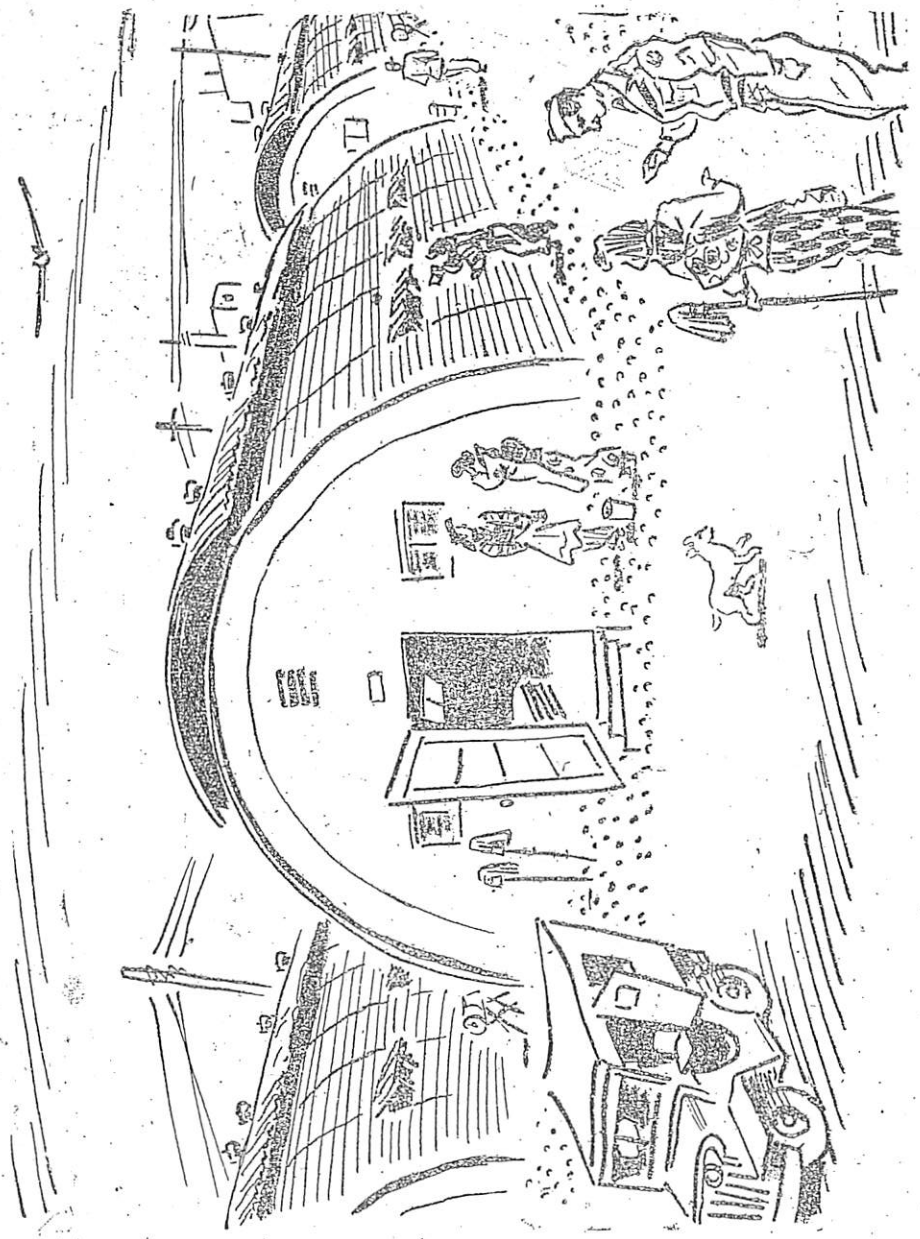
BY
ALVIN GRAUER
CHQの広報将校

Illustrations by
YACCO TAKAMORI

SO I WENT TO JAPAN

THE OCCUPATION

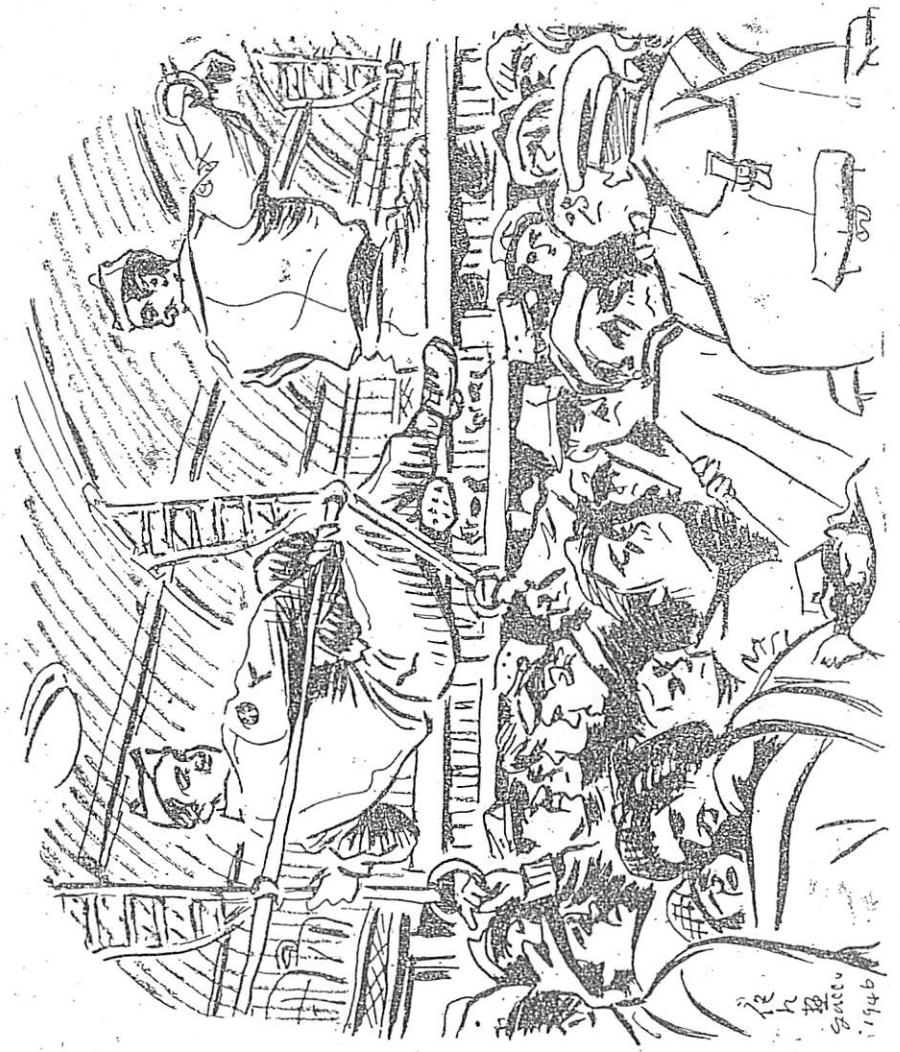


MORNING, QUONSET AREA

In the EDO (Early Days of the Occupation) the Quonset Hut no doubt saved many soldiers' lives. In bitter-eved October and November 1945 at Aomori, Sendai, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, and scores of other occupation towns the Quonset (known to the Army Engineers as Dwelling, Quonset,) furnished high-speed billets in bomb devastated areas, and kept the Army at least dry and sheltered. Somewhat resembling a long well-ventilated tunnel, the ordinary Quonset sometimes leaves something to be desired. (If you've lived in a tunnel, you know what we mean). However, it has certain basic virtues—as the initial 11th Airborne and 1st Cavalry troops will testify—and can be fixed up real pretty as the fancy landscaped Quonsets in Tokyo and Bayview Courts, in Yokohama, prove.

This shows just a plain old dry-as-dirt soldier Quonset area, of the kind you still find some places in Japan where American units are stationed. Housekeeping is done by the cleaning girls (jo-chu) using dust rags (zo-kin) of ancient and honorable vintage. They try hard, but have to be told everything very clearly. Cleaning is under the direction of the squad leader, seen here in a little early morning Japanese conversation, sprinkled with certain strong American "accent" words, with one of the Jo-chu, who is gracefully standing at attention while holding her principal weapon, a mop, M-1, at parade rest.

The object between the two young ladies in the middle background is a bucket (baketsu—get it?). The dog (inu), out for his morning constitutional is happy as only a dog can be that has found a GI to love him.



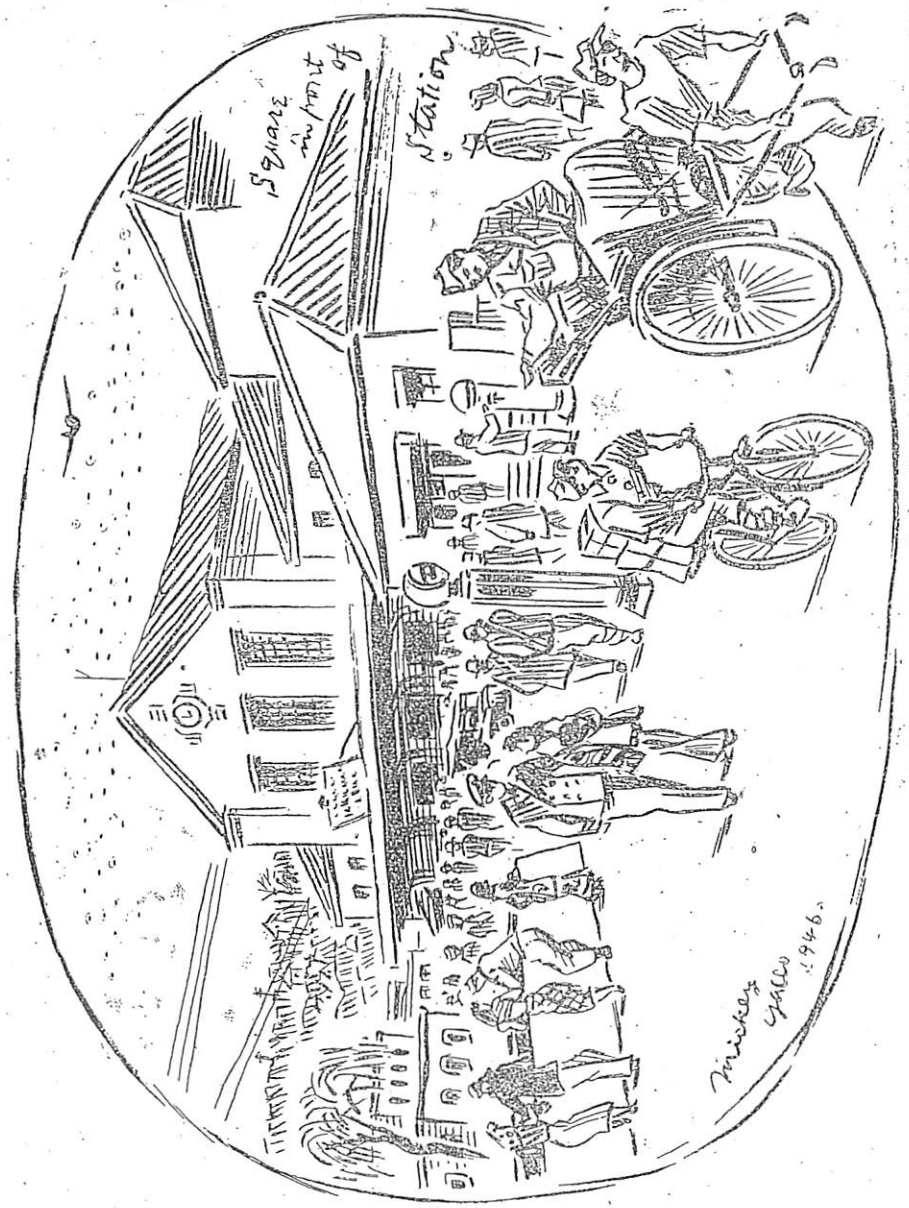
IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

Travel in Japan right now, for the average Japanese, is a cross between a free-for-all and a Rita Hayworth embrace—only they can't choose their partners.

This little scene taken coming in to Yokohama shows how two lively G.I.'s, scorning regulations, went riding in a Japanese third class coach (probably because there's no Allied Military Coach on the train)—handled the situation. Seeing the population double at each station, they climbed up onto the luggage racks and had a fine upper-deck view for the rest of the trip.

Though Japanese train service could be surprisingly good, coal and labor shortages have held them up badly. The whining voice of the station announcer over the platform microphone is enough to dissuade anyone from going anywhere. But the Japanese travel a great deal—in fact, have to, to live, to get food from the 'Dark Market' (see the pack on the back of that fellow in the foreground?) and also to do business. A large portion of the population is engaged in petty "commerce"—small trading, farming out of parts to home factories, tiny shopkeeping, etc. That all takes travel.

On one of these local trains (densha) a Japanese girl student (seito) and her English teacher (sensei), an older Japanese woman, met a G.I. The English teacher started talking in what sounded like Italian. Finally the soldier discreetly asked the little Japanese girl what language her teacher friend was speaking. Turned out to be English!

