

## Westboro Baptist Church's false doctrine of hatred exposed



Westboro Baptist church is a cult. They follow their pastor's interpretation of God's Word. God is a God of love, not hate. He hates the sin, but not the sinner!

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## Neurosurgeon: Consequence of Obama Care on patients over 70



On Nov. 22, 2011, Mark Levin the host of a Chicago's WLS radio talk show received a phone call from a neurosurgeon. According to the neurosurgeon, under Obama's health care plan, patients are called "units" and all patients over 70 years of age who need advanced neurosurgery will be given "comfort care" instead! Comfort care: "Medical care that is focused on relieving symptoms and optimizing patient comfort. Comfort care does not seek to cure or aggressively treat illness or disease." (Definition from <http://dying.about.com/od/glossary/g/Comfort-Care.htm>) In other words, patients over 70 needing advanced brain surgery to save their lives will be

denied the surgeon's care!

Listen to the short 4 minute 47 second audio:

[Phone\\_call\\_from\\_Neurosurgeon\\_32bps1](#)

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## [Linux: How to make audio CDs from YouTube videos](#)

This morning I was asked if I could extract the audio tracks of certain Youtube videos and make a compilation of them on an audio CD in order to listen to them using a CD player. "I don't know how or if it's even possible," I replied. "Come on!" she said, "I know you can figure it out if you tried." And so I was faced with another technical challenge. But thanks to the ease of looking up information from the Internet, in only minutes I learned I have all the tools I needed on my Fedora 17 Linux PC.

You might wonder, "Why would anybody want to do *that*?" In her case, it was to be able to listen to some guy's seminar without using a PC. He was just standing there talking. What he had to say was much more important than watching him say it.

First we must download the Youtube. I use a Mozilla Firefox add on called "Flash Video Downloader Youtube Downloader". It gives me a choice of what format to download with. In this case I downloaded in .flv format. The file downloaded to Downloads of my home directory.

First open Terminal and enter the following commands based on the name of the files you downloaded:

- `$ ffmpeg` (This is to make sure you have ffmpeg on your system: If you get a command not found message, install ffmpeg)
- `$ cd Downloads`
- `$ ffmpeg -i nameoffile.flv -vn -acodec copy yourfile.m4a`
- `$ ffmpeg -i nameoffile.m4a yourfile.wav`

Now the file is in wav format, perfect to make audio CDs out of. Just use your favorite CD Burner application to make an audio CD out of it. I use K3b.

If you are a Windows or a Mac user, I'm sure you can get the tools you need for this job, but it they may not be freeware.

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# The six meanings of “Evolution”



Dr. Kent Hovind is one of my heroes. He is now suffering what the Apostle Paul suffered for boldly proclaiming the Truth of the Creator and the message of Jesus Christ: **Persecution resulting in imprisonment.**

Dr. Hovind urges creationists to define the word evolution before entering into a debate about Evolution verses Creation. He teaches us the 6 meanings of evolution:

1. Cosmic evolution: the origin of time/space/matter from nothing in the supposed “Big Bang”
2. Chemical evolution: all the elements “evolved” from hydrogen
3. Stellar evolution: stars formed from dust clouds
4. Organic evolution: life formed from non-living matter
5. Macro-evolution: plants and animals produce offspring different than their ‘kind’
6. Micro-evolution: variations develop within the kind such as big dogs and little dogs; bacteria becoming resistant to drugs; etc.

Only ONE of these definitions for evolution is true SCIENCE—Number 6. The first five are part of a RELIGION that adherents must “believe” in since they have NEVER been observed or demonstrated.

Taken from <http://www.kenthovindblog.com/?p=980>

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## Percentage of Obese People per Country



The charts show the percentage of obese people per population among 34 nations of the world.

I found this data and the Japanese chart from <http://www2.ttcn.ne.jp/honkawa/2220.html>

Japan is the lowest with only 3.5% of the population and America is the highest with a whopping 35.9%! S. Korea is only 4.1% whereas Mexico is 30%. North Americans definitely eat too much sugar!



