

Miss Jane Brown In Japan Writes To Tryon Friends

Tokyo, Japan, Nov. 15th.

Dear Seth:

You asked me to write you a little of Japan. I was just reminded of it, as I sat here eating lunch and reading the "Stars and Stripes". The radio was tuned to the Far East network, but I was not listening. All of a sudden the words Spartanburg, S. C., seeped in as I was reading. I sat up with a start to hear about Spartanburg being the Peach Capital of the Nation, and the fact that there is a new bakery coming, and several other items of interest. Then the "Harmonica Hoops" played a tune and WORD-WDXY said goodbye. I can't tell you what a start—and a wonderful feeling it was to be so close to home—yet a half the world away.

It is quite a different world, too. I have just returned from a four day trip to Nikko, Kyoto, and Nara. I rode on Japanese trains through miles of rice paddies. It is harvest time now. All the work is done by hand, or with very primitive implements. All the family were out in the fields cutting the rice, or hanging it on bamboo poles to dry. Some of the rice was dried and was being threshed. This was done by stamping on the rice. The straw then has a million uses—a few are for fertilizer, insulation, rope, tatami mats (these are the rugs in their houses).

Kyoto and Nara are said to be the cultural center of Japan. Nara was the first capital and Kyoto the second. In Kyoto there are 300 temples and 800 shrines. All are either Buddhist or Shinto. There are relatively few Christians in Japan. In four days I saw one church! We saw so many temples and shrines, but I am not going to describe them—suffice it to say that those I did see were very

ornate and beautiful.

Tokyo is quite a city, and a contrast between East and West. The main streets are large and wide, but the back ones are small alleys. Everywhere there are stores. I can't read the signs advertising their wares as they are all in Japanese and Chinese characters. The stores for the most part are open markets on the street, selling everything from dried eats to Hershey bars.

There are three confusing things, one is the signs I cannot read—two, is the left hand drive for cars. Even when I walk down the street I walk on the wrong side. The third is the money. The exchange for \$1 is 360 yen, so the prices quoted seem so high. Dr. Warfield's house advertised for \$30,000 would be 10,800,000 yen!

I could go on and on about all the wonderful and strange sights I'm seeing, but there is too much to tell. Do hope this will give you an idea of Japan—and one on the cleaner side. There is much dirt and poverty, too.

Give my regards to all in Tryon—and will see you in Jan.

Jane Brown.



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