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JAPANESE - AMERICAN EVACUATION

UNITED STATES MILITARY

1943-45

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171

JAPANESE-AMERICAN AVIATOR TELLS OF FAMED PLOESTI RAID

Blazing 10,000 Gallon Gasoline Tank Explodes Above Bombing Planes

From address by T/Sgt. Ben Kuroki, Japanese-American wearer of Distinguished Flying Cross for Ploesti raid, given before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco on February 4, 1944.

"When you live with men under combat conditions for 15 months, you begin to understand what brotherhood, equality, tolerance and unselfishness mean.

Under fire, a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, or even his present rank, doesn't matter at all. You're fighting as a team--that's the only way a bomber crew can fight--you're fighting for each other's life and for your country, and whether you realize it at the time or not, you're living and proving democracy.

Ours was the first Liberator group sent to the European theater. As soon as we had our base set up in England, I applied for combat duty.

We were in Libya three months. In all that time, we were able to take a bath only once, and that was when we were given leave to fly to an Egyptian city for that specific purpose. That was the only time we shaved, too.

Making Spaghetti Fly-- And Rice

Our group was going on raids about every other day while we were in the desert, and they were all pretty rough. We bombed Rommel's shipping lines over and over at Bizerte, Tunis, Sfax, Sousse and Tripoli in Africa. Then we started in on Sicily and Italy.

We had some boys of Italian parentage flying with us, and whenever we took off to bomb Naples or Rome I'd kid them about bombing their honorable ancestors. "We're really going to make spaghetti fly today," I'd say, and they'd retort that they couldn't wait to knock the rice out of my dishonorable ancestors.

We bombed Sicily and Southern Italy at altitudes of about 25,000 feet, and it really gets cold at that height.

Even at that height we could see our bombs breaking exactly on their targets, and as much as an hour after we had left the targets we could see the smoke rising from the fires we had caused.

It gave you a funny feeling; you couldn't help but think of the people being hurt down there.

But we were in no position to be sentimental about it. Unfortunately, it was German and Italian lives or ours.

It was a happy day when after three months of Libya, we received orders to return to England. We took off from Tobruk at midnight.

From England we bombed targets in Germany and began 3 months' preparations for the raid on the Roumanian oil fields at Ploesti.

(over)

### Getting Ready for Ploesti

Our base was set up near Bengasi in Libya. Here we had a complete dummy target of what we later learned were the Ploesti refineries.

I had been a tail gunner, but now I was assigned to the top turret. To celebrate the event, Kettering painted in big red letters across the glass dome of the turret these words: 'Top Turret Gunner Most Honorable Son'Sgt. Ben Kuroki.' 'Most Honorable Son' was what they usually called me-- that or 'Hara'kiri.' They were a great bunch over there.

It was not until the day before we left that we were told the target was the Roumanian oil fields.

We were briefed all that day and into the night. The American engineer who had constructed the Ploesti refineries talked to us; he knew the exact location of every refinery and every cracking and distilling plant. They showed us motion pictures which gave details of the individual targets.

In the afternoon Major General Brereton told us that Ploesti supplied one-third of all Germany's oil and nearly all of Italy's, that it was timed, furthermore, to cut Hitler's fuel supply as his divisions rushed to Italy.

When he finished, our new group commander briefed us again. 'I'll get my damn ship over the target if it falls apart,' he said. He got his ship over the target all right-- we were close behind him. And we saw it when it fell apart, flaming to the earth.

### A Volunteer Mission

That afternoon before the raid he emphasized that nobody had to go who didn't want to; it was really a volunteer mission. No one declined, but we were all very tense.

Flying over the Mediterranean at 5,000 feet, suddenly a plane ahead nose-dived down like a bullet, crashed in the water and exploded. For half an hour we could see the smoke from it. It gave us a haunting feeling of approaching disaster--not a man on that plane had a chance to escape.

Ten miles from the target, we dropped to 50 feet, following the contours of the land, up over hills and down into valleys. Coming back we were flying part of the way at five and ten feet off the ground. Some planes returned with tree tops and cornstalks in their bomb-bays!

We came into the oil fields at about 50 feet and went up to about 75 to bomb. Five miles from the target, heavy anti-aircraft started pounding us. We really started praying then! We figured that if they started shooting at us with the big guns at that distance, they would surely get us with smaller and more maneuverable batteries. At our height you could have brought a Liberator down with a shotgun.

### Refineries Already Blazing

Ploesti was wrapped in a smoke screen which made it very difficult to find the targets. When we got over, the refineries were already blazing from the bombs and guns ahead of us.

(forward)

Red tracers from the small ground guns had been zig-zagging all around us for half a mile or more, and the guns themselves were sending up terrific barrages. Just as we hit the target, gas tanks started exploding.

One 10,000-gallon tank blew up right in front of us, shooting pillars of flaming gas 500 feet in the air. It was like a nightmare to see the blazing tank high above us. The pilot had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid what was really a cloud of fire. We felt as though we were flying through a furnace.

Light flak must have hit the gas of the plane to the right of us, for all of a sudden it was burning from end to end. It sank right down, as though no power on earth could hold it in the air for even a second, hit the ground and exploded.

#### Usually You Don't See the Crash

Every man on that ship was a friend of mine, and I knew the position each was flying. I'd seen planes go down before, but always from a high altitude, and then you don't see the crash. This way it seemed I could reach out and touch those men.

Then we saw flak hit our group commander's plane. In a second it was burning from the bomb-bays back. He pulled it up as high as he could get it; it was fantastic to see that blazing Liberator climbing straight up. As soon as he started climbing, one man jumped out, and when he could get it no higher, two more came out. Every one of us knew he had pulled it up in order to give those men a chance. Then, knowing he was done for, he deliberately dove it into the highest building in Ploesti. The instant he hit, his ship exploded.

We left Ploesti a ruin. Huge clouds of smoke and fire billowed from the ground as we pulled away from the target.

We got back to camp 13 hours after we had taken off. It was the longest bombing mission ever flown, and that explains why it was necessary to do it at low altitude. If we had bombed at the usual level, we would never have had enough gas to get back.

It was also the most dangerous mission in the history of heavy bombardment, ranking as a battle in itself. It is officially regarded not as the Ploesti raid but as 'the battle of Ploesti.'

#### Extra Five Missions

For a long time I had been thinking about volunteering for an extra five missions. I wanted to do that for my kid brother; he wasn't overseas then. The day after my 25th, I asked my commanding officer if I could go on five more. He said I should go home; in fact, there were order out already for me to do so, and a plane ticket to the States waiting for me.

It took me three months to get those five missions in, the weather was so bad. And then when I came home it was by banana boat and not airplane. I was sure burned up about that.

From the beginning I have felt my combat career would not be over until I had fought in the South Pacific, and so I asked to come home for a brief rest and then be assigned to a Liberator group in the South Pacific.

(over)

I certainly don't purpose to defend Japan. When I visit Tokyo it will be in a Liberator bomber. But I do believe that loyal Americans of Japanese descent are entitled to the democratic rights which Jefferson propounded, Washington fought for and Lincoln died for.

In my own case, I have almost won the battle against intolerance; I have many close friends in the Army now--my best friends, as I am theirs--where two years ago I had none. But I have by no means completely won that battle. Especially now, after the widespread publicity given the recent atrocity stories, I find prejudice once again directed against me, and neither my uniform nor the medals which are visible proof of what I have been through, have been able to stop it.

I can only reply: 'Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people.'



## DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

### INFORMATION SERVICE

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

For Immediate Release TO PM's OF WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1944.

An American doughboy's solution of how to handle those who would prevent the relocation of Japanese American citizens from evacuee centers into the normal stream of American life, was received today by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes direct from the front lines of the Italian theater of war.

The writer, Corporal J. H. Kety, of the United States Army, laid his rifle aside to pen the following:

"May I suggest that you send all those narrow-minded, bigoted, un-Americans over here to relieve the 100th Infantry Battalion of the 34th Division?"

The 100th Infantry Battalion, composed of American soldiers of Japanese descent, has one of the proudest records of the war. Out of the battalion (1,000 men) 900 have been awarded Purple Hearts for wounds suffered in battle; 36 have been honored with the Silver Star; 21 have won Bronze Stars, and 3 wear the Distinguished Service Cross.

Secretary Ickes' reply to Corporal Kety read, in part, as follows:

"Thank you for your letter. It is quite apparent that you know what you are fighting for."

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FUTURE RELEASE

WAR DEPARTMENT  
Press Branch

For Release August 10, 1944

Future Release

100th BATTALION HAS FOUGHT ON VIRTUALLY ALL FRONTS IN ITALY

The Japanese-American 100th Infantry Battalion, which recently received a citation from Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, U.S. Army, Commanding General of the Fifth Army, has participated in fighting on virtually every front established in the drive through Italy, reports from Fifth Army Headquarters indicate.

Going into action first in the Naples area, the battalion fought its way across the Volturno River and the Rapido River, and was in the front lines for 40 days at Cassino. Later it was transferred to the beachhead at Anzio and took part in the breakthrough to Rome.

The 100th Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, of which it is a part, are composed of Americans of Japanese descent, all of whom volunteered for service. The majority of the soldiers in the 100th are from the Hawaiian Islands.

The mission for which the battalion was cited was accomplished June 26 and 27 in the vicinity of Belvedere and Sassetta, Italy. A strong German center of resistance dominated vital highway and impeded the advance of an American infantry division. In the face of numerically superior forces of Nazi infantry and field artillery, the battalion fought its way to the defended positions and completely destroyed the enemy flank position, killing 178 Germans, wounding 20, and capturing 73 in the process.

In ten months of almost continuous fighting only two soldiers of the 100th Infantry have been captured by the Germans, while the battalion has taken hundreds of prisoner, killed hundreds more, and destroyed vast quantity of enemy material.

More than 1,000 Purple Hearts, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars, nine Distinguished Service Crosses and three Legion of Merit medals have been awarded to members of the unit. Fifteen enlisted men have received battlefield commissions after displaying outstanding leadership in combat. Among them are two company commanders: Captain Mitsuyahi Fukuda, of 2333 Fern Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, and Captain Sakee Takahashi of Makaweli, Kauai, Hawaii. Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Singlos of Denver, Colorado, a West Point graduate, is battalion commander.

One of the Japanese-American officers, Captain Young O. Kim, 734 Temple Street Los Angeles, California, has received three decorations. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for outstanding gallantry during the breakthrough to the Alban Hills, and also holds the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. Second Lieutenant Allan Ohata, 708 Bannister St., Honolulu, Hawaii, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in killing 50 Germans during one day's fighting in an early battle in Italy.

There never has been a case of desertion or absence without leave in the 100th although there were two reported cases of "reverse AWOL." Before their battle wounds were completely healed in a field hospital behind the lines, two soldiers left the hospital and hitch-hiked back to their companies on the battlefield.

CAPTAIN MITSUYOSHI FUKUDA

is from Honolulu, Hawaii, but his family now resides in Milwaukee. Already in the Army at the time of Pearl Harbor, he saw firsthand the sneak attack that led to our Country's declaration of war. He has just returned after a year on the battlefields of Italy, where he led his men of Battalion A through every major engagement in the Italian campaign from Salerno to Livorno as part of General Mark Clark's Fifth Army. For gallantry in action he was awarded the Silver Star.

Recently theatre-goers all over this nation applauded newsreel shots of General Mark Clark fastening the streamers of the War Department's Distinguished Unit Citation on the guidons of the 100th Infantry for "outstanding performance of duty in action" in the vicinity of Belvedere and Sasseta, where the 100th fought against superior forces of the enemy and destroyed his right flank. Said General Clark in conferring this honor,

"Your record in battle has been marked by one outstanding achievement after another. You are always thinking of your country before yourselves. You have never complained through your long periods in the line. You have written a brilliant chapter in the history of America's fighting men."

The 100th Infantry trained at Camp McCoy here in Wisconsin.

at THE MILWAUKEE CITY CLUB

RECEPTION AT 6:30 O'CLOCK

INFORMAL

RSVP on enclosed card by Monday, Sept. 25

Department of the Interior  
War Relocation Authority - Northern California Area  
Sheldon Building - 461 Market Street  
San Francisco, California

(Captain George H. Grandstaff, one of the few Caucasian officers to serve with the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, both comprised of Americans of Japanese ancestry, delivered the following talk before an audience of nearly 1000 members of the Commonwealth Club of California in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, at noon on Friday July 27, 1945.

(Captain Grandstaff, 35, married, and whose home is in Azusa, California, was in the citrus fruit business until his enlistment at Covina on May 22, 1945. He was chosen to attend Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga., and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant, January 6, 1943. Shortly thereafter he was assigned to Camp Shelby where he joined the 100th, which he helped train, going overseas with them as Battalion Supply Officer. He landed with them in North Africa and went into action with the 100th at Salerno September 21, 1943.

(He fought with the 100th throughout the Italian campaign, was with the 100th when it became the 1st Battalion of the 442nd.

(Wounded three times, he was awarded the Purple Heart and two clusters. He also wears the Presidential Unit Citation bar, won by the unit at Belvedere and Sassetta, the ETO ribbon with four stars and the Silver Star, awarded to him for his part in the rescue of the "Lost Battalion" (1st Battalion, 141st Infantry of the 36th (Texas) Division in the Vosges Forest in France.

(Captain Grandstaff returned home on furlough after German forces in Italy capitulated and shortly before V-E Day.)

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I GIVE YOU AMERICANS

Chairman Charles, President Perkins, and members of the Commonwealth Club of California, I am grateful for the opportunity to come before this club for I know your organization makes scholarly and analytical approaches to the problems you study. I am not sure my story will fit into that kind of activity but its real value lies in its truthfulness. I am not an entertainer, I am not a skilled speaker selected by Army Public Relations to help the home front to do its share in winning the war. I am not even assigned to the Public Relations section. I am just a plain combat infantryman, what the boys call a "90-day wonder" and I am here because the War Department has ordered me to 30 days of temporary duty speaking before audiences on the Pacific Coast in an endeavor to give you a first hand story of the performance of Americans of Japanese descent in combat. This I can do for those boys were my boys.

Secondly, I think, I can give you an idea of what is going on in the minds and hearts of the GI's overseas, the ones who are on the front doing the fighting. It is my thought that people are using the GI opinion as a club to promote their own program here at home without having the faintest basis for their manufactured, elusive, contradictory, synthetic pronouncements. I don't pretend to have compared notes with all of the 10 or 12 million men in the service but I can tell you that there are some issues on which there is practically unanimous opinion among our fighting forces. Racial prejudices, un-American mistreatment of minorities, abuses of the weak by the economically strong are chief among these issues.

The splendid record of the Americans of Japanese descent in combat is a chapter still in the making in the history of World War II. The brief insight into that record which I give you today deals only with the Nisei in the European theatre of war.

In order to take in a bit of background, I'll take you back about four years when some fourteen hundred men, all members of the 293th and 299th Hawaiian National Guard Regiments and all Americans of Japanese descent were suddenly withdrawn from

their units, bundled into an oversize battalion and shipped to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Pearl Harbor had occurred and racial turmoil followed in its wake. The obvious reason for this sudden withdrawal from the Islands, at least to these Nisei, was fear of Japanese treachery--a disconcerting beginning for a Battalion that was soon to build one of the finest combat records in World War II. Nevertheless, a seven-company Battalion was formed and went to work earnestly to prepare for combat. After six months at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, the Battalion was moved to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and it was there that I joined them in February of 1943.

Through diligent work and sincerity of purpose, the outfit was fast approaching a high efficiency, but the minds of the men were filled with questions. Will they let us fight? What do we have to do to prove we are loyal? Lt. Col. Farrant L. Turner, the Battalion Commander, and Mr. Joe Farrington, the delegate from Hawaii, were relentless in their fight to let the outfit prove itself in combat. Ultimately their efforts were rewarded, and in August of 1943, we embarked for an unknown overseas destination.

We landed in North Africa at Oran and morale hit a new low when persistent rumor told of a job guarding a railroad in Africa. Were those long hours of bayonet drill, those sweaty, stinky forced marches, those chigger-filled nights in Louisiana, endured to make us railroad guards?

For ten days we grumbled. Then came startling orders. We were assigned, and to the oldest Division in the European Theatre--the Thirty Fourth! Hurried preparations were made, and in the three weeks that followed, we were equipped, briefed, and on our way to Salerno Beach. We were to serve as the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Infantry Regiment. Try to imagine, if you can, how we felt--newcomers to combat, our first shot yet to be fired, but part of a veteran division of the African campaign.

Pride filled the hearts of the handful of white officers in the 100th. Green troops, Japanese-American boys thrown into a situation so critical that failure might change the entire course of events in the European campaign. What of the skeptics now? Had the courage of these boys been less strong, their belief in America less great, it could have been a different story.

Remember, these were the boys for whom few were ready or willing to speak, yet, these were the boys who led that push all the way to Benevento, and if soldiers ever worked to prove themselves to a Division and to a doubting world, it was the 100th Battalion during our initial drive into Italy. After three weeks of fighting, morale soared upward, these boys knew they had not trained in vain. They were good soldiers. By this time General Charles W. Ryder knew the 100th for its true worth and proudly presented us with the Red Bull patch of the 34th Division. That was a proud day for us, and we will always value the "old Bull" as one of our proudest possessions.

Winter was fast approaching as we made the initial crossing of the Volturno. Rain was rapidly turning Italy's dirt roads into muck, and small streams were setting new high water marks on their banks. In true California fashion, the natives described the weather as "unusual". That was no name for it! Mud clung to your feet, clean rifles were impossible; dry blankets unheard of. Supply trucks sunk unhappily on their bellies with a resolve never to move again unless compelled to do so by force other than their own. "ere the heartbreak of closely related soldiers began to be increasingly evident. To lose a comrade is bad--to lose a brother is plain hell, particularly when one has still another brother with the outfit. Yes, we were getting used to death, we knew its odor, we knew the twisted, crumpled look of a man in whom no life remained. This is the stage of mental adjustment most combat units fear. A few men decide that life is too sweet to risk, A.W.O.L.'s increase, and "straggler lines" lengthen. The 100th Battalion, during its entire combat history never had, nor had need of, a "straggler line" and with them A.W.O.L. was a military term used to describe a hospital patient who returned to the outfit before being declared physically fit for duty!

The Battalion made four crossings of the winding Volturno River, and it seemed

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as if each succeeding one exceeded the next in ferocity of German defense, the number of mines encountered, and mortar and artillery fire received. Winter pounced down on Italy, and the suffering of the Hawaiian-bred men was terrible. Sleet and snow alternated with rain. During that winter the Battalion almost to a man, suffered with trench feet in varying degrees. Many patients had toes amputated because they "stood it out" too long before asking for medical aid. I will never forget that winter nor those Japanese-American boys who always smiled and never complained.

Casualties were heavy at Castle Hill and Alife, and weather continued to hamper movement. Here for the first time in Italy, it was necessary to resort to the use of mules in the mountains. This substantially reduced the quantity of food, ammunition, and water, which could be transported to the Battalion, and increased the ever-present problem of evacuation of the wounded. During the long drive from Prosenzano across the mountains to San Michele, contact with the rear elements became increasingly bad. At its worst, 8 relay stations were established from which litter teams worked to the point of exhaustion, scratching their way down steep mountain slopes in a race with death. Many wounded men spent twenty-two hours being bumped along on a litter before they could be brought to a one way jeep trail--another hour on a litter rack across a jeep over what only an optimist would call a road before he could be placed aboard an ambulance. Those lads were Americans who bled to death on that goat trail. Their smallness of stature or the color of their skin did not relieve their suffering in the slightest degree. I learned another lesson in life on the battlefields of Italy when I could find no difference in the color of their blood and that of my own. I had pride in my outfit before but those mountains proved to me that we had men who were real men. The 100th Battalion had a spirit which moved it forward--a spirit which few units have ever equaled.

We were tired when we reached San Michele which lies across the Rapido River and its small valley from Cassino. We longed to rest but further work must be done. Cassino blocked the entire advance. Cassino had to fall. To tell you of that battle seems almost futile. I have seen more pictures and read more articles concerning that action than any one engagement of the European War. For 40 days the 34th Division which still included the 100th Battalion pounded the monastery, the Castle, Hangman's Hill and the town of Cassino. Casualties streamed down the mountains under cover of darkness. During those days I asked for volunteers for hazardous task, selected those to go and then saw men dry because they were refused permission to go with us. Yes, those were Japanese-Americans who cried--not because they had dread hazardous duty but because they had not. One night in particular will always remain in my mind. Some forty enlisted men and I had picked a spot at which to meet at 2000. I was delayed by a persistent mortar barrage and arrived about three quarters of an hour late. Instead of forty men there was only one. Upon questioning him, I found that the balance were up in that barrage hunting for me because they knew that I was alone. There are many fancy definitions of "loyalty" but when those men straggled in at dawn after an all night search for me I needed no dictionary for my interpretation of the word.

Cassino was an everlasting nightmare. Suffice it to say that it was the only objective the 100th Battalion or the 34th Division ever failed to take. We were the last American unit to come out when the British relieved us there and we were very few in numbers. Our Battalion looked like a company.

We pulled back into a rest area, or should I say a collapse area, and it was there that we received our first group of replacements. Again brothers met brothers and looks of dismay crossed the faces of these veterans when they saw the eager faces of those kids who had volunteered to join us; I think the powers that be thought it was not my lot to train my own brother--to sit by a camp fire and to attempt to tell him all things which actual experience alone can really teach. They faced this problem as they faced everything in Europe--with a grim determination to do a superior job. We were soon to know the value of that training for within a month we were once again aboard ship and heading for the Anzio Beach Head--a nice spot in which to initiate men to combat. During that voyage we managed to do a bit of reading and

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it was there that our men through the "Stars and Stripes" and local newspapers from home learned of many happenings on the Pacific Coast. They didn't say much about their families and friends in Relocation Centers nor did they rejoice over the fact that the only proven sabotage was committed by white men. The thing that really made my blood boil was to read of the mistreatment of our returning veterans. Had I been a Japanese-American, I believe that I would have become very embittered and doubts would have assailed my mind. But the boys never relaxed and as the incidents increased so also did their determination to go on proving themselves Americans in spite of the un-American acts committed against them.

It was on the Beach-head that Capt. Kim and Pvt. Akahoshi startled all American units with their daylight capture of two German prisoners from behind enemy lines. The pair crawled on their bellies into an area occupied by a German platoon then belly-crawled - not marched--their prisoners right out from under the nose of the whole Jerry platoon at the point of their tommyguns. The information gained was from them was invaluable. Both men were awarded D.S.C.'s for this audacious act.

Anzio was not a health resort then. Not a foot of American-held ground was safe from enemy artillery. Ships unloaded while the "Anzio Express" tried desperately to hit them. C.P's and dug-outs were heavily sand-bagged. Kitchen areas were as "hot" as the front lines. There were no spots where field hospitals could be placed where nurses would not be killed in their wards or operating rooms. Plans were laid and we started our push to break out to join with the forces driving toward us from Cassino.

Again the 100th Battalion had a spear-heading job and what a magnificent one they made of it. Those were bitter fights that led to that junction of forces and the ultimate fall of Rome. We chased Jerry madly as he tried to fight a rear guard action, fought for time in which to establish a line capable of stopping our drive.

It was fun in a way but it had its drawbacks for the faster Jerry went the faster we must go--if he went without eating we also could not spare the time--if he went without sleep our eyes also became red-rimmed and bloodshot. Weary and worn, we again stopped to catch our breath near Civitavecchia. We had barely set up camp when trucks started arriving with elements of the 442nd R.C.T. Here was an entire combat team of Americans of Japanese ancestry and we could well be proud that the 100th Battalion had proven their right to be there. They came over with only two of the three normal Infantry Battalions for we had already used one of their Battalions as replacements to our own. The time had come to separate us from our old friends, the 133rd Infantry and the 34th so that we might join the 442nd as its first Battalion.

The training of the 442nd had been conducted very well and its efficiency was high. We got a kick out of the rivalry between the two groups. The 100th knew they were good while the 442nd could see no reason why they couldn't be better. We poured it on a bit by receiving a Presidential Unit Citation for the first action in which the Combat Team participated as a combined unit. However, it was not long before the other Battalions were making the 100th hump to keep its reputation.

7 The Combat Team was used continuously in the drive through Leghorn, Pisa, the Arno River line and arrived on the banks of the Serchio River when orders came through to pull back to Naples. As in all units, rumors ran riot--we were going home--we were going to C.B.I.--we were going to Yugoslavia. As with all rumors, we were correct--we went to France. We landed in Marseilles and were immediately attached to the 36th (the Texas) Division who were having rough going in the Vosges Forests near Biffontaine.

The Combat Team entrucked and rolled up the Rhone River Valley to join their old friends of Italian Battles, the 36th Division. The first three objectives were quickly taken as the men were somewhat rested by their boat trip, and Bruyeres fell. Bad news came to us there. The First Battalion of the 141st Infantry Regiment was completely surrounded by the Krauts and immediate action was necessary.

There are two things in combat which greatly affect a man's ability to push

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forward. He must be confident that if wounded, aid men will evacuate him to a place of safety with the least possible delay.

Secondly, if a unit is surrounded, he must be certain every effort will be made to re-establish contact and get him out of his predicament. If a soldier ever feels that higher headquarters would not even weigh carefully the problem of rescue but would, without any consideration, sacrifice him and his buddies, the general lowering of morale would be felt all along the line. The 442nd again tugged at their belts and started in to make contact with the "Lost Battalion of World War II". It was eight days before our third Battalion and the 100th Battalion fighting abreast reached those men. Their eighty some men were in bad shape. The only supplies they had during those eight days had been dropped to them encased in emergency gasoline tanks. They had been pounded on all sides. The wounded had been dug in and cared for with the very limited medical supplies carried with them. They were not a very pretty sight, but their gratitude was so touching that the 40% casualties we had incurred in getting there, was worth the price. It seems ironic to me to reiterate again in these our United States that these were Americans who fought so gallantly and took such losses to rescue other Americans. Many mothers and fathers of those Texas boys thank God for those little half-pints whom some people still call "yellow-bellies".

Again the 442nd entrucked and away we went to Southern France to hold the winter line established on the Franco-Italian border. We spent three months there during which time replacements from the States poured in. Extensive training was given those men in the rear areas, followed by periods on the line to give them experience. We enjoyed this brief respite from continuous offensive combat and used the time well to prepare for the future. Battle schools were held 500 yards behind the lines, then the new men went into the line for experience. In March of this year, we were relieved and moved to Marseilles once more under secret orders. Again rumors ran riot as to our destination. We went aboard ship and sailed. We didn't know where we were going but I would have cheerfully doubled my insurance. Groans rose to the high heavens when we docked at Leghorn. Thunderation! we were in Italy again.

General Mark W. Clark, the old war horse of Italy, soon took all doubts from our minds. He told the 442nd that they had earned the right to be in on the final kill in Italy, and now was the time to hit and hit hard. We were attached to the 92nd Division and jumped off on April 5th to make the final drive into the Po Valley and to mop up all resistance in Italy. We were tired of war and wanted to get the job done. Massa, Carrara, La Spezia, and Genoa fell in rapid succession. The blows by the Fifth and Eighth Armies were so powerful and well-planned that the Germans, cut off from the Brenner Pass and fearing total annihilation, surrendered completely near the end of April. I left my friends of the 442nd in mid-May to sail for home and a 30 day leave.

Since my arrival here, I have heard of many organizations which seem to belong in the countries I have just left. The Motto of the 100th Battalion is "Remember Pearl Harbor." The West Coast has a "Remember Pearl Harbor League" and an inspection of its activities gives one the idea it is limited to keeping Americans from returning to their homes on the Coast. Many men in my Battalion lost families, relatives, friends, and homes on December 7, 1941. The desire of the soldiers of the 442nd was to fight the "Japs" first. They remember Pearl Harbor, and they have been giving their lives ever since because they remember! I wonder which organization, after a close examination of the record, is most entitled to that motto.

How many of you told your boys when they went into uniform, "Son, if you ever do anything to disgrace the uniform you wear, don't come home." Innumerable American soldiers of Japanese descent were given those instructions by their parents, and those who are not coming home are dead!

It may be wise to take a few minutes to discuss a number of the arguments which I have received since starting this tour of duty.

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No. 1: that practically all of the Americans of Japanese descent were drafted into the army. My job has been to fight and consequently I had to dig into the records a bit to get the answer to that one. Surprising as it may seem, Americans of Japanese descent had a percentage of 6.2 inducted into the army as compared to 7.2 of all other ancestries or within one per cent of the average. Although they were excluded from induction under the Selective Service Act for a period of more than two years following Pearl Harbor, that percentage could have only been attained through a tremendous number of voluntary enlistments during the time when the army would take Japanese-Americans in no other way.

No. 2: but how can you tell a good Jap from a bad Jap? My answer to that question is how can you tell a good white man from a bad white man? Obviously, by his actions! The Record of the 442nd Infantry Regiment speaks for itself but in the event that that voice has not been heard by all people I would like to quote from the Stars and Stripes of mid-April, a list of the citations awarded the men of that unit. Three thousand seven Purple Hearts, two Presidential Unit Citations, thirty-one Distinguished Service Crosses, one hundred eighty Silver Stars, two hundred and eighteen Bronze Stars, sixty-four Divisional Citations and I can assure you that this list is far from complete. Need more be said on this subject after I tell you they have become known as one of the most decorated outfits in United States Army history?

Question No. 3: Granting that they have made a fine record in the European war against the Germans, how about the Pacific theater of war? I have not been in the South Pacific as yet but I can quote some of the newspapers in the United States, articles referring to the deeds of Americans of Japanese descent in the Pacific.

The following is an extract from a War Department Citation.

"The soldier's medal is awarded to Master Sgt. Susumu Toyoda for heroism and bravery near Torokina, Bougainville, British Solomon Islands on June 29, 1944."

The Los Angeles News of August 1944 published the following article: "Participation of Japanese-American troops in the conquest of Saipan Island was disclosed yesterday in a report announcing citations for six American soldiers of Japanese ancestry. Four of the soldiers, all of whom received Bronze Stars, are from California."

The Chicago Daily News in an interview with Marine Lt. Robert J. Newell gave us this interesting quotation. "They have the respect of the marines because they are good American soldiers and we realize the risks they are exposed to, in event that they are captured by the enemy."

The most interesting news item of them all came from San Francisco's own Joe Rosenthal who on April 1945 paid this tribute through the Chicago Tribune and I quote. "Americans of Japanese ancestry who are serving with the Pacific assault forces have proved their loyalty to the United States thru heroism that has won the praise of all who have seen them in action."

This was the message brought back from the Pacific today by Joe Rosenthal, Associated Press photographer who made the historic picture of the marines raising the Stars and Stripes at the crater rim of Mount Suribachi after the bloody battle for Iwo Island.

"There are thousands of Japanese Americans in United States service in all theaters," Rosenthal said in an interview. "All of those with whom I came into contact are anxious to prove their loyalty to this country. Often their anxiety is touching for they volunteer for all sorts of dangerous missions."

"Many have paid with their lives, and many more have been wounded. They have done an outstanding job for the allied cause and their heroism should be recognized. It has been recognized by the marine commanders where I saw them in action at Guam, Peleliu, and Iwo."

Rosenthal said many of the Japanese Americans in service in Europe had clamored for transfer to the Pacific where, lent to the marines, their linguistic and other talents could be put to better use. He said virtually all were serving with special units rather than with regular fighting units!

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These quotations are very inadequate to stress my point but the many other things being done by Americans of Japanese ancestry of which I have knowledge cannot be told at the present time for reasons of military security.

Question No. 4 arises in every discussion. I don't object to their return to California but don't you think it would be better to wait until after the war? If I remember correctly, the War Dept. handled the evacuation of people of Japanese ancestry. That self same War Dept. has investigated very thoroughly all people in Relocation Centers. Some declared their allegiance to Japan, some were doubtful cases and with those the Dept. of Justice will settle. But of those who are permitted to return to Pacific Coast there can be no doubt. If the War Dept., the FBI, and Military Intelligence agree that there is no objection to the return of Joe Moto, I fail to see why some self-styled Home Front Commando should intrude himself into the picture and consistent with the age-old policy of racial intolerance (which I have a vague recollection was supposed to be one of the things against which we are fighting) insist that because of the pigment of the skin and his ancestral background (about which none of us have much choice) that he is an undesirable. If the boys of my outfit can give their lives by the hundreds on the Italian and French fronts in some of the coldest, muddiest, bitterest fighting of the whole war, I fail to see where it is going to hurt the people of California to allow returned veterans with their families or relatives to come back to their homes and take their places in the community. The War Dept. has done a magnificent job of helping to clean up Europe and their plans in the Pacific are fast taking shape. If we, members of the armed forces can place our lives in their hands, surely the civilians can trust their judgment in returning Americans to their homes.

