

1 October 1945

Dear Baby:

Left Ie Shima on 28 Sept. at 0722 for Tokyo. Because of weather, however, the C-46 had to lay over for the night at Kanoya which is in the southern part of Kyushu, the southernmost large island of Japan.

We slept under the plane Wednesday night, the 27th, just to make sure that we'd be taken on the plane when it took off. Weren't sure that the pilot wouldn't claim that the ship was overloaded. Knew that if he knew we'd slept under it he'd be under a certain compulsion to take us. Johnny and I slept, I should say. Bill slept in his own sack. Since nothing much had taken place by 0650...the pilot hadn't shown up, we felt free to go down to breakfast, returning at about 0710. Much to our consternation, the both engines were turning over and the back door was closed. While it's SOP (standard operating procedure) for them to close the back door, we were still dismayed. Stationed Johnny at the front of the plane in plain view of the pilot and I stayed back, out of the prop wash, and knocked on the door once so that the crew member would know that we were there. Finally, the warming up of the engines was accomplished and the door opened and we climbed up the ladder which was dropped. Left immediately. The ride to Kanoya was beautiful, above the overcast which, as you remember, is the solid clouds which we see on the ground during a dull and sunless day. Took many photos of the overcast and certainly hope that they come out. After about 1½ hours it was announced that weather conditions did not permit our going on to Tokyo that day. We were delighted because that would allow us to get another view of Japan...the country part and not the cosmopolitan Tokyo. As soon as we landed, we hied over to the headquarters building. Had asked refueling operator where we might borrow a jeep. He told us where the motor pool was. After we got that near to the pool, asked another driver where I might find a big hearted motor sergeant who might be talked into lending us a jeep. Suggested I go in and ask "the major" which I did. The major was executive of the base. Was nice but had nothing. Suggested I see the Ordnance Officer and wonder of wonders he lent me his jeep. Asked me when I'd return it. Replied that would return it whenever he told me to. Said I could use it till 3 or 4 that afternoon (I nearly fell over at that generous remark). So we took off at about 1030 for town.

Before telling you about the town of Kanoya will mention the airfield. It had tremendous steel hangers, all of which were burned out. Only the steel framework remained. The 413th had visited this place many times itself. We heard from someone that the field was not only an airfield but also had been an assembly plant for certain types of aircraft and the Baka bomb (a dap version of the robomb in which there was a seat for a suicide pilot). The field had many more hangars than any airfield I'd seen in America.

The road to Kanoya was a two lane hard surface road...part of the way it was just black dirt packed very hard. All along the road there were Japs walking: little children, women, young girls, young boys, evidently many Jap soldiers who had been discharged from the army. We came to the town of Kanoya after about 1½ miles (damn this typewriter, too....am writing in the office). The town had about 40,000 population we were told.

Where they put this amount of people I'll never know. It was a poor run down at the heels sort of town. Most of the store fronts were boarded up. It had a sidewalk on one side of the street. We drove up to the end of the town and then a little beyond the heavily populated part of town. The roads at that point were almost as bad as the roads we'd had on Ie during the early part of the sojourn here. So we returned and stopped in a small store which had a very nice building but had the appearance of having been closed for some time (later learned that it had opened only a day or so before). There was only junk in the show cases which were laid out more like a rail to keep the crowds out than to show merchandise which was just thrown in as in some of those cheap stores we find on lower 5th Ave. today. About the only things or articles I recognized were some funny looking hairpins. Didn't buy any. The place was crowded with women and children who of course looked us up and down as we walked in and conversed with one another. The proprietor or his wife didn't talk English so we walked out full of the apparent futility of doing anything in a strange land where the language difficulty hit us smack in the eyes. We walked down the street until we came to a nice appearing store and walked in. The place had a sort of office with three desks, one woman seated there and two men (one at the desk) and the other walking up to us to find out what we wanted. I took out my book on common phrases and tried to get over what we wanted. He didn't understand much of it. However, he did send someone out of the store and we suspected that he'd sent for someone who could speak English. Someone came in. No, before that someone came in, the Jap got out a piece of paper and pencil and I wrote a question on it. He could read English a bit (as most Japs can we found out) and he wrote in return that the "Intector arrive in one time". A little after this, another Jap came in and he could speak a little but not very much. I explained that we wanted to hire a Jap interpreter to take us to some place and explain to the people what we wanted. We got to talking about Kimonos. The "intector" said that it would take time to get Kimonos and then said also that kimonos would cost 100 and 500 yen. Just at the time he got out that bit of news, another chap walked in. He could speak English as well as I could. He had been "repatriated" in 1943 and had worked in New York City for the AT&T as an engineer. Said he couldn't act as an interpreter since he was leaving the city in a few hours. However, he did volunteer to get someone for us. What a character he got. An old man with one eye tooth and that's all (at least neither Bill, Johnny or I ever saw any more). Explained to him that I wanted to buy a kimono for my daughter and for my wife (I added, "a little girl and a big girl"). So off we went. The man stated he'd learned his English in Santa Barbara and wasn't too well informed about the city. We drove down one street and as we passed a house I say what appeared to be a stock of goods, cotton or silk cloth in bolts stacked up in a closet. Bill stopped the jeep and I took the man in. As you probably have read somewhere, the living part of the Jap's home which is also his place of business is raised from what we call the first floor or ground level. It's about 3' higher. Well, there was grandma and the wife with a small girl, about 13 or 14 months old, walking around. He talked to the women and then told me she didn't know what to say since her husband was away. I got out the book and looked up the phrase for "I will pay you for this", pronounced it the way indicated and then pointed at the goods stacked up in the open shelving. As I pointed I asked "how much is it?". The woman spoke and he told me that she said it was part of her household goods. In fact, it was the mattresses and bed clothing which they lay down on the floor and sleep on when it's time to retire. So I said the equivalent of "so sorry" and

