長城の内を關内と
言つてゐる。

~~long after he had left.~~

"It is good to have you as teacher," Mr. Tanaka had said, thrusting his head forward in eagerness. "I want to learn English/^{better}too. Perhaps you will help me ~~with the~~ conversation?"

Florence had agreed to give him private lessons each Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and he had appeared at the first lesson with a beautiful carved wooden figure of a Noh dancer. "Because I am grateful," he had said simply.

Tanaka-san had been an eager student. Sitting on the edge of his chair beside Florence's desk, he struggled with the "r's and L's" until the perspiration edged across his forehead. At the end of his third lesson, he thrust his hand awkwardly into his worn briefcase and pulled out a book of Blake. "These I like very much," he said with ~~the shy pride of a child.~~ ^{a faint smile}

~~Florence had immediately completely revealed her astonishment.~~ "You can understand these?" ~~she had immediately known~~ ^{her} Florence had asked, and ~~then~~ knew immediately that she ~~had revealed her~~ ^{her} astonishment that had struck sharply at Mr. Tanaka's intelligence.

"We Japanese do not speak English so well," he said briefly, "But we can read and we ~~understand~~ can understand what is beautiful."

"Of course," Florence had said immediately. "You know much more about beauty than we Americans do."

But Mr. Tanaka had quickly put away his book, and shortly afterwards ~~he~~ ^{murmured his} said it was time to leave. "Oyasuminasai... goodnight," he ~~murmured~~ ^{her leaving her} quietly and left with only a brief bow. He had not brought the book again.

~~It was after this visit that Florence~~ ^{felt she must become Japanese herself} ~~was~~ ^{in order to guide them} ~~more determined than~~ ^{to guide them} ~~ever that she must convince the Japanese~~ ^{she must gain complete trust - show them she was one of them} ~~she was on their side in their~~ ^{struggle of theirs to absorb the Western culture which had been thrust upon them} ~~struggle of theirs to absorb the Western culture~~ ^{with such violence.} ~~which had been thrust upon them~~ ^{She would show them that she was truly one of them, and she} ~~with such violence.~~ ^{would guide them slowly, into the well-gear} ~~that she understood them~~ ^{carefully} ~~she was truly one of them, and she~~ ^{into the well-gear} ~~would guide them slowly, into the well-gear~~ ^{ed efficiency of} ~~ed efficiency of~~ ^{habits.} ~~habits.~~

~~She took to pattering about her rush-matted room with black velvet tabis,~~ ^{she wore a thick lined kimono} ~~she sat on the cushions~~ ^{on the floor instead of on her chairs,} ~~and she~~ ^{even ate the} ~~even ate the~~ ^{slivers of raw tuna} ~~slivers of raw tuna~~ ^{with} ~~and thick soy bean soup.~~ ^{and thick soy bean soup.} ~~She began to teach~~ ^{lessons in Japanese and thrusting her notebooks} ~~at her visitors,~~ ^{she would} ~~she would~~ ^{nod with pleasure when they asked if she had really written the Japanese characters} ~~herself.~~ ^{herself.}

~~After a year, she felt enough like~~ ^{invade Mrs. Kaneko's kitchen and to suggest how she might improve her habits of} ~~invade Mrs. Kaneko's kitchen and to suggest how she might improve her habits of~~

She was convinced she must become Japanese in her ways. She would become a foreigner whom the Japanese would come to love & trust.



She ~~now~~ ^{soon as Japanese} felt so much a part of Mrs. Kaneko's family that she began to suggest ~~things~~ ^{things} that she would like to eat for supper. At first, she had clung safely to such ~~things as knotted seaweed and broiled eel~~ ^{such things as knotted seaweed and broiled eel}, but gradually, she ~~voiced her craving~~ ^{voiced her craving} for steak and for salads made of greens from the hydroponic farms. And lately, she had ~~been bringing~~ ^{been bringing} home boxes of ~~pudding~~ ^{pudding} from the Overseas Supply and leaving them silently on the kitchen table. There were other ways in which Florence felt she was improving life at the Kaneko household. She had taught Mrs. Kaneko, for example, that in America apples were not put in potato salad and that sliced bananas were not considered an appropriate filling for a sandwich.