The best answer of all, of course, lies in the Hawaiian Islands where the screening was done by the War Department on the spot. People of Japanese ancestry, a majority rather than a minority group in the islands, have lived there several thousands of miles closer to the war than we here in California -- have lived there as loyal citizens both before and after Pearl Harbor.

This particular question has other aspects which should be called to public attention. I refer to the wave of violence and terrorism on the Pacific Coast toward these returning people. I have shocked many people by telling them that they are handing Japan a big propaganda club with which to hit us over the head -- that we might be giving the Japs a beautiful excuse to torture American prisoners of War. I believe that there is enough kindness in all of us to make that possibility unendurable. The long range position of the United States in the peace to follow must be considered also. We have made our democracy felt throughout the world. Friends and enemies know well our capacity for production, our might on the battlefields. Must we jeopardize our future standing among the nations of the world by not practising at home the Democratic principles which our battle flags have carried so far afield.

I feel privileged in having been allowed to serve with the 100th Battalion and the 442nd Infantry Regiment, and if given the opportunity I would serve with them again. I am proud of their record and proud of the individuals who made that record possible. I ask no special privileges for them nor do they. But I do ask that the democratic principles for which they fought to preserve be practised without discrimination or prejudice. With fair play and fair treatment, we can and we will make the United States of America a "land of the free!"

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ADDRESS BEFORE SAN FRANCISCO COMMONWEALTH CLUB ON  
FRIDAY NOON, NOVEMBER 30, 1945,  
BY LIEUT. COL. WALLACE H. MOORE.

NISEI IN INTELLIGENCE AND COUNTER INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Chairman, members of the Commonwealth Club of California:

Just about eight weeks ago, your speaker went to Camp Roberts under the impression that he was about ready to be discharged. I was at the Headquarters of the Infantry Replacement Training center when the Executive Officer sent for me. He had a French style telephone turned away from his mouth when I reported. He said, "Moore, the War Department is on the line. They want you to go on a sixty-day speaking tour." I replied, "Colonel, I'm just about ready to get my discharge, my employer in Berkeley has asked me to return as soon as possible, I have been in the army for nearly five years, I have 132 points and don't know anything about speaking." He turned the telephone back and said, "He's available!" so that's the reason I'm here!

The War Department could not have given me a more interesting, more stimulating, a more challenging assignment in this country than this sixty-day tour on the West Coast has been. My purpose and the purpose of the War Department in directing that I accept your invitation to speak is to place before you as simply as possible a few facts. Facts relating to a group of American citizens who joined with those of us who were called into active service in the Army and who made outstanding contributions toward winning the war.

When I was ordered from the 30th Infantry right out here at the Presidio of San Francisco to the G-2 or Military Intelligence section of the General Staff in Washington in the spring of 1941, one of the obvious weaknesses was the lack of translators and interpreters of Japanese for War Department and Combat Intelligence. If you have been reading the papers recently the accuracy of this statement is tragically emphasized. The Table of Organization called for ten translators and interpreters for each division. We didn't have a sufficient number to provide one for each prospective division. Therefore after careful consideration, an intelligence and language school was established at the Presidio of San Francisco in September of 1941 -- preceding Pearl Harbor. To this school were sent about 60 Americans of Japanese ancestry most of whom had splendid educational backgrounds both in this country and in Japan. Yes, we used Kibei. Kibei, as you know, are Nisei or second generation Japanese who returned to Japan and then came back to this country. We found that those who were in Japan for only two or three years were as loyal to this country as anyone else.

Many of these students were dual citizens. For your information, there was a dual citizenship bill sponsored by the War Department, introduced in Congress in October, 1941, and passed by the House of Representatives in November of that year. This bill provided for the same screening process that was carried out by the Army and the Department of Justice after relocation. Before the Senate could consider the bill, Pearl Harbor was struck.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, our intelligence school was well organized. Then the whole problem of Relocation of Americans of Japanese ancestry and alien Japanese arose. The justice or injustice of Relocation is beyond the scope of this discussion. It is sufficient to say that mass relocation from the Hawaiian Islands -- a much more

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strategic area - was not carried out. Suffice it also to say that 300,000 German aliens and 695,000 Italian aliens, who were eligible for citizenship but did not have the interest or inclination or education to take out citizenship papers, were not molested in any way.

The task of the War Relocation Authority has been a difficult one from the beginning because the Department of Interior was not responsible for the evacuation in the first place, in spite of the mis-information many people in the western states have regarding this fact.

The Army has accomplished many things during this war of which we are exceedingly proud. From the point of view of the Army we were glad to get out from under on the problem of relocation.

May I here commend those who are responsible for carrying on in this most difficult task in protecting the constitutional rights of this racial minority.

In September of 1942, orders came through for me to join the Headquarters of the First Corps, at the request of General Robert L. Eichelberger who had formerly commanded the 30th Infantry Regiment at the Presidio. The first group of Americans of Japanese ancestry, graduates of the intelligence school, accompanied us to the Southwest Pacific area. These Americans realized that nearly everyone on the boat was suspicious of their actions and skeptical of any good results they could accomplish. But the members of this group were imbued with the spirit of America and were determined to prove their worth and loyalty under all circumstances.

May I give you just a few incidents?

Early in the Buna campaign, it was obvious that the American Division committed initially, along with the Australians, was having great difficulty defeating and destroying the Japanese forces. One reason for this was the lack of food and ammunition. Another reason was the scarcity of information concerning the enemy. When the Commanding General of the I Corps was ordered into action, he took with him a small nucleus of only three Americans of Japanese ancestry and one Caucasian language officer. For obvious reasons, very few Nips were being taken prisoner. The information we obtained initially had to come from captured documents. On one occasion, a piece of paper not as large as your hand was found on a dead Japanese officer. On this paper was written in "Soshō" or "grass writing" - a kind of shorthand - the time of a Japanese attack the following morning. One of these Americans of Japanese ancestry, then a technical sergeant, now a captain, was able to translate this writing and impart the information obtained to his commanding general. The next morning was like shooting ducks. The enemy attack was repulsed with heavy losses and led eventually to a complete American victory in the battle. The Commanding General who, I might add, had been somewhat skeptical about using three Nisei, called this sergeant before him and said: "Sergeant, in your ability to translate that small document, you have saved the lives of hundreds of your fellow Americans."

If this were an isolated incident we could dismiss it as one of the exceptional experiences in war. But it happened not once, nor twice, but hundreds of times with the result that thousands of the lives of our Americans of Caucasian ancestry were saved.

Later on we loaned the Australian Army a number of our Americans of Japanese ancestry. They placed four or five enlisted men as guards around each one to assure that no untoward incident would take place in regard to them.

I remember one Australian intelligence officer coming in and saying, "You know those bloody Japs you blokes loaned to us --"

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"Yes, what about them?" I asked.

"Gad, but they're good," was his reply.

I later explained to him that the only difference of opinion I held was that it was not Japs that we had loaned them but Americans -- of Japanese ancestry.

One other organization that was in the super-secret category previous to V-J Day was ATIS, the Allied Translator Interpreter Section, composed of representatives from the Army, Navy and Air Corps of Great Britain, Australia, Canada, Holland and the United States. Think of such a United Nations Organization early in our war with Japan -- all of them depending for basic work on Americans -- Americans of Japanese ancestry.

I wish I could give you clear pictures of prisoner interrogations, of the mountains of documents translated, of the work of Nisei with radio and loud speakers, and of pamphlets written in Japanese. The contribution in the psychological warfare phase alone was invaluable. As early as the Buna campaign they began writing and printing leaflets to be dropped over the enemy lines. Originally the value of these leaflets was questioned, but as the War proceeded their effectiveness became more and more apparent. Believe it or not, Emperor Meiji, who is still revered by the Japanese people, was the subject of a number of these pamphlets. You remember that it was during his long reign that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was drawn up. The fact that he favored friendship with the Anglo-Saxon was a fact of which even the most ignorant soldiers in the Japanese Army could be aware. Every effort was made to make these leaflets absolutely true. They were used with increasing frequency, particularly during the last days of our raids over Japan.

May I give you one illustration of how prisoner interviews were conducted. Picture a crude table about three by five in a tent. On one side of the table sits an American of Japanese ancestry in a sergeant's uniform. On the other side, sits a Jap prisoner who has been trained to fight ruthlessly, fanatically, savagely. He is very sullen at first. In Japanese the conversation goes along something like this: The American asks: In what Division are you?

A: The 22nd.

Q: Where is your home?

A: Kochi

Q: In Shikoku?

A: Yes.

Q: Remember the cherry trees along the east end of Main Street?

A: Yes. They are the most beautiful in Japan.

Q: Yes, I agree. I was there once. What time is your Banzai attack, in the morning?

A: Three A. M.

Q: How many in your family?

A: Five

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Q: Do you like to go to the theater?

A: Yes, I do.

Not once did this prisoner seem to realize that in giving the time of the Banzai attack the next morning, he was giving the one bit of essential information for which the other statements were merely the framework. The Japanese did not train their soldiers as to what they should say in case they were captured. We were trained to give name, rank and serial number and nothing else. The Japanese assumed that their soldiers were never captured. I hope they will continue under that assumption if we ever have to fight them again.

I am sure that you will not think that the activities of the Americans of Japanese ancestry were limited to intelligence and counter intelligence activities during the war. Of course in the Pacific Theater they were shot at more frequently than they shot. But in patrols, in searching out caves, in contacting the enemy throughout the campaigns of the Southwest Pacific and in liberating our own prisoners in Jap Prison camps, these loyal Americans fought with the bravery of courageous and inspired heroes.

What they did in Europe is an old story to you now. You see, we had over 20,000 Nisei in the Army. The 442nd Regimental Combat Team is our most decorated unit. The campaigns of the Vosges alone would give them a glorious page in the military history of this country. It was in that campaign that the 442nd went to the rescue of the Lost Battalion of World War I -- a battalion of the 36th Division which became encircled by the Germans. In four days the rescue was accomplished but with the loss of three times the number of their Caucasian American comrades they rescued. Was that the work of Americans or "Japs"? Was that the work of loyal or disloyal Americans? What is their message to you? One of them sent a message - sent it through Sergeant Tanouye whom I met in Santa Rosa recently. It came from one of the Americans of Japanese ancestry who had both legs shot off in the Vosges campaign. The message was: "We don't care what happens to us; just don't push our families around at home!" Mind you, they are not asking for preferential treatment of any kind. - They just want to be treated just like other people in this country -- like other Americans. What a little to ask when they have contributed so much toward the winning of the war:

Not only have the Americans of Japanese ancestry made notable contributions to our winning the War in intelligence, in counter-intelligence, and in combat, but they are continuing to assist in winning the peace.

Over a month ago we saw in the papers where General Eichelberger and General Kreuger had received orders from higher headquarters to seize 22 banks in Japan. The latter, incidentally an American of German ancestry of the first generation, an Issei, if you will. What a War! Fighting under Americans of German ancestry with Americans of Japanese ancestry as close and effective collaborators and with, as I am informed, an American of Italian ancestry winning the first Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II. So these two generals were ordered to seize these banks. You don't take these banks the same way Jesse James took the first national in Northfield, Minnesota. You don't just rush up in Hollywood cinema style and stick a gun through the cashier's window and shout "This is a stickup, hand over the mazuma." In the parlance of the trade, you've got to case the joint first -- get a layout of the place -- have your fingermen there before you put the arm on them.

To get back to a more academic description, very few in our Country were able to read behind the news or look behind the news and see the intensive administration necessary in carrying out such an order. Naturally it was necessary to be able to

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read the records of the banks; to speak to the individuals controlling the banks; to say nothing of the actual mechanics accompanying the seizure. The contributions of Americans of Japanese ancestry were invaluable. Recently an Intelligence Officer received credit for seizing 80,000 carats of diamonds, platinum and other precious metals. We who have served as Intelligence Officers know that it is necessary to work thru the G-2 or Military Intelligence Section of the Staff. The spade work is done primarily by Americans of Japanese ancestry.

Again when counter-intelligence teams were credited with seizing 26 Nazi spies in Japan, we know that these counter-intelligence teams would not be very effective without the assistance of Americans of Japanese ancestry. You and I could try as diligently as possible to look like Orientals; we would hardly be successful even with the assistance of Hollywood touch-up artists. Here we had in our Country a minority group consisting of less than one tenth of one percent of the population of our Country, which constituted a military asset, the value of which was entirely unknown previous to the War.

The task of reeducating and reindoctrinating the Japanese people has begun. A vast army of American G.I.'s of all ancestries are going about the countryside of Japan unarmed and unconcerned, -- making friends, which is always the basis of true understanding between nations. I submit to you that we need more of this type of approach. But there are vast and difficult problems to solve. As you can see, the contribution of these Americans of Japanese ancestry is essential. Most of them have sufficient points to come home. Essential categories have been reduced since V-J Day. These boys think and act just as you and I would under the circumstance. How would you feel if you were overseas and heard that your family in this country was being discriminated against? Our one plea is for us in this country to work unitedly for permanent peace inside and outside of our country as we worked unitedly for victory in war. Is it too much to ask for, when we need mutual tolerance, mutual respect and mutual kindness as the first steps toward winning the peace?

To express it in the vernacular we in the Army would request that we "don't upset the applecart" until our job in the Army is done.

It has been my privilege to speak to groups of Americans on the west coast from Southern California to Northern Washington. The attitude of the vast majority of our fellow citizens in the West is one of which we can all be proud. When information in regard to the contribution of Americans of Japanese ancestry is given to them, they show an enthusiastic willingness to do their bit in winning the peace.

The churches and schools in the three western states it has been my privilege to visit have been outstandingly intelligent and liberal in their attitude. An exception to this was one high school, not in California, where a Nisei had been slapped across the face with a tennis shoe. In just as friendly a manner as possible, I explained to that student body the contribution made by Americans of Japanese ancestry to the war effort and their importance in winning the peace. The principal himself had been out of the armed services only a short time and was most cooperative. There seems to have been a considerable change in that high school because the antagonism has disappeared and all the students are more friendly. Early this week, I received word that one of the Nisei students had written to the District Representatives that "Colonel Moore brought kindness to our high school." If I had received no other commendation during the past two months, this Nisei's unconscious commendation would be more than an ample reward for the efforts that have been made.

Up in Yolo County recently it was my privilege to talk with a member of the Board of Supervisors. Although he had an English name, he obviously was Irish from the top of his head to the bottom of his foot. He said, "You know this whole minorities question interests me very much. About twenty years ago we were dumping the

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trucks containing Chinese vegetables and other commodities into the river. We had a meeting one night and a big lawyer from Sacramento addressed us. The first thing he said was, 'Boys, let's get rid of the Chinks and then we can start in on the Irish!'" This Irish chairman of the meeting very soon lost his enthusiasm for getting rid of the "Chinks," as they were called.

There have been some efforts made to boycott Americans of Japanese ancestry and friendly aliens who are returning to the West Coast. Original efforts to prevent buying from and selling to this group are falling down rapidly. One store in a community up north had the most business last month it had ever had because it refused to participate in any such boycott.

It is not a commentary that those of us who were sent overseas for months and years to protect the American way of life find it necessary to defend the same American way of life when we reach home? That we find it necessary to defend it from a small but significantly vocal minority of our people? Intolerance is whatever form is an enemy of freedom. You will find veterans of this War tolerant of everything except intolerance. Those at home as well as those overseas worked and fought together to achieve victory in War. We cannot permit defeat in peace.

During this discussion, I have made every effort to emphasize the past and present interests of the Army in the Americans of Japanese ancestry. I have not mentioned the desirability of an attitude of good sportsmanship, nor our obligation for a job well done, nor our attitudes as Christian men and women, nor the provisions for minorities in the basic law of our lands, the Constitution of the United States. No, I have not "waved the flag". But when we take our oath of allegiance to that flag, and say "with justice and liberty for all", I submit that we mean FOR ALL.

Department of the Interior  
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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

N. Y. Herald Tribune Editorializes:

"WHAT MORE CONCLUSIVE TEST  
OF PATRIOTISM IS THERE?"

"Recently 11 wounded men from Bushnell General Hospital were feted in Salt Lake City. All were Japanese Americans who had seen service in the Italian campaign. Most of them lost an arm or a leg and were sent to Bushnell for the fitting of artificial limbs.

"It may have been something of a surprise to many Utahns to read about these Americans of Japanese ancestry and their fighting record in Uncle Sam's army. But these 11 are only a few of the hundreds of Japanese Americans who have fought bravely for their country--America--been killed, wounded, and taken prisoner, praised for performing 'brilliantly' in action and decorated for gallantry. And there are thousands more Japanese Americans now going into action or preparing to do so. The first Japanese American combat unit, the 100th Infantry Battalion, was activated in May, 1942. It first went into action about a year ago in Italy. Since then up to last May members of this one battalion, fighting in many engagements and singled out for high praise in a Fifth Army citation, have received 1,000 Purple Hearts, three Distinguished Service Crosses, 36 Silver Stars, and 21 Bronze Stars.

"News dispatches from Italy the last few days reveal the 100th Battalion has been expanding into the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. All of the enlisted men and more than half of the officers of this regimental unit are Japanese Americans. Eleanor Packard, U. P. correspondent with

U.S. troops in Italy, said in a dispatch they were 'rated equally with their American comrades on either flank and were winning the confidence of other troops for their fighting qualities.' A few days ago, another news item reveals, they led an attack which threatened to outflank enemy strongholds blocking the way to Livorno and captured two villages in fierce fighting.

"Japanese Americans have seen plenty of action in this war on many fronts. Japanese Americans in the Hawaiian territorial guard fought at Pearl Harbor, reportedly shooting down a raiding Japanese plane and capturing the first Japanese prisoner, one-half of the crew of a Japanese midget submarine which was wrecked on a Hawaiian reef. A Japanese technical sergeant in the Air Forces has won two Distinguished Flying Crosses and an Air Medal with five Oak Leaf clusters for his gunnery work on more than 25 European theater bombing missions. Japanese Americans are serving as interpreters, radio intelligence men and in other capacities all over the Pacific war theater. They have seen action on Bataan, at Tarawa, Kwajalein, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, New Britain and in the China-Burma-India Theater.

"In addition to the thousands of Japanese Americans who are already on the fighting fronts, thousands more are training. There are today approximately 13,000 soldiers of Japanese ancestry in the Army, more than half of whom are now outside the continental United States. There are Japanese American girls in the WAC and in the Nurses' Corps and more than 200 seamen in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

"No one can say, after the record of volunteering for service, of gallantry in action and of blood sacrifice, that the second generation of Japanese in America have not in large numbers proved their loyalty

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to their country by their readiness to serve in its armed forces, to fight for it, and to die for it. What more conclusive test of patriotism is there?" -- SALT LAKE CITY TELEGRAM, UTAH.

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War Relocation Authority  
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D.S.C. AWARDED TO TWO GALLANT NISEI FIGHTERS IN ITALY

Private Shizuya Hayashi of Oahu, Hawaii, killed 18 Germans in a "one-man attack" on enemy positions, according to a recent Stars and Stripes, official U.S. Army Newspaper published in the North African Theatre of Operations.

In addition to killing the 18 Germans, Pvt. Hayashi forced 4 others to surrender and drove the remainder off a strategic hill.

"Among the men who have fought in Italy, the bravery and fighting skill of the Japanese-American battalion of infantry has never been questioned", the Stars and Stripes said. "And nowhere is there a better example of this skill and courage than the act which won Shizuya Hayashi the Distinguished Service Cross."

Allen Ohata, one of a squad of Japanese-Americans who killed 47 Germans near Cerasulo, Italy, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross on July 7th and was promoted to a lieutenant, according to the Associated Press.

His citation said he rescued a companion whose rifle had been damaged, killing 10 of the enemy. Then he and another rifleman stood off repeated enemy attacks for hours and finally charged and captured the remaining Germans.

These Japanese American doughboys with the 100th Battalion in Italy, have each been awarded a Distinguished Service Cross.

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Lake Breezes Whisper:

MINN. EDITOR WRITES ABOUT EXPERIENCE  
WITH NISEI GI'S

("The Lake Breezes Whisper" is a column by Claude Swanson, editor of the Fairmont Daily Sentinel, Minnesota. It was reprinted in the Minneapolis Morning Tribune recently. Because of its simple story of friendliness toward a couple of nisei privates, we are reprinting it in its entirety.)

We boarded the northward bound bus Friday for a couple of days off, hoping to offset a few off days.

In Minneapolis we couldn't help but be impressed by the number of Japanese American soldiers we saw on the streets.

Always they traveled in twos, threes, and fours. Never with others save their own race. Our curiosity was aroused. We wondered why. With the heroic example United States soldiers of their race set in Italy, we thought "our boys" would be glad to associate with them. We were anxious to find out.

The opportunity came in a manner we hadn't planned. We were browsing on a dish of beef chop suey at John's place, which was crammed with Japanese American soldiers, their wives and girl friends. At every table there was lively conversation--in English. Evidently it was an occasion. We were impressed by the happy, carefree manner in which they were enjoying themselves.

Then we had an inspiration. At the table next to us sat two Japanese American privates. We asked the waitress the amount of their check. It was less than \$2, and first because we wanted to do something

for a race that had so distinguished itself in Italy against the Nazis, and second because we wanted an opportunity to talk to them, we asked the waitress for their check.

The boys beamed with surprise and gratitude. Both arose, bowed and thanked us, invited us to sit with them while they finished their meal. It was the first time in our life we had so much as spoken to a person of Japanese descent. We asked them about their being always together, never, apparently, with our boys.

"That is very easy to explain," said Pvt. Jungi Ozaki. "You see we are all together out there at Savage. We are all acquainted with each other. We are not stationed at Fort Snelling and have no contact with the other soldiers. It is only natural we are together." (Since then, the Camp Savage soldiers have been transferred to Ft. Snelling.--Ed. Note)

Pvt. Ozaki (pronounced "Oh-zah-kee"), in civilian life, was a pharmacist in Detroit. He was born on the West Coast, as was his companion. Neither had ever been in Japan. Both were at Savage where they are studying to be interpreters for the United States Army.

"You see, because of our ancestry, the army feels we are better qualified to learn the Japanese language," said Pvt. Ozaki. "It is very difficult for Caucasians to get the correct pronunciation of many of our words, and the proper inflection."

The boys wanted to know what prompted us to pay for their supper.

"It is because of the magnificent and heroic achievement of United States soldiers of your race in Italy," we told them. "It is the first chance we have had, in a small way, to show we appreciate the

loyalty of your race."

Both boys were visibly affected. "We have Japanese American soldiers at Savage, who came back from Italy," they said. "Some with only one leg. One with only one leg and one eye. All of them are very happy. One told us: "I have proof so long as I live, of my loyalty to the United States. No one can take that away. I'm proud and I am glad." That was the boy who lost one eye and his leg below the knee."

"But how do you folks feel about this government interning your parents and brothers and sisters, while you are in the uniform of our country," we asked.

Both fell silent for a moment. They exchanged glances, and we knew we'd hit on a touchy subject. Pvt. Ozaki finally spoke. "I suppose our government thought it was necessary," he said.

"...Maybe now that the war has given us an opportunity to show our loyalty and devotion to this country, there will be a better understanding. It is the first time we have had a real opportunity to show our love and appreciation of this country. Before the war, there was no such opportunity. We did our work and received our pay. We paid taxes. But every citizen does that. Now we have a chance to show we will fight for this country, to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, in order that we may live here."

# # # # #

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(Copies of the C.B.I. Roundup, Army newspaper of the China-Burma-India Theater, containing the story of Nisei in Merrill's Marauders recently were received in the United States. Principal portions of the story follow):

oOo

By S/Sgt. Edgar Laytha

CBI now has its own Sergeant York. He is S/Sgt. Kenny Yasui. Kenny is about five feet two and weighs scarcely more than 120 pounds. And this Baby York of CBI is a Nisei.

Nisei means second generation. It is a Japanese word, but Niseis are Americans. Ten thousand (the number is now 15,000---Editor) of these American-born children of Japanese immigrants fight now in the United States Army and some in this theater.

Their presence in CBI was for a long time a military secret. For their own protection, they were not publicized. Some still have relatives in Japan who had to be considered, and then there always was and still always will be the possibility of capture by the enemy, which for a Nisei would mean no picnic.

Under the veil of protective secrecy, however, the stubborn, sturdy fighting Niseis grew to the stature of heroes. They became exceedingly popular, earned the admiration and personal friendship of every private and general with whom they came in contact. The secrecy was officially lifted a few days ago. Now we can tell their story.

The case of Sergeant Yasui, who captured 16 Japanese at the Irrawaddy River, is only one of the many bright spots the Nisei are writing into modern American military history.

They fight for Uncle Sam in the Aleutians, in Italy, all over the Southwest Pacific and all over the CBI.

The most publicized Nisei soldiers are the men of the terrific 100th Infantry Battalion in Italy. One thousand of the 1,300 men of the battalion have been wounded in combat and wear the Purple Heart.

The unit earned 44 Silver Stars, 33 Bronze Stars, three Legion of Merit medals and many battlefield promotions. Since the birth of the battalion, there has not been a single case of desertion, not even a slight AWOL. The men of the 100th fought in Sicily. (They are now fighting in France-----Editor).

Near Cassino, they spearheaded the crossing of the Rapido River; at Bolvedere, they outflanked the toughest German position and flabbergasted the Nazis they captured. In Rome, they went sightseeing, but soon after helped the Engineers to rebuild the port of Leghorn.

To this Theater, they came more recently.

(more)

2-Story by S/Sgt. Edgar Laytha

Our Sergeant Yasui, who crossed the Pacific some six months ago, was preceded by a tough and audacious bunch of his fellow Nisei who joined Merrill's Marauders. I met the Nisei Marauders just a few days ago when they were mounting a truck for a rest camp.

Some were distinctly tall; all were well built. All looked gay, worryless, selfsure, happy-go-lucky. Very American.

This, of course, is no accident. Nisei grow about two inches taller and are far better built than their relatives in Japan. This is a scientifically-proven fact. The Jap is the son of an undernourished nation and looks it. The uncanny discipline and self-negation to which he is subjected from the cradle to the grave make him tight, crampy; more of a human automaton than a human being. But all this vanishes under the American sun.

The Nisei feels, thinks, acts and moves about like his fellow Americans. And this alone is a great slap in the face of the Robber Empire and a sublime compliment to America.

The Japs spent many a thousand yen before Pearl Harbor to "Japanize" their second generation in America.

With money, scholarships, free vacations, they coaxed thousands of Nisei in the past 15 years to return to the Land of the Rising Sun for a little re-education in the Japanese spirit. These Nisei they called Kibei---the returned ones. And they gave them a hell of a good time. But they spent their money in vain.

It was not so easy for a Nisei Marauder to kill his first Jap.

"I had a terrible feeling", said a sergeant who doesn't want to be named, "when the first Jap I have shot collapsed and expired with a heartbreaking 'Banzai' on his lips, but my second shot came easy, the third even easier. I can't tell you exactly how many I have shot. It is very difficult to know in the jungle where everything melts into the background."

Once these boys were in the fight you couldn't get them out of it.

When a Nisei Marauder was wounded or when he fell ill, he would hide his ailment until he collapsed on the spot. T/Sgt. Tommy K. Tsubota, from Honolulu, suffered from a bad hernia during a forced march through the jungle. With small bamboo splints, he trussed his rupture, marched on through the thicket until he collapsed and had to be evacuated by air.

Sgt. Henry Gosho, from Seattle, was very ill with malaria, but hung on to the tail of a mule and was able to drag himself through the campaign.

Brig. Gen. Frank Merrill's Marauders proudly wear the sky blue citation ribbon of their unit, though three of them--S/Sgt. Russell K. Kono, from Hilo, Hawaii, S/Sgt. Roy Matsumoto from Los Angeles, and Gosho--were cited individually.

Other Nisei units in other parts of the Theater were men of the same mettle. Sgt. Eddie Sakaue, who was loaned to the British, saved the life of an English captain under fire.

Then, of course, we have Baby York.

(more)

3-Story by S/Sgt. Edgar Laytha

It happened on the Irrawaddy River, during our mopping up operations after the collapse of organized resistance.

A group of about 17 Japanese were isolated on an island. There was a call for volunteers to capture the Japs. Kenny Yasui and three non-Nisei Americans stepped out, stripped and swam over. Little Kenny took charge.

The Jap hid in the underbrush. None was seen.

Then California-born Kenny Yasui yelled into the bush in the Japanese he learned while a student of Waseda University, Tokyo. He ordered the enemy to come out and surrender.

The hidden men in the bush must have been stupefied to hear their native tongue. Instantly, a Nip sergeant appeared, looked amazed at the little naked man who said he was a Japanese colonel working with the Americans and ordered him to show the hiding place of his comrades.

The Jap was impressed and bewildered, terribly so. He took Kenny around on an inspection tour and out of many foxholes jumped many a Nip, fully armed, 20 rounds of ammunition in each man's belt.

Kenny Yasui asked for their arms, ordered them to line up. In that second, a Jap officer sprang from the thicket, throw a hand grenade to blow up Yasui and himself. Yasui jumped into a foxhole and the Japanese officer into the other world. Then Kenny took his sword.

While all this happened, a couple of recalcitrant Japanese soldiers were killed by the other Americans, but 13 prisoners waited shamefacedly for the orders of the little olive-skinned "colonel". Kenny remembered the close order drills he had to take while he was a Kibei in Tokyo. And he gave them the words:

"Kio tsuke! Hidari muke hidari! Mae susumo."

The drill over, Yasui solved the problem of getting the party across the Irrawaddy by having the prisoners swim, pushing a raft against the swift current.

And on the raft sat Kenny with the sword in his hand and two of the weaker prisoners at his side.

My life among the Nisei was an exceedingly happy one. They surely will remain my intimate friends until distant times when this war will be but a memory.

But I must confess: When I was detached from the unit for other duties it was in some ways a relief. It was a relief from a little too much discipline and from too good behavior.

The average Nisei is a model soldier. He is aware of the burden of an unpopular ancestry, but he knows that he is a good American and wants to prove it.

Our team leader made our unit the best disciplined group at all staging camps we had to pass. We often had to march in formation when it wasn't absolutely necessary. Our carbines were the cleanest, our uniforms the neatest. We appeared on the minute everywhere we were told.

(more)

4-Story. by S/Sgt. Edgar Laytha

To sum it up: They were too good for me. Still my happiest moments in CBI are the days when I come across them from time to time at places often distant and remote. And I remember the long way we went together.

I remember the midnight lunches in our barracks, when they cooked rice and spiced it with Japanese radish. Their faces were dimly lit by the burning stove.

The scene could have been somewhere in Japan, but inside every shadowy figure the American flame burned and I seemed to see it all the time.

And I remember them individually. Koji, the leader, was a Hawaiian longshoreman but worked himself up to graduate with honors from the University of Georgia.

Kitsu, the dishwasher from Los Angeles, burning the midnight oil to read John Gunther's Inside Europe.

Chris, the talented artist of the Walt Disney Studios, was able to express every thought by a quick and forceful sketch. Then there was young Kenjiro, who used to work on the Nisei farms all over the Coast, and Sam, whose dream is a mechanic's job in any plant anywhere in the United States.

And there was Clarko, the man of the world and honor student at Harvard, and Kenny, the ex-gambler. And Alex, and lastly, Karl a labor leader in San Francisco.

Karl, 38, was the oldest of us. His name is a hallmark.

It is beloved by many oppressed, exploited, humble and starving farmers and workers in Japan. It is feared and hated by the Japanese police.

The longshoremen of Los Angeles and San Francisco know him, also the fishermen of Seattle and Alaska.

This man organized unions in Japan--was blacklisted by the Japanese police--suffered in Japanese dungeons.

Back in his American homeland, he became a union organizer and also ran for Assembly in San Francisco on a labor ticket. The dizzy speed of events after Pearl Harbor temporarily called Karl from the waterfront into a relocation center for Americans of Japanese ancestry.

