

Struggling Within a Struggle

On Sunday morning, December 7, 1941 as it was my common practice, I left the parsonage at seven-fifty for the Sunday School at Makaweli, Camp 4. The worship centered about the Christmas theme, more definitely as a forerunner to Christmas December 25th. There was a growing enthusiasm to celebrate our annual Christmas with a children's program. Teachers were worried as to what should be included or excluded. Children's choirs were started. The anticipation of the great day was a source of joy and excitement.

From 8:30 to 9:15, I was at Makaweli, Camp 1. Here, this school had also been eager for a good program. The children talked freely and excitedly of how their Christmas should be observed. Again the anticipation brought more happiness than the actual event.

9:30 I returned to Hanapepe. Mr. Chiye Mityazawa, our organist, told me in a subdued tone. "Reverend I heard over the radio that Honolulu was bombed by the Japanese." My first reaction was to discredit the report. "I don't believe it. How can they bomb Pearl Harbor without our forces knowing it?"

Intellectually unable to accept the report that Japan invaded Pearl Harbor, I turned on the radio. Our local station was on. The announcement came. The stern voice of Lt. Col. Fitzgerald said, "This is serious. There is a war on. Anything can happen on Kauai. Stay at home, be calm and keep off the roads. This is war!" I rushed from the parsonage to the Sunday School Assembly. I could hardly believe what I had just heard, but standing before innocent children with considerable mixed feelings, I announced that there is a war going on. The children seemed uneasy. Their eyes expressed amazement, shock, and tragedy. No child had a thing to say. Like most adults, they cringed and feared as to what would happen. The impact of the unimaginable war shut out of the little human heart for a moment the worship of a loving God. The actual event was not visible physically. The mental and psychological effect of the undeclared war on the children and myself stunned all other thoughts for the moment. However, with the childlike sense of dependence on the only just and loving Creator, I offered a prayer for all. I felt quite dependent, quite unaware of the words used in that public prayer. It seemed like I prayed a long long while, but actually it was not so by the watch.

The children, serious, afraid, uncertain, slipped out cautiously and quietly, each to his own home. They seemed crushed in spirit.

The Japs attacked the country of their birth, the only country they knew and loved. Yet, they could not slip out of the Japanese physiology and look American. They realized the strange drama of conflict.

That afternoon, the radio announced the duties of all OCD personnel. The special police volunteers were called for guard duty. No lights were allowed at night. The community in an afternoon was well organized and ready for further emergencies. Once the community was activated into OCD services, the gloom seemed to pass away. The civilians, both the Japanese and others were standing guard on the bridges and highways. A Japanese stood together with a Filipino, a Hawaiian or a Portuguese. The call to duty vanished personal fears between races in our little town. I hardly slept that night, braced with a sense of giving my services for the emergency.

The next day, I joined the police patrol. During the day for three hours, I rode with a Hawaiian policeman from Hanapepe town to the Waimea Bridge. He never felt any different towards me. He did not criticize the Japanese. In fact, he expressed his amazement as to how the Japanese sneaked into Pearl Harbor. It was a mystery to both of us. At night, I rode on the patrol car for six hours. A Japanese policeman was my superior. We aired our views. He was indignant at the thought of the Japanese militarists invading Hawaii. He was disgusted at heart to think that he was a member of the enemy race. We agreed that we could not cry over spilt milk. It was now by our deeds, by our performance, that we had to prove ourselves. There was no sense of discrimination or any sense of being unwanted in the first few days after the attack.

December 10th, over the radio, I was called out to organize the Hanapepe town "Blackout Committee." I inquired whether enemy aliens were to be included. The district commander took me on the side and quietly said, "Use those that you can really trust." About 30 men of Japanese, Chinese and Filipino extraction were appointed. They were assigned to patrol the various sections for any violation of blackout rules. Any lights visible to the human eye was to be cautioned. The patrols were to be throughout the nights.

I had the leaders of the Japanese community on the Blackout squads. They hesitated to go on duty. Yet, they felt that it was a duty to perform. With fear and trembling, they walked their beats at night. They were recognized by the OCD and yet their hearts were filled with fear, uncertainty and depression. They were psychologically conditioned to favor Japan. Many had no love for the military leaders who involved Japan in this tragedy but their minds were quite Japanese.

One of the leaders during the day expressed his sentiments to me. "I am a father of several children. I have nothing in Japan to live for. For my children's sake, I have made my home in Hawaii. I have no intentions of ever living permanently in Japan. As far as my loyalty is concerned, I am all for the U.S."

He was sincere. He said what many enemy alien parents were feeling.

During the first few days, orders changed so profusely that it was impossible to follow them through. In the course of changes in personnel and increase of functions, I was made the district head of the Blackout Committee for Makaweli, Hanapepe, Eleele, Port Allen, Wahiawa Districts. This lasted for only three days. Discrimination and other factors entered in and it was best not to have a Japanese at the head of the District, was the observation made by a reliable "Haole" friend of mine.

On December 12, the YMCA asked me to organize a KP squad for Burns Field, Hanapepe. I gathered 8 Hi-Y boys from Hanapepe, 8 from Makaweli Camp 1, 8 from Makaweli Camp 4, 8 from Eleele, and organized them into (24 hours) 4 shifts. These boys actually did the kitchen work for the army. Everyday it was my responsibility to contact and arrange transportation for the boys. They labored for two weeks. The Hanapepe boys continued for two months when the army returned to its 3 meal schedule.

The High school boys enjoyed their military duties. They never could have served in a closer military capacity than the emergency KP squad. They heard wild stories of guards killing horses, etc. Once there was an air-raid just as the evening meal was being prepared. It was not lifted for 30 minutes. The cook and the KP's jumped out of the kitchen into machine gun nests. The boys were thrilled to have sat along side of a machine gunner.

On December 12th, the news of Harada aiding the Japanese pilot on Niihau reached us. The story stirred my imagination and my sense of duty. Here was a golden opportunity to prove oneself as an American. "If" Harada did his duty as an American, we on Kauai would have had a reflection of glory instead of a loss of confidence as a group. Harada's betrayal however, did not cause a group dissension. He was dead and it seemed that it was settled.

One of our best "Haole" friends later confessed that he was all for the citizens of Japanese ancestry before Harada's betrayal, but since, he has his doubts. He was astonished at the fact that the majority of the citizens of Japanese ancestry said nothing publicly against the Harada incident. He reported that the relatives of Harada expressed very strong resentment against him.

Every night for four months, I patrolled the town with the blackout car. The nights were very dark for two weeks. On the

bridge, a guard always yelled "Halt!" We expected some one to stop us; so as we approached, we slowed down. Sometimes it would be a Filipino guard and the "Halt" would be indistinct. At one occasion, a guard yelled "Halt!" The driver replied, "Advance to be recognized," and the guard advanced towards the car.

