



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.



229 Matsushima, 266
Takamatsu-shi
Kagawa-ken
Nov. 20, 1947

Dearest Helen: -

It is so many years since I have
heard from you and I am so anxious to
know how you are and where you are
living. It would make me so happy
to receive word that you are well
and happy. Please write and tell
me what you have been doing since
I last received word from you in Peking.

We were repatriated in April 1946.
bringing with us what baggage we could
carry and a 40-days' old baby boy
and a sick little girl of seven.
On a cold, windy day we arrived in

Japan, and almost drowned on the ferry coming over to Shikoku Island. Times have improved a little since those first months - when we had no home - no friends and not enough to eat. We were helped out by F's relatives in a small and medieval fishing village. They are very kind but regard me as a kind of freak of nature because I'm not accustomed to the ways and make all sorts of outlandish mistakes.

F. has a job in a nearby town and I'm teaching English in Junior High School. The oldest girl named Namako, is going to school this year, while the

baby, George, can just walk. He almost died this summer of whooping-cough and is awfully weak.

I recently received a letter from my mother - the first letter in eight years from the States! You can imagine how happy we were. It seems as though I were back with my family again - and how I wish I were! My father is well but is now seventy years old. Winwick is teaching at Western Reserve while May has married an American and has two children. I can't quite get used to that - for she was just a high-school girl when I left.

My friend Mary Marie has moved to California and I haven't been able to contact her. I am hoping this letter will reach you for after ten years - so many changes can take place. Won't you please write and tell me about yourself, your children, your husband? Your eldest daughter must be a young woman now. I regret so that I had to leave my precious books in Peking - we had to leave almost everything behind. It's a new start in life - from the bottom up. I'm sorry for the children - but it can't be helped.

Your letter addressed to me at
 229 MATSUSHIMA STREET
 TAKAMATSO - ~~5th~~ CITY
 SHIKOKU
 JAPAN

will reach me. On if you write to our
 kind young friend in M.S.

Pfc. Robert W. Gallager
 ASN-RA-43061224
 Shikoku Mil. Gov. Reg.

your letter
 will reach me.

I shall be
 waiting hopefully.
 much love,
 Yuriko

Hq. & Hq. Det.

APO 317

50 P.M.,

San Francisco
 Calif.

28 February 1948

Dear Mrs. Popenoe,

When Dick gave me this letter last night he asked me about the possibility of your sending money to his family through me. I wish to take this opportunity to explain the situation.

to me
If you send a money order I could get it cashed into Occupation currency and then exchange it for yen. At present the legal rate of exchange is 50 to 1. And present prices are far from what they were when you were in Japan. One or two thousand yen (20 or 40 dollars) is more or less a drop in the bucket.

According to reports which I receive, the average monthly living scale for family of four is between three thousand

and three thousand - five hundred.

Thus any money you might send
would hardly ease the situation any.
And it would require too great a sum
to do any good.

For this reason I sincerely believe
that food, clothing, and other necessities
of life would aid much more materially
than money. The Japanese goods are
of very cheap material which soon
falls apart. American goods are much
more durable, and when the children
(in particular) outgrow them, they will
bring a good price. Thus you would
be helping them financially by sending
clothing.

Sincerely yours
Robert W. Gallagher

Feb 14, 1948

Mrs. Wilson Poponot
apartado 93
Tegucigalpa, Honduras.
Central America.

Dearest Helen:-

I was so excited to receive your letter
to-night. Mr. Gallagher brought it all the
way from M.B. needless to tell you how
happy I was to hear that you are well and
that ten years have worked out so beautifully.
I have only to look at the pictures to rest
assured that you have succeeded admirably.

Mr. Poponot looks much happier and even
younger than he did in the last pictures
you sent me, and the children look like
awfully nice young people. I can quite
understand their loving you, and vice versa.

We managed to bring back one photo
of the two of us in Kyushu, remember?
Now uncle Haraguchi is dead, grandmother
is dead, and two and perhaps all three
of the sons have died. Aunt Haraguchi
lives alone in that house.

It grieved me to hear about Irene.
What a dreadful disease to be afflicted
with, Is the small son unaffected?

(2)
Please remember me to Mrs. Kellogg.
Wasn't she the very gentle wife of
a missionary who lived in Korea?
Did you ever hear from Gra and Marie,
Bill (I forgot his last name) and what
has happened to Mr. McGowan?

Life over here is very difficult
and full of deprivations even for those
who have long been established over
here. Starting life anew has in
many cases proved disastrous for
repatriates because in a country
where there is a shortage of
everything - people who know the
ropes get there first and the green-
horns struggle along for better or for
worse - mostly for worse. When we
first landed in the countryside
(after almost drowning on the ferry)
we couldn't find anything to buy
to eat because all the farmers and
fishermen have their own gardens.

now that we're getting accustomed to life in this small city (it's really a big town) life is better than when we were parked on other people's doorsteps (F's mother's relatives). There are fish, fruit and vegetables for sale but they are terribly expensive (mostly blackmarket goods). The main trouble is that rations are very inadequate and the ordinary man cannot pay for what he must buy to eat (outside of rations) out of his salary. Our trouble is that we have not had a steady income for months because F. has been unemployed. Just when he thought he would work in the Finance Bureau (he passed the competitive exam) - he was found unsuitable because of what amounts to a screening. I quit school in January because it was too hard on F's mother (who is 70) to housekeep with the inconveniences (no water, we have to draw it from a deep well about

(4)
half a block away) So here we are
living a "bamboo existence." (Peeling
off layers after layers -) which is very
disrael because there comes an end
to the selling of one's possessions.
We have been kept on our feet through
the cold season by help from our parents
and friends in America who sent
food and clothing. We have to be
thankful for such kindness. It is
teaching English to a few people - but it
is an erratic and thankless kind of
work - because the general run of
pupils just want a smattering of
the language and aren't really
interested in study. Thank goodness
the cold season is over. It's much warmer
than Philly - but we have no heating
(except for a brazier) and the house is
a little wooden shack.

The long harangue is to tell
you just how grateful we are to you

in offering to help us. We certainly would appreciate any food (especially sweet foods) but it seems a terrible imposition upon your mother. About the money - we haven't been able to have a talk with our friend so that we don't know if it would be possible or not. But anyway, we are very grateful indeed to you for your sympathy.

When I think of mother living alone and the cheerless life over here - I just want to fly back. As a matter of fact I don't see how we could make it even in the near future and with citizenship. It's just a dream - someday - somehow - and perhaps I could get on with a trading co. after the Peace Treaty is signed. Life would be much easier for us ^(here in Japan) if we could become American citizens. We

(b)
would come under the protection of
the military Government. (I have my passport
and college diploma - but my voting cards I never seen)
I do hope that you are
completely recovered from the flu and
that Dr. Poponot has no recurrences
of your malaria.

I've asked our friend about
the Reader's Digest. How anxious I
am to read about your wonderful
work. We had to leave "The House in
Anglia" in Peking, along with all the
other books. Remember those books?
It's a wonder that we ever got them
all the way to Peking. It was so hard to
part with them all - because I'd
been brought up to regard books as
friends, and I'd rather have a new
book than a new dress any day!

The children are eight and two.
The girl is quite tall but just like
a scarecrow while George is very short
and looks like a small bear.

I am reminded ^① of A.A. Milne's Piglet.
They were both born in Peking - We lived
there until our return to Japan in April
1946. Peking was an interesting city
but I never want to go back there -
it's America for me. I'm just dying
to meet all the folks as you can
understand.
We never received your letters during the
war. Mother received no letters from
us for eight years. Did you get letters
from me from Tsung Tsung Lu Fuhung?
We moved four times after that!

Mr. Gallagher is very kind. Heaven
knows what we would have done
without his kind aid in contacting
parents and friends. Letters will
reach us much more quickly
addressed directly to him - but
please send any other mail to
us directly as well.

SHIEI JUTAKU #15
109 NAKANO STREET
TAKAMATSU CITY
SHIKOKU, JAPAN

"Shiei Gubaku" I mean "Municipal
House"

Again, thanks you so much
for your kind sympathy.

It cheers me up no end to hear
from you. It seems like
old times. Someday our present
existence will be but a "has-been"

I am thankful for friendships
which remind me of pleasant
times and I look forward to that
someday when we can meet again.
In the meantime, I happily
await your letter.

Yours faithfully,
SHIEI GUBAKU #2
101 HARANO STREET
YAKAMATO, JAPAN

apartado 93
Tecuapetla, Honduras
Central America

Shies Jufaku #15
109 Nakano St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan
May 31, 1948

Dearest Helen:-

It was so very nice to receive your letter. I really appreciate your writing to me when you're so busy. It must be a very busy life with so many guests and with the various activities in which you're engaged but I think that you're wonderful to be able to manage it all. Seeing that four children receive higher education is one tremendous undertaking in itself.

Weather conditions are rather unpredictable these days - we had a slight drought, then a bit of rain - and now it's sunny again. It's the harvesting season for barley. (I've gotten to the stage where I can just distinguish between wheat, barley and rice) - This is a "city" but if you wander off the main roads you might think you had stumbled into the countryside.

(2)

June 8

I seem to be writing this letter
in installments. All day the
children run around like wild
Indians. The girl, Nanako, is
terribly noisy and spoiled
(during those years in China)
and George is still a baby.
The mosquitoes are so
troublesome that we have to
hang up those nets (remember
in Oda Mura?) early in the
evening so that I try to write
inside the net.

To-night I pitch in for F.
in his English classes. My
voice has gone hoarse and
I'm pretty limp from the
nervous tension. Upon arriving
home at 9 P.M. I found that
old Grandma was having a
trying time with George who
was sleepy but just wouldn't
go to sleep. He's now
sleeping like the little angel
he is not.

(3)

It seems strange to think - that
this time last year George was
nothing but skin and bones and
was almost dying of whooping-
cough. We've lots to be grateful
for this year - F. has a job
at school and were all well
and keeping in touch with
my parents and our friends in
the States. Sickness or loss of
F's job could get us in desperate
straits again. I think it was
those months in the country
which got me down at first
- such lovely scenery - ocean,
mountains and woods - and
nothing for sale to eat. F.
travelled two hours on his bike
over two mountains to Takamatsu
City. We used to get up at
three o'clock in the morning
to make breakfast. I certainly
got myself in plenty of hot
spots because I didn't
understand the various customs

There didn't⁴ seem to be any
place where I could wash
the baby's diapers - finally
I changed from pond to
stream to the ocean. You
should have seen me wading
around in the ocean washing
diapers! Then I always
dropped the bucket into the
wells. We didn't have any
pans, cooking utensils or
dishes so we went around
borrowing from relatives.

It makes one a shudder to
think of that first year.
We're lucky to be here in
a house by ourselves.

We certainly appreciate
your kind offer to send us
things from the States.

We receive packages
safely thru the Japanese
mails, addressed to us here at

Shiei Jukaku #15
109 Nakano Street
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.

③
But it seems a terrible imposition upon
you when you're just
stopping at the States.

Do you think it's you
will be able to get East? I know
that my folks would just love to
see you again. The other day
a snapshot of Father, mother and
niece Constance came with
another letter. Connie is a
lovely child - June 9th

Please excuse the pencil.
Here I am under the net
again, the littlest cherub
just won't go to sleep early
and he gets noisier and
noisier as he nears the
Land of nod. Just when
I think that it wouldn't be
a bad idea to chuck him out
of the window - he drops off
to sleep and peace reigns
in the house. Now there
are nothing like ^{but} mosquitoes
- and they sound like

miniature^{6,} airplanes
I'm doing some bits
of teaching in 4th classes
but sometimes 2nd.
Convinced it's not a go,
the other day one of
4th pupils made the
following statement, "the
"One, (the left foot)
is called 'a foot', the
other (the right foot) is
called 'a foot'. The
reason why 'football'
is so named is the fact
that we kick the ball with
the right foot," when
I asked indignantly
"who taught you such
nonsense?" he answered,
"Mrs. Uyesamura."

Yesterday, the "Gaiety
Letter" - alumni news

7.
from Swarthmore College
was thrown through the
window by our post-boy.
How far away those college
days seem!! - Sometimes I
feel as though all my
life in the States were a
dream.

We're trying to teach
little George English from
the start. He can say
"Hello, mama" and
"How are you?"

June 11, 1948
I must get this letter off before
it becomes too ancient. F. will meet
Mr. G. to-day so I'll ask him to
take it along.