From there Karl volunteered to fight for the U. S. Army for a better world in which his son may live a free man.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY  
201 Sheldon Building  
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RELEASE MAY 7 AND THEREAFTER

(In his column in the Pacific Citizen, Salt Lake City, Evacuee Bill Hosokawa, now a reporter on the Des Moines Register, tells a story of his cousin, Sgt. Ken Omura, who died in the Pacific war against Japan. Omura was an Alaskan cannery worker, a member of the Alaskan Cannery Workers Union, CIO).

BY BILL HOSOKAWA

SALT LAKE CITY, May 6--The telegram was short and simple, like most important messages.

It read: "The secretary of war asks that I assure you of his deep sympathy in the loss of your cousin, Technician Third Grade, Ken Omura. Report received states that he died nineteen March in New Guinea as a result of drowning. Letter follows." It was signed: "Ulio the adjutant general."

We have not learned yet the circumstances of his death. He may have been swept overboard in a tropical storm. He might have been torpedoed, although that sounds remote. Possibly he was out swimming to escape the heat and somehow lost his life.

In that case it was a tragic, futile death. We say futile, so far as he himself was concerned, because he wanted desperately to see the war won. He would not have hesitated to give his life in action if need be. But too, he wanted to live and come home to the things he was fighting for.

We write about Ken Omura today not because of blood kinship. We write because Ken was a nisei, and his story is of interest to nisei. We write because his reactions, his outlook, his dreams were so typical of the nisei G.I. Joe. We write because while many nisei have given their lives on other battlefronts, Ken was the first to go in the southwest Pacific where the Jap is a

(over)

hateful thing and where the fighting is bestial and primitive.

There is a certain negative distinction about the first, and we write because it's the least we can do to remember him.

If it had been willed that some nisei had to die in the treacherously beautiful south Pacific isles, it was just as well that Ken had to be the one. For he lost his mother as a young child, his father a short while before his induction. He had lost all track of his sister, and, so far as we are aware, he had no girl with whom to look into the future. We were next of kin.

Ken was a Kibei. They took him to Japan soon after his mother died, and he didn't get back over here until he was about 14. He was a wizened little fellow then, malnourished with the mark of the hungry, crowded little islands on him. For a long time he preferred Japanese fiction magazines over anything else.

But in time he grew and lost his pallor. He learned to speak English and went through high school. He became a baseball player of more than ordinary skill. He shunned the Kibei--he wanted to be American.

The draft took him before Pearl Harbor, and he thought it great fun when he was assigned to an artillery company. He was ambitious, and he had his eyes on advancement.

After Pearl Harbor he went through the futile anger, then the heartache of being held suspect, of being refused a chance, an experience so familiar to all nisei soldiers. They took him out of the artillery and lined him up with a half hundred other nisei. They counted off, one-two, one-two.

The evens got hospital detail. The odds were yardbirds, policing the grounds, digging drainage ditches, landscaping army posts. That was his job, he didn't like it, and he learned to goldbrick, to loaf whenever he could.

But he volunteered for special service, and that was his chance for the Japanese tongue was still familiar. Late in 1942 he went overseas.

Last Christmas Eve Ken got his orders. He wrote: "The old man called a few of us in to his office, grasped our hands firmly, gazed straight into our almond eyes, and said: 'Good luck. God bless you all. Do your best, gentlemen.' Though puzzled and confused we gave him a nappy salute, returned to our tasks, and waited in suspense until 1430 hours, when we were informed of our departure time, destination unknown."

Soon afterward he wrote of spending a month on a lonely south sea island, then moving up to New Guinea where he picked up a yellowish tint from having to take atabrine pills. "Everyone is buzzing about an 18 months overseas limitation law. If I'm lucky, I may be home by next Christmas, but I'm not counting on it too much."

His last letters carried this paragraph:

"I'm enjoying this life. Undoubtedly I will be having a lot of fun and excitement. The Japs definitely are on the run. It may be much sooner than we anticipate before this whole mess is cleared up. I may be seeing you before long. I've got my fingers crossed."

The promised War Department letter has come, but it has shed no light on the circumstances of the death. Perhaps there is a letter on its way from one of his buddies, to tell us of Ken's last struggle. And perhaps we will never know how he died. These are the fortunes of war.

But we do know that Ken would not have wanted us to mourn. He died, whether directly or indirectly, engaged in a war to the finish against the country in which he gained much of his education. He died as an American soldier, in the defense of noble ideals.

It is not easy to write of death. Death has become almost commonplace in a world where suffering, cruelty, savagery and hate are now part and parcel of life. But, still, when death strikes close to one, the unchanging heartache is still there, and the loss of one life among many becomes a poignant tragedy instead of a statistic.

Ken left a job unfinished. If he shrank from death, it was more in the knowledge that there was so much left to be done than in the fear of death itself.

It is for us who remain to see that the unfinished tasks are completed. It is the least that we can do.

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Department of the Interior  
War Relocation Authority  
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WAR DEPARTMENT RELEASES TEXT OF PRESIDENTIAL CITATION  
TO 100TH INFANTRY BATTALION

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Fortitude, Intrepidity of Japanese Americans  
Reflect Finest Traditions of U. S. Army, Says  
Citation Issued in Name of President Roosevelt

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WASHINGTON--The War Department on August 10 released the complete text of the Presidential citation awarded to the Japanese American 100th Infantry Battalion for fighting in Italy.

Award of the citation to the unit, which is composed largely of Japanese Americans from Hawaii, was announced recently by Lieut. Gen. Mark W. Clark, Commanding General of the Fifth Army, in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction.

The Presidential citation declared:

"The 100th Infantry Battalion (Separate) is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action, on June 26 and 27, 1944, in the vicinity of Belvedere and Sassetta, Italy. The 100th Infantry Battalion was assigned the mission of neutralizing a strongly defended German center of resistance at Belvedere, Italy, which dominated a vital highway and seriously impeded an American infantry division's northward advance. With insufficient time for a proper physical reconnaissance, but with a determined desire to fulfill its important mission, the battalion quickly formulated its plan and launched the operation.

"The battalion maneuvered to a point one mile northwest of Belvedere, where a large and determined force of German infantry and field artillery, including self-propelled guns and tanks, was encountered. Initially one company of the 100th Infantry Battalion was committed toward the west to engage the enemy reserves and field artillery batteries. A second company passed through the leading company to continue the attack southward to cut the road leading to Sassetta, Italy. All three companies went into action, boldly facing murderous fire from all types of weapons and tanks and at times fighting without artillery support.

"Doggedly the members of the 100th Infantry Battalion fought their way into the strongly defended positions. The stubborn desire of the men to close with a numerically superior enemy, and the rapidity with which they fought enabled the 100th Infantry Battalion to destroy completely the right flank positions of a German army, killing at least 178 Germans, wounding approximately 20, capturing 73, and forcing the remainder of a completely disrupted battalion to surrender approximately ten kilometers of ground. In addition, large quantities of enemy weapons, vehicles and equipment were either captured or destroyed, while the American infantry division operating in the sector was able to continue its rapid advance.

"The fortitude and intrepidity displayed by the officers and men of the 100th Infantry Battalion reflect the finest traditions of the Army of the United States."

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Lake Breezes Whisper:

MINN. EDITOR WRITES ABOUT EXPERIENCE  
WITH NISEI GI'S

("The Lake Breezes Whisper" is a column by Claude Swanson, editor of the Fairmont Daily Sentinel, Minnesota. It was reprinted in the Minneapolis Morning Tribune recently. Because of its simple story of friendliness toward a couple of nisei privates, we are reprinting it in its entirety.)

We boarded the northward bound bus Friday for a couple of days off, hoping to offset a few off days.

In Minneapolis we couldn't help but be impressed by the number of Japanese American soldiers we saw on the streets.

Always they traveled in twos, threes, and fours. Never with others save their own race. Our Curiosity was aroused. We wondered why. With the heroic example United States soldiers of their race set in Italy, we thought "our boys" would be glad to associate with them. We were anxious to find out.

The opportunity came in a manner we hadn't planned. We were browsing on a dish of beef chop suey at John's place, which was crammed with Japanese American soldiers, their wives and girl friends. At every table there was lively conversation--in English. Evidently it was an occasion. We were impressed by the happy, carefree manner in which they were enjoying themselves.

Then we had an inspiration. At the table next to us sat two Japanese American privates. We asked the waitress the amount of their check. It was less than \$2, and first because we wanted to do something

for a race that had so distinguished itself in Italy against the Nazis, and second because we wanted an opportunity to talk to them, we asked the waitress for their check.

The boys beamed with surprise and gratitude. Both arose, bowed and thanked us, invited us to sit with them while they finished their meal. It was the first time in our life we had so much as spoken to a person of Japanese descent. We asked them about their being always together, never, apparently, with our boys.

"That is very easy to explain," said Pvt. Jungi Ozaki. "You see we are all together out there at Savage. We are all acquainted with each other. We are not stationed at Fort Snelling and have no contact with the other soldiers. It is only natural we are together." (Since then, the Camp Savage soldiers have been transferred to Ft. Snelling.--Ed. Note)

Pvt. Ozaki (pronounced "Oh-zah-kee"), in civilian life, was a pharmacist in Detroit. He was born on the West Coast, as was his companion. Neither had ever been in Japan. Both were at Savage where they are studying to be interpreters for the United States Army.

"You see, because of our ancestry, the army feels we are better qualified to learn the Japanese language," said Pvt. Ozaki. "It is very difficult for Caucasians to get the correct pronunciation of many of our words, and the proper inflection."

The boys wanted to know what prompted us to pay for their supper.

"It is because of the magnificent and heroic achievement of United States soldiers of your race in Italy," we told them. "It is the first chance we have had, in a small way, to show we appreciate the

loyalty of your race."

Both boys were visibly affected. "We have Japanese American soldiers at Savage, who came back from Italy," they said. "Some with only one leg. One with only one leg and one eye. All of them are very happy. One told us: "I have proof so long as I live, of my loyalty to the United States. No one can take that away. I'm proud and I am glad." That was the boy who lost one eye and his leg below the knee."

"But how do you folks feel about this government interning your parents and brothers and sisters, while you are in the uniform of our country," we asked.

Both fell silent for a moment. They exchanged glances, and we knew we'd hit on a touchy subject. Pvt. Ozaki finally spoke. "I suppose our government thought it was necessary," he said.

"...Maybe now that the war has given us an opportunity to show our loyalty and devotion to this country, there will be a better understanding. It is the first time we have had a real opportunity to show our love and appreciation of this country. Before the war, there was no such opportunity. We did our work and received our pay. We paid taxes. But every citizen does that. Now we have a chance to show we will fight for this country, to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, in order that we may live here."

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

N. Y. Herald Tribune Editorializes:

"WHAT MORE CONCLUSIVE TEST  
OF PATRIOTISM IS THERE?

"Recently 11 wounded men from Bushnell General Hospital were feted in Salt Lake City. All were Japanese Americans who had seen service in the Italian campaign. Most of them lost an arm or a leg and were sent to Bushnell for the fitting of artificial limbs.

"It may have been something of a surprise to many Utahns to read about these Americans of Japanese ancestry and their fighting record in Uncle Sam's army. But these 11 are only a few of the hundreds of Japanese Americans who have fought bravely for their country--America--been killed, wounded, and taken prisoner, praised for performing 'brilliantly' in action and decorated for gallantry. And there are thousands more Japanese Americans now going into action or preparing to do so. The first Japanese American combat unit, the 100th Infantry Battalion, was activated in May, 1942. It first went into action about a year ago in Italy. Since then up to last May members of this one battalion, fighting in many engagements and singled out for high praise in a Fifth Army citation, have received 1,000 Purple Hearts, three Distinguished Service Crosses, 36 Silver Stars, and 21 Bronze Stars.

"News dispatches from Italy the last few days reveal the 100th Battalion has been expanding into the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. All of the enlisted men and more than half of the officers of this regimental unit are Japanese Americans. Eleanor Packard, U. P. correspondent with

U.S. troops in Italy, said in a dispatch they were 'rated equally with their American comrades on either flank and were winning the confidence of other troops for their fighting qualities.' A few days ago, another news item reveals, they led an attack which threatened to outflank enemy strongholds blocking the way to Livorno and captured two villages in fierce fighting.

"Japanese Americans have seen plenty of action in this war on many fronts. Japanese Americans in the Hawaiian territorial guard fought at Pearl Harbor, reportedly shooting down a raiding Japanese plane and capturing the first Japanese prisoner, one-half of the crew of a Japanese midget submarine which was wrecked on a Hawaiian reef. A Japanese technical sergeant in the Air Forces has won two Distinguished Flying Crosses and an Air Medal with five Oak Leaf clusters for his gunnery work on more than 25 European theater bombing missions. Japanese Americans are serving as interpreters, radio intelligence men and in other capacities all over the Pacific war theater. They have seen action on Bataan, at Tarawa, Kwajalein, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, New Britain and in the China-Burma-India Theater.

"In addition to the thousands of Japanese Americans who are already on the fighting fronts, thousands more are training. There are today approximately 13,000 soldiers of Japanese ancestry in the Army, more than half of whom are now outside the continental United States. There are Japanese American girls in the WAC and in the Nurses' Corps and more than 200 seamen in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

"No one can say, after the record of volunteering for service, of gallantry in action and of blood sacrifice, that the second generation of Japanese in America have not in large numbers proved their loyalty

to their country by their readiness to serve in its armed forces, to fight for it, and to die for it. What more conclusive test of patriotism is there?" -- SALT LAKE CITY TELEGRAM, UTAH.

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RELEASE Thursday May 4

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, "A polite excuse for a discriminatory policy" is the label placed by an editorial in the Heart Mountain (Wyoming) Sentinel, a Japanese-American Relocation Center publication, in answer to Lt. Col. Harrison A. Gerhardt's explanation of why the War Department does not plan to assign Japanese American soldiers to South Pacific Army units.

Col. Gerhardt's statement declared that if Japanese American soldiers were used in the South Pacific, danger of infiltration of Japanese enemy soldiers in American uniforms would add to the hazards of American forces, while captured Japanese American soldiers would be subjected to more than ordinary cruel punishment by the Japanese enemy.

The Japanese Americans are anxious to fight the Japanese enemy, and asked for service in the Pacific area.

"The danger of infiltration of Japanese soldiers if the nisei are used in other units that are sent to the South Pacific area is cited by Colonel Gerhardt," says the Heart Mountain Sentinel.

"By the same reasoning, it would seem that Italian American soldiers would not be used in the Italian campaign - German American soldiers would not be used against the Germans -Caucasian American officers would not be used in the all-nisei units. The danger of infiltration will be present in any theater of war.

"Colonel Gerhardt points to the special risks of Japanese American soldiers in the South Pacific area if they should be captured by the Japanese.

He said they would be exposed to dangers beyond the normal hazards of war. The Japanese American soldier does not ask to be spared any hazards. War, in all its aspects, is brutal.

"The 'extra hazards' are a small price to pay for the opportunity to discredit the prejudicial statements of Commander Melvin H. McCoy's slur against Americans of Japanese ancestry. When he dishonors our heroes in the 100th Battalion who have given their lives for the United States with a statement, 'They are killing white men. They would just as soon be killing Germans as other white men,' no hazards are so great that we want to be spared them.

"We will continue to be inducted and serve loyally in whatever assignment is given us for we are grateful for the opportunity to serve. However hard it is for us to accept assignment to segregated units, we look upon such limited service as better than no service at all.

"There is no doubt in our minds but what nisei soldiers can and will prove themselves on any front and in any battle theater of the world. It is apparent the War Department still does not wholly understand the nisei - we look to the time when race will not be a reason for segregation."

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ARMY SERVICES FORCES  
SCU 1986 BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL  
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

July 11, 1945

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Two Los Angeles county Army officers, home from combat, huddled with some of their wounded buddies yesterday and agreed they don't like what they have found on the home front --persecution of the families of the men with whom they fought side by side overseas.

Both protested strongly against what they termed "The un-American race hatred we have found at home."

In a reunion at the Army's Birmingham General Hospital, Van Nuys, CAPT. GEORGE H. GRANDSTAFF, 35, of Azusa and 1st LT. NORMAN C. MITCHELL, 32, of 2540 Hauser Blvd., Los Angeles, talked over combat experiences with a group of Japanese-American patients who had served in the same outfit with them in Italy, France and Germany.

Capt. Grandstaff visited his former Nisei friends to gather additional material for a series of talks he has been ordered by the War Department to give in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas to combat racial intolerance.

The two officers and the enlisted men had been members of the 442nd Infantry (Japanese-American) Regiment, which included the famous 100th Battalion of Nisei infantrymen. The 442nd is composed of Nisei volunteers who came largely from the Japanese relocation centers. A close bond of comradeship exists between them.

Capt. Grandstaff who, like Lt. Mitchell, was assigned to the 100th Battalion, wears the Purple Heart with two clusters, the ETO ribbon with four campaign stars, the Presidential unit citation, and the Silver Star.

Lt. Mitchell is an officer patient at Birmingham, recovering from wounds received when Nazi machine gun slugs hit him in the jaw. He wears the Purple Heart, ETO ribbon with stars and the Presidential unit citation. He was company executive

officer with the Nisei troops.

"A sense of alarm has been growing in me since my return to California," Capt. Grandstaff said.

"I came home to what I thought would be a land of the free; to a people I thought had learned from this war to respect the rights of fellow citizens; to a people who had, I thought, learned that racial discrimination and democracy don't jibe.

"And yet one of the first shocks that stabbed me in the stomach like a cold bayonet was to find racial prejudice and discrimination against the fathers, mothers, sisters and kid brothers of the men in my outfit. And I find this same discrimination against even the returned veterans themselves.

"I asked for and received orders from the War Department to speak out on this subject. I don't know of anyone who has a better right to do so."

Capt. Grandstaff was a staff officer with the 100th Battalion, the unit that became probably the most decorated outfit in the history of the U.S. Army. The 442nd Regiment to which his battalion was attached, has been awarded more than 3,000 purple hearts, two Presidential Unit Citations, 180 Silver Stars, 218 Bronze Stars, 31 Distinguished Service Crosses, six Legion of Merit medals and 64 Division Citations.

"I trained and fought with these Japanese-American boys for two and a half years," the Captain declared, "And the guts and bravery displayed by them reflect the finest traditions of our Army. These former local boys are more loyal to the United States than many a flag-waving, hate-shouting American who tries to persecute the Nisei."

Lt. Mitchell was equally emphatic in his denunciation of what he called "Witch hunting by fascistic and misguided groups in this country." He said, "I know I speak for every disabled soldier in Birmingham hospital when I say that your average American GI abhors this discord he finds at home. The Nisei, the Negro and the Jewish soldiers at the hospital are treated as equals by all the men. There is no race feeling; it is real democracy.

"I am proud of the record of these Nisei soldiers with whom I served overseas, but I am ashamed of the way some of my fellow citizens are treating these men once they are discharged from the Army.

"This country someday is going to have about ten million men demanding to know what happened to the rights and liberties we went overseas to fight for.

"Boycotts, shotgun blasts into Japanese-American homes, threatening calls to terrorize individuals whose only crime is to have been born of Oriental parents, and soft sentences by judges and juries who try these incipient Ku Kluxers, are going to take quite a bit of explaining."

During the four years of the 100th Battalion's existence, Capt. Grandstaff pointed out, there has not been one desertion or even a case of AWOL in combat, although the records show several cases of Absence Without Leave--in reverse. Many Nisei wounded soldiers left their hospital beds in Italy to rejoin their outfit when it moved on.

When the 100th was transferred from Italy, where it had written a brilliant page in American fighting history, to join General Patch's Seventh Army in France, the Japanese-American troops staged the spectacular rescue of the "Lost Battalion" of the 36th Texas Division, which had been cut off by the Nazis in the forests of the Vosges mountains.

The Nisei casualties were terrific, but their stubborn push-through is a story of flaming heroism that will go down as one of the great actions of this war. The lost Texas battalion was cut off for a week. On the afternoon of the seventh day the Japanese-Americans broke through fierce German opposition to reach it. The rescued troops leaped from their foxholes and embraced their Nisei rescuers.

It was this action for which Capt. Grandstaff was awarded the Silver Star. Veterans of this war refer to it as "The Lost Battalion of World War Two," and consider it as famous an action as its predecessor of the last war.

Capt. Grandstaff, who already has addressed several civic

organizations in Los Angeles county, will continue his speaking tour here until Monday, when he travels to San Francisco for a series of talks.

Before the war, Capt. Grandstaff was employed by the Azusa-Covina-Glendora Fruit Exchange. He attended Los Angeles Polytechnic high school and the University of California, Berkeley Campus.

Lt. Mitchell attended Los Angeles high school and was graduated from UCLA. Before joining the Army he lived in San Francisco.

The two officers had gone through the war as inseparable buddies until Lt. Mitchell's injuries necessitated his return to this country. They attended Officer Candidate School together, received their commissions in the same graduating class and both were assigned to the 100th Battalion and went overseas together.

They fought at Salerno, Anzio, Cisterna, Cassino, Benevento, Leghorn and Vosges Forests, among other notable battles. Capt. Grandstaff was wounded by shrapnel while crossing the Volturno and was hospitalized for two months, rejoining his outfit in time for the Cassino action.

Both joined the Army as privates and came up from the ranks.

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OFFICIAL PRESS RELEASE

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The entire Japanese battle plan for the naval defense of the Philippines, captured with Admiral Koga, then Commander in Chief of the Combined Japanese Fleets, were translated by graduates of the U.S. Military Intelligence Service Language School and Japan received the worst defeat in naval history --

Likewise the complete Japanese plan for the defense of the Philippines also was made known through the work of the language specialists...long before our forces landed on Leyte ---

Never before in history did one army know so much concerning the enemy prior to actual engagement as did the American Army during most of the Pacific campaign --

These are the high points of a review issued by the Language School of Fort Snelling, Minnesota, at the same time emphasizing that 85 per cent of the graduates were Japanese Americans.

The report gives special credit for the Japanese Americans who broke "the veil of secrecy in which the difficulties of the Japanese language had cloaked enemy activities".

Today they are in Japan serving as equally important links in communication between General MacArthur's occupation Army and the Japanese people, once "critical" and debarred from release under the point system they are now permitted separation like other G.I.'s with replacements being trained rapidly.

The Language school had its beginning at Crissy Field, San Francisco, on November 1, 1941 -- four weeks before Pearl Harbor, with 8 instructors and 60 pupils.

After Pearl Harbor the school, because of its dominant Japanese American student body, was evacuated from the Pacific Coast. It was moved to Camp Savage, Minnesota.

"The training school had to be founded in a community which would accept the oriental faced Americans for their true worth -- American soldiers fighting with their brains for their native America," says the report.

The report reveals that many of the Japanese American students had suffered beatings from pro-Japanese in Relocation Centers but they had their minds made up to accelerate their training so they "could get their hands on those dirty Japs that caused all the sufferings and hardships of evacuation."

Today the school has a student body of 3,000 and is established in Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Chinese and Koreans are among the students. The teaching staff is composed of 162 entirely Nisei, born in the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. Twenty seven of these are civil service employes but the rest are Army sergeants.

Thousands were graduated as interpreters, interrogators, translators, radio interceptors, censors, radio announcers and propaganda writers.

The first survey of 3,700 Nisei revealed that only 3 per cent were accomplished linguists, another 4 per cent proficient and a further 3 per cent useful only after a period of training.

"The Americanization of the Nisei on the Pacific Coast had advanced more rapidly than the United States public was aware," says the report.

Numberous West Coast Nisei are listed in the report:

Lieutenant George K. Kayano of San Francisco accompanied Col. Sidney F. Mashbir, in receiving the Japanese peace envoys at Nichols Field, Philippine Islands, to mark the close of hostilities.

Major John F. Aiso, of San Francisco, was found as a "greasemonkey" in another army unit and his linguistic ability employed to defeat the Japanese enemy.

Pfc. Arthur Kaneko, of Los Angeles, who had been at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center, and after that in the 236th CA (AA), where he was located by the Commandant of the Fort Snelling School, Colonel Kai E. Rasmussen, and selected with Aiso as potential instructors. Kaneko, because of the superior service he rendered is now a Lieutenant on duty in Military Intelligence research work.

Two Nisei civilian instructors, Akira Oshida of Berkeley, and Shigeya Kihara of Oakland, were teachers at the University of California, before being added to the teaching staff at Fort Snelling. With the help of Aiso and Kaneko, these four Nisei

(more)

worked feverishly in early preparation of text books and classroom exercises for the Japanese language courses.

Many Japanese Americans who were alumni of the language school lie where they fell, including Staff Sergeant Hachiya in Leyte, Sergeants Shibata and Fukui on Okinawa, and Captain William Laffin, from Tracy and Hollywood, who was killed in Burma. Captain Laffin, whose mother was a Japanese, was commanding officer of Merrill's Marauders in the engagement at Myitkyina when he was strafed by enemy planes.

Technical Sergeant Kazuo Komoto of Modesto, with the 11th Airborne Division, was among the first troops that landed at Atsugi Airfield near Tokyo. Komoto also was the first graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School to win a purple heart when he was shot by a Jap sniper on New Georgia Island.

Technical Sergeant John Tanikawa, San Francisco, who was awarded a Bronze Star for his work with the 41st Division on Leyte, was also a veteran of World War I.

Roy Matsumoto, of Guadalupe, was among the fourteen Nisei who volunteered for service with Merrill's Marauders in Burma, as also was Ben Sugeta, of Los Angeles, who was in the Colorado River Center, Robert Honda, of Palo Alto, who attended Camp Savage school before going to Fort Snelling, and Henry Goshu, of Seattle, who entered the service from the Minidoka center.

Technician 3rd Grade Eiichi Sakauye, of San Jose, who was in Heart Mountain center, is a Kibei who received a Silver Star for rescuing a wounded British officer under fire in the China-Burma-India Theater.

Technician 3rd Grade Terry Takeshi Doi, of Parlier, evacuated to Gila River center, was an "out and out Kibei", with his Japanese stronger than his command of English. He had been kept at the Military Intelligence Service Language School after graduation before he was cleared as being trustworthy for service in the combat zone, but after being one of the first Nisei to land on Iwo Jima was singled out for particular praise by his officers for distinguished service. He went into cave after cave with only a flashlight and knife persuading many enemy soldiers to come out and surrender, and was given by his fellow service man the middle name "Guts".

Technician 3rd Grade Kenji Yasui, of Los Angeles, and Granada Relocation Center, also a Kibei, won for himself the title of "Nisei Sergeant York". Yasui, because of extensive schooling in Japan and his command of the Japanese language, was sent to the Office of War Information in India to work on propaganda to be dropped over the enemy lines. Masquerading as Colonel Yamamoto, a local Japanese Commander, he brought in single handed a dozen Japanese prisoners of war, for which he was awarded a citation.

Technician 4th Grade Seiyu Higashi, Los Angeles, was given duty in Okinawa because as a boy he was taken back to the town of Naha on that island, received his middle school education there and was therefore familiar with Okinawa dialect. Upon reaching the town of Naha, he accidentally ran into his father, whom he had not seen for eight years.

Technician 3rd Grade Frank T. Hachiya was born in Hood River, Oregon, was killed when he was sent out as a special replacement to the language team working with the Sixth Army headquarters on Leyte, after completing successful missions in the Kwajalein and Eniwetok campaigns.

Technician 3rd Grade Eddie Fukui, of Tacoma, who was sent to the language school from Tule Lake, Technician 4th Grade Ben Satoshi Kurokawa, of Guadalupe, later Gila River, and Sunichi Bill Imoto, of Seattle, and Minidoka, were West Coast alumni of the language school who lost their lives in Okinawa.

Sergeant George I. Nakamura, of Santa Cruz, later sent to Tule Lake, was given special mention for the circumstances surrounding his death in the Philippines. His commanding officer wrote: "Nakamura was on temporary duty with the 63rd Infantry Regiment of the 6th Infantry Division and participated in an engagement near Payawan. With heroic intrepidity, he exposed himself to enemy fire in order to issue an oral ultimatum of surrender to several isolated enemy units."

Still being trained at the Fort Snelling Language school for duty with the army of occupation in Japan, which presents a ticklish problem from a linguistic standpoint, are other West Coast Nisei, among them Corporal Sherman Kishi, and his brother Pfc. Fred, of Livingston, California, who were sent to Granada Relocation Center, and Private Karl Doi, of Auburn, and later Tule Lake.

THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE LANGUAGE SCHOOL

When the Japanese peace envoys lined up at Nichols Field in the Philippines to meet Major General Charles A. Willoughby, Assistant Chief of Staff in charge of intelligence at General MacArthur's HQ, they were met by non-handshaking, Japanese speaking Colonel Sidney F. Mashbir, Chief of the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section attached to General MacArthur's headquarters. Included in the official party were two officers of Japanese American ancestry -- Lieutenant George K. Kayano of San Francisco and Lieutenant Thomas T. Imada of Hawaii -- both graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. This was deserved recognition to the outstanding work which has been performed by Japanese-Americans (usually known as "Nisei") in the intelligence work of the armed forces in the Pacific theaters of operations.

Colonel Mashbir himself has said of the Nisei personnel who make up a large part of his Allied Translator and Interpreter Section staff, "Without Nisei, our work during the last three years would have been impossible."

Security and other factors had obliged the Niseis to work in anonymity. Now that hostilities have ended, recognition of their great job of work can be publicly made.

When the complete story of intelligence activities of the American and Allied forces in the Pacific, Burma-India, and China Theaters of war are revealed, the record will disclose that American born Japanese linguists broke the veil of secrecy in which the difficulties of the Japanese language had cloaked enemy activity. The record also will disclose that Nisei language personnel were used even in the European Theater of Operations for purposes of obtaining intelligence concerning the Japanese and their liaison with the Germans.

The story of how these Nisei language personnel became available for field duty is an interesting one. Even in this phase of military intelligence work, the army had set up a systematic training system to prepare these Japanese-Americans for their manifold duties as interrogators, interpreters, translators, radio announcers, propaganda writers, and cave flushers. This training has been carried on at the Military Intelligence Service Language School, situated since May 1942 in the Twin Cities area, first at Camp Savage and later at Fort Snelling where the school is still running at peak load training language personnel for duties incident to the occupation of Japan.

The sneak attack on Pearl Harbor found the United States largely unprepared to deliver the full weight of our power against the Japanese. Fortunately, thanks to the foresight of the War Department Intelligence Division the Fourth Army Intelligence School teaching the Japanese language and combat intelligence work already was operating at the Presidio of San Francisco on Pearl Harbor day. Former language officers in Japan, then on duty with the General Staff, had foreseen that qualified Japanese language personnel would be essential for the successful prosecution of any war against Japan.

The War Department General Staff recognized the gathering clouds of war in the Pacific and knew the difficulties which our Army would face in combatting an enemy whose orders and messages would be in a language which is a complete mystery to the average American Army officer. Japanese officers had boasted that the security of Japanese military documents was no problem at all as Westerners could never learn to read and write Japanese, especially the abbreviated styles of writings known as "gyosho" and "soshō". These forms are about as similar to the printed Japanese character as a short-hand symbol is to an English word.

American Caucasian personnel of military age qualified in the Japanese language were dishearteningly few. With the crisis rapidly approaching,

there was little time to train additional Caucasian personnel. The War Department then made its decision to use Nisei Americans to solve the linguistic problem against Japan. It was admittedly a gamble for the United States for many believed then that the Nisei could not be trusted to stand the acid test of battle employment against their own race and blood. The decision to employ Nisei personnel in military Japanese language work certainly has proved to be a master stroke. The record of achievement by Nisei during the prosecuting of the war has been outstanding.

The use of Nisei linguists was not only militarily most shrewd quickly to provide our armed forces with adequate numbers of linguistically qualified personnel but was also politically far-sighted. Out of this group of Japanese-Americans in the army intelligence service has come American Nisei whose loyalty has been proven under fire in every theater in the war. Notwithstanding the evacuation and other hardships forced upon their relatives and friends in certain areas, they patriotically gave America all they had in her time of crisis. Before the formation of the 100th Infantry Battalion (Nisei) or the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the Nisei engaged in Japanese language work for the Army intelligence were practically the only Nisei members of the armed forces. They were the test case which proved to the Army and the United States not only the loyalty and personal integrity of the Nisei but also the combat value of their linguistic services in the Pacific area.