The rule was that every guard flash a blue light warning the advancing driver. I approached the bridge. There was no blue flash. I thought the guards were dismissed. But to my surprise from the darkness came a command "Halt!" I did and he recognized us officially. We in turn asked him, "where is your flash light. You have no business to be on guard duty without one. The poor guard confused and embarrassed, meekly said, "Please excuse me this time."

December 17th at Makaweli, the civilian morale committee met in an official capacity. Most of the members were "Haoles". There were only two AJA's. Problems were raised as to the morale of the people. From Waimea came the report that C.J. Fern had actually said (and it was heard by reliable people) "the civilian defense would not use Japanese in any important capacity." At Hanapepe, it so happened that aside from a few Filipino families, the Japanese are in a majority. Hence, we could not do anything in OCD without Japanese aid. The morale committee members strongly felt that C.J. Fern did not display the proper tact and did more harm to morale by making such statements.

The Japanese in the Waimea area were disturbed. They felt that discrimination was practiced. In Hanapepe and other areas of the Eleele district, there was no strong case of resentment among the Japanese.

The Blackout Committee was later changed to the Air-raid Precautions (ARP) group. The ARP contacted their neighbors to build air-raid shelters. A survey was made in Hanapepe of the number of houses (521). Shelters were privately dug and before long Hanapepe residents claimed to be 98% ready.

A tuna fish sampan operated by Japanese was located near Niihau on December 8th. The army sent out another sampan to recall the Japanese crew. They landed at Port Allen on December 9th with over 3000 pounds of fresh fish. They were brought to Hanapepe to remain for further developments.

They were afraid to move about. For over a month, they lived at the Watase Hotel. When their funds ran out, they approached me for aid. I contacted A.H. Case, the food

administrator, and got money released to them for another month's maintenance. After three months of residence on Kauai, they became restless and longed to return to their families in Honolulu. They asked me for aid again.

Fortunately, the Naval Intelligence Department was very cooperative. Lt. Cedric Baldwin offered his assistance and cleared through the Army for their departure to Honolulu on a sampan. All afternoon and night they were at the port. Every consideration was given them. The guards were friendly and the enemy alien fishermen were overtaken. They departed late the following afternoon anxious to join their families.

The day following the blitz, rice was rationed by individual stores as directed by A.H. Case. On December 7th, crowds forced the retailers to sell them rice for hoarding. Cash was paid by bills of high denominations.

Retailers were directed to sell to regular customers the normal amount for a week's consumption. The rice growers in the Hanapepe Valley had never bought a grain of rice in their lives. The mill always provided their annual needs from their own harvests. On December 9th, the fall rice crop of the farmers was frozen and sold to the Mc Bryde and Hofgaard Wholesalers. The individual farmers did not obtain their share of the rice from the mill.

They asked me for assistance in purchasing the rice from retailers. Rice was short on Kauai. No retailer would sell to the farmers for they weren't regular rice purchasing customers. A.H. Case assigned them to the Mc Bryde Store, then to the Kawakami Store. Rice was rationed later and the farmers felt that the maximum was too low for them. They contended that they could easily devour forty to fifty pounds a month per individual. The Filipinos on the plantations also felt the acute shortage in the ration system. Some of them refused to work due to rice shortage during the week.

The afternoon of December 7th, 1941, all Japanese connected with the Japanese Consulate were interned. Meijiro Hayashi, our deacon, was interned. Rev. Okamoto, Rev. Paul Osumi, Rev. Hayashi of Koolau were interned for the same reason. During the first few days wild rumors were circulated. They were the fifth columnists, the ungrateful Japs that tried to betray America. One sensitive nurse actually told me with considerable feeling, "Did you know that Mr. Hayashi of your church is a fifth columnist? America gave them so much and they can't appreciate."

I had an opportunity to preach my pet theme. I told her that Mr. Hayashi was not a fifth columnist but was connected with the Japanese Consulate. All he did was to help dual citizens expatriate. He was making better Americans out of us by cutting us off from Japan. She was somewhat overtaken by the explanation. I added, "the trouble with the Japanese not being good Americans is not all our fault. Some of us are trying our best, believing that Christianity is the heart of American idealism and so it must be encouraged, taught, and accepted. You who profess to be a Christians don't help us much in the spiritual sense of leading the way." She turned away thoughtfully.

I saw Mrs. Hayashi soon after her husband was interned. She was bearing up well. She knew deep within that he was not a criminal. She knew that her son was in the Army of the United States and her family had believed in this country. She said over and over again to me that her husband was trying to help American citizens to expatriate. Somehow she could not see a just cause for internment in assisting others to become real American citizens.

I met Rev. Paul Osumi later. He was disillusioned. He quietly insisted that he was encouraged by some "Haole" friends to do the consulate work. All he did was to aid American citizens to expatriate from the Japanese government. I asked if he wanted any books to read. He told me that he could not enjoy reading. His spirit was depressed. He commented that if he had personally committed a criminal act, it would be reasonable to be confined. The enclosure was not conducive for mental or spiritual health.

Rev. Okamoto was the opposite. He loved the quiet, the opportunity of meeting and being with so many notables of Kauai. Up to this date, he was in retirement. He had not made the proper adjustment toward his old age. When he was interned, it did not bother him at all. His faith was unshaken. He was serene, spiritually alive and at peace with God and self. His radiant smile made others happier throughout the day. He said, "this is a happy life. I have nothing to worry with many friends and good treatment.

Meijiyo Hayashi was not depressed. He took his internment as an event beyond his personal control. He felt that God had other plans than his own desire to be free. He took the matter cheerfully. Every night he joined the Christian fold and held prayer meetings.

The others as a whole were resigned to fate, worried about their wives and children. Some merchants with prosperous

businesses were haunted with visions of closing up, etc. They had never relinquished their power to their sons. The change was made overnight. It turned out that in many instances, the children ran the business far more efficiently than their experienced fathers. Only in a few cases, a bakery and a barber, had the misfortune of closing up.

I became a messenger for the internees and their families; a receiving station for clothes and bundles to be sent to the camp or the home. Every visit was tragic. Then I had to make every independent effort to comfort the families and others at large.

The general observation on the internees was that the enemy aliens met the situation far more sanely than the citizens and the younger set of aliens. The older aliens were quite resigned to the fact that it was war, and they could not help themselves as enemies of the United States. They were on the whole, very grateful for the fair and just treatment accorded them.

The younger set was quite resentful. Several of them asked why they were interned, what charges were brought against them. The American spirit of freedom, equality, of the right for a trial by jury, etc., gave them no peace of mind. The war situation was to them no excuse for their internment without the due process of law. Their demands for an adequate answer of their status caused no end of inner conflict, depression and rebellion.

