

Dr. Miyasaki formerly practiced dentistry at Palama settlement. After the war he plans to return to Honolulu to resume his practice.

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With Capt. Hogan we visited one of the post dental clinics this morning. In one chair was Private M. Fujioka of 1220 Waiālae Ave., Honolulu, who was having a cavity filled. Private Fujioka is with the 232nd Engineers, part of the combat team.

Lt. Masato Okuda, a San Fran-

cisco dentist, was doing the work. His assistant was Private Albert Tsukayama of Kailua, Oahu.

A dentist at another chair was excavating a cavity. His patient was Private Masami Horiuchi of Hilo. The dentist was assisted by Corporal Abraham Tokioka of Honolulu and Private Daniel Konno of Wai-pahu.

Every man in the entire combat team already has had two dental examinations here.

CHAPTER XI

Makeup of the 442nd Infantry

CAMP SHELBY, Miss., Aug. 14.—The 442nd combat team is composed of three units—the 442nd Infantry regiment, the 522nd Field Artillery battalion and the 232nd Engineer Co. (combat). With these organizations are attached medical units.

Lt. Col. B. M. Harrison Jr., a young Tampa, Florida, lawyer until he joined the army, is commanding officer of the artillery battalion, membership of which is composed of AJAs from Hawaii and the mainland.

"We find they are very responsive to training," Col. Harrison says. "In our particular type of work, we find that many of our men from Hawaii and the mainland initiate their own studies.

"They actually keep the officers jumping on work that is in addition to the normal schedule.

"We have absolutely no discipline problem. The officers of this battalion think very highly of their men.

"Their health is excellent, and their IQ exceptionally high."

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Col. Harrison drew a card from a file. It contained the names of six enlisted men from the battalion who had been assigned to some special duty. Their IQs ranged from a low of 117 to a high of 158.

Eligibility for officers' candidate school calls for a minimum IQ of 110.

A Mississippi 'possum hunt with Hawaii AJAs doing the hunting—a new experience both for the 'possum and the islanders—took place near here the other night.

Richard Chinen of Headquarters Co., 442nd combat team, told about it. He and other island and mainland AJAs were guests of Earl M. Finch, owner of a big stock farm near Hattiesburg, who arranged the hunt.

"We went off into the woods on horses," Chinen said. "We had a hunting dog. He did a lot of barking, but we never got the 'possum. Mr. Finch said the red fox scared him off.

"I never had so much fun in my life. That day, out at Mr. Finch's, was the first time I ever heard hog calling, and what I mean, the hogs came running. They came from everywhere.

"Mr. Finch told me to tell the boys to come out to his place any time they can. I told him, 'Someday you come to Hawaii, and we treat you Hawaiian style.'

"He has done everything for us. He took the combat team band to New Orleans for a trip, and Co. S."

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Chinen, one of the classiest featherweight boxers anywhere in the United States two or three years ago, asked us to send "aloha to my family" through *The Star-Bulletin*.

"Send aloha to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, and to David Young, my stablemate. I was always in his corner when he fought, and he was always in mine.

"Just say aloha to all my friends. Tell the people of Hawaii we are doing all right. We'll make Hawaii proud of her sons."

* * *

He said Jimmy Kono, clerk in the storage department at the Hawaiian Pineapple Co., sends him *The Star-Bulletin* regularly. He said

somebody else also sends him the paper, but he has never been able to find out who.

Chinen said that some friction which existed between the mainland and AJA soldiers here in the early weeks is subsiding.

"We are getting to understand each other. We are getting to be pals now. One thing—the mainland boys speak much better English than the Hawaii boys. We couldn't express ourselves like they could. But everything is going to work out."

The mainland soldiers agreed.

CHAPTER XII

How the AJAs Train

CAMP SHELBY, Miss., Aug. 14.—An illustration of the sort of training the 442nd infantry regiment of Hawaii and mainland AJAs is getting here was afforded in the field this morning.

Men of the weapons platoon, Co. I, 1st battalion, were seated in semi-circle on the ground. It was shortly before noon, and they had concluded several hours of tactical operations similar to problems they will encounter later in real battle.

Lt. Edward Androvette of New Jersey, platoon commander, was speaking to them. He said:

"If our operations this morning had been under gunfire in battle, half of you would have been casualties. Mistakes were made. We are here to learn how to correct those mistakes so we won't make them in battle.