It was thought at first that there would be enough Japanese speaking Nisei so that only a few weeks' review in general Japanese vocabulary and a little instruction in military Japanese terminology and combat intelligence would be required to fit them for field duty. These hopes did not materialize. After a survey of the first 3,700 Nisei, it was found that only 3 per cent were accomplished linguists, only about another 4 per cent were proficient, and a further 3 per cent could be useful only after a

prolonged period of training. The Americanization of the Nisei on the Pacific coast had advanced more rapidly than the United States public was aware. Japanese language schools created and encouraged by the Japanese Government to maintain ties with the homeland had not achieved the results with which they were credited. It quickly became evident that a special training school would be required to make the Nisei reasonably useful to the armed forces as Japanese linguists. Even Nisei well qualified in general Japanese had to be trained in Japanese military vocabulary and forms of writing.

The mustering of loyal Nisei qualified in the Japanese language became the primary difficulty. The screening of all of the Nisei personnel processed through the Selective Service stationed at the various army units on the Pacific Coast was accomplished. A personal interview and examination was given to each Nisei soldier in service. It was on one of these screening tours that the present Nisei Director of Academic Training at Fort Snelling, Major John F. Aiso, was found in the capacity of a "greasemonkey" in Company "D" of the 69th QM Bn (Light Maintenance). On the same screening trip Colonel Kai E. Rasmussen, the present Comandant, located in the 237th CA (AA) Pfc Arthur Kaneko who had had extensive Japanese language training in Japan. These two were ear-marked as potential instructors. Kaneko ever since has rendered superior service and is now a Lieutenant on duty in Military Intelligence research work.

Two Nisei civilian instructors, Mr. Akira Oshida of Berkeley and Mr. Shigeyo Kihara of Oakland, were added to the staff. These four Nisei worked feverishly preparing the text books and classroom exercises for the Japanese language courses.

On November 1, 1941, about six weeks before Pearl Harbor the Fourth Army Intelligence School had started operations in an abandoned airplane hangar on old Crissey Field adjoining San Francisco Bay at the Presidio

of San Francisco. The first course at the school was opened with eight instructors and 60 pupils. Fifty eight students were Nisei and two were Caucasians who had studied Japanese either at the University of California or the University of Washington.

After Pearl Harbor day, it became evident that Japanese language personnel would be needed as never before, but other currents militated against the use of Nisei personnel. Most of the army personnel of Japanese ancestry not resident at the school were discharged or furloughed to enlisted reserve and relieved from active duty. Then followed the evacuation of all Japanese residents, aliens and citizens alike, from the Pacific Coast. The task of finding additional instructors or students from civilian life and in the army became more difficult.

The War Department then decided to place the school under its direct jurisdiction and reestablished it at Camp Savage, Minnesota, as the Military Intelligence Service Language School. The selection of Camp Savage as the site for this school was dictated by several factors: (1) the school was outgrowing its facilities at the Presidio of San Francisco, (2) Japanese evacuation from the Pacific Coast made it necessary to remove both faculty and students inland away from the excluded areas, (3) Japanese language instruction was so specialized that it would be difficult to fit it into the training program of any established military training center, and (4) a training center had to be found in a community which would accept the oriental faced Americans for their true worth -- American soldiers fighting with their brains for their native America.

The greatest problem which faced the Military Intelligence Service Language School after its removal to Savage was the recruitment of adequate numbers of students for the school to carry on an expanded program. Evacuation from the West Coast had been completed. The loyal Nisei and pro-Japanese elements were in conflict in the various Relocation Centers.

When the War Department adopted volunteer recruiting of Nisei language personnel, pessimists freely predicted that the school's quotas would never be met. Pro-Japanese elements apparently dominated the Relocation Centers and the loyal Nisei were reluctant to volunteer for army service because they felt that their rights as American citizens had been ignored in placing them and their families in the Relocation Centers which were barbed wire enclosures patrolled by armed soldiers.

Enough students volunteered to meet the school's requirements. In some cases they suffered beatings from pro-Japanese elements in Relocation Centers when they volunteered for language instruction at Camp Savage. Some were disowned by their pro-Japanese Issai (first generation) parents. Nevertheless, they reported by the hundreds. Many of the first groups of students were well over thirty, generally well qualified in the Japanese language and burning with a desire to vindicate themselves of any suspicions of disloyalty to America. So eager were they to finish their training as early as possible that it became necessary for the Duty Officer at Camp Savage to search the school area for burning electric lights in order to prevent students from extra study after lights out at 11:00 P.M. Many succeeded in extra hour study in spite of a long school day of seven hours instruction plus two hours study in the evening in the classrooms. Many requested that their training be accelerated so that they could get into the field as soon as possible "to get their hands on those dirty Japs that caused all the sufferings and hardships of evacuation" (of the Japanese from the West Coast.)

In G-2, War Department it became apparent that the Camp Savage school must be expanded. In August 1944 the school was removed to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, where it is presently located. The school today has a student body of nearly 3,000 composed principally of Nisei students, although there are Caucasian officer candidates, many of whom lived in Japan as children or young men, and a few enlisted men of Chinese and Korean ancestry. There are 125 classrooms.

Besides classroom facilities, there are the usual administration buildings and barracks. To these may be added a very modern short wave radio station where there are facilities for training students to become expert clear text wireless interceptors and radio monitors of Japanese broadcasts and wireless stations. In addition to the undergraduate training section, there is also a translation section and research and liaison section.

The teaching staff of 162 is composed entirely of Nisei Americans born in the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. Twenty-seven of the instructors are Nisei federal civil service employees, but the balance are Japanese-American Master Sergeants, Technical Sergeants, and Staff Sergeants.

From the Military Intelligence Service Language School have gone thousands of Nisei interpreters, interrogators, translators, radio interceptors, censors, radio announcers, and propaganda writers. They have been working quietly with American combat teams at Guadalcanal, Attu, New Georgia, the Philippines, and Okinawa, in Burma, India and China; and now in Tokyo itself. Their work has saved countless American lives and speeded victory. Many Nisei lie where they fell including Staff Sergeant Hachiya in Leyte, Captain Laffin in Burma, and Sergeants Shibata and Fukui on Okinawa. These Japanese-American heroes are alumni of the Military Intelligence Service Language School.

Major General Clayton Bissell, Chief of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department General Staff, after reviewing the exploits of the graduates of the MISLS in the field said in effect at a recent commencement of the school: "If you Japanese-Americans are ever questioned as to your loyalty, don't even bother to reply. The magnificent work of the graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School in the field has been seen by your fellow Americans of many racial extractions. Their testimony to your gallant deeds under fire will speak so loudly that you need not answer."

NISEI LINGUISTS -- EYES AND EARS OF ALLIED PACIFIC FORCES

In the crucial battles of the Pacific, the Japs did not know (nor did thousands of Americans at home) that they were confronted not only by vastly superior American arms and daring Yankee intrepidity, but by an enemy who already had much detailed information of the Japanese plans for attack and defense. If the analogy to football to which some of the defeated Jap war lords have resorted recently is at all relevant, then the Japs were playing with their signals entirely known by their heavier and harder hitting opponents. But the Japs didn't know. They had lulled themselves into a self-complacent sense of security. They thought the complexities of the Japanese language in which their plans were written and communicated would be unfathomable to the Westerner.

For thousands of Americans on the fighting fronts knew this was so. They knew, however, that the American-born Japanese (better known as "Nisei") language specialists -- translators, interrogators, radio monitors, and order of battle experts -- were one of the chief means of obtaining intelligence of the enemy and his plans. The American Nisei trained at the Presidio, Camp Savage and Fort Snelling became the eyes and ears of not only the American fighting forces, but also that of the other allied armies fighting Japan.

These language specialists, working selflessly and in complete anonymity, translated from the Japanese language to English the enemy information concerning his tactical decisions and dispositions. This information greatly assisted our commanders in the field in making decisions, conducting effective maneuvers and avoiding surprise. Never before in history did one army know so much concerning its enemy prior to actual engagement as did the American army during most of the Pacific campaign.

It became almost routine practice for our Japanese-American language units to work so rapidly and accurately that our artillery was dropping shells on enemy command posts and gun emplacements within a few minutes of the time that information was obtained by the language detachment. On many occasions this intelligence helped clear the way for our doughboys slowly moving forward through the jungles.

As one example, the official reports of the Americal Division disclose that it was the work of the language detachment that largely was responsible for the Divisional Commander knowing well in advance where and approximately at what time and in what strength the Japanese would attack the division along the Torokina River near Bougainville.

Graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School translated the entire Japanese battle plans for the naval battle of the Philippines. These plans were captured with Admiral Koga, then Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Japanese Fleets, when the plane in which he was hurrying to join his fleet made a forced landing in the Philippines. Slight wonder then that the Japanese suffered practically total annihilation and the worst defeat in naval history in the San Bernardino Straits and off the northeast coast of the Philippines.

Likewise, the complete Japanese plan for the defense of the Philippines also was made known through the work of the language specialists from the Military Intelligence Service Language School long before our forces had landed on Leyte.

Graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School include Americans of many racial backgrounds, but roughly 85 per cent of its graduates are Nisei Americans. Concerning the work of these Japanese-American language specialists, Joe Rosenthal, AP newscameraman who won the Pulitzer Award for his spot photo of the raising of the Star and Stripes at the crater rim of Mt. Suribachi, has written:

"Usually they work with headquarters in serving as interpreters. Armed with hand grenades at the entrances to Jap pillboxes or caves, they often convince the enemy to surrender where other officers, lacking the proper diction of the Jap language, would fail. They work so close to the enemy on these missions that with the danger of being killed by Japs, they run the risk of being shot, unintentionally, by our own marines. Their dungarees soon become ragged in rough country and the similarity of their physical appearance to that of the Japanese enemy makes their job much tougher.

"Many have paid with their lives, and many more have been wounded. They have done an outstanding job, and their heroism should be recognized. It

has been recognized by the marine commanders where I saw them in action at Guam, Peleliu, and Iwo."

Two of these Nisei, Technical Sergeant Kazuo Komoto with the 11th Airborne Division, and a Japanese-American Staff Sergeant with the 1st Radio Squadron Mobile, were among the first troops that landed at Atsugi Airfield near Tokyo. Komoto, incidentally, was the first graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School to win a purple heart when he was shot by a Jap sniper on New Georgia Island.

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

These language specialists came to the Military Intelligence Service Language School from all walks of life and from various parts of the United States, Hawaii, and Alaska. Among them were dentists, lawyers, PhD's, cooks, farm-hands, gardeners, laundrymen, houseboys, and even a professional gambler. One was a former member of the Territorial Legislature in Hawaii. A good cross section came as volunteers from behind the barbed wire fences of the Relocation Camps in which they had been placed shortly after Pearl Harbor. Some were veterans of World War I, well over 45 years old, and with three or more teen age children. Technician 3d grade James Yoshinobu who served with the 4th Marine Division on Iwo Jima and Technical Sergeant John Tanikawa, who was awarded a Bronze Star for his work with the 41st Division on Leyte, were veterans of World War I.

Nisei language specialists have been with every major unit in every engagement from Guadalcanal and Attu to the march into Tokyo. To mention all units with which they served would be to list every major unit that has engaged in combat in the Pacific. The great task of the War Department and the Military Intelligence Service Language School was to supply the demand for these linguists. This entailed a comprehensive study of the history of practically every Japanese-American male of military age.

A story is told about Lt. General Alexander M. ("Sandy") Patch's reaction to the Nisei. When the first group of Nisei arrived at his command, it is reported that he hesitated to use them. It is reported (perhaps apocryphally) that after their first campaign he thought so much of them that he would go

personally to the transports and welcome each group as they came off the gangplank. Today, General Patch, who also had under his command the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in the European Theater of Operations (also composed of Nisei), is one of the staunchest Nisei supporters.

From Guadalcanal, Lieutenant Colonel John A. Burden, then Captain in the G-2 Section of the XIV Corps wrote:

"The use of Nisei in the combat area is essential to efficient work. There has been a great deal of prejudice and opposition to the use of Nisei in combat areas. The two arguments advanced are: (1) Americans of Japanese ancestry are not to be trusted, and (2) the lives of the Nisei would be endangered due to the strong sentiment against Japanese prevailing in the area. Both of these arguments have been thoroughly disproved by experiences on Guadalcanal, and I AM GLAD TO SAY THAT THOSE WHO OPPOSED THE USE OF NISEI THE MOST ARE NOW THEIR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC ADVOCATES. It has been proven that only the Nisei are capable of rapid translation of written orders and diaries, and their use is essential in obtaining the information contained in them."

Lieutenant Colonel William M. Van Antwerp, in charge of intelligence for the 27th Infantry Division, had this to say: "The MAKIN operation afforded the first opportunity for the Language Section of this Division to operate in combat. Their actions and the results of their work reflect high credit on them and the Military Intelligence Service Language School."

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

From the China-Burma-India Theater, Captain Barton Lloyd, a graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School, wrote: "I cannot overstate the value that Colonel Stilwell (son of General Stilwell) and his headquarters place on Nisei language men. As far as everyone who has had contact with the Nisei is concerned, they are tops -- they are doing a darned good job, much of it under conditions they never expected. Sergeants Matsuna and Mazawa were dropped by parachute deep in Kachin territory to an Office of Strategic Services unit. They have been working in areas behind enemy lines, doing both language and radio intercept work. These two volunteered without

any hesitation and took their jumps in fine form although having had no previous training in parachute jumping whatsoever. The paratrooper who gave them instructions and who accompanied them on their jump flight told me that when their turns came to jump, they took off themselves with 'no assistance'."

According to reports from Leyte, General Krueger repeatedly has congratulated and commended the Nisei language men for their fine work on Leyte.

A Nisei Technical Sergeant wrote from the Marshall Islands, "Incidentally, I was called in by Major General Corlett, the commanding general of the 7th Division, and he personally extended his congratulations to our team for the work that the boys did."

Recognition has been given to the work of these Nisei Americans in the field. Although the reports are not complete and records are only fragmentary, at least 50 Nisei have received direct commissions from the ranks as Second Lieutenants, and another 25 or 30 have been commissioned through the various Officer Candidate Schools in Australia and in the United States. One of these, Masaji Marumoto of Honolulu, has received a commission as a First Lieutenant in the Judge Advocate General's Department and was the civil affairs legal officer attached to Military Government in Okinawa when the last report was received.

A number of Nisei have been awarded decorations for intelligence work in combat but complete information in this respect also is lacking. As far as is known at present 1 Distinguished Service Cross, 2 Legion of Merits, 5 Silver Stars, 1 Soldier's Medal, over 50 Bronze Stars, and 15 Purple Hearts have been awarded. It is certain that many more decorations have been received by Nisei intelligence personnel.

Some Japanese-American language specialists have been assigned to the larger headquarters and in various stations in the continental limits of the United States and have been denied the opportunity of serving in combat. Most of the honor graduates of each graduating class were retained as instructors at the Military Intelligence Service Language School to train other students. It has taken considerable discussion to convince these men that they could render more important service in non-combat assignments.

Koy Cummings, Honolulu Star Bulletin correspondent, has pointed out the non-language side of their roles in the Pacific. He wrote: "Pocket

dictionaries aren't the only articles the men of the school make use of out there. Things happened fast after the landing on Okinawa. One of the language men was on guard the third night that we were there. He challenged a man who came out of the darkness. The man did not halt and when he came closer the sergeant saw that it was an enemy soldier, so he cut him down with his carbine."

Fourteen Nisei volunteered for service with Merrill's Marauders in Burma. An officer writing of their exploits says: "Throughout, whenever and wherever there was need for any of the boys, they never hesitated. They were not only interpreters but soldiers at the front. They faced danger willingly, whenever called upon. They faced the enemy, fought against him. Roy Matsumoto, Ben Sugeta, Robert Honda and Henry Goshō are credited with about 30 Nips. You can see by that that the boys have been right upon the line."

"During battles they crawled up close enough to be able to hear Jap officers' commands and to make verbal translations to our soldiers. They tapped lines, listened in on radios, translated documents and papers, made spot translations of messages and field orders, and in numerous other ways made themselves invaluable."

It was in the engagement at Myitkyina that these "Marauder boys" lost their commanding officer, Captain William Laffin (his mother was a Japanese) when he was strafed by enemy planes. Of the 14 Nisei who started out with General Merrill, six were commissioned as officers for meritorious service in the field, one was decorated with the Legion of Merit, and three received the Bronze Star. All received the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Presidential Unit Citation.

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

Tech Sergeant Kaz Kozaki, a former non-commissioned officer instructor at the Military Intelligence Service Language School, is a "Kibei" and so is Technician 3d Grade Eiichi Sakaya. Kozaki won a Silver Star and a Purple Heart for rescuing an American army officer under fire when they were attacked

by the Japanese as they were landing on New Guinea from their landing craft. Eiichi Sakaiye rescued a wounded British officer under fire in the China-Burma-India Theater and likewise became the recipient of a Silver Star.

Technician 5th Grade Terry Takeshi Doi was an out and out "Kibei". His Japanese was stronger than his command of English. He had been caught as a dual-national in Japan and had been forced to serve in the Japanese army, thereby losing his American citizenship. He had been kept at the Military Intelligence Service Language School after graduation before he was cleared as being trustworthy for service in the combat zone. When Doi appeared before Judge Robert Bell of the U. S. District Court in the Twin Cities for restoration of his American citizenship, a Canadian dancer who also was scheduled to be sworn in as an American citizen requested Judge Bell to swear her in separately. As she put it, she refused to be "sworn in with a Jap". Judge Bell denied her request and she walked out of court.

Terry Doi was one of the first Nisei to land on Iwo Jima. Several had landed among the first waves, about "H hour plus 45". And from that time on he distinguished himself going into cave after cave with only a flashlight and knife persuading many enemy soldiers to come out and surrender. Wrote Lt. Wesley H. Fishel, Doi's commanding officer, to Judge Bell, "I know you'll be happy to know that Terry did one of the finest pieces of work possible. Doi was one of the first GIs to land on Iwo Jima. The limits of censorship prohibit details, but I can say Terry is one of the bravest and most capable men I have seen out here."

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

Technician Grade 3 Kenji Yasui is another "Kibei" who has won for himself the title of the "Nisei Sergeant York". Yasui, because of his schooling in Tokyo (middle school graduate and college division graduate of Waseda University) and his command of the Japanese language, was sent to the Office of War Information in India to work on propaganda leaflets to be

dropped over the enemy lines. Masquerading as Colonel Yamamoto, a local Japanese Commander, he brought in single handed a dozen Jap. prisoners of war. John Emerson, State Department Political Adviser to the Theater Commander, and himself a former State Department language officer in Tokyo, wrote Colonel Rasmussen as follows:

"I don't know whether you have heard yet that one of them, Kenji Yasui, has been recommended for a citation (Yasui received the Silver Star) for his courageous performance in bringing in 13 Japanese prisoners during the mopping-up operations in Myitkyina. Kenji and two others volunteered to go out to an island in the river to round up a bunch of Japs. He swam out, got a cramp half-way across and almost drowned, shouted to the Japs to come out, and finally got 13 together. Two had to be killed and one tried to blow Yasui and himself up with a grenade. Kenji luckily escaped that. He announced that he was a Colonel and made them line up and execute close order drill. Then he made them get in the river and swim across pushing a raft on which he stood with carbine aimed at them. Afterwards he learned the Japs had 20 rounds each and had a bead on him when he came ashore. Only because he started shouting military commands in Japanese did they hold fire."

Technician 3d grade Shigeto Mazawa served with the KACHIN RANGERS (native Burmese levies) and took part in daring raids against the enemy in Burma. Much to his surprise, he found himself a temporary Captain in the British Army commanding a whole company of KACHIN RANGERS.

Several have reported none too amusing incidents--that of being captured by Chinese troops and being mistaken for Japanese soldiers. They have reported that they never talked so fast with sign language and wrote so many "Kanji" (Chinese characters used in the Japanese language) in all their lives to explain that they were "Minkuo" (American) soldiers. They have described their complexion as having remained a pale green for the next three months or more.

Sergeant Vic Nishijima was on Ie Jima (Ie Island west of Okinawa) on the morning that Ernie Pyle, the GI's favorite correspondent, was killed by a Japanese machine gun ambush. Writing to his friends at Fort Snelling, Nishijima wrote: "I had to give war scribe Ernie Pyle hell for trying to cross

a mine field. Also wound up in a newsreel with him but didn't know who the 'elderly private' was until next morning."

Technician 4th Grade Seiyu Higashi was born in Los Angeles, but was taken back to the town of Naha in Okinawa in his early years. He was reared in Naha, completed middle school, and then returned to Los Angeles. He graduated from high school in Los Angeles and shortly after Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the United States Army. Higashi was sent to Okinawa because of his knowledge of the Okinawa dialect. Upon reaching the town of Naha, he accidentally ran into his father that he had not seen for eight years.

Like all troops in the combat zone, some of these Nisei language specialists will never return to the country they fought for. Many have given their lives in the service of their country. Ten were killed in an airplane accident in Okinawa a day before VJ-Day. Others have been killed by enemy action.

Technician 3d Grade Frank T. Hachiya was born in Hood River, Oregon, the place where the local American Legion Post crased the named of 16 Americans of Japanese ancestry from the country memorial honor roll. After basic training at Camp Roberts in California, Frank was assigned to the Military Intelligence Service Language School at Camp Savage. At the time of his death, he was a veteran of the Kwajalein and Eniwetok campaigns. He had been sent out as a special replacement to the language team working with the Sixth Army headquarters on Leyte. He was scheduled to fly back to Honolulu the following day. His father was in a Relocation Camp, but his mother was in Japan.

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

Others like Sergeant Omura in New Guinea, Staff Sergeant Shoichi Nakahara, Technician 3d Grade Eddie Fukui, Technician 4th Grade Mitsuru Shibata, Technician 4th Grade Ben Satashi Kurokawa, and Technician 4th Grade Sunichi Bill Imoto on Okinawa also have lost their lives in service of their country. However, the circumstances surrounding the death of Sergeant George I. Nakamura, who was killed in action in the Philippines deserve special mention.

George was the son of a Japanese alien who was seized shortly after Pearl Harbor in Watsonville, California, for possessing "rockets and other signal equipment." His father was taken into custody, but was exonerated and is living in Rockford, Illinois today. His son did not hesitate to give his life for the United States in which he was born. Lieutenant James Hoyt, his commanding officer, describing the circumstances of his death wrote: "Nakamura was on temporary duty with the 63rd Infantry Regiment of the 6th Infantry Division and participated in an engagement near Payawan. With heroic intrepidity, he exposed himself to enemy fire in order to issue an oral ultimatum of surrender to several isolated enemy units."

There also was Technical Sergeant Yukita Mizutari who was killed in New Guinea and who received the Silver Star posthumously. This non-commissioned officer language team leader went to the rescue of his subordinates who had been fired upon by enemy infiltrating into their positions. Colonel Mashbir, Chief of the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section of General MacArthur's Headquarters wrote: "The loss of Technical Sergeant Mizutari is considered with the deepest regret since this soldier was a soldier in every sense of the word, and while serving with various language units in the field as well as at the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section, his contribution in fidelity and devotion to duty was outstanding. His record serves to exemplify the great work of the Nisei for their country to which cause he has given his life."

By their invaluable language work in the field, thousands of American lives have been saved. The job of the Nisei was primarily that of language technicians, but they have demonstrated that they could be soldiers as well. As one First Sergeant at Fort McClellan, where a large group of the men from the Military Intelligence Service Language School went for basic training,

wrote to one of the graduates who has seen service in the Philippines: "If all American-Japanese or I might say 'democratic Japanese' feel like you fellows did, things are 'on the ball' and this old 'democratic way of life' is worth fighting for."

These Nisei eyes and ears of the Allied Forces that greatly assisted in bringing Japan to her knees in unprecedented defeat have vindicated in their way the faith which President Roosevelt, our great wartime president and commander-in-chief, placed in them when he said, "Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry.....Every loyal American citizen should be given the opportunity to serve this country wherever his skills will make the greatest contribution....." In military Japanese language work, the Nisei language specialists have done just that.

ARMY JAPANESE LINGUISTS IN TRAINING

For most army organizations, VJ-Day meant the beginning of curtailment of activities and a slackening to a peace time tempo. For the Military Intelligence Service Language School, it spelled just the opposite--heavier loads and a faster gait. The Military Intelligence Service Language School under the direct jurisdiction of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department, better known in military circles as "MISLS" is located at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

The MISLS has been the only "language factory" which has turned out Japanese language specialists on mass production basis for the various allied military, air, marine, and naval units engaged in fighting the Japs. Practically every army officer or army non-commissioned officer engaged in Japanese language work today has been at one time or another a student at the MISLS.

During the Japanese war, the graduates of the MISLS were vital cogs in the combat intelligence and psychological warfare work. Today, they are in Japan serving as equally important links in communication between General MacArthur's occupation army and the Japanese people. Most of these linguists are Japanese-Americans holding non-commissioned officer status. Most of them have been overseas long enough to be eligible for return home under the army point and age system. Initially these linguists were declared "critical" and hence debarred from release under the point system. Now they are being discharged on the same basis as any other GI.

The occupation of Japan from the linguistic standpoint presents many problems. With many of the NCO linguists being returned to the United States, the problem of their replacements is a very serious one for the Army. That is why the MISLS is operating today under a peak load with around 3,000 students under instruction and hundreds of others still to be trained to replace veterans who will be returned.

While the Commandant and administrative staff of the school is composed largely of Caucasian personnel, both the language training staff and the student body are predominantly Nisei. The school originally was housed in temporary barracks at Camp Savage, Minnesota, but for the last year has been located at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

The Army Japanese language neophyte comes from varying backgrounds. Most are Nisei whose homes are in Hawaii or the Pacific Coast. However, there are enrolled at MISLS a few Nisei born in Connecticut, or Texas, or Michigan and elsewhere. Some of the officer students were Reserve Officers called up to active duty who had studied the Japanese language at some one of our very few universities--California, Washington, Columbia, or Harvard--that taught the Japanese language before Pearl Harbor. Others are AUS officers who had lived in Japan and who possessed varying degrees of ability in the Japanese language. Still others are Caucasian officer candidates who are graduates of the preparatory course of one year given at the Army Intensive Japanese Language School, University of Michigan, which also is under the direct supervision of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department General Staff.

Upon arriving at the MISLS, the new student is assigned to one of the student companies which make up the "School Regiment" of 10 companies. He is attached to a company merely for housing, messing, administration, and minimum basic military training. All language training is done under the jurisdiction of the Academic and Military Training Sections.

The typical daily routine for students at the MISLS starts at 6:00 with School Call at 7:30. Except for a lunch period from 11:45 to 1:30 the student is engaged in language instruction from 7:30 to 4:20 in the afternoon. There is a period for exercise and dinner, after which "Joe Language Student" marches back for supervised evening study from 7:00 until 9:00 P.M. Voluntary study is permitted only until 10:30. Most of the students must prepare intensively for the recitations and quizzes of the day school sessions. At 11:00, all lights are out, and "Joe Language Student" has well earned a good night's rest. He has put in a long, hard day's work. Necessity forces a heavy work load and a fast tempo. The student may not have been able to complete all of his preparations for the next day. He may not have had time to write to his family or his girl friend at home. Like all GI Joes he complains that his instructors and officers are most inhumane.....but he is tired and he dozes off dreaming of weird distortions of the 50 to 200 new "Kanji" (Chinese characters employed in Japanese) he has tried to learn that day.

This with the usual inspections and fatigue is the routine, except for Wednesdays and Saturdays when school work terminates at 11:45. On Wednesday

afternoons "Joe Language Student" is not at liberty. He is given "military training"--quite often a good long stiff cross-country march of from five to ten miles.

Practically all of the classroom hours are spent in Japanese language or Japanese intelligence training involving the usage of Japanese language such as prisoner of war interrogation, the translation of captured documents, Japanese radio and wireless messages clear text interception and monitoring. Two hours of the week are scheduled for theoretical military science and tactics courses.

On the language training side, the student is given an examination of four hours' length upon arrival at school to determine his proficiency in Japanese. This is necessary for grouping the students into sections of equal ability.

Many of the Nisei at Fort Snelling have had to teach or study with anxious hearts. Many had relatives in Relocation Camps in the Western States. After the Japanese were permitted to return from the Relocation Camps to the West Coast, incidents that caused much anxiety occurred. The following article from the Minneapolis Morning Tribune reports one of these incidents:

"Three Japanese-American soldiers stationed at Fort Snelling, Wednesday, expressed dismay at treatment their parents, recently returned to their homes in California, are receiving.

"At Livingston, California, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Shozo Kishi, parents of Cpl. Sherman Kishi and Pfc. Fred Kishi, members of the school battalion at Fort Snelling, were shot at despite the fact a service flag representing their two sons was displayed in the front window of their farm home.

"Late Tuesday at Auburn, California, a jury acquitted three men charged with attempted dynamiting of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sunio Doi. Their son, Pvt. Karl Doi, also is a member of the school battalion. Another son, Cpl. Shigeyuki Doi, fought with American forces who rescued the trapped American battalion at Bastogne during the German's last large scale counter-attack."

The training staff and study body composed of Japanese-Americans are grateful to the citizens of the Twin Cities. Nisei both at the school and in the combat theaters are unanimous in praising the friendly treatment which the people of the Twin Cities accorded them during the troublous war years. The

authorities and people of the Twin Cities greeted and treated them as American citizens. They furnished entertainment that made their load lighter and their life more comfortable. Some of the principal organizations are the Minneapolis and St. Paul USO's, the Minneapolis YMCA and YWCA, the Minneapolis Defense Council, the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Council Service Committees of Hennepin and Ramsey Counties, the St. Paul Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Council of Jewish Women. The Bar Associations of Hennepin and Ramsey Counties donated prizes to honor outstanding students at graduation exercises as did the city newspapers. Many churches and numerous citizens took many of the Nisei servicemen into their homes as guests on weekends and on holidays. Nowhere has the press been so solidly behind the Nisei, and nowhere has greater fairness and understanding been encountered than in the Twin Cities area.

In appreciation of the attitude of the people of the Twin Cities the students at the MISLS also have shouldered their civic responsibilities. In every War Bond Drive, they have gone over the top. The school has always stood near the top of the units in the Seventh Service Command. Harris L. Romerein, Field Director of the Red Cross War Fund Drive during 1944, wrote:

"In the tabulation of the final results in the recent Red Cross War Fund Drive, we find that on a per capita basis the voluntary contributions of the men and officers at Camp Savage (MISLS) exceeded that of all other stations in our jurisdiction.

"These results, are in fact, so outstanding that we are at a loss as to how to adequately express ourselves concerning the matter."

In their Red Cross Blood Donations, the students of MISLS have set an enviable record over several years. On May 8, 1945, Mrs. William Quist, Special Assistant in Charge of Mobile Unit, wrote Colonel Rasmussen, the Commandant:

"The Red Cross Blood Donor Service, and in particular the Minneapolis Center and its Mobile Unit, are deeply appreciative of the contribution you and the men and officers under your command have made to the Blood Donor Service. Every visit to your group, both at Camp Savage and at Fort Snelling, have resulted in whatever quota we requested, and several emergency visits arranged on short notice to fill in cancellations maintained our quota."

Earlier in January 1945, she had written: "For each of the visits to your group, the production has been limited by our office, and we have only the highest praise for the manner in which your men respond to this service."

When Mayor McDonough of St. Paul appealed for help to Colonel Harry J. Keeley, post commander of Fort Snelling, for aid to the hard-pressed Twin Cities Coal and Coke Companies which were unable to make adequate deliveries to Twin Cities homes because of a cold wave and lack of manpower, many of the Japanese-Americans went to work driving trucks and delivering coal in sub-zero weather. Many of these volunteers had only shortly arrived from the balmy climate of the Hawaiian Islands.

Despite the rigorousness of their training, the students of the MISLS have distinguished themselves as soldiers. Their rate of AWOLs and venereal disease is very much lower than that of the average military garrison. In recognition of their outstanding record, the Chief of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department, awarded the school cadre the "Meritorious Service Unit Plaque". This award is based on achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline, superior military courtesy, superior appearance of personnel, installations, and equipment, and enthusiastic execution of orders. Other factors also considered in making the award are the number of AWOLs, venereal disease rates, court martials and other punishments.

This is the sketchy pen picture of the army Japanese linguist as he underwent training before being shipped out to join the combat forces in the Pacific. Necessary changes have been made in the schedules and courses for his successors who are now undergoing training for Japanese language duties with the American Army of Occupation in Japan. The demands for qualified Japanese language personnel are greater than ever and the work load and tempo of instruction remain essentially unchanged. The student must be a good soldier and a good linguist. He is driven hard to prepare him for the heavy tasks ahead in the minimum time allowed. He gripes like all GIs, but he still takes his work in stride, does his duty well, and never fails in his mission.