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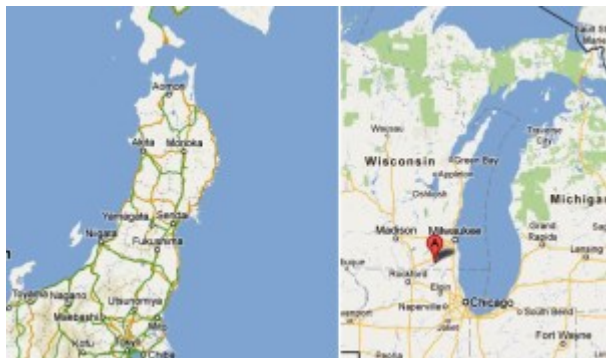
## Two Adventures through Northeast Japan



Having fun hitchhiking in northern Japan, making new friends, and saving a bucket of cash.

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## The size of Lake Michigan compared to Northern Japan



Most of the Tohoku (northeast) region of Honshu Japan could fit in Lake Michigan.

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## Restoring a large WordPress Database



This article applies not only to people who use WordPress technology for their websites or blogs, but to anybody who uses any kind of CMS, for example, Joomla and Drupal, which uses a MySQL database. However it may not apply to bloggers who use blogging software on third party servers such as wordpress.com or Blogger.

If you have a blog or website on your own server that uses a MySQL database as WordPress does, and you update your blog or website frequently, your database has probably grown to several 10s of megabytes over the years. If so, unless you know how to backup your database and uploaded files to your PC, and also how to restore them to your server when needed, **you are in jeopardy of losing hundreds of hours of hard work** if the server crashes!

I've been using WordPress for this blog since the beginning of 2009 and the database has grown to nearly 60 megabytes. I ran into trouble yesterday and needed to restore a very recent backup of the database to my server. I learned I cannot do this through phpMyAdmin as I did with databases of smaller WordPress sites because *phpMyAdmin does not allow importing of large files!* I kept getting error messages saying I had exceeded the memory limit.

The answer was to bypass using phpMyAdmin entirely and use a script called "[BigDump](#)". I learned about BigDump from <http://educhalk.org/blog/2009/01/how-to-import-a-large-wordpress-database-an-alternative-to-phpmyadmin/> and followed the instructions. First I tried to use it to import the database I got using the phpMyAdmin's database export process, but BigDump aborted in an error. I tried to follow the instructions on the above website how to fix that error, but it didn't work for me. I then tried to import a different database backup file, one created by [On Line Backup for WordPress](#), a plugin I recently installed. This time BigDump did its job! This blog with all of its posts, pages and theme tweaks, was restored! Only some of the graphics and plugins were missing. I restored them from the file backup which On Line Backup for WordPress created for me. Note that the reason I could do that was because I uploaded via FTP again a downloaded backup, not just one left on the server.

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## [Treated to an Oyster snack](#)



Getting treated to an oyster snack on my 400-mile hitchhike adventure in Northern Japan.

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## Jeff Rense Fukushima disinfo exposed



Jeff Rense, 66, riding a \$30,000 Harley Trike, one of a collection of motorcycles, a lifestyle partly supported by donations from his readers.

I live in Niigata Prefecture which is the neighbor of Fukushima just to the west. Since the March 11, 2011 Fukushima nuclear power plant disaster, I've been to Fukushima several times. Once I came as close as 20 kilometers to the damaged nuclear reactors. Nobody I know or even heard of has become sick with radiation poisoning from the damaged Fukushima nuclear powerplant.

The so called alternative media has been spreading, in my opinion, disinformation and **fear mongering** about the March 11, 2011 Fukushima nuclear power plant disaster, making it sound much worse than it really is. Radio talk show host, Joyce Riley of the Power Hour show, said on March 27, 2012, that in 45 days Tokyo will become uninhabitable. She also said there are mass evacuations of US Military dependents from Japan, evacuations from embassies, and that the airports were in chaos, jammed packed with people trying to evacuate. All of this is **false!** Either she was misled or she just **plain lied**. It is now **November 12, 2015**, over three years since Joyce Riley made those statements. Tokyo is business as usual as ever with as many or more foreign tourists as before the 3/11 tsunami and power plant disaster! How do I know that? I pass through Tokyo several times a year and was there just a few weeks ago. I saw those tourists and crowds of people with my own eyes.