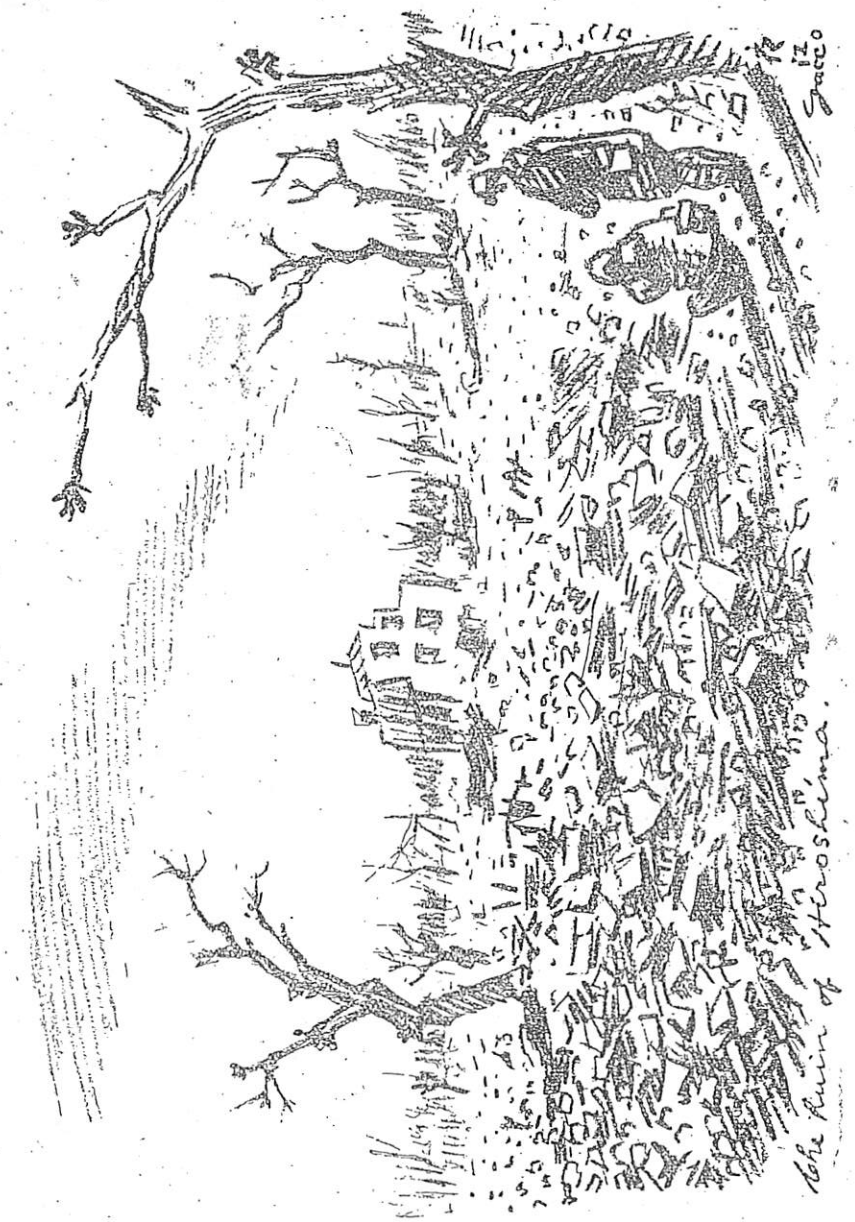


THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

This is the railroad station of a small Japanese town. Life here is something like life in an American small town, only dustier, closer, and poorer. But the same neighborly feelings prevail; there's the same square before the station (eki) with a water trough (chosui-oke) a gas pump (gasorin-stando) and a post box (pos-to). One of the differences is the inevitable black-clothed policeman, who differs greatly from our local village cop. The policemen in a Japanese town formerly were appointed or approved by Tokyo national headquarters (the Home Ministry). They usually didn't work for the villagers—the villagers worked for them. It was a nice difference . . . nice for the policeman.

This village (mura) is near Yokosuka, one-time great Japanese Naval Base, and now main base for the U.S. Navy's Fleet Activities. Spring, a delightful season in Japan, is on the wing. So is the Corsair overhead, a reminder that the Air Force is still around. The Marine has evidently hired the rickshaw (30 yen for a half hour's ride) and is probably inviting the boy on the bicycle (jitensha) to come along.

Some of the Japanese girls in the background have gotten hold of American-style clothes, to brighten up their womanly qualities—but they still have something to learn about wearing them. It may be many Japanese female figures are too short; too, they have yet to master the American girls' knack for wearing sports things with informality and charm. A Gallup Poll of Allied Occupation Males would show many of them saying "Keep the pretty ladies in Kimonos"—certainly in Western dress few are competition for nice tall, milk-fed American Beauties. But a lot of Japanese young women are determined to carry on. They feel, somehow, that skirts and bobby socks are passports to "Democracy," besides being a lot more comfortable than the traditional obi (broad-waist band) and long kimono.



Ruins of Hiroshima.

HIROSHIMA, CITY OF HORROR

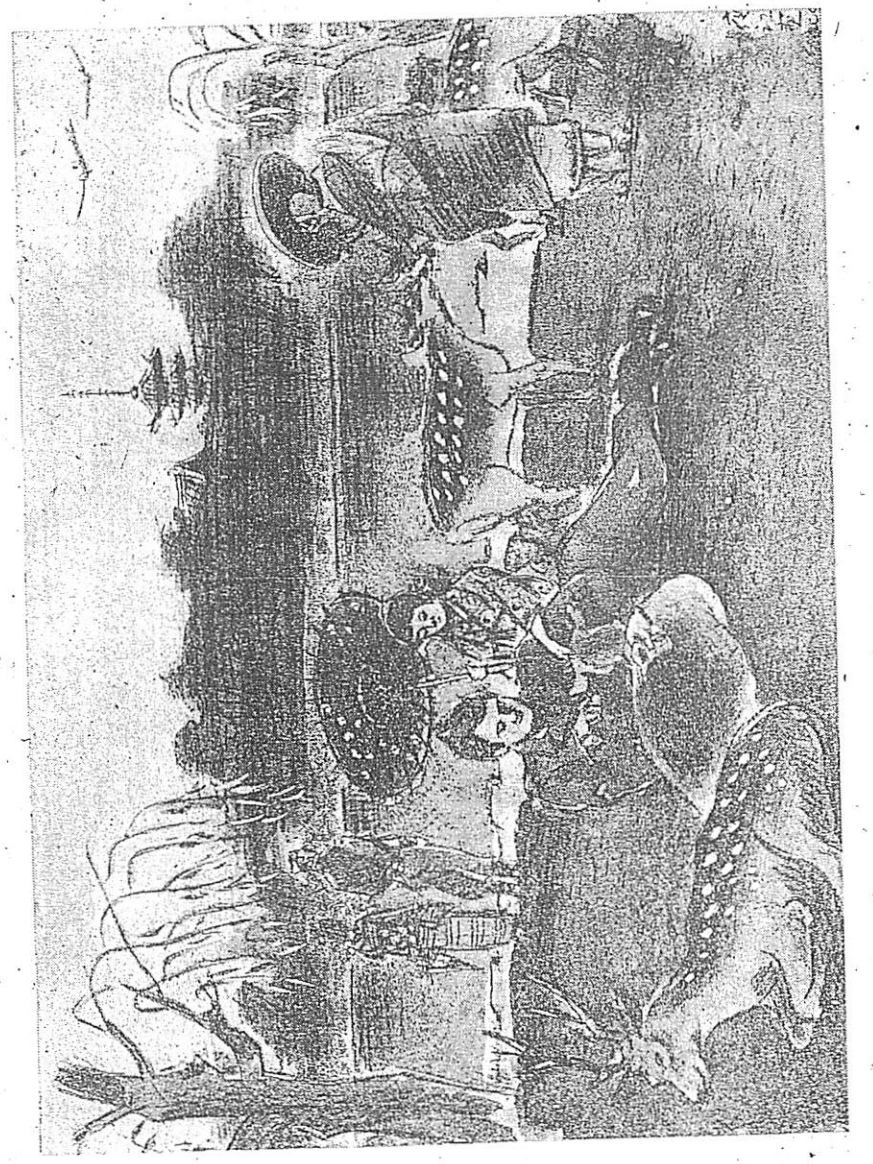
This is a view of Hiroshima a few days after the Atomic Age began and the Pacific war had ended. It is not pretty.

In 1941 Hiroshima was a neat little industrial and communications city of 300,000 in Southern Honshu, on Japan's Inland Sea. After the Atomic bomb (Genshi Baku-dan) in late 1945, 94,000 of its people were gone from the face of the earth, and half the city was gone with them. It happened so fast hundreds of bare, burned trees still remained, among the shattered roof tiles, their arms raised in mute pleading the war be ended soon. Their plea was answered when Japan, a few days later, threw in the sponge.

In effect, the nuclear fission bomb was the inevitable reply to another—the one bomb that fifteen years earlier blew up a few rail ties in Mukden and was followed miraculously by hundreds of Japanese soldiers pouring across the Chinese border. This kind of business was followed by aggression in Shanghai, and Nanking; then, when the "peace" in Asia was going good came the shattering attack on Pearl Harbor. The militarists of Japan pledged, without asking, Japan's 75,000,000 souls, her farms, and factories and cities, great and small. The people and the cities were to be the pawns, in a game of World Conquest. Hiroshima was one of those pawns. Many Americans are sorry it had to be taken.

John Hersey in his famous "New Yorker" article has told in detail the horror of that day. But shortly after the explosion Hiroshima looked no worse than Asakusa-ku, in Tokyo, where also in one afternoon (March, 1945) nearly 100,000 died in flames. The Tokyo raid required 450 planes, and Hiroshima only one—that's what gives one pause!

Today, Hiroshima citizens are staging a great comeback. Homes are being built on the ruins—stores being opened—new hope fills the air in an Age of Peace. Truly great plans are afoot—some say the city will emerge as the finest and most modern in Japan. Up 'n Atom!



NARA, DEARLY BELOVED

Nara is the most graceful city in Japan. It has palaces buddhas, temples, pagodas, parks filled with live deer, lagoons, museums, hotels—and yet it's a "small town." It has twelve-hundred year old beauty—and fairly modern comfort. It's a great place for a month—or six—or a week-end. Even the Japanese, who in peacetime flock to popular resort places, and turn them into another miniature Miami or Brighton, have had great respect for Nara and left it almost unchanged. Nara thanks them.

Back in the early eighth century, little Nara was the capital of Japan. The Emperor Shomu, a fervent Buddhist ordered a truly great bronze Buddha to be built. With much huffing and puffing the Japanese priests and workmen did so and the Emperor, with a brush, touched its eyes to give it life. You can see the great Dai-butsu now—towering sixty five feet tall on its pedestal, with one bronze hand raised in peaceful admonition to all world-tormented souls. Twelve hundred years of wars and typhoons have left its spell unaltered. Nara is like that, too.

There is a perfect little Imperial Household Museum, a stunning Go-ju-no-to (five-storied pagoda), the fabulous Shoso-in treasure house containing 1200 year-old Japanese art objects opened only by Imperial edict, 1200-acre Nara Park (Nara Ko-en), with its willow trees (Yanagi-no-ki), plenty of well-fed priests (O-bo-san), a lovely pond (ike) and friendly deer (shika). They, (the deer)—were nearly starved during the war, but now they're fat and plump again. "Democracy?" they say. "Wonderful stuff; we're all for it!"

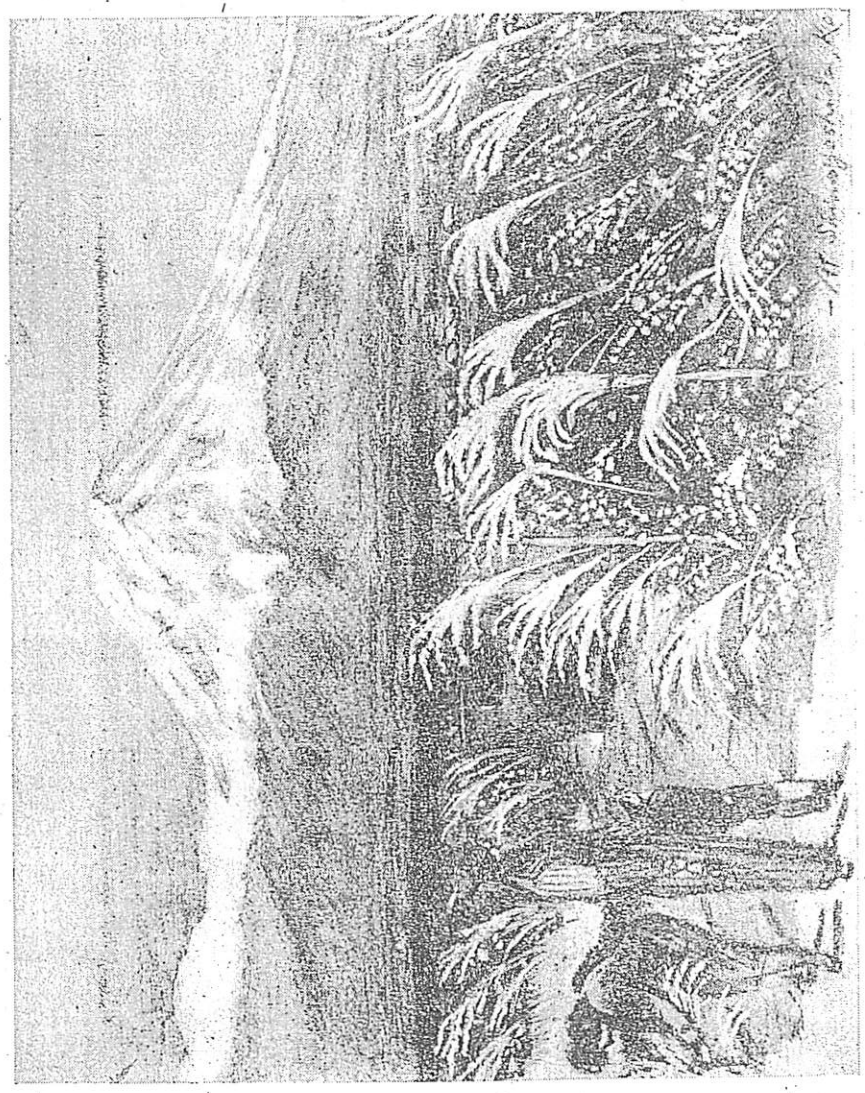
WHEN BUDDHA SMILES

The largest Buddha in Japan, and perhaps the largest in the world is at lovely Nara, near Kyoto, in the magnificent Todai-ji Temple on the outskirts of the city. Sixty five feet high, with a face sixteen feet long, its weight is five hundred tons of bronze, gold and silver—but most amazing of all, it was cast by order of the Japanese Emperor in 749 A.D.—twelve centuries ago, and seven hundred years before America was even a gleam in Christopher Columbus' eye. No wonder the Japanese is uniquely proud of his country's long history.