# BEYOND THE HORIZON

BY

YORI WADA

Graduated, University of California at Berkeley, 1940



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*Above are shown "bushes that bite", mechanized anti-aircraft guns with members of the unit at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, practicing sighting from the camouflaged truck on which the gun is mounted.*

This is the story of a loyal American of Japanese descent. Yori Wada, who is pictured in the inset above, was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in June, 1940. During his four years, Yori became Associate editor of the "Daily Californian", the student newspaper, was elected to the Junior and Senior Men's Honor Societies, Winged Helmet and Golden Bear, was a member of the Cabinet of the campus Young Men's Christian Association, and a member of Pi Delta Epsilon and the University of California Student Cooperative Association. Inducted into the United States Army, July 21, 1941, he gained a sergeant's rating in the medical unit. After December, 1941, Yori gave up his sergeant's stripes in order to transfer as a buck private to the 442nd Combat Team at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, composed entirely of Americans of Japanese descent who volunteered for service in the armed forces. On January 22, 1944, Yori married Miss Chiyo Nao, in Denver, Colorado. At present, he is undergoing special training for a hazardous and highly important branch of the services.

## BEYOND THE HORIZON

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FAR FROM THE BELLS of the Campanile I return gratefully in dreams to "my California life." It may be true, as Thomas Wolfe put it in "You Can't Go Home Again," but I shall go back again. I must go back, for my home is in California. Its vineyards and orchards, its mountains and its shores, the flowing rivers and wooded hills, the schools and churches, the friends I left behind — all this is my California in jig-saw.

That graduation day of the Class of '40 still lives inside me. Max Thelen, Jr., and his youthful oratory, the caps and gowns, the gay banners and Memorial Stadium. Three years have passed, and though it be in Denver, Little Rock or Minneapolis, this Cal alumnus still "gets a bang out of it" when he sees the saucy Cal bear sticker on a passing automobile window.

But the years have not been spent only in dreams. Graduation meant a hard, hopeful *hasta la vista* to friends. Sherman March, my roommate for two years at Barrington Hall, helped me pack. All set for the trip home, and goodbye to Sherm, perhaps forever. We had lots of fun, he and I. A happy-go-lucky fella with a generous heart to go with his brown hair and eyes, he later volunteered for the American Friends' Unit as ambulance driver over the perilous Burma Road in Asia. He couldn't wait for the war to come to him: he was just that kind of guy.

Back home for a brief interlude with the family, I found that things were just about the same. Mother was, well, just Mother. For my first home-cooked meal she fixed up my favorite, a huge steak smothered with onions. It was good to be home again.

But for a sheepskin holder, after an A. B. comes the C for cash and carry. The fabulous, pre-Roosevelt promise of "two cars in every garage" to the contrary, we didn't have

a car. So, borrowing a friend's Chevvie, I scoured the towns of the San Joaquin Valley for a newspaper job. The editors were cordial but that was about all. "There's no opening just now, but you might try in a few months." No job. One of the Walnut Creek papers had an opening, but the editor wasn't sure how well a dark-haired Japanese would digest with the subscribers; so I was still on the road.

To say that I was discouraged and disheartened speaks too lightly of my mental outlook during these days. No man can deny that "youth takes a helluva beating, but you can't keep him down."

The financial chart nearing the red mark, I decided to go home, yes, you can go home again. So with thumb as ticket, I went back to Hanford. Mother didn't say much, but it's surprising what a good dinner will do! Mothers do understand, don't they? She's not the kind of woman to cry, but I think Mother cried that night after we kids had gone to bed.

A friendship of undergraduate days brought a much-needed transfusion to a system grown thin on canned goods and yes ma'ams. Elton Brombacher, of Cal track fame, casually suggested that I write two columns for the weekly **Pinole Times** which he published. If he only knew what that chance meant to me; I have a hunch he did! So with a typewriter hastily bought on the installment plan I launched forth on my career. "At the Crossroads" of **Daily Californian** days was resurrected together with a brand-new "Uncle Ezra Says," a common-folk column with a leaning toward Will Rogers. Later, human interest stories on Hanford's Chinatown began appearing in the **Hanford Sentinel** published by two Stanford graduates, Stanley Beaubaire and Keith Topping of the Vow Boys eleven.

Then came "greetings from the President of the United States. Chosen by my friends and neighbors," I was to report for induction into the Army. July 21, 1941, I was taken to the local embarkation point. Climbing aboard the train, I took a last look at the bon-voyage crowd. I saw Mother standing in the hot, noonday sun, her gentle, care-worn face



*Left, Sergeant Miyamoto instructs Private Sano in the proper stance for tossing a hand grenade. At right is pictured mailtime for members of the Japanese-American combat team. (Photos by C. E. Mace.)*

unsmiling, her brown eyes dry but threatening to fill. I was to remember that precious face for many months hence; it is still clear and wonderful.

Along with hundreds of other young men from the cities and farms of California, I entrained for the Monterey Presidio in "quick time." From then on I saw my America through the train window as a sailor sees the world through a port-hole. Rolling halfway across the continent to Camp Grant, Illinois, I was a medical corps rookie at \$21 a day, once a month, with young men from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Most of them had never seen a Japanese-American before, but we got along swell. It's a great feeling to be accepted for what kind of man you are with nationality and creed tossed into the G. I. can!

October 28, 1941, brought goodbye to Illinois and hello to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, With time heavy on my hands in the supply room. I fashioned a weekly station hospital newspaper. It was named "Tatler" for a purpose.

It was a quiet Sunday in December when Gerald Mahler,

Dewey Bryan, and I went into a Little Rock theatre, but excitement, newsboy's shouts, and knots of people greeted us as we came out. Hurriedly buying a paper, we scanned the headlines: "Pearl Harbor Bombed by Japs!" We looked at each other. America and Japan were at war! I felt strangely hollow inside, not that I doubted my loyalty to America but something made me feel crushingly miserable. It must have been so with Americans of German ancestry when the *Lusitania* was sunk as a flare-up to United States entry into War War I.

We went back to camp. I sat dejectedly on my bunk while a hundred disjointed thoughts pounded in my whirling mind. Is the family all right? Will they give me a chance to fight for America? Will my friends understand that being an American of Japanese ancestry makes me even more unflinching in duty to those United States.

Understanding my dilemma, Dewey left me alone to thrash through the kaleidoscopic mess. Jack Sweet put his hand on my shoulder and spoke firmly, "Come on, Wada, buck up; you're one of us." Through the midnight hours of that December 7 and the hectic days to follow, I was to see gratefully that young Americans in uniform judged me by what I was and had done and not by my nationality. Never in my two years of Army life have I been disappointed in my buddies in service. Were they from Vermont or Washington, Alabama or Minnesota, these young men showed by action that liberal outlook of a Greater America. "Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry." And they were the Americans who were dedicated to serve this country even unto death!

Throughout December letters came from other friends all over the country. As always Stiles Hall came through, and whenever I look at the stars in the sky, I can see Harry Kingman, Jim Fowle, John Duffy, Bob Stone, Charles Fender, Don Eichner, Bill Davis, and scores of others.

A few days later came a letter in my sister's handwriting, postmarked Hanford, California. (My Mother speaks and understands a little English, but can't write it. I speak

and understand a little Japanese, but can't write it. My sister is the go-between.)

"Dear Ni-san (brother) :

"We were terribly shocked by the Pearl Harbor treachery. We haven't gotten over it yet. But Mom wants me to tell you that you have a greater responsibility now. She says that for your America, do not hesitate to give your life. We'll make out somehow at home, but her concern is that you do not fail your country in her hour of need. She's awfully proud that you're in the Army." This from the heart of an alien mother to the heart of a young American soldier.

I was not with the family to share the hardships and tears that followed. I was taking care of sick and injured American soldiers at Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado.

May 10 was Mothers' Day, and one day before my Mother was to leave our Hanford home for a room in an assembly center barrack: an American soldier's mother behind barbed wires. What the late Heywood Broun once wrote rankled in my mind: "Let us be alert to realize that whoever raises the knife of prejudice against any group whatsoever stabs with his dagger the flesh and honor and, indeed, the heart of America."

Raking the embers of our family past, I knew that there was nothing un-American in our lives. It has always been true that Mother kept our eyes focussed on the American scene. She was an alien Mother who was proud that her children were learning to be of America. She was a foreigner who could never become an American except in spirit and faith, which she did nobly. As an American son in uniform, I am grateful to my Japanese Mother. She deserves much more.

For nearly a year the family endured the harsh pangs and anguish of the assembly center, and I felt part of their sadness in the letters coming eastward and was spurred to greater effort as a soldier. They were depending on me to vindicate their innocence, to prove that nationality makes

one appreciate the Four Freedoms even more. We had discovered the hard way that American citizenship cannot be taken for granted. Evacuation had made us see more clearly the barricaded road to full citizenship.

I have seen 'teen-aged Yanks bravely waiting major operations, going alone into the test of pain and nausea "because they didn't want to worry the folks too much." I've sat near their beds at night listening to longing, lonely tales of back home, and have rubbed their bodies when pain became too great. I have heard heart-rending sobs in the deep of night I have wiped their vomitus from my white uniform; with great joy I have seen them get better and healthy and go back to training. To them, it didn't matter that the soldier in white was a young American with a Japanese face. "You're an American, aren't you?" Many times I have wished that the older generation were as understanding and honest as the generation which must go out to fight for a free America.

I was to meet the family for the first time in two years when they were sent to the Jerome Relocation Center in Arkansas. Arriving about midnight I sloshed around in the rain and red mud among black tar-papered barracks searching for 22-11-D. Half an hour later I found it. My knock, a light turned on, my sister's face in the half-opened doorway, and I was home.

"*Tadima kaeri mashita,*" (I have just come home) has been my customary greeting whenever I came home from Cal. Now it came unconsciously from my lips.

"*Oh, kaite kitaka,*" (Oh, so you've come home) was Mother's greeting as she got up from the Army cot. It struck me suddenly and without warning that she had aged, aged ten years in two. Her face was covered with countless wrinkles, her former jet-black hair was streaked with grey, those deep brown eyes were tired and old, her body thinner. Oh, Mother, I wish I could have spared you this. Surely Americans couldn't approve of this. But Mother smiled for me, and I answered.

Even a community dining hall couldn't stop the Wadas

from having tea as a family group. Immediately Mother was busy putting the battered kettle on. Then quickly she dug into a box-trunk and proudly took out a quart of home-canned peaches; carefully she had brought it 2000 miles so her soldier son could taste a bit of her own cooking. My throat was tight with love and gratitude.

Over cups of hot tea and store-bought cookies, we looked back to happier days, touching also on the uncertain yet hopeful future that relocation would bring. Glancing about the tiny room, I noticed that bright window curtains were already up, that salvaged lumber had been sawed and hammered into tables, chairs, shelves and crude bureaus. Paper flowers carefully fashioned by hand adorned wooden vases carved and sandpapered from roots of trees.

Gradually I learned the painful story of evacuation: the curfew, the storing and selling of family goods, how the family had to sleep on the floor during the final days in Hanford, how they ate canned food or sent a Caucasian friend to a restaurant so they would not go hungry. The sale of our ice cream store which had been ours for 25 years had also to be borne in bitter shame and silence since the United States Government had wanted it so. We had committed no crime; it was only that Japan, our enemy, was the land of our ancestors.

That night as I lay on the fourth cot in the room, sleep would not come. This was the home of an American soldier on furlough. My thoughts returned sadly to that place in Hanford which was no longer home: a store in front, a crowded kitchen, a large bedroom for Mother, sister and brother, and a smaller one for me. The family meals eaten with chopsticks, the Thanksgiving and Christmases we've had just like other American families, the table covered with Japanese delicacies to welcome the New Year. Yes, the Wadas weren't rich except in happiness and laughter. Their home, together with the schools and churches and people, had nourished our dreams in this America. Never again will I take American freedom for granted!

As balm to my troubled soul came Stephen Benet's

"Prayer"; "God of the free, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind. Grant us faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color, or theory. Grant us the courage and foreseeing to begin this task today that our children and our children's children may be proud of the name of man. Grant us patience with the deluded and pity for the betrayed."

With the tragic dining room scene of Mother's eating alone here and there at wooden tables still burning in my mind, I left my family and friends behind in the camp surrounded by barbed wire and guards. I left with the fervent hope that these young Americans of Japanese ancestry would rekindle that vital faith in a democratic America and grow stronger in the face of distress. They must make the most of relocation, of coming back to their America with pride, without bitterness, without rebellion.

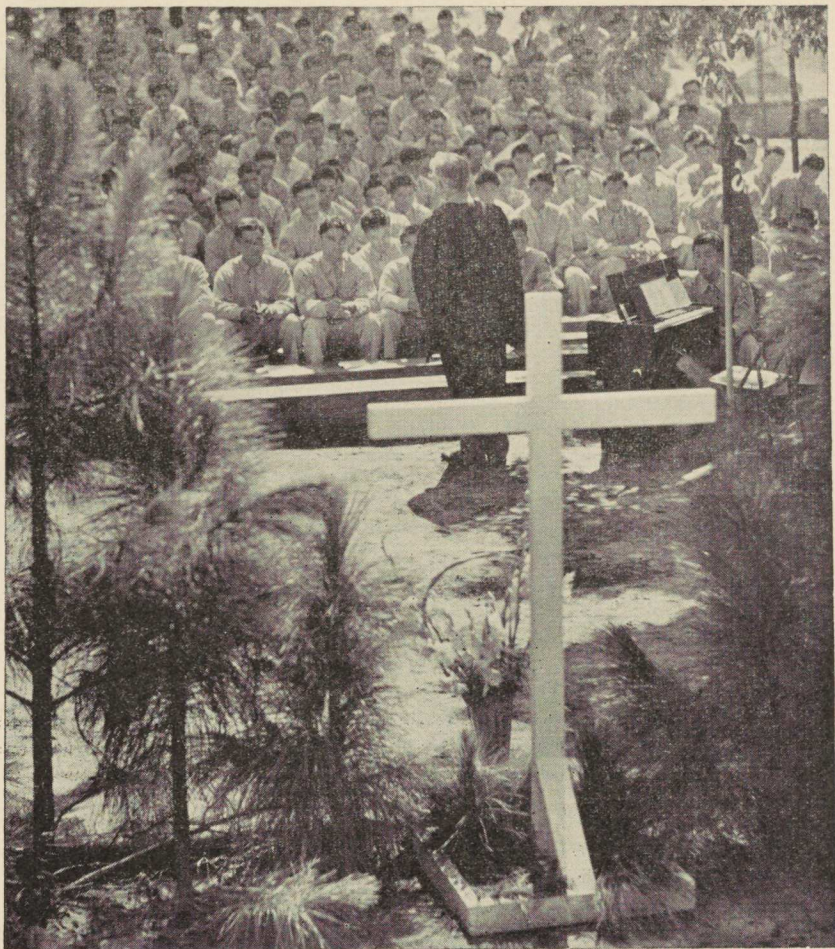
My solemn resolve took me beyond the crossroads to do my best for America, to keep faith with those courageous, fair-minded Americans who have supported us in the name of American justice, fair play, and freedom. To them from the depth of my heart, with words which are woefully inadequate, I say "Thanks." In the face of unceasing attacks upon us, the Niseis, they have let us know that our faith in this American democracy has not been in vain. To our bewildered and cynical eyes, they have lifted up a living vision of our country which is of the heart and the hand-clasp.

■

Copies may be obtained from  
Committee on American Principles and Fair Play  
2234 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California

Single copy, \$ .10	12 copies, \$1.00
25 copies, \$1.75	100 copies, \$6.00

Prepaid, in all cases



*Many Christian denominations are represented among the Japanese-Americans in the third battalion amphitheatre. Chaplain Thomas Eugene West conducts services before an altar composed of pine branches and arranged in the Victory "V" sign.*

Pacific Coast Committee on  
American Principles and Fair Play  
2234 Telegraph Avenue  
Berkeley 4, California

Sec. 562, P L. & R.

The Committee on American Principles and Fair Play was formed to support and defend the constitutional rights of law-abiding persons of oriental descent in the United States and particularly of the Japanese-American evacuees.

**The Committee believes:**

1. That attacks upon the rights of any minority tend to undermine the rights of the majority.
2. That attempts to deprive any law-abiding citizen of his citizenship because of racial descent are contrary to fundamental American principles and jeopardize the citizenship of others.
3. That legislation to deprive Americans of Japanese descent of any of their legal rights would set a precedent for depriving other racial groups of their rights, and would weaken the confidence of our Allies, particularly those in Asia and Latin America, in the sincerity of our professions to be fighting for the rights of all peoples.
4. That it is un-American to penalize persons of Japanese descent in the United States solely for the crimes of the Government and military caste of Japan.

Persons desiring to aid the educational program of the Committee either through financial contribution or volunteer service should write to the Executive Secretary at: 465 California Street, San Francisco, California.

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# HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY

Presidio of San Francisco, California

## Public Proclamation No. 17

April 19, 1943

TO: The People Within the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, and the Public Generally:

WHEREAS, it appears desirable in the national interest to revise the restrictions governing the entry and movement of persons of Japanese ancestry within certain military areas of Western Defense Command, as specified below, to permit such persons who are members of the Army of the United States on active duty or who have been inducted and are in uniform on furlough or leave, to enter and travel within Military Area No. 1 and that portion of Military Area No. 2 lying within the State of California while on such furlough or leave:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, J. L. DEWITT, Lieutenant General, U. S. Army, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the President of the United States and by the Secretary of War, and my powers and prerogatives as Commanding General, Western Defense Command, do hereby declare and proclaim that:

All terms and conditions of Public Proclamations, Civilian Exclusion Orders and Civilian Restrictive Orders, this headquarters, heretofore issued, governing the presence, entry and movement of persons of Japanese ancestry within said military areas of Western Defense Command are suspended in said military areas as to persons of Japanese ancestry who are members of the Army of the United States on active duty or who have been inducted and are in uniform while on furlough or leave.

J. L. DEWITT  
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army  
Commanding

NEW YORK TIMES  
February 17, 1945

## PRIVATE HACHIYA, AMERICAN

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

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

As a soldier, Private Hachiya saw action at Kwajalein, at Eniwetok, at Leyte. There he lay in a little valley under withering Japanese fire. Bullets cut up the ground. Men were killed and wounded beside him. The attack was stopped. Information on the enemy's strength was essential. The commanding officer asked for a volunteer to reconnoiter the position. Private Hachiya volunteered. He crept forward through the grass, now crawling, now running quickly through the open from cover to cover. The men behind watched him descend the slope and work into the valley. Then they saw him drop. A Japanese sniper had got him.

But Private Hachiya, mortally wounded though he was, could not lie there. The battalion wanted the information he had gathered. He must get back. So he crawled, bleeding and in agony, out of the valley and up the hill, through the grass and scrub and around the merciful protection of little hillocks. He was dying when he reached his lines. He made his report while they bound his wound. Then about a month after his name had been removed from the Hood River war memorial, Private Hachiya died.

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

17D C  
Common  
American  
Principles

• JULY • 1945 •

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{ The Un-American Effort to Suppress White's "Report"  
on the Russians" . . . *New York Times*—See Back Cover }

The extraordinary war record of America's most persecuted minority, who should walk with honor among us

*Hail Our*

## JAPANESE-AMERICAN GIs!

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

BLAKE CLARK and OLAND D. RUSSELL

ELEVEN GERMAN SOLDIERS, hands above their heads, came running out of an Italian farmhouse — and blinked in amazement to find themselves surrendering to cool, tough, Japanese-featured soldiers in U.S. Army uniforms. One prisoner asked Lieutenant Johnston, "These men — Mongolians, yes?"

"Mongolians, hell!" the lieutenant exclaimed. "Hasn't Hitler told you? Japan's surrendered; she's fighting on our side now!"

Actually, these U.S. soldiers were part of the 100th Infantry Battalion, made up almost entirely of American citizens of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii. The 100th went overseas in August 1943, and has since become probably the most decorated unit in the history of the U. S. Army. Its 1300 members have been awarded more than 1000 Purple Hearts, 73 Silver Stars, 96 Bronze Stars, 21 Distinguished Service Crosses, six Legion of Merit medals and 16 Division Citations. In 1944, the 100th was merged with the more recently formed 442nd Infantry Regiment, composed of volunteers who came largely from the ten Relocation Centers established after the Japanese evacuation from the West Coast.

These men entered the Army with-

*Before he went into the service, Oland D. Russell was telegraph editor of the New York World-Telegram, having previously spent several years in Japan as a foreign correspondent. He was public relations officer for the 442nd combat team during its training period and has followed its activities closely ever since.*

*Blake Clark, also in the armed service, was a professor of English at the University of Hawaii. He is the author of Remember Pearl Harbor! and Robinson Crusoe, USN.*

out illusions. They realized that they had not one but two big battles ahead: besides helping to smash the Axis, they had to prove that Japanese-Americans were no different in attitude or loyalty from other American citizens. Their achievements once more demonstrate that democracy is stronger than race.

The 100th Infantry Battalion — "One Puka Puka" (Hawaiian for "One Zero Zero"), as they call themselves — landed at Salerno, spearheaded the Fifth Army advance, held the front lines in Cassino 40 days, attacked at Anzio, and led the breakthrough on Rome. After a year and a half overseas with the 34th Division, which claims more days in the line than any other American division,

## THE READER'S DIGEST

it fought for seven months with the 36th Division on the western front. This spring it was back with the Fifth Army in Italy; as part of the 442nd Infantry Regiment it led the American advance up the west coast.

In all three years of the battalion's existence, there has not been one desertion or even an absence of an hour without leave. The men are proud of two cases of AWOL-in-reverse—wounded soldiers who got up from their hospital beds to rejoin their unit when it moved on.

The 442nd has as regimental motto on its coat of arms a picturesque Hawaiian idiom of the crap game, "Go for Broke"—meaning "shoot the works." It sums up perfectly the all-out spirit which our Japanese-American GIs have shown. Pushing forward all the way from Tarquinia to the Arno in Italy, they never lost a foot of ground gained. More than 90 percent won Combat Infantry Badges for exemplary conduct under enemy fire. Typical of many individual exploits was the feat of Staff-Sergeant Kazuo Masuda, a former truck gardener of Santa Ana, Calif. His six-man mortar squad was halted by heavy fire from entrenched Germans. Masuda tucked a mortar tube under his right arm, grasped an extra steel helmet in his left hand, and dashed up a slope to a vantage point. Then he filled his extra helmet with dirt and anchored the mortar in it. Squatting beside his improvised emplacement, he wrapped his legs around the tube to hold it firm and opened fire. When his ammunition ran out, he went back for two more cases. He poured so many shells into the Germans that they had to withdraw.

Handling a bazooka is a two-man job, but not to 98-pound Private Masao Awakuni. One day his company ran into a German Mark IV tank which, supported by machine-gun and sniper fire, forced the Americans to take cover. Awakuni fired at the tank with his bazooka, and it headed for his hiding place in a ditch. Coolly he waited until it was within 25 feet. Then he fired again—and the tank burst into flames. Awakuni was pinned down by enemy fire for ten hours, was wounded by a machine-gun bullet before he managed to escape. His exploit won him the DSC.

Another hero, Calvin Shimogaki, earned the Silver Star by clearing a path through a mine field holding up the battalion's advance. When enemy machine-gun bullets knocked his mine detector out of his hands, Shimogaki crawled forward on his belly, searching out mines and trip wires with his bare hands. The slightest pull on a wire might have meant death. Using the path he cleared, the battalion continued its advance without a casualty.

The Japanese-Americans resent any attempt to set them apart from their fellow soldiers. They prefer to be called Americans, or if they must be distinguished, Japanese-Americans.

Soon after their transfer from Italy to the Seventh Army in France, the Japanese-Americans were taking part in a spectacular rescue of a "lost battalion" cut off in the forests of the Vosges mountains. It was a story of flaming heroism and tragedy. Their casualties were terrific.

"Jerry fought us from tree to tree for two and a half of the damnedest

### *HAIL OUR JAPANESE-AMERICAN GIs!*

miles I ever hope to travel," said an officer. "He had his best defenses on a high, steep ridge. We got him out of there with a bayonet charge. When our men hit the top of the ridge, I saw the Germans break and run for the first time in my life."

The lost battalion was cut off for a week. On the seventh day a lieutenant remarked: "I'll bet the 442nd is the first to reach us. I'd give \$1000 to see one of those boys." He didn't have long to wait. That afternoon the Japanese-Americans broke through. The cut-off troops leaped out of their foxholes and embraced their rescuers. First to reach the beleaguered troops was Pfc. Mut Sakamoto. With the tremendous welcome he got, his throat clogged in sentiment and all he could say was: "Do you guys need any cigarettes?"


These veterans of the war in Europe are not the only Americans of Japanese ancestry who have proved their loyalty in the armed services. The 17,600 who have enlisted are divided among the Army, Navy and Marines. They are in the China and India-Burma theaters and on every Pacific front from Saipan to Okinawa. Here they are valuable not only as fighters but as interpreters.

Famous in the India-Burma theater is little Kenny Yasui, dubbed "Baby York" for his capture of 16 Japs. Calling out in Japanese learned at Waseda University in Tokyo,

Kenny convinced the 16, who were hiding in foxholes, that he was a Jap colonel. He lined them up for inspection, and had them stack arms. Then he marched them off with commands remembered from close order drill in Waseda ROTC.

In spite of the heroism and suffering of these young Americans, a few unreasoning individuals still attack them. In California, one honorably discharged soldier narrowly escaped death in his home when bullets fired through the window passed within six inches of his head. A member of Hollywood World War II American Legion Post 591 was refused his old job at the post office on racial grounds. In Parker, Ariz., a veteran of two years overseas with the 442nd Infantry, wearing the Purple Heart and three other decorations, and walking with a cane, was forcibly ejected from a barber shop; he had failed to notice a sign, "Japs Keep Out, You Rats!"

Yet it can safely be said that the Japanese-Americans have won their battle at home as well as abroad, for such discrimination has drawn hot censure from the public generally, and especially from service men. These Japanese-American boys have volunteered to fight for their country, and are officially rated among the best soldiers in the world. After this war they will walk with honor among their fellow Americans.



# These ARE THE Japyanks



The Japyanks on maneuvers at Camp Shelby

By CORPORAL MIKE MASAOKA



They proved their high efficiency as fighters on Italy's bloody sands



Chaplain Barrett of Camp Shelby provides a birthday cake for party

IF any group of American soldiers is imbued with the Crusader spirit of old it is the 442d Combat Team, that unique military organization of Japanese-American volunteers now in training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Because they resemble the Japanese enemy in physical characteristics, their preponderant American traits often have been either deliberately by-passed or maliciously misconstrued by those who question their loyalty and allegiance. Born, bred and educated in America, they know no other country; their very lives and fortunes are inextricably bound up in the destiny of America.

But there are those who are determined to make them pay for the crimes of the enemy by playing upon their unasked-for kinship with the Japanese race. So, like the Christian knights of a feudal age, these "Japyanks" (as the New York World-Telegram referred to them in a recent article) are willing to give of their all to prove their faith in their America—and to win for themselves and their posterity the privilege of being accepted as the true-blue and loyal Americans they are.

## THESE ARE THE JAPYANKS



*When the chance to enlist was opened to Japanese-Americans, they flocked eagerly to the colors.*

This, then, is the story of the Japyanks, 442d Combat Team, Army of the United States.

Before December 7, 1941, the Japanese-American society was living a normal American life comparable in most respects to those of other second-generation immigrant groups.

In 1940, according to the federal census, there were 157,900 Japanese in Hawaii and 127,000 in the United States proper, two-thirds of whom were, and are, American citizens. In Hawaii, the Japanese are scattered through the entire Territory and constitute a vital and significant segment in the economic and social structure of the Islands. On the mainland, though 97 per cent were "concentrated" in three Pacific Coast states, they were too few in numbers to materially influence community life.

As a racial group, however, both in the Territory and on the continent, they were often singled out for their exemplary Americanism and for exhibiting some of the finer attributes of citizenship. For example: They could boast of the lowest delinquency and crime rate of any nationality; they were thrifty and industrious, and remained off public relief rolls better than almost any other minority; they responded to civic, charitable and patriotic

appeals with more enthusiasm and zeal than most; they had more volunteers and inductees in the armed forces of the United States per capita than any other racial stock.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked, still prevalent rumors notwithstanding, "Americans with Japanese faces" shared in the defense of American soil. In Hawaii, the "AJAs," as Americans of Japanese ancestry are called, volunteered for every and all kinds of work, often begging for even the most menial of tasks to demonstrate their desire to serve their country. Many joined the Territorial Guards, only to be inactivated because of their physical likeness to the very enemy who had butchered members of their families and their friends in that infamous attack. Students at the University of Hawaii organized the Varsity Victory Volunteers and did yeoman service in building up Island defenses.

On the mainland, Japanese-Americans co-operated wholeheartedly with local, state and federal agencies interested in the war effort. They embarked upon a gigantic "Food for Freedom" program, since most of them were engaged in agricultural pursuits; they spearheaded a national "Buy a Bomber to Bomb Tokyo" campaign; they bought and sold War Bonds, gave their blood to

## THE LINK

blood banks, and engaged in any and every effort designed to help their country prepare to beat the common enemy.

In the spring of 1942, Selective Service began to reclassify persons with Japanese names into 4-C, a designation reserved for aliens and others not desired by the armed forces. That same spring, rightly or wrongly, "military necessity" dictated the wholesale and arbitrary evacuation from the West Coast of all persons with Japanese blood and their relocation in government centers in the interior.

Late in January, 1943, the War Department announced the formation of a special Japanese-American Combat Team and invited volunteers to enlist. "The action was taken," Secretary of War Stimson said, "following study by the War Department of many earnest requests by loyal American citizens of Japanese extraction for the organization of a special unit of the Army in which they could have their share in the fight against the nation's enemies." The response was spectacular.

In Hawaii, where a quota of 1,500 was set, more than 10,000 young Americans of Japanese ancestry swamped their local draft boards. More than 2,700 of them were finally accepted and sailed from Honolulu last April.

### Volunteers from Behind Barbed Wire

The response on the mainland, too, was most gratifying, especially when it is considered that these volunteers marched from behind barbed-wire fences and watchtowers, leaving their families and friends behind them to exist in barrack cities, to fight, and perhaps die, for a country which many have said had failed them.

Such is the composition of the Combat Team: eager young Americans who volunteered to prove President Roosevelt's classic definition that "Americanism is a matter of the mind and the heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."

Their language is English; their slang American. Most of them can't even read or write Japanese. As one of them said: "Our only handicap is having Japanese faces." They play at American games—and play them well. They won the post baseball championship with a typically "Yankee" flourish: a home run in the last of the ninth with two men out. They competed in the Southern A.A.U. Swimming Meet and swam off with individual and team honors. They have the only barefoot golfers of championship-caliber in the Army, and their barefoot football players can punt a football as far as the all-Americans. Their boxers include several A.A.U. titleholders.

### A Typical American Army Outfit

Though they are not fanatically religious, they do manage to fill the chapel for Sunday services. Courts-martial are rare, and the medical reports attest to their physical fitness and cleanliness.

They are a typical American Army outfit.

But, mindful of the reasons which prompted them to volunteer, they have an attitude which marks them apart from most units. They feel that they have more at stake—not only victory in the war, but also vindication of the inherent Americanism of the Japanese-American population. They are "all-out" to make a name for themselves and for all others of their nationality. By conducting themselves well, they are convinced that they are assuring the future of all Japanese-Americans in this country. They believe that they are engaged in a great cause—a cause to disprove those who have doubted and persecuted them and to justify the faith that others have in them.

As one Japyank summed it up, "We fight to win the war not only against the enemies of America abroad but also the enemies of democracy at home who use race and ancestry to confuse the issues and retard the war effort. In a word, we fight for our own survival as Americans as well as for the survival of the American way."

## THESE ARE THE JAPYANKS

This spirit is manifest in everything they do. Their eagerness to learn and their stick-to-itiveness are legend around Camp Shelby. Out of their own pockets they have bought over \$3,000 worth of military texts and manuals; they study them assiduously and sometimes catch up their instructors on technical points. On forced marches, they walk their legs off before falling out.

