

JAPAN

Yesterday's enemy, today's ally, Japan is emerging strong and healthy from her 10 years of ruin, retribution and recovery. The big question now: Which way is she headed? "The new Japan," says Collier's reporter "is mixing democracy with feudal loyalties, free enterprise with giant monopolies, and several shades of Marxism with a hankering for the good old days." Here is his illustrated report, in a special 10-page folio



Symbolizing Japan's place in today's world, U.S.-built tanks maneuver in Hokkaido—manned by members of the new Self-Defense Force, and flying the Rising Sun flag

BY PETER KALISCHER

Tokyo

THE bespectacled diplomat in the hotel-room chair seemed amused at my question: Why, in a country noted for government by assassination, had there been no serious attempt in 10 years to kill a Japanese or U.S. official? "Lack of enthusiasm," he said in precise English. "Young people feel social changes can be achieved without resorting to this primitive and ineffective method, while the general public, it would seem, has greatly lost interest in politics."

He glanced down to where his empty right trouser leg was tucked into his belt. The leg had been blown off by a Korean assassin's bomb in 1932.

This was Japanese Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, sixty-eight, who served in two wartime cabinets, signed the surrender aboard the battleship Missouri, spent five years in prison for helping wage offensive war—and last August visited Washington as an official guest of the United States government. Shigemitsu is a remarkably durable barometer of his country's world standing: he and Japan alike have come through ten years of ruin, retribution and recovery.

Today the once-sprawling empire of Japan is reduced to four main islands the size of Montana. It is engaged in a frantic, endless race to balance its exports against imports of food and raw materials. Technically it is still at war with Russia, which never signed the peace treaty and whose Siberian airfields are only one hour by jet from Tokyo.

Yet for all that, this vulnerable, picture-post-card country, little more than a decade after its crushing defeat in war, again boasts the biggest industry in the Far East and with it holds the balance of power in Asia. A Japan harnessed to Russia and Red China could lure what is left of independent Asia into the Red camp and tip the scales fatally against the West. A prosperous Japan on the side of the free world remains a valuable ally.

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Part of Japanese culture still reflects traditions of the Oriental world. Above, women laboriously transplant rice, which remains the basic ingredient of the Japanese diet.

Seizing or subverting Japan is therefore the Communists' jack pot in East Asia; keeping Japan our ally is America's first concern there; and getting the most for the least—from both sides if possible—is Japan's.

For seven Occupation years the Japanese had no choice of sides. We ran the country and fed them slabs of democracy sandwiched between \$2,500,-000,000 worth of relief and rehabilitation. Japan enjoyed our help and even digested a good deal of the democracy. But when the Occupation lid came off in 1952 it revealed a country weary of being told what to do, curious to taste the forbidden fruit behind the bamboo curtain, and relishing its authority over the foreigners who had been giving it orders for so long.

The new Japan is fermenting a mash of new ideas and old customs. It is mixing political democracy with feudal loyalties, free enterprise with giant monopolies, and several shades of Marxism with a hankering for the good old days. The nation that once meekly did what a handful of leaders told it to is now outspokenly divided on every major issue—American troops and bases, rearmament, relations with Red countries, neutrality, foreign trade.

Japan is on her feet—but headed where?

IN SEARCHING FOR the answer I took a long, fresh look at the country I first saw as a GI more than 10 years ago and have worked in most of the time since. Once-devastated cities—Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, Hiroshima—show hardly a scar. Phalanxes of new office buildings, new apartment houses and plaster-front shops cover ground only recently bare of everything but fireproof safes and brick chimneys. From the southern tip of Kyushu to the fishing villages of northern Hokkaido farmers have harvested a record rice crop. Handkerchief-size plots are still cultivated like truck gardens, but the machine age is creeping in; a few farmers' wives now own washing machines—something newsworthy enough to get their pictures in the paper.

The Dai-Ichi Building in Tokyo, General MacArthur's famed command post, has reverted to the insurance company which owns it. Crowds bunch around store-window TV screens instead of queuing up for rations. Gay print dresses and Italian hairdos are the vogue among girls whose elder sisters wore baggy wartime slacks. And the girls are walking "*avec*"—that is, with their escorts, arm in arm, instead of behind them. (They borrowed the word from the French but the habit from the GIs.)

Millions of Japanese spend more money in pinball parlors than the government does on national defense. For businessmen, the golf course vies with the geisha house as the place to seal a deal. In any city you can take your pick of Japanese, American, French or British movies. The All Girl Revue is at the Tokyo Takarazuka Theatre, formerly the Ernie Pyle, formerly the Takarazuka. The burlesques feature battalions of classic strip-teasers and one new variety—a young lady shedding a kimono.

Fewer than 100 rickshas are left on Tokyo's streets, which now are choked with 8,000,000 people, 25,000 private cars, 12,000 taxis, enormous diesel buses, motorcycle-powered three-wheelers, and bike-riding delivery boys balancing anything from eight tiers of noodle soup to a plate-glass window. There is a major traffic accident every 30 minutes.

The Asahi, Japan's largest newspaper (circulation 5,000,000), now runs news bulletins in English, along with Japanese, on its moving electric sign-board, New York Times style. Throughout the country English is the second language, American products the technological yardstick, Marxism the religion of the intellectuals, mambo the latest dance craze and baseball, introduced 72 years ago, still the most popular sport. One hundred thousand Tokyoites turned out in the rain last fall to greet the New York Yankees—and the young man who carried a Yankee Go Home placard on May Day was more than likely among them.

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An attendant bearing a colorful parasol shields a high priest from the sun during a Buddhist festival.