Japan's second largest Buddha is at Kamakura, an ancient capital city less than two hours' drive south from Tokyo. About a third less tall than Nara's Great Buddha (forty-two feet, including pedestal) and five hundred years younger, it sits serenely in a pine grove, under an open sky, hands resting lightly on the folded knees and smiles benignly on American soldier and Japanese worshipper alike.

Our artist caught the Kamakura Great Buddha (Daibutsu) at what must have been a rare moment in its seven hundred years of seeing many things—on the eve of Japan's First Free General Election (Senkyo) with a women—yes, a woman—campaigning for a seat in the Diet. (She won, too!).

But then weren't the three treasures of Buddhism enunciated as: The Person (Buddha), the Truth (Dharma) and the Community (Sangha)? So this idea of Democracy is "new"? No wonder now, ever so faintly, Kamakura's Buddha smiles.



FUJI—JEWEL OF JAPAN

The most photogenic feature of Japan is Fuji . Sometimes called Fujiyama (which means Mt. Fuji) or Fujisan, (which means the same thing!), Fuji is quite incomparable. Even America's Mt. Rainier, Mexico's Popocatapetl or Switzerland's remote Mt. Blanc don't have the singular elegance and detachment this stunning platinum-crowned battlement possesses.

Fuji-san stands alone in the midst of a great surrounding plain and dominates her Japan today as she always has—smiling down when Ieyasu Tokugawa ended Japan's bloody civil wars with the great victory at Sekigahara centuries ago; smiling still fifty years ago as she looked down on Lafcadio Hearn swimming his summers happily away, at Yaizu; gazing in stern dismay at the recent ravages a mad war brought to her country; keeping her head raised through it all as a symbol of hope for the new Japan—living unaltered in picture, card and story and in the hearts of millions of Japanese.

This curious couple is an artist's idea of an American and family surveying Fuji from five miles away. The American looks like a scientific consultant whose chromosomes somehow got mixed by the Office of Civilian Personnel and came out half man, half female stenographer (CAF 6½).

For those who love statistics, Fuji is exactly 12,461 feet high. The base stretches twenty-eight full miles from north to south and nineteen miles from east to west and the circumference is sixty-three miles. Five nice resort lakes are on the northern side. Fuji can be climbed (during the summer) by any of a number of trails, a favorite routine being to start in the afternoon, climb all night, and get to the crest before sunrise, to see the sun come up over Japan. You then collapse or roll down.

In July and August, 1946, for the first time in her ageless life Fuji was climbed by Jeep—as far as the Fourth Station! (there are ten "Stations" on the main trail). But no better proof of her invulnerability could be offered; even assaulted by jeep Fuji remained imperiously elegant.

BACK FROM HAKONE

Hakone is one of the National Parks set aside by the Government, to the delight of visitors to Japan. The little towns—Yumoto, Miyanoshita, Gora, Sengokuhara,—are known to thousands both before and since the war. Its fine Western style hotels—the Fujiya, the Fuji-View and the Gora have been enjoyed and are being enjoyed by Allied Personnel in the hundreds, by diplomats (in enforced internment) and now in some cases by dependent families. Its mountains, forests, streams and winding roads (eeee!) are breath-taking (literally!).

This view was taken as one leaves Hakone park on the way back east (through Fujisawa and Odawara) to Yokohama and Tokyo. Far in the background is Fuji-san—elegant as ever. In the foreground a pair of Japanese farm women trudge cheerfully along. One baby (akambo) is carried pigaback (onbusuru) tied on at shoulders and waist; a farmer's basket (kago) is on the other lady's shoulders. In back of them comes a frequent sight in Japan—the "honeywagon" (megurame) which carries a famous national product known technically as "night soil" and used extensively to help the crops grow. If you're interested, ask your Japanese friends to tell you more. As a French economist once said "The basis of the Japanese economy". . . Well, never mind.

See the babies wave? Most young children in Japan are remarkably friendly—and it's more than a "chewing-gum" sociability. They like us, and, honestly we like them—running noses and all. They're among the cutest, plumpest babies in the world.

And overhead are the fresh-blooming cherry-blossoms (sakura) that come out, all too briefly, in mid-April for a few days breathless glory—and quick extinction.

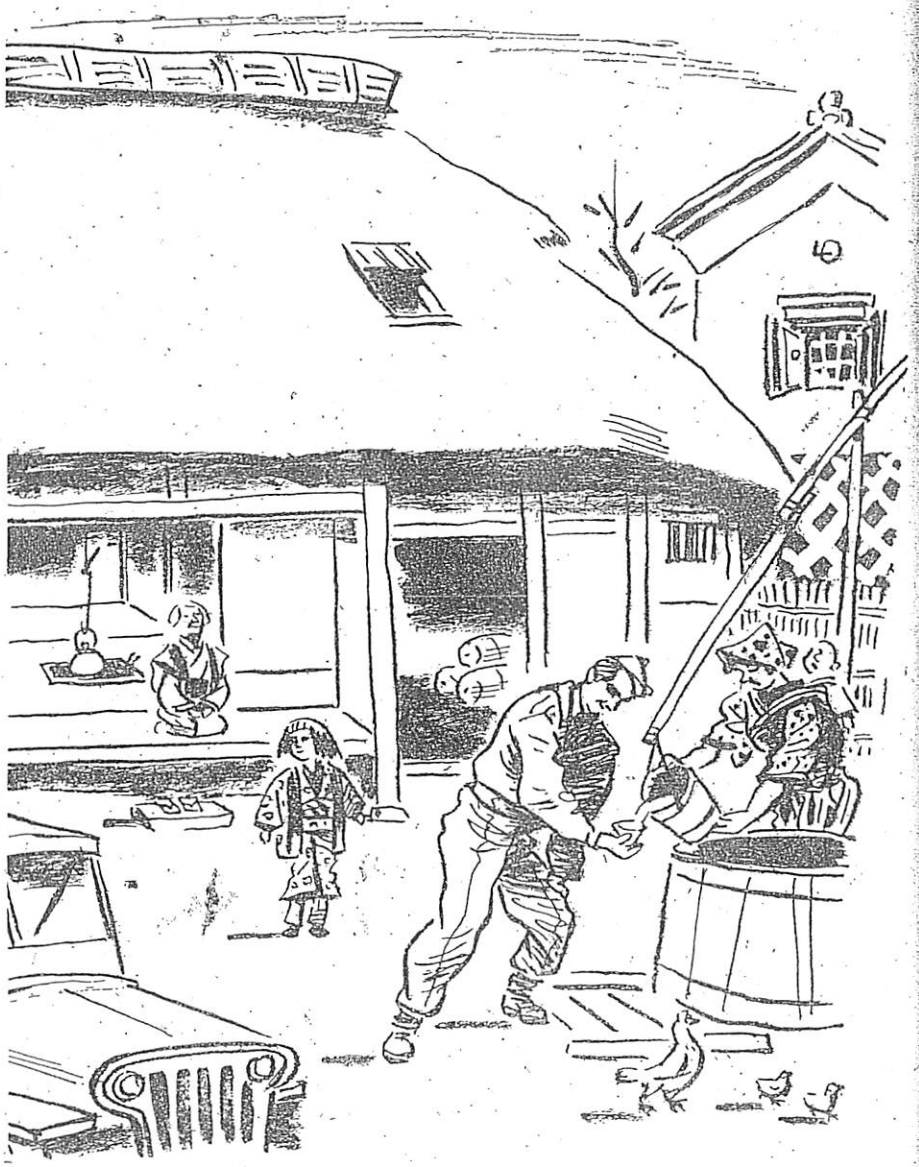
WE VISIT

Two okyaku-san (respected guests) are here visiting a Japanese gentlemen and his wife in their Japanese home. The honored guest sits directly in front of the alcove, the decorative center of the room. The host (goshu-jin) and his wife (okusan) are welcoming them. Cushions (futon) have been supplied for all the males in this little party, but Mrs. Host—whom you can see at the sliding door—does not get one. During the visit she will stay quietly in the background.

Mine host is drawing on his little Japanese pipe (kiseru) in between the friendly conversation. Before him is his smoking tray (tabako-bon) while before the guests is a nice large porcelain brazier (hibachi) which, if it is a cool evening, is probably filled with glowing charcoal (sumi). A mood of gracious and quiet hospitality pervades. Japanese tea (o-cha) will be served on a low table accompanied by some sweet if it is available.

The whole decoration of this room is in the charming Japanese spirit. The inscription (gaku) over the door (to) written by some famous person; the hanging picture (kake-mono) and the flower arrangement (ike-bana) in the alcove (toko-no-ma); the fine grill-work (koku-keru) of the window.

The immaculately clean floors are made of woven mats (tatami) always 3x6 feet in size. Japanese houses are NOT built of paper, but of fine woods, very well fitted with sliding doors, frequently paper-covered. Usually there is no heating system, no cellar, and no foundation, the floor being about three feet off the ground. One feature of the Japanese house that always amazes Western visitors is its flexibility. Due to the sliding doors (shoji), all the rooms on one floor can be converted into one big room—for sleeping all the relatives if necessary! What a great idea for those unexpected visits of Dear Mazie and all her sisters, cousins and aunts!



STEP RIGHT UP AND CALL ME TARO-SAN

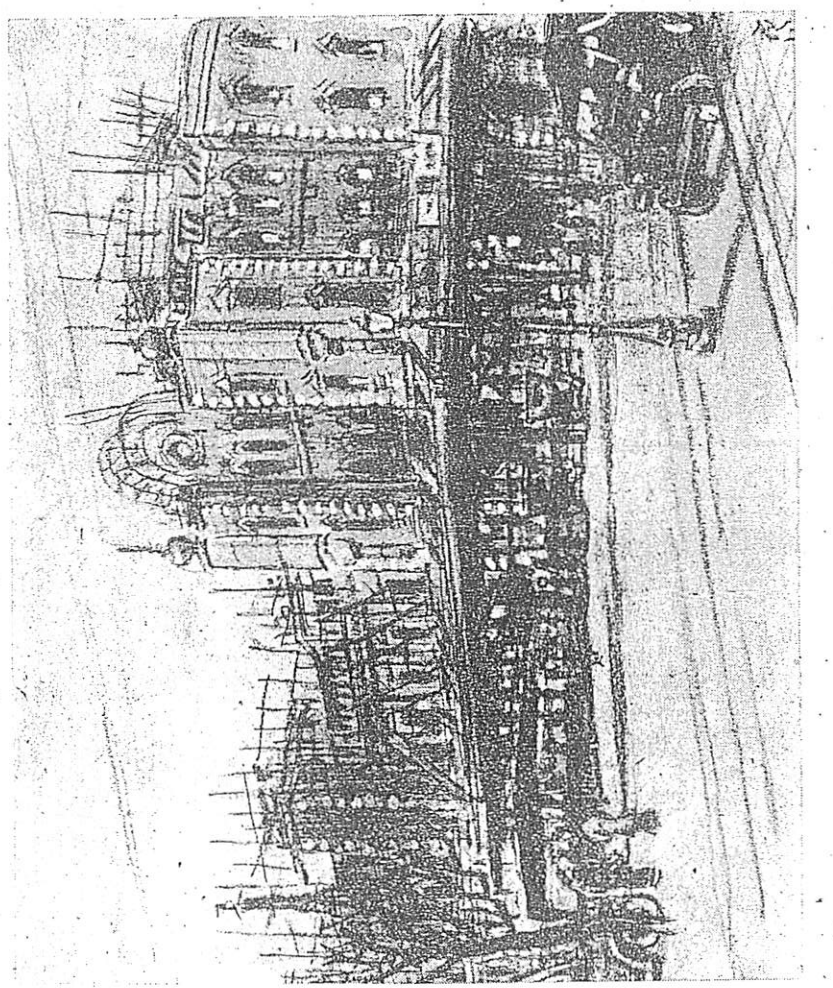
Joe's jeep needs a drink-so he stops by a simple farm house on the road to get a canteencup full. The cordiality of this Japanese farm woman is quite typical. The glimpse inside the house shows the tea kettle (do-bin) hanging over the charcoal brazier (hibachi) making hot water (o-yu) for the morning tea (o-cha). That is probably the grandma (oba-san) kneeling on the "porch" watching her daughter pour water from the family's ancient (but not less honorable) well (ido). Joe is probably saying in his best Brooklyn accent "Domo arigato" (thanks very much).

Everything about this little scene is true rural Japanese including the thick thatched roof of the farm house itself, the tiny clogs (geta) on the stone in front of the house where grandma left them, and the family vault or godown (kura) on the far right, for storing precious silk kimono and furniture against fire and theft. In the near foreground a haughty chicken (niwa-tori) and brood prance proudly before the artist, ignorant of the fate which lies ahead—the fate immemorial of chickens everywhere.

If brother Joe decides to drink any of this water himself he'll probably give it a halazone treatment. Our occupation troops are not yet equal to assimilating the many "little friends" that lurk in farmhouse water. What is known as the "Mexican Toothache" or, the "Tokyo Trot" may be the unwelcome result.

SO I WENT TO JAPAN

THE LIFE



JAPAN'S "ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTE FE"

Just now there is no such train in Japan. But dozens of other special trains as well as hundreds of locals continually roll through Tokyo Central Station, in downtown Tokyo. This drawing gives you an idea of the vast face-lifting job it will require to get this big station back to normal after the pasting it received. The four-story red brick edifice was hit by tons of incendiaries, and was burned pretty badly. Winter, 1945, it was a mess, though trains kept running miraculously, and the Third Military Railway Service, proud part of Eighth Army, maintained its Railway Transportation Office here and in scores of draughty stations throughout Japan. Now they're all on the mend, more or less (clearing 500,000 passengers a month!).

