



**In the Ginza district, Tokyo's equivalent of Fifth Avenue, only a few big stores were left intact.**

**T**OKYO—Driving from Yokohama to Tokyo is about the same as driving into New York City from Newark, N. J. You pass through flat, marshy country filled with big factories and industrial towns that are like Kearny and Bayonne and Elizabeth and Jersey City.

To complete the comparison there is an electric railway from Yokohama to Tokyo with overhead trolley wires and the same kind of cars that the Pennsylvania Railroad provides for its Jersey commuters. You keep expecting to see a billboard announcing the rates for rooms at the Hotel New Yorker or advising you to get tickets at once for "Life With Father." But unlike the Jersey flats, these Tokyo suburbs, which were jammed with factory-workers' houses before Maj. Gen. Curtis LeMay and his men started their devastating series of low-level incendiary-bombing raids last March, are now in burned ruins. The ruins do not look like those of the bombed cities of Europe, which were mostly heavy-explosive, demolition jobs that left piles of broken bricks and plaster and twisted beams. On the road to Tokyo some of the big industrial plants still stand, windowless and charred inside, but the houses and other smaller buildings are flat on the ground and their remains are burned to almost nothing. You see a bit of machinery or a chimney here and there, and every 50 yards or so a cast-iron or steel safe, probably with a roll of bank notes and the book-keeper's ledger still inside it.

As you bounce your way into South Tokyo, the concrete highways in Japan give you the feeling that they haven't been repaired in five years. There are increasingly more signs of bomb destruction. Jap families have gone back into the ruins of their homes and made little shacks out of the pieces of sheet metal and slabs of blackened wood, and you get the impression that you're driving through a hobo jungle. Whole families peer out as you pass, and a little boy grins and salutes. On the edge of Tokyo a man and a woman who have evidently heard that the war is over are busy with shovels filling a bomb shelter.

**D**OWNTOWN Tokyo looks badly beaten. Along the Ginza, which is the Japanese Fifth Avenue, every other building is either burned to the ground or wrecked inside. A lot of the department stores and smart shops have English and French signs over their doors. The Brett Pharmacy looks like a typical American super-drugstore, but only its front is standing. There is nothing inside except a stream of water bubbling up from a broken pipe where a soda fountain may have been.

The few large stores which are still intact are swanky ones with indirect lighting and subdued color schemes. Their display windows are covered with heavy, brown, corrugated metal screens and they haven't much to sell. The entertainment and night-club district has also been hard hit. A few of the movie houses are still operating and there are long lines of people outside them waiting to buy tickets. There are lines outside the newspaper offices, too. The press runs of the afternoon editions are small, and it's first come, first served.

The section of Tokyo which suffered most from the punishment handed out by the B-29s was Asakusa Ku, a residential section with a population of 140,000 per square mile. Probably it was the most thickly populated city district in the world. There is hardly anything left of it today.

Our official estimate of the bomb damage in Tokyo is 52 percent of the city. Air Force Intelligence officers visiting Tokyo now think the percentage is really higher than that. A great many buildings which showed up as undamaged on our aerial photographs are destroyed and useless. The bombing here, of course, was all incendiary work and the targets were whole areas of the city rather than individual buildings. The idea was to get small shops and factories—optical, electrical, tool-making and precision-instrument plants that the Japanese war effort depended on heavily but that could not be attacked individually.

Tokyo looks as though the Strategic Air Forces carried out the idea almost to perfection. You can see evidence of the people's fear of the Superforts everywhere. No city in Europe ever dug as many bomb shelters as this one. Every sidewalk is lined with them. They are shallow affairs, with cement walls and two entrances.

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There isn't much traffic on the streets except for dilapidated Army trucks, a few busses and overloaded streetcars and, of course, bicycles. The few people who remain look down-at-the-heel and shabby. Their clothes need cleaning, and only a few of them have leather shoes. Practically all the men and women wear clumsy wooden slippers that clack on the pavement. Most of them look as though they have not been eating regularly. I haven't yet seen a fat person in Tokyo. The women, who wear baggy pants, look well padded but shapeless, as though they were carrying more layers of cotton than flesh.

