Jottings

In Japan

The Travels of

Dr. Raymond Walters

To Japan, 1949

Prepared for The Literary Club of Cincinnati

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As an educational representative of the Department of the Army, I made a trip to Japan, January-April, 1949, taking part in three institutes on higher education at Tokyo, of two weeks each, attended by presidents, deans and professors of 140 Japanese universities, colleges and technological institutions. I also visited scores of universities and higher schools of varied types in Tokyo, Kyoto, Alaska, Hiroshima, Kobe, Kure and Yokohama, giving a total, while in Japan, of 36 lectures and addresses.

My paper tonight does not relate to, except incidentally, the newly established Japanese system of higher education. It presents, rather, human interest notes about the people I met in Japan and certain happenings during my sojourns which I recorded from time to time in a special notebook.

I call this paper by the unpretentious title, "Jottings in Japan, 1949", and I might add: "Prepared for the Literary Club of Cincinnati", because these jottings were written for your express benefit. I have not polished them up for literary style. The people I met in Japan ranged from Japanese naval officers convicted as war criminals to Christian Japanese ostracized for their non-cooperation in World War II; they ranged from merry little boys and girls in the Hiroshima ruins to the cheerful Emperor in his Imperial Office at Tokyo.

When I have been questioned about my opinion of the Japanese, I have reminded questioners about Edmund Burke's declaration that you cannot indict a whole people. The Japanese people have varied from Dr. Noguchi, the beneficent scientist, to Tojo, the arch criminal; just as the German people have varied from Goethe to Goebbels and the American people from Lincoln to--well, you name your candidate as his moral and spiritual opposite.

I saw, as I worked among the Japanese during the winter and early spring of 1949, evidences of crudity and indifference to the sufferings of others; but I saw also manifestations of culture and of kindliness. As General MacArthur said to me, "These Japanese are great people...They have many-sided abilities. They have energy. They have dignity." They are, "a people whose shackles are gone, who are elated with their freedom, who are eager to go forward."

And now for my jottings which, with all their imperfections on their head, I shall read as I wrote them.

THE DIARY
SUISUN FAIRFIELD AIR FORCE BASE
I'm sitting here on a bench in the warm sunshine of California at the Post Passenger Terminal, awaiting a bus to take me to the Navy airfield where, at 8 p.m., I am to be a passenger on
the giant Navy seaplane "Mars" where it takes off for Honolulu. I have the avoidance of losing further time, as I lost it last week, to the merger of the Armed Forces. As Captain Aglum of the Air Force headquarters staff told me, "In the old days you would have had to wait for an Army plane on the basis of Army orders such as yours."

It is hard to realize lolling here in the sunny warmth, that not many hours ago I passed by miles and miles and miles of snow-covered landscape, - prairies, hills and mountains. Instead of 70 degrees above, it is now the temperature was 30 below zero in Wyoming. Such is the range of the U. S. A. This is a mammoth base, with scores of plain but rather attractive buildings and acres of flying fields. The number of planes here at present is small. They have sent most of them to Germany, the officers tell me, to serve in the Air Lift that is carrying food and supplies to the Germans in the American zone of Berlin. The magnitude, the skill and the daring of these winter exploits of American and British planes are a source of irritated astonishment to the Soviet Russians and of grateful wonder to Germany and the rest of Europe outside the Iron Curtain.

CALIFORNIA
January 31, 1949 HONOLULU

On the flight from S-F to Hickman Field on the mammoth Navy plane, Mars. I slept at least 7 hours. The reclining seats proved comfortable to me and to the three children on the plane, a boy of about seven, a girl of perhaps three and a little fellow of a year or so. with their soldier or sailor fathers and their mothers at hand. They went to sleep promptly and didn't waken when the lights were turned on at 6 A.M. I enjoyed the tray breakfast: Tomato juice, Kellog grapenuts, coffee and an apple served by stewardesses.

Daylight came as I record in my Diary. (This book, kindly given to me by my secretary, Mrs. Grace Sales, is for supplemental notes.) As my Diary entry shows, the hospitality of Mrs. Bilger (U.C. Alumna) and her husband, Professor Earl Bilger, was simply beyond description. Alert, informative on all essential historical, covoc, economic and educational aspects of the territory. They were never tiresome or repetitious.* I am proud of Mrs. Bilger's work as Head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Hawaii. The guests at dinner in the Pacific Club last evening included a Mr. Castle, Harvard graduate and industrialist and financier, who is a member of one of the so-called Big Five families of Hawaii - a large, keen, humorous man. Dean and Mrs. Paul Bachman and Professor and Mrs. Brand of the University faculty were the additional guests. * [Characteristic of their thoughtfulness was the provision of a room for me at the Pacific Club where I had an hour's rest before dinner.]
Lieutenant Sellers, my seatmate on the "Mars", related his experiences as a flight pilot in Operation Vittles into the American zone of Berlin. They flew in (American and British planes working harmoniously together) 300 to 400 planes daily, with an average of 10 tons daily. (Today's Honolulu's Advertiser has this U. P. Item: "The Anglo-American Airlift to blockaded Berlin set a new monthly delivery record during January by hauling 171,960 tons of essential supplies to the isolated city." Dispatch from Frankfurt, Germany.) According to Lieutenant Sellers, the pilots have been under heavy strain engaging in so many flights. Their success has buoyed them up for they have not only astounded the Soviets and the Germans and the rest of the world, but they have surprised themselves. Flights are made under weather conditions as adverse that they would never have undertaken except for driving necessity. "They land", he said, "with ceilings as low as 200 feet. And compared with the mileage flown, there have been very few accidents. Devices have been worked out - such as an electric current in wires to the winds - which causes the coatings of ice to crack and fall off. Lieut. Sellers is an Alabama native who carefully learned to pronounce the letter "r".

HICKMAN FIELD, HONOLULU

February 1, 1949, 8:00 A.M.

We are receiving our briefing for the fight to Guam, 4 navy enlisted personnel, Army, a Colonel and R. W. S. sergeant tells us how to put on a Mae West, how to act on a raft ----"sweetly solemn thought"!

ON AIRCRAFT 50877 - This is a Marine plane carrying freight and ten passengers. Have just returned from the cockpit where the Flight Commander, a handsome young captain and the navigator have patiently explained to me the operation of the plane and the meaning of the numerous clock-like gadgets on the board, including the automatic pilot device. A fascinating series of mechanisms -

As for the weather, it is fine, the captain says, but not unusually so. "Good flying weather is normal over the Pacific." From our altitude of 8000 feet, we look down from vast areas of snow-white clouds piled up in irregular but rounded masses. The sunlight illumines all this active scene. Between the clouds and the ocean is a rich blue with flecks of white.

"I am utilizing my time in Japan, reading the Volume II Appendix of "Education in the New Japan", which presents original documents of the Allied Powers, SCAP Directives, Official Japanese
Documents, Japanese Education Laws, statistical materials, etc. I must report to Dr. Eckstein my written congratulations on this monograph. It is excellent.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1949

Aboard Air Force Plane Bound for Japan.

Talked with many Air Force officers and enlisted men at Guam. All seemed eager to converse with some one from the States. The calibre of Air Force personnel is distinctly good. See Diary entry. Because of strong head winds, the plane is not up to schedule and we shall probably arrive at Tokyo an hour or an hour and a half late, the Plane Commander has just told me. He's a handsome, blond blue-eyed lad who must set feminine hearts fluttering when he smiles at 'em.

ABOARD AIR FORCE PLANE, GUAM TO TOKYO

The passenger list numbers 19, including four Japanese war criminals, a Japanese interpreter, four Marine Military Police officers in charge of the prisoners, from Meigs Army and Air Force privates, one miscellaneous corporal and an "Expert University Administration." The last-named has had a busy and profitable day, writing notes for the Japan education institutes. This work makes time go a lot faster than doing cross-word puzzles.

It's 4:30 now after the afternoon sun is still brilliant, but it's getting cold. All of the Japanese prisoners and some of the others are huddling in blankets. Quite a change from the 70 degrees at Guam when we left at noon.

Looked down upon Saipan where Bill McGinniss gave his life for his country.

JAPANESE WAR CRIMINALS

Had the experience with a convicted murderer who is sentenced for life with three other prisoners sentenced to terms of 5, 10 and 15 years for "neglect of duty." This unusual quartet comprises one civilian and three high-ranking former officers in the Japanese Navy, a Lieutenant Commander and two Vice-Admirals. The civilian was an interpreter in a Japanese prison. His sentence was the least of the lot. The Vice-Admirals were found guilty of neglect of duty in failing to check on the cruelties inflicted upon United States Navy prisoners captured during the war. The case against the Lieutenant Commander was murder for permitting Japanese physicians to experiment on Americans so that their death resulted.

The four sit on the same side of the plane cabin with me, stolid and utterly calm. The vice-admirals are men in their sixties, the others in their fifties, with countenances of typical
oriental caste. When they ate their lunch they showed enjoyment of the excellent food, -
chicken, ham and roast beef sandwiches, pineapple juice and an apple. The M. P. Captain
took movie pictures of all of us; the Japs grinned a little then. Facts as to the Navy trial at
Guam were given to me by the smiling little Japanese on my right who was one of the
interpreters. The prisoners were defended by Japanese lawyers and by U. S. Naval officers
designated for this purpose - It was very fair, the whole thing." The little Japanese
interpreter assured me. The M. P. Sergeant on my left corroborated these facts.

Later When we were instructed to put on our "Mae Wests" and adjust our seat belts,
these Japs did so very eagerly. Having been spared their lives, they seemed determined
to continue living. At Kwajalein I was told about a Japanese soldier who had hidden out
since war days on one of the small islands and who started shooting when approached. The
Marines had to shoot him as a matter of safety.

Heard from the Plane Commander of the Air Force plane that he recently had as
passengers to Tokyo two Japanese soldiers who hid out for the years since the war in the
mountains of Iwo Jima. They finally got tired of seclusion, came in and surrendered. As
there was no charge against them, they were simply taken back to Japan.

