

せんぱい組

senpai gumi

By RICHARD S. OGURO

T. HAMBEAKI

THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN CREED

Mike Masaoka

I am proud that I am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry, for my very background make me appreciate more fully the wonderful advantages of this Nation, I believe in her institutions, ideals, and traditions; I glory in her heritage; I boast of her history; I trust in her future. She has granted me liberties and opportunities such as no individual enjoys in this world today. She has given me an education befitting kings. She has entrusted me with the responsibilities of the franchise. She has permitted me to build a home, to earn a livelihood, to worship, think, speak, and act as I please—as a free man equal to every other man.

Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people. True, I shall do all in my power to discourage such practices, but I shall do it in the American way; above board, in the open, through courts of law, by education, by proving myself to be worthy of equal treatment and consideration. I am firm in my belief that American sportsmanship and attitudes of fair play will judge citizenship and patriotism on the basis of action and achievement, and not on the basis of physical characteristics.

Because I believe in America, and I trust she believes in me, and because I have received innumerable benefits from her, I pledge myself to do honor to her at all times and all places; to support her constitution; to obey her laws, to respect her flag; to defend her against all enemies, foreign or domestic, to actively assume my duties and obligations as a citizen, cheerfully and without any reservations whatsoever, in the hope that I may become a better American in a great America.

(CONGRESSIONAL RECORD)—May 9, 1941

SEN PAI GUMI

STORY OF FIRST GROUP OF AJAs FROM HAWAII
AND AMERICAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS TO
ATTEND ARMY LANGUAGE SCHOOL AT CAMP
SAVAGE, MINNESOTA



**SEMPAIs from the 100th INF BN (Sep) Training in Camp
McCoy, Wisconsin**

Richard Ishimoto	Ernest T. Watanabe
George M. Fujikawa	Manabu Soranaka
Raymond Harada	Tom T. Yamada
Seian Hokama	Amos A. Nakamura
Henry T. Kimura	Jitsuo Miyagawa
Tom T. Matsumura	Richard Omori
Richard Moritsugu	Hoichi Kubo
Herbert Miyasaki	Shoichi E. Yamamoto
Yoshio Morita	George J. Aoki
Richard S. Oguro	Ken Harano
Masami Tahira	Charles T. Kaneko
Sadao Toyama	Masao Rokui
Thomas K. Tsubota	Tsutomu Wakimoto
Fusao Uchiyama	Terry Y. Doi
Yutaka Namba	Reynold "Smiley" Muranaka
Roy Nakada	Harry Furushima
Ben I. Yamamoto	Herbert Kawashima
Hirotooshi Yamamoto	Theodore Takano
Edward M. Fujimori	Takuya Terada
Howard K. Hiroki	Stanley Nakanishi
Yurikichi Ikehara	"Slim" Takiue
Sueo Ishii	Tatao Yamada
James K. Izumi	Herbert Kawamoto
Edwin Kawahara	Eddie Mitsukado
Ryoichi Okada	Kazuo Yamane
Robert T. Otake	

**KIA YUKITAKA "Terry" MIZUTARI. POST-WAR: Robert
Honda; Alan Y. Shimizu; Harold S. Nishimura; Nobuo
Miyaji; Keiji Fujii; Terasu "Sunshine" Yoshimoto; George
Nakano**

VOLUNTEER HAWAII RESIDENTS WHO WERE ATTENDING COLLEGES; WORKING OR
WERE IN CON CAMPS

Russel Kono
George Sonoda
Haruo Kugizaki
M. Takaki

Maynard H. Matsunaga
Dr. Howard Furumoto
Grayson Hagiwara
F. Inaba

Calvin Morimatsu
Koji Ariyoshi
Jack M. Maeda

CON CAMPS KOTONKS and MILITARY PERSONNEL ALREADY IN UNIFORM PRIOR TO PEARL

Akiji Yoshimura
Spady Koyama
Joe Iwataki
Makoto Kimura
Salem Yagawa
Harry K. Andow

Hatchiro Kita
Harry Iida
Cappy Harada
Ben Sugeta
Bud M. Uyeda

Noby Yoshimura
Roy Takai
Joe H. Ikuta
Hughes Tsuneishi
Victor Abe

*Partial List Only

Graduate List of The
**MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
 SERVICE LANGUAGE SCHOOL**
 Presidio, San Francisco; Camp Savage; Fort Snelling

Dec. 1942

Term

Sec 1

Hachiya, T.
 Harano, K.
 Hirabayashi, G.
 Hiraide, S.
 Ishikawa, E.
 Kaku, C.
 Kawahara, E.
 Kitamura, T.
 Koshi, G.
 Kugizaki, H.
 Matsuda, T.
 Misaki, A.
 Nishimura, W.
 Oda, J.
 Okada, R.
 Onodera, S.
 Soranaka, M.
 Tsukahara, T.
 Yamane, K.
 Yoshihashi, T.

Sec 2

Aka, R.
 Futamase, K.
 Goshu, H.
 Hamamura, S.
 Harada, J.
 Kamikawa, Y.
 Maeshima, S.
 Matsumoto, R.
 Matsushino, J.
 Mitoma, H.
 Miyasaki, N.
 Mory, T.
 Nishimoto, T.
 Okamoto, H.
 Omata, S.
 Sekiya, H.
 Urabe, G.
 Yoneda, K.

Sec 3

Aburamen, E.
 Fukuhara, H.
 Hanaumi, H.
 Higashi, S.

Higashi, Y.
 Honma, R.
 Kawasaki, K.
 Nagasako, K.
 Nishimori, N.
 Noguchi, I.
 Oda, T.
 Ogawa, T.
 Sakai, T.
 Sasano, J.
 Sugiyama, G.
 Takashima, K.
 Tanaka, Y.
 Tanikawa, J.
 Wada, H.

Sec 4

Davis, T.
 Furuiye, N.
 Ichikawa, J.
 Inouye, T.
 Ishida, T.
 Iwamoto, M.
 Kubo, H.
 Mayeda, T.

Mezawa, S.
 Mitani, J.
 Mizuteri, Y.
 Morita, Y.
 Nakamoto, B.
 Nishimura, H.
 Oda, D.
 Oka, D.
 Okano, K.
 Taira, M.
 Ueno, J.
 Yamada, T.

Sec 5

Aoki, J.
 Harada, R.
 Hokama, S.
 Ichimura, T.
 Kadomoto, T.
 Kanazawa, J.
 Kaneko, C.
 Kasahara, M.
 Kenjo, J.
 Kitsuta, M.

Masuda, H.
 Matsuoka, K.
 Miyasaki, Y.
 Moritsugu, R.
 Namba, Y.
 Osaka, T.
 Saito, T.
 Sasaki, S.
 Shibuya, K.
 Shimamoto, I.
 Sugimoto, S.
 Yamada, H.
 Yamaguchi, J.

Sec 6

Ashida, H.
 Endo, M.
 Fujikawa, M.
 Hirano, K.
 Ishimoto, R.
 Ito, J.
 Kawamoto, Y.
 Kobata, C.
 Nakamura, G.
 Nakanishi, M.

Nakano, M.
Nakata, C.
Rokui, M.
Sakayue, E.
Sugimoto, G.
Tomita, F.
Tsubota, K.
Yasukawa, L.

Sec 7

Endo, K.
Fujimori, E.
Furushima, H.
Hayashi, Y.
Kubo, H.
Mayewaki, B.
Mizutani, M.
Nagano, P.
Okada, G.
Shiozawa, S.
Sumida, P.
Taenaka, T.
Takahashi, H.
Terada, T.
Toyama, S.
Tsuneichi, H.
Wakayama, M.
Yamada, T.
Yamamoto, H.
Yasui, K.
Yoshimura, N.

Sec 8

Akune, H.
Akune, K.

Hatakeda, I.
Kaneshiro, K.
Kawamoto, H.
Kimura, H.
Kitajima, G.
Kondo, S.
Miyagawa, J.

Mukai, W.
Nakahara, P.
Nakano, G.
Okamura, S.
Omori, R.
Osako, H.
Sasaki, E.
Takiue, H.
Tanaka, J.

Sec 9

Andow, H.
Himmel, W.
Hisaoka, K.
Iida, H.
Kimura, M.
Kubota, R.
Maruyama, F.
Matsui, G.
Miyaji, N.
Nagahiro, M.
Nakahara, M.
Oguro, R.
Otake, R.
Shiraga, R.
Shirakawa, M.

Sugeta, B.
Taira, L.
Takai, R.
Uchiyama, F.
Yamamoto, F.
Yoshimoto, A.
Yoshimura, T.
Thompson, G.

Sec 10

Fuchiwaki, H.
Fukai, Y.
Hara, M.
Hirabayashi, T.
Honda, R.
Ikuta, J.
Iwataki, H.
Izumi, J.
Kishiue, N.
Komori, H.
Matsumura, T.
Matsunaga, M.
Morimatsu, C.
Nakado, K.
Nakamura, G.
Norimoto, G.
Tahira, M.
Takahara, S.
Taketa, S.
Toriumi, W.
Uyeno, K.

Sec 11

Fujimoto, M.
Hayashi, R.

Hiroki, H.
Horita, H.
Inashima, M.
Inouye, K.
Ishikawa, M.
Kawada, N.
Kimura, R.
Matsumoto, S.
Mukasa, G.
Nomura, T.
Ohama, R.
Tanizawa, M.
Terazawa, T.
Toyoda, S.
Uyesugi, K.
Watanabe, H.

Sec 12

Ariyoshi, K.
Fujino, J.
Fukui, E.
Ichinose, M.
Inafuku, J.
Ishikawa, M.
Kimura, G.
Kono, K.
Muranaka, R.
Murata, W.
Ohta, T.
Oikawa, F.
Onishi, H.
Ota, K.
Terao, S.
Uyehara, H.

Yamamoto, B.
Yamamoto, S.
Yoshino, H.

Sec 13

Child, R.
Doi, T.
Fukushima, J.
Hayashi, H.
Inamatsu, S.
Inoshita, M.
Inouye, M.
Kawaguchi, K.
Kawashima, H.
Koike, Y.
Mizota, M.
Morinaga, Y.
Saito, L.
Suzuki, T.
Takano, T.
Takehana, J.
Toyoshima, S.
Uyemura, K.
Yonemura, M.

Sec 14

Fujii, K.
Jones, P.
Fujikawa, M.
Hikawa, R.
Ichikawa, G.
Ishii, S.
Izu, D.
Kita, H.
Koyama, S.

Miura, L.
Miyao, F.
Mukaye, H.
Nakanishi, S.
Nishimura, H.
Sakamoto, C.
Sasaki, E.
Soyeshima, T.
Yamada, T.
Yamasaki, M.
Yamashita, N.

Sec 15

Ikehara, Y.
Imai, C.
Ishida, F.
Kozu, S.
Mugishima, H.
Nagano, C.
Nimura, R.
Nishi, J.
Shimabukuro, S.
Sugimura, J.
Tanaka, S.
Taniguchi, T.
Tanimoto, S.
Uyeda (M)
Watanabe, E.
Watanabe, T.
Yamada, N.

Sec 16

McLaughlin, J.
Baba, S.
Fuji, R.

Fujimoto, J.
Furumoto, H.
Hara, B.
Hopner, E.
Hinoki, K.
Honda, B.
Honda, R.
Imai, H.
Kikuta, H.
Kojima, H.
Mitsukado, E.
Norisada, T.
Obikane, I.
Rokutani, S.
Sakashita, G.
Sonoda, G.
Tsuruda, T.
Uchida, J.
Yagawa, S.
Yamaguchi, S.

Sec 17

Stier, R.
Fuji, W.
Haruki, J.
Higashi, R.
Hori, T.
Kunihira, S.
Kuwabara, H.
Mori, F.
Moriguchi, T.
Nakamura, G.
Niye, H.
Nomura, S.

Ohara, M.
Suzuki, H.
Takaki, M.
Yokobe, F.
Yorichi, A.

Sec 18

Abe, T.
Abe, V.
Arai, R.
Fukuyama, H.
Harada, T.
Honda, T.
Ikeguchi, J.
Nakamura, A.
Obata, B.
Okada, E.
Sakamoto, M.
Tamada, K.
Wakimoto, T.
Yamamoto, E.

Sec 19

Duff, R.
Correll, I.
Branstad, K.
Ooi, S.
Hagihara, G.
Hattori, E.
Hayashi, P.
Inaba, F.
Ishii, C.
Kossakowski, L.
Nishijima, S.
Nishijima, Y.

Inouye, H.
Ishida, N.
Ishii, S.
Kinoshita, H.
Masuoka, F.
Matsumoto, H.
Mayeda, C.

Mayeda, J.
Miyata, F.
Miyata, R.
Muto, G.
Odanaka, F.
Tanabe, N.
Teramoto, T.
Tsuchiyama, H.
Nuno, W.
Osata, T.
Oshima, K.
Saito, B.
Shimizu, G.
Takahashi, S.
Watanabe, M.
Yamashita, H.
Yumibe, K.

Sec 20

Kraft, E.
Laffin, W.

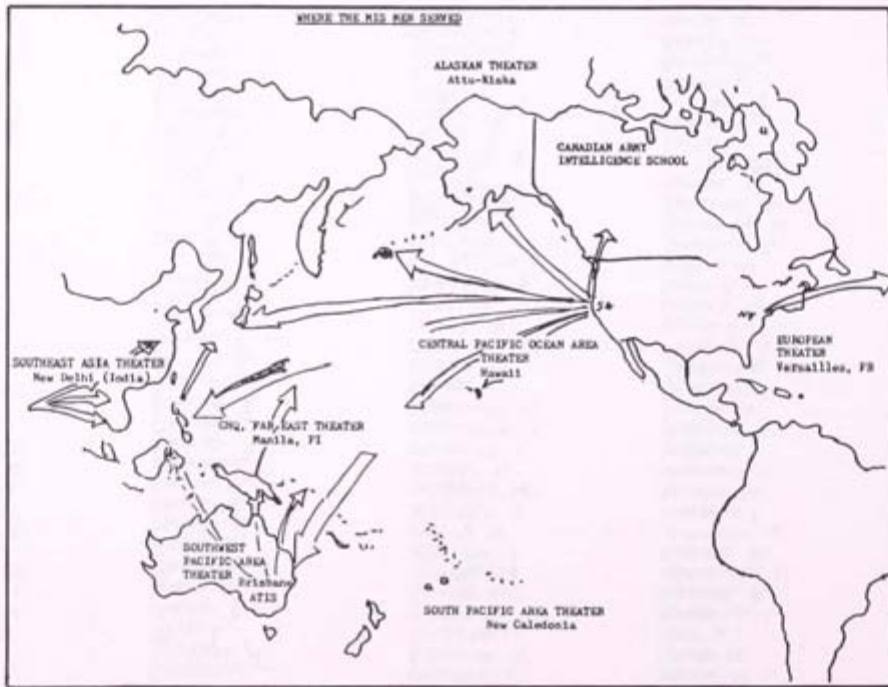
Sec 21

Pang, R.
Botting, D.
Baba, K.
Iba, S.

Tsukichi, G.
Uni, K.
Uno, H.
Uno, S.
Uriu, T.

Sec 22

Dirks, D.
Higashi, Y.
Pilaros, M.
Shibata, M.
Smith, M.
Suda, G.
Sugimoto, T.
Tsurutani, J.
Umada, S.
Yagi, K.
Yagyu, P.



UNITS

Pacific Theater

(As of August 14, 1945)

CHQ. U. S. ARMY FORCES IN THE PACIFIC	GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
U.S. Sixth Army	Gen. Walter Krueger
40 Infantry Division	Brig Gen. Donald J. Myers
11 Airborne Division	Maj Gen. Joseph M. Swing
I Corps	Maj Gen. Innis P. Swift
25 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Charles L. Mullins
33 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Percy W. Clarkson
41 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Jens A. Doe
IX Corps	Maj Gen. Charles W. Ryder ***
77 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Andrew D. Bruce
81 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Paul J. Mueller
XI Corps	Lt. Gen. Charles P. Hall
43 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Leonard F. Wing
Americal Division	Maj Gen. William H. Arnold
1 Cavalry Division	Maj Gen. William C. Chase
U.S. Eighth Army	Lt. Gen. R. L. Eichelberger
93 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Harry H. Johnson
99 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. James L. Bradley
X Corps	Maj Gen. Franklin C. Sibert
24 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Roscoe B. Woodruff
31 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Clarence A. Martin
XIV Corps	Lt. Gen. Oscar W. Griswold
6 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Charles E. Hurdis
32 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. William H. Gill
37 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Robert S. Beightler
38 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Frederick A. Irving
U.S. Tenth Army	Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell
XXIV Corps	Lt. Gen. John R. Hodge
7 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Archibald V. Arnold
27 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. George W. Griner
U.S. Army Forces, Middle Pacific	Lt. Gen. Robert C. Richardson, Jr.
98 Infantry Division	Maj Gen. Arthur M. Harper

*** OF INTEREST TO NOTE THAT MAJ. GEN. CHARLES W. RYDER WAS THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE 34TH RED BULL DIVISION WHEN THE FIRST ALL-NISEI, 100TH INFANTRY BN WAS COMMITTED TO BATTLE AT SALERNO, ITALY, SEPT., 1943

WHERE THE WISERS SERVEDALASKAN DEFENSE THEATER OF OPERATION
Attu - Alaska

UNITS: 7TH INF DIV; 27TH INF DIV

Attu 7th
Kiska 7th
Dutch Harbor 27th
Adak 27thSOUTH PACIFIC THEATER OF OPERATION
New CaledoniaUNITS: 25TH INF DIV; 43D INF DIV;
AMERICA DIVGoualranal: 43D; 25TH; AMERICAL
Mount Austin 25th
Cape Esperance 25thSOUTHWEST PACIFIC THEATER OF OPERATION
ATIS, MacArthur's GHQ
Brisbane, AustraliaUNITS: 25TH INF DIV; 37TH INF DIV
43D INF DIV; 93D INF DIV; 40TH
INF DIV; 1ST CALV DIV; 98C INF
DIV; AMERICAL DIV; 6TH INF DIV;
24TH INF DIV; 31ST INF DIV; 32D
INF DIV; 41ST INF DIV; 38TH INF
DIV; 40TH INF DIV; 41ST INF DIV;
77TH INF DIV; 11TH AIRBORNE DIVNew Georgia 25th
Hill 700 37th
Hill 260 37th
Russell Is 43d
Rendova Is 43d
Runda Airfield 25th; 43d; Americal
Bariok Harbor 25th
Arundel Is - Vella Lavella Is 25th
Rabaul (New Britain) 40th
Talana 40th
Pt Stotsenburg (Japanese POW Camp) 40th
Fanny Is 40th
Guinasna 40th
Los Negros Is 40th; 1st Cav
Newote Airstrip 1st Cav
Empress Augusta Bay 93d
Manus Is 1st CavBougainville 37th; Americal
Nusa Nusa Trail 93d
Laura S. Saus S Torokina S 93dNew Guinea 6th
Milne Bay 6th
Maffin Bay 6th; 31stTHE UNITS THEY SERVED INHollandia 41st; 24th; 30d;
Oru Bay 31st
Aitape 31st; 30d; 41st; 43d
Wakke-Sarnel 31st
Drinimor S 31st; 43d
Puna 30d
Sanananda 30d; 41st
Saldor 30d
Salama 41stToen-Wakke (Dutch New Guinea) 6th; 41st
Lone Tree Hill Battle 6th
Morotai 31st; 30d; 93d
Pitoe Almdrose 31st
Helmsheer Is 31st; 30d; 93d
Sannapor (Netherland East Indies) 6th
Vogelkop 6th
Geninsular 6th
Blak 24th; 41st
Nusanama Trail (Bougainville Indies) 93dLeyete America, 7th, 11th, 24th, 27th,
77th, 96th, 1st Cav
Dulag 7th
San Pablo Airfield 7th
City of Burauen 7th
Dagsal 7th
Coaites Is 7th
Tacloban 11th Airborne
Nicholas Field 11th
Pt McKinley 11th, 24th
Luzon 11th; 25th; 43d; 30d; 27th; 30th;
Anas Pass 11th
Tagety Ridge 11th
Manila 11th, 37th, 43d
Genko Line 11th
Los Banos POW Camp 11th
Correigidor 11th, 38th
Lingayen Gulf (Luzon) 6th, 40th, 37th, 43d,
38thBattle of Munoz 6th
Panaos 24th
Mindoro 24th
Marinduque 24th
Subic Bay 24th
Bataan Peninsular 24th, 38th
Lubang 24th
Romblon 24th
Sinara 24th
Verde 24th
Hill 522 (Leyete) 24th
San Manuel 24th
Ormoc 24th, 77th, 1st Cav
Binalonan 25th
Mindanao 31st, 41st
Marnag Airstrip 31st
Sayre Highway 31st
Cagayan Valley 30d
Nosario 33d
Daguet Mine (Baguio) 33d, 37th, 43d

Bench Mark Hill 30d
Question Mark Hill 30d
Galliano 30d
Zig-Zag Pass (Bataan) 30th
Shibusu Line 30th
Caballo, Ft Drus 30th
Sierra Winn 30th
Marikina Drive Line 30th
Wawa Dam 30th
Camp O'Donnell Japanese POW Camp 40th
Iloilo 40th
Inampulugan 40th
Bacoo, Negros Occidental 40th
Palawan 41st
Basilan Is 41st
Tawitawi 41st
Samar 1st Cav; Americal
Ticao Americal
Burias Americal
~~Surban~~-Americal
Biri Americal
Capul Americal
Poro Americal
Mactan Americal
Cauit Americal
Olongapo Americal
Babol Americal
Negros Americal
Cebu Americal
Catatan Airfield 1st Cav

CENTRAL PACIFIC OCEAN THEATER OF
OPERATION
JICPOA - HAWAII

UNITS: 77TH INF DIV; 27TH INF DIV;
7TH INF DIV;

GUAM (Orote Peninsular) 77th
EwaJelin 7th
Eniwetok 27th
Makin Is 27th
Majuro Is 27th
Gilbert Is 27th

NOTE: Toward the end of the Pacific War, General MacArthur, as Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Army Forces in the Pacific and Southwest Pacific Area, took over the overall command of the war in the Pacific. CHQ FAR EAST COMMAND. However, he had no control over the U.S. Pacific Fleet, the 20th Air Force, the Alaskan Command nor the Southeast Asia Command.

JAPAN
Hill 178 (Okinawa) 7th
Kakazu Ridge 27th
Machinato Airfield 27th
Shuri 77th
Is Shima 77th

Toabstone Ridge (Okinawa) 96th
Conical Ridge 96th
Yonabaru Airfield 96th

CANADIAN ARMY INTELLIGENCE SCHOOL
Graduates were sent here to help out in organizing and instructor training

SOUTHEAST ASIA THEATER OF OPERATION
New Delhi, India

NOTE: UNDER COMMAND OF THE BRITISH. Members moved out of New Delhi with allied troops. Merrill's Marauders operated in this theater. Some graduates did "time" in allied intelligence center in Chungking, China.

EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATION
SDEAFF - Versailles, France.

One member assigned to this post in France, after doing some time in the Pentagon, Washington D.C. Identifying Zero parts.

R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE LANGUAGE SCHOOL
Camp Savage, Minnesota

MISLS 220.33 (23 Sep 43)
AG 220.3 (26 Jul 43) PE-A-SPGAR

23 September 1943

- E X T R A C T -

Subject: Orders.

To : Hq Condt, Sch Bn, Lang Sch, Cp Savage, Minn.

1. Following is an extract of a classified LO, this Hq, file MISLS 220.33 (23 Sep 43). Subj: "Orders x x x", 23 Sept 43, concerning the following BN, Co "B", Sch Bn, MIS Lang Sch, Cp Savage, Minn., trfd in gr to Ft. McDowell, Calif., to report not later than 5 Oct 43 to CG, SPPE, Ft Mason, Calif., for fur transportation to asgmt. (Auth: Ltr, WD, TAGO, AG 220.3(26 Jul 43)PE-A-SPGAR, 2 Aug 43, Subj: "x x x" as amended by ltr, WD, TAGO, same file, 16 Aug 43, and by ltr, WD, TAGO, same file, 2 Sep 43.)

S/Sgt Charles T Nakata	39386284	T/4 Robert K Ghana	39018829
*S/Sgt Thomas T Sakanoto	39002939	T/4 George Sugamoto	39019268
T/4 Tsuneo F Harada	19065817	T/4 Frank T Tomita	39227055
T/4 Yukio Hayashi	39013122	T/4 Tomochiro Watanabe	39162905
T/4 Kazuo Inouye	39087356	T/4 Leo I Yanokawa	39086024
T/4 Spady A Koyana	39383103	T/5 Lad T Miura	39089587
T/4 Hiroshi Kawashina	39015847	T/5 Raymond K Kimura	17245577
T/4 Masaharu Mizota	39010680	T/5 Shigeto Toyoshina	39194329
T/4 Hasso Nakahara	39079984	T/5 Hasso B Uyeda	3932470
T/4 Hasso K Nakano	32299508	T/5 Tautomu Yanada	30101692
*In charge			
S/Sgt Thomas S Kadonoto	39162207	T/4 Iwao Shinamoto	39016711
S/Sgt Richard S Oguro	30102464	T/4 Toshikuni Taenaka	39020999
*S/Sgt Hassoji G Uratai	39078650	T/4 Sadao Takahashi	39004159
S/Sgt Masatake Yonemura	39090828	T/4 Tokio C Terazawa	39085665
T/4 Hiroaki H Fuchiwaki	39167146	T/4 Hughes T Tsunetschi	39019599
T/4 Itsuyoshi G Katakoda	39006462	T/4 Katsumi Uyemura	19077789
T/4 Kiyoto G Misaka	39017309	T/4 Harvey H Watanabe	39227696
T/4 Joe H Dots	39170636	T/4 Noboru Yoshimura	39029441
T/4 Hideo J Iwataki	39001628	T/5 Victor H Abe	39020695
T/4 Raymond H Matsunaga	39086970	T/5 William S Fujii	32245587
T/4 John Matsushiro	39011931	T/5 Sueso Ishii	30102179
T/4 Nobuo Miyaji	30102077	T/5 Noboru F. Kawada	19075208
T/4 Jitsuo Miyasuz	30100498	T/5 Kenneth K Kawaguchi	39386306
T/4 Naotomuraki J Miyasaki	18184255	T/5 Kachiro Kita	39092628
T/4 Calvin C Morinatsu	39387228	T/5 Harold H Nughahina	19152781
T/4 Peter K Nakahara	39016694	T/5 Kiroto Miya	19077911
T/4 George Nakamura	19065700	T/5 Ken Ota	39085046
T/4 Richard T Onori	30102166	T/5 Hasso Takaki	39085064
T/4 Takeo Saito	30100394	T/5 Tadao Yanada	30100694
T/4 Harry S Sekiya	39383716	T/4 Hiroo S Yoshino	39092980
*In charge			

R E S T R I C T E D

Extract LO Hq MISLS, file MISLS 220.33(23 Sept 43) 23 Sept 43, Subj: "Orders" contd

R E S T R I C T E D

2. a. Clothing (summer & winter) and individual equipment as prescribed in T/E #21, 10 Mar 43, that is available at this station will be taken by each EM as follows:

1 Belt, Cart., Cal., .30, Dism't'd, M1923	1 Knife, M1926
1 Carrier, Pack, M1928	1 Liner, Helmet, Steel, M1
1 Can, Meat, M1923	1 Pole, Tent, Shelter
1 Cover, Canteen, Dism't'd, M1910	1 Pouch, First Aid Packet
1 Cup, M1910	1 Spoon, M1926
1 Fork, M1926	1 Tent, Shelter, half
1 Haversack, M1928	

b. additional clothing and equipment will be taken as follows:

1 Helmet, Steel M1	Canteen will be stainless steel, plastic or aluminum
2 Blankets, Wool, OD	
1 Mosquito Bar	1 Jacket, Herringbonetwill, Protective & 1 Trousers, Herringbone twill, protective, or 1 suit, one-piece, Herringbone twill, Protective
1 Head net	1 Drawers, Cotton, Protective
2 Mattress covers	1 Undershirt, Cotton, Protective
1 First Aid Packet	1 Pair socks, wool, light, protective
1 Hood, wool, Protective	1 Pair Leggings, Dismounted canvas,
1 Pair gloves, Cotton, Protective	2 Covers, Protective, Individual, (Cellophane Type)
1 Can Impregnate, shoe	1 Mask, Gas (Service, Diaphragm, Optical or Training)
1 Tube, Ointment, Protective and absorbent paper tissue	

c. Any clothing and equipment not available at home station will be furnished by the Commanding General, SFFE, Ft. Mason, California.

3. It being impracticable for the Government to furnish rations in kind, meal for sixty (60) men will be furnished on party meal tickets under provisions of par 2, AR/30-2215, as amended for seven (7) meals at a rate of \$1.00 per meal if taken in dining car, or \$0.75 per meal if taken elsewhere. One (1) additional party meal ticket will be furnished, as provided by CG, AR 30-2215. T/O requested to furnish the necessary T. DM. 1-2412 F 431-02 A 0425-24.

By order of Lt Colonel STUART:

Laurence P. Dowd
 LAURENCE P. DOWD,
 Captain, Infantry,
 Adjutant

Copies to:

3 - TAC (file)
 3 - Chief of M1S (Tng Cp)
 3 - CG, WDC (AC of S, G-2)
 30 - CG, SFFE, Ft. Mason, Calif.
 3 - CG, 7th Serv C
 1 - WMD, 7th Serv C
 3 - Hq Cp Savage
 - T/O
 3 - Hq Comdt
 1 - Surgeon
 2 - EM Concerned
 1 - Faculty
 120 - Pers/Sec
 5 - Supply
 10 - File 60- 201 file

- 2 -

R E S T R I C T E D

**CANDID CAMERA
PICTORIALS**

CAMP SAVAGE, MINNESOTA
Nov-Dec 1942—June 1943



Who's that blonde?



Critique?



BARRACKS 14 Ready for that hike!

Rt Standing: H. Kimura. Seated R-L: R. Omori, E. Mitsukado, W. Fujii. At Entrance R-L: F. Yamada, K. Kono, B. Yamamoto



Fraternizing?



Ugh! Beautiful Savage!



Captured!



What's the Secret?



THE BIG 3: Uchiyama-Fujikawa-Omori R-L.



"Small Kid's" SNOWBALLERS



The Kotonks!

ALASKA—ALEUTIAN CAMPAIGN
Kiska—Attu



Hideaway!

Intercept?!



Just Don Oka

Attu!



Our abode for the duration—plus?



Salvaging enemy "left-overs?"



Chow down, boys!



"Chee, the ice is gone!"



chicken a la king!



The sun sure feels good!



On top o' the world!



Snow Castles?

What's the latest, Shorty?





Time out for pictures!



Some monstrous gismo, eh wot!

In the frozen tundra!



Japanese "Big Bertha?"



Not frozen?



Ah! An Eskimo!



How's the swimming?



Field expediency?

BRISBANE—INDROPILLY
Australia
ATIS, GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, APO 500



To the Saturday races!



Indropilly landmark



Gateway to rear echelon HQTRS!



Now—where the quonset huts used to be

C-B-I
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA



Southwest-Pacific Russel Island 43-D School Ground.



Taj Ma Hal



Somewhere in Burma



**Maraudres' 3—Miyasaki, Kono,
Mitsukado, an unknown, Andow**



On furlough



Casablanca



Cairo, Egypt furlough





KUNMING, CHINA Billeting area



Somewhere in India

JAPAN—OCCUPATION



Mt. Fuji on the wing tip



Sunset in Yokohama



Aerial view—Japanese farmland



M. Fujikawa clan reunion?



Masami Tahira—then!

The pictorials came from Mr/Mrs Fusao Uchiyama



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THE MEMORIAL
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE ROAD
BY J. H. HARRIS
1911

The memorial is dedicated to the memory of
the late J. H. Harris, who died on the 15th of
the month of August, 1911, at the age of 75
years. He was born on the 15th of August,
1836, in the town of Harrisburg, Pa., and
was educated in the common schools of his
native town. He was a member of the
Methodist Episcopal Church, and was
a devoted and successful business man.
He was one of the founders of the
Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce, and
was its president for many years. He was
also a member of the Harrisburg Board of
Education, and was its president for
several years. He was a man of high
character and high ability, and his death
was a great loss to the community.

DEDICATION AND IN MEMORIAM



IN MEMORIAM
IN FOND REMEMBRANCE
AN ESTEEMED ATTRIBUTE
JOSEPH D. HARRINGTON
1923-1980

This manuscript is dedicated to **JOSEPH D. HARRINGTON**, alleged an "obscure" writer, but **A SEMPAI** in a broad sense too—a **PIONEER** who dared—who accepted the challenge of the Military Intelligence Service Association of Northern California's efforts to find a writer worthy of writing the history of the MISers (Nisei translators-interpreters-interrogators) in WW II—in the Pacific, South Pacific, China-Burma-India, Alaska, ETO, the Pentagon; and, who brought it to the glorious fruition as a Best Seller: **YANKEE SAMURAI!** *"The Secret role of Nisei's in America's Pacific victory!"*

IN REINTERATION—Sempai Gumi is Sempai (Senior) to Yankee Samurai, but **YANKEE SAMURAI** is sempai too—a pioneering first effort to shed light on the Nisei in the Pacific in World War II!

A SAD NOTE: **JOSEPH D. HARRINGTON** passed away on February 9, 1980 at the Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Florida while undergoing an emergency operation for internal disorders. He was enroute home to Hollywood, Florida after concluding his search—research on his next production—the second of his trilogy—the history of the 100th-442nd RCT!

SARABA, SENPAI! Till we meet again, "Tomodachi"



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writing, compilation, editing of this Anthology has been a "labor of great pains", no labor of love for me, to say the least. Nonetheless, it goes without saying—much, that great impetus and assistance has been rendered me from a select resource of man and material.

Chief among them has been, I should really label him my "co-editor", co-author, co-anything, the man from Stockton, California—**RICHARD HAYASHI**, the guy who has had his "fingers" in the making of Joe Harrington's **YANKEE SAMURAI**, in the published new **GO FOR BROKE** book written by "Chet" Chester Tanaka (Veteran Co. K, 442D RCT), MIS Presidio Exhibit, 100th/442D/MIS Exhibit Foundation, and on and on and on. An expert on Samurai swords, editor of the now extinct **MISLS ALBUM** published in 1945 in Minneapolis, during WW II. Boundless energy in spite of a heart attack suffered a few years ago.

He did the whole proof-reading of this book and also contributed materially, and too, made some fine suggestions as to the final format of this work. Thank you Yankee Samurai **RICHARD HAYASHI**. And you too, Betty, thank you. Without you Richard couldn't have gotten around to doing much!

Other people that need to be mentioned with profound thanks and appreciation: *Noby Yoshimura* of San Francisco—a Kotonk MISer in our Savage June 43 Graduating Class; Gene Uratsu and Tom Sakamoto enlisted instructors who volunteered for overseas assignment and went to Brisbane, Australia in 1943.

Back in Hawaii, to Betty and Fusao Uchiyama for their pictorial album and old issues of the **YABAN GOGAI**. To the many who encouraged me no end to the bittersweet end of completion—Mary Sueda and her Kaewai School Teacher-cohorts—Carol Iyomasa, Elaine Abe and Priscilla Shinmoto, especially. Also Principal Stanley Morikawa, Ms Hiroko Kikuchi, exchange student at UCLA from Japan, who intends to be a writer on the *Nisei*, adopted daughter of Baker Chapter, Club 100, Honolulu.

To all of you individual contributors without whose contributions the "birth" of this Sempai Gumi Anthology would still be unborn.

To the many publications that contributed willingly or unwillingly articles inserted into the book: Pacific Citizen (Los

Angeles), Hawaii Herald (Hawaii), YANKEE SAMURAI, by Joe D. Harrington, I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY, by Col Sidney Mashbir, and many now vintage, souvenir reunion publications of the MIS in Honolulu and on the Mainland.

There is a deep inner sense, feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction, for having done this Anthology—For our children and the “-seis” of generation to come—Sanseis, yonseis, goseis, et al!

RSO

FORWARD
AND
EDITOR'S NOTE

FORWARD AND EDITOR'S NOTE

FOREWORD!!!

THIS IS THE FINAL REVISION and final up-date of the SENPAI GUMI STORY started in November 1971, following our annual Kanraku Teahouse bash!

Sempai means fore-runner (Numba #1). We considered ourselves the fore-runners, the first group of Hawaii AJAs, to enter into the ranks of translator-interpreter-interrogator fields in the Asiatic-Pacific, Alaskan, CBI war fronts. And this was the first class into which the Mainland Kotonks volunteered from barbed wire Relocation Camps—Concentration Camps!? Though, we were the 2nd cycle CAMP SAVAGE, MISLS, Minnesota, November 1942-June 1943 graduates!

Our SEMPAIS were two Hawaii Niseis—ARTHUR KOMORI and RICHARD SAKAKIDA. (We were to find out later, though). Call it intrigue, espionage. PRIOR to December 7, 1941 they had been planted as "spies" in the Philippines, around June 1940 it was, by the War Department! Just like in the movies—disguised as Seamen, dumped overboard in Manila Harbor, "rescued" by the Japs and being hired into prominent Japanese Government controlled and operated (as a front—a cover) establishments. RICHARD SAKAKIDA's story too could be a book by itself!

Another HAWAIIAN, a transplanted Kamaaina, DR ALFRED J. BURDEN, of Maui was among those in the 1st class in Crissy Field hangar, Presidio, San Francisco, in November 1941. His alone is a fascinating story. A reserve officer in intelligence at that time, he was ordered to report to Presidio, because of his knowledge of the Japanese people. He had been born and raised in Japan long before WW II. He had left Japan to come back stateside, because he wanted to become a doctor.

YANKEE SAMURAI by Joseph D. Harrington, published in 1979, rather interpreted SENPAI GUMI—as the "Yellow Peril," but, also gave credit to the Sempai Gumi story as the birth—beginning of his book, *YANKEE SAMURAI—“The Secret Role of the Nisei in America's Pacific Victory.”*

We do not wish to capitalize on it, nor wish to hang on to the coat-tail of this very successful book. But, we merely want to call SENPAI GUMI, after this final revision—COMPLETE! AND KAPUT!” (PAU)—WITH TWO REGRETS: 1) We

did not get copies of, (didn't ask Joe), for copies of, tapes of complete interviews done by Harrington on Sempai Gumi fellas like Ben Yamamoto, Hoichi Kubo, Tom Yamada, and the rest, when we took him around for personal interviews back in December 1977. So these fellas had to be written up from available news clips. (Subsequently, Ben Yamamoto did come in with his story and so did Kazuo E. Yamane.) So these fellas had to be written up from available news clips and other sources. 2) Wished that *Yankee Samurai* had given a little more in details on exploits, incidents, et al of the Niseis treated in it. And, that other Sempai Gumi members did not see fit to contribute to this little booklet.

YE EDITOR

'YABAN DAIGAKU'

"University of Savage

SEMPAIS:

Introduction

Preface—"Hajimari"

Prologue

June 2, 1971

Dear Daili:

The Sanpei Dami is planning to have an important meeting at the Kansaku Tea House at the beginning of the month of October.

We appreciate if you can make a progress report on your undertaking of our Interpreters History.

We are also having a new election of officers so please make an effort to be at the next gathering.

It is four months away, but we feel that your progress report is a must for our next meeting.

I'm informing you ahead of time so you'll have some kind of report to make to us.

Sincerely,
Richard Johnston.

1542 Picardy Drive
Stockton, Calif 95203
March 22, 1971

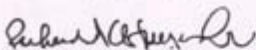
Dear Mr. Oguro:

Thank you for your letter of the 14th. I am afraid that I cannot be much of a help to you. The great undertaking you and your fellow MIS people are attempting, if completed, will be enjoyed by all former MIS personnel.

My stint with the MIS service was a very short one. After I graduated in the first group in December of 1942, I was assigned to the special air corps intelligence team which was sent to New Caledonia in spring of 1943. I only stayed 6 months with this unit because I was sent back to the United States to attend infantry OCS. After I was commissioned I was assigned to the 442nd Combat Team and went with them to Italy and France. I checked with the MISLS for possible assignment with them but was turned down because there were no vacancy for a "Nisei" officer on a language team headed for the Pacific arena. This was in March of 1944. Later on Nisei officers were assigned to language teams. After the war in Italy was over I was immediately sent back to Ford Snelling for a refresher course and assignment to an invasion force of Japan. Instead I was assigned to the staff and faculty of the school. In 1945 after the war ended in the Pacific I broached the subject of publishing a book about the MISLS to Colonel Rasmussen and he gave me the green light and placed me in charge of putting out the book. We finished our draft in th summer of 1946 and then we turned it over to a printing company in Minneapolis for publication. Thus we have the "MISLS Album". Since you are working on a book from personal viewpoints and experiences I am sending you names and addresses of people I knew and served with. They may help you with your project, but some may not since they harbor a grudge against the MISLS. If possible you should get a copy of the souvenir booklet put our during the Second National Reunion of MIS personnel in Los Angeles. I am sure that you can get a copy by writing to Gerald Kobayashi, 16210 Orchard Avenue, Gardena, California. As you remember W/O Kobayashi was the assistant personnel officer to Major Doud. If he has a sharp memory he can help

you more on who went where. I am sorry that I cannot be much of a help at this time.

Sincerely yours,



RICHARD K. HAYASHI

P.S. If you want to know about the secret POW camp at Byron, California you should contact former sergeant ASADA who lives in Honolulu, Hawaii. Please check your records of Hawaiian MIS personnel. Captain Krider was officer-in-charge of this operation. They used the site of the former Byron Hot Springs resort hotel as their headquarters.

The following persons may be able to furnish you names of people on their teams or whatever information you are looking for:

Dr. Tetsuo Hayashida
Lang. Team, Hq, USAFISPA, New Caledonia
10 Avenida St.
Berkeley, Calif

Eichi Nakazono
5th Airforce Intel. Lang. Team, Australia
2708 Oxford Ave.
Richmond, Calif

Ternow Odow
Lang. Team, Americal Div. New Caledonia, Guadalcanal
134 Mead Ave
Salt Lake City, Utah

Roy Ashizawa
Lang. Team. Alaskan Operations
255 Frederick St
San Francisco, Calif

George Kanegi
1st Sgt. Hqtrs, ATIS, Australia
1857 Brockton Ave
West Los Angeles, Calif

He knows most of the former MIS Personnel and where they were stationed.

Noby Yoshimura
1st Calvary Division operations

Gene Uratsu
Special Combat Team
336 Mt. Shasta Dr.
San Rafael, Calif.

Ray Nakabayashi
13th Airforce Intel. Lang. Team, New Caledonia
10 W. Park St.
Lodi, Calif.

Dr. John Morozumi
War Crimes Trials in China
2420 N. California St.
Stockton, Calif

Perhaps you should take the list of names and addresses in the souvenir booklet and send a letter to everyone of them. This may be a very expensive proposition but it may get the results you want. A questionnaire type of letter may be the thing.

1542 Picardy Drive
Stockton, California 95203
July 5, 1971

Dear Richard:

I am sorry that I took this long in answering your letter. One way or another I was pretty busy with other projects that prevented me from answering your letter.

Tom Sakamoto wrote to me and said that he sent you the graduation speech. He said that our newsletter can be bolstered with some of the items in the articles that you have prepared. It is very difficult to put out a good newsletter every quarter.

As for Sgt. Asada I have never met the gentleman, but I have heard of him through my former schoolteacher, a Miss Elizabeth Humbargar who befriended all of the MIS boys from Byron POW camp. All I know is that he resides in Honolulu. I don't even know his first name. I guess you have to ask around. He was a cook at the MIS section in Byron.

Yes, the MISLS Album is a very scarce item. Recently I acquired two extra copies which I sent to Brigadier General Wecckerling and the other to the local library here. If you want one try writing to Mr. Paul Tekawa at the Defense Language Institute, Presidio of Monterey, California. Be sure to state your reasons why you need the album since they get many queries for it. The album is a collectors item since only 1,000 copies were made, if I remember correctly. As officer in charge of putting out this album we worked 8 hours a day for one year to get it done. It was pretty rough since the guys overseas didn't cooperate with us much. I can't blame them since most of them didn't care for the treatment they received while they were at the school.

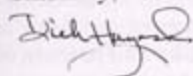
I guess you have heard by now that the MIS Assn. of Northern California is going to sponsor the 30th Anniversary Reunion on November 12, 13 and 14 of this year. The reunion headquarter will be the Miyako Hotel at the Japan Trade Center. Any information about the reunion can be answered by Noby Yoshimura who is a member of the reunion steering committee. This may be the last reunion of a large size since most of the MIS people are getting up in their ages. They are expecting about 400 people. In 1966 we had over 500 people show up. How do you like the 1966 souvenir booklet? Paul Oh-

taki and I worked pretty hard on putting out the 1966 souvenir booklet. Right now I am working with Mr. Imazeki of the Hokubei Mainichi about putting out a souvenir edition for the reunion. We plan to use as our main theme, "Nisei in War", a G-2 report authored by General Weckerling back in 1948. This report gives the complete background of the formation of the MISLS and the 442nd Regt. In fact General Weckerling was slated in 1943 to take command of the 442nd when it was activated but his boss had his orders revoked since he felt that he was too valuable because of his extensive intelligence background. He kind of regrets that he wasn't able to command the 442nd.

Incidentally, I was able to locate Indooroopilly on a special map of Australia. Looks like it is located on the outskirts of Brisbane, roughly about 5-10 miles out. Didn't think that such a town like Indooroopilly existed in this world. ATIS headquarters was located at this place. Wish I can get pictures of ATIS Hqs while they were stationed in Australia.

Well, lots of luck in your project.

Sincerely,



Court of Appeal
SECOND APPELLATE DISTRICT
STATE BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90012
July 6, 1971

JOHN F. AISO
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

Mr. Richard Oguro
1450 Ala Mahamoe Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

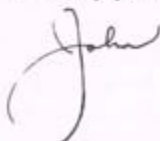
Dear Dick:

I apologize for the delay in acknowledging receipt of your note of May 18, 1971, and the enclosures. The delay is due to the pressure of my official judicial duties. I am still under the same pressure which disables me for the time being from drafting an appropriate introduction to the collection of individual experiences of the MIS boys in the Pacific area during World War II. I promise you to keep this matter in mind, however, and see if I can come up with something at my earliest leisure.

I hasten to heartily endorse your project. The only way to get the raw material which will serve as the basis of an authentic historical written memorial of the experiences of our boys in the Pacific area is to hear from them personally and to learn of their personal experiences and adventures. As must be expected, some of these letters are not articulately drawn and the reading thereof is very heavy. Nevertheless, an experienced re-write editor could use them as a basis for drafting a readable history. In this sense, your collecting the letters from the various fellows will be a definite historical contribution.

Regretting that I am unable to extend more positive help to you at this time, I remain,

Sincerely yours,



John F. Aiso
2200 North Vista Del Mar Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90068

Law Offices

NAKADA & MAKIYA

C. P. O. Box 611, Naha, Okinawa

Phones: Naha ☎ 2324
 ☎ 3968

Cable Address: "ROYLEX"

Roy K. Nakada
Satoshi Makiya
Touyoshi Gotoh
Takao Kijyo
Hiroko Oshiro

Of Counsel
William B. Nabors

July 19, 1971

Mr. Richard Oguro
1450 Ala Mahamoe Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Dear Dick:

Thank you very much for the copy of Sempai Gumi. It was well done and made me feel very young recalling the days we spent together. I know Eddie would like to have a copy but I do not have his address so will your please send it to me and I'll hand carry it to Tokyo since I see him every time I go to Tokyo. Send the copy to my wife who works for the Dept of Defense:

Mrs. Betsy Nakada
Comptroller Department
USCAR
APO 96248 c/o P/M. S/F

I have been home about once a year and I think the only time we had a big gathering of the group was about 4 years ago at the Kanraku Teahouse. Do you boys have an annual affair? I sure like to see the boys again on the 30th Anniversary which will be next year. Maybe if plans were made ahead of time we can get together a rather large group. What do you think about it?

Thank you for remembering me and Aloha.

Sincerely yours,



Roy

Dear Richard

Our committee on MHS documentary met on many occasions and we talked down to the following possibilities

① Find a reputable university to take up this project who gets a foundation grant like the UCLA Japan-American Research Project on History of Japanese in the USA. They received (UCLA) money from a York Foundation and working on this project - a comprehensive history of the Japanese in the USA.

② We are also looking around to find any professional writer who is willing to write a book for me - we furnish the facts and he will compile for his own copyright.

During our discussions at our recent meeting, Dr. DeLoe suggested the East-West Center in Hawaii. I don't know whether they are interested in this field, but can you find out for me. I also wrote to UCLA and other colleges. Minoru Shinoda with the E-W Center is a graduate of MHS but I don't have his recent address. The committee (Sakamoto, Kobayashi, Dowd, and Okajima) appreciate it very much if you contact appropriate persons and let me know how they feel about this proposition, also ask to University of Hawaii.

Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated. Yori Shikun from the Gang.

Sincerely,

Paul Nakaya
1500 Harrison St. Los Angeles, CA 90011

Richard and I love you!

DEAR FELLOW MIS:

I hope you won't get offended at my writing a form letter to all of you.

For some time now, I have had this informative letter from RICHARD HAYASHI, but have been procrastinating and doing nothing!

It is almost two years since our group decided to attempt writing our memoirs for our children and posterity and we have not begun to scratch the surface.

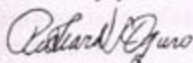
Please read the introductory material of the enclosed "draft" "with a grain of salt". It has been re-written since—but I have not had the time to mass-produce it. Besides I have been waiting for more personal accounts to come in, very hopefully, before over-hauling the entire draft and up-dating it with another draft.

My hope is still to make this undertaking cover all bases—all fields of operation and theaters in which the MIS grads of all periods, both the mainland kotonks and the Hawaii budda-heads, have served in.

Therefore, I would like to have your personal accounts, if that is possible, as well as all other leads (contacts) you can furnish me with in my efforts to round out the MIS story fully and completely.

Whatever help you can furnish will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours



RICHARD S. OGUERO
Editor, pro tempore

"H A J I M A R I" P R E F A C E

From the frozen Aleutians in Alaskan waters, Attu, USA, to the Pacific Naval Bastion, Pearl Harbor of Aloha Hawaii, where it all began on December 7, 1941. To Guadalcanal, Johnston Island, Midway, Iwo-Jima, Tokyo, Japan. From our Nation's Capitol, and the Pentagon there. East to New Dehli, India, over the China-Burma "Hump" to Hong Kong to Tokyo. From Australia to Morotai, to the Philippines, to Tokyo—Bougainville to New Caledonia, Tarawa, to Saipan, to Truk, to Tokyo. From Hawaii to Iwo-Jima, Okinawa, Japan. Wherever US troops were deployed, be it the North American, Pacific, CBI, or even the ETO theaters of operation, it can be said with a **RESOUNDING CERTAINTY** that Nisei Translators-Interpreters-Interrogators could be found attached, detached, loaned, or "stolen" with the combat troops in contact with the enemy, translating captured documents and material and interrogating and interpreting captured POWs **on the spot!** Long classified as **TOP SECRET** material and associated with "Cloak & Dagger" secrecy of G-2 tradition, the war effort of this group has never really been brought to public light. (As a matter of fact, much of their work is classified by the Dept. of Defense even today). In fact, long after war's end and back to civilian life once again, we are frequently asked if any of us were used for real espionage work with all its intrigue and suspense.

The truth of the matter is—upon being notified that we were being assigned to G-2 school, we did have grave apprehensions that the above was to be the case, rumours being rampant that many of us were to be "smuggled" into Japan as "spies", which did not alleviate the situation any either. Then too, being small in number and being able to operate only as a team in combat units of Battalion size or larger, we have never been able to tell our story collectively as a group—a unit!

The focal point of the Nisei Translator-Interpreter-Interrogator story for the Hawaii Sempai Gumi begins at Camp Savage, Minnesota, an old men's home hastily converted into a Military base to house the **Military Intelligence Service Language School (MISLS)** transferred post haste from the Pacific

West Coast due to extenuating circumstances, nestled some 20 miles from civilization—the twin cities of St. Paul—Minneapolis, Minnesota. What an appropriate name Camp Savage was! Which must have so inspired T/Sgt. Chris Ishii while still a student at Savage in 1943 to create his “Savage Indian Chief” adopted as the symbol and emblem of the MISLS. In reality though, the “Savage Indian Chief” is a Minnesota Gopher dressed in a feathered head-dress of a fiery Indian Chief!

It was in the dead of Winter (December 1942) when we arrived on orders from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, that is, the majority of us, from the 100th Inf Bn and were quartered in barracks that were heated by 3 pot-bellied, coal burning stoves of the by-gone “horse ‘n buggy” vintage with the chimney stacks sticking out of the roof. And the entire barracks was rustic and log cabinish looking, very much reminiscent of the historic settlement of the Pilgrims way back in the 1600’s! Though, were we NOT also PIONEERS (guinea pigs) of sort?

An obsolete hangar in Crissy Field in the Presidio of San Francisco was the birthplace of the MILS back in November 1941. Graduates of this first school were rushed into the Guadalcanal battle raging in the South Pacific about the time of this group’s graduation. Some were sent to Alaska and others were rushed to other battles while the remainder were assimilated into the school’s instructor corp. The first all-Nisei combat team—the 100th Inf Bn was NOT the first Nisei unit to go into combat. Graduates of the MISLS were the **FIRST**—and operated in the Pacific Theater of Operation—**AGAINST** their fathers’ ancestral homeland—**JAPAN!**

The group of linguists who went into action in Guadalcanal proved their instant worth many times over, causing a shortage of linguists in the combat area as well as a clamour and a big demand for a quick supply of more linguists.

In early 1942, with the edict to evacuate all Japanese from the West Coast, and the entire West Coast from Washington to California declared **OFF LIMITS** to Japanese civilians as well as those in uniform, the Army had no choice but to make facilities available elsewhere in the interior USA for the continuance and expansion of the school. Hence Camp Savage must have been born of “savage” desperation in the wilds of Minnesota! Numerically, the Class of June 1943, Camp Savage was the

THIRD graduating class of the MISLS, the first being the Presidio, San Francisco graduates, and another class, the first graduating class from Savage just previous to our class. However, we coined the name-tag "SEMPAI GUMI" meaning, **NUMBA ONE**, or forerunner, and labelled ourselves with it as we were the **FIRST** group from Hawaii to enter into the ranks of the Translator-Interpreter-Interrogator field, en masse, in December 1942. Ours also comprised of the **FIRST** volunteer group recruited from the relocation camps throughout the interior USA—the Mainland Kotonks! As well as there were a few college-attending Buddaheads from Hawaii who volunteered into this 1943 June graduating class of ours. Then, there was a group of Haole top college students mostly from the "Ivy League" colleges whom we promptly labelled the **90-day wonders!** As they graduated in 3 months having been adjudged sufficiently proficient in Japanese by then. And here, we struggled for 6 months and complained that it wasn't long enough!

Assembled in November-December 1942, this class was originally to be composed strictly of volunteers from relocation centers in interior USA. However, there were not enough volunteers from this source, so the Mainland Niseis in uniform already and effected by the West Coast ban and evacuated to stations in interior USA were screened for assignment to this class. Still the school quota was not being met, therefore, the 100th Inf Bn (Sep) from Hawaii staying in Camp McCoy at that time, was tapped for additional student recruits. 40 left for Camp Savage in late November and an additional 30 more were ordered to the school in early December.

As a class, we lived together and worked together. We sang Japanese tea-house songs or Hawaiian songs on physical conditioning marches around the country-side trudging for miles in the snow. Belly-ached about not enough rice to eat and taught the small eating houses around the country-side how to steam rice. Complained about the bitter cold, 32 degrees below zero while learning to ski and ice skate, with disastrous results for one member—a broken leg, learning to ski, but who still managed to graduate. As well as stumped our enlisted and civilian instructors on Japanese grammar, Japanese military history, Japanese geography and Japanese military tactics in the various classrooms. Waited for Saturdays for week-end

passes. And, once in a while "party-ed" up with the civilians who thought that perhaps they were "interned" here at Savage? Also went to downtown Minneapolis (Hennepin Ave) USO to dance with the chic blondes, brunettes, or to dine at the popular Chinese Restaurant, the **Mun Hing!** Or to amble down further south to eat Japanese food. These were "happy" school days.

Upon graduation, we were split up piece-meal into small groups, large groups, groups of two's three's five's and assigned to DESTINATION UNKNOWN!—Until we had reached our next assignment. For security reasons because "even walls have ears." Remember! A few were retained as instructors and assimilated into the school's NCO instructor camp such as Yoshio Harano, Charles Kaneko, and Edwin Kawahara, all from Hawaii. From the previous class, Ronald Chagami of Hawaii was retained as an instructor and did instruct some of our classes.

Before graduation, a few like **Yoshio Morita** and **Harold Nishimura** were shipped out to the Aleutian Islands in Alaskan Territory. Memories of Alaskan crabs and seaweeds! Kazuo Yamane was shipped out all by his lonesome to Washington, D.C. Intrigue, eh wot! **RAY HARADA** ended up at Ft Ritchie, Md. and got together with Kazuo. Ben I. Yamamoto was never heard from after leaving Savage. He eventually showed up in the battle of Iwo Jima! The most heralded group became those assigned to **Merrill's Marauders** of the China-Burma-India Theater of Operation. They, parachuting with their buddies (haoles) back of enemy lines. This group came closest to the "cloak 'n dagger" reputation of G-2 men.

HERBERT Y. MIYASAKI, ROBERT HONDA, EDDIE MITSUKADO, THOMAS 'Kupie' TSUBOTA all were originally from the 100th Inf Bn. A few others were Mainland Kotonks who had volunteered out of Relocation Camps to where all Japanese Nationals and citizens of the Pacific West Coast had been herded, such as **AKIJI YOSHIMURA, ROY MATSUMOTO, BEN SUGATA, GRANT HIRABAYASHI, JIMMY YAMAGUCHI, HENRY GOSHO,** and **CALVIN KUBOTA.** And two mainland transplants from Hawaii attending mainland colleges, volunteering for the

school were: HOWARD FURUMOTO and RUSSELL KONO.

Charlton Ogburn, as ex-Marauder, quoting in the Congressional Record Proceedings and Debates of the 88th Congress, First Session: "All of us, I suppose, when we are moved to reflect upon what human beings are capable of, find that certain images come to mind as illustrations of surpassing achievement. One that will always leap to mine in a composite recollection of NHPUM GA, and of no part of it more than the heroism, moral as well as physical, of those Niseis, Matsumoto of the 2nd Battalion and in the 3d of Edward Mitsukado and Grant Hirabayashi, decorated for—among other services—their persistent volunteering to go forward to interpret the commands of the enemy when the lead units were engaged by trailblocks."

Sadao Toyama ended up in New Delhi, India. Caught up with Mainland classmate HARRY ANDO. The largest group ended up in Brisbane, Australia under General MacArthur's General Hqtrs, APO 500, ATIS (Allied Translator-Interpreter Section) such as Masao Fujikawa, Richard Omori, Dick Oguro of Hawaii and a whole lot of mainland kotonks)—Mako Kimura, Hatch Kita were among those who landed in Australia. It was at this rear eschelon translator-interpreter section that the Japanese ORDER OF BATTLE was cracked and all the code destination of the Imperial Japanese units identified.