PROBABLY THE MOST extraordinary sight in postwar Japan is Emperor Hirohito—for the very reason that he can now be seen. Up to a decade ago the Japanese people bowed low and averted their eyes even when the Imperial Presence passed in a speeding train or car. They would not have dared look at the awesome descendant of the world's oldest unbroken imperial dynasty. When they raised their heads after the war and looked straight at him, the Japanese saw an unassuming little man with a toothbrush mustache, thick glasses, a shy smile and a hesitant walk. Japanese eyes are still a little blurred by the image of the prewar emperor, but they genuinely love the one they see now. Not even the Communists dare suggest openly, as they did right after the war, that he be abolished,

Nowadays nobody apologizes to the emperor by kneeling in the Imperial Palace Plaza, or, as happened on the day of surrender, by committing group hara-kiri. But 16 persons were crushed to death on the double span bridge leading into the palace grounds when a crowd of 380,000 came to pay their New Year's respects in 1954; and thousands of countrywomen still troop into Tokyo to sweep the palace grounds in a labor of love.

The man who inspires this devotion is a curious mixture of ancient tradition and modern tastes. Hirohito wears only Western clothes, prefers European cooking, and sleeps on a bed instead of a Japanese-style straw mat, or *tatami*. He makes regular public appearances, and has informal pictures taken by the court photographer. He has fought a slow battle against the imperial household's 930 retainers, headed by a grand chamberlain, who have controlled his life since babyhood.

Recently, at fifty-four, he achieved a lifelong ambition by attending a *sumo* wrestling match, where he was ogled by the audience and the TV camera. The household granted him permission to go after first objecting because there might be beer drinkers and geisha among the spectators.

Still, there is strong conservative sentiment to enshrine Hirohito again—and he might be unable to resist it.

AMERICA, MORE THAN any other nation, has had a hand in shaping modern Japan. History brought Commodore Matthew Perry into Tokyo Bay a century ago and General Douglas MacArthur there 92 years later to fulfill a prophecy by Perry that ranks as one of the shrewdest pieces of long-range forecasting ever made.

"... To me," Perry wrote, "it seems that the people of America will extend their dominion and power until they shall have brought within their mighty embrace multitudes of the islands of the great Pacific, and placed the Saxon race upon the eastern shores of Asia. And I think, too, that eastward and southward will her great rival in future aggrandizement (Russia) stretch forth her power to the coasts of China and Siam; and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet once more, in strife or in friendship, on another field. Will it be friendship? I fear not!"

Almost from the beginning, MacArthur's Occupation wrestled with this

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A well-to-do young couple in a typical old-style house listen while the woman's mother plays on a guitarlike instrument called a samisen. Note that all are dressed in kimonos

problem in a modern context: disarming and reforming an aggressor Japan and at the same time building up a solvent ally which could resist the growing Communist menace next door.

Under a broad State-War-Navy Department memorandum dated August 29, 1945, General MacArthur attempted more social changes in 2½ years than Japan had seen in the previous 50. He disarmed the Japanese down to the last KP, arrested high-ranking military and civilian jingoists, encouraged labor to organize, purged 200,000 persons (including Japan's present premier, Ichiro Hatoyama, and 12 of his 16-man cabinet), abolished Shinto as the state religion, dissolved the zaibatsu—the family cartels—, revamped the education system, remodeled the judiciary, decentralized the police force, gave women equal civil rights, and carried out a land-reform program so successful the Communists tried to claim the credit. The Japanese also were induced to adopt a new American-model constitution which renounced war and declared that “land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained.”

As the cold war grew hotter, reconstruction took precedence over reform. By mid-1948, MacArthur was banning large-scale political strikes that were wrecking recovery.

The following year trust-busting ended, and the big zaibatsu firms he split began rolling back into one like balls of quicksilver. Inflation was halted by rigorous austerity and mass government firings.

When left-wing labor indulged in sporadic sabotage and violence, MacArthur purged from unions and then from public life Communist leaders whom he had liberated as political prisoners in 1945. With the Korean war, Communist publications were suppressed and key industries told to fire known Communist employees. The same year the first of the early purges were depurged. Then, with all his Occupation forces ticketed for Korea, MacArthur set Japan on the road to rearmament by ordering the government to form a 75,000-man National Police Reserve. Every nation, he declared, has the inherent right of self-defense.

By the time the Occupation ended in April, 1952, nearly every stratum of Japanese society had got a pat and a kick. Now, four years later, many are outspoken about its policies and their effects.

“I had to report to the police once a month for a year because I didn't surrender my family's samurai sword,” said Tetsu Nakamura, of Kyoto. “Now you want us to build jet fighters.”

Labor unions organized under the Occupation accuse us of having revived the military and siding with the old order. Businessmen criticize early trust-busting and labor reforms that raised the price of Japanese products on the world market. Conservatives chide us for initially “encouraging” Communism. “The Communists you let out of jail were *not* political prisoners,” Foreign Minister Shigemitsu told me. “They were common criminals in prison for breaking laws.”

The average Japanese—if there is one—will admit we behaved far better than the Russians would have, or (some say frankly) than the Japanese under similar circumstances. But we, not the Russians, are in Japan today—135,000 U.S. servicemen in 600 installations—and the Japanese have a haunting sensation that the Occupation never ended. They called the old

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Many aspects of life in Japan show the encroachment of Western ways — often mixed with the old. Above, is a modern department store—featuring large stock of traditional Japanese parasols.

Occupation troops *Shin-chu-gun*—advance army; they call our present security forces *Chu-ryu-gun*—the army that stays.

Almost anything the security forces do may be held against them. Villagers in Kyushu protested the setting up of an antiaircraft battery nearby; villagers in Hokkaido, from where the battery was transferred, protested because of the loss of business. For three years our Air Force has dickered with the Japanese government to lengthen runways on five key airfields for safer landings and take-offs. In exchange for a reduction in Japan's share of the upkeep of American forces (currently \$105,000,000 a year), the government finally agreed to buy up and turn over the necessary land at the end of the runways. But in a country with the highest farm-population density in the world (4,300 persons per cultivated square mile), finding new land for the dispossessed is a major problem even if they are agreeable to moving—which they are not. Explaining that eventually Japan will get the runways for her own air force doesn't help: to the evicted, the U.S. Air Force is still the villain.

Mrs. Kimie Hotta, for instance, is a genuine hardship case—and the stuff Communist propaganda is made of. Mrs. Hotta is a thirty-five-year-old war widow with three children who owns one acre of rice and wheat paddy just outside Komaki Air Force Base near Nagoya. The land earns her \$500 a year.