walked out. Believe that Johnny said then that he suspected the Jap was asking for a woman rather than a kimono. However, he didn't offer the observation too positively and I didn't take it too seriously. About the third call we made, though, John made the statement again and I, a little disgusted with the no progress and a little suspicious of the fuddy duddy we had, said, "Now you know what we want don't you? A kimono." A light of what I assume to be understanding broke out in the old man's face and he said "oh, 'kee-mo-no'", just as though he understood for the first time. He looked a little sheepish and a bit "grinny" shall I say. We're all sure that he was asking for a "woman" and not for a kimono. It was my turn to be embarrassed. Well, after that we drove him over to the street on which we'd first driven and ended up, after a visit to a store which was probably equivalent to our hardware store, at the store have mentioned before. Here we were able to buy a kimono for merchandise (four candy bars and one pack of cigarettes). By the way, honey, General MacArthur frowns on any such transactions. So please keep whatever I tell you about buying anything on the q.t.

The interpreter never did find any other place for us to buy anything but he did come up with the news or suggestion (which he may have picked up from someone else) that we go to the city hall. We did. Since I wanted to take some pictures, John and Bill went in. Came out a few minutes later, each with a small doll. Said that the Mayor's assistant and interpreter gave it to them as a souvenir of Kanoya. Naturally, I dashed right in myself. The man gave me another doll and a bit of information on what type of kimono the doll was wearing. He also told me very emphatically that there was nothing for sale in the town, explaining that during the war everyone had stopped making such goods and that what small stocks were available were needed in her own domestic economy. Was a little mad, I believe, about the hordes of souvenir seeking Americans that probably come in ever increasing numbers with money to buy things with. While he told me all this, up walked the Mayor who couldn't speak English. He said something about "remembering Pearl Harbor". Said it in such a way, I told the boys, that it made me wonder what he had heard about Pearl Harbor and whether he was telling me that he forgave the Americans for their part in that affair. He then rushed up to the table where the small souvenirs were and gave me a small child's kimono similar to the one we'd just bought. Both I and the Mayor's assistant explained that I'd received a gift. He must have resented the assistant's telling him because he ups and gets a small doll's bustle and gives that to me also. So I beat a hasty retreat, after shaking his and the assistant's hand and thanking them. Was just telling the boys at the jeep what had happened when here comes the Mayor. He invites them in again and of course can't understand when they tell him that they've already been. They shook him off finally and he beat it. Bill then went back in to see the assistant and ask him where we might see the "best part of town", where the middle class and better class lived. Was told the very best homes had been bombed and destroyed by our side and that there "had been trouble" when others tried to get into the other homes. Don't think Bill was able to sell him on the fact that we didn't want to go inside the homes. Either that, or he didn't tell Bill much. Of course, if our own interpreter hadn't been so inept, we'd have managed ourselves. As it was, we took the interpreter home, gave him some candy bars for sure and possibly a pack of cigarettes (am not sure). Then we started driving down the streets ourselves. In a few minutes came to a modern building housing the post office.

