



MANAGING AGENTS
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD
S. S. HOOSIER STATE

Thursday, June 1 -

Dear Children;

Going into Yokohama
was some experience. You have
seen many pictures of Rickshas.
Well about the first thing we
saw was rickshas. There were 40
or 50 on the dock. They are just
like the pictures, like an old
fashioned baby carriage - only larger
and have shafts in front where the
driver runs. The wheels are as large
as carriage wheels, with solid rubber
tires; folding leather top like the
old baby carriage. The passenger
gets in, and the "Ricksha man" as he
is called gets between the shafts

raises them up & away you go on a dog trot.
Here in China you pay him from 30 to 50 sen an hour
(A sen is about 1/10 cent, so he gets from 15 to 25¢ an hour)
Speaking of shafts, I would you can now get the shafts
for the wagon & try Dommie out. Well we went ashore
the evening we got in & took rickys & rode up to the
middle of the city to "Theatre St." The Japs love movies
and while this whole street (perhaps a mile long) is not
all theatres there are many of them. No vehicles
~~can~~ may go on the street, so we left them at a
corner & walked the length of it back.

You could find nothing more interesting - every step
of the way. The street (and most Japanese streets) is
just about the width of Makim's alley, with shops
(stores) on either side. There are no sidewalks, we all
walk in the street, which is paved, and all the Japs
wear wooden shoes: that is there are two wooden
cleats fastened crossways on the sole of the shoe (none
on the heel). These cleats are about 1 1/4 inches high (off the
ground) and 3/8 inch thick. Try to imagine the clatter
caused by hundreds of these shoes. clatter, clatter,
clatter, clatter clatter clatter. The Japs wear every kind
of dress, that is, from American (very few) to almost nothing.
The latter may be a blouse, and knee trousers, with
or without hat, but always the clattering shoes.
Very many of these men wear Kimonos, just
like the book pictures. When we went to the
station to take the train to Kyoto, we had with

us a Miss Gray from Oakland who is on the Boat
bound for Manila. She is red-haired and very large,
being 5 ft. 11 in. tall and weighs about 185. Well we
arrived with our Rickasha men sweating, and about
5 minutes late for the 4 o'clock train. So we took
the 4:15. So we rather rushed into the waiting
room, and out onto the platform (stone underfoot in
the whole station) I imagine trying to find out whether
the train had gone or not, or which track (there were
5 or 6) was the Kobe train track, with no one, even the
RR officials, who can speak any of our language.
Well, there were several hundred Japs on their wooden
shoes, on this platform, also waiting, and Miss Gray
was likely the largest woman they had ever



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seen, and about 100 of them
gathered around ^{them} us, laugh-
ing & jabbering, and trying us
up, specially miss Gray & her
red hair. When we moved, they
clattered along, talking to one
another and laughing at us.

I suppose we would do the
same or something like it, if
4 native gaps were to be set
down at the S.P. Station in
a crowd of our people
Kee thee so many things
to tell I don't know
where to begin or stop but
we will tell you all

about it when we come home. Just now
mother is sitting on the leather settle in the
Captain's room, and Abel Ryland is sitting at
his desk, and I am writing at his table and we
are carrying on a conversation too. We have
just passed through the narrow of the
Japanese Inland Sea. By the narrow I mean
the very narrowest part. It is all more
or less narrow (look at a map, going from Kobe
to Shanghai). We left Kobe at 4:30 this morning.
He got up to see us go, and we will go
all day (245 miles) through the inland sea.
The scenery both side is very pretty.
Green Islands, villages, fishing boats,
steamers. The letters we send from Shanghai
will be the last we can send you.
It is now lunch hour (1 o'clock) I bill has just
struck, and the bugler has called lunch
mother is going to our room to brush up
for lunch.

Love to all

Father