My hair will soon be gray, I'm
sure. The eldest girl is such a
tom-boy and she hates to
study - so that I have to sit
on her neck so that she'll get
some homework done. At this
very moment we're sitting side
by side and I have my left
eye on what she is doing,
while meantime George is rushing

8.
around and getting into all
sorts of mischief. From four
thirty I have to carry on
with 7:10 4:10 clock class
while he goes into town
to teach from 5 to 6:30,
at 7 P.M. another group
meets at our house ~~until~~
9: P.M. 7. will probably be
late so that I'll have to start
the evening class off as well.
The classes seem like something
from the circus with the
children galloping about
and the mosquitoes biting
under the table. It's a wonder
anyone comes at all.

Please write when you
have a breathing spell. I'm always
so happy after I receive letters.

George and Mamako send their
love, too.

Love,

Yvonne

Apartado 93
Tegucigalpa, Honduras
Central America
Mrs. Wilson Poponot

#15 Shiei Guboku
109 Nakano Street
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan
June 20, 1948

Dearest Helen:-

This is just a rush note to ^{you} that
T/J Gallagher will be in Yokohama for two or
three months. Please address future mail to
us here at the above address. He is leaving
on July 8th 20:20. I'm rushing off letters to
you all.

How are you all these days? I trust
that you are well and I know that you must
be terribly busy. Is there a chance of your
getting East? How happy my mother and
may would be to see you again.

My friend Mary Ann's (Warren) is
now visiting in Philadelphia. You can imagine
how eagerly I await those letters about the visit
to my home. How well I remember your
letters about that visit to Philly. Mary was
just a schoolgirl - and now she's a matron
with two little ones. We still have one of
the pictures which you sent us.

This isn't much of a letter - but I'm in
a hurry to get it off to you on time.

Lots of love to you, as always

P.S. Here's a poor snapshot Yuri

of F. and George, taken by a street photographer.
George is clutching a bag of puffed beans,
He's 2 yrs. 4 mos. old.

Wash. Prof. & Assoc. #15 Shuei Jutaku
109 Nakano Street
Tokyo, Japan.
Oct 20, 1948

Dearest Helen;

Your letter from California was
so very welcome. I am glad that you
must be very busy and I am
appreciate your writing. Thank
you so much for sending us
things. We certainly have enjoyed
any of the things. Anything that
you don't need, it is much
appreciated. It was so very kind of
you, mother, Aunt and I
to give us these things.

I'll be thinking of you
tomorrow on the airplane back
to Honduras. What a busy life
you live! I think that you're
wonderful to manage it all.

I'm sorry to say that Mr
Gallagher has moved to the
Tokushima M.B. We gave him a
very small farewell party. It
doesn't seem the same without him.

Tokushima is about a four hour
ride from Takamatsu so that
he may drop down here for a
week - and sometime.

Winter is at hand and
we don't enjoy the prospect. I
rather liked the cold weather in
the States but over here it's just
misery because of the lack of
heating and the outdoor kitchen.

I'm teaching a Doctor
and his wife and son English
conversation. They're lovely people
and ^{they} make me feel so welcome
to their home. Dr. Shihara
is an ~~abegatition~~ (?) and is
especially interested in cancer
research. They have a very
nice Western-style house -
small but cozy. I go there
for an hour three times a
week after my half-hour
session at the English School.
It's a pleasure to have met such
congenial people.

as you can imagine I'm no go
at teaching but there are so few
people who have. Even in the States
here in Takamatzar that I rate as
a teacher. I think teaching is
just private teaching, and not a
regular teaching job in public school.
We have two very earnest young
pupils. One is a farmer's son
who is hooked on the idea of
going to America to study. He has
dreams of working his way through
American high school and college
and perhaps even taking a degree.
He wants, I all things, to specialize
in Political Science. But all things
can happen in America so we
don't say anything to discourage him.
But do you think there is a remote
possibility that he could get to the
States? Is there a way in which
he could support himself as well
as work out the tuition part? It
seems to me that a scholarship might
be the only possibility — but he

hasn't been to college over here
and so has no connection with
any university.

The other boy, who has just
started lessons, wants to go
into the Exporting Business. He
studies very hard after
office hours and has really
improved in the short time.

My toughest job is teaching
three little girls who are
second year students of English.

Of course, it's much easier
dealing with older people
who already have a foundation
of grammar and have had
experience in translation.

Our wild Indians are
quite well these days. Little
George had a bad case of boils
but he seems to have
recovered. He is growing quite
steady on his pins and even

play outdoors alone. He looks
like a little boy and
reminds me of him all the time.
Marg Marie & Waverly visited the
East in July and she got to see
all the folks - four people in
four places. She sent me a snap-
shot of father. It was good to see
how tall and jolly he looks, not
at all his 72 years of age.
We've been having rain all
the time these days. The rain
often reminds me of your letter
from Chicago the year after you
came to Japan. You were awfully
tired after your work and there
was a lot of rain. I used to read
all those letters over and over and
it was so hard to turn them. You
have left China. How happy I am
that it all turned out splendidly
- but of course I would if the
person were you. I just think of
the description of Dr. Popov's house
the book and then turn to your
pictures - and I know what
maybe you have brought.

There's a new C.I.E. Library here in
Tahamaten - which is wonderful
for me. I've only been able to
get there twice - but the librarian
seems very nice and the prospect
of being able to read up on everything
after so many years, delights me.
The trouble is that books can't be
taken out yet. I took Jim
along once - but he got to sitting
on top of tables and patterning
around so that I really couldn't
get any concentrated reading done.
"Wild Indians" is no exaggeration.
The children have torn all the paper in
the sliding screens. We look even
raggeder than we are.

It was so very kind of you to
ask me what I should like. Here
are some things that we really would
appreciate - powdered drinks such
as coffee, tea, cocoa milk; navy
blue and black dye (Tintex); elastic
tapes; frying laid; and monsoons.
Any of these
things would be greatly appreciated.
Again, thank you so much for
everything. Please give my best regards to
your husband and family. Love, Yuri

#15 Shiei Gutsu
10-1 Takami Street
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.
May 10 1948

Dearest Helen:-

I don't know how to thank
you enough for your kindness in
sending us clothes. We received
the package containing "The Left
Hand is the Dreamer." All those
lovely things! And the book was
so interesting, I was engrossed
in it for days and reread it
and reread it. I feel as though
the people in the book are real
people and that I want to meet
them. It also disturbed me
because I have felt the way
Hedricka feels, often, though
not about the children. How I
wish that I were near you
so that I could talk to you
about so many things. You
would understand - because you
are so sympathetic.

One thing ^② I am very happy
about - your happiness
and the fine results of your
happy marriage. How well I
remember that letter I received
in Peiping - when you first
confided to me your doubts
and fears. I remember reading
it out in the park where I
always used to go to read my
letters. What a long time
ago it seems.

I think that I can never,
at heart, become like one
who is native born. There is
all that difference of background
and only the matter of
colouring that is alike.

We have decided to have
no more children. It's all
that we can manage to bring
up the two. Now that George
is almost three I am freer

to do teaching (which is the
way I dislike). I think about
all I could manage to do to get
George into the world so that I
don't think it would be a success to
have another boy on hand. ^{Nov. 10.}
Mr. Shikara is back from

Tokio and I went over to
their house for a lesson this
evening until 7 P.M. from 7:00 to 9:00
we have a class at our house,
they've just departed and all have
gone to bed except yours truly.
It's right cold now.

I was very cheered to receive a
letter from May last night. Mother
can't get her house yet - but all
are well and very busy.

How often I remember the
days you spent with me
in Fukuoka. It's hard to
believe that all but one aunt
are departed from that house.
I know a lot more about
country ways than I did then.

but I wouldn't want to live in
the countryside. Even this city of
Takamatsu seems like a high
town. The air is very nice -
just like a seaside resort.
But there's no good music that
one can hear - nothing like an
Academy of music.

I was so enthralled with
"Mrs. Mike" in the Reader's
Digest and also "Spin a Silver
Dollar."

Little George is getting so
mischievous these days. He
broke Grandpa's glasses the
other day. He still falls down
quite a bit but I don't have
to carry him piggy-back any
longer. George looks just
like his Grandpa Sakami.
and he has the same
mischievous sort of personality.
The mischievous look in his eye.
How his Grandpa would spoil
him!

⑤
Nanako is getting so tall. She's quite a bean pole. How hard it is to believe that I've such a big daughter. I don't quite know where she got it - but she's full of the very devil. It wears us all out. Ever since she was a tiny tot she has never seemed to feel embarrassment before strangers. She talks away at a great rate with all our pupils and treats all the grown-ups as her own guests. Sometimes it's amusing and sometimes it's annoying. Most of her friends at school are boys! She's always fighting with the girls. I can see that we've got something on our hands when Nanako reaches her teens. She's not exactly pretty but she's got a pert little face with big eyes and a small mouth.

It is getting cold so that I guess that I'll have to start wearing those old pants. Bow-legs

look even more bowed in
stockings but the wind plays
around my legs so that
I'll have to succumb to
warmer wear. We're a little
more used to the heatless houses
now - but we always think
back to the wonderful heated
houses in America. I wish that
the little old grandma could
know the luxury of a warm
house - but I guess that
won't come in her lifetime.
Again, I want to thank
you for your kindness and
generosity. I think of you
often and wish that I could
see you again. I know that
you must be awfully busy
but please write when you
have a spare moment.
Please give my best regards
to Dr. Popov and your children.
Yuri

#15 Shin' Gufaku
109 Nakano St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.
Jan 5, 1949

Dearest Helen:

Happy New Year! and thank
you very much for your card
and the Christmas package which
your mother so kindly sent us.
We are indeed grateful to you
for the gift box. It brought such
joy for us all.

We all hope that you've
had a very happy holiday season.
I know that it's been an awfully
busy time. Did the children
get down for their vacation?
I remember you were telling me
about your family gathering
at Xmas with the precious
old grandmothers.

From today we start teaching
again after resting from
December 28th. I get so discouraged
about teaching. It is a horrible

feeling to have your pupils
 dwindle off. T. has both
 languages down pat so that he
 can hold his own at any time
 but I have only a slight know-
 ledge of Japanese and I
 wouldn't have ever thought of
 teaching if it weren't for
 necessity. I've just gotten so that
 I don't get a spell of trembling
 when I start teaching. I used to
 feel like running in the opposite
 direction, at the present moment
 I'm relieved to find that some of
 my old and faithful pupils
 haven't deserted me and
 tonight we had a cheerful group
 of eleven.

It looks as though the Shikawas
 weren't satisfied with my services
 for they haven't given any
 sign of wanting to have me come
 again. I shall had me in the
 dumps for quite some time

for I liked them⁽²⁾ so much. But life has lots of disappointments doesn't it? Last year all our worries were about the next meal. We're grateful that we can both work and that we're all well at the present time.

It makes me feel warmer to think about your warm country. About how hot it is? Is the heat exhausting? When you have time do write me about the place where you live.

The weather has turned cold after an unusually mild year's end, we've started shivering again. The wind just sweeps across the fields right off the ocean and into our house through all the cracks and chinks, even though the outer sliding doors are closed there's a draft from all the open spaces. We say that we sleep with all the windows closed but

there's enough ⁴ draft in the house
to compete with an electric fan.

George and Nanako are very
noisy and they run around
like wild Indians. Since it
turned so cold George sticks pretty
much to our little charcoal burner.
His hands are already showing
signs of frostbite. We'll have to
keep him in gloves.

Again, thanks so much for
your kindness. We all wish
you the very happiest of new
years. Please give our best
regards to the children and to
Dr. Popondoe. How I should
love to meet him! I'm very
awed by his name but I'm
sure that he is a very warm
person.

Love from us all,

Yuri

April 30, 1949

Dearest Helen:

I must apologize for being so long in answering your very welcome letter. How the days do fly by - as you must know only too well;

I have written you about our school, where we borrowed money and built a small school with two rooms - one on top of the other. If we work hard and furiously both of us - we ought to be able to get out of debt after several years. The classes start from 5.00 and last until

8.30 on Mon. Wed. Fri. On Tues. Th. Sat. they start at 3.50 and end at 8.30. In addition I, is an English teacher at the

Takayatsu Commercial High School where he teaches every morning. So his dreadfully

busy. My classes are from 12:30 to 1:15 three
times a week, from 5:00 to 6:30 on T, TH SAT,
and from 5:30 to 8:30 on M, W, F. It keeps
us busy, and sounds like a madhouse
what with one of us shouting from the top
and one of us shouting from the bottom
class room, as we specialize in spoken
English - most of our recitations are out loud,
many of our pupils are students - but some
are older people who study after working
hours. All are earnest about learning
English - which makes it much easier than
teaching a regular school.

We did some recordings for a broadcast the
other day. It was quite exciting, my voice sounded
so shrill and F's was almost a bass!

How I wish you were here! I know that
you'd sympathize with our efforts, and how

enchanted my advanced pupils would be to have you as
our guest some evening.