This contagious, "fighting" quality which characterizes their marches and maneuvers is typified in their motto: "Go For Broke"—soldier slang, born of the "crap" game, meaning "to shoot the works" or risk all. They believe that their conduct in battle will determine the fate of all Japanese-Americans in this country, and they are determined not to fail their responsibility.

### Symbolism in the Shoulder Patch

Their Combat Team shoulder patch, the flaming Torch of Liberty, symbolizes their goal: liberty for all, regardless of race or ancestry—liberty from persecution, from discrimination, from unjustified doubts; liberty to live and to be considered a worthy American. And, to a man, they are pledged to "Go For Broke" to achieve that liberty.

These volunteers have proved themselves in training. Recently, when the War Department announced the reclassification of Japanese-Americans for military service, the outstanding training record of the 442d was mentioned as one of the principal reasons for this change in policy.

The exploits of the 100th Infantry AJA Battalion in Italy, where they spearheaded the attack of the famed 34th Division, are an inspiration to the men. Many of them have brothers and friends in that activated National Guard unit from Hawaii which is proving its mettle in the blood of battle.

Many of those from the Islands and mainland have other brothers and friends serving with the U. S. military intelligence in the Pacific theater of operations.

### "Judge Us on Our Record Alone"

Though their comrades-in-arms are performing their duties admirably and winning the plaudits of all with whom they come into contact, the Japyanks of the 442d know that the eyes of America will be on them when they are finally privileged to go into battle, for they are the first and only 100 per cent volunteer organization of Japanese-Americans to be given the opportunity in combat with the enemy to prove that their blood can mingle with that spilled at Bunker Hill, at Gettysburg, at the Marne, on Bataan.

These young Americans with Japanese faces do not ask for sympathy, or for special favors. They ask only that they and their kind be judged by their valor on the battlefields. They don't expect the enemy "Over There" to give them aid and comfort. But they do expect—as they feel they have the right to expect—that, when the war is won, Americans everywhere will welcome them home as fellow Americans, and not as those questionable "Japs."

That is their faith. That is their hope. And that is why these Americans of Japanese ancestry have taken this vow: "Mindful of the high purpose for which we volunteered, we pledge ourselves to so live our lives and give our lives that neither our country, America, nor our fellow Japanese-Americans will ever be ashamed of our conduct—to the end that all loyal Americans, of whatever nationality, will be privileged to share in the common lot and life of all Americans without favor or prejudice."

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(Reprinted from the July, 1944, issue of THE LINK, official organ of the Service Men's Christian League.)

JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE  
413-15 BEASON BLDG. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

## JAPANESE-AMERICAN AVIATOR TELLS OF FAMED PLOESTI RAID Blazing 10,000 Gallon Gasoline Tank Explodes Above Bombing Planes

From Address by T/Sgt. BEN KUROKI  
Japanese-American Wearer of Distinguished  
Flying Cross for Ploesti Raid

FRIDAY FLASHES—FEBRUARY 4th

"WHEN YOU LIVE with men under combat conditions for 15 months, you begin to understand what brotherhood, equality, tolerance and unselfishness really mean.

—Under fire, a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, or even his present rank, doesn't matter at all. You're fighting as a team—that's the only way a bomber crew can fight—you're fighting for each other's life and for your country, and whether you realize it at the time or not, you're living and proving democracy.

—Ours was the first Liberator group sent to the European theater. As soon as we had our base set up in England, I applied for combat duty.

—We were in Libya three months. In all that time, we were able to take a bath only once, and that was when we were given leave to fly to an Egyptian city for that specific purpose. That was the only time we shaved, too.

### MAKING SPAGHETTI FLY—AND RICE

—Our group was going on raids about every other day while we were in the desert, and they were all pretty rough. We bombed Rommel's shipping lines over and over at Bizerte, Tunis, Sfax, Sousse and Tripoli in Africa. Then we started in on Sicily and Italy.

—We had some boys of Italian parentage flying with us, and whenever we took off to bomb Naples or Rome I'd kid them about bombing their honorable ancestors. 'We're really going to make spaghetti fly today,' I'd say, and they'd retort that they couldn't wait to knock the rice out of my dishonorable ancestors.

—We bombed Sicily and Southern Italy at altitudes of about 25,000 feet, and it really gets cold at that height.

—Even at that height we could see our bombs breaking exactly on their targets, and as much as an hour after we had left the targets we could see the smoke rising from the fires we had caused.

—It gave you a funny feeling; you couldn't help but think of the people being hurt down there.

—But we were in no position to be sentimental about it. Unfortunately, it was German and Italian lives or ours.

—It was a happy day when after three months of Libya, we received orders to return to England. We took off from Tobruk at midnight.

—From England we bombed targets in Germany and began 3 months' preparations for the raid on the Roumanian oil fields at Ploesti.

### GETTING READY FOR PLOESTI

—Our base was set up near Bengasi in Libya. Here we had a complete dummy target of what we later learned were the Ploesti refineries.

—I had been a tail gunner, but now I was assigned to the top turret. To celebrate the event, Kettering painted in big red letters across the glass dome of the turret these words: 'Top Turret Gunner Most Honorable Son Sgt. Ben Kuroki.' 'Most Honorable Son' was what they usually called me—that or 'Hara-kiri.' They were a great bunch over there.

—It was not until the day before we left that we were told the target was the Roumanian oil fields.

—We were briefed all that day and into the night. The American engineer who had constructed the Ploesti refineries talked to us; he knew the exact location of every refinery and every cracking and distilling plant. They showed us motion pictures which gave details of the individual targets.

—In the afternoon Major General Brereton told us that Ploesti supplied one-third of all Germany's oil and nearly all of Italy's, that it was timed, furthermore, to cut Hitler's fuel supply as his divisions rushed to Italy.

—When he finished, our new group commander briefed us again. 'I'll get my damn ship over the target if it falls apart,' he said. He got his ship over the target all right—we were close behind him. And we saw it when it fell apart, flaming to the earth.

### A VOLUNTEER MISSION

—That afternoon before the raid he emphasized that nobody had to go who didn't want to; it was really a volunteer mission. No one declined, but we were all very tense.

—Flying over the Mediterranean at 5,000 feet, suddenly a plane ahead nose-dived down like a bullet, crashed in the water and exploded. For half an hour we could see the smoke from it. It gave us a haunting feeling of approaching disaster—not a man on that plane had a chance to escape.

—Ten miles from the target, we dropped to 50 feet, following the contours of the land, up over hills and down into valleys. Coming back we were flying part of the way at five and 10 feet off the ground. Some planes returned with

**JAPANESE-AMERICAN AVIATOR (cont.)**

tree tops and cornstalks in their bomb-bays!  
 —We came into the oil fields at about 50 feet and went up to about 75 to bomb. Five miles from the target, heavy anti-aircraft started pounding us. We really started praying then!  
 —We figured that if they started shooting at us with the big guns at that distance, they would surely get us with smaller and more maneuverable batteries. At our height you could have brought a Liberator down with a shotgun.

**REFINERIES ALREADY BLAZING**

—Ploesti was wrapped in a smoke screen which made it very difficult to find the targets. When we got over, the refineries were already blazing from the bombs and guns ahead of us.

—Red tracers from the small ground guns had been zig-zagging all around us for half a mile or more, and the guns themselves were sending up terrific barrages. Just as we hit the target, gas tanks started exploding.

—One 10,000-gallon tank blew up right in front of us, shooting pillars of flaming gas 500 feet in the air. It was like a nightmare to see that blazing tank high above us. The pilot had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid what was really a cloud of fire. We felt as though we were flying through a furnace.

—Light flak must have hit the gas of the plane to the right of us, for all of a sudden it was burning from end to end. It sank right down, as though no power on earth could hold it in the air for even a second, hit the ground and exploded.

**USUALLY YOU DON'T SEE THE CRASH**

—Every man on that ship was a friend of mine, and I knew the position each was flying. I'd seen planes do down before, but always from a high altitude, and then you don't see the crash. This way it seemed I could reach out and touch those men.

—Then we saw flak hit our group commander's plane. In a second it was burning from the bomb-bays back. He pulled it up as high as he could get it; it was fantastic to see that blazing Liberator climbing straight up. As soon as he started climbing, one man jumped out, and when he could get it no higher, two more came out. Every one of us knew he had pulled it up in order to give those men a chance. Then, knowing he was done for, he deliberately dove it into the highest building in Ploesti. The instant he hit, his ship exploded.

—We left Ploesti a ruin. Huge clouds of smoke and fire billowed from the ground as we pulled away from the target.

—We got back to camp 13 hours after we had

taken off. It was the longest bombing mission ever flown, and that explains why it was necessary to do it at low altitude. If we had bombed at the usual level, we would never have had enough gas to get back.

—It was also the most dangerous mission in the history of heavy bombardment, ranking as a battle in itself. It is officially regarded not as the Ploesti raid but as 'the battle of Ploesti.'

**EXTRA FIVE MISSIONS**

—For a long time I had been thinking about volunteering for an extra five missions. I wanted to do that for my kid brother; he wasn't overseas then. The day after my 25th, I asked my commanding officer if I could go on five more. He said I should go home; in fact, there were orders out already for me to do so, and a plane ticket to the States waiting for me.

—It took me three months to get those five missions in, the weather was so bad. And then when I came home it was by banana boat and not airplane. I was sure burned up about that.

—From the beginning I have felt my combat career would not be over until I had fought in the South Pacific, and so I asked to come home for a brief rest and then be assigned to a Liberator group in the South Pacific.

—I certainly don't propose to defend Japan. When I visit Tokyo it will be in a Liberator bomber. But I do believe that loyal Americans of Japanese descent are entitled to the democratic rights which Jefferson propounded, Washington fought for and Lincoln died for.

—In my own case, I have almost won the battle against intolerance; I have many close friends in the Army now—my best friends, as I am theirs—where two years ago I had none. But I have by no means completely won that battle. Especially now, after the widespread publicity given the recent atrocity stories, I find prejudice once again directed against me, and neither my uniform nor the medals which are visible proof of what I have been through, have been able to stop it.

—I can only reply: '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.' "

**IN MEMORIAM**

**CARL C. BAKER**

Joined the Club February 21, 1939

Died January 30, 1944



WILLIAM O'CONNOR

# G.I. JAPYANK

BY GENE CASEY

When they were training in the United States, the Japanese-American soldiers from Hawaii had to take considerable kicking-around from professional Jap haters. In Italy they tried so hard to prove their loyalty to their country that fully two thirds of the battalion became casualties



Pvt. Mac Yazawa's double row of campaign ribbons is tangible proof of his loyalty to the U.S. Below, members of the famed 100th Infantry Battalion move up to a forward position in Italy

SIGNAL CORPS, U.S. ARMY



THE kid hesitated on the other side of the room, anxious to see how he stood, but when I said, "Hello, Soldier," he bounded across with his hand out and smiled all over his face. I never thought I'd shake hands with a Japanese, but I felt pretty good about it afterward, because this kid was a different kind. His blood was Japanese but he was all American.

I'm suspicious by nature and I didn't approach this kid with any social service worker's milk of human kindness bubbling in my veins. I wanted to talk with him because he was from the famous 100th Infantry Battalion, and dozens of big questions had been forming in my mind as to just what made that outfit tick. The Hundredth was composed almost entirely of Japanese-Americans from the Hawaiian Islands, and it was public knowledge that they'd licked the pants off Hitler's boys in Italy and had kept going in the face of terrific casualties. I was wondering why they'd fought like a gang of tigers.

The kid grinned. "It was so damn' cold and rainy," he said, "we got fighting mad. We didn't care a hell of a lot whether we lived or died. We just wanted to go after those Nazis who were keeping us there."

But that wasn't the whole answer.

The kid's background was typical of the rest of the battalion, all of whose enlisted men and half of whose officers were of Japanese descent. He'd been in constant action with them for six weeks in Italy and had had six months in hospitals to think things over.

"My first name is Mac," he said, "but I'd better spell the last one. It's Y-a-z-a-w-a." He stopped to light a cigarette. "I have to watch out I don't smoke too many. They got all the shrapnel out of my lung, but I'm sorta short of breath."

I could close my eyes and listen and he was strictly a G.I. Joe. He was an American kid with an unruly lock of black hair that hung down over his forehead, and he was still young in his ideas, even though he had been sobered by a large chunk of war. He looked more like an Indian from the Southwest than he did like a Japanese. He was short, just under 5 foot 5, and he only weighed 130 pounds with the shrapnel still in his right arm (which had been nearly torn off) and right foot. Normally, he said, he'd go 140 to 143.

He was wearing two rows of ribbons. There was the Purple Heart, and service ribbons for the European, Pacific-Asiatic, Mediterranean and American theaters of operation, and two battle stars—one for the Italian campaign and one for that one-sided scrap at Pearl Harbor. I'd never stopped to think before that there were Japanese fighting on both sides at Pearl Harbor.

## The Story Behind the Decorations

Those Japanese-Americans of the Hundredth knew it, because most of them were there, and their battle slogan, "Remember Pearl Harbor," showed how they felt about the sneak attack. But that wasn't what kept them going in Italy after two thirds of the outfit became casualties. There were more personal reasons for the battle spirit which won them three Distinguished Service Crosses, 21 Bronze Stars, 36 Silver Stars and 900 Purple Hearts.

Pvt. Mac I. Yazawa was celebrating his twenty-fifth birthday the day I talked to him. He was born in Honolulu, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tokuji Yazawa, who settled there forty years ago and raised eight children. He has an older brother, John (who is probably in the Army now, because he was in 1-A the last Mac heard), three older sisters who are married, and two brothers and a sister who are younger than he. One of his married sisters, who lived on the West Coast, is at the Gila Relocation Camp in Arizona, but the rest of his family are still in Honolulu.

Mac and about half of the other boys of the 100th Infantry Battalion attended Honolulu schools. Most of these kids never learned anything about Japan and weren't particularly interested in the country of their ancestors. Mac never even bothered to learn to speak Japanese. Honolulu was the only home they ever knew, and the United States was their country.

The only time they ever wanted to visit

Japan was after the sneak attack, and then they wanted to go with a lot of other Americans in uniform. They were dying for a crack at the Jap army all the time they were fighting in Italy. Some of them couldn't understand why they'd been sent to fight the Germans when they had a personal bone to pick with the Japs who had attacked their homes.

Like many American kids, Mac left high school after his junior year to earn a living. He'd always wanted to be a pipe fitter and he had a chance to learn the trade at the Masaki Plumbing Shop. He became pretty good, too, and he got a Civil Service job as pipe fitter, engineer and general handy man at Fort Armstrong. He left this job by the Selective Service route on November 15, 1941, just three weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

He was assigned to a former National Guard regiment made up of Oahu residents and was sent to Schofield Barracks for training. His company was composed of boys of Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese ancestry, and they got along beautifully.

#### Guarding the Beaches

When the December 7th attack came, the airfield near their barracks caught hell, and Mac's outfit turned out with full combat equipment and was sent to Waiananalo Beach to repulse possible landing attempts. There weren't any, but the morning of the second day on the beach, a sentry from Mac's company spotted something offshore that might or might not be a log. One of the company's strongest swimmers stroked out for a closer look, then splashed back to report to his captain: "It's one of those two-man Jap subs!"

The submarine was stuck on a reef, and Mac's company captured it with the aid of a dive bomber from Bellows Field which bombed it free. One of the crew died from bomb concussion, but the other was taken prisoner. Mac will always be proud of the fact that his company captured the first prisoner taken by the United States in this war.

His outfit guarded that beach for seven months, then was called back to Schofield, and the Japanese-American boys in it and those in another regiment made up from all the other Hawaiian Islands except Oahu were sent to the United States for more combat training. There were hundreds of them and they formed the 100th Infantry Battalion.

On the mainland, they first learned of the problem that was making life difficult for great numbers of loyal Japanese-Americans. They were willing to take their government's word for it that there were Jap spies in this country, just as there were German spies. But they thought that most Japanese-Americans were loyal citizens, the same as most German-Americans. They couldn't understand why some folks in the United States were down on everyone of Japanese ancestry.

They trained at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, for six months, and all the white folks they saw treated them fine, but they worried about the sentiment that was arising against them in other sections. They'd never run into anything like it before, and they didn't know what to do about it.

Then Mac went to the Gulf of Mexico Command with some of his buddies for specialized training in the handling of war dogs. He spent three months at this, rejoined his battalion at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, for seven months, and then went on maneuvers in Louisiana. The G.I. Japanese ran into their first racial trouble in the South. It didn't turn out to be serious trouble, because they kept their mouths shut, but they'd never had anything like it up North. Some folks—soldiers and others—made dirty cracks about their Japanese blood. It hurt them.

The Hundredth went to North Africa and joined the 34th Division, becoming part of a regiment the other two battalions of which were made up of boys from Iowa. The white soldiers at first accepted the G.I. Japanese with reservations, but they didn't make any trouble.

In all his time overseas, Mac never heard anyone make a slurring remark about his Japanese blood; nor, to his knowledge, did any of the others in his battalion. They got

along increasingly well with the white lads in the regiment, and the Japanese-Americans and Iowans became very proud of one another after they'd been in action. The white soldiers got so they used to brag about their Japanese battalion to the soldiers from all white regiments.

The Hundredth landed at Salerno about ten days after the beachhead was opened, and went right up the valley to take the lead in the Fifth Army advance. The kids were happy and they went ahead to establish a number of "firsts" in the Italian campaign. They were first to take German prisoners, first to destroy a German tank, and the first to charge and take a German position with bayonets.

"We weren't," Mac said, "like Japanese and German troops who fight only because they are sent somewhere and made to. We knew what we were fighting for—for our country and our homes and families, just like other American boys. We fought a little harder because we were anxious to let people know we were good Americans, so our families would be better thought of and better treated back home."

#### Brunt of the Attack

Mac's company was out in front, leading the way up the Salerno Valley, and it took most of the punishment when the first tough German resistance was encountered. Sergeant Joe Takata, who was a close friend of Mac's and one of the best noncoms in the company, was up ahead with his squad, and suddenly he became suspicious. He made his squad stay back while he went up a hill to reconnoiter. The Germans spotted Joe and opened up, and an 88-mm. shell landed near him.

Joe was killed, but his caution saved the rest of his squad. He was the first Japanese-American soldier to win the Distinguished Service Cross, but he never knew about it. It was sent to his wife in Honolulu, and because Mac and Joe's wife were in the same class all the way through grammar, intermediate and high schools, Mac wrote her a letter. It was a hard letter to write.

Mac was his company commander's bodyguard. (The company commander was Captain T. Suzuki, of Honolulu, who was wounded about three days after Mac, and is at Walter Reed Hospital.) The first they knew of contact with the Germans was when the Nazis opened up with mobile artillery and pinned down Mac's company for an hour.

It was their first time under fire, and most of them were pretty frightened. Mac knows he was, and some of the others told him they were so scared they couldn't move, but none of them were frightened very much after that. They had their first casualties, saw their first buddies killed, and all they wanted to do was kill Germans in revenge.

During the first two days, the Hundredth drove the Germans out of the valley and pushed them back six or seven miles, and the Nazis were beginning to wonder what breed of wildcats they were up against.

On the second day, Captain Suzuki sent Lieutenant Krive (later wounded) and Sergeant Kiyota (killed the night Mac was wounded) out with a squad to take prisoners. They brought back five, including a German officer who spoke English. Mac was standing with the captain when the prisoners were brought up, and he could see that the German officer was dying with curiosity.

Finally the officer asked, "You are Chinese?"

Captain Suzuki shook his head. "No," he answered, "we're Japanese."

The Germans gasped. The officer exclaimed, "Mein Gott! Is Japan fighting against us, now?"

The Hundredth took turns with the other battalions in leading the attack all the way up from Salerno to Cassino. They were attacked twice by German planes north of Naples, and both times were caught in the open, moving along the road. There wasn't much of any shelter, and one attack lasted twenty minutes. The Jerries bombed and strafed and several men were killed and wounded. The Hundredth got madder at the Nazis.

By mid-October, 1943, they were in mountainous terrain, and it turned rainy and cold.

It was no weather for a bunch of boys from Honolulu. Between the cold at night and the Nazi artillery, they couldn't sleep and were pretty miserable. Overcoats and overshoes hadn't caught up with them, and they were half frozen most of the time, but they were hardened to outdoor life, and no one Mac knew became sick or even caught a cold.

They suffered a lot, but they kept it to themselves. They wouldn't even admit to one another that the weather could be too tough for them. Mac was pinned in foxholes by gunfire for days at a time. The longest stretch was three days, and there was a foot of water and mud in the foxhole. He had to keep stamping up and down to keep from freezing, and that made more mud. Bullets and shells were so close that the stench of cordite was always in his nostrils. Shrapnel rained so heavily around him that he gave up the all hope of surviving, and he got so mad he didn't care.

Three times the Hundredth fought its way across the Volturno River, and three times was thrown back. The battalion jumped off the fourth time shortly after midnight on the morning of November 4th. Mac's company was in the lead and, for once, there wasn't any opposition crossing the river. But after they were across they slowed down and felt their way along, because no sappers had been out ahead to clear the mines.

At about 2:30 A.M. Captain Suzuki and Mac were up in front when they hit a mine field. They were about sixteen miles south of Cassino. The captain was lucky; but one of the mines got Mac. Shrapnel smashed into his chest and right foot and nearly tore off his right arm. Much of it went into his right lung, but he didn't feel any pain. He was just numb and losing blood, and after a while, as he lay there thinking this was it, he became unconscious.

The next he knew, he was in an evacuation hospital thirty miles behind the lines, and it was three days later. Medics had taken some of the shrapnel out of his lung and were giving him blood plasma. They told him that his company had kept on going toward its objective, which was a hill, and later in the morning, after Mac was wounded, had charged the hill with fixed bayonets. It was the first bayonet charge the Germans had faced in Italy, and they broke and ran or surrendered. By noon the hill belonged to the Hundredth.

#### Leadership by Courage

Mac's company kept going and, farther along on the road to Cassino, Lieutenant Kin, a Korean from the West Coast, and his squad took six machine-gun nests. Lieutenant Kin was wounded taking the sixth nest, and he won the Distinguished Service Cross.

Mac spoke so proudly of Lieutenant Kin's achievement that I questioned him further. In Japan, the Koreans are a despised race; I wondered if the hatred had carried over to these Japanese-Americans. I asked Mac how the boys of his company felt about Lieutenant Kin.

"He was very well liked," he said, without realizing why I asked. "We had great faith in his leadership, and most of the boys were glad of a chance to go on patrol with him." The Hundredth went on to greater deeds in the house-to-house and hand-to-hand fighting, and he got so mad he was removed from his lung. He arrived back in this country at the end of February and is now under treatment at Gardiner General Hospital, Chicago.

"I'm one of the lucky ones," he said. "I was never expected to get back. I was very sick for three months. I couldn't talk or eat, and I was fed by injections. But I was given the best of care by nurses and Medical Corps men (all of whom were white), and they were very nice to me. Soldiers from the other battalions in our regiment, who were in hospitals with me, were always pointing me out to others and telling them what a swell job my battalion was doing. I was very proud."

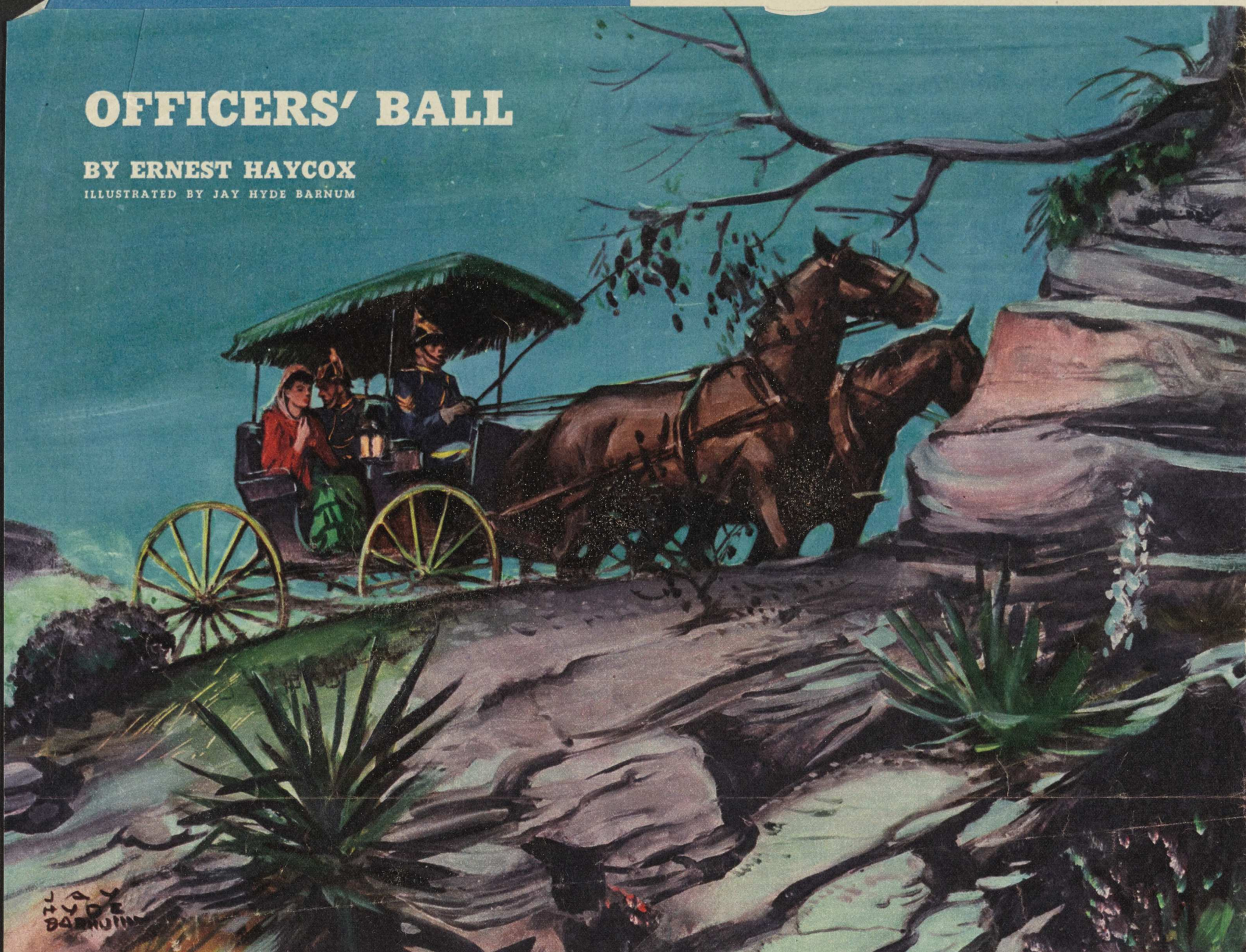
THE END

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# OFFICERS' BALL

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



**Military rank has its prerogatives, but it cannot command the human heart**

MRS. TREVOR debated the use of the perfume quite a little while; it was lilac and had been ordered from the east as a gift more than two years before, conveyed by Butterfield stage to Tucson and north to Prescott by courier. Since she had never cared much for perfume—and this was heavier than most—she had used it only once, as a concession to Jack who had bought it. He had always wanted strong fragrance around him.

Perhaps all men were the same, loving the incense which suggested beauty. It was time she thought of things like that again; to stir men and to be stirred by them, to put an end to the fruitlessness of being a woman wholly alone. She lifted the bottle's stopper, still debating. Tonight she went before critical eyes and she could not afford to be cheap in the way the women of the fort suspected her of being.

Tonight was important, for it would be the women who accepted or rejected her; still, it was a man who had interest in her, it was Lieutenant Jessup who would hold her as they danced. She closed her eyes a moment, and opened

them and made two light contacts with the stopper against her hair.

She looked into the mirror and she said in critical detachment, "Why, I'm pretty." Then she instantly said, "No, not very pretty." The evening dress was green with small threads of silver at the bodice, and showed the filled symmetry of her upper body. Her hair, which was heavy and very dark and sometimes hard to manage, tonight pleased her, and the pleasure lightened her eyes. She was not yet twenty-five and her experiences should have hardened her; but the softness and warmth of her wishes tempered her realism, and so produced a countenance made firm by gravity, made wistful by her hopes.

There was one more thing. She held her hands on the dresser and looked down at the wedding ring which she had now worn for two years—one of marriage and one of widowhood—and for a moment her composed expression was disturbed by the unhappiness of the marriage and by the year of disillusion which had followed. Well, she thought, a year was long enough, and when she removed the ring and laid it away it was with the conviction she had honestly discharged a painful obligation.

She was ready, and moved to the window to look upon Prescott's dusty square. The day had been hot and the odor of baked lumber lay upon the town, but the mountain air began to bring in its chill. She saw the surrey come down the road

from Fort Whipple and a start of warmth went through her. She let herself think of Lieutenant Jessup with some freedom. Perhaps this was the man; perhaps he was not, but nevertheless he opened a door for her and he would never know how much of a kindness that was to a woman who had lived alone and apart for so long. She let herself hope that out of this night might come a return to those normal and womanly things for which she had never ceased to pray.

LIEUTENANT JESSUP put on his boots, which had been rubbed to a high polish by his striker; he gave his wing collar a last jerk and slid into his dress blouse with its brass buttons and cord. He put on belt and dress helmet and gave it the slightest rake, and folded his white gloves into a pocket. He slipped the helmet strap under his chin and grinned at Lieutenant Belden who shared this room with him in bachelor hall. Belden said:

"Very fancy. Should make some lady's heart flutter. That is the intent, I take it?"

"The aim of man is conquest," said Jessup.

"I had not known you were considering matrimony, old man."

"Did I mention the word?"

"Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. Trevor."

Lieutenant Belden's eyebrows lifted. He said: "Ah. A beautiful creature. But will

The sergeant drove them toward town. He heard Lieutenant Jessup speak; he heard Mrs. Trevor's gentle reply. He sat straight and looked into the night

the ladies of the post appreciate your bringing her into their exclusive presence?"

"Perhaps not," said Jessup. "But Mrs. Trevor will be flattered to be among them, even if snubbed."

"You are hoping she will be grateful to you," said Belden.

Jessup let go with a long, ringing laugh and stamped out of quarters. A surrey waited at the walk, and a sergeant, also in full dress, stood beside it. The sergeant straightened and stood aside as Jessup climbed into the surrey. "Mrs. Trevor's place," said the lieutenant. "You know where she lives?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant and stepped to the seat. He was as tall as Jessup, with a brown face fixed in proper gravity; his shoulders swelled up from a cavalryman's trim torso and he sat stiff on the seat as he drove the surrey out of Fort Whipple's gate toward the lights of near-by Prescott. His clothes were of rougher quality than Jessup's, but the fit of them and the splash of cavalry yellow upon them gave him the same dash.

Jessup said with a tone of curiosity, "How is it you know where she lives?" "Prescott," said the sergeant, "is a small

## Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

Continued from page 13

diplomatic or military career was possible without English, and it is said that some Japanese business firms even used it for domestic correspondence.

Important business and diplomatic transactions were carried on in English or through Japanese interpreters. Many of our diplomatic representatives never learned Japanese. Indeed, only a few hundred Americans really knew it, and most of these were unavailable for war.

So Japanese was at the beginning, as the Japanese boasted, almost as safe as code for their communications. English, on the other hand, was an open book to them. Language became, for them, a formidable military weapon, and the once-funny stories about Japanese shouting false orders in English to deceive our men should join the other once-funny stories about the laughable inefficiency of their ships, planes and fliers. In tragic instances, the language ruse worked.

The Navy was awake. It had long had a proficient but too small group of men who knew Japanese, and it determined, long before Pearl Harbor, to prepare further, though secretly, for both diplomatic and military reasons. Naval authorities conferred with the few teachers of Japanese (only a handful of our larger universities taught the language) and some teachers thought speeded-up courses were practicable.

So the Navy went ahead. In October, 1941, two schools were started, one at Harvard and one at the University of California, where the blue-eyed, able Miss Walne was head of the Japanese Language section. The schools were military secrets until, after Pearl Harbor, military authorities would not exempt the California instructors from the order that all persons of Japanese descent must go inland. So in July, 1942, all instruction was centered at Boulder.

Why the Nisei? Well, the course is so fast that it outpaced not only slow students, but "book-learning" instructors who had learned their Japanese in college.

"We have made a new precision instrument out of the teaching of a classic subject," says Miss Walne. "We can tell almost to the hour where the student should be, and," she added a trifle grimly, "if he isn't there, he isn't here."