Because of the rain and mist our plane circled Hameda Airfield, Tokyo, a good many
times, before landing. The airport looked like all others. My friend, Dr. Walter Crosly Sells
and Mrs. Sells, kindly met me at the airport and drove me the ten miles to Tokyo
and the Imperial Hotel. The street and auto lights shone on the wet streets. A tortuous ride
- but fascinating, as I have found all Tokyo to be.

FEBRUARY 4

See Diary entry for facts about my first day in Japan. The weather - springlike.

JAPANESE DINNER PARTY

Hanagawada Gardens: (formerly a mansion of a wealthy citizen, is now used for
private parties). We entered by a road through charming gardens under a crescent moon.
There were six Geisha girls who supplied entertainment for this party of about twenty, all of us guests of Vice-Minister of Education aide. These girls also served the regulation Japanese banquet, with at least ten courses. To my surprise, the characteristic shrimp, fish, seaweed, etc. were appetizing, as was the main course of beef boiled in a container on the table along with vegetables. Had beginner's luck in manipulating chopsticks. Drank one small cup of sake and several glasses of a cider juice and several cups of tea (!)

The Geisha girls were an interesting study. They are tiny women who are trained from girlhood in the arts of singing, dancing, playing games and serving as waitresses. The usual Western notion of the Geisha girl as a prostitute is not a correct one, George Van Dyke tells me, but he added "some of them may be at times."

Had a few minutes chat in the hotel lobby yesterday with General Wainright of the Air Force. He recalled addressing the Foreign Policy Association of Cincinnati several years ago. I remembered it too- a luncheon meeting in the Pavilion Caprice, Netherland Plaza; his speech not too good. Then the General surprised me by saying, "I didn't feel happy about that Cincinnati address. It wasn't "good."

THE CHILDREN OF TOKYO

Japanese children are the cunningest things. You see pink-cheeked babies toted about, peering out from the backs of mothers to which they are strapped. Some sleep with their heads held far back. Little Japanese boys are so cute it's a shame they have to grow up. However they won't grow up very far. The race is uniformly short.

THE POPULATION OF JAPAN

Chatted at lunch today with Dr. Warren C. Thompson, director of their Scripps Population Bureau of Oxford, Ohio. He and a physician friend discussed the stature of the Japanese saying it was hereditary but was somewhat influenced by two things: lack of adequate food and overwork as children at the age of adolescence. The huge Japanese wrestlers are a glandular phenomenon. They are reputed to eat enormous quantities of food.

During 1948, Dr. Thompson said, the population of Japan increased 1.2 million or 2 per cent to a total of 81 millions. There are 1200 persons per arable acre in these islands as compared with 237 in the United States. Sanitary and health measures are helping to raise the population which may soar to 87 million by 1955.
YOSHIDA RESUMES CONTROL

Today's issue of the Pacific STARS AND STRIPES has an article by A. P. correspondent Russell Brines on the stable government to be inaugurated in Japan next week. When the new House of Representatives convenes February 11, Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida will automatically be re-elected - and the likelihood is he will last four years. A personal friend and admirer of General MacArthur, Yoshida "forced the recent election on the country against private wishes of some SCAP officials." He's said to represent "old line and powerful industrialists."

"At 70 Yoshida is one of the few consistent and honest Japanese politicians."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

Avenue A, from our windows in Room 304, Imperial Hotel, supplies evidence of the American influence. At 9:15 A.M., as I write, it has the same deserted aspect of any city in the States: few trolley cars and buses, not many automobiles and only an occasional pedestrian. I'm told that in earlier eras the city took no account of Sunday; it was a working day like any others, as it still is in the country districts*. See later page. The weather cries out that spring is coming.

JAPANESE HUMOR

At the dinner given by Vice-Minister of Education on last Friday evening, one of the Japanese interpreters, a most affable young woman, was giving an English version of a song just sung by a Geisha girl. It recited the love of a maiden for her sweetheart!

"What is the Japanese word for "sweetheart", asked Miss H _, one of the CIE staff experts. I can't tell you that" replied the interpreter, "unless you have a sweetheart. Have you?" When Miss H disclaimed such possession, the young Japanese woman said: "Sorry. It's against the code to tell you unless you have one!"

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BARTHOLOMEW FAIR OF TOKYO

Sunday: While the office buildings are closed, most stores are open and the booth's along the Ginza. Z. Avenue area is doing a
lively business. American soldiers are the chief purchasers of the assortment of trinkets and colored stuff exposed for sale in these little wooden booths: jewelry, wrist watches, scissors, knives, dolls, postcards, pictures, scissors, toy trains.

WHERE TWO OR THREE GATHERED

St. Luke's Hospital was built and formerly operated by the Episcopal Church, U.S.A., now taken over by the Occupation forces. Dr. McGrail and I attended the 10:30 o'clock service of Holy Communion in the St. Luke's Chapel, a pleasing bit of church architecture given by Philadelphians in memory of Mary Coles.

JAPAN AND ASIATIC ECONOMY

The interdependence of Japanese economy and that of the entire Far East stressed by OTSUKA Bago, president of the Japan Special Steel Pipe Company, in a New Year's DIAMOND article. The Japanese economy is not strong enough to achieve recovery under its own power alone, "economic aid from the United State is a requisite for Japanese recovery." Ataska states..."the United States is aiding Japan not for Japan's sake, but for the sake of the nations of Asia. We must not forget for one minute that we are in the same position as Germany who is being helped toward reconstruction, because she is the industrial foundation for European recovery. We can receive help only on the condition that we contribute to the reconstruction of Asiatic nations." If we are to rise, we must help others to rise. Under these conditions only can we ask for sufficient materials (raw materials to supply the demands of Japanese Industries."

JAPAN NO. 836 1836 1 Feb., 1949 & HQ, SCAP GENERAL ELECTION, January 1949. "The Communist party gained twice or three times as many seats as it expected [3 million votes]. Communism again has brought up a serious problem for the Democratic Liberal Party which must necessarily clarify its ideological stand before the working masses and youth."

SHIN YUKAN, 27 JAN '49

Japanese Newspaper Editorial, SHIN YUKAN, 27 JAN. '49, PRESS
TRANSLATIONS AND SUMMARIES FROM SCAP 1 FEBRUARY, 1949. A TEACHER OF FARMERS, February 10, 1949. We had a caller at the CIE office this morning who has come to Tokyo from the tip of Japan's northernmost island, Hokaido, for the University Administration Conference to open here next Monday. He is ATUSHI MIYAWKI, President of Obihiro Agricultural College, a mile and a half from the town of Obihiro. A very little man of 66 years, Miyawki is a pioneer in Japanese agricultural education, who got his training at the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas. He was graduated in 1904, specializing in dairying. It is in consequence of this background that his little institution of 400 students has been designated to become the seat of dairying education for all Japan, under the new national University reorganization. He sat beside my desk in the office after an introduction by Dr. Selk and he certainly substantiated for me Dr. Ellis' comment that there is no more interesting man in Japan. He can swing well the brand of Mid-Western English he learned in Kansas. His brown eyes snap with intelligence and good humor.

"Describing Hokaido", he said, "the island has about the same climate as the state of Maine. The summer temperature gets up to the high 80's; in the winter, 20 degrees farenheit, it drops to as low as 30 degrees below zero, Centigrade, with lots of snow. Hokaido's population is four million. But most Japanese say, "Hokaido is too cold. They won't come up north to us."

His own students, President Mingawki confided, are good boys who work hard and stay away from the cities. Their tuition of the College is Y850, or about $3.00 a year; it is a government institution.

"During the warm season I work in my home garden - vegetables and flowers - from 5 -7 o'clock every morning." Mingawki told me this. In winter I run several miles. I like long-distance running and golf - no smoking; no drinking! Then he added with a courteous gesture, "But I take too much of your time" and bowed himself out of the office. I assured him with great sincerity that I look forward to seeing him again at the Administrator's Conference next Monday.

x x x

February 12, 1949

MORNING
Daylight is coming early as we slip along the late winter season. I woke a little before 6 o'clock; there was some light in the sky and when I arose at 6:30 I dressed without turning on my room lights. A rainy morning, this - Apparently rain fell during the
night. The farmers must be pleased; they have complained about too many clear days.

FIRES "Sub-editorial" Jiji 27 Jan. 1949

On destruction by fire of Kondo (Golden Hall) of the "Horyn Temple, a treasure among our national treasures" - "this world's oldest wooden structure."

"Fire protection..." Inasmuch as the Japanese are largely dependent upon wood, grass and paper for the greater part of their daily necessities including houses, fire is their arch enemy." "In impoverished Japan, destruction by fire must be prevented as much as possible." The Stars and Stripes pacific reports (February 12, 1949) that Education minister Yasumaro Simojo has been asked to resign, to assume "responsibility" for the burning on January 26 of the Horyuji temple at Nara, claimed to be 1,342 years old, in view of a strong criticism of neglect which led to burning of the national treasure."

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THE UNIVERSITY CHARTERING COMMITTEE

TOKYO, FEBRUARY 7, 1949

I had my first experience in addressing an audience through an interpreter on February 7 when Dr. W. C. Sells, CIE adviser, took me to the opening meeting of the plenary session of the Japanese University Chartering Committee. My speech was brief, - greetings and expression of my interest in their undertaking. The outcome of the entire session, as Mr. Yano, one of the members told me later, was approved by the committee of 79 universities (fourteen public and 65 private) for chartering as new four-year type universities. The committee considered a total of 147 applicant institutions. Government universities will be acted on later.

The committee comprises 45 educators, who sat at U-shaped tables in a large oblong room in the great Mumbisha (Department of Education) Building. This structure is almost as puzzling as the yellow brick labyrinth of the Pentagon at Washington.

