

It was an overcast morning in early March, when Mieko walked down the path toward the gezebo, with her bag of paints and her bathing gear. She strolled idly past the sand garden and admired the formal design in the sand that was done so carefully by the ever faithful Fumiko. When she reached the gezebo, she placed her bag on the table that sat just to the right of the entrance. She walked to the edge of the cliff and gazed down at the cove below. She remembered the time, when she was much younger, that she started diving from the lower stairs into the cove. Each time, she tried to dive from a higher stair. When she was 14, she decided to try it from the gezebo. She stood on the railing of the gezebo and with a outward lunge, she dove out beyond the rocks and into the deep water of the cove. After that, she went each day to the gezebo and repeated her dive until she did it without fear. When her father found out what she had been doing, he forebade her to do it again.

On this particular March morning, as she stood looking down into the cove, she saw something floating in the water. On closer sight, she saw that it was a ~~raft~~ ^{MAN} ~~raft~~. ~~In it was what appeared to be a man.~~ ^{He} ~~The raft~~ was fast approaching the rocks and in danger of being torn apart by the jagged rocks. Mieko removed her kimono and stepped to the railing of the gezebo and with a long graceful arch, she dove into the waters of the cove, below. She surfaced near the ~~raft~~ ^{MAN} and with a few strokes, ~~she~~ ^{HIM} grabbed a loose rope that was attached to the ~~raft~~ and pulled ~~him~~ ^{HIM} to the pier. Climbing up on the pier, she secured the line to the ~~raft~~ ^{MAN} and then tried to pull ~~the man out of the raft.~~ ^{ON TO THE PIER} ~~the man~~ out of the ~~raft~~. He appeared to be alive although only semi-conscious. She slapped him in the face and he muttered something that she couldn't understand. Grabbing him under the arms, she managed to get him up on the pier and made sure that he was breathing. In a

frantic dash she headed up the stairs for the top of the hill and to get help. When she reached the top, she started calling for help. The first person to answer was Fumiko. He turned to the house and called for more help, as Mieko started back to the cove.

Arriving there, she rolled the man over on his stomach and began pressure on his rib cage. By the time her father and Fumiko arrived, the man was groaning and muttering. In a few minutes, he came to and asked where he was. When he saw that his rescuers were Japanese, he was surprised to hear them answer in English with, "You are all right, you are on a small island south of Japan!" "I am Koshi Umeya and this is my daughter, Mieko!" "Who are you?"

"I really don't know" "I can't seem to remember who I am or how I got here!"

"Do you think you can walk?"

"I will try!" He slowly got to his feet and with a slight limp, he started toward the stairs, with the help of Fumiko.

Once in the house, he was given something to eat and then taken to the baths for a good hot bath. When he got in the deep hot tub, he felt rejuvenated and more alive. Then, when he was about to get out, he heard someone enter the room. Turning, he saw a pleasant greyhaired lady entering the room. She smiled and said " "

She obviously wanted to dry him off. He called out for help and heard someone call from another room. "She is not used to your ways, said the voice. "She will leave you alone!"

When he dried and got dressed in the fresh clothes that had been provided, He came back to the room he had eaten in. There, for the first time, he really saw his hosts. The father was a very distinguished gentleman of perhaps 50 years and the daughter was a very lovely girl of about 20. She was petite and had such beautiful eyes, he could

keep his eyes off of her.

"Is there something wrong"? She asked.

"Well, I really don't know" I can't remember anything of the past, but, you are the most beautiful girl I can ever remember" "I think, that even if I had my memory, I wouldn't see anyone more lovely!"

"I'm sure you are mistaken, but thank you!"

She was dressed in a soft yellow kimono with small black flowers embroidered on the collar. Her hair was tied behind her ears with a yellow ribbon. He could see that she wore no jewelry. Her father was attired in grey slacks and a soft grey sweater, grey suede shoes a white shirt with no tie. He looked the very image of the typical continental.

"From your accent, I assume ^{you} must be an American", said the father.

"I'm sure I don't know, but I have the feeling that I was in the service of some kind!" "I remember being in the sea for sometime, and I think I remember that the life raft had some writing on it" "I think it had the letters USN on it"

"Your jacket had a name on it. It was J. L. Miller" "So, for lack of a better name, we will call you Joe, if it all right with you" ^{Ens.}

"Joe Miller, that is as good as any I can think of" right now."