### At Home in Two Languages

So the only instructors who could pour the Japanese to these students fast enough were those truly bilingual—including a very few Japan-reared Occidentals who constitute about ten per cent of the faculty—and the Nisei who from birth have been at home in both languages.

The Navy doesn't want students named or identified—also for obvious reasons. This doesn't apply to instructors, however. Courteous, painstaking Susumu Nakamura, chief instructor, is, like Miss Walne, from the Berkeley faculty. Born here, taken to Japan when six, he returned here at sixteen and worked his way through college as a houseboy in the home of a Baptist minister.

Then there's Doctor Lee Watanabe and Mrs. Watanabe. One of four physicians now on the teaching staff, Doctor Watanabe was studying at Mayo Clinic when the war broke out. There's Ariaki Inouye, Berkeley landscape architect; Mrs. Kyo Hirano, whose son is in the United States Army; Mrs. Maud Yakushi, a graduate of the Womens' College in Tokyo; lovely young Yoshiki Arimatsu, who was a voice student in Los Angeles; another girl whose American father is in a Japanese internment camp—and scores more.

Miss Walne herself was born in Japan,

daughter of Reverend and Mrs. E. N. Walne, Baptist missionaries. She's been across the Pacific so many times she's lost count. She completed her Japanese studies at Radcliffe.

"It's not only untrue, it's defeatism and playing into the hands of our enemies, to say that Japanese is too difficult for us to learn," she says. "After all, as the daily language of 70,000,000 people, it cannot be so terribly difficult."

"Vowel values in spoken Japanese resemble the Italian. The language is sounded exactly as spelled. The Japanese, having no written language of their own, many centuries ago adopted the Chinese ideographs. But the monosyllabic ideographs were too clumsy to express the polysyllabic Japanese, and the Japanese developed out of them the supplementary 'table of fifty sounds' each representing a syllable. Grammar and syntax are basically simple, though there are complicated grammatical forms."

### Literal Training by Ear

"In this swift, practical course we naturally by-pass culture and ethnology. It is based on texts evolved at the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo to teach—in three years—elementary Japanese to staff members. A Japanologist asked me what we do about phonetics, and I told him, 'We don't do anything. We just tell the boys their instructors speak as the Japanese do; to listen to them and speak that way.'"

The Navy still wants applicants, between 20 and 30 years old, qualified to become officers. They should have had at least three years of college work, and preferably some basic training in either Chinese or Japanese. But students of Phi Beta Kappa standing may qualify without Oriental languages. The Navy has now announced that Waves—whose qualifications as to education and intelligence must equal those of the men—will be accepted as students. When graduated, they will perform behind-the-lines duties where the use of Japanese is necessary, releasing the men for front-line work. Lieutenant Commander A. E. Hindmarsh, 3801 Navy Department Building, Washington, represents the department in enrollment, organization and administration. At Boulder, Captain Frank H. Roberts heads all naval training courses, and Lieutenant G. Kenneth Conover is executive of the language school.

In Boulder's streets, townsfolk and visitors alike are now accustomed to strolling, shopping groups of Nisei and their children. The community has done well. Few Orientals previously lived there, and the town and school were suddenly called upon to receive many people of Japanese blood, not set apart in a camp, but to be rented homes without discrimination, and to be neighbored with, to be entertained at faculty teas and community gatherings; to be received without hostility or condescension.

It's been done. A school class elected an instructor's son to the school council; a young people's Methodist group elected a Nisei its treasurer. Instructors have faculty rank—the school is an integral department of the university, conducted for the Navy under contract.

"We've done our part, considering everything," said A. A. Paddock, editor of the Boulder Camera.

Said Nakamura: "Boulder and the university have been fine to us. As loyal Americans, ours has been a difficult role, and each of us chosen for this important work is grateful for the chance to show this is our country, too."

THE END



O. SOGLOW

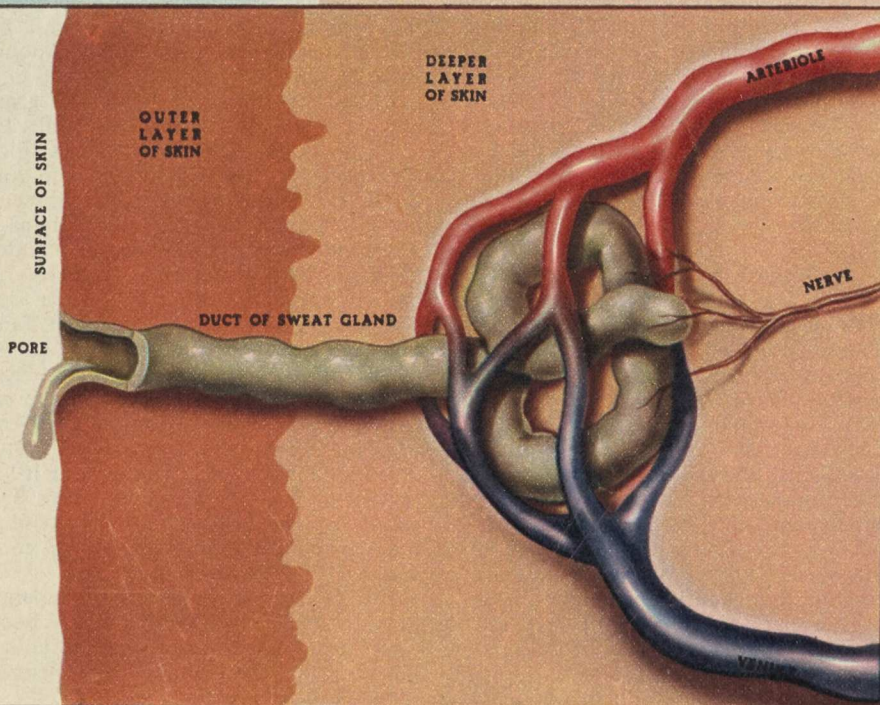
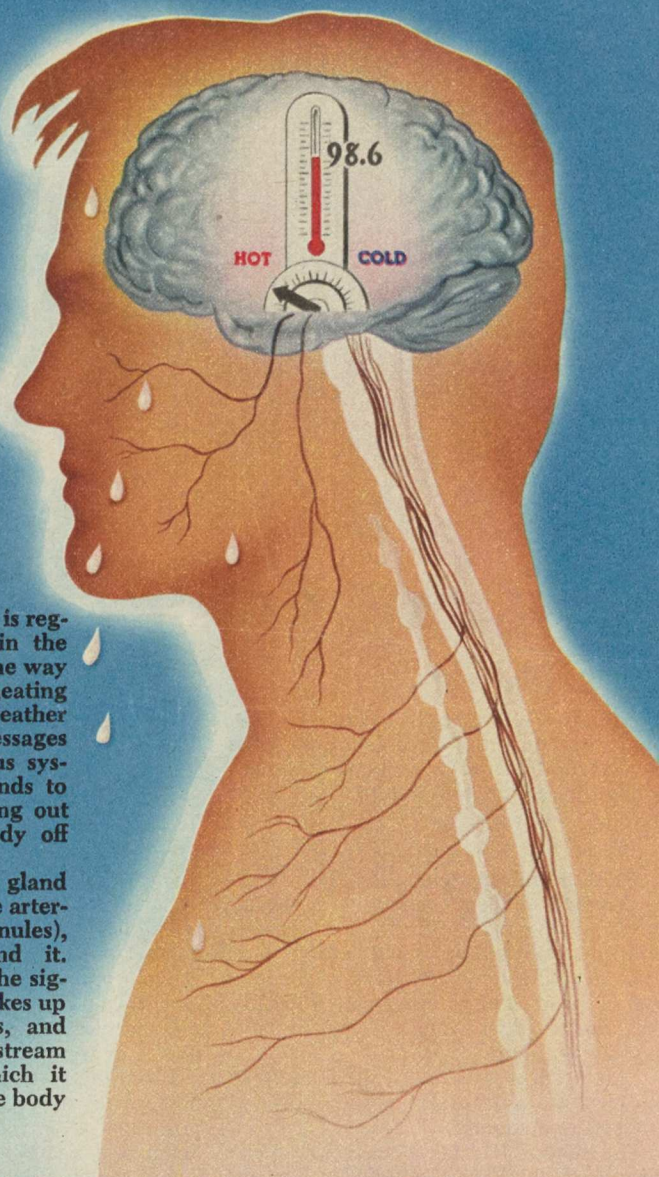
# THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW

BY JOHN FRAZIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CAPT. FRANK NETTER, M.D.

The temperature of the body is regulated by a "heat center" in the brain. This acts very much the way a thermostat does in the heating system of a house. In hot weather the heat center sends out messages over the sympathetic nervous system and tells the sweat glands to get to work and start pouring out perspiration to cool the body off.

This diagram shows a sweat gland very much magnified. Minute arteries (arterioles) and veins (venules), carrying blood, run around it. When the sweat gland gets the signal from the heat center, it takes up water, salt, certain vitamins, and some wastes from the blood stream and makes perspiration which it pours out on the surface of the body.



Those two to three million sweat glands of yours work overtime, this weather, to keep you cool. To stay on your feet, you have to replace what they throw away

**D**OG days are here. The best thing to do is to have a long, cool drink and face the situation squarely. It's hot, and we are going to sweat. But sweating is pretty fascinating business.

Our bodies are covered with two to three million sweat glands—microscopic, coiled tubes which collect moisture from the blood. They eject their fluid, which evaporates and cools the body.

Thanks to this near-perfect air-conditioning system, man can live almost anywhere. He survives in temperatures that range from 60 below zero to sun temperatures of 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Most other species lack this adaptability. Fish exist through a temperature range only a third as wide.

The human being is the most adaptable of all creatures. In one classic experiment, a man survived a dry-air temperature of 250 degrees for fifteen minutes. Cooled by his own perspiration, the man came out with no ill effects. A steak placed in the same chamber was cooked in thirteen minutes.

When exposed to excessively high temperatures, man loses incredible quantities of moisture. Laborers in the tropics lose as much as thirty pounds of sweat a day—20 per cent of their weight! During a hard race, an oarsman gushes out as much as five pounds of perspiration in twenty minutes. Men doing moderate work, like office workers, lose about eight pounds of sweat a day in summertime.

Thinking, too, causes people to perspire. A group of subjects sit in a room which is warm but not warm enough to make them perspire. They are then given a series of difficult problems in mental arithmetic. Almost invariably they break into profuse perspiration.

Humidity, of course, plays a large role in sweating. When the air is laden with moisture, it evaporates sweat more slowly. The sweat glands answer this challenge by secreting their juice at a more rapid rate.

The temperature factor being equal, humidity has a large influence on clothing worn by human beings. The Arabs, living in a dry climate, wear long, flowing robes. These robes protect them from the sun. They also kick up a breeze of hot, dry air which quickly evaporates perspiration. The Polynesians, on the other hand, live in a humid region. The air takes up moisture slowly—so the Polynesians wear as few clothes as the law allows.

## When the Body's Thermostat Fails

No one is quite sure about the exact mechanism whereby our rate of sweating is controlled. There is a heat-control center at the base of the brain which is the master thermostat of the body. Injury to this area is apt to mean death. Body temperature goes through crazy gyrations. Doctors may attempt to control this by means of hot blankets or ice bags, but unless the damage is repaired quickly, death always results.

There are several subsidiary "sweat centers" in the brain and spinal cord, as well as this master control.

Like thermostats in a large office building, they work automatically. They send impulses out through the sympathetic nervous system—the one which controls such automatic functions as heart action, constriction of blood vessels, flow of digestive juices. Each of the two to three million sweat glands has its own controlling nerve.

Around the coiled-up end of each sweat gland, there are small blood vessels—arteries and veins which carry the blood from and to the heart. When the sweat glands go into action, they draw water, salt, some vitamins and other substances from the blood stream, and from these they manufacture the sweat.

For a while, research men thought sweating was caused by a rise in blood temperature. Then a researcher put a subject in a heat chamber. He bathed one arm in ice water, frigid enough to cause the blood temperature to fall. Still the man sweated profusely. So it looks very much as though sweating is an automatic reflex, governed perhaps by the temperature of certain skin areas.

Sweat itself is an almost colorless, odorless liquid which is over 99 per cent water. Such odor as it has is usually caused by the presence of bacteria on the skin of a specified area. These bacteria may in rare instances cause colored sweat—sometimes red, sometimes green.

## Vitamin Loss Through Sweating

Besides their cooling function, sweat glands do other jobs as well. They secrete a certain amount of oil which lubricates such hairless areas as the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. Sweat glands excrete some wastes—lactic acid. They also excrete certain things which we can ill afford to lose. Recent work shows that large amounts of vitamins are lost by this means—particularly vitamins C and B<sub>1</sub>. This is of no particular importance to well-fed people doing moderate work; but it may be of greatest importance to badly nourished people doing hard labor.

Salt is the most important substance lost by sweating. Several years ago, workers from the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory did an outstanding piece of work at Boulder City, Nevada. Heat prostrations were a fearful problem in the flaming canyon where Boulder Dam was being built. During the first summer, fifteen men died.

The Harvard men put research subjects at hard labor, then bathed them in tubs of sterile water. They analyzed the bath water and found that in a day's time a man could lose an ounce or more of salt. This lowering of the salinity of the blood, they suspected, was the cause of heat cramps and heat prostration.

It was a simple enough matter to replace this loss with salt tablets—taken with every drink of water. Heat prostrations stopped. The same idea has been adopted by hot industries: steel, glass-making, baking. It can also be used by nearly all of us. A half teaspoonful of salt is a good restorative after a few sets of fast tennis, or a couple of hours trying to win the Victory garden from the weeds.

One convincing experiment indicates the value of this treatment. Three groups of men were kept for two hours at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The first group got no water. At the end of the two hours, they had temperatures. Their pulses were racing, they had splitting headaches and were confused. The second group got water. They, too, had slight fevers and slight headaches. The third group got water and salt. They were clearheaded, felt hot but fine.

The best advice for all of us is to take hot weather with a little more than a grain of salt. We may doubt the value of sweat glands when our shirts cling to our backs. But we would be in bad shape without them. ★★★

# Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

BY ROSCOE FLEMING



A Nisei instructor (purposely unidentified) expounds the alphabet in class as Capt. Frank H. Roberts, U.S.N., Ret., President Robert Stearns of the U. of Colorado, Miss Florence Walne, American head of Jap instructors, and Lieut. G. Kenneth Conover, listen. Students must also become familiar with scale models of warships of all types

Language experts said an Occidental couldn't learn Japanese in less than three years. The Navy, in a terrifically hard course taught by Nisei, is proving that it can be done in one year. Here's the first account of a new kind of war training

IN ONE of the nation's most extraordinary schools—a military secret until a few months ago—the enemy's language is being swiftly forged into a weapon against him. This is the Japanese Language School conducted for the U. S. Navy by the University of Colorado in mile-high Boulder, tucked away close under the snow-capped Continental Divide. Instructors are 90 per cent Nisei—Americans of Japanese blood who are proving their loyalty by doing a vital job no one else can do. And many young Americans have already gone from the school to the Pacific, commissioned as Naval linguistic officers.

Listen in on a final oral examination as conducted by Miss Florence Walne, director. In crisp Japanese she bids a tall young man, "Discuss for twenty minutes in Japanese the economic relations of Japan and the United States for the last fifty years."

The young man bows, and talks fluently for twenty minutes about something that

most of us couldn't discuss that long in English.

This is the more extraordinary in that he and most of his classmates a year before didn't know a word of the language, reputed to be (although wrongly, Miss Walne says) the world's most difficult, impossible for an Occidental to learn in less than three years of intensive study.

Members of four successive graduating classes, each with a year or less of instruction, have already made good in important front-line work. Graduates are beginning to move out in real numbers, too. The latest class, Miss Walne says, comprises the largest single group of Occidentals ever to receive degrees in advanced Oriental-language study. And the ever-growing school is now of college size in itself, with the Navy still looking for qualified applicants.

How? Well, for one thing, this is scholastically the most rigorously selected group of young men ever to come together in a U. S. academic course. Many more than half are Phi Beta Kappas. Classes include such diverse figures as two naval lieutenants, one a former language instructor at the Naval Academy, one an old China hand; a former member of our embassy staff in Tokyo; a former teacher of Oriental history who saw Chiang Kai-shek's war against the Communists in 1927.

About one third of the students were born in the Orient or have lived there, but most are simply bright college boys, who were going to be lawyers or teachers or theatrical people or businessmen, now swept by war into a new and promising career. They are picked for stability,

leadership and character, too, for they're to become officers. They need staying power, for it's no fun to labor twelve hours daily, six days weekly, for a solid year at a single subject, especially one as full of headaches as Japanese. Literally, they do no other work save an hour of physical training.

"All we need now is a cellophane textbook so we can study in the showers," cracked one student.

The school has taken over the men's dormitory, the Faculty Club, much of the Liberal Arts Building, and the beautiful Memorial Building. The latter is divided into cubicles that resound all day long with the crackle of Japanese, where almond-eyed, brown-skinned instructors, qualified both by proficiency and by their loyal Americanism, work with five or six students each—no more, for thoroughness.

## English NOT Spoken Here

Come into the lounge in the late afternoon. A freckled redhead and a slim dark boy are absorbed in a complicated tick-tacktoe played with black and white buttons. Pipe-smoking Nisei look on through thick spectacles. All comment is in Japanese, which the redhead and the dark lad slide out in swift asides. The room hums with people, including scores of Nisei of both sexes. Their students tower over the stocky brown people, chatting and laughing and briefly relaxing.

They need relaxation, for they attend classes three or four hours daily, then study for nine or ten more, learning the language it was said couldn't be learned

save after long years. They are virtually on a seven-day week, for Saturday-night relaxation means hours of Sunday study. They constitute a serious, purposeful group, preparing for immediate front-line duty as interpreters, in interviewing prisoners, reading letters, etc., and perhaps for important life careers later.

From the first day, students speak Japanese. They do endless exercises and compositions and translations; they listen again and again to phonograph records. They watch flickering black-and-white Japanese movies, devoid of kisses, but full of death scenes and of colloquial Japanese.

"The way the actors sigh and groan and carry on, the boys laugh and miss some high spots," said a student. "Plots turn on a few words, and if you miss those, you're out of luck. Death scenes last interminably and are full of language. These movies are fun—though for entertainment, we'd prefer Hedy Lamarr—but the newsreels are not. It makes you sick, and mad, too, to see the ruins at Chungking and hear the exultant announcers."

The alleged impossibility of an Occidental learning to speak, read and write Japanese adequately, without long years of hard work, was formerly almost a creed among language teachers. If it had proved to be fact, we should have been greatly handicapped, almost like a blind man groping for an enemy who could see.

For generations, millions of Japanese have learned English in their schools. For years, it has been Japan's second language. No worth-while legal, business, (Continued on page 61)

# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



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VOL. 3, NO. 10  
**1944**  
*By the men . . . for the  
men in the service*

## CITATION GIVEN TO 100th INFANTRY BATTALION

Following is the complete text of the Presidential citation awarded to the 100th Infantry Battalion for fighting in Italy. Award of the citation to the unit, which is composed largely of American soldiers of Japanese descent, was announced recently by Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, Commanding General of the Fifth Army, in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction.

"The 100th Infantry Battalion (Separate) is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action, on June 26 and 27, 1944, in the vicinity of Belvedere and Sassetta, Italy. The 100th Infantry Battalion was assigned the mission of neutralizing a strongly defended German center of resistance at Belvedere, Italy, which dominated a vital highway and seriously impeded an American infantry division's northward advance. With insufficient time for a proper physical reconnaissance, but with a determined desire to fulfill its important mission, the battalion quickly formulated its plan and launched the operation.

"The battalion maneuvered to a point one mile northwest of Belvedere, where a large and determined force of German infantry and field artillery, including self-propelled guns and tanks, was encountered. Initially one company of the 100th Infantry Battalion was committed toward the west to engage the enemy reserves and field artillery batteries. A second company passed through the leading company to continue the attack southward to cut the road leading to Sassetta, Italy. All three companies went into action, boldly facing murderous fire from all types of weapons and tanks and at times fighting without artillery support.

"Doggedly the members of the 100th Infantry Battalion fought their way into the strongly defended positions. The stubborn desire of the men to close with a numerically superior enemy, and the rapidity with which they fought enabled the 100th Infantry Battalion to destroy completely the right flank positions of a German army, killing at least 178 Germans, wounding approximately 20, capturing 73, and forcing the remainder of a completely disrupted battalion to surrender approximately ten kilometers of ground. In addition, large quantities of enemy weapons, vehicles and equipment were either captured or destroyed, while the American infantry division operating in the sector was able to continue its rapid advance.

"The fortitude and intrepidity displayed by the officers and men of the 100th Infantry Battalion reflect the finest traditions of the Army of the United States."



# The Battle

**In this Tuscany town, a battalion of Storm Troopers found it was no match for the Fifth Army's crack Japanese-American soldiers.**

**By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL**  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—There are three outfits that will remember the little Tuscany town of Belvedere for a long while to come. Two of them are the American 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442d Combat Team, now spearheading the drive to the north. The other is a German SS battalion, the remnants of which are now spearheading a drive toward Naples and the nearest PW camp.

Both the 100th Battalion and the 442d Combat Team are composed of Japanese-Americans, many of them from Hawaii. The 442d is a recent arrival in Italy, but the 100th has been here a long, long time. The men of the 100th went in at Salerno and have since fought through almost every major action from the Volturno to Rome. In a battalion of 1,300 men they have more than 1,000 Purple Hearts.

The story of Belvedere really began after Rome fell, when the 100th was pulled out of the line and sent to bivouac in the pleasant countryside just north of the city. There it joined the 442d. It was a happy day for both outfits; most of the 100th's younger brothers, cousins and friends were in the 442d and they hadn't seen each other since shortly after Pearl Harbor, when the 100th left Hawaii for combat training in the U. S.

For three days the brass hats left the two outfits alone. The kids of the 442d plied their older brothers with questions of war. The older brothers, like all combat men, dodged these questions and asked questions of their own about Hawaii and their families and girls. Together the outfits visited Rome, buying souvenirs and baffling the Romans, who decided they must be Japanese prisoners. It was impossible for them to believe that these were tough, loyal Americans.

After the three days the two outfits went to work. Now the men of the 100th began to answer those questions; for 14 days they drilled the 442d, sweating with the kids from morning to night, cursing and pushing and ridiculing and encouraging them, giving the final polish that makes a man as much of a combat soldier as he can be before combat. And in the evenings they would sit around together and drink vino and sing their soft Hawaiian songs.

**T**HEN on the seventeenth day after the fall of Rome the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442d Combat Team were pulled into the line, and two days later they headed for the beautiful little hilltop town of Belvedere.

The 100th was the first to go into the line. Its objective was a small town about seven miles below Belvedere. The German strategy since Rome had been to fight in pockets on each sector of the front, and the mission of the 100th was to clean up one of these rear-guard pockets. The men of the 100th did it in two days, chasing the Germans up the inland road toward Florence and meeting little resistance until they neared the valley directly before Belvedere. There they were stopped by a brace of 150-mm cannon and several self-propelled guns. The German artillery was also holding up a battalion to the right of the 100th. This battalion was trying to use a crossroad, but the Germans had it zeroed in. Division sent orders for the 100th to stop while division artillery tried to clear out the Germans.

Sgt. Ray J. Edwards, infantry observer with the 100th, talks over the battle with some of his friends.



A 100th rifleman checks the bayonet on his M1. This bayonet is the shorter, sharper new issue.



When you haven't had a single moment's break to sit down or to eat, C rations look good to you.

# of Belvedere

When the barrage was over, the 100th was pulled out and the 442d was sent in to assault the German positions.

It didn't work. The 442d made an initial breakthrough, but that was all. The Germans counter-attacked against the 442d's left flank, throwing in a mess of mortars. They pushed the 442d out of the valley and pinned the outfit down in an exposed and highly uncomfortable position in a wheatfield. Meanwhile the German artillery had moved back and was still stopping the battalion on the right of the 442d.

Back in their bivouac areas, the men of the 100th heard what was happening to the 442d and began to get itchy. The enlisted men unconsciously began to clean and oil their guns; the officers brought out their maps and began to think. Finally they held a semiofficial meeting and delegated Capt. Sakae Takahashi of B Company to go to the brass hats and tell them the outfit wanted to do something. When the captain got to the colonel and started to speak, he was cut short. "Save your breath," the colonel said. "We're hitting the road."

The 100th had orders and a mission.

**T**HE mission was simple. All the battalion had to do was to infiltrate the German positions in the valley, the hill that Belvedere was on and the town itself; to encircle and capture the town, and cut off the main road out of Belvedere that runs north to Sasseta and Florence. That was all. Division intelligence said the position was being held by an SS battalion, which had an OP in the town directing artillery and mortar fire on the 442d and the battalion on its right.

A and B Companies of the 100th were assigned to assault positions, with the rest of the battalion in reserve. The jump-off was at 1200 hours. By 1300 both companies had infiltrated completely around Belvedere and were behind the town at a farm called Po Pino. The rest of the battalion dug in among the olive groves at the edge of the valley. B Company was to initiate the attack, while A Company was to rendezvous at Po Pino.

Commanding B Company was the same Capt. Takahashi who had taken the battalion's plea to the colonel. He planned the attack this way: the 1st Platoon under S/Sgt. Yeki Kobashagawa was to take the town; the 2d Platoon under Lt. James Boodry, a former Regular Army dogface from Boston, was to move on the main road leading out of town and cut it off; the 3d Platoon under Lt. Walter Johnston of New York was to cover the northern position of the company. The heavy-weapons platoon was to move with the 2d Platoon and cover the road north to Sasseta.

Sgt. Kobashagawa broke his 1st Platoon into three squads, two of which encircled Belvedere on each side while the sergeant led his squad into town. On the outskirts Kobashagawa's squad located the Jerry OP wires, which were cut by one of the point men, Pfc. Seikichi Nakayama. Then the squad moved cautiously into town. It was quiet, and the men were almost up to the modern three-story Fascist headquarters when two German machine pistols opened up on them. They ducked behind some houses and settled down to work.

Kobashagawa and two men, loaded with grenades, moved toward the big building under cover of the others. The machine pistols were located in a doctor's office on the first floor. One of the men was hit, but the sergeant and the other man got to the house next door. They tossed four grenades in the window, and the machine pistols were through. Four Germans came out of the building, and the covering fire killed three and wounded one.

That left about 20 Germans in the building, to retreat the back way and out of



Pvt. Henry Slim Nakamura smiles happily as he rests his hands on his hard-working bazooka. With this bazooka, operating the two-man weapon by himself, Slim was able to knock out a German Pz KW IV tank.

# First Pasadena Nisei Killed in Action Against Nazis

Pfc. Henry Kondo, native born Pasadena Japanese, is believed to have been the first Pasadena Nisei to have lost his life in the World War II. Word arriving here today



Henry Kondo

conveys news that he was killed in action Oct. 19, either in France or Germany. He was a member of the United States 442nd combat unit made up entirely of Nisei, which was decorated overseas last July and whose heroism has been featured in many national maga-

zines.

Pfc. Kondo was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Y. Kondo, who operated the Cherry Florist Shop at the corner of Walnut Street and Mentor Avenue until the evacuation of every one of Japanese ancestry from California. Henry went with his parents to the Tulare camp and enlisted in the U. S. Army as soon as he was able. Eventually he trained with the Nisei combat unit at Camp Shelby, Miss., and went overseas last April. His parents are now at the Gila Relocation Center, Rivers, Ariz.

Pfc. Kondo was about 23 years of age and lived his entire life here until the war broke out. He graduated from McKinley Junior High School and Pasadena Junior College, lower and upper divisions. He was studying pharmacy in Los Angeles when the war started.

Pasadena friends said that he was a very good student and was offered a chance to transfer from the school where he was studying pharmacy to an Eastern school, but he thought his place was in the Army. He was a member of the battalion of Niseis which served as bodyguard to the King of England at one time this past summer. The last letter received by friends from him here was written Oct. 14 at Marseilles, France.

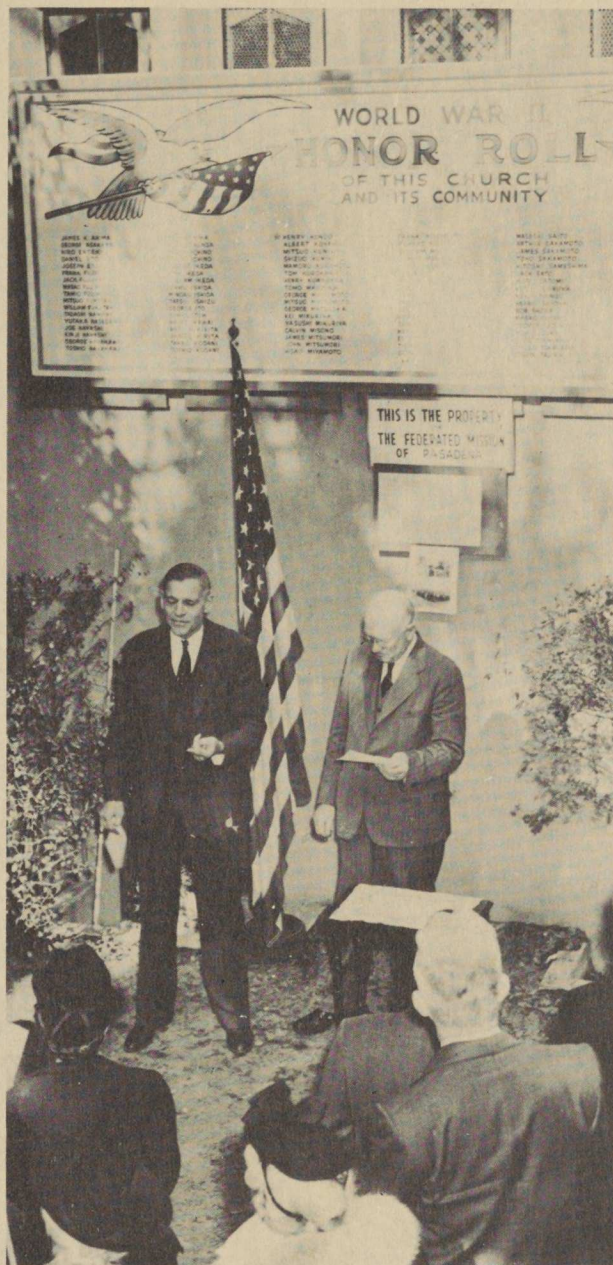
In one letter to friends here, Kondo wrote, "I can assure you we won't let you friends down. We'll do everything in our power to meet your expectation—even unto death. We're loyal Americans. You know it, but some others do not. We'll show those that don't believe in us that we're true Americans in every way."

Pasadena Star-News  
November 9, 1944

# AMERICANS, ALL!

"The principle on which this country was founded and by which it has always been governed is that Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart.

"Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."



Acme Photo

**CEREMONY**—Rev. Clare Blauvelt dedicates Gold Star to Nisei killed in action. Center is Esther Takei, Japanese-American student at the Pasadena Junior College. Right is Dr. John W. Harbeson, principal of the school.

# Gold Star Honors Nisei Killed in Action

"Even unto death, we'll show we're Americans in every way . . ."

So wrote Henry Kondo, Pasadena Nisei, from his Army station somewhere in Italy.

Yesterday a gold star appeared opposite Kondo's name on the roll of honor for Japanese-Americans in the armed forces, dedicated at the Pasadena Federated Mission. He was the first one of the 109 Pasadena Nisei to be killed in action.

Present at the ceremonies was 19-year-old Esther Takei, whose recent enrollment at Pasadena Junior College aroused controversy throughout California, and Dr. John W. Harbeson, Junior College principal, who declared the school would always be open to all American citizens regardless of race, color or religion.

Rev. Clare Blauvelt, pastor of Throop Memorial Church of Pasadena, conducted the dedication and the salute to the Flag was led by Lt. Jack Robinson, Negro football star of past years. Stephen Rayes spoke in behalf of the Pasadena Interracial Commission and the Mexican-American minority group. F. W. Parsons of the Federated Mission pleaded for proper recognition of Nisei servicemen.

Other speakers were Herbert V. Nicholson and William C. Carr, chairman of the Friends of the American Way Society. Prayer was offered by Rev. Leonard Oechsli of the Pasadena Methodist Church.

