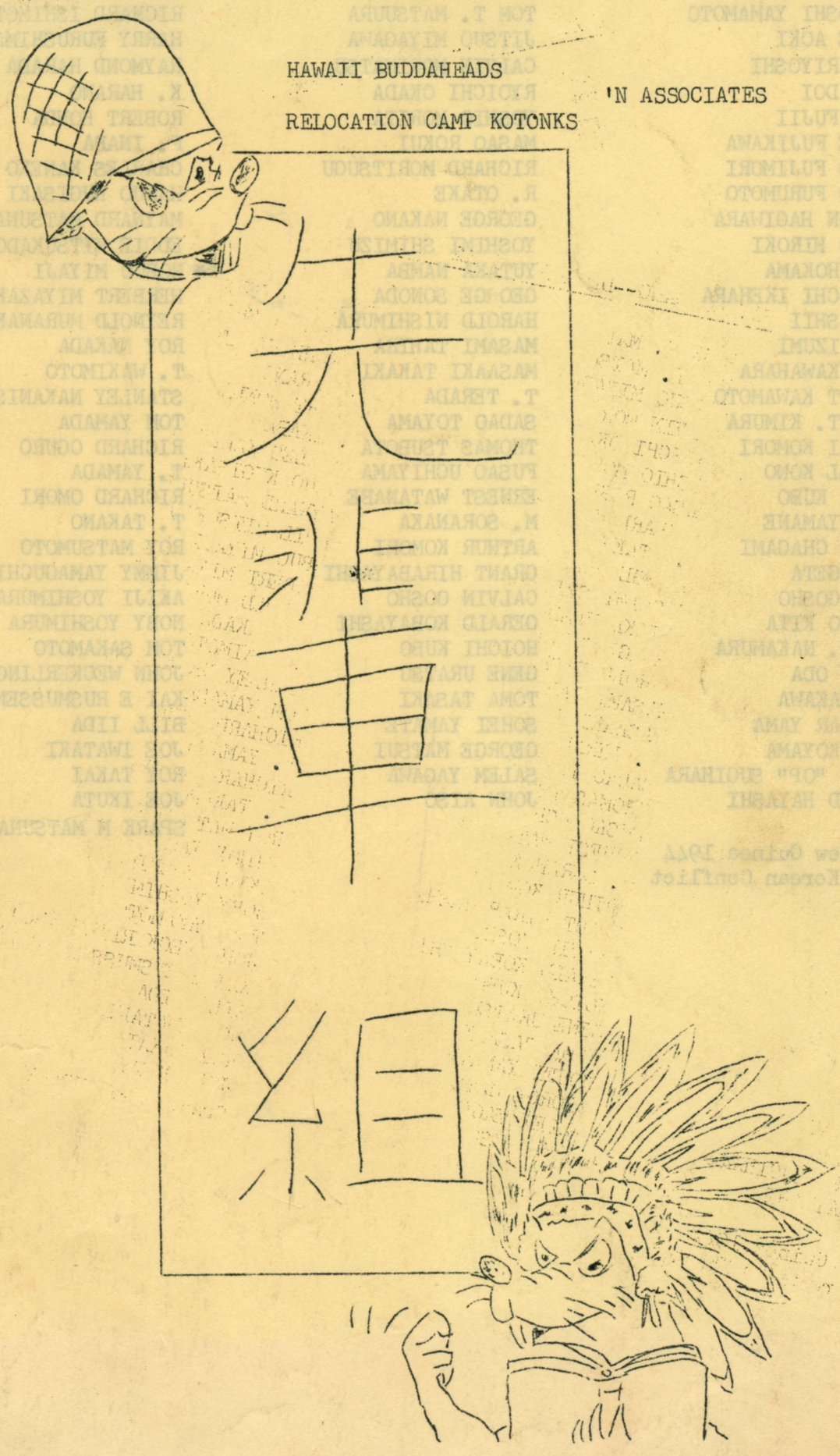
HAWAII BUDDAHEADS

'N ASSOCIATES

RELOCATION CAMP KOTONKS



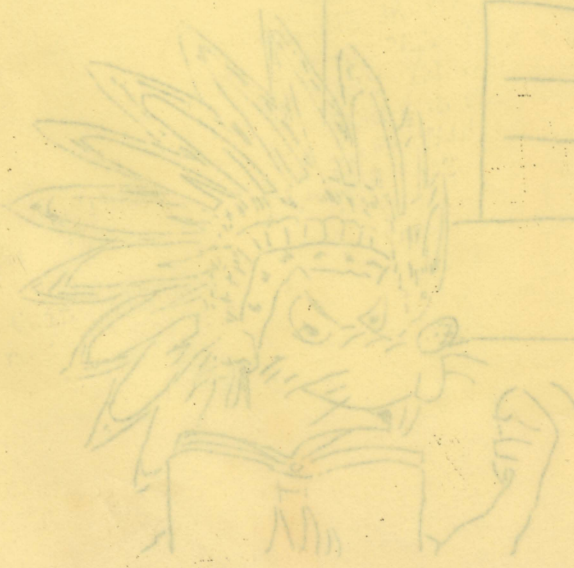
SAVAGE GANG--DECEMBER 1942 TERM

*YUKITAKA MIZUTARI
HIROTOSHI YAMAMOTO
GEORGE AOKI
KOJI ARIYOSHI
TERRY DOI
KEIJI FUJII
GEORGE FUJIKAWA
EDWARD FUJIMORI
HOWARD FURUMOTO
GRAYSON HAGIWARA
HOWARD HIROKI
SEIAN HOKAMA
YURIKICHI IKEHARA
SUEO ISHII
JAMES IZUMI
EDWIN KAWAHARA
HERBERT KAWAMOTO
HENRY T. KIMURA
HISASHI KOMORI
RUSSELL KONO
HOICHI KUBO
KAZUO YAMANE
RONALD CHAGAMI
BEN SUGETA
HENRY GOSHO
HACHIRO KITA
AMOS A. NAKAMURA
ROBERT ODA
PAUL TAKAWA
TOSHIHAR YAMA
SPADY KOYAMA
MASATO "OP" SUGIHARA
RICHARD HAYASHI