RICHARD ISHIMOTO hopped all over the place. At one time he was in DC, then in the South Pacific. He was among those who were in on the push in Leyte and Manila. HOWARD HIROKI and others got assigned to Hawaii. MASAMI TAHIRA got assigned to the 7th Div and went all the way with it. RICHARD MORITUSU ended up on Iwo Jima.

There were only a few KIAs. Yukitaka, Terry, Mizutari (Hilo) for one, who was hit by a ricocheting sniper bullet in an ambush of a Hqtrs by the enemy in the Aitape-Hollandia area, New Guinea, late in 1944. Then there was the heart rendering case of the Hood River, Oregon Nisei, FRANK HACHIYA who, though mortally wounded in th battle at Leyte, Philip-

pires, and by his own friendly fire at that, crawled out to the feet of an American officer and died spreading out the map that had the Japanese Army's defense completely mapped out, made out so laboriously in the few weeks after he had been air-dropped on Leyte secretly before the invasion.

Then, there was the case of a group of linguists airborne, somewhere above Okinawa when the plane crashed in a thunder storm with no survivors. I believe there were 12 men, the entire linguist section aboard at that time.

The first Nisei linguist to become reknown was **ARTHUR KOMORI** from Hawaii, though not a graduate like us who served as a combat linguist for General Wainright until evacuated to Australia on General MacArthur's personal order. And he remained on MacArthur's staff through all the "trials and tribulations" following the fall of the Corregidor and the surrender of Gen Wainright as well as to the General's subsequent triumphant "**I Shall Return,**" victory march in re-taking the Philippines.

All of these exploits individually and collectively must have inspired high Army authorities in the Pentagon at Washington DC to expand as well as to implement this program no end. Camp Savage got too small, construction could not keep pace with the expansion, so the school moved to Ft. Snelling, still in Minnesota. Then after VJ Day the school was moved back to the West Coast to the Presidio of Monterey where a Japanese Language section is maintained even to this day. (Three new buildings were dedicated at this Presidio of Monterey in 1980. One is named the Mizutari Building in honor of Yukitaka Mizutari, first KIA Nisei Translator-Interpreter in the Pacific!)

The indispensibility of the linguists cannot be summarized in a few paragraphs. It can well be said that without the participation of these Niseis, the US forces would have battled against greater odds. Information and knowledge of the enemy obtained by these men cannot be measured in words, but by the weight of victory itself. According to a newspaper report of October 1945, Allied Hqtrs in Tokyo, for the first time, officially revealed the use of Nisei troops in ATIS. It said that approximately 2 million documents were classified by ATIS

according to tactical, strategic, and long-range value. Some 20 million pages of translation were made and thousands of prisoners interrogated. The Nisei who were described as America's "HUMAN SECRET WEAPON" against the Japanese were so efficient that captured documents sometimes proved their worth within 20 minutes after seizure by American soldiers when US troops were sent against the new enemy installations they disclosed. Perhaps the real meaning of their sacrifices and courage for us other Americans is expressed in something Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, "Vinegar Joe," had to say about the Japanese American soldier at the conclusion of World War II: "The Nisei bought an awfully big hunk of America with their blood. We cannot allow a single injury to be done to them without defeating the purposes for which we fought." And Col Mashbir Commandant of ATIS in his book, **I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY**, devoting a whole chapter to the Niseis: "Had it not been for the loyalty, fidelity, patriotism, and ability of these American Niseis, that part of the war in the Pacific which was dependent upon intelligence gleaned from captured documents and POWs would have been a far more hazardous, long drawn-out affair. The United States of America owes a debt to these men and to their families which it can never fully repay. At a highly conservative estimate, thousands of American lives were preserved and millions of dollars in material were saved as a result of their contribution to the war effort. It should be realized, also that, this group of men had more to lose than any other participating in the war in the Pacific. Had any of them been captured their torture would have been indescribable. They would have literally been taken apart with tweezers, and death would have been the kindest thing that could possibly have happened to them. Not only that, but being of Japanese descent their relatives in Japan, if identified would have been subjected to the most harsh and brutal cruelties which could have been devised."

And, in the same vein, in the words of John F. Aiso, now a distinguished jurist and judge of a Superior Court of Los Angeles, California, formerly chief instructor of the Presidio, San Francisco, and subsequently director of academic training at Savage and at Fort Snelling and finally assistant section chief of the civil intelligence section of General Hdqtrs, Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, and the executive assistant

to Major Gen. Willoughby, Chief of Staff for Intelligence for Gen McArthur, in his address at Arlington marking the 20th anniversary of the readmission of the Nisei into the US Military said: "The quiet dedication, therefore of the Nisei in WW2 to help crush a militaristically conditioned, controlled, and oriented Japan was consistent and consonant with the lofty traditions of both American and Japanese patriots in their finest moments. History will prove as time goes on that their's was a contribution which will transcend narrow national demarcations. More specifically the Armed Forces Language School now located at the Presidio of Monterey in California, is their tangible contribution to our National Defense. But the reverberations of their intangible contributions will reach even further. In teaching his Caucasian comrades in arms the mastery of the Japanese language, he tore asunder the mythical veil of the inscrutable oriental mind! He demonstrated East is not East and West is not West when it comes to the longings and aspiration of mankind. In waging a cold war which seeks the capture of men's hearts knowledge and command of the enemy's language are just as vital as nuclear weapons. And like the atom, language can be employed not only in waging wars, but also in our quest for world peace."

So you see, that is that way it went, essentially the story of the Nisei Translator-Interpreter-Interrogator or the MIS boys of WWII boils down to (1) individuals and (2) to the period of graduation from the Presidio of San Francisco, Camp Savage, Fort Snelling, and the Presidio of Monterey. Therefore, any group historical account of the MIS must take into consideration the individual incidents and revelations of ALL graduates of all periods of the existence of the MISLS.

Collectively though, this much can be said. In every major battle of the Pacific Theater of Operation be it Bougainville, Saipan, Hollandia, Leyte, Iwo Jima, you name it, Nisei MISers did their small part in the total war effort. And so with other theaters of operation, CBI, ETO, CCM. And as such we should rate even with our big brothers in arms the Puka Puka Purple Hearts 100th Inf Bn and the Go-For-Broke 442nd RCT! If we add up all the bodies that have been Nisei G-2 boys, we exceed 6,000!

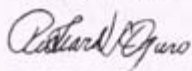
We are hoping to expand this short general resume of the Class of June 1943, MISLS, Camp Savage, Minnesota with

individual accounts written by all members of this SEMPAL GUMI, both the Hawaii Buddhaheads and the Mainland Kotonks alike. We also welcome most heartily contributions from all previous as well as subsequent graduating classes of the Presidio of San Francisco, Camp Savage, Ft. Snelling, and the Presidio of Monterey, California so that their story can be told completely and fully.

All accounts herein are published completely unaltered and unabridged, unless so specified by the "authors" to have their accounts edited, in order that every individual contributing can relate his experience in his own way and style.

Hope you find the reading stimulating, moving, and interesting. Please begin!

THE EDITOR



RICHARD S. OGURO

Member, Sempai Gumi, Class of June 43
Camp Savage, Minnesota

PROLOGUE

Coincidentally or otherwise; among the men of Company G, 298th Inf Regiment, Hawaii National Guard, mobilized and federalized into Federal Service prior to June 1940 and assigned beach guard and patrol action along the Bellows Air Force Base—Waimanalo Beach front (To Mokapu Pt), on the morning of December 7, 1941 who captured a two-man Japanese submarine which had gone aground on the reefs fronting Bellows Field was one Nisei, then a Corporal, THOMAS KIYOSHI "KUPIE" TSUBOTA, a motar man with the 81mm motar section of the Heavy weapons platoon of Co. G, 298th Inf Regt HNG.

Subsequently he saw assignment with the 100th Inf Bn at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin before being ordered to MISLS, Camp Savage, Minnesota in November of 1942. And just after graduation, picked among one of 14 linguists to be assigned to the Merrill's Marauders.

Sgt Tsubota recalls that one man was dead. The other, when first captured uttered some English words—but later played "possum" claiming no knowledge of English. The captured enemy was whisked to Ft Shafter Hqtrs presumably to be thoroughly interrogated, by whom he was, we have no knowledge. Sgt Tsubota also surmised that Bellows Field was not the ultimate goal of the two-man sub, the prized, prime target was to have been the Marine Naval Air Station in Kaneohe! The sub was found to be intact and was hauled up and whisked into somewhere in interior USA!

On December 31, 1941 I was assigned to the same Co. G and was guarding Bellows Field from one of several MG posts emplaced the length of the beach frontage of Bellows Field on New Year's Day, January 1, 1942! Coincidence, destiny???

A Camp Savage MI June 1943 grad was not seen nor heard from after his departure from Ft Snelling late in 1943! Until the battle of Iwo-Jima in February 1945!

WHAT TRANSPIRED BETWEEN 1943 to FEBRUARY 1945???

Other than to state that throughout the "mystery" period he was stationed in California, he gave no details, stating that they (his team) gave their word of honor not to tell! And as far as he is concerned, the War Dept has not rescinded that directive to

this day!

Which leads to speculation! Comes a lead from a Mainland source that a Sgt Asada now living in Hawaii had a very interesting experience in CAMP BYRON somewhere in California. It was a POW Camp! And that he was the cook of the team!

Now there is a Shiichi Asada living out in Waipahu, Hawaii, that is the person in question? But no bite has been made yet, although feelers have been mailed to him. And these have not been returned.

Now putting two 'n two together, is it possible that Sgt Ben Yamamoto, the mystery man was assigned to a POW Camp like Byron? Just guessing.

It was ascertained at the 30th Anniversary Reunion 'n Celebration of the MIS sponsored by the Association of MIS Veterans of Northern California (Nov 13 and 14, 1971 in San Francisco) that a Byron Spa, a resort spa near Stockton, California was turned into a Military POW camp consisting of some 40 barracks and its main purpose was to interrogate the Japanese POWs sent from Southwest Pacific before they were sent further inland in interior USA. That a language team was sent out there. That originally the team operated out of Ft McDowell (Angel Island) in San Francisco harbor.

Contributed by Joseph W. Ryssin who claims hs is the only MI veteran to have graduated twice from the MISLS! He is now an importer wholesaler and distributor operating out of San Francisco.

THE MISLS IN RETROSPECT

"Nisei participation in G-2 service commenced as early as April 1941. It continues in some form to this date although many military intelligence activities have been transferred to the Central Intelligence Agency.

Linguistic combat intelligence work began on Pearl Harbor Day and at Bataan and Corregidor. The Nisei member of the beach patrol which captured the first Japanese Prisoner of War—the sub-lieutenant that spied on Pearl Harbor from his one-man submarine—participated in his interrogation on the evening of December 1941." Excerpts of remarks made by Judge John F. Aiso at Arlington National Cemetery, June 2, 1963 on the occasion marking the 20th anniversary of reacceptance of Niseis into the uniformed services, as extracted from the Congressional Record, 88th Congress, First Session.

"Although not nearly as well publicized or known by the general public, about as many Japanese Americans served in the Military Intelligence Service (MIS) in the Pacific as were in the 442 RCT. And, in many ways, their contributions to victory were more dramatic and important than were those of their fellow Nisei in the European Theater. As a matter of fact, much of their work is still classified by the Department of Defense.

When strained relations in the Summer of 1941 suggested the possibility of war with Japan, it was discovered that in the actual prosecution of any Pacific war, intelligence work would not be successful without knowledge of the Japanese language. Accordingly, in the highest secrecy, the military decided to establish a military intelligence service language school (MISLS).

While it was hoped at first that there would be enough Japanese-speaking Nisei so that a few week's review would be sufficient to fit them for field duty, it was soon learned that, after a survey of the first 3,700 Nisei, only 3 percent were relatively accomplished linguists, only about another 4 percent were proficient, and a further 3 percent could be useful only after a prolonged period of training. In other words, racists, notwithstanding, the Americanization of the Nisei on the Pacific coast had advanced more rapidly than most of the US public was aware." Congressional Record, 88th Congress, First Session.

The story of the MISLS began only a month prior to the

nefarious December 7, 1941 Pearl Harbor SNEAK ATTACK by imperialistic Japan. Precisely in November 1941, in an obsolete hangar of Crissy Field (half of it used as a classroom and the other half as a barracks. There were no chairs so orange crates or other improvisations were made), in the Presidio of San Francisco was born the first language school ever conducted by the Army, the Military Intelligence Service Language School—MISLS.

The first Japanese Language class consisting of 60 students and a teaching staff of instructors were begun under the direction of the 4th Army Intelligence Section, 4th Army Command, and was the culmination of the joint efforts of farsighted Brigadier General John Weckerling (then a Lt Colonel) and Colonel Kai E. Rasmussen (then a Captain), who foreseeing the need for such a school, had pursued this matter most tenaciously until they finally won approval and a paltry \$2,000.00 grant from a most reluctant War Department.

"To give you some background on the concept and organization of the school, I was in Panama 1939/41 when I was asked to go to San Francisco to start a school for interpreters and translators in the Japanese Language. I immediately accepted (actually I had the option of refusing the detail), and I have never regretted my small part in establishing this most effective and important arm of our intelligence effort.

The story of our small beginnings in San Francisco are too well-known to bear repetition. I would say, however, that the actual concept of the school was a gleam in the eyes of Colonel Carlisle C. Dusenbury, USA, retired and Colonel Wallace Moore, a reserve officer whose father was a Christian Missionary in Japan years ago. Both were on the War Department General Staff as were Colonels Rufus S. Bratton and Moses V. Pettigrew (both now deceased). It was the latter two who assisted in the tremendous task of obtaining official approval of the school project.

Most commanders in the field thought that Japanese Americans, no matter how efficient, could be killed if they ventured forward in the combat zones. Later, when the first increment of the Crissy Field school were to be graduated, the War Department General Staff had some difficulty in convincing commanders to accept language teams. A Major Burden then operating as G-2 of a division in New Georgia had a great deal to do

with overcoming field reluctance. After the first few teams were accepted and proved their tremendous value, Colonel Rasmussen (the school having been moved to Camp Savage) then was faced with actual shortages of trained personnel in 1942 and into 1943, if I am not mistaken. Excerpts from letter by Brigadier General John Weckerling, 220 Spring Lane, Winter Park, Florida 32789, Dated Sept 19, 1966 written in response to Akiji Yoshimura, 120 Tenth Street, Colusa, California. Whose excerpts also follow:

"I appreciated very much your informative letter on the early beginnings of the MISLS. Colonel Moore, I believe was one of the officers selected by the War Department in late 1945 to tour the West Coast, speaking to organizations and communities and paving the way for the return of the evacuees to their former homes. I have news clippings of his visit to my hometown. It is interesting that you should mention Major Burden, as one who had much to do with overcoming the reluctance of field commanders to use the Nisei linguists. Col Burden was later head of SINTIC-Sino Translation and Interrogation Center based in Chungking, China. As a "shavetail" I served in his organization, mostly on DS to various elements of the Chinese Combat Command. I last met Col Burden in Shanghai, December 1945, just prior to my return to the Zone of the Interior.

During the difficult days of WW II, the experience of the Nisei would have been infinitely more chaotic and insufferable had it not been for men like yourself, Gen Willoughby, Gen Stilwell, Gen Merrill (who, incidentally was my commander), Col Mashbir, Col Rasmussen, Col Burden and countless others, whose faith in our loyalty and confidence in our abilities made it possible for us to fulfill our right and duty to serve our country in its time of peril. I am often reminded of Col Chas H. Hunter, Exec Officer of the Marauders, who made it clear to the troops that he would not tolerate any nonsense about the presence of the 14 Nisei in the ranks. I think too of the late Brig Gen Joe Stilwell Jr. who, as G-2 of the Northern Area Command in Burma, severely reprimanded a new junior officer for questioning the wisdom of allowing the Nisei to work in the operations and intelligence tents."

Of the 60 students in the first class at Presidio, San Francisco, 58 were Niseis . . . 15 failed to pass and were relieved

before the end of the course. 40 graduated. 35 were assigned to the Alaskan and South-Pacific area (Guadalcanal and Southwest Pacific areas). The remaining ten graduates were re-assigned as instructors to the school's instructor corp.

Following the outbreak of war, Army higher echelons realized the dire need of trained linguists to aid in the warfare against the Japanese. Coupled with this realization, the importance of linguists in combat was fully recognized when the first group of specialists, sent without rank, distinguished themselves in the bloody Battle of Guadalcanal in May 1942, and field commanders began to clamor for these graduates!

The War Dept was now convinced that the Presidio School was not in vain, that it had to be enlarged. The school passed under the direct control of the War Dept.

With the removal of Nisei Troops off the West Coast together with the evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry to assembly centers and relocation camps in interior USA, the War Dept had no other recourse but to transfer the school out elsewhere. As well as partly for expansion the MISLS was transferred to CAMP SAVAGE, located near a village called Savage, approximately 20 miles from Minneapolis, Minnesota in June 1942. And whose existing buildings and grounds were formerly used by a state-maintained **Home-for-the-Indigent-Old-Men!**

Perpetual construction, which characterized Savage was a barometer of school growth and expansion. The handful of original buildings inherited by the school were capable of facilitating only a few hundred at a time. Some of the classes and service units were functioning in makeshift barns. Despite new buildings, classrooms were always crowded and the inability of the construction program to keep pace with the growth of the school finally forced the Command to look around for yet another site.

In all, 8 classes were graduated from Camp Savage in its two years of existence. An average class ran a period of six months before any of the students were graduated. Special classes, however, graduated students anywhere from one to three months, depending upon the student's linguistic background and capabilities.

In August of 1944, the school was transferred for the third time, and this time to Fort Snelling, Minnesota located

between the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This Fort was built in 1820 on the site it still occupies, between the lush banks of the Mississippi and the Minnesota Rivers. And as such, was deeply steeped in historical glory crowned with the heritage of Indian Wars.

The first graduation at Ft Snelling and the 9th of the School was held in November 1944 with 382 AJAs and 11 ACAs (Americans of Chinese Ancestry) receiving their diplomas.

In June 1945, the WAC sections were activated. This was the first and only group of WACs however to be trained at the school. Since the WACs could not be used as interrogators and interpreters, they were trained only in the written language to qualify them as translators.

Subsequent to V-J Day there was a shift in emphasis from Military Japanese to general Japanese and Civil Affairs; Japanese Govt and Administration were added to the curriculum. What a contrast from the time of inception of the school when the initial text books had to be mimeographed to keep within the \$2,000.00 budget. A Chinese Language Dept as well as a Korean Language Dept were added in mid-1945.

The closing chapter of Ft Snelling was highlighted with the graduation of 307 students at the 21st commencement of the School's history and the 11th at Snelling on 8 June 1946. **THE MISLS HAD BY THEN GRADUATED SOME 6,000 MEN!**

Almost immediately thereafter, the School was moved out once again, back to the West Coast, from Snelling to the Presidio of Monterey, California. In September 1947 the school was re-designated the US Army Language School until a further re-designation in July 1963 as the DEFENSE LANGUAGE INSTITUTE, WEST COAST BRANCH, under the management of the Army.

Over a DECADE this school has become the largest language training center in the world. Today, the school gives expert instruction in 25 languages: Albanian, Arabic, Bulgarian, Chinese-Cantonese, Chinese-Mandarin, Czech, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, Swahili, Thai, Turkish, Vietnamese, all taught predominantly by natives of the country with extensive experiences as professors in foreign and American schools and universities.

From Guadalcanal when the MISLS graduates first appeared, to the storming of Okinawa in the Summer of 1945, Nisei and Caucasian translators and interpreters were with every front-line unit of the Army and Marine Corps. They have won the admiration and praise from all allied fighting forces in the Pacific Area and elsewhere.

The MIS graduates have been decorated with every award from the Distinguished Service Cross to the Bronze Star. Some received citations from the British Empire and the Chinese Nationalist Govt.

This historical brief of the MISLS, extracted from the 25th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet ends thusly: "Twenty-five years in the business of training language personnel have provided the Army with a large international linguists pool to meet all of her linguistic commitments. The Vietnam War has disclosed the important role played by linguists in bridging the gap between the United States and South Viet Nam. The future holds even more challenge for the present-day Military linguists with the ever-changing international picture and ever-increasing necessity for the well-planned linguistic training that is afforded only at the Defense Language Institute; A FAR CRY from a language training program started by a skeptical and reluctant War Dept in 1941 on a shoe-string budget of \$2,000.00!"

IN MEMORIAM FRANK HACHIYA

Perhaps the greatest Japanese-American war hero of WW II in the Pacific was Sgt Frank Hachiya from Hood River, Oregon, whose name was removed from a courthouse honor roll in Oregon because he was of Japanese ancestry and who received posthumously the DSC, the highest decoration for valor awarded a Nisei in the Pacific in WW II.

His story is probably the most dramatic example of the amazing courage and loyalty of these Americans who had to fight a war under not only desperate and dangerous conditions, but also had to suffer terrible discrimination and prejudice toward their loved ones at home. His dramatic story would have been portrayed in a movie but it was considered to be just too unbelievable!

The 1942 military evacuation from the West Coast of all persons of Japanese Ancestry resulted in Frank Hachiya going to the Minidoka Relocation Center in Hunt, Idaho. Not considered acceptable for service in the Army, he was therefore, ineligible for the draft. Nevertheless, he volunteered for combat duty. Because he had some knowledge of Japanese, he was assigned to military intelligence duty in the Pacific, after receiving training at Camp Savage, Minnesota.

Several months before the invasion of Leyte, that famous battleground in the Philippines, he volunteered for intelligence work behind enemy lines. Air-dropped behind enemy lines weeks before the attack, by the time of the invasion, he had mapped out the complete Japanese defenses for Leyte. When the invasion came, he started to crawl out in front of the Japanese lines toward the landing American troops. He was mortally wounded by the invading American troops, fire from his own comrades. Nonetheless, though dying, he managed to crawl far enough forward to lay the maps showing the island's defenses at the feet of an American officer.

By his heroic services, he saved the lives of hundreds of his fellow Americans and shortened the campaign in the Philippines considerably. A grateful Nation posthumously awarded him the DSC, the highest decoration awarded to a Japanese-American in the Pacific Theater.

The life of Sgt Hachiya symbolizes well the story of the Japanese-American soldiers of WW II. Unwanted by the

Army, he could not be drafted. Suspected by his own Government, he was confined in a relocation camp. Given the most trying of assignments, to fight against those of his own ancestry and culture, he was mistakenly shot and killed by his own comrades. Though he died, his courage resulted in the saving of lives of thousands of his countrymen.

New York Times - 23 Feb 45

The members of the Hood River, Ore., Legion Post who removed from their county war memorial the names of 16 Americans of Japanese Ancestry would do well to heed the case of Frank T. Hachiya, whose name was one of the 16.

Japanese treachery at Pearl Harbor reacted upon Hachiya as upon other patriotic Americans. To be sure, his eyes slanted, his skin was yellow, his name different. But Hachiya was an American. He enlisted at once, and it must have been a dramatic moment when he told his Japanese father of his plans. The son went to the front, the father was removed to a War Relocation Authority camp.

As a soldier, T/3 Hachiya saw action at Kwajalein, at Eniwetok, at Leyte. There he lay in a little valley under withering Japanese fire. Bullets cut up the ground. Men were killed and wounded beside him. The attack was stopped. Information on the enemy's strength was essential. The commanding officer asked for a volunteer to reconnoiter the position. T/3 Hachiya volunteered. He crept forward through the grass, now crawling, now running quickly through the open from cover to cover. The men behind watched him descend the slope and work into the valley. Then they saw him drop. A Japanese sniper had got him. But T/3 Hachiya, mortally wounded though he was, could not lie there. The battalion wanted the information he had gathered. He must get back. So he crawled, bleeding in agony, out of the valley and up the hill, through the grass and scrub and around the merciful protection of little hillocks. He was dying when he reached his lines. He made his report while they bound his wounds. Then about a month after his name had been removed from the Hood River war memorial, T/3 Hachiya died.

Perhaps Private Hachiya never knew that the Legion Post had dishonored him back home. Perhaps some day what is left of him may be brought back to this country for re-burial among the honored dead.

YUKITAKA TERRY MIZUTARI

T/Sgt from Hilo, Hawaii. Premonition notwithstanding and very reluctant about being sent up "North" again, feeling honor-bound, duty-bound, he led a band of linguists out of the rear echelon Brisbane, Australia Hqtrs of Gen MacArthur to their new assignment, the 6th Div Hqtrs billeted in Aitape, New Guinea. Time was fall of 1944.

The Hqtrs was over run in a surprise night raid by the enemy one night. And quickly rallying and dispersing his men, Sgt Mizutari, disregarding his own safety, was moving forward to make a final check of his men, when he was mortally hit by a ricocheting enemy sniper bullet. Nonetheless, he managed to crawl forward to the point of his men's defense perimeter before expiring. For his gallantry under fire he was awarded the Silver Star posthumously.

HEROIC DEATH OF DETROIT CAPTAIN IN JUNGLES OF BURMA REVEALED - Frank Hawlett

SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN BURMA, May 23 (Delayed) (UP) - The lean, blond-bearded soldier swallowed a lump in his throat and muttered: "There's Capt Laffin's grave." He pointed to a fresh mound of earth topped by a crude bamboo cross on the edge of Myitkyina airfield where they buried the man who led Merrill's Marauders into this enemy base in the heart of the Burmese jungle.

The Marauders found his broken body near the airstrip on May 18 after a Japanese Zero machine-gunned the unarmed transport in which Laffin was riding to deliver a message to one of Brig Gen Merrill's advance columns.

He was Capt William Laffin, 42 of 11344 Woodmount, Detroit, Merrill's chief intelligence officer and the first American to reach Myitkyina airfields.

My guide was PFC Hun Crawford, Louisville, KY, a hqtrs scout who had been in and out of scores of tight spots with Laffin during the hectic three months it took the Marauders to march 750 miles through the jungles into the Japanese lines.

"I'm one of the last of the original headquarters scouts now that the Captain's gone," Crawford told me. "But I know he died happy after the way he surprised the Japs at the airfield."

When the Japanese raided Pearl Harbor, Laffin was oper-

ating a business in Yokohama, where he had lived for 15 years, and he was promptly arrested and interned.

DECIDES TO FIGHT

When the Marines were catching their breath after wresting Guadalcanal's Henderson Field from the Japanese, Laffin was gazing at the Statue of Liberty from the deck of the Swedish exchange line Gripsholm as it steamed into New York Harbor.

Once home, Laffin made up his mind he wanted to come back to fight the Japanese. Since he spoke and read Japanese, he received a commission and was sent to the army intelligence school.

Laffin didn't do his "G-2ing" from hqtrs. Instead, he took a handful of American and Kachin native scouts and went out after his own information.

His most important mission was one of his last. He led his scouts over a seldom used trail to Myitkyina airfield, an operation that resulted in the Marauders catching the Japanese flat-footed.

IN MEMORIAM KIA OKINAWA 1945

Airborne and enroute to—eternity? For Some

RALPH MASAO GOSHIKONA
GEORGE TSUYOSHI IKEDA
HARUYOSHI IKEMOTO
SUSUMU IMANO
MASAYUKI ISHII
EDWIN FUKUI
YOSHITAKA KATAOKA
JOSEPH TAKEO KUWADA
LARRY TAMOTSU MIZUMOTO
WILFRED MASAO MOTOKANE
MITSUO SHIBATA

(Ie Shima-with 77th Div)

MASARU MURAMOTO
KAZUYOSHI INOUE
SOICHI NAKAMURA
MASARU SOGI

WHO'S WHO IN THE MISLS

JOHN WECKERLING, Brigadier General, Retired USA. COMMANDANT 1ST MISLS PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO and CO-FOUNDER.

Born November 21, 1896. Military Service: Entered military service in 1917 as a member of officers training camp, CMTC, Fort Roots, Arkansas. Received direct commission as 2nd Lt of Infantry on October 15, 1918. Commissioned in the Regular Army as 2nd Lt on July 1, 1920, and promoted to 1st Lt on same day. Retired as Brigadier General, United States Army in August 1952.

MAJOR ASSIGNMENTS: October 1918, instructor, Camp Gordon, Ga. 1919 Assigned to 6th Infantry; October 1920 student infantry school Ft Benning Ga.; April 1924 assigned to Philippines; June 1928 Language Student, Tokyo, Japan; December 1934 Returned to Tokyo as Assistant Military Attache; November 1939 Assigned to Panama Canal Department; August 1941 Transferred to Presidio of San Francisco, California and assigned as Chief of the Intelligence Branch of the Western Defense Command and 4th Army and also Commandant of 4th Army Intelligence School. November 1943 Assigned to the Office of AC of S, G-2, War Dept, Washington D.C. 1946-1948 Served in Korea with joint US-USSR Commission and later with UN Temporary Commission; September 1949 Commanding General of Louisiana Military District; July 1950 Became Chief, Intelligence Division, Office of AC of S, Army Headquarters; 1951 Appointed Duty Assistant Chief of Staff for intelligence.

KAI E. RASMUSSEN, Colonel, Retired U.S.A. FOUNDER with General Weckerling 1ST MISLS SCHOOL PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO. COMMANDANT MISLS CAMP SAVAGE, Minnesota.

Born: November 26, 1902. Military Service: Entered Service in 1922, served in Military intelligence most of his career, retired Colonel 1956.

Major Assignments: 1936-1940 Language Officer, Tokyo, Japan; 1941-1946 Commandant U.S. Army Language School; 1946-50 Military Attache, Oslo, Norway; 1950-53 CO 500th MI Group, Tokyo, Japan; G-2 Army Forces, Far East, Tokyo;

1954-55 Chief World Wide Intelligence, Collection Agency
Dept, Washington, D.C.

JUDGE JOHN F. AISO, Colonel, Retired-U.S. A R
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, MISLS, Camp Savage and Ft.
Snelling, Minnesota. Presently Judge, Superior Court LA
County since 1957.

Military Service: Drafted into the Army as a private on April
23, 1941 and was separated as Lt Colonel on May 7, 1947. 1945
Director of Academic Training MISLS, Ft Snelling, Minne-
sota; 1945-1947 Executive Assistant to General C.A. Wil-
loughby, AC of S G-2, GHQ, Tokyo, Japan

SIDNEY F. MASHBIR, Colonel, Retired-U.S.A COM-
MANDANT ATIS, GHQ, SWPA.

Military Service: Entered Army in 1916 and served under
General Funston as Captain of First Arizona Infantry; Com-
missioned in the Regular Army during WW I. Retired as
Colonel, United States Army. Head of counterespionage and
counter intelligence for the Eastern Department of the United
States Army during WW I. Served in varied intelligence assign-
ments in Japan, Siberia, Europe and South Pacific. Com-
manding Officer of Allied Translator and Interpreter Section,
GHQ, SWPA.

TIDBITS FROM THE MISLS INSTRUCTOR CORPS

The first student group to study at Camp Savage was comprised of about 170 students. Classes started in June, 1942. The School's faculty in 1942 was comprised of 8 civilian instructors and 10 enlisted men. The civilian instructors were: Aiso (Chief), Tekawa (Assistant chief), Oshida, Tanimoto, Yamada, Kihara, Imagawa and the other whose name slips my mind at the moment. EM instructors were M/Sgt Joe Masuda, T/Sgts Nishita and Kaneko, and S/Sgts Nishita, Watanabe, Uratsu, Sakamoto, Shiroda, Sakata, and Ishio.

As there were no chairs and desks when classes first began in June, all the students sat on the floor to study. Classes were divided into A-1, A-2, A-3, B-1, B-2, B-3, C-1, C-2 and C-3.

The first student group graduated in December, 1942 as T/5s. From this graduating class, five EMs were selected to remain with the school to teach. They were S/Sgts Kawachi, Tagami, Sakai, Matsui, and Chagami. These five EM instructors were promoted to T/5s upon graduation but were promoted to S/Sgts the same afternoon. All five were promoted to T/Sgts in nine months and were made M/Sgts a year later.

I moved with the school from Camp Savage to Ft Snelling and then on to the Presidio of Monterey, California.

On January 10, 1947, M/Sgts Sakai, Vorobioff and Chagami were given direct warrants and promoted to WOJG. Each headed a School Division comprised of about 20 civilian and enlisted instructors and about two hundred fifty students.

All three WOJGs received WD orders reassigning them to GHQ, FEC, Japan in June 1947. Vorobioff and Sakai proceeded to Tokyo, Japan; however, I returned to Hawaii for a 30-day leave. While on leave, received orders from GHQ with instructions to remain in Hawaii after my leave, on a 90-day TDY to recruit qualified linguists (those already discharged) for immediate assignment in Tokyo, Japan. Soon after reporting as Recruiting Officer for GHQ, Tokyo, Japan at the Aloha Tower in Honolulu, I received instructions from the War Dept in Washington and from Colonel Sinclair, Commandant at the Army Language School, Presidio of Monterey, to become a Recruiting Officer for qualified young men in Hawaii for schooling at the Army Language School. I remained in Hawaii

for four 90-day TDY periods (one whole year) before reporting to my duty station at Central Interrogation center, NYK Building, Tokyo, Japan.

During my four year-tour in Japan, I served as Interrogation Officer of special repatriates from Soviet Russia in the NYK Building and at Maizuru, Japan.

RONALD CHAGAMI

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS - Are Completely Unabridged,
and type-written by the "authors" themselves

REPRINTS from Newspaper accounts, Souvenir Booklets
and the like - Unabridged, verbatim

EXPLOITS

220 Spring Lane
Winter Park, Florida 32789
October 18, 1971

Mr. Richard S. Oguro
1450 Ala Mahamoe Street
Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii 96819

Dear Mr. Oguro:

It is quite a coincidence that you should write me at this time when I have been in correspondence with the members of the reunion committee of the MISLS veterans concerning the same objective that you have in mind.

Captain Richard K. Hayashi, USA (Retired) has written me several times recently regarding an article I had prepared for publication over twenty years ago and which I have made available to the committee to be used in any way that the committee decides. I believe that the committee had in mind the use of the article in their forthcoming announcement of the next reunion but that others had suggested the publication of a booklet in expanded form.

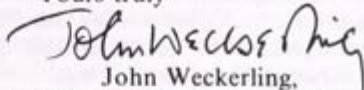
It might be well for the two of you to get together on any program that would take this form using not only the material that you sent to me but also the experiences of other Savage classes. I would say for Captain Hayashi's information that the booklet you sent to me consisted mostly of personal experiences of members of the Third Class (Savage) and which I found most interesting. Both of you could use some of the combined experiences for your purposes in insuring a large attendance at your next reunions.

But I am looking beyond this immediate objective. I see in the devotion, bravery and dedication of the graduates of the Presidio-Savage-Snelling schools a tremendous epic if you please not only of personal sacrifice in the face of hostility in the United States but of complete silencing of that hatred and the compelled admiration of a fine segment of our societies. If all minorities performed as well as the so-called Nisei!

So I see a document in perhaps booklet form (or even a book!) evolving from the combined story of the Nisei epic—but this would require professional assistance I believe. Several newspapers have shown interest I believe. I am sending along

the copy of the article that you prepared to Captain Hayashi and suggest that you two get together.

Yours truly



John Weckerling,
Brigadier General, USA (Retired)

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN WECKERLING, a Colonel in 1941, was slated in the Spring of 1943 to command the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, but his orders were changed since his Commanding General felt that his services in the intelligence field was invaluable. He served as an intelligence officer throughout the war.

The article also reveals the story about a group of American Intelligence Officers who were instrumental in convincing the War Department on use of the 100th Battalion from Hawaii as combat troops and the organization of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. All made possible through successful use of Japanese-American language personnel serving with combat units in Guadalcanal and Attu in the Aleutians.

This article was written back in 1946 and reveals the "behind the scenes" story of how, why, and who started the Army Language School back in November 1941. (Article was declassified in February 1948). At that time Gen. Weckerling was serving as Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department, Washington, D.C.

JAPANESE-AMERICANS PLAY VITAL ROLE IN U.S. INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN WW II

I - Nisei Problem in the War Department

The story of the Nisei during World War II is closely interwoven with the vindication of a sizeable segment of our immigrant population (300,000 Japanese-Americans in the United States and Hawaii in 1942). Looked upon with great suspicion before and immediately after the outbreak of war, the Nisei justified the confidence of those who knew them and supplied the answer to one of our most vital war problems—the need for efficient interpreters and translators of the Japanese Language.

It is not the purpose of the present article to examine into the reasons for our failure to gauge correctly the patriotism of the Japanese population in the United States or for their removal from the West Coast. Neither will the fighting exploits of the 442nd Combat Team and the 100th Battalion, both composed

entirely of Nisei enlisted personnel be reviewed. The outstanding records of these Nisei combat units have won the admiration of the people of the United States and have been in a large measure responsible for destroying the last vestiges of prejudice against the Nisei. As a matter of fact, the impetus behind the organization of the two Nisei combat units stemmed from the interpreter and translator problem, as will be seen later in this article. The war record of another group of Nisei, those assigned to intelligence tasks, is not so widely known.

War Department intelligence during the war involved not only intelligence policies, directives and operations, but concerned itself in the procurement and training of personnel for many of its information gathering agencies. In certain cases highly competent personnel had to be supplied to field agencies in order to enable those agencies to perform assigned missions for their local commanders. The procurement of competent interpreters and translators of the Japanese language, including order of battle experts, radio monitors and similar intelligence specialists, was a typical example of this character. It could have been highly inadvisable, if not actually detrimental to the conduct of operations, to require the theater commander to train such personnel in the zone of operations. The only known source of procurement of Japanese linguists before the war were: (a) the small group of officers who had studied the Japanese language in Japan, many of who had either been retired, incapacitated or were beyond the age and rank of interpreters, and (b) a negligible number of US citizens, missionaries, businessmen and others, qualified in Japanese.

During the summer of 1941 the probability of war with Japan was rapidly mounting and those few who realized the language difficulties involved in prosecuting a war against the Japanese were alarmed by the lack of our preparations in this respect.

The complexities of the Japanese language are almost beyond occidental comprehension. In the first place, the Japanese incorporated practically the entire Chinese language, written and spoken into their own about AD 500. In addition to the "Japanese" reading, there is a "Chinese" reading for practically all ideographs. A rough equivalent would be the incorporation of the entire French language into English plus a

highly complicated and revolutionary system of picture writing.

In the written style, there are two syllabaries ("katakana" and "hiragana") each of 50 ideographs, in addition to the Chinese ideographs (8,000 used by the metropolitan Tokyo daily newspapers). A highly educated person reads and writes five to eight thousand Chinese ideographs, while the average, unskilled laborer or farmer barely understands 500. The syllabaries or alphabets are used for writing connectives, tenses, conjunctions and denoting subjects and objects of sentences. In addition, there is another syllabary known only to the educated and called "hentaigana," each character of which can be written in two or three different forms. To top off what must now seem to be the ultimate in confusion to the readers, there are four distinct steps in writing each Chinese ideograph depending on the degree of abbreviation and the character of the letter, document, notice, bulletin, etc., involved.

The difference between the spoken and written Japanese are accentuated by the courtesy gradations imposed on the spoken language, depending on the rank or class of the individual addressed. The written language divides itself generally into the informal and formal, the structures being quite different. Japanese officers before the war had openly boasted that the Japanese language was so difficult that it constituted a code itself not susceptible of solution by foreigners. There was considerable grounds for this optimism.

II - Confusing Early Days

In June 1941, Colonel Carlisle C. Dusenbury (then Major), a former Japanese language student on duty in the Intelligence Division, proposed the utilization of Japanese of American birth (Nisei) and with Lieutenant Colonel Wallace Moore, of missionary parentage in Japan, planned the organization of a language school. Colonel Rufus S. Bratton, also a former language student and Military Attache in Tokyo, then Chief of the Far Eastern Branch, Intelligence Division, approved the plan and took steps to obtain the support of the Training and Operations Division (G-3), which had general supervision over the Army's school system. (A former Deputy Commander in Europe, Lt General Clarence R. Huebner, then a colonel, was the officer who collaborated with Colonel Bratton in the final

plans for the school). Because the mass of the Nisei was on the West Coast, the Presidio of San Francisco was selected as the logical location for the school. By the fall of 1941 a directive had gone to the Fourth Army to implement the plan. The author, a former language student and Assistant Military Attache in Japan, was recalled from duty in Panama to procure both faculty and student personnel.

Delay in the establishment of the school was barely averted. American officers who visited England during the early summer were enthusiastic over methods employed at the British Interrogators' School and recommended that Prisoner of War interrogation be eliminated from the Japanese language school curriculum and that an interrogation school embracing both German and Japanese interrogation under War Department of Army Ground Forces supervision be established at some central locality or near Washington. The adoption of this plan would have meant a costly delay and a reconsideration of the entire Japanese interpreter program.

Officers who favored the British methods were of the opinion that the same attitudes and psychology used in interrogating the German POWs would apply equally well to the Japanese. The British interrogators adopted a harsh, dominant attitude towards captured Germans, apparently with good results, in order to deflate their strong Nazi conceit and arrogance. However those who knew Japanese psychology insisted that a sympathetic approach would be more effective with Japanese prisoners. They were aware that the Japanese were taught to commit suicide rather than surrender. Many of those who were later captured regarded themselves as traitors and often requested permission to destroy themselves. A stern attitude toward them would have resulted in sullenness and even encouraged self-destruction. As we now know, Japanese prisoners of war were very cooperative as the result of the kind treatment accorded them. It was fortunate therefore, that the War Department approved a separate school for interrogation of Japanese prisoners under the control of officers familiar with Japanese psychology who had actually served short attachments with the Japanese Army.

The school opened 1 November 1941, with a course as intensive as could be devised. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, there was general approval of the school. However, com-

manders of units under orders to the Southwest Pacific in early 1942 were not entirely convinced that the value of Nisei were worth the risk of possible disloyalty.

The treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor naturally engendered the great hatred of the Japanese and as a corollary the public and the Army as a whole regarded the loyalty of all Japanese-Americans at that time as doubtful. This wholly human reaction was also reflected in the War Department and orders were soon issued that no Nisei would be allowed to serve overseas. The implementation of this policy would have vitiated the only feasible plan to provide qualified interpreters and translators for the Pacific theatre and would have thoroughly frustrated the efforts of the field intelligence agencies. The leading antagonist of this policy within the War Department was Colonel M.W. Pettigrew, then Chief of the Far Eastern Branch, Military Intelligence Division who with the support of other officers who knew the Japanese and Nisei, succeeded in having the order rescinded. Later, when Japanese-Americans were being removed from the West Coastal areas, the transfer of the school to the Middle West was urged upon the War Department. It was also realized that the school was too small to supply sufficient interrogation teams to coincide with our operations plans for 50 divisions by January 1944.

AISO FOUND IN MOTOR POOL

In May 1942, the school moved to Camp Savage, Minnesota (adjacent to Ft Snelling), and the student body and faculty greatly increased. From that time on, the success of the Nisei program was never in doubt. Reports were beginning to reach Washington of the valuable assistance rendered by two Nisei in interrogations done in the Philippines Campaign, and on Bataan. A little later, the Army units on Guadalcanal sent in similar reports praising the efficiency and loyalty of the Nisei interrogators used there. As a matter of fact, there was no single instance of disloyalty of a Nisei during the war. The military Intelligence Division had great confidence in the Nisei and was convinced that they could also be usefully employed in battle. The organization of a Nisei Division was first proposed which would not only utilize a (then) very latent source of US manpower, but would also bring about complete postwar

acceptance of the Nisei as a citizen. In the spring of 1942 Colonel Pettigrew formally proposed the organization of a Nisei combat unit. The Commanding General in Hawaii endorsed the plan from the beginning and declared his belief that the Nisei would prove to be an excellent combat soldier. The ex-Japanese language officers on duty in the War Department unanimously approved the formation of such a unit. However, opinion was divided within and without the War Department concerning the use of the Nisei as a front-line soldier. Restrictions to non-combat duties was recommended by several higher echelon commanders. It was even seriously suggested that the Nisei should not be used at all or limited to non-critical installations in the Zone of Interior.

Colonel Pettigrew pursued his plans determinedly, and they were finally approved by the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. John J. McCloy. The organization of the Nisei unit was then assured, but the project was reduced in scope to a combat team on the basis of a careful population study.

(II) Procurement of Personnel and Training at the Military Intelligence Service Language School

When the Japanese peace envoys lined up at Nicholas Field in the Philippines as the prelude to armistice negotiations in August 1945, General MacArthur's official party included two officers of Japanese-American ancestry—Lieutenant George K. Kayano of San Francisco and Lieutenant Thomas T. Imada of Hawaii—both graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School at Ft Snelling. This was deserved recognition to the outstanding work which had been performed by Japanese-Americans in the intelligence work of the armed forces in the Pacific theatres of operations.

The process by which Nisei language personnel were given systematic training to prepare them for their duties as interrogators, interpreters, translators, order of battle specialists, speakers on radio programs beamed to Japan, propaganda writers, "cave flushers," and many other assignments, is an interesting one.

It was at first thought that there would be sufficient Japanese speaking Nisei so that only a few weeks review in general Japanese vocabulary and minimum instruction in Military Japanese terminology and combat intelligence would be required to

fit them for field duty. Neither the number of those available nor their anticipated linguistic abilities met expectations. After a survey of the first 3,700 Nisei, it was found that only 3 percent were accomplished linguists, about 4 per cent were proficient, and another 3 per cent were fair, and could be useful only after a considerable period of training. These figures took into consideration ability in both Japanese and English. The Americanization of the Nisei on the Pacific Coast had advanced more rapidly than the United States Public was aware. Japanese language schools created and encouraged by the Japanese government before the war to maintain ties with the homeland had not achieved the results with which they were generally credited. It quickly became evident that a special language and intelligence training school would be essential to qualify the Nisei reasonably well to the armed forces as intelligence specialists. Even Nisei well qualified in general Japanese had to be trained in Japanese military vocabulary and special forms of writing.

The selection of Nisei of unquestioned loyalty reasonably qualified in the Japanese language became the primary task. The screening of all of the Nisei personnel processed through the Selective Service stationed at the various army units on the Pacific Coast was accomplished. The author and Colonel (then Captain) Kai E. Rasmussen, who commanded the Military Intelligence Service Language School from May 1942 until 1946 and who was largely responsible for its efficient management, personally interviewed each Nisei soldier in service. It was on one of these screening tours that the future Director of Academic Training at Fort Snelling, Major John F. Aiso, a Nisei, was found in a motor maintenance battalion as a PFC. On the same screening trip PFC Arthur Kaneko, a then rare "Sansei" (third generation Japanese-American) who had had extensive Japanese language training in Japan, was discovered. Both were ear-marked as potential instructors, Kaneko eventually becoming a lieutenant.

Two Nisei civilian instructors, Mr. Akira Oshida of Berkeley and Mr. Shigeya Kihara of Oakland, were soon added to the staff and with these four Nisei the work of preparing the text books and classroom exercises for the Japanese language courses was begun.

4. RECRUITMENT

On November 1, 1941, about six weeks before Pearl Harbor, the school started operations as the Fourth Army Intelligence School in an abandoned airplane hangar on old Crissy Field adjoining San Francisco Bay at the Presidio of San Francisco. The first course at the school was opened with eight instructors and 60 pupils.

The greatest problem which faced the Military Intelligence Service Language School after its removal to Camp Savage was the recruitment of personnel for the expanded program. Most of the army personnel of Japanese ancestry, not members of the school, were discharged or furloughed to enlisted reserve and relieved from active duty. The evacuation of all Japanese residents, aliens and citizens alike, from the Pacific Coast, had already begun. The War Department then wisely adopted recruiting of Volunteer Nisei language personnel. But the school's quota were met with difficulty at first. Pro-Japanese elements apparently dominated the Japanese Relocation Centers. The loyal Nisei were reluctant at first to volunteer for Army service because they felt that their rights as American citizens had been ignored in placing them and their families in these camps guarded by armed soldiers. In some cases Nisei volunteers suffered beatings from the pro-Japanese elements in Relocation Centers. Some were disowned by their pro-Japanese "Issei" (first generation) parents. However, volunteers soon exceeded the school's requirements. Many of the first groups of students were well over thirty, generally qualified in the Japanese language and anxious to prove themselves loyal to the United States. So eager were they to finish training as early as possible that it became necessary for the duty officers at Camp Savage to patrol the school area to prevent extra study after lights were extinguished at 11 PM. Many succeeded in extra hours study in spite of a long school day of seven hours instruction plus two hours study in the evening in the classroom.

In August 1944 when it became apparent that Camp Savage was entirely too small for greatly expanded field requirements, the school was removed to nearby Fort Snelling. As of June 8, 1946, approximately 6,000 men had graduated from the Presidio, Savage, and Snelling schools.

For most Army organizations, V-J Day meant the beginning of curtailment of activities and a slackening to a peace-time tempo. For the Military Intelligence Service Language School, it spelled just the opposite—heavier loads and a faster gait in order to supply the requirements of the occupation forces in Japan.

During the Japanese war, the graduates of the MISLS were vital cogs in the combat intelligence and psychological warfare work. After the war they were equally important links between General MacArthur's occupation Army and the Japanese people. The US Strategic Bombing Survey, the Atomic Bombing Survey and the War Crimes Trials could not have been effectively carried on without Nisei interpreters and translators.

The occupation of Japan, from the linguistic standpoint, presented many problems. The most difficult was one of replacements, many of the Nisei having had 2 to 3 years continuous combat duties in the Pacific. For this reason the MISLS trained nearly 3,000 students after the Japanese surrender to meet the accelerated occupation demands and to replace veterans who had to be returned to the U.S. according to the point system.

5 NISEI LINGUISTS IN PACIFIC AREA

III - Nisei Linguists — Eyes and Ears of Allied Pacific Forces

In the crucial battles of the Pacific, the Japanese Army was confronted by an enemy who already had much detailed information of the Japanese plans for attack and defense. In the analogy of football, the Japanese were playing with their signals entirely known by their heavier and harder-hitting opponents. Our forces were aided by an extraordinary and surprising lack of "security consciousness" on the part of the Japanese. They were apparently secure in their belief that the difficult Japanese language in which their orders and plans were written and communicated could not be deciphered effectively by Occidentals.

The American-born Japanese language specialists—translators, interrogators, radio monitors, and trained order of battle experts—were one of the chief means of obtaining intelli-

gence of the enemy and his plans. The Presidio, Camp Savage and Fort Snelling became the eyes and ears of not only the American combat forces, but also that of the other allied armies fighting Japan, for many Nisei were "loaned" to the British, Canadians and Australians. The U.S. Navy trained Caucasians for intelligence work although later in the war several hundred Nisei were attached to JICPOA, the Navy's Pacific Intelligence center. The Marine Division also used them in combat.

Nisei language specialists were with every major unit in every engagement from Guadalcanal and Attu to the march into Tokyo. To mention all units with which they served would be to list every major unit that has engaged in combat in the Pacific.

The language specialists, working selflessly and in complete anonymity, translated enemy orders, documents, etc., which often contained his tactical decisions and dispositions. This information greatly assisted our commanders in the field in making decisions, conducting effective operations and avoiding surprise.

It became almost routine practice for our Japanese-American language teams (one officer and ten men per Division—proportionately larger teams to superior units and headquarters) to work so rapidly and accurately that our artillery was sometimes enabled to drop shells on enemy command posts and gun emplacements within a few minutes after translations were completed by the language detachment. On many occasions this intelligence helped clear the way for our infantry slowly moving forward through the jungles or held up by enemy fire. As one example, the official reports of the Americal Division disclose that it was the work of the Japanese language specialists that was largely responsible for the Division Commander knowing well in advance where and approximately at what time and in what strength the Japanese would attack the division along the Torokina River near Bougainville. Graduates of the MISLS translated Japanese battle plans for the naval battle of the Philippines. These plans were captured with Admiral Koga, then Commander-in-Chief of the combined Japanese Fleets, when the plane in which he was hurrying to join his fleet made a forced landing in the Philippines. Japanese plans for the land defense of the Philippines also were

disclosed through the work of the language specialists from the MISLS before our forces had landed on Leyte.

Concerning the work of Nisei language specialists, Joe Rosenthal, AP news-camera-man, who won the Pulitzer Award for the photo of the raising of the Stars and Stripes at the crater rim of Mt. Suribachi, wrote: "Usually they work with headquarters in serving as interpreters. Armed with hand grenades at the entrances to Japanese pillboxes or caves, they often convince the enemy to surrender where other officers, lacking the proper diction of the Japanese language, would fail. They work so close to the enemy on these missions that with the danger of being killed by Japanese, they run the risk of being shot, unintentionally, by our own Marines. Their dungarees soon become ragged in rough country and the similarity of their physical appearance to that of the Japanese enemy makes their job much tougher. Many have paid with their lives, and many more have been wounded. They have done an outstanding job, and their heroism should be recognized. It has been recognized by the Marine commanders where I saw them in action at Guam, Peleliu, and Iwo." Two of these Nisei, Technical Sergeant Kazuo Komoto with the 11th Airborne Division and a Japanese-American Staff Sergeant with the 1st Radio Squadron Mobile, were among the first troops that landed in Japan at Atsugi Airfield near Tokyo. Komoto, incidentally, was the first graduate of the MISLS to win a Purple Heart when he was hit by a Japanese sniper on New Georgia Island early during the Pacific campaign.

Another graduate, Technical Sergeant Robert Oda, acted as interpreter when our naval forces took over the Japanese naval base at Yokosuka.

These language specialists came to the MISLS from all walks of life and from various parts of the United States and Hawaii. Among them were dentists, lawyers, Ph.D.s, cooks, farm-hands, gardeners, laundrymen, houseboys and even a professional gambler. One was a former member of the Territorial Legislature in Hawaii. Some were veterans of World War I. Technician 3rd grade James Yoshinobu, who served with the 4th Marine Division on Iwo Jima and Technical Sergeant John Tanikawa who was awarded a Bronze Star for his work with the 41st Division on Leyte were veterans of World War I.

From Guadalcanal, Lieutenant Colonel John A. Burden, then Captain in the G-2 Section of the XIV Corps and one of the two American Caucasian graduates of the first class at the Presidio wrote: "The use of Nisei in the combat area is essential to efficient work. There had been a great deal of prejudice and opposition to the use of Nisei in combat areas. The two arguments advanced are: (1) Americans of Japanese ancestry are not to be trusted, and (2) the lives of the Nisei would be endangered due to the strong sentiment against Japanese prevailing in the area. Both of these arguments have been thoroughly disproved by experiences on Guadalcanal, and I am glad to say that those who opposed the use of Nisei the most are now their most enthusiastic advocates. It has been proved that only Nisei are capable of rapid translation of written orders and diaries, and their use is essential in obtaining the information contained in them."

Major General Ralph C. Smith who commanded the 27th Infantry Division added: "The language section attached to the 27th Division was invaluable in the Makin operation."

6 FIELD PROMOTIONS

From China-Burma-India, Captain Barton Lloyd, a graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School, wrote: "I cannot overstate the value that Colonel Stilwell (son of General Stilwell) and his headquarters place on Nisei language men. As far as everyone who has had contact with the Nisei are concerned, they are tops—much of it under conditions they never expected. Sgt Matsuda and Mazawa were dropped by parachute deep in Kachin territory to an OSS unit. They have been working in areas behind enemy lines, doing both language and radio intercept work. These two volunteered without any hesitation and took their jumps in fine form although having no previous training in parachute jumping whatsoever."

Recognition has been given to the work of these Nisei Americans in the field. Although complete reports are not available, at least 50 Nisei received direct commissions from the ranks as Second Lieutenants, and another 25 or 30 were commissioned through the various Officer Candidate Schools in Australia and in the United States. One of these, Masaji Marumoto of

Honolulu, received a commission as a First Lieutenant in the Judge-Advocate General's Department and was the civil affairs' legal officer attached to the Military Government in Okinawa.

A number of Nisei have been awarded decorations for intelligence work in combat, but complete information in this respect also is lacking. As of early 1946 it was definitely known that 1 Distinguished Service Cross, 2 Legion of Merits, 5 Silver Stars, 1 Soldier's Medal, over 50 Bronze Stars, and 15 Purple Hearts have been awarded, and this is in a field of activity where continued presence in the front lines is not normally expected. It is certain that many more decorations have been received by Nisei intelligence personnel. Some Japanese-American language specialists were assigned to the larger headquarters and in various stations in the continental limits of the United States and therefore denied the opportunity of serving in combat. Most of the honor graduates of each graduating class were retained as instructors at the Military Intelligence Service Language School to train other students or on other vital intelligence work. It took considerable persuasion to convince these men that they could render more important service in non-combat assignments.

Fourteen Nisei volunteered for service with Merrill's Marauders in Burma. An officer writing of their exploits says: "Throughout, whenever and wherever there was need for any of the boys, they never hesitated. They were not only interpreters, but soldiers at the front. They faced danger willingly, whenever called upon. They faced the enemy, fought against him. Roy Matsumoto, Ben Sugita, Robert Honda and Henry Goshō are credited with about 30 Nips. You can see by that that the boys have been right upon the line." During battles they crawled up close enough to be able to hear Japanese officers' commands and to make verbal translations to our soldiers. They tapped lines, listened in on radios, translated documents and papers, made spot translations of messages and field orders, and in numerous other ways made themselves invaluable."

It was in the engagement at Myitkyina that the Marauder Nisei lost their commanding officer, Captain William Laffin (his mother was Japanese) when he was strafed by enemy planes. Of the 14 Nisei who started out with General Merrill,

six were commissioned as officers for meritorious service in the field, one was decorated with the Legion of Merit, and three received the Bronze Star. All received the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

7 Kibei Bravery Wins Acclaim

It is interesting to note that many of the outstanding daring feats were performed by graduates who were "Kibei" (those born in the United States but sent at an early age to Japan and educated there). These "Kibei" were mistakenly judged in some quarters as being pro-Japanese elements in the Japanese-American community.

M/Sgt Kaz Kozaki, a former non-commissioned officer instructor at the MISLS was a "Kibei" and so was T/3 Eiichi Sakauye. Kozaki won a Silver Star and a Purple Heart for rescuing an American Army officer under fire when they were attacked by the Japanese as they were stepping ashore on New Guinea from their landing craft. Eiichi Sakauye rescued a wounded British officer under fire in the China-Burma-India Theater and received the Silver Star for this feat.

T/5 Terry Takeshi Doi was an out-and-out Kibei. His command of Japanese was stronger than that of English. He had been caught as a dual-national in Japan and had been forced to serve in the Japanese Army, thereby losing his American citizenship. He had been kept at the MISLS after graduation before he was cleared for service in the combat zone. When Doi appeared before Judge Robert Bell of the U.S. District Court in the St Paul-Minneapolis area for restoration of his American citizenship, a Canadian dancer who also was scheduled to be sworn in as an American citizen requested Judge Bell to swear her in separately. She refused to be "sworn in with a Japanese." Judge Bell denied her request and she walked out of court.