It was about chow time. So we pulled up to the side of the road opposite the P.O., opened up our K rations (we had a canteen of water) and ate, to the great interest of many Jap P.O. employees who stuck their collective heads out the window and appeared to be enjoying the spectacle of three American officers eating their lunch and drinking out of the cup. We had artificial grape juice and it really hit the spot. After chow, we went into the P.O. and bought a set of Jap stamps. They were waiting for us and the business since the set was already wrapped in wax paper. I wrote on a piece of paper, "I want to buy a lady's dress. I have candy, cigarettes, and gum". The man behind the window could read all of it (I printed it) except "lady's", so I changed it to "woman's".

He smiled when he got the idea and announced it to the girls working there. For the first time in a long time, I heard a bunch of girls titter. But no kimono. Believe that if I'd had time to spend would have been able to do business, because they sure do like candy bars (they pronounce it like the Cubans..."chocolato"). We drove around the rest of the town, visiting the RR station. We'd heard that the Japs have only one rest room for both sexes. So, not only for good natural reasons but also from curiosity, visited their latrine. Was the only one there.

The Americans call all houses of ill fame "Geisha Houses" which is strictly wrong as I understand it. The Geisha girl is an entertainer who is schooled in the arts of singing, dancing and, I believe, conversation. You will be surprised and a bit annoyed to hear that the American soldier really goes for the girls in these bordellos. However, all the brothels in Kanoya were off limits at the time to American servicemen and MP's were stationed outside to arrest any who walked by. Wanted to see what they looked like so John and I walked down (always had to leave someone in the jeep to watch over our stuff). The MPs came up and made a slight fuss over our breaking the off limits restrictions, even though I explained that merely wanted to take pictures. However, they did allow me to take pictures and also, one of the MPs went back and told Bill to drive around the neighborhood and meet us on the other side. Two of the "girls" were standing outside, grinning broadly at us. As soon as I put the camera to my eye, whiz and they ran in and hid behind the fence. Might mention here that many Japs (young and old) run like the devil, hide behind the parasol, turn their backs and just disappear when you flash a camera. Well, I played hide and seek with the two inmates. Once they popped their head out and one of the girls stuck her tongue out at me. Finally took their picture (I hope) by snapping the camera without holding it to my eye. Time will tell whether I took any good ones or not.

Might mention in leaving such a bad neighborhood, that while the houses were on a back alley, they were also facing the prettiest part of Kanoya. Right below the alley was a stream of water and across the stream was the nicest meadow or park you'd ever want to see. Across this green patch of park was a row of the Jap homes, with thatched roofs and frame buildings. We then drove out into the country about four miles, always in the company of troops and troops of folks, boys, girls, men and women plodding along. We wondered where they were going. There is one difference between the country road we were on and the ones one sees back in the states and that is the number of people we saw.

As we drove along the country and the city roads all the kids would stop and many would salute us, holding the salute until we returned it. Once in a while we wouldn't return the salute and the kid looked so disappointed that I always felt sorry that I'd denied him that small pleasure. Occasionally, a grown man or woman would bow to us and occasionally a grown man would salute us.

Took many pictures during our wanderings through the town and, as I said previously, many pictures of the overcast. If they come out, will have a very nice selection of shots. We got the jeep back at 10 minutes to 4. Had hoped the Ordinance Captain would be there when we returned it so could put the bite on him for the rest of the daylight hours. But he didn't show up so we went over to the transient quarters. That is, Bill and I did. Johnny returned to the plane where he planned to sleep again and before that to write a letter to his wife. There was a chow line when we got to the transients' quarters which were housed in a huge wooden building not one window of which had a pane of glass. The windows were built in the same scale as the building itself. Believe they were at least 4' wide and about 8' high. As you can imagine it was very breezy and chilly that night.

As Bill and I stood in line to get our blankets at the supply windows, who should come by us in the chow line which went right by supply but Sgts. Radzik and Martin. They had caught the plane as we suspected and were weathered in at Kanoya. They promised to lend us their mess gear after they finished. As we walked up stairs with blankets to find an empty cot or two, I observed to Bill that all that would be necessary to complete the trip would be to bump into Bert Collison, Frank Booth and "Ack" Ackerman. We'd no sooner got the first cot when who should walk in from taking a shower but Frank Booth and then Bert and Ack. They had caught a ride in a B-17 piloted by a classmate of Bert's at John Hopkins. Just assumed that the pilot was going to Tokyo but after they'd been on the way a while the pilot mentioned that he was going as far as Kanoya and there they were. They hadn't promoted a jeep but two of them had gone on a 2 hour bus ride which took them along the shore and through several fishing villages. They must have had an interesting ride.