I've heard from Rose Ann Miller, the
daughter of Mrs. Miller (father is) who
lives in northern Japan with the M.S., but
she'll be travelling south and wants to get in
touch with me. I can't go to see her because
of my daily classes but I hope that she'll
be able to get down to Shikoku.

Mary Warren is having her first baby
this month. She sounds very calm - but
I'm worried because it's her first experience
and she's over thirty.

There is an article in the newspapers
about a man who had lost his citizenship
by voting and who should have
but he swore that he hadn't

voted, before the American Consul, Investigation proved that he was lying and the court has handed down a sentence of one year in jail!!

We have a Grand Exposition here in Takomatsu. Such a parade of people - all dressed up and carrying lunches!! I know that you'd appreciate the little tots especially! I haven't had time to go and see it - but the sight of the people is a show in itself.

I wore the black coat which you sent me all winter. It was a lifesaver - warm and light. Every day when I change my clothes to go to my classes I think with gratitude of the kindness of you all.

We can borrow books from the C.I.E. Library now. It's a wonderful luxury. I've been

for size 7

browsing about in the stacks. Recently I've been
reading some of the morningway, Upton Sinclair's
and some books about the English language.
Now I've borrowed John Gunther's "Inside
U.S.A." and find it fascinating. I read
"Death Be Not Proud" in the Reader.

Digested and thought it was beautifully written.
Would you suggest some books that I should
read? I could find out if they have them up

this library. I read every spare moment that
I have. Some of my favorite pupils are

very up-and-coming and it won't do
to have their teachers growing moss
behind the ears.

mother found an apartment and is
very happy about it. It's near where I
grew up in West Philadelphia. She's most

some old friends and say that they haven't changed
a bit. But mother and father always did
make friends wherever they went. They're the
sort of people - simple but kind - whom
people can trust. I wish that I had just
one fraction of my mother's cleverness and
my father's kindness. I've developed a
rotten temper and I'm always shrieking
away at Nanako who is unusually ambitious
for a little girl.

Please let me hear what you're doing now
and your plans for the summer. I'll be looking
forward to hearing from you.

~~Don't~~ Please excuse the pencil. The one and only
pen is at our school (where F. sleeps). Love
Yuri

40 Mumami Kaguya
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.
July 17, 1949

Dearest Helen:-

I've just this minute received your letter of July 1. I knew that one would be coming along some day soon. Was from feeling neglected - I was sure that you've been with all your social duties and with the children, I think that it's wonderful the way you've done it all. The children look like such nice children and I'm sure that they love you.

Your very kind offers touched us greatly. I do hope that the good Lord will forgive me for answering all your questions and putting you to so much trouble and expense. There doesn't seem to be any way in which we could repay you.

First, about the care package. The standard ^{food} box appeals to us most - in fact, it looks like a very wonderful box and much too good for us.

It was so kind - your worrying about our debt. It gives us a definite reason for working hard and leading sober, honest lives. Little by little we'll be able to pay it off. The taxes on ground and the house are what about

knock us off our feet. one day
they threatened to walk off with
our furniture - but we managed
to get them off by paying in
installments. But we're very
lucky, Helen, to be able to borrow.
That's one of the most difficult things
because no body trusts anybody
else in this post-war period of
hardships. after 7. became an
English teacher in the Commercial
High School he's been able to build
up contacts and borrow the money.
another thing to be grateful for is
our English. I doubt if I could
support myself in the States - but
here in this hick town - there are
few people with actual experience
in America so even little Yuri,
can find work to do. I read
newspapers and magazines avidly
because I don't want to be
a has-been with my up-and-
coming young pupils. It's
quite a time - twelve years
and things have changed so.

Father has been working
for the millers (Quakers)
since 1942, I believe. He lives
with them and goes back home to

mother once or ⁽²⁾ twice a week.
The milters have been so very
kind. They helped mother find
an apartment in West Philly after
she had to leave the old place
because the house was sold.
The address is: Mr. Mrs. Iorami Sakami
4405 Chestnut St.
West Phila.

The milters' eldest daughter is Ann
milters and she's a trained nurse with
the Tokoku M. S. in Sendai, Japan.
She took a leave of absence and
came down to Shikoku to see us.
She's a very friendly, kind person,
vitaly interested in her work - public
health. She helped us teach two
classes on the day when she visited
us. Our pupils were very pleased
indeed at her surprise visit.

Somehow it made me feel very sad to
see her depart on the ferry. She's the
bridge between my present life and
my old life in America. After
returning to Sendai she telephoned
her folks and gave my folks a
message that we were all well and
happy and that George looks just
like Grandfather Sakami.

The clothes which you sent
us have been life-savers.

We're so grateful for anything.
Please don't worry about sizes -
we can use absolutely anything
which you don't need - old sheets
old shoes - underwear - we can

alter to fit and there is always
someone who can use what doesn't
fit. I would be very grateful
if there are any old suits which
you don't need - especially
pants. In the winter we both
wear pants - because the
house is so cold. The clothes which
you sent me all fitted with
slight alterations. When I took
of the clothes which I brought back
from Peking and of teaching in
such outfits - I'm doubly grateful
to you for your generosity.

About our ages - I is 39
I'm 34, Nanako is 9 and George
is 3. Our birthdays are

I - Oct. 27

N - Sept. 27

Nanako - Aug. 2.

George - Feb 15.

Grandma Dec. 13 (she's 71)

The pictures are grand. I feel
as though you could move and
speak to me. You look happy.

I'm sure that a busy life is
the happiest life for you. The greatest
change is in Dr. Popov's face.

I remember the description in
the book and the small photo of him.
Surely it is proof of a happy life.

③

I do hope that you can get up
fast and that you'll be able to
see my parents and May's family.
I hadn't received a letter from
mother for 2 months and I ^{was} ~~was~~
very worried. It seems that he ^(father) had
been ill for 2 months and she
didn't want to worry me about it.
He's getting better now. John
(May's boy) was burned by
overturned coffee and Connie
(the girl) was down with the
measles. We're awfully
glad to be able to report
good health at the present
moment. Nanako is as thin as
a reed, but she doesn't seem
to get sick. George too is
quite well. We're afraid of
stomach trouble during the
summer.

It's wonderful to be able to
write letters. Everyone laughs
at me because I always seem to
be writing letters but one of my
greatest joys is receiving mail.
We received a list of U. of P.
graduates now living in Tokyo
and I found quite a few families
names and I sent off some postcards.
Today the first reply came -
from a M. who got his
degree at Penn and now has a
clinic in Tokyo. He writes that
he remembers coming to our

horse 18 years ago! I remember too. He played the piano with one hand and sang in a falsetto voice. I thought that he was a clown. How times do change.

Mary lives at 410 E. Camille St. in Whittier, Calif. She would love to see you if you ever visit So. Calif. In May her first baby girl was born - named Rebecca. Her husband wrote me an overjoyed note announcing the arrival of the little one.

If your children happen to know of any youngsters who would be interested in having Japanese Pen Pals, I'd appreciate a lot if you could send me the names and addresses.

Some of our pupils are corresponding with Pen Pals and many others wish to do so but we haven't made contacts for them. The ages range from 14 to 24, - girls and boys.

We don't want to ask for new ones but if there are any do magazines which you don't need we'd be happy to have them.

2. We been borrowing from the C.I.E. library. Just finished Ernie Pyle's "Home Country" (that bit about his visit to the House in Antigua of course interested me) and now 3. we just read (of all things) Lewis's "Babbitt."

Again, thanks so much for all your kindness. Please give our best to Dr. Popov + the children. Love,
Yours

40 minami Kazusa St.
Takamatsue City
Shikoku, Japan.
Nov. 20, 1949.

Dearest Helen:—

We want to thank you so much for your CARE package and your letter. It is so generous of you to do so much for us and it certainly cheers me up to have your ever-affectionate letters.

Your clothing will be greatly appreciated, you may be sure, for clothing is one of the big problems for us all. It doesn't matter about the suits being large for they can always be altered. When winter comes to Japan girls wear father's made over coats and pants and little boys wear mother's made over kimono. That's one nice thing—there isn't much worry about style. Your package of clothing was so useful this year.

Our school goes on as usual but the cold, frequent stoppage of electric current and long nights have caused less hardy souls to sleep out until warmer weather and longer daylight. The evenings are unpleasant for young girls—for the streets are dark, rather lonely and the juvenile delinquents and wolves roam the streets. I remember last year how a young fellow accosted me when I was returning from this

school, I still can't figure out what his intentions were - an old, nationlly person like me!

Our classes are every-changing so there is always variety. The one head she is making up the lessons for conversation class. For our other classes we use textbooks but for our free conversation classes we use a lesson, which means three lessons a week.

Our pupils are corresponding with 8th grade students of the Friends Central School, my old alma mater. It's quite interesting and the pupils get so excited when they receive letters.

Mary's name is Mrs. Lynd Warren. She's now living, for the time being, with her in-laws because the house she had rented was sold. The address she gives me is Box 134, Whittier, California. Her father-in-law and husband are architects. My other college friend, the one who married a Mexican Baptist minister, is living in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I don't see how you manage such a busy life with so many guests. Here we have just a handful of pupils and we think that we're busy - not to mention

you're looking after lively collegiates,
I'm glad to hear that Sally was
safely operated upon, and also the news
about the lot in California which you
brought. Don't you think that you could
come for a summer trip to Japan by the
Pan-American clipper? (Please pardon the
way my mind keeps jumping around)
It makes me excited to think about a
visit from you. How overjoyed my pupils
would be to meet you and how I want
you to meet the wild Indians and to
see our funny little school!

There are a couple of our pupils whom
I wish could get some kind of scholarship
in America someday. They're awfully
nice boys; friendly and earnest, and
just the type who would appreciate
the advantages of study in America.

I acted as one of the judges in
the Oratorical contest given by the
English Speaking Society at the Sakamatsu
High School. What most impressed me
is the tragic waste of time and
energy because only about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the
speakers could make themselves

understood in spite of their excellent
poise and delivery. It convinced me
that, though my knowledge of English
is sadly limited, I can be useful in such
matters as training in pronunciation,
intonation and ear training. We drill
as much as possible starting from
the very beginner's classes.

I hope that your mother is better.
Her mother also suffers from high-blood
pressure. She says that it's a sickness
that only sufferers can understand.
My father had another attack of the
skin trouble which he suffered from
over ten years ago. Mother says he's
getting better - but he's over 70 though
people don't think he looks his age.
Father sometimes writes of wishing to
see Japan again - but mother over docs. She
is completely won over to her adopted land.
She loves the freedom and generosity of
American life.

I'd I write you that I've lost my
citizenship. We would appreciate anything but things
that are hard to get over here are
cocoa, frying fat, chocolate pudding, cold cream and thread
and especially sugar.
Thank you so much for everything and
love from us all. Love, June.

Jan 5, 1980

Dear Helen:-

Thank you so much for package of clothes. It arrived just before Xmas. The clothes will be so very useful, I wore the brown jacket on New Year's Day. The sheets have already proved useful. No country relation came for a visit during the New Year celebration and it was a godsend to have sheets.

Did you have a nice Xmas and New Year's Day? I'm sure that you had many visitors. Did the children come back for the holidays?

School has started again. We started in yesterday. It seems hard to get down to work again. I feel as lazy as a cat. Classes are rather small so far, my pupils in the free conversation class haven't assembled yet. I had one new pupil last night, He's a repatriate from Manchuria and it was interesting hearing of his experiences.

Sometimes, I feel so blue - facing another year, there are certain family difficulties that make me want to fly away - but there always the children to think about. I've never told anybody but you - because I think it unnecessary to worry my parents about a situation which they could do nothing to help and would certainly cause them worry. After all, it was my own choice. Please don't mention this in

(3)

Do you ever go back to your home in Antigua?
I remember the book so well. It was one of
my great regrets that I couldn't bring it back
with me - that, and "South Wind", "All Passion
Spent" and the book of Galsworthy Plays which
was Uncle Price's graduation present to me.
Don't you remember how I begged all those
books around with me? They came all the
way to Peking but I couldn't bring them to
Japan. I wish that I had one book of French
poetry and Uncle's book about the Bible.
It does seem like another world - the
leisurely enjoyment of books and music
and congenial friends.

Please tell me all about what you do,
when you have a few spare moments.
You must come in contact with a lot of
interesting people. How about students?

your letter to me. Someday ⁽²⁾ I'll write you all about it in
detail. It's just between you and me
anyway, it's very cheering to know that I have friends
even though they are far away. And the years since I
left ~~Africa~~ have certainly opened my eyes to things which
I never would have known if I had had my usual
sheltered life in the States.