Because of the cold, all in the room wore overcoats except the clerks. I sat near a big metal-lined box which contained burning charcoal; more light than heat.

As to appearances, the Committee members were men of 40 years and upward; stout, thin and middling; all of them small in stature. Their faces varied as to feature; mostly intelligent and grave. But they smiled readily and gave Dr. Sells and me cordial applause when we spoke.

We heard speeches by and were introduced to Mr. Shimogo, Minister of Education. Mr. Ilde, Vice Minister of Education (whose dinner guests were on February 4); Mr. Harugama, Chief of the Universities Section; Mr. Hidaku, Chief of the School Education
Mr. Wade, who presided as Chairman of the Charting Committee, is unusually small in stature, clearly a very able man and certainly a man of charming manners. I chatted with him and found his English very good.

INSTITUTE FOR PROFESSORS OF EDUCATION TOKYO, FEBRUARY 8, 1949

Sessions that opened with the singing of "Home Sweet Home: in English and closed with "Auld Lang Syne" in Japanese to the accompaniment of a small parlor organ! Dr. Sells, Miss Carley, Dr. Lewis, and I of the CIE staff joined in both.

The occasion was part of the program of the Institute for Professors of Education in Japanese normal schools and education departments of Universities. The place was a classroom in the large, well-built Tokyo First Normal School, which has good facilities, including tennis courts.

The room was kept comfortably warm through the ministrations of an earnest little janitor who came in three times, both morning and afternoon, to shovel coal into a cast-iron stove. On the bulletin board were these mottoes:

| THERE IS A BETTER WAY |
| THINK! |

The audience comprised of 80 professors of education, men in their thirties and forties, most of them wearing the badge of Japanese intelligensia, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. They had kindly, calm faces. When I spoke (as I did for about 45 minutes), they listened with flattering attention. Quite a number of them understood English and a few framed their questions afterward in English.

I talked as thoughtfully as I could on the place of education in the modern university and of their opportunity, in teaching those who would later teach children, to experience an influence on the future of Japan. The discussion made it evident that these professors have repudiated the military philosophy of the national leaders who carried Japan into war.

During the recess Dr. Lewis took me to a toilet room used jointly by men and women. The women enter compartments with doors; the men stand at urinals in the same room. They think nothing of it!
After a succession of bright days of varying temperatures, we had rain today. It should be written with a capital R-RAIN! This is what Japan expects in late winter and early spring, I'm told. The farm land needs it.

Along the streets you see many Japanese - men and women of all ages - who wear white gauze masks across their noses and mouths, attached by strings to their ears. I learn that the practice of wearing these masks in winter began during an epidemic some years ago. They think it a protection against disease. Look's more like a germ-catcher to me.

RELIGIOUS FORCES IN JAPAN

Had a talk in the office this morning with William R. Kerr, a farmer missionary who is now in the CIE staff, one of the offices below us in the six-story Radio Tokyo Building. He gave me some facts about the religious situation in Japan in respect to Christian denominations. It is not a cheerful picture.

While no accurate statistics are available, it is believed that there are about 500,000 Christians among the 81 million people in Japan. The Protestants considerably outnumber the Japanese Catholics. The Catholic Church is actively propagandizing especially since 1949 is the 400th anniversary of the coming to Japan of St. Francis Xavier, early leader of the Jesuit order.

During the war strong feeling arose among Christian Japanese, between those who yielded to the National Government and those who resisted. There is a returning unity now. They are illustrating how pleasant it is for the brethren to dwell together in peace by joining in the National Christian Council. There is a movement for a single Protestant Christian university. Meanwhile St. Paul's University (Episcopalian) is being strengthened.

No special consideration is given to Christian leaders by the Occupation forces. But as Professor Paul Vieth, of the Yale Divinity School, who was in CIE last year, has recorded: "It is the judgement of the advisers that a strict adherence to the principles of freedom and impartiality will benefit Christianity more in the long run than temporary favors at the risk of resentment and future reversal of attitude by the Japanese people."

The new Japanese Constitution bars support by the Government of any religious organization. This was designed to cut the roots of Shinto, which had been one of the chief supports of the imperialistic Japanese Government of the pre-war period. The shrine Shintoists have been permitted to reorganize as churches. They have some 80,000 shrines.

The strongest religion in Japan in regard to numbers is Buddhism. Professor Veith wrote that "the program of religious education in the Buddhist schools is little developed, with almost no classes for religious training, only occasional chapel services and the
observance of Buddhist festivals."

My own conviction is that any educational endeavor in Japan, such as the CIE is undertaking, will be quite inadequately supplemented and reinforced by "religion pure and undefiled"; Japanese need the Sermon on the Mount and the salvation of Christ.

SARTUR RESARTUS IN JAPAN

Of all that the average Japanese can earn, 80 percent is necessary for food. As for clothes, well, they just can't buy clothes - The men are wearing suits and the women dresses which are a dozen years old. A good pair of shoes cost Y5,000 - which would be the salary of some professional men and of university professors for a month. The hatred of shoes - the poor and their children wear wooden clogs called Geta, or ancient tennis shoes or cloth shoes.

During the war, the Imperial Government required all students in schools, colleges and universities to wear uniforms*. You see boys and young men in these uniforms now--very ragged most of them. LATER: Not quite accurate. School uniforms (as at Eton) have been worn in Japan for many years.

LETTERS TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Under date of Sunday, February 13, 1949
Dear Diane,

I am finding that Japan is a land of beauty where the people are very poor but very polite and cheerful. Little girls here help their Mothers with the housework. I have seen many of them carrying their baby brother and sisters on their backs in the streets. These babies look like dolls.

Since their parents do not have money to buy leather shoes, which are very expensive, the girls and boys wear cloth or tennis shoes or wooden clogs called Geta. But they smile and are glad cold weather is over and Spring is coming. That means plum trees in blossom in March and cherry trees in April.

On this mild Sunday morning I attended the service in St. Luke's Chapel. The rector and the congregation read together alternating Psalm 19. Look it up in the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER and you will see that the 14th verse were of this Psalm is our mealtime prayer:

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and Redeemer." Is your school work going well? I wish you would write me a little letter. With lots of love, Grandfather.

Miss Diane Colley Walters 400 West Seventh Avenue Columbus, Ohio
JAPANESE KAMISHIBAI

Dear-Garry,

When I was on my way back to the hotel after church service this morning, I saw a crowd of small boys and girls gathered round a man who strolls about selling candy wafers. To attract them, he first showed pictures in a wooden frame, KAMISHIBAI, and told stories about the pictures. They were Japanese fairy tales about things like Jack the Giant Killer and the Three Little Pigs.

Then the sale began. I gave the man 10 yen (worth about 3 cents) and that was enough to supply all the children, about a dozen of them. Each received a round pink piece of candy which looked like a Nabisco wafer. The boys and girls said, "Thank you" to me in Japanese. they laughed and ran home on their wooden shoes, their Geta.

I know that you are a good boy and help Mummy and Daddy. When you see Grandmother, please give her an extra kiss for me. With lots of love, Grandfather

Master Everett Garrison Walters 400 West Seventh Avenue Columbus, Ohio

The foregoing letters were more carefully written than this scrawl.

Wednesday, February 15, 1949

TO LEARN - TO IMITATE

Following my lecture this afternoon, one president of the class of 25 in attendance popped up, stepped to the blackboard and gave a vivid illustration of a point I had made. I referred in my opening to the fact that modern psychology demonstrates scientifically what mothers and fathers in every generation have know practically; that we learn by imitation. This point I then developed briefly.

My Japanese colleague, one with chalk, wrote a Chinese word on the blackboard. He placed beside it, a Japanese copy of the same word [character]. Then he wrote "to learn" in Japanese means "to imitate." (p. 55) xxx

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING PASTED IN THE STARS AND STRIPES

The Japanese radio reported the arrival in Tokyo of Dr. Raymond Walters, President of the University of Cincinnati. So I was told by two Japanese residing in Yokohama.

Tokyo, February 25, 1949
MY DREAM

The dreams a university president may have! I dreamed the other night of a commencement ceremony in which the large class of black-gowned, mortar-board capped seniors and I proceeded down the aisles to the stage. When we looked out into the auditorium, it appeared huge and empty. Then just before the time to start the program, people rushed in, filling all the seats. As I was about to speak from the rostrum, a small man came down the main aisle, leading a shaggy, well-fed horse drawing a green wagon.

Up to the stage in the misty way of dream floated the little man and the horse and the wagon. "Excuse me," he said to me, "you have my seat." "Excuse me," I replied, "This, sir, is a commencement ceremony."

"Excuse me," he said "I go." And he left the horse and the wagon vanished, as I awoke. Explanation: The afternoon before my dream, on Avenue A here in Tokyo, as we were driving back to the Imperial Hotel, our car stopped as the traffic light turned red. And across the avenue plodded a Japanese farmer leading a shaggy, well-fed horse drawing his produce-loaded wagon. xxx LATER: I saw an ox-drawn wagon on Avenue C. Look out!

COPY OF A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF XAVIER UNIVERSITY, CINCINNATI

Tokyo, Japan
Imperial Hotel
Saturday, 26, Feb., 1949

Dear Father Steiner:

In token of our friendship and of my high regard for Xavier University, I made a visit yesterday to St. Francis Xavier Church in Tokyo. It is situated in the heart of this city of some five millions, surrounded by the plain people whom it seeks to serve in His name.

As the enclosed photographs show, the building is one of considerable size and beauty. These pictures, which I send for your University files, were given to me by the affable Japanese priest of the church after I informed him I came from Cincinnati, home of Xavier University. The only Japanese words I can say with the facility came in handy: DOMO ARIGATO GOZAIMASU, meaning thank you very much indeed!