Johnny Hartman has been reading this account as the pages roll out of the typewriter and he points out that haven't mentioned visiting the Military School. After we returned from driving in the country, we took another road (the one on the other side of the meadow from the fancy houses) and finally came to a long wall and then an entrance into a large courtyard. In we went. Soon a Jap came up and we started to "talk" to him. We gathered that it was a military school. Asked him if we could go into one of the buildings. Then the fun started. We just couldn't get the idea over, in spite of all the tricks of waving our hands, grimacing, speaking English slowly (don't know why we always think that saying the word slowly makes good Japanese), letting them read the language book. Don't know how we finally got it across but we did. By the time we did convey the right idea, about 6 or 7 of the students (young boys about 7, 8, 9 and elevenish) were there. Bill and I went in with them trooping behind. Forgot to mention that we kind of got the idea that they had at first thought we wanted to drive the jeep through the door which was unusually large and well able to accommodate it. We went through one class room after another looking for something that they might give us as a souvenir. Finally in a drawer they did find

three water colors drawn by students. Asked them how much but they just laughed and said “no” or whatever it was that sounded like it. After leaving the last class room, one of the boys came up with three Jap flags on sticks. Johnny could see us down at the other end of the court and seeing the flag started for us and the souvenirs. He was disgusted when he got close enough to see that the flags were paper. As a final touch we were taken through the dormitories. The two teachers who were showing us the place (the first man we met was a teacher and at the flag giving another showed up) took their shoes off at the top step to the dorms but not yours truly or Johnny. Maybe we were wrong but just couldn't bring myself to that. The striking thing about the rooms of the boys was the paucity of furniture and possessions. Possibly they had another change of clothing hanging up. If they did, that was all. No extra shoes, no chairs; a desk about a foot off the floor; a book or two and that's everything. No chairs, no overstuffed furniture and just a few rooms had a picture or two. The dining room was bare. Don't believe they had a dish and cup for all the students. The kitchen was the most disheartening thing to see: dirty, what passed for a stove looked like a huge pile of masonry. The food was in a couple of things that looked like sieves. The quantity might have fed 5 or 10 persons. At least that's what I'd have guessed. The school had a agricultural branch since it had a cow, a barn and a pig. Didn't notice any chickens though. Speaking about chickens reminds me that haven't mentioned that fowl was more than evident in the side streets of Kanoya.

After dinner that night, the five of us had a good close heart game enjoyed by all. We hit the sack about 0940 and I slept right through till about 0510 when I got up and rushed down to shave. As soon as I had, went upstairs and waked up Bill. Didn't have to wake the others since they'd shaved the night before. We all got down to eat without too much delay. Suggested to the others that they come down and try to sell the pilot on letting them come with us. Was positive that he wasn't overloaded. He was carrying all the personal effects of the crew and darn little other squadron property. He did carry up to Kanoya the three of us, five members of the crew, two other EM from his squadron, two medical officers who were supposed to fly back to the states today, and four AA officers. Took a photo of all us just before we took off. Frank asked the pilot just before we were to go if he could take the three of them. The pilot said Frank could go but that he couldn't take any more. He changed his mind a few minutes later and the three of them happily came aboard.

The ride up to Tachikawa was uneventful except for our flying quite near to Mt. “Fuji-Yami”. Took many photos of that part of it which appeared over the over-cast. However, don't believe I was snapping the “clicker” right during some of the shots. So got my fingers crossed. Took some more pictures on the way back but the light wasn't as clear. We landed at Tachikawa and I took off immediately to find transportation. A truck driver agreed to drive us bag and baggage over to the motor pool. There were two EM around the pool when I went in. Told them was looking for a ride to Tokyo and they said there was very little hope of that. Told them was hoping that could make a deal. Won't go all through the maze of my dealings except to say that I told the boys would rather see that whatever I gave up got in the hands of an EM and not the officers. Told them thought the officers got taken care of usually and wanted to help the EM. The upshot was that the boys helped sell the motor officer into letting me have a 2½ ton truck. For my part of the

bargain, I gave the driver a quart of whiskey and the boy who engineered it for me a folding Ansoo camera with 5 rolls of film for which I'd paid \$24.00. That's a lot of dough, considering I know that I could get \$20.00 for the whiskey on Ie. However, we had the truck from 1130 that morning till 1130 that night. And in that time we saw things and did things that were out of the realm of possibilities if we didn't have the truck. Bill came over with a quart of whiskey this morning and wanted to take it. Told him that he and the rest of the boys were my guests and I refused to take it. However, to get back to the story.