"Ah, I see," Mrs. Kaneko had said quietly. "We have eaten them for many years this way." But she ~~no longer put apples in her potato salad, and her sandwiches~~ ^{avoided for sales} contained slices of hard boiled eggs ~~in her sandwiches~~ ^{in her sandwiches}.

The more Florence assimilated herself to Japanese life, the more she felt compelled to help the Japanese improve their way of life. "There is so much they need to be taught," she wrote ~~constantly~~ ^{over and over} in her letters to the States.

It was while she wrote one such letter that she suddenly conceived the idea of ~~having~~ ^{holding} seminars for the teachers of the English Department ~~in her school~~ ^{in her school}. She felt she might teach them a few things about educational methods of America, and had become so taken with the idea that she went ~~immediately~~ ^{immediately} to the phone and asked Tanaka-san to come over ~~immediately~~ ^{immediately}. "I have a wonderful idea," she had said. "I must tell you immediately."

~~And so~~, Mr. Tanaka had walked to Florence's house. ~~To if he rode the street car it would cost 12 yen, and if he saved enough fares, he would eventually have enough to buy a new book, or perhaps even a pair of shoes. The nightman wind from Mt. Hiei swept down with the chill. The wind was cold, and his face had~~ ^{to if he rode the street car it would cost 12 yen, and if he saved enough fares, he would eventually have enough to buy a new book, or perhaps even a pair of shoes. The nightman wind from Mt. Hiei swept down with the chill. The wind was cold, and his face had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ruddy when he arrived.

"Mah, Tanaka-san," Mrs. Kaneko had exclaimed when she went to the door. "You came out on such a cold night?"

"Ketter-san asked me to come," he said with a shrug. "It can't be helped."

Florence quickly poured him a glass of whiskey and stuffed her small coal stove until it roared. ~~was too excited about her new idea to be~~ ^{was too excited about her new idea to be} concerned with Mr. Tanak's sniffing. The Japanese seemed to have perpetual colds all winter anyway, and it was no wonder, with those miserable charcoal braziers to provide a vague, dim heat in the center of one room. She poured him a glass of whiskey, however, and stuffed her stove until it roared. ~~She would warm him up inside and out.~~ ^{She would warm him up inside and out.} Mr. Tanaka was soon perspiring freely. Florence opened one of her windows.



"THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA"