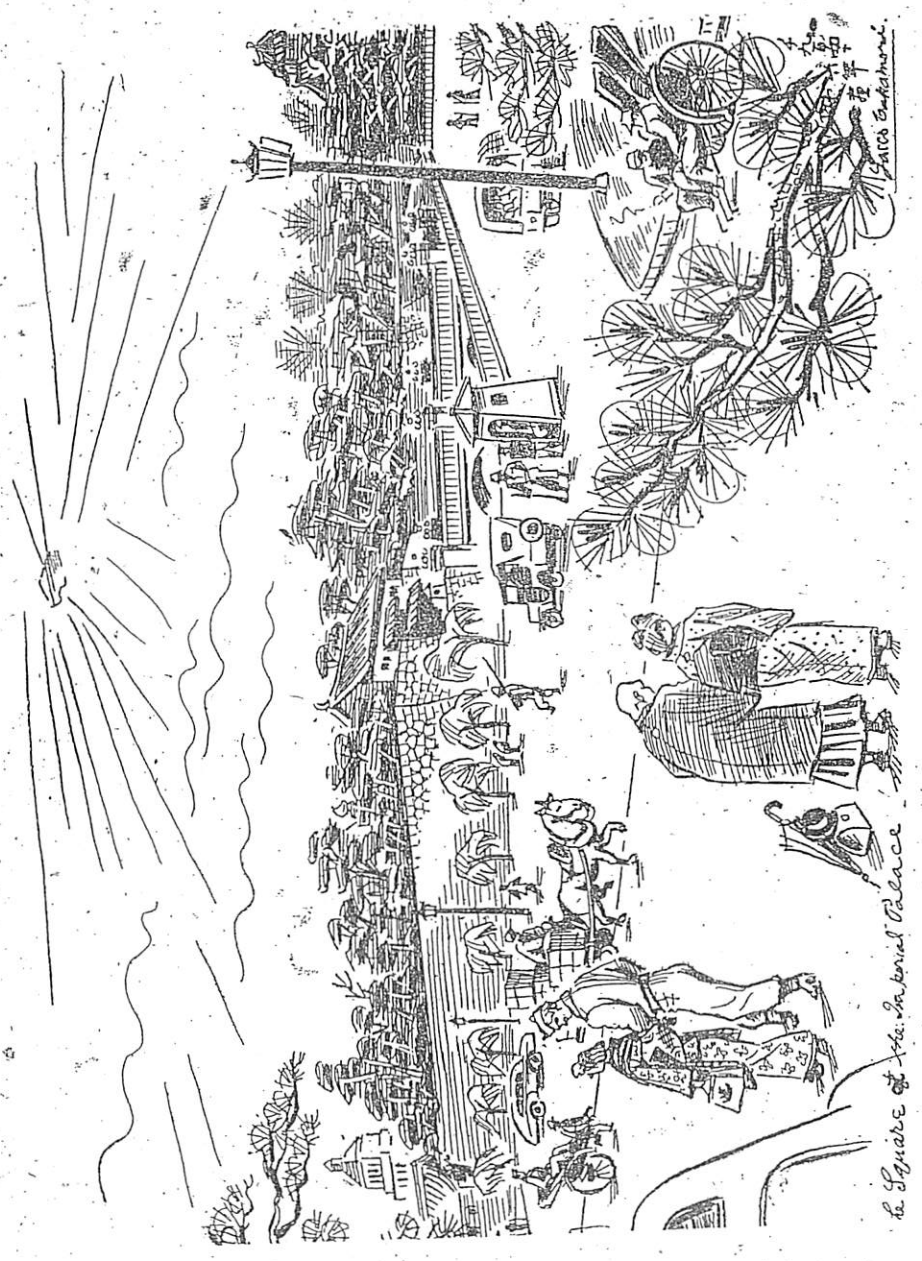
The Japanese can be proud of their rail transportation service. For one thing, the road bed is as fine as any in the States —smoother, in fact, than some Stateside lines. The track is of slightly narrower gauge than ours, (three feet six inches). It was practically unharmed by the bombs—probably in the theory the railroads would be useful if invasion were necessary.

But thousands of cars in yards were smashed during the war. Today Japan's 16,000 miles of government and private railways must be served with poor equipment, greatly inadequate to handle the millions who travel every day. With Japanese diligence (and some Allied encouragement) they will improve, providing, of course, enough coal is mined to make the steam and electricity which runs them, and provided the members of the strongly organized National Transportation Workers Union can induce Japanese Railway management to "give them a break," —part of which they've already received in the necessary wage increases granted.

OOPS, M'DEAR

No notes on Life in Japan Today would be complete without a special reference to the rigors of traveling for the Japanese. Occasionally G.I.'s and Japanese mix on these trains but most of the Japanese cars are "Off Limits" and Allied personnel ride in the special military cars only. That leaves most of the cars for the Japanese themselves, but there are 75,000,000 Japanese eager to travel—and on morning rush hours it seems all of them want to get into one poor car. Under these circumstances no device is too daring for the Japanese rider. Riding between the cars with one leg on each car is standard for some young fellows. Hanging half off the end platform also is S.O.P. The window is a standard entrance way, sometimes with some specific personal "backing" from a friendly source. There is little the Occupation can do about this situation except encourage the Japanese railway systems, both government and private to get more equipment. It is a slow business—few new railway cars are being built, those in use are slowly falling apart for need of repair. Almost every week Japanese are injured or killed when car doors fly open on trains filled with human cargo. Others miraculously escape being crushed to death between car sections when the train rounds a curve. Occasionally road equipment fails and there is a really bad accident.

Japanese are by training a disciplined people; conductors and engineers have a great habit based on their training in punctuality. Even under extraordinarily trying conditions, they will start a train right on time—filled or empty—or in the process. Better be aboard at 7:14 when the 7:14 is due to start, or only half of you will get there!



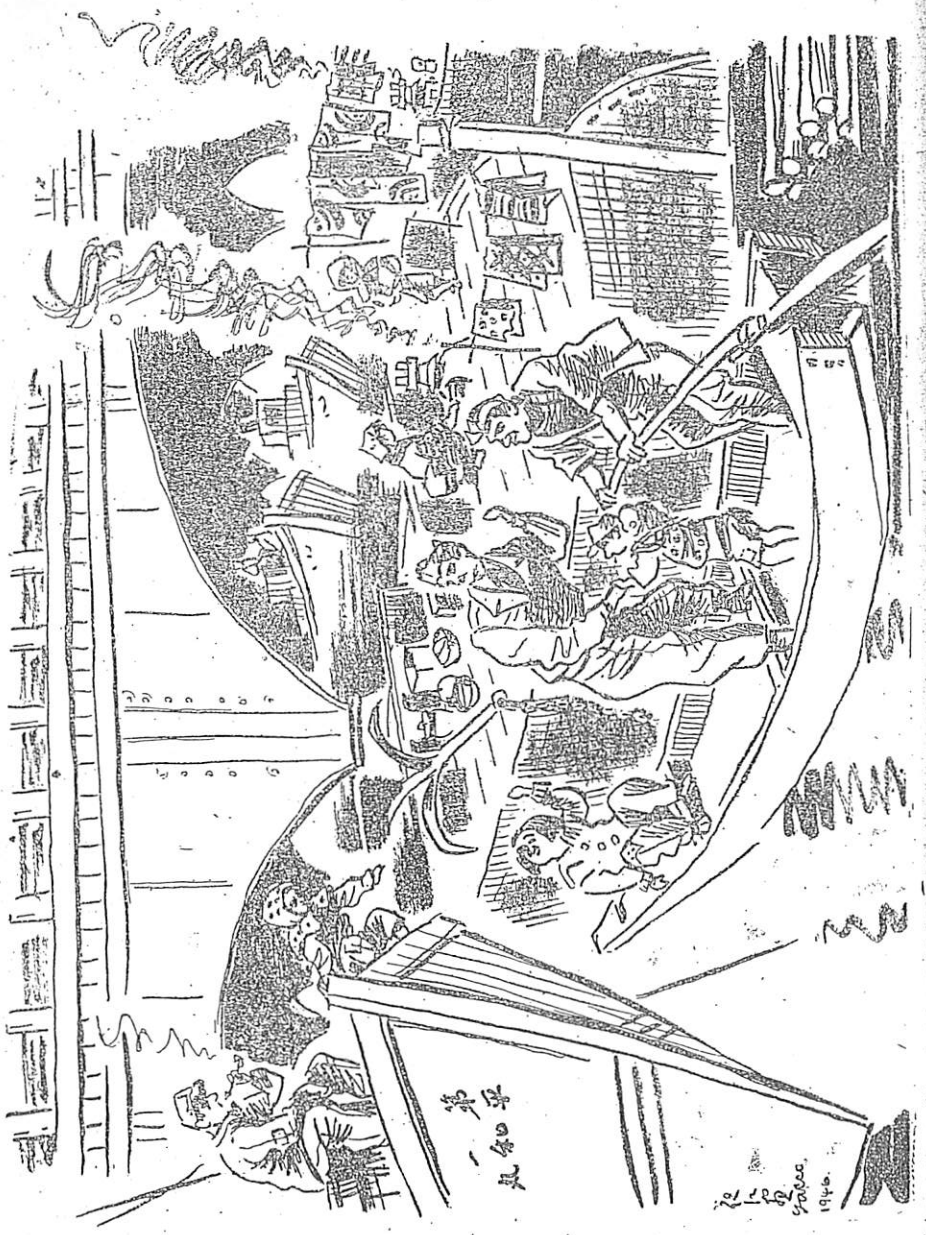
IMPERIAL HEART OF A NATION

Tokyo (originally 7,000,000, now down to less than 4,000,000) was and is, despite the war, one of the world's great cities. Here the heart-beats of the Japanese nation begin. When the war raged commands issued like drum beats from Tokyo. When defeat was inevitable the cry of surrender came from Tokyo. And as the Occupation guides the reconstruction Tokyo is the heart of the nation's new hope.

The focus falls on the Imperial Palace (Kyujo) and the buildings that surround it, most of them erected since the 1923 earthquake: the Dai Ichi Building, headquarters for the Supreme Commander, the Imperial Hotel, the NYK Building where hundreds of Nisei translators help lift the heavy Japanese language curtain, the Meiji Building housing FEAF Headquarters and the Allied Council, the Teikoku Building where the Tokyo Provost Marshal lays down the law. These are all quite modern. In contrast are the 513 ancient acres of the Palace and outer grounds, first laid out by Ieyasu Tokugawa, with enough bridges, moats, walls, gates, guard houses, and sundry appurtenances to intoxicate Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Palace grounds look elegantly old. The stone walls, moats, and the old pines, were built and planted about three hundred years ago. The actual palace (which you can't see) was built something like seventy years ago. Pious old Japanese country-folk still come here to bow in reverence; American and British Commonwealth Occupation Force men share the guard.

Loafing in the sun is a rickshaw puller (kurumaya-san) with his jinricki-sha. On the back of the automobile (jidosha) in the lower lefthand corner is a Japanese charcoal burner (dai-nen-ki) to get around the gasoline shortage.



ROME HAUL—IN OSAKA

To get rid of romantic ideas about life in a house boat, go down to the canals in Kobe or Osaka, or Yokohama and see the hardy folk there aboard the hundreds of squat, unpainted barges tied up in the canals that lace through these badlybombed ports. Life here is a pretty messed-up affair—lived out on creeking planks and smelly and strictly "outdoor" hulls. The only flag of hope is the dirty laundry a fellow canal boater flies miserably in the morning breeze. These boats were built to haul coal, lumber and produce from steamer to warehouse or along the coast line. Thousands were used during the war. Living accommodations came later and are achieved mainly by squeezing a partition in aft, to make one tiny room which is "home."

There are compensations. There is top-side cooking with plenty of fragrant canal smells to season the fish and sea-weed and if lucky, the ball of rice. There are regular visits from land-lubber police (keikan) who come around to register the boat's name and collect an appropriate tax. It is a great life for the kids too—when the sun shines. It takes a special class of people to appreciate this existence—the Japanese have a word for them: Suijo-seikatsu-sha (the water-livers).

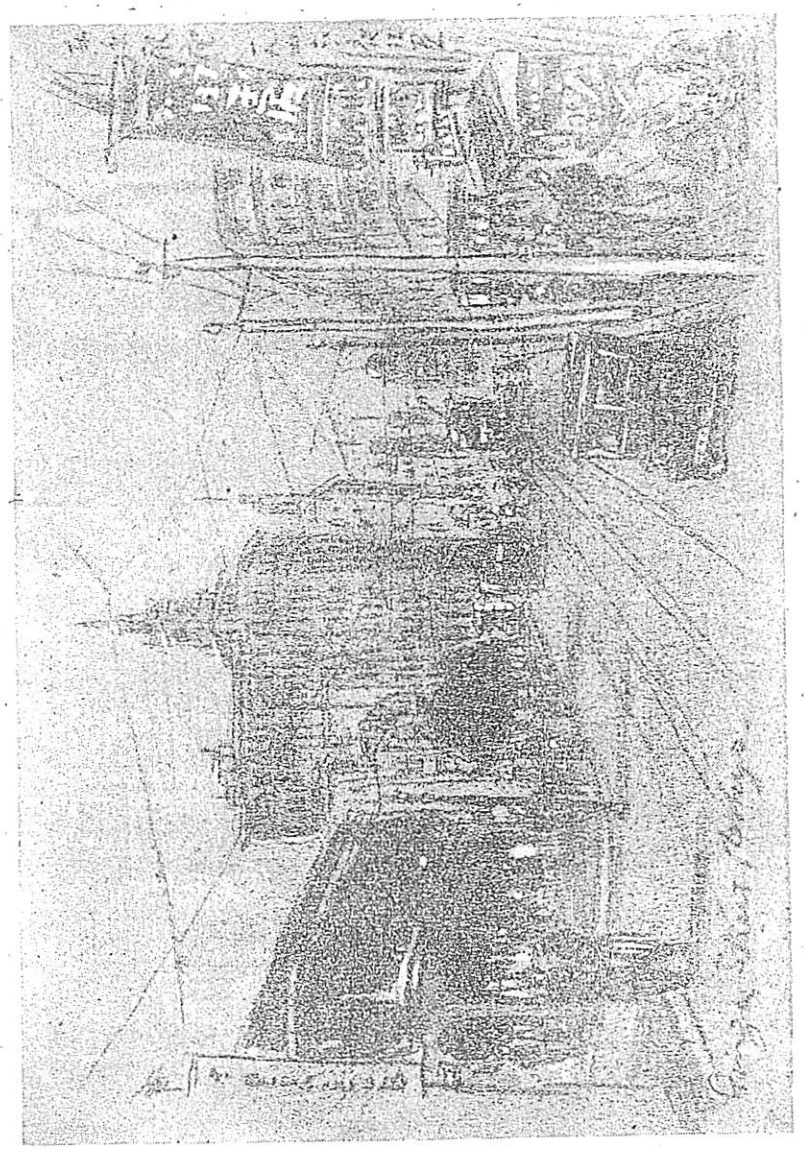
A barge is a hashike-bune. Here you see Mamma-san preparing a tasty breakfast at the out-door stove (kamado), the laundry already drying on the clothes line (tsuna). Poppa-san, in the small boat (tsuri-bune) which he operates by the ingenious Japanese steering-oar (ro) has just brought a visitor, one of those curious Americans who never know what's good for him. He should know better than to get on the water—if he'd remembered to stay ashore he wouldn't be in this spot in the first place!