Terry Doi was one of the first Nisei to land on Iwo Jima among several others who had landed among the first waves. He distinguished himself from the beginning, going into cave after cave with only a flashlight and knife persuading many enemy soldiers to come out and surrender. Wrote Lt Wesley H. Fishel, Doi's Commanding Officer to Judge Bell, "I know you will be happy to know that Terry did one of the finest pieces of work possible. Doi was one of the first GIs to land on Iwo

Jima. The limits of censorship prohibits details, but I can say Terry is one of the bravest and most capable men I have seen out here."

Another Caucasian officer graduate of the MISLS, Lt Squire, wrote: "There was nothing but praise for the Nisei, particularly a boy by the name of Doi . . . There is a story about him people tell which goes something like this. He was continuously going into caves with a knife and flashlight and hollering to the enemy to 'get the hell out or else.' Mr. Doi's middle name is now 'Guts.'"

T/3 Kenji Yasui was a "kibei" who won for himself the local title of the "Nisei Sgt York." Yasui, because of his schooling in Tokyo (high school and college graduate) and his command of the Japanese language, was sent to the OWI in India to work on propaganda leaflets to be dropped over enemy lines. Masquerading as Colonel Yamamoto, a local Japanese Commander, he brought in single-handedly a large group of Japanese prisoners of war. Mr. John Emerson, State Department Political Adviser to the Theater Commander and himself a former State Department language officer in Tokyo, wrote Colonel Rasmussen as follows: "I don't know whether you have heard yet that one of them, Kenji Yasui, has been recommended for a citation (Yasui received the Silver Star) for his courageous performance in bringing in 13 Japanese POWs during the mopping-up operation in Myitkyina. Kenji and two others volunteered to go out to an island in the river to round up a bunch of Japanese. He swam out, got a cramp half-way across and almost drowned, shouted to the Japanese to come out, and finally got 13 together. Two had to be killed and one tried to blow Yasui and himself up with a grenade. Kenji luckily escaped that. He announced that he was a Col and made them line up and execute close order drill. Then he made them get in the river and swim cross pushing a raft on which he stood with carbie aimed at them. Afterwards he learned the Japanese had 20 rounds each and had a bead on him when he came ashore. Only because he started shouting military commands in Japanese did they hold fire."

T/3 Shigeto Mazawa served with the KACHIN RANGERS (native Burmese levies) and took part in daring raids against the enemy in Burma. Much to his surprise he found himself a temporary Captain in the British Army commanding a com-

pany of Kachin Rangers.

Several reported none too amusing incidents—that of being captured by Chinese troops and being mistaken for Japanese soldiers. They finally convinced their captors by sign language and by writing that they really were “Minkuo” (American) soldiers.

SGT Vic Nishijima was on Ie Jima (west of Okinawa) on the morning that Ernie Pyle was killed by a Japanese machine gun ambush. Writing to his friends at Ft Snelling, Nishijima wrote: “I have to give war scribe Ernie Pyle hell for trying to cross a mine field!” Also wound up in a newsreel about him but didn’t know who the ‘elderly private’ was until next morning.

T/4 Seiyu Higashi was born in Los Angeles but was taken back to Naha, the capital of Okinawa, in his early years. He was reared in Naha, completed middle school and then returned to Los Angeles. He graduated from high school in Los Angeles and shortly after Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the U.S. Army. Higashi was sent to Okinawa because of his knowledge of the Okinawa dialect and at Naha met his father for the first time in eight years.

T/3 Frank T. Hachiya was born in Hood River, Oregon, where the name of 16 Americans of Japanese ancestry were once erased from the county memorial honor roll. After basic training at Camp Roberts in California, Frank was assigned to the MISLS at Camp Savage. At the time of his death, he was a veteran of the Kwajalein and Eniwetok campaigns. He had been sent out as a special replacement to the language team working with the Sixth Army Hqtrs in Leyte. He was scheduled to fly back to Honolulu the following day. His father was in a Relocation Camp, and his mother in Japan.

Hachiya volunteered to cross an enemy infested valley to question a prisoner of war who had been captured by friendly units on an adjacent ridge. Lt Howard M. Moss, his CO said: “It was essential to get the information from the POW immediately as some of our units were in a bad spot . . . When they reached the bottom of the valley a Japanese sniper let them have it at close range, when he (Hachiya) tried to talk to the Japanese in the valley in Japanese. Frank emptied his gun into the sniper. Then he walked back up the hill where he was given plasma . . . at the hospital he was given every possible care, but the bullet had gone through his liver.”

Others like Sgt Omura in New Guinea, S/Sgt Shoichi Nakahara, T/3 Ellie Fukui, T/4 Mitsuo Shibata, T/4 Ben Satoshi Kurokawa, and T/4 Soichi Bill Imoto on Okinawa also have lost their lives in the service of their country. However, the circumstances surrounding the death of Sgt George I. Nakamura, who was killed in action in the Philippines deserves special mention.

George was the son of a Japanese alien who was seized shortly after Pearl Harbor in Watsonville, California, for possessing "rockets, and other signal equipment." His father was taken into custody, but was exonerated and is living in Rockford, Illinois today. Lt James Hoyt, his commanding officer, describing the circumstances of his death wrote: "Nakamura was on temporary duty with the 63rd Inf Div and participated in an engagement near Payawan. With heroic intrepidity, he exposed himself to enemy fire in order to issue an oral ultimatum of surrender to several isolated enemy units."

There also was T/Sgt Yukitaka Mizutari who was killed in New Guinea and who received the Silver Star posthumously. This NCO language team leader went to the rescue of his subordinates who had been fired upon by enemy infiltrating into their positions. Col Mashbir, Chief of the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section of Gen MacArthur's Hqtrs wrote: "The loss of T/Sgt Mizutari is learned with the deepest regret since this soldier was a soldier in every sense of the word, and while serving with various language units in the field as well as at ATIS, his contribution in fidelity and devotion to duty was outstanding. His record serves to exemplify the great work of the Nisei for their country to which cause he has given his life."

The present article is not the last, certainly not the most complete telling of the magnificent work of the Nisei in intelligence activities. There are many other Nisei who distinguished themselves in the field and in the Zone of Interior. The writer regrets that only the material presented above is available to him. If the present article aids in a small way in stimulating the presentation of a complete history of the Nisei participation in World War II, it will have achieved its purpose.

NEW GUINEA - MOROTAI - LEYETE

PROPAGANDA DETAIL

By Richard Ishimoto

I, RICHARD ISHIMOTO, was one of the interpreters who belonged to the original 100th Inf Bn composed of all Nisei called into the service in WW II. We left Hawaii for Camp McCoy, Wisconsin on June 5, 1942 with 1,432 men for Combat Training.

It was not until the winter of 1942, however, that 50 members of the 100th were selected through examination to enter the Military Intelligence Service Language School at Camp Savage, Minnesota.

For our first assignment, I entered the "second" official MISLS class at Camp Savage, and upon graduation, I was sent with 5 other comrades to work in the War Dept's Military Intelligence Div Pentagon, Washington D.C. To my surprise Sgt KAZUO YAMANE from Hawaii was already there before us, having been sent before his graduation from the same class.

The proudest moment of my six months of duty at the Pentagon was the meeting with Secretary Ickes of the Dept of Interior. The Pentagon is such a large place that once it took me three hours just to find my way out of the building. Six of us were assigned to the Order of Battle Section, and our assignment was to trace the Japanese Troop movements.

My 2nd assignment. After 6 months of service with the War Dept, six of us joined a large group of graduates led by Sgt GEORGE FUJIKAWA and Sgt EDDIE MITSUKADO. Our destination—Indooroopilly, Brisbane, Australia. After 6 months of duty in Australia, 10-men teams were assigned to the X Corps Hqtrs, ATIS, Advanced Eschelon. The Officer-in-Charge was Ensign Lynn (a Navyman). Others were: TOM YAMADA (Maui), MORLEY MIYAKE (Los Angeles), TADASHI UCHIGAKI (Waipahu), GEORGE SUGIMOTO (Wyoming), HENRY MORISAKO (Honolulu), SUTS NISHIJIMA (Minnesota), CASEY KAWAMOTO (Calif) and RICHARD ISHIMOTO, me, (Honolulu).

On July 2, 1944, ten translators, interrogators, and an officer left Brisbane bound for New Guinea. We refueled at Townsville, Port Moresby, Nadzab, and at Finch; and finally, on the 6th of July, reached our first destination, Aitape, New Guinea. I recall that we had a narrow escape at Finch. It was a rainy day

and the equipment loaded onto the transport plane was really heavy because of the water it had absorbed. Our plane almost never made it, it barely cleared the coconut trees dotting the approach and the runway. If it hadn't, I -----

New Guinea is a dense humid sub-tropical jungle overgrown with huge foliage. Besides enemy bullets our worst hazard was to be stricken with the fever—Malaria. Often those stricken with the fever were wracked with such violent chills that they were bundled up and sticks were placed in their mouths to keep them from biting off their tongues.

The X Corps Hq members were composed of the Chicago National Guard units. The majority were highly intelligent and well educated. As a safety safeguard, we were introduced to the nearby infantry units as "good Japanese" so that they could remember us as such. Our officer instructed us to wear American Flag arm bands to identify us from the enemy. I was embarrassed to wear one for I was a full-fledged American. But for my own safety I complied with regulations because at that time, the Japanese soldiers cut off from their supply lines, in desperation could have tried to penetrate our lines, disguised as AJAs! Many of them died in the jungle from starvation. Those captured were in worse condition. Carried in on a stretcher, one of such prisoners, weakened by Malaria and then dehydration (lack of water) weighed only 35 lbs.

While talking to one of the first wounded prisoners, I was told about his experiences in the jungle. Because of the effective Allied by-pass and strangle-off tactics employed in New Guinea, the Japanese Army there was cut-off from all food and ammunition. In order to survive only, they ate rats, roots of plants, and various wild fruits from the jungle. My stouter Koreans in the Japanese provisional units were killed to satisfy their hunger.

Trigger-happy men with nerves driven to the breaking point, would fire in the direction of the slightest sound. Often, these could be your own men. These GIs had every reason to be nervous for there were repeated infiltration by expert Japanese swordsmen infiltrating through our lines and cutting off the necks of our sleeping comrades.

For the first time in my life I saw a large group of New Guinea natives. These looked as though they had come out of the Stone Age, what with their scant clothing and fuzzed hair.

They had been rounded up by our troops and were kept behind barbed-wire fences, to protect them from being caught in between our fire and the enemy's crossfires.

On September of 1944 we landed on Morotai Island in the Dutch Indies, on an LST. The water looked so inviting, I decided to dive in to have a bath. But when I went in for a swim and a bath, I was nearly eaten alive—by a swarm of sandfleas that could really bite! No one had cautioned us, so we learned dearly from another painful lesson that day. Yes, Experience is a Great Teacher!

On October 19, 1944, we landed on Leyte Island. Our large convoy received intensive attacks from the "kamikaze" Jap dive bombers. Many of our ships were sunk by this aerial attack but we were lucky for they went after larger boats than ours.

But to be locked under the deck, like we were, is worse than being caged in a cage! There would have been no escape from a direct hit, had one hit us, and we'd all be at the bottom of the sea! AKUA SABE!

The landing at Leyte received very little resistance compared to the aerial reception by the enemy, because our big guns from supporting destroyers and cruisers had sent tons and tons of explosives inland softening up the enemy ground defenses prior to our beach landing.

After settling down near the beach, I went fishing with the Japanese hand grenades which I found strewn intact on the beach. I just had to pull the pin and drop the grenade over the reef. After the first impact of the explosion subsided, hundreds of fish would float up to the surface from underground. We used this method way back before it even became MOD for fishermen in Hawaii today, though illegal! We cooked our own rice and made a delicious meal with the fish so caught.

Was I surprised one day to receive a visitor from a near-by town, the town of Tacloban. When I saw him, I mistook him to be a Japanese POW for he was short and his jungle OD shirt and trousers were way over-sized and real ill-fitting. But when he introduced himself as Sgt TADAO "mason" MIGIMOTO, I recognized him as a person who had resided at my aunt's hotel in Honolulu. We had a nice long chat. Surprises never ended!

On January 23, 1945, we left Dulog, Leyte and landed in Castillejos, Zambales, Luzon. That night I almost lost my life

at the mess hall. A fierce-looking Filipino guerrilla mistook me for a Japanese soldier. He was about to bring down his "bolo" knife over my neck. Luckily an MP on guard duty nearby stopped the bolo knife from descending. There had been several cases of Japanese soldiers in GI uniform trying to pose as Nisei soldiers to get into the chow-line at the mess. These had been caught by the mess attendant, and the people since were very cautious and alert about such things. And we could easily be mistaken for a Japanese Imperialist! Therefore, they had been very wary of us. The guerrillas also were revengeful, the survivors emancipated after the initial landing, showed the many scars received during their captivity under Japanese occupation.

All this time too, for the first time, I also saw the mountain people of the Philippines called the Negritos who are very small and carry bows and arrows. Their main job was to smoke out the stragglers in the mountains.

Our next stop was Del Carmen, Pampanga, Luzon. This province was noted for concentration of Communist Guerrillas. It was here in this province that I met the "Mestizo Harpoons," half-Japanese and half-Filipino family whose name was Yamane. Mrs Yamane told me that her husband had died during the attack by our airplanes. She showed me a trunk-full of Japanese Occupation paper money. And said that she was keeping it in the event that Japan should be the victor. She should have made a mint selling them as choice souvenir articles later.

From Pampanga, we pased over San Fernando, Bulacan and finally arrived at our final destination, Grace Paric, Manila. In Manila I was left in charge of the Propaganda Section writing all propaganda leaflets as well as cutting records convincing the enemy to surrender their further futile aggression and to return to Japan to start a new life.

My first dangerous mission was to go between the American and Japanese lines to set up a radio receiver to listen in on the enemy. My other companion was a Caucasian radio operator, and we drove as far as we could forward and tried to zero in on the enemy's frequency.

Suddenly all hell broke loose, the Japanese let loose with their powerful "12" inch guns and the Americans countered with their 155 howitzers! And here we were, caught right in the

middle of this barrage! I haven't the words to describe the frightening evening spent that night. Miraculously I am still alive today!

On August 15, 1945, the war ended. And I was finally headed for home to be discharged.

The most lasting thing that I would like to remember is that we hope that we were able to help save unknown numbers of lives both our American comrades as well as those of the enemy through our on-the-spot translation of captured documents and interrogations of captured prisoners immediately with good common sense psychology transmitted to the combat troops with immediate and appreciative results.

OVER THE CHINA-BURMA HUMP

By Sadao Toyama

A synopsis of the trials, travels and tribulations of one, SADAO TOYAMA, soldier in the US Army, Serial No. 30102017 from the time upon entering MIS Language School at Camp Savage, Minnesota to mustering out time. Dates, places and names may be slightly off but will try to put down on paper to the best of my recollection.

Entered Savage about 2 weeks before Christmas, 1942 among the 2nd group of "volunteers" from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Promoted to Corporal from Pfc right before leaving McCoy.

Quartered in Barracks "L" with 3 coal burning pot-bellied stoves—great for burning secret papers (love letters, messages, etc) and freezing your fanny! As well as warming up "fried rice" from Man Hing!

Among those in Barracks "L" that comes to mind—about 50/50 Mainland kotonks and Hawaii AJAs: HOWARD HIROKI, Barracks leader, GEORGE AOKI, HARRY ANDOW, SMILEY REYNOLD MURANAKA, ALLAN SHIMIZU, MIKE SAKAMOTO, NIXON NAGATA, "FAT" MIN WATANABE, CHARLIE KANEKO, "SLIM" TAKIE CHIWA, and HARRY FURUSHIMA.

Assigned to Section 7. Some of the fellows I remember were: SGT TERADA, GEORGE FUJIKAWA, HIROTOSHI YAMAMOTO, PAT NAGANO, SUMIDA, ED UJIMORI, HOICHI KUBO. Moved from Savage to Ft Snelling during the Summer of 1943. Merrill's Marauders group were formed and left from Snelling about this time.

About late summer or early fall, four of us, with Fusao Uchiyama in charge, moved back to Savage and were assigned to do some research translation on the Japanese Rail System. (Wonder if the Military Brass figured we were living it up too well at Snelling!) Lots of the fellows were leaving for overseas and elsewhere about this time too.

In February 1944, 22 of us, with JOE IKEGUCHI heading one team and I the other, got our orders to ship overseas. (I believe we were the last teams to leave Savage). Some of the fellows in that group whom I recall are: TOM TSURUDA, TOMMY YAMADA (not the guy with the uke and guitar), RYO ARAI, "SASH" (I forgot the last name, it slips my mind

at the moment), JOE HINOKI, SHO NOMURA, TOSH ABE, ED MIYAGI (recently died in an auto accident), TOM MORIGUCHI, and SAM SASAKI.

First went to Camp Anza, near Riverside, Calif. Spend about 10 days there. Beautiful weather as I remember, coming from the cold of Minnesota that time of the year. Passes every night. First look-see of Hollywood! Servicemen everywhere—some returning and some going overseas. Palladium so crowded, couldn't get in. Almost every bar 10 deep with people. Elbow your way to the bar, plunk your "dough" and elbow your way out—whew!

Shipped out on the good ship USS OSCAR UNDERWOOD—a Liberty Ship. Cargo was mainly aircraft replacement parts and material. Besides the 22 of us, there were one enlisted Army Medic, one Army Communication Sgt and one Army officer—the rest were Navy gun crew and ship's crew. We messed with the ship's crew and did we dine! Three meals a day and a choice from two entrees at every meal! Hot and cold fresh running water at all times. Shower everyday. Sleeping quarters were on double deck bunks on the "poop" deck—couldn't have been any better—lots of air and sunshine. Poker almost every night in the galley. Cribbage and chess and sing-alongs took up most of our time. NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

Since the 'SS Oscar Underwood was sailing—no convoy or escorts—we zigged and zagged and took 45 days to reach Perth, Australia, our first land sighted, and docked at Fremantle. During the Pacific crossing there were no incidents—never saw another ship all that time. Somewhere along the voyage—when we were about 30 days out on the high seas, we crossed the Equator and this being the first time for all of us, we were formally and duly initiated into King Neptune's Court.

Spent two days in Perth. From there to Colombo, Ceylon. Took us about a week to get there. Spent five days in Colombo, Ceylon. Sapphires, Rubies, Zircons GALORE! Finally reached Calcutta, India. Voyage took about 3 days from Colombo. So we were aboard ship for approximately 60 days! A wonderful, pleasant 60 days though. First impression of India—the oppressive heat and the mass of humanity! Stayed at Camp Angus, Calcutta for about 10 days before we got orders to move up to New Delhi. Took us three days by rail to

reach Delhi. This was base headquarters for the American and British Military Command in Southeast Asia. From here teams of two's and four's of interpreters and translators were sent to Burma to work with British and American units.

My first contact with Burma came when TOMMY TSURUDA and I were assigned to Col Stilwell's headquarters in Shaduzup, North Burma. Okita and Tanabe were there already. There met KATS KONO and BEN SUGITA who were on their way back to Delhi. Before that, met up with TOM TSUBOTA and HOWARD FURUMOTO in Ledo. Few months later, Tsuruda and I joined the MARS Task Force under General Arms. Started from Myitkina, then to Bhamo and Kutkai, a village south of Mandalay. There the Mars Task Force disbanded with most of the men going to China. Some of the fellows on the Mars Task Force were: KOMORI, who also served in the Aleutians, MIWA, "ANGEL" HIRANO, TONY UEMOTO, ARAKI, and TOMA TASAKI.

While in Burma ran across a few of the OSS boys—BUTO, YEMPUKU, KOJI ARIYOSHI, and Edgar (?). Most of the interpreters returned to New Delhi. This was about February 1945. There was a big pool of MIS boys about that time in Delhi. Some of whom I recall besides the ones who were in Burma were: "OPU SUGIHARA, ED HIGASHINO, WALLY NAGAO, GEORGE MAEDA, and OKADA.

Sometime during the Summer of 1945 around July, 20 of us with Ed Mitsukado in charge were assigned to join the British forces in Bombay. With 3 jeeps, 2 trailers and one ¾ ton truck we drove from Delhi to Bombay. Took three days. Fellows on this trips were: NORMAN UYEDA, KYNSUL LEE, RYO ARAI, HARRY UYEHARA, FRANK TAKAO, TAGAMI, and RUSSELL TAKEDA. We were in Bombay when we first heard of the bombing of Hiroshima and of Nagasaki, and of the SURRENDER OF JAPAN!

Harry Uyehara and I were assigned to the Royal British Commandos and sailed from Bombay to Trincemallea in Ceylon (considered the British 'Pearl Harbor' of the Orient). After a few days of dry runs with landing crafts on the beaches, we headed for Hong Kong through the Straits of Malaya and the South China Sea. Took about 7 days to get to Hong Kong. Had all His Majesty's rum (Treade) that I can handle to last me for the rest of my days.

Harry's and my main job was to assign work details that the British wanted of the Japanese POW's already confined and also to accompany the British officers detailed to arrange the surrender terms and ceremony of 2 or 3 Japanese posts in the outlying districts of Kowloon and Fauhing on the border of Canton Province.

After that Harry and I and a few of the Commando Non-Coms commandeered a fine, old Chinese mansion (which was in remote Fauhing and empty at that time) and lived the "Life of Riley" for about two weeks. House maids to do the laundry and cook for us. And house boys to clean up and run errands. By that time things were getting pretty boring and I was ready to get back to the US and get discharged and go back to Civilian Life!

Finally received orders to report back to New Delhi. But the day before I was scheduled to fly back, old bugaboo-Marlaria—got me. Was so desperate to get on that plane, that I asked the British Medic to give me something—anything to keep my fever down—just so I could make the plane. Managed to struggle to get on that plane—it was a British Lancaster Bomber—but by the time we got to Kunming, I was so sick that I had to be carried on a stretcher and immediately taken to the US base hospital in Kunming. Spent two weeks there before discharge. Then sweated out two more days before catching a flight to Calcutta. Met TOSHI KAMEI in Kunming. Another couple of days in Calcutta before finally being able to get a seat on a commercial airliner for New Delhi.

All the people I knew were gone from New Delhi by that time. Just the headquarter cadre were there picking up loose ends and finishing up. After a couple of days, got my orders cut to be shipped back to the States. Flew from Delhi to Karachi—port of embarkation. After two weeks in Karachi was finally able to get aboard the converted luxury Cunard liner USS Santa Rosa headed for New York with about 3,400 other GIs. Sailed up the Suez and into the Mediterranean. Rounded Gibraltar and into the Atlantic. Which was so rough, though we'd never make it to New York.

Sight of the Statue of Liberty is something really special. Landed in New York on Dec 2, 1945. Was a Saturday, and the Army-Navy game was on. From the pier went straight to Fort Dix, New Jersey by rail. From the parched torrid land of India

to the cold, white-banked hills of New England in 10 days. What a contrast!

After two days at Fort Dix, took the train to Camp McCoy, where after 2 more days of checking the records and a physical, received my discharge papers on the evening of December 6, 1945—exactly 4 years to the day since Pearl Harbor Day!

AN ENEMY POW CAMP ON THE WEST COAST OF USA - NEAR SAN FRANCISCO! WOW! On to the INVASION OF IWO JIMA and JAPAN OCCUPATION via GUAM! Ed.

BRYON POW CAMP - Iwo Jima - JAPAN

September 1, 1981

By Ben I. Yamamoto

There was repeated request by Dick Oguro for my contribution to the SEMPAL GUMI documentation but I have been turning a deaf ear to Dick. Recently at a veterans' party I must have given an affirmative answer to him after I had downed a few drinks. He wouldn't let me off the hook now. A commitment is a commitment, he says.

Today, at age 61, to dig into my memory to recount the events that occurred about 40 years ago will not come easy. I have tucked away that part of my life as a closed chapter. I think the only times I have talked in length about my WW II experience were with the late Joe Harrington, author of **YANKEE SAMURAI**, and with John Given, former reporter with the Honolulu Advertiser, only after receiving their assurances that our military activities were no longer classified information at Washington, and they gave convincing argument that the MIS story should be told.

My story doesn't come anywhere near as being intriguing and adventuresome as those of the Merrill's Marauders, the late Koji Ariyoshi, Kazuo Yamane and some others, but here it is.

MOVING OUT FROM FORT SNELLING

It was not more than a week after we moved from Camp Savage to Fort Snelling that five of us, three Hawaiians and two Kotonks, were shipped out. As per usual, destination unknown. We were taken to the Presidio of San Francisco where we were made to go over boxes of Japanese documents from Attu and Kiska of the Aleutian Islands. We enjoyed the good chow there and took in the movies at the base theater, all the time wondering what was really in store for us.

The answer came about a week later when a truck came and drove us away into the rolling hills about 5 miles east of San Francisco to a place called Byron Hot Springs.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Interesting place, this Byron Hot Springs. Heard it was a popular hideaway resort for Hollywood people and other celebrities before the war. There was a 3-story building and at a little distance away were a warm mineral water swimming pool and mud baths. During my stay there I found swimming in the mineral water soothing, but I was never able to muster enough courage to submerge myself into the bubbling black mud. Those who tried said they liked it.

The Army had taken over this resort and converted it into a prisoner of war camp, or more precisely, an interrogation center. There was tight security around the building. German, Japanese and Italian POWs were locked in the second and third story rooms, and we had desks on the ground floor. There were interrogation sections for the different groups. The Italian section went out of business right after our arrival. There were several officers and enlisted men, all Caucasians, already there as interrogators in the Japanese section. The section chief was a Lt Col who had a good command of the language. My baptism to interrogation came immediately when I was assigned an infantry lieutenant who was captured in Guadalcanal. He repeatedly told me during our talks that he was captured only because he was unconscious. I remember this particular POW, not only because he was my very first, but also because of an interesting coincidence. He was a graduate of Doshisha University in Kyoto where he had taken an English course taught by a George Sakamaki of Honolulu. I told him that Sakamaki's younger brother, Ben, was a college chum of mine. We both agreed what a small world it was. There weren't many POWs coming in yet so I had this lieutenant for four or five days. He told me he would not divulge any military information but volunteered to talk about subjects my superiors might find interesting. Indeed, my superiors did find his volunteered evaluation of our equipment, tactics, fighting qualities of the Army, Marines, Aussies, etc., very interesting. The camp commander, colonel, must have had a problem in dealing with our passes. After two weeks of no liberty, he came up with a plan to allow us to go on pass together escorted by a husky MP staff sergeant. Arrangements were made at a small hotel in Chinatown, San Francisco, for all of us to stay there. Business was conducted in a cloak and dagger fashion—hardly

a word was exchanged between the hotel people and us. We went everywhere together, like children, escorted by our MP. Our colonel wanted our escort to defend us had any Californians attacked us. Once, at a cocktail lounge, a Caucasian male bought us drinks. When we acknowledged his kind gesture, he came up to us: "You're not fooling me, I had some good Japanese friends." He bought us more drinks. Of course, there were no incidents, so after several escorted passes, the colonel abandoned this plan. Thereafter we received passes and moved freely like the Caucasians.

Life was good there, working in an air-conditioned building and bunking in the same barracks with the German specialists and the service staff. We were one family. I thought I had it made—just stay put for the duration. The work seemed intriguing.

There was an easy flow of prisoners for two or three months and then the pace really picked up. As the traffic picked up I was interrogating two or three subjects a day, at times putting in hours that were running into the evenings. In addition, we were awakened at 4 o'clock in the morning occasionally to travel to Angel Island or to Letterman's Hospital in San Francisco to interview POWs who had just arrived there. I found the work still interesting but, after several months, my nerves were getting ragged. I was afraid that if I continued in this grind I might end up a Section 8 candidate. I knew I would regret it later for giving up such a "position" but I requested a transfer. I think our superiors saw that we were approaching the breaking point, so after thirteen months at Byron, we, the first nisei to go there, were transferred out. In the meantime, many reinforcements from Savage had arrived. Leaving Byron was a sad but necessary move for me because I knew I was all spent physically and emotionally to continue in that type of work.

JICPOA's ANNEX

My next destination, after a brief return to Snelling for a briefing by Aiso, was to Honolulu, Hawaii. I couldn't believe my good fortune. Hawaii, after almost two and a half years on the mainland!

I joined a group of fifty MISers, comprised of several from the class before us and many from the class after us. There were half the number of officers, Army and Navy. This was

JICPOA's Annex. Turned out that this group was loaned to the Navy, the men going on invasion campaigns with the Marines, such as to Tinian and Saipan. In between campaigns, the men were kept occupied translating captured documents in the office upstairs. Sleeping quarters were on the ground level. This building became Home Furniture after the war. We received stipends from the Navy to have our meals at restaurants. We generally went across the street to McKinley Grill.

This was a good deal, giving us a chance to visit my family in Pearl City and enjoy local food. I even got carried away and got married. What distressed me at this time was the Anti-AJA sentiments expressed by some in the local dailies. In spite of the great number of us in uniform putting our lives on the line!

The honeymoon didn't last long. We were told to enjoy our 1944 holidays because some of us will be shipping out with the Marines right after the turn of the year.

IWO JIMA

After undergoing a landing exercise off Maui, I kissed my young bride goodbye, and a team of several of us shoved off with the Hq., Co., 4th Marine Division, that was stationed on Maui. Destination unknown, of course. We had no trouble blending in with the Marines. For the few who were cool toward us, there were scores who went out of their way to set us at ease. Two days before arriving at our destination the company commander assembled the men for briefing: 1. Destination—Iwo Jima. 2. Mission—Invade and secure island because it was needed as a refueling point for our Saipan and Tinian based B-25's after their bombing flights to Japan. 3. The island was expected to be pretty "softened" as it was heavily shelled and bombed for a whole month. (This assumption did not bear out. The Marines found out only after landing that the enemy's weapons were carefully concealed in over a thousand caves with only the muzzles of the guns pointing out. Our month-long aerial bombing and pounding by naval guns hardly made a dent in their destruction. Our reconnaissance photos did not show the actual clever network of their caves. The 22,000 or so enemy count was just about intact, not decimated as was hoped. Thus the back-up Marine divisions had to be committed and what was supposed to be a campaign encountering not too heavy enemy resistance developed into

the fiercest slugfest in the Pacific.)

I hit the beach on the fourth day and was greeted by a stack of dead Marines and a group of live ones sitting with blank stares. These gyrenes have had it—cracked. They were so gung-ho on the transport but two or three nights in the front lines broke them. This was not an encouraging start for me.

We were assigned an area near the air strip, told to dig in and wait for orders. The first night's mortar barrage was a nightmare, some shrapnels landing too close for comfort. Yes, I did regret I didn't somehow stick it out at Byron. I noticed the earlier residents around us, Marines, had large shelters fortified with sandbags. Learning that they got their bags in the supply area about 100 yards away, I started off to get some for my shelter construction. As I neared the area, a shot rang out and a Marine 10 yards back of me fell to the ground, shot in the forehead. Everybody dove for cover. As I started to get up, someone pushed me down. A SeaBee officer, holding a .45 automatic a few inches from my face, demanded to know who in the hell I was. After much grilling and checking my ID that said I was an interrogator with the 4th Marines, he let me go, but not without a stern lecture to stay in my own damned area. How were his men to know that I wasn't a Jap sniper wearing Marine uniform, he scolded. I recalled what either Col Rasmussen or Major Dickey once told us back at Savage that we could be shot at not only by the enemy but by our own men as well when we went overseas. Boy, truer words weren't spoken, I thought.

The SeaBees deserve a lot of credit for the work they did during the war. On Iwo, they worked without interruption, under enemy fire, repairing the air strip. From the day I landed, our bombers were already landing for fueling.

After my brush with the SeaBee officer, you can be sure I didn't do much roving around on my own. Some of the other guys were used for cave-flushing and searching for manufacturers' tags on enemy equipment. I was ordered to stay put and be available for interrogation. As it turned out, fighting on Iwo was so fast and furious in only 8 square miles of terrain that interrogation did not play a major role. There were only two occasions when Marine line officers came racing down in their Jeeps for me to go to the front lines to interrogate captured enemy soldiers. Both of those times, when we got to them

they were already more dead than alive, unable to talk.

When we first got to our area to dig in, the stench of the dead was so overpowering that I wasn't able to eat nor even drink water for two days. Human parts of the enemy dead could be seen in the volcanic cinder. Later, nothing bothered us and I subsisted on cheese and crackers. Once, one of the guys came back with a full case of "iwashi no kabayaki" he found in a cave. We forgot about our rations for a few days and feasted on the broiled sardines.

Sailing back to Hawaii was done at a leisurely pace. We stayed topside day and night and just enjoyed the peace and quiet for a change. Some of our guys and Marines could be seen taking stock of the souvenirs they were taking back from Iwo. Our faces clearly showed how happy we were to be the ones sailing away from that speck in the ocean still breathing.

Back home at the Annex, while I still had the "shakes" from Iwo, there were a few parties for us. Before long, though, a scuttlebutt began circulating that the next campaign on the agenda was that we were all going to be part of the 5th Amphibious Corps to hit Kagoshima, Japan. Knowing that to make a landing in Japan was something entirely different from the island invasions of the past, the rumor weighed heavily on our minds.

JAPAN'S SURRENDER

Rejoicing replaced apprehension when Japan abruptly called it quits following the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Two days after the surrender, we were all flown to Guam, whereupon the men were paired off and dispatched to the various by-passed islands to deliver the message to the cut-off Japanese and have them surrender. The guys later told me that to get them to surrender did not come without difficulty. They were fired at in many cases. Another guy and I were kept on Guam, but he was whisked away on a mission one night, leaving me all by my lonesome.

GUAM

At 2 o'clock one morning I was awakened by a Marine captain to go with him to help process some 1,500, I think it was, POWs from Rota Island. It never crossed my mind at that time

that I was going to work until 2 o'clock the next morning to help with the physical feeding, billeting, etc. A funny thing happened when I literally ran out of voice in the afternoon. The captain who got me out of bed was following me around like a mother hen. Seeing what had happened to my voice, he grabbed me by my belt, hoisted me into his Jeep, saying, "You and I are going for some medicine." He dashed to the Officers' Club where we had a couple of beers. The medicine worked - 100% cure. Back to the POWs—we found our Navy and Marine officers calling out desperately for interpreters. It made my head swell a bit then to realize how indispensable I was.

The highlight of this episode was when the commander of the Marianas Islands, a vice-admiral, arrived to "greet" the POWs. I was never told in advance that I was going to translate his speech. Perhaps nobody knew that he was going to speak. The admiral was already on the platform and I was some 100 yards away when I heard the call for interpreter. Answering the call on the double, I climbed the platform panting. He looked at me from head to boots and it wasn't a look of approval. I realized then how shabby I must have looked, unshaven and in muddy uniform and boots. It had rained that afternoon and I had to slosh around in the mud. After directing a mild admonishment to me for keeping him waiting, the admiral commenced with his speech and I had to assume that my role was to translate. His opening remarks were not difficult but when he delved into such technical matters as the League of Nations, Geneva Conventions, the treatment of POWs as mandated by International Law, etc., I was protesting inwardly that this job was not for me, a mere Section 12 student. It called for the expertise of someone in the Section 1 or Section 2 ranking. But since there was no getting out of this situation and, besides, the observers that were assembled were entirely Caucasians, comprised of Marine and Navy personnel, reporters and photographers, I braced myself to bluff my way through the ordeal. Thus without stammering or halting I pulled off a neat imitation speech translation that must have matched the performance of Chinese actors acting as Japanese in Hollywood war movies. The speech must not have exceeded 5 minutes but it seemed like eternity to me. Concluded his speech, the admiral decided to walk through the rows of POWs and asked many questions along the way. This kind of translat-

ing being right down my alley, I showed the admiral how capable I was in performing this job. He was especially curious and asked questions about the wooden boxes (okotsu) wrapped in white cloth many of the POWs carried. Ending his inspection, the admiral thanked me! All's well that ends well, I said to myself, feeling quite smug. As soon as I was able to, I sought out the Japanese commanding officer, a major, to explain the admiral's speech. He commented: "WAKKATA SETSUMEI WA IRAN . . . DAISHO EIGO WA SHITTE IRU . . . KIMI NO NIHONGO WA MAZUI NA . . . TSUYAKU HEI KA?" We both had a good laugh. He questioned me about conditions in Hawaii. Said he had a sister living on the Island of Hawaii.

My orders were to proceed to CINCPOA HQ in Sasebo, Japan, after 30 days on Guam. Almost three weeks had already elapsed. The order didn't state how I was to proceed to Sasebo, and I was the only member of our outfit left on Guam. With the war coming to such an abrupt end, there was a mild confusion at this time. After some inquiring, I learned the name of our chief, a commander at Pearl, and in desperation I wrote to him whether I could return to Hawaii for discharge or comply with my order and go to Sasebo, but how. He replied promptly saying that he appreciated the confusion on Guam because it was much the same at Pearl. He suggested that I get friendly with the Marines, get on one of their planes to Okinawa, then on to Sasebo, good luck. In the meantime, the other interrogator had returned, so the two of us successfully traveled to Sasebo in the manner the commander had prescribed.

SASEBO

At Sasebo, I found that about half of the members of our outfit were already there. I was assigned a tedious job to assist in taking inventory of torpedoes in various storage locations. There were two Japanese Navy officers and a crew of civilians. I was issued a .38 revolver, a holster and twenty-one rounds of ammunition to protect myself because of the uncertainty as to the kind of reception we would receive from the natives. The first two days I packed my six-shooter with me and was careful not to allow any Japanese to get behind me. We had an awkward, uncomfortable relationship, with some of the men casting embarrassing glances at my gun. These people didn't

look dangerous at all; in fact, they looked much like the issei back home. The third day I went to work unarmed. They reacted beautifully. They warmed up to me, worked with better spirit, we exchanged lunches, played volley ball during the breaks, etc. I started going to one of the officer's apartments for sake and learned to "suck em up" Japanese style. The other officer insisted that I accept his short sword, Navy issue, as a memento, since they had lost the war. I still have it.

Some of the neighborhood kids came to our dormitory to visit with us. They looked undernourished and small for their age. We gave them what goodies we had and they, in turn, would try to return the favors by giving us things. One little boy gave me a natural pearl he had found on the beach. Another boy told me his mother wanted to do my laundry. Thinking that she offered to do this to earn some money, I did let the kid take home my soiled clothing. The boy returned in two days with my laundry neatly folded. He refused payment. This went on during my entire one-month's stay in Sasebo. Later when woolens were issued to us, I gave all of them to the boy. He later showed me the neat mittens his mother made out of the woolen socks. When I knew my departure was near, I gathered a carton of foodstuff from the kitchen and made a farewell call on this family. The mother, a young widow, served sake and sashimi which I knew she could hardly afford. I forced them to accept most of the cash I had with me.

I relate these stories to indicate that our friendly relations with the Japanese came about spontaneously and smoothly. I was glad I was able to come to Japan, at this initial period of the occupation, before ending my military service. I observed with a feeling of satisfaction that we Americans were there, not as arrogant conquerors, but with hands extended to offer friendship and help.

NAGASAKI

One night a fellow member, who was serving as a messenger and truck driver at that time, told me that he had arranged to take the next day off and talked me into driving to Nagasaki for a view of the A-bombed city. We got a third guy to join us and left early the following morning for the three or four hours' drive.

I was not prepared for the sight of Nagasaki. I was simply

shocked, horrified, to see that there was nothing left of the historic city, so completely obliterated from the face of the earth. I shuddered at the thought that a miniature bomb of less than fifty pounds did what it did. What I saw around me stretching out for miles defied all comprehension. All I could mutter was, "Oh, my God!" There was an eerie silence. The only life I saw were a few people poking around in the rubble. Some gave a quick glance, their faces expressionless.

This was less than two months after the blast and, interestingly, there was no general knowledge of the health hazards of nuclear radiation at that time. Had there been knowledge, surely the entire contaminated area would have been tightly sealed off. When I came down with colon cancer in 1975, my family thought there was a good possibility that the origin of my tumor could be traced back to my exposure to the radiation when I poked around in the ruins of Nagasaki that day. I told them to cool it and not to talk about it. I'm just happy I'm still around today. We drove back to Sasebo mostly in silence, each visibly shaken.

It gives me a weird sensation to think what we saw of Nagasaki thirty-six years ago was like a sneak preview of what to expect the next time around. Only, we now know that the blasts in the next one, should there be a head-on collision with the Soviets, will make Hiroshima and Nagasaki appear like mere firecracker poppings.

SAYONARA TO JAPAN

The torpedo inventory-taking almost over, we were engaged in much partying. I either went to the Japanese Navy Officer's apartment for sake drinking or joined our buddies for beer. Somehow a sailor-buddy of mine was able to supply us with a couple of beers almost nightly.

The day came to say SAYONARA to Sasebo when there was space available on a destroyer for a bunch of us. Had I known what a destroyer ride was going to be like, I would have declined. After twenty days of zig-zagging across the Pacific, shedding twenty pounds along the way, I set foot on the decks at Pearl Reinstated to civilian status November 15, 1945, four years and one day after induction into the Man's Army. Whew! What a ride the four long years had been! I thought about the guy who once said: "Going to war is an experience you couldn't

buy with a million bucks, but I wouldn't take a million bucks to go through it again."

CONCLUSION

I apologize for being so long-winded. I meant my story to be brief but I got carried away. This is the first time I put my WW II experiences in writing and it was like having opened the flood gates.

There is no doubt in my mind that we MISers were the special tool needed to help expedite the Pacific warfare, bringing it to an earlier termination than otherwise, thus saving countless numbers of lives on both sides. Not only did we serve in a vital role in the communications for our country in this unfortunate conflict, but I would also like to think that our service, along with the outstanding service of our nisei brothers in the combat units, contributed much to help the AJA's cause.

To my comrades of SEMPAI GUMI, YABAN DAIGAKU graduates, I am proud and happy to have served with you. I wish you all a happy retirement. In closing, I propose a toast: SEMPAI GUMI BANZAI!

120 Tenth Street
Colusa, California
95932
March 25, 1971

Mr. Richard S. Oguro
1450 Ala Mahamoe Street
Honolulu, Hawaii, 96819

Dear "Sarge":

Your letter of March 14 and the enclosures revived many memories long dormant, and recalled names, places and events around which our entire lives once revolved. I had no trouble placing you as Sgt Oguro of Section 9 and a classmate. Also for a brief period, I believe we were together in A Barracks "chaperoned" by Howard Hiroki. I was later transferred to "B" Barracks where I became the assistant to Joe Ikeguchi. Barracks "B" housed all of the "kotonks" with whom I had volunteered from the Amache Relocation Center in Colorado.

I have attempted to comply with your request by submitting the enclosed material. The article "14 Nisei and the Marauders" appeared in the 1956 Holiday Issue of the Pacific Citizen, literary organ of the Japanese American Citizens League. Since I was unable to locate the original manuscript and I have only a single copy of the holiday edition, I was forced to retype the entire article. However, it was probably necessary because certain passages needed updating.

I am not a writer by training or instinct. I am sure this fact, plus the limitations of an amateur historian, will become only too obvious to you as you peruse the material. Perhaps Furumoto, Miyasaki, Tsubota and the others will add to or edit the article to make it more accurate and compatible to your needs. Because it was written in haste to meet a deadline in 1956, and I had to rely heavily on recall with no one nearby to consult or interview, it probably should be reviewed and revised.

The article is perhaps overly long. It appeared, however, at the time that an account of the Marauders campaign albeit in capsule form, was essential to explaining the role of the MISLS grads. Writing in limited compass, it was impossible to relate each of the various experiences participated in by the Nisei.

Your project to assemble the "memoirs" of the "G-2 boys" is most commendable and should prove useful and revealing. I have worked in the past with several feature writers and authors in telling the story of the MISLS linguists. Most of the published works have been limited to key personalities in the history of the language school and the heroism of a select few. Compiling the personal recollections of many without regard to achievement or heroism should be most interesting. I enjoyed the various samples among the enclosures, and it was reassuring to learn that others have become prey to the scourge of middle age and senior citizenry-forgetfulness.

I am enclosing excerpts from a letter from Gen Weckerling, which might be added to the history of the MISLS. We had a rather brief but gratifying exchange of letters during the preparations for the 1966 San Francisco Reunion. Frankly, I am somewhat surprised that some of the school brass haven't attempted to write a comprehensive history of the Language School and document the exploits of its graduates. Perhaps what you and others of the Sempai Gumi are doing will provide background and source material for a competent writer-historian.

I can think of several in Northern California, who should be prevailed upon to contribute to our project. Col Tom Sakamoto, former enlisted instructor and veteran of the South Pacific campaigns. Yosh Hotta, who was among the original trainees at Crissy Field and a writer of considerable skill. Hoichi Kubo lives in San Jose. His story should be fully recorded, but I doubt that he would or should be the one to write it. His recollections will most probably be hilarious. Noby Yoshimura (no relation) has no excuse for not writing because he has a daughter who can "ghost-write" for him, if necessary. He may know of others, hence a copy of this letter is being mailed to him.

I would have to take exception to the observation that the AJAs were not subject to discrimination in the service because of ancestry. There are many examples on the mainland, if not in Hawaii, of overt or covert racism. Not long after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Nisei servicemen in West Coast posts were either transferred to military posts in the interior where they were assigned unmilitary duties commonly performed by court-martialed prisoners or, as in the case of Ken

Yasui (later won Silver Star in Burma), myself and countless others (there were 50 names on my orders), relegated to the reserves at the convenience of the government. No charges or explanations, but the stigma was not easy to live with and many became embittered.

We, on the mainland, are probably more sensitive about this because of our experience with concentration camps and blatant racism. This is not to suggest that I believe the military to be racist oriented. If anything, it simply reflects public attitudes. What amazes me is that the Army, which is one of our most undemocratic institutions, has probably done more towards breaking down racial barriers, both within its ranks and the total community, than many of our other institutions.

Sorry to have rambled on so long. It was nice renewing old friendships and relieving in part, a great and terrible experience. I hope that what I am sending will be helpful. If time permits, I might attempt to write something of a more personal nature.

My regards to all of the old gang.

Sincerely,



Akiji Yoshimura

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER BY BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN WECKERLING, 220 SPRING LANE, WINTER PARK, FLORIDA 32789, DATED Sept 19, 1966.

"To give you some background on the concept and organization of the school, I was in Panama 1939/41 when I was asked to go to San Francisco to start a school for interpreters and translators in the Japanese language. I immediately accepted (actually I had the option of refusing the detail), and I have never regretted my small part in establishing this most effective and important army of our intelligence effort.

The story of our small beginnings in San Francisco are too well known to bear repetition. I would say, however, that the actual concept of the school was a gleam in the eyes of Colonel Carlisle C. Dusenbury, USA, Retired and Colonel Wallace Moore, a reserve officer whose father was a Christian missionary in Japan years ago. Both were on the War Department General staff as were Colonels Rufus S. Bratton and Moses W. Pettigrew (both now deceased)—it was the latter two who assisted in the tremendous task of obtaining official approval of the school project.

Most commanders in the field thought that Japanese Americans, no matter how efficient, could be killed if they ventured forward in the combat zones. Later when the first increment at the Crissy Field School were to be graduated, the War Department General Staff had some difficulty in convincing commanders to accept the language teams. A Major Burden then operating as G-2 of a Division in New Guinea had a great deal to do with overcoming field reluctance. After the first few teams were accepted and proved their tremendous value Colonel Rasmussen (the School having been moved to Camp Savage) then was faced with actual shortages of trained personnel in 1942 and into 1943 if I am not mistaken."

EXCERPTS FROM MY LETTER TO HIM IN RESPONSE, DATED Sept 25, 1966.

"I appreciated very much your informative letter on the early beginnings of the MISLS. Colonel Wallace Moore, I believe, was one of the officers selected by the War Department in late 1945 to tour the West Coast, speaking to organizations and

communities and paving the way for the return of the evacuees to their former homes. I have a news clipping of his visit to my hometown. It is interesting that you should mention Major Burden, as one who had much to do with overcoming the reluctance of field commanders to use the Nisei linguists. Col Burden was later head of SINTIC (Sino Translation and Interrogation Center) based in Chungking, China. As a "shavetail" I served in his organization, mostly on DS to various elements of the Chinese Combat Command. I last met Col Burden in Shanghai, December 1945, just prior to my return to the Zone of the Interior.

During the difficult days of WWII, the experience of the Nisei would have been infinitely more chaotic and insufferable had it not been for men like yourself, Gen Willoughby, Gen Stillwell, Gen Merrill (who, incidentally was my commander), Col Mashbir, Col Rasmussen, Col Burden and countless others, whose faith in our loyalty and confidence in our abilities made it possible for us to fulfill our right and duty to serve our country in its time of peril. I am often reminded of Col Chas N. Hunter, Exec Officer of the "Marauders", who made it clear to the troops that he would not tolerate any nonsense about the presence of the 14 Nisei in the ranks. I think, too, of the late Brig Gen Joe Stillwell Jr who, as G-2 of the Northern Area Combat Command in Burma, severely reprimanded a new junior officer for questioning the wisdom of allowing the Nisei to work in the Operations and Intelligence Tents."

120 Tenth Street
Colusa, California
95932
May 15, 1971

Dear Dick:

I hasten to answer your letter of May 9, which was received early this week. It was good to know that the material reached you safely and that it met with your approval. I am sure that at its best, it can still stand revision and improvement. I appreciated, however, your warm praise and savored it with considerable relish.

To get quickly to your questions. . . . I have not been in touch with Eddie Mitsukado since during the war years. To the best of my recall, the last time we corresponded was while we were both overseas—Eddie with the OSS in Burma and I with the Chinese Combat Command in China. I would like to get in touch with him, too.

Hoichi Kubo lives at 5355 Escover Lane, San Jose, 95118. I heard from him several months ago, while he was recuperating from a bout with bleeding ulcers. There are a number of MIS grads in the San Jose area, and of them I know Tom Taketa (3295 Lindenoaks Drive, San Jose) the best. Tom served with the U.S. Army Air Corps in India-Burma in radio intelligence. Noby Yoshimura, who previously lived in the San Jose, will probably know many others. He may even have Eddie Mitsukado's address because of his frequent trips to Japan.

Yosh Hotta, mentioned in the previous letter, may have served in Alaska. Yoshi retired as a Major after some 20 years in the service. From the scuttlebutt (added to what I have observed of his writings in the "Pacific Citizen"), I gather that he has had some training in journalism.

I am enclosing for your use a 1967 listing of MISLS grads, which was compiled as the result of the 25th Anniversary Reunion. (You may already have it.) I don't know whether it is up-to-date, but it'll be good for "openers." Also for your information, I am forwarding copies of "Tributes to Japanese American Military Service in WWII" from the Congressional Records, in which you will find various references to the G-2 linguists.

It's possible that Noby may be able to give your project a

boost at the next meeting of the MIS Vet Assn of Northern California on May 22. If not then, perhaps a news item might be included in the "MIS Intelligencer", an informal newsletter of the above organization, due to be distributed again in June. Again, I am taking the liberty to send a copy of this letter to Noby.

I have only the single copy of the MISLS Album, which is somewhat dogeared from handling. I understand that there was considerable flack from the Pentagon when the album was first published because not all of the information had been declassified. At one time, I had three copies, I wouldn't be surprised if there is more interest today in the album than there was 20 years ago. I wonder what we should do about it?

Sohei Yamate of Honolulu recently sent me a clipping from the "Advertiser" featuring Howard Furumoto's Animal Hospital. It was quite a "spread", and it made me proud to be able to number him among my senyu. I had occasion to write to Herb Miyasaki about a year and a half ago. Herb and I spent a great deal of time together in India during the training phase. Roy Nakada came through my hometown some years ago on one of his "wheelin-dealin" trips to the mainland. It seems that he and his associates were looking for some land investments. Ben Sugeta (also Section 9) and I keep in touch quite frequently, either by phone or visits. It's not always easy because we live on opposite ends of the State.

I hope that I have "touched all of the bases." Again, it was good hearing from you.

Warmest personal regards.

Sincerely,



Akiji Yoshimura

CHINA - BURMA - INDIA

14 NISEI AND THE MARAUDERS

(With Merrill's Marauders)

By Akiji Yoshimura

In the late summer of 1943 certain events took place, which were to shape the military lives of some 3,000 American Troops, among them 14 Nisei GI's and their officer of mixed American and Japanese percentage.

FIRST: The Quebec Conference of Allied Leaders authorized the creation of an American ground combat unit for the China-Burma-India Theater, the first such troops to fight on the Asiatic continent since the Boxer Rebellion.

SECOND: A call for volunteers for an undisclosed mission was issued to all infantry units in the continental United States, the Caribbean Defense area, and in the South Pacific combat zones.

THIRD, and striking closer to home: The names of 14 or more Nisei graduates of the Military Intelligence Language School, Camp Savage, Minnesota, were being evaluated and investigated to establish their qualifications for what we were soon to learn was a "Dangerous and Hazardous Mission."

The first indication that something big was brewing happened in mid-August of 1943, when the school brass swooped down on the Ft Snelling barracks where the graduates were billeted and awaiting overseas assignment. There was a flurry of activity, conferences and other rather obvious attempts to be secretive. At the time, I was involved in a somewhat dull, uninspiring duty of translating a field manual on the operation and maintenance of a Japanese Artillery piece with 1st Lt William A Laffin. One day Lt Laffin began questioning me about the state of my health, marital status, language proficiency, interests, etc. At first I thought it was a manifestation of a warm and friendly concern of an officer for his enlisted man, but I soon discovered that his interest in me was more military than personal.

In due time I found myself closeted in a small room with Lt Laffin, where he offered the opportunity to volunteer for a "secret and dangerous mission." In spite of myself, I must have managed to utter a feeble, "Yes sir, thank your sir," because shortly thereafter I discovered my name on a list of 14 Em's with orders to report to the Port of Embarkation, San Fran-

cisco. Leading the contingent of Nisei volunteers was Lt Laffin, a former Ford Motor Company executive in Japan, who had been interned after Pearl Harbor and repatriated to the United States on the Exchange Ship, Gripsholm. Lt Laffin (later Captain) was killed in action in the Battle of Myitkyina in Northern Burma in May 1944.

Roll Call of the Nisei's

In immediate charge of the AJA linguists was S/SGT EDWARD MITSUKADO of Honolulu, a former court reporter and writer. Well read, soft spoken Eddie was a warm and compassionate leader, whose only notable fault was chronic forgetfulness. Eddie was the first among the seven team members to win Commissions via OCS and field promotions. Answering to the roll call were the following volunteers.

THOMAS K. TSUBOTA, former bank employee, affectionately known as "kewpie." A top-notch drill master, his somewhat detached and military demeanor belied a deep and abiding concern for the welfare of the men under his immediate command.

HERBERT Y. MIYASAKI, Pauuilo, Hawaii. Stocky, confident, a vigorous personality. A walking "Chamber of Commerce" for the then hoped for 49th State, whose strong provincialism was the cause of many heated discussions on the merits of the Paradise of the Pacific as a member state.

ROBERT Y. HONDA, Wahiawa, Oahu, who took a reduction in grade in order to accompany the team. A graduate of the U of Hawaii; a man of few well chosen words; a philosopher. He is credited with the classic remark, spoken in the pidgin of the Islands, "WAR, GOOD FUN, EH?" This statement, we hasten to add, was made while the ominous sounds of battle were still distant rumblings.

ROY K. NAKADA, a "diamond in the rough." Size almost kept him out of the service, but he managed to talk his way into uniform—not, so he confessed, because he aspired to be a soldier but rather because he couldn't face his friends who had given him a warm send-off. A graduate of the U of Hawaii; glib; equally at home in the rough and tumble of barracks chatter or a lively discussion of "eggheads."

All of the above named were original members of the 100th Infantry Bn (Sep), which in the winter of '43 was training at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

ROY MATSUMOTO, Los Angeles. Slight of build, unobtrusive. Who would have suspected that he would become one of the great heroes of the campaign???

BEN S. SUGETA, Los Angeles. Big, brawling, a complete extrovert. A graduate of a middle school in Japan, whose renditions of "Moro No Ishimatsu," became a regular feature of our frequent "social events."

GRANT HIRABAYASHI, Kent, Washington. One of the top students of the top class at Camp Savage. Gentle, meticulous. Grant broke an arm during training in India, but refused General Merrill's offer to relieve him of his assignment. He fought through two-thirds of the campaign despite his inability to digest "K" rations, which was the steady diet for three months.

JIMMY YAMAGUCHI, Los Angeles, California. A competent linguist with a flair for oriental proverbs. An orator of considerable talent in the Japanese tongue.

RUSSEL K. KONO, Hilo, Hawaii. A sansei and son of a World War I Vet. Tall, powerful of build. A law student at the U of Michigan before volunteering for Military Service.

HENRY GOSHO, Seattle, Washington. Aggressive and articulate, he earned among other things the nickname of "Horizontal Hank," because of the many times he was pinned down by enemy fire while serving with the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon.

SEATTLE NISEI SAVES PLATOON OF MARAUDERS (Seattle, Washington Times—March 1945)

Sgt Henry Gosho of Seattle, Nisei Soldier with Merrill's Marauders, who apparently was writing about Gosho. "The in the outfit, the War Relocation Authority announced yesterday. The WRA quoted a letter from a white Sgt in the Marauders, who apparently was writing about Gasho. "The men of our platoon owe their lives," the letter said, "to Sgt Henry G. a Japanese-American of Seattle. Hank (we call him Horizontal Hank because he's been pinned down so many times by Jap Machine-Gun fire), guided the machine-gun fire on our side which killed every Jap on that side. "The boys who fought alongside Hank agree that they never have seen a more calm, cool and collected man under fire. He was always so eager to be where he could be of the most use and effectiveness, and that was most always the hot spot."

CALVIN KOBATA, Sacramento, California. Eternally gay, with a contagious kind of happiness which infected and inspired the team. Although a qualified and outstanding linguist (Middle School in Japan, Jr. College in California), Cal always subordinated his personal achievement to group effort.

HOWARD FURUMOTO, Hilo, Hawaii. Young, intense and impulsive. Golden voiced Howard, once oratorical champ of the then Territory of Hawaii, was a student of veterinary medicine at Kansas State when he enlisted for Camp Savage.

Completing the list of 14 was the writer, who for reasons best known to him and his teammates was always bringing up the rear. I shall never cease to wonder how one with such a limited language ability (one prisoner suggested that I spoke Japanese with a western accent), and a physical and moral coward to boot, managed to stumble into such fast company. After almost a quarter of a century, it is difficult to recall with accuracy or honesty one's experiences and emotions. Someone once asked me, "Why did you volunteer?" I would be the first to admit that it wasn't heroic. In fact there were times in Burma when, if it were physically possible, I could have kicked myself for having been such an impetuous fool! Nor was I on a great crusade "to make America a better place for Japanese Americans to live in," because I never regarded my stint in uniform anything more or less than a right and a duty.

Perhaps the most compelling reason, presumably shared by all of the other Nisei volunteers, was the feeling that the war was passing us by at Ft Snelling and we wanted desperately to be caught up in it somewhere, somehow. Once the decision was made, however, each of us vowed privately, because we never discussed it as a group, to serve our country not just well, but better than any other American. (It might be of interest to note that Goshu, Sugeta, Matsumoto and I have volunteered from behind the barbed wires of America's concentration camps to serve in Military Intelligence.)