I spoke to Mrs. Hotta a few days after a Sabre jet crashed into a nearby house, killing the pilot and a young boy. "This land was owned by my husband's family for 100 years," she told me. "I was never going to sell it, but now I suppose I must. The government says it will find me new land but I don't think it can be as good." A jet thundered down the runway and rocketed 150 feet overhead. Mrs. Hotta went back to her hand-plowing.

The great majority of our servicemen are well-behaved, but the GI who saves a Japanese child from drowning is not as juicy an item as the one who slugs and robs a cabdriver. Hundreds of individual good-will gestures are dissipated by the inevitable drunken drivers, dance-hall brawls and plain misunderstandings that crop up on both sides of the language barrier. In templed Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital, the city's biggest dance hall—once a high spot for GIs on leave—now turns away the Occidental with a polite, "Sorry, Japanese only."

By administrative agreement, criminal jurisdiction over American servicemen in Japan is split between the Japanese government and the Far East Command. Offenses committed while off duty are tried in Japanese courts; offenses committed on duty are handled by military courts. It is a sore point in America, where congressmen have threatened to withhold

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Once-reserved Japanese men now flock to see strip-teasers in theaters and night clubs all over the nation.

armed forces appropriations unless servicemen can be guaranteed all constitutional rights overseas. It is a sore point among some Japanese, who feel that Japanese law should apply under all circumstances to anybody in Japan except diplomats.

The Japanese government rarely intrudes on the lives of law-abiding American servicemen and their families. Living on an air base or even a "little America" housing area in the heart of Tokyo, they can work, play, pray, shop and go to school or the movies as isolated from Japan as they would be at an Army post in Texas. This may reduce chances for friction, but it also widens a gulf across which Japanese inevitably look on the American military as a privileged alien minority.

THE "YANKEE GO HOME" line runs through the whole spectrum of Japanese politics. One third of the present Diet, the national legislature, was elected in February, 1955, on flat opposition to the security treaty which gives us the right to keep troops and bases in Japan until Japan rearms.

"If you leave," said Minoru Takano, a left-wing Socialist labor official, "no one will take over Japan. We don't need your bases or a Self-Defense Force. You are trying to make us wear an overcoat on a hot day." Premier Hatoyama, a fervent anti-Communist, sells an unpopular rearmament program to the people by arguing that this is the fastest way to get American troops out. In the February, 1955, election his conservative Japan Democratic party—since reunited with the equally conservative Liberal party—gained a plurality with campaign phrases advocating a "new independent policy."

The late deputy premier, Taketora Ogata, former Liberal chieftain, whom I interviewed just before his death in late January, didn't think American forces were causing enough friction to warrant their leaving. "This anti-bases talk is a combination of Communist propaganda and a Japanese inferiority complex," he said. Such a view may be common sense but it has been political poison. The old Liberals dropped 68 House seats in the last elections.

One of the few bluntly pro-Americans is a white-haired old man generally associated with "a day that will live in infamy." He is ex-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, Japanese Ambassador to Washington at the time of Pearl Harbor. An independent conservative in Japan's House of Councillors ("I am a Bull Mooser"), Nomura told me: "If Americans leave, Japan is open to subversion. It doesn't matter how many divisions of planes you keep in Japan—it is your *potential* that permits us the luxury of peace."

"THE BASIC PROBLEM, the one at the bottom of everything in Japan, war and peace, is the population," said Father Hugo Lasalle of Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Cathedral, the German Jesuit priest who adopted Japanese nationality. "It is easy for us who speak of faith and morals to condemn them for practicing birth control. But how shall they live?"

For a Catholic priest, these are strong words. The church tolerates the rhythm system in Japan and encourages the rather dim hope of emigration. But today's 89,000,000 Japanese are compressed into the Japan of Com-

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Tokyo, formerly associated with paper houses and rickshas, is now ablaze with bright neon street signs — one result of the American influence of past decade

modore Perry's time, which barely supported a population of 30,000,000 and stabilized it by infanticide. Despite a birth-control campaign since 1949 (there was one legal abortion for every birth last year) the population curve is expected to rise to 107,000,000 before leveling off around the turn of the century.

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Young steelworker. Japan's most precious resource is her labor force—of which there are now some 650,000 unemployed

How Japan will support this many people is a problem every Japanese lives with every day. Japan is a have-not country in natural resources. She must import every ounce of raw cotton, wool, crude rubber, phosphate and bauxite; 98 per cent of all crude oil; 90 per cent of iron ore; 75 per cent of tin ore—and so on and on.

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For the first time, women now walk "*avec*" —with their men, instead of behind them

The country's greatest natural resource is, of course, her labor force, whose technical know-how makes Japan the foremost industrial power in Asia. But today, despite the glitter of good times, the country has 650,000 jobless and up to 10,000,000 "potentially" unemployed—they need full-time jobs but can't find them—and even more fortunate workers have no easy row to hoe.

Umenosuke Oka, for example, is a stocky, forty-three-year-old senior rolling-mill operator at Tokyo's Azuma Steel Works, which is two thirds idle. He works eight hours a day, six days a week for his take-home pay equivalent to \$83 a month. He, his wife and their six children live in one of four bleak company apartment houses behind a hill of steel scrap. Oka pays \$1.40 a month for one of the better apartments—two 9-by-12-foot rooms including kitchen space. There is no heat, no gas (a charcoal brazier does for cooking and heating), and water pressure is so weak that Mrs. Oka prefers to wash the dishes at the community sink downstairs. There is one toilet on the Okas' floor and one below, and the entire family hies itself to the neighborhood bathhouse regularly. For 90 cents all eight can soak in the steamy community tubs. (If they go early the water is clearer.)

Like all Japanese except those affecting foreign ways, the Okas sleep on the *tatami* flooring and stow the quilts away during the day. They have the customary furniture—a foot-treadle sewing machine (to keep abreast of the little Okas), a radio, and a desk and chair for homework. The plaster walls are bare except for a dozen pin-ups of Japanese movie stars and one of Audrey Hepburn, twenty-three-year-old Miss Oka's favorite.

