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Dear Folks, June 29, 1952

 This is a hot Sunday night.

I just crawled into the bath
tub with both kids but it's
too hot to go to bed so I thought
I would write a few lines to
you.

 We all went to Sakura with
Jake for services this morning
then he brought us home
this P.M. He has had three
days special services out there
and will finish tonight.

 Tomorrow we are going up
on the mountain to Keiko-
Sans house. Keiko is our
maid and her parents have
invited us up. We will have
to go on the cable car. The
children and I will stay
all night but Jake will
have to come back as he
leaves early Tuesday morning
for Tokyo. He will be gone
nearly a month.

 I just hear the drums
beating – it is a group of the
church young people. They

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always go out before the service with drums, cymbals, trumpets, etc. to advertise the service.

We have had rather a dry-rainy reason this year. It is nice for us but not so good for farmers. It did rain this morning and as we drove to church we saw whole families of people working in their rice fields. They wear grass coats and big basket-like straw hats to shed the rain. Some of them were plowing with a crude wooden plow + often, others were wading in the water knee deep replanting the tender green rice plants.

Jake has a cold again but the rest of us are feeling fine. The boys are getting so big. John likes to go to kindergarten too and sometimes I let him go. The teachers are so good to him

and he doesn't cause

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any disturbance. They have ordered uniforms + hats for all the kindergarten children so, of course, Paul had to have one too. He wants to be just like the other boys. They take their lunches three times a week so he had to have a special lunch box, chop sticks, cup and a basket to carry them in. Everything has to be blue or green as red, pink + yellow are girls [sic] colors in Japan. I have one of Grandma's plates with pink roses on it and Paul wont eat out of it. He says it is a girl's plate.

Well, I must lock up the windows + get to bed. The youngsters usually awaken quite early. I am enclosing some snap-shots.

Write when you can.

Love to all,

Florence, Jake,

Paul + John