

Fukuoka, April 28th 21.

Dear Family,

Have just finished dinner in the hotel dining room, which is on the seventh floor with huge picture windows looking over the harbor. The silhouettes of the peninsulas and islands of the bay were wonderful against the fading sunset and clear blue sky, with one bright star showing, and the gaily colored neon lights flicking on below. All the buildings between the hotel and the bay are one or two story, so the view is unimpeded.

Today was a beautiful day as far as the weather was concerned, sunny and not too warm, with very clear air. It was a very relaxed day for us---altho Ancel and I were up at six, and by eight-thirty when Dr. Kimura called for us, we had completed a job of recording in our notebooks, over coffee and toast in our room. We had all the laboratory equipment packed up and shipped off by eleven, went back to the lab. for a while after lunch to finish up some book-work. Dr. Kimura took us up to the roof of the lab (medical clinic) building where we had a wonderful view of the University's two campuses; of the near-by coal-mine town of Shime where we have done most of our work; of Brady beach where I spent a lovely afternoon sunning among the sand dunes with some of the American wives; of the hills surrounding Koga, the tiny farming village where we worked the last few days; and of Fukuoka itself with its surrounding hills. Mr. and Mrs. Midthun, American cunsul, picked us up at three-thirty and took us to their house for tea. We took pictures of their garden, which is especially lovely just now with all the azaleas in bloom. We had our tea in the garden in the sunshine, and returned to the hotel feeling as tho we'd not done a lick of work in weeks.

The last week has been hectic, none-the-less, with a very heavy schedule of work, and a ~~lot~~ lot of extras. Last night I took Mrs. Kimura, Mrs. Midthun, Mrs. Kuzukawa, and Mrs. Yoshidome to dinner and then to see the movie "Guys and Dolls" while Ancel and Bronte entertained the Doctors who have been working with us. We had at first invited the doctors and their wives, but discovered that it is not customary here for the men to take thier wives to any public place like a restaurant, so I had my own private party. This was quite acceptable, altho the wives had to get themselves home alone at night by streetcar or taxi, and we had a good time. All of them except Mrs. Yoshidome speak English, so we managed a combined Japanese-English conversation over a very good western style dinner ~~at~~ (steak) at the Nikkatsu, and they all enjoyed the movie.

The evening before we had free, and walked thru the ardades taking night pictures and doing a bit of shopping---the shops are open till about ten o'clock. The night before that Ancel had to give a lecture at the Army hospital, which was preceded by a rather dull dinner at the officer's club. Tuesday we had a delightful dinner at the Midthuns---chicken casserole and salad buffet style, and an evening of hi-fi from their huge library of records. Tomorrow we're going on a picnic, getting back early to pack and then to the Kimuras for dinner. We leave early Monday morning for Kyoto, with Dr. Kuzukawa accompahying us as guide, then to Tokio where we have reservations at the famous Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial hotel---then Hong Kong where a friend of Ancel's has cabled he will meet us at the airport.

Please send this letter along as usual---I'll be sending cards along the way to Rome, and will write when I can. With love to all,

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Margaret

April 20

Fukuoka

12956

Dear Family,

We're going out to dinner in ten minutes, but I'll start this letter anyway with high hopes of finishing it tomorrow morning. First I want to acknowledge with many thanks letters from all of you---it is wonderful to hear about what's doing at home. I especially appreciated Carrie's and Henry's letter as this is the first we've had from them since arriving in Japan.

Enclosed are 3 copies of our itinerary---Keep one, Mom Keys, send one on to the Haneys and to 3270. As you can see, we have finally been able to arrange a little sight seeing along the way---places I really never dreamed of seeing---Hong Kong, Bangkok, Teheran, Istanbul all sound like fairy tale names, not real places.

Meantime, as our Japanese friends show us around the town, we are getting used to Japanese customs, many of which we find very strange, but many very pleasant. For example, the waitresses in the restaurants, when they bring you the menu and your glass of water also bring you a small towel wrung out of very hot water. With this you wash your face and hands before eating---very refreshing. At first having everyone bow as you go thru a door, enter an elevator, leave a restaurant---seemed like play acting, but now seems an expected courtesy. We're used, too, to seeing large groups of school children being conducted on tours. They go everywhere. Children from the country schools are brought to Fukuoka and shown thru the department stores, the University, the shrines, the factories, the parks. They eat lunch in the restaurants, have picnics in the woods. By the time they have graduated from high school they've been all over Japan, travelling by bus and staying in the Japanese hotels---a different trip every spring.