"In a tactical situation you have to take it for granted you will be under some kind of enemy fire at all times—machine gun or mortar fire, anything. You may have harrassing fire from enemy planes. You certainly don't want to make yourselves conspicuous.

"Some excellent work was done. In general, you performed perfectly whenever the necessary information was given to you properly.

* * *

"Sometimes the information was not clear. The fault was partly mine, and I won't mark the platoon

down for mistakes I made. I am learning something here today, too.

"The non-commissioned officers did not pass information on to the men clearly, either. I couldn't ask for better cooperation between the men and their squad leaders. But information given by squad leaders to their men was incomplete, and that is serious in battle. That is why I must insist that from now on the squad leaders take notes.

"In advancing toward the enemy, remember that it is harder for the enemy to see you if you are moving straight toward him than if you move from side to side."

* * *

Lt. Col. Sherwood Dixon, battalion commander, happened by and stopped to listen. When Lt. Androvette finished, the colonel said:

"I would like to add a word. It is harder to give information to a squad than it is to a regiment. Instructions have to be brief, but complete. For any of you who want to be squad leaders, there is a system about giving instructions that can be studied. It is set out in books at battalion headquarters, and you can get the books there.

"Another thing—about camouflage on your helmets. Some of you are making a mistake."

* * *

The colonel called on Private Tenki Taba of Honolulu to stand

up. In the netting on Taba's helmet the colonel stuffed a lofty spray of pine needles and leaves. Taba looked like a Fiji islander.

Next he called on Private Harold Watase, also of Honolulu, in whose helmet netting he placed only two or three oak leaves. He then ordered the two soldiers to go off about 20 yards and lie down behind shrubbery.

"Now, move your head from side to side," he called to Taba. The result was visible to everyone in the platoon. Taba's headgear swayed like the plume of a circus horse.

"Now, you," he instructed Watase. But nothing could be seen.

"There you are," the colonel told the platoon. "Just put enough leaves to break up the outline of your helmet. Otherwise the enemy might spot you, and it might cost you your life in battle."

* * *

The meeting broke up, and Lt. Androvette called on a 60 millimeter mortar gun crew to show how they could handle their weapon.

Private Ed Yamaguchi of 3421 Pakui St., Honolulu, acting corporal, took a prone position ahead

of the battery, to observe the fire with binoculars.

Behind the gun about 10 yards was Private Harry Yamasaki of 1608 McGrew lane, Honolulu. He was ammunition bearer. Gunner was Horace Sagara of 2624 Maunawai St., Honolulu.

The assistant gunner was Private Allan Tanaka of 3073 Puiwa lane, Honolulu. With him was Private Junwo Yamashita, who lives in Nevada.

The crew assembled the weapon in short order. Sagahara "laid the piece" and sighted it. Yamasaki came boiling up from the rear, packing a shell like a full-back going into the line with a football in his arms.

"Fire!" Yamashita yelled.

Yamaguchi, the observer, called for a slight change in the angle of fire. Yamashita made the adjustments, and called for another round. Up came the ammunition bearer with another shell.

The orders were clear cut and soldiery. There was a snap about the performance that indicates these boys are becoming professional fighting men.

CHAPTER XIII

Notes on the AJs

CAMP SHELBY, Miss., Aug. 14.—Here are a few random notes about island soldiers encountered here while visiting the 442nd Combat Team:

Private Francis Sakai of 1338 S. Beretania St., Honolulu, drives the three-quarter ton command car for Lt. Col. Virgil R. Miller, executive officer of the 442nd Combat Team.

"I think our boys are going to make out good," Sakai says.

"The things I like best about this life are the cleanliness, discipline, physical training, and everything on time.

"We have a lot to learn. The boys are looking forward to combat. They don't want to waste too much time. They will fight hard.

"Tell the people back home we are all trying hard to learn and to make ourselves real soldiers.

"Send my aloha to Lt. Harold Quinn, to my wife in Honolulu, and to Mr. B. C. Choy, who runs a tailor shop near Schofield Barracks.

"In my work here I also drive the car for the radio chief, Sergeant Yamamoto, a mainland soldier. I have learned about radio transmitters. I used to work for Melim's garage.

