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PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

OCCUPATION of JAPAN

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98th INFANTRY DIVISION

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INTRODUCTION

A report on the occupation of Japan would be incomplete without a description of the people, of the devastation, of the land and wealth and poverty. These were the sinews of their war machine and the foundation on which we intend to build the peace.

As of the close of this report it is not possible to give definitive answers to the riddle of Japan, but it has been found that the Japanese are not mysterious. Their society is only different from ours. And as with any problem, the solution requires study. Because of the devastation, the architecture modeled after remote periods, their ancient modes of transportation, kimonos and clogs, the first question confronting the American soldier is "how could these people fight so long with so little?" The answer, then is not principally with their material wealth, but with their organization and their society. Obedience, perhaps, and their sense of obligation to their emperor went a long way to fill the gap in the things they lacked for waging first-class war.

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DEVASTATION
REFUGEES
PEOPLE
POVERTY
WEALTH
AGRICULTURE
RELIGION
MATERIEL
PEACE

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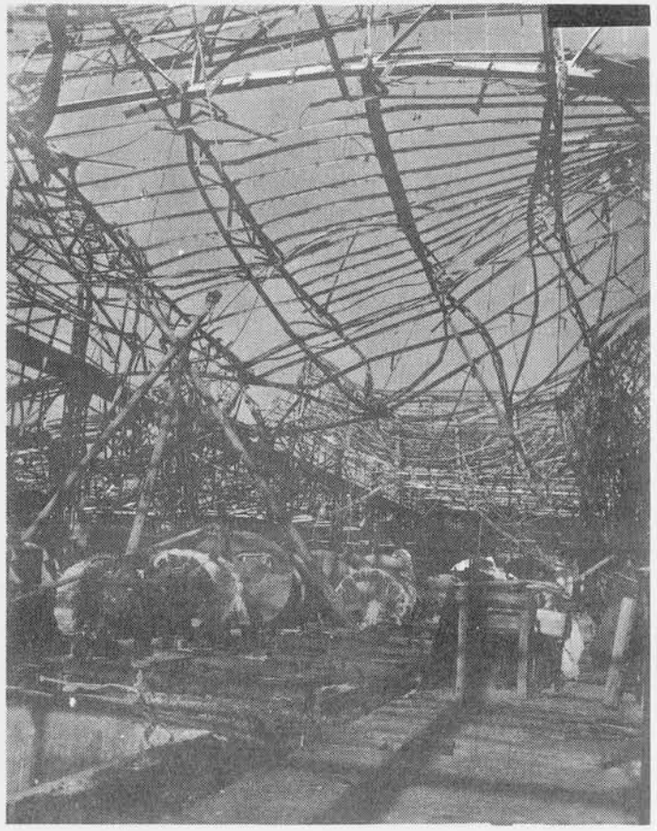
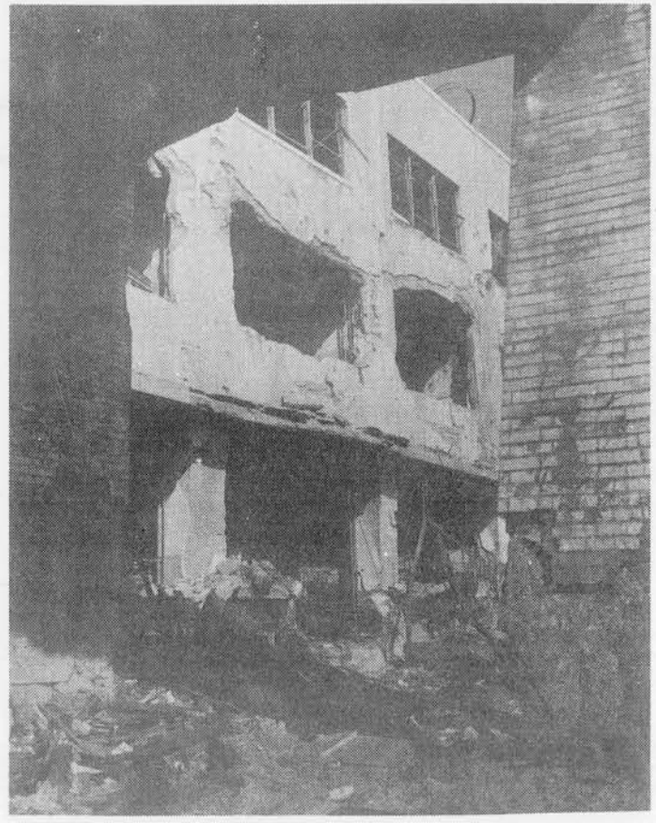