A week after the war, the girls of our church assembled at the parsonage to sew for the American Red Cross. Hospital gowns, pajamas, etc., needed to be made up immediately. The district head for the work department came to the parsonage for assistance. The church women decided to undertake the assignment. Three rooms were blacked out by the McBryde Plantation carpenters for night work. Ten electric sewing machines were assembled from the community and about a dozen of the young ladies of the church came every night from 7 to 10 P.M. to sew for two weeks.

The curfew prohibited any citizen not on OCD or military duty to be out at nights. Our church had no authorization, except the inner authority of service. No police nor military officials interfered with the Red Cross sewing. At ten I drove them home on the ARP car and found no objections.

The amount produced in a night was amazing to the "Haole" women. Each machine sewed on the average of two complete gowns a night. For two weeks the materials were plentiful, but after that, materials were not available. The sewing continued on a three nights a week schedule for five months. The women of our church experienced a deep satisfaction in using their talents to meet the emergency. The "Haole" ladies never got over the fact that so much was accomplished by them.

December and January were days of uncertainty. For a citizen like myself, it seemed like walking on a tight rope. To be self-appointed liaison in the town for the alien Japanese and the authorities was not a pleasant service.

The aliens feared the authorities. Any day they would be the next to be interned. The FBI, and the Military Intelligence were constantly lurking around the town. The independent townsfolk feared the authorities more. The plantation aliens felt that their employers could give them some protection. There was no guarantee on anybody's part on the matter of internment, but it so happened that the plantations were not widely visited by the authorities.

The authorities came off and on for interviews concerning individuals in the district. A strange revelation was made by them. "After the blitz, over 3,000 names of suspicious Japanese were reported to the authorities, but not a report was made by a Japanese," they said. At this particular interview they asked me "why?" I was provoked and replied, "When you intern citizens without any adequate reason, all of us fear that it will happen to us some day. Knowing that it can happen, the sensible thing would be to keep quiet and live a meaningful life while it lasted. Being an American citizen now has no meaning in the eyes of the authorities. (Ingman, Castle & Snow) Nobody would have the heart to report any Japanese under such conditions for every Japanese is discredited to begin with."

"No you got it wrong, Reverend", said the representative. "You must understand that war always brings persecution, injustice, discrimination against those related to the enemy. You citizens must realize that and still do your part for the United States. After all, United States is yours as much as mine and we all must forget personal discomforts and work for the good of our country."

I was aware of the suspicions, the discriminations, the persecutions that were to follow a war hysteria. Yet, at

times, like a typical American, I was moved to be an individualist and said my piece.

This happened in February 1942. I was not completely satisfied with the Japanese problem. The authorities present were ready for suggestions. I took the liberty of calling their attention to the need of forming a responsible committee of Japanese leaders to interpret the orders of the day to the Japanese, to guide them in the war effort, and to educate for internal security. They agreed that some plan must be formulated for just such a purpose. They asked me for the names of such leaders that would be forceful in carrying on the work. Starting from the west end, the following were named; Masato Sugihara, Kekaha; Mutt Miyake, Waimea; Kazuichi Hirano, Kalaheo; Masuo Ogata, Koloa; Charles Ishii, Lihue; Mac Shinseki or Yeso Yamaura, Kapaa. One commented on the Lihue suggestion. He thought that he was a good man but was not quite suited for such a task. The rest was uncommented.

I was impressed by their flexible state of mind in regards to the Japanese situation. They had no preconceived notions as to what was to be done on a large scale. They were open-minded in their effort to do the best thing in their line of duty. Inspired in a sense by their cooperative spirit, I sat down and wrote an open letter to the Japanese on the home front.

"Remember Pearl Harbor!" We are at war with Japan! We are fighting the military gangsters who seek to dominate the world by force.

This war puts us "on the spot". Some are asking for sympathy from our American friends because we are caught in the clutches of circumstance. There is no need for self-pity now. We must have but one purpose, one understanding, and a complete unity of action. Today, therefore, we face the supreme test of our loyalty to America which gave and will continue to give us free education, freedom of worship, speech and press.

There is confusion and fear in our midst as to what is our proof of loyalty to America. We can give only one answer. "Is the man inside you completely for our President and his war efforts, or is he still questioning America as flashes of the misfortunes of war are heard? Did he ever think

because Singapore fell that the Japanese army is a better army than ours?" The real proof of our loyalty is the man inside us. Is he completely for the United States? We must be sincerely and honestly American from within or else we do not deserve to be free.

Unfortunately there are those among us whose hearts are still for Japan and not for America. The Authorities have found a few. Some of them bought defense bonds, helped the Red Cross, did patrol duty in civilian defense. What you do outwardly is important, but what you really are, is far more important. Are you heart and soul, for America! We must answer it with an unqualified "Yes."

We must realize too, that though our hearts are absolutely for America, we look Japanese. It is no fault of ours and we need not ask for sympathy. We must steel ourselves to the fact that though we look Japanese, Japan is our enemy! We must know that in war, the enemy is persecuted. We will be persecuted also, not because we are disloyal but because it is human. Our American friends who know us will never think anything but good of us, but we must face a degree of unpleasant persecution. We who are loyal must gladly bear it and not faint. We must take it on the chin and live with absolute confidence, faith and hope that our President will bring us complete victory.

Our government realizes that this war is a difficult one and it may continue for years. In the Territory of Hawaii, this war is filled with potential dangers from within. The experience at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines where the invasion was aided by Japanese nationals is proof enough. It becomes doubly important for citizens of Japanese ancestry to be one with the government in fighting the war of internal destruction. Fifth columnist and termites that undermine the foundations of our democratic way of life must be combated with courage, vigor, and steadfastness as soldiers who die on the field of battle. We need not be told that it is our duty to be on guard for those forces that are potential dangers to internal strength. We are the natural eyes and ears to see and hear suspicious acts. We must be the very ones entrusted and committed to guard our shores from inner destruction. It is a challenge to us at home to make America invulnerable to attack from within. Are we Americans enough to do so?"

The letter was sent to the acting-sheriff Crowell for use in whatever capacity as seen fit by the authorities. The FBI and the police met to follow the plan of organizing a contact group on Kauai. As the authorities were seeking the proper channels to authorize the existence of such a committee, word was received that the island would be under

virtual army control. Hence the plan never materialized and the letter never disclosed.

The possible food shortage of staples on Kauai made it necessary to increase rice production. I was called by the food production committee to aid them in encouraging the farmers in Hanapepe to increase their acreage. At the close of 1941, only 14 acres had been utilized. In February 1942, the Hanapepe farmers decided to increase it 100% provided I was able to give them full assistance. It was a promise. I was ignorant at that time as to the meaning of full assistance.

