Q: Dr. Dillon, I'd like to start by learning something about your background, where you were born, your education, the sorts of things you were interested in in high school and college.

WD: I was born in Yale, Oklahoma in 1923, the year of the /Warren G./ Harding Administration, very far removed from any cultural influences that might have been called Japanese or Asian. I was however in my childhood there in that village, which my grandparents had founded with two other families, exposed to cultural differences that were very enriching. My mother was courted by Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete who was a member of the Sack and Fox tribe, and I lived the first year of my life at Pawnee Bill's Ranch in Pawnee Indian country, then later moved to the old Seminole Nation and then spent my early childhood from elementary school through high school in a town called Holdenville, which was the capital of the old Creek Nation. And on the main street of our town of 8,000, I was able to hear five separate and distinct languages spoken every Saturday. And if one can say that the American Indians have Asian roots and ancestries, had before they crossed
the Bering Straits, then one can also say that I grew up among at least Mongoloid people. So I was very fortunate, I think, in that early awareness of differences in social structures and languages and styles of life. It was indeed a plural society made up of some very heterogeneous elements of white settlers coming in mainly from the Deep South with a wide variety of outlooks. Often in Japan I looked back upon that experience because of the extraordinary contrast in the very pluralistic society, a very heterogeneous one compared with the remarkable homogeneity of Japan.

As for schooling, I went on to--after a so-called career of three years working on the local daily newspaper, I had a scholarship to Oklahoma Baptist University in the nearby town of Shawnee where during my freshman year, I had a fascinating course of Comparative Government. This was a semester starting September 1941. I was in the middle of writing my first term paper in college called "Facts and Fallacies About Japan."

Q: Was this assigned to you? Or just a choice that you made?

WD: Yes. I was able to choose from a list of five or six suggested topics. My professor was Clifford Wheeler Patton, a very inspiring teacher. We compared the American federal system with the Fascist arrangements in Italy, the political arrangements then evolving, well evolved already, in Hitler's Germany. And I chose to look at Japan, which of course was very much in the news those days and I'd been a newspaper man and I felt I should learn more about the background of a country which I never thought I would visit or live in or against whose people I would ever be called upon to fight. Then came Pearl Harbor.

Q: You had finished the paper at that time?
WD: The paper was about three-quarters finished when Pearl Harbor came along. I remember reading a book by Freida Utley. I think it was called *Japan's Clay Feet*, and it had a lot to do with the notions of "have-not" nations. I still have, I think, the paper some place in my mother's house in Tulsa. I'd be interested to see the bibliography once again.

Q: I would too.

WD: But I did find great concentration in what was written then in the economic deprivation the Japanese felt they were suffering from and the whole question of how they got access to scrap metal. Of course the Manchurian Incident was already, in part, history.

We were summoned all in the chapel of the University on Monday, December 8th where Professor Patton, who had a sense of theatre, spoke about the significance of the attack and said, I remember very clearly, "Washington must be blossoming today with uniforms and the outward signs of a state of war."

I managed to finished the paper and put it under the door of his office the night before Christmas of 1941 before I got on a train to go back to Holdenville to see my parents. I think I got an A on the paper. But it was a remarkable coincidence that years later in Japan I would ask my mother to send it to me or at least get the reading list because what we did not have, of course, in that university, was anything like a collection of books on Asia. All of course would have had to be in English. But I remember having probably 30 or 40 titles which I had made notes from.

Q: That's quite impressive. You were then right in the draft age?

WD: I was in the draft age. I went, after one year at Oklahoma Baptist University, I transferred to the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa because my parents
moved there, and I was sworn into the Army officially through the Reserve Officer Training Corps in December of 1942 and was called to active duty in April 1943. Our university was swept bare of able-bodied men one particular morning when all of us who had been in ROTC were put on the local train and we chugged off to Atlanta for entry into the Army at Fort McPherson, Georgia.

The war in Europe was very much under way at that time, and there was such a heavy need for infantry replacements because of the heavy casualties in North Africa and in view of the preparation for the invasion of Italy from North Africa, I found myself destined for service in Europe. At the end of a 17-week infantry training in Camp Robinson, Arkansas, I was ready for shipment to the port of embarkation. When I took my examinations to take pilot training in the Air Corps, as it was then called, and all my friends with whom I was prepared to go off to battle in Europe did go, I was taken off the train to be kept for aviation training. All of them went on and to the last man, they were all killed in Anzio Beachhead, the landing there, in the German cross-machinegun fire.

We had been trained for combat either with the Japanese or the Germans and for the possibility that we might have had service in the Pacific War, we had gone through jungle type training, a lot of karate, and all kinds of horror stories about Japanese jungle fighters. And whether in training for bayoneting Europeans or Japanese, we were made to yell and growl.

Q: Did you see films of Japanese doing this sort of thing?
WD: We did. I refused to growl because it hurt my throat and besides which I was smartypants and from the university and told my officer, who complained
that I was not growling that I knew why he was asking us to do this because I'd had a course in military psychology. It was the last thing he wanted to hear, so he forced me to stand for 15 minutes before an entire battalion and growl as I went through the ballet-like steps of the bayoneting and had to stick the bayonet in the dummy. Eventually I did not, happily, ever have to use this training in any direct way.

I did remain in the Air Corps. My life had been saved. I washed out of flying. All the "D's" of the alphabet were taken out one day in Amarillo, Texas. I spent the rest of the war in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, as a cryptography and code instructor. And finally with V-J Day, I found myself in Sheppard Field, Texas, in Wichita Falls where many of us were destined for shipment to the Pacific theatre. The joyfulness of that occasion was very, very great. The shower boards in the barracks were burned for bonfires in celebration. My commanding officer at that time, the late Colonel Samuel Lapsley, was very cool under fire. With a calm voice he sympathized with everybody's celebration that the war was ended, and he got us all back to our barracks. Later Colonel Lapsley became my next door neighbor in Tokyo and we often reminisced about V-J Night in Texas.

I arrived in Japan though after some--

Q: Did you have any special civil affairs training for being sent to Japan or was it to be strictly occupation, military occupation duty?

WD: No preparation as occupation duty. Wherever we were at that stage in our military training, we were supposed to be capable of air-ground communications and with no preparation for anything called "military government" nor any preparation for language. Of course, I wasn't even destined for Japan
at that time. I was sent by sea, sailing from San Francisco to Manila in August 1945, zigzagging the whole way because of the fear that some Japanese submarines might still have ignored the order to surrender or might never have heard it. So on a World War I ship, the Leonard Wood, a Coast Guard carrier, I suffered my first experience with the tropics, developed impetigo. We were without air three decks below the top deck, near mutiny several times of soldiers passing the dining room where they could see the officers under ceiling fans, with white-coated Filipino stewards serving what to us looked like Royal banquets, we having staggered out of the heat of our mess hall next to the boiler room. But I was thrilled to get into another world, having spent the whole war in South Dakota, Texas and Utah. I was very eager to get overseas and I found the Philippines an extraordinarily interesting experience at the time when many Japanese prisoners-of-war were still visible and were being carried around in the streets of Manila in trucks. And the Filipinos, who were violently anti-Japanese even though they were quite pacified by the Japanese, were shouting, "Bacca" at the Japanese soldiers. And it was so strange to see the people, not in chains but herded around, these fierce people we'd been taught to fear and indeed for good reason. Wherever we went in the first several weeks after landing and being placed in a rice paddy outside of Manila to set up an air-ground communication system, we carried carbines with us in the bamboo forests around Lake Taal and also the Tagaytay Ridge near a camp where there were many Americans and Dutch and Indonesian soldiers who had just been released from Japanese prison camps. That was my first experience with Indonesian nationalism. We were already in 1945 hearing something about Sukarno. And the Eurasians who were there, with
whom I used to go swimming at Los Baños, were feeling a great sense of hope that they would go back to an independent Indonesia, the Dutch West Indies, if that's what they were called.

So it was a six-month's period of great value for me to look at a country, itself freshly independent or soon to be freshly independent, the Philippines, emerging from an occupation by the Japanese and where already they were setting up war crimes trials. I went to various trial sessions, the major one being for General Tomoyuki Yamashita in the old High Commissioner's house across from the Manila Hotel. And I found myself almost face to face at close range with General Yamashita, listening to the testimony about Singapore and Nanking and other crimes that he was charged with. I don't remember the details of the accusations so much as the fact that I was beginning to be aware of the very different assumptions on the part of the American prosecutors in contrast to the defense attorneys. In this case there were no Japanese defense attorneys to my memory. What I later learned in the war crimes trials proper in Tokyo was the disavowal that individuals had any responsibilities because war, according to some thought was like a force of nature, like earthquakes and floods, and no individual was regarded as responsible. This was the beginning of my awareness of conflicts in legal philosophies and assumptions that are based on larger cultural and religious presuppositions.

The hatred of the Japanese in the Philippines was also indirectly manifest by the vicious attacks on any Filipino regarded by his countrymen as having collaborated with the Japanese. One of the most condemning pictures of Laurel at the time, José Laurel, was the picture of him in Tokyo. There
were various stories there though that I heard from the American Episcopalians' Bishop Binsted, I believe, who was the Episcopal bishop in the Philippines who had been imprisoned in Santa Tomas after his house arrest. And one of the stories that I remembered so well from that series of conversations with him was that the night he was arrested and put under house arrest, he answered a knock at the door and a Japanese soldier who came to arrest him turned out to be a former student of his at St. Paul's University, Rikio, in Tokyo, where he had earlier been a teacher. So there were all kinds of role reversals that were going on.