We stopped at the small town of Fuchu on our way to Tokyo. It's about 5 miles from Tachikawa which, I forgot to mention, is about 15 miles directly west of Tokyo. We went into a small shop where could have bought any number of small dolls. But they weren't too interesting and besides they'd break awfully easy in moving and mailing. So went on to another shop. We'd broken up into two groups, Bill, John and myself and Bert, Frank and Ack. It's the strangest feeling walking into some shops because you don't know whether you're in a shop or a home. Since you don't know the language, you know that if you're making a mistake they can't tell you. They're afraid to throw you out and you're afraid you're imposing on them. Know that only a bit of a while ago they were our enemies but they are also individuals and I'm Christian enough to at least be civil to all of them until I found that I have to be otherwise with them. Well, we had that feeling when we walked into the second shop in Fuchu. There were two young women and one older one and a young child. Got out my trusty language book which is very helpful (have I said that before). We bought some little toys or miniature furniture, chests of drawers and a couple of pieces of small bric-a-brac. While we were speaking with them, Bill asked if they had a kimono for sale. One of the girls dug one up and he paid for it with either 5 packs of cigarettes and one bar of candy or vice versa. It wasn't much of a kimono but then it was the first kimono we had gotten. As Bill paid for it, in walked a man who could talk English. Matter of fact he had had a silk importing business in New York and had an office in the Fifth Ave. Bldg. Lived in Montclair. He told us he was one of the millions who had left Tokyo when the bombings became heavy. He took us to a place that we'd have guessed was closed and there we were able to buy silk kimonos. And did we go to town! I bought 2050 yen worth. Bill bought 2200 yen worth. We were the heavy plungers. The others were more modest in their purchases. After we'd bought to the extent of our purses, we started on the way to Tokyo again.

Tokyo is one of the big cities of the world and naturally spreads over a great area. As we reached the outskirts of the city, let's say the Bronx around the Westchester line, we began to see the huge devastated areas where all buildings had been leveled. Art Haigh had told us that all you could see in these flattened and burned out areas were chimneys and safes. Sure enough. Evenly spaced through all the sites were still standing burned and rusted safes. An enormous amount of downtown Tokyo was not touched; evidence to me that we did try to get only the industrial and factory districts. Necessarily, of course, the residential districts that were in and around the factories suffered.

Four or five hundred yards behind the American Embassy, a tremendous number of buildings were burned out. On many of the burned out places, people had set up house in

huts made of the rusted corrugated tin sheets that were left over from different wrecks. Took some photos of a few of these near the American Embassy. It was quite dark, however, and don't know how well my 6.3 lens was able to do under the circumstances. About 1500 the driver told me that there were no more foot brakes on the truck and that he felt it was too dangerous to drive. Motioned to the EM with whom I'd made the deal and got him to one side. We were waiting for Bert to find out some dope on housing and eating while we were in Tokyo. Told the boy what the driver had said and that it wouldn't be fair to me, to knock off so soon. Explained that hoped to at least have all the daylight hours. He told me he'd speak to the driver which he did. About five minutes after that, when I'd returned from taking a photo of something, the driver said, with a big broad smile, "Captain, we can drive wherever you like and for as long as you want". "Swell," replied yours truly. About 30 minutes later we were parked again while Bert went in to inquire at a new place and I asked my EM friend how long he and the driver could stay out. Told him that we'd pay all their expenses. They said they couldn't stay out all night but as long as we wanted. In other words, we couldn't stay in town and then drive out to the field early in the morning. As it turned out we not only couldn't get any room in a hotel but we also couldn't buy a meal. You see we were there in Japan without any orders and without permission of any authority higher than Col. Thyng's. Unless you're stationed in Japan you aren't allowed to eat in town or to sleep there. We'd been warned of that so had brought along enough K rations to do us. So we all ate in the dark in front of the truck by headlight.