The first request was for a tractor to plow the grounds. Through the Production Committee, I received names of individuals who could rent their tractors. One individual promised to rent his tractor to the Hanapepe farmers. When he examined the ground to be plowed, he sighed and refused to loan his tractor. This slowed down the farmers' schedule. They demanded that the ground be plowed on certain days in order to meet their planting season.

I went to Lihue to confer with Mr. Broadbent, director of Food Production. He agreed with me that a promise was a promise and at this late hour, the one who promised should not withdraw. Mr. Broadbent summoned him to Lihue. We heard his story. He stated that his tractor was not powerful enough to plow through California hay. We agreed and dismissed the question.

McBryde Plantation was contacted and the manager, Mr. Sandison, was very eager to help. In fact, he changed the lease terms, so that several of his tenants could plant rice. He guaranteed to supply the necessary water for rice irrigation. When Mr. Sandison agreed to do his part, Mr. Broadbent smiled and remarked, "Reverend, God helps those who help themselves."

Mr. Sandison sent down a 75 horsepower tractor attached with a canefield plow that dug 30 inches into the ground. The farmers smiled at the enormous equipment, but were greatly pleased at the speed with which the work was done. The plantation agreed to charge a nominal sum for the labor, but as yet no charges have been made. Hanapepe actually increased from 14 acres to 26.

Fertilizer was also needed. The farmers asked me to do their purchasing. Heretofore, the miller was their agent. The miller being an enemy alien, was not eager to ask for shipping space, a permit for purchase, etc. I contacted A.H. Case and arranged so that 30 tons of fertilizer would be sent from Honolulu immediately. It was agreed that the farmers pay cash. The price was to be wholesale, cost plus 10%. When the fertilizer arrived, several of them refused to pay for their orders. They thought that the deal was not fair. "Why should we pay double commission," they said. The retailer, Kawakami promised cost plus 10% and our miller wants an extra % on the deal. The farmers' psychology of provincial economy and suspicion of the merchant, all came to the front. In disgust, I told them that they either pay as promised or else the miller will purchase the complete stock and dispose of it as he saw fit. That afternoon they came as a group and paid over five hundred dollars in cash. Where the money came from is a mystery.

The farmers received their reward. Rice was sold at a high price. Their yield was the best in five years. When the work was done, a few grateful could returned to say a kind word.

The OCD provided canteen services for civilian guards on night duty. Our Hanapepe canteen was first managed by the Salvation Army officer. In spite of the blackouts, the canteen was a center of night activities in town. It was also the Headquarters for the Fire Department, ARP and the Police Division. We all met as a social and a service group.

The canteen became a unique institution. Six of our town girls were organized to help in the canteen service. War gossip, rumors, social affairs were all part of the canteen services. At times, Japanese overseas broadcasts were heard. The submarine attack on Nawiliwili was related as a serious damage to Kauai installations, etc. For the first time, the Americans of Japanese ancestry realized how much of the news was unbelievable. The disgust and even the shame of the untruth of the broadcast was quite evident. A talkative girl retorted, "Darn lie."

Due to the change in the Waimea canteen set-up, our Salvation Army officer left us and virtually threw the work into my lap. I was not the official manager. I was chauffeur, buyer, and distributor of the canteen. The manager was never sure of being present. She came as time permitted so that the chauffeur carried on most of the work. As I patrolled

the ARP route, I stopped to pour out hot coffee to the guards. Often over a cup of coffee, the Filipino guards would talk of the future of their children or their own prospects. There was a delightful Filipino father who loved to talk of his daughter and how he insisted that she take up home economics at Jr. High School. He wanted her to become Americanized. "She should learn to eat "Haole" food in "Haole" style," he said. I was impressed for he was as anxious as some of our parents to see their children grow up as Americans.

My hours of service were never over until eleven every night. Often I went home after midnight. With a determined will to prove myself by deeds that I was a loyal American, I continued without physical strain.

The first excitement of the war was calmed down by "arch. We were living more normally. We were resigned to the blackout and our limited night movements. Then on a March Sunday, 1942, the new army moved in on Kauai. Their port of entry was Port Allen and in the afternoon of that Sunday, American soldiers in uniform were passing the highway on trucks. There was a mixed feeling in town. The general public had never seen "Haole" soldiers in such numbers before.

That night, as usual I patrolled the town. The headquarters of the new army was at the Hanapepe Japanese School. As I drove by a soldier guard shouted, "Halt!" This was unexpected and it was not a civilian on guard. Fortunately the guard came to my car to see why I travelled in that section. He found out that I was the ARP warden of the town, and that I was authorized to warn everyone about the violation on blackout. I told the guard that the lights at the Headquarters were quite visible to the human eye and it should be turned off. The guard puzzled and hesitant, called out the corporal of the guards. He repeated that I was authorized to check on lights and that the Headquarters' lights should be turned off. The corporal walked away. Soon an officer arrived. It was pitch dark and I could not see his rank. He asked me for my credentials. I showed him my arm band and the insignia on the car windshield. He questioned no further. I said to the officer, "I may be out of place to comment on your lights, but so far I am responsible for this town. No orders have come to me of any change." "What is the blackout regulation, Son", asked the officer. "Any lights visible to the naked eye from the outside is cause of the violation." "Well, we'll have all lights out. Thanks!" From that night on, no lights were visible from without. The army adhered to the blackout regulations. I was told that they never knew a total blackout until that first night on Kauai. Later that evening, as I was about to finish my inspection tour, in the midst of the town section, I met two soldiers. They shouted

"Which road do you take for the Port." They were going in the opposite direction. I asked them to ride with me and first have some coffee at the canteen. They did ride. As they got in the car, one of them said, "Isn't this town full of Japs?" "Yes, the majority are Japanese. They have been here for 30 or 40 years and their children are American citizens." "Oh, I didn't know that. They told us not to talk to the damned Japs. They are treacherous people."

I took them into the canteen. These boys had come from New York. There were Japanese girls waiting in the canteen. They saw Japanese girls for the first time at such close range. They saw several young men, majority of them Japanese. They looked around, hesitated, and were a bit embarrassed. The Japanese girl smiled and said, "Have a cup of coffee, soldier. You want it sweet?" The soldiers smiled in return. "I'll have mine with plenty of sugar," one said. "I'll have mine straight," the other replied. The fellowship thus began. They told us how their convoy was chased by a Jap submarine and how seasick they were on board. They found out that the canteen was a lively spot for a change.

Afterwards, I drove them back to Port Allen. One asked me what race I came from. Before I could answer, he insisted, "Aren't you Hawaiian?" "Yes, I am Hawaiian, one born just three miles from this spot." They both commented very highly of the beautiful girls. "Not bad at all" was their last word.