Los Angeles Times  
November 11, 1944

JUSTICE DELAYED IS JUSTICE DENIED — GLADSTONE  
This tribute is by FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN WAY - 305 Kensington Place - Pasadena 3



# UNITED WE STAND

37401

fair play

A 16.215

## American-Born Jap Troops Take Part in Italy Fighting

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY, Sept. 25 (Delayed.) (AP)—The first unit of American-born Japanese troops to enter the overseas combat zone went into action in the mountains above the Gulf of Salerno today—and every one of them was smiling with satisfaction.

Their smiles brought expressions of blank amazement from veterans and officers accustomed to seeing men enter combat with tense, drawn faces. These troops acted like they were going to a baseball game which, incidentally, is their favorite pastime. The unit was recruited from Hawaii and most of its officers are Regular Army men who served there. They have taken for their motto "Remember Pearl Harbor." And their smiles of anticipation were not forced today.

### Anxious for Action

"They're really anxious to get into action," their commander said. "I've been with them since this outfit was organized and I wouldn't trade my command for any other in the Army. They feel they've got a chance to prove they're real Americans and demonstrate their loyalty. They laugh and joke incessantly, exchanging remarks in that patois peculiar to Hawaii. Very few of them speak to people. They've got something extra to fight for." Actually, he said, the men would rather be in the Pacific fighting the Japanese than the Germans, "but we're saving that for later."

### Officers' Tribute

The officers are unanimously enthusiastic about the quality and spirit of the men. They said they never had seen any troops train harder and more assiduously and never had any doubt as to what to expect from them in combat.

They were ashore in Italy only one day and had just finished organizing their encampment when a German prisoner was brought past the site. He gaped with surprise when he saw their faces and asked if they were Japanese. An interpreter explained that they were Americans of Japanese parentage. The German shook his head in wonder and said: "Ach! That's American."

SAYS THE ARMY

Los Angeles Times\*\* SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1943—Part I

### ★ SAYS President Roosevelt

Americanism is not and never was a matter of race or ancestry. . . . The proposal of the War Department to organize a combat team consisting of loyal Americans of Japanese descent has my full approval.

### ★ SAYS our last Ambassador to Japan - Joseph C. Grew

These Americans of Japanese origin are to Japan what you and I are to England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France and other European countries. They are Americans. . . . an invaluable element in our population. . . . I applaud the action of the army in setting up facilities whereby those Americans will be able to show the world. . . . We show the rest of mankind what men of diverse races and cultures can accomplish with a common good will.

### ★ SAYS Sgt. Takayama at Ft. Leavenworth

Yes, it's a small world after all and when we all come to realize that "man is man, one to another" we shall all be free, forever.

### ★ SAYS a California Born Navy Officer

The present hatred and misunderstanding against them in California is unfair, and the claims are unsupported by evidence. I have twice fought against the Japs and hope to do so again, but our own loyal citizens of any race or color I will never stoop to persecute.



What Hitler Wants Us to Believe

Hitler propaganda wears a thousand false faces. It never announces itself as "Nazi." It appears where least expected, and under the most innocent auspices, often turning up as the latest funny story told during lunch.

To destroy our national unity, create unrest in all groups of the population, and deflect us from our major purpose—the defeat of the Axis—Hitler is trying to set capital against labor, white against Negro, Catholic against Protestant, Christian against Jew. He knows that prejudice, in any form, plays his game.

From

## DIVIDE AND CONQUER

For additional copies, write Office of Facts and Figures, Washington, D. C.

- \* "Commanders serving in the combat zones having Japanese American soldiers under their control in all instances report that they perform highly important missions in a very loyal manner. In fact, these officers report no single occasion for having the slightest concern about their loyalty and trustworthiness. . . . the majority of those serving overseas are in the Southwest Pacific theater." Three have received the Medal of Merit.
- \* (From July 28, 1943 letter by COLONEL WILLIAM P. SCOBEE, written prior to the entry of the Nisei Combat Team on the Italian front.)

- \* "Rancor and bigotry, racial animosities and intolerance, are . . . more dangerous than any external force because they undermine the very foundations of democratic effort."

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes

While on furlough, "What I saw in Los Angeles made my blood boil. The evacuation was necessary to protect our people from the state's un-Americans. . . . I got to Manzanar at four in the morning. Everyone was still sound asleep. I could almost cry. Mom and Dad had gotten so thin and tired looking." (From October 3, 1943 letter by Sgt. Bill Ikeda)

### New National Legion Commander Wants To Deport Japanese

SAN FRANCISCO — Warren H. Atherton of Stockton, Calif., newly elected national commander of the American Legion said in an interview in the San Francisco Chronicle last week that the legion favors repatriation of all alien Japanese immediately following the war.

Atherton, a California native son, declared: "I feel that such action without question would reduce future problems by removing an unassimilable group."

From courageous August 21, 1943 resolution of the Minnesota Department of the American Legion

"Whereas, at its national convention in 1942, the American Legion accepted as one of its war aims the following statement: 'We condemn religious prejudices, racial or national antagonisms as weapons of our enemies;' and

"Whereas there appeared in the official publication, the American Legion magazine, for June, 1943, an article entitled 'Japs in Our Yard,' by one Frederick G. Murray, M. D. which urged, among other proposals, that native-born American citizens of Japanese descent, without regard of proved loyalty or good character, be relocated on islands in the Pacific Ocean—in direct violation of our constitutional guarantees—and urged this, not as a military measure but as a social, political, and economic policy; Therefore be it

"Resolved, that we, the Department of Minnesota, the American Legion, do vigorously protest against our national magazine being used to foster race discrimination and hatred, in violation of the Constitution of the American Legion and the Constitution of the United States; be it further

The Combat Unit is the baby of the "War Department's swivel chair boys who don't know what they're talking about . . . I should like to have you oppose the formation of Japanese combat units". Said by John R. Lechner, LL.D., chairman of the American Legion District Americanization Committee on June 30, 1943 program of the Altadena Area War Council.

## "PREJUDICE IN ANY FORM PLAYS HIS GAME"

Brutal threats of banishing their aged mothers and fathers torment our citizens, make for national disunity, and hinder the war effort. "Boring from within", Hitler calls it. Does Atherton know that:

It is our naturalization laws that bar these old people from citizenship;

- \* In spite of being objects of American racial discrimination, these aliens-by-necessity have raised sons to be soldiers of intense loyalty;
- \* In Hawaii on December 7th one of these sons captured our first Japanese prisoner;
- \* Staff Sgt. Ben Kuroki received the air medal with oak leaf and was presented to the king and queen of England;
- \* Recently Kuzo Komoto received the Order of the Purple Heart medal for combat injuries received in the South Pacific;
- \* Other men of their face, together with blonds of German ancestry, are fighting a good fight for us on all fronts; Does Atherton remember what we are fighting for?

## President Roosevelt Commends Role of Japanese Americans In National War Effort

Chief Executive's Letter to Senate Asks For Considerate Treatment of Minority as "Vindication Of Ideals For Which We Are Fighting This War"

WASHINGTON — Loyal Japanese Americans have received presidential commendation for the role they have played to date in the nation's war effort.

In his letter to the Senate on September 14, President Roosevelt declared that "Americans of Japanese ancestry, like those of many other ancestries, have shown that they can, and want to, accept our institutions and work loyally with the rest of us."

The President said that Japanese Americans were "making their own valuable contribution to the national wealth and well being." The President promised that the loyal evacuees would be able to return to the evacuated areas as soon as the military situation made it feasible.

Touching upon the treatment of Japanese Americans since Pearl Harbor, the President said:

"In vindication of the very ideals for which we are fighting this war it is important to us to maintain a high standard of fair, considerate and equal treatment for the people of this minority as of all other minorities."

Do Commander Atherton The American Legion Magazine and Lechner wish to go on record as opposed to these standards?

"We Must Remember What We Are Defending"

October 8, 1943

The National Executive Committee  
The American Legion  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I am one of the fortunate marines who have recently returned to this country after serving in the offensive against the Japanese on Guadalcanal. After being in the States a while we find ourselves bewildered by a condition behind our backs that stuns us. We find that our American citizens, those of Japanese ancestry, are being persecuted, yes persecuted as though Adolph Hitler himself were in charge.

We find that the California American Legion is promoting a racial purge. I'm putting it mildly when I say it makes our blood boil. We are fighting for freedom for all Americans regardless of their ancestry. Yes, we believe in those things for which we fight and we believe in fighting until we get those inalienable rights, liberty and justice for all, no matter how long it takes to secure them.

Does the National American Legion endorse the California Legion's policy of persecuting loyal American citizens? We have a right to know.

Our buddies who are still in the war zone write and ask, "How are things at home?" What can we tell them. They will return some day to form a new and greater legion, - an AMERICAN legion. We shall fight this injustice, intolerance and un-Americanism at home! We will not break faith with those who died.

It is our understanding that the real reasons behind this un-American abuse of American citizens of Japanese ancestry are not for military security, but just ugly hatred and lust for economic and political gain. What can be closer to fascism?

We have fought the Japanese and are recuperating to fight again. We can endure the hell of battle, but we are resolved not to be sold out at home.

Yours sincerely,

Pfc R. E. Borchers, U.S.M.C.R.  
Field Signal Bn, T.C. 13-B-4  
Camp Pendleton  
Oceanside, California

*Robert E. Borchers*

ARTICLE XIV ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Section 1

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES ★ ★

Copies of this leaflet fifteen cents per dozen,  
one dollar per hundred.

Like Bill Rogers, almost all we know is what we read in the papers. If you suspect yours of prejudice, write us for a free copy of JAPANESE IN OUR MIDST - 1943. - Pasadena Chapter, Pacific Coast Committee on American Principles and Fair Play.

*1360 W. Colorado St.  
Pasadena 2, Calif.*



★ ★ ★  
"Patriotism is the will to serve one's country, to make one's country better worth serving. It is a course of action rather than a sentiment."

—DAVID STARR JORDAN

★ ★ ★

Excerpt from:  
Guide to Orientation Program

a book of the United States Army, the Army's "outline of principles to govern the use of ideas so that they may become effective weapons in the war".

"Men of all races are fighting for the cause of the United Nations. The Chinese have been *battling the* Japanese since 1937. The troops of Great Britain and of Russia include men of all colors, Filipinos gave a brave account of themselves on Bataan. The other American republics allied with us in the war *contain* millions of colored citizens. Ten percent of our manpower is Negro. There are thousands of men of Japanese blood serving in the Army of the United States who have already proved their devotion to this Republic. Yet the Axis Powers . . . are trying to create confusion and disunity in the United States by lying propaganda that we are fighting a 'white man's war'. Don't allow yourself to be drawn into an argument on this point, for argument advertises the enemy propaganda line. No more is needed than fair and full reporting of the support in factory, field and battle given us by all races of the world . . ."

"To contribute by word or act toward the increase of misunderstanding, suspicion and tension between peoples of different racial or national origin in this country or among our Allies is to help the enemy."

~~Confidential~~

~~Not to be published~~

WORD FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

About Our Japanese Americans

This word is from a letter to his parents in Los Angeles written January 26, 1944, by a Marine Captain who has served for nearly two years in the Pacific theatre of war. Captain ----- was awarded the Navy-Marine Corps Medal for bravery. Also he and his company has received commendation from the Major General of the Marine Corps (of his group) for "outstanding conduct" and again from his Lieutenant Commander - of the navy - for having served "as Executive Officer for all troops embarked during a voyage of ten weeks at sea" and for "the fine discipline maintained under the stress of an exceptionally long period for troops to be aboard."

This is what he says:-

"I have been repeatedly alarmed and incensed at the controversy in the States, California particularly, over the Japanese situation. Certain organizations are doing their frenzied damdest to lose the war on the home front. I am not one of the people who happen to be proud of our American Concentration Camps. I fear the consequences of our conduct toward the citizens of Japanese origin more than any other issue I read about today.

"Certain newspapers and organizations seem to want to bring the Blood Purge, racial extermination, and the other fine (?) qualities of the enemy we fight into common coinage in our own country. That the voice of intolerance should speak so loud and find so many eager listeners at a time when thousands are giving the best part of their lives and often life itself, to combat that very thing abroad, sickens and nauseates me.

"Think how the Nisei (American born Japanese) soldiers out here must feel. How the ones I saw with the army on Bougainville must react to the news of these impassioned threats to their birthright! What an extraordinary test of devotion and loyalty it is that these men should serve so faithfully against an army of their own blood, knowing all the time that they are being sold out at home."



Marine Private TERRELL TENNANT, Guadalcanal veteran now stationed at Callaghan hall, is shown as he met Sgt. BEN KUROKI Friday at the YMCA Student-Faculty hour.

## Guadalcanal Veteran Gives Viewpoint on Hatred Question

By Betty Sullivan '45

Pvt. Terrell Tennant is just one of many men at Callaghan hall who have seen active duty in the armed forces, but we believe that his views are representative of many of these men. He was chosen for the interview because he was one of the few who met Sgt. Ben Kuroki.—Ed.

"The battle we are fighting does not merely involve a question of blood, it involves a question of beliefs—it is Kuroki's fight, it is our fight," Pvt. Terrell Tennant, 21-year-old Marine veteran of three major engagements on Guadalcanal, now stationed on campus in V-12 unit, said yesterday.

Tennant, who wears a presidential unit citation for the First Marine division, the Pacific campaign medal, and a blue star double citation, met Sgt. Ben Kuroki, Japanese-American gunner, veteran of the "Battle of Ploesti," at the YMCA Student-Faculty hour Friday.

They talked and they agreed. They both feel that victory in the war against the Axis will be meaningless unless it is accompanied by victory in the war against intolerance — intolerance everywhere — and they are fighting to win both wars.

Tennant joined the Marines in January, 1942. He was a freshman pre-medical student at the University then. He went into aviation ordnance, joined Capt. (then Second Lieut.) Joe Foss' aviation squadron on the West coast and was sent to the South Seas in August.

He saw action with the First Marine division in the "torn-up coconut grove, the dank jungle" that is Guadalcanal. He was stationed at Henderson field, the center of the eight-mile square strip that the Americans controlled.

"In one day at the field we were attacked by heavy and light naval bombardment, heavy and dive bombers; we were strafed and shelled by heavy and light artillery, by mortars, howitzers, machine guns; we were even shot at by snipers," Tennant enumerated, "and it was only because of a miracle and American guts that we won that battle."

"I spent five and one-half months on the island—168 days, 7 hours, 28 minutes and a few seconds to be exact. The last two and one-half months were after the island had been taken and the main trouble we had was with enemy air activity."

"After that I was given a furlough and sent to New Zealand for a rest. It was a wonderful, beautiful coun-

try of lonesome women and my four and one-half months there were most enjoyable," Tennant said.

His New Zealand rest over, Tennant came back to the United States in September of last year and two months later was made a private in the V-12 unit (he had been a technical sergeant) and was sent back to the University for further training. All V-12 trainees temporarily renounce any former non-commissioned rank for the period of their college training.

"The thing that I felt and that a lot of the boys feel when they come back from the Pacific area is disgust at the attitude of the man on the street. He assumes that he knows what we are thinking and feeling. He tells us that because we have been taught to hate the Japanese we are fighting, we naturally will hate every Japanese," Tennant said.

"That assumption is erroneous," he continued. "Of course there are exceptions, but often a feeling of having been let down arises when we come back home and find that the things we are fighting against over there are believed and expounded in our own country."

"Disillusionment and apathy should not be our answer, however," he added. "We must counteract these feelings through education and rational realization of the problems rather than through emotional hatred."

"Sergeant Kuroki is doing a great job. He is fighting both the battles in which we are engaged and so are thousands of other Japanese-Americans. The man on the street owes them a debt—a debt that could be partially paid by honest acceptance of them and their families," he said.

## Really Appropriate

If you want to please, give a gift—loquets are exactly

"YOUR COLLEGE JEWEL"

**W. C. Hall**

2308 TELEGRAPH

Editorials and features in The Californian reflect the opinions of the writer. They make no claim to represent student or University opinion. All unsigned editorials are by the editor.

# Seven sons

(Continued From Page 4)

except one, which she firmly withdrew from my hand and concealed beneath the straw hat on her lap.

"No, no,—no," shaking her head vigorously but chuckling all the while—"boys not like story with that picture."

"But why—it is so nice—the very best one—all nine of your little boys with you and their father."

"No—boys no like new pants—too big,"—laughingly Grace and Father Nakada explained that the suits, although newly purchased for the occasion, had not pleased any of the boys and that this particular photograph had been "poison" to them ever since.

Now it was time to go, and as we said goodbye and I voiced my hope for the safe return of each of the lads, a sudden hush came over the little group and they drew in closely about the mother's wheel chair.

"We hope—always we hope," the father said.

Then softly, her hand pressed against her breast while slow tears gathered in the loving eyes, mother Nakada began to speak—Grace quietly interpreting:

"Yes—yes—always we wait and work and hope. We are very proud of our sons' love and courage for their country but," hesitantly, "but—some things so hard to speak out about—I don't know exactly how to put it but—we don't believe in killing people ever and way down in my mother's heart deep, I cannot bear it that my sons go out to kill sons of other mothers. Then I remember they are all American citizens and we all love America. So, they must step out and serve their country same as all other American boys—even if they all must die!" and she wiped away her tears with an apron corner.

And I remembered the words of a young captain in a forum group:

"You ask about ancestor worship? That's something we Nisei know little about. But I can tell you how I personally feel—I am a captain—I think I am big and strong and important and many men obey my orders but when I come home here to camp it is very different. The moment I step inside our humble barracks home and face my

tiny little mother and look into her brave, wrinkled face, everything within me bows down in respect and adoration before her and her superior strength and courage! If that be ancestor worship—then most of us are guilty!"

As I reached the end of the drive and stepped out on to the highway I turned to look back and, for a moment, unobserved, watched her sitting there lost in reverie as she studied the hated photograph of her stubborn little lads in their "too-big" pants. Then she laid it face down on her apron and folded her hands upon it, lifted her tear-wet eyes toward the sunset sky. I found everything within me bowing down in deepest respect before the superior courage and strength of this brave mother of seven soldier sons.



SIMEON DORIA ARROYO wears the emblem of the Filipino Infantry Regiment. But he's out of the army, honorably discharged. He's now on the staff of the Manila Post Herald, Los Angeles, Calif.

deep south. . . . His opponent being  
none other than his former boss in the  
state department, William Jennings

Tuesday it's the Mockabo  
With my pal Marjorie Rambeau  
We put on the heat  
**And got meat**  
And Charlie Morrison's sweet  
He's the boss  
Of coss.  
Wednesdays Miss Sylvia Sidney  
And I split a kidney  
As time hastens  
At Dave Chasens'  
Who's never forsaken  
Us with his bacon.  
Thursday there's Tommy Dorsey  
Invites me to Larue's  
So what can I lose  
Plus a gay young divorcee.  
Friday nights  
The Legion fights  
With a gal who scoffs  
At Romanoff's  
But goes there in mink  
For a drink.  
Saturdays the Beachcomber get us  
Well that is . . . if our bankroll lets us  
They serve a drink that costs two dollars  
I'm the last one who ever hollers  
That price shames  
Poor Jessie James.  
Sundays I always hibernate  
At home with soda carbonate.

## U. S. cadet nurse corps to aid in civilian needs

To meet civilian health needs, the U.S. cadet nurse corps must intensify its recruitment of student nurses for summer and fall classes, Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon general of the public health service, federal security agency, has declared.

Dr. Parran made his statement in answer to inquiries about the effect on cadet nurse recruitment of the army's announcement that it has enough nurses for the present to assure adequate care of sick and wounded soldiers.

He characterized as completely unfounded rumors that recruitment for the cadet nurse corps would be discontinued and called for support for the summer and fall recruitment drive now under way.

He praised the contribution made by cadet nurses in preventing the collapse of civilian nursing. "We must continue to prepare nurses for needs in fields of nursing where the demand is expanding, especially the care of veterans," he said.



on at home) is scheduled to have top  
Better, For Worse." Later he hopes  
Calvin News Service photo

# Seven Soldier Sons

by GRACIA D. BOOTH



The moment I turned into the wide driveway running past the well kept lawn and the rose covered trellis at the front of the white farm house, I saw her sitting there in her usual place—this little crippled Japanese mother of American soldier sons.

Neat as a pin in a clean house dress and a freshly starched apron she was busily sorting freshly picked young squashes and packing them in nice even rows in the lugs placed on benches close beside her wheel chair.

At the sound of my steps on the gravel she glanced up and, instantly, the motherly face beneath the wide-brimmed straw hat was all smiles as she recognized me and extended her hand in warm greeting, bowing her head rapidly in lieu of the usual courtesy of welcome to a guest.

"Where is everybody?" I asked.

"Oh, man in field—children all some place close by," and she called to them softly.

Sixteen-year-old Grace hurried into the house for a chair and slender young Hannah, just 12, drew shyly near, cuddling a tiny white puppy beneath her chin.

Suddenly a cyclone descended upon us in the form of a boy and his dog. Where the whirlwind finally subsided and the dust had settled somewhat, 11-year-old Stevie emerged, picking himself up from the grass at his mother's feet. In response to a soft maternal rebuke he wiped his dusty hand on an overall leg before extending it toward me then quickly retreated behind the wheel chair and leaned against mother's knee, his keen bright eyes brimful of friendly mischief.

"Stevie!" she murmured affectionately, running her hand tenderly over the tousled head of this "baby" of nine sturdy sons and for a moment a shadow crossed her kindly face and a far-away look came into her wistful eyes as they sought the distant hills and fields. One knew instinctively that her mind was with seven sons in uniform now far, far away who had once leaned just as trustingly on her knee.

"But where is Yoshio?" I asked as 14-year-old Johnny and father Nakada came up from the field with more fresh vegetables.

"In the army! Why, I thought he had been deferred to help you with the farm."

"He was for awhile," Grace hastened to explain, "but now he is in training at Fort Douglas, Utah."

"But I don't see how you manage without him."

"Well, somehow we do. Daddy and the little boys handle the field work—Hannah and I the house and in between Mother and us girls lend a hand like we're doing right now. Oh" with a chuckle, "we always manage some way and every now and then a neighbor drops in to help. See," pointing toward the road where a small farm truck was turning in, "he helps haul our things to the market."

"That's fine and it must be grand to be back home again after life in the relocation center."

"Yes, yes," the mother murmured and all eyes turned affectionately toward her.

"It's really her doing that we're here," said Grace, "She never once stopped talking about 'when we get home again' and everyone near us in camp kept telling her she was crazy and that it would not be safe to come back for a long, long time. But nothing ever scares Mother or Dad and just as soon as we could, after the ban was lifted, we started home again—and here we are, aren't we Mom?" with a loving pat on her arm.

## NEIGHBORS CORDIAL

"And are things all right—is the community friendly?"

"Is it? I wish you could have been here the day we got home. When we had to exacuate it seemed like everyone we had ever known or heard of, and we've lived here 11 years, came to help and say goodbye but when we returned

## GRACIA D. BOOTH

*dedicates herself to promoting understanding among all peoples. Born on a Wichita, Kansas, farm, she was educated in that state. She taught in Canada for 14 years. From 1937-40 she was executive secretary of Natl. Refugee Committee. Coming to California in 1941, she began working with the Japanese Relations Committee of the American Friends, before Pearl Harbor. When the Japanese were evacuated, she had already a working knowledge of their problems, helped them packing and visiting them in most of the Southern California centers. As associate of WRA (war relocation authority) she was sent to various camps in Arkansas. In 1945 she was made executive secretary for Southern California branch, on Pacific coast, of the Committee on American Principles and Fair Play. At present she is active in the Congregational Committee on Christian Democracy.*



Gracia D. Booth

Decker photo

get lonely because she always has so many friends wherever she is and so many visitors come here her hands are never idle. She crochets beautifully and gives most of it away and then—well, she's just so friendly and jolly herself,"—as I well knew!

When I asked for news of the sons in the service, Mrs. Nakada turned to her daughters, speaking rapidly in Jap-

moment we stood silent before these seven stalwart sons in their country's uniform.

"This" said Grace gently, controlling her tears with an effort "is our oldest brother Yosh whom you asked about. He is past 28 and has just been gone a few weeks. Next to him is Yoshinao 27, and his wife." A radiant young bride all in white and a sturdy soldier bridegroom. "They were married last year in Boston where Yoshinao was stationed and studying Chinese in Harvard. This little snap of them was taken in front of the lovely home of his Caucasian soldier pal where the reception was held. His wife is a college graduate and is now a nurses' aide in St. Paul."

"Did Yoshinao and the other lads go to college?"

"Yes, Yoshinao was studying meteorology at Caltech when evacuated. Saburo there is 25, and is somewhere out in Australia. He went to Berkeley three years, and Minoru who is 24 went two years there and one to the University of Utah. Min was in the South Pacific the last we heard. Jimmie here is just 18, he was going to go to the University of Illinois but when he volunteered soon after relocating he was transferred to Pennsylvania State College to the engineering corps although he always wanted to be a doctor. Min was in premed, too, when he joined up. This is George—he is 20 and was a senior in high school when we were evacuated. George was always interested in mechanical things but he got right into the army as soon as he could after relocating to Chicago. Henry here must be about 23. He volunteered from Alaska where he was working, shortly after Pearl Harbor."

"You must miss them all terribly!" "We do," both girls cried and Hannah's chin crumpled up, "they were so chummy and noisy and such teases. All of them went out for sports. It's too quiet when they are away."

"Yes," and Grace touched each picture lovingly as she spoke, "Min plays the piano and Yosh the violin and Jimmie plays the cornet and sings. Henry's hobby is photography and Saburo longs to get into commercial art—yes we miss the boys a lot."

"I'd love to study music and play like Min does," wistfully from Hannah, "but—we've no piano now."

## PURPLE HEARTS

Very carefully Grace opened the boxes to show me the treasured purple hearts.

"George got this when he was wounded in Italy. He's in Spokane now with a lung wound but they assure us he will be all right."

"And will he be home on furlough?"

"We don't have any idea and we're almost afraid to hope—we can only wait and see." Carefully she picked up the second case.

"This is Henry's. He helped rescue that lost battalion from Texas. He was among the first to reach those men. That was when he was awarded this purple heart. He has been wounded twice—once in France and again in Italy."

"And this?" I asked picking up a white plaster of paris mould of a little boy's hand which lay between the purple hearts.

"Oh yes," laughing indulgently, "Mother treasures that too. Stevie made it at school a long time ago and gave it to her on Mother's Day—see," and on the back scratched in childish scrawl we read: "Stephen Nakada—7 years—4 mos. May 1, 1941—Stevie."

"And Johnny made her this"—indicating a low chest of drawers beside the mother's twin bed.

Back in the garden again we looked through the family albums with mother Nakada, enjoying all the pictures of "the boys" from babyhood on.

"Must promise me back" was the condition on which I was allowed to carry away those of my choice—that is all.

(Continued on Page 13)



a great many more came to welcome us back and to bring things."

"And just loads of folks we never had seen came, too," Hannah interposed excitedly, "They seemed to want to make us feel at home again in our own house."

"I hope that friendliness has continued."

"It certainly has," Grace assured me, her young face glowing. "Next week I'm going to the YWCA girls' camp near Redlands and I can hardly wait! Two girls have already asked me to be their roommate."

"The Baptist Church people invited me to come to one of their girls' camps too," said Hannah, "but I haven't decided yet."

"And what about the boys here?"

"Oh, Johnny belongs to the Boy Scouts and young Stevie is in the cubs. They go to all the meetings and have a grand time with the fellows and their pals are always coming here to play."

"Everybody around town in Azusa calls Daddy 'George,'" Hannah put in, "Ginzo seems too hard for them to remember or," with a mischievous grin for her father "maybe they think it's too odd."

"And how does Mother fare when you're off in the fields or at school?"

"Well," Grace explained, "although Mother is pretty well tied to her chair—she does not feel pain unless it is cold or rainy. She hasn't much chance to



NINE BOYS and two girls and Mr. and Mrs. Nakada—"TO MOM AND POP" is written on this snapshot from their son Henry in Nice, France.

anese and then with a courtesy and a gracious gesture of her hand motioned me toward the open door.

And there, in her own little sanctuary—the parental bedroom—I stood, highly honored, before the mother's shrine—a chiffonier covered with photographs of soldier lads and two purple hearts in velvet cases. For a long, long

# WIPING OUT DISEASE



Dr. Ruth J. Temple (extreme right) extracts blood sample from smiling Margarita Otanez, while back of her, watching the simple operation with interest, are Louise Chow (left) and Barbara Logan (right).



PETER CHARLTON

"... with cooperation and prevention as weapons against disease."

By PETER CHARLTON

somehow one felt that they were dealing with people; not abstract cases. Dealing with a great number of people, too: sometimes as many as 800 patients pass down that hall in a single day.

#### ● Disease Prevention

Through a door on the other side of the building were clinic rooms, offices and a railed-in space with chairs. There we sat and watched a group of children. No, these were not patients: this was a boys' club—a health study club. An intelligent woman was sponsoring a discussion and no question about it, they were having fun, for we heard the buzz of young voices and laughter. This seemed to be the children's side of the building; there were nursery rhyme posters on the wall with gay pictures and jingles pertinent to health education. One stands out:

"My dentist says it's his belief  
That healthy food builds healthy teeth,  
So Mother buys on market day  
The foods that help prevent decay."

This seemed to be sound advice for the tiny tots. But there were other posters for grownups, too. Remarks to prospective mothers about nutrition, immunization, cleanliness and how to cook vegetables so that the vitamins stay in and don't go down the sink. So this wasn't entirely the children's side of the building; at other times it was for mothers, for education, prevention and for fighting, continually fighting, ignorance and disease. A place where the strategy was mapped out for getting at disease before it even started, or before it was too late.

As a result of a timely blood test which indicated a congenital condition—

the dread scourge syphilis—a child too young for moral turpitude was found in time but noon too soon. That child has her sight with only slight impairment. Without that blood test, today she would be blind.

From that room across the hall go out pamphlets, not only to that district but all over the city, fighting illness before it starts. One headed "Dear Parent" turned up in Beverly Hills. You see, smallpox won't behave and stay in a district, either. Another leaflet left that room and told of tuberculosis tests and caught that plague in a young lad, in time. And that boy, after many months, is now working and well.

#### ● Dr. Temple

It was five o'clock and Dr. Temple came out of a room with her hand stretched forward in greeting. . . . Almost 10 years ago an eager young woman doctor, graduate of a California medical college, who had had training in the east, too, had for some time sensed a crying need. In certain sections of this city were people of different races and backgrounds whom we then called underprivileged. In the early 1930's there were not jobs enough to go 'round, you may remember, and when people go hungry and live as they lived then and knew that they faced bleak days of discouragement, that is when disease stalked them down. The health department, although staffed with well trained people, was overworked and lacked funds to cover every base.

Dr. Ruth Temple grasped these conditions and through the alembic of her (Continued on Page 13)

**NOW**  
SPECIAL

Noisy street cars pass a red brick building all day long, on these warm and dusty early summer days. Not an impressive building surely, and few of the tired workers in the cars, returning from a day in a factory, pay any attention to it. If they did, they would think it looked something like an old firehouse perhaps, or a dull factory office there on the corner of 54th street, in the east part of Los Angeles.

But this building fulfills a dire need—this building on a busy corner houses an organization founded upon goodwill with courage as its lodestar. Within its walls are the offices and clinic of the South District Health Association, headed by a brave woman.

We had heard a great deal about the work of this association and of its medical director and founder, Dr. Ruth J. Temple, and we were on a mission to see for ourselves. What was the work of this organization? How were people treated there? What manner of a person was Dr. Temple, who had nurtured an idea that grew into "Disease Prevention Week" set aside by the mayor of this city? How were they fighting tuberculosis, smallpox, diphtheria—the disease that clutches children by the throat and strangles them in the night—and the scourge of venereal disease?

We were to see for ourselves. The appointment was for five o'clock, but purposefully we pushed the door open a half hour early and walked quietly in, part of a stream of people attending a "clinic."

A busy young woman behind a desk looked up with a smile. Where was the viewpoint that people in clinics, hospitals—particularly where you are not expected to pay—are not expected to give a cooperative smile? This was a good omen. The front office was full of earnest people at filing cabinets, typewriters and here and there a desk. The usual furniture and atmosphere of such places, a little more crowded though, and in the background that "medical smell" noticeable to the layman. There were rows of chairs as a waiting room and in the background a hall with white doors.

It was the staff, however, who seemed to be different: they were busy yet not officious, eager as though they had a job to do and an important one, yet



Group of charming girls of all races lines up for blood test at Jefferson High School, Los Angeles, Calif. Decker photos