After driving around Tokyo for a little while in the dark and incidentally trying to find a place where we could get some beer, we started on the way back. The two EM told us we could get some beer in their favorite "Geisha House". So we stopped off there. Bill stayed with the truck while the two EM and the five of us went in. What a place. Was Saturday night and the boys were there in droves. Turned out that there was a large waiting list for girls and thus, I suppose, a lot of commotion that usually isn't a part of the business. The girls were dressed in native kimonos and wooden shoes. They looked, as far as I could see, the same, no worse and no better, than any of the women we'd seen in Japan except, possibly, that they had a lot more face powder on. Might mention here that when we got to the place I sent the EM in to find out about the beer and told them also that we officers wanted to talk about something. We talked about what we could do for the EM in view of all or some inconveniences to which they were put. For instance, they didn't hold us up to eat lunch when we started out (and you know how the boys love to eat). They ate a K ration lunch in Fuchu while we shopped. They also missed out on dinner. And, having promised them to pay for their dinner, felt that we'd reneged a bit. No, take that back; they did get something to eat in an EM's place but the boys (officers) were turned down by some nosey Major that poked his face in the place at just the wrong time. Well, we offered to give them each 3 cartons of cigarettes or to pay all their expenses at the "establishment". Since cigarettes are worth about 20 yen to 30 yen a pack in Japan (15 yen make a dollar), they accepted the gift of the 3 cartons of cigarettes apiece. Don't blame them. They finally talked the proprietor into giving them two bottles of beer which we took out to the truck and drank. The Jap beer comes in quart bottles so each of us had better than a swallow.

Then back to Fuchu where Bill wanted to pick up his purchases of the afternoon. I had paid for mine when we bought the stuff. But at the moment Bill didn't want to lay out the cash. It was a bit difficult to get the Japs to open up the door and then when they opened the door they didn't want to let us in. They didn't remember us for a few painful and awkward moments. However, Ack had given them a pack of cigarettes that afternoon and between that and the fact that we finally convinced them we had to pay for something, they let us in. Since we knew that we were going back to Ie in the morning and had no further use for our money, cigarettes, candy and gum, we went to town in a big way. Bought everything in sight that we had the cash for and then persuaded them to take candy, cigarettes and gum for some more. Finally it was all gone. So we packed it up and drove back to Tachikawa, low on cash but high on silk kimonos which everyone who'd been up to Japan had told us were non-existent. Reason I went overboard was that I knew at the time I was buying them that had plenty of gals in the family or rather families to use up the kimonos. However, I've decided now to sell all but the ones that will keep for you. Two things started me thinking that way. In Tokyo, Johnny Hartman told me that he felt he could afford only one and was sorry that he'd not been able to buy more. That started me thinking I guess, but the thinking was purely subconscious since later that day, I bought as much as I'd bought during the afternoon. However, Bill asked me in the airplane coming down what I was going to do with all of the kimonos and when I told him I had plenty of ladies in the family who wanted souvenirs he retorted, "sure is an expensive souvenir to give away". So that's why, baby, you are not going to receive 9 kimonos to break your heart over when it came to picking which ones you'd keep and which one you'd give to your Mother, my Mother, Sis, Polly, Donna and Betty. You'll have two picked out by yours truly and no more.

Gave the two EM the cigarettes and the whiskey and the camera and the film. Thought they were going to break down and cry at (as they so kindly called) "my generosity". They were two nice kids who had made possible for us to see more of Tokyo and the surrounding country than we'd have seen in a couple days without transportation. Indeed, we'd probably never have been able to get to Fuchu and thus never have had the chance to buy your kimonos. Hope you like them. The quarters for transients in Tachikawa aren't as nice as they are in Kanoya but were adequate. They're in a big garage with a concrete floor that was slightly damp. We were issued three Jap blankets whose warmth reminded me of what Harry had said about British blankets ("who ever heard of burlap keeping anybody warm"). I had two of the thick Jap blankets under me and my own US army blanket and one more Jap blanket over me and was still chilly. As matter of fact slept with my field jacket on and was cold. Sure welcomed the 0510 urge. We all got up and had our breakfast in some mess hall for transients. Eating in such a place requires a certain technique. One has first to borrow the mess gear. At Kanoya, Bill and I used the same fork and the same cup but two different disks. At Tachikawa, we just had one dish and one fork. It was wheat cakes and bacon at Tachikawa and eggs (scrambled) and some sausage in Kanoya.

