Dear Sam,

Thanks for the unmail cigarettes but hope you send them just close in a group of sexual cartons or so at a time. Not only is the cost our proportion this way—that is unmail—but the authorities are inclined to wonder why I would want tobacco so badly as to pay that additional postage. So do it my way with a carton or so. often rather than a package or two at a time.

Prices soar out of sight in Japan. The people just have nothing to buy with their currency. So at the end of this month the Japanese government is closing all restaurants, thus cutting off some of their big blackmarket food consuming resources. A step that should have been done before.

If I have to spend another evening as I did tonight I’m going to scrounge potential business connections with one
of my best contacts—Mrs. Sakata. This afternoon she gave a business-like song recital in downtown Tokyo. It was held in a regular hall in a building something on the order of the Municipal Auditorium in F.C. only not so elaborate. She did the singing. It was that weird or uncanny type of Japanese singing like nothing I've heard before. Stepping into the "Oriental." Well, after the singing debut she invited me to her house for dinner. Capt. Watanabe was with me as well as another young fellow of Japanese origin but American education. Begging off as best I could due to the tremendous court work now on hand, nevertheless went with the understanding that I leave early.

She proceeded to celebrate her successful performance than the medium of getting drunk. Then she started making advances to me. Brother, I'm lucky in getting out without involving her hand at the same time ruffled indescribably. It was actually disgusting. You can't really understand it without
seeing for yourself. I did no drinking at all, paying it interpreted with my work. Perhaps because I was sober it was ultra difficult to stand. She says she loves me; she wants me to come back to Japan and live with her; she wants to give me money, gifts; and in return she can satisfy Satan. May not claim on my soul for some of my past misdeeds. I may well be blamed for future conduct. But never, never, never let it be suggested that all the gold in the Orient could erase me endure the passionate feelings of a middle-aged Japanese lady? So if I am ever subjected to this ordeal again please write the Kasei Industries from your book of prospects over here to help me.

The Japanese like to celebrate on every occasion. Recently when visiting Kamakura, Japan, I snapped this candid shot in the train station. These boys were all drunk & sick. The stuff they have to drink is pretty heavy with methal alcohol. The
stations are all crowded like this. On festive days the drunkards are only slightly more abrasive than the mummers inducing rice vomit spewed all over the streets around the terminals. Still and all I have yet to see them annoy Americans at their time. And in their miserable poverty one can only feel sorry for them. There is need for a great guiding light in Japan. These people need help so badly.

Father Flanagan of Boy Town is in Tokyo now. He met with the Emperor the other day and expressed his philosophy of life which is not new but good. And don't think these people are without feeling or heart-searching thoughts. When I went to Atami recently for a two day stay at Mr. Tanakiji's house I met a 24 year old Japanese boy-an ex-soldier—who had never talked to an American before. The next day he sent me this enclosed note. Read it and reflect. Presumably, I went alone. There was no English spoken. Now, I often go without my interpreter. It's the only way to study these people. I'll write about that experience sometime.

John
Dear Sir,

I am glad to see you yesterday. For I speak American people for the first time personally. We are spend our school days in war age and we are restricted by militarist. We can not learn English, and almost all the report of American. It was very very sorrowful thing. Though I met you, I can't relate my thought plainly. I am disappointed.

Many people forget to examine themselves for the delight of liberation. We have chances to reflected our culture as we saw your nationality. I believe we interested in religion and I believe our religion that is a mostly Buddhist doctrines which are related our culture and life, is not different the idea of Christianity. But I think the one is affection of all the world, the other is individualism. I believe that if we have true love of religion, our life fill in peace and love, and we can establish new idea of the world.

I hope your health.

sincerely yours,

K. Arano