



OUTSIDE the door of a cabaret in Biwako

while European residents — of whom there are many in Kobe—hoped that the rumour was true, thinking they might be more privileged if the city were under British supervision. Amongst people met in Kobe was a Russian emigrée to whom my English was probably less of a foreign language than the English of the Americans. She gave into my care a small prayer-book she had found when sorting libraries from Prisoner-of-War camps, on the flyleaf of which there was a pencilled message asking the finder to send it to a West Coast address. As there was no overseas postal service available to civilians in Japan she had been unable to send it to New Zealand herself, but now through Army Post Office 222 the book soon returned to its owner, one of the three survivors of the New Zealand Coast Watchers on Tarawa.

Those Were the Days

"Well, what do you think of Japan?" The question has been asked so many times in so few days that just this once a serious answer must be attempted. One answer was given by one of the old European residents in Japan. "It's a frightful place now," he said, "But you should have been here in 1909; then it was marvellous!" For him no doubt some of the frightfulness was that ever since he arrived there as a young man the privileges extended to foreigners in Japan had been steadily decreasing, but it must also be remembered that all the cities of Southern Honshu except Kyoto are burnt out. Hiroshima was put alight in one hit by Japan's first atomic bomb, while nightly showers of oil-bombs did similar damage to all the other large centres. Some rebuilding had been done, but not much in Hiroshima, where rumours of danger from radio-activity had delayed reoccupation of the devastated area.

Japanese streets are mostly filthy and neglected, and it is when rain cleans them up and brings out the bright umbrellas that the exteriors look attractive. There are picturesque angles in plenty for the pictorial photographer, but it is really indoors that Japan has its civilisation, and so the outdoor camera gets a limited impression. Always interested in foreigners the people are as friendly to the Occupation Forces as the troops

themselves will allow them to be. To these Japanese people and their country different people react differently, New Zealanders finding the country backward, dirty, and overcrowded, whereas British officers who have endured long years in India find it almost clean and progressive.

The Higher the Fewer

If—and it is a big if—the European in Japan looks at the Jap-in-the-Street objectively, ignoring his recent record, he finds that what he likes least about him is the huge slither-footed crowds in which he occurs. If the casually-met Jap up in the hills seems a better fellow than the one down on the plain it is probably because on the rougher country the people are thinner over the ground, and so a certain oppressiveness disappears. The men let themselves down by the uniforms they almost invariably wear, either from duty, choice, or lack of other clothing. Uniforms designed by anti-Japanese cartoonists could not make them look much more monkeyish than the ones they have designed for themselves, whereas when dressed in their traditional clothes such as the shopkeeper's kimono or the loose jacket of the ju-jitsu wrestler they look not only human but in many cases dignified.


The women? Owing to the custom of arranged marriages there has been little selection for beauty, and what selection there has been is not towards our standards. They themselves feel inferior to white women, their faces are not as pretty as their best clothes, and their main appeal is in their scrupulous cleanliness in so dirty a country. They are happiest in female company well away from the Japanese men, and the most miserable thing to be seen in Japan is the face of the Japanese bride. How much of that look comes from the requirements of ceremony and how much from genuine feeling can only be guessed, but it may be that the ceremonial look of miserable resignation was introduced to cover the fact that the misery was often real. The boys had better be warned that the Jap girl's dream is a European or American husband, and that the dream of dreams is one with a red moustache.

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is about

A disturbing number of cases of this dangerous disease of children has been reported. Eighty notifications were received in a single week lately—eighty children struck down by a foe they could have mastered had they been immunised.

Since then an abnormally high rate of incidence has been maintained.


If your child is not immunised against diphtheria, have him attended to at once. The best time is between the ages of 6 and 12 months.

It can be done, through the Department of Health, at schools, at pre-school clinics, and at District Health Offices; or your own doctor will do it for you.

But don't delay—

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CAN BE DEADLY!



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