It was a happy coincidence that, when I told an Army officer here about my visit to St. Francis Xavier Church, he turned out to be a most courteous gentleman fully acquainted with Xavier University. He is Major William C. Gates, a native of Cincinnati later of Louisville - whose son, William C. Gates, Jr. was a member of the 1942 class at Xavier and played on the basketball team. Moreover, Major Gates' son-in-law, Bert Robbin, was Captain of the '42 Xavier basketball team.

In this 400th anniversary year of the missionary visit made by St. Francis Xavier, Tokyo will greet a pilgrimage of some 500 Catholics this summer. General Douglas MacArthur, with whom I had an hour's interview on educational
matters this week, referred to the pilgrimage and told me how greatly he welcomes Christian activity in Japan. I was impressed with the earnestness of the General in his purpose to make the Occupation truly democratic and beneficent. He really is a splendid figure.

The work for which I came here is keeping me exceedingly busy. As a representative of the American Council in Education, I am taking part in conferences of Japanese education representing about 150 universities in all parts of Japan. In addition to answering questions in group discussions, I have already given a dozen addresses and lectures of phases of university administration, teaching and research.

I expect to be back in Cincinnati about the middle of April or earlier, if I can. With every good wish, I am, sincerely yours, Raymond Walters.

The Reverend Celestin J. Steiner President of Xavier University. xxx

COPY OF A LETTER TO MY WIFE

DUCK HUNTING IN JAPAN

Tokyo, Sunday Evening

27 February 1949

Dearest Girl:

To St. Luke's Chapel this morning with my friend, Dr. McGrail of the C I & E office.

Then, this afternoon, I went hunting in the countryside along lake canals for the wild duck of Japan. I got him! Net result of my powers: one green-winged teal.

Later on - if Colonel Lattin's camera did not fail - there will be a photograph in proof - it will show me, looking like another great sportsman, Mr. Pickwick, in the act of achievement: netting this magnificent wild duck.

Not shooting. Nothing so noisy, so wet, so chilling in the dawn's early light as the conventional blasting away with a gun. It was a huge butterfly net that I netted my duck as he arose, flapping his wings, one over the high banks of the canal leading from a big lake, screened in by hedges.

Later in the afternoon, along with Colonel and Mrs. Jay B. Lattin and others of the hunting party, I had a delicious meal of broiled wild duck in the lodge. We broiled the pieces ourselves on tiny charcoal stoves.

All this took place in the Imperial Presence at Saitama, 20 miles from Tokyo. We were guests of the official in charge of the Emperor's Household. I was extremely lucky to be invited, as this was the last party of the season for duck netting.
Sign on the "screens" at the Imperial Presence, the screen being a grass covered on the mound about nine or ten feet high:

REQUESTED
NOT TO CLIMB UP

xxx

March 2, 1949

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, SCAP

Two large American MP's and two small Japanese policemen barred traffic as my motor-pool car was proceeding northward on Avenue A this afternoon. "Ah, General MacArthur!": my driver exclaimed, beaming with pleasurable awe.

For one block on each side of the Dai Ichi Building no automobiles or bicycles or horse-drawn carts could advance. A long black sedan was parked directly at the entrance to the Building.

Into it advanced an aide and the Supreme Commander of the Allied forces himself. The sedan swept down the avenue, passing within a few yards of my car. I could see very plainly the sharp soldierly profile of General MacArthur, with Colonel E. L. Bunker at his side. After they had gone, my Japanese driver gave me an ecstatic sigh and our car went on up Avenue A.

It is this sort of dramatic thing and its impression on my little Jap and the crowd of other little Japs on the sidewalk at the Dai Ichi Building that causes many to misinterpret the General. He does put on a show. No doubt about that. He does it, I am sure, because he knows the Oriental mind, having spent 50 of his 69 years in the Orient.

I must put down, more fully than I did in my Diary entry of February 23, the way the General made me feel about it as well as the substance of what he said.

Preceding my interview of a week ago, I had a few minutes of talk with Colonel E. L. Bunker, the General's aide. He is a graduate of Harvard who later had two years at Trinity College, University of Cambridge; an able and very pleasant man.

I was asked into his huge, wood-paneled office of the General. Tall (six feet or over), straight as an Indian, shook hands and led me to two big leather chairs. He relaxed into one of them, filled and lit a big briar pipe.

Then, after expressing his appreciation of my coming to Japan on this educational mission, he began to talk.
He talked on and on. I made efforts to leave from time to time, but the General kept at it, puffing at his pipe which went out frequently and had to be re-lighted.

The General's words were carefully chosen, slow in pace at times, then rapid. His language was oracular when he really got fervent, as though I were an audience of a thousand. But then he would change to a familiar tone, colloquial in phrasing as he referred to his boyhood.

He couldn't remember, he said, when he hadn't heard a rising bugle for he lived in an Army camp. (His father was Lt. Gen. Arthur MacArthur.) He went to West Point. He lived all his life as a soldier, and as a soldier, his job was to plan death for the enemy, to kill on as large a scale as possible.

Then, after World War II, he was confronted with a situation completely different. Here was a chance to save life instead of to destroy it. To General MacArthur, the Occupation became a thrilling opportunity. Constructive work rather than destructive; the possibilities absorb his soul.

A thousand years from now, historians may dismiss World War II with a few lines. The important thing for history may be the beginning of a new civilization in the East. To have had a share in that beginning, however humble his personal share may be, inflames his imagination.

This new economic and culture era must have its basis in a revived and revitalized Japan. These Japanese are great people. Don't let the cynics and those who don't really know them tell you otherwise. They have many-sided abilities. They have energy. They have dignity.

For many years the Japanese suffered oppression exceeding that of the Germans, exceeding that of the Russians under the Soviet government. They were under the heels of the war lords, frightened, cowed, living in daily apprehension.

When Japan had lost the war, they expected treatment the warlords would have given those they conquered. When, instead of brutality, the American invaders gave them firm but fair treatment, the Japanese were puzzled. They couldn't make it out. As the Occupation went on and fair treatment went on too, they felt and showed their appreciation, their gratitude.

Thus far Communism has made no serious inroads in the thinking of the people. He doesn't think it will. Japan can be the bulwark against Communism in the Far East.

Then the General smiled a little. Like all Orientals, the Japanese admire a winner. They want to copy a winner. The United States is a winner. They will do things as we do them!
There are shortcomings of course, of which the skeptical make too much. All in all, the Occupation is a magnificent success.

The Japanese have renowned military might. They mean, as their new Constitution states it, to make Japan a leader of peace and culture in the world. Today, the streets of Tokyo are safer at night than the streets of Chicago or New York.

The General beams as he tells of a people whose shackles are gone, who are elated with their freedom, who are eager to go forward.

Education will be a force in this advance. The General is pleased to learn what I tell him about the Japanese University Conferences in progress under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and the Civil Information and Education Section, GHQ, SCAP.

Religion is the great need of the Japanese people. He has told the representatives of the Protestant churches; he has so written to the Pope—and received from him a cordial response. The General refers to the pilgrimage to Japan of 500 devout Catholics scheduled for next summer to observe the 400th anniversary of the missionary visit of St. Francis Xavier. The General speaks approvingly of the enterprise of the American Bible Society to which has given permission to distribute a million copies of Japanese translations of the Bible.

When we discuss education, the General muses that he was an educator once but not, he thinks, a very good one. After the close of World War I, he had a leg wound which prevented active service. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War—(there was a great man who has not been sufficiently acclaimed!) Secretary Baker was quite emphatic—His orders were ready.

So to West Point he went. His former teachers were most kind and cooperative. They worked with him in obtaining advice of leading university men and in developing a new program to replace courses that had been fixed for many decades.

I inquired about Major Archibald Arnold, under whom I had served as a captain at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, in World War I, and who thereafter went to the Military Academy as adjutant. (I had felt pleased when Major Arnold introduced for use at West Point a lecture I had given on teaching at Camp Taylor.)

Major Arnold is now Major General Arnold, a fine officer and gentleman; one of the very best, General MacArthur told me. The General warmly thanked me for coming to help in the education work of SCAP. xxx
22.

With authority I gave the following introductory words in my address at the session of the Japanese Administration Conference on February 25:

"As a representative of the American Council on Education I had the honor of a meeting yesterday with General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander of the Allied forces, in which I told how admirably the Japanese Ministry of Education and the CI&E are cooperating in these educational conferences. General MacArthur expressed his satisfaction in this co-operation as being in accordance with the spirit of the Occupation, which is to assist the Japanese people in truly democratic fashion. The General has great confidence in the role of education in promoting the material well-being and the culture of Japan in the great era which lies ahead."

Kyoto, March 4, 1949

JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS

At the monthly meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa association of Tokyo yesterday afternoon, we (Dr. and Mrs. Sellers took me) heard an illuminating address on Japanese newspapers by Dr. Kazuo Kawai, chief editorial of the NIPPON TIMES, the paper published by a Japanese, M. Kiyoshi Togusaki, in English. It is a 4-page paper which condenses its news presentations well and has an exceptionally thoughtful editorial column. Its main editorial contributor, Dr. Kawai, attended the University of California at Los Angeles and got his Ph.D. degree at Stanford. He taught political science for ten years, I believe, at the University of California at Berkeley.

Japanese newspapers prior to 1931 were good, Dr. Kawai said, and had new standards of journalism. When the military party came into power the first thing the bullies did was to wreck the plant of one of the three leading newspapers of Tokyo. Then they put a censorship over all papers so strict that even the headlines and the position on the front page of their propaganda material was dictated by the managing editors.

This domination continued of course during World War II. After the surrender, the newspaper publishers and editors expected similar domination by the Occupation forces. Even after they were informed of their freedom, they kept on being very discreet for a time. Gradually they began to free their feathers and to become, not abusive of the Americans, but sensational and untrustworthy. Strikes by employees indicated Communist control. They were called to account for this by SCAP. Dr. Kawai said, and now they are in a new period of more responsible news and editorial presentation. But they remain, he thought, far below the standards of Japanese newspapers of the era before 1931.