"When the war is over I am going back to Honolulu, to go back into automobile business, or into radio."

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One of the infantry regiment officers spoke about Lt. Sadami Katarahara of Maui.

"He is one of the smartest men I have ever seen in my life. He helped build the communication system for the Maui police. He studied chemistry at the University of Hawaii. What he doesn't know about communications isn't much.

"He has a baby, only a month old when he volunteered for combat service. Katahara is the smartest little fellow I ever saw in my life."

Lt. Katahara is now taking a refresher course at Ft. Benning.

Corporal Koji Ariyoshi of 1820-G Waiola St., Honolulu, formerly of Kona, is here. He used to write occasional articles for *The Star-Bulletin*. He graduated from Georgia State university in 1941.

Sukeyoshi Kushi of Kahului, one of the best golfers in the territory, is here.

Four enlisted men and one officer, all members of Lions clubs in Hawaii, were recent guests at a meeting of the Lions club in the nearby community of Hattiesburg. They are Private Masato Sugihara of the West Kauai Lions club; Private Joe Itagaki of the North Oahu Lions club, who is proprietor of the Kemoo coffee shop; Private Keiji Kawakami and Private M. Miyake and Lt. I. Okada, all of the West Kauai Lions club.

The islanders all spoke at the Hattiesburg meeting.

* * *

More persons recently seen here: Capt. Robert Blake of Honolulu, commanding officer of Company A, 442nd Infantry Regiment, putting his men through the obstacle course; Private James Ohye of 3266 Charles St., Honolulu; Private James Imada of 1139 15th Ave., Honolulu, who graduated from Purdue in 1936; Private Shoso Ka-

gawa of 618 McNeil St., Honolulu, son of Takato Kagawa; Private Norman Tsukazaki of 1123 1st Ave., Honolulu, a former member of the VVV.

Private First Class Arthur S. Zaima of Hanalei, leading an infantry squad in map drawing in the field; Private Akira Morikawa of 2525 Alaula way, Honolulu; Private Masao Tateishi of Kahaluu, Oahu; Private Robert Hayashida of 962-A Robello lane, Honolulu, all seen stalking through the woods with rifles and fixed bayonets in an attack problem.

* * *

Private Harry Nishimoto of 2745 Kalakaua Ave., of Co. G, 2nd Battalion, 442nd Infantry, talking about a swim at Lake Ponchartrain, New Orleans; Mitsuo Kure of Koloa, Kauai, formerly of the Koloa Sugar Co., who recently visited New Orleans with 24 other mainland and Hawaii AJAs; Private Tadashi Nozaki of Waiialua, Oahu, who regards watermelons as the best thing about Mississippi.

Private Kenichi (Slicker) Hamada of Kapaa, Kauai; Private Sekiji Nakayama, who worked at Baldwin Packers at Lahaina, Maui, before joining the army; Tetsuo Yanagida of Kapaa, Kauai, and Private First Class Kenneth Fujimoto of 1108 3rd Ave., Kaimuki.

Private Mike Hagiwara has the distinction of calling Fairbanks, Alaska, his home. He is a graduate of the University of Alaska, which had an enrollment of 280 students when he was in school. He speaks faultless English. His father is Japanese and his mother Eskimo.

Like most everyone here, he wants to go back to his home town when the war ends. That means Fairbanks, Alaska, for him.

CHAPTER XIV

Making Civilian Friends

CAMP SHELBY, Miss., Aug. 15.—Hattiesburg, 16 miles distant, is the community nearest to this big army camp where the 442nd Combat Team of Hawaii and mainland AJAs is in training.

In normal times Hattiesburg has a population slightly under 30,000. According to M. M. Little, police chief, the figure is between 50,000 and 60,000 now. Some people put the total still higher.

As is the case with many another overcrowded community, its hotels, restaurants and entertainment facilities have been unable to keep pace with the sudden jump in the population. There is not much for a soldier to do in Hattiesburg.

Whenever possible, members of the combat team take trips to Jackson, the state capital, about 90 miles to the north, or New Orleans, 125 miles to the south.

A thermometer in the shade in Hattiesburg this Sunday afternoon registered 107 degrees. Soldiers were slowly milling up and down the streets, as many as possible keeping on the shady side. Long lines of soldiers, many with girls, stood in the sun waiting to get into the movie theaters.