Another radio talk show host, Jeff Rense, called the hydrogen explosion that blew the roof off the nuclear power plant, "a small hydrogen bomb." Calling it "a small hydrogen bomb" is misleading. In my opinion it's disinformation, plain and simple. Hydrogen bombs are nuclear devices. The explosion at the Fukushima plants was a *chemical reaction* of hydrogen molecules uniting with oxygen molecules. Hydrogen gas is produced when hot zirconium alloy fuel rods come in contact with water and steam when water is poured on them to try to keep them cool in an emergency. Zirconium has a high affinity for oxygen. It pulls the oxygen molecules out of water releasing water's hydrogen molecules. The hydrogen gas built up and heat from the reactor caused it to explode, meaning, chemically reunite with oxygen forming water again. Any high school kid with a moderate knowledge of chemistry would know that hydrogen burning or exploding is a **chemical** reaction, *not nuclear*. This means Rense is not

only a disinfo agent, he is mocking the intelligence of the American public.

Has Jeff Rense been lying to his listeners? Patsy Smullin who runs KOB1-TV, a TV station that Jeff Rense says he worked for, called him, a compulsive liar

I'm not saying that Fukushima wasn't serious, but was it really worse than Chernobyl as Jeff Rense and others claim? How can it possibly be worse when so far, **not a single person** has died? Only the poor animals, mostly pets and some livestock have died for lack of care being abandoned by their masters. I heard other other day that some of the cattle have learned to fend for themselves and continue to survive.

Why is the alternative media spreading even more fear about Fukushima than the mainstream media is? The only answer I can think of is the alternative media has been making money off selling products that are supposed to protect you from radiation poisoning. Joyce Riley markets a lot of that stuff, and so does Jeff Rense.

Ask yourself this: If Fukushima is as bad as Jeff Rense, Joyce Riley, and others have said, and the Japanese government and Imperial Family know this but are withholding information from public, why are they still all living in Tokyo? Yes, folks, they're still all there engaged in business as usual.

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## [Rescued by two Muslim men from Pakistan on a rainy day](#)



Shirasawa Station in Akita  
Prefecture near Odate City.

**July 16, 2012:** The previous day I sprained my back while on the road in Hirosaki City, Aomori Prefecture. This morning when rising at 5:20 a.m. from



the bed in the capsule hotel where I spent the night, an excruciating lower back pain greeted me. It was difficult to stand up and walk. To make matters worse, though I expected the weather to be fair and sunny, a low pressure front reached Aomori causing heavy precipitation from time to time. Nevertheless my goal was to return home to Niigata, and to hitchhike as much of the distance I could.

After checking out of the hotel at 6 a.m. I walked 30 minutes slowly to the train station pushing my luggage with wheels while putting some of my weight on it with one hand in an attempt to alleviate back pain while holding an umbrella in my other hand. The rain was constant but not too heavy. At Hirosaki Station I bought a 320 yen ticket to Nagamine station as I usually do and caught the 6:51 a.m. train. Hopefully the rain would stop upon arrival at Nagamine 25 minutes later. Because it did not, I not to get off at Nagamine but go as far as Shirazawa Station which is just before Odate City and on the other side of the mountains on the border of Akita and Aomori Prefecture. From experience I knew the weather may be different on the opposite side of the mountains. It was not. The rain was even heavier. Rather than go further and spend more money for the train, I got off at Shirasawa hoping and praying for a change in weather. The tiny Shirasawa station was only 20 or meters away from Route 7, a place to flee back to in case of a downpour. Because the station is small, it is unmanned to save the railroad operating costs. Only large train stations in Japan have a staff. There were no passengers waiting for trains. I laid down on the bench in the station waiting room trying to relieve back pain, but the bench was hard and uncomfortable. It was not a place I could rest.

I walked to Route 7 and began to hitchhike. Though today was a Monday, it was the end of a three day holiday with traffic from prefectures as far as Mie which is past Nagoya. I saw several cars with Niigata license plates.