Japan, like all nations, which have suffered the ravages of war , is depressing in its devastation, in its dead cities and rubble. The chief cause of destruction was fire. Explosions caused only scattered craters about the city.

The twisted, collapsing steel girders and beams forming the framework of this useless factory are silent evidence of the efficiency of our planes. This tangled mass, once a factory, multiplied by hundreds of gutted factories like it, spelled doom to the home industry and ground their machines of war to a halt.

Rarely was there evidence of violent explosions such as the one which reduced this building to a hulk. Debris is everywhere. The earth is lush with a harvest of rubble , with broken glass and concrete, with scrap metal, the latter of which the Japanese expected to get from another source. No longer is "business as usual" nor will it ever be within the walls of this once fine building.



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DEVASTATION

Block upon city block, mile upon mile, the lifeless structures of Osaka stare vacantly at the American soldier. Out of an ancient era and amidst their feudal dwellings, the Japanese raised buildings of concrete and steel. An age had passed with the fire, for the hungry flames left little of the ancient structures. Though badly seared and sometimes crippled, most of the modern remain. The soldier sees almost at a glance what was new and what was old in Osaka--the old has become a part of history and is no more. It is almost strange how the fire was merciful to the trees which line the parkways in the principal streets. They were left unharmed.

In a city of three and a quarter million, already crowded before the war, homeless people are left to wander about the ruins; some in the

hope of retrieving a thing of value; some in clearing space to erect a shelter. There is no place to leave children. They must be taken everywhere, transported either by the women or a small child, sometimes only slightly larger than the one being carried. Earlier some of the debris had been sorted and piled, but only when winter was hard on their heels, did the people make noticeable efforts to improvise housing. The hungry Japanese have planted gardens in the ruins and in the grass plots lining the streets.

This then, is Osaka, once a great city. Only a fraction of the buildings remain. The subways still run, and the streetcars; and there is electricity; and cabarets have sprung up. But for the troops operating through the city it is cold, it is depressing, it is lifeless.

An isolated group of refugees return to the city from the hills and the farms to which they fled while the war was raging. Soon the roads were swarming with them. They were walking, riding bicycles, of which next to umbrellas there seemed to be more than anything else in Japan. They rode oxcarts, trucks, and a three wheeled motor vehicle, a vague relative of the Jeep. The tremendous loads these apparently delicate people carried was incredible. They were tattered and ragged. They became a traffic hazard.

These are the people that waged the war. They seem more numerous because their country is crowded. They appear naive. They urinate in the streets. They nurse their babies in public. They do not look formidable nor even offensive. As they crowd into the rail stations with their few belongings, it seems hardly possible that these people fought a savage war. There is one thing that cannot be seen in the crowd which gave strength to these ragged legions--the unalterable authority of the government. So thorough was obedience, that even as their armies crumbled and their dreams of empire broke, even as the nation sank to its knees in utter defeat, there was little chaos within Japan; there were no revolutions. The Japanese government continued to rule the people.