During that six-month period between August and December of 1945, I became a friend of and I am today of Francis Sayre, Jr., the son of the former High Commissioner, later to become the Dean of the Washington Cathedral and as we all know, he was the grandson of Woodrow Wilson. At that time as a Navy chaplain, Francis Sayre had in his mind to return to the United States as an industrial chaplain to minister unto workers in factories in Ohio. That was the American equivalent of the priest-worker movement in Europe. Sayre was extremely aware of the larger political issues facing the Filipinos. This was the beginning of the Hukbalahap Movement. Peasants, as they called themselves, were storming or parading every day in front of Malacañang Palace, having felt that the end of the Japanese occupation of the Philippines would lead almost immediately to an improvement in their medieval type relationships as tenants on land owned by the Roman Church. There was a heavy medieval Spanish hand still on the land. It was my first experience with European Catholicism, heavily institutionalized in the Philippine economy. I met there on those occasions various Philippine intellectuals who had been in the underground
against the Japanese: Tocsin, later to become the Mayor of the Philippines, a journalist, Salvador Lopez, also a journalist who took high duty in the United Nations eventually, Estrella Alfonso Rivera, a woman writer. These were the Philippine intellectuals who had used their minds and powers of communications to keep alive a sense of hope for the Filipinos during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines. They introduced me to Edgar Snow.

At the same time at meetings held in Manila of the American Veterans' Committee, then reorganized under the slogan "Citizens First, Veterans Second," we had meetings in the USO /United Services Organization/ there, the Red Cross, where soldiers were being encouraged to take an active interest in what was going on in the United States at the beginning of the post-war period. Price controls and other things we were asked to write letters about. And on one of those occasions a man later to become the feared revolutionary in the Philippines, Luis Taruc, leader of the Hukbalahap Movement, was invited. Some of the politically-minded soldiers, American soldiers--many of whom were college students at the time the war started--had developed an interest in these agrarian revolts. The Chinese Revolution had not yet been started, but it was in the wind and similar manifestations were there in the Philippines. This is perhaps more detailed than you might find useful in thinking of the occupation of Japan.

Q: In fact it leads me to ask another question about you. You mentioned the up politically-minded soldiers. You were growing/just as /President Franklin D./ Roosevelt was trying to find some solutions to the American Depression. Were you politically minded? What were your feelings at the time about Roosevelt as president and New Dealism?
Oh, yes. Well, I was very devoted to Roosevelt and particularly to his wife. Eleanor was one of my heroines. She had come to Oklahoma to Shawnee when I was in the third grade. I visited there from my neighboring town of Holdenville. Eleanor spoke to our Boy Scout troop, and I fell in love with her. Later when I became a cub reporter on the Holdenville News at age 14, Franklin Roosevelt came to Holdenville on one of his campaign stops, and I saw him. I was enthralled by what he was trying to do. The New Deal had a great following and a great success in Oklahoma because of the Dust Bowl, the John Steinbeck situation that we all read about in Grapes of Wrath. And the various youth organizations' activities; the CCC/Civilian Conservation Corps/ had brought great improvements to Oklahoma. We were an impoverished place. The Depression had hit us extremely hard. And there was something very thrilling to hear radio come through, the voice of our President. We learned to know that Franklin and Eleanor were not saying b-e-a-n when they said b-e-e-n with the same pronunciation. That was confusing to us at one time.

But I interviewed him or rather I asked him a question at the tail end of the train, and he—I'm not sure what I asked or what he answered, but I had the feeling that I had a personal communication with him. Later in Camp Robinson, Arkansas, I saw him on Palm Sunday in 1943 as he came secretly out of the United States, stopping there on his way to Brazil to take a plane to Casablanca. And he looked gray and purple and he was a sick man even in 1943.

So you can say that I was imprinted by the Roosevelts. I had grieved over his death, and I had little idea that all these years later in Japan with General Douglas MacArthur that I would be living through a paradox, a kind of an equivalent of the New Deal, a highly conservative man, as we were all led to
believe General MacArthur was, that he should in a way seem to be inspired by the New Deal and a reformist nature. Of course, Roosevelt never did anything about land reform to compare with what MacArthur attempted in Japan. We didn't have the same problems. But you're right, there was a kind of a linkage, I guess in my own experience, of being interested in what a government could do for the amelioration of problems.

The idea of the hatred against the Roosevelts, both in the South where I later lived, the hanging of Eleanor Roosevelt in effigy at the University of Alabama by the students because of her pro-Negro attitudes, was quite a revelation to me, that there could be in a university these feelings that were/strong, that I realized that Southerners also had passions against the Roosevelts for reasons other than what the Northern gentry, the upper-class, the upper-income groups of the United States, had against him as a traitor to his class. I realized that there was no simple answer to what government could do or that even a great leader like Roosevelt would have unanimous followings.

My course of study at the University of Alabama was Political Science. I had not thought of anything else then that I might continue the pursuit of a subject which had been introduced to me along with/ paper, "Facts and Fallacies About Japan."

Q: It just occurred to me to ask you a question about that paper. When you were doing the reading and the researching for it, how did you feel about Japan's arguments, the "have" and "have-not" arguments?

WD: I felt that the statistics made available to us then about the small amount of land available to the Japanese and their dependence on exports and imports,
the desperate search for a balance between food supply and population growth, which is the great world theme now that goes far beyond the Japanese case. I felt that these were credible explanations for why the Japanese felt desperate enough to do what they did on Mainland China, for the occupation of Formosa and Korea. No justification for this, but one could see at least the dynamics of what would lead the Japanese to pursue what they regarded as their survival interests by these capturing of sources of raw materials. What I could of course never forgive them for, even with that awareness, was the attack on Pearl Harbor. I felt that Roosevelt summed up beautifully what we all felt about the--the venom that he used in his famous speech--

Q: Day of infamy? was justified. I was not a pacifist, but I surely did not feel that war was any solution. I felt that those old newsreel pictures that we saw of Cordell Hull and the Japanese Ambassador coming here in Washington to the old Executive Office Building, then the State Department, that this was all part of the duplicity and treachery that we began to associate with the Japanese. The later stories of torture and the kamikaze ideal, it all seemed with our war propaganda against the Japanese to emphasize those barbaric qualities of the Japanese, the blind obedience to a higher authority. These all seemed to be very worth our condemning, no matter what might have been the economic forces that propelled the country into the co-prosperity sphere ideal.

So I think I will have to look for that paper again and see how even-handed I was at the time.

Q: Before we leave the Philippines experience, could I ask a little bit more about the Yamashida trial? Did you watch that with a great mixture of
feelings? How did you perceive Yamashida?

WD: Oh, it was very frightening to be there in the sense that there were first-hand testimonials or reading of affidavits about eye-witness accounts of the atrocities. What was he called, the Tiger of Singapore or something of that sort? He's since then been defended by people who felt that no man could be correctly charged with responsibility for the atrocities of his soldiers because he could not keep them under control. Why should he give his life for his inability to control his troops? That was the question. But whoever was responsible, the stark facts remained highly visible. That is, one could visualize what was happening, the disemboweling of pregnant mothers, the throwing up of people in the air to be caught on bayonets, the carrying of decapitated heads on the tips of bayonets, rapes and lootings. Perhaps I never had such even verbal accounts of the warfare. It made me during that trial, which I attended with Dean Sayre several times, Francis Sayre, Chaplain Sayre at the time, made me feel that the "Know Your Enemy" propaganda used in our own indoctrination in military training had been justified because if this was the kind of enemy we were against, we were really very poorly prepared to defend ourselves in a jungle situation. Because while we were also loyal patriots in defending "democracy," we didn't have an emperor, we didn't have the same kind of suicidal tendencies that we associate with the Japanese, even though not everybody was a kamikaze pilot. So I had a number of mixed feelings about that. I felt that the interest, the press that the Filipinos had in this was brought, justified. The fact that there could be this kind of retribution even though it was a legal situation, so that there was a huge symbolic importance to this. We were going to demonstrate that war was unprofitable and would have to be
avenged. It was a drama, the like of which I've never seen even later in the larger trials in Tokyo. It was a more intimate room. It was the first encounter I'd seen with a Japanese general. And to be there with Francis Sayre in his father's own house was also very poignant. We walked out one morning from the court sessions and went to a place where the other section of the house had stood. This was across from the Manila Hotel. And I'm not sure how accurate I am in the memory of an event, but I still see what I think happened, which was that Francis Sayre, looking around in the rubble created by artillery, the shelling of his father's compound there, he uncovered a book which had been inscribed to him by his grandfather, Woodrow Wilson. Though Sayre, Frank Jr. had never lived in Japan, his father and stepmother had family books there which were lost in the war. So I have all these associations with that trial. For a 21-year-old it was an extraordinary exposure to Tolstoi's great theme of War and Peace, and what is the line between the two?

Q: Was Yamashida himself very impassive?

WD: Yes, very impassive. I look back upon now Yamashida and Tojo with some ambiguity. I've not seen photographs of them in recent years. I guess their baldness and the similarity of their uniforms and their passivity leads me to think of them as somewhat interchangeable characters. I know that Yamashida was physically larger than Tojo. I remember that both of them blinked.

I may with further effort to reconstruct the scene there, if I have photographs---I'm sure there are many photographs in your collection perhaps of that trial--I would remember more.