Mistaken for POW's

Our journey in quest of adventure and excitement took us across the Pacific aboard the USS Lurline, a Matson luxury liner converted into a troopship. Assembled on board were highly trained infantrymen from the various training centers in the States and jungle trained volunteers from the Caribbean

area, who comprised the first two battalions of the unit, which was later to be assigned the highly improbable designation "5307 Composite Unit, Provisional."

A third battalion of battle-tested troops joined the outfit at New Caledonia and Brisbane, Australia. We found that the majority of our fellow passengers were from the Midwest, New England and Southern States. Many had never seen a Japanese up close, and I suspect that a few had misgivings, about sharing passage on an unescorted ship with Japanese whatever their nationality. I recall this incident that occurred as the ship passed under the Golden Gate Bridge and headed towards the high seas, which indicated to us an urgent need to communicate with all of the troops. A strange GI approached and asked in a rather clumsy but seemingly sincere effort to be friendly, "Say, how'er things in your country?" Without hesitation I replied, "It looks pretty good from here." Then, noting his confused expression I proceeded to explain to him that this was also my first trip away from the United States. He had the notion, apparently, that we were former Prisoners of War who had a change of heart. One of the most common questions asked of us was, "What do you think the Japanese will do to you if they capture you?" Our stock answer: "I don't know what they've planned for us, but they'll have to run like hell to catch us."

And then, there was the GI who asked us to say "Lala Palooza." He had read somewhere that the Japanese had trouble with the letter "l", and with typical American resourcefulness had planned to use the tongue twister to determine whether the unseen adversary in the jungle was friend or foe. Our California nurtured English shattered his well laid plans.

During the voyage, the Nisei lectured to the troops on the Japanese enemy, their weapons, tactics and physical and spiritual training. By the time we disembarked at Bombay, India, we had convinced the uninformed and the skeptics that we were American in thought, speech and action.

At Deolali, a British cantonment, and at Deogarh in Gwalior Province, our training was begun in earnest. Combat training in long range penetration tactics included forced marches, river crossings, night problems, weapons and range work. All highly intensified by the prospect of a dangerous and arduous mission. The Nisei, in addition to brushing up on their

Japanese, pored over maps and intelligence reports of the North Burma area and participated in the daily training schedule of the infantry companies. We were fast becoming an integral part of a combat unit as a rifleman-interpreter, both roles which were to prove equally valuable in the campaign.

GOING TO BATTLE

The battle situation at the time the Maruders held its final bivouac before crossing the point of "no return" is noted as follows:

The Japanese 18th Division, the famed "Kurume Shidan (Div)", which played vital roles in the fall of Singapore and the capture of Burma, had a stranglehold on the Hukawng and Mogaung Valleys through which the proposed Ledo Road (later renamed Stilwell Road) was to be built to link with the old Burma Road. In order to complete this land supply route to China, it was necessary to first clear the North Burma area and capture the town of Myitkyina and its all-weather airstrip.

By now the rumors of the outhouse variety were flying fast and thick. We wanted to believe the one about the outfit being scheduled for a single strike behind the lines, followed by air travel stateside for a month's furlough. Commented one realist, "Yeah, those that are left can be flown in a P-38!" The War Department had estimated in advance some 85 percent casualties.

"MERRILL'S MARAUDERS," so named by Time Correspondent James Shepley, was ordered to make a series of raids behind enemy lines disrupting communications, destroying enemy strongholds, and in general confusing and harassing the enemy, while the American trained Chinese Division exerted pressure with frontal attacks. To achieve these objectives, it was necessary for the Marauders to operate in complete secrecy, with bold, swift movements in and out of enemy held territory.

Troops were supplied by airdrops, which is difficult at best and in this case further complicated by combat columns (six in all) operating independently in simultaneous attacks on separate targets. Because of the limited number of desirable "drop areas," it was necessary at times to clear several acres of Jungle in order for the planes to successfully unload their cargo of 5-day supply of K rations per man, feed for the animals (pack), medical supplies and ammo.

To escape enemy detection, the Marauders marched for days without food; hacked their way through the heavy undergrowth; clambered over mountains; and waded through leech infested streams. One battalion waded neck and waist deep in a stream for almost a day, crawled into holes dug into the sheer banks that night, then launched a dawn attack that caught the Japanese by complete surprise.

Nisei's in Action

Because of the nature of the mission, no prisoners were taken. Where then did the Nisei fit into the plan? The linguists were called upon to accompany reconnaissance patrols. In certain situations, they were dispatched beyond the perimeter of defense on listening posts to pick up scraps of information dropped by the Japanese, who conversed loudly, secure in their mistaken belief that the Americans could not understand a word that was spoken. On occasion they interpreted on the spot oral commands given by the platoon or squad leader directing "banzai" attack.

Once, when the outfit stumbled over a telephone wire, the Nisei with the aid of the communications personnel tapped the lines and gathered valuable information about enemy disposition and movements. And of course, there were always the diaries, Battle Orders and other documents to be quickly read and translated for information of immediate tactical value.

On the Marauders' first mission, an assault of the village of Walabum where the Japanese were dug in, Hank Goshō distinguished himself both as a rifleman and interpreter. Under heavy enemy fire, Hank interpreted the oral commands, pinpointing the area of attack, thereby making it possible for the platoon to anticipate and shift its fire-power to meet the onslaught.

In another area with the 2nd Battalion, Honda, Matsumoto, Nakada and Sugeta were crouched over a telephone wire tap interpreting the communication which disclosed the location of an enemy ammo dump, which was subsequently destroyed by US dive bombers. Although under heavy enemy fire, the four Nisei remained on the job gathering intelligence as to movements, disposition and plans.

By the time the Marauders withdrew to less violent areas, they had accounted for 800 enemy dead and forced a major

withdrawal of the Japanese. This was achieved at the cost of the Marauders of 8 men killed and 37 wounded. However, midway through the second mission, which were too deep penetrations of from 30-40 miles behind the lines, fatigue, enemy guns and the many and varied jungle diseases began to take their toll. Tsubota, who had been marching despite fever and pain was finally forced out of the campaign. Nakada, too, fell heir to one of the tropical diseases and was evacuated to a Field Hospital in Northern Ireland. Meanwhile, Mitsukado, Hirabayashi, Kono and Yamaguchi were performing outstanding services translating documents at a roadblock at Shadazup. They were all eventually decorated for meritorious achievement.

While the Marauders made maximum use of the element of surprise, they were constantly exposed to counterattacks and envelopment. Near the end of the second mission, after the primary objectives had been accomplished, the 2nd Bn, was surrounded on Nhpum Ga Hill by the Japanese and cut-off from elements of the 3rd Bn. The 1st Bn was five days' march way, recuperating from a highly successful thrust on Shadazup.

For 15 days the battle raged at Nhpum Ga, which was later named "Maggot Hill" because of the enemy dead and our own pack animals decaying in the hot and humid Burma weather. The only waterhole near the base of the hill changed hands a number of times, and it was finally necessary to drop plastic containers of water, along with rations and ammo, to the beleaguered members of the 2nd Bn. On Easter Sunday, 1944, elements of the 3rd Bn broke through to effect the rescue, while the 1st Bn, which had made forced marches to reach the scene of conflict, made diversionary attacks to the West and South.

Once again we were to discover that the Nisei had distinguished themselves on this battered and bloodied hill. It was here, perhaps more than at any other time during the campaign that Goshō earned his nickname of "HORIZONTAL HANK." Troops of the 2nd Bn were high in their praise of Honda, Matsumoto and Sugeta who time and again, crawled out on listening posts inviting enemy detection, as well as fire from friendly forces.

On one of these risky excursions into No-Man's-Land, Matsumoto learned that the Japanese planned an attack the

next morning in a given sector. With this information, the perimeter was alerted and elaborate preparations made. Came dawn and the attack. The first wave hit the ground, but Matsumoto forced them on their feet again by screaming, "Charge, Charge!" They charged directly into a devastating fire of automatics and machine guns.

But for the Marauders, too, the Battle of Nhpum Ga Hill had been disastrous. The original strength of approximately 3,000 was now down to near 1,400, and there remained yet another and most difficult mission to achieve—**THE CAPTURE OF THE AIRFIELD AT MYITKYINA.**

Ahead loomed the Naura Hkyat, the 6,100 foot pass of the Kumon Range, and at best 15 days of climbing and crawling over steep, slippery trails. It was a desperate race against time, the Monsoon season, and the fast deteriorating stamina and spirit of the Marauders. For this final mission, the Marauders were joined by two regiments of Chinese. Among the Niseis, Hirabayashi, Honda and Sugeta were evacuated because of fever and fatigue.

Captain William Laffin, leader of the linguists and doubling as Unit Intelligence Officer (S-2), led a small advance party of Marauders and native Kachins to survey and prepare the trails leading over the Kumon Range. Our brief farewell meeting at the Unit HQ at Naubum was the last time that I was to see Capt Laffin alive. Quiet and soft-spoken, he was a man considerable courage and a highly disciplined soldier under fire. Despite the disparity of our military rank, we had always enjoyed a warm, personal relationship. News of his fate at Myitkyina came as a great shock to me, and the few minutes I was able to spend at his gravesite near the airstrip seemed a totally inadequate tribute to a fine officer, leader and friend.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

The Marauders, its ranks riddled by disease and fatigue and further depleted by skirmishes along the trail, in a final magnificent drive captured the airfield on May 17. With the strip secured, fresh Chinese regiments were flown in by transport planes to consolidate the gains and relieve the Marauders.

For most, this had been the last ounce of effort. It is estimated that only 200 Marauders remained of the original outfit of volunteers, who could if necessary carry on for a few days or weeks longer. But, this was not to be the end. The

Japanese at Myitkyina re-grouped and began threatening the airfield.

The situation became critical and a number of Marauders, who were still recuperating in hospitals in Northern India, were declared fit for duty and returned to combat. This resulted in a complete breakdown in morale of an outfit that had successfully executed three daring missions behind the lines; fought through five major and 30 minor engagements; marched through and over 700 miles of impenetrable and impossible terrain; and cleared the North Burma area of the seasoned troops of the crack 18th Japanese Division.

For the Nisei Marauders, however, there was little time to brood over the justice of military decisions. Except for those evacuated for hospitalization, the linguists continued to serve as interrogators and translators with American replacements, who were committed to battle in a desperate effort to relieve the situation.

Serving with the new troops was like joining the original outfit in San Francisco all over again. One day, Kono and I were conversing in English when a strange GI approached, listened to our discussion for quite some time before inquiring, "Are you Chinese?" We replied in the negative and allowed that we were Japanese-Americans. After moment of thoughtful silence, he shook his head and said, "Geez, you're a lot better-looking than I thought you'd be!"

It takes a lot of patience to dispel the strange notions that the comic strips and hate movies have implanted in your American minds. On another occasion, Kono, Miyasaki and I were bathing a short distance away and out of sight of the bivouac area. Naturally, we had little on our person to identify us as American soldiers. Once again an unidentified GI approached, and again the same question was posed. Again, we responded in the negative, but this time omitting the fact that we were Americans. We watched as the color drained from his face and a "Oh, please God! Say it isn't so!" Expression replaced the open, friendly countenance. When he started nervously to finger his rifle, we hastened to correct the omission.

MARAUDERS NO MORE

In mid-August 1944, after the fall of Myitkyina some seven months after the Marauders began their historic drive into the jungles, Mitsukado, Miyasaki, Kobata, Kono, Yamaguchi and

the writer were finally relieved of their duties. The other Nisei, who had since recovered from their various ailments were serving with G-2, Northern Combat Area Command. By this time, the Army had invoked the "provisional" feature of the unit designation "5307 Composite Unit, Provisional." The outfit was no more, and the Nisei Marauders were without a home. Only the Combat Infantryman's Badge, which was a rarity in a theater where American ground activities were primarily support; the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon, and the Unit shoulder patch, which though never officially approved was sworn by the Nisei with the Marauders' characteristic disdain for regulations and formality, linked us with the outfit which was once described in a post-war issue of the Infantry Journal as the "Most Aggressive, toughest and bravest outfit to fight in the Far East in WWII." Eventually the Nisei was assigned to the Southeast Asia Translation and Interrogation Center (SEATIC) in New Delhi, India. In the meantime Major Gen Frank D. Merrill, former commander of the Marauders, had been elevated to Deputy Theater Commander with HQ in New Delhi. The General promptly promoted T/Sgt Edward Mitsukado to 2nd Lt Mitsukado, AUS. Miyasaki, Kono and Honda were ordered to Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga. Hank Goshō, who for a time served with the Office of War Information, was returned to the United States for medical care. Thomas Tsubota was also shipped stateside for further hospitalization. Nakada, Furumoto, Hirabayashi, Matsumoto, Yamaguchi, Kobata, Sugeta and the writer were transferred to China where they with other MISLS graduates formed the Sino Translation and Interrogation Center (Sintic).

Nakada, Furumoto and the writer were to later receive field commissions, while all other held the rank of M/Sgts by the end of hostilities. Several participated in surrender negotiations and ceremonies in Chinkiang and Nanking, China.

In total, the Nisei volunteers had been awarded a Legion of Merit, 14 Bronze Star medals and clusters, and seven of the 14 were commissioned. More important to the Nisei Marauders than the medals and gold bars, however, was winning the confidence, respect and trust of their fellow Marauders and other American Troops in the CBI theater. The late General Merrill wrote for the EX-CBI Roundup (a theater publication being perpetuated by CBI vets)—"As for the value of the Nisei group,

I couldn't have gotten along without them. Probably few realized that these boys did everything that an infantryman normally does plus the extra work of translating, interrogating, etc. Also they were in a most un-enviable position as to identify as almost everyone from the Japanese to the Chinese shot first and identified later."

Ex-Marauder Charton Ogburn Jr, author of "The Marauders" wrote of the Nisei—"All of us, I suppose, when we are moved to reflect upon what human beings are capable of, find that certain images come to mind as illustrations of surpassing achievement. One that will always leap to mine is a composite recollection of Nhpum Ga, and of no part of it more than the heroism, moral as well as physical, of the NISEI. . .what was unspeakably hard for the others can only have been harder still for them. Some had close relatives living in Japan, all had acquaintances if not relatives held in concentration camps in the United States on the grounds that persons of Japanese descent and feature must be presumed to be disloyal. To help justify the unhappiness we were enduring most of us could tell ourselves that the survival of our people and the country our forefathers had fought and died for was worthy of sacrifice; for the Nisei, however, there was only the value of an idea."

*** NOTE: PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION AWARDED MERRILL'S MARAUDERS AUG 4, 1944, "The day after the battle of Myitkyina was concluded the War Department bestowed upon the 5307th the Distinguished Unit Citation."**

"After a series of successful engagements in the Hukawng and Mogaung Valleys of North Burma in March and April 1944, the unit was called on to lead a march over jungle trails through extremely difficult mountain terrain against stubborn resistance in a surprise attack on Myitkyina. The unit proved equal to its task and after a brilliant operation of 17 May 1944 seized the airfield at Myitkyina, an objective of great tactical importance in the campaign, and assisted in the capture of the town of Myitkyina on 3 August 1944."

PORTRAYAL OF HERBERT MIYASAKI

THE UNSUNG HEROES: A Kibei in the Burma Jungle—By Roland Kotani, Editorial Assistant, The Hawaii Herald—November 6, 1981; Vol. 2 No. 21. Used with the permission of President Paul S. Yempuku.

A KIBEI IN THE BURMA JUNGLE

When Herbert Miyasaki would recount his wartime experiences to his son 20 years later, his disbelieving kid would insist that his dad was just spinning tall tales, "Nah, nah," denied Merrill, whom Miyasaki had named after his World War II commanding officer, Frank Merrill. Miyasaki could only tell his son to go ask Judge Russell Kono who had been with him and the rest of Merrill's Marauders in the jungles of Burma.

"I learned my Japanese at home because my parents issei and spoke nothing but Japanese," explains Miyasaki today. "My parents could barely sign their names and could say, 'Me no sabe,' but that's about all." His father, a general merchandise store owner on the Big Island decided to send him to Japan for his university education. When war clouds appeared on the horizon, however, Miyasaki immediately returned to Hawaii and joined the Army in December, 1940.

"In those days before the war, you stayed in the Army for one year and you were discharged," recalls Miyasaki. "But almost one year to the date my one year was up, I was home on furlough when Pearl Harbor was attacked." He was immediately called back and, after a short stint as a weatherman at Kohala airport, was assigned to the 100th Infantry Bn. When the 100th Bn went to Camp McCoy in mid-1942, officers made good use of Miyasaki's bilingual capabilities. Miyasaki says, "Many guys would ask me, 'Hey, which is more easy for you—English or, Japanese?' I would way, "Which you tink?" Miyasaki became the unofficial translator for letters in Japanese sent by Issei parents to their American-born sons in uniform.

In November 1942, a team from the MISLS at Camp Savage, Minnesota came to Camp McCoy to recruit trainees from the nisei soldiers. While other members of the 100th Bn

took the qualifying exam, Miyasaki was simply called into the office of company commander Jack Mizuha who informed him that he would be going with the MIS group. "I don't want to go," protested Miyasaki who wanted to stick with his buddies. Mizuha replied, "No, it's an order. Anybody can shoot one rifle but not everybody can speak Japanese. You can do more good up there than down here." So Miyasaki reluctantly accompanied about 60 former 100th Bn members who joined the second group of MIS trainees at Camp McCoy in December 1942. At Camp Savage, Miyasaki found the classroom work intensive but not difficult, "Jes like I'm bragging, but that's the way it was," says Miyasaki. "Nothing new except for military terminology but it was very accelerated." While certain classes were set aside for Kibei students who were fluent in Japanese but weak in English and other classes reserved for students who were still beginners in Japanese, Miyasaki was placed in a class whose students were considered proficient in both languages. In his group, students were required to learn about 200 kanjis per day.

On weekdays, MISLS students would go to class between 8 AM and 4 PM; exercise and drill, eat dinner and take a shower, then return to class from 7 to 9 in the evening. On Saturdays, the students were given an exam on all subjects of the preceding week. If a visitor went into the barrack bathhouse near midnite on a Friday night, he would find all the toilet seats occupied. "You cannot study beyond 11 o'clock but if you on a toilet bowl, nobody going bother you," explains Miyasaki. "That's how we used to study. I didn't have to study myself but I was a barracks leader. So naturally, I would be helping those guys because I don't want them to flunk out. Some guys studied until one o'clock," he recalls. Those who neglected their studies were lowered in their class levels until one day they were gone.

When his group of Camp Savage trainees graduated in the summer of 1943, Miyasaki was called in with Hawaii nisei Edward Mitsukado to see Col Kai Rasmussen. "They're organizing a group of interpreters to experimentally use on the front line," the Col told them. Even while he asked them to head the volunteer outfit, however, Rasmussen warned, "There's gonna be 75 percent casualties." Miyasaki admits no personal bravado, "Mitsukado and I were kinda forced to

volunteer," he says with a chuckle. "We did the selecting of the rest of the 14 guys; we didn't know them then except that they were well-versed in English and Japanese. Nobody knew about this thing—it was hush-hush." After being turned down by several prospects, Miyasaki and Mitsukado assembled the group of volunteers which included Hawaii nisei Russell Kono, Howard Furumoto, Robert Honda, Roy Nakada, Tom Tsubota and seven Mainland MISers.

In the fall of 1943, the volunteer outfit shipped out on the Lurline, which Miyasaki remembers had been painted a wartime olive drab color. "We went to Australia where we were chased by Japanese boats all over the place and then we picked up a whole battalion of combat men from Guadalcanal," he says. "These guys, they see our Japanese face, they like kill us already." But as the MIS group delivered daily lectures on the Japanese military and fraternized with the troops, they developed a camaraderie with members of the 5307 Composite Unit. By the time the unit landed at Bombay, India, Miyasaki and the other interpreters were accepted not only as American fighting men, but as particularly valuable intelligence experts who had to be protected from capture and death.

The 5307 Composite Unit was sent into the Indian jungle for training in November 1943. "We ate food from the jungle and lived in the jungle, not in tents, but in makeshift homes," recalls Miyasaki. Amazing, India is a hot country but—hooooo—so cold. "Water brought up from the river in the steel helmets would be frozen over the next morning with a layer of ice so thick it couldn't be broken by hand. Some guys who went to take a bath in the river when the sun was going down disappeared," stated Miyasaki. "Days later, their bodies would rise or somebody would step on them and find them." In February 44, the unit moved into the staging area on the India-Burma border. "Our assignment was to kill the enemy because that's the main thing in any war. We were to cut off their supply lines and lines of communication in the rear since an isolated unit without supplies can't do anything," states Miyasaki. The 5307 Composite Unit was an exceptional unit not listed in the U.S. table of organization, "Composite Unit—what size unit is that?" asks Miyasaki. "Nobody knows, yeah?" We can be augmented, reinforced and become a light division. We didn't have any vehicles; they couldn't go into that terrain in Burma.

We had mules flown in and from the United States. Those big mules carried our radios in the mountains. We had no artillery. We were hit and run because we had to be. We couldn't stay in a place for sustained combat," explains Miyasaki.

Vinegar Joe Stilwell was the commander of American forces in the China-Burma-India theater under the direction of Lord Louis Mountbatten, the supreme Allied commander in the region. According to Miyasaki, Mountbatten "used to come in the jungle with a bathtub and everything, with somebody carrying him, and looked like a Hollywood actor." Mountbatten gave his orders to Stilwell who laid the burden of the American responsibilities in the theater on the 5307 Composite Unit. "We being the strength of American forces in the area, naturally we were given the hard missions and we were a thorn in the side of the Japanese," explains Miyasaki. Mission after mission was handed to the unit which covered itself in glory under the nickname Merrill's Marauders.

"At Maggot Hill of Nphum Ga, there was a waterhole that changed hands a half dozen times in the course of a week," recalls Miyasaki, who refuses to watch war comedies like MASH which he feels make a travesty of the horrors of war. "You don't even think about it now but without water, you can't live two days. How many guys died from drinking their own urine! They suffered so much." At Nphum Ga, the Marauders were subjected to a constant artillery barrage. "In an artillery attack, you just stay in your foxhole, hoping that you don't get hit," Miyasaki remembers. "In the foxhole, how many guys went crazy? From the crack of dawn, boom-boom-boom. Maybe the first day everybody's okay. On the second day, some guys crack up. By the third day, everybody's tired. Some of the mules are hit and dying and who's gonna carry out heavy equipment. That's when plenty guys cracked up."

When the Marauders were not fighting, they were on the march. "We marched over a thousand miles easy, all told," estimated Miyasaki. But he cautions that even this figure doesn't show what the Marauders faced. "In the jungle, 10 yards is a long distance," he explains, "If that 10 yards is grassy land, you can make it in less than five minutes. If that's a bamboo thicket, you'll take half an hour, easy. Then there were plants with all kinds of thorns that you couldn't go through, period." But the terrain wasn't always unfavorable. "If river, 20

miles one day easy," says Miyasaki explaining that the Marauders would tie up the fold in their ponchos and holding both ends to form an airtight pocket, float merrily downstream. Obstacles often faced the Marauders in the path of their march. "When we come across a snake nest, nobody wants to go—we don't know snakes, Hawaii guys," admits Miyasaki. "So if somebody said, 'Hey, inside there get snake,' we'd go around until we found an opening and we might waste two hours just to get there."

At other times, the lead mule would be the first to encounter a Japanese booby-trap. "Wham", shouts Miyasaki, emphasizing the fate of the poor beast. "That's how we knew a place was bobby-trapped." If land mines weren't bad enough, the Japanese would sometimes resort to bamboo spears set on catapults set off by hairline triggers. "When you hit that, 'Shoo!' Miyasaki whistles, imitating the whirl of the spear in flight. "Somebody's gonna suffer and ma-ke." The Marauders would circle around the dangerous area until they came to a clearing where they would test the path ahead by hurling bamboo poles.

While on the march behind enemy lines, the Intelligence section would listen to Tokyo Rose every night to catch her occasional references to the 5307 Composite Unit. "She tried to kill your morale, but we used to listen for counter-espionage purposes," explains Miyasaki. Tokyo Rose would say, "Oh yes, we know you Marauders are in that area. There's nothing secret about it." Their intelligence was way ahead of the U.S., he concludes.

After listening to Tokyo Rose, the Marauders would try to throw the Japanese off the track by quietly changing their path of march. After six o'clock radio silence was maintained. Night patrol was the most frightening assignment. "We rotated but everybody had to go and it was scary," states Miyasaki. In the darkness of the jungle, the Marauders relied on bird calls from the advance scouts or point men who were often American Indians or would rap five times rapidly on their rifle butt as a greeting. During the monsoon season when the heavy rains drowned out competing sounds, the troops would tie themselves together and signal by a tug on the rope.

They called our group, "The League of Nations," recalls Miyasaki, who would hand-pick a multi-ethnic contingent

when he went out on night patrol. One of his men would always be a Gurkha, a Nepalese tribesman. "The Gurkhas would rather fight with their bent knife and kill you silently than use a bullet," he says. "They were small, but they reminded me of Cuban fighting chickens—more guts than anything. They weren't afraid to die and they weren't afraid to fight—they'd tackle a six-foot Haole without hesitation. "But Miyasaki would also pick a couple of Caucasians, "the six-foot-five, football player kine buys." He explains, "if I got knocked down, they would pick me up easy and they would even carry four or five bandoliers of ammunition at one time and take off." Miyasaki's multi-ethnic patrol must have worked, because he survived his night duty without a scratch.

As ethnic Japanese, the MISers faced special problems. "Plenty times, we were captured by Chinese, American, or British soldiers who thought we were enemy soldiers," says Miyasaki. "I used to eat with the Chinese troops so I would know more about their behavior and learn some Chinese so in case they catch me again, I can tell them dis and dat more easily." Because it was standard operating procedure to carry no identification, this became a real problem. By the end, the Marauders put bodyguards on their valued nisei interpreters.

In return for their special protection, the MIS unit fulfilled special duties by translating captured Japanese documents and interrogating prisoners. While Frank Merrill spoke fluent Japanese thanks to his pre-war stint as a military attache in Japan, he often had to call on the MISers to translate military symbols and evaluate the workings of the military mind of the enemy. Miyasaki served as personal interpreter for Merrill throughout the North Burma campaign.

Like MISLS graduates on other fronts of the war, Miyasaki also had to interrogate Japanese POWs. "Not one prisoner came to us with his hands up," he recalls, noting that the enemy troops in Burma were more hardened than those faced with MISers in Micronesia and on Okinawa. "All of the captured Japanese POWs were wounded prisoners who couldn't stand up or were starved for 15 or 20 days." Miyasaki would read the diaries found on the captured soldiers and seek to establish rapport by calling them by their names and using the dialect from the area of Japan from which they came.

With an officer, Miyasaki would use a different approach.

One of his first actions would be to return the officer's sword. "The sword had nothing to do with the Emperor, oftentimes, it was a family heirloom and a symbol of the officer's authority," he explains. When American officers questioned him about lack of caution, Miyasaki would reply, "You look upon him as a dirty Jap? By the same token, he looks on you as a dirty, cheap American and you think he's gonna bloody his precious sword on you?" Miyasaki found that when he returned an officer's sword, the officer would often grasp the top of the handle with two hands and prop it under his chin. Then he would open to Miyasaki's questioning. "He must have thought, 'Hey, this guy's alright, now I'm not naked, figures Miyasaki. The Hawaii nisei would treat his prisoner with deference and speak humbly and the Japanese officer would cooperate.

But interrogation was also often a battle of nerves. When a Japanese officer mistreated a fellow prisoner, Miyasaki would bawl him out for mistreating an Emperor's soldier and slap him in the face. Once when Miyasaki was in the midst of interrogating a Japanese officer, the Americans were hit by a heavy artillery barrage. "You ought to have seen it—the guards who were assigned on two sides of the prisoner took off," he remembers. "I just yelled, 'Guards!' I made them come back right with the artillery barrage still going on." Miyasaki castigated them, shouting, "If you want me to interrogate, god dammit, don't show the cowardly side of you! If you're a coward, get out and get a new guard." Today, Miyasaki admits, "I was scared stiff. But the Japanese captain he neva move. If I had run away, I'd lose right there—he'd have the feeling, 'Hummm, what the hell, why should I answer this coward?'" Through the shelling, Miyasaki questioned the prisoner while Russell Kono took notes.

As months dragged on, the Marauders were handed mission after mission without respite. "The Marauders were overtaxed, that's true; for a unit our size, the task was too great, says Miyasaki. "Yet the Marauders did the work and didn't run away from it." After the 5307 Composite would capture an objective, their promised rest period would dissolve in an enemy counterattack. While Joseph Harrington criticizes Stilwell for a callous attitude towards his men, Miyasaki argues that Vinegar Joe was only taking orders from above and

that Stilwell was removed from his post in the China-Burma-India theater when he insisted that men be given a rest.

While fighting the Japanese, the Marauders also faced other enemies—malaria, dysentery and typhus. “The American forces weren’t used to monsoon weather,” explains Miyasaki. “And monsoon weather brings malaria, the infestation of lice, which spread typhus, and dysentery from the water.” While none of the interpreters were seriously wounded, all of the interpreters contracted disease. “Yeah, I got sick with malaria—a little bit crazy, delirious, because that’s how you get when you get malaria,” recalls Miyasaki. “When you got dysentery, you shit blood from your okole and your pants were always dripping blood.”

By the time the Marauders had finished their work, the unit was decimated. “At the end, what was left of the Marauders? Hardly anything; hardly anybody was left,” says Miyasaki. When the Marauders staggered into the town of Myitkina as part of the make-shift Chinese-American force on August 3, 1944, only 200 of several thousand original members of the 5307 Composite Unit were left. While the Marauders suffered well over the 75% casualties which had been predicted, all 14 of the MIS troops survived the harrowing campaign. “But, we were so weak,” recalls Miyasaki. All of the MISLS graduates were awarded Combat Infantrymen’s Badges and the coveted Bronze Stars.

Although all members of the MIS contingent were offered field commissions when they came out of combat, Miyasaki, Honda, and Kono turned their commissions down and chose to attend the Officers Candidate School in the United States first. “When I was in the 100th Bn, I was selected one of 17 to make officer but they denied me my commission because I was Japanese,” explains Miyasaki. “Then when they sent me up to MIS school, we were the guys who knew Japanese but there’s a bunch of Haole young kids who come in there and they know ‘a, i, u, e, o,’ phonetics, and they’d get commissioned as second lieutenants, linguistic specialists. ‘Old Man Col Rasmussen tried to get us commissions but no, they turned it down because we were nisei, and they weren’t taking any chances.” So when Gen Stilwell offered them commissions, Miyasaki and the other two Hawaii nisei chose to prove themselves by going through officer’s training instead. All three of them graduated

near the top of their class at Officers Candidate School and Miyasaki became the first nisei to serve as an instructor at the Infantry School at Fort Benning.

In the end, Miyasaki, a kibeï who had joined the service with intentions of serving a year of duty, wound up spending over 40 years in the U.S. Army. Although the exploits of Merrill's Marauders are now legendary, the story of the 14 Nisei who served in the 5307 Composite Unit is still unknown. "But I don't feel bad," says Miyasaki today, as he finishes a brief summary of his World War II duty. "We were told beforehand that the type of work we were going to do would not be publicized. The American public was calling us 'Jap' and all kinds of names, and sometimes you felt like throwing down everything and saying, 'To hell with you guys.' But still, there was a job to do and somebody had to do it. The scums of the earth don't have to appreciate what we did. But my conscience is clear."

**WORLD WAR II EXPERIENCES
PENTAGON - PARIS - BERLIN**

By Kazuo E. Yamane

CHRONOLOGY: World War II Service and other Experiences

- June 1934 McKinley High School graduation.
- 1935 One year employment at U. Yamane Ltd.
- 1935 (Summer) To Japan for Language Studies.
Joined Japan tour group from Hawaii visiting Japan extensively including Korea and Manchuria up to Harbin area near the Siberian border.
Preparation for entrance exams for Japan Middle School.
- 1936-37 One year at Kinjo Middle School in Tokyo.
Preparation for college entrance exam.
In Japan during the February 26 Incident—Military coup d'etat in Tokyo.
- 1937 (Sep) Entered Waseda University, Tokyo, Commerce Dept.
- 1940 (Aug) In Japan during Japanese Invasion of Manchuria and China—the so-called "Manchurian Incident" and the Sino-Japanese War.
Experienced compulsory military ROTC training while attending Japan University.
In Japan during Japan's total war-effort and country geared to total war economy.
In Japan during signing of Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis Military Agreement; experiencing tri-party total war effort.
Returned home to Hawaii—three summer vacations.

Graduated Waseda University in June 1940.

Completed entrance exams for Hosei University, Tokyo.

August 1940, returned to Hawaii on the second to the last ship, the TATSUTA MARU, ever to land on an American port until the declaration of war between U.S. and Japan.

Thereafter the U.S. embargo on oil was initiated against Japan and U.S.-relations worsened to critical stages, until the Pearl Harbor attack.

1940 (Sep) Entered University of Hawaii on part-time basis while being employed at U. Yamane, Ltd. By late spring of 1941, had to leave U. of H. because all three male employees of our family business were drafted in the U.S. Army, and I received temporary military deferment.

1941 (Nov 14) Uncle Sam finally got me at \$21.00 per month—no deferment; draftee in 4th Selective Service draft as Class A. Reported to Schofield Barbacks, Oahu this date for military training. This virtually shutdown our poultry and hog feed (grain) department, our paint and retail liquor departments, since there was no male employee remaining.

1941 (Dec 7) Home on weekend pass in Kalihi. This was within view of anti-aircraft flak in the air, and billowing dark black smoke from the Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field direction. Successive booming explosions could be heard. In short order the radio broadcast repetitious emergency calls, "Pearl Harbor is being attacked, all service men return to your post immediately." In response to the

order, dressed in my military uniform, I drove toward Schofield Barracks by way of the old winding Moanalua-Red Hill Road and into Kam Highway in Aiea, in perfect full view of the Pearl Harbor attack going on; dive bombers, low-level bombing by the enemy, every conceivable type of explosions and tilting burning, great warships; fires and billowing black smoke all over Pearl Harbor—what a total mess Pearl Harbor looked.

At Schofield Barracks, that day and night, was just as much a turmoil internally. The '03 rifles issued were from storage and had to be cleaned ready for use; the ammunitions carriers and ammunitions issued were from crates in storage. On the night of December 7th, Schofield Barracks was a frightful jittery military base; sabotage and 5th column rumors were rampant; any bush that moved in the darkness could be a target by a trigger-happy dogface; any plane in the air was shot at—in fact our own O-47 was shot down that night by our own men. In the distance toward Honolulu, in the still total darkness of the night you could see the fiery glow in the eastern sky from the smoldering ember of the military installations and naval warships; the only noises emanating were occasional explosions toward the Pearl Harbor direction. We service men wondered whether a follow-up invasion of ground troops was to come. The element of surprise was almost 100% and the disastrous and extensive damages done almost completely destroyed the military effectiveness of the U.S. Armed

Forces.

1941 (Dec 8) Having had ROTC at McKinley High School,

1942 (May) The next day I was with the group that was immediately assigned to the various national guard units; I was sent to Co E, 298 Infantry, stationed on the Windward side, our sector being between Hauula and Kaneohe. Sgt Chang, Pvt Gouveia, and myself were issued one water-cooled machine gun, 500 rounds of ammunition, an '03 rifle and dropped at a point on the beach of Kahaluu, our cross-fire to meet with a machine gun on each side of us. Nothing was furnished us so we commandeered from the neighboring beach houses and built a facsimile of a machine gun nest. Until late May, it was 4 hours on sentry duty, or laying barbed-wire barricades near the shore, 4 hours off for sleep and rest. In an invasion attempt, we were certainly cannon fodder and a suicide squad I thought.

1942 (Jun 3?) All soldiers of Japanese blood, numbering about 1,500 men, were ordered to Schofield Barracks from the Hawaii National Guard units in the field. We found out that we were ordered to be shipped to **destination unknown**. (Rumors were already circulating in Honolulu that a great air and sea battle was imminent somewhere near Hawaii). Without any leave to go home we were entrained to Honolulu Harbor and loaded on the converted SS Maui Troopship. At dusk, with a destroyer escorting us, we left Honolulu. The next morning the destroyer was gone! And Japanese submarines were lurking

around the Hawaiian chain, I thought. So all throughout the trip to the mainland I made it a point to sleep on deck. Arrived in Oakland port in the still darkness of wartime blackout. The group was split in three separate train routes; one to the north, one to the south and the last one by way of the Central route, by which route I arrived at our destination—Camp McCoy in Wisconsin, again in the stillness of the night. The irony of this destination was that fathers of many men of our group were imprisoned in a concentration camp in Camp McCoy.

Early June—Mid December 42. The War Department designated our group the 100th Inf Bn (Sep). Orders were to train for combat. Over 6 months of training got very monotonous, and apparently the War Department could not make a decision as to how to use us. In the meantime, the relocation of all Japanese alien and citizens was going on full blast in the Western states. Major Dickey, a West Pointer came to McCoy to recruit volunteers for Military Intelligence. With my background and education in Japan, I volunteered. Questions asked to confirm my loyalty were such as: "If we landed you in Japan on a submarine on a special mission, would you perform your duty willingly?"

- 1942 (Dec) Ordered to attend Camp Savage MISLS in Minnesota.
Upon assignment and after exam for classification, I was assigned to Sec 1 (Top grade) of 30 odd classes.
Severe winter 47 below 0, icicles 6'

hanging on roof eaves in single wall barracks. 100 Battalion men of 60 in one barracks, burned two pot-belly stoves in barracks red-hot because we were freezing.

After furlough, upon graduation in June, I was one of the first to be called to pack up for duty assignment, destination unknown. Team of 4 left by train (June 1943) Tech Sgt Jimmy Matsumura (Instructor at Savage), of Los Angeles and Kibei

T/3 John Kenjo, Los Angeles and formerly team leader from Honolulu

T/3 Seishu Kondo, San Pedro and Kibei

T/3 Kazuo E. Yamane, Honolulu

When Sgt Matsumura opened the sealed orders and tickets, destination read: Washington, D.C.

On arrival at D.C. we were assigned to the Pentagon Bldg, War Dept, Pacific Order of Battle, Military Intelligence and stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, next to the Pentagon. We were the first Nisei, servicemen or civilian, of Japanese blood in the Pentagon Bldg since the start of WWII, with one exception. Jimmy Hamasaki of California whom I knew in Tokyo while he was attending Meiji University. He was a State Department employee who came back to the U.S. on the exchange ship **Gripsholm**, and started work as a civilian at the Pentagon very recently. There were over 35,000 persons working at the Pentagon, one of the most security-tight building in the Nation at that time. Captain Moore, an ex-missionary in Japan, was our supervising officer in the Pentagon. A few months after our assignment, a team from Savage was assigned to the Air Force in the Pentagon. A larger group was also later assigned to Warrenton, Virginia. 1944. The War Dept assigned our team to Camp Ritchie (now Camp David), MD as a nucleus to start the PACMIRS, (Military Pacific Intelligence Research Section), with Lt Col Gronich as CO. A Brigadier General was commandant of the Intelligence Center, primarily heading the European Theatre operations. A large continent comprising non-coms, many instructors from Ft Snelling (Camp Savage

was moved to Snelling) Intelligence and Japanese Language Training School and graduates, and a number of haole officers (instant Japanese Language specialists). Shortly thereafter, I had volunteered for an unknown mission somewhere, getting fed up with the discriminatory practice of ranks given us Nisei's in G2. Letters were received from our buddies overseas also made us very restless in domestic USA. A highlight of my short service in Ritchie was: Colonel _____ sent me to look through some boxes of captured documents by order of the Commandant, that were sent to the Intelligence Center for training purposes. They were captured in the Saipan battle by the Navy Intelligence team at Pearl Harbor and passed on as having no military value. The General thought the documents should first be checked. In skimming through them, I found a thick book, and to my astonishment, which contained highly classified reports of the entire National Inventory of the Japanese Arsenal listing specific weapons and their number in stock. (Imperial Army Ordinance Inventory). I reported to our Colonel of this major important find. The translation staff at camp were ordered by the Pentagon to give it top priority, and all holiday leaves were cancelled. An amusing aftermath of this incident was that an Army Captain at Ritchie who couried back and forth to the Pentagon made a joke of this big boo-boo (papaia) by Navy Intelligence at the Pentagon. I last heard that word got back to the Navy Dept and wires were burning to Pearl. But the Captain was soon shanghaied overseas for his joke! Of all things, I bumped into this Captain in Paris and he was still moaning!

October 12, 1944. T/S Pat Nagano of Morro Bay, CA, T/S George Urabe of San Francisco and M/Sgt Kazuo E. Yamane of Honolulu were selected to go on this special mission, and time of departure was fixed to leave the U.S. sometime in late October so I finally decided to get married before going over; and on October 12, 1944, Mary Shiyomura and I got married at a relative's home in Baltimore, the Miyasaki's, formerly of Honolulu and now long time residents of Baltimore. I had a week's pass and honeymooned in Philadelphia before going overseas.

Late October, 1944. Our team, with Major John White from the 7th Div in Alaska as CO with Lt (S.C.) Arthur English, USN, boarded a C-94 all to ourselves left La Guardia Airport

at night. After take-off, Major White opened the sealed orders and read it to us. Our primary mission was: Our team was to be attached to a British Commando Unit, to train with them, in an attack into Berlin. We were to invade by air and/or submarines, into Berlin, to confiscate documents in the various government buildings as targets and return. The War Dept Orders further stated that we were to be assigned to SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force), Far Eastern Intelligence Section, in Versailles, France. Our plane continued to our final destination—Paris, via Newfoundland, landing in Scotland for a short period, and continuing on to Paris. On arrival in Versailles, we were quartered for a short time with the Moroccan Troops in the Royal Stable of the Grand Palace, with our headquarters at the Petit Palais. Only a few weeks before our arrival, the Germans sliced into the Western Front and made major gains in the Battle of the Bulge. While on pass to Paris, for this reason, security measures were extra tight.

The U.S. Army was negotiating with the Russians in the meantime to guarantee our safety on this mission, but the Russians were playing a delaying game. The Russians had stopped the German offensive on the Russian Front and were now taking the offensive and were exerting every effort to capture Berlin before the Anglo-American Armies. In the interim, our team was split up to go out into the field on split second notice! Swift air entry into Berlin, a raid into the Japanese Embassy there, seizure of documents and a quick get away! But plans to go to Berlin never came to be!

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

By Masami Tahira

A long, four-year soldier's journey from Hawaii to far-off lands

H A W A I I 1 9 7 0

This is 1970. It is a long span of years since 1935 when I first began earning my keep—a span interspersed with services in the State and City Departments, the college years, and the Second World War period in the army concerning which this narrative is all about.

But now, All the past preoccupation I can forget. Before me is our community where I can make myself useful, if I am so disposed; or, as a carefree man, travel the beaten paths of the world and take delights in its many wonders and pleasures; or take up a vocation which really interests me. For me, indeed, it is another beginning.

Whatever the future holds for me, it is good to be alive and kicking, to be able to see the international auto races and weekend football games live and in color, ride in air-conditioned cars, and best of all, to live in Hawaii, a true paradise with such a salubrious climate—a heaven on this now peaceful but divided world.

D E D I C A T I O N

This narrative I heartily dedicate to my friends in the Honolulu Police Finance Division. There I spent the past ten pleasant years, and if it is of any comfort to you or consoling to your ego, it was among a bunch of fine people who are hard-working, warm-hearted, responsive, and always ready to laugh at a good joke or for a tit for tat.

It is an office where one finds the need for more dedication to duty unwanting from its employees, where work is incessantly in abundance, where it is a matter of forever meeting deadlines, where the air-condition system is the worst in the land, and where, I would be less than frank or candid if I did not say that, gaining promotion is a matter of do-it-yourself affair, but, all in all, a good place to work.

To my friends who have no predilection for historical matters, or, for that are adverse to reading, I am sorry I have nothing to dedicate—only, my sincere wish that our friendship will continue.

P R E F A C E

The following are fleeting glances at happenings which occurred during my tour of duty during World War II. The narrative is intended to help recall the not-to-distant past and, at the same time, it is hoped that the reader will find it somewhat entertaining. Interwoven between events are few of my comments of past and present day occurrences.

In the process, I won't be surprised if someone calls my attention to dangling clauses, the depressing poverty of freshly minted phrases, or the need for a smoother tie between subject and verb.

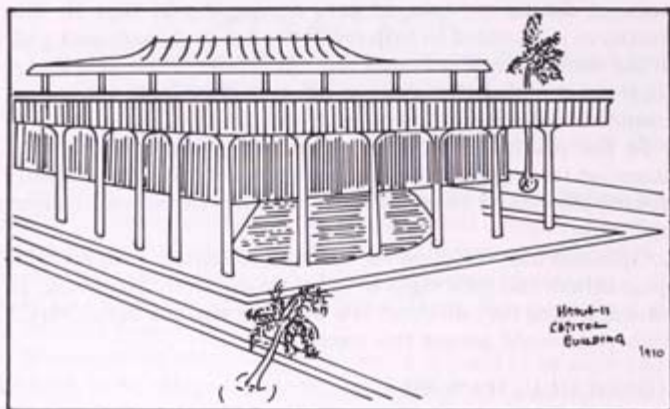
Opinions may differ on the subjects presented. I sincerely respect others and their right to opinions different from mine. In return, I hope they do mine. It is with this attitude of fair play, I wish you would peruse this narrative.

HONOLULU, HAWAII

M. TAHIRA

6-30-70

"I think he's fainted! Pick him up and lay him on the couch." Such was the beginning of a Hawaiian World War II warrior's entry into the US Army." This happened in the old Armory building, a relic of the past, and located where now stands the imposing Capitol Building—a structure, need it be said, architecturally befitting these sunny cool Isles.



Back to where I was on the couch—I saw a nurse administering smelling salts to this pale, bleeding, and unwarrior-like ghost of a man. What actually happened was that I saw the half-tubeful of blood in the nurse's hands, and she was still drawing more blood from me. I suddenly felt weak and my whole, unsteady body suddenly gave way to the floor. After being resurrected with smelling salts and asked whether or not it was all right to draw more blood, another tubeful, I answered in the affirmative, a sheepish answer at that. Need I tell you that the floor of the old Armory was all hardwood and didn't give even a fraction of an inch, so there was a slight cut in the area of my right shoulder blade, on which side I fell. I should have been given a Purple Heart right then and there for on the field I have heard that men got Purple Hearts for less blood and fuss.

Three weeks after my induction, the "Day of Infamy", (December 7, 1941) occurred. (According to Historian John D. Potter, at 7:49 a.m. Japanese Commander Mitsuo Fuchida,

flying in from due North, then over the Waianae mountains, leading a group of 183 fighters, bombers, and torpedo planes, gave the pre-arranged attack code signal, "Tora, Tora, Tora." An explanation of the attack code probably should be given. "Tora" in Japanese means *tiger*. This code word was based on a Japanese saying "A tiger goes out 2,000 miles and returns without fail.)

About 8:00 a.m. of this particular day, I saw in the western sky numerous puffs of black smoke and among these it looked as though tiny specks of planes were playing tag with each other. Then from the same direction, something went whizzing over my head. It could have been about 50 feet overhead. Then a drug store in McCully was seen burning, some sort of an ammo made bomb crater 4 to 6 feet wide in the northwest corner of the Palace grounds, and, of course, everybody saw Pearl Harbor burning. This was war! I needn't be told over the radio that, "This is an enemy air raid: This is not a drill!"

The Commandant at Pearl Harbor should have been warned or known of such possible attacks. But, if you had asked anyone at that time of such a danger, they'd have told you that no such dangers existed, period. Even Navy Secretary Knox in Washington when informed by Kimmel, was said to have exclaimed: "My God! This can't be true! This must mean the Philippines!" Quotes from Potter and Morison. So I don't blame the then Commander of U.S. Fleet, Pacific, Admiral H.E. Kimmel, who was made the "scapegoat" for the Pearl Harbor disaster. Until his death, it is said, he maintained that he was not culpable for the debacle. How he must have suffered! May his soul rest in peace! Even to this day, the question of exactly on whose shoulder the blame should have been placed remains rather controversial. If you want to place the onus on a minor official, you might evoke the name of a certain Army lieutenant, who at about 7:20 a.m. on December 7, 1941, when informed of the approaching attack planes, shrugged it off by telling that radar man, "You are being an alarmist, forget it," or something to that effect. If you are looking for a higher official(s) to blame, you might glance over the following passages from Historian Potter's book, *YAMAMOTO THE MAN WHO MENACED AMERICA*, and decide for yourselves. Also, I refer you to other books which touch on this and similar matters covered in the following pages. Figures, dates,

time and such other statistical and historical information may differ with the writers concerned.

PEARL HARBOR: WARNING AND DECISION By
Roberta Wohlstetter

HISTORY OF THE U.S. NAVAL OPERATIONS IN
WORLD WAR II (Vol. II) By Samuel E. Morison

THE BATTLE FOR THE PACIFIC By Donald Mac-
intyre

INCREDIBLE VICTORY By Walter Lord

GET YAMAMOTO By Burke Davis (1969)

Listed below are few pros and cons as to Admiral Kimmel's mitigating and culpable circumstances in the Pearl Harbor disaster:

PRO

Aug. 1940, Colonel William F. Friedman broke Japan's diplomatic code. Yoshikawa's (Ensign Takeo Yoshikawa), alias Vice Consul Morimura, spy) messages signalled from Honolulu consulate in the diplomatic Purple Code were read by Americans. Only the top level Secretaries — War, Navy, State, Chief of Staff, the President and few others had knowledge of the Code. Because of this even Admiral H.E. Kimmel, Commander of the U.S. Fleet, nor any other senior officers at Pearl Harbor were given any information. They remained as unprepared as if the Code had not been cracked.

Sept. 1941. Even though Yoshikawa's frequent messages were read in Washington, no one suspected the slightest danger to Pearl Harbor. The reason was that other Japanese consulates in Vancouver, Portland, San Diego, San Francisco, Manila and Panama supplied similar detailed information as Honolulu. This was part of Yamamoto's cover plan . . . Admiral Stark, Navy Chief, thought it unnecessary to forward to Admiral Kimmel the substance of Yoshikawa's weekly messages.

Dec. 5, 1941. Yoshikawa telephoned as well as cabled Tokyo "No barrage balloons sighted. Battleships are without crinolines. No indications of air or sea alert." In spite of being able to read the diplomatic Purple Code . . . from the President downwards was lulled by . . . reports of big Japanese southward troop movements . . . large scale operations . . . would

be thousands of miles away in southeast Asia.

Week—Dec. 1-6, 1941. The wind message, "Higashi no kaze ame," East Wind Rain, meant war with the United States . . . It was passed on to Admiral Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, and nobody in the Navy Department saw fit to relay the news to Hawaii. In Pearl Harbor no charge was made in the state of readiness of naval aircraft. No effort was made to keep warships at sea to intercept possible raiding forces approaching though the dangerous north sector.

CON

Dec. 1940. The success of the British aerial torpedo attack against the Italian fleet anchored at their base at Taranto (depth 40-42 ft.) suggested that precautionary measures must be taken immediately to protect Pearl Harbor (depth 45 ft.) against a surprise attack in the event of war between the U.S. and Japan. The greatest danger will come from aerial torpedo. On Christmas day 1940, Admiral Kimmel replied: "Anti-torpedo nets at Pearl Harbor would restrict boat traffic by narrowing the channel." By this decision, he doomed most of his big battleships.

Nov. 1941 Pacific Fleet Intelligence at Pearl Harbor did notice that the call signs of two carrier divisions went off the air. Pacific Fleet Intelligence Officer Layton even commented, "Never in the history of Japanese naval communications had there been such a complete absence of messages to and from carriers." Even the unworried Admiral Kimmel began to wonder a little about the mysterious radio silence. The truth was that on Nov. 22, the Japanese task force had steamed into Takan Bay in Etoropu, Kuriles, the hiding area for huge Pearl Harbor attack force, 16 days before the attack.

Nov. 24, 1941. Admiral Kimmel was advised that a favorable negotiation with Japan doubtful—surprise movement in any direction against the Philippines, Guam a possibility.

Nov. 26, 1941 Admiral Kimmel received a dispatch from the Navy Dept. stating, "This dispatch is to be considered a war warning." Even when he received the war warning, Admiral Kimmel did not institute long-range reconnaissance against possible attack on Pearl Harbor. He did order aerial reconnaissance, maximum range of no more than 200 miles, of the sea

approaches, but only between northwest and southwest of Pearl Harbor. Less excusable was the maintenance of peacetime training schedule . . . every weekend in harbor . . . with all-night . . . leaves for many of the officers and men.

Now you have read the pros and cons and before you decide who was at fault, let me give you a few lines from the PREFACE by Thomas C. Schelling to Roberta Wohlstetter's PEARL HARBOR: WARNING AND DECISION:

"In 1941 the pieces of the puzzle were dispersed in a number of government agencies. Some were lost in the noise of signals pointing in other directions—toward a Japanese advance southward or into Siberia; some were slowed by the normal barriers of bureaucracy; and some were silenced by security requirements. At the center of decision no one had completed the puzzle. Above all, detecting a surprise attack will be more difficult in the era of the H-bomb. The danger is not that we shall read the signals and indicators with too little skill; the danger is in a poverty of expectations—a routine obsession with a few dangers that may be familiar rather than likely. (Underscore mine.) In short, many underestimated the enemy's capabilities and, perhaps, overestimated his intelligence? Probably so. Without any intention of criticizing the Japanese naval strategy but, to quote naval Historian Morison, "The surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, far from being a 'strategic necessity,' was a strategic imbecility. One can search military history in vain for an operation more fatal to the aggressor. On the tactical level, the attack was wrongly concentrated on ships, rather than permanent installations and oil tanks. On the political level it was disastrous."

Now, where was I? More recently, in the Pueblo case, one of our naval vessels was hijacked with all men and most of equipment on board. And to get back only our men, our country, one of the strongest nations in the world, sad to say, had to apologize and probably more, for the services and departments involved are closed-mouthed, to a third or a fourth-rate nation. Even a cursory check would show that this case is quite different from that of Pearl Harbor. In the case of the Pueblo, we must and should have been prepared for any and all eventualities. The poor captain of the Pueblo received no air or naval

support at the crucial time. The sad story of the inability of the services of our nation to render aid and the fumbblings and foibles evidenced by the various commands in the Pacific are now history. The television stations, the news media and even committees and members of Congress have clearly publicized the sad plight and sufferings endured by the crew of the Pueblo. Needless to say, the captain of the Pueblo should never be given another command.

They said that the Vietnam War was the culprit. As an Armyman, permit me to make a hindsight criticism, with some compunction of course. The ultimate responsibility rested on Lyndon Johnson, the former Commander-in-Chief of all of our forces, a politician turned President against his wishes, so he said, and who was also a follower of, or should I say, who "saddled" himself with many of the policies and staff members of another politician turned President the author of the sad, ignominious, and inglorious Cuba expeditionary route, the Bay of Pigs incident, for which the American public had to pay several millions in ransom money. They should have been divested of their enormous authority for such poor commandship and coupling political blunders which sent ripples over the wide Pacific and far beyond its peripheries. Note that I am speaking of "total command." The premise: Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy were not fit to be commanders-in-chief. However, they were both adroit politicians and near-statesmen.

In all probability, we poor civilians have no concept of the red tape or how many chains of command a call for help must hurdle before it can be given. But to say simply "It was because of Vietnam" is disturbing, irresponsible, and unpalatable, to say the least. Let us hope that this incident has precipitated the re-shuffling, reorganization, and redistribution of arms, manpower, and plans to counter similar situations or future skirmishes.

If we are to spend so much money and expend even one life of our soldiers or foreign soil again, let me say the following: As in the by-word with all police officers, "Use enough force to subdue your man," so must our forces use enough military might to subdue hostile and aggressive forces. Our nation has 315,000 troops in western Europe (PARADE, 1-11-70), at a cost of approximately \$14 billion annually to support NATO

commitments; thousands more in South Korea and Japan; and still about 450,000 of our troops plus 150,000 or so South Vietnamese soldiers as well as all their legislators in our pay. Such being the case, the forces we apply, to be meaningful, for what purpose? Mainly, to stop communist aggressions. Such begin the case, the forces we apply, to be meaningful, must be sufficient to "subdue" communist invasions and attempted take-overs. The strategy to be left up to the top military leaders once the decision to "subdue" is made by the President and approved by Congress. *Military occupation should not be considered.* No half-way measures made to reckon with our military might and our determination to fight for peaceful existence as well as for democratic principles.

The Paris talks so far have been and still are a farce. It is presently being continued, if at all, by low-key diplomatic officials only for one purpose—to allow President Nixon enough time to withdraw enough troops to keep the protestors in line and the American public satisfied with the promised withdrawals. Of course, there is no set or firm timetable for withdrawals. The President has, to a certain degree, succeeded in lulling the American people into complacency about the undeclared and agonizing war. Naturally our posture as "guardians of peace" has descended to such a low ebb, especially in Asia. "The heads of government in that area are frustrated in their relations with U.S. They publicly kick the U.S. to maintain popularity with their own people, while privately depending on us for aid and protection," PARADE, 12-28-69 article.

President Marcos wants Some Answers. This reminds me of a line from George Kirby's MY FAVORITE JOKES, "Twenty years ago, my wife had a million-dollar figure, and she still got it. Only now, when she walks, it's like it's all in loose change. And may I add: the loose change sounds like Nixon's prolific but weak and beseeching rhetorics—a rather an irrelevant and unbecoming posture to be assumed by the mightiest nation on this earth. Or, will we again take our proper role as "Guardian of the Peace," and fight the spread of insidious contagion of Communism throughout Southeast Asia? Only time will tell. My guess is—as proud, intelligent, strong yet humane people, the Americans will not allow the South Vietnamese and people in neighboring countries submit to oppression and murders at the hands of the Viet Congs, Nort Viet-

namese regulars and Chinese mercenaries. We will pitch in with our muscle, firepower, and our lives to do this, so I thought prior to May 1, 1970.

Now, on May 1, 1970, President Richard M. Nixon, disregarding his political future, strongly came out to ". . . lead the forces of freedom in this critical period." He triggered the massive intervention in Cambodia; to strike at the sanctuaries from whence the North Vietnamese deploy to attack and then retreat with impunity. Does Nixon's action mean that he has given up the hope of a political settlement? Or to make good his promise to bring home the 150,000 men in the next 12 months, he felt that he must **crush the enemy's immediate ability to strike** from the Cambodian sanctuaries. Where such a course may lead, no man can say at this point. But there are others who have the opinion "that if we cavil over the technicality of Cambodia, we are throwing away everything we have fought for during the past six costly, bloody, tragic years." This indeed could be true.

Talking about Presidents above, you would say that it is not for me to judge others, especially our Presidents and talk so satirically about them, and in such an ungentlemanly manner. I most willingly grant you that. My apologies! My blood boiled for just a second. But the ALMIGHTY, in HIS diverse ways, somehow seems ot have EASED OFF them their responsibilities. Didn't HE though, with such cruel inexorability? This is a fact, irrefutable and undebatable, but how so tragic, sad, and pitiful both situations were.