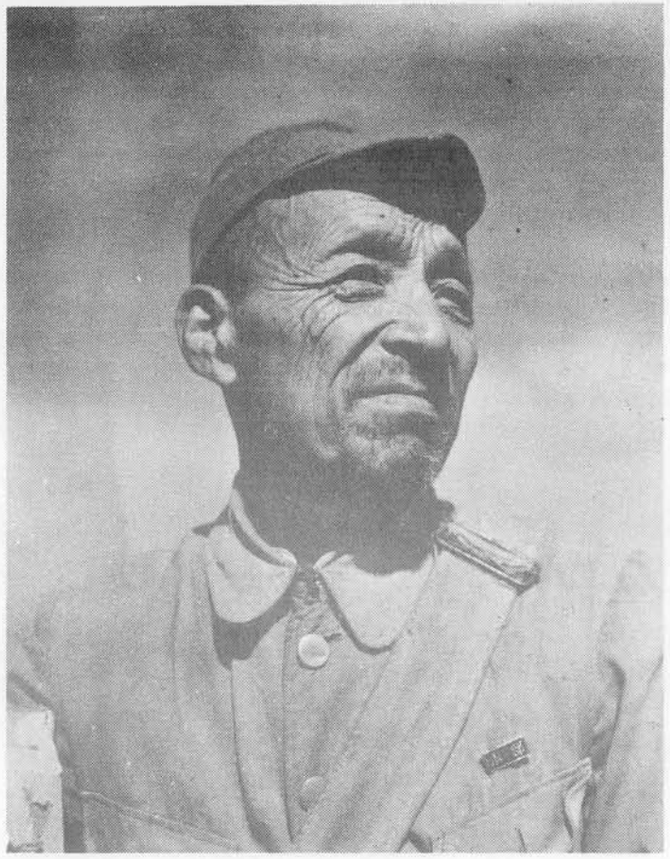
The children are curious. But curiosity is not confined to the children. It seems to be common property of the Japanese. A soldier stops for a picture and a crowd gathers. Their laughter is not a product of hypocrisy. They have been impressed by our soldiers. And once more, they are at peace. The children are frequently dressed in uniforms. But the people wear what they find to keep them clothed.

The Japanese are hungry for cigarettes and candy. The soldier is "safe" unless he gives them something and then children gather in huge crowds and pester him for blocks. He cannot shake them. Regulations prohibit the giving or bartering of American rations. It is difficult for the Japanese to end their words in consonants. This soldier has created a friendly tussle with a gift of "chocoletto". Baby carriages are rare. But occasionally a family owns one.

PEOPLE

The Japanese are dwarfed by the size of the Americans entering the subway gates. The soldiers pause to joke with the ticket collectors neither of whom understands the other. But all enjoy the laugh. Those in the far reaches of the crowd are curious, probably most of all about the camera.

The ex-soldier is a peasant back to the soil from which he sprang. American soldiers, except on missions requiring it, move freely through the country unarmed. A few months before, this man was a savage enemy. Today, he is a soldier no more. His crops are ripe.



He looks forward to the harvesting which, in his absence was done by the women and children.

Such are the teeming millions of Japan. There is evidence that they are turning to their conquerors for the leadership which will bring to them enlightment.

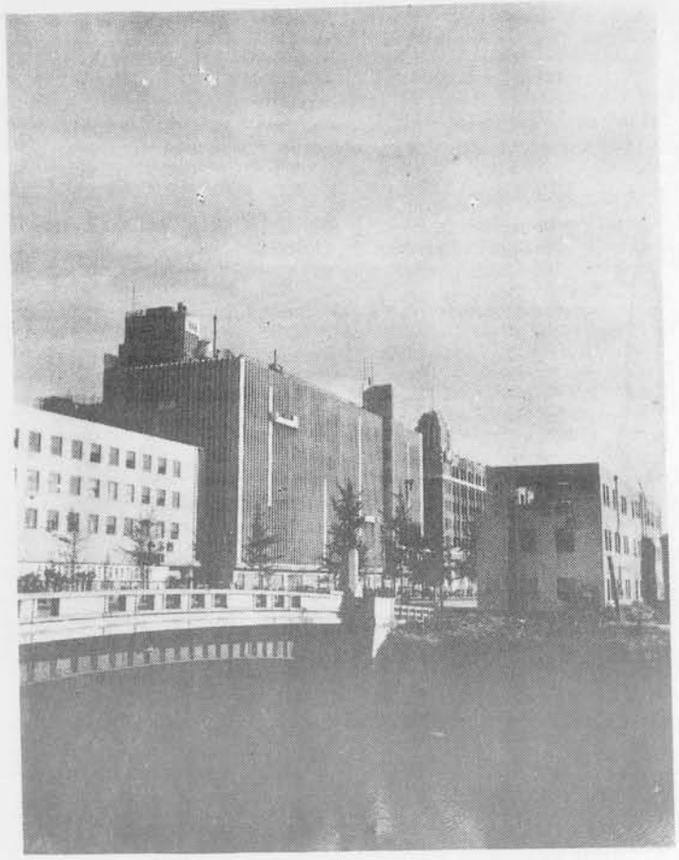
Poverty and slums are everywhere.