One of the things which drives us nuts is the ceremonious leisure with which they serve meals, particularly maddening when we're in a hurry, and in the morning when we wait forever for our toast and coffee. Yet they lose all sense of manners and leisure when ever a door or gate is opened in front of them---woe betide the unwary foreigner who is not braced against the onslaught.

Our time has been very much taken up---we had a blissful day or two of comparative leisure after the Whites left, but this was only a breather for more much busier days to come. All kinds of snags have turned up in the lab. where too many cooks are spoiling the broth---and a lot of extra time has been needed to untangle the mess, and supervise all activity to try to forestall further mistakes. There seems to be something every evening. Last night a delightful roast-beef dinner at the Midthuns (Am. consul), with an evening of good music on their hi-fi. The night before a concert by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hindemith---a very enjoyable concert, but their small travelling orchestra of fifty can't do the justice to the music that our own Minneapolis Symphony can. We were surprised to find so many of the Japanese

interested in Western music. On January first the concert was announced in the newspapers, on January second all the tickets were sold, the auditorium seating about 1600. The Kimuras got tickets then for themselves and us. They also allow standees, and the side aisles were packed with people who stood throughout the whole concert---2½ hours. They were a most enthusiastic audience, and the Orchestra responded with an encore----after much applause a little Japanese man behind us got up and shouted a request for Shubert in German---he got it.

After the concert (which began at 6;30) we all had a supper of tempura which is a method of dipping fish, meat, vegetables, etc. in a thin batter and frying in deep fat---very good and fun to watch as the preparation is all done in front of you with every one sitting at a counter around the burners where they cook---the food is consequently piping hot. We had jumbo shrimps, three other kinds of fish, onion wrapped in a thin slice of pork, and tiny egg plant all of which were delicious. This was followed by plain boiled rice, then soup made of tiny clams, and finally strawberries. The night before that we had dinner at the Kimuras, what Mrs. Kimura called a family style dinner--the first course the usual raw fish and cucumbers, the next a delicious soup, the main course a business of cold boiled rice served with the inevitable pickled dikon (a kind of radish) which none of us like. Fruit for dessert. One is rarely served anything for dessert here, the meal usually ending with plain boiled rice, usually sticky and not very hot.

The powers that be decided they could get along without my services at Shime (the mining town where we examine subjects every morning) this morning so I am going shopping with Chika (Mrs. Kimura). This afternoon to the lab. and overnight to a nearby hotsprings resort. Next weekend the Kimuras are going with us to Hiroshima, then on Monday we leave--as you can see by the enclosed schedule.

Please forward this letter as usual----and we'd love to have letters from everyone waiting for us in Rome.

*Love to all,  
Margaret*

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← This is Keys  
in Japanese.

Fukuoka, April 5th

[956]

Dear Family,

Delighted to have your letter yesterday, Mom Keys, the first since our arrival. This morning a letter from Elsie and Claude mailed in Duluth March 28th, and a lovely Easter card from Carrie, Henry, and Mattha--many thanks. Here the sun is shining---has been shining all day---the first sunny day we've had, altho we've had glimpses of sun here and there. The climate is much like England at the same time of year---cloudy, damp, with intermittent showers----very cold indoors except at the hotel where we have heat in the evenings. In general it is warmer outside than indoors.

The medical meetings are over, altho there are still visits to ~~the~~ various hospitals scheduled, one more "welcome " dinner scheduled for tonight, and a "farewell" dinner for the Whites next Tuesday. Meanwhile we have begun our work, but it will be interrupted by a weekend trip to Nagasaki which has been planned for all of us.

We were horrified at the clutter and dirt in the lab when we first saw it on Sunday, with very little working space, and most of that occupied by six or eight Japanese doctors, lab. technicians, and interpreters all anxious to help. If Carrie and Henry can remember what Sinclair's lab. looked like, they will understand what this one is like when I say it is worse. However, a certain amount of order has been made out of Chaos, the people are very friendly and competent, and I'm sure we shall get on very well. Most of the people in the lab. can read English altho they cannot speak it, or understand it when spoken.