Rentwise, Oka is lucky. On the open market, a similar apartment would cost 15 times as much. He also receives company medical benefits—for himself, but not his family.

Oka's earnings and benefits put him in the upper fifth of workers' and white-collar workers' salaries—he is a ten-year man, and knows his job. His recreation is simple and inexpensive. He goes fishing in the Sumida River or watches a ball game between two of the 10 company teams. His children, like children all over Japan, play *menko*—a game of cards bear-

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Street baseball game—with young Shawn McKinney, son of an American captain, behind the plate. Baseball is Japan's most popular sport; 100,000 in Tokyo greeted New York Yanks last fall

ing pictures of movie stars. The two boys hunt cicadas, or they flock to the *kami shibai*—literally, “paper theater”—the storyteller whose source of livelihood is perhaps the last mystery of the East. In the television age, he can still draw a crowd of kids anywhere in Japan by telling a story with painted cardboard illustrations propped up on the back of his bicycle.

Oka is a moderate Socialist who goes along with the party in wanting complete neutrality for Japan. But whatever his politics might be, he would not question where the business came from that might get the Azuma Steel Works going full blast.

TODAY JAPAN'S PRODUCTION is 80 per cent above “peacetime” 1935—after the conquest of Manchuria and before the invasion of China. But exports are not much higher than they were 20 years ago—and there are now 24,000,000 more Japanese.

There is only one way out for Japan—to sell more of what she makes and buy what she needs cheaper. The country's foreign exchange is in the black for calendar 1955 by \$325,000,000, thanks chiefly to American military purchases in Japan—\$557,000,000 for goods and services and good times. But these purchases are dropping yearly, and many Japanese are pining for old markets and cheap raw materials now behind the bamboo curtain. They tend to forget that most of Japan's prewar China-Manchuria business was conducted at the point of a gun. Restive businessmen can show that in 1935 Japan sold China-Manchuria exports worth \$603,000,000 at today's prices, more than enough to make up for American military purchases. Furthermore, according to the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, if Japan can sell to China she can buy Manchurian coking coal, iron ore, soybeans and other items now purchased from the dollar bloc, and save a yearly \$331,000,000. (One ton of American coking coal landed in Japan costs \$21.00 compared to \$12.28 for a ton of Manchurian Kailan coal.)

The hitch is that today China won't buy the vast quantities of cheap textiles and light consumer goods Japan sold her in the 1930s. Further, China's raw-material production is still too low to feed Japanese industries. China wants chemicals and heavy industry goods that America and other free nations have embargoed. Japan abides by the embargo because the United States is Japan's best customer (although we sell more than we buy) and because the U.S. Battle Act denies American economic aid to



Children parade in ceremonial dress for a religious festival. Japanese often wear Western clothes in the streets and traditional garb at home

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*Once again, the Japanese
are building military strength
—somewhat reluctantly, but
at the strong urging of
the United States government*



any country breaking the embargo.

Nevertheless, as American military purchases decline, Japan must boost her exports. Where will she get the business?

From China and Russia, shout the political left and the small manufacturers and trading companies.

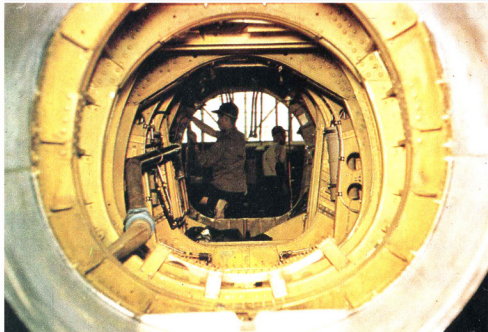
From South America, the United States and Southeast Asia, say the Conservatives and big concerns, which have trade with the free world pretty well sewed up, and don't want to risk being blackballed out of the lucrative Formosa trade by Nationalist China.

Conservatives like Finance Minister Hisato Ichimada, former governor of the Bank of Japan and one of the nation's real powers, see no immediate prospect of Japan swinging into the Communist trade bloc—unless. The “unless” hinges on what happens to Southeast Asia. If Formosa, Malaya, Burma, Thailand, South Vietnam and Indonesia (or many of them) are sucked into the Communist orbit “it would have a vital effect on Japan's economy,” said Ichimada, in an understatement.

Without benefit of diplomatic relations, Japanese and Chinese trade missions have nevertheless crisscrossed between Peiping and Tokyo. A two-way \$84,000,000 trade agreement and a smaller barter agreement have been semiofficially recognized—all for nonstrategic materials.

But Red Chinese officials and Japanese businessmen declare that this is just the beginning.

DEFEAT IN WAR and the physical and psychological destruction of the military caste have helped turn most Japanese into pacifists. The country's two big postwar best sellers are violently antimilitary. One called Long the Imperial Way relates the brutalized life of the Japanese enlisted man



Top, the Rising Sun insignia is in the Pacific skies again, now on F-86s flown by Japanese pilots. Center, a workman handles hot steel at the Azuma works, part of Japan's rebounding heavy industry. Bottom, repairing aircraft at Mitsubishi plant—a major producer of World War II planes, soon to be making American jets

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in China. The hero of the other, Homecoming, is a cashiered navy officer who copes with his problems better than his conventional fellow officers.

But the main reason most Japanese want no part of war is the obvious one—they were atom-bombed twice. In 1946, I called on a top Japanese nuclear scientist, Professor R. Sagane of Tokyo Imperial University, now dead, and asked what he thought about Japan rearming in the future. "Useless," he told me. "Today there is no such thing as a good second- or third-class military force. Without atomic weapons a nation might as well not have any."

That argument has gained ground since two former enemies are now armed with the H-bomb. The Japanese are understandably touchy on the subject—106,000 of them died in just two old-fashioned nuclear explosions. Fate also chose 23 Japanese fishermen to be the first victims of an H-bomb fall-out near Bikini in March, 1954. The "ashes of death" incident, for which we paid \$2,000,000 compensation, brought Japanese-American relations to a postwar low.