Am writing this page on the back seat of a jeep outside the FX. Two coupons for cokes were issued while I was about. One of the pilots is getting mine while I writing you. The

eighth page was written in that orderly room. That's why that page is different. You certainly get written at in more places.

Am in a bit of hot water I guess because the two EM who were supposed to go to Japan with me didn't. As I mentioned previously, I did see Eddie and Marty in Kanoya. The plane they were on was to go to Osaka or something like that. They haven't shown up yet though. They were due in for duty this morning. Don't know why they haven't shown up. Believe they'll be marked AWOL on the morning report in the morning. Hope nothing happens to them. As today was payday and they weren't here, they were "redlined" which means that they will not get any money this month; they'll draw this month's and next on the next pay day.

Our trip from Tachikawa was without incident. We took off about (no just on the nose of) 0945 and arrived at Okinawa on the nose of 1545. There were 20 passengers on the ship. 12 of us wanted to go to Ie and we asked the pilot if he wouldn't stop there. Said he would if there were no crosswind. Unfortunately, there was a 28 miles an hour crosswind which made him not want to come in. I don't blame him. As we got out of the plane, Frank and Bert noticed a B-25 coming down the taxiway that belonged to Ie Shima so Frank walked about 300 yards down and asked if we could ride back. The Lt. Col. pilot said he'd take 6 (there were 6 of us) but no baggage. We went down and asked if he'd take 5 and the baggage. He then said we could all ride. Later he told a 1st Sgt. of an Engineer Battalion that he could come along too.

This 1st Sgt. had a sad experience in Tokyo. He took with him on the trip 5 cartons of Luckies for trading material, 4 packs of Pall Malls for his own consumption and 5,000 plus yen. 1,000 yen belonged to his O.C. who asked him to get a kimono. He'd been to Tokyo only a few minutes when an MP officer in a jeep called him over and asked him what he had in the musette bag. All innocence, he told the officer who took him to the Tokyo Provost Marshall where his cigarettes (including the Pall Malls) were confiscated. All but 60 yen were taken away. He was given a receipt and told he had to furnish proof of ownership before he got it back. Tough! I sure would like to get my hands on that officer. The sergeant was a bit stupid in that he didn't get the officer's name or his signature on the receipt. I almost suspect that his story wasn't 100% true. Yet, he showed us the receipt, signed by a Corporal. I'll bet his O.O. just about broke a blood vessel when he got the bad news.

The ride to Ie in the B-25 was noted for only one thing....the sharp turn the pilot made in making his approach to land. The blood rushed out of one part of my body into the other and I was sort of paralyzed. Bert who was standing next to me was forced by the turn to practically sit on top of me. Neither of us had any power to do anything until the centrifugal force let up. It was easy for me to understand from this experience that I couldn't be a fighter pilot. Bill said that after a few of such pulls on my body I'd be used to it. Am afraid that I'd be worn out.

Fortunately, the B-25's are parked right near our area. We carried our luggage down to the road. Bert saw a 2½ ton truck nearby. So he looked up the driver and successfully

asked him to take us to the area. We arrived at the mess hall about 1730. It took us exactly 6 hours 10 minutes from Taachikawa to Okinawa. The hour and three quarters between Okinawa and Ie Shima (only 10 minutes flight between the two places) indicates some of the hazards of air travel. It's quick enough when you take off but there's often a big delay in the taking off. A better example is the fact that we got up at 0515 on Thursday morning, the 27th, scurried around till about 0800 when we were told we'd be taken on the O-46. Then we waited till they changed the plugs on certain of the cylinders. The warm up of the engines indicated something further wrong and the flight was postponed till the following morning. All in all, though, we still got to Japan sooner than we could have any other way.

Bill Schierhols is in the tent right now reading the letter to make sure that haven't forgotten anything. He points out that didn't bring out fully the suspense under which we were held when we returned from breakfast and found that all the cots and paraphernalia that had been lying under the plane had been packed up and put aboard the plane. We had left all our stuff (the Navy calls it "gear") aboard when the flight was postponed for a day. Not only was our clothing, shaving kits and the like aboard, but we also had two cameras and lots of candy, cigarettes and gum for trading material. If the ship had taken off, we'd have really been holding the bag. All of the possibilities passed through our minds. One consolation that comforted us (minutely, to be sure) was that the breakfast had been a bit above the ordinary....we had one fried egg apiece that morning.