The rain constantly changed from a light drizzle to torrents. After fleeing several times from the road back to the train station for refuge, I found a building next to the road with an overhanging roof just large enough to protect me and my luggage from the rain. There I stood holding my umbrella for the next two hours while sticking out my thumb to on coming traffic. Though much of the traffic was local, there were plenty of cars going long distances of 200 or more kilometers. None stopped for me and my lower back continued to hurt. It rained hard with thunder and lightening from time to time. For some reason the Japanese mentality changes on rainy days. They become more reluctant to stop for me. Normally I wouldn't wait much longer than 30 minutes on the same road had it been bright and sunny.

Around 10:45 a.m the rain completely stopped and the sky got a bit brighter. I now had a slot of time to hitchhike sans the umbrella! I knew it would probably not last very long.

At 11:00 a.m. a car with two men with middle eastern looking faces stopped and the driver asked me in Japanese where I wanted to go. They said they could take me to Odate City, only a few kilometers further. Normally I wouldn't accept such a short ride, but I wanted to make some progress no matter how small. The two men are in their 30s, both from Pakistan. I guessed

correctly they are used car dealers. Almost everybody from Pakistan who lives in Japan is. The passenger asked me my age. He said I look very weak for somebody who is 62 years old! He knows an American who is 80 who looks better than I do! I replied I happen to be in constant pain from a strained muscle in my lower back from yesterday. The man sheepishly smiled which meant to me he accepted my reason for looking "weak."

Though the men at first offered to take me only as far as Odate City, they said they could take me as far as Noshiro City, 60 kilometers up the road, if I didn't mind waiting from time to time as they visited certain locations along the way that related to their business. "That's fine" I replied. I was in no hurry. It started to rain hard again and I was thankful to be with them out of the rain and resting my back sitting down in the back seat of their comfortable vehicle.

For the first several minutes I conversed with the Pakistani men was all in Japanese. I called my wife on my cell phone telling her I finally caught a ride, I ended the call with an "I love you too." The passenger in front responded, "I love you three!" It turned out both the driver and his friend understood and spoke English! They were just testing my Japanese ability. This is not always true for Pakistani people. Most do not speak English with me.

We switched to talking in English. I asked them many questions about their country and told them what I believe to be true about certain current events in the middle east.

I told them that:

- al-Qaeda is a CIA creation in the *imagination* of the public. It *doesn't exist* as an organization at all.
- Osama Bin Laden had probably died a long time ago, maybe even before the end of 2001. He was not the man the U.S. Military said they killed in Pakistan on May 2, 2011.

The driver smiled with surprise that I, an American, would know such things! He agreed with me on both counts. This is exactly what many Pakistanis already believe. They know that al-Qaeda does not exist as an organized group. And they doubt that it was Osama Bin Laden who was killed in Pakistan for the simple reason the U.S. military did not show a body!

We agreed together that there are wealthy people seeking to exploit the public by creating problems where no problems exist. Freemason Albert Pike said that World War 3 would be a clash of cultures, Islamic fundamentalists against the Zionists. Islamic people certainly have a bad image in the West, but this image is not the same that I see when meeting them face to face! They are not the fearful "terrorist" types the media portrays them out to be. Both men were very friendly. They called themselves Muslims but said they were not very "good" ones because they don't always pray 5 times a day. It struck me that they would use the adjective "good" because this reminded me of Roman Catholics, some who are called a "good Catholic" and some who are not so good.

The passenger then started to talk about his faith in Allah and obeying Allah's laws. He said killing is not part of Islam, and that especially includes suicide bombers! I told him that Islamic suicide bombers have giving Islam a very bad press in the West. He agreed but said these people are really not part of true Islam. It could be that these suicide bombers are part of the CIA mind controlled MKULTRA project and their purpose is to cause trouble where there would be no trouble.

The passenger continued to share his pure and simple faith in Allah. I asked him what he thought of Jesus Christ. He replied that Jesus, who he called "Isa" is a Messenger from Allah like Mohammad was, but that Isa was not Allah's Son. "But did you know that Jesus' mother Mary was a virgin when she conceived him? I replied. "Jesus therefore didn't have an earthly father, but a Heavenly one!" "Allah can do anything!" the Muslim man responded. "He's the Creator and does what He wants. It doesn't mean Isa was His son!" I saw they have a set answer for Christians. I don't argue with them, I just give them facts from the Bible in a loving way.