*KIA New Guinea 1944
**KIA Korean Conflict

JACK N. MAEDA
TOM T. MATSUURA
JITSUO MIYAGAWA
CALVIN MORIMATSU
RYOICHI OKADA
YOSHIO MORITA
MASAO ROKUI
RICHARD MORITSUGU
R. OTAKE
GEORGE NAKANO
YOSHIMI SHIMIZU
YUTAKA NAMBA
GEORGE SONODA
HAROLD NISHIMURA
MASAMI TAHIRA
MASAAKI TAKAKI
T. TERADA
SADAO TOYAMA
THOMAS TSUBOTA
FUSAO UCHIYAMA
ERNEST WATANABE
M. SORANAKA
ARTHUR KOMORI
GRANT HIRABAYASHI
CALVIN GOSHO
GERALD KOBAYASHI
HOICHI KUBO
GENE URATSU
TOMA TASAKI
SOHEI YAMATE
GEORGE MATSUI
SALEM YAGAWA
JOHN AISO

TERASU YOSHIMOTO
RICHARD ISHIMOTO
HARRY FURUSHIMA
RAYMOND HARADA
K. HARANO
ROBERT HONDA
F. INABA
CHARLES KANEKO
HARUO KUGISAKI
MAYNARD MATSUNAGA
EDDIE MITSUKADO
**NOBUO MIYAJI
HERBERT MIYAZAKI
REYNOLD MURANAKA
ROY NAKADA
T. WAKIMOTO
STANLEY NAKANISHI
TOM YAMADA
RICHARD OGURO
T. YAMADA
RICHARD OMORI
T. TAKANO
ROY MATSUMOTO
JIMMY YAMAGUCHI
AKIJI YOSHIMURA
NOBY YOSHIMURA
TOM SAKAMOTO
JOHN WECKERLING (BG)
KAI E RUSMUSSEN (COL)
BILL IIDA
JOE IWATAKI
ROY TAKAI
JOE IKUTA
SPARK M MATSUNAGA



THE HAWAII SEMPAI GUMI
'N
The WW II Nisei Translator-Interpreter Story

F O R E W O R D

From the frozen Aleutians in Alaskan waters (Attu), USA, to the Pacific Naval Bastion, the 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, the Pentagon at Washington D. C. East to New Delhi, India, over the China-Burma hump to Hong Kong, to Tokyo. From Australia to Morotai, to the Philipines, to Tokyo. Bougainville to New Caledonia, Tarawa, to Saipan, to Truk, to Tokyo. From Hawaii to Iwo-jima, Okinawa, Japan.

Wherever U S troops were deployed, be it the North-American, Asiatic-Pacific, CBI, or even the ETO theaters of operation, it can be said with a resounding certainty that Nisei Translator-interpreters 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 acat, much of their work is classified by the Department of Defense even to 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 rampart 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 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 transferred post haste from the Pacifice West Coast due to extenuating circumstances, nestled some 20 miles from civilization--the twin cities of St Paul-Minneapolis. 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 headdress 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 cabin-ish looking, very much reminiscent of the historic settlement of the Pilgrims way back in the 1600's. Were we NOT also PIONEERS (Guinea Pigs) of sort?

An obsolete hangar in Grissley Field in the Presidio of San Francisco was the birthplace of the MISLS 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 the remainders were assimilated into the school's instructor corp.

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 areas 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!

Numberically, 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 NUMBER ONE or fore-runner, and labelled ourselves with it as we were the FIRST group from Hawaii to enter into the ranks of the Translator-Interpreter 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 affected 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 from Hawaii staging in Camp McCoy at that time was taped 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 ice skate and ski with a disastrous result 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 civilian instructors 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 that 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 threes, fives and assigned to "DESTINATION UNKOWN." 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 corp 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 in Ft Richey Va., 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 MAURAUDERS 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, TOMAS "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 SUGETA, 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.

Charton Ogburn, an ex-Maurauder, quoting in the Congressional Record Proceedings & 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 is a composite recollection of NHPUM GA, and of no part of it more than the heroism, moral as well as physical, of those Nise, Matsumoto of 2nd battalion and in the 3d of Edward Mitsukado and Grant Hirabayashi, decorated for--among other services--their persisting volunteering to go forward to intercept 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 Headquarters, APO 500, ATIS (Allied Translator-Interpreter Section) such as MASAO FUJIKAWA, RICHARD OMORI, DICK OGURO of Hawaii and a whole lot of mainland kotoonks, MAKO KIMURA, HATCH KITA were among those who landed in Australia. It was at this rear eschelon translator-interpreter section that the Japanese Battle of Order was cracked and all the code designations of 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 MORITSUGU ended up on Iwo-jima.

There were only a few KIA's, Yutaka, Terry, Mizutari (Hilo) for one, who was hit by a richoceting sniper bullet in an ambush on a headquarters 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 the battle at Leyte, Phillipines, 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 Leyete secretly before the invasion.

And 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 an early 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 Mac Arthur's staff through all the "trials and tribulations" following the fall of Corneigdor and the surrender of Gen Wainright as well as to the General's subsequent triumphant, "I Shall Return," victory march in tetaking the Phillipines.

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 still maintained even to this day.