The people of Tokyo are taking the arrival of the first few Americans with impeccable Japanese calm. Sometimes they turn and look at us twice, but they have shown no emotion towards us except a mild curiosity and occasional amusement. They don't seem to be trying to sell us a bill of goods, as the Germans did after VE-Day. They are still proud and a little bit superior. They know they lost the war, but they are not apologizing for it. In general, their attitude seems to be: The war is over and you won, now you go on about your business and we will take care of ourselves. We don't need any help from you.

The higher-ranking Army officers, wearing their long Samurai swords and high tan boots, look at the Americans coldly and cross to the other side of the street to avoid walking near them. The Japanese enlisted men stare at us with their mouths a little bit open, but without fear or anger.

The Japs are great umbrella carriers. It was drizzling the first couple of days we were in Tokyo and, without doing it noticeably, the Jap girls and older women would maneuver their umbrellas so that when they passed us on the street their faces would be hidden from us. Nobody here wants to have much to do with us. It looks as if there will be no fraternization problem in Japan. It also looks as if we will have no trouble from the Japs. They do a wonderful job of hiding their feelings. I have not seen a single Jap anywhere in Tokyo making any kind of an angry or unfriendly gesture or facial expression.

When we come near to what we think is an average Jap, it is hard to tell yet exactly what he feels about the future and about the way the war turned out for him, because the average Jap speaks no English. The English-speaking Japs are not average Japs. They are people who have lived abroad and who are better educated than the rank-and-file.

One of the English-speaking Japs I talked with in Tokyo was a newspaperman who said that he and most of the other intelligent people in Japan knew for more than a year that Japan was going to lose the war. The suddenness of the ending came as a big surprise to him, however; he said that everybody expected it to last another year. I asked him about the reports I had heard in Guam and Okinawa about the people in Tokyo dancing and singing in the streets with joy when the news of the surrender came. He said that the

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that everybody expected it to last another year. I asked him about the reports I had heard in Guam and Okinawa about the people in Tokyo dancing and singing in the streets with joy when the news of the surrender came. He said that the reaction was just the opposite. Instead of singing, most of the people were crying. For an hour or so, he added, they were excited and sorrowful. After that, they gained control of their feelings.

I asked how much the people knew about the war and if it were true that many of them thought the Japs were fighting in California. He said that nobody here ever believed that their troops had invaded the U. S. and that the Jap Government had never spread such an impression. "But," he added, a little proudly, "we shelled your California coast from a submarine early in the war, didn't we?" Then he mentioned the Jap diplomats who conferred with Cordell Hull while Pearl Harbor was being attacked. He seemed to think it was a big joke.

"Do you know that you could have invaded Hawaii easily after that attack on Pearl Harbor?" I asked him. "Our defenses there were not strong. Our defenses in California were not strong, either, in 1941. You could have invaded there. Why didn't you do it?"

He shrugged his shoulders: "The lines of supply would have been too long for us to maintain."

"If the lines of supply were too long for you to maintain, why did you go to war against us?" I asked.

**H**E asked how much press censorship we had in the U. S. during the war. When I told him that anybody could criticize the war effort in the newspapers and that the press quoted opponents of our administration, he was amazed, although he admitted he had heard such was the case. "That's what we hope to be able to do here in Japan now that the war is over," he added. When I told him that a number of American war correspondents in the Pacific were considering nominating the Domei News Agency for a Pulitzer journalism prize because it had scooped the world on the Jap surrender, he laughed. Then I showed him some pictures in *YANK* of the terrific construction job that the Army Engineers and Seabees had done in the Marianas during the past year and told him that they were now doing the same thing in Okinawa. He was hardly able to believe it. "Japan doesn't have equipment for such work," he said.