The next day, Hanapepe town was guarded by the army. During the day MP's walked back and forth on the main street. All grades of officers were seen in town. Various types of vehicles appeared. The little "Peeps" appeared for the first time and civilians curiously eyed them. Overnight, Hanapepe became a military town.

The aliens were silent. One mother expressed to me her strong sense of fear. She was sure that the American soldiers would be ruthless toward the Japanese. Their presence caused her to recall all the mental agony imagined before. The fathers were in many instances afraid too. The Americans of Japanese descent were half-friendly and half hesitant. They were not sure of what the soldiers intended to do to them or what their attitude was toward Japanese.

The fear was deepened at night, for the MP's guarded the town all night. Loud commands, "Halt! Who goes there!" were heard from one end of town to the other. The civilian population was never so militarized on main street.

I was authorized to serve coffee to the MP guards as well as to the civilian guards. As I went along every few yards, they halted me. It made me quite uneasy for their guns were loaded, ready for action. The first round was completed without a mishap. The girls that served in the canteen were not half as bad off as I expected. The young girls were already quite friendly with several of the soldiers that had found their way into the canteen. They already knew the names of McNelly, etc., and McNelly already knew Grace. As I was about to close for the night about ten, McNelly volunteered to walk Grace home in the darkness. Their first night and the trouble had begun. Fortunately, the two girls on duty were sisters, and so McNelly had the honor.

The OCD asked me to take charge of the Evacuation camp site. The camp grounds had to be cleared, roads and trails and kitchens and toilets built. It was not a simple task. The committee had scouted for a week or so and decided to have the camp at Mr. Horner's place--seven miles up into the Hanapepe Valley.

Mr. Sterling Dunford, our evacuation chief, saw the possibility of obtaining crate lumber from the army for our evacuation camp. He wanted me to go with him to the battalion headquarters at the Hanapepe Japanese School. With no thought of anything other than the building of the camp, we went together. We got off at the gate and parked the car close to the fence. The corporal asked for our business. Mr. Dunford said that he wanted to see the battalion commander on the evacuation project of the OCD. The corporal contacted the officer and returned to invite us to the commander's office.

It was about 10:00 A.M., The commander was Lt. Col. Joseph McDonough. Fortunately or unfortunately, his complete staff was also present. His assistant, Major Cornet; the G-2 section, staff, Major Chas. A. Selby, Captain Joe J. Fallon and others were gathered. We came at the moment they were scheduled to meet. The conference was held on the porch. Around a small table, Lt. Col. McDonough, Mr. Dunford and I sat. The staff members were seated behind us in a semi-circle.

Lt. Col. McDonough opened the conference by saying, "Gentlemen, what can I do for you?" Mr. Dunford outlined the plans for evacuation work and asked if the crate lumber could be given for the cause.

The Colonel replied quietly, "The crate lumber can not be released for anything right now. The Army needs every piece of available lumber for its own use." Then he pitched his voice higher and began in a serious vein. "The Civilian Defense set-up is actually working here. The other night a blackout warden cautioned us about our lights. Now you men are preparing for the evacuation center. In California, they were still fussing as to who was to get the \$5,000 job, what uniform to wear, etc. You men here are doing your share. The night guards on the bridges are well disciplined."

"But I want you men to know the army principles in this war. We are not going to fight this war with the sporting idea of women and children first. When the army gives the order for evacuation, we mean it. At a certain given time we want all civilians to be out. Anybody refusing to obey or loitering behind will be answered by a machine gun. We are not going to have women and children first. Everybody move out, and stay out of the way of the army or else."

"A wise person will evacuate his family to the mainland while the opportunity is open. After all this is a war zone and the Japs will surely return to attack or take this place. Anything can happen."

Then like a sudden electric storm, he looked straight at me and said, "When they come, we won't have any obstacles in our way." "We won't let it happen here as it happened in Malaya," interrupted Major Selby. "I don't trust you and your kind," emphasized the Colonel.

I was about to faint with fright. A feeling of helplessness, embarrassment, and inferiority gripped me. The Colonel talked on for a while, but I have no memory of what he said. I only remember this, "Gentlemen, I have said my piece, now, what have you to say?"

How I collected my thoughts and began to answer for myself is a mystery! Somehow I was unafraid as I began my personal defense. Slowly I said, "I am an American citizen. I was born only three miles from this very spot. I was educated in the American schools, the University of Hawaii and at Auburn Theological Seminary in New York. From my youth, I have tried to be a good American. I went against my parent's Buddhism and became a Christian because I believed Christianity was the religion of America. I was not satisfied with my personal conviction. I saw that unless my brothers became true Americans from within, religiously, we were not going to be worthy as citizens. Anybody could be an American externally. I took up the ministry to make them Christian Americans.

"When I started my work on this island, I thought the Americans would be only too glad to give me their support. No, the plantations supported Japanese schools, the Buddhist temples, and cut down on their contribution to my church. Here I was giving my life to make Christians among the Japanese so that they could be real Americans from the heart; and yet, I was not given the needed support.

"What is worse, when we become Christians and look for examples of Christian living among the Americans, we are often disillusioned. After all I am sincere in my missionary effort. If you cannot trust a Christian minister, I would rather be shot to death."

The Colonel listened. He changed his tone and said, "No, Reverend, I didn't mean you. After December 7th, the Army has recognized a few who are trustworthy. How they stood at their posts and manned their guns proved that they were good citizens."

We closed the conference in good fellowship. "Doctor Yamada, I hope we can sit and talk again," said the Colonel. Major Cornet, who listened in, put his hands on my shoulders, smiled, and took my hand in his. He said, "I have never hated the Japanese. The only one I knew was a good trout fisherman and he always beat me. We were good friends."

I shook hands with most of them and departed with Mr. Dunford. As we approached the car, Mr. Dunford, smiling said, "Oh boy, I'm glad you came along and gave it to them." He was elated in a sense to have had his Japanese assistant defend his Americanism.

That noon, Mr. Dunford broadcast the incident at the Rotary Club meeting. Dwight Welch telephoned me to check on what I had said. Later I met several "Haole" friends and they were curious to know what had transpired. The general consensus of opinion was in favor of the stand I took.

One March evening, with the canteen running as usual, several officers who had heard of the canteen, found their way into the blacked out room. It was about 9:00 P.M.. The door was suddenly opened. A tall officer came in. As he looked forward from the door, his eyes caught mine. Smiling broadly he said, "Good evening, Doctor Yamada. So this is your canteen." The soldiers were amazed. They wondered when I had made the Colonel's acquaintance. The girls served the Colonel and he was favorable impressed. I remember that he visited, at least, on three other occasions before he moved out of Hanapepe.

The canteen service was extended to soldiers standing guard at their gun positions, and at their supply barracks. The guards soon found out that 9:00 or 9:30 P.M. coffee was served. They looked forward to the canteen car for the actual serving was done by young ladies. On moonlight nights, the soldiers did speak quite sentimentally to the Japanese girls as they drank their coffee.