The indispensability of the linguists cannot be summarized in a few paragraphs. It can well be said that without the participation of these Nisei, 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 Headquarters 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 translations were made and thousands of prisoners interrogated. The Nisei who were described as American'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 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 Nisei: "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 gleamed 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 materiel were saved as a result of their contributions 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 benn 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 cruelities which could have been devised."

And in the same vein, in the words of John F. Aiso, now a distinguished jurist and judge of s Superior Court of Los Angeles, California, formerely chief instructor at the Presidio, San Franscico, and subsequently director of academic training at Savage and at Fort Snelling and finally assistant section chief of the civil intelligence section of General Headquarters, Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, and the executive assistant to Major General Willoughby, Chief of Staff for Intelligence for General MacArthur, 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 G-2 to help crush a militaristically conditioned, controlled, and orien ted 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 that east is not east and west is not west when it comes to the longings and aspiration of manking. In waging a cold war which seeks the capture of men's hearts and minds, 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 the way it went, essentially the story of the Nisei translator-interpreters or the MIS boys of WW II 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 revealations of ALL graduates

of all periods of the existence of the Military Intelligence Service Language School.

Collectively though this much can be said. In every major battle of the Asiatic-Pacific theater of operation be it Bougainville, Saipan, Hollandia, Leyte, Iwo-jima, you name it, Nisei Translator-Interpreters did their small part in the total war. And so with the other theaters of operation, CBI, ETO and CCM. And as such we should rate even with our big brothers in arms the Puka-Puka-Purple-Heart 100 Bn and the Go-For-Broke 442nd RCT! If we add up all the bodies that have been Nisei translator-interpreters, 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 Sempai Gumi, both the Hawaii Buddha-heads and 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 the story can be told completely and fully

All accounts herein are published completly 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. So--please begin

THE EDITOR (Pro temp)

Richard S. Oguro

RICHARD S. OGURO

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

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 Correigidor. 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 ocassion marking the 20th anniversary of re-acceptance 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 knowdedge 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 per cent were relatively accomplished linguists, only about another 4 percent were proficient, and a further 3 percent could be sueful 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 improvisions 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 8 instructors were begun under the direction of the 4th Army Intelligence Section, 4th Army Command, and was the culmination of the joint efforts of far-sighted Brigadier-General John Weckerling (then a Lt Colonel) and Colonel Kae E. Rasumussen (then a Captain), who fore-seeing the need for such a school, had pursued this matter most tenaciously until they finally had 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 establ shing this most effective and imprtant 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

(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 the language teams. A Major burden then operating as G-2 of a division in New Guinea had a great deal to do with over-coming 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~~ to Brigadier General John Weckerling, 220 Spring Lane, Winter Park, Florida 32789, Dated Sept 19, 1966 written ~~in response~~ by to Akiji Yoshimura, 120 Tenth Street, Colusa, California. Whose excerpts also follows:

"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 Stillwell, Gen Merrill (who, incidentally was my commander), Col Mashbir, Col Rasmussen, Col Burden and countless others, whose faith in our loyalty and conficence 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 Maurauders, 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 Command in Burma, severly 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 Alsakan and South-Pacific area (Guadalcanal). The remaining ten graduates were re-assigned as instructors to the school's instructor corp.

Following the outbreak of war, Army higher eschelons realized the dire need of trained linguists to aid in the warfare against the Japanes. 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 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! Originally used by The Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C) in 1933/34.

Perpetual construction, which characterized Savage was a barometer of school growth and expension. 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 yet for 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 transfered 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 corned 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 (American 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 inter rogators 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-Croatin, 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 elswhere.

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 Book-

let 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 World War 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 posthumuorsuly the Distinguished Service Cross, the highest decoration for valor awarded a Nisei in the Pacific in World War 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 Phillipines he volunteered for intelligence work behind the 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 wound ed 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 Phillipines considerably. A grateful Nation posthumously awarded him the Distinguished Service Cross, the highest decoration awarded to a Japanese American in the Pacific theater.

The life of Sergeant Hachiya symbolizes well the story of the Japanese American soldiers of World War 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.

YUKITAKA TERRY MIZUTARI

T/Sgt from Hilor 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 eschelon Brisbane, Australia headquarters of Gen MacArthur to their new assignment, the 40th Division headquarters billeted in Aitape, New Guinea. Time was Fall of 1944.

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

IN MEMORIAM

KIA OKINAWA 1945

Airborne and enroute to--eternity?

RALPH MASAO GOSHIKONA	YOSHITAKA KATAOKA	MASARU MURAMOTO
GEORGE TSUYOSHI IKEDA	JOSEPH TAKEO KUWADA	KAZUYOSHI INOUYE
HARUYOSHI IKEMOTO	LARRY TAMOTSU MIZUMOTO	SOICHI NAKAMURA
SUSUMU IMANO	WILFRED MASAO MOTOKANE	MASARU SOGI
MASAYUKI ISHII	MITSUO SHIBATA	

THE JAPANESE AMERICAN CREED

Mike Masaoka

I am proud that I am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry, for my very background makes 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 freeman equal to every other man.

Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that 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 attitude 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 shebelieves in me, and because I have received innumerable benefits from her, I pledge myself to do honor to her at all times and in 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)

First

as Deputy

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.~~ October 1, 1954.

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 Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff for intelligence, G-2

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, Minnesota; 1945-1947 Executive Assistant to General C. A. Willoughby, AC of S G-2, GHQ, Tokyo, Japan

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

Military Service: Entered Army in 1916 and served under General Funston as Captain of First Arizona Infantry; Commissioned 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 assignments in Japan, Siberia, Europe and South Pacific. Commanding Officer of Allied Translator and Interpreter Section, GHQ, SWPA.

