

**AN EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBES  
THE JAPANESE EARTH-  
QUAKE DISASTER**

Through the courtesy of Editor L. L. Leh, of The Page Reporter, we are able to furnish a story of the terrible earthquake disaster that visited Tokyo, Japan, a couple of months ago. We publish the article as it appeared in the current issues of the Reporter:

The first question the Editor of the Page Reporter asked when he heard of the great disaster in Japan was what part of Japan it was that suffered. It is but natural that at such times one should think first of one's own, and the Editor happened to have



**A Personal Message  
at Xmas Time**

That is what a photograph of you at Christmas will mean to your distant relatives and friends. You cannot make a more acceptable choice.

Many people consider a photograph the ideal gift.

Now is the best time to arrange appointments—free from the bustle and confusion of Christmas week.

The Studio will be open every Sunday until Christmas.

Mrs. Downey will take the picture.

**O'NEILL PHOTO CO.**  
O'Neill, Nebr.

**KC-KC-KC-KC-KC-KC**

**SAME PRICE  
for over 30 years**

**25 ounces for 25¢**

Use less of

**KC  
BAKING POWDER**  
than of higher priced brands.

OUR GOVERNMENT USED  
MILLIONS OF POUNDS

**KC-KC-KC-KC-KC-KC**

**The Call of the  
South**

'Tis a land of history and romance, old and interesting cities, gay winter resorts with palatial hotels where golf, tennis, polo, motor-boating, motoring and surf bathing are the order of the day; and dancing—of the night. Or quiet little places with sunny gardens and groves of fruit trees.

Reduced rate winter excursion tickets are on sale now. You can go one way—return another, and stop off at will. You may go via direct routes and, at a slight additional cost, return via New Orleans or Washington.

I can help you plan all this, advise you regarding through trains to the South, issue through railroad tickets for the whole tour, make your Pullman reservations through



**L. E. DOWNEY,  
Ticket Agent**

a very dear friend in Japan at the time. Fortunately this friend, Rev. I. G. Nace, connected with the Mission of the Reformed Church in Japan, has his residence at Sandi, which is far from the scene of the disaster. However, a few days after the earthquake, Mr. Nace visited both Tokyo and Yokohama. We are printing below his account of what he saw on his trip:

**OUR TRIP TO TOKYO.**

We left our home in Nojiri on Monday evening, September 10th, at six o'clock. There were four of us, Mr. Schroer, Mr. Thede, and Mr. Clark and I. Mr. Schroer and I were going on a definite mission. Our purpose was to see if the Schroer house in Tokyo was still there. If there, to see what the condition of the house and furnishings was. Mr. Schroer and I are the only members of our Mission who saw both Tokyo and Yokohama within ten days after the great catastrophe.

At the station we were refused tickets because we did not have the proper kind of a permit from Police Headquarters. We at once got busy and secured our permits, catching a late train, leaving our station at 9:37 p. m. instead of 6.55, as we had planned. It was a task to get on the train, as trains were crowded, but we got as far as the vestibule and lavatory, where we had the privilege of standing until six o'clock the next morning. This would not have been so bad had not forty-four others (Japanese with loads of baggage) also wanted to stand in this vestibule. Imagine between forty and fifty standing in the vestibule of a small Japanese coach all night long, and that with enough baggage to fill a fourth of a baggage car. We had no ration in our knapsacks to last four days.

We got to Omiya station at six in the morning. Here we had to change trains. So did about 20,000 other people. The only way they could control such a mob at one time was by military men who kept us in line at the point of the bayonet. After standing in line four and a half hours we scrambled into a train, through the window or through the door, any old way we could get in. But we got in and we really were in time to get a seat. This was wonderful after standing up all night. From here we had one hour's ride to Tokyo.

One now saw evidence of the earthquake on all sides. Roofs were broken up, chimneys cracked and fallen down, and the walls of buildings tottering. The nearer to Tokyo we got the greater was the amount of damage. The railway bridge across the river just outside Tokyo had been badly shaken up, looking serpent like. Our train went across on practically a temporary structure. As the train wound its way into the city one felt more and more the reality and awfulness of the earthquake. The train took us as far as Nippori. Here we had to literally fight our way out, by going feet first through the windows. On the platform outside was a crowd about ten deep, making a mad rush to get on the train.

