

# My First Hitchhiking Adventure of 2016



Father Tsukasa and son Naoto who took me to Miyagi Prefecture from Akita Prefecture.

On January 31, 2016 I hitchhiked from the Hanawa service area in Akita Prefecture on the Tohoku Expressway back home to Niigata city. My friend Keiji who is from Akita Prefecture was amazed that I made the 505 kilometer (316 miles) trip in a single day. To be honest I myself am amazed! It's only because of the good Hand of my Creator Who provides all my needs. His Name is Jesus.

I shaved my one month growth of beard the day before the trip. I shaved it because I wasn't sure whether people would want to pick up a Westerner with a beard. Would you?

The hardest part of hitchhiking from A to B is often the very beginning. Somehow I had to make my way to the Tohoku Expressway if I wanted to return home the same day. Using Google Maps on my Android Tablet, I perceived the Hanawa Service Area is within walking distance from the Kazuno Hanawa train station. Kazuno Hanawa is only two stations away from Towada Minami from was. It was only a 210 yen (1.75 USD) fare for me to get to Kazuno Hanawa,

I have never been to this part of Japan before. But thanks to Google Maps and my Asus Tablet PC, and especially thanks to the Global Positioning System (GPS), I was able to find my way from Towada Minami to the Hanawa Service Area in spite of taking three wrong turns. I estimated the walk would take less than 30 minutes. It took me over an hour!

The weather was clear with a blue sky and the temperature was a few degrees below freezing. I walked over hard and slippery icy and hard packed snow much of the way carrying my or pulling suitcase (it has wheels) with me.

Twice I was puzzled in trying to find the expressway service area. The first

time I misunderstood the navigation directions on my tablet and took a wrong turn which ended in a dead end. For those who have never been to Japan, most areas are not divided into blocks like they are in America. The "go around the block" concept is not common in Japan unless you happen to live in Kyoto or Sapporo. Arriving at a dead end of a road in Japan basically means, "go back the way you came to get back to the turn you should have taken." The other alternatives are either trespassing on private property and / or trying to find a safe way to the road you want to get to which is just below a fairly high and steep hill. I contemplated both. But because the steep hill was covered with deep snow, and because I would rather not walk on property that is obviously not public, I deemed it a no go.

After that and more more wrong turn, I finally walked to the point of visual distance of the Tohoku Expressway. Due to recent poor eyesight, I can mainly tell I'm close only when I hear the traffic of vehicles on the expressway.

The problem I faced then was the navigation led me to follow a road that was filled with snow! I needed to get to the *opposite* side of the expressway. This meant I needed to find an underpass that led under the expressway, or a bridge that led over the expressway. It was clear that no vehicles were taking the road which the navigation showed me to take. There weren't any tire tracks in the snow on the road. I walked back a hundred meters (yards) back to the well travelled road that ran parallel to the expressway and walked a couple hundred meters to the direction I perceived the expressway service area to be. But initially I wasn't even sure I was indeed walking in the right direction! After walking 2 or 3 hundred meters (yards) further, I saw a passageway under the Tohoku Expressway which the snow covered road I previously saw led to. What to do? I turned around to get back point I was a few minutes before, back to the snow covered road. There was a mountain of snow that was created by a snow removal vehicle but I saw just around it were footprints in the snow which were going the direction I needed to go! Would those footprints take me to the underpass to get to the opposite side of the Tohoku Expressway? Can you guess? They didn't. The footprints ended a hundred meters away. It was a small man-made structure of the size that probably no more than two people could be in at the same time! I walked around the hut only to find myself in knee-deep snow! There were no more tracks in the snow that headed in the direction I needed to go. I looked and saw only level (and deep) snow, and a fence that bordered the expressway, but no underpass in sight that led under the expressway to the other side.

What to do? In such a situation I learned from experience there is only one good and effective solution: Go back the way I came.

(To be continued!)

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## What is “Fukushima”?

福島  
fuku shima

It's been my observation that most people who have never been to Japan seem to think of Fukushima as an uninhabitable nuclear wasteland. My Facebook friends are surprised when on some of my posts I wrote that I traveled through Fukushima on my way back home to Niigata. “Why did you go there?” they ask.

Mass media reporters have abbreviated the damaged Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant to a single word, “Fukushima.” Therefore when non-Japanese people hear this word, they automatically think of the nuclear catastrophe in Japan. This is *not* how Japanese think when they hear the name of Fukushima.



Japan divided into Prefectures.

Japan is divided into 47 administrative areas which are called *prefectures*.

Fukushima Prefecture is the area of #7. I live right next to it in area #15, Niigata Prefecture. Because I often travel to Aomori Prefecture, (#2 on the map), if I take the Tohoku Expressway, the route back home to Niigata runs through Fukushima Prefecture. Nobody hesitates for fear of radiation to drive through Fukushima Prefecture.