Having contact with students and occasional
business men who are interested in English is very
stimulating - much better than sitting at home
in China and trying to be domestic. It seems that
we human beings are never satisfied. When we had
coal stoves in China we complained of the dirt and
bothers of chopping wood and coal but now in Japan,
we think fondly to those stoves as we huddle
over our charcoal burners which are good for
warming the fingertips and nothing much else.

The children are very well. I'm sure that you
could love the ^{baby} George. He has a very innocent
and comical sort of charm that reminds me so
much of Father.

Mary's baby can ⁽⁴⁾crawl now. she sent me
a snapshot of ~~it~~ ^{the} baby and she certainly is a dear -
blonde and smiling.

I don't have any desire for another
child. the thought of the long months and
the final delivery - not to mention the
necessity of working in our school - keeps me
from wanting any more children. Imagine having
a baby and trying to teach English morning,
noon and night. Both projects would go
haywire

I must say "goodbye" now. I've
just been to the Public Bath and I'm getting colder
and colder. It is getting on towards 11 P.M.

again, thank you so much for
your kindness. I think of you often
and always wish that I could have
a long talk with you about everything.
Happy new year, to you all,

Yours
Yuri

psychiatric

40 Minami Kagaya St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.
Mar. 8, 1950

Dearest Helen:—

Please pardon my long silence. I have been meaning to write and thank you for the magazines, the Time magazine and News Week. They arrived safely and have proved very interesting.

The reason for my long neglect in writing to you is George. He came down with the measles and he developed Bronchitis which was on the verge of Pneumonia when the doctor gave him Penicillin shot. If it were in the days before Penicillin, he surely would have been a goner. It was frightening to hear his difficult breathing and reminded me of the complications which he had after the whooping cough.

Mar. 22, 1950
This will be ancient history before I get it off to you. George is better but we have another worry. I took it into his head to run a kindergarten. He borrowed money from the bank and bought a tiny bit of land to build a tiny wooden house. Now we're up in our ears in debt and it makes me ill to even think about it especially as the prospects don't seem so good at present — There are only 8 prospective pupils and we need 40 to even make expenses!!! We'll be sweating and at our English to pay for our kindergarten deficits. Did you ever hear a crazier thing before? What with people rushing in and classes (private pupils in the morning) I don't get my letters off as I should. Another crazy idea enter a short story in a short story contest in the English mainichi newspaper. Please forgive my long silence.

I'm sure that you're terribly busy, too, with all your guests. Are you still planning to take that trip in June to the U.S.? I do hope that you'll be able to. Mary and the baby, Rebecca. The baby seems like a dear and of course the fond parents are crazy about her.

Corporal Gallagher is on the verge of leaving, or has left Japan. He paid us a last visit, it was very sad. He was stationed up at Kyoto for a year but he came down to Shikoku to say goodbye. He was a fine upright sort of person - very reliable, but rather chargeable because of his youth. Latest plans were for a college education at Columbia University.

We've had some interesting experiences with a religiously inclined civilian stationed at the Shikoku Civil Affairs Region. He's attended two of our classes and made some remarks and answered some questions. The trouble with Japanese student is that they worry so much about correct grammar that the words never do get out of their mouths. They just listen. The teacher of conversation soon finds himself giving a monologue and it's mighty difficult not to repeat yourself. The trouble is that new students and old students are mixed because not all students can fit into the proper class because of the hour.

I do wish that you'd let me know if there are any scholarships open in an American college for a Japanese student. Of course, such scholarships are few and far between and those deserving to get them are so numerous that it's rather hopeless but we have several hopeful pupils in mind so promising candidates. One is the son of a bank director here in Takamatsu. Last summer he got the second prize in the oratorical contest in English staged at the local Kagawa University. This University was only founded last year. It used to be a sort of junior college for Economics. The standard is still low compared with other universities because the faculty remains much the same in spite of the change in the name. I often think of you and wish I could tell all about your school. You must meet so many interesting people. I really think that you should write a book - a sequel to "The House

I've been reading "Dreams along the Mohawk",
"Dragonwyck" and "The Point of No Return".
I did so enjoy the latter. A while ago Beed
sent me a small edition of "The Late George Epley".
It's made me anxious to read all of Marquand's
works. I only have a chance to read books in
snatches - usually in bed. The trouble is that I
soon fall asleep (with the lights on)

The Emperor made a visit to Takamatsu,
he is on a tour of inspection of Shikoku.
It's interesting to hear the various opinions about
the Emperor. The old folks still revere him as
a sort of divinity but most people look upon
him as a sort of symbol of new Japan while
still others say that we don't need an Emperor
and others say that he should be hung.

Spring is late this year. It's always
chilly and we even had snow and ice.
We're all hoping for ~~weather~~ weather. When the wind comes
blowing in off the Inland Sea it almost shakes the
house down.

George is a funny little boy. He has
a puckish quality that reminds me so of
father. I'm worried about how well he will be when
he grows up because F's family are heavy
drinkers. F's father was an alcoholic - he talks
that rushes off to the red-light district when lit
and F and his brothers all have that tendency
which doesn't make for family stability. Of course
I've only told this to you. After all, it's my
funeral - and not necessary to worry the folks
back home or other friends. But you can imagine what
life has been like and what a change from
a Quaker college and family life. (I'm reminded
of how mother found a drunk in our yard when
I was a little girl. She really thought he was
dead.) But surely understanding comes through
appreciation of the better side of
life is sharpened by contact with the darker side.

Dearest Helen:-

Chate May, 1951

Thank you so much for your kindness always. It was very cheering to hear from Wilson. I'm afraid that my letters to you are very melancholy specimens - that's the danger of writing when you're all worked up over something.

We appreciate your sending us a CARE package very much. It will probably reach us next month.

I'm trying to figure out whether you would really like us to send you some Japanese shoyu. Please let us know. It isn't as it used to be before the war because of scarcity of materials.

How nice it would be if you could come to Japan again. I know that you'd be interested in our kindergarten because you love little children, so.

The interest in English is waning but we do have some small pupils - elementary and Junior High School pupils. They are very noisy and some classes are a trial - in fact I can feel the white hairs sprouting. In our conversation class we have a bank president, a lawyer and all sorts of pupils from college and high school. Of course, I enjoy this class most of all but it's only of special interest and is not suited for the ordinary lower school students.

George isn't very strong. I suppose it's because he was undernourished during the first years. He's always getting sick. This time it was tonsillitis. I was scared to death

when he ran a very high fever because
he's so susceptible to pneumonia.

My parents seem to be very well in
their apartment at 3434 No. Broad St.
May's family are all well, too, but the
installments on the house they bought are a
decided strain.

May's Ma's Warren is expecting
this month. I think that the baby
must have arrived by now. Mary has
wonderful in-laws and I know that she
appreciates them very much since both
her parents are dead.

We can get the Reader's Digest over
here but if there are any back numbers of
other magazines which you don't need, we'd
be very happy to have them. It's wonderful to
be able to read again. I recall the first
days in Japan when we had nothing to read.

We should like to see a T.V. set.
My father has one which my brother
gave him and he writes that he spends
every evening watching it. I'm afraid it will
be a long time before we have them in
general use over here.

It's still chilly although officially
spring has arrived. Everyday brings
wind and rain. We long for the real, warm

spring weather.

Again, Thanks so much for your
sympathy and kindness.

P.S. April 2nd. Just as I was about to send this
off to you, I received your books and magazines, love,
and a notice that the CARE package will be on its way. You
with so much reading matter, it's just like Xmas! Thank you so much.

40 Minami Kazeiya St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan
Aug. 19, 1950

Dearest Helen:

Thank you for your letter. It always cheers me up to hear from you. Just to think of handling all those guests makes me weak. I think that you're wonderful to manage it all - and so cheerfully! I really do wish that you would write that book, what a grand sequel to the "House in Antiqua" - it would be. But I can understand what you mean when you say that you haven't the time.

Surely you can be proud of bringing up such fine children. They must love you. How well I remember those letters I received in Peking before your great decision. I have only to look at those photos in our photo album (you all fairly glow) to see the happy result. It's just like a fairy story.

5110 Saturday night and our classes for the week are over, the noisy Indians are in bed and it's quiet enough to write a letter.

Bob Gallagher visited my parents and reports that all are well and that Connie, Mary's daughter, is a piano prodigy at the age of 6. You can imagine how pleased Grammy is! Mary was disappointed not to have a visit from you but she's hoping that you'll be able to make the trip, maybe next year. Her little girl is strong and a constant source of satisfaction to her fond parents. I only wish that more children could be born into such happy homes. Mary's living with her in-laws but they seem to be wonderful people and her marriage is a success all round.

It was so exciting to hear about Dr. Popponoe's degree. I can imagine your feelings.

I certainly would be glad to meet your relatives over here. This is such a lull town, I wonder if any business will ever bring them in this direction. I'm worrying about your D.I. cousin. Where is he in Japan - or has he been sent to the front?

Though we live so near to the scene of battle - sometimes it seems difficult to believe that war is actually going on again - and that men are being wounded and are dying.

At first there were banner headlines in the newspapers and all of us sat glued with our ears to the radio - but life goes on as usual. We're concerned with our petty troubles - altho at the back of our minds lies a dreadful question mark. What will happen in the future? It's very depressing to ponder what will happen to these young boys that we're teaching - and what price study?

We've just had the annual O-Bon Festival - or Festival of the Dead. - a three days celebration in memory of the dead spirits. One odd thing over here is the use of two calendars - the new and the (old). Country people stick to the old and city people observe the new calendar. This means that there are always two celebrations for one event because the two calendars never run together. So the O-Bon Festival for the lunar calendar is still ahead. There's nothing so confusing as saying "Happy New Year" twice a year. I'm so glad to hear that your mother and aunt have come down from the States for a visit.

Is your mother in good health? It must be lonely for her sometimes. I remember that snapshot of your mother and father which I received as a birthday present.

They looked so happy and your mother was very beautiful,

We certainly would ~~appreciate~~ any magazines which you don't need. They seem to arrive quite safely from Central America. I like to use magazine articles in my conversation classes.

I've been reading some Dorothy Canfield Fisher, I always did enjoy her writings. I borrowed "The Deepening Stream" and "Seasoned Timbers" from the C.I.E. Library. (Can you suggest what books to read?)

"Death Be not Proud" was condensed in Readers Digest. It was very moving. I also borrowed "Good night, Sweet Prince" (the story of John Barrymore)

George has caught a summer cold. I'm so tired at night that I don't wake up to see that he hasn't kicked his covers. Otherwise the children seem to have survived the summer. F. is down with his chronic tonsillitis and grandmother has rheumatism in her legs.

When you say that you're nearing fifty - it sounds like a joke. You don't look changed in your photos and I shall always think of you as I knew you on the boat. I hope that the constant social activities aren't a strain on you. I'm afraid that you may do too much because you're always so enthusiastic. Please write when you've a spare moment. Love, as always, your

40 Minami Kagiya Street
Sakuramatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.

Feb 2, 1951

Dearest Helen:

Thanks so much for your letter. I must apologize for not writing to you sooner. We've had a hectic time - so many sicknesses at once. George and Grandma were both down with bronchitis and George was developing pneumonia. Then mother-in-law developed uremia and I was sick with sinus trouble and a bad cold what with nursing, teaching and housekeeping. I don't know whether I'm coming or going.

Grandma is one of these demanding, complaining patients and she's developed a persecution complex which started when we refused to feed her what she wanted when she was very ill, because it was against the doctor's orders. It's terribly trying to be verbally abused every day. Nothing pleases her. After all these years of standing between F. and his mother in their battle of personalities - it's tough to be turned against. I really feel like going away somewhere and think I might if it weren't for the children. I'm tired of bowing down to feudalistic, dogmatic ideas and being looked upon as a doc mat. Please let on to my parent about this. They don't know a thing about our family troubles.

F. doesn't give her much pocket money because she's one of those people who ~~let~~ slip thru their fingers. As it's a Japanese custom to exchange present on every occasion and as Grandma has so many relations in the country - you can see that I've always this weary on my hands. I've been forced to sell my thing, unknown to F. In Peking I even sold the ring which was given me by "Nana" when she died in 1932. Just the other day I asked a relative

to sell some nice shoes and stockings which were sent me
~~from~~ because grandma's out of money again
and can't buy the delicacies she wants,

I can't get my mind on anything with this
unpleasant atmosphere, thank goodness - that new year
day is over (we're another one coming on the Lunar
Calendar). It's always a time for fighting because I don't
celebrate it as grandma wishes - all this matter of
offering things to the household god and spirit of the dead.

It's quite the custom for the wife and mother-in-
law to be at daggers and but grandma even abuses
her own grandchildren who is here to help us with
the kindergarten and house work.