In defense of the newspapers, Dr. Kawai told of some of their problems. The unions are so powerful that the publishers cannot cut their staffs to the size they should be. One of the big three papers of Tokyo still has 3,500 employees to put out a 4 page sheet; whereas the New York Times has 2,500 in producing many times 4 pages.
This same thing of carrying far too big a payroll is common in Japan. Part of it was in consequence of employers continuing to bring to their families the wages of employees who went off to war. As the various drafts of soldiers came on in waves, more and more were added. Then when the war ended, the whole crowd returned and wanted their jobs back.

The present situation is a kind of unemployment dole. Most industrial plants and business offices in Japan have several times too many employees to do the work.

When asked in the discussion period, about his recent editorial on the proposed Population Program, Dr. Kawaii said that he is careful to avoid the term birth control because of objections which rise from certain readers of the NIPPON TIMES. But in a constructive way the paper is endeavoring to center attention in what he believes to be Japan's desperate plight: overpopulation. We Japanese are good people, he said, but there are simply more of us then these islands can support.

March 4, 1949

MORNING SCENE IN KYOTO

After a 7 o'clock breakfast at the Kyoto Hotel, Dr. Sells and I concluded we would walk the mile or so to the Occupations Forces building. A bright sun illumined but did not warm the brisk morning. As we went down the broad boulevard from the hotel we met children on their way to school: girls invariably wearing Western clothes, boys wearing the military caps and most the faded military overcoats which formed the standard school uniforms during the war.

As a short cut we turned into an alley which is a market area. Alley is the word: for several blocks it is so narrow that shopkeepers on one side could almost shake hands with shopkeepers across the street which they were too busy to do and wouldn't do anyway. The housewives were out to purchase their food for the day. Their choices were many and varied and apparently expensive. Vegetables, eggs, dressed fowl and fish and seafood of numerous shapes, sizes and colors. It was amazing to see all that has come out of the Japanese sea. xxx

March 4, 1949

LATE AFTERNOON IN KYOTO

After speaking to the pupils of the Kyoto American school (see Diary entry for March 4), I sat in on a conference of normal college principals with Messrs. McClelland and Oswald of the local CI&E staff and Dr. Sells. These gentlemen took us in a jeep on a visit to three art stores, Arata Galleries, and several others. We saw enticing examples of all sorts of things. Then in the dusk of this March day we drove to the Military Establishment apartment house in one of the parks. The park views were charming in the half-light: including glimpses of the Buddhist temples in which Kyoto abounds.
KYOTO UNIVERSITY Saturday, March 5, 1949

It is commonly accepted that the outstanding university of Japan is Tokyo University. Its faculty has the most famous scholars and scientists; its graduates have a prestige which is so widely agreed upon among the intelligentsia as to be exasperating to many.

It is commonly agreed that second to Tokyo is Kyoto University. President Mambasu, when I talked with him of Tokyo recently, referred to Kyoto University with high respect. It gave me the feeling that these two proud Imperial universities - no longer Imperial - are preserving their old amenities.

Along with Dr. Sells I spent the morning at Kyoto University where both of us gave lectures before an audience of 70, of whom about 50 were Kyoto faculty members, headed by President Torika (see Diary entry of March 5). Introduced to the Deans of the Faculties: Dean Takigawa, Faculty of Law; Dean Otari, Faculty of Medicine; Dean Nishimura, Faculty of Engineering; Dean Nozu, Faculty of Science; Dean Togazaki, Faculty of Economics, Dean Kondo, Faculty of Agriculture; and three professors of each of these Faculties. There were five professors representing the Faculty of Literature, headed by Professor Keni Ishidu of the Department of English, who is a famous figure here in Kyoto. He told me of the visit twenty years ago of the late Professor Frank W. Chandler and of Professor Martin Fischer of the University of Cincinnati and asked me to take back good wishes to Dr. Fischer.

Kyoto University, established in 1897, has in its "academic structure", the seven faculties I have indicated and ten "affiliated institutions" (See 1948 office folder.) There are more than 40 buildings in the "compound" as they call the campus. No spreading lawns; small grazing places between buildings, of ever green trees. These are substantial buildings, some of red brick; others of stone; and the most recent (with a wing for stacks still to be completed), the Central Library of concrete construction. The Central Library has 350,831 volumes of which 243,775 are Oriental and 107,056 are Occidental. The departmental libraries bring the total number of volumes up to 1,569,948, of which 821,306 are Oriental and 748,642 are Occidental.

Kyoto University, as of September 1, 1948, had 8,427 students, of whom 114 were women. The present total of graduates of Kyoto Univese is 40,135. The present Faculties total 607, of whom 203 are Professors. 162 are Assistant Professors 242 are Instructors "Other offices" are given as 2,900. The University Hospital has 956 beds.

JAPAN'S LARGEST CROP

With all that I have been learning about education with all that I have been seeing as to industrial production and farming, there is one problem that thrusts itself into my mind with grim intensity: overpopulation.

Japan's largest crop is babies. Can they be fed, can they be clothed in the next decade, in the next quarter of a century? The statistics which Dr. Warren Thompson
of the Scripps Population Foundation, our fellow SCAP guest at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, has given to me to indicate that Japan's population increased by one million and three quarters during 1948; some of it in consequence of the efficient health and medical administration of the SCAP Public Health and Welfare Section, but mostly in consequence of a tremendous upsurge in the number of children born.

Lively substantiation of these statistics this afternoon. On our sightseeing tour, we saw palaces, temples, shrines and crowds of people in the streets. But what we see most of were children. The mild afternoon sunshine brought out of their houses into the streets and alleys and often fields just about every little habitat of Kyoto from one year to twelve. Simply flocks of tiny girls with their thin hair cut in Dutch fashion and of sturdy boys with clipped heads. The girls played a kind of hopscotch along the side walls, hide and seek (on steps and columns around temples and shrines. The boy played these games too, with droves of older ones having their first baseball of the season. Babies toted on the backs of their mothers or older sisters. Two-year olds who made me think of my grandson David were trying to play too. Kyoto this afternoon was dominated by its black-eyed, red checked, running-nosed juvenile population.

I am sure the same sight was being repeated in every city, town and village in Japan. What will happen when these cute kids grow up?

According to the NinCon Times of Tokyo, the food brought in to supply Japan last year totaled 1,600,000 tons; and this year the amount is the same. By far the most of this food comes from the United States and will, I suspect, never be paid for. What about the future when the American taxpayer may decide to reconsider?

EDITORIAL MEMO 6 March 1949

Mrs. McFarland, a field worker in the C&I staff here in Kyoto, told me that the citizens schoolboard in this area is not working at all well. The Japanese expect to be paid for what they do. They have no tradition of public service given by citizens freely and with honor as the recompense. They simply don't think that way.

The new Education Laws set up boards which are supposed to deal with the broader problems and management of public schools, in accordance with practice in the United States. With no provision for salaries, these last do allow small honoraria of traveling expenses incident to actual attendance at meeting. So they arrange for many meetings. The school boards she knows of held 23 meetings in a single month.

It is about this point as applied to the proposed boards of control for the new government universities that trouble is brewing. A number of Japanese presidents and deans, including several who had studied or traveled in America, told me at the Tokyo Conference and also here in Kyoto, that Japan lacks the class of public-spirited citizens who would serve well on the proposed boards. Other ideas presented by SC&E are good and
March 7, 1949

Today at Osaka, Dr. Sells and I had a two-hour conference with President Imamura and the Deans of the University of Osaka. Said the President in our discussion of the proposed board of control, we think conditions are not right for it. We do not wish to have outsiders such as political figures govern our own university, because of their doubtful integrity. When asked by Dr. Sells (of the CI&E staff) whether he would not trust the alumni of Osaka to serve their own university fairly, he replied that Osaka (founded in 1931) and other recent universities have not had time to develop a large, loyal body of graduates. Our Japanese alumni are not trained in the tradition of public service. The university board of control has great merits in America, but it will be 10 years or 15 years before we can put this ideal into effect in Japan.

Mr. R. S. Anderson of the CI&E staff at Osaka, who has lived in China and in Japan for many years, told me he agreed that there is no concept of citizenship and public service in the Orient; that in some measure the old feudal relationship persists in Japan as evidenced even in the universities with their chair systems where the professor of the department is the lord ruling his department.

FLOWERS March 7, 1949

On the table of the Osaka University Medical College faculty room, as we conferred this morning, was an exquisite floral arrangement: light pinks, sweet peas, dark pink carnations, white daisies, yellow mimosa and tall sprigs of plum blossoms.

TWO JAPANESE CITIES AND THE AAF March 7, 1949

Thirty miles apart here in southern Japan are two large cities. Kyoto, ancient capital of the nation visited by thousands of pilgrims to its 1,800 temples and shrines; chief industries are lace factories, textile plants, potteries, etc. Osaka, Japan’s modern industrial center with more than 3 million workers in iron, steel, glass, cotton, etc.

Upon Kyoto during the war, the American Air Force dropped pamphlets assuring the people this would not be damaged.

Upon Kyoto the boys of the AAF dropped bombs. In a visit to Osaka today, I verified what an officer friend told me: Osaka caught hell!"
OUTSKIRTS OF OSAKA

Osaka is the Pittsburgh of Japan of Japan. Its outskirts where the working families live are a lot more attractive than the similar sections of Pittsburgh. Architecturally (whatever the interior may be) these houses make a pleasing appearance. It is due, I believe, to the roofs the clay-tile roofs with their tiles and the angle at which the roof slopes.

No snow here as there was at Kyoto when Dr. Sells and I rose at 4:45 A.M., to catch a train for Hiroshima - which was an hour late in arrival.

COUNTRY SIDE

These islands are chiefly mountains. The valleys between are cultivated so that it seems not a foot of arable land is wasted.
Wheat is grown in long lines with great care. The spring wheat looks flourishing

A few miles back I saw a farmer with two "honey-buckets" on a bamboo pole across his shoulders, dipping its contents with a ladle upon the soil.