My opinion of Muslims: Their faith is simple and pure. They call Allah the Creator and believe all things were designed and created. They do not hold the pseudo-science doctrines of Darwinism and Evolution. And they call Allah a God of Love. The Muslim man said it was because of Allah's love he and his friend gave me a lift. In my book Allah is the same as the God of Love I worship. I don't care if some people claim that Allah is really the moon god. They call Allah almighty and the Creator. They are still yet only ignorant of Jesus Christ and His sacrifice for the sin of mankind on the cross, but they do acknowledge the doctrine of sin and that all humans are sinners.

The next time you hear or read anti-Muslim bashing material, you might do well to question the source and motivation of the author. Though I've never lived in an Islamic country, I've met many Muslims in Japan and Russia and can tell you they are not the image that the media portrays them to be.

The Pakistani men took me to Noshiro train station, a good 50 kilometers from Shirazawa. I thanked them profusely and we warmly shook hands when parting.

I took a train the rest of the way home. While on the train I continued reading my Bible from where I left off at Ezekiel chapter four and was impressed with verse

14: "Then said I, **Ah Lord GOD!...**" (emphasis on Ah Lo) After hearing the Muslim man say the name Allah so many times, it strikes me that the first 4 letters of "Ah Lord God" sound so similar! Could this be where the name Allah came from?

After I returned home, using the [Theophilus Bible program](#) on my PC, I did a search for the phrase. "Ah Lord God" and found it occurs exactly 10 times in the KJV, and only in the books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, both prophets! Interesting, don't you think?

I also learned today that burping causes pain in my lower back muscles but sneezing does not. □

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## Last week of June adventure to Hirosaki and back



Mr. and Mrs. Kikuchi who took me to Tsuruoka City from Kisagata, Akita Prefecture

**June 29 – July 1, 2012:** This weekend I went to Hirosaki and back in only 12 cars traveling 768 kilometers.

The trip to Hirosaki was the fastest ever! It took only 4 cars with an average waiting time of only 9 minutes wait between cars. I arrived at 3:00pm.

On the return trip, a man took me from Noshiro city to Honjo. Rather than take me to Route 7, he said my chances of getting a ride on the expressway going further south might be better. I agreed with him, but after waiting some 30 minutes at the expressway entrance with cars whizzing past me with no place to stop, I began to think Route 7 was better after all. But it was too far to walk to.



Father with his 13 year old daughter who took me to Nikaho City, Akita Prefecture

A man with his 13 year old daughter saw me and pulled up in a parking lot next to the expressway entrance. He offered to take me to Route 7. He also didn't think my chances to get a car going on the expressway were very good.

The man likes to study English and showed me he knows the difference between an R and an L sound. This is quite a feat for most Japanese! They cannot tell the difference between words like “pray” and “play” or “grass” and “grass.” This man could. He encouraged his daughter to speak English with me but she said no. She was too shy as many young Japanese people are. Fear of embarrassment may be the main reason why the Japanese are not so good at learning a second language. I did get her to say a few words, however.

The man and his daughter went out of their way for me and took me much further than they first promised, all the way to Nikaho which is the end of the free expressway in Akita Prefecture. He said it was no problem because they would take the expressway back to Honjo.

It turned out my waiting for a ride at Honjo IC was not in vain. A man who saw me standing at the Honjo expressway entrance saw me again at Nikaho! He knew somebody must have picked me up so he decided to do so as well and took me to Kizarazu. And at Kizarazu, a young newly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kikuchi, who also saw me standing at Honjo IC stopped for me! They took me all the way to Tsuruoka, the city on the other side of Sakata! Mrs. Kikuchi seemed so happy. She was always smiling. They had been married only 2 months.

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## [Third June Hitchhike Adventure to Hirosaki](#)



On a bridge in Tsuruoka. Mt. Chokai can be seen in the background.

It's now my 4th trip to Hirosaki this month! The first one was with a friend who drove all the way, the rest by hitchhiking. I still have one more trip on the 29th of the month!