You are so kind to offer to send us a Care Package.
We certainly would appreciate it very much if you
would. The Care Package here has been adjusted to the
present needs of Japan and contains things which we all
want, such as sugar and coffee and cooking oil - and I
no longer contains such things as rice, miso paste or
soy sauce.

We'll soon be over this ~~for~~ winter weather.
So far, it's been milder than last winter. Spring
starts officially on Sunday, but we'll probably
have one more cold spell.

It's grand to hear about Dr. Papanoe, you must be so
proud and happy. I know that you must be worried about
the war for it touches you so closely. Hugh looks like such
a nice, frank boy.

George is quite a naughty boy. He enjoys his
kindergarten lessons and has gotten over much of his shyness.

I read "Earth and High Heaven" and "The Circus in
the Attic" "Goodnight, Sweet Prince" and "The Snake Pit".

Can you tell me some good books to read? The C. I. E. Library
has quite a collection of books which may be borrowed.
I've been so impressed by Ernie Pyle's story that appeared in
the Reader's Digest - it was very interesting to read the story
after reading "Home Country".

When you write how lovely your mother is, I'm
reminded of the picture which you sent me earlier we
were in China. True beauty doesn't fade with age.
Your aunt is very nice-looking, too, and the
cousin who was married. (How is she now?)

I shall never forget the days on the boat and
Irene. What a sad life story was hers. I didn't
realize that her strong likes and dislikes were part of
her sickness. What a nightmare it must have been
to have had such a responsibility on your hands.

Best of all, I remember the moonlit night when you asked me what I was intending to do. I certainly never dreamed that it would end up like this. But I suppose it's been good to know the hardships of life - hunger and poverty and abuse and I have to consider myself better off than a lot of Japanese women. At least I have kind friends in America.

Over here I don't have an opportunity to make them. Grandma is only pleased when I'm doing housework or teaching English. She opposes my going out with F and the children and leaving her to look after the house, so I can't blame F if he has other divisions.

It isn't a very cheerful household. I feel sorry for our young niece, Grandma gets mad when she reads a newspaper or magazine or even writes letters - for Grandma never got a school education and has no use for book-learning. That's what makes her insatiable lot as Freyung. Please excuse this mournful letter. It makes me feel better to confide to someone.

Please mention nothing about F in your letters to me. Do write when you have time. Your letters always cheer me up and give me courage to face the day ahead.

Love, Yuni

40 Minami Kajiya St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku Japan.
March 18, 1951

Dear Wilson:

I hope that you won't mind my calling you "Wilson", as I wrote to Helen before - I'm very much in awe of you as Dr. Popov.

It was so very kind of you to write to me and I want to tell you how much it has cheered me up to have a letter from you. We're very grateful indeed to you for sending us the CARE package. It will probably reach us sometime in April.

How I wish that you and Helen could manage to come to Japan. I'm afraid that all our cities are far from lovely but there's always a mountaintop to climb for a splendid view. Even in the rural districts where no foreign tourists come, the scenery is really picturesque - such a blending of hills and fields and seashore - a wonderful mixture of greens and blues of all shades.

It was one of my greatest regrets
that I had to leave "The House in Antigua"
in Cheria. I'm hoping that Helen
will write the sequel. Surely her
experiences are more exciting than
fiction.

Soon our famous cherry
blossoms will be in bloom.
We have an old custom, over
here, of going out "en masse",
to see the blossom at their best.
Everyone wears his good clothes,
takes a picnic lunch, plus the
inevitable sake bottle, and sets
out with all the members of the
family for a big outing. There
are colorful folk dancing,
singing and hand clapping
and the whole city is a-bustle
with the crowds of people
moving to and from the park.

The weather is distressingly
cold, still. We envy you, your
warm climate. Perhaps you miss
the cold, snowy winters.

I'm afraid that most of us are so wrapped up in the petty details of daily life that we forget about the beauty of flower arrangement and the tea ceremony. Our city was almost completely burned down and the major object of most of the people has been to set themselves on their feet again - to build houses and build up ruined businesses.

I think that the best way to forget approaching old age is to teach youngsters. However, it certainly gives us gray hairs to try to handle the bristling ones. But all too soon they will grow up and, before we know it our little ones will have become well-behaved young ladies and gentlemen.

Helen's accounts of the many guests she entertains daily makes our hard stand on end. We wonder how you have time to do everything.

You must be proud indeed of
your children. It's splendid
that they can all get a college
education.

Again, thank you so much
for your kindness and sympathy.
I do hope that you will write
me again when you have
a few spare moments from
your busy schedule. I should
like to hear more about your
school and your students.

My husband and my
children send you their
best regards.

With best wishes,
Yours

40 Minami Kazuya Street
Sakamata City
Shikoku, Japan
May 27, 1951

Dearest Helen:-

It is so kind of you to send me so many books. I've just received "A Woman of Rome" from your mother. Books mean so much to me but no one over here sympathizes with such an interest. But I mustn't start griping again.

I was so glad to hear about your trip to the States. By now you must have received my letters. I'm wondering if you were able to meet May. I haven't heard from her in a blue moon, but Father writes that he's very healthy and happy. A television set keeps him entertained in the evenings. He's mighty busy listening to mother's continuous stream of conversation, reading a Japanese magazine, and watching the T. V. shows. Now that I'm so far away and getting old myself I can really appreciate my parents - and the values for which they stand. I'm sorry that I'm not even with my father's little finger.

The pamphlet about your school is so interesting. I've been reading parts of it to my Free Conversation students. They loved the anecdote about the question posed to the English Conversation Class.

We've just finished ^② spring housecleaning
(Guento, (7 is niece) and I) F. doesn't
lift a finger. He never does any
work around the house - not even the
wood chopping. Every year there
are two housecleaning inspections, one
in the spring and one in the autumn,
and it's a great relief when they're
over. I'm so tired that my eyes
won't stay open.

In the morning I teach in our
kindergarten from 10-11. Then we have
classes at 1:30 and 3:30 as well as our
regular 5-6:30 groups. Somewhere I
7-8:30
never seem to have time to do anything,
Guento?

I really must get this off to you,
before too many days elapse. The
letter from Dr. Popovitch cheered me up so,
I'm happy to know what good care is
being taken of you - though of course
those photos told the story as well as
any words could. The general impression
was of such a young spirit and such
a nice sense of humor.

I'm rambling on in such a
haphazard way that you must wonder
about my qualifications for teaching.
It's just a matter of degree. It's
not better but just "less worse" than they,

(4)

appreciate real affection. What is Hugh like? I must be hard to think of Hugh going so far away.

Your life certainly is exciting - always on the go and in the midst of people.

I certainly was surprised to hear of your meeting our boat friends. How were they all? I wonder what became of Merle and Ra.

Was Mary quite well? I think her first baby was quite a strain on her and I wonder about the second child. Mary sent me a photo (at the age of 3 days!) and the boy is a husky-looking youngster, isn't he?

I was surprised to hear that Mary is getting gray. She'd be surprised to see me too.

We only remember those youthful days. I wish that I had Mary's sweet temper and genuine kindness to all.

There is no relaxing except after lessons are over and grandma is safely asleep. She has an eagle eye and is only pleased when we're all in motion. The neighbors have complained about our leaving the lights on all night, but it's the only way to get any reading done and often I fall asleep over a book.

Teaching little children is a wonderful way to forget middle age. I feel as though I were one of the youngsters.

Twice a week either 7 or 9 I go to teach English conversation to the department heads of the Marine Transportation Bureau.

Most of the gentlemen are over forty but they seem so aged after our young pupils.

(5)

The kindergarten kids are so cute
and it's easier to handle them after
getting accustomed to their way. We have
a small sand box, see-saw, swing
and sliding board, but the yard is so
small that the children bump into one another.

Is your mother in good health?
Does she live with your aunt? Where
does your pretty cousin live? The one
whose photo you sent me in Peking?

Pasadena must be an ideal place
to live. How far is it from Whittier?
For us over here, even a trip to the

next city seems like a tremendous
journey. I'm getting to be a regular
stay-at-home - but then, I never did have
itching feet. If it weren't for 7, I

wouldn't even be teaching. The first
day I appeared before a small group of
pupils, I felt like doing a
disappearing act at once. 4/20

From the school pamphlet it
seemed that all the students were
boys. Are there any woods or women
on the campus?

George has just returned from
a walk with 7, so I'll have to put
him to bed. I'll really have to get this
off to you or you'll wonder if I'm still
alive or not.

I read with interest the article in the
current Readers Digest (Japan Edition)
about "Sam, the Banana man"

You should see me reading
your books whenever I have a few
moments between classes. "The Cardinal"
had me up most of the night. It's
very moving, and so was "The White Tower."

Oh, it would be so nice to have
a talk with you - to hear all about
your life there in Honduras. What is
a typical day like?

Mary had her second baby.
She had both her babies by the "natural
method" (as little anaesthesia as
possible) and the proud parents sent
us a photo of the baby when it was
only 3 days old. Mary has wonderful
in-laws who treat her just like a
beloved daughter, and a husband just
suited to her - strong, silent but
with itching feet and helping hands.
Mary writes about the crowd of
Indians who stopped over at her
in-laws home as part of Lynd's
program to help the Indians.

June 16

The above passage will amuse you because
you can tell me more about Mary than I can.
Your letter from Pasadena arrived today (just
when I was feeling blue and out of sorts).
It was moving to hear how hard you all are
and to what trouble you go to for my sake,
giving all homesick again.

One of the things I'm thankful is how
wonderfully your family worked out - but
of course it would, because children

⑥

How time ~~does~~ fly! Our little elementary school pupils are big high school students and two of our older pupils are married, soon we'll be teaching the second generation!

The island of Shikoku is famous for its many temples. From ancient times religious pilgrims have made the rounds of the temples. Not only do Buddhists hold funeral services - they also hold memorial services at regular intervals - at 1st, 3rd, 7th year intervals. These memorial services are attended by the relatives and close friends of the deceased and special food is prepared for the occasion. F's mother is a devout Buddhist and she makes offerings at the family altar not only ~~to~~ ^{in memory} of the ^{day of} death but also every month on that date. So we make offerings on the 11th, 15th, 20th and 24th (in memory of dead children) and on the 1st, 15th and 7th for the god. - every month.

Once about 15 years ago, I threatened to burn ~~the~~ the god shelf and the family altar and his mother almost went nuts. Again, thanks so much for your kind help. Please give my best wishes to Wilson and the children.

Yours

Nov 2, 1951

Dearest Helen:

Was I surprised to get a letter from Ecuador today! You may be sure that it's my first. It is so cheering to hear from you and your letters always seem to come when I'm having a blue moment.

Please take care of that cold. As the old Japanese saying goes - "a cold is the cause of a million ills."

It's wonderful that you can travel together. It's just what we can't do.

Do write me all about your troubles. I was surprised to hear that you had any trouble with the girls. I thought that you were all one nice, big family. I can't see how they can help loving you. Please tell me all about it. As you say, it certainly will make me forget my own. Now that you've hinted at trouble, it has me really worried. Are the girls jealous of their father's affections? It may make you feel better to get it off your chest, so please write me the details.

(2)

It is so very kind of you to send us The Reader's Digest for Xmas and we shall be looking forward to reading it every month with great pleasure.

The books that you sent me have proved so entertaining. Whenever I have a spare moment, I delve into one or another of them. I think that I like "Still as the Summer Night" best though "The Cardinal" was most powerful. "A Woman of Rome" gave me quite a shock at first but afterwards I realized what a fine psychological portrayal the author gives us. Did Christopher Morley write many other famous novels? "Kitty Foyle" sort of makes me homesick with all the familiar names and homey details.

I am now reading a book from the C.I.E. Library, "A Case History of Japan" by Francis G. Hoerner.

It seems strange for a Japanese to have to read an interpretation of the Japanese character - by an American - but such a work makes it clear how foreign to my nature is the real Japanese spirit. It explains the historical background and various factors

that played upon the Japanese people to make
~~them into the fighters they were in World War II~~
I can fully realize why F's mother says that
I am not like a Japanese when I fail to
grasp the subtleties of the Buddhist faith.

But the battle in our home is mainly that of
who shall be boss. It's been going on for ever.
Twenty years and though F's mother's body is
failing, her spirit is as strong as ever and her
tongue runs away with her completely. When F. and
his mother have a real fight (like they did a
week ago) I really wish that I could drop
dead. F. forgets all that he says afterwards
but his mother remembers everything and
talks about it long and loudly, to friends or strangers,
(even to pupils) She is the incarnation of everything
feudal and narrowminded. I really believe it
the duty of the children to look after their
~~aged parents and to treat them kindly~~ but it's
difficult to be patient with ideas that one cannot
condone.