There are few sidewalks. The houses are built to the road's edge. Through the villages run narrow, winding streets and open sewers. Human waste is collected and used for fertilizer. The odors are oppressive to all but the Japanese.

Rain brings mud to the streets. Fuel is used for cooking. There is little left for warmth. The houses are flimsy, and without the sun, are very cold. There are no vast spaces in Japan. Villages are scattered endlessly among the farm land and almost to the mountain tops. Everything is crowded--compressed.

But all is not poverty. There is wealth in Japan--in the hands of a few. There are modern buildings, broad streets, and subways. The Japanese built a navy, an army, big guns, and tall buildings.

WEALTH –
AGRICULTURE

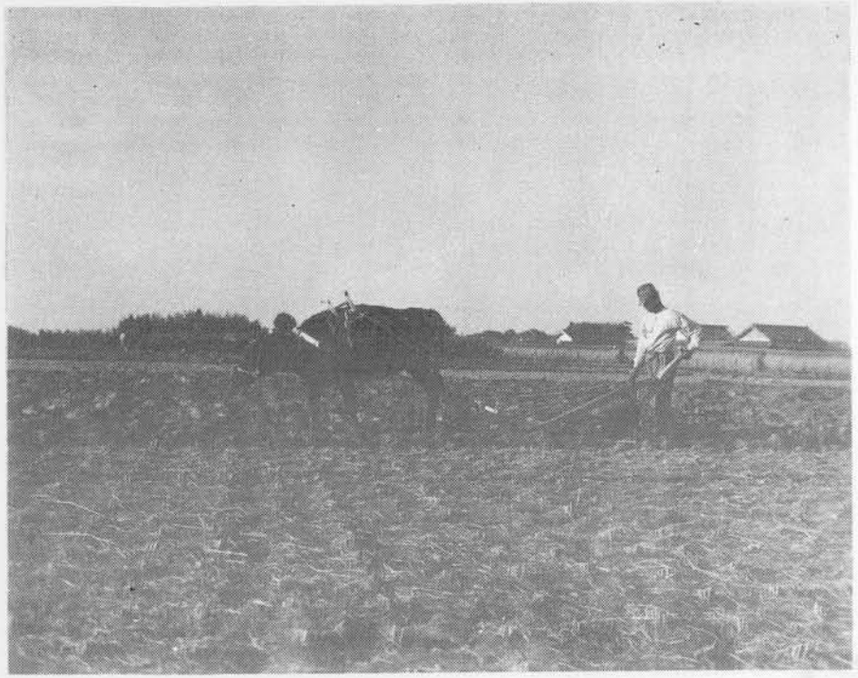


Their rise from a feudal state was rapid. The soldier sees inconsistencies in the development. Intermediate steps were disregarded. There are voids in the structure of modern Japan. They had an army, but no bulldozers, they have concrete buildings, while they labor still with crude tools; they have locomotives, but rely too much on the ox. They feed millions from the products of their soil, but they farm after ancient methods.

They waste manpower. They have little machinery. Their ambitions outpaced their means. The Japanese also had brainy men but not enough for the job at hand. The people, long suppressed, required more supervision than could be afforded. Their social structure was brittle.