In the way of a big plus for Ex-President L.B. Johnson, may I say that should be, that is, the people of Hawaii, should be thankful for one thing he helped us attain. Utilizing his astute and smooth Senate floor tactics and his power of persuasion and cajolery, he pushed, maneuvered, and sowed our Statehood Bill successfully through the U.S. Congress, making Hwaii the 50th State. May he always be remembered as a close friend of Hawaii, if it is only for this one great feat! My most sincere thanks to LBJ. I can say with certainty, without a bit of reservation, that he was a consummate politician, an adroit shrewd, and suave legislator of the nth degree. This is my way of making up for the "slamming," "satirical infelicity to coin a term, or character assassination I inflicted on him previously. I sincerely hope that this will do justice toward his maligned

character and that this positively will help to recoup the image of a great man that he is.

Also, with all sincerity, we must give credit to whom credit is due. It was due immensely to the **delicate maneuvering** and indefatigable attention paid to the Hawaii Statehood Bill by our then Delegate to Congress, our present Governor, the Honorable John A. Burns, that it passed Congress with flying colors. (See letter from Governor John A. Burns, next two pages.) on this particular mission, he was the right-hand man to LBJ; he was the efficient, conscientious and persuasive overseer of the Statehood Bill through the labyrinth in the halls of Congress. What smooth palavering he must have exhibited to his colleagues to be able to bring back with him to Hawaii the hard-earned prize. For this extraordinary accomplishment, the people of Hawaii elected him Governor of these fair Isles the past two terms. Will they put him back in office for a third term? So far as I am concerned, he can be our Governor forever, so long as he feels he can carry the serious and heavy burdens ascribed to that office.

The help LBJ rendered Hawaii is history. But the budding of Hawaii in 1959 and her efflorescence into an exceptional economic growth during the past eight to ten years have been, to put it raptuously, PHE-NOMENAL! In this respect, to John A. Burns, Governor par excellence mainly goes the credit for the years of great prosperity. And taking a phrase from his 1970 annual speech to the Hawaii Legislators, "We need to make no apologies for the past." To a man who came up from the lowly ranks, the helper of the poor, the booster of the Niseis, my best wishes and long life!

February 10, 1970

The Honorable John A. Burns, Governor
State of Hawaii
Honolulu, Hawaii

Your Excellency:

Knowing that Your Honor is preoccupied, at the present time, with our legislature, it is with some trepidation that I write this short letter requesting your acquiescence or disagreement concerning Your Honor's as well as Ex-President Johnson's strategy employed in having the Hawaii Statehood Bill successfully pushed through Congress. Please read parts of pages 6 and 7. That should clarify my reason for this request.

I have just started on my narrative. A sentence or two from Your Honor, made a part of my narrative, will lend authority as well as realism to this section of my narrative.

Your Honor's help in this matter will be appreciated to no end. In return, perhaps, I can be of some help to Your Honor in the coming election campaign.

Very truly yours,
MASAMI TAHIRA
1304 Moelola Place
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819



EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS

HONOLULU

JOHN A. BURNS
GOVERNOR

February 20, 1970

Dear Mr. Tahira:

You are extremely kind to me in your narrative of the Statehood Bill, sent in your letter of February 10, 1970, though I would add a suggestion or two.

An important part of the Statehood story came the year before in 1958, when Hawaii elected, through my action, to allow the Alaska Statehood Bill to take precedence. It had been recognized for some years that the foes of Alaskan and Hawaiian Statehood often teamed up to kill both, although either bill would have good chance of passing if the other were not similarly at issue.

Therefore, it was my proposal to Senator Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn that I agree that Alaska's case be presented first, and that if necessary, I withdraw Hawaii's case from the 1958 Session. They expressed considerable doubt that the people of Hawaii would understand my action and a fear that they might feel I had "sold them out." I told them I was sure our people would understand, and they proved they did by returning me to Congress in the election of 1958, after Alaskan Statehood had been achieved.

The Senate Majority Leader and the Speaker expressed admiration for my confidence in the people of Hawaii, and I believe their favorable treatment of the Hawaii Statehood Bill was in part inspired by that feeling.

No agreement of any kind had been made, but I was sure that the sense of fairness, that prevails in Congress when an issue is

clear, would insure passage of the Hawaii Bill. It proved that such was the case.

You are quite correct in your statement that Hawaii owes so much to President Johnson, not only during his service as Senate Majority leader, but also as President. I have no hesitation in stating that Hawaii has never had a better friend in the White House than Lyndon Johnson.

Again, many thanks for giving me an opportunity to review your writing.

Aloha, and may the Almighty be with you and yours always.

Sincerely,

James A. Russell

Now back to the "Day of Infamy." To the then President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, December 7, 1941, may have been a "Day of Infamy." to me it was a day of excitement, KP, and guntotting throughout the night for enemy paratroopers who possibly might have landed anywhere along the foothills of the Waianae Range. But I was more afraid of my fellow soldiers carrying guns with live ammo than the imagined enemy paratroopers, for my comrades-in-Arms, a good percentage of them, didn't know the difference between a bolt handle and a peep-sight. However, in short order, all the recruits did learn how to handle the rifles beyond all expectations for a state of war was declared and this darn war continued for four long, long years. To me, it seemed a life-time.

You can say that again. The people of the US. were highly outraged and the U.S. gov't took drastic actions immediately. The contemptable sneak-attack, such unimaginable destruction of warships and planes, the thousands of burned, battered, and shattered bodies, and the possibility of further naval attacks and troop invasion were enough to warrant ultra-strict security measures. This they did on the West Coast, constitutionality forgotten by circumstances and expediency. Fearing acts of espionage mixed with hatred, all the people of Japanese ancestry there numbering 110,000 were called names, manhandled, and hurriedly hustled off to relocation centers, an official euphemism for concentration camps.

Let me describe a typical relocation center. Such a center was usually located at a long distance from populated areas, surrounded by barbed-wire fencings, watch towers, and all with armed guards. The housing as one "inmate" called them were "tar-paper barracks." Tar-paper coverings were applied on the outer walls to keep out the wind, dust, and rain during the warmer periods and the cold during winter. A family was provided with a 20' x 20' room with regulation army cots and electric lighting. Toilet and shower facilities were in outer buildings. Mess-halls, likewise, were in outer buildings and preparing of meals were community affairs with cooking chores and related assignments distributed among the women-folks. The men tended the vegetable gardens or some other work to make living more comfortable and meaningful, if that's the correct word, in a barren and desolate area. Surprising as it may sound, even the hard-fisted U.S. Army had a

flicker of, call what you may, conscience, soul, feeling, or magnanimity, for they paid the people within the compound for enumerated work. Professional people received \$19.00 a month; the semi-professional, \$16.00; and laborers, \$12.00. Not all the people so herded into these centers remained within them for the duration of the war. Many enterprising youngsters got out of them by volunteering into the services, to attend colleges in the eastern states, or by making contacts with employment agencies for approved jobs.

At this point, let me tell you about our Navy, the Pearl Harbor Attack Force, their planning prior to the attack as well as the doings of the Japanese navy and army during the following six months after Pearl Harbor up to the the Midway Battle, June 4-5, 1942. The air attack on Pearl Harbor was carried out by 354 or so planes backed by 6 carriers, 2 battleships, 3 cruisers and 9 destroyers, enough fire power to accomplish two Pearl Harbors. They sank four U.S. battleships, badly damaged 3 or 4 more, destroyed most of the planes and caused fire and destruction to all military installations on the island of Oahu. Pearl Harbor got the most attention. In addition, they killed nearly 2500 and wounded another 1200 more Americans.

After completing two strikes on Pearl Harbor, not knowing the whereabouts of the American carriers, the attack force cautiously withdrew to the northeast and called it a day. There were some arguments among the top commanders about making a third strike on the oil reservoirs and docking facilities but this was thought unwise and the whole fleet, minus only 9 Zeroes, 15 dive bombers, and 5 torpedo planes, plus a few mini-submarines, returned to Japanese bases, proclaiming the action most glorious and successful. Hindsight reveals an opportunity neglected for complete destruction of the naval facilities and the oil tanks filled to capacity, and possibly, engagement with the illusive U.S. carriers. Even landing an occupation force could have been possible during and after the attack but the logistic problems made that unwise. During the following few months, the Japanese navy and army enveloped themselves with unimaginable victories in Southwest Asia, capturing Hong Kong, Bataan, Corregidor, Manila, Singapore, the oil rich East Indies; and sandwiching between these activities, their "unbeatable" navy sank the British battleships

Repulse and the **Prince of Wales** and the carrier **Hermes**, not to mention a great number of other allied warships. They made sure that their western flank (Indian Ocean) was safe from enemy attacks.

Meanwhile, Admiral H.E. Kimmel had worries galore. All the battlewagons were either sunk or badly damaged. Luckily, the carriers, **Hornet**, **Enterprise** and **Yorktown** were on supply missions to outlying bases at the time of the sneak attack so they were intact. But the question on everyone's mind was when, where and what will they do next? Meanwhile, on 25 December, 1941, Admiral Chester Nimitz replaced Vice-Admiral S.W. Pye who was made the interim Pacific Navy Commander when Admiral Kimmel was relieved of command on December 17. The change of commanders itself gave a boost to the morale of the whole Pacific Fleet. In addition, to give the American people a little "chest" the Navy planned the Doolittle's B-25 attack on Tokyo on April 18, 1942. Sixteen bombers were launched from the carrier **Hornet**, which President Roosevelt so humorously labelled "Shangrila." Of the 80 pilots and crew members, 71 made their way to safety, but 8 were captured by the Japanese along the China coast; 3 were executed and the others given life sentences.

Beginning of May, 1942, it was clear to Admiral Nimitz that the Japanese intended to land an occupation force in Port Moresby, a town in southern New Guinea. To counter this landing, he had the U.S. naval force engage the enemy with three carriers. This was the Battle of the Coral Seas, May 4-8, 1942. We lost the carrier **Lexington** and **Yorktown** was disabled. Two bomb near-misses created leaks in her hull and a direct hit by an 800 lbs bomb exploded four deck below and inflicted great casualties as well as caused havoc internally, but, luckily her flight deck was still serviceable. She limped into Pearl Harbor for much needed repairs. Time was important for another battle was brewing. Admiral Nimitz told the repair-crew chief that he must have her patched up in three days. The crew had figured on weeks of repair work.

People will remember that it was during these days, May 27-29, that electric power failures occurred in different parts of Honolulu. The navy needed extra power to operate the enormous amount of repair equipment which were being used on the **Yorktown**. So while the repairs continued, the electric

power "failed" in Kahala, later in Nuuanu, and similarly in different parts of town. The navy had requested the aid of Mr. Leslie Hicks of the Hawaiian Electric Company. He did help, he staged the "failures" and diverted the much needed power to the Pearl Harbor drydock where the greatest of emergency jobs were being performed. Complete the job, they did, working day and night, practically without leaving their jobs. The Yorktown on schedule sailed out of Pearl Harbor on 30 May, 1942, to keep her rendezvous with carriers Enterprise and Hornet to take part in the most decisive naval battle in World War II—the Midway Engagement of June 4 and 5, 1942.

The old timers who were in Hawaii or in California about the beginning of June, 1942 will remember this period. How could they forget. They heard rumors that a huge Japanese invasion force was headed east; that the Japanese invasion target was the West Coast. And in that area, the evening of June 3 and ensuing days were filled with jitters. All servicemen's leaves were cancelled, radio stations were silenced, and patrol boats were stationed hundreds of miles off the California Coast. Football fans will remember that in 1942 fear of the Japanese invasion of southern California caused the Rose Bowl game to be played in Durham, N.C. instead of at Pasadena.

Conditions in Hawaii were even worse. Something really big was up. The rumors had it that an invasion force was headed straight for Pearl Harbor! For this reason, military hospitals were emptied of patients to take care of the casualties, women and children in Honolulu proper were told to evacuate to safer locations, some roads were blocked, and at Pearl Harbor, guns manned at all conceivable points and ships. Such were the jitters and fears experienced by the people of Hawaii during the early part of June, 1942. Further, the story of the Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet, should give you an insight or a glimpse of the plight of our Navy and the nervousness concealed by them at this juncture. Isoroku (meaning 56) Yamamoto, so-called because he was born when his father, a school master was 56 years of age in 1884. Yamamoto, the architect of the Pacific War, more meaningful to us here in Hawaii as the architect of the Pearl Harbor disaster, whose methodical, painstaking planning and operations, needless to say were acted upon with the full knowledge, approval and blessing of the Emperor.

However, months prior to Pearl Harbor, Yamamoto was against war with the U.S. primarily because he had been to America as a naval attache and had seen and marvelled at the scientific and huge facilities. He must have warned Tojo and his cabinet of such U.S. capabilities. But Tojo was not to be denied the chance of proudly envisaging Japan's leadership in her establishment of a New Order in Greater East Asia. Later, the islands in the wide Pacific Ocean and even the Americans were to be included in this scheme of conquest. It was only right, they said, that the descendant of the Sun-Goddess should rule over these vast areas and forever cast his "benign" and shining light and might over them. A mad and grandiose dream of conquest by a military clique forcefully trying to maintain their traditional primacy. Thus, they brushed aside all objections and oppositions. Now it was either you were with them or you weren't. If there were coercion, subtle or otherwise, it didn't make any difference to Yamamoto for once the die was cast, as a loyal and conscientious navy man, he had but one course to follow—to apply his energies to winning wars for his beloved Emperor and country.

It is said that Yamamoto confided to a high ranking Japanese diplomat about this time that he could be sure of victories for half a year, a year at the most, but after that he must reckon with a revitalized American naval force. How right he was about the resurrecting powers of the U.S. In June of 1942, we had in the Pacific only 3 carriers and an antiquated battlewagon. The latter was purposely left out of the Midway battle because Admiral Nimitz believed that it would only get in the way of other ships. In the summer of 1943, Task Forces 50 under Admiral Spruance consisted of 11 carriers and 6 battleships. In the summer of 1944, the U.S. Fifth Fleet had 15 carriers and 7 battleships, not to mention enumerable cruisers, both heavy and light. Yamamoto's proud navy had dwindled to a couple of carriers, less most of their planes, and a battleship or two. His forces had been pushed back from the South Pacific bases like Rabaul, Truk, Guam, Eniwetok and Manila to Okinawa and Formosa. Even these bases became untenable as the days passed. At this point, even to the Kamikaze pilots and their self-immolations against American warships were to no avail. But it took President Truman and his devastating atom bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima to make the forlorn

Emperor realize that continued resistance was futile. I have gone off in a tangent so bringing you back to 1941, to Tokyo, prior to the Pearl Harbor attack.

Early in 1941, a concerted plan of attack and occupation had been prepared by the Japanese Army and Navy General Staffs. Simply stated, it was that, at the outset, the Japanese forces were to grab the oil supplies of the East Indies, overrun Thailand, complete an amphibious invasion of Malaya, then make a southward thrust towards Singapore, and finally begin the invasion of the Philippines supported by the all-powerful fleet. Such would have been the orderly and normal path of conquest, which even the majority of the U.S. commanders believed that the Japanese war lords would have taken. But Admiral Yamamoto was very much dismayed at the whole plan. He objected vigorously. He had nurtured, during the past few years, a fledgling carrier force to six large and four more smaller carriers equipped with the most advanced fighter crafts and carrier flight techniques capable of delivering a knockout blow to an enemy fleet. To relegate such a super-efficient fighting air-arm and his navy to a role so irrelevantly defensive was repugnant to Yamamoto. He aggressively proposed the idea of using his naval air strength to destroy the U.S. Pacific Fleet as it lay anchored in Pearl Harbor by a surprise blow. This, he said, would nullify or minimize U.S. naval attacks from the right flank, meaning east. His persistence paid off. After much internal struggle among the General Staff members, he got his approval but with much misgivings. Such was Yamamoto, a daring and unorthodox Commander. The result was the Pearl Harbor debacle. The attack was spectacular and devastating but the strategy so idiotic, as previously noted, for it brought the whole American nation, angry and united, into the Pacific war and within three-and-a-half years brought Japan to her knees.

Now, beginning of June, 1942, this Yamamoto, with 100 plus warships consisting of eight or so carriers, seven battle-ships, the most modern in the world, numerous cruisers, destroyers, submarines and four to five hundred planes, was advancing toward Midway Island. Our Navy, reading the Japanese navy code had known before hand that the huge enemy fleet so sure of victory was directed at Midway. Admiral Chester Nimitz's problem was how to deploy our exiguous

force of only three carriers (Enterprise, Hornet, and Yorktown) and few cruisers and destroyers to the best advantage. He personally went to inspect the two atolls which made up Midway; this was more for morale-building purpose for what could the defenders on the two tiny coral reefs have done against a formidable army of enemy warships and planes forging ahead to pulverize them. The order he gave carrier commander Admiral Spruance was concise and simple: "Seek the enemy and inflict the maximum damage by employing attrition tactics." This, Admiral Spruance did magnificently. When June 5 ended, the toll was: Three Japanese cruisers sunk; one of ours lost, carrier Yorktown. Quoting Donald Macintyre from his book, **THE BATTLE FOR THE PACIFIC**, "The Midway battle, indeed was a victory splendidly won with raw courage, heroism and blood by a nation whose forces were out-gunned, outmanned, and outnumbered." This naval battle was the "closest squeak and the greatest victory," as expressed by General George Marshall, then Chief of General Staff.

However, still remained the question: When and where will they appear next? And will our luck still hold? For this reason, it is presumable, that the news of the Midway battle was not leaked out to the public until several months later.

Now, why did I dwell at such length on the naval battle history up to this point? The people of Hawaii in 1941 and even now, except for the fire, smoke and sunken warships they saw and heard about, have a fuzzy picture of the Pearl Harbor attack and the situation, especially of our Navy, after Pearl Harbor to the day of the Midway Battle—the decisive naval engagement which forcefully blunted the Japanese dream of eastward expansion into the Pacific. The people of Hawaii should deeply appreciate the consequence of the Midway engagement for MIDWAY IS ONLY ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES NORTHWEST OF HAWAII. What if Yamamoto, the audacious and unorthodox naval leader, with twice the number of carriers had won the battle of Midway. "It is one of the most awesome if's in the history of the century," to quote Historian J.D. Potter. "He could have easily taken Hawaii and then knocked at the gates of mainland USA, including Panama Canal . . . With the Japanese on their doorsteps, American opinion would not have allowed a single GI to sail to Europe." And without American help, all of Europe, including Russia

would have come under the domination of Hitler. Of such significance then was the Midway Battle of June 4-5, 1942.

I have digressed at length and I am way ahead in terms of time, so back to the night of the paratroopers in December, 1951.

During one of these nights when the scare of enemy paratroopers, blown up to such an undue proportion, was floating around, more correctly, pervading the Schofield area, especially the officers' quarters, and, on account of the fears of their wives, so we were told we had to go through a very undignified, if not disgusting experience. We, all inductees of Japanese decent, had our weapons taken away and were told to keep within our tents from sunset to sunrise. A dull fellow asked me what he must do if he really had to go to the toilet in a hurry. What can I say to such a nincompoop. Maybe, you might have had the patience and the right things to say to such a person. The Commander embarked on a security measure, limited in scope, but business-like. He placed machine guns at the head of walkways, between tents, and had them manned by caucasian instructor-sergeants. In other words, any soldier seen moving around outside of the tents or any disorder within the area were to be quelled with machine gun bursts. Recalling that we had sworn to defend our country and to be treated like this, I thought, was ignominious, downright humiliating on our part, and contemptible on the Commander's. The bugaboo about the imagined floating enemy paratroopers did not materialize. The morning after, the Commander, whose name I never attempted to remember (and who's going to blame me?) did apologize to the whole command for his action of the previous night, giving the wives' fears as the ostensible reason. Sorry as the excuse was, my reaction to his bubbling was indifferently mild. But I forgive him if he is still living, and God's care if he is not of this world any more! Please note that magnanimity was and still is one of my attributes. Being a buck private at that time, all I could do, you can readily see, was to say nothing and smilingly agree with him that he was hiding behind women's skirts. In those days, women did wear their skirts rather long so they could have been good hiding places. I dared not say that out LOUD to him, for what good would it have done me? A medal? Most likely the guardhouse, more KP's, running around the tent areas with my rifle at the port, or such other

standard disciplinary actions. But wait, this Commander was, as he admitted an imaginative fellow, not the discerning type, so he could have conjured up all kinds of innovations and given me the works.

Now, if we were a learned group and our spirits similar to the spunky youths of today, some hotheads, with spirits of equality and freedom, would surely have raised a ruckus and the machine guns would have splattered blood. The mothers of the poor slaughtered soliders would have cried and bemoaned the deaths of their dear sons. What else could anyone do? A war was going on! You would think that a machine gun incident as the one narrated above would have alienated the men's loyalty or angered them and thus caused a deterioration of discipline. But, we young men of those days, mostly out of sugar and pineapple camps, were a docile bunch and the prospect for bloodshed was nil. Nothing did happen during the night. Probably, this was one of the reasons, too, that the 100th Infantry Battalion was formed, that the Japanese community was not transported "wholesale" to one of the relocation camps on the mainland. As for the latter, it could have been for economic reasons or paucity of ships to transport them.

In passing, may I reiterate the findings of Japanese spy Yoshikawa alias Morimura. Again, in the words of Historian Potter, Yoshikawa had "cautiously tried to obtain information from Nisei girls who entertained American sailors at bars and eating places in the Pearl Harbor City area. To his disappointment and astonishment, he found the girls and all Hawaii-born Japanese to be fanatically loyal to the United States."

After the initial training period at Schofield, I was attached, for a short while prior to the formation of the 100th Battalion, to the 298th Hawaii National Guard, "H" Co., commanded by one Captain Adolph Mendonca, a hefty 200 pounder, few in speech, deliberate in motion, but a very nice fellow. While with H Company, I did guard duty below the famous Nuuanu Pali. About this time, half way up or down the Pali, it depended which way you happened to be going, there was a "half-way" house. I suspect that you must have heard about an Hawaiian ghost or something shadowy occupying that old shelter. That could have been possible before the gun-totting and crap-shooting soldiers invaded that place. Ghosts I did not see, not even at midnight, not even during the stormiest, darkest of

lightning streaked nights. We poor soldiers were glad to be in it and out of the wind and rain. As one 19th Century English Poet, Matthew Arnold expressed, "Now the great winds shoreward blows!" or, as William Shakespeare in King Lear so dolefully intones, "The night comes on" and bleak winds blowing up the Pali is something to feel and behold!

Time passes and now I am detached to the 100th Infantry Battalion (at first called the 1st Hawaiian Provincial Battalion) an Army unit newly formed, composed of soldiers who were all of Japanese descent. The exceptions were the unit commander, Colonel Farrant Turner, a friendly, fatherly sort of a gentleman, his assistant, James Lovell, and all company commanders, who I believe were all haole (caucasian) descent. The reason should be obvious. We sailed to San Francisco about 1300 strong from Hawaii on June 5, 1942. The date coincided with the day of the Midway Battle—the two events will forever remain poignantly in my memory.

We passed the vineyard of California, saw the arid lands of Arizona, and Tucson from the railroad station, saw the rivers and marshlands of Mississippi and the beautiful fields of Wisconsin. There we stopped and went through basic training for another six months. The camp? Camp McCoy. Every day was marching, drilling and lugging the 81 MM mortar parts—either the base, the bipod or the barrel. They weighed from fifteen to thirty pounds each. I had it "right up to my gills," as the expression goes. But because of this training with the 81 MM mortar, I was to be hero for a day in Australia among a scared bunch of infantry officer candidates. But that's another story. Sure, we tramped through the woods, the tangle of Oak trees, more Oak trees and Maples; and chiggers' itch we experienced. Chiggers we can forget, but Maples! Clusters of these trees bring back to me pleasant, warm memories of Wisconsin woods during the autumn months. The tan and yellowish leaves were beautiful, but the bright red and vermilion of the maple leaves were eye-catching—a sight inimitable! A blush of Sylvian beauty! Then too the warm Indian summer was a phenomenon in itself. A short respite from cold, snow and wind during later part of autumn or early winter? About two weeks of warm, summer days! These in themselves were good rewards for the many weeks of hard training.

Captain John Johnson was our commander of D Company.

I remember him as a man of fast speech, fast movements, and like Captain Mendonca, a fine fellow. I heard that he was killed in action in Europe. I was very sorry to hear that. May his soul rest in peace! After Camp McCoy, about 40 to 50 of us were hustled off to Camp Savage in Minnesota to re-memorize the Japanese language, our new weapon to fight the Japanese army in the Pacific area, while the rest of the 100th Battalion men left for Mississippi for maneuvers. We wished them the best of luck, but that wasn't enough, hardly enough, for many died during the rugged fighting in Europe. May the sweet poppies bloom where these brave men fell. And may God give special blessings to the mothers of these fallen comrades.

As I look back during our stay in Minnesota, the so-called Twin Cities were not so bad, especially Minneapolis. There were Chinese restaurants where semblance of Chop Sui was obtainable. There were good movie houses as well as bowling alleys to amuse ourselves during the weekends when we were let off for a bit of rest and recreation.

But the winter in Minnesota, with its 40 degree below weather was terrible. Now I wonder how I survived such an ungodly cold season. Now, 70 degrees above zero in our office gives me the chills. On the other hand, the people of Minnesota were nice. The girls of Irish and Scandinavian backgrounds, with their blonde and yellow hair, indeed were beautiful and sociable. Should I say more. Perhaps, a portion of a poem I read somewhere would seem pertinent: "If eyes were made for seeing, Then, beauty is its own excuse for being," and let it go at that.

Fine, good times don't last too long. Time flies and even the refresher course in the Japanese language came to an end. Teams of ten, each headed by a staff sergeant, were formed and these teams were dispatched to various units in contact with the enemy in the Pacific theaters of operation. To pinpoint a few units thus dispatched, there were those in the Burma area; in Brisbane, headquarters of General D. MacArthur; at Pearl Harbor; and a couple of teams on Bougainville Island, a tiny, humid island in the Solomon Islands chain located northeast of Australia. Bougainville Island was where I ended up and spent over a year as a translator and interpreter. More of this later.

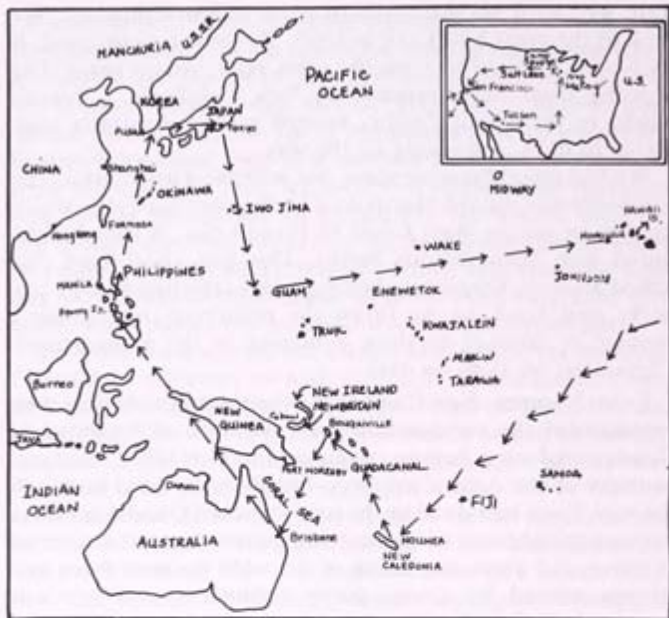
We left Minnesota about the middle of 1943 and travelled by

train westward via the northern route to San Francisco. We crossed the great Salt Lake in Utah. By slow, freight speed, it took one-half hour to cross the open, eerie, watery space. The crossing from San Francisco to New Caledonia, a French Island in the South Pacific, located east of Australia took about 20 days, zigzagging all the way.

We had one submarine scare, but otherwise uneventful. The troopship was the old *Mariposa* if I remember correctly, which used to be on the West Coast to Hawaii run. A friend and I found nice, commodious berths. This was short-lived. We itched all over. Disgusting bedbugs were crawling all over our necks and arms, so we threw the mattresses in the ship's passage or hallway to show contempt to the management. Thereafter, we slept on deck.

From Noumea, New Caledonia, where Admiral Halsey then commanded the surrounding area, we were air-freighted to Guadalcanal on a beatup, noxious, fume-smelling seaplane, courtesy of the Australian navy. Smelling the acrid fumes all the way, I was half-dead by the time I reached Guadalcanal. As a transient sight-seer with vomiting spasms, I wasn't interested in acres and acres and acres of denuded coconut trees and stumps caused by ammo dump explosions and previous actions. I don't really know how I reached Bougainville, our base of operation. But reach I did, the God-forsaken South Pacific Island "captured" by our Marines. Hurrah! for them. What was actually captured was a piece of swamp land in an area called Cape Torokina. The area was hardly five miles deep and ten miles wide and full of mosquitoes and such tropical pests. But you must give credit to those Sea Bees and Army Engineers. In a few weeks they had the jungle cleared away and broad, smooth roads and an airfield ready for operation. One day I was entertained by a group of jetblack, kinky-haired, 90 percent naked, native work-gang who stoned an opossum from a tree, broiled it hair, guts and all, over a fire, and enjoyed every bit of it in very short order.

The reason for getting a foothold on this uninhabitable piece of jungle real estate was to build an airstrip from which the then big bombers, B-17's scooted off to bomb enemy air and navy terminals, Rabaul in New Britain, Truk further up northwest of the Solomon chain and their environs. The Emperor's troops occupied the northern and healthier portion of the Bou-



Route leads from Hawaii starting on June 5, 1942 to the Mainland U.S.A. then through the South Pacific areas, Philippines, Korea, Japan, Guam, and finally back to Hawaii in early December 1945.

gainville Island. But, alas, they had problems too. Our gun-boats and fighter planes like the P-18's an P-40's made short hauls with bombs to surrounding enemy bases and shot up whatever ships, boats, submarines, and planes which tried to carry supplies to those half-starved enemy soldiers. The planes even sprayed crude oil and possibly defoliants over their flourishing vegetable gardens to deny them all eatables. The brave sons of the Emperor were without food. If there were any, the officers were hogging and enjoying them all, so stated a be-draggled and disgruntled foot soldier who "buckled" to our side after weeks of mal-treatment by his own officers. It was he who informed us that the enemy was planning a suicidal, all-out attack on our perimeter a few months later. His infor-

mation was correct to the week, if I remember correctly.

One night, a bracketing fire (salvos from right to left, up and down, others from left to right and down and up) directed by many cannons, was concentrated on an enemy assembly or staging area prior to an attack. The artillery pounding continued for almost an hour, or so I thought. There was a helluva racket, just like that on New Year's eve in Hawaii. To the newcomers to Hawaii, let me digress here a moment and tell you about burning firecrackers on New Year's eve in Hawaii. It is something you must see to believe. Such a huge quantity of firecrackers, about several hundred thousand dollars worth, both small and large are exploded and the resultant racket is deafening and overwhelming. It is excruciatingly frightening to pets, especially dogs. A dog, during such a perplexing period, can be seen with the tail between its hind legs, cowering and, with a pleading or scared look, peering out from under a sofa or bed. Whitish powder-smoke envelopes the whole area and the acrid smell of burnt powder pervades one's nose, house, and everywhere for quite a while until the breeze disperses them into the atmosphere. Exactly at midnight of the 31st of December and for about thirty minutes, while the burning of the firecrackers is at its height, the whole populated area on Oahu look and sound like battlegrounds with their devilish sound and fury. The reasons for burning firecrackers are to ward off or chase away all evil spirits and bad luck. This custom could have had its beginning in ancient China where gun powder was produced in the first place. Of course, it is also done to celebrate the coming of the auspicious New Year. Returning to the night of the artillery barrage, I thought we had expended all of our heavy ammo stored on Bougainville Island. Sure enough, the following morning I heard that immediate resupply of artillery ammos was necessary on account of heavy firing the night before.

Such was the overpowering noise, fear, and destructive force unleashed by our forces against the enemy by the use of concentrated bombardment employing batteries upon batteries of heavy artillery pieces. On the enemy's side, it was a picture of devastation and the flight of cowering soldiers, what was left of them, in disorder. Everywhere, there were grim and ghastly faces of death, mangled bodies evoking agonizing screams and moans, bursting fires, thunderous explosions and splattering

of dirt, up-rooted trees, branches, human flesh and bones, as well as fragments of military hardwares. Such was the result of the overpowering and all-destroying capability of our artillery barrage. The pounding blunted the enemy's attack on our five-by-ten-mile, barbwire stronghold.

In passing, I might say that the Japanese Navy Code was broken by the men in the Pentagon and as a result, Admiral Yamamoto's itinerary in the South Pacific after the Midway defeat to bolster flagging morale in the forward areas was known even before he started his fateful trip. On April 18, 1943, as he was flying over Bougainville two flights of 18 P-38 fighter planes were waiting for him. Yamamoto was shot out of the warm South Pacific sky as his plane, like a frightened, scurrying duck was attempting, at palm-tree-top height, to shake off a vengeful P-38.

There are few interesting stories connected with the Intelligence men in the Pentagon. Far be it from me to trumpet their deeds. Let them "spin their yarn" in their own style and time.

Like anything else in life, one gets bored with the daily routine, especially if one is not fully trained and prepared for a job. The treadmill of translating and interpreting was enervating, and at times just stultifying—to put it plainly, tiresome, especially in the hot, tropical jungle. The humid surroundings were conducive to atrophy and debility. Reading diaries really gives one an insight into other people's minds. Most of them simply state the daily occurrences, heresays, their hopes and ambitions. At other times they beseeched their good gods to look after their families, their girl friends or their brides and few spoke of their intimacies with their wives and sweethearts. At another time, one might plainly delineate as in the example below, a happening, a grisly act which appalls the reader. It fills the reader with a sudden feeling of fear or disgust—no more of revulsion than anything else. Such an episode and, graphically put at that was a passage from a diary taken from the body of a Japanese soldier-clerk which simply said something to this effect: "The sergeant took the American pilot behind the headquarters tent, drew out his samurai sword and skillfully cut the pilot's head off." The reason for the decapitation was simply that the pilot refused to give the interrogator-sergeant sufficient information. Unbelievable! Such a bizarre and cold-hearted behavior may be explicable only by psychiatrists.

Naturally you won't expect me to beg God's mercy on this butcher's soul? I can only say, sadly, "My deepest sympathy to the American parent for the loss of their son."

Let us try to rationalize or explore the underlying forces for such brutal acts. When the side which had captured the prisoner was hard-pressed for food, medicine and ammo, what else could they do. The act or acts committed, as I see it, was necessitated by circumstances and national make-up, or call it motivation, idiosyncracies, or code of the people in charge of the prisoners of war. These were the dominant and determining factors. Far be it from me to mitigate, apologize for or justify and extol such barbaric tastes and acts. But I feel that it would be remiss of me if I did not reiterate or explain to those who do not know the Japanese soldiers of 1944. What motivations or code that made them act so disgustingly butcher-like. It could have been the "Code of Spirit of the Samurai," or plain "Emperor Worship." "Don't expect to return; fight, bear hardship, and die for country and your Sacred Emperor," was the send-off wish to each soldier. Or was it because of the warning, "The Americans always tortured before killing them," being the standard indoctrination in the Japanese Army, from the Honolulu Star-Bulletin editorial, 1-19-70.

Approval for decapitations or murder usually emanated from higher commands. Therefore, when the war ended in 1945, surely and inevitably, the Allies exacted of Tojo and his cohorts their lives or long prison sentences to expiate for their war crimes. But what a hollow victory! Concrete, barbed wire fences and military barriers have been erected at strategic places in various Communist countries during the ensuing years to keep people within specified geographical areas. And people who try to run, ride, or sneak out in any manner are shot at and killed without mercy. Imagine what they are doing to those who have been unlucky and were captured in their attempts at freedom. "We cannot negotiate with Communism," I wonder who said that? It seems, we are forgetting the meaning of this quotation.

Going back to the diaries—after reading that little passage on beheading, I always carried an extra 45 calibre automatic pistol bullet in my pocket. I saw to it that it didn't get wet, that it was oiled, cleaned, and shiny at all times. I knew it would do its grisly duty when I wanted it to. As you can clearly see, I'd

have no chance, not a skimpy "Chinaman's chance" if I were captured by those savages. I am of Japanese parentage, and brought up in the American way of life. Sure, I wouldn't have had the stomach to commit harakiri, but shoot myself I would have, if the necessity arose and, therefore, the extra bullet. Evidently name, grade, and serial number were really and truly not enough to satisfy them.

Digressing just a little, let me touch on the topic of "Banzai." Before an Emperor's soldier died, remember that this is 1944, on the battlefield, he, be a general or a lowly buck private, yelled, "Banzai." Literally, the Japanese characters read "ten thousand years;" or "Long live the Emperor," if completely said, "Ten no heika, Banzai." In civilian ceremonies these days, "Banzai" toasts simply mean "Congratulations," "Good Luck," "Long last your marriage," or such other toasts which the occasion requires.

Now, ruminating a little—if I were about to be captured and must do away with myself in the Bougainville jungles in 1944, what could I have yelled? I might have given a rousing "Banzai." The enemy might have thought me brave and warrior-like, but it sounds so un-American. I've heard young soldiers cry "Mother!" before they died or when they were badly injured. But as for me who lost such a person long before and have had no occasion to evoke such a tender term, surely, "Mother" would not have come out. "Hurrah for Roosevelt or Hurrah for Uncle Sam?" It's not according to Hoyle; it was not done at all. "Hurrah! for Freedom!" It could have sounded patriotic and possibly heroic. The enemy simply would have thought me "batty." My comrades would have sympathetically agreed with me, a man about to do away with himself, but it would have sounded rather flat. The reason never heard it done before. At the last analysis, I'd probably have said: "Here goes nothing," and let it go at that. "Here goes nothing," sounds rather cute, appropriate, and descriptive for after a few weeks in the hot, humid and atrophying jungle, there'd have been nothing left of me anyway. So let's settle for "Here goes Nothing." It's a good, old American slang.

Paradoxically, or, as they say, the scheme of things changes. Sure enough. The two enemy nations of the World War II, in 1967 according to business reports, (excluding Communist Russia for their reports are usually untrustworthy) with 100 as

the average for Japan, the National Gross Product (NGP) was 229.6 for the United States and 67.7 for West Germany. In other words, Japan and West Germany are about the most productive and prosperous nations next to the U.S. today. Back to the Bougainville jungles.

While a translator in the jungles, I was quartered at the top echelon headquarters, XIVth Corps. What it means is that it was the headquarters for two or three divisions in the field. I remember the 25th, the 37th, and the Americal (?) divisions defending the Torokina strip. A corp is commanded by a two-star or major-general. We had such a nice, old gentleman of a general in our boss. He'd come walking around like a father school principal.

A little while before, I began to say that I wanted a change of routine, a change of job. I asked that I be sent to the officer candidate school in Brisbane, Australia. Any branch? Any branch so long as I could get out of this hot and uncomfortable pest hole. The answer came fast enough. Of course, I had sold my section officer a bill of goods—that I was qualified. I was willing and able to wear the gold bar without detracting from it the respect and authority it represented. I had his good wishes and the G-2 Colonel made me a tech-sergeant with the approval of the good general. The review board had said, "OK, throw him to the vultures," meaning the rough, tough, experienced and thorough going instructors at officer candidate school.

Let me go back a pace. From my high school days, I had an ambition to become a reserve army officer. After taking one-half year of ROTC at the University of Hawaii. I was told that one had to be at least 5 feet 4 inches tall. I was born to be shorter than 5 feet 4 inches. Of course, I had no quarrel with the Army Department Regulations which the Professor of Military Tactics sternly pointed out to me. But why in the "high Heaven" did they let me waste three hours each week during my freshman year if they weren't going to let me shoot for the Reserve gold bar? Should I have protested as the radicals are doing now? No, indeed! I would have been thrown out of the University and with it my four year scholarship. The Military Tactics Professor, with all his sternness, was some sort of a joker, or did he really mean it? With a straight face, he said that I could get myself stretched. I told him "Thanks" but that was

for the birds. Dislocate my spine just for a temporary interest in an avocation? There were lots of other hobbies.

Previously I mentioned a "review board." The Colonel heading the board as a 'humdinger,' so I thought, for he wanted to know why I wanted to become an officer in the U.S. Army, also, he said that I may have to lead a bunch of caucasian boys in battle who might shoot me in the back. That's ridiculous, I said to myself; or would they, just because of my Japanese parentage? The old Colonel was planting a seed of doubt or fear in me? So I told him politely and with a bit of defiance, that I appreciated his concern; in fact, that was the least of my worries! That's right, the best defense is a nicely executed attack. So, looking at all the officers in front of me and smiling, I began: "Take for example a scene I saw the other day. Our staff officers were dividing a case or two of good American whiskey among themselves. I needn't say who got the whiskey. The Major is among you. Good: I got the officers smiling, even laughing. On with the attack: "We non-coms get six warm bottles of beer a week. To enjoy the better and good things which the service could offer and an officer to enjoy, wasn't that good enough reason? Good of the old Colonel, he agreed with me that inbibing whiskey was more gentlemanly than guzzling beer, especially warm beer. Now, I said to myself, we are in the "groove." Different officers, five all told seriously cross-examined me on various army terminologies and threw at me questions like "What made up a regimental combat team?" My answers must have made sense to them for I got the OK to go to an officer candidate school. With a hearty "goodbye" and without a trace of melancholy on leaving the steaming jungle, I began my flight to a civilized place called Brisbane, Australia on September 23, 1944.

Here I was in the outskirts of Brisbane, September 26, 1944, at an Army infantry officer candidate school. My ambition to become an officer almost a reality! I felt rejuvenated already. This was a period of crisp salutes, uniform, and spick and span quarters, as well as drawing maps, shooting 45 caliber pistols and submachine guns in the woods at scattered targets which jumped at us, and into which we were supposed to pump three to four bullets by short squeeze of the trigger. On other days, it was imaginary frontal attacks with all guns blazing. Of course blanks were used so we didn't hurt anyone. You don't know

anything about blank cartridges? To a soldier, firing blank cartridges or "blanks" they were called, was a curse. They blackened the bore—the hole where the bullet goes through—and so it took two to three times the effort to clean the gun. I was thinking of this when on one of these "attack firings" without taking any precaution, I hung back in my cozy hole and did a bit of loading. To my disconcertion, dismay and fleeting anger, a Major-instructor, a senior grade officer at that, was watching me. I cussed under my breath and started firing clips after clips of blanks. On the way to mess that evening, the Major happened to pass by. After returning a fast salute, he jokingly asked me whether or not I was afraid to fire when all the others were at it. In a way he was right. I was afraid to blacken my rifle bore too much. In retrospect, what he meant, I believe was "Tahira, I thought you weren't going to make it." Meaning, of course, flunk the class that week. By fast calculation, they were kicking out 25 to 30 candidates a week. That was some consolation! A helluva comfort! So I told myself, "Buckle down, young man!"

You have heard of guns kicking back when they are fired. The jolt of an M-1 rifle butt against one's shoulder, especially after a few rounds, is not a pleasant feeling. But imagine the kick of an anti-tank gun. They were called "mobil 37 MM anti-tank weapons," or something close to it. Its barrel was about six to eight feet long and the shell about sixteen inches long and the projectile, five to six inches in length and little less than one-and-one-half inches in diameter. We were being instructed on the use of this gun. It had a small scope attached to the breech, that is, the rear of the barrel. Was it attached to the left, right or top of the breech. I have forgotten. Anyway, we were told to align the nozzle of the gun to the desired target by use of the scope. I remember so distinctly the instructor warning us: "Be sure, after you have made your alignment and before firing the tank buster, bring your head back about eight to ten inches to compensate for the terrific kick generated when the gun goes off. Heed, he did not, this simple warning. The first candidate got his eye onto the sight or scope, aligned the barrel to the burnt-out tank we were using for a target. He, like an expert shouting: "Fire!" And the gun, true to its breed, went off with a "Bang!" and hurtled a phosphorus-coated shell right smack into the tank-target. Bravo! Yes, indeed, it is a "beautiful"

sight. But, No! It's illogical and incongruous to say that an explosive that burns itself through steel plates and disintegrates or splatters human flesh and bones is "beautiful." It would be appropriate to say it is "Amazing" or "Frightening" to watch a phosphorous coated projectile hurtle itself straight in its trajectory to its intended target. Just for a second or two, an orange-red glow is seen spiralling forward, ever onward, then "BANG!" and destruction. Such is an explosive shell—a diabolic creation of man. Back to firing the 37 MM gun. "Next, you candidate Brown!" ordered the Lt-instructor. But wait. The first gunner was on his back holding his left eye. Unfortunately, he had forgotten to take the necessary precaution of bringing his eyes back as instructed, so the rim of the scope tore into the upper portion of his left eye. A trickle of blood was flowing over his face. The poor fellow looked crestfallen; he gave a wan smile. Luckily, the injury was not too serious. First aid was administered immediately. "Didn't I tell you, instructed you, warned you; I even showed you how to do it! Now, you've bloodied your eye," rampaged the Lt-instructor. This officer had not a bit of compassion for that poor specimen of a tank-killer for he'd gone and half-killed himself firing a weapon which was supposed to immobilize an armored-monster dead in its tracks. He was pointed out as a poor example of a gunner. And to the rest of the candidates he warned with a clenched fist for emphasis, that what had happened to the first gunner better not happen to them!

After much classroom work on mess management, courts martial, map reading, much field practice in directing small unit attacks as well as defense tactics, we got to the use of the 81 MM mortar. This baby I had mastered while training in Wisconsin, so I knew its operations "in and out", so to speak. He went through the explanation, demonstration, and execution phases without much quibbling for the instructor did most of the talking and showing his expert technique on this three-piece weapon. Reiteration wasn't the word. He strongly pounded the "do's" and "don'ts" with such vehemence and then too, with such earnestness that I, at least, couldn't help but feel that his technique must be mastered before we went into the field with live ammo.

One bright day we drew live ammo and went through a support-fire problem from behind some small hills. In preparation

for a rapid-fire action, we "zeroed in" the weapon. In layman's language, it means the weapon was fired a few rounds to have it aligned directly on target. An order to fire three rounds in a hurry was given. The weapon went "Pong, Pong, Pong" then in the distance, "Whum, Whum, Whum". Anyway, the first three rounds went off without a hitch. Whether or not the three shells went the right range and hit the target right smack in the bull's, I did not know for I was the ammo bearer at the tail end. I was just waiting in the distance for orders to scoot to another firing point with my bag of ammo. The ammo bearers, about five or us were extended backward from the gun about five to ten feet between bearers. Being the last one, I must have been at least forty feet back behind some bushes flat on my back, the ammo at my side, and looking through the sprigs and admiring the blue but hot, Australian January sky. Remember that the seasons in the southern hemisphere are opposite to those in the north, say, in the United States where it would be mid-winter. The day dreaming was broken when the ammo bearer in front of me informed me that there was a misfire. I shot back, "Let the gunner worry about it! That's his responsibility." A little later, I got word that the gunner was afraid to dislodge the bad ammo in the barrel. And the assistant gunner assumed the position that it was not his job. He was right according to our instructions. So, there they were, both gunner and assistant gunner hugging the ground, of course, afraid and unwilling to get the darn piece of explosive hunk of metal out of the barrel. After a while, all men being very quiet and not volunteering to do their "stuff," I went forward and kicked the base of the barrel two or three times, keeping my face away from the opening of the barrel at the top. Why? I did not want my head blown off by an activated ammo in its flight. Satisfied that the ammo was really bad, I suggested that the gunner help me slide the shell out. Probably they thought me a show-off or a stupid Jap. Anyway, at my coaxing, the gunner came forward. I, in my most professional manner, directed the gunner to unlock the bottom of the barrel gently from the heavy metal base. That done, upon my command, I told him, slowly but steadily raise the base of the barrel until it was parallel with the ground and hold it there. This he did nicely. "You are doing fine," I commended him. What he had learned during practice sessions, he was putting to good use. About two-thirds up the barrel, it is

hinged to a bipod so the barrel does not move forward too much or sideways. The ticklish part begins now. I told the gunner-helper, I was standing at the right side of the barrel, facing the upper end of the barrel, my both hands at the opening to catch the ammo as it slowly and gently slid out of the barrel. The gunner-helper did a good job lifting the base end of the barrel, little bit at a time according to my coaxing. When I got hold of the shoulder of the shell with my right hand, I drew the rest of the ammo out of the barrel and held it with both hands. An 81 MM shell is about fourteen to sixteen inches long. I pressed the button located at the top of the head of the ammo to deactivate the plunger and told the gunner-helper to place a cotter pin in a tiny hole located at the end of the bottom. This deactivated the ammo. When the cotter pin was safely in its place, with a flourish, I threw the ammo on a soft, sandy spot to show my contempt for the troublesome hunk of useless metal but still a dangerous explosive. So, you see, I was a hero in the eyes of my fellow officer candidates for a day. Better still, an instructor-Lieutenant came running to our spot while I was dislodging the ammo and saw what I did though with a bit of fear and doubt in his face. But I imagined I must have been graded well for the simple art of dislodging (sliding out from the barrel) a shell which failed to fire (shoot out of the barrel) due to old age or exposure or both. As I said before, six months of training with the 81 MM mortar makes one a pretty good manipulator. Of course, the men didn't know this, and I didn't let them on this either.

Came end of January, 1945. About 250 out of the initial 600 or so officer candidates rather perfunctorily received their certificates attesting to the fact that they were newly commissioned as 2nd Lts. in the U.S. Army Reserve. That year went by pretty fast. First I was ordered, along with many of my officer friends, to quarter myself at a make-shift post, formerly a horse track. We were told then that they had no transportation for us to go anywhere as good old General MacArthur was in the process of making good his reknown phrase, "I Will Return!" Good old Mac, true to his word, did return with a vengeance and freed the Filipinos, "People of the Philippines, I have have returned!"

I began to say that the year 1945 went by pretty fast, that I was quartered at a horserace track. Therein and without, I

comported myself as an officer-gentleman should. With my 2nd Lt. friends, I went daily to the officer's club and enjoyed rum and coke, waterhigh, or just plain water to neutralize my "innards," to coin a word. Of course, there were outings to the surrounding countryside where we occupied ourselves going hiking, horseback riding and swimming or just prancing around in the cool gurgling brooks. Usually included on such occasions were my friends' recently-met Australian girl friends. On outings such as this, the smelly mutton, Australia's main staff of life, comparable to our steaks and hamburgers, broiled over an open fire tasted most delicious. Even now I can picture myself wolfing down ravenously those delicate morsels, each piece clean right down to the rib-bone.

Then, too, let me tell you about the horse ride I had with my friends one day. A bunch of us fast-talked a farmer into lending us his horses for a few shillings. Naturally, I got the most gentle one of the lot, an old, rueful-looking mare which would barely move at the outset. I guided her out of the farmer's yard onto the dirt road. I probably said "Gid-up, Girl get going," a thousand times before we, that is the old "speedster" and I reached a place where my friends were waiting for me, smoking, talking and giving their horses a little rest. Upon our arrival, they heehawed, "Hey! you slow poke, we thought you'd never make it." "We though you'd gone and done it, eloped with the old nag." or some such smart-alecky remarks. The boys pranced and trotted about, but we shuffled around the country roads for a couple of hours. Getting tired of this activity someone hollered, "Let's head for home!" Lo and behold! Upon my command, "Home, Girl!" my sluggish, spiritless, no-good so-and-so dame out-performed herself. Such velocity, such spirit, and such grace the old nag evinced; such exhibition of stamina and jocund pleasure. I thought I saw one of her eyeballs giving me a sly "I'll show you" backward glance. And for the life of me, I couldn't slow her down. "Whoa! Whoa!" or whatever you were supposed to say at such a trying time, I said a dozen or more times. They did no good. I even pulled on the "stirrup" or whatever you call the strip of leather that goes around the horse's mouth. Did that decelerate her? That made the old mare gallop faster. All I could do was to let go of everything; with both arms around the horse's neck I held on for dear life! The farmer and his brood had the **dangest** time watching me hurtle into his

yard. I must have looked pale, scared and sweaty. I was barely able to slide off the unpredictable creature. But by the time my friends galloped into the yard, I had partially regained my composure and acted as if horse riding was fun. My friends were very much surprised that I could ride so well, and so fast! I dare say, somewhere, there must have been a conspiracy. By God! That experience cured me of ever wanting to ride any sort, sex or breed of horses. On the other hand, I was singularly and profoundly impressed. How? Were women the same? Be as they may, don't let the initial actions or looks of a horse fool you. It could be disastrous, to say the least, to both mind and dignity, as well as to the posterior area of one's anatomy. You know, I could have been killed! As to death, I died a couple of dozen times during that five or ten minute ride. But even after that experience, I wouldn't say I hate horses. I like to see them at a distance, full of life, prancing and kicking or just playfully biting, banging, and swirling around each other. Such is a beautiful picture, a loveable scene! Somewhere, I have seen a picture like that. It was a panorama of a wide, bright, open space with a herd of horses, some brown, other tan and white; one, a huge stallion, the leader of the group and jet-black in color. It was a picture of graceful form, fleetness, and abandonment. It was a depiction of life, freedom, and movements untrammelled by the inhibiting actions of men. Such a picture I would surely treasure.

Back to the horse-race-track quarters. This leisure, dream-like period lasted three months, Work? Work I did during the period. Two days during the whole three months. The first was censoring the enlisted men's letters. What I read that day, if the wives ever found out, some of the culprits would surely be churned to mincemeat, baked and served with relish! or whatever sauce that goes with mince-meat. Less said the better of that censoring duty. Still, what I had read bothers me. Now, I ask you, why does a fellow have to write a sticky, lovey-dovey letter to a local girl and another to his wife the same day?

I would think a letter to his wife should be written the following day or the previous day so one doesn't inadvertently, to put it mildly, mix up the names, say, Dolly, the wife, and Doris, the you know who. Granted that the hometown newspapers and such were encouraging the soldier boys to write home, but overdoing it, I thought was a risky and utterly senseless accom-

modation. However, it's only my passing reflection. The world is still going round and round and nobody knows, for sure, how long it will keep on turning or when it will stop. Like young scamps, they would have their flings for mamas were far away.

Now, we come to the second job. I was appointed Officer of the Day according to the general orders posted on the bulletin board. It was a simple enough job. I told my Sergeant of the Guard not to bother me unless something very serious occurred, and I stressed the word, serious. And I told him I'd be resting in the OD Quarters. It was during that hot afternoon, a fire engulfed the cooking area of the messhall. The fire engines rushed up, doused the fire and left. I woke up after a short nap. Somewhere in my head, the sound of fire engines kept ringing. So I called my Sergeant of the Guard and asked him whether or not a fire engine was here. "Oh, yes, Sir!" he said. "It was only a small fire. Nothing serious. I took care of it." Then I felt relieved. I commended him for his judgement and work well done. But a while later, hell broke loose. "Lord! Oh, Lordy!" moaned the Commandant, a gold leaf, and all of a Major-man, didn't think it something minor. Yell he did, red in the face and practically spitting in my face, he threatened to courts martial me. I stood my ground. I told him coolly that I was at my post and neglected none of my duties. My Sergeant had done whatever should have been done under such circumstances. He did what was necessary, and that was to call the fire engine in a jiffy. "What more could I or you expect of him?" I asked him. Yes, what more could I or even he do?" Of course, I didn't blame him for being so distraught. He was the Commandant. It was his neck a Colonel or a General was going to twist, not mine. Orders were carried out in a proper manner. How can he courts-martial me? First, he ordered me to mind the store. I, in turn, told my Sergeant to watch the store. My Sergeant, being a conscientious non-com took it upon himself, the circumstances not being serious, to have the fire extinguished as soon as possible. Mission accomplished! It didn't matter who had called the fire engine so long as the fire was out. Blame the cooks for the fire. Not me. The Major should have given me a commendation, at least in writing so I would have his name. Not having received such a written commendation with his signature nor the threatened court martial papers, I am sorry to

say, No remember name of the sputtering Major. "He was a nasty, old fuddlehead, "a six-year old daughter of mine would say, If I had one that young.

Now it's June, 1945. I got orders to report to headquarters, 85th Regiment, part of the 40th Division, a California National Guard outfit, then located on Panay Island, Philippines, commanded by one, Colonel Maloney. He was a quiet sort of gentleman. Laconic, just as his appearance was spartan, not stern-looking but all of an officer-gentleman. I was not with him too long, though. But I remember distinctly one incident which had to do with him and me. A week or so after I went to his headquarters as an assistant S-2, I was in charge of the headquarters one night. The telephone rang. A G-2 staff officer from division wanted permission to use a platoon of men under the old Colonel's command to flush out a group of Japanese soldiers who were creating some nuisance around the edge of town. So I went to the Colonel's tent, inside of which was extremely dark, and called softly, "Colonel Maloney." No answer. "Colonel! Colonel Maloney, this is Lt. Tahira, duty officer." Still no answer. I was sure he was up and alert by now, probably with his 45 automatic pointed at me. You must remember that our headquarters was located only a mile or so from the enemy line. Of course, this was my imagination, as within the tent, from the entrance flap, was black as the proverbial night and I could see nothing. So, anyway, I explained to hm concisely the G-2's request and approval. As I thought, he was up alright! He merely grunted, "Approval granted. By the way, what's the G-2's name? He was still testing me. When I gave him the name, he said, "OK OK, tell him he can use the men." About the gun pointed at me, I don't blame him if he had because ours was, when the incident happened, only of short acquaintance and he was a Californian. All good Japs in California those days were in concentration camps.

Going back a bit, let me relate to you about my first night at the 85th headquarters, located up on top of an inverted V hill-top fronting a stream. The stream forked at the point of the inverted V and meandered on both sides of our perimeter. That first night was a nightmare for me! The duty officer had briefed me on the situation, that our frontline men were located about half mile or so in front of us and the enemy had been chased up the mountain and was now dug in about a mile or so in front

our men. When I went to the armorer, he said that nothing happened around here so no weapon was required, and the men around him concurred. So I said OK, to myself, this is the way to fight a war. Serenely, I went to sleep unarmed. During the middle of the night, a hand grenade placed by our men down the ravine and set to go off by possible enemy intruders, went BANG! Then the machine guns around the perimeter began banging, popping and chattering away. What a racket they made! They went on for quite a while. I never hugged the ground so hard before! I prayed, I cursed, I gnashed my teeth and swore for my stupid gullibility. I felt around in the darkness. There was no mess-kit, no knife, not even a steel helmet. All I could get hold of, that could be utilized as a weapon, was a bottle of good whiskey which I had "babied" all the way from Brisbane. A gulp or two quieted my nerves and I was ready for the sons of the Emperor. I sure hated to waste a good bottle on some no good fool's head who might have stumbled into my tent. So how much is life worth in the front-lines? \$10,000 or only \$3.75 the worth of a :X whiskey. Of course, such idle cogitations cannot be condoned during the heat of battle nor even during an imagined enemy attack such as the one I went through. Shortly, the firing abated then stopped. The long night passed; surely, it was a rather sleepless one for me. The next morning, when I asked the men how come the heavy firing, they replied that we were going to move out of this hill soon and were lightening their ammo supply. OH! But it was my first night at the front, so you don't expect me to know all the goings on around here do you, especially what was going to happen in the future? Actually, the enemy patrol did activate a hand grenade; and half-a-mile behind us, they blew up a couple of our artillery pieces with dynamite or some such explosives. These artillery pieces had been continuously pounding the enemy whenever they showed themselves; therefore, the enemy patrol's destructive work. If the exploding hand grenade had injured or killed any enemy soldier, there were no telltale signs; we found no body down the ravine.