TITBITS FROM THE MISLS INSTRUCTOR CORPS

The first student group to study at Camp Savage was comprised of about 125 students. Classes started in June, 1942. The School' 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, Shinoda, 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, B-1, B-2, B-3, C-1, C-2 and C-3.

This 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

AN AJA GOES TO WAR!

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 Isei emmigrant 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 bounden by Queen St on one end and Vineyard St on the other end, and Nuuanu St running paralell 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 Isei fathers. Japanese schools also offered Judo, Kendo, and Sumo, and island-wide tournaments were established annual affairs. And of course, our parents extolled the virtures 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 Isei'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 Isei's 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, may of the Isei's still living have visited their homeland very very infrequently.

Onereason 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.

KAZUO YAMANE was shipped out all by his lonesome to Washington DC. Intrigue, eh wot! RAY HARADA ended up in Ft Richey, Va, and got together with Kazuo.

BEN I YAMAMOTO was never heard from after leaving Savage. He eventually ended up or showed up in the Battle of Iwo Jima!

The most heralded group became those assigned to M RRIL'S MAURUDERS of the India-China-Burma Theater of Operation. They parachuting with their buddies (Haoles) back of enemy lines. This group came closest to the "cloak and dagger" reputation of G-2 men. HERBERT Y. MIYASAKI, ROBERT HONDA, EDDIE MITSUKADO, FUSAO UCHIYAMA, RUSSELL KONO, THOMAS "Cupie" TSUBOTA and a few others like mainland kotonks AKI YASHIMURA, amongst them.

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 Headquarters, APO 500 and called ATIS (Allied Translator-Interpreter Section). MASAO FUJIKAWA, RICHARD OMORI, DICK OGURO, 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 Japanes Battle of Order was cracked and all the code designations of 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 Leyete 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 MORITSUGU ended up on Iwo Jima.

There was only on KIA, TERRY MIZUTARI who was hit by a richoceting sniper bullet in an ambush on a headquarters by the enemy in Aitape-Hollandia, New Guinea.

So you see, that is the way it went. Essentially the story of the Nisei Translator-Interpreters or the "MIS" boys of WW II boils down to (1) individuals and (2) the period of graduation from Camp Savage.

Thus, any group historical account of the "MIS" must take into consideration the individual incidents and revealations of ALL graduates of all periods of Camp Savage.

However, collectively this much can be said. In every major battle of the Asiatic-Pacific theater of operation be it Bougainville, Saipan, Hollandia, Leyete, Iwo Jima, you name it, Nisei Translator-Interpreters did their small part in the total war effort. Ans as such we should rate even with our big brothers in arms the Puka Puka Purple Heart 100 Bn and the Go-for-Broke 442nd RCT! If we add up all the bodies that have been Nisei translator-interpreters, we exceed 3,000!

We are hoping to expand this short general resume of the Class of June 1943 MISLS Camp Savage, Minnesota with individual accounts written by members of this SEMPAI GUMI.

We Welcome contributions from all subsequent graduating classes of Camp Savage so that the story can be told completely and fully.

The Editor

RICHARD S. OGURO
Member, SEMPAI GUMI
Class of 43 June
Camp Savage, Minnesota

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 wrad 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 month's 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 <u>active duty</u> 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 sumptious 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 Saturday December 6, 1941 routinely 90% of us went home on week-end passes, and luckily not having caught any weekend detail, I was one of the lucky 90% ers.

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 was 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 Isei's and Nisei's were above suspicion, because shortly after that those of us who had had ROTC training were herded together, given an excelerated advance training program (a two day range firing exercise for familiarization wonly 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 to our MG post. And we took ocassional 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 hand 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 2 99th Inf were relieved of this idylic 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 AJA's 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 1200 of us strong. And amongst us were a few Hapa-Haw'ns

Rumours went rampart 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 AJA's meaning Americans of Japanese Ancestry. The meaning of Nisei which I think is a Mainland importation lit erally translated means, "second generation". And without any qualifing adjective could mean second generation Germans, Dutch, French, Russians, Nisei's of Japan and Hawaii-born Japanese Niseis.

Throughout the years of service in the Military though, at no time have the AJA's been discriminated against nor ostracized against individually or collectively no matter at what eschelon 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 cross country to our destination. And this we did not know until later that we were divided into three sections and each section traversed different route 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 Ger man POW's (2) We had been sent to the mainland because we could not be sent to the Asiatic-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 Califor-nia-Neveda 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 belongins 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, Winono 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 a two-way hitch hike from McCoy to Madison and back to MCCoy all on the same guy who picked up us 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 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 lout 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, spoke fluent Japanese.

But this incident was forgotten in the wake of the return of the detachment from Cat Island, Lousianna--from their top secret mission for the War Dept. Only recently we found out that their secret mission was to train dogs for the Asiatic-Pacific Theatre of Operation. Their return added credulence 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 eventally 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 akamai Sgt-Major, I was promoted to an existing vacancy, which would still be there

after I had 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 amd ;ater as tje ;st Bn of the Go-for-Broke, 442nd RCT!

This original group of 120-150 original members of the 100th transfered 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 Eureopean 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 i and the lowest section 20 or 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.

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 Aluetians! 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 mysterioulsy for destination--unknown--way later they turned up with Merril'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 Minedoka Relocation Camp, Pocatello, Idaho where my buddy's parents had been interned behind barricades and barbed wire enclosures and communal kitchens and bathrooms--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 Isei's 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 tremenduou aids in communication. Visiting a relocation camp was an eye opener. Though some of our Isei's 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 Isei's that were interned in relocation camps and interment 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 we disembarked at Ft ~~McArthur~~ McDOWELL, ANGEL ISLAND, 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. We 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 Pinochele, because most of the team members were mainland kotonks. And that is all we did all day and night on the ship. In 21 days I got to be a pretty good bridge player. If there can be 30 day translator-Interpreter wonders, than, 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 that effect.