As a matter of fact, most of the GIs who arrived here with the early occupation forces can't get over the lack of transportation and engineering equipment in Japan and the poor quality of the little rolling stock that is available. There are quite a few good American cars—Fords, Studebakers and Buicks—but the Japs have ruined them with poor fuel and bad mechanics. I rode from Yokohama to Tokyo in an antique passenger bus, a sort of motorized Toonerville Trolley with creaking, blue-plush seats. Every two miles or so the driver had to climb out to clear the gas-line.



A Jap cameraman awaits MacArthur's arrival.



GIs who have been looking forward to a good time in Tokyo are in for a big disappointment. The town hasn't much to offer. It is too thoroughly burned out to have much excitement or entertainment, and the people are in no mood to give any American a warm welcome. There isn't much to drink except beer, and in most places they don't sell even that in the daytime. Sake is rationed.

The food is pretty bad. The Japanese serve canned salmon and canned sardines morning, noon and night, generally with cold potato salad and in a very tasteless fashion. The bread isn't good and the eggs are powdered. The day I arrived here I had lunch at the Imperial Hotel, the best hotel in Tokyo. The meal started with a thick soup made out of barley or some other kind of grain. Then there was a piece of salmon fried in a batter of brown gravy which did not exactly make me smack my lips in glee. Then came a dish with a little boiled cabbage and a lot of things that looked like boiled scallions on it. These turned out to be little pieces of soggy dough. Finally there was a glass of hot tea that didn't taste like tea. The whole meal cost only 30 cents in American money, but it wasn't worth 15.

If you are lucky enough to find a room in Tokyo, you soon discover that the bed is as hard as a rock. The pillow is a thing shaped like a loaf of bread and filled with something that feels like gravel. They don't have screens on most of the windows and Japan, at this time of the year, is full of mosquitoes and various other kinds of bugs. The bathrooms are really something. They do not have toilets as we know them; just porcelain holes in the floor. They don't have showers or the kind of tubs we use in the States. Instead, each bathroom contains four stone tubs. The first tub is filled with warm water; you get into it and lather and wash off. The next has cold water; you get into it and shiver. Then you dip yourself in the third tub, which has more warm water, and finally you finish off in the fourth, which is cold again.

Tokyo, like every place we've been in Japan so far, is dull, drab and depressing. The first afternoon I was here I went to have a look at the Emperor's palace. It is beautifully laid out in the center of a huge park, but you can't actually see the palace itself. A moat and a high stone wall separate the palace compound from the rest of the world and there is another moat inside the first one that separates the palace from the rest of the palace compound. It is forbidden to drive a vehicle even near the first moat; you have to get out a quarter of a mile away and walk to it. When you get there guards won't let you cross it, but they'll let you stand around. All day long Japs keep coming to the entrance to the palace grounds, alone or in pairs or sometimes in family groups. They stand silently for a few moments facing the Emperor's quarters and then they bow down in prayer. After that, they put on their hats and walk away.

The day I was there a Buddhist priest wearing yellow robes was facing the palace, beating on a drum. Two officers in the Jap Army came up and stood rigidly at attention, gazing in the same direction. Then they bent from the waist, prayed, and snapped a salute. Before leaving, one of the officers turned and looked at me. His face showed nothing, but it was easy to see that he hated my guts and thought it a sacrilege for an American to be so close to the Emperor's presence.

An elderly man with a girl in her 'twenties, maybe his daughter, came up nearby. The girl knelt and leaned forward until her face touched the ground. The old man bent over respectfully and prayed for a few moments while the girl still crouched on the ground. Then the man put on his hat and came over to me, smiling. "You are from Baltimore?" he asked. I told him I wasn't and explained where I came from in the States. "I have been in Baltimore and New York and Chicago many years now," he said. "Well, the war, it is over now and we are no longer enemies. Let us hope we can forget it. There is no need of talking about it."

Just then a B-29 on a sightseeing tour roared low over the palace grounds. The old man looked up at it. "We were wrong," he said. "Yes, we were very wrong."

**YANK**

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