Today was supposed to rain but it turned out sunny. The train to Majima was 25 minutes late which meant I started hitchhiking at 8 a.m. Rather than walk up Route 7 as I did in the past, I opted to stay stationary. After a 25 minute wait, a 70 year former seaman who sailed the world took me a distance of about 5 minutes drive.

About 15 minutes later a man I apparently met when hitchhiking the same route last winter stopped for me! The man works at Hajima Kensetsu Co, a very talkative man who told me many things of the area. Rather than the main route of Route 7, the man took the coastal route which went more directly to his destination. I wound up in the center of Tsuruoka city. It's not a big town and I knew Route 7 had to be within walking distance. It was: A good hour hike!

Though it took me nearly 60 minutes to get to another place I could hitchhike, after arriving at the point the next ride came only 5 minutes later, Mr. Shirase whose hobby is mountain climbing. He once found on the side of Mt. Chokai the body of a man who had died within the hour. The man apparently fell. The police officials he notified said the area was not their territory and told him to contact other officials. This ticked off Mr. Shirase! He scolded them. "I'm supporting you people through my taxes, and you mean to say you won't go a bit out of your way to perform your duties?"

Mr. Shirase took me to Nikaho in Akita Prefecture. I told him that the traffic light in Niikaho City would be fine, but he insisted to take me further to a place he thought would be better for me. Often drivers make suggestions to drop me off at places that I know from experience will not be good for me. I'll suggestion an alternative but when they still insist, I will yield because I don't want to cause them any trouble. He did say, however, that if I didn't the area he would take me back to the city and its traffic signal.



Mr. Murata playing the Shakuhachi

Mr. Shirase's suggested dropping point turned out to be not agreeable for me to hitchhike, but because it was close to the expressway entrance, I opted to get off there anyway. I'm so glad I did because after only a few minutes wait, 2 cars simultaneously stopped for me! The first car was a lady. When she saw the second car stop just a few meters from her, she asked the passengers if they were willing to take me. They did, Mr. and Mrs. Murata, a very friendly couple who invited me to their home to drink tea! Mr. Murata's hobby in making and playing a unique Japanese musical instrument called the Shakuhachi. You can see the video I took of them in the previous post. Mrs. Murata plays the Koto, a stringed instrument.

After spending about an hour with the Murata family, they took me to the Kotooka Highway rest area on Route 7, a good distance the way to the next city of Noshiro. It's now 3:50 p.m. Rather than wait at the rest area, I walked along Route 7, often walking backways and holding out my sign to on



coming traffic. The shoulder of the road was getting narrower and I had to stop walking at a point. A few minutes after 4 p.m. An older couple who were on their way home to Noshiro city stopped for me. The man said he would take me to Fatatsui after dropping his wife off at their home.

After only a few minutes wait at Futatsui, a young man playing a Simon and Garfunkel song stopped. He was only going a few kilometers up the road.

I waited a considerable amount of time, at least 30 minutes at an intersection in Fatsui. It began to rain. Everybody was ignoring my sign paper that said "Odate", the next city about 40 kilometers further. After perhaps a 40 minute wait a young man who took pity on me stopped. He lives in Fatatsui and wasn't on his way in the direction I needed to go, but nevertheless out of the kindness of his heart he took me to Takanosu, about 2/3 of the way to Odate!

When we arrived at Takanosu, it had stopped raining. I walked a few meters further up the road and only a minute or so later a young man on his way to Odate stopped for me. He took me exactly where I wanted to go, a place on the opposite side of Odate on the way to Hirosaki.

The time is now 6:30 and only half an hour before sunset. I walked a couple kilometers further up the road. A man in a Mercedes Benz costing 20,000,000 yen (about \$250,000 US) stopped. His name is Mr. S (name withheld), a second generation Koran man who was born in Japan. He once had many businesses and income to the point he could afford to hire a personal chauffeur. He said he lost much of it, millions of dollars due to the sub-prime loan crises. Mr. S saw my Aomori sign and because he was on his way to Aomori City, he stopped for me. But I told him I only needed to go as far as Hirosaki, 40 kilometers before Aomori City. Mr. S took extra time to take me not only to Hirosaki, but to the very hotel I would be staying that evening! I suspected the reason Mr. S. Was so wealthy was because he had something to do with the Yakuza. He knew all the businesses in Hirosaki and even their former owners!