Finally we reached the Australian coast and sailed inland into Brisbane. By truck we finally reached our destination, Indropilly, the home of ATIs, GHQ APO 500--General McArthur'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 eschelon 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 eschelon 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 6th Australian Division for moping up operation in Aitape, New Guinea. Hollandia had been secured for the next hop--the Philiphines, to make good General MacArthur's "I shall return" vow at the time Correigidor 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 6th Division at the Atherton Tablelands supposedly notorious for phythons and giant kangaroos. The day we joined up, got drunk of Crem de menthe at the welome 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 phytons 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 sockets of stragglers. Coincidentally or accidentally we translated a clear combat order one day that stated the date and

time of actual 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 net tings. 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 Seargant.

Aside from it all we had a ball! A cre 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 wewent 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--forgetting to dig them up though!

Then on another day, we hitched a ride on a B-47 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 pigmyies 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 MacArthurs'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. Locked 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 become debutants, and must attend this coming-of-age debutants' ball. And what an elaborate ball this is. Couldn't get to first base, 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 andwent 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 prisioners. 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, undernorished and suffering from Elephatatis, and in rags. And countrary 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. Mac Arthur had finally returned to the Philipines, 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 live 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 Philipines, 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 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, SEMPAI GUMI, the JUNE 1943 graduates! There was only one KIA amongst us, T/SGT TERRY MIZUTARI of Hilo. He had a premonition and was relectant 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 40th Rainbow Division (California-based) 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 40th Div from which Terry's team had been operating out of was inflitrated by an enemy sniper unit one day and in the subsequent encounter while he was directing his men to cover, a richocetting 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 meetings for the past 15 years or so.

RICHARD S. OGURO

PROPAGANDA DETAIL

I, RICHARD ISHIMOTO, was one of the interpreters who belonged to the original 100th Inf Bn composed of all Niseis 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 "first" 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 Defense. 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--Indroopily, 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 designation, Aitape, New Guinea. I recall that we had a narrow escape at Finch. It was a rainy day and the equipment loaded unto the transport plane was really heavy because of the water it had absorbed. Our plane almost never made it, it barely cleared the tops of the coconut trees dotting the approach and the runaway. It 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 than 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. Many 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 infliltration by expert Japanese swordsmen inflitrating 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 cross-fires.

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 reefs. 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 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 guerrilas also were revengful, the survivors emancipated after the initial landing, showed the many scars received during their captivity under Japanese occupation.

And this time too, for the first time, I also saw the mountain people of the Philipines 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 "Mestiso 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 passed 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.

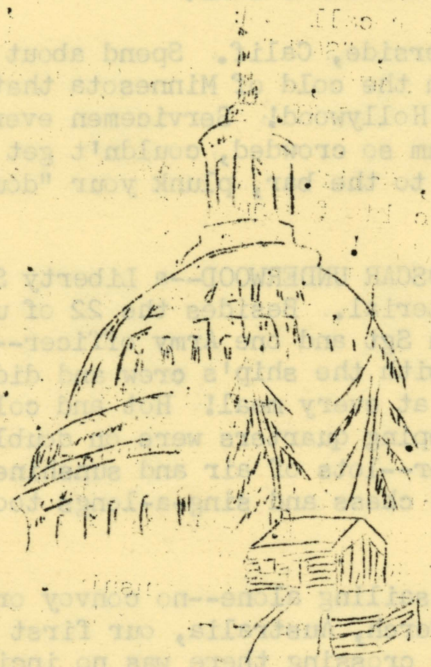
My first dangerous mission was to go between the American and Japanese lines to set up a radio receiver to listen in on the enemy. My other companion was a Caucasian radio operator, and we drove as far as we could forward and tried to zero in on the enemy's frequency.

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 number 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.

RICHARD ISHIMOTO



OVER THE CHINA-BURMA HUMP

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 mine--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. Merill'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), KOE 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 everynight. 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-a-longs took up most of our time. NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

Since the 'SS Oscar Underwood was sailing alone--no convoy or escorts--we zigged and zagged and took 45 days to reach Perch, Australia, our first land sighted, and docked at Freemantle. During the Pacific crossing there was no incident--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 eay 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 Mytikina, 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 3/4 ton truck we drove from Delhi to Bombay. Took three days. Fellows on this trip 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 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-Malaria--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 catch 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.

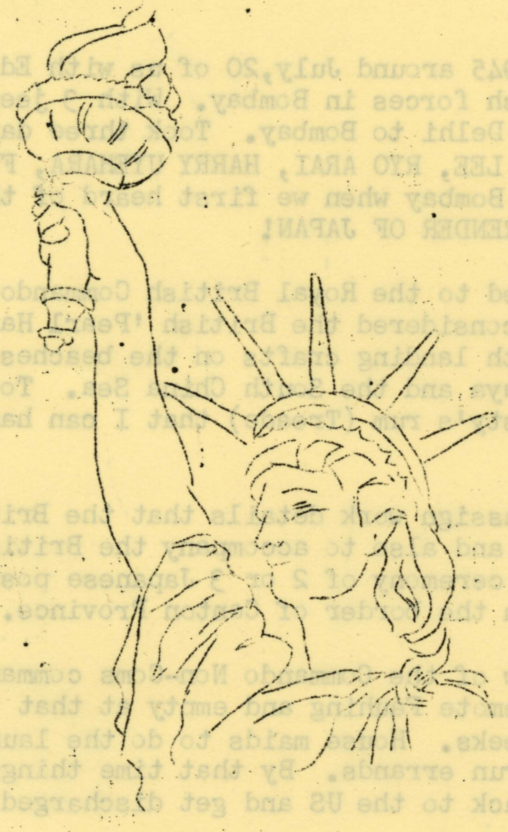
All the people I knew were gone from New Delhi by that time. Just the headquarter cadre were there picking up loose ends and finishing up. After a couple of days got my orders cut to be shipped back to the States. Flew from Delhi to Karachi--port of embarkation. After two weeks in Karachi was finally able to get aboard the converted luxury Cunard liner 'SS Santa Rosa headed for New York with about 3400 other GIs. Sailed up the Suez and into the Mediterranean. Rounded Gibraltar and into the Atlantic. Which was so rough, thought we'd never make it to New York.