Behind the boil-up of emotions is the Communist propaganda line that America drops A-bombs, or experiments with H-bombs, only on what we regard as inferior races. The U.S. lease of enriched uranium and the agreement to help build an atomic reactor in Japan was fought to the bitter end; the announcement that Honest John rockets—which may carry atomic warheads—would become part of American armament in Japan caused the Diet to adjourn in an uproar.

The director general of Japan's Defense Board resigned, but two weeks later the new director general, seventy-one-year-old Shigemasas Sunada, bluntly declared that Japan must learn to make hydrogen and cobalt bombs, and predicted that eventually Japan's defense force would also have long-range rockets with atomic warheads. It was the first time a Japanese official had ever mentioned nuclear weapons with anything but horror or reproach. The editorial comment on Sunada's remarks in the Japanese press was astounding—there wasn't any.

Last summer Sunada unveiled a long-discussed six-year defense program which, the Japanese government hopes, will permit all U.S. ground troops to leave by 1958 and all U.S. airmen by 1960. The projected Japanese defense establishment would have a 180,000-man Army (one third the size of South Korea's); a tiny Navy and a 1,300-plane Air Force (including 21 Sabre jet squadrons).

The fire-eating Sunada has since made way in the cabinet for the more quiet-spoken Naka Funada, who, however, has said that he would carry out Sunada's program.

WHATEVER ANYBODY SAYS ten years hence about the wisdom of rearming Japan, the Japanese can point to an impressive record of resisting it.

University professors thunder that rearmament is unconstitutional; labor denounces it as a typical Fascist cure for unemployment; and the majority Conservatives who enact the necessary laws complain about the expense.

Yet gingerly, and with much American coaxing and prodding, Japan's new defense establishment has grown from MacArthur's National Police Reserve to today's all-volunteer Self-Defense Force, numbering 160,000 ground, sea and air. About 250 American officers serve as top-level coaches to the three services, which are armed with slightly used American equipment. We are also paying 57 per cent of the cost of tooling up two Japanese aircraft factories to make Sabre jets.

Tsuiki Air Force Base, in the southern main island of Kyushu, is the American-run training center for Japan's new air force. The base is jointly used by 450 American Air Force personnel and 600 Japanese student pilots and enlisted technicians. It looks like any other small American air base—except that all the parked jet trainers are painted with the Rising Sun insignia.

"If anybody told me twelve years ago, when I was flying against these boys out of New Guinea, that I'd be running a training base in Japan to teach them how to fly jets—well, I'd have had his head examined," said Tsuiki's base commander, Lieutenant Colonel Bennett P. Browder, of Dallas, Texas.

Browder has nothing on Captain Stanley Corvin, a jet pilot instructor from Levelland, Texas. Corvin flew P-51 fighter escort for B-29s and shot down two Japanese interceptors over Osaka and one over Yokohama. His star pupil, Lieutenant Colonel Kenshi Ishikawa, was the group commander in the Osaka area and shot down seven B-29s.

Corvin and Ishikawa—slated to be senior squadron leader in the Japanese air force—share the respect of two professionals in a pretty exclusive profession. The years have erased everything but a fascination for flying, with the Japanese satisfying a 10-year frustration. There are 30 applications for every opening in the new Air Self-Defense Force. The entire training program is taught in English, a real skull-cracker for many who have to learn the language from scratch. The first crop of pilots are all old men of nearly forty and include World War II aces like carrier pilot Lieutenant Colonel Masanobu Ibusuki, who took part in the attack on Pearl Harbor and the Battle of Midway. Ibusuki shot down 25 American and five British planes. As a flying lieutenant colonel with a family he gets

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U.S. GIs—among 135,000 now stationed in Japan—get their shoes shined in a Tokyo street

a take-home pay of \$90 a month.

From Tsuiki I flew to Sapporo, headquarters of the Japanese Northern Corps—three infantry regiments and supporting troops—which took over the defense of Hokkaido from the U.S. First Cavalry Division. Hokkaido is the northernmost Japanese main island, opposite Siberia and Russian-held Sakhalin and the Kuriles.

The new Japanese army I saw wasn't any dedicated group of firebrands. Most of the officers and some of the noncoms are Pacific war veterans with a distinguishing snap to their bearing. The enlisted men have a scrubbed, eager, new-uniform look that reminded me of American Army camps just before Pearl Harbor. But they don't have the same "our boys" support from local civilians. The first-anniversary parade of the Self-Defense Forces through the streets of nearby Chitose brought out mostly children. There was no cheering, no flag waving—just a mild curiosity. When permission was asked to put up a recruiting poster near the Sapporo City Hall the request was first turned down. "If we let you advertise," said a spokesman for the city council, "we would have to give Nippon Beer and other advertisers the same rights."

Of a random group of enlisted men, I found two who wanted to make soldiering a career, one because his father had been a first lieutenant and the other because he liked Army social life. Three men came from large families in economic straits. A private's \$16-a-month pay is princely compared to the prewar \$4 a month.

"The main difference between now and the way it was before," said a thin, burning-eyed ex-warrant officer, now a captain, "is the discipline. Do you know, there is no more punching an enlisted man in the face? I don't know how long it will take to make a first-class army. Right now we're trained as well as the American Army, but your infantry isn't as good as the Russians'. You're too soft—you need too many supporting units. And you are teaching us the same bad habits—one vehicle to every four men, for instance."

The old Army, said the captain, was the emperor's, and the troops died willingly for the emperor. Today? "We are trying to fill the place of emperor-devotion with a love for the country, but it takes time," he said.

THERE IS ONE MAN who believes he has a solution for Japan. He is ex-Colonel Masanobu Tsuji, a lean, balding member of the House of Representatives, with a hearty handshake and eyes that smile from behind glasses as thick as portholes. "Japan," he told me, "is too much like France—little men, little parties, squabbling over little problems. What Japan needs is another Hitler."

I asked whom he had in mind for the job.

"Me," he replied sincerely.