YASUKUNI SHRINE, TOKYO

The tranquil appearance of this handsome Shinto shrine seems strangely different from the description in the official guide book of its purpose. Yasukuni is dedicated to those who have been killed in the ten civil wars of 1869 and 1877 and the foreign wars of 1894-5, 1904-5, 1914-18, 1931-32, and 1937 to—. (We are happy to advise the guide book editors the date 1945 can now be added to replace that meaningful dash).

The souls of Japanese soldiers who fell in battle are enshrined here. Twice a year, in April and October, great and solemn festivals are held, and ladies of the Court spend a day inscribing the names of newly fallen soldiers. They were particularly busy last April catching up on the list.

Yasukuni is strikingly handsome, as you can see. The big bronze Shinto Gate, (torii) stands seventy feet high—the largest bronze torii in Japan. (There's a forty-foot stone torii outside). A row of stone lanterns (ishi-toro) leads inside. The Japanese soldier with heavy rucksacks (same word in Japanese) are probably repatriates from China and have just paid their devotion to their fallen comrades. They are now on their way home to lay down their uniforms (gumpuku), and start the joys of civilian existence in a democracy.



SHOP HOUND ON THE GINZA

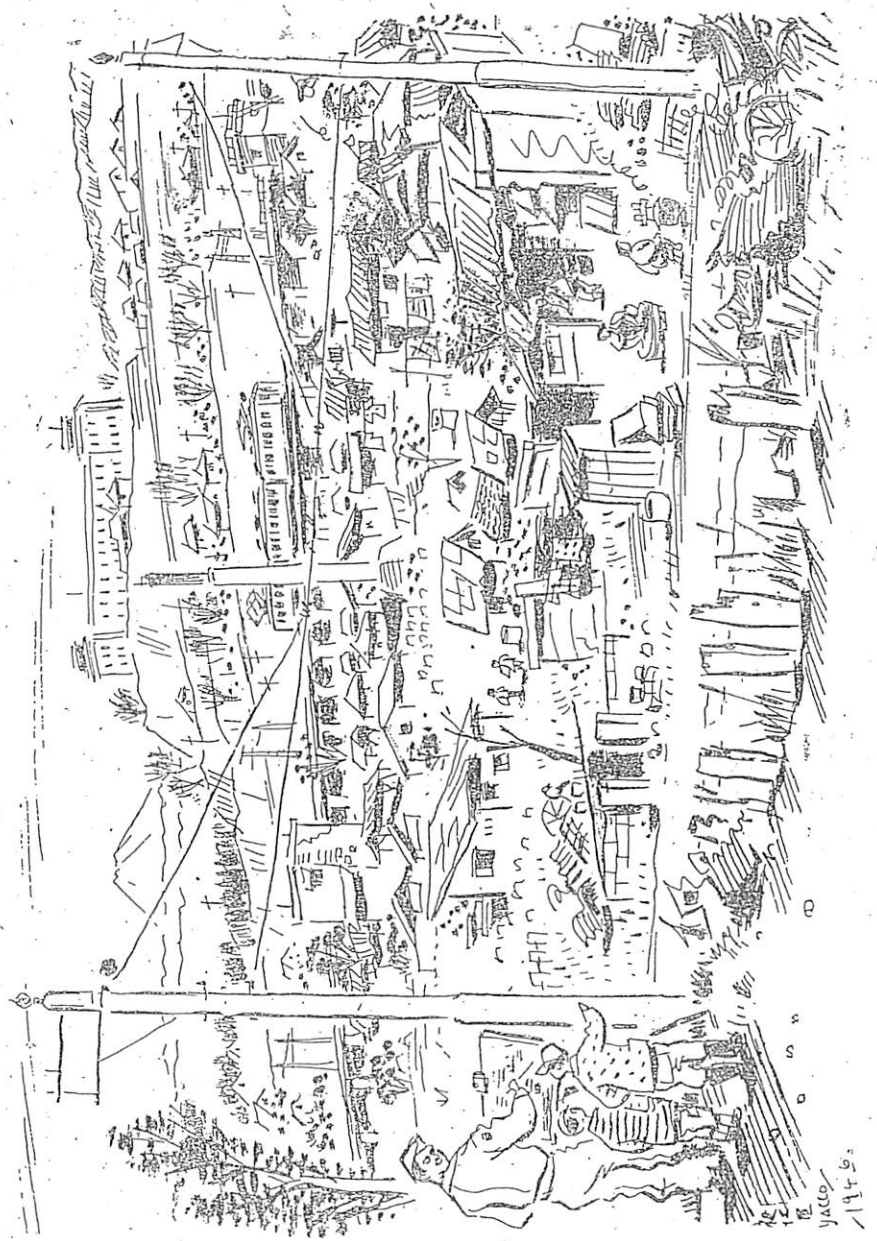
The best known street in Japan is The Ginza, in downtown Tokyo, sort of London's own Oxford Street, Chicago's State Street and New York's Fifth Avenue, combined. The 20th Air Force gave it quite a pasting on May 25, 1945, but recovery has been mighty brave.

In Japanese "Gin" (hard "g") is the word for silver, and originally a silver mint was located at one end of this street. That's how the Ginza got its name.

The Ginza will be great again. Already all kinds of stores and stalls crowd its way. The Ginza runs north and south. Highlight is the giant new Tokyo PX operated by Eighth Army. It boasts numerous, comfortable lounges, a big street-floor souvenir store, an Army Exchange on another floor, barber shop, beauty parlor, women's fashion shops, restaurant, men's store watch repair shop, tailor, optical shop, photographic service, cosmetic bar and God knows what else—even a glistening little florist's shop,—and a fine show of modern Japanese Art! In most of these places, bright little Japanese salesgirls are on hand.

Going north on the Ginza you pass a welter of sidewalk stalls selling everything from shoe laces to electric grills at slightly outrageous inflation prices. On a clear afternoon you can scarcely push your way through the vivid, talkative, shuffling crowds. Souvenir stores (such as elegant Takahashi's) offer everything from inexpensive fans to hand-painted gold screens worth a King's ransom. Department stores are scarce in quality goods but are crowded anyway, and usually have worthwhile art exhibits, high-priced souvenir objects on the upper floor, tons of cheap household articles and show cases full of Japanese cosmetics, influence of our magazines and movies.

The Ginza sells amazing services. For example, at the Mitsukoshi Store (Japan's largest) a Japanese can buy a bride (if he registers, and her parents like him) and in the Takashimaya Department Store he can buy the whole wedding ceremony complete with sake, and come out a married man. That's **service!** However, it's strictly C.O.D.—and no returns.



POST-WAR SLUMS

If anyone doubts the large extent of Japan's modernization, he has only to point ironically to her slums. They are (or in some cases were) on a par with some of the worst industrial slums in the world.

This is a glimpse of the slums (himmin-kutsu) in good old Kawasaki, as bleak an industrial landscape as modern man could devise. These are the ruins of the homes of the people who worked ten to fifteen hours a day for meager low wages in the Kawasaki airplane plants and others, helping to build the Zero and other weapons designed to raise the range of the Rising Sun. Now these same people have come back and reconstructed brave little shacks of scrap wood and corrugated iron, usually of a single room, that house a whole family. The cooking (and almost everything else) is done outside—an inside kitchen is an undreamed of luxury.

In great cities like Osaka, Nagoya, Kobe, Yokohama and Tokyo; in lesser-great cities like Aomori, Sendai, Shizuoka, Hakata, Fukuoka; in small but important industrial cities like Gifu, Toyohashi, and Hiratsuka, this scene is duplicated. The road to even a modicum of modern comfort is truly a hard one for these millions. They meet it bravely. Their problem is Japan's problem.

The artist? - Just a man that can see beauty anywhere. The Japanese kids?—friendly as ever. "Chewing-gum arimasu-ka?"

A GREAT AND LOWLY STATION

This little sketch of a corner of the vast Ueno Station on the North side of central Tokyo is a glimpse of the tough life still shared by thousands of Japanese in bomb-damaged cities everywhere. In pre-war times, natives assure us, Ueno was a beautiful, efficient, spacious station, the largest and busiest in Japan, serving the entire Nation. Making allowances for the usual Japanese pride it obviously was (and is) a big and competent operation.

It still retains its size, for it was left practically untouched in the bombings (by deliberate plan of the Air Force) but much of it has fallen into disrepair. If you go to Ueno Station now you will see a dim, dank, poorly ventilated, dirty building swarming with harassed-looking multitudes, shuffling along or standing endlessly in line.

Ueno still is great in traffic, however; fifty special trains and nearly three hundred local trains leave there daily. In twenty four hours Ueno today may serve as high as half a million people! On the crowded platforms the train conductors (sha-sho) are hard to tell from the riders, so many swarm to the train (kisha). Sometimes, in the local rush hour, crowds are so great it looks as though the motorman will be shoved out.

Down below the train platforms thousands wait in line for tickets sometimes thirty-six or forty-eight hours; and thousands more of Tokyo's vagrants actually make Ueno Station their home. Many of them are pitiably tender youngsters. In a recent round up of two thousand of these, Tokyo Metropolitan Police reported 30% of them juvenile delinquents. But can you blame them?

RICE AND SHINE

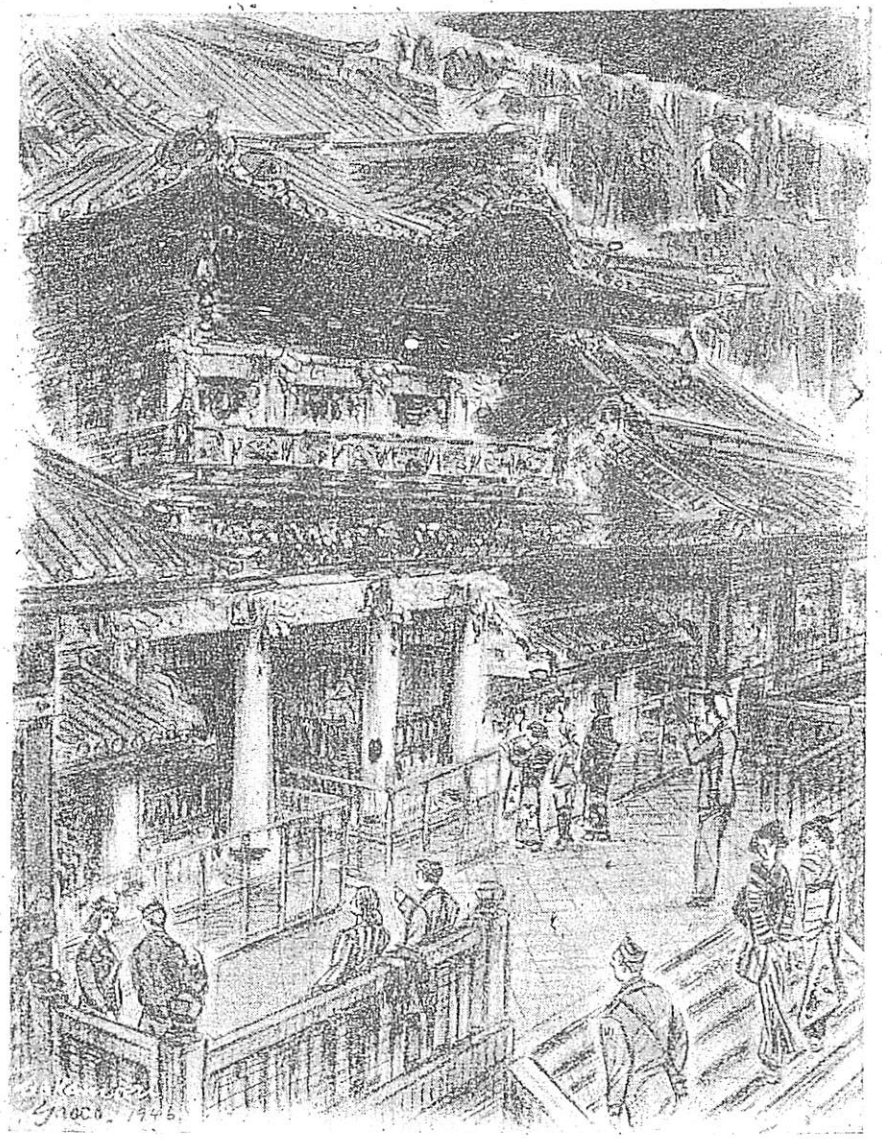
Rice (o-kome) is the staff of life of Japan—it keeps Fukuda-san and seventy five million brothers and sisters alive, well-filled and kicking (when there's lack of rice they kick, too, only harder). Here you see how rice is raised in tiny little farms. Most Americans would consider them just gardens, but the diligent Japanese farmer with his wife and children assisting, obtain from them a yield that even crustly New Englanders call miracles of production.

The rice seedlings are closely planted in the spring when the first warm day is come after the earth has been turned and fertilized, and the tiny field or paddy has been flooded by the spring rains. In a few weeks the seedlings are a bright luscious green and ready to be transplanted. This is the back-breaking job—knee deep in 'fragrant' fertilized black mucky earth.

Water is an essential. Sometimes it is brought to the paddy by means of a little water wheel (mizu-guruma) still foot-operated as it was for the first rice plant. Fukuda-san starts to work about six a.m. all decked out in snappy big straw hat (suge-gasa) short kimono, leggings (sune-ate) and very fashionable arm wrappings (kote-ate). Not only are they chic—they keep off the blazing valley sun and the insects.