Sight of the Stature 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 For Dix, took the train to Camp McCoy, and 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!

PAU

SADAO TOYAMA



VIGNETTES OF LIFE:

A Long, four-year soldier's Journey
from Hawaii to far off lands
(Condensed)

"I think he's fainted! Pick him up and lay him on the couch." Such was the beginning of an 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, architectually befitting these suny 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 resuscitated 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 franction 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) occured. About 8:00 AM 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 a 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!"

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 day of excitment, KP, and gun-totting 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-arm, 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 US govt took drastic actions immediately. The contemptible sneak-attack, such unimaginable destruction of warships and planes, the thousands of burned, battered. amd sjattered bpdoes. amd tje 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 barbwire fencings, watch towers, and all with armed guards. The housing as one "immate" called them were "tar-paper barracks." Tar-paper coverings were applied on the outer walls to keep out the wing. 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 outer buildings and preparing meals were community affairs with cooking chores and related assignments distributed among the womenfolks. 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.

Suprising as it may sound, even the hard-fisted US 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-professionals, $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 in 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 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 US 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 cautiosuly withdrew to the northwest 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 Zeros, 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 US 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 Southeast Asia, capturing Hong Kong, Bataan, Corregidor, Manila, Singapore, the oil rich East Indies; and sandwiching between these activities, their "unbeatable" navy sand the British battleships Repulse and Prince of Wales and the carrier Hermes, not mentioning a great number of other allied warships. They made sure that their western flank (Indian Ocean area) 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 theywere 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 WS 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 "cheer" the Navy planned the Doolittle's B-25 attack on Tokyo on April 18, 1942. Sixteen bombers were launched from the carrier Hornet, which Prisident Roosevelt so humorously labelled "Shangril." Of the 80 pilots and cre 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 US naval forces 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 decks below and inflicted great causualties 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 occured in the 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 much needed power to the Pearl Harbor drydock where the greatest of emergency job was 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.

Condition in Hawaii was even worse. Something really big was up. The rumours 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 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 nervouseness 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 blessings of the Emperor.

However, months prior to Pearl Harbor, Yamamoto was against a war with the US, primarily because he had been to America as a naval attache and had seen and marvelled at the scientific and huge industrial facilities. He must have warned Tojo and his cabinet of such US capabilities. But Tojo was not to be denied the chance to proudly evidence 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 "begin" and shining light and might over thm. 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 was any coercion, subtale 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 US. 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 Force 50 under Admiral Spruance consisted of 11 carriers and 6 battleships. In the summer of 1944, the US Fifth Fleet had 15 carriers and 7 battleships, not to mention enumerable cruisers, both heavy and light, and destroyers and fighter planes galore. And about the close of 1944, 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 the Kamikaze pilots and their self-immolations against American warships were of no avail. But it took President Truman and his devasting atom bombs on Nagasaki and

Hiroshima to make the forlorn Emperor realize that continued resistence was futile. I have gone off in a tangent so bringin you back to 1941--to Tokyo, prior to the Pearl Harbor attack.

Early in 1941, a concerted paln 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, over-run Thailand, complete an amphibious invasion of Malaya, then make a southward thrust towards Singapore, and finally begin the invasion of the Philipines supported by the all-powerful fleet. Such would have been the orderly and normal path of conquest, which even the majority of the US 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 US Pacific Fleet as it lay anchored in Pearl Harbor by a surprise blow. This he said, would nullify or minimize US 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 olus warships, consisting of 8 or so carriers, 7 battleships, 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 Nimitiz'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 moral-building purpose for what could the defenders on the two tiny coral reefs have done against a formidable array of enemy warships and planes forging ahead to pulverize them. The orders he gave carrier commander Admiral Spruance was concise and simple: "Seek the enemy and inflict the maximum damage by employing attrition tactics." The, Admiral Spruance did magnificently. When June 5 ended, the toll was: 3 Japanese carriers 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 out-numbered." 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 a 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 awesome if's in the history of the century," to quote historian JD Potter. "He could have easily taken Hawaii and then knocked at the gates of the 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 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 term of time, so back to the night of the paratroopers in December, 1941. 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 areas, especially the officers' quarters, and, on account of the fears of their wives, so we were told, we all had to go through a very undignified, if not disgusting experience. We, all inductees of Japanese descent, had our weapons taken away and were told to keep within our tents from senset 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 ghings 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 ignominous, dowright 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 wives' fears as the ostensible reason. Sorry as the excuse was, my reaction to his babbling 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 atributes. 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' skirts. In those days, women did wear their skirts rather ong so they could have been good hiding places??? I dared not say that OUT LOUS to him, for what good would it have done me? A medal? Most likely the guard-house, 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 soldiers 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. Af for the latter, it could have been for economic reason 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 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 Co, 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 or lightning streaked night. We poor soldiers were glad to be in it and out of the wind and rain. As one 19th Century English Poet, Mathew Arnold, expressed, "Now the great winds shoreward blow!" or, William Shakespeare in King Lear so dolefully intones, "The night comes on and the bleak winds do sorely ruffle." What, when, or who may say about the winds, the howling 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 Provisional 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 of haole (caucasian) descent. The reason should be obvious. We dailed 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 remain forever poignantly in my memory.