Came August 1945, and the war with Japan ended. This was a happy time for me, and I imagine for all the soldier boys. It wasn't too long before we could be heading for home. I was ordered to Pusan Harbor, Korea, as an interpreter, attached to the 40th Division headquarters. I spent three or four months

there and helped with the shipping back of the Japanese nationals to Japan. There were thousands of dislocated people, both Japanese and Korean hordes, all piled up at Pusan Harbor. I acted as interpreter, guide, health official and coordinator, liaison officer between the civilians, Japanese troops and our forces. What a busy place Pusan was during the fall of 1945. I assisted the travelers mitigate their hardships and listened to their hard luck stories and, at the same time, helped to keep the flow of people and their worldly goods on the move, either to the waiting ships or to their overnight quarters. Such ubiquity, you'd say. All I can say is that I tried my best to help those thousands of homeless, uprooted people. It was a distasteful job. The less said about it the better. This unmasked-for job ended when I was ordered in early December to report to Hickam Field, Hawaii by the first available plane, and the best present to me from the U.S. Army was the discharge orders made effective 25, December, 1945. Thus ended my army stint after four, long, long unprofitable years.

MISCELLANIES

THE RIGHT TO PROTEST AND DISAGREE

Is it not marvellous that we are free to disagree with others and be able to proffer protests against pending legislation or even rules and statutes. But it is the manner in which such disagreements, demands or protests are displayed, elucidated or presented that makes the difference. Such actions conducted in an orderly, proper, and receptive manner maximizes the spirit of protests or demands and evinces maturity as well as resultant rewards, while slanderous remarks and juvenile-like or despicable, destructive methods work in reverse. They minimize the effect, antagonize the by-standers and the community as a whole though how well meant the intent and purpose.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BRING?

My only worry is: In the future, where will the vociferous youths and the militant black people lead us? Will there be a gradual and orderly transition in the lives of the American people, or will there be a near civil war—blacks against whites, whites versus whites, or even blacks against blacks—with

shootings, fires, deaths, destruction and starvation for many. Will there be a period of national chaos devoid of all senses, tolerance, morals, and dignity? Also, can a President who is, sometimes vacillating, at times calculating and direct, a middle-of-the-road pleaser or others like him, lead us safely through situations of national emergencies which are analogous to that of a bunch of large and small chestnuts being heated up by a stoveful of variegated kindling materials? Only time will tell.



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A LEGACY

Thousands of men have given their lives to make others free,
Let us then, with intransigent determination, work, live, and, be
it necessary, take up arms again to remain free!

PHILLIPPINES—NEW GUINEA AN AJA GOES TO WAR!

By Richard S. Oguro

Little did I dream that when UNCLE SAM invited me involuntarily to join the Army through the 4th Draft Call in October 1941, just before my 22nd birthday, 28 years ago, that I would be involved in a world conflict and be engaged in mortal combat elsewhere from the land of my birth—Hawaii, a territorial possession of the United States at that time, but now its 50th ALOHA STATE, and whose great naval bastion of the Pacific, Pearl Harbor, was devastated by the infamous, now historic, sneak attack by Imperial Japan on December 7, 1941, plunging the United States headlong into World War II!

I had gone back to the U of H in September of 1941 refreshed after a year's absence working in Hawaii's labor market as truck driver, clerk, and the like and was registered as a junior-senior in the College of Arts & Sciences having transferred from Teachers College with its unbearable frustrations and pressures, and bent on becoming an eccentric anthropologist to roam the world over, when Uncle Sam's invite was received. So I had to drop out once again, for another four years' lapse. All told it took me ten years to complete my formal college education (1937-1947).

The pre-induction Physical conducted at the Honolulu Armory (now the site of our new Capitol) was passed with flying colors. Then followed rounds of farewell parties both public and private a few days prior to reporting to Schofield Barracks.

That was the custom of our Japanese Community, still

pretty much dominated by the Issei emigrant parents who had established customs and mores of the land they had come from, and had stuck pretty much to themselves, although they had come a long ways from the contract-laborer days on sugar plantations—their original mode of entry into the US possession.

“Little Tokyo (Ginza) was a section of the city of Honolulu “south of the border” from the big five Haole giants of Hawaii—Castle & Cooke, C Brewer & Co., Theo H Davis, American Factors, and Alexander & Baldwin, and located down on River St bounded by Queen St on one end and Vineyard St on the other end, and Nuuanu St running parallel to River St. Then there was the Aala Market and the Aala Park and the adjacent Aala Triangle—the slum areas of Honolulu.

Buddhist churches of all sects were established and Japanese schools galore flourished. And to Japanese school we had to go daily after our English school hours as well as half days on Saturdays plus Sunday School or else, receive the wrath and corporal punishment of our stern Issei fathers. Japanese schools also offered Judo, Kendo, and Sumo, and island-wide tournaments were established annual affairs. And of course, our parents extolled the virtues of the Samurai spirit embodied in the modern conception of Bushido or Yamato-damashi, “for love of country.” Meaning of course to Japan their motherland! Many of us were still dual citizens, Americans by birth but also citizens of Japan at the request of our alien parents.

The Issei's prime goal had been to get rich quick and return to their homeland and live out their lives in ease and elegance. But with the pittance paid by the lordly plantations this dream could not materialize. Hence the Picture Bride era was ushered in, as it was traditional in Japan at that time too. In time, many Isseis were able to break away from the plantations and to go into business and eventually to own real estate, as well as to raise families. Even today, many of the Isseis still living have visited their homeland very very infrequently.

One reason why there were not many Niseis turning out for interscholastic sports in the few high schools that were in existence at that time. And McKinley High School, one of the oldest public school (High) because of the preponderance of the Niseis of the Yellow Race was for many years dubbed “Tokyo High School”. And many of them strived harder in the

Japanese Language schools than in the English public schools—to please their parents. And this was one of the main causes of the establishment of the Eng-standard public schools within the public school system itself.

The Japanese as a group were the strongest group against inter-racial marriages. Even today, the Nisei sons and daughters strongly oppose inter-racial marriages of their Sansei sons and daughters with “gaijin” (foreigners). Although they were by far the greatest in number numerically, the control of the economics of the situation was in the hands of the Big Five, consequently they too controlled government, and top government as well as business jobs could never be obtained by the AJA's.

Induction day arrived early in October and off to Schofield's induction center we went with some other 90 inductees. Some carried sacred Japanese charms around their necks (omamoris) blessed at various Shinto shrines as well as the “thousand pieces cloth” to be worn around their waist to ward off bad luck (sennenbari). I almost did not pass the subsequent Army Physical! Too much sugar in the urine! To be retested the next day. Ugh! Too much party, thought I. Better drink a lot of water prior to the retest tomorrow and pass out the sugar. It would be a crying shame to be rejected now after all the send-off and gifts. After spending an uneasy night, though, passed with flying colors the following day, and so on to “Boom Town” to receive the basic equipment to begin Basic Training.

In the three different prior drafts, approximately 6 months apart, many Niseis had been drafted and had been assigned to Hawaii's own, 298th and 299th Infantry Regts National Guard units which had been federalized and called to **active duty** in the Summer of 1940, world situation being what it was at that time—very critical!

Beginning with the “School of the Soldier”, and closed order drills, training had advanced to Extended Order Drills, through October and November. A sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner had been enjoyed by all, it was an Open House for parents and friends and all of us were thinking of spending the Christmas weekend at home.

On Sunday morning December 7, I got up around 11:00 AM, no one having awakened me earlier, walked down Fort St all the way from home on Star Rd just below Pacific Hts to my

mother's barbershop, yep cut-rate shop which opened on Sundays also. At which time I was told by my mother softly that I had to report back to Schofield Barracks immediately—that Japan had declared war on the United States and that Pearl Harbor had just been bombed this morning at dawn. Also that older brother had been injured by a bomb fragment and was in Queen's—but that it wasn't a serious wound. One of our own Ack-Ack shell had misfired after falling unexploded in the air only to explode on ground contact.

Turned on the radio and was able to catch a news flash that stated that all military personnel were to report back to their bases, that the last bus to leave for Schofield was at 1 o'clock from the Army and Navy YMCA.

Bid a hasty good-bye to Mom and walked to the Y in time to catch the 1 o'clock bus. Approaching Pearl Harbor we could see that smoke heavily overcast the sky above this area. As the bus made the turn around the bend near what is now Makalapa Gate, 4 or 5 vessels were still in flames and some lay on their sides while others were half sunken in the water with their aft sticking way out above the water and their bow below water. It was a fiery sight, a very awesome one!

Finally we reached "Boom Town" just in time to join the ranks of our company for a Roll Call, to be accounted for, and given instructions for the night. And what a night it was! The Alert sounded three times that night. Planes droned overhead, friend or foe? Who knows? Gas masks were issued. Did the Japs have landing units? Will they make a landing? Who knows what might have happened had the enemy task force included landing units???

As a precautionary measure, so the orders stated, the arms (rifles and bayonets) of all us Nisei draftees in "Boom Town" were taken away from us. And arms were not restored to us until three weeks later when we were assigned to units to do sentry work at the fire stations and other strategic points throughout Schofield Barracks.

Had there been discussions in higher circles regarding our allegiance and loyalty? May be many outsiders thought that us Japs should be run out! Surely one could not trust the sons of the treacherous Japanese of Japan who had dared to attack Pearl Harbor? Some of their fathers must have tipped off information???

Although imbued with filial piety, obedience, and loyalty to country—our loyalty was to the land of our birth, America! There was never a doubt in my mind nor were any contrary thoughts expressed by my parents after Pearl Harbor too. They also said to me, “Kuni no tame” (for your country). Father even had all his children expatriated from Japanese citizenship before my induction. And CIC checks must have borne out the fact that the Japanese, both Isseis and Niseis were above suspicion, because shortly after that those of us who had had ROTC training were herded together, given an accelerated advance training program (a two day range firing exercise for familiarization only with the old 03 rifles included), a gas mask drill, very extensive though, running with them on for miles at a time, and mock skirmishes. Then were graduated and attached to units of the 298th and the 299th to have these units come up to full authorized strength.

On New Year's Eve, 1942, I arrived at Waimanalo where Co G, 298th Inf Regt was stationed with the mission of guarding the beach from Bellows Field to Makapuu Lighthouse. Upon arrival, I was transferred to a company truck and taken to one of the several MG positions located in Bellows Field to relieve some one there who hadn't gone out on pass since December 7!

Ten days later, January 10 to be exact, was the first time I had a one-day pass myself to go home—but had to be back in camp by midnight. The last Taxi to leave Hon for Waimanalo from Pauahi was at ten. So we were back in camp by 11 with all the goodies we could bring back, sushi, tempura, etc, etc which we shared with our comrades on the post. Blackout regulations were still in force, together with civilian rations of basic commodities.

Found out later that this was an illustrious company to which I had been assigned. This company was credited with having captured a Jap two-man sub that had been grounded off-shore Bellows Field. One of two such subs captured on December 7.

We lived the “life of Riley” out on the beach. The Hawaiian comrades caught fish during the day (with throw-nets) to augment the Army chow brought in from the base camp three times a day. We took turns going to the movies as the movie theater was the closest to our MG post. And we took occasional machine-gun practices taking pot-shots at the moon's

(full-moon) reflection out at sea!

As well as had some pleasure harassing our officers who were on OD and had to make the rounds of our pits by halting them 100 yards from the post and having them dismount to come forward to be recognized. Somebody from another post, swam out about a mile to fetch a glass ball seen floating through binoculars. And somebody caught a big Ulua using sand crabs as bait once.

In early May, 1942, the 298th and the 299th Inf were relieved of this idyllic guard duty and returned to garrison duty back to Schofield Bks. There was talk rift among the men that we were destined for duty **Down Under** to re-inforce Guadalcanal. But whatever the future at that time, garrison duty proved relaxing and enjoyable. But then on or about June 2, it was, all AJAs in both the 298th and the 299th Inf were assembled en masse. We were told that we were being formed into a separate battalion, the Hawaiian Provisional Inf Battalion to be shipped out to somewhere in the US. We were to be shot—given all kinds of shots (medical) given physicals and be given passes of midnight duration beginning today. No passes were to be issued out on June 4, and, we were sworn to secrecy not to tell even our parents, until we had reached our destination! There were more than 1,200 of us strong. And amongst us were a few Hapa-Haw'ns.

Rumors went rampant again—the “Japs” could not be trusted—so the 298th and the 299th were to be shipped to Guadalcanal minus the AJA's. And shipped out to the South Pacific they were later on.

To digress a bit, we in Hawaii have always labelled ourselves as AJAs meaning Americans of Japanese Ancestry. The meaning of Nisei which I think is a Mainland importation literally translated means, “second generation”. And without any qualifying adjective could mean second generation Germans, Dutch, French, Russians, Niseis of Japan and Hawaii-born Japanese Niseis.

Throughout the years of service in the Military though, at no time have the AJAs been discriminated against nor ostracized against individually or collectively no matter at what echelon or to what unit we have been attached or detached to because our color was yellow! There was no time to think about such things, we had one common job to do! Finish the war!

Received a pass for June 3, and dutifully complied with the instructions. Never told anyone and was back in camp eager to move out! From exchange of stories, found out later that many never came back until the morning of June 5. Some even got married. Others went on a good drunk!

On the afternoon of June 5 we entrained to Kapalama Basin via O R&L. From there we boarded the USS Army TPT Maui. As we were boarding we noted that the *Mariposa* was berthed at pier 10-11 under Aloha Tower. In pitch darkness, after hours of hurry-up-and wait, the Maui finally steamed slowly out of Honolulu Harbor, minus the Royal Hawaiian Band and real Hawaiian send-off of confetti and leis. Destination—who cared!

After five days of zig-zagging all over the Pacific, we were not escorted. Some of us were sea-sick and flat on our backs, on the upper decks for the entire 5 days; and 3 or 4 practice alerts later, we steamed into San Francisco and under the Golden Gate Bridge to dock at the Oakland Pier and to hurry-up-and-wait again—until darkness settled in! What secrecy—or what contraband “hot cargo?”

We saw San Francisco's coastline and Alcatraz from the decks of the Maui but we were not at liberty to go ashore to explore.

As darkness settled in, we were finally moved out. And we came out of the holds of the ship where we had been herded and holed up for five stinking days, like cattles! The last to come out were the “gamblers” who had been rolling em for the entire ride, except time out for meals. I hear tell someone made a three grand roll!

At least we had sleepers going across country to our destination. And this we did not know until later that we were divided into three sections and each section traversed different routes to eventually arrive at our final destination—Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

Latrine rumours were rift again that (1) we had been sent to the Mainland to guard German POW's (2) We had been sent to the Mainland because we could not be sent to the Pacific theatre of operation because we might be cases of mistaken identity, and (3) we were to be used in the European Theatre of Operation after further training!

Ours was the central route—Salt Lake-Ogden-North Platte

(what a reception we had there. The whole town was out waving the American Flag. Wonder if they thought we were the returning "heroes" of Bataan!) And on finally to Wisconsin. As we passed the California-Nevada border we were mistaken for Chino's (Chinese) and or Mexicans.

Spent the time playing cards or just plain talking and taking in the scenery. And it took us 4 days to arrive at our destination. After securing our tent and belongings for the night, we proceeded to buy out the beer, every case on hand as well as all the hot dogs and hamburgers that the PX which had remained open for our convenience had on hand!

Redesignated the 100th Inf Bn (Sep) soon after arrival. Trained at Camp McCoy (old) during June, July, August and most of September—forced marches, overnight bivouacs and the like. Had one Army test while here at McCoy. Superior rating!

Sparta, Toma, La Crosse, Black River Falls, Wisconsin Dells, Oclaire; Madison, Winona and other towns and villages with a 500 miles plus radius of McCoy must have been explored and visited by us on weekend passes, furloughs, as well as on unauthorized leaves (night passes). Such far-off places like Chicago, Philadelphia, New York City, Milwaukee were also being visited. Some on overnight passes.

One group of us did a lot of traveling—Milwaukee, Black River Falls, Wisconsin Dells (visiting an Indian reservation and having a good time taking pictures with Chiefs). We also pioneered trips into Oclaire as well as managed an all day hitch hike from McCoy to Madison and back to McCoy all on the same guy who picked us up just outside of the camp gate, all on one day.

On overnight passes we went as far east as Chicago, ending up bowling at 5 AM in the morning. And to Minneapolis on a weekend to see Minnesota in action and deciding to get drunk, and all falling asleep after taking one drink each. We were all teetotolers, believe it or not!

Our motto was at that time: "Make the most of it—we are living on borrowed time, anyway." Fatalistic perhaps but none of us thought we would come back alive, whatever fate awaited us. Who would tip taxi cab drivers \$15.00 on a trip from Sparta to La Crosse! Money meant nothing, except to be spent!

Just wondering out loud how many war babies were born

with "oriental" faces in areas like Sparta and especially in La Crosse? The gals on the river boats, in the churches, in the restaurants, in the bars, looked so mature and grown-up, but were they actually at least past their sixteenth birthdays???

The first snow fell on September 26, 1942. We ran out outside our barracks, made snow men, rolled snow balls and had a snow ball battle. First time we had seen snow, that is, the majority of us. Took many many souvenir pictures. Then we moved to the new Camp McCoy and Indian Summer days prevailed until the end of November. Cold in the mornings, comfortably warm during the afternoon and cooling off in the evening. Autumn was beautiful, the change in colors.

The quota of 10-day furloughs to New York was increased but the days were cut to 5 days. Was this an indication that we were about to move again? We were visited by a team from Presidio, San Francisco's Language Section. Practically everyone in our company, Co B was interviewed. The Team Leader was a Major, Major Dickey, who spoke fluent Japanese.

But this incident was forgotten in the wake of the return of the detachment from Cat Island, Louisiana—from their top secret mission for the War Dept. Only recently we found out that their secret mission was to train dogs for the Pacific Theatre of Operation. Their return added credence that the Bn was on the move again!

MISLS CAMP SAVAGE MINNESOTA—SEMPAI GUMI IS BORN!

The last week of November, approximately 60 members of the 100th were transferred on orders to Camp Savage MISLS, Minnesota. They were to become Translator-Interpretors for assignment eventually where needed. I was happy I was not among the chosen.

Just about that time, I was caught goofing off, and was promoted to Corporal and mandated to become Judo instructor for the company. 10 days later I was a Sgt on orders transferred to Camp Savage, Minnesota. The quota for this school could not be filled up from volunteers from the relocation camps, so

more were sent from the 100th. In this second contingent, I believe, we had 90 all told. Through the good graces of our aka-mai Sgt-Major, I was promoted to an existing vacancy, which would still be there after I left the Company, but allowing me to go with a higher rank. I would like to think that this is a record as far as promotions went?

Barracks 13 was already filled up with the first contingent that had come in 10 days earlier, so we were housed in Barracks 10. Together with the earlier arrivals, our contingent were the vanguards, the Sempai Gumi, the fore-runners of all the later translator-interpretors that were to come out of Camp Savage, Ft Snelling and Presidio San Francisco. This was the beginning of the class of June 1943, MISLS, Camp Savage, Minn. Predominantly this group was made up of 90% original members of the 100th Inf Bn (Sep) and 10% from the mainland kotonks and mainland transplant buddaheads.

It is a little known fact, nonetheless the gospel truth that men of the 100th Inf Bn (Sep) served and well, its country in two theater of operations. In Europe as the original and first Nisei group to serve as a combat unit attached to the 34th Red Bull Division and later as the 1st Bn of the Go-for-Broke, 442nd RCT!

This group of 120-150 original members of the 100th transferred to Camp Savage, the Sempai Gumi, became the first mass graduates of Camp Savage, then went on to serve in all theaters of operation—including the European Theatre—as interpretors-translators of enemy documents, equipment, POW and other materials of war!

We were assigned by sections with the top section designated section 1 and the lowest section 20 to 21. There were approximately 30-40 college grads whom we tabbed 90-day wonders because they were graduated in 90 days and commissioned 2nd Lts. While we had to slave from December to June absorbing Japanese grammar, geography, history, customs and mores, military tactics (enemy) eight hours a day, with half a day on Saturdays—testing day before going out on pass for the weekend.

The perplexing thing at that time to us was how come we got picked instead of those Kibei's who had returned after years and years of schooling in Japan. Some of them had been

inducted with us soon after they had returned from Japan—and they were good in Japanese, better than us who had been schooled in Japanese only in Japanese Language Schools in Hawaii??? Was it perchance that their loyalty could be tested and be found wanting in time of a crisis???

All was not work at Camp Savage. It was a cold winter, 32 below zero. But some of us took to skating or tried skiing (one person with disastrous results—broke his leg but graduated with us). And talk about ice and snow. When we left Ft. Snelling in June, it was still Winter—ice was still on the ground.

Rice eaters that we are, no restaurant other than Chinese restaurants served rice with meals. Many a steak house near Savage learned first-hand how to cook rice a la Japanese style. And not a few of the “natives” in the neighborhood began asking for steamed rice too!

Camp Savage had a Lt Col as the School Commandant, Lt Col Rasmussen. But it also had a Nisei civilian as head of the Language Dept., Mr. Aiso who later was commissioned a Major and is now a well-known court magistrate in the State of California. Plus a Nisei WO Kobayashi as Chief of Administration and Logistics. (Rasmussen later promoted to full colonel—on his 40th birthday.)

Midway through the course, about March or April, several members of the top section, Sections 1 and 2 went on detached service to Alaska and the Alutians! And immediately after graduation a few select members of the top sections again went to the War Dept in DC or the 5th Air Force—the strategic air force in DC at the time.

Immediately after graduation too, a picked group left mysteriously for destination—unknown—way later they turned up with Merrill's Mauruders in the China-Burma Theatre of Operation. As well as some left to establish a Language Center and Pool in India (New Delhi) to serve the China-Burma Theater.

After graduation and promotion to S/Sgt, the last promotion I got while in the service and a 14 day furlough in June visiting the Minnedoka Relocation Camp, Pocatello, Idaho where my buddy's parents had been interned behind barricades and barbed wire enclosures and communal kitchens and bath-

rooms—and a trip to Walla Walla, Washington thrown in for good measure, came back to await our new assignment.

On this trip to the relocation camp, I was asked to give a speech to an assembled group of Isseis in Japanese. Duck soup, thought I, to a recent grad of Camp Savage, eh wot! Not so, finally got through speaking half in Japanese and half in English and got the message through. Hand and facial gestures are also tremendous aids in communication. Visiting a relocation camp was an eye opener. Though some of our Isseis in Hawaii were interned, especially the Japanese School teachers and some of the Buddhist priests, we did not have even a third the amount of Mainland Isseis that were interned in relocation camps and internment camps!

After graduation, we marked time at Ft Snelling, having vacated Camp Savage to make room for the next class. Saw a few from Hawaii in the next class, but never got to meet any of them. Since St Paul was nearer to Ft Snelling than Minneapolis was, spent our passes in St Paul most of the time we were marking time sweating out the overseas shipment.

Then in early August we got our orders—3 teams got orders—destination—unknown—but Port of Embarkation was San Francisco.

Tired and weary, four days later we disembarked at Ft McDowell, San Francisco. Not even a pass to San Francisco did we get. A few days later we boarded a troop ship, later we made her out as the USS AINSWORTH, we surely thought it wasn't worth a damn! One of Kaiser's mass-produced jobs—a Liberty Ship!

But we had a good deal—no KP, no details of any kind—just sleep and play. Our sleeping quarters were on the top deck. We speculated. Heading for Hawaii? What a happy, wishful thought!

We had several alert practices, changed courses several times during the night. But, had no convoy again, we found out later.

During the Pacific crossing, which took 21 days, learned to play the society game of Bridge (Contract—Cubertson System) and Pinochle, because most of the team members were mainland kotonks. And that is all we did all day and night on the trip. In 21 days I got to be a pretty good bridge player. If there can be 30 day translator-Interpreter wonders, then, there

can be 21-day Bridge wonders!

After 18 days we finally sighted land! Certainly looked enchanting and enticingly green. South Pacific possibly. But no wonder we had all them New Zealanders and the Waltzing Matildas from Australia, it was New Zealand that we had reached, and the New Zealanders were going home from Europe to protect their homeland from possible Japanese landing. So were the Australians. The Australians were permitted shore leaves, but not us.

We only saw Wellington from the ship's deck. But what a beautiful place New Zealand looked from the deck. Wish I could have at least looked around a little of Wellington.

When we passed the equator, although we were not "baptized" and all thrown into the salty brine, we were all initiated into Neptune's lair and issued certificates to the effect.

Finally we reached the Australian coast and sailed inland into Brisbane. By truck we finally reached our destination, Indroopilly, the home of ATIS, GHQ APO 500—General MacArthur's Hqtrs, Allied Translator-Interpreter Section, an intelligence pool for the Asiatic-Pacific theater of operation.

A few days later, after all administrative matters had been cleared we went to work across the divide from our tent city, in a quonset hut. And as it turned out, we had to work under Haole officers, Australian or American, translating anything that the officers deemed important to translate based on a priority system.

Although these were second echelon documents, the important ones having been scrutinized by teams of the divisions up front, especially in New Guinea, that they were attached to or detached to, nonetheless, we did come across interesting documents of long range values.

Behind our Quonset hut was a POW compound. In this base operation we couldn't shift from translators to interpreters, so once selected as translators we remained translators and could not go to the interpreters section even to watch operations there.

The Japanese soldiers from Pvt to General were prolific writers, from first wedding night affairs to personal daily dairies to technical documents. I believe that this section, which we call the "rear echelon commandos" was responsible

for breaking the code system employed by the Japanese Military in referring to units (especially Divisions) and giving them names of birds and animals.

A few months after arrival, a few of us were sent up "North" to relieve some men who had been up front for as long as six months, with Australian units.

Meanwhile correspondence kept up with the 100 Bn Sep buddies informed us of their departure for Camp Shelby, Mississippi to participate in the Louisiana Manuevers; the arrival of the 442nd volunteers at Shelby; extensive training and then shipment to port of embarkation, New Jersey, staging in Africa—then baptism of fire, Salerno, Italy.

We kept exchanging correspondence and expressing our desire to be at the battle front in Europe. And in return getting forceful communication telling us in no uncertain terms that we were damn fools to be thinking that way. That we should be happy basking in the Summer sunshine in Australia.

We waited for weekends, and no duty but passes. For recreation we played poker or bridge, and on weekend passes to Brisbane to eat Chop Suey or eat Italian Spaghetti. And too, to play the horses at the various race tracks in and around Brisbane. One became such an avid "horseman" that he bought all kinds of literature to bone up on the game.

Our KIA list on the European front mounted. The JACL bulletins were read with avid interest. The Mainland Kotonks received this bulletin, we received none. But we got the Star Bulletin.

In early October 1944, a three-man team was ordered to detached service with the 16th Australian Division for moping up operation in Aitape, New Guinea. Hollandia had been secured for the next hop—the Philippines, to make good General MacArthur's "I shall return" vow at the time Corregidor fell! I was ordered to lead this team but with an Australian officer in charge. He did all the POW interrogation; we did the translating, the "dirty tedious" work.

Joined the Australian 16th Division at the Atherton Tablelands supposedly notorious for pythons and giant kangaroos. The day we joined up, got drunk on Crem de menthes at the welcome banquet the Diggers threw for us the night of our arrival. Then they issued us Digger Campaign Caps, no steel pots. Three square meals plus two tea-time breaks! That's the

Australian way.

Giant Kangaroos we saw in large numbers—but pythons and constrictor boars we saw none. A week later we flew into Aitape and settled into a tent city near the coast line.

Fighting was still going on—but being done by pockets of stragglers. Coincidentally or accidentally we translated a clear combat order one day that stated the date and time of actual arrival of an enemy submarine to pick up the stragglers. And sure enough a sub was sighted that date and time off the Aitape coast. And sunk by the allies.

At another time a great hullabaloo was raised because a general was reported found dead in a river bed high in the mountains and we were asked to go and verify this report. Throughout our 7 mile trek through the thick jungle and underbrush of New Guinea's inland we never encountered a wild animal including even a snake. How disappointing!

The only thing that bothered us was the mosquitoes—Malaria carrying ones with the long “needles”—and these really could give you a sting. And right through our Mosquito nettings. Atabrine tablets kept us from breaking out with Malaria until . . . !

Upon reaching the point where the body was deposited, we made a certain identification. It definitely was not the bloated body of a general, but was that of a non-commissioned officer of a lesser rank than a Sergeant.

Aside from it all we had a ball! A crew member had been a mechanic prior to volunteering for service, a mainland transplant Buddhead. From two jeeps he made one that ran well. And one day we took a joy ride 25 miles down the sandy coastline and back—no roads, just dodging the in-coming waves. On other days we went to the reef atolls, offshore from our beach camp, to collect Cat's Eyes, only to bury them in the sand to have the scavenger crabs eat the insides out and leave the eyes nice and shiny—and forgetting to dig them up though!

Then on another day, we hitched a ride on a C-47 (Dakota) headed for a routine daily flight to Hollandia, spent a wonderful day on the lake where the GHQ was located, then hitched hike back to Aitape.

Reminiscing about this interlude in time spent in New Guinea, I am convinced that today somewhere in New Guinea, in some native villages, there must be a new breed, rising

therein. It cannot be possible that all the remnants of the two Japanese Divisions perished to a man (20,000) in the wilds of New Guinea! The pigmies of New Guinea, though stunted in physical growth, picked up the Japanese language readily as evidenced by their asking for tabako (cigarette) the first thing after we got accustomed with them. Some of them could speak fluent Japanese, though under Japanese occupation for only a relatively short time.

Wouldn't this intriguing subject make a good scientific research for some student of sociology today? Then about the nurses corp that was supposed to be there also, what happened to the survivors? Surely there must have been some? Or could they all have been evacuated out of New Guinea before Mac-Arthurs's by-pass and strangulation tactics of Hollandia?

After 6 months of detached service with the 6th Australian Division, we were recalled back to Brisbane. We enjoyed a 14-day furlough down south to Sidney upon our return, which was long over-due. Some got to enjoy two 14 day furloughs to Sidney. Looked over the Blondes at Hyde Botannical Garden. It was quoted that gals were 6 to one over males in Australia at that time.

Passing as Chinese, we crashed a debutants' party. All Chinese gals that turn 21 became debutants, and must attend this coming-of-age debutants' ball. And what an elaborate ball this is. Couldn't get to first base, though with directives from GHQ that under no condition could Americans (GI's) marry native Australians. Did get to take the girls out to the zoo, rather they took us out to see real-live Koala Bears, and Wallabys (baby kangaroos).

Also took advantage of the generosity of the American Red Cross office and went sailing out in Sidney Harbor. This was a real sailboat! And playing Bridge sailing "on the bounty" made a grand slam hand of 7-No Trumps!

Almost forgot to include this bit of information. While on detached service with the Australians, we also helped interrogate prisoners. We usually did the finishing up job on the prisoners that Captain "Robby" had finished with. Invariably we start by offering the POW a cigarette and then working from there. Name, rank, serial number, unit designation. POW's in this mop-up operation—stragglers all for the most part, under-nourished and suffering from Elephatitis, and in rags. And

contrary to the belief that Japanese soldiers **do not surrender**, these were not captured POW's but walk-in surrendering soldiers of the Imperial Japanese Army!

To the question of whether or not they practiced cannibalism, one out of three answered in the affirmative, very resignedly and shrugging their shoulders and simply stating that one had to survive!

In July of 1945, the whole camp moved from Brisbane to Manila. MacArthur had finally returned to the Philippines, making good his vow: "I shall return!" It took us 14 days, if I recall correctly to reach Manila by slow transport. But did sail through a beautiful strait dotted with island after island, and beautiful weather.

In Manila Harbor we transferred to LSTs to go ashore. The greeters—teens of 11 to 12 vintage's first words of greetings were, "Tabako—(cigarettes) please," and, "you like my sister?"

Entrucked to Santa Anita Race Tracks which was to be home. All homes were built on stilts, high above ground. This I found out was the way to survive the Monsoon season!

We ventured out to Manila once in a while, and meandered through the Walled City as well as ate a Chop Suey dinner once in Manila City. But the kind of stares and looks we got convinced us that we should stay home if we wanted to stay alive and healthy!

We had hardly settled comfortably in camp when we were notified that our request for TDY to Hawaii had been granted. On the eve of our departure however, the WO called us in to ask us to postpone our departure for three or four days because the whole outfit was to be given 2nd Lt's bars en masse—direct field commissions—and we needed to have a physical—twas a long time coming these field commissions. However, my partner looked the officer squarely in the eye and said straight from the shoulders, "Do I look like officer material?" "I'm going on home!" I like-wise told him that he could shove those bars up you know where, that I too was going home.

On a converted B-20 aircraft we took off for Hollandia, staying overnight. Then after refueling there, in the morning, with just another refueling stop at Tarawa, we flew directly into Hickam, the same day that we had left Hollandia, just as twilight was setting in. What a beautiful sight home was!

A 90-day TDY! Came VJ Day while we were back home.

There was no communication received recalling us back to base camp in the Philippines, though we expected it, so we played it cool! Got married in August too. And finally put in for a separation (discharge) from the service on points. Discharge was granted in September, without any question. Civilian once more, after 3 years 10 months. Came down with the Malaria Fever, for the first time, after discharge, run down what with the after effects of getting married and getting discharged. But through the help of the VA, got the records all straightened out.

Did nothing for a while, but finally applied for Federal Civil Service (Clerk-Typist) and got a position at Sand Island. Got tired and finally applied for a Post Office Job, and got a sub-clerk's position. Worked at the Honolulu Post Office until the start of the 2nd semester came at the U of H. Decided on the spur of the moment to go back and finish my college career, on the GI Bill. Had a relapse of Malaria, but that was not serious, and that was the last recurrence.

Finished the requirements for my Bachelors; had transferred back to Teachers College. That was in February of 1947—ten years in finally graduating from college! Went on to get my 5th Year Teaching Certificate, and at the start of the 2nd semester of 1948 was assigned to Waimanalo Elementary School, the first assignment to teach in the public schools of the Hawaii system. And I have been a public school teacher since, all in the elementary school level!

28 years later, we are civilians, back in all walks of life, these members of this illustrious Savage MISLS, SEMPAL GUMI, the JUNE 1943 graduates! There was only one KIA amongst us, T/SGT TERRY MIZUTARI of Hilo. He had a premonition and was reluctant to go "North" again. But feeling duty-bound, and having been duly put on orders as leader of a team and ordered to New Guinea again, complied with the order.

In the process of the 6th Div being almost annihilated in the early action in New Guinea, the Japs were still surging and was about to hit Australia, the Command Post of the Div from which Terry's team had been operating out of was infiltrated by an enemy sniper unit one day and in the subsequent encounter while he was directing his men to cover, a ricocheting enemy bullet got Terry in a vital spot!

We are now educators, bankers, Federal Civil Service employees, Doctors, Lawyers, Court Magistrates, insurance agents, shopping center complex tycoons. And we have been having a once-a-year meeting for the past 15 years or so.



I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY

Chapter 13 Sidney Mashbir

The Nisei

I want to make an unequivocal statement in regard to the American of Japanese ancestry who, being American citizens, fought by our side in the war. Had it not been for the loyalty, fidelity, patriotism, and ability of these American Nisei, that part of the war in the Pacific which was dependent upon Intelligence gleaned from captured documents and prisoners of war would have been a far more hazardous, long-drawn-out affair.

The United States of America owes a debt to these men and to their families which it can never fully repay. At a highly conservative estimate, thousands of American lives were preserved and millions of dollars in material were saved as a result of their contribution to the war effort. It should be realized, also, that this group of men had more to lose than any other participating in the war in the Pacific. Had any of them been captured, their torture would have been indescribable. They would have been literally taken apart with tweezers, and death would have been the kindest thing that could possibly have happened to them. Not only that, but being of Japanese descent their relatives in Japan, if identified, would have been subjected to the most harsh and brutal cruelties which could have been devised.

I never tried to conceal the facts from these young men. As each detachment arrived from the States, they were assembled and a talk on security given them. Then I talked to them personally, as a group, along the following lines:

"I won't attempt to lie to you men. Your plight is as difficult as that of the Jews in Germany. I need not tell you, as almost without exception you are volunteers, that you are doing a brave, courageous, and patriotic thing in volunteering for this service. In the meantime, while war hysteria prevails, there is absolutely nothing that can be done in regard to the attitude of the civilian population of the United States toward you, except what you yourselves do in this theater and what will be done by the Nisei in the 422nd Combat Team in Italy, which will soon go into action.

"None of you is old enough to know what war hysteria means, but I can tell you that in World War I we got hundreds

of telephone calls and letters every day reporting men as German spies simply because someone had heard them order sauerkraut in a restaurant, or, in one case, merely because the back of a man's neck had become red when somebody openly damned the Kaiser. War hysteria is a thing that must be experienced to be understood, and I cannot attempt to describe it. You'll just have to take my word for it that nothing can actually be done until the war is over. But remember, what you young gentlemen do, and how you conduct yourselves, will influence for all times the attitude of the entire United States to the one hundred and seventy-five thousand Nisei now in America. "I give you my solemn assurance that when the war is over I will make every effort, as far as it is within my power, to place the true story of your achievements before the American public." That is one of the main reasons for this book.

There was never any levity on these occasions. It was all very solemn, and every word was taken to heart. Throughout the entire four years of the war, it was never necessary to take disciplinary action of any kind against any Nisei. Furthermore, there was never a time, with one exception, which I will explain, that volunteers were called for that every available Nisei did not immediately come forward. For example, at the Rear Eschelon we called for two men to make the parachute drop in the assault on Corregidor. Every Nisei volunteered, although not one had ever made a parachute jump before. The only time I can recall that the Nisei did not volunteer at once affords an extremely interesting index to their character. I had just received a letter from General Bonner Fellers asking me to select two Nisei who had experience in radio broadcasting and send them to him in Manila, as he was about to start his long anticipated and thoroughly planned series of broadcasts to Japan. His OWI experts had arrived, transmitters would soon be set up, and he wanted Nisei to do the announcing.

I turned to my Executive Officer, Colonel W. Clary Holt, and said, "Call all the men together, explain what is wanted, and get two volunteers."

A half-hour later, Holt came back, puzzled and said, "Sir, I don't know what to make of it. I asked for volunteers three times and I couldn't get a single man to answer."

"Did you explain to them what it was for?" I asked.

"Yes sir, I sure 'nuff did as well as I know how," he replied in

his V.M.I., southern drawl, "but I sure didn't seem to make anybody understand, because none of them volunteered. That's the first time we haven't got volunteers when we've asked for them."

"Get them together again," I said.

When the men had been reassembled, I said to them: "I wonder if it is clear in your minds exactly what is wanted. I would like all the men here to have had radio experience either in singing, or speaking, or announcing to hold up their hands."

About twenty-five or thirty hands went up.

"Now," I continued, "this is extremely secret, but we are about to start beaming shortwave broadcasts from Manila direct to the mainland of Japan. We know there are only a few short-wave receivers in Japan, but these broadcasts will be recorded and, later on, as soon as Saipan or Okinawa is captured—or some other nearby base—they will be rebroadcast on medium and long wave. But in the meantime, the high-level Japanese will have heard them. This is an extremely dangerous thing to ask any Nisei to do. In fact, from the instant you leave here you will be traveling under a false name, because I know that should your names become known dire vengeance will be wreaked on your relatives in Japan. Not only that but you will be the first Nisei to arrive in Manila and the Filipino guerrillas may mistake you for Japanese in disguise and kill you. Therefore this job calls not only for ability and intelligence but nerve.

"I need not tell you how important this mission is. As you know, the entire Japanese nation has been pitifully deceived by the ultranationalists for six years, and now for the first time we are going to tell them the truth. The entire underlying basis of our program is truth. We are going to bring it directly home to them. This will not of itself have a final conclusive effect on the outcome of the war, but on the other hand it will unquestionably have some effect. It may even be a great factor in breaking Japanese morale at home and thereby save not only thousands of American lives but possibly Japanese lives as well. Once the Japanese are convinced of the fact that they have been lied to by their superiors right from the beginning of the war up to the present minute, anything may happen. Psychological warfare alone cannot win the war, but it can have an immeasurable effect upon the enemy's morale and his will to fight!

"Now, I'm going outside for five minutes. I want you to dis-

cuss it among yourselves and if you have any questions to ask me come on outside."

About a minute later out came three of my senior Nisei who were among the first I was able to commission. The spokesman said, "Sir, we are afraid Colonel Holt did not understand why no one volunteered. It's not because any of the men are afraid. Everyone of us would jump at the chance if we were good enough. It's not because any of the men are afraid. It's because none of us feels himself worthy or competent to carry out so important a mission, and none is so boastful or immodest as to believe that he is worthy of such a job."

As soon as this explanation had been made to me, I knew exactly what was the matter. It is a fundamental of Japanese teaching that modesty about one's abilities is a cardinal virtue and that a boastful action is the worst kind of bad manners. So I turned to this young officer and said, "Very well, you know all of these boys. go back and pick out the ten that you consider best qualified and tell them you are convinced that they are capable of doing this job. When you have done that, I will come in."

When I re-entered, the ten men were lined up. I said, "Lieutenant Kadani here has told me that he considers all of you men fully capable of performing this highly important mission. Now, I want only two volunteers from among the ten of you."

All ten immediately stood up. I then let them decide among themselves which would be selected. These two men were then virtually smuggled into Manila, it being arranged that they would always be accompanied by Caucasian troops for fear of uncontrolled action by the Filipino guerrillas, who had actually shot a Chinese-American a few days before. The two Nisei were Staff Sergeant Clifford P. Konno and Sergeant John Masuda.

Their services were outstanding.

The Nisei were up against another hazard. Right from the start of the war, all Nisei serving with the combat troops were under suspicion from their Caucasian comrades and furthermore, when they got into a battle zone they were often fired at by both sides. I was recently discussing with a major of Infantry who served through the Aleutian Campaign the frightful peril in which these lads were constantly placed

because of thier oriental features. The danger was often intensified by the fact that Japanese soldiers very frequently donned American uniforms, taken from our dead, in order to try to penetrate our lines. The Major told me that one night the Japanese launched an attack on our forces at midnight. It was early in the campaign and the troops were not yet battle trained. Many of the men, therefore, including the Nisei, had undressed. In the resulting scramble in the dark, with men running around only partly dressed, several of the Nisei very narrowly escaped death at the hands of their own comrades.

In the beginning, the Australians, like our own Navy, were loath to accept them at all, so I simply had to get tough about it and told the Aussies it was Nisei or nothing.

There just weren't enough Caucasians capable of doing Intelligence work with the Australian divisions to go around. After the first few engagements, it was found necessary to issue each Nisei an identification card which would identify him as a member of the Australian Expeditionary Forces. Most of them also wore the Aussie hat. Finally an order was issued by Australian Headquarters that whenever an American Nisei went forward of regimental headquarters, he must at all times be accompanied by an Australian commissioned officer. We had to issue a similar order for Nisei with the American troops except that a noncommissioned officer was assigned instead of a commissioned officer. They soon proved their worth and all of them with Aussie combat units received letters of commendation.

One of the most dramatic events which could have occurred just missed happening because of a tragic accident. Among the best-trained translators we had was Roy H. Uno, who was known to have a brother in the Japanese Army, with the rank of captain. In fact, it was Captain Uno who had interrogated Carol and Shelly Mydans, the famous war correspondents for **Life** and **Time**.

Shortly after our capture of Manila, a story appeared in **Yank** headed: "The Poor Man's Tokyo Rose." It described the operation of the Manila Broadcasting Station during the Japanese occupation and played up a Japanese girl announcer, and the director of the productions, who was known as "Buddy" Uno. This proved to be Roy Uno's brother. Roy at once came to me and requested the privilege of being allowed to interro-

gate his brother when he came up on the list. I not only consented to this, but sensing the terrific drama that could occur from what I believed would be the first confrontation of brothers on opposite sides in the Pacific Theater, I made arrangements with the Signal Corps to install microphones and to take sound pictures of the event. The sound camera was to be concealed in the adjoining room with its lens shooting through a hole in the partition.

The event was set for several days ahead as there were many more important military prisoners to be interrogated first. In the meantime, three Liberty ships had arrived with our equipment from the Rear Echelon in Australia. There being no provision in our T/O for anyone else to do the work, all of the men were turned out to help unload the ships. Everybody pitched in, officers and all.

Now, by a weird coincidence—almost within the same hour—two things happened. Roy Uno, while unloading one of the ships, stepped backward into an open hatch, fell and broke his back; and "Buddy" Uno, who was suffering from acute tuberculosis when captured, was taken to an American hospital to have a lung collapsed. So the dramatic meeting we had planned never occurred.

One of the less competent Nisei linguists, who had made request after request to be sent up to the combat area, one day asked permission to speak with me. When he was brought in I noticed that he was trembling. I told him to sit down and asked him what was on his mind.

"Sir, he said, "I simply have to get up forward into the combat zone. It is vital to me."

"Well, son," I replied, "I know you've made several attempts to get up forward, but frankly your proficiency in the language is not high enough to rate it yet."

"But, sir, I've been studying day and night. If it is possible I would like an examination now instead of on the regular date, which is two months away." All linguists were re-examined every six months.

"But why is it so urgent that you go up there now?" I asked.

Reaching into his shirt pocket, he produced a letter, handed it to me, and asked me to read it. The letter had been written by his father, on his deathbed in an internment camp, somewhere in the United States, probably at Tule Lake. His father, who

had lived in the United States thirty years, had been a ship chandler for the NYK Lines and was the son of a Samurai. His code of honor, as can be gathered from the letter, was rigid, and would do credit to any man in any country. In effect this letter said: "My son, I am on my deathbed, and I die, as I have always lived, a loyal subject of the Emperor. This is my dying command to you. You were born in the United States; you have been brought up and educated in the United States, and you have had all the advantages that liberty, democracy and freedom can give you. As your father, I demand that to your death you be loyal to the United States, that you fight for the United States, and, if necessary, that you die for the United States."

This put the boy's request in a totally different light. I at once had him examined by the regular examining board. Whether or not they were a little more lenient than ordinarily, I do not know, but at any rate he went forward the next day and within a very few days earned himself a combat decoration.

Fortunately, just before the cessation of hostilities, a Table of Distribution, or T/D, as it is called, dated the twenty-ninth of July came through from Washington, in lieu of a Table of Organization and Equipment, and this permitted us to commission one hundred of these young Nisei from the ranks. From the outbreak of the war, in 1941, up to 1945—it was then July, 1945—only a very few of them had been promoted at all. I had been able to commission only three and I had three warrant officers. Jubilation was the order of the day when the first one hundred were sworn in as lieutenants. This number finally reached the one-hundred-and-fifty mark because of vacancies that then occurred in the Combat Divisions, which had also been awarded a T/O. This also meant that six hundred other men could be promoted one grade each. Any other group on earth would have taken Manila apart, because seven hundred promotions in two days is not a thing that a bunch of soldiers will pass over lightly. But the Nisei received this news with the same dignity and reserve with which they had received bad news in the past.

How deeply they were affected, however, is manifest in the following two extracts from observations written down at the time of the arrival of the Japanese surrender party in Manila, by two of the Nisei officers who participated in that epoch-

making event. The first, dated August 19, 1945, was set down by Second Lieutenant Thomas T. Imada.

"Today will be one of the Red Letter days for me in the Army. Only last evening commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army of the United States and I began today getting my papers in order.

I had barely started when Major Anderton called Lt Kayano and me to the office to stand by for a big event. We were instructed to stand by as we might be on the reception party for the Japanese Emissaries. This was to be our first assignment as officers. Only in an Army of the United States could a Nisei be given such an important task. About 2330 there was a call for an interpreter and Major Shelton assigned me to the task. When I reported to the room, there was a lump in my throat, as there were nothing but generals and colonels in the room. Throughout the work in the conference room I did my best to interpret whatever information was given by the Japanese. The work was interesting. Conference was over about 0300 and we were relieved for the day.

Personally I am thankful for the opportunity given me by Colonel Mashbir to contribute my little share in this conference, and I feel that whatever I did was to the best of my ability."

Another Nisei who had been selected was George Kayano, whose personal experience on the same day reads, in part, as follows: "Yesterday I was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the Army of the United States. Sure makes one feel odd. For a while I felt lost.

Today I received my first assignment. I am to be one of the few to witness the arrival of the Emissaries from Japan, to receive the surrender instructions from the Supreme Allied Commander of the Pacific. I was worried about the coming great event, also reading that the whole world was waiting for this moment.

He then described in detail exactly what happened, the preparations made to receive the Emissaries, the landing of the plane, the debarking of the Japanese mission. He recorded his conversation with the colonel who rode in his car, who stated that Hiroshima was sixty per cent destroyed and about one hundred and thirty thousand people were killed or injured by the first atomic bomb. He concluded with this paragraph:

"That was one night in my life that I shall never forget. I believe that the United States is the only nation where a nobody like me can participate in an international function."

A short time before this a very unusual thing occurred, which is worth recording. While we were still preparing for the Olympics and the Coronet Operations, in customary fashion, the ATIS officers who were to accompany combat Divisions were thoroughly briefed. Each one was required to make a detailed study of the terrain over which the unit to which he was to be assigned would operate, in order to familiarize himself with all topographical features, and, as far as possible, with the battle order of the forces by which they would be directly opposed, of which we had a very good idea at that time. This was when the training really began to pay off, because a trained Intelligence officer acting as an interrogator, who is thoroughly familiar with the enemy terrain, can by adroit questioning, easily establish the enemy's strength and dispositions.

One day the Executive Officer came to see me and said that three of my best Nisei officers, whose names I will not mention, had requested permission to see me. They entered, sat down, and I gave them cigarettes. Finally the senior, after a great deal of hesitation, started to talk.

"Sir, he said, "we would each like to be relieved from the division to which he is assigned and transferred to another Combat Division."

"Why?" I replied. "Is there something wrong?"

Although, as I afterwards found out, many of them had been dissatisfied either with the officers under whom they had served, or for other reasons with certain divisions, none had ever before actually requested relief. This was extremely unusual. I was accustomed to having them take their assignments and carry them out without question, without remark. I knew that when three of them from three different divisions in one corps came with such a request, there must be something behind it far out of the ordinary.

This was one of the corps which was to attack Kyushu, and it soon appeared that all three were natives of Kyushu. They had been turning this thing over in their minds for weeks and had finally determined to come and speak to me as they felt that they could rely on my fairness and sympathetic understanding. They had had long and solemn discussions among themselves,

and had arrived at the perfectly logical conclusions that, as the Combat Divisions fought their way inland, there would, in addition to the regular prisoner of war camps, unquestionably be separate internment camps for civilians and that many of their relatives would be in those camps. It was a foregone conclusion that someone would recognize them as all three had gone to universities in Japan. It was also unquestionable that in the frenzy and hysteria incident to battle, their relatives—and in fact, two of them had mothers there, and one had other very close relatives—would probably be brutally mistreated as a result of their presence in our Army. They made it perfectly clear, by insistent repetition, that they had no reluctance whatever to participate in the invasion of Japan, but that if it could be done they preferred to be attached to divisions which were not going into their native province.

This was a contingency that had been completely overlooked, but it was so logical and impressed me so greatly that I at once sent out messages to all Forward Echelon Commanders directing them to find out with as little publicity as possible the native province of each man in their commands, so that before the invasion we could, where necessary, unobtrusively transfer those men to divisions which were due to attack other parts of Japan.

This was very discreetly handled, and I doubt if most of the men would have known why they were being transferred, although I would have been perfectly willing to tell them had the occasion arisen. However, none of these transfers was affected because of the termination of the war, and it was really in the Army of Occupation that the entire Army, from top to bottom, began to realize how valuable these men were as interpreters. At the direction of General Willoughby, I selected the best linguists we had for attachment to the various staff sections and on the seventeenth of August, 1945, I personally was attached to the Office of Commander in Chief.

It was amazing to observe the attitude of the Japanese toward the Nisei attached to the occupying troops, as they began to pour into Japan by the hundreds. The almost universal air of bewildered anxiety changed to an attitude of partial relief, inspired by the dawning hope that at least some of the invaders would understand their plight.

All phases of the orderly occupation will have a lasting effect

upon Japan, and I am sure that MacArthur will be hailed in future Japanese history as the liberator of Japan, but I doubt if any single factor had a more immediate effect than the arrival of the three thousand American Nisei.

The Japanese have a proverb, *Ron Yori Shoko*, which means, "Proof rather than argument." Here they had a chance to see several thousand men who, to all intents and purposes, had they been born and brought up in Japan, would have been Japanese, yet who were not Japanese but Americans, in every sense of the word. They had a chance to discover for the first time what a man of Japanese blood, trained in the ideals and principles of democracy and brought up in a Christian civilization, could turn out to be; and the dozens and dozens of Japanese who spoke to me about it not only marveled that it could be so, but also saw it in a real hope that, in the future, Japan could again raise herself to be worthy of admittance into the society of civilized nations. Here for the first time was brought home to the Japanese the personification of the American ideals of democracy, under which all men are given equality of opportunity, regardless of race, creed or color.

I say this not to detract one iota from the historic accomplishments of General MacArthur—quite to the contrary—for I am sure he would be one of the first to agree with me on this point. But it does point out a possible means of spreading democracy throughout the world, not as the aftermath of war but as a means to peace. A minute fraction of the cost of one day of a world war would pay for thousands of students to be brought into the United States every year from other countries, to be taught the American way of life. This would be teaching just as the Nisei were taught, by example and not by precept. I hope hereafter that our Government will give full consideration to measures for the systematic importation of really large groups of students every year, from foreign countries.

If the path of our future foreign policy is to assist the spread of true democracy throughout the world—and I hope it is—no finer examples can be found than the Nisei combat veterans of both theaters of World War II.

In the first hectic days of the occupation of the Philippines, it was necessary to choose a site for ATIS Headquarters which would provide the maximum of security. After spending several days driving around in the still-smoking ruins and

selecting possible sites, the Chief of Staff finally gave us the entire Santa Ana race track. We also made provision to house another G-2 agency—the Allied Geographical section—which did a splendid job. The high wall which entirely surrounded the race course made security easy, with a battalion of Philippine guards.

After the bomb-disposal units had picked up the thousands of Japanese shells which were all over the place, this site was found ideal for a camp of about thirty-five hundred people, using for office space the concrete buildings which formerly supported grandstands capable of seating thirty-four thousand people. Here the Translation Section as well as the Reproduction and Information Sections could be adequately housed.

The Advanced Echelon immediately moved in and began operations before the engineers had finished the reconstruction work. Very shortly, the three ships bearing the main ATIS Unit arrived in Manila and special arrangements were made to unload and guard them. Every individual, including the officers, pitched in to establish the camp.

The night the personnel arrived, thousands of Filipinos thronged the gates and even climbed the walls to see what, as the Filipino major explained to me, were thought to be "Japanese prisoners". I told him they were not Japanese prisoners but American soldiers. He looked me blankly, and I had to explain to him.

"This officer, I said, "is Irish-American, that officer is German-American, you are Filipino-American, and these are Japanese-Americans."

Again he looked blank, but finally light began to dawn.

"Are they American Citizens?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "they are American Citizens."

Whereupon, after a lengthy harangue in Tagalog, he succeeded in dispersing the crowd. However, the next morning found an equally large crowd outside the gates. I asked the Major what they wanted this time.

"They have come to see the American citizens," he said.

INTRIGUE IN THE PHILIPPINES

ARTHUR S. KOMORI, now a practicing attorney in Lihue, Kauai, is only one of the six agents out of an original group of 30 who lived through the Philippines campaign. The other is Richard M. Sakakida, Office of Strategic Investigation, US Air Force, Tokyo.

On April 7, 1941, these two Nisei GI's from Hawaii, dressed in civilian clothes, boarded an Army transport in Honolulu harbor bound for the Philippines. These two had volunteered without the faintest knowledge of the mission, destination or Army duties, but the lure of adventure and travel were incentive enough, Komori reflects.

Within a month, the two were bound for Manila, signed as crewmen on the ship for security reasons. When they met Captain Raymond who gave them cash in pesos and told them to find lodging at the Toyo Hotel, only then did they realized the immensity of their task, that of investigating the Japanese community of Manila.

Komori got into the good graces of the Japanese Consul-General, the Chief of the Japan Tourist Bureau, the Domei News and of the Japan Cultural Hall. He secured a job as English instructor for Japanese civilians and also as interpreter for the consulate and the news Komoei was so entrusted by the Japanese that on one occasion he was caught by the Filipino Constabulary drinking a toast to the Emperor. Within a week, of course, he was rescued from prison by an American agent.

When Manila was declared an open city by Douglas MacArthur on December 26, 1941, Komori sailed for Corregidor on a tiny transport, then that night left for Bataan where he translated captured enemy documents at the front lines for General Jonathan Wainwright's unit. This is where he met General MacArthur. Komori recalls that the General said, "Hello," warmly shook his hands and walked out.

When Bataan fell on April 3, 1943, General Wainwright sent word for Colonel Irwin, his aide, and Komori to return to Corregidor. The bombardment was heavy, but they made it safely to Corregidor.

Evacuation of Corregidor was already in progress, Komori stayed with the few remaining defenders in the Malinda Tunnel in Corregidor until April 13, 1942 when he was ordered to

escape to Australia on a patched-up Army trainer. The plane had crash-landed there bringing in medical supplies. The temporary repairs on the plane enabled four of them to reach Iloilo on Panany Island. Komori having had flying lessons in Honolulu in 1940, was co-pilot on the battered craft. After a harrowing take-off and flight, they finally landed in a rice paddy in Iloilo.

Their rescue by an American B-25 and escape to Australia is now history. Komori recalls the helplessness of those who were left behind, the frantic efforts to get the plane off the runway before the day break bombardment by the enemy, and precarious flight to escape detection.

In September 1942, Komori helped organize the Allied Translator-Interpreter Section with headquarters in Brisbane, Australia, returned to the Philippines in April 1945; and on September 3, 1945 into Tokyo as one of the first Nisei Counter-Intelligence agent.

Komori was awarded the Bronze Star for his military service. He was also recommended for the Silver Star "in recognition of his service on Bataan, as a member of the small group of Japanese interpreters who handled identification of enemy units successfully during the entire Philippines campaign."

Certainly, until the story was released in 1944, Komori was the basis of many rumours. "When I left Hawaii for the Philippines no one, including my own parents, knew what had become of me," he said."

Komori was later a civilian instructor at the CIC school in Holabird, Maryland, for about six years. While instructing, he attended the University of Maryland and obtained his law degree. Mr. Komori was Deputy Attorney General in 1959, until he resigned to enter private practice with an office in Lihue, Kauai.

(TAKEN from the souvenir booklet of the 20th Anniversary Reunion of the MIS Hawaii, August 31, Sep 1, 2, 1962, in Honolulu Hawaii.)

'CHOP SUEY'

HODGEPODGE NEWS CLIPS and "CHOP SUEY" ACCOUNTS and YABAN GOGAI Issues, Betty Hackett Uchiyama's Hubby - **Fusao** was in Section 9, same as me. He was a "Big Wheel" with the Department of Education's Special Education Program, Hawaii State Government.