SANNOMYA

Huge steel plants here. Smoke coming out of their stacks: production. 9:30 A.M.

March 8, ’49

Huge steel plants here, but, on the up-turned furroughs of this flat farming land, land, the half of the furrough away from the morning sun glistens with frost. The jagged hills and the valleys hereabouts look like those of California.

No billiard table could be more level, I think, than these flat green valleys.

As to the intensive use of its land, I find official evidence of my observations in the dispatch in today's BCON, which an Australian soldier on this train has given me. It follows:

COUNTRYSIDE OF SOUTHERN JAPAN

Straw-thatched roofs on many of the farm houses in these valleys. The surrounding big hills, on their western slopes, are white with the light snow which fell last night; so are the fields and the house-tops, as though all had been sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Many fields are dotted with stacks of rice straws, their divine-like tops shining in the morning sunlight...Farmers dipping out fertilizer upon the long rows of grain.
PREFECTURE OF HIROSHIMA

The valleys here do not afford enough farming space so they use the hillsides. Excellent example of terracing, with some farmhouses halfway up the hills. Saw a woman, all alone working a treadmill paddle which forced water from a canal into the irrigation ditch of her family farm. Saw a woman drawing a loaded vehicle while her husband walked beside it.

INLAND SEA March 8, 12:45 P.M.
Rugged coastline of mountainous shores - Many small mountain islands...Fishing boats. Ship-building town; harbor and port or fishermen. xxx 1:30 P.M.

This train is still following the coast line of the Inland Sea. Communities large and small along the shores. Each has its own support in adjacent farms in the village and on the terraced hillsides...A good deal of new construction: new life manifest in a hill-side cemetery. A dozen tunnels on this route.

LATER

The Inland Sea hereabouts makes me think of the Columbia River in Oregon which BobOLink and I visited last summer. In the gray mists of late afternoon the views as we crossed to the Island of Miayjimi were exquisite. As our small steam launch approached the Island, we saw the picturesque Gate Shrine, dedicated to the Shinto goddess, Miay. As our capable guide, Miss Florence Sakade of Hiroshima told us, the goddess was an old maid who was jealous of young lovers. When couples came to the Island for their honeymoon, she decreed unhappiness for them in their married life. So they stopped coming.

Miayjimi is a famous resort which is popular for vacationers, families and daily excursionists. Its narrow avenue of gift shops, curio pieces, etc. winding around the shore and upward farms, a kind of Japanese Atlantic City.

After our Japanese dinner at the Japanese hotel, I had what will stand out as a great experience—a Japanese hot bath. The bath house is about 50 yards from the hotel and it was a freezing walk at 9:30 of a cold March night. The bath tub was a huge one, more like a swimming pool. I drew back my foot in a hurry after dipping it into the water which to me seemed scalding hot. Attendants added cold water. When I finally got in, I luxuriated in the relaxing heat. Redonning my Japanese gentleman’s gown, I stalked back the 50 yards to the hotel and under a mountain of covers on the flat floor-bed slept almost eight unbroken hours.
HIROSHIMA March 9, 1949

We saw today what modern science can do when military men utilize it. The following book review from the March 2 issue of the NIPPON TIMES, Tokyo tells the story. P. 110 of diary. These views show the Industrial Exhibition Hall of Hiroshima before and after the explosion of the atomic bomb on August 6, 1945 and the collapse of the structure. Two memorials have been erected, one by the Hiroshima Children's Association and, across the narrow river (one of Hiroshima's seven rivers) a Peace Monument of frame construction which bears these words in English.

NO MORE HIROSHIMAS

Dr. Sells and I visited and made a donation to the Hiroshima Children's Center.

Around the once-stricken area, new buildings are rising, mostly cheap wooden houses for the population driven out which is renewing itself fast. The children—a host of them—play in the streets and shout "allo", "O.K." and "Good-bye" to you. The older Japanese seem to bear no resentment to America and Americans. Faculty members of the Hiroshima University confirmed reports that the farming lands in and about Hiroshima is not damaged and is said by some farmers to be more productive than before the bomb explosion. If so, it is not a fertilizing method to be recommended.

SOUTH CENTRAL JAPAN March 10, 1949

Have been riding all night on this train from Kure toward Tokyo, and since breakfast at 7 a.m. have been seeing the sights from my car window (also writing letters and notes for my Tokyo University address).

For the most part this is mountainous country. The mountains rise abruptly from the flat valleys. Forestry measures neglected during the war period, are being resumed. I never imagined such intense cultivation as these farm lands receive. From dawn to dusk, the farmers are at it in their rice paddies, their wheat and barley furoughs.

IFO. A city of 70,000 souls who specialize in making umbrellas. It is piece work done by families in their homes, which is assembled, painted, varnished and dried in the sun. They also make many Chinese lanterns, I was told by Captain Griffin who got off here.

NAGOYA

A city of 200,000, noted for its ceramics.

Orange groves - Many of the trees are covered with straw mats to protect them from the recent cold.
JAPANESE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
March 12, 1949

Commencement exercises are an old story to me - but this one was really novel. At the Tokyo Woman's Christian College this morning, I accepted the invitation of President Saito (who said he had been my "pupil" at the University Administrator's Conference, to sit on the stage and give an address. This I was glad to do. I kept it to five minutes and also kept it simple and direct.

To look down into the faces of the 312 young women graduates was most interesting. While are more impassive than American girls, they showed the same alert response, laughing at my witticisms very cordially and not merely politely-I think!?

As President Saito told me in advance, there was no need for an interpreter. All of these girls have had instruction and practice in English. Some of the class had gaily colored dresses, making a visual picture. Some of them were very attractive. The auditorium was filled to its 1,000 capacity.

Afterward, they insisted on having me sit with President Saito, the faculty and the girls when the 1949 Graduation picture was taken on the steps of one of the buildings. The sun shone warmly on the campus. Spring!

TOKYO UNIVERSITY

TWO VISITS MARCH 4, 12

Notes on my visit of Thursday, March 4.

I spent an hour and a half this afternoon at what is indisputably the leading university of Japan-Tokyo University. President Sigura Nambura was my escort. First of all we chatted in his office, exchanging felicitations. I congratulated him on the renown of Tokyo University. He praised the address I gave at the opening session of the University Administrators Conference. He proved this was more than perfunctory by inviting me to address the University Senate on March 12,-the senate being composed of the Deans and leading professors of the colleges, about 28, in all. He regretted I could not speak to the University students, who are taking their final examinations. The academic year ends March 31.

TOKYO UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

In President Namura's car-an old European type of Japanese manufacture-we rode about the campus. The buildings are of yellow-brick, rather impressive. Between them are scanty plots of grass-Ginko Avenue, which extends from the Main Gate to the Grand Central Hall; bordered on each side by Ginko trees; its buildings and the overarching branches made me think of Yale.
We spent about three-quarters of an hour in the main Library building; which was donated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in 1928, at a cost of Y4,000,000. There are 800,000 volumes in this building and a grand total of 1,200,100 in this and departmental libraries.

It was a brisk afternoon outside but the temperature inside this large unheated structure is lower; a damp cold that penetrated. Because of the cold not many students were present. A few rooms had charcoal fires about which graduate students huddle, deeply intent on their books, not bothering to look up. Japanese, I observe, concentrate in marked degree, including those who saunter along the streets and get out of the way only when the automobile driver honks.

In the rare book room, the young Assistant Librarian, who was trained at Michigan and Chicago, showed us several choice items. They included tiny children's books, 200 years old. What I enjoyed most to see were original drawings made at the time of Admiral Perry's visits to Japan: the Admiral himself and other U. S. Naval Officers; and, mirabile dictu clever sketches of an American minstrel company of black-face singers and dancers with tamborines, banjos and bones. When I told the librarian it made me think of Stephen Foster. He said Foster's songs have alway been and are still popular in Japan. Later school teachers told me the same thing: children like them.

**A SECOND VIST TO TOKYO UNIVERSITY**

March 12, 1949

My second visit to the campus of Tokyo University was more pleasant than the first in respect to weather. This was, as Wordsworth wrote, "the first mild days of March." The students, who are taking examinations, stood in the sun alongside the buildings. They still wear the uniforms they were fitted for during the war; and SCAP makes no objection because these are the only clothes they have.

At the entrance to one building I observed a group of four or five Communist students at a desk surmounted by a huge Red flag, trying to get signatures. The tactics of the Communist Party is to rise a clamor protecting the support by Tokyo University of the new Universities Law.

President Nambara greeted me very cordially and introduced me to several Deans who were early comers. We had the inevitable cup of tea. We talked.

Then we proceeded upstairs to an impressive room where members of the University Senate and a few others, about 30 in all, rose as we entered and bowed gravely.

In gracious words, spoken in English, President Namara presented me as the speaker for this special session of the senat called in my honor. He referred to my "stimulating and inspiring " address before the University Administrative Conference. I was glad I had worked hard on what I had to say today, for here was an audience composed
of Japan's scholarly and scientific best.

The interpreter - a very able professor whose name I didn't catch - gave them in Japanese what I said in English, sentence by sentence. He had the benefit of my typed copy. The formal part lasted 45 minutes. Then we had a discussion of my presentation: "The Golden Opportunity of Japanese Universities." The Ms. is in my files.

The retiring age for professors is 60 years. Oddly, two professors that I know have become presidents since retiring: President Takayayangi, and President Saito, formerly professor of English.

Because of this early retirement age, the Deans and Faculty of Tokyo University are a youngish lot. They are keen, urbane, scholarly - It was an honor to address them.

Miscellaneous

There are about 13,000 students in Tokyo University, with about 3,400 in the Faculty of Law; 3,100 in Engineering, 2,100 in Letters, 1,900 in Economics (which includes Commerce); 990 in Agriculture, 880 in Science; 800 in Medicine. The post graduate enrollment is around 900; research students, 40.

