

commanding officer turned him down that the commanding officer compromised on five more trips over Europe for Kuroki. He is busy getting in those trips now.

Kuroki said:

"Those five are for my kid brother. He's in the quartermaster corps back in the States. He's been begging them to let him come overseas but the situation doesn't look so good—so he's written to me asking me to take a shot at the Nazis for him.

"I'm going to get at least one Jerry for him."

Ben and Fred Kuroki left their aged father's truck farm at Hershey, Neb., one Sunday afternoon and drove 150 miles to Grand Island, Neb. to enlist.

That Sunday was December 7.

Kuroki is smart, deadly serious. He now is a staff sergeant and under the gunner's wings on his left breast he wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with one cluster and the air medal with three clusters.

He explains:

"My debt to the United States is greater than that of most of these other fellows. My debt is greater—and my obligations larger. That's why I wanted another tour of duty."

Kuroki feels that one of the biggest obligations he owes America is the fact that his parents, now in their eighties, have been treated decently in their part of Nebraska in spite of their native country's heinous crimes.

Kuroki tells with sadness of his early days in the army when he was looked upon with suspicion and shunned by his fellow fliers. Kuroki's intense patriotism and his pleasant personality soon impressed themselves on his bunkmates, tho, and now he is one of the squadron's favorites.

His best friend on the base is Sergeant Arthur Jan, a clerk. Jan is from San Francisco — from Chinatown.