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CONTEMPORARY JAPAN:
A REVIEW OF EAST ASIATIC AFFAIRS

VOL. XIV, NO. 1-3 (January-March, 1945), pp. 75-82.
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As all with other unaccustomed experiences are, the air raid, though an expected thing in wartime, certainly has an element of surprise. But the edge of surprise wears off with the gradual intensification of air bombardments. This has happened in the case of Tokyo now under air raids, and the Tokyoites, having got rid of their initial surprise, are viewing the arrivals and departures of American airplanes without any least sign of enervation. Many of them have found in air raids a new source of cracking jokes and making mirthful wisecracks. The other day, when I was about to get into a homebound electric car, I met a jovial friend of mine whom I have not seen for a long time. After the exchange of usual greetings, the talks naturally veered to air raids. At the end, my jovial friend to the accompaniment of a stomachful guffaw said: Well, we sure going to endenizen these American flyers, don't you think so? I said nothing, but I, too, laughed heartily.

Believe it or not, the air raid has aroused in us a feeling of cheerfulness—a kind of light-hearted buoyancy—such as we experience when something long expected finally happens. No wonder, we are proving ourselves equal to the situation. When the surprise and shock of the first air raid on Tokyo on November 24, 1944, a day raid, by sizable formations of the Mariana-based B–29 bombers and perhaps those caused by the second raid—a night raid this time—passed off, the Tokyoites soon got used to intermittent visits of these mammoth flying fortresses of Washington, whether they came in formations or as lone raiders. I have said that air raids were expected, but I must add that their results so far have been vastly different from what we had expected.

Realizing what air bombardments mean, we had expected and prepared for all kinds of dislocations in our public and private life. Surprisingly enough, nothing of that sort has hitherto happened. Except for a few changes in the mode of dressing and in every-day schedules as precaution against air attacks, the life of Tokyo all through these days and months of disruption runs as it has been running always. At first, there might have been many commuters like myself who selfishly but somewhat innocently wished that air raids would relieve them from rush-hour crowds at street-car, electric car and subway stations. Such wishes remain unfulfilled to this day, for crowds, instead of thinning, have become thicker. The most amazing are the spriteful girl students who have been mobilized for factory work. In any morning and evening we can see them competing with men commuters in pushing their way into crowded cars and trains in order to get to their places of work in time or to return after work as quickly as possible to their dear mothers at home, who are preparing hot supper for them. No less amazing is the sight of mothers who, carrying babies on their backs or taking young children by the hands, mix
themselves heartily in the crowd to slip into cars and trains, as if they had never heard of air raids.

It seems that men, women and young ones are not very much inclined to pay due heed to the repeated warnings of the authorities against possible dangers. Especially mothers, disregarding the danger to them, move about here and there together with their children without paying any serious attention to the screeching of the siren. This is a mental insensibility which, of course, is unpardonable; yet from the point of view of heightening the civilian morale, it is far more reassuring than jitters. Another virtue—if I may use that rather dignified term—of the Tokyoites, in particular those who are Tokyo-born, is curiosity. They very often become unmindful of dangers to them because of their curiosity to witness strange sights on the spot. I remember vividly, when that regrettable February 26 incident occurred several years ago, many of them to satisfy their curiosity gathered at various danger points. There was no remote sign of fear in them. Moreover, I saw crowds like holiday-makers, even accompanied by children, going toward the Diet building where the reactionaries had stationed themselves. Certainly the Tokyoites today are living up to their time-honoured fame for curiosity as they react to the visits of American sky hawks. This virtue of them and their above-mentioned mental insensibility truly make them brave-hearted and steady-nerved.

Many interesting and humorous incidents and episodes are being frequently narrated in connection with the America no okyaku-san (American visitors), and they amply testify to the kind of life the Tokyoites are leading under air raids. For instance, when American bombers penetrate the skies of Tokyo, the Tokyoites, one and all, invariably say: Well, the 'America no okyaku-san' have come; how sad they have brought us poor presents this time; hope they will bring us something nice next time. They also talk among themselves in many humorous ways about the various presents of the hit-and-run tactics of the raiders. The more humorous among them will often say: What a pity the American visitors are too quick to drop bombs and get away; they seem to dislike us. They ought to taste our 'defence' hospitality by staying a bit longer.