Q: Under what circumstances then did you leave the Philippines and go on to Japan?

WD: Oh, very strange circumstances. I had, the Army had lost my records and so I
was able to live like a civilian in Manila. I got a job as reporter for the Philippine-American Magazine, and with press credentials, I was able to get into receptions at Malacañang Palace for such people as Paul McNutt when he was appointed as the High Commissioner there. Dean Sayre and I went together to a great reception there given by President /Sergio/ Osmeña for McNutt when he arrived, not on his white horse but with his white hair and presidential look, he arrived. I was having a very good time reporting also on Alabama alumnae who were interviewed by me for our University of Alabama alumnae magazine. That was the way that I got out of my Army duties by saying I was doing some PR for my university.

But without any money, with my records lost, I was receiving no pay except what I was able to earn for articles, 50 pesos an article. I was, because I was still a soldier, private first class without my rank showing—everybody was wearing khaki at the time—I could eat or sleep in any of the barracks downtown, the old department store on Onpin Street in the Chinese section. Or I would sleep with the Malacañang Palace guards; even though they were Filipinos, I was able to get into their mess lines and ate soup. The Red Cross was very generous with doughnuts and things, and with my meagre earnings, I was able to get marvelous Chinese food from time to time. So it was a very thrilling experience that I did not wish to have end. But by December my records had been found and I had gone back to my squadron at Alabang, 16 or so miles west of Manila, and found that indeed I was scheduled to go to Japan.

We were put on a ship, an LSD, Landing Ship Dock, the kind whose end opens up and tanks and other things can be put aboard. I had had to spend
several nights in a row helping load the ship after I was recaptured and remilitarized. I was put on duty there operating those mechanical forks lifting cargo and suffering from an acute diarrhea, which left me so weak I wondered how I'd ever survive the trip to Japan.

END SIDE I, CONTINUED ON SIDE II

But in late December of 1945 my whole squadron was put on the ship to go to Yokohama, our functions in Japan unclear except that we were still in the Army Airways Communication System, the AACS, and that any kind of aircraft operating in Japan supposedly at that time would still require air-to-ground communications.

On that voyage, which took one week, we encountered a typhoon off of Okinawa. Anybody in that part of the world in December of 1945 or Christmas Day of 1945 will remember this moment of meteorological history. Our ship was lifted up totally out of the water several times and came shuddering, crashing back down. Food services were stopped on the ship. There was no way to prepare food. Broken dishes were washed back and forth. We were afraid of getting our ankles cut; we wore boots. Heavy coils of rope would fall off of the foot lockers, killing in one instance a dog somebody had smuggled aboard. We had a burial at sea for the dog. I would go to the top deck and find only one other person there, a soldier who belonged to the Rosicrucian order in California, and he was having, in that wildness of tempest, he was having a meditation. We once had to lock our arms together, hanging on to prevent being washed off by the wave. Christmas Night it was calmer, and all of us were called to see, or not called to, we were eager to do anything to divert ourselves from the horrors of the last two days. And
we were shown a film on the open well deck. We were sitting in lifeboats looking down at the screen. And what should the film be but Lifeboat, the famous movie with Tallulah Bankhead and John Hodiak and I guess John Garfield. The German U-boat captain was played by Walter Slezak, and the first scene of the movie one sees the hand of the U-boat captain after a torpedo had destroyed both the ships. Tallulah Bankhead was sitting in a fur coat with her diamonds showing. Slezak, the German captain who had torpedoed the ship she was on, was then seeking protection out of the water. So the drama as you can remember from the film, all the action takes place inside a lifeboat. And that is what we saw as we sat in lifeboats. It impressed me once again with the far-away Germans and how I, in a way, was so pleased that I was winding up in the Pacific and going to Japan after the war rather than dealing with the Germans, who really always frightened me much more than the Japanese because they were less exotic and "more like us." And I couldn't imagine people "like us" behaving also as barbarians. I think my feelings to this day are still stronger in my incredulity about the Germans.

Q: Did you know at that point about Auschwitz and Buchenwald?

WD: Yes. But the idea of a superior race which came through in all the newsreels during we had seen of /Adolph/ Hitler/ the thirties of course became manifest in that particular plot of the film Lifeboat because eventually he took command. The German U-boat captain seized command of his own victims. And it suggested that they were "born to rule" and to use their great intelligence to secure submission of anybody with whom they dealt.

The experience later in Japan made me wonder how we look at cross-cultural communications problems--how the German-Japanese Axis ever worked. Though both
were highly hierarchical societies, of course there was no monarchy left in Germany as in Japan. I began to feel that that might be the only thing that these allies had really in common and that for us in the occupation to carry out the Potsdam Declaration, which was aimed both at the Germans and the Japanese, the demilitarizing of both, I felt that—and this may be the first time I've actually tried to articulate this—the Potsdam Declaration, not only because it was issued in Germany, really was more relevant to exorcising the German style militarism than what I found to be the case among the Japanese. That is, the orderliness and the sense of command inherent, which had been operating in Japan following the Tokonoa feudal model applied to modern statecraft, was less "militaristic" than what I assumed was the case in Germany. But I may be totally wrong. I have no basis on which I'm even introducing this as a topic, other than the fact that I saw a lot of Germans still living in Japan when I first arrived there. In fact, I lived in the house of one of them, the German woman harpsichordist, Madame Ada Harxi-Schneider, who had come to Japan as a musician in 1941 on her way to give a concert tour in Latin America on the harpsichord, she having been the founder of the Berlin Society for Medieval and Baroque Music. She was caught in Japan by Pearl Harbor, could not go from there to Latin America, stayed on for a while as guest of Ambassador Ott and his wife, who had been a childhood schoolmate of Madame Schneider in Germany. This is a parenthetical thing, but the American intelligence apparatus in Tokyo at that time, particularly under the aegis of General /Charles/ Willoughby, often sent agents to interview Madame Schneider at our house just behind the American Embassy in Tokyo because she had been photographed, as anybody would have at the German Embassy in Japan during World War II, under a swastika,
a flag on the wall, which was hanging above her harpsichord. She had been asked to give house concerts there, and that is where she had met Zhorgee, who used to come to her house in a different part of the city for listening to music. So our intelligence people took a keen interest, number one, to determine what relationships Madame Schneider had had with the Nazis, number two, to find out what she knew about the famous double agent, Zhorgee.

I became involved in an effort which led to an exoneration of her from any blame for Nazi affiliations by writing off to Paul Hindemith, the composer, at Albertus Magnus College in New Haven, Connecticut for affidavits attesting to her heroic efforts back in Berlin in the thirties to obtain exit visas and releases for anti-Nazi Roman Catholic priests who were having trouble with the German Justice Department. And one of those persons she did manage, with the help of Hindemith, to get out of Germany into Canada. I was the link between her and Hindemuth. She was not able to use our mails as a so-called "enemy alien." And I communicated on her behalf to Hindemuth as well as to Ralph Kirkpatrick, the American harpsichordist teaching at Yale University, who had earlier studied at the same time with her in Paris under Vonda Lindofska, the Polish harpsichordist who later also came to live in Connecticut. Connecticut was the place of residence of these three persons, Lindofska, Ralph Kirkpatrick and Paul Hindemuth, who knew Ada Schneider.

So I, with all my uneasy feelings about German war atrocities as well as the Japanese, found myself living, because I was so eager to get out of barracks and things and having become a civilian one month after I arrived in Japan, I was doubly enriched again by exposure, for the first time, to what I was regarding as European culture in contrast to American, certainly in contrast
to Japanese. There's a whole story about that which I will not bother to
record at the moment. It's just that Tokyo in early 1946 was a microcosm
of the world; in fact it had many of the remnants of the great world city
been
that it had earlier/ before the war.

In the house concerts that Madame Schneider held often on
Saturday afternoons where somebody might have given her a little rum to put
in the tea which she would serve to the Jesuits who had arrived or to the
justices from the war crimes trial or Francophile Japanese who were in the
Japanese Foreign Office. We would find eight or nine nationalities. Madame
Schneider thought of herself as a Madame Destaille, a keeper of a
salon. And we would have visits there of Commander Cavalcini, I think, of
the Italian Navy, who had been stationed also in Japan during the war when
Italy was an ally. He had remained. Officers from the French Embassy at
that time, the aide-de-camp to General Peshkoff, the French Ambassador to
Tokyo, known also as the illegitimate son of Maxim Gorki. Peshkoff had been
in the French Foreign Legion, had lost an arm, had wound up in Chungking
representing the French interests during the Chiang Kai-shek period and had
come on to Tokyo as the French Ambassador. So his aide-de-camp, Le Conte
de Selansie, Jean de Selansie, well-known to many people in the occupation,
was among the persons who came to Madame Schneider's house. It was all
a very glamourous gathering of people from different backgrounds. I had
never met any White Russians before and was fascinated to find/Tokyo St.
Nikolai Cathedral there still showing the continuity of Russian Orthodoxy,
those Russians who had come to live in Tokyo after the Russian Revolution,
some having come out through Manchuria and through Shanghai, and created a small community. I met Finns. A Finnish woman who was the mother of , one of the great Japanese musical conductors, once invited me to dinner where we discussed the structural similarities between the Finnish and the Japanese languages, she not being a linguist but interested in the fact that it wasn't so hard for her to learn Japanese.