There is not a great deal else to do. Pop and soda stands were packed. Beer is not sold in Hattiesburg on Sundays.

Because the 442nd infantry was still in the field, concluding five days of tactical training, few AJAs were on the streets. But here and there a soldier from Maui or Kauai could be found.

The proprietress of one of the largest and best restaurants in town said:

"The best customers we have, or ever have had, are these AJA soldiers from the mainland and Hawaii. Not one of them has ever tried to get out without paying his check. Plenty of others do that.

"One night four or five boys from Hawaii came in for dinner. We had

a big crowd. All the waitresses were busy. So I took their orders. The check came to \$11.50. They left a \$2.50 tip. I told them I wasn't going to take it; I am not one of the waitresses.

"They finally asked me to take it and use it to buy a war bond."

Hattiesburg has a large, attractively designed USO building. It was crowded with soldiers from Shelby, and girls. A few of the 442nd personnel were present, but not many because of the field training.

USO officials said the island and mainland AJAs normally attend in considerable numbers.

Here's what the public relations office of the 442nd combat team says about the boys and their religious activities:

"It's the chaplain who bends his ear to the woes of GI Joes. When a soldier finds himself in any kind of difficulty he frequently goes to the man who wears the silver cross on his collar.

"The Japanese Americans in combat team training here are no different. They're as religious as any other group of soldiers but when they want advice of a personal nature, someone to confide in, someone to beef to or even share their joy, at their first opportunity they go looking for the chaplain.

"Usually they don't have to look far. The combat team has two and a third one due to arrive next month. And the chaplains keep close to the men, whether they are on the range, in bivouac, on the march or in garrison. The two chaplains now with the combat team are southerners, of Protestant denominations, wise in the ways of the army and not unfamiliar with Japanese Americans.

"They are Chaplains Capt. John T. Barrett and 1st Lt. Thomas E. West.

"A unique responsibility taken over by the chaplains is that of

delivering birthday cakes to the Nisei soldiers, mostly from Hawaii.

"It appears to have been a Hawaiian custom for parents to surprise their sons in the army with birthday cakes. The custom has not abated, despite the distance from home, and Chaplain Barrett estimates that he and his colleagues have distributed an average of a dozen cakes a week to members of

the combat team—usually with appropriate ceremonies at mess halls, and thoroughly enjoyed by the assembled groups.

"On Mothers' Day this spring, the two chaplains arranged a special telegraph service to Hawaii and 247 telegrams were sent by soldiers here. A similar service for Fathers' Day brought an equally enthusiastic response."

CHAPTER XV

Summing Up the AJAs at Shelby

(Note: The following sum-up of the Americans of Japanese ancestry at Camp Shelby was purposely written by John Terry after his return to Washington from Mississippi. He wished to get the perspective of distance and a few days from his visit at Shelby.)

Star-Bulletin Bureau,
Washington, D. C., Aug. 19—

This article purposely left unwritten until now, is an effort to evaluate the 442nd Combat Team, that extraordinary U. S. army unit now training in the humid, sweltering pine forest surrounding Camp Shelby in southern Mississippi.

The writer has returned to this city after spending a week with the 442nd in camp and field.

Behind the impressions here set forth are personal observations, and conversations with scores of enlisted men, with many junior officers and all the senior officers of the 442nd, with its doctors, dentists and chaplains, with the commanding general of the camp, with several merchants in the nearby community of Hattiesburg and with one of those motorized philosophers—a taxicab driver.

* * *

We brought back with us from Shelby these two dominant impressions:

1. The 442nd Combat Team will make good despite all trials, of which battle will not necessarily be the hardest, and,

2. The combat team is receiving excellent training.

As for the first point, a lieutenant colonel commanding one of the 442nd's infantry battalions put it this way: "These men will come through, for the reason they are determined not to fail. They feel their whole future, and their children's future, is tied up in this thing."

Powerful factors have welded that determination. On the clear statement of the war department that their services would be used in battle, these men volunteered. They are American citizens, obviously proud of that allegiance and quick to resent any slur, as fights have illustrated on a number of occasions.

* * *

Furthermore, over and beyond the normal loyalties of a Caucasian citizen whose place is secure and unquestioned, these men feel they have to furnish striking proof of their Americanism, and that the battlefield offers them that opportunity.