We passed the vineyards 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 motar, I was to be hero for a day in Australia among a scared bundh of infantry officer candidates. But that's another story. Sure, we tramped through the woods, the gangle 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 vermillion 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, sunny, 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 later 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 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 Suey 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 degrees below weather was terrible. I wonder how I survived such an un-godly cold season. Now, 70 degrees above zero in our office gives me the chills. On the other hand, the people of Minneapolis 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 were I ended up and spent over a year as a translator and interpretor. More of this later.

We left Minnesota about the middle of 1943 and traveled 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 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. Digustingly bed-bugs 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 of denuded coconut trees and stumps caused by ammo dump explosions and privious 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 jet-black, 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 Bougainville Island. But, als, they had problems too. Our gunboats and fighter planes like the P-38's and 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 bedraggled and disgruntled foot soldier who "buckled" to our side after weeks of maltreatment by his own officers. It was he who informed us that the enemy was planning a suicidal, all-out attack on our peremiter a few months later. His information was correct to the week, if I remember correctly. On 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 new comers 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 fire-crackers is at its height, the whole populated area of Oahu look and sound like battlegrounds with their devilish sound and fury. The reasons for burning the fire-crackers 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 re-supply of artillery amos was necessary on account of the 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 batters 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, barbwired stronghold.

In passing, I might say that the Japanese Navy Cod was broken by the men in the Penta gon and, as a result, Admiral Yamamoto's itinerary in the South Pacific after the Midway defeat to bolster flagging morale inthe forward areas was known even before he started his fateful trip. On April 18, 1943, as he was flying over Bougainville, two flights of eighteen P-38's fighter planes were awaiting 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 wengeful 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 inter preting 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 stated the daily occurrences, hearsays, 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 sergeat 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 imply that the pilot refused to give the interrogator-sergeat 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 of sympathy to the American parents for the loss of their son.

Let us try to rationalize or explore the underlying factors for such brutalacts. 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 neccessitated 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 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 or Spirit of the Samurai," or plain "Emperor Wor ship." "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 in-

doctrination in the Japanese Army," from Honolulu Star-Bulletin editorial, 1-19-70. Approval for decapitations or murders usually emanated from higher commands. Therefore when the ended in 1945, surely and inevitably, the Allies exacted of Tojo and hiscohorts their lives or long prison sentences to expiate for their war crimes. But what a hollow victory! Twenty-five years later, millions of people are under the indidious and cruel yokes of Communism; and by the very governments which we helped during and after the war! 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 be-heading, 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 whould have, if the neces sity 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 occassion 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. K'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 would 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, (excludding 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 US 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 (?) devisions defending the Torokina strip. A corps is commanded by a two-star or a major-general. We had such a nice, old gentleman of a general as our boss. He'd come walking around like a fatherly 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 ma 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. By why in 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 sterness, 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 was a "humdinger," so I thought, for he wanted to know why I wanted to become an officer in the US 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! When I told him the following occurence, we all became more relaxed. 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 services could offer and for an officer to enjoy, wasn't that good enough reason? Good of the old Colonel, he agreed with me that imbibing whiskey was more gentlemanly than guzzling beer, especially warm beer. Now, I said to myself, we are in the groove. However, I was to undergo much deeper scrutiny than the above. Different officers, five all told seriously corss 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 candidate school My ambition to become an officer almost a reality! I felt rejuvenated already. This was a period of crisp salutes, unifor, and spick and span quarters, as well as drawing maps, shooting 45 caliber pistols and sub-machine guns in the woods at scattered targets which jumped up 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 imaginery frontal attacks with all guns blazing. Of course blanks were used so we didn't hurt anyone. You don't know anything about blank cartriges? To a soldier, firing blank cartriges 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 thiw when on one of these "attack Firingers" without taking any precaution, I hung back in my cozy hole and did a bit of loafing. To my disconcertion, dismay and fleeting anger, a Major instructor, a senior grading 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. It a way he was right. I was afraid to blacken my rifle bore too much. In tetrospect, what he meant, I believe was "Tahira, I thought you weren't going to make it." Meaning of course I 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 fierd. The jolt of an M-1 rifle butt against ones shoulder, especially after a few rounds, is not a pleasant feeling. But imagine the kick of an anti-tank gun. They were called "mobile 37 MM anti-tank weapon" or something close to it. Its barrel was about six to eight feet long and the shell about sicteen 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 breach, 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 this 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 as a target. He, like an expert gunner, shouted, "Fire." And the gun, true to its breed, went off with a "Bang!" and hurtled a phosphorus-coated shell right 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 more appropriate to say it is "amazing, or frightening" to watch a phophorous-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, than 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 crest fallen; 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 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 motar. This baby I had mastered while training in Wisconsin, so I knew its operations "in and out," so to speak. We went through the explanation, demostration, and execution phases without much quibbling for the instructor did most of the talking and showing his expert technique of this three-piece weapon. Reiteration wasn't the word. He strongly propounded 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 in the field with 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 "zero's in" the weapon. In layman's language, it means that 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 eye, I did not know for I was the ammo bearer at the tail end. I was just waiting in the distance for oders to