When Japan surrendered, staff officer Tsuji was in Bangkok. He changed his uniform for the saffron robe of a Buddhist priest and went underground. While British and American authorities hunted three years for him, Chinese Nationalists spirited him to Nanking, where he served as a back-room military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. He surfaced in Japan when the war crimes trials ended. His account of his adventures, *Underground Escape*—a sort of sukiyaki Mein Kampf—launched him in politics.

Tsuji wants a firm economic alliance with Red China and scoffs at the idea of danger from that quarter. "The Chinese," he said, "do not have the capability for scientific warfare. They are a nation of businessmen."

I jokingly asked Tsuji what minority in Japan would be the domestic scapegoat so necessary to a modern dictator—after all, Hitler had the Jews. "The Koreans," he answered promptly. "There are 500,000 Korean

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residents in Japan and 80 per cent of them are Communists or in the black market. The first thing I would do is expel the Koreans."

Although Tsuji has no following outside his constituency, he cannot be dismissed as a crackpot, because he is the new face of the old Japan that looks toward Asia, the Japan that coined the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" long before native Communists adopted it.

For Americans who worry about Japan's drift toward neutralism there is something else to ponder—a possible affinity between Communism and Japan's mystic blood-and-iron right-wingers. Tsuji is a Milquetoast compared to scar-faced ultranationalist Takashige Toyada, twenty-eight-year-old leader of the National Youth Martyr Corps, whose followers wear blue uniforms and black combat boots and practice para-military drill. In recent months Toyada has indicated that he may be having a change of heart about his once "immovable" opposition to Communism. "If the United States wishes to benefit itself," he wrote Leroy Hansen of the United Press, "they should co-operate with us in opposing Communism. If this is impossible I will have to sacrifice myself for the sake of our motherland and our race and ask the Communist nations to co-operate with us."

Another extremist group is the National Protection Society, whose two top officers were first sentenced to death, then to life imprisonment for political assassination, but were freed by general amnesty in 1940. At the society's Tokyo headquarters, I was courteously received by Vice-President Yoshiaki Sagoya, a cement sack of a man with cauliflower ears, who had shot down Premier Osachi Hamaguchi 25 years ago on platform four of Tokyo Station. It was a delicate question, but I asked Sagoya why he had done it. "London Naval Treaty," he said curtly. Hamaguchi had accepted "an inferior position" for Japan, and Sagoya had erased the national disgrace with a Mauser pistol.

Sagoya, who was jailed three years by the Occupation for attempting a postwar uprising against the Americans in Korea right after the war, explained that the society, whose members like to wear uniforms, was out to promote love, clean politics, self-sacrifice, education and good etiquette. Good etiquette? "Our members circulate in streetcars and buses and encourage people to give their seats to the old and infirm," he explained. The society would like to bring back the best of the old Japan, "make the emperor a real father to his people—and combine the best that Russia and America have to offer."

Shortly after I saw him, Sagoya and two colleagues were arrested and charged with extorting money from business firms to "aid the political right."

The 600,000 Japanese belonging to some 20 right-wing organizations vary from philosophical old men doing brushwork Chinese characters on silk to bullyboys and strikebreakers and the kind of zealot who will cut off one joint of his finger and send it to someone as a warning. They are weak and disunited, but they are as much a part of Japan as the 7,000 little earthquakes that shake the country each year—no one can tell when a really big one will come along.

BY COMPARISON with the extreme right, the Communists are alien to Japan. Today, with three seats in the Diet, they have less political power than 10 years ago. According to police, they have 100,000 members and sympathizers. Their strategic strength lies in the electric power, communications and railway workers' unions, and their intellectual shock troops are in the Teachers' Union. The party's big obstacle to popularity has been its identification with Russia. The Communists have had to brazen out the seven-day war for which Russia got southern Sakhalin, the Kurile Islands, \$1,000,000,000 worth of industrial plants in Manchuria and thousands of still unrepatriated prisoners. There is also Russia's occupation of Habomai and Shikotan islands (which are generally recognized as part of Hokkaido), its intermittent seizure of Japanese fishing boats in northern international waters, and the fact that Soviet spies have been caught landing on Japanese beaches.

The Communist party is making a determined effort to be respectable. Japanese security officials unearthed a party order to dissolve its secret "combat" organization, abandon illegal activities and unobtrusively dispose of hoarded weapons. A core of 500 crack agents remains underground in case of changed signals, but otherwise the new watchword is, "We have nothing to hide."



Tokyo, Japan
Mar. 1956

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I visited Yoshio Shiga, the party's present No. 2 man and a member of the House of Representatives, at his office in the Diet building. He wore an impeccably tailored dark-blue gabardine suit and looked like a Connecticut commuter. I had seen him last in January, 1949. After commenting that he had grown a little deafer in one ear ("I was six years underground—where?—ha-ha, nowhere"), Shiga observed that one thing hadn't changed—the Americans were still occupying Japan.

I replied that we said we would leave as soon as Japan had an adequate Self-Defense Force, something the Communists vigorously oppose.

"If the American forces left Japan *first*, we would acknowledge the Self-Defense Forces," he said. "But they are not a truly Japanese force. You are training and influencing them. I am a patriotic Japanese and must oppose this."

If all American forces left Japan tomorrow and immediately Russia or China offered to train Japan's army would Shiga as a patriotic Japanese oppose the offer?

Long pause. "Russia and China would never interfere in the internal affairs of Japan," he replied.

But suppose they made the offer?

"They wouldn't make it. They would never interfere in the internal . . ."

On another tack, Shiga said that as a patriotic Japanese he wanted to get the Americans out of Japan and Okinawa, "where we hear from workers you are stockpiling atom bombs."

"The Communist party always talks about Okinawa," I pointed out, "but I never hear a word about the Kuriles and Sakhalin. As a patriotic Japanese, do you think Russia should return them?"

"The case of Okinawa is different," Shiga said. "At San Francisco, Premier Yoshida renounced Japan's claims to Sakhalin and the Kuriles to conform with the Potsdam Declaration." (Russia, however, did not sign the San Francisco Peace Treaty, Shiga neglected to add.)