At Nippori we boarded a freight train, which was being used as a passenger train, running over the tracks of the fast line electric railway around the city. This took us as far as Shinagawa, giving us a fine opportunity to see the ruins on both sides of the track. In the parts of the city through which this took us the damage had been caused by the earthquake, not by the fire. At Shinagawa we got off, and walked to Sengakujimae, where we got a trolley to Tengenji. A few trolley lines had been opened just a day or so before. No fares were collected. Everybody piled on and rode free. We got off at Shinohashi, the nearest spot to where the Schroers lived in Azabu.

We got to the house at two p. m. and to our great surprise there was very

little damage. This seemed miraculous as most of the houses in the neighborhood seemed considerably shaken up. A lamp shade and chimney and some bottles were the only broken things we could find in the house. This made us feel good even though we had headaches from the loss of sleep the night before. After seeing that all was well we washed up. We needed it, as we looked worse than the ordinary tramp. Here I made my first visit to a public bath, as I just felt I had to get into hot water to ease up my head. It felt great, and I have had no ill effects from it since. It was one of the first days since the earthquake for the bath to be open, so there was no charge, and the crowd was large.

Next we took our lunch from our knap sacks, and went over to the Shimo Shibuya Compound where we lived for two years. Our old neighbor, Mr. Hayes, was not at home, as he was out endeavoring to find out how many pastors and members of their Mission had lost their lives. The house in which we used to live was considerably damaged, chimneys down, plaster walls on the inside broken up, but the house standing. Here on the lawn we ate our lunch. In the meanwhile there were two rather severe earthquakes, causing the houses to tremble and rattle. Ever since the Great Earthquake there have been innumerable quakes, some of which would have been considered very severe in ordinary times. After we called on Mrs. Blume, one of our old neighbors. Her husband had been killed instantly by the falling of the building in which he worked. She was all broken up and making plans to return to the States as soon as possible.

From there we went to Meiji Gakuin, (College and Seminary of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian churches). On the campus we talked to Dr. Reischauer, who had just arrived from Karuizawa to investigate the conditions of the buildings. This institution was fairly well intact. Only two or three buildings were badly cracked. On our return we passed the home of Mrs. Ishii, one of our Language teachers while we lived in Tokyo. Her home was not destroyed, but she seemed to be very nervous, yet glad to see us. Her family was safe.

We again went to Mr. Hayes' home. He returned very shortly. These were strenuous days for him, as they had lost much life and property in their Mission. He said that the section of the city in which he was that afternoon was practically as the quake had left it, but that many of the bodies had been cremated. He was out in the Honjo section where 32,000 lost their lives in one ward. For several days after the earthquake they cremated about 10,000 bodies daily in Tokyo. The canals in the lower part of the city were still littered with floating bodies.

We hastened back to the Schroer house for the night, as foreigners were to be off the streets before nightfall. There had been a Korean scare, which made the crowds furious, making it especially dangerous for foreigners for several days. However, this mob-craze was just about ended. We were not disturbed in any way on the whole trip.

The next morning we started out for the Imperial Hotel, which seemed to have become headquarters for relief work, as it was one of the few large buildings not destroyed. We were able to go as far as Sakuradamon by trolley. From here we had to walk. The cars barely crept along, as there was little power. After leaving Roppongi we got into the burnt area. All one could see was a burnt field stretching down to Hibiya, to the Ginza, to Tsukiji, and to the Bay. One could hardly believe it. In the open places refugees had gathered. Hibiya Park was full of them. The sights were piteous, but not nearly what they were a few days before, so we were told. At the Imperial Hotel we met some of our friends, and members of the Embassy, who had come down from Karuizawa and Nojiri to do relief work. As there was no immediate need for more men and help that day we decided to see more of the ruins. With the permission of a member of the Embassy Staff we got on an army truck which took us to the Bay at Shibaura where we got on a Destroyer that took us to Yokohama.

**THE RUINS OF YOKOHAMA.**

Before seeing Yokohama as left by the earthquake one tries to imagine just what it is like. But no imagination, no matter how vivid, can quite succeed in picturing the awfulness of it all. After seeing it with one's own eyes it is almost impossible to believe that what was once a vast flourishing city with teeming thousands could in so short a time be reduced to nothingness. But such is the case. Only the memory of Yokohama as a city remains, for there is nothing else. Its inhabitants were mowed down as by a mower, and those who escaped fled to every part of the Empire.