Here we can see an enlarged map of area #7 that shows Fukushima Prefecture. The damaged nuclear reactor is in a town called Futaba, the area with the red circle drawn around it. The nuclear reactor is right on the Pacific coast. It is mainly the area of Futaba and parts of the areas immediately next to it which are in the no-go zone! People are living everywhere else in Fukushima Prefecture. Rice is again being planted and harvested in areas not close to the damaged nuclear power plant. You can see that Fukushima Prefecture is a large area and the area infected with radiation is relatively small in comparison.

There is also Fukushima City, the largest city in Fukushima Prefecture. So when I tell a Japanese person I passed through Fukushima, he or she understands that I passed through Fukushima Prefecture unless I specified it

was Fukushima City. Nobody, I mean *nobody* would think I meant the Futaba area, the town of the nuclear power plant!

The word prefecture is defined on <http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/prefecture> as

noun

1.

the office, jurisdiction, territory, or official residence of a prefect.

The only other countries that use the word prefecture to divide their country into administrative areas are *Roman Catholic nations* such as France and Italy!

Japan was divided into 47 prefectures by the Meiji government in July 1871. The Japanese period of *Meiji* (September 8, 1868 through July 30, 1912) was when Japan was forced to open itself to the West. Interestingly, the Japanese word “Meiji” is composed of two Chinese ideographs meaning “enlightened rule”. Was it because of the influence of the Illuminati (AKA Jesuit order)?

Why did Japan close itself off in the first place? To protect itself from Jesuit influence! The Tokugawa government (the period between 1603 and 1868) in the 17th century with the advice of English Protestant William Adams kicked out all the Roman Catholic **JESUIT** missionaries from Japan. William Adams warned the leader of the government, Tokugawa Ieyasu, that the real purpose of the Jesuit missionaries was not to spread the true faith of Christ to the Japanese, but to colonize Japan for Rome! During the period Japan isolated itself from the West, it’s interesting to note there was still some trade with England and the Netherlands – both *Protestant* countries. You see it was really only Roman Catholic countries, and specifically Portugal, Spain, France and Italy that the Tokugawa government feared. It was the USA which forced Japan to open itself up again to the West. America has been under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church from its very beginning! See [Washington in the Lap of Rome](#).

The Jesuits and Roman Catholic missionaries were expelled from Japan in the 17th century, but they returned in the 19th century during the time of Meiji (Illuminati / Jesuit rule). It’s my conclusion, therefore, dividing Japan into administrative areas called “prefecture” may denote Japan returning back under the control of **Rome**! And by “Rome” I am referring to the Vatican and the Roman Catholic Church. The word prefecture comes from Latin, the language of the Roman Empire!

By the way, here is Fukushima in Chinese ideographs.



It literally means “fortune island”

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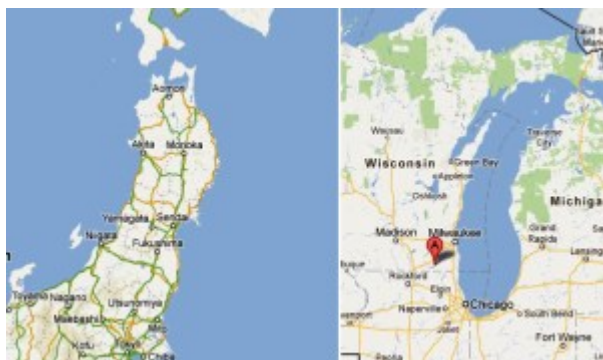
## Two Adventures through Northeast Japan



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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# 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.

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## Hitchhiking on a rainy day to Saitama



Hisami and Toshio Yamaguchi. They went out of their way to take me to Sakae PA on the Hokuriku Expressway

**October 15, 2010:** Today was cloudy with light showers from time to time. I needed be in the city of Kumagaya in Saitama Prefecture by 10:30AM the next day for important business. My destination was Noda city in Chiba Prefecture, about 300 kilometers from home. Noda is close to Tokyo to the northeast. From there I would make it in two trains to Kumagaya in plenty of time if I left by 8AM.

The first ride, Mr. and Mrs. Yamaguchi who were heading to Nagaoka City by regular road, went out of their way for me to take me to Sakae Parking area on the Hokuriku expressway. After waiting slightly over an hour at Sakae and getting a bit impatient, a man from the Tohoku Power Co. offered to take me to Muika Machi, nearly a 1/3 of my journey. He took me to the Muika Machi interchange.

After a few minutes it started to rain. I spotted a Jusco department store only a couple hundred meters away and walked to it. By the time I got there, it began raining pretty hard. I was glad to have shelter and eat lunch at the Jusco.