I asked what he thought of Premier Hatoyama's efforts to normalize relations between Japan and the Communist bloc.

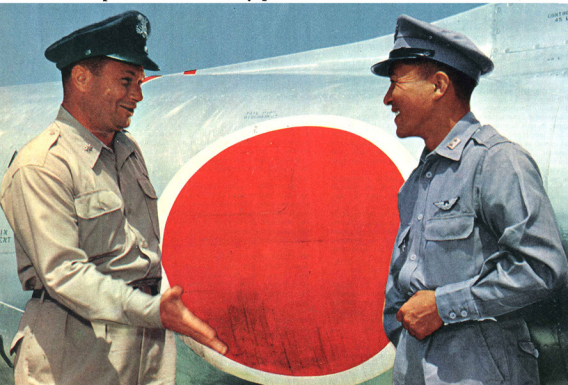
"Hatoyama is always being pulled from the right and from the left," said Shiga, shrugging him off. It was the mildest Communist remark I had ever heard about Hatoyama. It indicated that the Reds are willing to hold fire on an archenemy—if he keeps his promise to bring about a *rapprochement* with Russia and China.

One fact is sure: Japan will look out for her own best interests—whether it helps us or not

ICHIRO HATOYAMA actually has only one thing in common with Communist Shiga—they both got the back of the hand from the Occupation. Hatoyama emerged from semiretirement after the war to found the new Liberal party. He was a veteran politician with administrative experience, and a militant anti-Communist.

In 1929 he had been secretary-general of the Tanaka cabinet, the same Tanaka whose alleged "Memorial" for Japanese world conquest made such lurid anti-Japanese propaganda. Then, as education minister in the early 1930s, Hatoyama had organized a purge of "Red" professors. (His most celebrated purgee, Professor Takigawa of Kyoto University Law School, is now president of Kyoto University and last June was beaten and locked in his office by Communist students.)

Hatoyama was within tasting distance of the premiership in 1946 when he attended a Tokyo Foreign Correspondents' Club Dinner. During a question-and-answer period his hosts played him the dirtiest trick of his rough-and-tumble political career: they produced a translation of his book, *The*



Lt. Col. Bennett Browder, Pacific combat vet, now helps train new Japanese air force—which includes war ace Lt. Col. Masanobu Ibusuki, who bombed Pearl Harbor

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Face of the World, written after a prewar trip abroad, in which he praised aspects of Hitlerism. Howard Handleman of International News Service summed up the two-hour grilling that followed with one of journalism's classic leads: "The correspondents threw the book at Ichiro Hatoyama last night—his own."

Hatoyama was later purged by direct order of Courtney Whitney, then a brigadier general in charge of MacArthur's Government Section. For five years he tried to run the show from backstage. He entrusted the Liberal party to Shigeru Yoshida (now seventy-seven), who became premier, with the understanding that Yoshida would bow out when the Americans did. But Yoshida apparently did not understand the understanding, and Hatoyama's crippling stroke in 1951 lengthened the odds against a comeback. But after his depurge he and Nobosuke Kishi, present secretary-general of the Liberal Democratic party, pulled anti-Yoshida conservatives into a coalition and, with a helping push from the Socialists, toppled him from power.

At seventy-three, and partially paralyzed, Hatoyama has achieved his life's ambition, the premiership, by sheer grit and by the surest political touch in Japan. A baptized Protestant in a country which has only 530,000 Christians, upon assuming office he dutifully reported to his ancestors at the Shinto Grand Shrine of Ise. He wears well-tailored Western clothes in public and like millions of his countrymen relaxes at home in a kimono. "He is not a popular leader-type," a member of his party described him, "but a popular mirror-type." His friends insist that Hatoyama is basically pro-Western but had to placate nationalist sentiment by initially taking a mildly anti-Western line.

Hatoyama answered my flat question, "Which country do you feel is Japan's best international friend?" with a written answer, "I believe the United States is our best international friend." He wants the constitution overhauled to remove any doubtful legality on rearmament—he is for limited rearmament—and to rectify some Occupation reforms that "went too far." (He would like to restore some of the emperor's former prerogatives, for instance.) But he still lacks the two-thirds majority necessary to pass constitutional amendments, and, ironically, it is the left-wing one third of the Diet which will defend the "MacArthur constitution" against any tampering. In any case, the political soothsayers claim that the agreement has already been made for Hatoyama to resign in favor of a top former Liberal next month.

When the Foreign Correspondents' Club extended Hatoyama a second invitation—to be a luncheon guest of honor last year—he accepted and brought a roar of relieved laughter when he said: ". . . During the past several years I have had no chance to converse with you directly; nor have I since made any trips abroad or written a book . . . The building is different and I might say that The Face of the World gathered here is also new."

IF THERE IS ONE personal history that shows the new face of Japan it is that of thirty-year-old Tadashi Itagaki. Itagaki graduated from the Japanese Air Force Academy in March, 1945, was sent to Korea as a second lieutenant pilot in June and was taken prisoner by the Russians in August. In July, 1948, he was moved to a camp in Khabarovsk, Siberia, which held 400 Japanese enlisted men and 300 low-ranking officers. By the time Itagaki got there a social revolution had taken place. A small group, supplied with books, pamphlets and a Japanese-language newspaper which gave the news according to Moscow, had converted most of the men to Communism. Enlisted men would surround an officer and badger him until he tore off his insignia. "After three years, do you still want to fight wars?" they would jeer. "Japan doesn't even have an army." Itagaki held out for six months. He was a fervent believer in the emperor system, and he had another special reason: his father was Lieutenant General Seishiro Itagaki, one of Japan's most aggressive militarists.

One day a fellow prisoner came up to him waving a copy of the Japanese newspaper.

"Great news today," he said. "Tojo and your father and five other war criminals were executed in Tokyo."

"To me," Itagaki recently explained, "my father was almost synonymous with the emperor. When I heard the news my world collapsed. I thought if this could happen, then Japan was really turning inside out, as the Communists among us said."

The next day Itagaki joined the Communists.