The most popular name given to American planes is Tōkisan (Mr. Enemy). It was first used by Japanese soldiers stationed on the South Sea islands. Very soon it was taken up by all the soldiers and sailors in action in the Pacific. The Americans, even their prominent leaders and officials, call us Japs, but our armed forces simply call them Mr. Enemy. What a contrast! It shows distinctly how the fundamental difference in the Japanese and American national traits has appeared on the surface due to hostilities. The name Mr. Enemy has now become exceedingly popular throughout Japan. Strange as it may seem, it is being used not in an aggressive sense, but rather in an unsophisticated sense. If there is no raid in the afternoon
or evening, one can hear two people talking in the street or in an electric train: **Téki-san komban wa ko nai** (Mr. Enemy has not come this evening.) The way these words are expressed gives the impression that they are rather put out by the non-arrival of American bombers. They desire that Mr. Enemy should come again and again, day and night. A man standing nearby, on hearing the conversation, may cut in: **Komban America no okyaku-san kuro daro** (This evening the American visitors may come). After that he may add: Don't worry, they will come more and more, and then you will have enough fun and excitement. These talks clarify our sense of meaning of the term enemy.

By far the most humorous name given the American sky-raiders is Bu-san. Because the siren screeches even when a single hostile plane is sighted, the raider has been named Bu-san after the sound of the siren, and it is applied collectively, too. This name is especially liked by the children. Their adaptability to the new environment is so marvellous as to be beyond question. Not only have they got used to Busan, but Bu-san has become their great favourite. When American raiders in formations or singly appear over Tokyo, it is a usual sight to see children in every locality running about joyfully and shouting Bu-san has come, **uttéshimaé** (down it). The children in Tokyo now play in the streets keikai keiho asobi (air-alert game) and kushu keiho asobi (air-raid alarm game). Interesting to note is that they, after shouting that the bombing has started, take shelter in dug-outs and go out again according to directions given by one of them playing the part of a civil air defence warden.

During the last World War, a British war correspondent, chronicling the braveries of young women working in the Allied ambulance corps, declared that they were far braver than men in the face of actual dangers. Well, the women and children of Tokyo are now displaying the very same bravery in a remarkable manner. A boy boasted to me immediately after the first carrier-borne raid that he was able to see clearly the American mark on the wings of a raider which had dive-bombed just above his head. His anxious mother explained that the boy, in spite of her repeated warnings, would not take shelter in order to see with his own eyes the enemy plane as he knew in pictures. He seemed to be only too glad to have the rare opportunity of seeing an American raider at close range.

The women of Tokyo are exhibiting their bravery more particularly in the work of fire-fighting, which is the most important function of the civil air raid defence. Clad in **mompeï** (Japanese slacks) with buckets in their hands young women, together with men with their trousers wrapped in putties and armed with fire-fighting implements, put out fires at the risk of their lives. When in a district a Buddhist temple was hit by an incendiary bomb, it was found extremely difficult to climb on to the roof which was in flame. Yet the men and women fire-fighters clasping the buckets and other implements with their teeth ascended the roof and stamped out the blaze in no time. I was much struck with the smiling face of a little girl whose house was damaged by the concussion of a bomb falling near-by, and who related to me quite calmly and composedly her experience right after the dropping of the bomb. It is impossible to forget her beaming
In praising the women and children, I am not in the least minimizing the uplifting influence of the men on the civilian morale as a whole. When in a certain ward in the city the house of a person was destroyed by a bomb, the neighbours went to him and offered their sympathies. He smilingly told them: I am just one out of the eight million Tokyote's to get a bomb hit. It is like drawing a prize-winning fukukén (lottery bond). I have been lucky in getting a bomb hit, so I think I will draw a prize-winning fukukén next time. By saying this not only he relieved the anxiety of his neighbours, but also he treated his own calamity as a huge joke. To seek instances of such composure, it is not necessary for me to go beyond my arm's length. One of my colleagues in the office would not stop going out for lunch even when the air-raid alarm sounds. He would tell you: The first thing during bombing is to get something to eat. Keep your stomach full, you will then be ready for anything. Another colleague refused to postpone his travel to the office from his suburban residence during the first carrier-borne raid, although a fierce air battle was being fought in the skies over the district where he lives. I expressed my surprise on learning his presence in the office that day. He simply said: Well, I don't like my business to be interfered with by Roosevelt's wing-babies.