* * *

Time after time at Camp Shelby, AJAs of the 442nd told us of their impatience to get through with the grind of training and go into battle. They were not talking heroics. Some expressed fears that delays of one kind or another might keep them out of combat until it is too late.

"If we should only become part of an army of occupation," one mainland AJA told us, "this whole thing is shot. We've GOT to get into battle."

An AJA from Hawaii, somewhat older than his fellows and a recent graduate of Columbia university, said, "If we want to see our children and grandchildren lead the sort of lives we want them to have, we feel we must do something about it right now."

"Really, that feeling is pretty basic with the boys."

As the lieutenant colonel said, these men will succeed because they are grimly determined not to fail.

* * *

There is another factor to be considered. **The 442nd probably has the highest IQ of any unit in the United States army.**

High officials in the war department told us that before we left Washington for Camp Shelby, and it was repeated to us many times in camp by officers who pointed to the swift progress made by the 442nd in training to date.

Good soldiers are not made out of stupid material, and the material in the 442nd apparently is unequalled, intellectually, anywhere in the army.

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Officers of the combat team who have made the army their life profession told us that the organization has advanced farther in its training than any other army unit they have ever seen over a comparable length of time.

* * *

The thoroughness of the training given the 442nd is impressive to a civilian. Standard though it is in the new American army, it is far different from the hasty methods of 1917. The 442nd will go into battle with the advantages of every kind of training short of the ultimate experience of combat itself.

To the parents of these boys that fact should be a source of comfort. There will be casualties when the combat team goes into action, but there will be no needless waste of life. These men are not being trained like robots for cannon fodder. After following them in the field, we know.

They are being taught every trick of concealment, of their persons and equipment. They are being trained to strike with swift and deadly effectiveness, to get maximum results for every life expended, to save their own skins for the reason that the army needs live soldiers, not dead ones.

Without exception the senior officers are enthusiastic about their men. These officers are Col. C. W. Pence, in command of the combat team; Lt. Col. V. R. Miller, executive officer; Lt. Col. Sherwood Dixon of the 3rd infantry battalion; Lt. Col. James M. Hanley of the 2nd; Maj. S. L. Watts of the 1st; Lt. Col. B. M. Harrison, commanding the 522nd field artillery battalion, and Capt. Pershing Nakada, commanding the 232nd combat engineers company.

These officers all seem fully aware of the implications of the experiment which the 442nd represents, including the value that a brilliant combat record will have as psychological material to throw back at Tokyo over the radio.

Many of the junior officers are equally enthusiastic and aware of the implications, although perhaps not in all instances as clearly as in the case of their seniors.

* * *

It was interesting to note that there has been some friction, especially in the beginning, between the Hawaii and mainland AJAs in the combat team. It has subsided noticeably, however, and will be adjusted satisfactorily, according to many comments from the men. All the evidence points that way.

One cause of friction was the high proportion of noncommissioned ranks held by mainland AJAs at Camp Shelby at the time when the Hawaii group arrived. The islanders had expected to serve under corporals and sergeants who were also from Hawaii.

The army, however, had to have a cadre of NCOs around which to build their organization, and the mainlanders were already in camp and available. Meanwhile normal adjustments are taking place. Current training activities are de-

signed in part to determine what men have qualities of leadership. Men who meet the test will be recognized and will win NCO stripes. Every man in the combat team has a chance.

The mainland AJAs in general speak much better English than the islanders, who, for the first time in their lives, are learning that pidgin is not a sign of sophistication. The islanders are now somewhat aware of their shortcomings in this regard, and respect the mainlanders for their ability to express themselves effectively.

A growing mutual respect is replacing the early consciousness of differences. Daily association, a recognition of common problems and a common purpose, together with a more equitable distribution of NCO stripes, are influences leading to a more unified spirit. Individual friendships are forming without regard to places of origin.

* * *

An army unit is something like an individual human being, in that it has a personality of one kind or another.

At Camp Shelby, 100 miles north of the Gulf of Mexico in Mississippi, the 442nd combat team is in the process of developing a personality of its own.

The combat team is still new and plastic, far from shaken down into the matured characteristics for which it will ultimately be known. But it is on its way—to something. Part of its personality is being formed in the daily associations of camp life, in the spirit developing among the men at work and in leisure, in the marches and tactical training out in the woods over which the sunlight shimmers at 100 to 120 degrees.