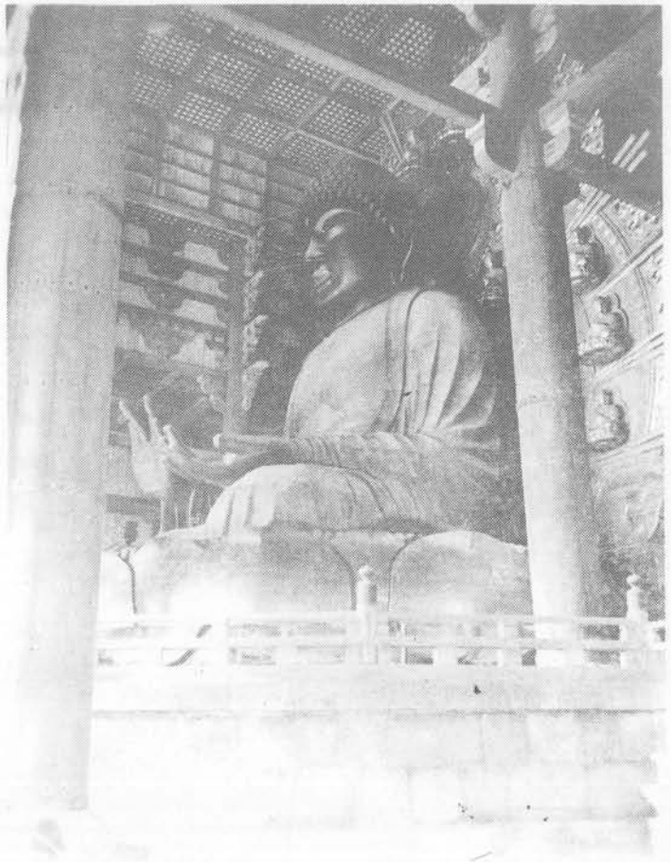
This is the land--the green valleys and the rice paddies. This is not devastation, but something living. A refreshing sight, and a welcome one for the soldiers weary of the city. These are the fields over which the Americans were to fight. This village, sheltered by a small wood, the neat rice racks, the perfectly organized terrain, so extremely precise without a wasted inch of soil--these peaceful scenes were all part of their machine for conquest.

AGRICULTURE
RELIGION



As the war came to a close, the Japanese were verging on starvation. They hasten to break the soil for the season's last crop. Their patient animals are slow, but obedient. The road net is poor. The aroma of night soil sometimes breaks the spell cast by the beauty of the countryside.

The soldier does not understand the religions of Japan. But he sees evidence of religion. He sees the people attending the shrines, dedicating themselves to a faith in addition to the emperor whom they believe to be a descendent of heaven. A massive statue of Buddha rests in a temple of much interest to the troops. A gigantic masterpiece of craftsmanship, it is a symbol of a religion embraced by the people for centuries.