It was ten days after the earthquake that the writer was in Yokohama. With him were three others, Mr. Schroer of our Mission, and Mr. Thede and Mr. Clark. It was rather unexpectedly that we got to Yokohama. Our police permission was intended to admit us to Tokyo only. But it was an easy thing to get to Yokohama. There was no interference on the part of any authorities. From Tokyo Bay we went by the Smith-Thomas Destroyer, No. 112, to the side of the President McKinley, which was lying at anchor in Yokohama Bay. From there we went by motor boat to what was once Customs Pier, where we landed.

Approaching the city by water in this way one saw nothing but an evenness of ruins. The familiar red and white light houses at the break-water entrance sank thirty feet, so we were told. At any rate, all that is left above the water is the top of them. To the astonishment of all the lights are still in working order as if nothing had happened. The pier, from which most of us first landed on Japanese soil, is destroyed, a large part of it being entirely submerged under water; the rest of it is horribly broken and twisted. From the Pier we went to the British Consulate where some British sailors were digging out the

remains of the dead, and opening the safe. The bodies dug out here had been burned, so nothing was found except bones and ashes. A little further on and we stood at the entrance of the American Consulate, where one was unusually greeted by the genial Mr. Paul Jenks, who lost his life when the building went down. The flagpole in front of the building is still standing. The American flag, the only sign of a flag we saw in all Yokohama, was flying at half-mast, almost moving one to tears.

We passed by the Yokohama Specie Bank, practically the only building that seemed to be in tact as far as the eye could reach. This building was fire and earthquake proof. Scores fled into it for safety, and closed the doors so that the flames would not reach them. But the heat on the outside was too intense. Those who thought they were safe within were suffocated, and literally baked to death. This building had not yet been opened, nor any bodies removed, the day we were there.

Our next effort was to reach Motomachi by way of Main Street. We went down Main Street, but here the ruins were so piled up that one hardly recognize any of the familiar places. "Where is Sale and Frazer? Where is Kelly and Walsh's? Where is Caudrelier's Grocery Store?" Questions like these we asked each other, but without a careful search by one who knew the exact location it was well nigh impossible to locate any of these familiar business concerns. The ruins on Main Street were several feet high in many places,—nothing but stone and brick, underneath which were pinned automobiles, bicycles, carts, and the bodies of men and horses, carts and dogs. Here and there parts of a typewriter or an adding machine, burnt and twisted, were scattered all along Main Street. Then, of course, the gruesome bodies of men, women, and children, mothers with babies pressed close to their bosoms, like charred mummies, half decayed at the time we were there, were scattered all along the street, and among the debris. The stench was hideous and sickening. Some British seamen who stopped to speak to us had just come across from the direction of Bentendori, where they said they could hardly walk because of the decomposing bodies of humans and animals. But enough for that! The sight and stench of it all can never be erased from the memory of anyone who passed along.

After reaching the end of Main Street we went up along the moat to the second bridge from the waterfront. In the moats and on the Bay the bloated and charred bodies of dead floated. At some places we were told the moats had been littered with dead bodies. This feature was not so bad anymore when we were there. All along here, and practically everywhere, the earth was cracked open. At some places there were wide crevices, giving a fiercely disfigured look to the whole surface. We crossed on the steel beams of the bridge as the rest of it was burnt. This brought us to the once renowned Motomachi. Along here there were a few strag-

gling refugees, who seemed to have come back in search of what they might find. Here and there they picked up a cup or a saucer or some other piece of ware that perchance was not broken. These refugees looked bewildered and dazed like dumb-driven cattle, their eyes bulging out from lack of sleep and rest. This whole section looked like a vast dumping place on which everything imaginable was piled. Here and there could be seen a few shacks, built of fire-discolored zinc sheets, which had been erected where there were safe to guard or relatives known to be dead. Climbing across the debris we went up the Bluff, where most of the foreigners used to live. As we went up we noticed that high masses of earth had slid down into the Motomachi section, bringing along houses and everything on them at the time of the quake.