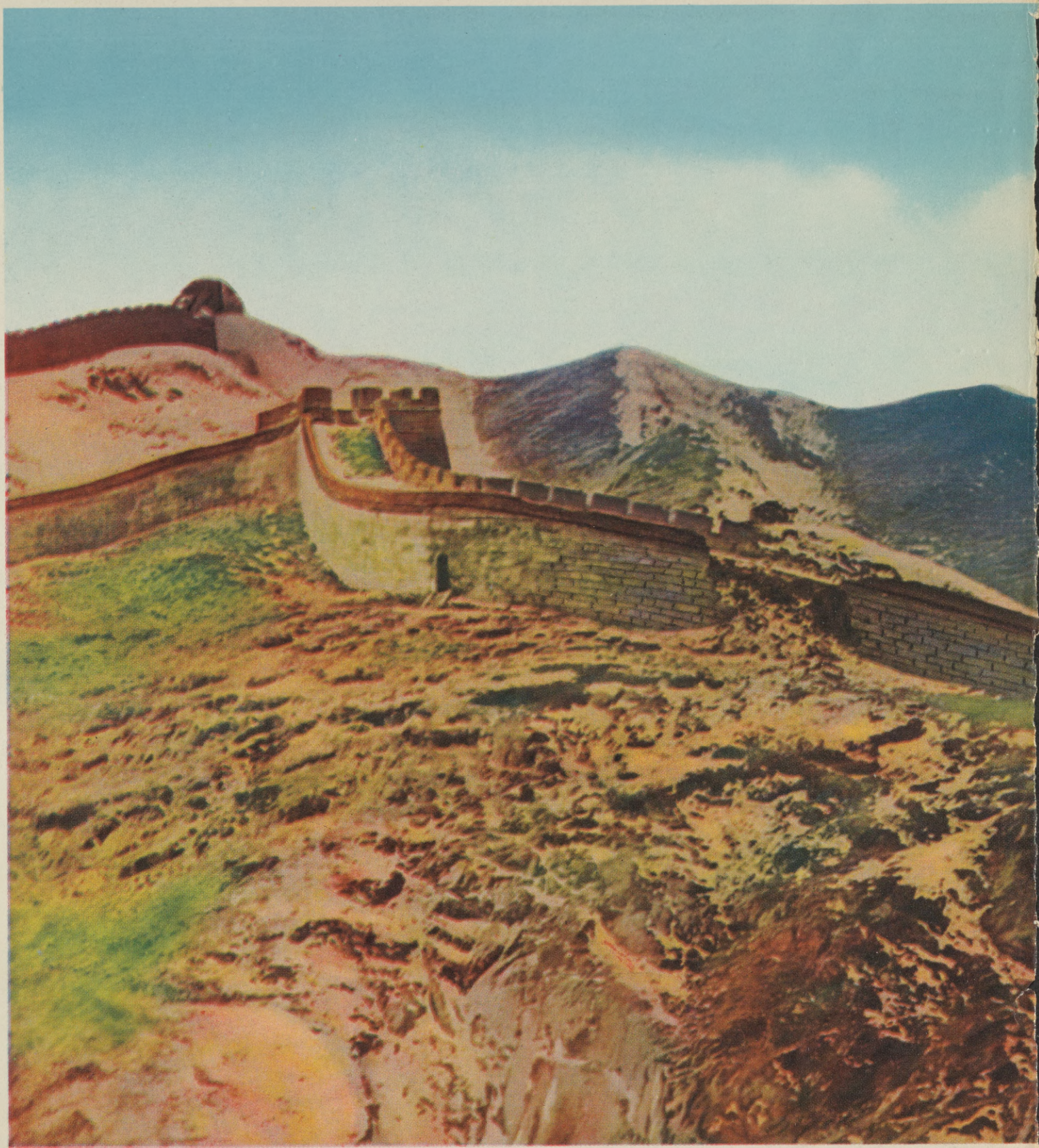
This Great Wall was constructed in the reign of Tsin Shih Hwangti about in 214 B.C. as a protection against the incursions of the Tartars, the enemy. The wall which has twenty feet in both of its thickness and height, stretches over the huge length of the empire from beyond Lanchow, Kansu province to Chihli province windingly through the plain and on the mountain ranges. There were towers at intervals of 360 feet more, in which the soldiers were prepared in the olden times for the enemy's attack. The best preserved section of the great wall is at the Nankow Pass where the masonry, brick parapet and towers are not harmed just as they were

She spoke rapidly.
Florence quickly spilled out her plan for ~~an examination~~ the seminar, and Mr. Tanaka ^{not listening} turning the glass of whiskey around and around in his hands, ^{most polite} finally looked up and said, "If it does not take too much of your time, please to do it." And so that was how the Friday night seminars had begun. Each week ~~fixes~~ ^{of} the teachers from the ~~college~~ ^{his} ~~met~~ gathered in her room and listened to the lectures which she devised largely from her old college textbooks. They ~~were~~ sat stiff and attentive as she spoke of the physiological bases of behavior; of ~~parent-child~~ ^{of puberty;} relationships ~~and~~; of motivation; ~~and~~ ^{of} statistics and testing.
"But this ~~testing~~... ^{all} this matter of adolescent psychology... ^{is not our main} we cannot care ^{we have hundreds of pupils} about," one of the teachers protested. "We need books for the library; we need ^{classroom} to buy coal for the ~~stoves~~; some of ~~my~~ pupils do not have warm coats or shoes that will keep out the snow... ^{gather} ~~But if my pupils must work each night selling flowers that her mother makes during the day...~~ Our problems are not those of your ~~schools~~ - America!"
"You see," Florence had interrupted. "You are not facing your problems ~~xxx~~ that ^{is my} army!" Florence interrupted. "If you would only look ahead & plan ahead to ^{future} future."
"But you mustn't be overcome by these outward problems," Florence interrupted. ^{instead of being overcome by these immediate problems: books - coal. See how what you need}
"Go to your Board of Education and demand the essentials you need to provide for a proper education for your young people!" ~~It would be so simple if everyone were~~