"Well, now that we have something to go on, let us try to see what we can find out about you" "We can assume that you are a U S sailor, thus you are an enemy of Japan!" "But, before you start to worry about that, let me explain something!" "I am an exile from my country. I live in exile on this island because I am in disfavor with the Emperor!" "I was violently opposed to the war with the U.S.A. and everyone knew it, so I was sent here and placed on my honor to live here until the Emperor gave his permission for me to leave. There was nothing said about what I should do here, or what my allegiance ^{too.}

Joe

WE HAVE NO WAY
TO LEAVE

"I see no reason to turn you in to the authorities for imprisonment, as long as noone comes here except the people who bring us our supplies, You might as well live here until we find out what is to become of you."

"Mieko wishes to teach you some Japanese so you will be able to speak to Fumiko and ---- and understand what they say!" "Fortunately, Mieko and I can be of help to help interpret for you in the meantime!"

"I am spending my exile in writing a paper on the politics of Japanese expansion in the east since 1900. We need to know more about the past so we won't make the same mistakes in the future. I am one of the many scholars who firmly believe that Japan is surely going to loose this war. We were too greedy and were not really prepared, both militarily and psychologically. Japan must progress by manufacturing trade goods and because we have the people and experience, we will be able to make a place for ourselves in the postwar world!"

The next few months were spent in pleasant company with Mieko and each day was like the previous one. Breakfast shortly after sunrise, Japanese lessons after that, swimming in the cove with Mieko, lunch about noon, and then more lessons until dinner. In the evenings, when the weather was pleasant, they sat out in the garden and listened to music. They had a fine library of records of all the best of both Oriental and occidental music. At nine o'clock they listened to the news on the radio and went to bed shortly thereafter.

The supply boat continued to come in once a week and as Mieko spent more and more time together, they began to realize that they were falling in love.

The island was quite small. It was about half a mile in length and half of that in width. The shoreline was very rocky with steep cliffs almost completely around the island. There was one small cove with a small pier in the center of it. The crest of the hill, on the island was a rocky hill. At the bottom of the hill was a fairly large house. The house was built in the Japanese tradition and had lovely gardens surrounding it. A path led from the house to a stairway that descended the rock face of the cliff. To the left of the top of the stairway, a path led to a gesebo that almost hung over the cliff. It had a block and tackle hanging over the outer edge of the cliff, which could be lowered to a point just to the left of the pier in the cove. The rest of the cove was covered with rocks, making it nearly impossible to make a landing except at the pier. The block and tackle was used like an elevator to lift supplies to the house level, which couldn't be brought up any other way.

The house was occupied by Koshi Umeya and his daughter Meiko. There were two servants who had come ~~with them~~ with them. Life was pleasant on the island even though Koshi could not leave it. Both he and his daughter were gifted painters with watercolors and there were many books in their library. They missed the social life that they had been used to when he served in foreign offices for his country.

~~Bill~~, on hearing that became pale. What is the matter said ^{THE GIRL}
~~Bill~~? There is something that I have never told you about
my life before we met and that is the name on the flight jacket
that I had on when I was picked up out in the ocean. It was
John Miller. That is the name of my father said the girl.
When were you picked up she asked. September 7, 1950 he told
her. That is the day that my father disappeared. And his name
was John Miller.

Girl tells him about her grandfather who was diplomat
and was against the war with USA. He is retired to a small
island off the coast of Japan and settles down to write his
memoirs. His only child, a daughter come with him. One day,
while the daughter is walking through the garden which is
on a cliff above the sea. she sees a small life raft in the
ocean and in it is a man who is apparently unconscious. The
raft is headed for some jagged rocks and would seem that the
man would be killed. She dives off of the cliff and pulls the
raft to a smooth part of the little cove. She goes to the house
and gets some servants to help take the man to the house. He
has been cut severely on the head and is unconscious. They take
care of him and when he gets better, they tell him that the
war is still going on and that because of the fact that he is
an American, it would be better if he stayed there until things
got better. The daughter teaches him Japanese and he becomes
fairly fluent with it. The servants cannot speak English and
he gets help from all of them. In time, he falls in love with
the girl. The war is over and although he wants to notify the
Navy that he is alive. The grandfather suggests that he stay
there where they can live in peace and comfort. The couple are
married and in time they have a daughter. One day, when he
is going fishing, he puts on his old flight jacket and gets
into his life raft which he used for fishing and rigs a sail
and sets out for a days fishing. A storm comes up and the
sail starts to tear. he gets up in the raft and starts to fix
the sail and when he does, the mast pulls loose and strikes him
on the head. Knocking him unconscious.