The teaching staff totals 1,489 (1947 figures) of whom 337 are Professors, 282 Assistant Professors; 354 Lecturers; and 512 Assistants with about 2,000 persons engaged in research work as auxiliaries.

SUNDAY MORNING TELEPHONE CHAT

March 13, 1939

I talked with my beloved wife this morning. She is in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, visiting her sister, Rose. The distance is well over 8,000 miles. Our conversation was as clear as though it were a local call in Cincinnati. In fact it glided along so nicely that I failed to note the light-indicator and exceeded the routine three minutes. I gladly paid the overtime.

There is a "Sunday special" offered by the ministry of Communications, $3.00 per minute as compared with $4.00 on ordinary business days. A long stream of GI's and civilians take advantage of it.

My call, scheduled for 9 A.M., here and 7 p.m. (Saturday) in Pennsylvania, was a half hour late in getting a connection. Waiting was like the delay in a pleasant dentist appointment.

xxx
I am copying an extract I made from an article in the January 24th edition of NEWSWEEK (Chatted about this with Karl Bachmeyer of the Tokyo office of NEWSWEEK).

"Before the war Japan's theoretical physicists were abreast of the best work in the United States and Europe. Once again their top men are interchanging ideas with Western Scientists on nature's still hidden mysteries of the structure of atomic matter by Professor I. I. Rabi, of Columbia University, Nobel Prize physicist; who visited Japan recently. "Highly regarded by him and the world's other top physicists is Sinitro Tomanaga of Tokyo... (whose) new notions of atomic structure...correspond with the most advanced reasearch in the U.S. xxx Of similar eminence is Hideki Yukawa, [who is working with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.]

JAPANESE FACES

Here is a note I scrawled on the back of an envelope at the University Business Officer's Conference March 11:

Three rows from me sits a gray-haired man who looks for all evidence that the American Indians were Asiatic in origin. Behind him is a man of about 30 (I should guess) with a handsome face...Across the aisle sits a Jap who makes me think of photographs of Rudyard Kipling before he lost his hair. Another reminds me of the opera star, James Melton.

At the President and Deans Conference I saw a "ringer" for my Uncle, John Rauch,- of Moravian ancestry at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

These are merely illustrations of the fact that there is that much difference in the appearance of Japanese men as there is among men of the Caucasian race. As to the women of Japan, I think there is more of type characteristics especially in young women and girls with their broad faces and slanting eyes. Some of the older women have beautiful faces, with dignity and sweetness.

My impression (and I have heard many officers here also agree) is that the women are keener than the men of Japan. They really run the little business (as do French women) and the men, after conferring, present the decisions.

The waitresses in the Imperial Hotel dining room are said to be the pick of Tokyo
in this form of service. I am sure this must be so. There are about 25 of them, all slender little things except one. One of them is about 5 feet six inches tall, which makes her stand out in any Japanese group. These waitresses wear their hair in Western style and they use lipstick. At lunch time they appear in dark Western-style dresses; for dinner they look attractive in kimonos. Always smiling, always alert, they do their job with courtesy and efficiency.

TOKYO POLICE

Colonel May, Provost Marshal of Tokyo, who is billeted here in the Imperial Hotel, told me at lunch of the recent review of 5,000 members of the Metropolitan Police held as part of the anniversary ceremonies marking the first year of Japan's new Police Law. The five thousand, jaunty in their uniforms, marched by at the plaza of the Imperial Palace. To the amazement of the American Occupation officials they used an awkward type of goose step. Apparently they had no knowledge of its origin. When it was finally indicated that this was not appropriate, they cheerfully stopped the step.

CITY EDITION

I have had a member of talks with Dr. Thompson of the Scripps Foundation for Population Studies, University of Miami. Upon his return from a 12-day trip, he was asked to give interviews by the Associated Press, United Press and the International News Service. He believes these requests were inspired by SCAP. At any rate he did talk and they printed what he said pretty accurately. Although I haven't mentioned it to him, I think his reference to the position of the Catholic Church was indiscreet.

JAPANESE FACES AND CHARACTERISTICS

Children and younger Japanese look much alike to Western eyes—although doubtless to their loving families each is as different as our own American young ones.

But as they get older Japanese develop lines and facial characteristics that are distinctive. Exceptional instance: at a recent University Conference, I noted a pleasant appearing middle-aged man whose head was as bald as a billiard ball; right behind him was a bushy-haired gent who would give a barber an afternoon's work.

Some faces are grave and sad; others are grave and amicable in their appearances of inner cheerfulness. Then there is the type that smiles perpetually... They nod when you lecture to them, which means not agreement with what you say but simply say yes, they understand you.

Universally Japanese are noisy in drinking tea. It may be a part of their polite evidence of enjoyment.
Mrs. Alexander, of the GHQ Visitors Bureau at the Imperial Hotel, differentiates between politeness and courtesy. She says they are polite as a matter of good form, but that they lack the inner spirit of courtesy of being kindly to others. Their affection is limited to their family, where it flowers in admirable form so far as parental and filial relationship are concerned. But there hangs on an absurd outward subservience of wife to husband. No matter how late he stays out for a saki party, she remains up for his return. He might wish something to eat!
(See entry elsewhere for Lafcadio Hearn’s interpretation of the Japanese smile.)

Note at CI & E Institute for Student Guidance, Tokyo. In the reception room I heard from Japanese women conversing in English. One of the young women said to an older woman: "How are you? "I am lovely, thank you," the older woman replied.

NOTES AND ATTENDANCE, MARCH 19, 1949
AT OPENING SESSION OF THE JAPANESE DIET

We are seated, Frank KAWAMOTA and I in the special visitors gallery of the Chamber of the House of Councillors. It is a long rectangular room, paneled with native wood and beautifully carved. The vacant seats of the Councillors range in semi-circular rows facing the throne-stage. This stage is flanked by wooden columns bearing carvings of the 16-petal chrysanthemum - (only the Emperor's flower can be represented, Frank tells me.) Steps lead up to the gold and red throne.

A great glare of lights, from one side and then from the other. The photographers of the Japanese press and the various press associations and also the movie cameramen are getting ready. They take our balcony group, which included French, Dutch and other embassy celebrities, as well as Occupation officers and civilians. My Swarthmore College friend, Nora Waln, is in the front row. She is here for the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Also, she tells me, she is having her forthcoming novel open with this opening Diet scene.

At 11:45, members of both Houses of the Diet enter from both sides, many of them in cutaway coats and striped trousers. Fewer bald heads in this assembly than in the Congress of the United States, I believe.

At 11:57 the entire assembly rises. Doors at the left of the stage open.

The Emperor enters. Most of the Diet members bow their heads; some defiantly (I think) do not. The Communists have stayed away.

A small woman in formal clothes marches solemnly to the throne and bows. The Emperor bows in acknowledgement. With trembling hands and shaking later, the Speaker reads his address to the Emperor who sits, stiff as starch on the throne. The Speaker backs down and away.
An attendant carries a manuscript to the Emperor. He rises, and holding it in both hands, reads the Rescript in a high-pitched singing voice which the mechanical loud speaker magnifies.

This takes about two minutes. The Emperor hands the Rescript to an attendant.

At 12:08, as two big clocks show, it is all over.

The Emperor leaves.

Mr. Kantor, Public Information Office. "Please call me as soon as possible. Important before you visit the Emperor. 31 March 1949

I saw him and he prepared a statement based on my letter regarding higher education in Japan which went to the the Emperor on March 29, courtesy of Colonel Bunker. This went to the Associated Press which obtained from me by telephone the Emperor's statement to me.

NOTES ON MY AUDIENCE WITH HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Sunday evening, April 13,'49 Train to Kobe THURSDAY 4 PM. MARCH 31. 1949

The gentlemen of the Imperial Household - three of them including the debonair interpreter - wore cutaway coats and striped trousers.

When the door of the colorful reception room opened, the figure entering had on a single-breasted business suit and a soft shirt. It was his Imperial Majesty. I had the honor of the first presentation, followed by Superintendent of Schools Baker, of Osborn, Ohio and Professor Hartford of the University of Kentucky.

The interpreter had informed me, in excellent English, that he had translated for His Majesty the memorandum regarding university affairs in Japan which I had sent in advance - at the suggestion of the Ministry of Education and the Chartering Committee.* they felt a report from a visiting American educator would impress his Majesty more than if they told him about it. Colonel L. E. Bunker, aide to General MacArthur, had expressed his agreement with that view.

They were right, as shown by the Emperor's actions. He shook my hand long and friendly when I was presented and began at once with reference to my memorandum and his appreciation. After the presentation of the two others from America, the Emperor started questioning me about my report. I emphasized how well the Ministry of Education was co-
operating with the CI & E section and told him that General MacArthur had expressed satisfaction in this as representing the democratic spirit which the Occupation was seek to foster. The Emperor added his appreciation. He looked at me so directly and spoke in such earnest tones that I had the feeling I understood him—which was induced by the interpreter’s quick interpretation. We kept up the conversation for at least 15 minutes, the other 5 being devoted to courteous exchange of greetings with my fellow Americans.

*I believe their names are M. Tasima, Chief, Mr. Goto, Interpreter and Mr. Kudroda.

Before I report the final words of the Emperor I must record his appearance.

He is about average Japanese height—say 5 feet 3 or 4 inches—but a bit heavier than average. His face is—well, again, average. Behind rimless glasses, brown eyes look at you with a combination of friendliness and nervousness. My guess is that the strain of the war years and the aftermath has made him tense. Certainly he passed through black disaster and a personal danger from which the Supreme Commander alone saved him. At Keio University yesterday, the President and Deans told me it was a very wise decision which General MacArthur made, that the temper and tone of the Japanese people would be far different from the present cordial co-operation if Hirohito had been tried along with Tojo and the rest.