~~Ah... it is not so simple,~~ Mr. Tanaka said for all of them. ^{sum from all} ~~The basic problem is that Japan is a poor country.~~
~~Take our roads, for instance.~~ We all know that if the roads were properly repaired, they would last for many years. Instead, they are patched with gravel and sand, because there isn't money for asphalt, and in 6 months ^{they} need repair again.... We live in little installments, Ketter-san," he said dismally.
"Of course it is wiser to buy the whole of a thing, but if one hasn't the money... then one buys only a small part... ^{It is the same at our school. We must make do with what we have - we have only 2 days a day...} We are lucky if the classroom is warm," Florence had never heard Mr. Tanaka ~~gxxxxxxx~~ speak so many words at one ^{in winter} time. Usually, he spoke in drifts and patches, ~~jxxxxhxxxxhxxxxh~~ ⁱⁿ words edged in between her own. She held up her hands helplessly. "Well," she shrugged, "I don't know what to say. It seems to me, if your schools were better organized..."
"But if you educators don't fight for what you need..."
"Then you will never catch up!" Florence said in despair. "If you ^{people comes only} take the time and money to organize a thorough testing program, for instance, you would know ^{to make an organized survey of your needs & present them to your Board,} said in despair, "You must not be so defeatist... ^{you must} and understand your needs so much better. You simply are not organized and that is why you lack efficiency." ^{you must have long-range plans for your whole} ^{educational system!}

The circle of faces looked back at her blankly, and Florence was not sure whether they had ^{not} understood, or had simply chosen to remain silent.

Mixed (mixed) responses put in



^{perhaps} She went to boil water for the coffee, ~~and~~ When she returned she found the teachers speaking volubly in Japanese too rapid for her to understand. She felt a mild resentment at being shut out of their conversations in her own rooms, and raised her voice to ask a question that demanded a reply. The faces had ~~immediately~~ ^{become} stiff and the conversation ebbed away ~~and then no one~~ ^{just} with the coffee in their cups.

As the weeks went on, Florence noticed that one by one the teachers had begun to stay away. ~~They~~, But Florence had come to look forward to these Friday evenings when her room was full of people and talk, and ~~there seemed at least on the surface~~ at least, she seemed surrounded by friends. She added peanut butter and jam sandwiches, ~~and~~ tins of cashews and boxes of mints to the coffee which followed her talks, but even so, the group was gone. One evening, Tanaka-san ~~saved face~~ ^{said gently} "We cause you too much trouble each week," he said quietly. "Perhaps it is best to end the Friday evening groups."

She still had Tanaka-san, however, ^{she} and looked forward to his lessons ~~more~~ eagerly ~~than ever~~. ~~She had no more to say to him~~ Sometimes, he would linger after the lessons and tell her about Zen Buddhism. ~~He had said~~ "You teach me, and I teach you" he had said, in such a charming manner that Florence wanted to reach out and touch his arm. ~~She~~

"Good, tell me about Zen," she had said, but when he spoke of the "non-self" and of ~~the~~ "dwelling in nothingness" and of the dangers of dualism, she felt again as she had when she first came to Japan and heard the strange ^{murmuring} ~~sounds of the language~~ ^{an unknown} ~~hammering at her ears~~. It had been simple in those days to drift alone in her own thoughts, not even having to make the pretense of having heard something she had ignored. But here, Mr. Tanaka confronted her, eager and waiting.

"You see? Don't you see?" he would ask.

Florence could not see. "How can I give up the idea of self?" she asked, hopelessly. "The individual is central to western thought." And then she would bring out her bottle of whiskey saying, "I simply cannot see, and that's that. Let's have something to drink."

Tanaka-san would sigh and lean back in his chair and drink his whiskey silently. ^{his last to} ~~One night~~, he asked for a second glass of whiskey, and then, ^{sitting in the chair} ~~leaning back in one~~ of Florence's soft ~~form~~ ^{low} rubber chairs, he suddenly blurted out, "You know why the teachers stopped coming on Fridays? They say you will never really understand Japan or her problems, because you think your way is the only way. Your way is best way for you, but that is not the best way for Japan. You are very dogmatic,



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been more than she could bear a second time. If ~~the~~ ^{Flora} ~~Flora~~ felt her face grow tense. She felt as tho she were going to cry. "Damn them!" If Mr. Tanaka thought she would never understand Japan and her problems, ~~let~~ ^{damn them all} she murmured ~~then she would simply~~ ^{then she would simply} ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven}. May as well give up now. She pulled out a sheet of ~~fresh~~ ^{fresh} typing paper and wrote to ~~the~~ ^{the} Superintendent of Schools in ~~Dayton~~ ^{Dayton}. ~~She~~ ^{There I am going to fall serious} would speak to Mr. Tanaka of resigning at the first opportunity.