Our farmer's friend is at the primitive hand plow (suki) luckily assisted by a horse (uma) rarely seen in central Japan. His wife waves in the background en route to the next hatake which she will tend mightily with the hand rake (te-suki). The inevitable "honeywagon" can be seen in the middle background.

Rice and shine, Fukuda-san! These days you are at last getting something of your due!



NIKKO—RARE BEAUTY

Undoubtedly the most beautiful gate in Japan and probably among the most richly handsome in the Orient is the famous gateway known as the Yomei-Mon (Gate of Sunlight) which leads to the glorious mausoleum of Ieyasu Tokugawa in the hill-fringed village of Nikko between Tokyo and Sendai.

Ieyasu Tokugawa, you know, was the fierce soldier who consolidated Japan at the victory of Sekigahara early in the 17th century and established himself as the Shogun (military dictator) in Tokyo while he kept the Emperor harmlessly though elegantly in faraway Kyoto. Ieyasu it was who initiated the two hundred fifty long years of "Japan's Big Sleep"—the Tokugawa Shogunate—during which time practically no communications with the outside world were permitted. These were the centuries during which, in the West, the industrial revolution was sweeping out old ideas. But Japan under Ieyasu remained sealed, undisturbed—Ieyasu saw to that. Meanwhile, he did a marvelous job of coordinating organization and power, consolidating his dynasty, establishing classes and ranks and formalizing the life of his (technically the Emperor's) subjects.

When Ieyasu died, his grandson built, at Nikko, a great mausoleum. On it was lavished the most gifted sculptural and decorative talents of the time. No expense was spared. For example, two and a half million sheets of gold, enough to cover nearly six acres, were used just for gold effects alone! Fifteen thousand artisans labored ten years before it was completed.

Here dozes the famous "Sleeping Cat" (very small, by the way) and nearby are the equally famous "Three Monkeys," who have found it a fairly difficult job in recent years to "see, hear (and speak) no evil".

Autumn is the especially right time to go to Nikko. But any time is good when the sun is shining and you can catch the splendor of its gilded art, its Crying Dragon, its broad walks, its noble approach up Cryptomeria Avenue, its lofty pagoda and its charming museum. Nikko—all of it—is breathtakingly worthwhile!

SO I WENT TO JAPAN

THE CUSTOMS

AH, THE GEISHA . . .

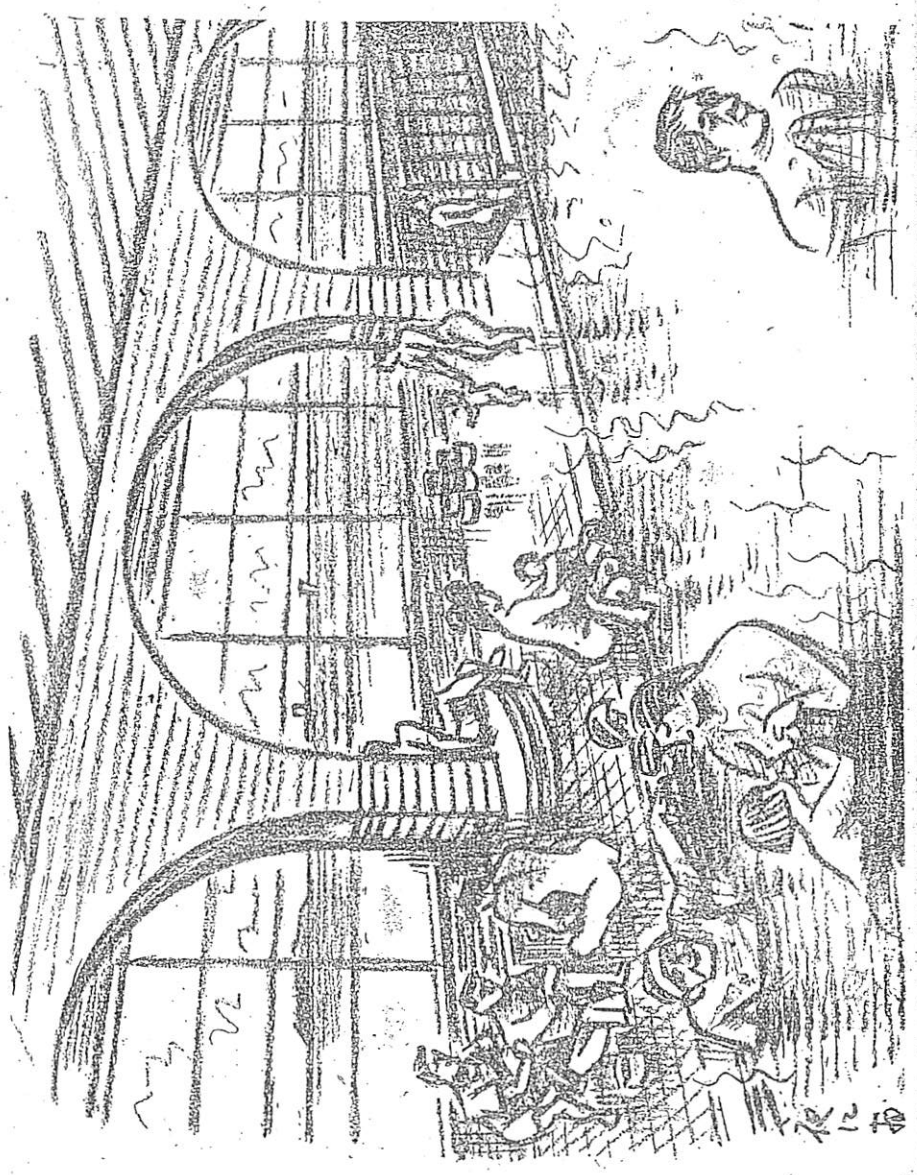
Here goes another American misconception! The real Geisha is a skilled specialized entertainer and her profession of trained artist (as well as courtesan) is quietly accepted by other Japanese.

The arts of the Geisha are the gentle arts of singing and dancing, of playing the Japanese guitar (samisen) of lively conversation, and, of course, of flattery to gentlemen guests. The morals of the successful Geisha are a matter of her own desire, and are occasionally quite high. The Geisha is not a prostitute. She may take a lover, or a gentleman of means to support her, but that is usually a pretty firm arrangement and gives her a status something like a "second wife".

The Geisha is a necessary institution in Japan where customs forbid husbands from going out socially with their wives. In larger cities, many young Japanese men and women disagree with this but the "Geisha Idea" still stays firmly rooted in Japanese culture.

The poverty of many Japanese families burdened with too many mouths to feed is what makes possible the social phenomena of the Geisha. For these girls are actually "indentured" for years to pay off the loans the Geisha Association advances to their parents. Too, many a poor farm girl joyfully accepts this chance to escape the misery of impoverished rural life in exchange for fine clothes and skilled training.

There are, of course, many levels to the "girl business" in Japan (as in practically every country). These include the "tea-house girl," who is a sort of free-lance, and the prostitute (joro) another "indentured" lady, also under a loan contract that clearly specifies prostitution (frequently and incorrectly called a Geisha). Her plight is sad indeed. However, under the Occupation, SCAP has directed such contracts be declared illegal and they may no longer be written.



JAPAN'S BATHDAY SUIT

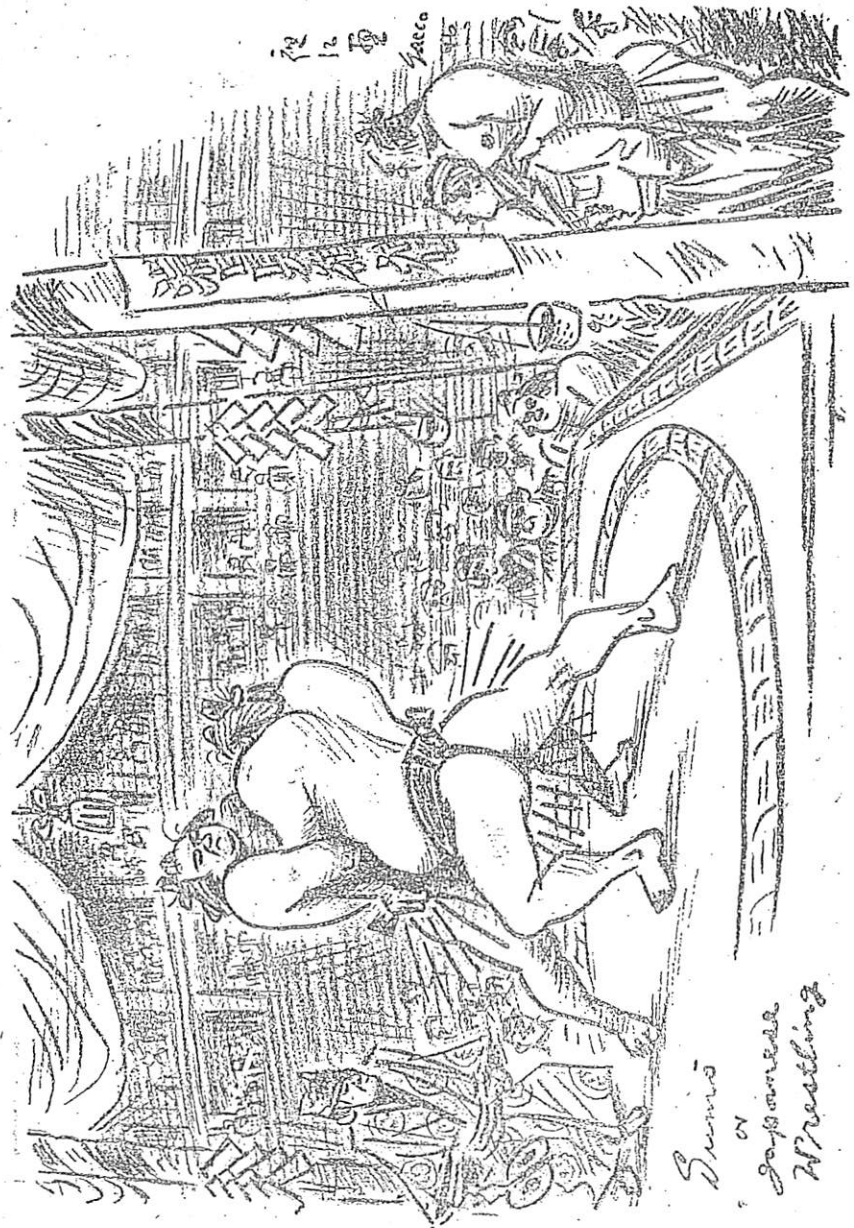
Few Japanese homes have bathtubs. Yet, despite this the Japanese, when he can be, is one of the "bathingist" people in the world. His city lanes may be littered, his country roads mere dust paths,—but if it's anyway possible, he'll manage a hot bath, complemented by clean clothes.

There are two principal kinds of hot baths—the Public Baths, which are for the urban millions in the big and little cities, and the "onsen" or natural hot spring baths at the resorts; some of the "onsen" have mixed bathing (kyodo-buro) where the whole family bathes together.

Here's a picture of one of those delightful natural hot spring baths at a Japanese hotel in Atami, seventy miles south of Tokyo (like many such hotels, firmly Off Limits). Atami is a lovely little vacation town in a curving blue bay on Izu Peninsula below Tokyo. Due to volcanic action long ago, it now abounds in natural hot springs, as do Beppu, Ito, Karuizawa, Yumoto, Ikaho and scores of other delightful seaside and inland resort towns where Japan's 5000 hot springs are to be found.

Momma, Poppa, and Junior all are having a fine time in the hotel's one big hot bath (O-furo). They undressed together outside, laid their clothes in flat wicker baskets, and pranced in to the bath pool. Using little wooden tubs (oke) to lather in alongside the pool, they rinse good and clean. Then—and only then—do they "dunk." The temperature is a bit over 100 degrees! They love it, and may soak for thirty minutes or longer. An American might last five the first time.

Sometimes bath boys (sansuke) wrapped in towels, stroll in, to scrub backs, male or female, and jabber a word of comment on the warmth. It's pleasant, quiet, healthful—and very Japanese!



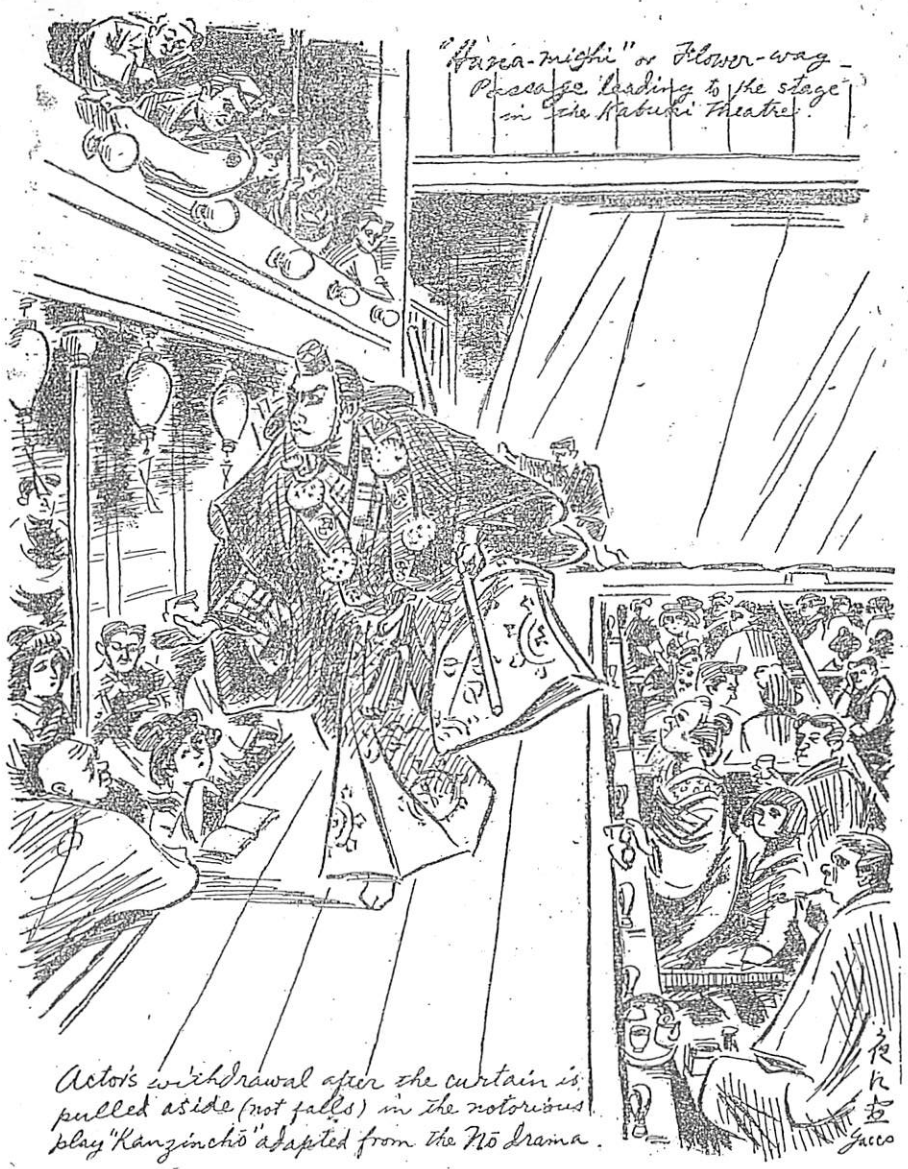
GRUNT AND GROAN

Japanese wrestling is out of this world! . . . and so are Japanese wrestlers. So, in fact, is the whole business of sumo. The Shinto purification ritual that precedes the actual sumo bouts themselves including mouth-washing, and salt sprinkling around the arena, the nerve-rackingly long preparation before each bout, and the sometimes astonishing shortness of the bouts themselves, the skill of the wrestlers and excitement of the crowds all contribute to the really unique characteristics of the sport.