Our hotel is new (2 years old) very clean and orderly. We have a corner room with huge windows on two sides with a view of the bay and the mountains, which we are hoping to change for one on the other side of the building which will be quieter even tho it does not have quite such a nice view. The noise comes from the street below where the drivers of cars and streetcars blow their horns constantly at pedestrians and cyclists. One thing lacking in Japanese Hotels is closet and drawer space. The Japs apparently travel with very little luggage. We have not really unpacked as we don't know what to do with our stuff if we do. We have two very small drawers, and room to hang up about six or eight dresses or suits. The hotel occupies the seventh and eighth floors of a huge building, the rest of which is a big department store. On the seventh floor is the lobby, dining room, etc. and on the eighth the hotel rooms. On the roof (carefully fenced in) is a playground for children visiting the store, complete with merry-go-round, ice cream cone stand, etc. The name of the store is the Daimaru, which is pronounced as tho it were spelled Dime-er-ooo.

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April 8<sup>th</sup> Sunday.

I got just this far with my letter when we had to go over to the lab. to set up our strips - got back to the hotel just in time to clean up and go to another Japanese restaurant for dinner. This was the loveliest restaurant we've seen - right on the bag. You leave your shoes at the door, & sit on the floor on cushions before a low table where beautifully dressed Geisha girls serve your dinner. This evening we had a specialty of Fukuoka called mizutaki which means boiling water - but the dish is made of small chickens cut up & stewed in water with rice flour as thickening. The stew is kept hot at table in a chafing dish. The chicken is served in a small bowl which has shoyu (soy sauce) in it and the soup part is served in another bowl with chopped chives added. After the chicken is eaten, cut up vegetables are put in the same broth in the chafing dish, cooked & served. Very good. While this was being served we were entertained by marvellous dancers in wonderful costumes, a special group from Okinawa - really excellent.

Early the next morning we went out to the air base where we put in a morning's work, were picked up by Mr & Mrs. Midthum (American Consul) in his International truck station-wagon and driven to Nagasaki - about 100 miles away but the roads are so bad it took us six hours of bumping to make the drive & we arrived covered with dust & with raw rears and sore elbows. We served a very good buffet supper by Mr & Mrs. Wohlers who are in the U.S. Information Service in Nagasaki, and so early to bed in our first Japanese-style hotel. This was a most interesting experience - First you leave your shoes at the front entrance and put on slippers provided by the hotel - these you wear in the corridors but leave outside the door of your room which has the floor covered by straw mats. The only furniture in the room is a low table about a foot high in the center of the room. When it is bed-time this is pushed aside and thick quilts are spread on the floor to sleep on.

3) The hotel provides you with a clean cotton kimono  
to sleep in and a heavy padded one to use as a bathrobe.  
The Japanese custom on arriving at a hotel is first to have

a bath, which they have all together, or in family groups. The bath is a sizeable room with little low wooden stools, small dippers, soap, and a huge tub, and the procedure is first to soap oneself, with a maid to scrub your back if you wish, rinse yourself with the dippers, then get in the tub, which is very hot water, and stay as long as you wish. After your bath you put on the kimonos provided by the hotel and stroll about the garden or settle down in your room where dinner is served. There are no dining rooms, but if you wish to eat with your friends you can all be served in one of the bedrooms.

I was interrupted again where the handwriting ends above--to drive to the train to Fukuoka, where we arrived just in time for another dinner. I'm finishing this letter Monday noon---we got up early and worked from eight to one, and I must leave in a few minutes for the lab., but will send this on its way first, whether I tell you all I want on not.

Saturday morning in the Japanese Hotel in Nagasaki Dr. Kimura ordered a Japanese-style breakfast for all of us. There were Dr. and Mrs. Kimura, Mr. and Mrs. Midthun, Paul and Ina White and Bronte. Those of us from the States and S.A. found the breakfast not much to our liking---we had dried sea-weed, pickles, rice, soup, fish custard, and tea. The next morning we ate again in a Japanese Hotel, but this time we had toast, soft boiled eggs, coffee, fruit and jam, and were much happier about the beginning of our day.<sup>W</sup> We saw little of the Unzen National park where we were staying as it was pouring rain, windy and foggy. Today is lovely and sunny, but we've too much work to do to see much of it. And another reception and dinner tonight. Our schedules should calm down after the Whites leave on Wednesday.

Please forward this letter to Carrie, Henry and Martha, Joan, Grandma and Grandpa Haney, and Aunt Edith. I'll try to write again later in the week.