Part of the finished personality may wait for some galvanizing incident on the battlefield—an enemy position assaulted and bought with blood and indomitable spirit.

Whatever it is headed for, the yeast is already working. Definite traits have already emerged, some of them the inevitable results of what is believed to be the highest IQ of any unit in the army. If there was one opinion

expressed to us more frequently than any other by officers of all ranks, it was this: the men of the 442nd are eager to learn, are extraordinarily quick to learn, and aren't malingersers.

* * *

The 442nd already has one physical characteristic which makes it distinctive—a distinctiveness attended by difficulties. We refer, of course, to the Japanese ancestry of these young American citizens. Racially, their stock is that of our enemies. Out of that biological fact grow difficulties and misunderstanding for the boys of the 442nd.

They have to prove themselves every inch of the way, even though they were born on American soil, have gone through American schools and have identified their lives with America. A mistake made by any one individual in the outfit reflects back with an immediate and inescapable directness upon the combat team as a whole. No other unit in the army stands in such a position.

* * *

They face the corroding influences of ignorance and misunderstanding. Nothing could be more strikingly apparent to one who understands them and has watched them in combat training than that these young men, despite their racial derivation, are a people different from their ancestors. To think otherwise is to make a fundamental mistake.

That is the solid rock on which this experiment is based. That is the premise on which the war department offered these men the opportunity of serving their country in battle.

* * *

Another characteristic which is making for their integrated personality as an army unit is their determination to succeed because failure would be intolerable.

Their future place in America, and the future of their brothers, sisters and children, and of their parents who are loyal to the Allied cause, is bound up in their record in battle as members of the 442nd combat team.

They know it.

* * *

On top of that, they have been catapulted into the deep south, and

into its social distinctions. Through it they appear to be moving with dignity, with modesty, with pride, with self-respect. In nearby communities they enter theaters and restaurants along with Caucasians, and are accepted there without question.

They can not accomplish the impossible, but they are winning respect among people whose minds are not closed.

Four out of five merchants with whom we talked in Hattiesburg spoke well of the men of the 442nd. The fifth merely said they were good customers.

The editor of the Hattiesburg American is an ardent champion of the combat team. He is a southerner, born and raised. He and one other man, the latter the owner of a nearby stock farm, have done more for the 442nd than any other civilian in the Shelby area.

Incidentally, many of the officers of the 442nd are southerners by birth, education and lifelong residence, ranging from a lieutenant colonel down to lieutenants. Their respect for the men under their command is genuine, and great.

Added to the ultimate test of battle, the soldiers of the 442nd, with their adolescence not many years behind them, are shouldering problems of adaptation which no Caucasian unit is obliged to bear.

Fortunately, so far as we could see, the men give every evidence of a healthy mental outlook.

The men do not go about with the appearance of persons carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders. They are a high spirited, cheerful lot, who delight in beer, sports and a good time. Even though they bear responsibilities beyond their years and beyond the lot of many another soldier, they don't seem to take themselves too seriously.

They do not seek trouble, although they do not always escape it. They have their pride, and they will not lie down as a doormat for anyone to walk over. There have been a number of fights, sometimes between AJAs and Caucasians, sometimes among the AJAs themselves.

When they fight they give a very good account of themselves indeed, and they fight clean. From what the officers tell us, these encounters have been no more frequent than in any other outfit.

* * *

We left Camp Shelby with the feeling that the boys of the 442nd are a credit to their country, to Hawaii, to their parents, to their uniform and to the Americanizing processes of the public schools. They are good citizens, ready to prove it with their lives, and without making too much fuss about it, either.

Ten days ago we watched the 442nd combat team march in review at Camp Shelby. The band went by, cymbals clashing and brasses blaring. Behind streamed the Stars and Stripes, and the regimental colors. In battle uniform, the infantry battalions, artillery, engineers and medical units swung crisply down the field.

As they strode past the colonel, unit commanders called out eyes right and put a snarl into it. Colors dipped down with a snap.

As the last company of the "Go for Broke" 442nd stepped off the field, Col. C. W. Pence, a regular army officer and commander of the combat team, said, with a jut to his jaw and a glint in his eye:

"I'll take these men into battle without hesitation!"

THE END.

Masako Adachi