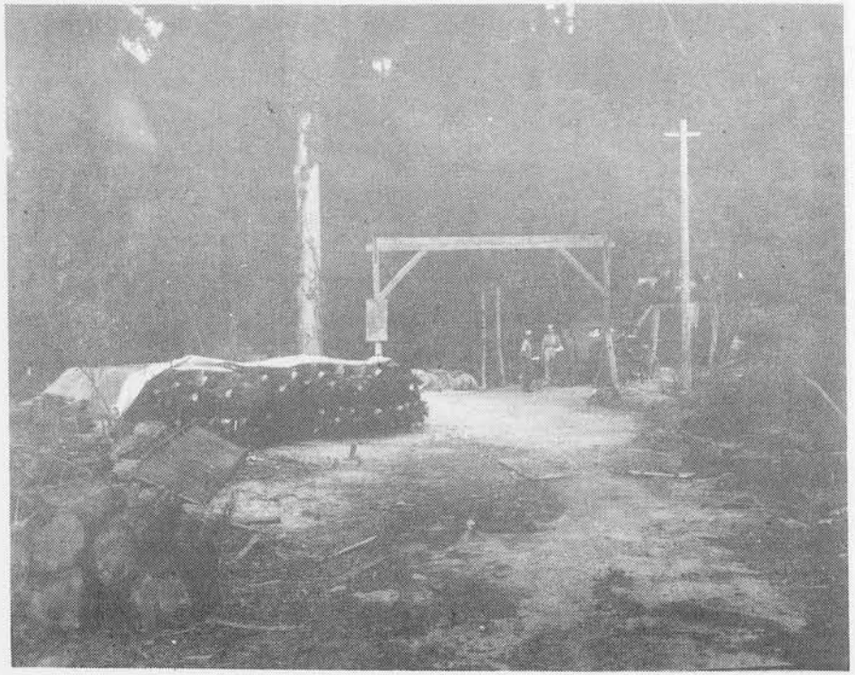
RELIGION
MATERIEL

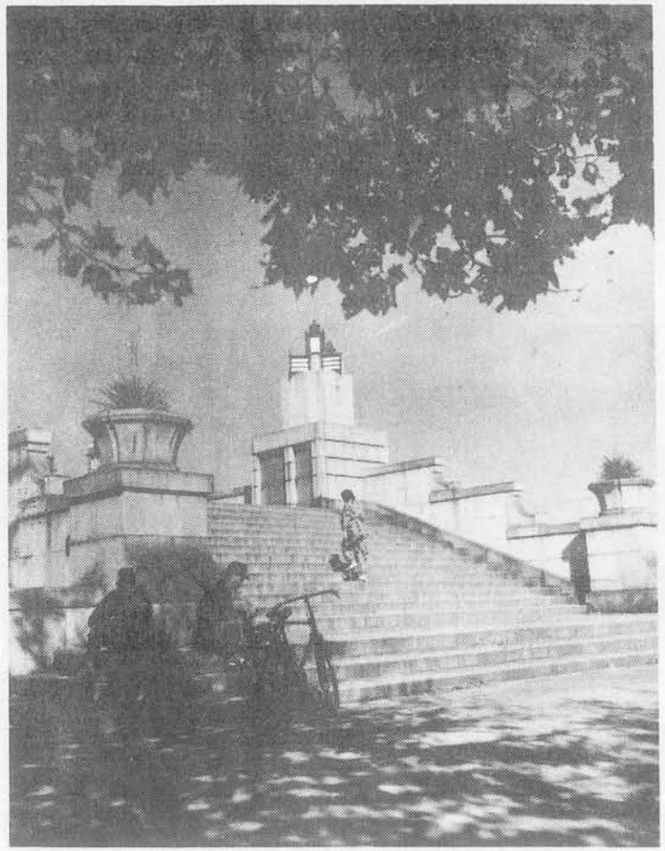
There are many temples. The gate does not lead to a country garden. It is a Shinto shrine on a small terrace atop the roof of an office building onto which earth has been brought and grass and shrubs carefully planted. These religions are strange, but meaningful to the Japanese. They believe in them.

The waste of war is apparent in more places than the battlefield. It is apparent in the materials of war unused by the Japanese and seized by our troops. Some will be converted to peaceful purpose. Most will be destroyed. The scrap remains, but the energy and labor creating it will be lost forever.

Dumps were innumerable. Some were carefully hidden and difficult to find. In the confusion of the sudden collapse of the army many were officially lost. The enemy had stocked his arsenal for a final stand, but his supplies were meager.

The seizure of supplies and installations carried the troops to remote places, to small villages, to the burned city, to the airfields, to the farmland. And this is the Japan they see. And these are the people. This is the nation that waged a bitter war and lost; these are their resources, their strength and their weaknesses.





Though peace has come to Japan, it will be long before the scars of war are healed and much hardship will be endured. The people are turning from the shock of defeat, to the pursuit of their personal interests. There is a germ of liberalism. It is too soon to judge its character.

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