Lots of love,

Margaret

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Fukuoka  
April 13, 1956

Dear Family,

The cold rainy weather which greeted us when we arrived and persisted for two weeks has finally relented and we are enjoying warm sunny days. The temperature in the laboratory has gone up from 14 degrees C. to 20 degrees, and I have shed two layers of sweaters and can now work without my fingers becoming stiff with cold. The work is going very well now that the hectic spree of entertaining which followed our arrival has subsided.

Certain sounds, sights, and smells which are characteristic of Japan are beginning to be familiar to us, and we feel that we are beginning to know Japan. There is the constant noise of auto horns, accented by the rhythmic click-clack of getas (wooden shoes on stilts) as the wearers (mostly women) walk along with quick even steps. In the quiet of the night there is the wierd little tune played on some sort of reed instrument announcing the presence in the street of a man who will give you a massage. If you cannot get to sleep, you just step to your window and call him in,---his massage is supposed to relax you and end your insomnia. In the smell department are the tide-water canals into which everything is dumped---at low tide they reek. Similar unpleasant (understatement) odors assail the nose anywhere in the vicinity of a public W.C. The hotels and private houses, however, are very clean. The women in their kimonos are very neat and colorful, especially since the weather has warmed up and they are putting on their spring clothes. They carry their babies on their backs, where they are securely strapped on. The babies apparently enjoy their jouncy ride, as I've not seen one crying yet. They have fat, rosy cheeks. Their black hair is cut in a very square bob with bangs, they seldom have hats or caps on. Youngsters as old as two years still ride this way.

The big colorful Japanese umbrellas are so pretty in the rain, and now that the sun is out, even gayer sun parasols are appearing.

You hear bits of song as you walk thru the parks. Large groups picnic together, sitting in a huge circle on straw mats on the ground. After they've finished their meal, they often sing in unison, accompanied by a three-stringed instrument something like a guitar, but with a small square box and a very long neck, played with a pick. Groups of school children lunching in the park greeted us with "hallo" and "goobye" There are many signs in English, and English translations on the menus, but the spelling is often very odd. One item on the menu the other day which said "screanpeas", when translated back from the Japanese turned out to be shrimp (or shrimpes) The bar menu advertizes "Tom and Jelly". They very

often confuse "r" with "l" both in speaking and writing English, with some very amusing results.

Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock the boys in the lab. asked me if I liked "oo\*dong". I said I'd never tried it, but would like to, so shortly a boy arrived carrying a huge wooden box decorated with Japanese characters, which turned out to contain steaming bowls of soup with a kind of large spaghetti in it, and a bit of fried shrimp on top. With each bowl a pair of chop-sticks wrapped in paper, and a little triangular envelope with ground red pepper in it. This they habitually eat at tea time, never at meals--considering it a between-meal snack. It was very good, but when Ancel and I had finished ours, we were fed for the evening and skipped dinner, having an apple and an orange later in our room. The boys were very surprised that we could manage the slippery spaghetti with our chop-sticks. So was I. They slurped theirs up, sucking in the long spaghetti with a loud sucking noise, and then drinking the soup.

Enclosed is a one yen note, about as rare here as a one lire note in Italy, but worth about twice as much. Some things are very cheap here. I had poached eggs on toast for lunch yesterday---three huge eggs done just to my liking on a large piece of toast, nicely decorated with parsley--all for 100 yen, or about 25 cents. For Ancel and me to ride to the University by taxi costs half the St. Paul bus fare, but one small cup of coffee is 70 yen, or about 20 cents, and a refill is another 20 cents. I haven't had much chance to shop, so can't compare other prices.

We've been making plans and reservations for our return. The work went so well in Honolulu that Bronte can finish what needs to be done there in two or three days, and Ancel is making reservations for me to return with him by way of Rome. Will let you know our schedule when it is completed. I'm thrilled to pieces by the names of the places we stop--but there will be very little time for sight seeing.

Many thanks to Grandma and Grandpa Haney, Grandma Keys and Aunt Edith for letters received day before yesterday, and thanks for the info. on the Akahane restaurant--we did have the name right, but no one that we asked in Tokio had ever heard of it, and of course we couldn't look it up in the telephone book as that benighted volume is all in Japanese. However, we'll try again.

Please send this letter on the usual rounds--  
With lots of love to all.

To: M-M B.P. Keys  
528 FORWARD ST  
LA JOLLA CA

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