She had gone to bed that night ~~fashioning~~ ~~unhappily~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~thoroly~~ ~~misunderstood~~ and lonely. She had decided Japan was not the place for her. But by the next morning, she felt more forgiving. She put away the letter she had written to ~~Mr. Tanaka~~ ^{Mr. Tanaka} and decided she would not mail it until after she had spoken to Mr. Tanaka. Of course, he would not hear of her resigning, and she would have to ~~proffer~~ ^{proffer} murmur polite denials of the praise he would undoubtedly proffer. ~~Florence felt better~~ ^{In the morning Mr. Tanaka's outburst had left her} now. After all, ~~there was not a great deal to gain by going back to the States~~ ^{what there} to live ~~in~~ ^{here} solitary existence in her small flat. There would be no Mrs. Kaneko to clean her rooms or cook her meals or call her to ~~her~~ ^{to} bath. And she would miss those bright-eyed youngsters who stopped whenever they saw her on the streets, putting their feet neatly together ~~and~~ ^{and} bowing their heads, and murmuring "Goodomorning, Ketter-sensei."



Florence waited until the meal was over, and Mrs. K. had brot out the wooden bowl filled with mandarin oranges, before she spoke the words that ~~were intended to~~ ^{excited} she ~~waited to hear and~~ ^{had listened to face her} ~~longed to utter.~~ ^{into conversation so many times} During the meal, she ~~was~~ ^{was} pleased with ~~the strength~~ ^{her self control}

"I know," Florence said softly. "But I ~~just~~ don't feel I am ~~being~~ very useful any more." She glanced quickly at Mr. Tanaka.

Mrs. K. and Mr. T. looked down at their oranges, half-peeled and uneaten.^s
Florence felt her throat tighten and her breath quicken. She thought she heard Mr. T. *getting*
a slight grasp

"Well, of course, your family ~~would want you to return home~~ must want you to return home," Mr. T. said. He seemed to be choosing his words with extreme care.

"You have been away from them a long time."

"Of course... I feel I shouldn't run out on you," Florence interrupted. The trend of the conversation was not moving at all in the direction she had anticipated.



~~Instead of the dismay Florence had expected, they had greeted her announcement with an expression almost a feeling of joy.~~

"I drink to your home-going, or how shall I say it, your returning to home," Mr. Tanaka said, and he raised his tea cup in a mock toast. Mrs. Kaneko giggled at his awkward speech, but raised her teacup to drink with him.

Florence felt as though they were treating her with the kind of tardy cheerfulness that is often accorded a tiresome guest once she has announced she would leave. ~~She sat silently,~~ *no one seemed to have much more to say - no one seemed*
will to speak - words Florence waited for.

~~When the meal was ended,~~ *seemed uncomfortable.* Mr. T. said he must be excused, and Mrs. K. came with Florence to see him to the door. He thanked Mrs. K. for the fine dinner, and then he turned to Florence and said at last the words she had waited to hear.

"I am sorry you feel you must leave," he said, "But I am glad you return to your own people. That is ~~always~~ a good thing."

"I'll be here till the end of the semester," Florence said

And Mr. T. answered solemnly. "Oh, I know... I know."

He turned then to Mrs. Kaneko and spoke in Japanese. Their eyes were bright and their faces animated with eagerness. A bright smile flashed over Mr. Tanaka's face and Mrs. Kaneko returned it quickly. It was a brief exchange, ~~just before Mr. Tanaka left,~~ but there was no place in it ~~at all~~ for Florence Ketter. She watched as Mr. Tanaka slid open the front door and bowed before he went out into the night. "Oyasumi nasai... goodnite," he ~~scalded~~ *whispered* softly. ~~And then the door slid shut, and he was gone.~~

*** **



ed by Taisho in the period of Min about 560 years ago. It is
center of the vast plain and the river is running along the
city. There is a castle-like Palace, built in the ancient time,

probably in the period of Ryo and since then every Emperor of Chin, Gen,
Min and Sin lived in this Palace from father to son. The Palace is separated
in two sections, inner and outer, and they are bounded by long and tall wall,

and in all directions there are the gates by which
The royal Palace where the late Emperor of Sin lived
Peking Government and official residences of eve