I say that ^④ its cowardly and hypocritical to
quit away on every point - to apologize when one
isn't wrong. But, Helen, I really haven't the
courage to battle it out everyday. I'm
miserable enough when Mother's out of temper
with her own son - the Lord only could preserve
me if she were continually out of temper with me.

I'll never forget how miserable I was all
last spring when Mother was ill and furious. As us
for obeying doctor's orders and not feeding her ^{what she wanted},
she ranted at me about using sugar and red
beans (a delicacy) before the children and they
immediately ran and told father.

Now the food situation is better than it was
except for sugar - which is always a point of
trouble. If I use sugar for guests
- Mother complains - but she'll use three times
as much for an offering to the dead spirits.

I can see where I'll grow ^{if} am old,
disagreeable, complaining woman myself.

But it is discouraging when pupils get noisy and seem inattentive - but I suppose that they must get something from our teaching or they wouldn't keep coming back.

The stamps on your letters are always snapped up by our pupils. Quite a few of them are stamp collectors. If you have any stamps collected we'd appreciate them a lot.

We've bought a small portable victrola for the kindergarten, but, alas, we can't get American children's song or dance records over here.

I tried to borrow some from the C.I.E. Library but they can only be taken out for 24 hours.

We wanted to buy a typewriter, too, because lots of pupils want to learn to type and some

offices buy us papers to be typed but the
price for a portable is 40,000 yen, believe it
or not!!! That shows the difference in the
standard of living.

Our children are quite well, thank goodness.
George gets along quite well in kindergarten.
He's losing a little of his shyness, Nanako, alas,
is a backward child. She had a light case of
infantile paralysis as a baby and it has definitely
retarded her progress.

My father writes that he's very happy and
busy watching his television set. Father writes that
he'd like to visit us next summer. It seems so
good to be true. Good old father... always so kind
and straight-forward. He was always a target for
gyps. That's why mother is just the right
partner for him.

I'll be waiting for further news from
you. Thanks so much for your kindness always.

My best to Wilson.

Nov. 21.

P.S. I must apologize about the lateness of this love
letter. It's been in my bureau drawer!
I'm sending a little note to you for Xmas. Yure!
It's a very humble present but it carries all our love.

Dearest Helen: -

Our best wishes to
you and your husband
and family for a very
happy holiday season.

It must seem
very Christmassy without
snow and cold weather.
But I imagine that you
celebrate Xmas in much

Dec 10, (1957)

gatherings. Somehow there is
always a sadness mixed with
joy at Christmas time.

Best Wishes for Christmas

and the New Year

We shall be thinking of you
on Xmas day, and wishing
that we could be
with you.



Thank you for your
kindness to us during the
year. Our best wishes to
Dr. Poponac and the children,
Helen

scrapbook and the cards
he loved best were those
old-fashioned ones with
snow and sleighbells.

We believed in Santa Claus
until a ridiculous age,
Uncle always did the
Christmas stocking shopping
There couldn't have been
a more loving Santa Claus.

I imagine that you
miss your big family

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Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA



Greetings

the same way.

I'm sure that you must be awfully busy these days. Do you have a Christmas tree and all the trimmings? What is Xmas like in Guatemala? Do the children come home for the holidays or is it too much of a trip?

I should like to show Nansho and George the Toy Department with Santa Claus in the big stores. George, I'm afraid ~~would~~ be brightened at first — at that expanse of red and the bristly whiskers. I recall how beautiful Wamamaki's store looked at Christmas with those Christmas murals and the organ playing Christmas music.

Uncle loved the Christmas season the best of all seasons. He was always bustling with activity and he always did the decorating of house and tree himself. Every Xmas he used to collect all the cards in a
(book)

40, Munam Kasuga St.
Taharastan City
Shikoku, Japan.
Dec 17, 1951

Dearest Helen:

We've just received your CARE package today. Thank you so very much. You may be sure that it will bring joy and happiness. We're going to open it on Christmas.

I'm sure that you're busy as usual and I hope that you've fully recovered from your cold. by now. Colds are very dangerous. Do you have a house full of guests as usual?

Our English school always gets in a slump at this time of year because of school term exams and the cold weather. We hope that it will pick up next month.

ruining the general effect. Next time I'll
send a few to you and I hope that
you'll give me your opinion about them.
George and Moncho are well, that
goodness. So are my parents back
in the States. I hope that I can
grow old like father. He's so young
in spirit and interested in what's going
on about him. He writes me that
he is nicknamed "Children's Leader".
I wish that he could see our kiddies
and our kindergarten youngsters. He'd
love them.

His mother dislikes children, animals
and music. Even though we have a
little hand organ, I can't play it
because she says that it gives her a
terrible headache. It is one of my great
regrets that I can't practice music now.

(2)

The Kindergarten is getting along quite well and is interesting work. We're going to have a recital with songs, dances and three little plays. It will be our first experience. Oh dear! I hope that all goes well.

His mother isn't very well and I'm worried that she may have a relapse of illness like she did this time last year. I must cultivate PATIENCE. I'm afraid what little I had has disappeared into thin air.

There are a lot of lovely Japanese songs that I'm anxious to introduce to American young people but it's so difficult to translate the verses without

that I've the opportunity.

However, I've so much to be grateful for - reading matter and a radio (very poor but better than nothing) and work to keep me busy.

Everyday in many ways, I'm reminded of my kind friends in the States and their wonderful help.

It really is so helpful to feel that you are so kind and interested even though you are far, far away. Anything can happen these days and I do hope that sometime you and Wilson will be able to take a trip to Japan. It would be the answer to one of my dreams.

A Happy Holiday Season!

Love,

Yuri

Jan 7, 1952

Dear Wilson and Helen:-

Thank you so much for your most generous Christmas gifts. The CARE package of food arrived just about Christmas time and brought great joy to us all. We also received your card telling us about the Reader's Digest subscription and we're looking forward to the arrival of the January number.

New Year's is over, thanks heavens. We didn't have the usual family fight, but I got my head bitten off for mistakes I made in handling the Buddhist altar and the God shelf. Since F's mother is over 70 and in poor health, she believes that any mistakes forebode her own disease. I feel as though a sword were hanging over my head, and I never can tell when I'll fall headlong into the pit of shame. F's niece is very cheerful and takes everything in its stride,

(2)
but it all makes me feel gloomy
and unhappy. It's really a
mistake for a "nisei" as Americans
mind as I was, to try to fit into
a Japanese pattern. It can't be done,
whenever our American friends
come for a visit, F's mother is
displeased - and this atmosphere
makes me unhappy. (I don't know
it because his mother is afraid of
him and never expresses her
displeasures to him)

Our kindergarten recital went
off very well. Next year we hope
to improve upon its faults.
Do you know any Latin-American
songs and dances for very small
children? We'd appreciate your
sending them on to us. Just got down
the music and dance instructions.

Please tell me about your
Christmas. We hope that it was
an enjoyable one.

I know that you must be
very busy at this time of year
but when there's a lull in
your life please let us know
how everything is going.

Again, thanks so much for
your kindness, always,
Sara
Yehon

40 minami Kazuya St.
Takamatsu City
Shikoku Japan
April 27, 1952

Dearest Helen:

Thank you so much for the lovely coat,
soap and the CARE package. I need to
mention all the interesting books. I really
was so kind of you to send them on to
us and we do appreciate your
thoughtfulness, always.

I think that I'm busy with
kindergarten and English - but just the
thought of four grown-up children
or 300 guests would send me into a
dither. Please don't tax your strength
too much.

We now have four classes with
four different teachers. When one gets
sick, then I have to substitute —

③
Last night - 7. brought home a puppy, it
howled all night long and kept us all
awake. We got rid of it - pronto.

It was messy, anyway. Tomorrow is
the Emperor's Birthday - a national holiday.
May 3rd and 5th are holidays, too, and May 4th
is Sunday. We'll have to be doing our
spring housecleaning. Over here they
have official inspections for spring and
autumn housecleaning.

The books have been wonderful
reading - even though I can only read
little snatches at a time. When I think
back six years ago to when I was
hungering for something to read - I really
can appreciate your kindness.

The stamps are grand! I am giving
some to my students and some to my friends.

(2)

That's where the trouble begins
because I haven't the experience of
handling a group of 40 little ones.
It's about all I can do to crawl into
bed after English classes are over.

George is now in the first year of
primary school. We have high hopes
for him - but only time will tell.

Nanako, poor child, is very retarded.
The teachers say that it's due to the
light case of polio which she had when
a baby. April 26.

The teacher who has been ill appeared
today - but she seems to be suffering
from morning sickness. We'll have to
be looking around for another teacher.

(4)
Yoko Matsuoka has gone a long way
since college days. We have one
student who has a similar character.
He's only a farmer's son but he has
an indomitable will to make himself
successful. I expect that he'll get
over to America some day by hook, or
by crook. He's now attending Nippon
University and has a calling card with
that proud fact printed on it.

Oh dear, I realize how old I'm
getting when I remember that the student
whom I taught in Junior High School will
this year graduate from High School and
will be going on to college.

I want George to be a doctor
but George seems to want to be a teacher
(at the tender age of 6). He sits in on a
elementary class - sometimes sitting
quietly - sometimes very naughty and sometimes

falling fast asleep,

So Wilson well these days? Such a busy life must be a great strain on you both, I'm sure that your problems will straighten out with time. The children will learn to appreciate the love and care which you have given them after they settle down in their own homes and have their own children,

My eyes are having difficulty staying open, so I'll sign this letter with best wishes to

To You all

Love

Yuni

Mrs.
Vining

40 Miriam Kajiya Street
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan.
June 29, 1952

Dear Wilson and Helen:-

I was teaching my youngsters upstairs when some guests arrived downstairs. I rushed upstairs to announce that Helen's "son-in-law" had just come! And who was in our living room but your fine young son, Hugh, with a friend named Mr. Gore from Pennsylvania!! We were surprised! We were so sorry that we couldn't put them up for the night - for we haven't any guest room or bedding as yet. - and then we had our pupils bawling in and out and people always

(3)

He's much broader and manlier.
Just meeting Hugh for a short time
gave me a distinct ^{even} impression of
tolerance, frankness, informality
and a very quick mind. I'm sure
that if Hugh had been in Japan as long
as I have been he wouldn't speak the
language ^{as} poorly as I do. Already he was
using some of the phrases in his little
handbook.

It is getting very hot and sticky in
Yokohama and the mosquitoes are
coming out. This city is famous for
its mosquitoes, I'm sorry to say.

June 30

Here I fell asleep sitting up,
so had to continue the next day.

Hugh has reached Tokyo and is no doubt at

(2)

(11)

at the door on the phone. I hope that
Hugh will pardon our lack of hospitality.
I took the two boys to our local
Ritsurin Park for the morning. It would
be difficult for me to explain to him
why I didn't go along, too. I just
couldn't say to my mother-in-law,
"I'm going out - you get everything
ready for the sukiyaki when I come
home." (This is just between you
and me). I did manage to get down
to the ferry to say "good-bye", however.
I only hope that George will
turn out to be such a fine young
man as Hugh. The picture I have
of him doesn't do him justice.

(4)

his letter. His friend stopped off at the
Okazaki center of Japanese Studies (Michigan
University) to see Dr. Hall there.

Hugh says that he'll probably miss you
by about a week - sad thought.

I'm sure that you'll find that his year in
Japan has matured him. Travel is
a wonderful school. and he has so
much enthusiasm for everything - especially,
the country and outdoor life.

I must get this off to you to let you
know how pleased we were to see Hugh.
Please let us know what he thinks of
the old Japanese couple (I'm sure that
we must have seemed awfully old) in
Takamatsu. I'm sure that his remarks will
be amusing.

P.S. Hugh was amused to see some of
his old books and a tablecloth
cover from Central America on the table.

Love

Yuri

Nov. 25, 1952

Dearest Helen:

I received your most welcome letter yesterday.

I have been meaning to write sooner but our household has been so upset.

My mother died on October 11, after an illness of several months. It was stomach trouble - everything came

up, instead of going down. Towards the end, her mind was affected and she got abusive, I'm sure

and I had a time of it but the end came peacefully. Now we're trying to get the household in order.

I had neglected everything during those months in order to tend to mother-in-

law.

OTHO 9

non-pregnant maids amused us, because
we have that trouble with teachers

We certainly would appreciate
a package of CARE. (There's
nothing like being bold) It's very
kind of you to remember us.

Three days ago I sent you
one of the little wooden dolls that
is popular these days. It's very
humble but it brings all my love
with it.

Books are always welcome.
As Hugh knows, the bookcase (our one
and only) is filled with the books
you sent us.

F. has promised to mail this
for me PRONTO.

Love to you and best
regards to Wilson. Yuri.

P.S. We couldn't get canned
shrimp for export in this
back town.