Japanese wrestlers (sumo-tori) would be big men anywhere—they are simply giants among the Japanese, sometimes well over six feet, weighing between two hundred fifty and three hundred fifty pounds. Most of them look merely fat. Actually, of course, it is fat and muscle developed through years of exercise coupled with special feeding under a system laid down by the national Sumo association. Even in current post-war rationing these sumo wrestlers are receiving (and had to receive to live) a triple-size rice ration.

Sumo is altogether different from Judo, the tricky Japanese art of self-defense. Sumo is a classic professional sport—and aggressive. Judo is usually defensive.

The sumo season travels—from Tokyo in Autumn and Winter south to Kyushu and up north again in the late fall so it may be seen only at certain times and usually in the bigger cities. But if you ever get the chance to see six hundred pounds of strong Japanese male grunting and groaning itself around an arena before thousands of other Japanese, you'll agree Sumo is some sport!



THEATRE AND THE KABUKI

The Kabuki play might be called the Popular Drama of Japan. It is a combination of Japanese music, brilliant costumes, exquisite setting and a curious kind of melo-dramatic acting interspersed with frequent, sometimes very vivid, dances. It is far more popular than the 'Noh' or classic drama which, with its chants, masks, and chorus is deadly formal. There are no women in the Kabuki play. All female parts are taken by men.

A good Kabuki play is a thrilling experience. The word Kabuki combines three words meaning "song-dance accomplishment" and there is a sense of colorful play and drama throughout most of a good Kabuki production. It takes time, however, to get used to the highly curious orchestra (seated at the side or back of the stage); which produces weird cries and chants impossible to describe, but that accent the stage action.

The drawing shows Koshiro, one of the oldest and most famous of the Kabuki actors, in one of his favorite parts in the play "Kanjincho." Koshiro, still lively and active, is 77 years old. In this final scene after the curtain has been drawn he dances the "Dance of Longevity," from the stage down the Hanamichi (flower-way) toward the back of the theater. Seats along the Hanamichi are highly desired.

Don't look for ideas in a classical Kabuki text. Look for emotion. Under the Shoguns, the militarists and the "thought police", Japanese playwrights had to watch their step—so you see little emphasis on content, but more on hopeless love affairs, loyalty of the servant, and sword play, embroidered with costume.

Japanese love modern theater, too—and Tokyo is the center of it now. Despite the shock of war (and peace), Tokyo produced in 1946-7 "Abraham Lincoln" by John Drinkwater, "Ah Wilderness' by Eugene O'Neill, "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's music, Gorki's "Lower Depths" (very well done, too), "Watch on the Rhine," and spirited original plays and playlets. Not much of this gets beyond Tokyo and the bigger cities, but where it is available, the Japanese gobble it up.

A JAPANESE WEDDING

A wedding (Kekkon-shiki) in Japan represents the same thing as in America—the end of a lot of maneuvering, and the start of a new and perilous adventure. Here we see the lovely Japanese bride (Hanayome) performing the wedding in the home of the bridegroom (Hanamuko). The heart of the ceremony is this "three-times-three" (san-san-kudo) exchange of sake wine. The bride is served first by the little flower girl, three times, then the bridegroom. She takes her ease—it's one of the few times she'll be first in anything.

The bride wears her most beautiful embroidered ceremonial silk kimono (which may be rented or borrowed nowadays), the groom his finest black silk short coat (Haori)—but who cares? The white band (Tsunokakushi) on the bride's elaborate coiffure (shimada) hides the horns of jealousy.

It's possibly the second time these folks have met. The Japanese believe marriage is the beginning of love, a concept which, you'll agree, differs occasionally from our own. The marriage was arranged by the families, with a friendly older couple (Nakodo) acting as go-between. Before the bargain was sealed the Nakodo arranged for them to see each other (O miai) but without conversing, at a theater, or a neutral friend's home. If there were no complaints, the deal was closed. Romance? Well, maybe—but later. Was that Lana Turner we saw leaving by the back door?

After this San-san-kudo, there'll probably be a party. Bride and groom may stay a while, or skip out, to come back after the honeymoon (Shinkon-ryoko) to her husband's home, (if he's the eldest son) and a tradition-backed mother-in-law.

No wonder so many women were elected to the Diet.

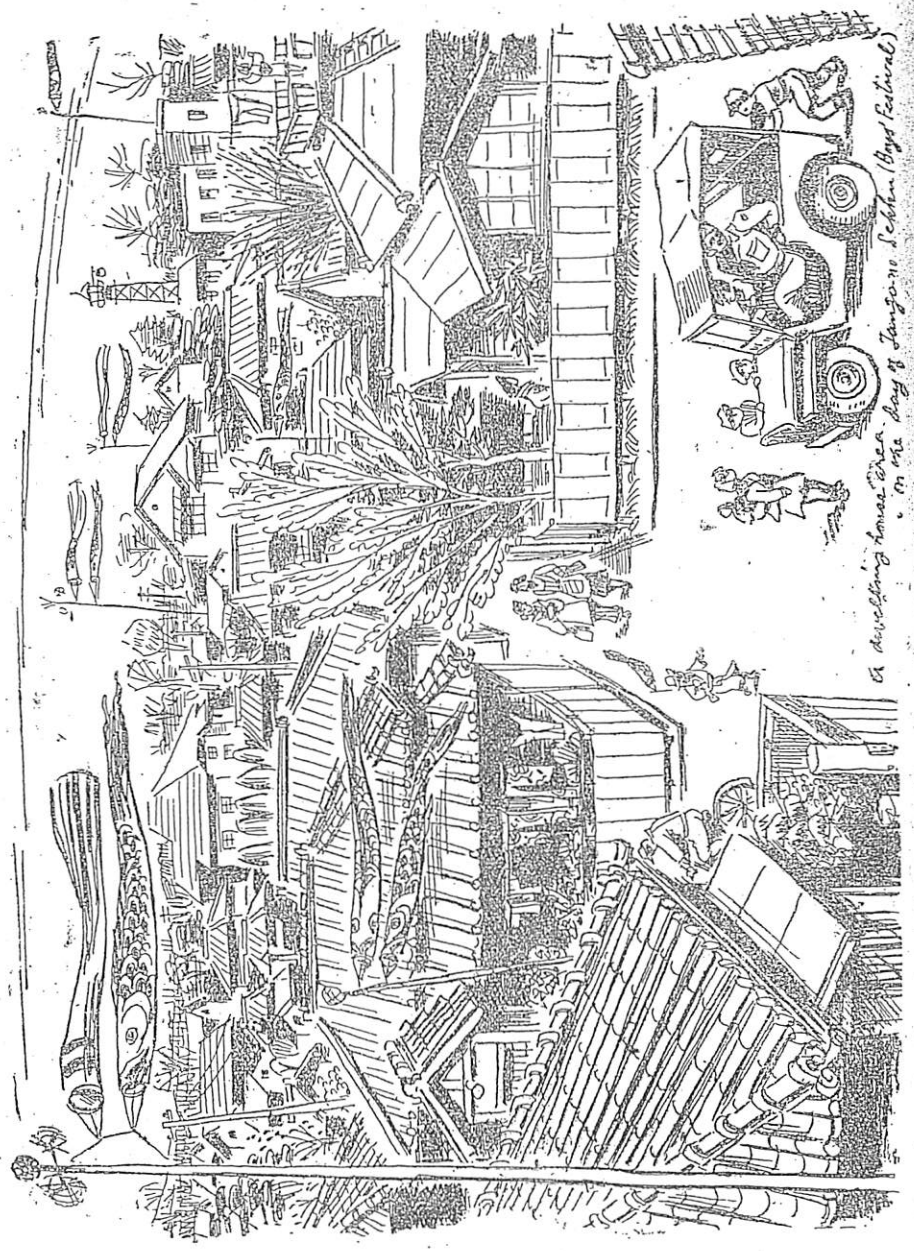
OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLLS . . .

The Doll festival is a good example of the unique talent of Japan's cultural leaders to direct their people's normal appetites into national patterns. Little girls the world over love dolls—in China, Sweden or Africa—anywhere. But in Japan, their love of dolls is ingeniously directed toward the Emperor—and reaches its climax in a National Holiday—the Doll's Festival celebrated each year on the third of March.

On Doll's Festival (San-gatsu-no-Sekku) a ceremony is held in every home, except the very poorest. The Dolls, which are not the everyday type, are arranged on shelves, as you see. On the topmost shelf are the Prince (O-oji) and the Princess (O-ojo) attired as members of the Imperial Court. On the next shelf are three maids of Honor—on the next five court musicians, with tiny instruments; then courtiers followed by footmen. All are in ceremonial costumes of the old Imperial Court.

Arranged by the parents, the display is said to show their joy and pride in their children—but can anyone imagine how this charming custom can fail to instill in very young and susceptible minds a unique kind of reverence for the Court and all things Imperial?

On Doll's Day (also called Peach-Blossom Festival) visits are cordially exchanged, rice cakes (mochi) and fruits (kuda-mono) served, and even a very, very mild rice-and-sake is served by the daughter of the house, who becomes Queen for the Day. "Oh, you beautiful Dolls . . . "



A dwelling-house area in the city of Osaka (Boys' Festival)

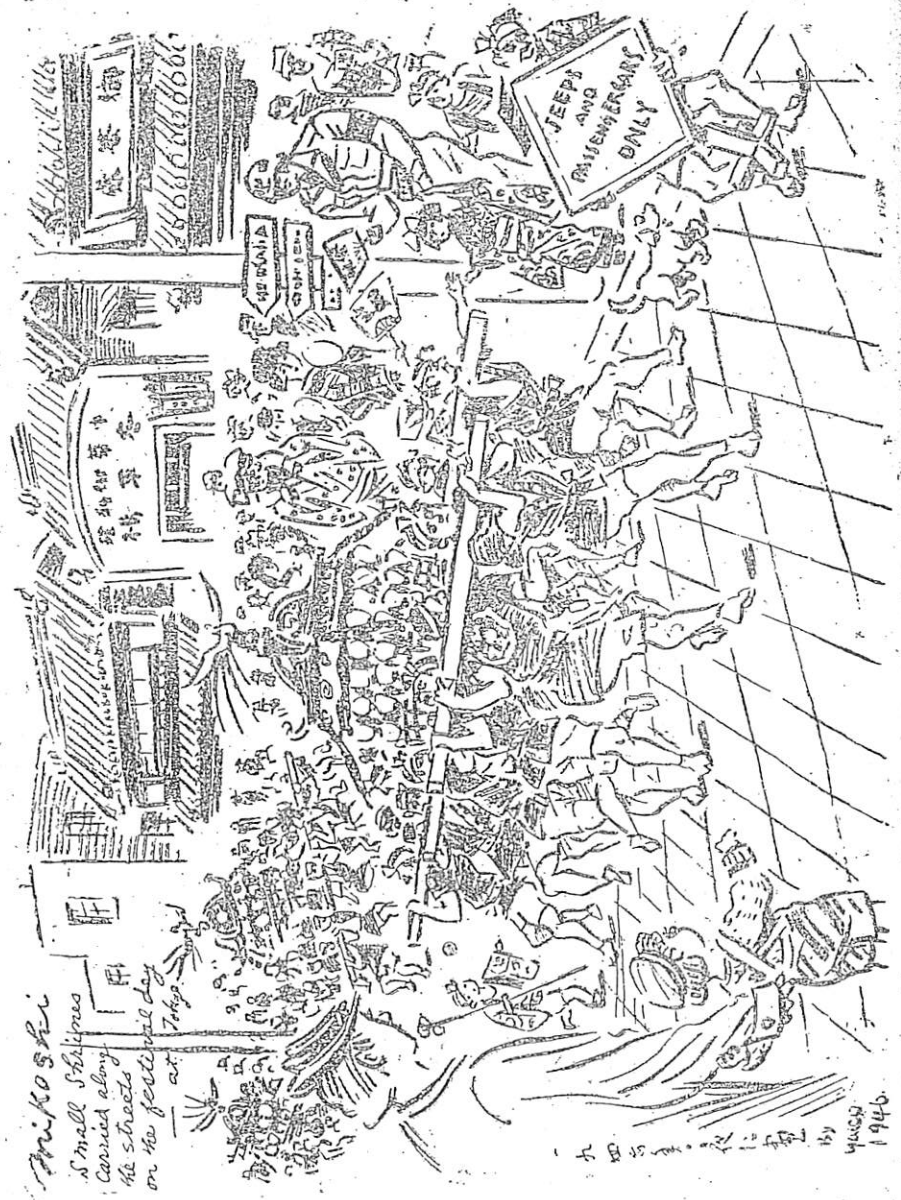
THE BOYS HAVE THEIR DAY

Americans tend to have a lowly opinion of the carp. But the Japanese are different (and how!). To them the carp is auspicious . . . He swims up-stream, against heavy currents, refusing to give way. In appreciation of this admirable quality the carp (koi) is set up as a model for young Japanese males to copy. The fact that the carp's brave actions are frequently prompted by the very unboyish urge to be mated is politely overlooked.