Don't believe have mentioned the overall beauty of Japan as seen from the air. First, it's very green. Second, it's mountainous. And, third, the land is intensely cultivated and therefore well kept. Nothing unkempt about the land from the air. Of course, from the ground, the sharpness of everything disappears upon closer examination. As I wrote this, Bill popped up with the observation that hadn't mentioned so far the interesting evidence of more and more population as we got further and further north. Larger groups of houses and buildings and communities appeared. A particularly large and attractive home or country club, sanatorium or something of the kind was pleasantly presented to our flying eyes about 25 minutes from Tachikawa. Down in Kyushu, before we got to Kanoya, the area was intensively cultivated and therefore terraced. The pattern of the fields, slopes, hills, and mountains planted in a slightly different way made a patchwork that delighted us. Seeing how fiercely the Japanese farmer cultivates the available soil brought home more than the books and articles I'd read of how relentless is the task of feeding Japan with its limited area of farmland. The numbers of children indicated, too, how much greater will be the problem of Japan in the future when they will not have Korea, Formosa, Manchuria particularly and the East Indies in general to pay tribute to the home empire in food. Didn't notice as many children in Tokyo as did in Kanoya. Wonder whether this is just a coincidence or whether, like in this country, the country families have the children and their city cousins have the conveniences and a planned family of less children whose labor isn't needed on the farm.

Well, darling, my sweet wonderful wife that's all there is to tell about my trip to Japan except to say that you and Alice were along with me wherever I went. Kept thinking how you'd enjoy this or that piece of scenery....that bit of landscape....seeing the different

people and their homes. Thought too how you'd like to see the people, their dress, and the cuteness of the children. Have kept the story of the trip as coldly impersonal as possible so that you could without compunction let the other folks see it. After your folks read it, will you send it down to Mother and Sis? They could return it as soon as they're finished with it. We often receive a note from Mother asking us to read and return. Thought of making a carbon but the damn typewriter is so bad that I shuddered to think of the things that I'd have to do to make the carbon presentable.

Speaking of carbon, got a great bang out of Dad's answering my carbon copy. Wonder what the devil happened to their original copy. Lucky I do send you a copy. Wish that I could send a copy to you of a proposed article I'd written. The only one that I think of at the moment is something along the lines of what your Dad mentioned. But being in the army, believe I better keep my mouth shut and my opinions strictly to myself. After I get out, can do that well enough.

Speaking of things to do, shall have to get right on the project of procuring a box to enclose all the things that I'm going to send home to you. Believe I'll clobber onto a couple of waterproof bags to protect the stuff. Bill brought me some naphtha flakes (naphthalene flakes) with which to spread around the kimonos, which have done. Burt just came in and said that in his opinion the two pictures they saw tonight were the worst he'd seen in a long time. Bill and I have been talking about St. Louis. Had told him that didn't care much for the city from what I'd seen of it last January on my B-45 trip (had told him this way back at Bluthenthal). He said he'd got some good pictures of St. Louis which he'd like to show me. Told him would be delighted.

Bill has pointed out also that haven't mentioned the Imperial Hotel. When Art Haigh was in Tokyo, he and the other officers had eaten at the Imperial where they'd also had ice cold beer. We went there naturally when we were there. It's the best hotel in town. It was restricted excepted to field grade officers (Majors and up). Should say that off limit signs were posted. Went up to the entry regardless and asked where we could eat. The upshot was that unless you were assigned to Tokyo on orders, no dice. The Imperial had two dining rooms, one for all field grade officers and the other for only full colonels and up. My my'. So we had K rations and liked them. Also ate E rations on the way back to Okinawa. The plane had an electric water heater (little percolator sort of thing) which I used to make hot coffee. Also used some of the crew's condensed milk.

Another thing Bill felt slighted was mentioning the fact that the department store we visited in a section of Tokyo (not the down town section) had eight floors only one of which had merchandise (what poor stuff). The second floor was being used to register folks for something. What we don't know. Wanted desperately to buy something in the department store but didn't find a thing that wasn't junk. Bill made a sage observation while we were there: he bet that in six months there'd be plenty of goods available. If we thought we pulled in our belts during the war, am sure that the Japs did a better job than that. Looks like they closed all their stores.

Well, honey, my sweet baby, got to knock off and go to bed. The boys are all back from the show stating their disgust at the show. Am glad I spent the evening with my darling. Kiss Alice for me and give her a big hug.