It was a very diverse place. The Americans themselves represented enormous diversity of every kind of background and no doubt other persons with whom you've talked in oral history about the occupation will fill your tapes with anecdotes about the characters, the adventurers, the people like myself caught up in this great world of small town America, who found nothing ever so exciting had happened to them to compare with this, just the social life itself of the occupation, let alone the ideological thrust. It was a very giddy and a heady, heady period which caused Florence Powdermaker, the psychiatrist, invited by MacArthur to come and do some studies on the mental health of the occupation people. She said the obvious thing, that every one of us had some kind of Napoleonic complex. She wasn't really being clinical in those statements, but she had observed military government people in action and discovered that young men in their twenties, lieutenants and captains, were being given responsibilities that were equivalent of what Mayor Daley had in Chicago, running whole cities, totally unprepared for the responsibilities and duties. But most everybody, I think, rather than becoming authoritarian personalities and Napoleons, those I knew included people who were very idealistic, not punitive, not wishing to make the Japanese suffer. A kind of reciprocity was developing in which the cultural exchange really was developing almost from
The Japanese civility, politeness, resigned acceptance of the occupation added greatly to the willingness of Americans to learn something about Japanese culture. Not everybody, of course, had had the benefits of some of my colleagues in learning the Japanese language in language schools, such as Camp Savage in Minnesota and Stillwater, Oklahoma and Boulder, Colorado for the Navy and the Army or Arlington Hall in Virginia.

But I remember Edwin O. Reischauer coming to our office in Tokyo, long before he was later to become Ambassador from the United States to Japan, being fascinated to listen to GI's from Kansas and Nebraska with their Japanese girlfriends on Japanese trains, having learned enough Japanese that they were able to make a few sentences. He said, "This is unprecedented in American history that an exotic language would be spoken that much even by people from the so-called 'dark interior' of our country." And he marveled at it and said that there would be long-term cultural consequences of these personal encounters in which a glimpse of another way of life, the capacity of people, regardless of who was to blame, to have endured hardship and suffering and to have emerged in some stoic way with their industriousness not impaired and with ugliness from destruction all around to find enormous vitality in the aesthetic element of life. This I think partly led a number of my contemporaries there to remain in Japan all these years afterwards, the real expatriots, who with all of the ugliness in Japan too, which led, say, to Mishima's suicide as a symbolic protest against aesthetic corruption through affluence and modernization, plastics, that there still could be experienced by Americans a so generalized and widespread appreciation of beauty in daily
life, the fact that everybody could be a poet, that this was not just a specialty of people called poets, the writing of wakai on New Years Day, the momiji, the maple viewing time, the sakari festivals in the spring, the singing, the , the richness in rituals, the feudal horse racing that we saw in Kamakura. I've forgotten the name of that ceremony where style warriors would parade on horses.

But every place one went on weekends or even in the streets during the day when there were not protests on the part of Koreans who were angry, who were usually always angry at something, or Japanese Communist students who were in 1945 and 1946 getting their heads beaten in with clubs. Workers—this was all interspersed though with the survivals of Shinto and Buddhist rituals in public places that created a living, daily, constant theatre of action in which all these things took place.

MacArthur's own sense of theatre, which has been much described and commented upon by Faubian Bowers and others who watched it, with his sense of exits and entrances, the daily ritual of moving in and out of the Dai-Ichi Building into his car at a fixed time and the salute and the stark simplicity of his life compared with what the Japanese expected of the American Caesar added still to the drama and the dimensions of life which we had never experienced before, not even with Roosevelt.

Q: I was just fascinated by your reference to Florence Powdermaker's invitation to Japan. Could you tell me a little bit more about that and when it was?

WD: I don't know the exact date, but in 1947 sometime—it was 1947, I think; it could have been late 1946, but I think 1947—Dr. Florence Powdermaker came. In retrospect, I see her as a woman whose face reminds me of my new
friend, Lillian Hellman, I've come to know in recent years and admire enormously. I could just see Lillian Hellman as though she were the actress playing the part of Florence Powdermaker in the scene. I told you earlier that we had a lot of characters coming through.

I don't know who invited Florence or how she came there, but she was attached more or less, for quarters to Civil Information and Education Section and it was through, I believe, the Education Division that arrangements were made for her to interview people in the military government in the outlying areas and the various prefectures. A report surely she must have written. That was considered standard for consultants to write reports making recommendations or making observations.

I have a vague memory that Florence's statements were not altogether pleasing to General MacArthur, whatever they were. One could pursue through the estate of her late sister, the anthropologist, Hortense Powdermaker, perhaps some knowledge of this, but those sisters were never very close to each other. There was a classical case of sibling rivalry between Hortense and Florence. I knew them both. I knew Hortense better later in the United States when I went into anthropology.

But I met Florence on a number of occasions, several occasions, in Tokyo, and I remember asking her, in fact I think I quote her in that essay I have given you a copy of called Bureaucracy Without Ethnography, my essay on bosom worship in Japan as a phenomenon introduced by the Americans. And I was asking Florence Powdermaker about the differences in American and Japanese perceptions of parts of the body as erotic zones or not, that is the distinctions
the comparisons

between the unveiled back of the neck of the female, the disinterest on the part of the Japanese in women's breasts as serving any other purpose than lactation. And Florence Powdermaker engaged in this neo-Freudian discussion of bosom fetishes of the Americans in contrast with the Japanese by making the observation that the prolonged nursing period of the Japanese left them with no unfulfilled desires in regard to the breasts. Americans who are weaned earlier, men in particular, kept alive a fascination by breasts from which they were deprived as infants. And she speculated, with her tongue in cheek, that the reason why the American men smoke cigars was perhaps related to this deprivation and the lack of interest of the Japanese in cigar smoking was also related to it. So we had a number of outrageous hypotheses going on.

Q: You mentioned that she became interested in birth control?

WD: And after that she became very much interested in birth control. I shouldn't suggest any cause-and-effect relationship between this; that is her interest in birth control was probably a longstanding interest and was in her mind when she arrived. As a psychiatrist, she was of course a medical woman interested in total physical and mental health and as I recall, had a keen interest too in these larger questions of world food and population ratios.

A series of episodes that were reported to me about Florence Powdermaker's visits to the prefectures was that she arranged to have a Japanese traveling companion with her, a woman, demonstrate the use of contraceptives, the installation of them, to women. I believe this may also have caused MacArthur some anxiety because of his sensitivity to the Roman Catholic prohibition against these matters and his need, though he was not an elected official, to have to deal with some of the realities of American politics, which one would
thought reserved for civilian rulers or officials, I mean to say, public servants. But the Japanese occupation was being very much scrutinized by the whole gamut of American life. People were brought there as specialists, consultants, from every profession. The Jesuits came and went. I remember very well a speech given by Father Edmund Walsh, the founder of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, saying that it remains to be seen whether Japan becomes the easternmost outpost of the Russian Empire or the westernmost outpost of the American Empire. This was glorious rhetoric from the geopolitician. Monseigneur Fulton Shehan arrived and gave a great lecture in Hibya Hall. It was packed with thousands. So the Roman Catholic hierarchy was extremely interested in what we were doing, and the country was, of course, opened up to a number of Protestant missionaries coming back. The Quakers had been there all the time. The whole question of MacArthur's belief that Christianity and its values were essential to democracy, a concern for the worth of every individual and the political arrangements protecting that assumption, were much debated by a lot of people, including those Americans in the occupation who felt that MacArthur's frequent references to Christianity were violations of the very things which were central to our propaganda there, that there should be separation of religion and state and that whoever represented the state or authority should not use that position to promulgate any particular religious perspective.

There was also the great interest in Elizabeth Gray Vining's influence on the Royal Family. As a non-proselyting Quaker, she nevertheless represented a "Christian witness" in her tender, loving care given to the Crown Prince Akihito. I think on the question of religion not related to the issues of
birth control, abortion had already been a practice in Japan, had it not? I think suffocation of infants as a means of population control for some time before.

The sacredism of Japanese religious experience became, I think, of great interest to a lot of us who found this one of the more fascinating aspects of Japanese life, that is the simultaneously held beliefs that we would have regarded as Americans as incompatible with each other, the tolerance of ambiguity in religion and mores and various other ways and forms, became I think one of the more appealing aspects of Japanese cultural experience. The accommodation between Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity became a great interest. There could be certain compatibilities which took nothing away from a rather exclusive Christian outlook on the part of Japanese Christians who were made very visible and flourishing at the time of the occupation.

I lived next door to the Church on Street in Tokyo. This was a Congregational church whose spire still can be seen there on the hill behind the American Embassy. I would sometimes go to services there as it was two doors away from where I lived at the house of Ada Schneider and to sit through long Japanese sermons just because I was interested to see what was transferrable. And there was indeed a great increase in attendance on the part of non-Christian Japanese curious to know something about the religion of the occupying powers.

Of course on the other hand, there were some of my American friends who became Buddhists in the process, so taken up by the sacredism. Q: Did they tend to go to the Zen sect or all kinds of Buddhism?
WD: I think Zen, of course, had its, a very special appeal to the more intellectually inclined Americans who were there because of the aesthetics that are associated with Zen and the availability in the English language of a book by Suzuki Dises called *The Influence of Zen Buddhism on Japanese Culture*. I was in Kyoto in March of 1946 as the press officer liaison for the Japanese Press, between the U.S. Education Mission to Japan and the Japanese Press, and was taken with two members of that mission—I believe Dr. George Stoddard was with us, the psychologist who was in charge of the whole mission—to the house of Kwai Konjoro, the famous Japanese potter specializing in folk type pottery, also.

