

## Gee, 43 Years, He Says No, 46 Years, She Says

Well, it depends on how you look at it. On March 4, 1965, Yoshi and I went to a Tokyo ward office to register our marriage. We paid 40 yen (11 cents at the 1965 exchange rate). That made it official, but I wanted an English-language certificate, so we got one from the American Embassy for \$10. The B&W photo below was snapped at a Tokyo Hilton dinner club. That was 43 years ago, but Yoshi counts our union from the very beginning, from the day we first met at a Russian restaurant up a narrow stairway near the Shibuya train station. It was 1962. I was a 30-year-old reporter and movie columnist for the *Asahi Evening News*, an English-language subsidiary of the giant *Asahi Shimbun*. She was a 26-year-old tourist guide. The Shibuya restaurant was a favorite hangout for me, sometimes for Yoshi. I had spotted her before, a strikingly beautiful girl surrounded by fawning men and chatting with cosmopolitan elan. She seemed unapproachable, almost haughty, and we had never talked. But on this day, I dropped into the restaurant for an early lunch of *piroshki* and *borscht*. I was the only customer in the place. Yoshi came in. Unknown to me, she had spied me at times, too. "Well, hello," we said, changing our lives forever. Okay, we've been together 46 years. But at right, Yoshi poses outside our front gate on her *certified* 43rd anniversary.

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