There was one strange soldier, I recall, on our first night at his post, who refused to drink coffee. He looked at us with suspicious eyes. But the following night, he joined the rest and smiled at the girls. There was another soldier who was anxious to get a Jap. He told us that he had more ammunition than the regulation called for, so that, when he met the Japs, he could do justice to them.

One night over the coffee cup, we began to talk of Hawaiian flowers. A quiet, young soldier, who never spoke at any length to us before, joined in the conversation. He asked if we grew orchids here. Since it was my hobby, I spoke of orchids enthusiastically. I called the orchids by name; the vandas, the phalaenopsis, the cattleya, trinae, enid, suzannah-hye alba, etc. He forgot that his buddy was waiting for coffee. A corporal had to remind him. Later we met often in my orchid house and exchanged valuable notes.

Toward the end of March, a new platoon came to guard the town. We went on the usual canteen route. Two soldiers halted us. The night was dark. They were not very cordial. As I saw into the face of one, he seemed to be frightened about something. I explained to him of the canteen service. They decided to drink coffee. As they were about to finish their cup, out from behind the bushes a leaping noise was heard. One guard threw down his cup and held his gun in position facing the direction of the sound. One of the girls remarked at once, "Soldier, don't shoot! He's my pal, the fat belly buffo." "What's he?" "A buffo?" "That's a harmless frog," smiled the girl. The soldier was relieved. He was on alert every minute until we came by because the buffos were leaping, making mysteriour noises in the underbrush.

And the young soldiers asked, "What is the loud sound we hear from time to time? It seems as though some one is throwing stones at us." We laughed and showed them that the young mangoes were falling on the corrugated iron roofs and were making a good enough noise to keep anyone awake. With another cup of coffee, the soldiers were well relaxed and educated. The following night they greeted us with open arms.

Food shortage became more serious in April. For making sandwiches, several items could not be purchased any more. Bread was scarce. Mayonnaise was out of stock. The situation was becoming a burden on the canteen with 80 or 90 to feed every night. In April, Lt. Colonel McDonough sent us a note of relief.

Dear Reverend:

The District Commander has placed all the military on the Island under working quarantine. This will preclude the use of our troops of the facilities you have so kindly placed at their disposal in the fire house at Hanapepe. It will also prevent coffee, etc., being taken to the various places at which troops have been stationed.

The District Commander outlined to us yesterday the inevitable consequences of the use of civilian food for this purpose. He points out that ultimately there will be a shortage, and the best time to stop is right now.

Please be assured that we greatly appreciate your many kindnesses to our men. Please thank those who have associated with you in this work.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,

(signed)

JOSEPH A. MCDONOUGH
Lt. Col., 165th Inf.
Comdg. 1st Bn.

Lt. Col. McDonough became an officer of special interest to the people on Kauai. The Lions Club wanted to hear his straight talk on the military outlook. I was asked to invite the Colonel to be the guest speaker for the first Sunday in May. He accepted our invitation and he addressed the Lion members and special guests. We expected a fiery lecture on the modern conduct of war. He was not half as forceful as at our first interview. Mr. Dunford told me later, "He wasn't as good as when we got it."

April, 1942, was our first season of Lent since the war began. Faith in the Eternal God was basically present during those days, but often, there were days of utter loneliness, despair, and dryness. The war and the human factors that make war possible crowded my soul with things of this world, its pride and prejudice, that by their weight, I could not see the way clear.

I was called by my country to be loyal, to give my time, my heart for a complete victory over Japan. My faith called for a loyalty to God, above nationalism, state, or race. By the judgment of society, I was "on the spot", and I was closely watched to vindicate my loyalty to America. There were days when I lived for God and God alone, and there were days when I was aware of my leaning towards my country. The struggle deepened.

On Good Friday, I had to preach at the Union Service in Waimea Foreign Church. Rev. Paul Denise and Rev. Baker also took part. The text assigned me was "My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me." It was too close to my heart to forget the struggle I was making. I could not keep out from my sermon, the criticisms, the suspicions, the non-cooperative Christian acts which supported other faiths and institutions more than the work I was attempting to accomplish--the Christianization of the Japanese. I could not help but be specific and retell the story of the high Army official who said, "I won't trust you." Moved by the reality of the struggle I cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." I wept and several in the congregation wept with me. I did not expect to be so emotional. The occasion moved us to tears. The sermon did not end with bitterness. I saw in our Master on the Cross, and I felt it more deeply that day, that God's infinite love was still the answer to our despair and hope. If God never loves, why should we cry out that God has forsaken us. God's love is so real and persistent that we in our human weakness cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." God still remains our loving Father. Because God's love exists and because we know it is real, in our loneliness, we crave His pity. God is and shall be the loving Eternal God.

Easter Sunday was a strange day of worship. The conflict of devotion to State or God seemed to press in our souls. But the worship lifted us from our humanness for God affected a drama of which no war nor any country's need could crowd out of our hearts. God was the supreme

object of devotion.

A young lady in my church asked to be baptized. She said, "I cannot sleep in peace unless I am baptized. Should I die unbaptized, I would not be able to face my God." She was sincere. Six adults were baptized with her. Four infants were also dedicated. It was the first time in my pastorate that so many infants were brought into the church. The sense of becoming a family church was heightened.

Masa Katagiri came to Kauai about the middle of May. He talked to me of the possibility of forming an Emergency Service Committee on this island. I agreed with him. "Before the army moved in, something similar was being planned by the police department," I reported. My mind had been quite open for such a working group.

With the help of Major Selby, the S-2 officer, of the Kauai District, Masa finally brought the committee into reality. The following were appointed to be on the committee: Masato Sugihara, Kekaha; Saburo Kawakami, Waimea; Masao Yamada, Hanapepe; Charles Ishi, Lihue; and Masaru Shinseki, Kapaa.

The first meeting was held in the Lihue Court Building, Saturday, May 16th, 1942. The only clue we had was that we were meeting as a special group to work on the Japanese problem. Those that were to be present did not know the complete score. At eleven o'clock, we assembled.

We met Major Chas. A. Selby, S-2; Mr. Winston C. Ingman, FBI and Lt. Charles Ward, ONI. Masa explained the purpose of the conference, the value of the Emergency Committee in Honolulu, and the necessity of such on Kauai. Major Selby spoke briefly that the Army, Navy, and the FBI were fully conscious of the need for such a work. He warned that this work is a thankless job with full of misunderstanding, criticisms, suspicions, etc. The only reward would be the inner satisfaction of having done your part in this war. He closed by these words, "Gentlemen, it is now in your laps."