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## Japanese musical instruments: The Koto and the Shakuhachi



Mr. Murata playing his handmade shakuhachi

On June 22, 2012, Mr. and Mrs. Murata picked me up from Nikaho, Akita Prefecture, and invited me to drink tea with them in their home in Akita city. Mr. Murata's hobby is making and playing a musical instrument made from bamboo which is called Shakuhachi. Mrs. Murata plays the Koto, a stringed instrument. I was honored to be their guest and hear them perform.

Mr. Murata wanted to give me a shakuhachi for a present, but because I couldn't produce a sound with it, I declined his kind offer. He said it will take me about a half year of practice just to learn how to make the sound!

The video was taken with my cell phone and is of poor quality, but the audio is pretty good.

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## [June 16th Adventure from Hirosaki back Home](#)



Mari and Kurumi who took me to  
Odate City

I began my journey home later than usual, first a train from Hirosaki station at 11:25 a.m to Nagamine, 3 stops out of town, arriving 10 minutes later. This puts me right on Route 7, a good place to hitchhike.

After a relatively short wait of 19 minutes, a car with two 18 year old girls stopped and offered to take me to Odate City. Their names are Mari, and Kurumi, the driver. They attend a local junior college studying to become kindergarten teachers. Kurumi received her driver's license only 3 months previous in last March.

I waited for the next car at the Route 7 Odate by-pass entrance. Twenty seven minutes later around 1 p.m. a driver pulled up and offered to take me to Omagari, now called Daizen City which is a bit south of Akita City. Daizen City is somewhat out of my way and far from Route 7, but because it is a distance of 200 kilometers or about half of the way back to Niigata, I considered it a "bird in the hand" type of situation. I knew there was a road that went from Daizen city to Route 7. Last year a Vietnamese truck driver took me to Daizen, which was *very much* out of my way at the time. But in this case considering where I was standing, I didn't think it was all that much out of the way home. However, what happened later convinced me never to accept a ride from a driver going that route again!

The road the man took was Route 105. For him it was the shortest way to Daizen City. Route 105 passes through the mountains. There were few traffic lights and the scenery was picturesque. But it became narrow and winding at a point. The guard rail on the right hand side of the road bordering the edge of the mountain was all banged up from cars that hit it! This probably happens mostly in the winter when the road is icy. There was hardly any length of that guard rail that was not dented up! Some sections of the rail were in very bad shape indicating a vehicle had hit it going at a considerable speed.

We arrived at Daizen City at 4 p.m. three hours later. I knew no matter what at least I wouldn't be passing through Akita City from that point. Akita City is often difficult to cross.

It began to rain lightly. I took out my folding umbrella and held it while pulling my luggage with wheels behind me.

After walking some 30 minutes up the road, a lady pulled over and asked where I wanted to go. I told her Route 7. She looked at me as if I was talking about some place on the other side of the country! The preponderance of the traffic was *not* going to Route 7 at all. Most drivers were on their way to Yokote City, further out of my way. Though I was walking in the right direction toward Route 7, I found later there was a major junction further up the road, and most of the traffic turned toward the left going east to Yokote, not the western direction toward the Sea of Japan that I needed to go.

I didn't have a paper said "Honjo" so I sat down, pulled out a blank A4 sheet of paper, and wrote 〇〇 and tried to make the lines of the characters as thick as I could to make it easily visible to drivers. After waling some 70 minutes and passing the junction that goes to Yokote, a car that had just passed me turned around and came back for me, two young men. They were friendly but listening to some awful heavy metal music, a Japanese band that imitated KISS. It sounded like souls screaming in torment in hell! In fact, the word Hell was the name of one of the numbers. I sat in the back seat with my fingers in my ears trying to block out the noise.

Honjo was much further away then I remembered, a good hour drive from Daizen. No wonder the lady who stopped earlier didn't want to take me there. In the future I will not consider the "via Daizen route" a viable option.