From the Bluff we had an unbroken view of the entire city. Nothing more desolate or disheartening can be imagined. On the Bluff the blackened skeletons of a few houses were left. But everything seemed desert-like. Where once there were beautiful lawns, with trees and shrubbery of all kinds, nothing seemed to be left but ashes and stone. From this elevation we could see far out over the plain, but only black ruins stared one in the face. One has no words with which to make strong enough the absoluteness of the destruction that stretched out across the plains for miles. Very seldom was there anything even as much as parts of a wall, to be seen standing. There was no sign of a house that could again be used for living purposes, until one got to the outskirts where the fire ceased. And what was left there seemed so badly broken and shattered that one wondered whether or not they could be used without tearing down what remained and building anew. Everything had a forsaken look. God was there only "in the sound of gentle stillness."

From the Bluffs we descended to the Motomachi section, and crossed the moat on a plank bridge. As we went along bodies could still be seen mostly everywhere. At places they seemed to be piled together somewhat, and covered with sheet iron that was taken from the ruins. For the greater part they were scattered around just as they fell. We went through the Park. Here there was a small Red-Cross tent that had been set up for relief work. All over the Park there were ashes, and the remains of bodies that had been gathered together and cremated there. We took the widest street we could find and headed back to the waterfront. Trolley cars, wires and poles were scattered all over the streets. Automobiles, turned upside down by the shock of the quake and then burnt, were in evidence everywhere. We reached the pier in good time to catch our motor boat which took us back to the Steamship President McKinley, on which we stayed for the night. On this ship was Mrs. Palm. She was very glad to learn that all our missionaries were safe and that Mr. Gunther would meet her in Kobe instead of Yokohama. Steam-

ship Companies were very reluctant allowing any passengers to go ashore. There were 115 missionaries on this ship and all were eager to know about the missionaries in Japan. The only information they had on their voyage was wireless news which was no news at all for these folks anxious about their friends. Ours was the first definite information they had received. The night on the McKinley, was very restful, even though the sights of the day remained so vivid in one's eyes that one could not sleep. The next morning we returned on the Destroyer to Tokyo.

Comparing Tokyo and Yokohama one can readily see that the shock of the earthquake must have been much stronger in Yokohama than in Tokyo. In Yokohama everything is shattered to the ground. In Tokyo the burnt remains of buildings are standing, except in certain sections like Tsujiji. The chances to flee also seem to have been less in Yokohama than in Tokyo. To give a description of the vastness and absoluteness of the destruction, of the growsomeness and awfulness of the sights is simply impossible. One cannot exaggerate anything. In talking to men who were in the thick of it all at Verdun and on the battlefields of France during the great World War one heard expressions like this, "There wasn't anything as sickening and disheartening anywhere over there like Yokohama." "If you try to put together the sights of all the battlefields of northern France at the close of the War it gives you an idea of what Yokohama looks like."

Up to the time of our trip, which was ten days after the quake, nothing had been done by the Japanese authorities in all Yokohama to make the place a little decent. Looting and robbery seemed to have been rife. The only thing done in the way of cleaning up the place had been done by American and British naval men, and by foreign business firms. Japanese authorities were criticized severely for this neglect and indifference. However, one must remember that organized work under such circumstances is difficult, and that it is easy to find fault. The Japanese are a brave people. No people could go through such a monstrous catastrophe more nobly than they are doing. The rebuilding of Yokohama seems almost hopeless, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be anything like its former self in importance again. There are various predictions concerning the future. If it is to be rebuilt several decades will be required. Then it will be a new Yokohama, for the Yokohama so familiar to all of us is no more. As one looks over the ruins of it all one feels that there is but one hope and that is in Resurrected Life. One has to look through and beyond it all to the living God. Surely no loving Father would bring such a cruel disaster upon His children. May these people who are struggling under the burden and discouragement of such a great calamity of nature find beyond it all, in the "still-small voice," the God of Love.

I. G. NACE.  
Sendai, Japan, October 5, 1923.

**Real News Paramount**

In the country newspaper, sensations, scandals—the recording of human misery—is almost taboo. At least it certainly is secondary to the printing of real news about people and things.

For the province of the country paper—your HomeTownPaper—is to give community interests first place, printing the more or less sensational personal items only when necessary to keep faith with subscribers who pay for ALL the news.

Therefore, your Home Town Paper can give you, in full measure and overflowing, 100 per cent pure news about the people in whom you are interested—your relatives and friends of the Old Home Town.

**"The Frontier"**

Only \$2.00 Per Year