The Emperor has the Japanese trick of beaming, of uttering delighted little cries, of drawing in his breath with an Ah-h-h-so-so! He did this a good many times in the course of our conversation, showing his prominent teeth under his well-trimmed moustache. As there seemed no disposition on the part of the Emperor or the Secretaries to terminate the audience, I said to the interpreter, "Unless his Majesty has any more questions, perhaps we should be leaving." I am sure the Emperor understood English fairly well—although he doesn’t speak it. He then said, as the interpreter gave it, that he hoped I would tell the American people the actual facts about conditions in Japan as I found them. He shook my hand and kept holding it as he spoke further— as—I shall record.

When the Emperor had left the reception room and we went into the other room, I said to the interpreter,"Did his Majesty mean that I am priviledged to quote what he had said?" "Oh yes," he replied, and I wrote on the back of an envelope the following words the interpreter repeated them. Superintendent Baker also took them down.

The statement was:

"I hope you will tell the American people about actual conditions in Japan as you find them. To know the facts will advance the friendship between the United States and Japan which I believe is becoming better than ever before. In that way both nations can work together so that a disaster such as unfortunately happened to the world will definitely be avoided in the future." (Mrs. Ishibara, U.C., alumna, tells me the interpreter of the Emperor is Mr. Goto, whose wife she knows well.)
At the Imperial Preserve we were escorted to the duck canal screens by a dapper little Master of the Hunt, Imperial Household. He wore a well-cut knickerbocker suit. We were permitted to take a look at the lake, peering through slats in the high bush surrounding the lake shore. I saw thousands of ducks swimming in the water or basking on the island. It was like the duck equivalent of a traffic jam at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue.

Upon signal the leader of our group raced out to the canal bank a madly as though this was his first time at it.

JAPANESE AND BASEBALL

April 7, 1949

I have seen lots of boys and school teams playing baseball here this late winter and early spring. A boy and a bat and a ball are as much of a trinity in Japan as in the United States.

This afternoon I saw my first big-league ball game - and as thousands of boys and youths joined Frank Kawamota (my interpreter) and me in the 40,000 capacity stadium. It is the vacation interval for universities, college and some schools. Blue uniforms and caps dominated the crowd of some 30,000 there today. All were enthusiastic and well-behaved. (Only exceptions were a few - two or three - American soldiers who had drunk too much beer.)

The teams for the double-header, or rather for the two separate games, were the Dragons and the Fliers and the Stars and the Giants. They represent not cities but take their names as our New York Giants or Cincinnati Reds do, but are backed by large business companies, according to Frank.

The play was good - not as good as our American big-league standard, but I should say close to our minor leagues.

I saw some nice hooks over the plate and some clean hitting. The fielding was excellent.

It surprised me to observe that all four clubs had some pretty large men. One, a Japanese citizen, is in fact a "White Russian."

Right beside us sat the sports editor of the Pacific STARS AND STRIPES, Sergeant, Dick Harn, formerly a pitcher for the Chicago White Sox. He is portly these days and he sports a large moustache. We observed him hustle to the dugout to get the umpire's decision by which a batter was called out for striking at a wild pitch and racing to first base. The decision that he was out did not come until after the batter had scored later.
Todays NIPPON TIMES contains a world of sports interviews with Sergeant Harn.

THE JAPANESE SMILE

Had my photograph taken by a Public Information Office photographer recently at the National Diet Library in the act of examining a volume of the full set of writings by Lafcadio Hearn. I was particularly interested in these books because Hearn was newspaper man in Cincinnati for about eight years.

Here are a few extracts from Hearn's famous essay, "The Japanese Smile."

"A Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does. But he then smiles at other times. There is neither defiance nor hypocrisy in the smile; nor is it to be confounded with that smile of sickly resignation which we are apt to associate with weakness of character. It is an elaborate and long-cultivated etiquette..."

"To comprehend the Japanese smile, one must be able to enter a little into the ancient, natural and popular life of Japan...the common people...With these gentle, kindly, sweet-hearted folk, who smile at life, love and death alike, it is possible to enjoy community of feeling in simple, natural things; and by familiarity and sympathy we can learn why they smile.

"The Japanese child is born with this happy tendency which is fostered through the period of home education...The smile is taught like the bow; like the prostration; like that little sibilant sucking-in of the breath which follows, as a token of pleasure, the salutation to a superior; like all the elaborate and beautiful etiquette of the old world courtesy...

It is a part of deportment; and to present always the most agreeable face possible to parents, relatives, teachers, friends, well-wishes is a rule of life...Even though the heart is breaking, it is a social duty to smile bravely."

My good friend, Frank Kawamota, who has presented me with two books of Hearn, assures me that Hearn's interpretation is fundamentally correct.

ADDRESSING AUDIENCE OF JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN

Before they become blurred, I must put down a few impressions I received when I gave addresses before assemblages of Japanese girls and women.

About the middle of March I accepted the urgent invitation of Mrs. S. TAO, alumna of the College of Home Economics, University of Cincinnati, to speak at the Kamagawa at Yokohama of which her father, quizzed 80-year old Zenyiro Sato is founder and principal.
Mrs. Tao came to Tokyo and escorted me to Yokohama on the fast electric train.

So it happened that on a bleak March afternoon I looked down into the faces of 800 girls, including some students of the elementary school as they stood on the tennis courts of the institution. Because of the bombing of Yokohama and consequent fire, the school auditorium was burned down. As I stood before the loudspeaker beside Mr. Tao on the platform, the girls seemed grimly serious although politely so. I tried a bit of a joke. "I have a granddaughter and I am sure she would like you girls if she could be with me."

When Mrs. Tao translated these words, the girls smiled.

Then I tried something else. "Do you know that Mrs. Tao is here" and I turned to her on the platform,"was a student at the University of Cincinnati?" Interpretation and smiles.

"And Mr. Tao was a student there too. They met for the first time at my university. In fact, Mrs. Tao tells me the romance began on the Cincinnati campus."

When Mrs. Tao interpreted what I said, the girls fairly squealed with glee. So I added:

"Co-education may be a good American idea. Don't you think so.?

I had 'em now. They listened to my little homeletical talk and my congratulations to them, to the teachers and above all to that fine educator, Mr. Sato.

When I left the girls wave to me from the classroom windows and there were girlish Goodbye calls to the Cincinnati visitor.

At the jiyu-Gakner, the famous school of Freedom on the outskirts of Tokyo, I gave a commencement address to a graduating class of 100, of whom 70 were girls. There was no occasion for levity of my Yokoyama brand. But the class appeared no to find what I said too dull.

"No interpretation is needed. Indeed our girls wouldn't like it if there were an interpreter." That was the comment when I raised the point at the Commencement exercises of the Tokyo Christian Women's College. There were over a thousand persons in the fine auditorium when I spoke there March 12. Dr. and Mrs. Sells took me with them for the exercises. The President of the college, Dr. Saito (who informed me he had been my "pupil" at the University Administrator's Conference) invited me to sit on the platform and to speak. I pulled my wits together and delivered a five-minute talk to the 312 girls of the 1949 class. They manifestly understood what I said.

Had my photograph taken with the class, seated beside Dr. Saito. These are high-grade girls, very friendly and nice.
At Kobe (375 miles south of Tokyo) on April 4, 75 Japanese ladies waved and cried, "Banzai," as I stepped into an Army jeep at Kobe College after my address to the delegates attending the annual meeting of the Japan Association of Collegiate Women - now University Women. They were more than courteously appreciative of my presentation of "University Graduates and Citizenship." My interpreter was a famous lady whose name I forget, a Ph.D. graduate of the University of Michigan. These women and those who follow will advance standards of civic life in Japan, I believe.

xxx

THE JAPANESE STAGE OF TODAY

I have recorded in my Diary the show, "Land at the End of the Rainbow," which I saw at the Imperial Theatre, - the Zakarazuka "All-Girl" production which Billy Rose praised as approaching Broadway standards.

On the serious side there is a company in Tokyo which devotes itself to producing modern drama. Some time in March, these Japanese friends of mine, Dr. Kono, Mr. Kawaji and Mr. Kamura took me to see two plays, "Dr. Noguchi" and "Jehikawa Damae." The latter is the story of an aging teacher of the old art of swordsmanship, very well played by Shimada Shogo.

Because of Dr. Gus Eckstein, I looked particularly to the drama based upon his life, which, I am told, was popular before the War, and has now been revived with the famous actor, Ryutarō Zatsumi in the leading part. There was no great need of explanation of the plot. My friends simply gave me a clarification from time to time when I asked for it.

One scene will stand out in my memory as an exemplification of the ancient greek motto, "Nothing too much." The stage setting showed the straw-thatched home of Noguchi's peasant mother. The villagers rush off to the railway station to greet the famous scientist, their fellow citizen, who is returning from the Rockefeller Institute in America.

His mother is too timid to go with them. She kneels before the HOTOKI-SAMA, the image of Buddha. She trots about the yard and the porch. She takes off her OZORI, her sandals. She puts them on. She takes them off.

Then, with the hurrahing and the bang of firecrackers, the crowd swarms back acclaiming the great Dr. Noguchi who strides along in his Western clothes.

As they reach the house, the villagers become silent. The moment has arrived. The little old mother kneels on the porch, adoration on her face as she sees her son. Noguchi stands there looking, with filial devotion, at this mother.
No one speaks. The stage lights focussed upon them fade into its complete darkness as the curtain comes down. "Nothing too much."

Tatsumi is superb as Dr. Noguchi. The mother is played beautifully by Mrs. Kiseko Hisamatsu, who is the wife of the founder of this company and its productions," so Mr. Kiwaji informed me. Dr. Kono, of Nihon Medical College, Tokyo, was beaming with pride. His daughter, Mrs. Muasaki Kono Fujima takes the part of the Geisha Girl in the play. He gave me two photographs of her, one in ordinary dress, the other in Geisha costume with headdress. (See pictures on next page)

THE END