The Japanese make life-like replicas of monstrous gaily-colored carp and fly them on "Boy's Day," one for each son. This day comes on the fifth day of the fifth month and is called Gogatsu-no-sekku which means fifth month festival. On this day the youngsters put on their best kimono, get a special treat of sweets if they're lucky, whirl brightly colored little pin-wheels, and begin to lay a good foundation in their feeling of male self-importance.

This picture also gives you an idea of what a working-class Japanese residential section looks like. This scene is in a worker's home area in Osaka, but it could be duplicated in a hundred big and little cities throughout the islands. The tile roof (kawara-buki), the thin board-and-bamboo fence (kakine), the sliding wall panels (shoji) and the closeness of the dwellings are all typical. The jeep (jeep-u) is a new touch and a new word.

The girls? They have their day on the third day of the third month—one of the rare times the ladies of Japan get theirs first!



O-MATSURI (LOCAL FESTIVALS)

The Shinto system of ideas, which some shintoists strenuously deny as a "religion," is about 1400 years old. It has been officially separated by SCAP from the Emperor system and the State, and is "on its own," so to speak. Though this separation has meant a serious financial problem for many of the larger shinto shrines, the fervor with which local villages and city districts observe their shinto "o-matsuri" (like the one pictured) is a token of the grip this ancient cult presently holds.

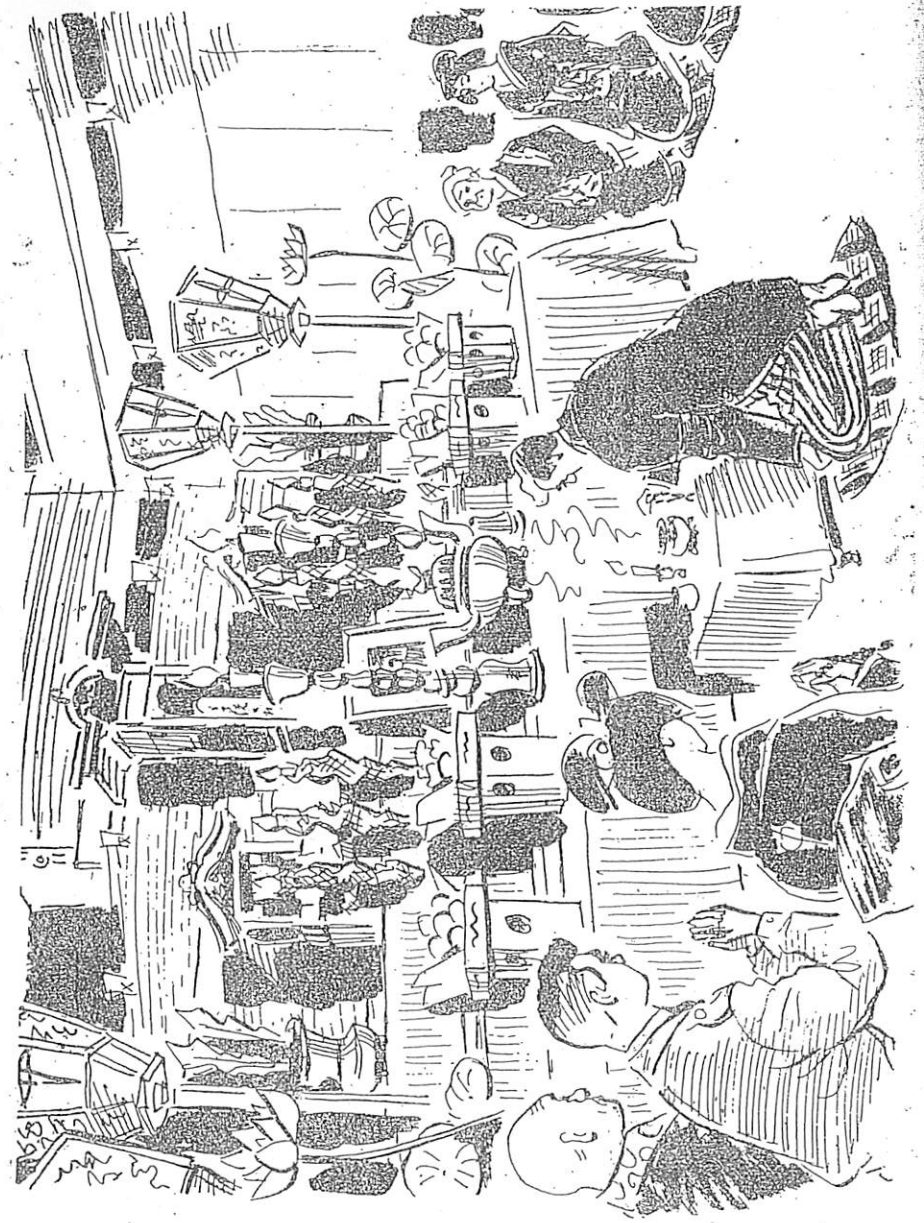
All during the fall season, particularly while the moon is full, and before rice harvest begins, you can see these local shinto festivals. They're fun to watch. The focal point is the O-mikoshi (the portable shrine) that selected young men will carry through the streets with shouting and singing (and cries of "Washoo! Washoo!), stripped to the waist, their faces daubed with paint, their insides filled with sake. Drums in a ceremonial stand beat out incessant rhythm long into the night, festival folk dances continuing by Japanese lantern, and time and again the little shrine, carried on the bearers' shoulders will be rushed up and down the street, now leaning one way, now another, sometimes by a sort of undeclared cooperation crashing into some unpopular fellow's house!

The local Kami-sama (Honorable Spirit) is supposed to be seated inside the little shrine, and the bearers take him on many a tour of his district during the two or three days of the festival, until the "mikoshi" finally rests back in the local shinto temple, ready for another festival next year.

An O-matsuri in the daytime is startling. A large one seen at night, by Japanese lantern, as at the Hachiman Shrine in Kamakura, is unforgettable.

This is pretty side of Shinto—the same shinto that deifies all fallen Japanese soldiers in Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo, and maintains 100,000 other shrines; that developed Japan's notorious Bushido (the Code of the Warrior), ancestor worship and the joys of dying for the nation. Its other name is "Kami-no-michi," the Way of the Gods.

Perhaps Shinto is the "Way of the Gods." But is Shinto the "Way of the People"? It's up to the people to decide.

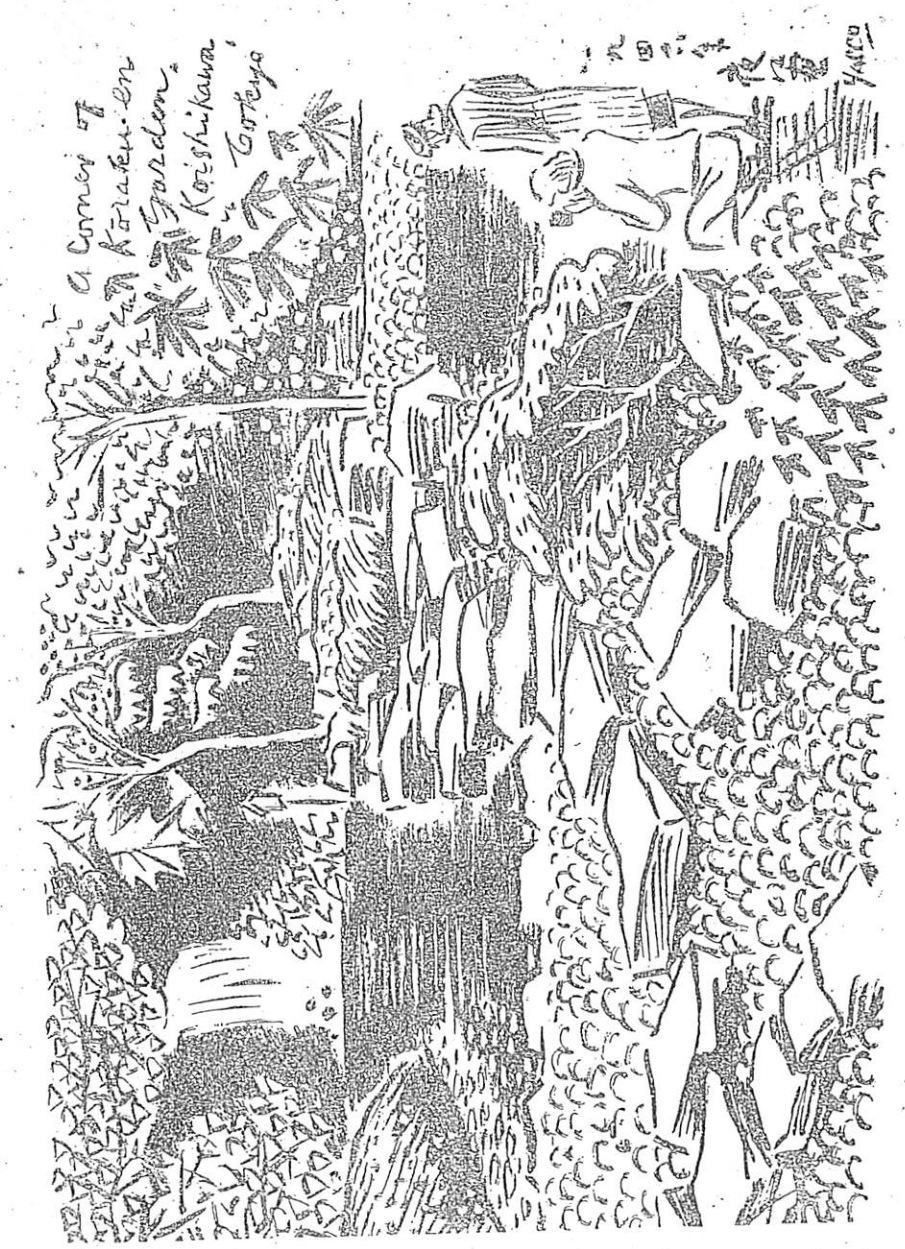


FAREWELL CEREMONY

This is a scene at a family funeral in a temple, at the moment incense is being burned before the departed's ashes prior to burial. It is a Buddhist funeral, though the difference between a Buddhist and a Shinto ceremony is mostly in small details like the hanging of torn white paper strips (gohei) instead of burning incense, fruit and fish offerings instead of meat, and a plain spirit tablet instead of the gold-and-lacquer one shown. As a matter of fact, some features of each are usually included, as you can see here.

Japanese funerals are conducted with quiet dignity and a minimum display of emotion. The effect is soothing, tranquil, and calculated to esteem the departed. Shintoists read a long prayer reciting the worldly achievements of the departed; Buddhists sound gongs and wooden blocks and chant prayers in a soft, monotonous sort of intonation. The ashes (most Japanese are cremated within forty-eight hours after death) are the center of devotion.

This funeral ceremony (Koku-betsushiki) preceding internment of the ashes shows the nearest relative lighting incense (senko). Food offerings including rice-cakes (mochi) are on the lacquered trays (sambo) on either side of the ashes. The gold-lacquer spirit-tablet, on which the deceased spirit-name is written, crowns the altar. On the left kneels the priest (obo-san); the ladies are immediate members of the family, the American guest is, of course, accorded a certain honor to be included.



THE JAPANESE GARDEN

The Japanese garden is a wonderful example of the country's special talent for getting great effects from small means. Those Japanese homes that can afford it have some sort of small private garden—in some cases, several. Though the garden (o-niwa) may be only a few feet square it will manage to include a miniature pool or tiny stream, perhaps with a dainty little water fall (taki), a miniature stone bridge (hashi) and a "good luck" stone lantern (ishi toro), the whole layout boasting a tiny stone path wending through with graceful trees and shrubs rising everywhere.

The idea is quite simple:—to provide in miniature a landscape that includes almost everything one would find in nature itself. The art Japanese developed in this is world famous. A coveted artistic objective in the design of everything Japanese, including their gardens, is "shibumi" which is a special kind of "taste," rather hard to define. Dr. Jiro Harada, authority on Japanese taste and ideas, tells the story of how a great tea-master, angered by his son's lack of imagination in cleaning their little garden, waited till the lad had finished and then, walking to one of the tiny trees, shook it until some of the leaves had fallen lightly on the newly swept foot-walk. "There," said the tea-master, "now the garden is clean." That is one ingenious way of defining the Japanese meaning of "Shibumi."

The same Japanese love of nature in miniature beautifully displayed in a special way can be seen in their public parks one of which is the delightful little Koraku-en in Koishikawa-ku, Tokyo, glimpsed here. Another is the famous Imperial Gardens in Tokyo's Shinju-ku. Kyoto, Nara and almost every large city has others worth seeing.

AH, SO.O . . .

Here, in a Japanese Garden, is as pleasant a place as any to leave our text. There are many things about this country not touched on between these covers. But the things described here have hinted how completely different, not necessarily wrong, Japan is; how vivid the life created by its plain people; how vigorously they are tackling the bitter problems left by the war. Most Japanese know now they were not born to 'rule the eight corners of the world under one roof', or any other such nonsense, but they still do not know where they do belong. Their history, despite the silks and pearls and landed estates seems to be largely one of poverty and frustration. Nevertheless, an unquenched hope burns undimmed among the constant masses who constitute the real Japan. In the years ahead, thousands of Americans, Britishers, and other westerners will be streaming to Japan on business and pleasure; they will find in this strong, active hope the best assurance of the success of their own enterprises here; perhaps they will see its fulfillment when these people, under a wise and creative political leadership, turn their undoubted strength inward, and build a truly Happy Land.