THE PICS ARE ALSO FROM THEIR COLLECTION AND MEMOIRS

EXCEPTED:

SPARK MATSUNAGA'S Memorial Day address at Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, CO - May 30, 1968.

TOM SAKAMOTO'S Commencement Address at Presidio, Monterey, CA - June 1971.

Other items that follow

MY TWO CENTS WORTH BETTY

From the files of BETTY HACKETT UCHIYAMA'S priceless collection of the "YABAN GOGAI"

Betty was the originator of this Savage-Snelling MISLS publication which was started in November of 1944. She is a former editor, publisher, writer, as well as founder of this publication. She is now the wife of Lt. Fusao Uchiyama, CBI Veteran, presently with the Translation Section. (November 45) Fusao is a member of the Sempai Gumi and has been in the top echelon of the Hawaii State Department of Education's Special Education Division for several years now.

WAR EXTRA YABAN GOGAI EXCLUSIVE OVERSEAS EDITION

Vol. I No. 5 August 1945

JAPAN SURRENDERS

Five Nisei officers, all original members of the outfit who served with valor in the Italian Campaign with the 34 Div, 5th Army's 100th Inf Bn joined the MISLS school and were initially assigned as officers to the various companies of the school. They subsequently volunteered as students for the school and for eventual assignment overseas duty in the Asiatic-Pacific theater of operation.

December 1944 issue: Capt **Kiyoshi Kuramoto** who served with the 100 Inf Bn at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin and later saw action with that unit in the Italian Campaign is now with the school Bn at Ft Snelling. He was a swimmer of note prior to his entry into military service. He was wounded in action in Italy.

He is the 3rd 100th Inf Bn officer to be assigned to the school battalion. The two others are Lt Shigeru Tsubota and Lt Masayuki Matsunaga both of whom received their reserve commission at the University of Hawaii.

December 1945 issue: Lt Richard Hamasaki waived his discharge for occupational duty in Japan recently. A 100th Inf Bn veteran of 5 campaigns, Lt Hamasaki came to Ft Snelling in May 1945.

Lt Jon J. Chinen joined the school last month as a student

officer. He was in the Anzio and Pisa campaigns. Both had volunteered and were expected in Japan early this month. Reason: Their parents were living in the now atomized Hiroshima. They had not heard from them since the outbreak of war four years ago.

February 1946 issue: Capt Kuramoto and Tsubota entered the school as students for eventual assignment to overseas occupation duty in occupied Japan.

With the Marauders

December 1944 issue: T/Sgts "Katz" Kono, Edward Mitsukado, Grant Hirabayashi, Jimmy Yamaguchi and Sgt Henry Goshō received the Bronze Star medals.



野蠻號外

WAR EXTRA

YABAN GOGAI

EXCLUSIVE OVERSEAS EDITION



Vol. 1 No. 5

August 1945

SAKE NOMI YO
(Kampai No Uta)

TUNE: "One Bottle of Beer for the Four of Us"

(1)

Sake nomi wa
Sake nome yo
Sake ga areba, oi namake mono
Mizu wa, totemo oishii, ga
Sake ga areba, boku tanoshii
BANZAI***KAMPAI**
Yoro no sake ga nomi tai
Moshi nakeraba
AIUEO . . .
Oi sake nome
Sake nome yo . . .



(2)

Yaban-jin da ro
Sabeji e iko . . .
Yoru no benkyo wa dame, yo
Kaji go, totemo kurushii, zo
Shiken no hi wa, iya no mono . . .
BANZI***KAMPAI**
Machi no sake ga nomitai
Moshi nakereba
AIUEO . . .
Oi sake nome
Sake nome yo . . .



(3)

Gakko wa hidoi
Ore'ya akippoi
Machi no hime wa kawaii
YO MI KA TA, Heigo to Chiri
Asa kara ban made isoga shii . . .
BANZAI***KAMPAI**
Shumatsu asobi wa yaritai
Moshi yareneba
AIUEO
Sake nome
Sake nome, Yooooooooo



Composed and Produced at Camp Savage, Minnesota
1943

November 1945 issue: Sporting a Looney's Bar now is Howard Furumoto.

Henry Goshu formerly with the Merrill's Marauders was interviewed on "We the People" program recently. A year ago on the same program, an officer of the Marauders told the feats of "Horizontal Hank," a native of Seattle, Washington. Hank was also on Mutual's "Opinion Requested" program. As a result he will have the opportunity to enter Georgetown University. A professor from said college was also on the program.

December 1945 issue: T/Sgt Grant Hirabayashi of Kent, Washington was discharged at Camp McCoy recently after serving 26 months in the CBI area (Part of the time with the Merrill's Marauders). He was graduated from Camp Savage in Jun 1943. He will become a civilian instructor at the school here in Snelling.

January 1946 issue: Lt Eddie Mitsukado, one of the outstanding MISLS graduates returned to the States, and Ft Snelling recently, after service in the CBI theater. He is to report to Schofield Barracks for his discharge. A year ago Lt Mitsukado received his commission in the field. He was at one time a member of the group of linguists attached to the famed Merrill's Marauders.

ELSEWHERE IN THE ASIATIC-PACIFIC

December 1944 issue: S/Sgt Hoichi Kubo was reported to have been awarded the DSC (Distinguished Service Cross) for his heroics in the Central Pacific Area.

December 1945 issue: With the 27th Airborne Div, 8th Army. The coveted DSC was won by Sgt Hoichi Kubo who argued with his own men and succeeded in going alone and uncovered to a cave where 100 natives were being held hostage by 9 Japanese. The moment he reached the bottom, nine guns were trained on him. He talked quietly, "Don't fire, I haven't come to talk about surrender, if you want to fight on. I've come to talk about the civilians you are holding." Lunch-time came and he threw his K-rations into the pot. The argument still continued. By 2 PM the first Saipan native pushed his head over the top. Slowly they all climbed out, until the Americans counted 122.

GUTS, WITH COMPASSION, IN A SAIPAN CAVE - MIS Sergeant Bob Kubo's incredible courage in Battle of

Saipan, July 1944. On a mission to persuade enemy surrender, Sgt Kubo entered a large cave where eight enemy soldiers were keeping 122 civilians from surrendering, whose lives he wanted to save if at all possible. Removing his pistol and helmet, he palavered with the enemy for two hours, even eating a meal with them, and persuaded them to give up with the civilians. The enemy were about to kill him at first but were smitten by his boldness and courage. When they asked him why he, of Japanese blood, was an American soldier, he recited a famous classic poem by an ancient Japanese lord who had to choose to fight his parents in order to be loyal to the emperor. Though his parents had come from Japan, he told them, he owed loyalty to the U.S. the land of his birth. They were struck by his "Samurai" spirit and surrendered. Sgt Kubo was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his unbelievable feat of courage and compassion. He served in combat with the U.S. 27th Infantry Division in the Marshall Islands, Saipan and Okinawa. Born and raised in Hawaii, he now resides in San Jose, California.

T/Sgt Howard Hiroki and S/Sgt Min Nakanishi received the Bronze Stars.

A posthumous award of the Silver Star was made to T/3 Yukitaka Terry Mizutari, KIA in Aitape, New Guinea, October of 44 with the 6th Div.

Miscellaneous

August 1945 issue: JAPAN SURRENDERS!

Fort Snelling, among the oldest Army posts in the country, will observe its 126th Anniversary on Friday, 24 August, but the day will likely pass unnoticed.

The largest class ever to graduate from this school was honored in the commencement held on 18 August at the local Field House. The graduation is the 14th to be held by the school and the 5th ceremony here at Ft Snelling since the school moved from Camp Savage exactly a year ago.

The 8 War Relocation Centers now in existence will be emptied by 15 December of this year, with two centers closing on 1 Oct (Poston Camps II 'n III and the Gila River Canal Camp, both in Arizona); and the Rohwer Arkansas Camp being the last to be closed, deadline set for 15 December.

November 1945 issue: (Anniversary Issue) MISLS secrecy

lifted by the War Department. Major Aiso embarks for Japan.

S/Sgt Spady Koyama wounded in action on Leyte had his membership into the VFW post in his hometown of Spokane, Washington, **REJECTED!**

November 1945 continued: 3,500 Japanese POWs from Calinda, Iowa and Camp McCoy, Wisconsin will be sent to the San Joaquin Valley in California to aid with the harvest there. And are reported to be sent back to Japan after the harvest has been completed. These will be sent to pick cotton and would be housed in a labor and POW camp in Lamont, California. 1,000 POW's in Camp Clarinda, Iowa are expecting shipment to Japan momentarily.

January 1946 issue: Snelling: **Savage Sold!** Of possible nostalgic interest to older MISLS graduates is the disclosure that the last 30 buildings at Camp Savage have been sold by the state of Minnesota for \$22,332.50. More than 100 persons, including servicemen still in uniform and women with babies in their arms crowded the office of Julian Sletten, state director of public property, as the bids were opened. War veterans seeking housing facilities for their families enlivened the bidding. A returned sailor submitted the biggest bid for a dwelling unit by paying \$1,211.00

February 1946 issue: Colonel Rasmussen awarded the Legion of Merit medal for meritorious service in training translators during the Pacific War at the 19th commencement exercise at the school (Snelling).

November 1945 issue:

PORTRAIT OF THE CHIEF!

From Pfc to Major in one jump! Past director of academic training, MISLS, **JOHN F. AISO**, Oct 1944 at a battalion ceremony here at Ft Snelling was "discovered" by War Dept language officials before Pearl Harbor, when he was a Pfc "grease monkey" with the 69th Maintenance QM at Camp Hann, California. After serving six months, he was placed on reserve status. Until his commission, he served as a civilian director of the school.

Major Aiso graduated from Harvard Law School after receiving his AB degree from Brown University. He spent 3½ years in the Orient, one of them studying law at the Chuo University. He was at the same time a member of the Tokyo Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations. He later became

the head of a British tobacco firm in Manchuria between 1937 and 1939. He still is a member of the New York and California State Bar Association, as well as the Manchurian Patent Attorney's Bar. (Presently John Aiso is an Associate Justice of the Court of Appeal, second Appellate District, Los Angeles, California.)

In his closing remarks he stated that the student body has done well in the past. However, there is indications of slacking on part of some students now that the war is over. "What may result can nullify all that the former graduates have accomplished in the past four years."

THANK YOU "My Two Cents Worth Betty" Uchiyama

NISEI GI GOES OFF TO THE WARS AGAIN

A lot of boys came home from the wars this week. But I know one who went away again. The reason he went is a story to make the Northwest proud.

He's Lt Jitsuzo Chinen. Jitsuzo is a Nisei from Hawaii. He knows about war, for he was in the 100th Infantry battalion that was attached to our own Thirty-Fourth Division. Jitsuzo knows the mud and cold and misery of Salerno, Cassino, the Rapido River, Anzio. He fought with men from Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas. He was in on the rescue of the "Lost Battalion" in Southern France.

'Thought We'd Never Get Back'

"I remember the days when we thought we'd never get back," he says slowly. "And many Nisei, as well as men from Minnesota and Maine and California won't be back. They're sleeping on those windswept hillsides in Italy."

Jitsuzo came back, wounded. When he could travel, he was sent to Fort Snelling. He'll never forget the night he hit the Twin Cities. There was a blizzard doing its darnedest. Jitsuzo was lost.

"Then an elderly couple stopped their car and asked if they could help me," said Jitsuzo. "They took me to Fort Snelling. I cried like a baby. Couldn't help it. They were so wonderful."

"And the air corps sergeant who showed me a place to eat, and insisted on paying for my meal. He introduced me to his family. He's back in the Pacific now. Some day I hope I'll see him again."

Soon, Jitsuzo understood that our Northwest hospitality isn't flashy, but that we mean it. "I'll remember the University of Minnesota, Hamline, the College of St. Catherine, the Y, the USO. And those Thirty-Fourth Division veterans all those Americans who made my stay at Fort Snelling so wonderful."

Jitsuzo's fight for all of us isn't over. He has reenlisted, was waiting for his orders. "But I'll be back in the Northwest," he said earnestly. "I'm leaving my heart here with an understanding people."

This week, I had a note from Jitsuzo. "In a few hours, I am leaving for the Far East." The note was signed: "Most respectfully, J. Chinen." The world we must build needs men like

Jitsuzo. Most respectfully, GEORGE GRIM.

Minneapolis Morning Tribune 1945

Japanese American in Italy has Fought both Nazis and Nipponese

Washington Aug 29 (UP) (1944) Sacramento BoE

2nd Lt Richard K. Hayashi, who should know because he has fought them both, says German and Japanese soldiers are using almost identical tactics in their desperate efforts to stave off defeat.

Hayashi, the War Department reported, served in the Pacific as an enlisted man with an Air Force unit and now is with the 5th Army in northern Italy, leading fellow Japanese-Americans in combat against the Nazis. "Both Germans and Japs are definitely on the defensive now and use 'hit and run' tactics," he said. "They both leave a lot of 'teenage kids and conquered peoples' in their armies.

Hayashi is a former resident of Stockton, California.

REDEDICATION

—Spark M. Matsunaga

We assemble here today, as thousands of Americans are assembling at other cemeteries throughout the country, in remembrance of sons, fathers, neighbors and friends, who while serving in the Armed Forces of the United States, laid down their lives that this Nation might live. We honor especially here at this cemetery the memory of some 76 Americans of Japanese ancestry who, in accordance with the principles upon which this Nation was founded and nurtured, responded bravely and willingly when duty demanded the payment of the supreme sacrifice. It is an undeniable fact that although these fallen heroes paid the highest price of citizenship, many of them while living bore a greater burden as Americans because of their ancestry. It was a burden which many others in this assembly shared with those in whose memory this beautiful and impressive edifice was erected.

I speak of the period which immediately followed the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Each of us of Japanese ancestry has his own individual memory of that period. No doubt some of us endured greater hardship and sacrifice than did others; but regardless of the weight of that burden, it can be said of all of us that because we carried it well we are today enjoying a better life.

My own memories of this period are sharp and clear. It is as if many of the events had occurred only yesterday instead of a quarter of a century ago. I am told that this is a sign of advancing age—when events of the distant past are recalled with greater clarity than more recent happenings. If this is true, then I, for one, would not mind growing old. I would want to continue to recall vividly the things which have instilled in me, and I hope they have in you, a better appreciation of our American way of life.

As a child in school I was taught that under our system of society all men are created equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I was taught that as an American, regardless of race, color, or national origin I could aspire to the highest office in this land. This I believed as a child, and of its truth I am

convinced as a man.

This belief, however, was not without severe testing during the period shortly after December 7, 1941. I had earlier volunteered for military service and was serving with the Hawaii National Guard which had been federalized. When invasion was believed imminent, all Americans regardless of race stood side by side in beach dugouts and trenches, fully prepared to repel the enemy.

After the battle of Midway, however, when invasion of the Hawaiian Islands by the enemy became a remote matter, our fellow Americans suddenly turned to us of Japanese ancestry and looked at us with a suspicious eye, almost as if to say, "Why, he's a Jap."

It was shortly thereafter that all of us of Japanese ancestry who were in American uniform were given orders to turn in all our arms and ammunition and were corralled at Schofield Barracks, an Army post located about 22 miles northwest of Honolulu.

Before we had any chance to bid goodbye to our loved ones, we found ourselves on board a troopship sailing for God-knew-where. Speculation was rife that we were headed for a concentration camp.

Upon landing at Oakland, California, we immediately boarded a train awaiting us there. From there on, it was a secret move into the hinterland. When the train finally came to a grinding halt after several days of travel, one of the first things we saw was a barbed wire enclosure. Our suspicions developed into an abyss of despair. The pessimists were right. We were headed for a concentration camp, we thought.

We soon learned that our destination was Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. We were joined in Wisconsin by Japanese-Americans from other parts of the United States. The barbed wire fences, we subsequently discovered, enclosed prisoners of war, including two Japanese naval men who were captured in a two-man submarine off Waimanalo Beach on the Island of Oahu, Hawaii. We were not placed behind the fences, but speculation again arose as to what was in store for us. Inasmuch as we were initially named a provisional battalion, we once more pictured ourselves as a battalion of forced labor.

As time went on, we were put through close order drill and trained with wooden guns. Letters were written home telling

our folks back home what a wonderful time we were having, of the wonderful and cordial reception the people of Wisconsin were giving us.

We wrote home also of our great desire for combat duty to prove our loyalty to the United States. It was not known to us then that our letters were being censored by higher authority. We learned subsequently that because of the tenor of our letters, the War Department had decided to give us our chance.

Our guns were returned to us, and we were told that we were going to be prepared for combat duty. The atmosphere in our camp was a joyous one. Grown up men leaped for joy upon learning that they were finally to be given the chance on the field of battle to prove their loyalty to the land of their birth and the ideal that was embodied in America.

It was with this spirit that the men of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team and the 100th Infantry Battalion, of which I was a member, fought and died in World War II and carved for themselves an indelible niche in modern world history. When the peace was won they had amassed for themselves among other awards, 7 Presidential Unit Citations, A Congressional Medal of Honor, 52 Distinguished Service Crosses, 560 Silver Star Medals, more than 4,000 Bronze Star Medals with more than 12,000 Oak Leaf Clusters to them. General Mark Clark described them as "the most fightingest and most highly decorated units in the entire military history of the United States."

It has been said by wiser men than I that soldiers at the battlefront frequently don't know what they are fighting for and that they fight because they are forced to do so by the circumstances in which they find themselves. It early became clear, however, that men of the 100th Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team did know what they were fighting for; they were fighting to preserve and to prove their loyalty to the American ideal.

It is true that like other soldiers overseas, many of them at times expressed skepticism. They were skeptical because even while they were engaged in mortal combat, news used to reach them about Private Matsuda, a veteran of the 100th Infantry Battalion, who had been returned to the continental United States because of wounds suffered in battle, and who, while wearing a Purple Heart and walking on crutches, was thrown

out of a barber shop because he wore a Japanese face; and about Sergeant Frank Hachiya, a winner of the Distinguished Service Cross, whose name was taken off the Honor Roll at Hood River, Oregon, because his name was Japanese. And we had learned of the evacuation of 110 Americans of Japanese ancestry and their parents who had been uprooted from their homes along the West Coast and thrown into so-called "relocation camps," which in essence were concentration camps, complete with barbed wire fences and armed guards. Many of the Gold Star Mothers who are with us today bore a heavy double burden—personal hardship in a concentration camp and the loss of a son in the military service of his country.

If ever any group of Americans had been driven to a point of despair and rebellion, it was the Japanese Americans in World War II. They would have been justified in the eyes of the world to turn against the country which they called their own. But they did not! Why? Because even in the height of adversity, they had faith in the American dream, in this thing we call American Democracy. Every man in the Japanese-American combat units was imbued so deeply with the spirit of serving this ideal that he was willing to die while so doing—men like my messenger, Private Kawano, who in his last few words on earth told me in effect, "Well, Lieutenant, I know I'm going to die, but I have no regrets. I have every faith that because of us who die those of us who will survive, and our folks back home will be recognized as true Americans and will live a better life."

That that faith was not misplaced is abundantly in evidence, for Americans of Japanese ancestry today enjoy a much better life than they ever did before World War II. I for one would not be enjoying the high position of a Member of Congress, the highest legislative body in the United States, had it not been for the supreme sacrifice of men like Kawano. I am sure that many of our men who fought in Korea and Vietnam, died with the same faith in our system of American Democracy.

"What then is this great thing called American Democracy?" we might ask. Admittedly, as we look about in this country today, we can point to the ghettos of our cities, to the pockets of poverty and to the racial strife that goes on, and rightfully inquire, "Is this the American Democracy we are trying to preserve? Is this the American way of life we wish to perpetuate?" There is no question that our American system today

is not without its shortcomings. We know this, and we know too that it is not the system that is at fault, but some of our own citizens who have failed to live up to the requirements of the system.

Whether they are conscious of it or not, most of the three billion people in this world today are striving for a common goal: a life worthy of their dignity as human beings. Most of them have not gone to the extent of naming this way of life. We Americans call it Democracy. The great upsurge of desire for democracy which we are now witnessing throughout the world is of utmost importance to us because our Nation has been the "proving ground" of democracy for 192 years. We must not let it fail, and we who bore arms to defend it and we who spent weeks and months and years behind the barbed wire fences of United States relocation camps must assume the responsibility of seeing to it that it does not fail.

Ours is a comparatively young Nation and a dynamic one. We believe in progressing toward the American ideal, and while change does not necessarily mean progress, progress necessarily involves change. The public demonstrations against established authority and the clamor for a change of order which we are today witnessing in the forms of college campus uprisings, Poor People's marches, and urban civil disorders represent an impatience with the rate of progress. It certainly is not a sign of weakness in our democratic principles and institutions, as some would have us believe. It is a part of our seeking and finding, of establishing and implementing lasting solutions to the domestic problems of America—the growing pains of a dynamic society.

We Americans who were the victims of earlier growing pains in our Nation's history, can attest to the rewards of patience, faith and hope. Ours is a story that needs to be told and retold, for it is a story which can inspire other Americans of other minority groups to exercise the same patience, and have the same faith and hope to live through their difficult times.

The English historian Arnold Toynbee has said, "By what we do and by what we leave undone, each of us has a genuine effect of history. Each of us makes a difference, and each of us is responsible for the difference that he makes. We have to take this responsibility of ours to heart. Democracy will not work unless we do."

If we are to give any real meaning to our observance of this National Memorial Day, we must here resolve as individual citizens that the story of the heroic dead whom we honor shall not lay buried with the dead, but will be kept alive to inspire the poor, the downtrodden, and disillusioned to rise above social injustices. We must resolve not only to make ourselves, but to help others to become better Americans in a greater America for a safer world. (Memorial Day address at Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, Colorado, delivered by the Honorable Spark M. Matsunaga, United States Congressman from Hawaii on May 30, 1968. Spark is a 100th Bn and MIS veteran)

MISLS PASSES IN REVIEW

[A 26 year old Japanese-American Sgt whose wife and brother are living in Cleveland, today was credited with helping to save the life of an American general in hand-to-hand combat with Japanese forces in the South Pacific.

Sgt. Thomas Sakamoto, whose wife is a Civil Service employee of the War Department, has been mentioned in dispatches from the South Pacific as the first of his race to be cited for action against the Japanese. Ms Sakamoto, 23, lives at 11102 Lorain Avenue, while Sgt Sakamoto's brother, Frank 22, lives at 1906 E. 93rd Street.

Sakamoto was the only non-commissioned officer in an assault party led by Brig Gen William Chase. The party was attacked by a Jap group headed by the Japanese Island Commander. In the ensuing fighting the entire Jap group except two were killed. Sgt Sakamoto is a native of San Jose, CA. He has been in the Army three years and met his wife in Minneapolis, Minn while he was at Camp Savage.]

Colonel Long, members of the staff and faculty, and members of the graduating class—I am indeed honored to have the opportunity to be present today on such a significant occasion to witness the 50,000th language student graduate from this school.

When I received the invitation from your Commandant, Colonel Long, to speak before you I was hesitant for a moment; but then, I realized what a high honor and privilege it would be to represent the members of the very first language class of November 1941, to appear in their behalf and, as a fellow student, try to give you some of the problems and experiences which confronted this original class of 1941. We had a total of 60 students in that class and the majority of us, then selected as students, were Nisei Japanese Americans who were already in the service as a result of being caught, fortunately or unfortunately, in the first military draft. We were recruited for this, which was then a classified school because most of us had considerable prior knowledge of the Japanese language through studies in schools in Japan. And I recall, the key officers who were directly responsible for organizing and establishing this unique school, designed to prepare and provide the language capability for the inevitable war which faced us, were

officers who eventually became Commandants of the Language School, such as now retired Brigadier General Weckerling, Colonel Rasmussen, and Col Dickey.

But how did it all start? One summer day in 1941, during a maneuver at Hunter Liggett, a person in civilian clothes approached me. I was then a Buck Private. He suddenly asked if I could read the Black Book which he pulled out of his pocket. Little did I realize at the moment that this manual on military tactics written in Japanese was used in the Military Academy in Japan and had been brought back by the officer talking to me upon completion of his assignment in Tokyo as a US Army Language Officer. Later, I realized that the officer was Colonel Rasmussen, who was to later become one of the first commandants of this school. My meeting with this civilian, then a Captain, out in the field at Hunter Liggett was indeed significant as it shaped my destiny in the Army for the next 26 years as an Intelligence Officer.

As some of you may know, this Language School began in an old dilapidated airplane hangar on the airfield presently called "Crissy Field" at the Presidio of San Francisco. In May 1942, it was moved to Camp Savage, Minnesota, where a few of us selected as enlisted instructors labored to reshape this once Old Folks Home into a Language School. Subsequently, the school moved to Presidio of Monterey, where it has become the greatest multi-language institute in the United States.

While most of us in the first class in 1941 had the advantage of some education in Japan; but preparing ourselves for the use of language in combat required not only a "brush-up" on what had previously been learned, but an intensified "cramming effort" to learn entirely new fields, such as knowledge of military terminology, identification of the different dialects spoken by Japanese soldiers and the techniques on interrogation of prisoners of war, all essential to our Order of Battle intelligence efforts.

At this point, I would like to pay my respects to our civilian instructors in that difficult period. At that time textbooks were limited and in many instances, not available. The instructors had to improvise lesson plans, on the spot, for use in teaching Japanese military background and techniques.

I have always sincerely believed that these instructors were directly responsible and should be given much credit for significant contribution for shortening the conclusion of the Pacific War, just as surely as those who went overseas and fought in actual combat areas. Therefore I wish to take this opportunity, Colonel Long to pay my respects on behalf of the original 60 students, to such distinguished pioneers and scholars as Mr Tekawa, director, Far East Division; Mr Kihara, director, Research and Development Division; Mr Munakata, director, West-South Europe Division; Mr Imagawa, chairman, Japanese Language Department; and Mr Oshida, also of Japanese Language Department.

Language, however, has many uses, and fortunately, it is not limited only to combat conditions. While we continue to use language for wartime situations as in Vietnam and elsewhere, I must say that my greatest satisfaction was to realize how effective language can be used in cultivating better understanding among peoples of different cultural and historical backgrounds. The most gratifying experience of my 26 years of military experience was in using language in many "People to People" programs so vital in many of our post war assignments abroad. Whether it be a farmer in the outskirts of Tokyo or a fisherman on one of the outlying islands of Okinawa or a cab driver in the streets of Bangkok in Thailand, a few phrases spoken in their native tongue inevitably brought immediate positive reaction and a warm smile. This indeed, to me, is evidence of the enormous power of language. I hope that this great language institute continues to contribute in the use of languages for a better and peaceful world through increased interchange of ideas and technical know-how among peoples of all nations.

Perhaps one of my most trying experiences was during a visit by President Eisenhower to the Far East in 1960. As luck would have it, I was then on the Island of Okinawa, Language Aide to the US High Commissioner and thus was designated as the President's interpreter. As is the custom, the text of what the President would say had been provided through State Department channels, in advance. For this reason, I was, I thought pretty well prepared with this translation to Japanese for the Okinawan and Japanese audience. However, the President was forced to cancel his trip to Tokyo because of leftist

demonstration which was then at a high pitch. For this reason his trip to Okinawa had additional significance. Upon his arrival at Kadena Air Base on Okinawa, the President took his place on the platform and began to read his speech. After about the first line, I almost fainted. What he began to read was considerably different from the speech I had in my hands. To make the matter worse, we were on live radio and TV.

After the President had completed his message, he handed me his text. And here I had a brand new speech. Fortunately, the main part of his message was in the general vein of the one I had in hand. The mental agony and gymnastics I went through in that interpretation are something I shall remember for some time to come.

Graduates of this school are often placed in similar demanding situations which require not only an expert knowledge of the language and vocabulary, but the need for a good memory. Often the people who require the services of an interpreter have no conception of the work one goes through in order to provide accurate on-the-spot translation. They often talk at great lengths after which they expect you to come forth with the translation just as though you are a mechanical tape recorder.

In closing, having gone through the difficult and, at times torturing pace of learning different languages at this school, I offer you my sympathetic and sincere congratulations. I hope as you move on to your various assignments abroad, you will realize that the language you have learned at this institute will become the "key" to many varied experiences, which will bring forth not only mutual understanding among peoples and direct support to our military efforts, but you will realize simultaneously that the language you have mastered will be a source of great self-satisfaction.

(June 22, 1971 Commencement Address delivered by Lt Col Sakamoto at the Defense Language School, Presidio of Monterey. Col Sakamoto was in the first graduating class, Crissy Field Hangar, Presidio of San Francisco, November 1941, who was retained as an enlisted instructor on the school staff following his graduation.)

COMMENCEMENT SPEECH

S/Sgt Herbert Kano
March 25, 1944

It is a great honor for me to have been given the opportunity of representing over two hundred graduates and to deliver the commencement speech on this memorable Fifth Graduation Exercise of our school.

It was only last Autumn that a great number of Nisei assembled here to begin a new term. Some were from the three thousand who had volunteered in Hawaii in response to our country's call, and who had been sent to Camp Shelby to compose the 442nd Infantry Regiment, leaving their aged parents and other dear ones in Hawaii. Others were from the mainland who had volunteered eagerly to serve their country despite the unpleasant predicament they had been in. Although the circumstances of our enlistment differed, we have only one common object, which is to serve our country, even at the sacrifices of our lives. At this time, in behalf of the graduates, I wish to thank Col Rasmussen and his staff, civilian and enlisted instructors, and the enlisted personnel attached to this camp who, without regard to the severe cold and the inclemencies of the weather have encouraged and patiently aided us that we, who had no technical knowledge of Japanese, may in the end become competent translators and interpreters. We have been aware of the fact that some of us have come from Hawaii, others from the mainland, and still others from different army camps, and that we come from all walks of life.

Consequently, it was difficult at times for such a group to conform to and understand fully the school regulations and instructional methods. This has caused unpleasant feeling at times between the instructors and the students, or again between the officers and the enlisted personnel. However, while studying together and exchanging views during the past six months, exists a warm bond of comradeship between us. Now, we are about to graduate and scatter in all directions, emptiness fills our hearts and we find that parting is very difficult.

What is the position of the American Citizen of Japanese Ancestry today? While the entire country felt the effects of this world turmoil, unfortunately, the Americans of Japanese

Ancestry have been particularly affected. Practically all of the people of Japanese ancestry who have been employed in governmental construction work were discharged both here and on the mainland and in Hawaii, and the publication of baseless articles in some newspapers and magazines directed at the Nisei have greatly depressed them. But despite suspicion and pressure, the AJA's are tugging along silently, pledging solemnly their loyalty to the United States.

Behold the splendid and glorious record of the 100th Infantry, composed mainly of boys from Hawaii, who are presently fighting in Italy. I have the utmost confidence in the 442nd Inf Regt now undergoing strenuous training. I know that they too will establish an equally glorious record when they go overseas in the near future. There are also earlier graduates of this school who are now serving as capable intelligence men in various battlefronts against the armies of Japan. We too who are about to graduate will do our utmost to live up to our expectations and will carry on the good record established by our predecessors. We shall attend diligently and faithfully to our duties to the best of our abilities.

In conclusion, I wish to extend our sincere thanks, in behalf of the graduating class, to Col Rasmussen and his staff, the instructors, and enlisted personnel attached to this camp. At the same time I wish you all good health and good luck. I thank you.

CAMP SAVAGE 'ALUMNI' ON OKINAWA BOOST STATE. Okinawa - **TEN OF THE BEST** boosters for Minnesota in the 96th Div, and especially of Minneapolis, are members of the Japanese Language Team, all graduates of the language school at Camp Savage. These Nisei boys told me they have a warm spot in their hearts for the folks in Minneapolis for the kind treatment accorded them on furloughs in the city. Each of them attended Camp Savage at a time when most of the country was aroused over treatment of American born Japanese citizens following their removal to camps from their homes on the west coast. All except two were born in the Hawaiian Islands, where they were inducted into the armed services, and all first went to Camp Shelby, Miss, and then were assigned to the language school in Minnesota.

Now members of reconnaissance teams, two Nisei have been assigned to each regiment. Their job has been to aid in getting civilians out of caves and examining souvenirs for military value. Each of the Nisei boys is well liked by the doughboys and officers of the Division and their loyalty has never been questioned. All have taken risks in getting natives out of caves and several narrowly escaped being killed by Jap Soldiers. They are quartered at division headquarters in tents, eat in the same mess with the doughboys, play poker and other games with them and are treated the same as any other soldier. When assigned to regiments they are billeted with the information and reconnaissance platoon and work with the troops in the field. Spokesman for the group is T/Sgt WARREN HIGA, 25, Administrative assistant to information and reconnaissance officers. He was born in Honolulu and his mother and father were natives of Okinawa. With his brother S/Sgt Takejiro Higa 23, he came to Okinawa with their mother when he was two years old. She came to take care of their grandparents, a custom followed by many Okinawan children after they leave home. Warren stayed until he was 8 years old but his brother didn't leave until he was 17. When the Higa brothers landed during the invasion they met many of their relatives in whom they allayed any fear that Americans would harm the civilians. S/Sgt Herbert K. Yonamura, 21, born at Kona, Hawaii, another of the team has two brothers in the armed services.

S/Sgt Alfred N. Yonamura is attending language school at Fort Snelling and Lt Harold Y. Yonamura is with the 306th General Hospital in Europe. His father was born in Japan and his mother in Hawaii. Herbert has a record of persuading 1,500 civilians to come out of a cave near Medceera along with 140 Japanese soldiers.

S/Sgt Thomas T. Masui, 21, was born in Honolulu. His father was born in Japan and his mother on the island of Kauai. He had a narrow escape when attempting to get relatives out of a cave. As he was talking to a girl near the entrance a Jap soldier threw a grenade wounding the girl. Masui nevertheless persuaded 20 civilians to come out. S/Sgt Sammy Yamamoto, 21 also was born in Honolulu, the son of parents who were born in Japan. He killed a Jap soldier the third day of the invasion and had a close call when he attempted to rout Nips from a cave. Giving them three seconds to surrender he started firing into the cave when out came a hand grenade, which luckily was a dud. Another Jap exploded a satchel charge in the cave destroying it. Sgt Rudy Kawahara, 22 who was born in Honolulu of Japanese parents, has a double reason for liking Minneapolis. His wife lives at 643 Cedar Avenue. He has had two close calls - first when a Jap soldier Kawahara tried to get out of a cave threatened to pull the pin of a grenade. Kawahara killed the Jap. Several days later at the same cave while looking for souvenirs, Kawahara was fired on. The bullet narrowly missed his head and hit a rock. Sgt Akira Ohri, 23, born in Wahiawa, Oahu, S/Sgt Fred Fukushima, born in Bakersfield, California and Sgt Takeo Nonaka, born in San Francisco are three other members of the language team. Tenth member is Sgt Haruo Kawana, born in Oahu of Japanese parents. The doughboys nicknamed him "Naha" because he likes to question the Okinawa girls. Every member of the language team is a high school graduate. Their efforts to get natives to come out of caves is on a voluntary basis. They are a happy group, get along well with soldiers and officers and can more than hold their own with the enemy. For the entire group, I want to send their best regards to Mr and Mrs L. Harrison, 4056 Nicollet Avenue; Mr and Mrs Leon Jaworski, 1411 Fifth Street, NE; Betty Boucher, 2011 Second Avenue S., former secretary for the translation section at Fort Snelling, all of Minneapolis, and Mr and Mrs Walter Keso, Kilkenny, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE - July 6, 1945
NISEI GI FINDS DAD ON OKINAWA

The army sent him to Okinawa as an interpreter, and there he found his father. The Nisei soldier who had this experience is Sgt Seiyu Higashi, Los Angeles. He trained for his special assignment for more than a year at Fort Snelling, Minn.

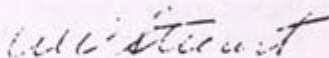
A friend of Higashi told something about the Nisei who is an interpreter for the 24th Div on Okinawa. The friend is Yutaka Munakata, civilian head of a department at Fort Snelling for the past two and one-half years. Higashi was born in Los Angeles, but soon afterwards, his father returned to Okinawa with his family. The boy was reared in the tiny town of Nago. Then he returned to the United States, the country to whom birth had given him citizenship. He finished high school in Los Angeles and a few months after Pearl Harbor enlisted in the United States Army. He was trained at Fort Snelling. He was here until November 1944. He then took basic training in Alabama and returned to Fort Snelling for assignment in April 1945. He was specially trained for the Okinawa invasion. His childhood had taught him the Okinawa dialect, which is not standard Japanese.

Munakata, his friend, explained Monday that Higashi had made the best grades in his class at Snelling. "He is an obedient, conscientious, steady fellow," said Munakata. The fact that he had met his father at Nago for the first time in eight years was revealed Monday when the Army released the picture of Higashi and his father. Nothing is known in Minneapolis of other members of Higashi's family. He is single.

The following is the address given the MIS Language School graduating class 15 January 1944, by Mr Gideon Seymour, Editorial Editor of the Minneapolis Star Journal and Sunday Tribune.

It is copied for distribution to the students and recent graduates of the school with the kind permission of Mr Seymour.

It is believed that some study of this address and considerable thought on the subject discussed will give us all a better understanding of why we fight and of what we as a people should work for after this war is won.



A.W. STUART
Lt. Colonel, Infantry
Acting Commandant

Address to the Graduating Class, Camp Savage, Minn.,
Jan. 15, 1944
By Gideon Seymour

Colonel Stuart, officers and men of the graduating class and friends:

I am happy to be a guest today at Camp Savage at these graduation exercises, and honored by the invitation to try to say some words which may be worthwhile to you as members of the United States Army, now about to move into the theaters of war.

I have known some of you, and I have known somewhat more about your good work here at Camp Savage and the way you have made yourselves a useful and constructive part of the community of Minneapolis during your sojourn here. But I know, too, that it has not been possible for us in the community to know nearly all that might be said about your good work, because of the militarily secret nature of the tasks which you are now prepared to undertake.

I know that your good manners and behavior in the community, your intelligent interests, and your concept of the basic American and Christian spirit of individual human dignity, have won for you as individual citizens and as a group the respect and admiration of thoughtful Minneapolis people. We are proud of Camp Savage and its men.

The best citizens of this nation are those who feel a special responsibility to it, a special pride and consciousness of citizenship, and that trait exists strongly in you. It is important for all Americans to keep in mind, if they are really to understand their own country, that in the United States of America—to a greater degree, perhaps, than in any other major nation in the world—every one of us is a member of a minority. I am a Republican: as such, I certainly have been in a minority for some years past. I am a Congregationalist, and, as such, part of a very small minority; even if all Protestants are grouped, we are still a minority. I am member of minorities whichever way I turn, or however I may break down the groups I belong to. I become a member of a majority only as I get down to things more fundamental than parties or sects or educational or economic groups, and find common ground on which I can stand with fellow-Americans and with mankind—

only as I find beliefs which enough members of enough minorities have in common so that we become, for the purpose of bringing those beliefs to actuality, a majority.

You are equally members of minorities. As soldiers, even in this time of a large armed force, you are in a minority. Only as you and I cut through the exteriors which make one man differ from another, and get down to the bedrock of the really basic faith which free men live by, do we become part of a majority; and only thus can we hope to see our convictions triumph.

These are times in which we in the United States, and in the free world, need to be part of a majority. That does not mean at all that we must become standardized, that we must erase our individuality. It means rather that unless we achieve a framework of basic and common beliefs to which we can all agree, there can be no security or opportunity for any of us as individuals.

Labor needs to learn that, and agriculture, and finance and management, and veterans' groups—and politicians! War and danger can be a teacher of it. They also can, and do, arouse new animosities, new fears, new hatreds, which sometimes seem far to outweigh the fundamental lessons they teach. But we may hope that for all the miasma of temporary hatreds and suspicious which arise during and in the wake of war, there will be left after this conflict some fundamental lessons which mankind will not forget.

This is not a war between races. If it were, I should have small hope of being on the winning side, for there again, mine is a minority. This is not even a war between nations. It is a war between ideas which cut across national and racial and social and economic lines.

There are people who, by no wish of their own, are nominally on the other side, who are as good as most of the people on our side. And there are people on our side, by force of circumstances, who probably would be intellectually happier on the other side.

To see the true nature of this war, I should like to ask you to look back in history a little way to examine the kind of world we live in. In that world, for more than 2,000 years, there has been order only when there has been world organization. In the time of Christ it was Rome which organized the known world of that day. It wasn't a very large world—a fringe of land

around the Mediterranean and some of Europe up as far northwest as the British Isles. But all the peoples in that world, in which Rome made and enforced and laws of commerce and human interchange and personal conduct, had to live by the rules which Rome laid down—whether they were within the Roman Empire itself or outside it—and if they refused to live by those rules and acknowledge them, they were conquered and crushed, as Carthage was conquered and crushed. In Columbus's time it was Spain which made the rules for the known world. That was an expanding world, being enlarged by discovery and exploration—a world which had come to include the fringes of the Americas. In that world, Spain made the rules, and even the Aztec Indians of Mexico and the Incas of Peru, which had civilizations of a very high order—civilizations of which their forefathers had brought the beginnings from Asia across the Aleutian stepping stones and down the North American west coast—found that in a world in which Spain made the rules they could not live their own lives nor maintain their own civilizations. In the modern world, ever since Drake overthrew the Spanish armada in 1588, and especially since Wellington overthrew Napoleon's bid for world domination at Waterloo in 1815, Britain has made the rules, clear down almost to the present time.

The United States—although this is something which many Americans do not know or do not like to believe—grew up within the framework of a British-organized world, a world which Britain constructed politically and economically and kept in poise by use of the balance of power in Europe, and policed by her control of the seas, and kept in subjection—if that is not too strong a world—by her industrial supremacy.

But there was one period in the Christian era in which there was no organization of western civilization, and no peace or progress. It was the period after the fall of Rome, the period in history which we know as the Dark Ages because in the absence of rules and their enforcement there was no order or freedom or progress, but only anarchy and chaos.

We have been living since the first World War in a new Dark Age, an age in which order and rules have successively broken down. The reason for that breakdown is that world society has evolved beyond the stage in which Britain alone, or any other one nation, can organize it and can make and maintain rules.

Control of the seas—that is, ability to police the world by sea power—is passing from Britain's hands. The United States now has the largest navy in the world, and will have by all odds, at the end of this war, the largest merchant marine. But what is even more important, sea power as an effective policing instrument has been qualified, if not superseded, by air power.

World stability no longer can be maintained by exercise of a balance of power in Europe, because the great powers of the world no longer are centered in Europe. Russia is not essentially a European power in the sense that France or Germany or Austria were: it is a Euro-Asiatic power, and its strength will more and more reside in that part of it which lies outside of Europe. Japan had become a world power in Asia before this war, and the present expectation is that China will succeed it as a major nation in that section of the globe. And of course the greatest world power of all, today, is the United States, which lies several thousand miles from Europe in the western hemisphere. So the balance-of-power method of maintaining world stability, which functioned as long as all the powers were in Europe, is obsolete.

And Britain no longer possesses world industrial supremacy. She is outstripped by the United States as mass production of the things the world wants most in the twentieth century—motor cars and electric refrigerators and washing machines and motion pictures and a thousand more products—and is being outstripped by Russia; Japan between wars had largely usurped Britain's long supremacy in textile manufacture; and one of the great new consequences of this war is the diffusion of industrialization on an ascending scale to all parts of the world.

We owe far more gratitude than reproach to Britain for having organized the world during three and a half centuries, for having opened up its backward areas and developed them, for having fathered the spread of liberal institutions. But we in our time, in this generation, have seen imperialism—any nation's imperialism, however benevolent!—become inadequate as a basis for world order.

That is why Hitler's kind of imperialism was doomed to fail from the beginning—doomed to fail even when it seemed so near success. That is why Japan's kind of imperialism has even less chance to prevail.

But the question is what we are to substitute for imperialism

in the world as a source of order. Unless we substitute something, we are fighting simply to get back to chaos. This is the second world war which the United States has entered in 25 years to establish what kind of rules we will not live under. It has progressed to a point where we can say with some certainty now that we shall not have to live under Hitler's rules or under Tojo's rules. But until and unless we set up affirmative rules, of our own kind, we of the free world will only have made a negative and transitory decision. And if we are content to go back after this war to the chaos of the 1930's and call that victory, we shall have to mobilize again and again and again to assert what kind of rules we shall not live under. For as long as there is an absence of order, a vacuum, in the world there will be new Hitlers, new Tojos, constantly arising with plans to organize the world along their lines.

And we shall find the answer exactly as in centuries and millennia gone by, men have found it on successively higher planes of human social organization: in government by consent of the governed, in the creation of majorities on this earth which will cut through the lines of economic rank and religious faith and nationality and race, down to the bedrock on which we all can stand who live freedom, and who understand that freedom begins with rules and their enforcement.

Just as the family, the community, the state, the nation proved in turn the principles of human organization which run through them all and are eternal, so nations must join together in the world to accomplish those things which can be accomplished only by joint action. Just as families delegate certain powers to the community to increase the security, the opportunity, the living standard of each family and each member of that family—just as communities delegate certain powers to the state to do for them collectively things that can be done better in common than individually—just as the states surrender certain sovereignties to the nation—so in this compact world nations must decide what objectives must be sought by joint and common action instead of individuality.

The concept still seems, to many men and women, to be too idealistic to be achievable in our time. Perhaps it is. But a reading of history aright can lead us only to the conclusion that we have reached a stage in human social evolution when nothing else will take us effectively onward to world order and

stability and peace. And all the controversy and chaos of the last 25 years has centered about men's search for that kind of substitute for imperialism as a basis for world order—a search for the pattern of collective security which can lift us out of chaos, on the one hand, and free us, on the other, from the recurring dangers of tyranny and despotism.

You go out from this auditorium to fight not just for unconditional surrender, not just for military victory, but for a new basis of world order. You go out now to take your full part as free Americans, as warriors for a free world, in that enterprise. I congratulate you and wish you Godspeed, success, and a safe return.

[At the time of interviews by Joe Harrington in Hawaii back in December 1979, we found out then, that Koji had passed away almost a year ago. He was a Sempai so I had been looking for a piece of Koji to insert within these pages. Ed.]

THE HAWAII HERALD

Thursday, November 11, 1971

KOJI ARIYOSHI

...sums up his life philosophy



LET TRUTH LIVE IN ACTION

By Koji Ariyoshi

In focusing my thoughts on the subject matter before us—**LET TRUTH LIVE IN ACTION**—I grappled with myself to come up with the credentials which weighed in my favor when you selected your speaker for today.

It is obvious that I was not invited because I've made it. I have not. At my age, I have not achieved normal and accepted social prestige or comfortable living. My life has not been the success story of a Nisei of my vintage who obtained a college degree.

You have honored me by reaching into a retail flower shop to be your speaker. And this I believe is an exceptional departure in our social environment. We have had a change in our national political climate this year.

After our ping-pong team visited the People's Republic of China and President Nixon for the first time among United States presidents to call New China by its proper name instead of Red China or the enemy behind the bamboo curtain, it became apparent that the President for some reason wanted to thaw the frigid and hostile United States stance of two decades.

And this new development has brought me out of eclipse and lifted the imposed cloud of doubts from about me, just as the events of World War II convinced the Americans of Nisei loyalty.

How does this thaw change my place and appearance in society? Let's go back 25 years when I was contracted to do a book on my experience in China when a few Americans lived in caves and fought the war side by side against the Japanese with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Marshall Chu Teh and their comrades. I was one of a few Americans in the field who reported that U.S. policy then was formenting civil war in China, just as in Vietnam today.

Because Ambassador Hurley purged our China experts from the U.S. embassy in Chungking, there came a time that I was assigned to report directly to General Wedemeyer, Commander of U.S. forces in China. Once I told the general that if we did not encourage coalition government but assisted Chiang Kaishek to wage a civil war, we would become involved, and Chiang will in the end be defeated. The general

seemed surprised since we had trained divisions after divisions of Chiang's troops and equipped them with modern weapons. He said, "What if the Americans fought with Chiang?" I explained that the Japanese troops could not defeat the Communist guerrilla troops, although the Japanese built block-house fortresses all over North China in peasant populated territory. The Japanese troops could live on salted rice balls and pickled plums. Not the Americans whose life style is different. The Japanese are Orientals. White Americans will stick out like a sore thumb in the village and be hated by the Chinese.

General Wedemeyer sent me to report my observations to Ambassador Hurley. The Ambassador made me sit on his bed. He was in shirt tail and BVD and stocking feet. This was our ambassador and he was trying to tie a knot in his tie when I arrived. When I left, he was still trying to tie his knot. In the 45 minutes, as I told him my observations in North China and why his policy was wrong, he shook his finger in my face and said he had removed his double-crossing China experts who were stabbing him in the back. He said he stabs deeper and then twists his knife. I did not want to leave without communicating my observations and so the haranguing ambassador was still fumbling with his tie when I left.

I was writing this experience 25 years ago when our country began moving toward McCarthyism. First came the Taft-Hartley act to chop away organized workers' gains and hard won rights under the earlier Wagner Labor Relations Act. Anti-unionism became the order of the day to silence workers and dull their militancy, just as we experienced in the 1949 dock strike.

So in this political climate the publishers shelved my manuscript, although they gave me a fair sum of money for my work.

Now, in a healthier climate, recently the Honolulu Star-Bulletin published a five-part series by me on my China experiences. And the content of the articles was the same as that of the book manuscript I wrote 25 years ago. But a big publisher in New York was then afraid to publish it.

So the cloud has lifted and I am open to full scrutiny in the bright lights of human observation.

My credentials to speak to you are the composite of

experiences of a life that has been to me interesting, challenging, and fruitful. I have seen change and sought change in society, and by choice taken up unpopular causes. And the sum total of my experiences is INNER SATISFACTION.

There were times in my life when I could have taken a different route. Had I done so, I could never have achieved inner satisfaction. And I am sure I would not be here today to address you.

Let me give you one or two examples. There was a time when a proposition was made to me, and if I had accepted, I would not have been jailed for the thoughts I possess.

I edited a pro-labor weekly when our unions were fighting for recognition. I was warned by friends that I would be attacked by the establishment and be destroyed. Once I even got an overture of some offer, a reward, if I would sell out. But I could not betray the working people for I came from them and I knew they needed change—to live better and to be able to hold their heads up.

Then there was a time when two prominent people approached me, both separately. They propositioned that I team up with Jack Kawano, a prominent Nisei labor leader, to oppose the haoles in the union and take away the rank and file votes from Jack Hall and his group. These politicians wanted the workers' votes and aid, we local people must stick together, and not be influenced by outside ideology.

I had no power to sway thoughtful and mature rank and file workers. They read my paper and trusted me. And I had no desire to even attempt devious and damaging moves to split the union.

Jack Kawano who would have been immortalized by his union brothers turned against us in bitterness, he fabricated stories and pointed his fingers at us from the witness stand as government witness. This was a time of thought control and fear. While he took the stand to state that we conspired to overthrow the government by force and violence, I know and he knew that we had worked together to organize workers who deserved to be organized for the good life.

Kawano did not go to jail as we did. But I am certain that as he lives away from Hawaii, as he was forced to do, he has no inner satisfaction.

This inner satisfaction has ingredients. One is observation. I

call this awareness consciousness—a state of mind developed by social influences.

In my case, it was a mother who early influenced me and gave me a good beginning. I believe she approved of my life although I was the only one in my family who looked out from inside a prison cell, and although I am the only one in my family who made it to the university, and didn't become a teacher, lawyer or doctor but ended up a florist.

Why do I say she approved? During the Smith Act trial she visited me from Pahala on the Big Island. She called all her children together, all adults since I was the youngest surviving. She declared, "Why do you avoid Koji?" She looked at her children and asked, "Why be afraid? What wrong has been done? Everyone is afraid. In my time, when life was miserable and we worked like slaves, Mr Makino and Mr Soga helped the plantation workers and they were tried in court and they were jailed."

So I have more than a little of the 85-pound illiterate immigrant woman who worked from dawn to darkness on our coffee farm and tried to outwork our hired hoe hana men. If I were to ask her how would we realize truth in action, I believe she would say ultimately—life is struggle, full of challenges, full of sufferings, and constant effort to bring change for a good life.

And I would accept this—that life is full of interaction, always changing. And the changes that take place among us, in our daily experiences, take place on larger scale universally.

And this change, the never-ending movement in life, in our universe is the immutable truth. Truth is dynamic, impermanence. And once we discover and embrace this truth, we can learn to live with inner satisfaction. For when hard times come, when we suffer, when we take a position and are persecuted, we know that this is not fate but something that is changeable and human being can muster this change.

In vast areas of the world, heavily populated hundred of millions of unschooled, oppressed people are finding this truth. And many of these backward countries are primitive, suggesting the environment that Buddha himself traveled to spread his teaching to encourage the suffering.

Let us look at the greatest issues of today. It is peace or destruction. A major center of this struggle is Vietnam.

Basically the problem is not the danger of Communist takeover. It is the landlord system where the landholder takes 60 to 70 per cent of the crop from peasants and brutalizes and seduces the peasant family. The peasants have awakened that their suffering can be lifted, and they took to China as example. While the Vietnam peasants need change, our country has tried to stop this change and keep the landlords and their government in power. We defoliate, destroy crops, move hundreds of thousands of peasants and herd them in camps, just as we Japanese were on the West Coast, but worse. We rain bombs on innocent children and women, we rape, we massacre as at My Lai and pour from the skies liquid fire called napalm. I say we because, if we interpret it right, we are a country of people enjoying democratic processes and voice—we are responsible for the visitation of horror and needless suffering and needless killing.

Vietnam is a Buddhist country. Your brethren—the Buddhists of Vietnam—have waged a valiant struggle for peace, for the good life and human dignity for the poor and suffering. They toppled the corrupt Diem regime.

In protesting and waging their spirited and total war, the Buddhists have fasted and many have set their human flesh to torch.

Does, let truth live in action, come alive by their experiences, this extreme forced upon them by circumstances and dedication to principles?

The freedom struggle of such people espousing deserved and needed change needs support, especially from us, when it is our misdirected and wrong policy that keeps the outmoded way of life saddled upon the people who look to brighter horizons.

Is it stretching too far the thought—Let Truth Live in Action—for Hawaii Buddhists to speak up against such inhumanity against humanity?

It takes courage to speak up and take action when doing so is unpopular, and you may be persecuted.

But may I ask—what is freedom of speech and action? We embrace this right not in a sunshine summer climate for then you can shout your dissent into the wind. You cherished this freedom and stand up to claim it when political storm center builds up, people run for cover in fear of repression. For it is then that freedom becomes a force for you to grasp to battle the

storm, and by convincing the majority, you restore sanity and peace of mind.

A person like Buddha was not immortalized because he dodged issues. He saw suffering, too much of it in his time. I am certain that there were times he begged for food. He walked in tattered rags. He walked barefooted to bring courage and comfort to the downtrodden.

In remembering him, today we meet in well-built temples, where sit gilded Buddha, clothed in ornamental vestment. Does great emphasis of this religious style detract from the teaching of Buddha which is to go to the masses and take their hands and lift them? Are we deeply concerned with building projects, with outward prestige; of comradeship among the few converts, and criticism of the off-beats of society?

I read in a thesis offered for a graduate degree at the university that crime among the Japanese in Hawaii increased after World War II because Buddhism was suppressed and set back during World War II.

This fact is a challenge to you to build in the direction of lifting the depressed, neglected, and poor segment of our community. It does not matter if juvenile delinquency does not involve as much Sansei and Yonsei as another ethnic group. Where you have crime and delinquency, the whole of society becomes affected.

This week we read of a survey that in rural Oahu hijacking affects one out of 6 high school students and one out of 5 junior high students. And 75 per cent of the students are afraid of physical harm on the campus.

Here are the suffering who need help. They are the people of tomorrow's world. I believe that it is rather late in life to administer to those smashed in youth by social pestilence. We can do so much with the growing. The quality of the seeds of tomorrow determines the character of our society. And bugs and diseases we must root out from our environment.

At this moment I am certain that some of our Sansei and Yonsei and their multiracial colleagues are out in Kaneohe or Palama or Maile, under the banner of Third Arm or Third World, trying to reach and help youngsters hooked on dope. I know their dedication and how they work. Many have long hair and walk barefooted. I have the highest regard for them. I am growing up like them, I would fight to be included among

them.

I as you, as an organization with members with deep social and moral understanding and high values, are you penetrating into such areas of our community?

The young in our society have been turned off because of the Vietnam War, the race for status and prestige and wealth and comfort by their parents. They are concerned people. And those who have lost hope take to drugs and adopt antisocial attitudes.

I know that the Buddhist church in Hawaii was once a dynamic organization. You may argue with deep sense of pride that your church is dynamic now.

But during Yemyo Imamura's period when churches were built and Buddhist influenced the young, your church produced the young leaders of the 1920 strike of Japanese sugar workers. I see this as a high point of your movement. Your church became involved in the basic welfare of the people, more so after Bishop Imamura helped settle a strike in Waipahu.

In viewing your church I turn to your leaders who were sent here from Japan. Many are young. I've heard some are progressive. But are they contributing their maximum potential?

I wonder if your priests truly understand the Japanese people of Hawaii—the early immigrants, the old and young Nisei, the Sansei and Yonsei. Are they familiar with their struggles—their heartaches and successes, and their proud contributions? I do not here refer to the bankers and business whose contributions to the churches have been substantially monetarily—I focus my attention to the thousands upon thousands of hoe hana men about whom little or nothing has been sung.

To appreciate the Japanese in Hawaii, our leaders must know our history. And conversant with our history, they can teach and train our youngsters and to nurture and structure them with ethnic pride so that they would hold up their heads, equal to anyone. I feel proud when I recall that thousands of Japanese contract laborers struck throughout the islands when Hawaii was annexed by the United States. They knew that the United States prohibited slavery and their lot was slavery with the use of blacksnake whips. They struck to demand from their plantation owners the piece of paper that made them chattel

slaves. And they wrested the contract papers and won freedom.

Even before then, our immigrant people did not bow their heads as some of us today, to make accommodations, to make a living. Image 200 Japanese laborers in 1890 rebelling against whipping and abuse at Kahuku, throwing down their tools and starting their march all the way to Honolulu at one in the afternoon.

They climbed the old Pali road, slippery rocks and muddy trail, all night long. In the morning at 7, soaking wet, they marched down Nuuanu Avenue to the Japanese Consulate to lodge their protest. They were fined \$5 a head when their food allowance was \$6 a month. And they were forced to march back to Kahuku. But again the following month they marched to Honolulu, to be fined again. The same experience took place on many plantations.

And may I add that the Japanese Consulate of that time played hand in glove with the sugar planters and Hawaiian kingdom to exploit the Japanese immigrants whose death rate was the highest of all people in Hawaii in the 1890's. So many bodies were maimed, diseased and so many suffered from night blindness through malnutrition.

In Hawaii we had Japanese leaders who made deals with the establishment to benefit themselves by exploiting the disadvantaged. The outstanding culprit was Joji Nakayama, the chief labor inspector brought from Japan, who received \$4,000 a year plus \$1,000 bonus from funds contributed by the workers. And the workers were getting \$120. Of course, Nakayama was a big man in that society. But in history he is a culprit. I feel that our Buddhist leaders from Japan should become familiar with our history to do effective work. A direct and militant approach will find response from our younger generation and your influence will grow. You have one of the truly great living religions with the ideals it teaches for the good life. Buddhism was the first universal religion.