We were there with the president, I believe, of one of the Buddhist universities in Kyoto. And we were being poured tea out of a beautiful Kwai pot, the water having been boiled in an open hearth in this beautiful house. And we were introduced to a very special guest, who turned out to be Suzuki, who was then the professor in that university.

We apparently were among the first Americans Suzuki had met, and when he learned that I was working in Tokyo in Radio Tokyo in Nihon he arrived, much to my delight and surprise, a couple of weeks later carrying a furoshiki, and inside it was a copy of that book in English which he'd written. I still have it today. It's perhaps one of my most treasured possessions apart from a few other artifacts of the whole period. "With best compliments to Mr. Wilton Dillon from the author." And I later showed that book to him in Berkeley and in San Francisco and in New York, in 1949 and 1950 in Berkeley and later in 1951 and 1952 in New York when he came to lecture at Columbia and at Union Theological Seminary with Paul Tilloch. Therefore I
feel very privileged to have a man not just because he became famous later or a great guru, but to have had the continuity of going from the year 1946 through the early fifties and to find in that person the thread of ideas which were part of the great cultural feedback to the United States from Japan. The whole subsequent movement in this country and the place of Zen in our sense of aesthetics and the perversions of it, the distortions of it, these ideas which were nevertheless very influential in the student movements of the 1960's, led me / feel today as though I had lived in an ancient time but am nevertheless interested in the religious underpinnings of intellectual history.

Q: In the interest perhaps of knowing that I use Suzuki's book, that very same book, with care, but I use it in my undergraduate course at the university.

WD: Is that so?

Q: Dr. Dillon, could I go back to the one or two months that you spent in Japan in strictly military service and find out about your military duties and your very, very first impressions of Japan, the street scenes, the Japanese, the people, your sense of their morale? And then I would like to know how you got recruited into CIandE, how you happened to stay in Japan when it was time to leave the Army?

WD: Very vivid first impressions always, of course. After that great storm on the South China Sea, we were arriving in the late afternoon in Yokohama Harbor. I remember very well trying to see Mt. Fuji. It was December. It was two nights before New Years of 1946. And we were taken in trucks from where we landed in Yokohama across this vast wasteland of rubble between Yokohama and Tokyo, arriving after dark, being placed in the Sanshin Building right across the street from Hibya Park and a very short distance from the
famous Imperial Hotel and being placed in rooms with military beds outfitted in former office space. I remember very well the architecture of the building, the ornateness of it. It reminded me of skyscrapers in Tulsa and in Oklahoma City as it was built in the late 1920's or so. It was an incredibly intense experience just to walk in and see where I would spend my first night in Japan and to see Japanese who were there as attendants at this billet I think we called the Sanshin Building.

We were assigned to operate a radio station not too far away on a hilltop in the middle of Tokyo near a great Buddhist temple. I should remember the name of the hill. I do not. It is still highly visible in Tokyo because on the top of it is a tall television antenna. Then it was a radio antenna. And our duties there were to go and operate radio communications in that tower. I think some higher forms of technology had already superceded what we came to do and I recall in the one month of military service in Japan, we had practically no...

END TAPE I, BEGIN TAPE II

... duties, certainly not in that tower—we were there only three or four times—no fixed schedules and a lot of time to explore the city with the first temptations of blackmarketeering available to us. I did not smoke then and do not smoke now, and I did not collect my tobacco rations nor my spirits. I was told I was crazy to give up the opportunity to engage in barter. I finally yielded to something that was very, very obnoxious to me. I look back with some embarrassment today at the idea of standing on, not a street corner but it was some place under the elevated train, with a carton of cigarettes in my hand, being besieged by Japanese who were competing with each other to
It buy tobacco. I think I did it only once. It was so painful an experience to take money from people who looked hungry and poorly fed, who wanted tobacco more than they wanted food. I couldn't help but feel the opium traders and what we've done, not the guilt of being descendants of slaves but in a way the guilt of our association with people who had brought tobacco into the bloodstream of the Japanese. With that money, however, I do recall buying my first objet d'art. In fact, the teacup at this table was purchased with my first illicit barter exchange, but I'm still enjoying the cup and still feeling sorry for the people who were addicted to smoking.

The knowledge that I would soon be discharged led me even before leaving the service to make some inquiries about the possibility of staying on in Japan as a civilian. Having waited three years during the war to go overseas and happy that I was not in a position where I would be likely to be killed, I was very eager to stay on and discover a new country, which already was in such great contrast to the Philippines in every way, architecturally, and the myth of a homogeneous Asian civilization was already quite well exploded when I saw the differences between the Filipinos and their behavior and their outlook, their conditioning on the part of both the Spaniards and the Americans, compared with the Japanese. So I had vowed that I would at least make an inquiry about a civilian appointment, and I followed the suggestion of an Alabama general I had interviewed in Manila, General Barnwell, the son of the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the University of Alabama, who had at one time been the commanding officer of the Monterey Language School in California, who had arrived in Manila as the Inspector General and who had very graciously consented to an interview with me in Manila for the Alabama Alumnae...
Magazine.

Creating a situation where I would not have to salute him, having moved around the front of his desk to be sure that I was seated, and we talked as fellow Alabamians rather than a PFC with a general. He urged me the previous month in Manila to look up his friend, Brigadier General Kenneth Dyke, who had earlier been in, I believe OWI /Office of War Information/. I'm not sure, but at any rate, he had been with MacArthur during earlier stages of the Pacific Campaign, had been in the Philippines with General Barnwell. And Barnwell who knew that Dyke had been earlier an advertising official with Young and Rubicam, advertising agency in New York, would be somebody he thought I would enjoy meeting because I as a journalist and—Ken Dyke as now a general turned propagandist using his advertising skills—thought I would like to know.

While still in uniform, before my discharge at Tachikawa Air Base in February of 1946, I called upon General Dyke in rather sumptuous offices not far from the Sanshin Building in Radio Tokyo, which as you know is just about two large city blocks away from the Sanshin Building, a black building adjoining the , the Japanese Foreign Office, and just past Hibya Hall. I went up to , the fourth floor, to keep an appointment with General Dyke. And as I was looking out the window waiting for him to arrive, I saw a very sportive man jump out of a jeep which he himself had been driving, and he sprinted into the building/ up to the fourth floor, knowing that I was waiting to see him. This was a good example of the non-military characteristics of an advertising man, with his single star not glowing too brightly.

He swept me into his office. We sat on overstuffed Japanese sofas. He asked me what experience I had had in newspaper work, told me that we had a
very exciting job ahead in the occupation to carry out the Potsdam Declaration that involved radio and press—no television, of course, in 1946, though that was the year TV was born in the United States, that is, appeared. And he urged me to apply for an opening as a news writer in Press and Publications Section or Unit of the Information Division of the Civil Information and Education Section GHQ /General Headquarters/ SCAP /Supreme Commander Allied Powers/ and gave me an assurance that I would enjoy the work and that if I didn't, that the nine month contract would be over very shortly. And it was with that promise for employment that I went to Tachikawa Air Base, collected my honorable discharge, and was immediately absorbed into the Civil Service of the United States as a Department of the Army civilian. I don't remember the dates when the Department of War became the Department of the Army, but I think I was called a DAC, yes, a Department of Army civilian. CAF 5, I think, was my noble rank, Clerical Administrative Fiscal Officer No. 5, which is the lower reaches of the bureaucracy. But it seemed to be an enormous amount of money compared with my PFC salary.

The job was absolutely thrilling. I felt as though I were back at the University of Alabama News Bureau or in the Publicity Office of the Oklahoma Baptist University. Writing press releases came secondhand. I'd never written press releases in English there with the thought that they would be translated into Japanese ultimately. But I was there assigned to an office at the back of the building. I came in almost immediately from Tachikawa, still wearing my uniform, with the stripes taken off, and began what was the start of a glorious three-year period but beginning at that moment with a nine-month contract.
George Russell Splane, Jr. was a young captain, also just converted into civilian status who had been a newspaper man in Pennsylvania before. He was the Chief of News in our Information Unit, and he and I shared an extremely small office at the corner of the back of the Radio Tokyo Building which had been used as a recording studio. It had two windows, and the room was so small that when George, or Russ, as we called him, got in up to leave the room, I had to pull my chair a little tighter to my desk, and he reciprocated when I left. We had two typewriters, two phones, and in and out of that room, that small cubicle leading into a larger foyer where other people worked typing.

We felt ourselves in charge of MacArthur's propaganda and education machine, at least for the print media of Japan, not books, but magazines and newspapers. The extraordinary man, often mentioned in books about the occupation, who was in charge of the whole office was then Major, later to be Colonel Daniel Carrington Imboden, former editor and publisher of the San Luis Obispo, California, newspapers, a Texan by birth but a Virginia by ancestry. His middle name, Carrington, he was very proud of. He was a tall, lanky man with a great drawl which some Americans said they could not understand. It pleased him very much to be compared physically with Abraham Lincoln, though he was very much a Southerner. He smoked, he was a chain smoker. He took charge of the press conferences which were held at least two times a week downstairs on the first floor in a studio where we received a procession of some of the most distinguished people in America coming through, giving pronouncements on the state of the world. Irwin Canham, the editor of
of the Houston newspapers. These were part of an American Publishers' Mission coming. Sidney Dillon Ripley, then aged 32, I aged 22, came by for a press conference I arranged for him on bird migrations, something the Japanese journalists enjoy, some contrast to our normal propaganda on land reform or zaibatsu liquidation or language simplification or women's rights or separation of religion and state.