Thirty minutes later the rain stopped and I walked back to the interchange. After about 15 minutes, a Noodle shop man took me to Echigo Yuzawa, about 22 kilometers further. He looked different from most Japanese because of his long sideburns, something uncommon in Japan. There is a Parking Area called Ishiuchi about 6 kilometers before Echigo Yuzawa, but I didn't want to get



off there because there were only a dozen cars parked in the area. That might have been a mistake because things did not go according to expectation at Echigo Yuzawa! Half a dozen drivers offered me rides, but they were all going back in the direction I just came from. This is just the opposite of what I experienced at the same place a couple years ago! I was heading home to Niigata, but all the drivers were going the opposite way toward Tokyo.

After waiting over an hour, it was getting dark just a little after 5PM. I checked the train time with my cell phone's Internet connection and found a train leaving at 5:56PM. This train with its connections would get me to Noda before midnight. The station was about a 20 minute walk from the interchange and I started walking toward it going up route 17 with traffic heading to Saitama and still holding out a paper sign showing my destination in a last ditch effort to catch a ride. It paid off! A kind man who sells Japanese pastries took me as far as Shinmachi Station on the Takasaki line in Saitama Prefecture! This saved me over 2000 yen and at least an hour of time because he took the expressway which is much faster than local trains.

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## Monday adventure from Aomori to Niigata



Mr. Kato who took  
me to Kuroishi on  
the Tohoku  
Expressway

**April 19, 2010:** I had intended to hitchhike back home on Sunday morning but stayed in Aomori city in northern Honshu an extra day to deal with a friend's PC problem. Hitchhiking on a weekend or a holiday is always easier. There are more cars on the road with families traveling longer distances. Weekdays, and especially a **Monday** mean people traveling for business reasons, and they are

usually not in a happy mood.

But this morning I had help to get started. Rather than walk to the highway and try to hitchhike 5 kilometers to the Aomori Chuo entrance of the Tohoku expressway, the friend with whom I stayed with offered to drive me there. This gave me a 30 minute head start. My home in Niigata is 580 kilometers distance via the Tohoku and Ban'etsu expressways and I hoped to return the same day.



The Kitayama  
brothers who took  
me to Hirosaki  
Owani interchange.

The first driver, Mr. Kato, said he would only go as far as Kuroishi, about 20 kilometers down the road. The traffic at Kuroishi was only a tiny fraction of Aomori Chuo, and I wondered if I made a mistake taking the ride from Mr. Kato. I knew the next expressway entrance at Hirosaki Owani would be much better for me, and headed that direction on foot. I knew it was too far to walk all the way, but nevertheless I continued walking down the road until I caught the next ride nearly an hour later. Twin brothers with the family name of Kitayama picked me up! They are highly skilled carpenters who make Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. One of them said when he was young just after graduating from university, he traveled in Europe for 3 months hitchhiking from place to place. Japanese who have traveled overseas, and the ones who themselves have experienced hitchhiking will usually stop for me.



Former Sumo  
wrestler, Yoshi

The most interesting person to pick me up today was Yoshi, a former Sumo wrestler. He said he lived in a Sumo world from 8 years old till 20, and all he wanted to be in life was a professional sumo. But that dream suddenly ended with an injury to his knee. The doctor told him he couldn't wrestle anymore. In despair he left Japan and moved to San Diego to start a new life. There he grew fond of the local Mexican people, and learned to speak Spanish. He also met a Japanese girl in San Diego with whom he fell in love with and expressed that love. She told him, "Yoshi, you know nothing about real love! Come to church with me tonight and learn about love." So he went with her to a Spanish speaking church in San Diego, heard the Gospel of Jesus for the first time in his life, and was so moved with [the Message](#) he wept with emotion! God came into his life that night and by and by, he felt called to become a missionary to Peru! Yoshi described to me in detail life in Peru, the poverty and the lack of morals. And I thought Japan is tough! The

Japanese are hard to sell but they do have a strong sense of morals in their culture. Though they don't know the teachings of the New Testament, many Japanese live by its principles better than Westerners who do know the Bible.

Yoshi took me to the Adatara parking area just before the junction of the Ban'estu expressway that goes to Niigata. It was 4:30PM and I still had an hour and a half of sunlight left. The previous time standing at Adatara I caught a ride in only 20 minutes, but 3 hours later by 7:30 I still hadn't caught a ride and was standing in the dark unable to even read the license plates until the car was about to pass me. Over 95% of the traffic was heading toward Tokyo, not toward Niigata. I realized rather than wait for cars to come to me, I would have to walk up to drivers in the parking area, the ones that have Niigata license plates. Normally I don't do this because drivers who do give me rides this way are usually not friendly or talkative, but I was in a desperate situation! The first driver I asked did give me a ride, and I was so grateful to know I would be home in two hours and not have to try to figure out how to sleep at Adatara that night. □