scoot to another firing point with my bag of ammo. The ammo bearers, about five of 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 the 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 hadlearned during during the 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 sidewards. 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 of 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 sixteeninches long. I pressed a button located at the top or 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 button. 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 motar makes one a pretty good manipulator. Of course, the men didn't know this, and I didn't let them on to 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 US 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-race 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 reknowed phrase, "I Will Return!" Good old Mac, true to his word, did return with a vengeance and freed the Filipinos, "people of the Philipines I have returned!" I began to say that the year 1945 went by pretty fast, that I was quartered at a horse-rack track. Therein and without, I comported myself as an officer-gentleman should. With my 2nd Lt friends, I went daily to the officers' club and enjoyed rum and coke, water high, 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 ocassions 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 delectable morsels, each piece clean right down to the ribbone. 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 leading 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, git going," a thousand times before we, that is toe 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 hee-hawed, "Hey! you slow poke, we thought you'd never make it." WWe thought you'd gone and done it, eloped with the old nag." or such 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 by command, "Home, girls!" 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! Whaoa! 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 slid off of that 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 a horse. 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 would n'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, others tan and white; one, a huge stallion, the leader of the group and jet-black in color. It was a picture of graceful forms, fleetness, and abandonment. It was a depiction of life, freedom, and action 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, backed and served with relish! or whatever sauce that goes with mincemeat. 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 friend 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 over-doing it, I thought was a risky and utterly senseless accommodation. 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 occured, 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 mess hall. The fire engine 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 judgment and work well done. But a while later, hell broke loose. "Lord! Oh Loard!" 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 court-martial me. I stood my ground. I told him cooly that I was at my post and neglected none of my duties. My sergeat 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 court martial me? First, he ordered me to mind the store. I, in turn, told my sergeant to watch the store. My sergeat, 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 fuddle-head,"a six-year old daughter of mine would say, if I had one that young.

Now, it's June, 1945, O got orders to report headquarters, 85th Regiment, part of the 40th Division, a California National Guard outfit, then located on Panay Island, Philipines, commanded by one Colonel Maloney. He was a quiet sort of a 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 distincly 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 him concisely the G-2's request and approval. As I thought he was up alright! He 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 hilltop 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 front-line 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, and 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 by possible enemy intruders, went BANG! Then the machine guns around the perimeter began banging, popping and chattering away. What a racket they made! It 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 PX 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 and 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, especailly 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 was no tattle-tale signs; we found no body down the raving.

Came August 1945, and the war with Japan ended. It wasn't too long before we could be heading for home. I was ordered to Pusan Harbor, Korea, as an interpretor, 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 of them all piled up at Pusan Harbor. I acted as interpretor, 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, up-rooted people. It was a distasteful job. The less said about it the better. This un-asked-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 US Army was the dischare orders made effective 25 December 1945. Thus ended my army stint after four, long, long, unprofitable years.

MASAMI TAHIRA

14 NISEI AND THE MARAUDERS

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 parentage.

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 Unites 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 you 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 Francisco. 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, a 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 sendoff. 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 Reconnaisance Platoon.
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 heroics. 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, hoever, 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 Gosho, Sugeta, Matsumoto and I had 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 occured 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 friend

ly,"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 mostcommon 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 rifleman-interpreter, both roles which where 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 Stillwell 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 on realist "Yeah, those that are left can be flown back 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, grawled 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 reconnaisance 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 diromg tje "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 Gosho distinguished himself both as a rifleman and interpreter. Under heavy enemy fire, Hank interprected the oral commands, pin-pointing 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 crou ched 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 to 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 India. 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 counter attacks and envelopment. Near the end of the second mission, after the primary objectives had been accomplished, the 2nd Bn, was surrounded on Nhrum Ga Hill by the Japanese and cut-off from elements of the 3rd Bn. The 1st Bn was five days' march away, 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 Gosho 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'l-Land, Matsumoto learned that the Japa nese 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 charged and fell under a murderous discharge of weapons at close range. The second 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 maching 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 MYITKYNA.

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 of 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 skirmished along the trail, in a final magnificient 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 threating 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, howver, 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 a 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 occassion, 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 Nise, 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 worn 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 WW II." Eventually the Nisei were 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 Gosho, 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. Nakda, 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 others 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 acquantances 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 unhappines 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."

AKIJI YOSHIMURA

INTRIGUE IN THE PHILIPINES

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 Philipines 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, board ed an Army transport in Honolulu harbor bound for the Philippines. These two had vol untered 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 cremen on the ship for securi ty 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 realize 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. Komori was so entrusted by the Japanese that on one ocassion 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, than 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 Panay 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 final ly landed in a rice paddy in Iloilo.

Their rescue by an American B 25 and escape to Australia is now history. Komori re- calls 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 a- gent.

Komori was awarded the Bronze Star for his military service. He was also recommended for the Silver Star "in recognition of his services 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 office in Lihue, Kauai.

(TAKEN from the souvenir booklet of the 20th Anniversary Reunion of the MIS Hawaii, August 31, Sept 1, 2, 1962, in Honolulu Hawaii.)

REDEDICATION

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 demand ed 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 os 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 instill ed 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 im- minent, all Americans regardless of race stood side by side in beach dugouts and trench es, 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 uni- form 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 thing we saw was a barbed wire enclosure. Our suspicions developed into an abyss of despair. The pes- simists 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 Wis consin 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 4,00 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 unit 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 waling 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 every 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 legis lative 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 that same faith in our system of American Democracy.

"What the, 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 sys tem 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 f ences 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 to- ward 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 mino rity 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 un- done, 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 res ponsibility 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 reslove 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, Colora do, delivered by the Honorable Spark M Matsunaga Unites States Congressman from Hawaii on May 30, 1968. Spark is a 100th Bn and MIS veteran)

RICHARD K. HAYASHI

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MISLS PASSES IN REVIEW

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 ocassion 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. Ad 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 maneuvr 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, than 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 Fran cisco. 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 avail able. 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 com- 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 im 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 ton gue 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 pro vided 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 speach. 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-th-spot translation. They often talk a 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 as 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 simultaneous ly 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.)