We had regular conferences also for SCAP spokesmen. Now they would have to be called "spokespersons," I guess. The head of the Diplomatic Section, the head of the Economic Section, those who were part of my beat. I was assigned to cover the Civil Information and Education Section itself for the Japanese public, which included arts and monuments, the Education Section. All the reforms of Japanese Education were being done in CIE, Ethel Weed in charge of Women's Rights. We had a Radio Section.

There was all kinds of news originating out of our own CIDandE Section. Beyond that I had the Diplomatic Section and the Allied Control Council meetings to report on. So I would have to deal with the press, not only in our own press conferences held in Radio Tokyo, being sure that the individual journalists form Asahi Shimbun and Mainichi, Yomiuri. Mr. Maki of Yomiuri continues in my mind's eye today as one of the most unforgettable characters of the occupation. We got to know the journalists very well individually and had joking relationships with them and knew what kinds of questions they were going to ask.

Q: Could you tell me a little bit more about Mr. Maki?

WD: Mr. Maki?
Q: And the Japanese journalists and their questions?

WD: Well, I'm vague now on what their characteristics were. We knew that some were more politically minded than others and that some would try to push the speaker into controversy. Always very polite, the questions were, but there were still efforts being made to make news, even under a controlled press, where we had absolute censorship and control of newsprint supply, all kinds of sanctions to get out the word of democracy to the Japanese.

We had reporters who would sometimes ask only factual questions. Others would ask philosophical questions. Mr. Maki, I believe, was on the facts side, "Just give me the facts." His career in journalism had started as a suicide reporter on Yomiuri as a young man. He had been asked to, his first assignment had been to go to the port in Yokohama from which ships left to Oshima, the island in Tokyo Bay, a former volcanic island filled with beautiful camellias or I think they're called. And it's both a honeymoon place as well as a suicide place. Mr. Maki would check off the passenger list to find who did not come back. We often commented about our careers as young journalists and what we had been assigned to cover. He fidgeted often, wiggled his feet, with crossed legs. The press conference room was filled with smoke, a blue of kind/ stinking Japanese cigarette smoke which was made worse with the advent of Virginia tobacco that the occupation people were smoking.

It was one way to learn something about the Japanese language, though I regret I never had any formal instruction. But to hear the English speakers' sentences stated by Mr. Ono, the interpreter, translated immediately into Japanese, to hear then Japanese questions—reporters asked mainly their questions
in Japanese—their questions were interpreted by Ono for the speaker. So I was able to develop a feeling of pattern in the Japanese language in certain honorifics that were used. Repetition of words allowed me to think eventually that I was understanding what I was hearing. Certainly in questions having to do with land reform we had to become familiar, I did finally, with the technical words of units of land measurements, the relationship between hectares and acres, the compensation being required by the government for the purchase of land.

Perhaps one of the most much-awaited speakers at all the conferences was, of course, the famous Wolfe Ladijinsky, the land reform specialist who figured in other land reform discussions in other parts of Asia, I understand. There's a whole book to be written on Ladijinsky, I'm sure.

Zaibatsu liquidation always brought out a very heavy barrage of questions.

Q: Do I understand correctly that announcements as to the major reforms, all kinds of reforms, were made in that press room? You handled all of those explanations?

WD: We were the voice of MacArthur so far as—

Q: Did you have guidelines as to how far you could go in answering questions? Did you have reports on these reforms which you had to use in order to answer the Japanese?

WD: There was a great deal of autonomy given to the individual spokesman. The Chief of Agriculture and Natural Resources, Colonel Skenk?

Q: Yes.

WD: I've forgotten who was the head of Economic Section.

Q: General /William F./ Marquat?
WD: Marquat, yes, of course. We had General Casey speaking a number of times. I've forgotten what he spoke about. We had people in education on educational reform. There were guidelines and there were directives. Most of the people who had helped write the directives for MacArthur were the ones who were answering the questions. It was an interesting staff participation in what was indeed structurally an autocratic situation.

MacArthur was personally well informed without ever having talked too directly face to face with most of the people who spoke for him. He was very well up on all of the smallest details and issues. He read vociferously, as you know, and I prepared, just having to do with the press alone, a series of memoranda on different programs, which followed a fixed style which might still be the case of bureaucracies in Washington today. It followed this format:

I. The problem presented. A quick statement of the problem, whatever it was.

II. Facts bearing on the problem.

III. Suggested solutions.

And then preferred recommendations of these. We had to give a kind of personal statement about the feasibility of what could best be carried out. And I found this a very interesting education as to how one should proceed. We don't do that at the Smithsonian. We don't do staff reports this way.

There were times when reporters would press a person into perhaps exceeding what he or she might think appropriate to say, speculation. But of course we had always the power of censorship. We could change or cause deleted any things that we did not wish to have. Nevertheless, some things were not always caught by censors, which produced some discussion. I don't recall any particular episode.
We had a lot of interest in the trade union movements, the beginning of free trade unions.

The press conferences we held with a number of officials from SCAP, including the Labor Division, produced some great excitement also because the Marxists in Japanese society at that time, while very much under surveillance and control, nevertheless were influential enough that we became in the occupation unwittingly caught up in what in this society would be called "labor management" disputes. And the free trade union movement apostles who were part of MacArthur's staff were those people who also reflected some philosophical differences within the American labor movement. I don't know what those are now, but I have an impression, too, that there were some nuances that could be found between those who came out of the Roman Catholic trade union movements as reflected what was going on in Europe, in Italy for example, with Democratic Socialists and so forth. I've never been able to follow all these strands, but I do know that the highly sophisticated Japanese were quite interested to get in on any subtle differences about trade unions or labor unions, as they would perhaps destroy one very important characteristic of the Japanese work force which has been called "Japanese paternalism," and whether the idea of a contractual society, which would atomize workers and reduce their loyalty to the bosses or the company, would be allowed to proceed.

In retrospect, I find that one of the more interesting aspects of Japanese life that has led me to reconsider the importance of something that there was called system and to find some very vague parallels between the social structures that have been set up now, say, in Sweden with Volvo Motor Company, and with factories in the American South which can only
be called paternalistic almost in the Japanese sense, that is, loyalty through a lifetime of individuals who were protected by a company owner who might also treat employees as though they were members of a large, extended family. Such is the case of the Gulf States Paper Company in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, which I had access to in recent years and I think of it as very much of a reminder of the ways of life that characterized Japanese industrial organizations.

So trade unions were not being opposed in Japan as such. There seemed to be some concern that even if they were protecting workers' rights and salaries, that unless the unions were large enough and big enough to have their own budgets and support, they could never replace the mother-father surrogates—maybe father surrogates only—in the companies themselves. The kind of characteristics that has written about in her book on Japan and which John Bennett and discussed in their book on Japanese paternalism.

We were not aware at the time we were having these press conferences on labor or religion or agricultural land reform or rice collection or rations, food rations, tax reform, the creation of a kind of a coast guard which would deal with smuggling between Japan and Korea, a whole range of very great topical life-and-death kind of issues that we dealt with, I think we were never totally aware at that time of some of the underlying cultural factors which might affect the success of our relentless reforms.

Q: I'm doing a little research at the moment on zaibatsu dissolution, and I wonder if you recall anything from the press conferences pertaining to that, how the reporters accepted the news of dissolution?
WD: Those issues I never did write about. I had a colleague, a woman who concentrated on the zaibatsu stories, writing press releases on statements that were made to the implementation of directives. It remains, I think, as unsolved a question today here as it was for us there, the whole question of anti-trust legislation here, what one gives up in the way of efficiency and economic wellbeing in exchange for the right to have several companies compete with each other. This is still in my mind an unclear question, what the tradeoff is.

Q: Was that the feeling at the time? That we were going beyond anti-trust even in the United States?

WD: Very much the feeling on the part of the--

Q: That we were going beyond anti-trust even in the United States?

WD: Yes. I think there was that fear there. The justification, as I recall it now, of the zaibatsu liquidation in Japan at the time, of course, had to do with the finely-tooled instruments of economic controls a government could exercise putting at the service of a military machine the productive powers of some of the great companies in an apex arrangement which meant that there was a machine with interdependent parts and that steel production there, as here, is an essential part of a defense or offensive military posture; that I believe the philosophy behind all of our liquidation efforts had to do mainly with the efforts to implement the Potsdam Declaration which called for demilitarization.

There was at no time that I can remember there the thought that the impoverished Japanese would ever become the superpower it has become, though the proponents of free enterprise, which certainly abounded throughout the
occupation, again one of those paradoxes of our being in control of everything and still preaching what would appear to be the opposite. As I recall, some of the people were feeling that it would be good for Japanese business to take it out of the more sluggish, if still efficient hands, of the large companies, the Mitsubishis and so forth. The Mitsuis were very much involved. I knew members of the Mitsui family who had become active in moral rearmament movement, the Buchmanite Movement. And they were Oxford- or Cambridge-trained, all spoke English with British accents, were no longer a part of the great income from the Mitsui family. But I was often a guest in their house in Karizawa where in fact I had my first experience with a Japanese hot bath in their house. They never felt any rancor against the Americans for slicing up these big industrial empires. I should say attempted slicing because it would be interesting today to see how little has changed. Do you know whether there's really been any dismantling of the zaibatsu? The same families are still in charge? The same conglomerates perhaps under different names?