This year we're not celebrating the holiday season very much, as you can understand. It will seem lonely without an older person.

We're glad that Hugh enjoyed his visit and wish that we could have done more to entertain him.

Army life must be tough - but he has a fine, strong physique and he seemed very independent, to me. Please remember us to him in his next letter.

The very thought of all your visitors weighs me down. How do you do it? Your remark about the

Jan 2, 1953

Dear Wilson and Helen:

Thank you so much for your
Christmas presents. It was very
generous of you to send us so
many things. I have been enjoying
the Readers' Digest so much. It was
a joy to know that it will
continue to come this year. The
blanket and food arrived at
different post offices. We were
overwhelmed to have so many
nice things from you. The
blanket is wonderful - real wool
and so warm! We're keeping
it especially for guests. The
food has been wonderful for
our New Year's celebration
(January 1, 2, 3)

and managed to meet ⁽³⁾ all the family,
she certainly manages to get around
even with her two little tots. It's quite
a feat. Very few Japanese mothers
could manage it.

What is the latest news from
Hugh? Please send him our best regards.

Our New Year's has been very
quiet. It is not the custom to celebrate
much until a year has passed
since the death of a member of the
family.

We'll have to worry about
getting ^{7's} niece married this
year. All the matchmaking rests on the
parents or relatives of the young
people. Oh dear! There are so many
unhappy couples that it seems

There are all kinds of canned goods and sugar and flour, too.

We hope that you've had a nice holiday but we fear that you had a house full of guests and that Helen had too much on her hands.

My father seems to be improving. His letters sound cheerful. We're hoping that my parents will come to Japan this summer for a visit.

Bud married an Italian girl who is secretary at his Medical School. They seem to be very happy.

May went east this autumn

⑦
perilous to make any decisions. She is a
nice girl and very clever at handling
children - but she's very large and
probably has little attraction for
the boys.

The children have gone to the
movies with our niece. The movies
are about the only kind of entertainment
these days. Did the Japanese movie
"RASHOMON" come to Honduras?

Again, thanks so much for
your kindness. We appreciate it
a great deal. Please write when
you have time.

Love,

Yuri



Ritsurin Park Engetsu Bridge



◇ 讃岐・金刀比羅宮 ◇

GRAND SIGHT OF KOTOHIRA SHRINE, SANUKI.

金刀比羅宮
讃岐半島に鎮座せしめる金刀比羅宮は古来金刀比羅神社と稱せられ、その宮域は全山を覆ふ巨樹の密林である。



POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

This is a nice little scene
from our Pittsmin Park.
Hugh saw it. We'd like
you to see some of the
nice spots around the
Inland Sea.

郵便はがき

POST CARD

Our little party climbed
up this mountain to the
shrine. We went by
auto and I felt very
queasy. It's been years
since I've taken such a
long drive in an auto.

郵便はがき

40 minami Kajiya St.
Tahamotau City
Shikoku, Japan.
April 5, 1953

Dearest Helen:

Sally
Nancy
I have been meaning to write you
after I received the announcement of Nancy's
wedding. I'd like to send her something,
where can I address it? Let me know in your next letter.

I'm sorry to hear about Sally, and
I hope that she is better by now.

It's fine that all the children are
so nicely settled and that Hugh is in Alaska
instead of in Korea.

If you get to Boston and have any
spare time, I certainly would appreciate
it if you'd look up my pupil,
SHUSAKU AYAOA. He has received a
scholarship to Clark University,
Worcester, Mass. where he is doing

with anaemia. I'm trying to figure out why she should get such an ailment.

We're all very well and all getting fat. I'm about 130 pounds now and F. is lots heavier. The children manages to stay well. We worry about their schoolwork. Nanako is very poor and George is just about average.

Father says that we should be grateful that they're normal without trying to drive them so. Fuhushichi was always head of his class - so he's disappointed in George. He is a jolly boy, however. I'm afraid we baby him too much.

We certainly do appreciate the CARE packages. They have wonderful canned meats which we can't get over here. George loves the powdered eggs and milk.

graduate work in Economics. He'll probably
 be in the States a year or two. (He went
 there this January). I've urged him
 to visit my friend Elsie in Connecticut
 and my folks in Philly for I know
 that he'll have his lonely moments.
 He's lived a very sheltered life - with
 a very doting grandpa who watches
 over his every need. His father is president
 of the local branch of the 114th Bank.

Father had a near stroke but he
 is getting better. He's in fine spirits
 because he has no financial worries
 and all his children are happily
 settled. (Bud got married to a nice girl
 last year.) May has been sick.

Every month, I enjoy the Reader's Digest
so much. These days I have so many
things to read I'm in Seventh Heaven.
I've just borrowed Elizabeth Madox Roberts'
"The Time of Man" and A. B. Guthrie's, "The Way
West"

The Crown Prince was giving a
rousing send-off. We all wish him
well. He has an important mission.
It's interesting to hear what young people
think of their Prince. They say he's rather
a dandy but they admire his

sportsmanlike qualities.
School starts in April, over here. We're
very busy now. We have ~~8~~ seven
kindergarten classes in 2 branches with
8 teachers. F. loves to manage.

Love to you all. Is Wilson well?
Please let me know Nancy's address.

Love
'Yun'

June 24, 1953

Dearest Helen:

I've just been bowled over by the arrival of 30 books from you! I shall be reading into the wee hours for days to come. Thank you so much for your kindness. I won't know where to start.

The other day, of all things, I heard the song "Lisa Morena" on the radio. Of how that brought back memories. I could almost feel the boat moving under my feet. How are you all? I know that you're awfully busy entertaining. I only hope that you don't overtax your strength.

This teaching young kids makes me forget my own age. I frisk around like a young thing forgetting that the kids think that I'm really ancient and on the verge of retirement. Moreover, I'm getting FAT. Oh dear, fat and forty!

Poo may is expecting another child.
 She's not so strong and I'm worried
 about her. though there's nothing that I can
 do about it.

I bought a funny little motor-scooter
 called "Pigeon". It's like a motorcycle,
 it causes quite a sensation wherever it
 goes.

We now have eight teachers
 teaching in the kindergarten. It's lots more
 difficult to manage than to be managed.

All sorts of problems arise. Two of them
 are married and three are not.

We'll have to find a husband for
 his niece. That's the custom.

Oh, dear!

The children are well³ and getting tall.
Nanako is like a bean pole. She's very
thin but has a rather cute face.
George - we call "funny face". Tokuichi
says that at least we won't have "women
trouble" on our hands - but, strangely
enough, he's quite popular with the
ladies, in spite of his looks.
We're having a wing to our house
built. The house is a mess but it will
be nice when it's all finished. There
will be a room where guests can sleep.
We were hoping that our parents could
come over, but Father isn't strong enough.
Bud is very happily married and
all the family respects his wife.
My pupil Ayada is studying
hard at Clark University and he passed
all his first exams. I hear from him
occasionally.

The #1 Teacher⁴ is 27 years old and a
former primary school teacher. She's
aiming on getting a divorce from her
husband who hasn't any ambition and no
financial responsibility. There are two
cute children. One has been given over
to the husband - the other is being looked
after by her parents. It's all very
sad. She's pretty and full of pep and
her marriage was a love marriage at first.

Please give our best regards
to Wilson.

Again, thanks so much for the
books. I am reminded of the time
when I had nothing to read, I've
lots to be grateful for.

P.S. I must thank you for the CAPE package. Now,
it has brought us much joy. I thought [You
that I had written you a thank-you note but I
find that I have not. Please forgive me for not
thanking you sooner.]

40 minami Kagiya St
Sakamoto City
Shikoku Japan.
Oct. 30, 1953



Dear Helen:

I was glad to get your post card. It seems quite some time since I've heard from you. I think that I got a letter off to you this month - but I can't remember exactly when I did write last.

It will be exciting to be a grandmother especially as you love little babies.

Did you meet my pupil Ayada? Perhaps you didn't have the time. The last I heard from him was that he was working in order to get money for some traveling.

May had a little baby girl on September. Mother and child seem to be well but mother goes everyday to help and poor Father isn't allowed out of his apartment. My brother married a very nice Italian girl and they want my parents to live with them in Cleveland.

It would be best for Father to live with us in Japan but I can understand that they don't want to live far away from Bud and May.

(2)



especially as May has her hands full - with three small children on her hands.

Are you all well?

I'm glad that you've had a good summer and I'm anxious to hear more details of your trip.

We've just had our SPORTS MEET for our little kindergarten kiddies. It was quite a success. Now we're preparing

the song and dance numbers for the Christmas entertainment. It's quite a chore but lots of fun. I'm very busy rushing from one kindergarten to the other and throwing together a meal in between teaching periods.

We eat dinner at an unearthly hour - 4:30 P.M. At 8:00 P.M.

the children are hungry again and I have to prepare something to fill their stomachs.

George seems to be quite a HOLY TERROR at school. I tell FUKUSHICHI that George takes after him. His mother used to make the rounds of the neighborhood apologizing for his misdeeds.

We've had a big Athletic meet
on Shikoku Island. Athletes
from all parts of the country
gathered to compete in all
sorts of sports events. In
Takamatsu City there were
Basketball and judo events.
The Emperor and Empress
attended some of the events
and the streets were lined
with people who came out to
greet the Royal Couple.

Our Cultural Center
has closed down for lack
of funds - to the great regret
of students. Fortunately,
I have a small library of
my own, owing to your
kindness - and I can
always find something
interesting to read.

Did I write you about our puppies? The dog had trouble with their delivery - as it was her first litter. Two were born dead. I found her eating one of the dead ones one morning. It was pitch black. (Our dog is white!) That caused me to lose my appetite for several days. The two remaining pups are fat and healthy but the mother neglects them. She just runs about by herself and seldom bothers to nurse the little ones. She also barks a lot and often we get complaints from the next-door neighbors. I say that we ought to let the dog catcher take her away! Poor thing! We've also a cat who takes every opportunity to steal food from the kitchen. There is a continued battle of wits to see which gets the fish first - the cat or the mermoras.

Hope to hear from you soon,
Love to William,
Yuri

February 12, 1954



Ed

Dear Helen:

Thank you so much for the Readers Digest. I enjoy it so much every month. I've been meaning to write sooner - here it is February, already.

Do you remember my relatives in Kurume? My uncle died and three of his four sons were killed in the war. The eldest boy came back from Siberia recently. Aunt sold the house and lives in the next town. My niece little cousin ATSUSHI (Father's elder brother's only son) came to Takamatsu for a one-night visit during his business trip for the Fukuoka Prefectural office. He is no longer young (33) but he's small like Father and dear to me - especially as I have no close relatives nearby. He's like Father - sentimental, sensitive - but he has a Father's sense of humor - at least so far as I could see during the short time he was here. It was wonderful to meet him after 17 years. I must have appeared greatly aged. He was too tactful to mention the wrinkles

my father's close friends.
(Univ. of Penn - Architecture),
What a small world it is, after
all.

I'm glad that the holiday
season is over. I never did
like the long Japanese Holiday
for the New Year. Now, spring
will soon be here and we
can stop shivering.

I hope that you are
well and I know that
you're just as busy as ever.
It's wonderful that the
children are all so happily
settled down.

The situation of Central
America worries me. Various
news bits that reach us here
through the newspapers
sound so unpromising.

I'm anxious about
you, and am looking
forward to hearing that
you're all right.

but he did say that I was fatter
than I was then. I. is definitely
fat. He's getting round as
a barrel.

Our friend, Petto who left
Japan the year before last is now
in Okinawa and will drop in
for a flying visit on his way
back to the States. We also
expect my friend Mary's
in-laws. They'll stop in Japan
on their way back from a tour to
the Near East as the Friends'
Service Committee.

One of our old friends
who lives in Tokyo has just
written me that he expects to
move his family to Monterrey,
Mexico! Just like that! I
do admire his spirit. He may
be able to see Mary in
Los Angeles. He had met her in
Philly.

Another kind old friend who
has known me since babyhood,
the Rev. Igles advised me to
write to his friend Miss Knabe
(Swarthmore 1911!) who is
teaching at the Women's University
in Tokyo. I find that she is
teaching the daughter of one of

I do so wish that I could
have a talk with you - it
certainly would be a nice
long one,

Mary now has three
~~little~~ ones - all pre-school age.
- Mary has three little ones.
The eldest is in primary
school. Bud is happily married
to the Secretary of the School of
Medicine of Western Reserve
University where Bud is teaching.
So - all seems well. We're
fine - all ~~and~~ us and
have no great worries at
present (cross the fingers)

I must be off to my
class now.

Again, many thanks,
and do write when you've time.

Sos,
Yours

Mar. 18, 1954.