The two men took me to Ugo Honjo Sation from where I took a train the rest of the way home. It was getting dark and still raining, and I was in time for the very last possible train. I arrived home 30 minutes past midnight.

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## [June 15 Adventure from Niigata to Hirosaki](#)



The scene of Route 7 near Majima station. The sign says Majima Bridge.

June 15, 2012: The day is bright and sunny with thin and wispy cirrus clouds. Again as I did the previous week, I started off from Majima station on Route 345 at 7:35 AM. This time I didn't catch the first ride till 8:25, about 50 minutes later. The driver was a cook on his way to work at a restaurant in Sasagarenagare, a spa and resort area in northern Niigata. His name is Mr. Toki., a very friendly man who was constantly smiling. It may be redundant to call him "friendly" for all who voluntary stop for me are friendly.

The only drivers who are sometimes not friendly nor talkative are the ones

who reluctantly picked me because I approached them when they were parked and asked them to. For this reason, unless I'm absolutely desperate for a ride, I don't like to approach drivers sitting in their car. Most of them will only say no. The ones who do say yes are still sometimes reluctant and fearful. I would rather they come to me out of their own volition and offer me a ride. One lady who I approached actually scolded me for not taking the train! It doesn't make for a pleasant journey to have to deal with people like that.

Sasagarenagare is a 15 minute drive from Majima on lonely Route 345 with few cars. I had hoped to get a ride as far as the junction of Route 7 from where there would be more traffic going north. I walked about a 100 meters further up the road to the end of the shop and hotel area. About 40 minutes later at 9:30 a.m, a car that had just passed turned around and came back for me. The driver's name is Teru and he was on his way to Hokkaido!

Teru has been spending his retirement years traveling and camping around Japan. Though his home is in Amagasaki next to Osaka, he knows the Tohoku and Hokkaido regions very well. He goes from camp ground to camp ground. In the day he rides around the area on a folding bicycle which he carries easily in the back of his car. I suggested to Teru for him to take a free stretch of the expressway to save time, but he was no hurry to go anywhere. Teru preferred to take the slower but scenic coastal road. He took me all the way to Akita city, a good distance of nearly 200 kilometers from Sasagarenagare! In spite of a relatively show start out of Niigata, this ride more than made up for it. I arrived Akita City at 12:30 p.m.



Maiko

At Akita City, I arranged to meet a lady who had picked me up last year, July 29. Her name is Maiko and she's a nurse care who cares for the elderly. I have friends in Akita and encouraged her to visit them. We had lunch together. After about an hour, Maiko took me to a spot on Route 7 near where she first met me. I didn't want Maiko to go too far out of her way for me. The spot where she dropped me off was heavily congested with mostly city traffic.

I had to wait 2 whole hours for the next ride! The next town of Noshiro was 50 kilometers away. Everybody ignored my sign that said "Noshiro". Finally I put it away and just stuck out my thumb. It was about 4 p.m when the next car stopped: Two men on their way to Noshiro! They took the expressway and went a bit out of their way to take me to Futatsui on Route 7 just past Noshiro.



Children walking home from school/

The next major city is Odate, about 40 kilometers further, and it was now around 5 p.m. After waiting only a minute, a man driving a rather expensive

looking car saw my Odate sign and stopped. He was an interesting man, a watch retailer, whose hobby is collecting Rolex watches! He has a 40 year old daughter who is still single, a high school teacher. He said his daughter doesn't want to marry because she saw the way he treated her mother, the "teishu-kanpaku" style, meaning, the MAN is the absolute lord over the house and he expects his wife to fulfill his every whim and desire! I don't think his daughter needs to fear such treatment in marriage because the younger generation of Japanese men are not inclined to treat their wives so bossy and discourteously as their father's generation did.



Setting sun over Mr. Iwaki near Hirosaki. Mt. Iwaki is an inactive volcano.

It was after 6 p.m when I arrived in Odate. I walked a bit up Route 7. The next major city is Hirosaki and my destination, about 40 kilometers further. A young man stopped, a dentist by the name of Shuho. He's from Saitama but is now living in Hirakawa next to Hirosaki. Shuho graciously went a bit further for me to take me to Hirosaki Station. From there the hotel where I spent the night was only a 20 minute walk away.