Q: Dr. Eleanor Hadley, who also is in town and who is deeply involved with all of that, argues very, very strongly that there was some loosening of the economic system and she personally believes that that loosening, even if it wasn't as much as we wanted back in those days, did help and contribute to the growth of the 1960's. But it's a very, very controversial point.

WD: I'm happy to be brought up to date on it. I had--my exposure to economics came, in a way, the hard way there. Everything became so interdependent in our own viewing. Being in a way at the top of the government superstructure over the Japanese government, we got an Olympian view of how impossible it
is to separate out one function from another. It was a good exposure to me later in anthropology, looking at Malinowski's ideas of functional analysis, to see how everything is interdependent and why it was so correct in certain ways to read Frank Gibney's book on The Five Gentlemen of Japan and to deal with the concept of the web society. Because certainly if you take economics, you can't separate that out from the kinship system. And the control of the technology is interwound with those other factors.

So I was told that—I learned the word "rationalization with industry." I kept hearing Japanese economists from, was it Nippon Sekai? One of the great economic journals there had speakers in English who would come and speak at the Tokyo Press Club where we didn't have press conferences, but where we also had another forum where Japanese intellectuals could come and speak to the Allied Press about trends in Japanese analysis. Burton Crane, then the New York Times financial correspondent in Tokyo and earlier Wall Street Journal and before that, before the war, the Japan Times, was keeping alive a keen interest in short-term and long-term Japanese economic trends, including the rebirth of the Japanese Stock Market. And this was all something that I didn't particularly want to pay much attention to but there was no way that one could avoid these stark economic facts. Here we were as egalitarians dismantling a very heirarchical society, having decided to retain the monarch. I guess if any of us thought about it at all, all we had hoped to do was to lubricate the structure. We had already opted, in this fit of applied anthropology, to leave the tenno with the Emperor in position and to do as the British had done in colonies in Africa or Asia, to practice indirect rule and work
through the existing social structure. But the hope was that there could be some mobility on the part of people who might not have been born into privilege who could go up the ladder through the school system without the benefit of the family or great money.

Now I've not been back to Japan since 1971. That was the second trip I made back since the occupation. The earlier time was a brief visit in 1966. I have not read any recent things as to what were the long-term consequences of any of these reforms. I only know that at that period, in 1946, 1947, 1948, when I was there, that we were like any other government, subject to lobbyists on the part of the Japanese, not lobbyists as we know them in Washington today, but we were, not through bribes either, we had helped unleash a great many frustrations and reform tenancies among the Japanese, who found us easier game than our predecessors, the wartime Japanese Government, in getting some changes introduced, language simplification being one. There was a whole lobby of people, as you know, the romaji issue versus something else.

We found ourselves having to be very, very judicial about even accepting hospitality from people who were what would be called today "hustling" us in the more refined Japanese manner. We couldn't accept gifts over a certain value. And I suppose that if we did anything to make any subsequent post-MacArthur Japanese government more responsive to special interest groups, then I suppose one could say that we contributed to the greater sense of participation by the Japanese in the process of governance. That may be all that we can say that would give.
Q: You mentioned that you in particular dealt with educational reforms. Could I ask you a little bit about some of your more interesting assignments, for example the Stoddard Educational Mission in March of 1946? What are your recollections of that?

WD: Well, it was my first experience also to meet such a gathering of 30 or so more distinguished Americans. T.V. Smith, the Texas philosopher teaching philosophy at the University of Chicago; the president of Fisk University; Isaac Candell, the professor of comparative education at Columbia University Teachers' College; Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College; Pearl Wanamaker, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Washington; Mildred Macafee, commander of the WAVES /Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service/, later to be Mildred Macafee Horton, the then president of Wellesley College; persons from AFL-CIO /American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations/; Monsignor Hokfalt of the Catholic Educational System here in Washington, Frederick Hokfalt. I had to learn to spell all of their names because I was introducing them often to the Japanese press. I traveled with them for a whole month, going most memorably to Kyoto, where during the night on the train, on the Pullman, a shot was fired, one of the few shots that had been heard during the occupation. And nobody still knows where the shot came from. It entered the compartment of Dean Gildersleeve, went right through the train. Nobody was hurt. Near I think the stop at Biwa, the lake. It created a bit of drama arriving in Kyoto, great anxiety on the part of the American Military Police about whether this suggested an uprising. It was still very new in the occupation, that is, August 1945 to March 1946. One didn't know. It was never solved, but Dean Gildersleeve was very calm about
the whole matter. She had slept right through the firing of the shot, was rather cross with the people who kept asking her why she slept so well. The Allied press really wanted to interview her more than the Japanese did on that question.

One humorous detail of that trip which was the forerunner of what we would now immediately identify as the feminist movement, but I was walking with the entire group of members of the Education Mission through, I think, the great Buddhist temple of where there's the waterfall. 'Any No, it was the hummingbird, the temple whose passageways, whose boardwalks squeal like nightingales. Nightingale, not hummingbirds. Some bird sound is evoked through the walking on those cypress floors that connect one temple /to the dependencies. One of the Japanese abbotts of the temple, by a pre-arranged point in the schedule, offered the male members of the mission an opportunity to relieve themselves in a lovely cryptomeria grove behind the temple. The women were given no such provisions. Dean Gildersleeve clapped her hands at me, "Young man—" if you ever see pictures of her, you will know what a rather awesome person she was. And she said, "You will see to it that the women of this mission are properly attended to." This was split-second scheduling. I had to go to the transportation officer in charge of the caravan of 14 khaki-colored Army sedans, sedan cars, Chevrolets of the period, luxurious by our jeep standards. The entire procession of 14 automobiles had to be mobilized, taken off the regular schedule to go all the way back to the hotel where I led these four great ladies up the stairway into their comfort stations. And I think there was a very great lesson for both the male chauvinist Japanese and the male chauvinist American men, that women were human beings whose
physical needs were also important to consider. And Dean Gildersleeve did not dawdle but she took enough time to make the point that no schedule theoretically should be made without a systems approach to the makeup of the traveling party. Many press conferences, many visits to temples with a famous social psychologist, Hildegarde, professor of psychology at Stanford University.

We went to the Zen Temple. What is it called, beginning with the letter "R" where there are stones?

Q: Riolanji?

WD: Riolanji, yes. He became very much interested in that garden of raked sand, the symbolism of it, as a problem in selective perception, something that he'd written about in his textbooks, and what people from one set of cultural experiences might see in a bunch of rocks and gravel, compared with the people for whom it had profound religious and aesthetic meaning. He wrote about that. He even made some reference to it in the reports.

The famous Stoddard Report of the Education Mission I would like to re-read in the light of the memory that I have of the discussions and the debates that went on. I do know that the one Afro-American, Dr. Johnson, a member of the group, was a great novelty to the Japanese, a man who was of great elegance and distinction in his appearance. I was not invited to go to the Imperial Household for the audience with the Emperor. That was strictly for members of the mission, but I was told by others that the Emperor, who had not met an American black before to my knowledge, was quite fascinated to know that this man was head of a university. And of course the Emperor passing through on the streets in his automobile, his great Rolls Royce that I used to see,
after he renounced his divinity that first, practically my first day in Japan, he surely saw a lot of American black soldiers and knew very well about the hybrid vigor that was developing in the Japanese genetic pool through the numbers of children born of American GI's of various forms of ancestry.

But in the Education Mission there, of course, was quite a range of occupational categories. T.V. Smith of whom I spoke, the philosopher, included in the report a statement warning the Americans or the occupying forces in their desire to improve access of the Japanese, the whole population, to certain what we would have thought of as the pursuit of happiness, he felt that we should not make any changes or recommend any changes or do anything there which would reduce the delicate balance the Japanese had evolved over centuries in their etiquette, which was designed, he said, to protect people from daily hurt. Because etiquette had come in for much debate among members of the U.S. Education Mission as a vestige of feudalism, these forms of etiquette which kept people in their certain statuses. And he was very concerned that we not in a way throw out the baby with the bath and that we would recognize that these were different from our procedures, but they were very valid.

And I was impressed by that attitude, certainly on the part of T.V. Smith, but on the part of most every member of that mission. I found them very sensitive to cultural differences, very appreciative of what should not be discouraged and protected from abrupt change.

Q: Is that true also of Stoddard himself?
WD: Stoddard very much so. He, as you know, was a—or may not know—had worked with Curt Levine at Iowa University in some of the early child psychology
experiments in group dynamics. He worked under Levine in Iowa at that time.
At the time of the mission Stoddard was the State Superintendent of Public
Instruction of the state of New York, later to become president of the Univer-
sity of Illinois. And he as a learning psychologist, that is, somebody inter-
ested in theories of human learning, had a point of view that I now associate
with Eric Erickson, the psychoanalyst, about the stages of life, the eight
stages of life when learning takes place. He, I think, understood very well
that humans learn throughout their life and what is now a cliche called "life-
I think
long learning" was/implicit in the way the Education Mission approached its
general task, which was to look at the whole mission, the whole system, in-
cluding adult education, the special education for workers and farmers, the
elite schools, how best to protect the best that was in Todai in the Imperial
universities.

The problem still unsolved is the harsh examination system, the crippling
of children for having to have their whole life's future determined by the
examinations, leading to suicide and other. . . .

