

Fitchmen and women line the streets and display their wares on the curb. They specialize in trinkets and gadgets. Cobblers apparently had no shops. They have a "squat" stand and repair shoes right there while you wait. Its really difficult to recognize the so-called downtown section of Yokohama. Tokyo, not so badly destroyed, exhibits its business area much better. This I must add is from hearsay because none of us got into Tokyo. I couldn't even see all of Yokohama I wanted to see.

And the civilian police! I don't know what the pre-war procedure was, but from the looks of the little shacks they stand around or in, it would seem they were always there. On almost every corner you see two of these little fellows dressed entirely in black with bright shiny buttons adorning their uniforms and carrying a sword. Every policeman wears the SWORD. There never is danger of mistaking a policeman. But the numbers of policeman, the fact that there are two on almost every corner and the fact that the quasi-permanent huts or kiosks show the signs of weather and age gives one the idea that for impression, or protection, or whatever cause the Japanese have always felt the need of plenty of policemen.

The industry and energy of people is evident on all sides. The roads and streets of the city of Yokohama were literally lined with people on the move, apparently coming back from someplace with all their belongings tied on their backs, on bicycles, on oxen carts, horse drawn carts, and on every sort of a conveyance you can imagine. But always the people helping to push the cart along. Old men, old women, middle aged people, kids, all pushing and shoving the carts along.

But in the rubble areas, areas that were just twisted masses of sheetmetal, fallen wires, broken concrete slabs, glass, tin, bricks...right in the middle of all that could be seen the corrugated iron or wooden one room structures the people had built to live in. They had smoothed off walkways. They had even cleaned off small insignificant areas and planted gardens in them. No one seemed idle. No one stood around waiting for something to happen, or for someone to come and clean up the mess. Everyone, from the smallest little tot to the oldest and gnarled ancient was out working. Activity was very evident and all of it was Japanese activity, working for themselves or for their new masters.

In these burst over areas of rubble once lived the class of Yokohama. Class is shown by the size of one's safe. Every worth while house has a safe in it. The size of the safe is measured by the importance of the valuables the family possesses. Every sixty to a hundred feet could be seen a rusted iron safe. Some of them were the size to be found in large jewelry stores, others the size found in markets, others small business office size. But where once had been a house now stood a burnt safe in a pile of shattered cement. It was protection against floods, tidal waves, fires, earth quakes, typhoons, etc. The house might disappear but the safe with the family valuables would remain. They even withstood the fire bombs and war.

Tokyo - the end of the road! The "Rising Sun" has definitely set and with its setting comes the dawn of World Peace. Things are well in hand. Marines and Soldiers, flooding the country, are setting up the Army of Occupation. They have met no opposition. Visiting Japan was adventure, adventure many of us never dreamed we would experience. Now we have souvenirs locked in our memories, souvenirs that will remain with us always. I hope the day is near when we can share them all with you.

Sincerely,