In viewing the Japanese in Hawaii I look for a true leader, the type of leader who would excite the imagination and arouse appreciation among our youths.

Kikutaro Matsumoto, the first Japanese millionaire, probably would be the candidate of the older Nisei who struggled for status and prestige and acceptance by the haole community—and tried hard to absorb haole values.

Matsumoto was a great man who worked at the fertilizer company in Kalihi, taking his mentally ill wife to work and nursing her every day. At night he cooked and washed and mended their clothes. After he became a millionaire builder, he brought out his denim work uniform he had worn at the fertilizer company. It was quilted. Every night he had washed his one set of uniform and ironed it to dry to wear the next day.

As he held the work garment of yesteryear, he told his children, "Don't be ashamed of our money. It was earned honestly."

I like this man but I must reach further back in our history to the gannen mono of 1868, more than 100 years ago. I choose Tomisaburo Makino, a two-sworded samurai who volunteered to accompany the bums and riff-raffs of Yokoyama who immigrated to Hawaii and who were glad to leave Japan with depressed economy and civil wars.

This samurai was sent to Punahou to learn English by the Hawaiian government. When you read his letters to the Hawaiian Kingdom and the sugar planters, you would smile at his English construction but you would love and respect him.

He never gave an inch when it came to protecting the welfare of the gannen mono. In the days when sailing ships from the Orient did not call here but connected with Hawaii by way of California, he brought a Japanese ambassador here to rectify the injustices done his immigrants.

Our young people would love his story and hold him up as example. They would remember him, for our youngsters today are socially conscious. They are not interested in position or wealth. They want to reorder society to make it secure from social and ecological pollution, eroded values and destruction.

They care for the underdog. Give them opportunities and you will find out that they are great.

In raising my children I look back and feel that I was highly rewarded many times. I have been a negligent parent because I work from 8 in the morning to 11 at night to provide for my family. In the past few years there were times when I returned home to find my son waiting for me. He wanted to discuss Plato, Socrates, Voltaire, Marx and Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung. We would have dialogue till 1 and 3 in the morning and you can imagine the feeling of satisfaction I obtained from such an opportunity.

When we say let truth live in action, we should encourage change for the better. I have been more harshly criticized by my children, especially by my son. We must learn from people. We must become involved.

Those who are involved are the Buddhists in Vietnam and the Sanseis who are working in the slums of Honolulu to help the aged to get full Social Security benefits and other aids due them, and others who are assisting youngsters in trouble or are hooked on drugs. When most of us—the Nisei—grew up, we were accused of doubtful loyalty, we were denied jobs, we were discriminated against and we were concerned with individual security.

Today the whole world is concerned with total security—of survival. Unless we all pursue the road to peace, and demonstrate our concern, we will have more Vietnams, we will have more Buddhists turning their bodies into human torches in their supreme sacrifice and comparable acts of desperation.

One fact is clear—for the people of the underdeveloped countries, where most of our world's people live, through the commitment to Let Truth Live in Action, will grow among them. They want and deserve change.

We have silently permitted unnecessary killings which Buddha deplored.

The challenge to apply truth—the acceptance of dynamic changes—is before us on a world scale, and in our own small communities.

Today the greatest challenge to us comes from the People's Republic of China, where hundreds of millions of people do not carry the Bible or teachings of Buddha, but Mao Tse-tung's red book.

This is not Mein Kamp nor the exhortation of the Japanese Greater East Asia co-prosperity sphere. It is composed of teaching that primarily says that the people have the power to change and reorder society. While many criticize the exhortation of Mao as a personality cult, I feel that the day will come when the Chinese people are strongly united and not Mao's personality but teaching such as his will advance the Chinese people.

But one fact comes through—I see that in China there is no fear in educating and developing all the people, especially the long-suffering peasants who are finding their way into high

schools and colleges for the first time.

We must accept changes. China needed revolution and its people deserve it. And this holds true for people of the underdeveloped countries. They need revolution or change. And our guns and bombs will not stop their determination for changes.

There may come a day again when our administration may become involved in other Vietnams in our changing world and changing power relationships. And what I say now may be held against me as it has been in the past.

But when you want to let Truth Live in Action, how else can you state our case? I am happy as I view the world around us. I am happy because our youths are wonderful people. If not for them, if not for their challenging and protesting, we would still be committing more and more of our war effort into Vietnam and like areas.

While the young who seem strong, who quickly denounce Vietnam as wrong because they have better appreciation than we have, and they have more courage because of noncommitment in life and social status, this generation needs our support.

They are the strength and bedrock of our society. Work among them. Teach them and set their life's compass when they are young.

I look back to my childhood often, to the days when late at night after the night's hot bath, I massaged my small mother whose bones ached. It was then she told me so much. Every night she taught me something until she dozed feeling comfortable by the rubbing and kneading of her muscles by my fingers. I feel she gave me a good start in life.

Give your children and youngsters the opportunity to become involved with you, deeply involved, meaningfully involved. There is your beginning of contribution to let Truth Live in Action. And your philosophy and understanding of truth for change to the good life for many will spread as you would want it to embrace the world.



SEMPAI STORY BEGETS YANKEE SAMURAI

YANKEE SAMURAI and JOE D. HARRINGTON

We would be remiss if we did not include an account of Joe Harrington and the **Yankee Samurai** within the pages of this writing. Our **Sempai Gumi** book (booklet) played a small role in the writing of the **Yankee Samurai**, but conversely also, **Sempai Gumi**, revised, has gained considerable data from **Yankee Samurai**, and is deeply indebted to it.

I am real tired of writing, typing et cetera, so I have dug up the correspondence that set **YANKEE SAMURAI** rolling!

675 Cypress Street
Monterey, CA 93940
November 4, 1981

Hi Dick,

So glad that you came to the reunion.

I thought it was fabulous. I'm still up in the clouds over it, trying to recall the words of all of those distinguished people telling us how wonderful we were. But I have to get down to work on follow up activities. The Asian Department, UC Berkeley, Channels 4 and 7, San Francisco and the Tokyo Asahi want to produce YANKEE SAMURAI documentaries and features and have asked me to help. In short, the media understands that we are an extraordinary group with a marvelous story to tell. It all goes back to your SEMPAI GUMI papers.

Aloha.

Shig

Editor's Note

SHIGEYA "Shig" KIHARA—one of the original instructors when the MISL School first opened its doors in November 1941, in an abandoned hangar on Criss Field, adjacent to the Presidio of San Francisco, and who continued as the top instructor through Camp Savage and Ft Snelling, Minnesota and then back to the Presidio of Monterey, had just retired in early 1979, when he was "conned" into taking over the MIS NorCal Assn's **history book** project, after Richard Hayashi had been felled by a severe heart attack that same year which rendered him 'hors de combat'!

It was most convenient, or most coincidental that Shig had retired then—maybe, that was the thought of Noboru, "Noby" Yoshimura, one of the prime movers of this NorCal MIS Assn. He asked Shig one day to take over and to carry out the project to its completion. And, after a slight pause, 'tis said, "Shig said, For you Noby, okay!", or something to that effect! Just like that!

The title for the book, YANKEE SAMURAI was not original with Joe Harrington. It was one of Shig's suggestion of titles to Joe!



M.I.S. ASSOCIATION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, INC.

POST OFFICE BOX 5280 • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94111

September 28, 1972

Mr. Richard Oguro
145C Ala Mahamoe St.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Dear Mr. Oguro,

The Military Intelligence Service Association of Northern California was formally organized and incorporated in 1970.

At its 30th Anniversary Reunion held in November 1971 in San Francisco, California, the Association decided to undertake the important project of writing the history of Military Intelligence Service and the historic role played by intelligence personnel in the Southwest Pacific during World War II.

Recently, the Board of Directors of the Association met with Professor Roger Daniels of the History Department of New York State University and invited him to research and write the history for us. This is a project of major significance, and we are keenly aware of the fact that, to assure its success, we need the support and cooperation of all M.I.S. members everywhere.

Enclosed for your information is a copy of minutes of the meeting of our Association with Professor Daniels in San Francisco. We are asking for your support and assistance in the M.I.S. History Project. Please inform M.I.S. members in your area of the project.

We shall appreciate your advice and any material contributions to the history.

The History Project committeemen are: Dr. Paul Tekawa, Professor Lawrence Dowd, Mr. Thomas Sakamoto, Mr. Richard K. Hayashi and Mr. Saige Okazaki.

We shall try to keep you posted on the progress of the history project.

With warmest regards.

Sincerely yours,

William Nakatani

William Nakatani
Secretary

1542 Picardy Drive
Stockton, Ca. 95203
February 19, 1977

Dear Richard,

Just to let you know the good news. I finally found an author who is interested in writing our book. As you may know by now Prof. Daniels bugged out by writing to us that he was no longer interested in writing our book. In the meantime he published another book called, "Japanese-American." He didn't return our materials that we loaned him. Now, I have to rummage around my junk and see if I can find duplicate of what I have sent him. Oh, if you have a spare copy of "Sempai Gumi" I would appreciate it if you could send it to the new author.

The name of the new author is Joseph Harrington. He has published 3 books on Japanese submarine warfare. His latest book is a paperback called, "I-Boat Captain." This book is on the best seller list for the military literary guild. You can get it at any newstand. Joe worked under Francis Lederer who wrote the book "Ugly American." He is a former CPO in the Navy and served in Japan with the Public Relations Office of the U.S. Navy so he is well acquainted with the Japanese custom and etc. I believe that he spent some time at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. He is a free lance writer.

His address is Joseph Harrington, #209 2501 Lincoln, Hollywood, **Florida** 33020. He is planning to rent a post office in the near future.

I am going to write to him in a few days and tell him to contact you as the Hawaiian representative of the Japanese-American veterans who served with MIS during World War II. Incidentally he is primarily interested in writing about our experience during World War II and not too much on the Occupation Phase and the Korean Conflict. I hope you don't mind helping him get the information he needs for the book. I think he is going to prepare a questionnaire of some sort so that he can take off from there. The book will be ready for press by 1979 according to his schedule. Since his finances is unknown to us we may have to help him a little. He does request that any-time we write to him to include postage stamps for his reply to

you. I am planning to approach the board of directors of Nor-Cal MIS to approve funds to purchase postage stamps and other miscellaneous expenses that he may incur in writing our book. We shall see at the next meeting.

I see where the MIS veterans living around Minneapolis published a booklet about their experiences during World War II. I sent for a copy. Their ad is in the recent "Pacific Citizen" of the JACL. They are asking \$3.50 a copy. May be worthwhile getting for your library.

As for me I am still resting at home since I had my heart attack last year in August. I just had an arteriogram made of my heart and will know its results in 10 days. The x-rays looked very promising.

Hope everything is fine with you.

Rich H

Feb. 23, 1977

Dear Richard,

I am sending you a copy of Mr. Harrington recent letter of acceptance. He does give me a honest impression that he is interested in our book project.

Hope that you will be able to help him get the information he wants.

Sincerely yours,

Rich H.

P.S. The Southern Calif. 442nd Assn has republished the story of the 442nd. The title "Americans—Story of the 442nd Combat Team." \$10.00 per copy.

Feb. 8, 1977

Richard K. Hayashi
1542 Picardy Drive
Stockton, Calif. 95203

Dear Captain Hayashi,

I have yours of Jan. 11, enclosed with yours of Feb. 3 to my publisher.

Yes, I am interested . . . perhaps even intrigued . . . with the possibility of doing a book on the Nisei veterans. It will be a massive undertaking, however, since I normally gather 5-10 times as much information as I am able to put into a manuscript. In 1956-1958 I was press CPO in the public information office of Pacific Fleet Headquarters, under Capt. Bill Lederer (THE UGLY AMERICAN, and other best-sellers), and have ever since heeded his advice that "before you sit down to hit that typewriter, you must be the world's greatest living expert, at that point in time, on the subject you are to write about." I think that advice explains why I have come to be recognized as an expert on the Pacific naval war, why the Navy Department borrowed the working papers of my current book to correct its own records, and why I have never been even challenged on any **fact** contained in my writings.

Side comment. The Literary Guild of America has scheduled for I-BOAT CAPTAIN, the story of Japan's submarines at war, as its joint selection for June of its military book club.

I am sending copies of this letter to Professor Lawrence P. Dowd, Col. Rasmussen, and Gen. Weckerling, to appraise them of my interest in your suggestion that I do a book on the Nisei veterans. At the same time . . . by copy of this letter . . . I am making the same request of these gentlemen that I am going to make of you. (The request will be at the end of this letter).

My credentials. I'm a retired Navy CPO, with three published books to my credit. KAITEN (later reprinted as SUICIDE SUBMARINE, and offered in a package of Balantine's 9 best books on WWII), was about Japan's human torpedoes. RENDEZVOUS AT MIDWAY, published by John Day, reprinted in Paperback by Warner Books, was six months in the life of USS Yorktown, CV-5, opening at Nor-

folk., Va. when she got word of the Pearl Harbor attack, and ending with her going down after the Midway battle. It was recently published in Japanese. I-BOAT CAPTAIN was written with Zenji Orita (JMSDF, RET), one of Japan's top submarine captains.

My method of working is to gather all the information I can, then decide how to go about shaping up a book. For openers, I am interested, and wish to pursue this project.

I need to know a number of things. So, I ask Prof. Dowd to tell me about the beginnings of your book writing project, among other things. I also ask you, Captain Hayashi, for your version, and especially suggest that neither of you compare notes. I will win now through everything received, and ask lots of further questions, believe me. I also ask you, Captain, for the names and addresses of other persons on your historical project, and that you ask them to cooperate with me.

While waiting to hear from you, I will start my basic research, obtaining from the library the books you have listed, plus any others available right now. I also ask all four of you gentlemen to list for me any other books or sources you recommend.

As we move along, I hope all of you, and some other people, will send along to me whatever materials you would like me to use. In each case, so that you will **certainly** get them back (always a horrible task for a writer), I will ask you to send me stamps equal to what you had to put on the package, as postage costs add up rapidly while doing this kind of work. I am not yet accomplished enough to live on the income of my writing alone, and like to keep my "investment" (other than my time and labor) to the minimum possible.

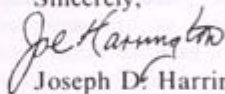
So I now come to my request. I ask each of you gentlemen to write me **very long** letters, telling me about your interest in this book, about **yourselves**, and about your experiences as related to the efforts of Nisei soldiers. Be leisurely, please. Also, list any sources, including names and addresses of other persons, you recommend. Having had experience with the military history offices, I prefer to gather all info I can from other sources than D.C., so that I can be **specific** when dealing with the dust-covered bureaucrats. They are good people, and helpful, but I have an obligation to let them know **what** I am looking for when I approach them.

In the letters I ask you gentlemen to write me, I'd appreciate some biography, including place of birth, rearing, some background on parents and your education, plus your personal experiences upon reaching maturity. I will, as time passes, ask you and others for your knowledge of the internment camps of WWII, because I have to try to understand . . . before I can attempt to explain it to others . . . why a man would want to serve a country that had done such a horror to him and his.

Gentlemen, I think we may have a winner here. I close with asking your patience. It takes a long time to do a good book, and see it on the stands. At the moment, I would say this would not be obtainable by a purchaser before mid-1979 . . . **at the earliest**. I don't work slowly, but I do work accurately. And I overlook nothing, great or small, that will help me tell the best yarn I can develop.

I look forward to hearing from all of you, and am honored that you have thought of me.

Sincerely,



Joseph D. Harrington

#209

2501 Lincoln St.,

Hollywood, Florida 33020

Tel: 305-923-5908

I was born in 1923, about the same time most of the men I'm writing about in *YANKEE SAMURAI* were. Like them, I grew up during The Great Depression. Like them, I am the child of immigrants, the 13th of 16 children born to a couple who migrated to Boston from one of the world's most desolate areas . . . Newfoundland. Like them, I have known prejudice and isolation, growing up in a tenement ghetto called Charlestown, a part of Boston you didn't tell any employer you were from if you wanted a job. My mother was a scrubwoman and my father a long shoreman in the days when many cargoes had to be loaded by hand, with men lugging it up gangways on their backs. My parents had 8 years of education between the two of them but, like *Issei* parents, hammered into their kids that hard work and education were keys that could eventually open doors to opportunity. I also identify with *Nisei* in two other ways. No relative of mine has ever appeared on welfare rolls. And the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Jesuit priests were at least as tough as any *sensei* who ever wielded a rattan.

I am not an "intellectual," pompously writing about "our" Japanese. I own no one, and no one owns me. Whatever I might have, I earned. I am writing about Americans like myself, differing from them only in that my eyes are round and blue, who saw the American dream, wanted it, and didn't kid themselves about it. They knew it had to be earned, and perhaps even fought for, and were willing to do both so they might have it. They did, and *YANKEE SAMURAI* is their story.

My father could as easily have been Japanese, as Irish, in attitude. He was master in his house, while my mother (who could as easily have been Japanese) was the spiritual guide, the dispenser of love and hope. When I left home for the Navy my father told me two things. One was "Trust everyone, but cut the cards!" The other was "There ain't no such thing as a *free* lunch. If a saloon puts out sandwiches to take, the beer costs more!" No one needs to master 5000 Kanji characters, to translate what my father told me.

I am a present, of peasant stock, and will settle for that. Perhaps it is why the sons of peasants have talked to me, though we spoke no common language. Like Saburo Sakai, the ace who shot down Colin Kelly. Like Nobuo Fujita, the only man who ever bombed America. Like Yahachi Tanabe,

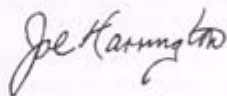
who sank USS Yorktown at Midway. Like Yutaka Yokota, a **kaiten** pilot who failed to die for his country only because his suicide weapon was damaged by sea water. Like Mochitsura Hashimoto, who sank the USS Indianapolis. Like Tadao Oonuki, one of two enlisted men to survive Betio, Tarawa. And others, who loved their native land and served it the best they knew.

And who am I, a peasant writing about the descendants of peasants, writing YANKEE SAMURAI for? Well, first for me. And, secondly, for other descendants of peasants.

Why? To inspire them beyond their immediate horizons. To demonstrate for them, via factual presentation of actual happenings, in the words of the men who lived the events, that the America we like to talk about **truly is possible**.

My story will have a happy ending, the telling of successes achieved by various **Nisei** after their fighting was done. Between the covers of YANKEE SAMURAI lies the **actual story** of men who believed that they were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; and among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

And then went out and made damned sure they got them!



March 30, 1977

Hi Joe,

Dick Hayashi wrote me earlier (about 3 weeks ago) to expect correspondence from you.

I profess I am not a writer.

At the moment I'm sending you whatever copies of items I have on file, which is not much either.

The only copy I cannot send you at this time, is a copy of the Sempai Gumi publication-a compilation of about 70 pages which include individual members memoirs such as the 14 Niseis with Merrill's Murders written by Akiji Yoshimura and has had wide publicity already. Dick Hayashi must have sent you a copy of this story.

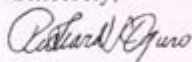
Then we have other "Works" written by us peons-Richard Ishimoto, Sadao Toyama, Masami Tahira, Dick Oguro.

'Tis really tough to get guys to write about themselves-their experiences.

But wish you all the luck in the world for trying to do it on our behalf.

Will help all I possibly can.

Sincerely,



Richard S. Oguro

April 4, 1977

Dear Dick,

Many thanks for yours. I've already made mailings (tonight) to most of the fellows on the list, and will get the rest out after picking up more stamps tomorrow.

Meanwhile, can you give me the **best possible** addresses on the following gents? I have dual addresses on them.

Robert Y. Honda, Howard K. Hiroki, Gerald Kobayashi, Eddie Mitsukado, Ken Harano, Spady Koyama, Roy Takai, Joe Iwataki.

Sidney Mashbir is dead, isn't he? Or is his address still good?

If you can get the word around to the fellow in Hawaii, I'd appreciate it. I am especially interested in hearing from Arthur Komori, who must be well up in years.

In 1956-58 I was Press CPO at CinCPacFlt PIO, and lived at 98-146 Pahemo St., near Pearl City Junction. I knew Bob Kraus and Buck Buchwach of the Advertiser, and also J. Aku.

The No. Cal. chapter has agreed to underwrite part of my research expenses, and will probably fly my wife and myself to S.F. later this year. Depending upon the state of my purse at that time, I may come on to Honolulu (my wife's dream vacation spot, all her life).

Here's my presently-planned calendar. Interview Weckerling and Rasmussen as soon as possible. Do archives research in D.C. during June. Get a monster questionnaire in the mail in May. Go to S.F. (and maybe Hawaii) in November or early December. Finish the book by next March.

I now have **two** major publishers interested, but need to hear from more fellows before I can draft a proposed outline of the book for them to see. Hope to be able to accomplish that this month, if I can.

I look forward to your next.

All the best,



P.S. Thanks for your story. The copy included in what Dick sent me had all the words on the left chopped **in half**. Ho, ho, ho.

April 9, 1977

Dear Joe,

Sorry I cannot help you much about the double addresses you have on some names on the roster.

If you looked on the date of issue of the directory-it's dated 1971. Guys could have moved many times since then. Besides, don't keep your hopes up too high that you will have a good percentage of responses. I've tried to get responses for our publication. But, good luck!

Tried re-verifying the addresses through out current telephone directory (1977) but no luck.

Howard K. Hiroki was the only one that I could find listed. His address as given on the directory is correct.

Robert Y. Honda, Eddie Mitsukado (still in Japan, I think), Ken Harano (also, still in Japan, I think), and Roy Takai, their addresses as given in the directory are the last known correct addresses.

Spady Koyama has moved back to Washington (state). His current address I do not know (however, Noby Yoshimura, No. Cal Asso member would be the fella to contact. Incidentally, he is a prime mover in this association.

Joe Iwataki-his corrected last known address: 2534 74th Ave. Oakland, CA 94605.

Gerald Kobayashi is really the "big gunner" as far as Camp Savage-Ft Snelling era is concerned. He was the WO in the office of Col Kai Rasmussen. Also he runs the So. Cal MIS Asso, I think. Unless he has moved, or you have a current directory of the So. Cal, the address given in our directory is the last known correct address.

Yes, Sidney Mashbir is deceased. But possibly he may have had a family who might still be living at that address? Just thinking out loud.

Other address correction I submit at this time.

Sadao Toyama: 3350 Sierra Drive., Hon., Hi 96816. He contributed an article to our cause on his activities in the CBI.

Roy Nakada c/o Nakada & Makiya, Central P.O. Box 611, Naha, Okinawa, Japan. Now a lawyer. Could contribute a lot, I think, if he would.

Hachiro Kita (My bridge instructor): 4425 Carr Street, Wheat Ridge Colorado 80033. Stayed in Japan, during occupation period. Was a GS22-23, I believe.

Iida-his name is Harry, not Bill.

A few others whom you could contact, if you don't have these yet.

Charles Tatsuda-1455 West Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn 55408. He is one of the prime movers of a small MIS group in the mid-west section of the USA. This group spearheaded a memorial which was placed in the Normandale Memorial Garden, Normandale, Minn.

George Matsui (same group as Tatsuda. Haven't seen this guy since we left Savage. 5210 Villa Way Apt #243 Edina, Minn 55436.

The following were not in our original group from Hawaii nor the mainland, but could give good accounts if they want to:

Toma Tasaki (CBI) 2011 Date St., Hon., Hi 96822. Retired principal.

Takeo Nagamori 708 Twin View Dr., Hon., Hi 96817.

Sohei Yamate 580 Ulumalu St., Kailua, Hi 96734.

Billy Tokuda 2180 Aoa St., Hon., Hi 96819.

Koji Ariyoshi (CBI). A rather controversial figure. A writer, damn good one (new-articles). Has visited mainland China. Maybe best to try to contact him personally if and when you get to Hawaii.

A good source possibly too: Kenji Goto: 98-869 Lalawai Dr., Aiea, Hi 96701.

A good friend of Richard Ishimoto. I understand from Richard that he, Kenji, has a large collection of incidents, episodes of MIS'ers of his time. could try contacting Richard first. (Richard contributed an article to our cause too. Wants to see badly a publication come out about the MIS. Of course, would like to see his article in print!) Hope Kenji's address is the correct one. By the way, you might check with Richard too on the correct address of the guys in question-sends out the meeting calls to the members of the Sempai Gumi-that's what we call ourselves.

Sent copies of your letter to editors of all leading newspapers on all principal islands of the 50th state.

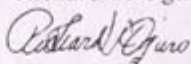
Yes, Arthur Komori's story would be a most interesting one!

He is now a practicing attorney on Kauai. Current address residence: 4176 A Hoala St., Lihue, Hi 96766.

Pau for now.

Sincerely,

Richard S. Oguro



P.S. Addenda: Betty Uchiyama, Fusao Uchiyama's wife turned in all of the MIS memoirs (photo albums, newspaper clippings, and other articles) to me. She was originally the office secretary at Camp Savage-Snelling.

Enclosed some stuff from her collection. Please be kind enough to **return** them, please.

Of interest might be: That the present governor of Hawaii, George R. Ariyoshi, is an MIS-er!

From time to time, I probably would be sending you stuff. All those marked **PLEASE RETURN**—please honor, Tanx.

July 9, 1977

Richard Oguro,

Dear Dick,

Dick Hayashi gave me a couple of valuable leads I've been looking for, and I need your help in chasing down one of them.

First, let me bring you up to date. I have been working very closely with Shig Kihaya, and results have been extremely rewarding. My excitement grows, as more and more information develops. I am sending a copy of this letter to Shig, so he'll know what I'm doing. As my channel, I need to keep him totally informed. I'm also sending a copy to Dick Hayashi, who kindly sent me two books and titles of several others, so he'll know I'm aware of his help and am chasing down his leads.

Shig has had an "introduction" letter printed up, which I drafted for his O.K. It goes out July 20 to several hundred MIS people (including you and Hayashi). Its purpose is to pave the way for my questionnaire-guide, which is due to go out August 1. By September 1, I hope, the individual stories should start rolling in.

Now, then, to you. Would you please contact a Mr. Yempuka (he was in an article you sent me, and I think his name is or was changed from the original). Ask him to write me and give me a general rundown on O.S.S. activities by Nisei. I understand he is a fountain of information.

I am asking Shig to send a special letter to J. W. Ryssin, who can give me lots of information about the secret POW camp at Byron Hot Springs, Calif.

I am also making a special effort, with Shig, to get info from people who had to do with the radio station at Savage.

Once I have sufficient info from these people, I know I can go ahead and outline the book for one of the four major publishers already interested, and in time get a go-ahead signal from one.

I have now set December for my visit to the West Coast and Hawaii. If you are working on that, I am thankful. Would you please write Mr. Kihara, at 675 Cypress St., Monterey, California 93940, so you can cooperate with him on travel arrangements?

I will interview Thorpe, Rasmussen and Weckerling in August, and do research in Washington during November. After that, **tomodachi**, we get to meet.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Joe".

August 12, 1977

Dick Oguro,

Hi Dick,

Shig tells me you are to be our man in Hawaii. Great!
Here's my planned schedule.

Arrive Honolulu Monday, Dec. 5. Spend rest of day with you, or dopping off at Hale Koa, getting ready.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday . . . Dec. 6, 7, 8, 9. Three interviews a day, at my hotel if possible. At 9 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Saturday, Dec. 10. Fly over to Lihue and tape Arthur Komori. (Got an O.K. from him in the mail today). Go over there **very early**. (Please check on usual earliest flight, will you, for me?)

Same afternoon. Fly to Maui, and tape John Burden (he has already given me an O.K.).

Return to Honolulu that night, or early Sunday morning, December 11.

Take Sunday off, or spend it consulting with you. Tape you. That would get 15 interviews out of the way.

I'd like to visit with Gov. Ariyoshi, on Monday, in the **morning** if that is O.K. with him. Take the rest of that day off. This can be fluid as hell, and I'll work into the Governor's schedule. That's December 12.

That takes care of 16 interviews.

I'd then like to go back to the three-a-day for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Same hours . . . 9 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. Dec. 13, 14, 15, 16.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday off . . . Dec. 17, 18, 19. I say "off," but make it fluid, too. I'll be available for whatever you want to do.

(If J. Aku is still operating, I know he'll give me air time. If you talk to him, remind him that I was Press Chief at Fleet Headquarters PIO 20 years ago, under Pickett Lumpkin and Bill Lederer). (Same with Bob Krausse, if he's still with the Advertiser).

There's a fellow out there named Ed Sheehan, who might help, too. He's in public relations, and ought to be pretty big in

it by now.

Remind Sheehan, Krausse, and J. Aku that I'm the guy who had the Fleet Reserve Association people wheel the famous TURQUOISE WHEELBARROW all over Honolulu, collecting money for the March of Dimes in 1958. They'll then remember me.

I'd like to have Tuesday, Dec. 20 **absolutely free**. Want to visit my old office, and also get a private tour of Pearl for my son and myself. My son, Matthew, who is also a writer, will be with me. He is 17, and does science fiction.

That will leave us Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (Dec. 21, 22, 23) to wrap things up, Dick.

We would then have as much of the weekend as you desired, plus Monday, Dec. 26, for wrapping up everything.

(I'm going to leave any sightseeing stuff to you, Dick, although I would like to do two things . . . take the trip around the Island with my son, and also go out to 98-146 Pahemo St., a house I used to own, near Waimalu Creek, Diamond Head of Pearl City Junction and one block mauka of Kam Highway, and take a snapshot of the place. It's in lower Aiea, I think the section might be called).

I want to depart for San Francisco on the earliest plane possible, on Dec. 27.

My son will be with me, Dick, not my wife. I got a divorce less than a month ago, and will not comment further on it except to say that as a result my personal life has straightened out a hell of a lot.

Now, then, I put myself completely in your hands regarding Hawaii. There are a couple of main things I'd appreciate your handling, when setting up everything else. I will follow your lead all the way.

1. Hotel accommodations from early morning (want to switch hotels) from Monday, Dec. 19, to Tuesday, Dec. 27. Anything you line up will be O.K. CHEAP, please.

2. Make arrangements for my Dec. 10 flight to Lihue and Maui, to tape Arthur Komori and John Burden. I will advise them that you are making arrangements. All other persons I've contacted in Hawaii, whom I seek to interview, have been advised that you will know my plans. Please contact Komori (P.O. Box 407, Lihue, Kauai 96766) and J. Alfred Burden (Box 125, Kahului, Maui 96732). I will let them know that you will

be contacting them, and will give the date of Saturday, December 12, for Komori. If I can't make an early afternoon connection from Kauai to Maui on Saturday, and an evening flight back to Honolulu, I'll leave it to you to juggle things around, and I could over night in Lihue or Kahului, as necessary.

That's it for now, Dick. I know it's almost impossible to line things up this far in advance, so I suggest we use my schedule, with you varying it as necessary. Just as long as I see all who want to see me, that's all that counts.

I will probably have some more alternate names, in case we have gaps, or you may suggest some. As of right now, however, the people I want to see in Hawaii are:

George Ariyoshi (Governor); Koji Ariyoshi; John Burden; Ron Chagami; Juan Dahlig; Howard Furumoto; Baron Goto; Timmie Hirata; Howard Hiroki; Masao Inouye; Ed Kawahara; Arthur Komori; Donald Kuwaye; Mas Marumoto; Herbert Miyasaki; Mrs. Robert Motoyama, maybe; Saburo Nakamura; yourself; Shiro Sakaki; Sadao Toyama; Thomas Tsubota; Fusao Uchiyama; Ben Yamamoto; Richard Ishimoto. Shig also recommends Eddie Mitsukado. See if you can track him down, will you?

Enclosed is a letter I've sent Shig. Copy and use it as you see it.

cc: Hilaru

P.S. Note my new address.

JOSEPH D. HARRINGTON-HAWAII VISITATION
December 5-26, 1977

ITINERARY

- December 5 (Mon) Arrival from Oakland on U/A Flt. 1093 at 12:10 PM. Hale Koa Check-in. Lunch R n' R until 6:00 PM. 7:00 PM-Cocktail Reception at DAV Youth Center Pavilion.
- December 6 (Tues) One: Mrs. Koji Ariyoshi, 1204 Elizabeth St., Hon., HI 96816. At Home. (Ill-disposed-No interview made) (11:30 AM interview with Joe Arakaki of the Star Bulletin)
- Two: Ronald Chagami, Vocational Rehab Office, Miller & Punchbowl, Hon., HI 548-2211. At Work Interviewed.
- Three: Kazuo Yamane, 2206 University Ave., Hon., HI 96822. Interviewed at office-Kalihi Shopping Center 7:00 PM.
- December 7 (Wed) One: Howard Furumoto, Care Animal Hospital, 1135 Kapahulu Ave., Hon., HI 96816. Interviewed at work.
- Two: Baron Goto, 2243 Hoonanea St., Hon., HI 96822. Interviewed at home.
- Three: Timmie (Teichiro) Hirata, 3325 Kaohinani Dr., Hon., HI 96817. Interviewed at dinner.

December 8 (Thurs) One: Howard Hiroki, Coopers & Lybrand
CPA, Pacific Trade Center, Hon.,
HI 96813. Away on a Japan trip

Two: Edwin Kawahara, American Mu-
tual Life Insurance, 1181 Alakea
St., Hon., HI 96813. Interviewed
at Hale Koa.

Three: Masao Inouye, 6750 Hawaii Kai
Dr., Hon., HI 96825. Interviewed
at home.

December 9 (Fri) One: Don Kuwaye, 520 Kamoku St.,
Hon., HI 96826. Interviewed at
work.

Two: Masaji Marumoto, 4999 Kahala
Ave., (Apt. 343) Hon., HI 96816.
Interviewed at home.

Three: Herbert Miyasaki, 1934 Uluwehi
Pl., Hon., HI 96822. Interviewed
at Club 100.

December 10 (Sat) Leave for Kauai H/A Flt. 103 at
7:15 AM. Arrival at 7:41 AM. Break-
fast and interview with Arthur Ko-
mori. Pick up Satoru Kudaishi en-
route to Kokee, at Big Save, Wai-
mea pick up S. H. Kawakami. Ben
Tashiro also accompanied the group.
Afternoon-Islander Hotel check-in.
Contact Bob Oda. 6:00 PM-recep-
tion at Hanamaulu Chop Suey.
All Kauai arrangements courtesy
of BEN TASHIRO. Hank Naka-
mura and othes interviewed this
night.

December 12 (Mon)

Leave for Kahului, Maui on H/A Ft. 296 departing at 11:00 AM. Hotel check-in (Maui Beach) and Luncheon Reception-Dutch Treat.

Interviewed Toshi Enomoto and Brother Galston (unlisted) but most interesting. Goichi Shimanuki 547 Kaa Circle, Kahului. Interviewed as scheduled. Bob Oda (of Kauai) also got to talk with Joe. Finally got hold of Dr. Alfred J. Burden at his home. Very interesting interview. That evening, caught Tom Yamada on way home from an evening at the Maui Beach after taking in a show. Interesting interview at his home.

December 12 (Mon)

Leave for Hilo on H/A Ft. 312 at 12:10 PM. Arrival in Hilo at 12:38 PM. Hotel check-in at Hilo Lagoon. Amos Nakamura only person interviewed in Hilo. Others imply refused. Amos hosted a dinner meeting at the Waiakea Lodge.

December 13 (Tues)

Return to Honolulu Via H/A Ft. 214 leaving at 1:00 PM. Arrive Hon. 1:40 PM. Check back into the Hale Koa.

One: Governor George Ariyoshi. Capitol. Play by ear. Governor to let us know convenient date and time. (Joe was never able to meet with the Governor.)

- Two: Richard Moritsugu, 1633 D 10th Ave., Hon., HI 96816. Nice interview at home.
- Three: Arthur Castle, 781 Sunset Ave., Hon., HI 96816. Interviewed at home. (Had changed his name while in the service from Oshiro to Castle!)
- December 14 (Wed) One: Saburo Nakamura, 747 Hao St., Hon., HI 96821. Interviewed at home.
- Two: Tom Imada, 1541 Alencastre St., Hon., HI 96816. Interviewed at Hale Koa.
- Three: Thomas "Kewpie" Tsubota, 911 11th Ave., Hon., HI 96816. Interviewed at home.
- December 15 (Thurs) One: Sadao Toyama, c/o Moanalua Exchange, 2838 Kam Hi-Way, Hon., HI 96819. Interviewed at work.
- Two: Fusao Uchiyama, DOE Special Educ. Interviewed at work.
- Three: Dick Oguro, Interviewed at home.
- December 16 (Fri) One: Ben Yamamoto, Hi-way Service, Pearl City Shop Centr. Interviewed at home.
- Two: Mrs. Robert Motoyama, 3549 Akaha Pl., Hon., HI 96822. No contact made.

Three: Richard Ishimoto, 520 Kamoku St., Hon., HI 96826. Interviewed at Club 100.

December 17 (Sat) Attended DAV (Chapt. 8) Christmas Party first-talked with Walter Kajiwara and Norima Horimoto. Then to B Company.

December 18 (Sun) 98-146 Pahemo St. Waimalu-RE-VISITED. PM attended MIS Christmas Party-First Insurance Bldg. Talked with many.

December 19 (Mon) CHANGE RESIDENCE. From Hale Koa to Harbor Shores Apartments. 98-145 Lipoa Pl. Around-the-Island tour. PM interviewed James Shigeta. Want to see Norman Kikuta and Richard Sumida too.

December 20 (Tues) CINCPACFLT RE-VISITED. Private tour of Pearl Harbor too. Interviewed Robert Nakamura at Club 100 in the evening.

December 21 (Wed) One: Yoshio Morita, Towill Corp., 1600 Kapiolani Blvd., Hon., HI. No contact made.

Two: Takeo Nagamori, Sears, Pearlridge Shop Centr. Interviewed at my residence.

Three: Mark Murakami, 2019 Huaki Pl., Hon., HI 96817. Interviewed at home.

- December 22 (Thurs) One: Billy Tokuda, 2180 Aoao St., Hon., HI 96819. Interviewed at work.
- Two: Ralph Yempuku, 777 Ward Ave., Rm. 10. No contact made-too busy.
- Three: Tony Koura, 1778 Ala Moana Blvd., Apt. 1503. Not MIS but interested. Librarian from Hickam Field. Interviewed at home-Discovery Bay.
- Four: Michael Miyatake, 98-559 Puaali Pl., Aiea, HI 96701. Contact made after list was made up. Offered to translate finished form into Japanese edition!
- December 23 (Fri) One: Don S. Okubo, Control Data Bldg., 3115 Paa St. Interviewed at work.
- Two: Wallace Amioka, 4844 Matsonia Dr., Hon., HI 96816. Interesting interview at home.
- Three: George Sonoda, 4288 Kaimanahila St., Hon., HI 96816. Interesting talks at home.
- December 24 (Sat) One: Seian Hokama, 3514 Ala Hapuu St., Hon., HI 96819. Interviewed at home.
- Two: Warren Higa, Capital Investment Bldg., 239 Merchant St., Hon., HI 96813. No contact at work or at home made.
- Three: Edward M. Sumida, 1529 St. Louis Dr. Very interesting interview. Intercepting Jap. air-ground transmissions.

December 25 (Sun)

CHRISTMAS DAY

December 26 (Mon)

One: Dr. Thomas Ige, 3951 Lurline Dr., Hon., HI 96816. Had to come back, because he couldn't miss his football on TV. Great interview. Through his efforts, all-Okinawan MIS Teams trained and sent to Okinawa.

Two: Warren Sakuma, 1516 Liholiho St., Hon., HI 96822. No contact.

Three: Hakumasa Hamamoto, 1926 S. King St., Hon., HI 96816. No contact.

December 27 (Tues)

Department Hon on U/A Flt. 180 bound for San Francisco at 9:30 AM.

BOX SCORE: 45 listed interviews. 11-non contacts. Sub total: 34.7 un-expected interviews made-grand total of interviews made in Hawaii **41.**

July 12th

Dear Dick,

Hope you had not despaired of hearing from me. Of course, I could not possibly forget about your request for Mitsukado's address. The trouble is; that guy's not listed in the US Forces telephone directory, there are others, like myself, who know him but don't know his mailing address. Once in a while, I run across him at the golf course. Is about all. And, as usual, when you need one's address, you just don't see him for awhile. But got it, I did, which is what counts. His address:

Hq 5th Air Force
PMLD
APO San Fran 96503

To make up for the tardiness, I got you another address. Met Ken Harano—he was selected as instructor after graduation—at a get together at the Sanno Hotel about 10 days ago. Believe something by him should be quite interesting and a change from the contributions of those who were shipped to Alaska, Australia, India-Burma, the Central Pacific. He has been here since the Occupation, then with MAAGJ for quite awhile and now with:

Current address: CNFJ
N2
FPO Seattle 98762

For these many years, I think his work has been with the generals and admirals class. Should be interesting, no?

July 13th. Was interrupted last nite. A Japanese couple dropped in to discuss how they could short change the tax office, a traditional practice of all companies and businessmen and other people who became subject to taxes beyond their salary income—just like the French, I've heard.

Man! But it's hot these days; the humidity makes it feel that much worse. Summer came 2 weeks early this year. It may be good for the peaches and watermelon, but it makes life miserable for us working people. Already it feels more like mid-August than mid-July. And it's rough on this 61 year old fart who still has to struggle 40 hours per week to make a living.

Did I tell you we took home leave last August-September and took in Houston and New Orleans, the Colorado and

Wyoming Rockies including Yellowstone, Idaho, some of the Nevada deserts, Yosemite from the East Entrance, Lake Tahoe, et al. Skipped LA so missed Vic Abe and Hawaii so I missed you too.

But how come, Sempai? I thought we were the 2nd cycle at ye ole Cp Savage.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "H. H. H." or similar, written in dark ink.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE OF EPILOGUES

Thumbnail sketches; hearsay mini-accounts; vague recollections, at best, of "lost" Sempais and others.

HOICHI KUBO—The best known of MISers—as the original and foremost of the cave-flushers of Saipan, or was it somewhere in the China Seas? Recipient of the DSC (Distinguishes Service Cross). Met him at the dedication ceremony of three new buildings of the Defense Language Institute in the Presidio of Monterey, March 1980! One building was named for Yukitaka "Terry" Mizutari, MIZUTARI HALL, in honor of the first Nisei MIS KIA in WW II. Modesty par exemplar—"I was not the only guy—besides, I did what was the 'normal' thing to do!"

RICHARD SAKAKIDA—Our sempai. Not renown at all. Although he operated in the same Philippine Theater with Arthur Komori and one other Nisei, a Yamagata. In the evacuation of Bataan—Sakakida and Yamagata were evacuated on the second to the last plane to lift-off from Corregidor. Arthur Komori was the last to leave and with General MacArthur. Their plane barely cleared after take-off and subsequently landed in Australia. Of course, Gen Wainright was left behind on Corregidor to effect the surrender of Corregidor to the Imperial Japanese! The Niseis had to be evacuated—or else—!

He is said to have been a "double agent" serving both sides! Twice captured, once by the Filipinos and once by the Japanese, he managed to escape both times! But tortured? He was suspect from both sides—a man without a country? His promotion to Major was not through the Army but through the Air Force from which he eventually retired.

RALPH YEMPUKU—Was not really MIS. Trained for OSS! Had quite a "harrowing" time looking around for his parents and brothers, was it near Ise Isle shrine?

KARL YONEDA—A kotonk. An avowed Communist. Was an MISer in a US Military Uniform and in the military service of the United States of America.

TOM YAMADA—Home town—Maui. Was there in the middle of things at the precise moment General Tojo attempted "Harakiri."

TOM IMADA—Long-time Selective Service chief in Hono-

lulu, served as one of the principal interpreters at the signing of the Surrender agreement documents in Subic Bay, Phillipines.

YOSHIO MORITA—Has remained mum on his Alaskan experience as well as his whole MIS experience. The Alaskan Campaign (Attu and the Aleutian Islands) was **no contest**. The Japanese Forces had "mysteriously" withdrawn and were gone when the Allied Forces moved in for a showdown.

AMOS NAKAMURA—Realtor in Hilo now. Married by proxy through the American Red Cross before shipping out overseas from Snelling.

KOJI ARIYOSHI—Deceased. Never did see him around Camp Savage during our "school" days. But, hear tell, he was in the same class as us, and is a Sempai! Sent to Manzanar from a university in Georgia where he was working for a Journalism degree, he felt compelled, just had to get out. He volunteered for MIS School, that was the only way out, Niseis were frozen. And, he passed the test (which he had memorized prior to, after being tutored much). He had "gambled" the works on the particular pages that he was going to be tested on, and had hit the jack-pot—the pay dirt! Assigned to Section 22, the lowest in the ladder, he spend the hours after school hitting the books in his barracks and after "lights out" continuing studying by the latrine lights and in the latrine. By graduation time—June 43, he had advanced to Section 12 and graduated at the head of his class!

MAKO (TO) KIMURA—An 18 year old Bremington, Wash high school kid who had volunteered out of Minedoka (Idaho) Relocation Camp. Lost track of him since graduation. Been trying to locate him ever since. Latest report—he is in PHOENIX.

REYNALD SMILEY MURANAKA—Lost track of him too. He had made Army his career.

NOBY YOSHIMURA another Sempai (Kotonk) says he is now living in Seattle. So to Seattle one of these days.

FLOYD YAMAMOTO—The guy that had the thickest pair of eye glass lens! Wonder how the Army ever took him? Saw him at the Hawaii Reunion in 1979. Lives in Seattle now. Another reason for a trip to Seattle.

ROY TAKAI—Hardly recognized the guy at the 1971 Reunion at the Miyako Hotel in San Francisco. Another 18 year old kid fresh out of high school. With "Ace" Fukai we

made the three-man team mopping up in Aitape, New Guinea.

HATCH KITA—A Hawaiian long ago, but transplanted in Seattle. My bridge instructor—good instructor, but poor player—21 days on ship's deck going to Australia. Chased after some half-pint WAC in Australia so thought he had married a WAC. Nope, he married in Japan later. Made it to the top—GS 19 or was it higher working for Federal Govt in Camp Zama (USART). Now retired in Denver, living the easy life going out to pick Matsutake mushrooms.

RICHARD "Small Kid" OMORI Recalled during Korean Conflict. Now lives in Virginia, or was it Maryland? Working at the Pentagon in D.C. Has made many many trips back to Hawaii since.

DR. ALFRED J. BURDEN—Haole, Kamaaina. Interviewed at his seaside residence in Kihei, Maui. His could be a story by itself. Related the time that a Nisei MIS team he was heading ended up with a cache of Japanese goodies—like **Shoyu**—somewhere in the South Pacific theater. They decided to ship the stuff all the way back to Camp Savage for the school staff to enjoy. How to label the stuff? Enemy "chemicals" to be analyzed further, non-toxic agents. Enroute, couple of plane inspections! What horrible odor! Dump the stuff at sea? Luckily cargo did not go by way of Honolulu, and the precious cargo intact did reach Savage and the staff at Savage savored and enjoyed enemy shoyu very very much.

Had been called to Active Duty and ordered to attend the 1st MISLS school at the Crissley Field hangar, Presidio, San Francisco. Upon graduation, was sent to Guadalcanal! Ended up as Commandant of the Chunking MIS detachment.

Most interesting interviews with: **RICHARD MORIT-SUGU**, **SEIAN HOKAMA**, **WALLACE AMIOKA**, and **DR THOMAS IGE**.

Many of our Hawaii Sempais, we know that they are still around, but, have seen neither hide nor hair of them, since—Kiyoto Izumi, Ryoichi Okada, Ernest Watanabe, Yutaka Namba, Jitsuo Miyagawa. But time has run out!

AH! BUT—I am closing the doors shut! **OWARI!**

[It seems only too apropos to end this book with John Aiso's. This was taken from the Holiday Issue, December 1980, of the Pacific Citizen. Ed]

'Thank You, Yankee Samurai'

By Judge John Aiso



(Excerpts of the address delivered at the 1979 Los Angeles Nisei Week luncheon, co-sponsored by the Nisei Veterans Coordinating Council and Merit Savings & Loan Assn. The Judge has spoken on this on many an occasion, giving his insight to the Nisei in G-2. This is the first time we were able to secure his manuscript for print.—Ed.)

May I have the privilege of asking that we stand for a moment of silence in memory of our comrades of Japanese ancestry who made the supreme sacrifice in all of America's wars from the Spanish-American War through the Vietnam War, but today in special memory of the MIS'ers whom we specially honor today while I read the introduction to the MISLS Album:

"They, who had all too good cause to know the imperfections of the land of their birth, they nevertheless chose to offer their special skills for its service, they, who worked arduously despite adverse circumstances, to give their skills direction and purpose, they who when came the time to make the supreme choice elected to perform, at the cost of their lives, their tasks so vital in the scheme of their country's efforts."

When I first applied for my first military training in the Junior ROTC program in high school in 1923, I was told by the sergeant in charge, "We don't take Japs into our army." When I reported for active duty under the Selective Service Training Act in April of 1941, being a bachelor although 31 years of age due to the Japanese Exclusion Act of 1924, the PFC processing my papers scrawled, "Man with no special aptitudes! Mark for basic training."

Our soko-kai (send-off banquet) was a chop suey dinner at the Old Manshu-Low on what is now the second floor of the S.K. Uyeda building, and under the surveillance of the Presiding Judge of the Los Angeles Superior Court, who later turned out to be performing his duty as a Naval Intelligence officer in disguise.

At that time, the greater number of Nisei were still of college or pre-college age, we had no representation in the public offices. Today we meet in this gorgeous banquet room of the New Otani hotel. We have three Senators and two Representatives in the U.S. Congress. We have Assemblymen Bannai and Mori in the California Legislature. We have judges in the first three levels of federal and state courts in the continental United States, leaving Hawaii aside for the moment.

Looked at from the point of view of the Japanese from Japan, they are freely practicing their respective skills or technical knowledge in the general American community and their manufactured wares become house-hold words, known for their excellent equality. The general public, both here at

home among American citizens and the Japanese from Japan, are prone to forget that American veterans of Japanese ancestry especially during World War II, had no small part in bringing about this change.

The role of the Nisei combat units, the 100th and the 442nd are well known to the American and Japanese public. However, the exploits of the Nisei in G-2 service, dubbed by Joe Harrington the **Yankee Samurai** are not known due to very late declassification of documents and the right to openly make known to others what they personally experienced. Therefore, we today pay honor to and express our sincere gratitude to the masterful author, Joe Harrington, for compiling and publishing the **YANKEE SAMURAI**.

In this connection, we send our heartfelt thanks to Professor Shigeya Kihara, retired teacher and administrator of the Defense Language Institute (MISLS), without whose enthusiastic collaboration with Joe Harrington, the Yankee Samurai would not have seen the light of day.

I ask for the understanding of our veterans from the 100th and the 442nd, the Korean and the Vietnam Wars if I do not mention them further in these remarks, it is not lack of appreciation for their patriotism or heroism, but because today's theme is the Yankee Samurai.

First, as a former Director of Academic Training of the MISLS, I sincerely thank all of my former colleagues and subordinates for their 100% cooperation during those trying days of World War II.

Turning to our main theme, I take the liberty of speaking in the name of all Americans in paying tribute to the Nisei in G-2, the Yankee Samurai.

Nisei in G-2 included the living as well as the honored dead who took active part in military intelligence on the American side during World War II. It includes those who served as War Department civilians as well as those who served in uniform. Deemed too valuable for non-commissioned officer rank, but prohibited by War Department edict from being commissioned because of their Japanese ancestry until VJ Day was within concrete grasp, civilian status was for convenience of Government. Akira Oshida, Shigeya Kihara, Tetsuo Imagawa, and Yutaka Munaka comes to mind, to mention only a few. Nisei WACs also took an active role in G-2 service.

Nisei participation in G-2 service commenced as early as April 1941 as Joe Harrington writes. It continued in some form until only a few years ago, although many of the activities were transferred from G-2 to the CIA. No doubt some who have not yet reached compulsory retirement age are still in the service of CIA.

Linguistic combat intelligence work began on Pearl Harbor Day at Bataan, Corregidor, and Hawaii. Sergeants Arthur S. Komori and Richard Sakakida served as combat linguists to Generals MacArthur and Wainwright. The Nisei member of the beach patrol that captured the first Japanese prisoner of war—the sub-lieutenant that spied on Pearl Harbor from his one-man sub—participated in his interrogation in the evening of December 7th, 1941.

As fast as graduates could be poured out of the Military Intelligence Service Language School (MISLS), their activities extended into every major theatre of operation, viz: North American, Asiatic-Pacific, CBI, and ETO. Some stormed the beaches with first, second or third waves of leathernecks and dough boys as they island hopped across the Pacific from Kwajalein and Tarawa to Okinawa as well as active participation in CBI engagements. They volunteered as cave-flushers and often jumped into enemy strongholds by parachutes without previous parachute jumping training.

Although not as large numerically as their compatriots of the 442 Regimental Combat Team, a representative cross-section of the MISers were killed in action, starting with Franch Hachiya of Hood River, Oregon.

One Language team was even attached to GHQ SHAFF, which intercepted and monitored communications to and from the Japanese Imperial Headquarters in Tokyo to General Oshima stationed as Ambassador in Berlin. Others worked out of ATIS, Arlington Hall, the Army Map Service, the OWI, the MISLS and its satellite preparatory school for hakujin (Caucasian) officer candidates on the University of Michigan campus.

But whatever their specific mission and wherever they might happen to be, their common motive was a burning desire to prove to America and to the world that a Nisei's belief in and devotion to the ideals of freedom and to American institutions were stronger than the fortuitous ties of racial ancestry or

affinity.

His self-assigned overall mission was to prove for all time to come that judging one's loyalty to country even in time of war on the bases of racial affinity and sympathetic affiliations alone was and is wrong, notwithstanding the imprimatur of the U.S. Supreme Court Hirabayashi and Korematsu decisions to the contrary.

And what better proof could he offer than to actively wage war against a then militaristically dominated Japan!

This determination to fight against kith and kin called forth the highest qualities of intellectual honesty, moral courage, and concepts of devotion to duty for those most qualified for G-2 service were those whose sentimental heartstrings tying them to relatives and close friends tugged the strongest.

I shall never forget Pearl Harbor Day. Was the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor which cut me to the quick to be considered a privilege—an experience that those born after then cannot personally go through—or was it a tragedy—something we should aspire to avoid for our children and their children? I still don't know. But it chilled me to the very marrow of my bones.

The tragedy which we had all prayed could be avoided had come. We mustered all the national and moral facilities that had been inculcated into us, born of Japanese ancestry, racially persecuted in America, and socially discriminated in Japan. We tried to peer into the future. All we could do was to fall on our knees and pray to God to guide us to make the right decision. The future of Americans of Japanese descent was in the balance.

The experience of the MISLS proved that the vast majority of Yankee Samurai had known only America, the land of their birth. They had never seen Japan. Only 3% of those in the U.S. Army in 1941 were found to possess command of the Japanese Language. To somehow augment this unexpected phenomenon was the mission of the MISLS.

Fortunately, there was a nucleus of Nisei who had in the face of many adversities in both America and Japan steeped themselves in the language, history, and culture of both nations. He was the older Nisei who had accepted the challenge of assimilation and Americanization and yet believed that assimilation did not mean the abject surrender of his pride of ancestry nor of

the culture of his ancestors which in unbiased long run values were consonant with the highest of universal human traditions.

To him the adventure and experiences of being a Nisei in 20th Century America was a role and a sacred trust bestowed upon him by his Creator. With over 20 years of close infighting against prejudice and discrimination heaped upon him by chauvinistic elements of both the United States and of Japan, by 1941 he was mentally and morally a battle-conditioned veteran.

Even his intellectual skills and judgements which he proffered to the arsenal of American democracy had been wrought of tears and heartaches. He had been taunted as a child by misguided American public school authorities that to study the Japanese language was ipso facto: un-American and an act of disloyalty. He found schools in Japan slammed shut against him by petty bureaucrats yelling at him that Japanese government schools were for loyal subjects of the Emperor and not for foreign-born offsprings of emigrants (*min-no-kozo*)

But from whatever sources he could find access to, this American of Japanese ancestry had learned his lessons well. His American education had endowed him with the faculty of thinking rationally. He had become imbued with the traditions born of the American revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and World War I—namely, that Americans don't hesitate to bear arms against blood relatives when freedom and moral principles are at stake. He had talked to "Mr. Lincoln" as often as he had prayed to his God. The railsplitter had known what it was like to be born and raised in a rickety rural shack as so many of the older Nisei had been. It was Mr. Lincoln who assured him that even a Nisei had a future in America, because he assured us that our nation was dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

While the nisei was not a DeTooqueville or a Bryce, he had also delved deeper than the average Japanese in Japan as to the true meaning of Bushido (The Way of the Samurai). From Dr Nitobe's writings and from heart-to-heart off record talks with the truly farsighted personalities in civilian and military circles in Japan, he had learned that to a true bushi or samurai, blood and sentimental ties were of secondary importance when moral issues of "giri" (duty), "meiyo" (honor), "on" (gratitude), and "chu" (loyalty) were on the line.

The quiet dedication, therefore, with which the Nisei in G-2 (Yankee Samurai), helped crush a militaristically oriented, conditioned, and controlled Japan was consistent with and consonant with the lofty traditions of both American and Japanese patriots in their finest moments.

History is beginning, I think, to prove that the contributions of the Yankee Samurai was a contribution transcending the narrow national lines of demarcation.

More specifically, the Armed Forces Language Institute, now located at the Presidio of Monterey, is a tangible contribution which they made to the national welfare of our country, transcending just military considerations. In teaching his Caucasian comrades in arms a command of the Japanese language, he tore asunder the mythical veil of the inscrutable Japanese mind; he demonstrated that east is not east and west is not west when it comes to the longings and aspirations common to all mankind. In waging cold wars which seek to capture the hearts and minds of man, knowledge and command of the potential enemy's language are just as vital as nuclear weapons. And like the atom and atomic energy, language can and must be employed in our quest for world peace.

Written words are but signs and symbols of thoughts and the spoken tongue is the medium of exchange in the free com-mence of ideas, ideals, and human emotions. Language changes as the ideas, ideals and mode of thinking changes—witness the language of young Japanese people today with that which we taught at the MISLS. Translation and interpretation are arts. They are effective only when there is a spontaneous selection and correlation between adherence to dictionary equivalents and the employment of an idiom which better evokes the precise counterpart of an idea or an emotion. Thus a thorough knowledge of the foreigner's psychological make-up, his racial characteristics, and historical background and traditions are not only helpful but indispensable. So too is a recondite appreciation of the particular individual's individual and collective hopes and fears.

When mastery of foreign language as thus explained becomes common-place in every American home, then and then only will the mask of inscrutability be torn from potential enemies. And then and then only will international mistrusts and mis-understandings be dissolved, and true understanding

and peace achieved.

For showing us the feasibility and significance of this high adventure, we say today, "THANK YOU, YANKEE SAMURAI!" With your foreign language command, you helped crush a militarist Japan, helped nurture the dignity of the individual in a democratic and peace-loving Japan, and contributed mightily in bringing about the amity and understanding that we enjoy today between the United States and Japan.

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