When it became obvious that America would start bombing Tokyo at short intervals during the winter, we feared that it would be almost an ideal condition for the prevalence of influenza. But contrary has been the case. To get up at midnight or late at night in the cold weather and keep windows and doors open during the bombing as a precaution against possible destruction by concussion evidently have had a beneficial effect upon the health of the Tokyote's. The medical advice to sleep with windows open so often tendered was disregarded by the majority of the Tokyote prior to air raids. But now, owing to the precautionary necessity, they have been obliged to adopt that healthy practice of ventilation two or three times a night. The most surprising thing is that one is catching cold not during successive night raids, but during the lull.

My own experience in these days of air raid has not be so heroic, for the district where I live seems to be comparatively neglected by the American visitors. One moon-lit night, while I was keeping watch over the movement of a raider and sub-consciously gazing dreamily at the beauty of Nature unfolded in the bamboo grove in the backyard which was literally bathed in numerous moonbeams, the memories of my young days all of a sudden came back with their fascinating romances. One autumn night in a silvery moonlight I accompanied a timid college friend of mine who softly spoke with the daughter of his neighbour, in whom he was very much interested, in the garden which was charmingly enveloped in the moonshine and was exuding the sweet fragrance of chrysanthemum. That was nearly forty years ago. Very
soon we parted, he and I, without knowing how his affair ended. Now after all these years
the memory of that night came back to my mind during an air raid. What a strange
association of ideas—the romance of bygone days and the reality of air raid! I was glad
that I could think of beauty in human life and Nature, even though the danger of being hit
by bombs or splinters was staring in the face.

During the first carrier-borne raid, which lasted practically the whole day, I was sitting on
a chair placed in a sunny corner of my garden. I could hear the zooming of planes and the
roar of anti-aircraft guns, but such sounds were coming from a distance, so I did not have
to take shelter in my dug-out. Under the circumstances, the only thing I could do was to
go through a few manuscripts and get them ready for the printers. There were, of course,
many interruptions: single-flying or small formations of American shipboard dive-
bombers would fly over our district now and then, distracting my attention. Fortunately,
nothing untoward happened in our district, and hence I could finish my work in the
afternoon. After that I kept on sitting in the same place, when a refreshing sight arrested
my eyes—green leaves and yellow buds emerging form the frosted earth in a sunny
patch. They were daffodils and adonis, heralding the coming of spring. Looking up, I saw
the buds on a plum tree by the dug-out getting swollen and turning pink. That day was
cold—this winter has been the coldest since forty years—but I enjoyed the sunshine to
my heart's content. The severity of the winter on one side and the unusually heavy
snowfall on the other have proved healthy to the Tokyoites. Life is growth; cold or snow
cannot destroy it. As long as there is life in man, in a nation, there is growth; nothing can
suppress it, I philosophized.

At the beginning, American warplanes more or less concentrated their attention on
military targets. However, they changed their tactics soon after the first carrier-borne raid;
they are now bombing civil areas. Already many residential blocks

have been destroyed. As carpet-bombing is a favourite tactics of America, we can expect
more civil destructions hence-forward. Yet we are optimistic. Has not Tokyo survived the
appalling havoc wrought by the great earthquake of 1923? That Tokyo has an inbred
capacity to overcome destructions is fittingly expressed in the popular saying: Kaji wa
Yedo no hana (Fires are the flowers of Tokyo). On the other hand, the plight of the
innocent victims of civil bombings cannot but arouse our indignation. It has now become
a usual method of American raiders to demolish the homes of non-combatants. It would
be quite right to say that they are doing so with malice prepense. Such an attitude not
only shows an unpardonable lack of ordinary human feeling, but also exposes a
deplorable callous mentality. Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, famous Christian preacher of Japan
and the most passionate lover of humanity, is most indignant, because America who
speaks of Christian morality is today sending warplanes to those very areas where she
sent her missionaries to preach the Gospel and to slaughter those very 'sons of God'
whom her missionaries baptized. Her bombers are attacking our schools, temples, shrines
and churches. Can you call these in accord with the Christian principles? To conclude in
Dr. Kagawa's words: The second World War in the Orient, is again inflicting upon Christ
the agony which he suffered on the Cross.