I learned a great deal from association with members of that mission,
many of whom I continue to see years later. George Stoddard and his wife,
I've kept up with all these years. I was with him in Paris in 1951 when he
was head of the U.S. delegation to the general UNESCO /United Nations Educational,
Scientific, and Cultural Organization/ conference when he helped preside over
a ceremony in which Japan became a member of UNESCO, the first international
organization Japan entered after the occupation. I have photographs of that
which I acquired in Paris. And I thought it was marvelous to see the uses
which members of that mission made of their knowledge of Japan in all kinds of ways and careers which followed, though none of them became Japanese specialists.

I once later visited Wanamaker at her house in Seattle. I'm still in touch with Mildred Macafee Horton, whose stepson, Alan Horton, I know very well. She had to rush back to Wellesley for a meeting of her Board of Trustees. She had to leave a day or so early and was receiving telegrams and things having to do with the management of the college.

Shortly after the mission left and I was assigned to cover the Allied Control Council, which was entering another form of exposure, in this case to Russians and the British Commonwealth interests and our own. I received my first transoceanic telephone call from my mother telling me that my father was near death and that I should return as soon as I could. So in May I flew back to the United States, three days and three nights on a bucket seat in a plane, landing in Guam and Eniwetok, Hawaii, and getting to Oklahoma where my father was convalescing at the ranch of his father, a place called Dilly Dally. He died an hour or so after I arrived and I remained in the United States until July before going back to Japan to finish up my first contract of nine months.

On the long ship ride from Seattle to Yokohama, much more comfortable than my first sea travel on the troop ship going to Manila, I was reading Evelyn Waugh's then new novel, Brideshead Revisited, little suspecting that this would figure in my relationships with the son of the prime minister of Japan, Shigeru Yoshida at that time.
I went back convinced that I should stay longer than what remained of my nine-month contract. I thought it would be a great idea to invite my mother and my four youngest brothers to come to live with me in Japan as my dependents so that I could be able to continue with my work, have an income, and still be head of the family as the eldest son. I like the Japanese became the head of the family at that moment. Southern families are rather Japanese in their characteristics. So I fell right back into the excitement of my work, arranged for my mother and brothers to come there as my dependents. I became the youngest member of the Tokyo PTA /Parent Teachers Association/ because I suddenly at age 23 by this time, I guess, had three of my younger in school in the Tokyo American School. The youngest one was still--by the time he arrived he was four years old. So that I was able to live in a house at Yoyogi, Rimpago, the old Meiji shrine area which later was built as a housing for American families. It was called "Washington Heights," and that is how I happened to live next door to Colonel Lapsley, my commanding officer from Texas. Because I was a civilian but was given the type of housing appropriate to field grade officers in the Army, that is, colonels and up, the American military people in charge of housing, occupation housing, insisted that nobody living in those houses should go without his rank being announced as part of the signboards that were put in front of the house. That is, Colonel Lapsley had his rank and my resistance was very great to the practice required there that my CAF number should be a substitute for rank. I was called "CAF 5 W. Dillon," that was my house. And that was in my mind like posting my salary on the front of my house. I felt it was all right for military officers to go by rank, but a clerical administrative fiscal
number was not only, I thought, a terrible invasion of privacy, but it was an ugly title, CAF 5. I'd had enough with PFC's.

I sawed off the sign three times and though I was not under military penalties, I was warned not to deface property again. Living there was very exciting, of great interest to my brothers who started to pick up Japanese words. My mother became addicted to wanting to learn about the domestic servants assigned to our house, Motoko Hara and Robin, I think his name was Suzuki, were made members of our family. Motoko took a great interest in my younger brothers. She told them Japanese folk tales at night in her broken English. She and my mother became great friends and their friendship continues to this day. Motoko Hara married a professor of German literature in Tokyo University, became a specialist herself in ikebana, in teaching. She came to this country to lecture a number of times. My mother has met her in several American cities. She continues to write books. I've not heard from her for years.

The time came, however, for my mother and brothers to return to the United States because of getting my brothers back for a school year, but not before we had traveled in my jeep to a number of places which they fondly remember. My mother developed a great interest in Japanese cuisine and landscape and became interested in--she coming out of the Baptist background--interested in the fact that the Japanese Buddhists also used water as a purification symbol.

So I was able, because of my family's presence there, to--and even though living in Washington Heights, which looks like American suburbia, we were sufficiently plugged into Japanese life in certain ways through the domestic servants, through some of my Japanese friends, and through frequent visits to
rural places on weekends, that we did not feel as though we were caught up
in an American gilded ghetto situation. It has left lasting impressions on
my brothers, one of whom, the one who was six at the time, has become a
specialist in the care of disturbed adolescents in this country. He has
some psychiatric residential facilities in Tulsa. He also has an adoption
agency for bringing South Korean orphans to the United States for adoption
and therefore is in Japan en route to Korea several times every year.

So many other American families of that period, whether we were bachelors
or married at the time, have these continuing ties and associations. Only last
week here during the celebration of the Einstein Centennial, I met Virginia
White, editor now of *Grants Magazine* in New York, then married to Frank White,
the head of Associated Press in Tokyo at the time.

David Sills and his wife, Yole Grenata, continued to be very close friends,
as you know. David is the godfather of my son. I continue to see in different
ways Santa and her family, she being the daughter of the Indian
Ambassador to Japan at that time. On my first visit to India in December of
1978, I was a guest in her family's house in Bombay. The whole occupation
period helped produce for some of us the kinds of bonds and friendships which
are stronger than those which were generated by the old school tie for people,
particularly in the eastern part of the United States who went to the Ivy
League schools, who feel bound up with their colleges.

Many of us who had the Japanese experience at this time, Charles Gallagher
being one of them, Donald Keene, Herschel Webb, John Howes, these are people
who knew each other then, Eugene Langston still living in Japan, Donald Richie,
Holloway Brown, Frances Baker, to be married to Tom Blakemoore, Esther Crane,
the widow of Burton Crane, Tom Lambert among the journalists, Marguerite Brown Gunlocke was in my office the other day, Robert Harris Walker, professor of American history at American Studies at George Washington University, his wife Grace, here in Washington. We developed a sense of community which I think makes us feel at home wherever we are in the United States.

With Japanese I meet now who ask me, when they hear that I might speak a few words of Japanese, will ask me how I learned it after they tell me that I'm so jozu in the language, which I'm not, what was I doing in the occupation. I would say I was a , a journalist. They want to know what newspaper, and I have to tell them that I was on MacArthur's staff writing for Japanese newspapers, which immediately of course puts me into their minds as a member of the occupying powers. I tried very hard at the time I was there to be a "good representative of Western civilization." I felt that I was carrying Plato and Aristotle around on my back, not to mention the whole Christian religion, and that I was there to set good examples and my behavior should be governed according to this great responsibility. I realize in retrospect that I was taking myself far too seriously and that the Japanese, while they recognized those of us as individuals and carriers of the wave of sanctions of the occupation which had censorship and the atomic bomb behind our "power," that they were far more sophisticated in many ways than we were in distinguishing between one's own duty role and one's private capacities and I think would have forgiven us, as they do themselves, for any inconsistencies in behavior of being public officials. And they simply do not have the same notions of guilt by association.

So I realized, I guess, it might also have been a function of one's age
the seriousness with which one carried on one's work, that I would feel that
the whole Western world was depending upon me to interpret it properly.

Coming back to the United States before the occupation ended, I arrived
here in December of 1948 to start my undergraduate studies at the University
of California in Berkeley, having had a seven-year interruption between the
departure for the war and my returning to school. I came to Berkeley on the
Japanese quota, that is, I applied to live at International House from Japan
and was accepted to live there. I found myself shocked by coming back though
to my own country to discover that the propaganda I'd been making the Japanese
about libel laws and our political process seemed very out of phase with the
reality which I was witnessing in Berkeley in 1948/1949. Helen Gahagan
Douglas and Richard Nixon were competing with each other for a seat in Congress
or it might have been the Senate. Yes, both had been members of Congress and
both were running against each other for the U.S. Senate from California. And
I found myself politicized in an unusual way. I had no particular brief for
Mrs. Douglas, about whom I knew very little. But I was unable to believe the
calumny that I felt Mr. Nixon and Mr. Chotnik were perpetrating, the use of
fear and hate as weapons of political campaigning. I was attacked physically
in the hills of Berkeley and Oakland or threatened with attack with garden
shears and fire hose by California citizens who thought anybody asking them
to vote for Helen Douglas was a Communist. So I spent those two years in
Berkeley trying to assimilate my Japanese occupation experience in the light
of what I had understood me myself and others to be saying about the nature
of our political system, the responsibilities of citizens to act within it.
Every term paper I wrote at Berkeley had something to do with digesting that experience. I had a course in philosophy that dealt with my preoccupation with the Japanese war crimes trials, who was guilty. Because I had been made responsible for something called the "War Guilt Information Program" which was designed to make 90 million Japanese feel guilty. And I got interested in Ruth Benedict's distinctions between guilt and shame.

Q: Did you start reading that book early?

WD: I read it, I still have it. It's right there on my shelf, the very copy I bought in the Tokyo PX/Post Exchange/ of Ruth Benedict's book, Chrysanthemum Sword. It began to make a lot of these pieces fall into place, and I owe to the Japanese experience my stimulus there to shift from political science into anthropology, and that's what I've been doing ever since.

END OF INTERVIEW