A brief discussion followed. I asked, at this initial meeting, the question "Why only Japanese in this morale work? The others need it too!" Major Selby replied, "You do your job first with your own group, then, if others want to do anything along this line, let them ask from their side." Suggestions as to the possible organization was mentioned.

Mr. Ingman mentioned the fact that Noboru Miyake and Samuro Ichinose had approached him on this similar subject. He had invited them to this meeting. "How do you men feel about utilizing them?"

The opinion was strongly against a politician being involved, so it was agreed for the time being that Noboru and Samuro become district leaders.

Noboru Miyake and Samuro Ichinose were called in. Major Selby asked Noboru for his proposed plan. Noboru had talked the situation over with Mr. Ingman and wanted permission to tour every camp, town, and village on Kauai to arouse the Japanese for unity in the war effort. Ichinose commented that the Japanese community needed to be educated because many still had a strong love for Japan.

That same afternoon, the official committee was organized. Chas. Ishii, Chairman; M. Shinseki, Vice-Chairman; M. Yamada, Secretary; S. Kawakami, Treasurer. Noboru and Samuro came to the organization meeting, but our understanding was that they were not on the central staff. It embarrassed us all for their status was not clearly explained to them. They felt that they were part of the original group.

As a matter of fact, I asked Miyake how Ichinose became his partner in the deal. Noboru honestly commented that it was purely accidental. When he conceived of a plan to go about the communities to stir the Japanese for the American war effort, Ichinose walked into his office. Being the first person he met, he shared his plans and Ichinose agreed wholeheartedly. He promised sincerely to give whatever assistance necessary to achieve the objective. Both were drawn together because of the strong purpose and desire to work out the plan.

It was not until a week later that we finally settled the status of both Noboru and Ichinose. As a personal opinion, I ventured to say to Major Selby that Noboru was a forceful leader and we should utilize him. Ichinose was still a question. The central staff considered the question and voted to have both as members of the central staff.

As soon as we were formally organized, the Honolulu Emergency members came to start us off. The Kauai group did not have a clear picture of the work ahead. We were organized on short notice. We had no concept of what we were running into. Our only hope was to be taught by the Honolulu leaders.

We got off on the wrong start. The committee had planned to visit the school teachers on the proposition of morale work and "missed the bus" by not making the proper contact with the Superintendent of Public Schools. Without the slightest knowledge on our part as to her convictions on the matter of race, etc., both Chas. Ishii and I at different times received an hour's lecture on her objections to racial work. I agreed that it was not Hawaii's way, but that I was asked to help in the Japanese situation. Very disturbed as to what should be done, I plainly asked her "Do you think we better have meetings for the teachers of Japanese ancestry only?" She looked puzzled, then replied, "You better hold your meetings. You are "on the spot."

I knew that we were up against a stone wall to begin with. The Honolulu members were quite alarmed about our teachers' meetings and the attitude of the superintendent. We were at a loss, for before we got started, the opposition was lined up. Before a month passed (June 17th, 1942), cooperation was decidedly lacking; so the committee went on record as follows:

"We do not believe that it is worth stirring the hornets' nest. Since the stumbling block is the attitude of the superintendent, we feel wiser to bypass the problem for the greater influence of the committee."

The general aim of the committee was finally crystalized in the word "Americanization." We were to try to educate, direct, and guide the Japanese community for all-out participation in the war effort. We were to clear problems arising among Japanese or between Japanese and the military. We were to have the total picture of the post-war period in mind and plan our education for a more complete transformation of the Japanese for a more cooperative American community. There was the immediate goal of guiding for the war effort and then the long view of remaking the Japanese for a new American community life.

Our first morale meeting was held at Makaweli, Camp I. Saburo Kawakami was the main speaker for he was more effective in the Japanese language than the rest. He made a short presentation of the purpose of the morale committee as primarily a service group to aid the Japanese in making an all-out effort for American victory. Noboru Miyake explained, in very broken Japanese, the orders of the day pertaining to aliens. I made an explanation of the status of Buddhism and the freedom of worship. We also gave them the invitation of the American Red Cross to make use of their International communication system. The first reaction of the aliens were quite favorable. For the first time since the blitz, the aliens were able to meet and discuss some of their problems. The act of coming together, the use of their native tongue, the informal way of seeking a solution to our common problems made for a greater unity for the American war effort.

They said in their own way:

"This is good. We are thankful. This clears our hearts."

"We are "yoshi" (adopted sons) of America. It is our duty to do the will of the American Government. We have children growing as Americans. We want to do our part for America and it is the only right thing for us to do."

"We believe in Hawaii. We are more Hawaiian than otherwise. We appreciate your movement. Our children are 100% for America. I would be naturalized if America permits. We have lived here for over 40 years. We love Hawaii. Because we are

Japanese--alien enemies, we are afraid. Your movement will be better for both America and for us.--For example, when there is a fire, all those around the fire forgets race and blood and will help extinguish it. Hawaii is now on fire. We can't think of race and blood. We must extinguish the fire, or else we all perish."

"I have determined to be loyal to America. We must all be one."

Meetings of this nature were held for the citizen groups. The reaction of the alien group seemed so much more appreciative than the citizens'. The younger element, the teen age, and those in their early twenties, were never numerous in attendance. Our subject matter did not interest them. As far as they were concerned, morale meant little or nothing. However, they understood the meaning of doing something concrete. As it turned out in the Kiawe Korps, they showed up very well, and continued to be a strong factor.

We held meetings for mothers and their daughters, at time together and at other times, separately. These meetings gave some assurance to mothers that the army was not wholly irresponsible for its soldiers' conduct. The mothers were informed on the situation in regard to rules on curfew, passes, and general conduct. They were urged also to be patient and sympathetic with their daughters as it was a period of adjustment for them. The girls were given a guidance lecture on sex conduct and the proper attitude and behavior as a becoming American lady. Wherever such meetings were held, the immediate misunderstanding between mothers and daughters were greatly adjusted. Such meetings actually met a definite need.

Our records indicate that we held about 161 mass meetings with an approximate attendance of 6723 by the end of 1942.

The Kiawe Korps was organized for a volunteer labor battalion. It began in June, 1942. For a six months period the attendance was 14,451. It became a target of criticism from the organized church leaders for it took away some worshippers from their morning services. I could not help but think of the professionalism of the Pharisees in the days of Jesus. It seemed so trifling to make an issue of the hour of the day when a service is Christian and vice versa. The matter was seriously considered and the District chaplain organized a

Kiawe Korps service in the wide open air. This service had a telling effect in many ways. Even those aliens who did not understand English began to feel something of the seriousness and awe of the occasion.