Dearest Helen:

Thank you for the wonderful stamps, Nanako was so excited about them. She has pasted them in an album.

I am sorry to say that dear Father passed away on Feb. 28. We didn't know until the 9th. when Bud's letter arrived.

We had only one letter (arrived Feb 27) that Father was ill and in the Univ. of Penn. Hospital. Three days before his death he took a turn for the worse and passed away.

After 15 years of separation I cannot bear to think that Father is gone. How dreadful it must be for Mother who spent over 40 years at his side and took such wonderful care of him that he lived to be 76 years old.

as Bud wrote me honestly, Why should
 this have to be? He was so kind
 and was loved by young and old alike.
 He had no enemies and did everything
 for the sake of his children. Why
 couldn't he pass away peacefully
 like Fukushima's mother and father?
 I cannot reconcile this to any
 concept of a just god.
 Mother's sorrow must
 be hard to bear. I write her
 as often as I can, and Bud
 and May do so much to
 comfort her.

(3)

because I wrote him considerably later,
He had looked after Alushi since he was
7 (when his father died of a stroke) and
loved him as his own son - even though he
had never seen him.

Father lived happily the last years.
Bud and May were happily married and
very kind to Mother and Father. Father's
very last letter said, "Bud and Addie
(his wife) are coming for Xmas. I
am very, very happy."

All during his last illness, Bud
looked after him and had the best
doctors in Philadelphia look at Father -
but it was all in vain.

Helen, I cannot bear to think
that Father "died in considerable pain"

Were you at your Father's side,
when he passed away?
Mary's mother-in-law and
father-in-law will visit us shortly.
They are on a round the world trip
for the Friends Service Committee and will
stop in Japan on their way home.

Another friend (by correspondence)
who teaches in Tokyo and is (a Swarthmore
graduate (1911)) will come next month
for a visit - and also a family
friend, Mr. Yoshimatsu, who will come to
say goodbye before moving to Monterrey,
Mexico with his family. (I haven't seen
him for 20 years)

(2)

Father was so young in spirit, He kept writing that he was coming to see us and we forgot his age, and the state of his health, and were waiting and waiting for him to come.

I shall always regret that I have never done anything for Mother and Father's well-being and comfort - only caused them worry and sorrow.

The funeral service was beautiful. An old old friend, the Chaplain of the U. S. of P. officiated at the funeral and spoke some beautiful words of farewell.

Father lies in a beautiful new cemetery in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

On Feb. 7, as I think that I wrote you, my cousin, Masumi Sakami, came to visit us. Father never knew

(6)

(5)

I have received letters from my aunt
Haraguchi, (whose house you
stopped at in Kyushu),

Her eldest son is married and
has a 3 year old boy. She sold
the old home and moved to a new
the neighbouring town Kurehime (where
we had lunch together with

Uncle Haraguchi,

Remember?

I recall that you didn't like
the raw fish dishes,

I worry about you, are you
and Wilson well? I am enjoying

Readers Digest every month,

I hope that it isn't dangerous
for you in Central America,

Love
Yuri

40 minami Kagaya St
Yokohama City
Shikoku, Japan.
May 31, 1954.

Dearest Helen;

How happy I was to receive your letter of May 23rd!! I thought that you must have been busy or ill and I am so relieved that you and Wilson are both well.

Thank you so much for what you wrote me about Father. It has helped me a lot. Mother has always been strong and now she has Faith to keep her going.

I read the English edition of the Mainichi newspaper and the news about Central America had me really worried. I pray that the situation may improve.

I hope that we may see Sally's husband. - as yet we have had no word from him. Is he staying in Tokyo? That's quite far from our island - a long train trip.

I am trying to learn Japanese - but it is most discouraging, I get laughed at for my terrible "English" accent and intonation. Writing the characters is the greatest obstacle. It's all that I can do to keep up with George, (3rd grade)

Every day we are very busy but on Sunday we take the children out - sometimes to a movie.

Thank you for the books. I always enjoy them immensely and I look forward to reading The Reader's Digest every month.

It will be exciting to see the grandchildren, and the arrival of children is bound to change the attitude of the mothers. You have been wonderful and I am sure that they all appreciate it.

Please remember us to Hugh. He is a fine boy -

Sittle George is quite well but so active that he keeps us on our toes. I think that his schoolwork is improving a little. He's writing a letter to his Ganny in Japanese at the moment.

I. is very busy with his University work. He likes it at the University and he seems to be popular with his students.

Do take care of yourself.
Please give my best regards to
Wilson and the children (and grandchildren).
Love,

Yuni.

P.S. If you ever do get to Philly
I hope that you'll drop in
and see mother. (715 So. 52nd St)

P.P.S. Have you any
photos?

Nov. 19, 1954.

Dear Helen:

Thanks so much for your letter.
I do appreciate your sending me the
Reader's Digest every year. I enjoy it
all through the year. We always
appreciate food but don't want to
cause you a lot of expense and trouble.

Mary's father-in-law, Mr. Warren,
who came to Takamatsu in April,
died in September. It makes me
feel so sad - although I feared that
that might happen after hearing
that he had had several heart attacks.
I was afraid that he might not get
home safely.

Mother seems to be adjusting

246
herself to living alone. May and Bud
do everything they can to make
her happy. I'm afraid that it
will be a hard Xmas for her - the
first one without Father in 46 years!.

Our work is coming along as usual,
although Japan is feeling the effects of
a deflation. F. enjoys his work
as associate professor at Kagawa
University.

How are the students of your
university? I did enjoy reading
the pamphlet about the aims and
methods of your school.

I sent you a little Takamatsu
doll which I think will interest

you. It brings with it best wishes
for a very merry Xmas.

For the past month our household
has been swarmed people. F's
brother has come back to Takamatsu
and is staying with us until
he can find a house.

Of all things - I've heard
"Pisa Morena" on the radio
several times. Remember it?

I always reminded of the ship.

I think of you often. Love,
Yui

March 11, 1955.

Dearest Helen:

It seems such a long time since I've heard from you. I'm worried about how things are over there. Your Xmas card took over two months to get here. I hope that you are all well and that you news is good news.

Mother seems to be getting adjusted to living alone. Though I know that it must be terribly lonely. I wish that I had mother's spunk and brains. Both May and Mary have three little ones now. They must be terribly busy. Now that my two are growing up I forget what it was like when I had to go racing after a crawling youngster.

We're always busy in the spring because it's the beginning of the school year and eighth grade students come to learn beginner's English. Classes don't end until 8:00 P.M. and there's little time to do anything before I fall into bed. I'm trying to study Japanese characters but I've fallen way behind George who is in the 3rd grade. I forget quicker than I remember. Our sole recreation is the movies and we go often. Japanese movies help me with the language.

We were thrilled with "Romeo and Juliet".
This Sunday we'll go to see the Italian
"Theodora". I want to see "Brigadoon".

I wonder if the little doll
reached you safely or whether I
got wrecked on the way.

F. is now an assistant professor
at Kagawa University. He also runs
the English School and Kindergarten
as well as being a transportation
official for Shikoku. Poor F. He's
very clever and he's tied up
to p dull me. I hate to go out in
front of people. Teaching still is
a great trial though I'm getting
a little more accustomed to it.

I intend to practise up on my
Typing if F. will bring back
his room typewriters (the University's)

F.'s niece will get married in
April. We'll have to get 3 new teachers!
Oh dear! There are already too
many kindergartens in this small
city and the competition is fierce.

Do write and let me know
that you are well and safe. We
think of you often. Best wishes
to Wilson.

Love,
Yuri.

40 Minami Kaziga St
Hikoharu City
Shikoku

June 7, 1956,

Could it
be Mary Ann

Dearest Helen:

I'm worried that you overtax
your strength. You're always on
a trip or swamped with guests.
Please get a good rest in between!

We certainly were thrilled to
hear that there's a possibility of seeing
you again - after almost twenty
years! It seems hard to believe
that you have so many grand-
children. I can see that you've
made a fine success of your
problem with your children. They
really need you now.

Nanako is so tall now. You
can see that she is almost as
tall as I am! Gorge is like a
little monkey - (He's always up
trees or on roofs or fences)

It's been thrilling to be
able to play the piano again
after so many years. With
the help of donations from the parents

reuter
veterinarian

of our kindergarten we have bought
an upright piano. I practice
every night after classes are
over though, I'm afraid that
the neighbors are not pleased.

We took the enclosed
photos when we visited the
Sakarazuka Girl's Opera House in
Osaka. They had several
exhibitions and we took the
photos against several backgrounds.

F. and I. are fat and
fortyish now. I'm squinting
because I removed my
glasses.

Please write when you've
a moment to spare. I love to
hear from you. Have you
any recent photos?

Please give my best
to Wilson.

Love as always,
Yuri

Dearest Helen:

May 13, 1961

I wrote to you in Spain but my letter came back, I am worrying about your safety in Central America and hope that you're in North America. However, as I have no other address, I'm writing to Antigua.

Here I am in the hospital again. Last November I had an operation for cancer of the breast, afterwards I had treatments with Cobalt 60 and in February I came down with a constriction of the chest which I thought was a complication of Influenza, Virus B, which was floating around during the winter. After many tests they decided that I have fibrosis of the lung tissue caused by the Cobalt 60. Here its almost 3 months since I've been in bed - and almost 2 months in this hospital, but I expect to be home in another month or so, whenever I complain

is worrying, about whether he'll be
able to go into a good university or not,
three years from now,
Mamiko has to do housekeeping as
well as teach in kindergarten. But
responsibility seems to be a good thing
you have

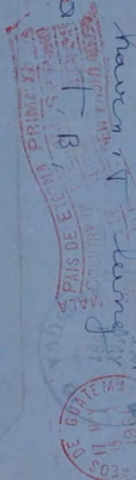
of my slow recovery or
some discomfort from the
medicine and injections
they tell me to be grateful
that I haven't developed
cancer

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PAR AVION
航空

For
Mrs. Wilson Boston
Antigua
Guatemala
Central America

Yumiko Usimura
1-14 Kojima St.
Yakamata City
Shikoku, Japan



I do hope that you and Wilson
are well and I'm looking
forward to hearing from you.

George managed to get into
Yakamata High School, now 7, is

December 23, 1962

Dear Wilson,

I was very happy to hear from you but I am sorry that you have ^{had} so many contacts with hospitals and I understand just how you feel when you say, "I am getting tired of hospitals."

Let us hope that 1963 will have something brighter in store for you.

It is fine that Hugh is doing so well at the university. I am sure that you are proud of such a fine son. How happy Helen would have been.

St. Petersburg, Florida is the sister-city of Takamatsu, as they are similar in climate and population. So that far from Gainesville? My husband was in Berkeley, California, for three months last summer, attending the Summer Institute in Regional Science. He played a flying visit to St. Petersburg and Philadelphia, too.

I do wish that you might come to Japan and Takamatsu City.

ここに通信文を記載することができます

This space is also for correspondence.

Takamatsu has some beautiful
sightseeing spots that I'm
sure that you'd enjoy.
One is a beautiful park in
the center of the city, and the
other is a plateau overlooking
the inland sea.

航空
PAR AVION

Yusiko Uyenawa [Uyenawa]
1-14 Kagura Street
Takamatsu City
Shikoku, Japan



For
Dr. Wilson Raper
1732 N.W. 2nd Avenue
Gainesville
Florida
U.S.A.

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(2)

I am amazed that Helen's
reaction is as pale and
nearly at the age of 85
as 86. It makes me
astounded by my
feeble attempts at
getting work done.

Best wishes for a happy
new year. I should be
very happy to hear
how things are coming
along with you.
Yours
Glen

August 30, 1965

Dear Dr. Popenoe:

It is a pity to tell you that my wife passed away on Nov. 20, 1964. She had cancer four years ago and had it operated. Last spring another cancer came up all over her chest and we could not do anything.

Helen and Yuri were very good friends. Helen were very kind to Yuri. When she came to Japan and China, we met so I knew Helen very well. Through her letters and books you published, I know you well, too. Now both of them died.

I have a daughter who got married this June and now live in Tokyo, and a son who goes to college at Kobe. I am professor of Economics at Kagawa University. I visited the States in 1933-37 and 1962. Yuri's brother teaches in Western Reserve University (Medical School) at Cleveland, Ohio, Her mother and sister live in Philadelphia. In 1962, I visited St. Petersburg, Florida which is a sister city of Takamatsu City as a good will envoy and also I attended summer seminar in the University of California, Berkeley. I am planning to the States in 1966. I hope I can see you folks some day.

Sincerely yours

AEROGRAMME

PAR AVION
航空郵便

Dr. F. Ujemura
1-14 Kajiyamachi
Takamatsu, Japan

Dr. Wilson Popense
Antigua, Guatemala
Central America