In 1950 he was repatriated. The Communists lionized him; they tried to use him as a speaker in an election campaign.

But something was wrong. The picture of Japan that Itagaki had inside his head did not jibe with the Japan he had come back to.

"I talked with my mother and my friends," Itagaki said, "and I read the new constitution. Then I made up my mind."

Six months after his return he quit the party. Today he is a very ordinary young man with a very ordinary job he wants to keep. He is not much interested in politics, but he votes Right Socialist.

"I think Japan should be friends with everybody," he said. "I don't want any more war."

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DURING FOREIGN MINISTER SHIGEMITSU'S recent visit to Washington, a joint statement issued by him and Secretary of State Dulles declared that Japan should "assume primary responsibility for the defense of its homeland and be able to contribute to the preservation of international peace and security in the Western Pacific."

To Americans it was an acknowledgment that Japan is now the leading power in free Asia and as such should pull its weight on the team. But to the Japanese at home it sounded like an implied commitment to send Japanese armed forces outside the country. There was a storm of criticism.

As desirable as a rearmed Japan in a collective-security pact with our friends in the Pacific sounds to us, it doesn't sound so good to most Japanese or to most of our friends. President Syngman Rhee of South Korea has emotionally declared he would rather throw in with the Communists than with Japan. In Australia last summer, I found most people resigned to the idea of a rearmed Japan—but barely. "They decapitated my father in a prison camp," a Sydney newspaperman told me. The Philippine Republic is still trying to collect \$800,000,000 war reparations.

Only Chiang Kai-shek would welcome Japanese military aid—and if there is one thing the Japanese don't want it is any part of a shooting war over Formosa.

At home, Japan is approaching a two-party system. The reunited Socialists—under left-wing Mosaburo Suzuki—have rejected a tie-up with the Communists, but demand the abrogation of the U.S. Security Pact, the peaceful return of territory seized by the Russians, and of U.S.-occupied Okinawa and the Bonin Islands. The reunited Conservatives—unless they split over personality differences again—have a clear sailing majority.



EMPEROR

Hirohito's change in status is a good indication of what's happened to Japan. His subjects now love him instead of holding him in awe—and they can look at him now, instead of averting their eyes. He likes life better the new way



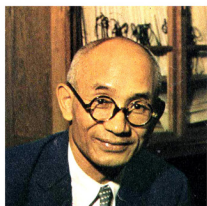
PREMIER

Though Ichiro Hatoyama, 73, has always been considered strongly anti-Communist. As premier, he has had a mildly anti-Western policy, but he recently told the author that "I believe the United States is our best international friend . . ."



FOREIGN MINISTER

Mamoru Shigemitsu signed Japan's surrender on battleship Missouri, was imprisoned for five years as war criminal—but by 1955, once again in good grace, was welcomed to Washington as a friend. He's committed Japan to help maintain security of the Western Pacific



RIGHT-WINGER

Ex-Col. Masanobu Tsuji claims he has solution to Japan's problems. "What Japan needs," he says, "is another Hitler." His nominee for the job: himself. Tsuji, like other right-wing Japanese, is for some kind of alliance with Red China.

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COMMUNIST



No. 2 man of Japan's Communist party is Yoshio Shiga. He wants U.S. to leave Japan and give up Okinawa—but says occupation of Japanese Sakhalin and Kuriles by U.S.S.R. is entirely different

EX-AMBASSADOR



Adm. Kichisaburo Nomura, who was representing Japan in Washington on Pearl Harbor Day, now is one of the few outspoken, unreserved pro-Americans in the Diet, Japan's national legislature. "If Americans leave, Japan is open to subversion," he declared to the author in Tokyo

Since both Socialists and Conservatives espouse a welfare state at home, the main points of difference revolve around the question of which foreign policy will assure Japan peace and continuing prosperity: 100 per cent neutrality or a U.S. alliance granting the maximum security and economic benefits with the minimum sacrifice. The majority of Japanese will continue to support the Conservatives' formula—favoring the American alliance—just as long as it supports them. (The nation is still traditionally Conservative by two to one.)

But let there be a depression, or let it appear that the American alliance is costing Japan more than it brings in, and the country will go Socialist, or, even likelier, the Conservatives themselves will junk the American alliance.

Thus, Japan's economic health will be a bigger factor in keeping her on our side than the number of U.S. troops and bases on Japanese soil, or the size of the new Japanese defense establishment. At the current rate of exchange, a U.S. tariff cut on Japanese products would be worth at least a division.

Japan's recent failure to get a seat in the United Nations, when 16 other nations were admitted, rankled her national pride. Russia was tagged the chief villain for twice vetoing Japan, but there was open exasperation with Nationalist China for vetoing Outer Mongolia and the 18-nation package deal, and sharp criticism of the Japanese government for "inept diplomacy." The press also placed a share of blame on the United States: Japan had banked everything on American sponsorship and we failed to deliver.

Making due allowance for pique and disappointment, no matter what we do for Japan, we must expect the Japanese to pursue what they consider their best interests. Sooner or later they are going to re-establish diplomatic relations with Russia. Sooner or later they are going to do the same with Red China. In a practical sense they have already bypassed such formalities: since Geneva, more Japanese newsmen, actors, legislators and traveling salesmen have been glad-handed in Peiping by Mao Tse-tung than Americans have been toasted in Moscow by Khrushchev.

JAPAN IS DEFINITELY back in the international poker game. I asked foreign minister Shigemitsu if Japan wanted the return of Okinawa, our \$300,000,000 island outpost which the U.S. has declared it has no intention of vacating.

"Yes," he said, "we would permit U.S. bases on Okinawa for the common interest and mutual security, but the people there want to be part of Japan."

If Russia offered to give back the Kuriles and perhaps other lost Japanese territory on condition the United States gave up Okinawa, would Mr. Shigemitsu consider this a good bargain?

"I would pass the information on to my friends in the American Embassy," he said with a smile.

The smile was frank, but plainly that of a man with only a pair of deuces who hopes that deuces are wild.

Collier's

March 2, 1956