In July, Rev. Norman Schenck visited Kauai. He wanted to speak to me on the subject of my war effort and the condition of my church. It was a long serious discussion. He squarely put the question, "Are you doing God's work or the Army's work?" I contended that it was not inconsistent with God's will for a church leader to help others. The aliens and the Japanese community needed someone to smooth out their relationships with the Army. They were like sheep without a shepherd. I was not the most capable, but I felt that my position and time could be devoted to make the adjustment necessary for the situation. It seemed that Rev. Schenck had a definite concept of a pastor's work as a cut and dried ministerial function, wholly tied to the church. I revolted against the intimation that I was not doing my Christian duty. I asked him if helping the lonely, the disillusioned, the frightened to become courageous, more expressive in the war effort was unchristian. I even went so far to say, "If you feel that I am not doing my work as a pastor, say so, and ask for my resignation. There is no necessity of beating around the bush." He was not able to commit himself on the question.

About the first of July, Lt. Col. Wiley, Chaplain of the 165th Division, called me to comfort the Muronaka family in Koloa. He had received word that Larry Hayao died at Schofield while on duty. Being a soldier, Hayao's instant death was reported to the Kauai District Chaplain's office. I went the same day and met the father and mother and brother. They were shocked at the news. They could not believe Hayao was gone.

The Army promised to return the body to Kauai. The question of time was a military secret. A few days later, the body was brought to Kauai. I was notified by Chaplain Wiley and was asked to come to Koloa immediately to arrange for the military funeral.

When I arrived, Chaplain Wiley was seated in the office of the Kauai Funeral Parlors. He greeted me and at once proceeded to make out the order of service for the funeral. We decided that the Koloa Union Church was to be the place. It was Larry's church. Rev. Smith was to give the eulogy, Chaplain Wiley was to read the scripture; I was to offer the prayer and Rev. C.C. Cortezan was to pronounce the benediction. The KV's (Kauai Volunteers) were to be escorts together with the military firing squad. The service was to start promptly at 2:30 p.m.

The chaplain confessed that he was glad I had come to his assistance. He was not familiar with the hymns of the Union Church, and the general Hawaiian atmosphere of being inter-racial at such occasions. He decided on the band and the other military features, actually ordering his subordinates for the various requests.

I contacted the Muronaka family and the key friends for the final arrangements. I outlined the procedure, the order of worship, and the burial ceremony. I explained in detail the church etiquette of standing for the hymns and prayers. We agreed that all those that would attend the service should be there by 2:00 p.m.

The next day, the church was filled to capacity. The Japanese were on time. The body was brought into the church, escorted by the KV's (6 Filipinos). The service started promptly and was conducted in the orderly fashion. As I was about to offer the prayer, Chaplain Wiley whispered, "Pray in Japanese for the mother's sake." I did pray in Japanese and in English. The eulogy was brief but very effectively done by Rev. Smith. I saw several KV members in tears.

From the church the procession moved to the cemetery. The Army band played several hymns at the graveside. The committal service was read. The firing squad fired its final salute to the comrade gone before them. The American flag which covered the casket was taken by Chaplain Wiley and given to the father for his keepsake. As the casket was lowered, the bugler blew the "Taps." The lonely notes impressed us of the mysterious journey into eternity. The funeral ended on the last note of the bugle.

I never heard so many appreciative comments from the Japanese as on that occasion. The good word was passed on from one end of Kauai to the other. The Japanese mothers said, "It is great to die as an American soldier! The Army gives a beautiful funeral."

The military funeral opened the eyes of Buddhist parents to appreciate the Christian funeral service. From that time on, it made people in many sections willing to bury their dead in a Christian Church. I have had at least three funerals since. None of the three were members of any Christian Church, and yet, there is a mood now ready to adopt Christian rites.

The first Sunday in September 1942 was the beginning of a fellowship which was to last for several months. By accident, on September 1st, I met Lt. Col. Griffin, District Chaplain of the 40th Division, at the entrance of my church. He introduced himself and was very friendly. He impressed me as a keen gentleman. He said, "I am an educator in civilian life." I invited him to the Sunday evening fellowship we were holding for the summer months. I asked him to bring some service men with him.

Sunday evening, he arrived with Chaplain Mitchell and six service men. We met in the parsonage. We sang familiar hymns for thirty minutes and then asked Lt. Col. Griffin to speak. He spoke on a serious question "Can War Be Reconciled to the Christian Faith". He gave a positive answer that Christianity was a dynamic for equality, respect for personality, and because of it, changes had to be made in the world. The war is merely a process of the change taking place and one could still believe in God and society. "Friendship", he said, "is the clue to peace and unity of mankind." We knew he was a forthright, liberal, a superior type of chaplain to have on the island.

The outcome of the evening was a delightful experience. A dinner was served to all and a social hour followed the informal service. Chaplain Griffin, in my absence from the room that evening, took a vote on whether or not to continue the fellowship. The congregation voted unanimously for such an affair every Sunday.

The story of the wholesome fellowship spread among our church members and also among the soldiers at the District Headquarters. (Later I learned that the soldiers reported to their comrades, "Six girls to one; good eats and good fellowship.")

The following Sunday, we decided on a dozen soldiers and all our church members to be present. Again, it was a stimulating experience. There was the novelty of mixing with the California boys. Our girls were beginning to yearn for the recognition which girls of other races were having as the soldiers arrived on Kauai. The natural appeal for friendship among youth was a normal expression for the interesting fellowship.

The girls were never free with themselves. They had their reservations and in their way, they had the demarcation line well drawn between friendship and love. The soldiers felt the mystery of our Japanese girls. They were very talkative sometimes and quiet on other occasions. They resented as a rule, any physical expressions of friendship. Even standing too closely was not a welcome gesture for many of the girls. As time went by, however, some became wholesomely acquainted and friendships developed in a natural way.

Social life was not the primary object of these Sundays. In October Chaplain Mitchell was induced to begin the work on a choir composed of our church girls and his service men from Headquarters. The experiment was most successful. They entered into a working fellowship as well as a social good time. The spiritual life was heightened. The choir became the first of its kind on Kauai. After two months of actual rehearsal, in December, they sang at two big public gatherings. (Koloa Theater and Hanapepe Theater). During Christmas week, the choir visited Mana Camp, Kalaheo Engineers, Stockade Kukuilono Park, Kalaheo Station Hospital, District Headquarters and the District Battery. One night, the choir sang for Major General Rapp Brush. He appeared in person and thanked us for the music. On Christmas the Civilian-Soldier Choir broadcasted over Station KTOH.

The church suffered very little in the actual attendance of our civilian population. The absence of civilian young men in the congregation has been evident, but the male members of the church had been taken into the Army or gone to Honolulu as defense workers prior to this fellowship. The young girls increased two-fold. Some definitely have come because of the novelty.

At present after seven months with the average attendance of 50 for suppers, six teams of girls (8 to a team) are responsible for the Sunday meals. There are two choirs, the Hi-School girls (3 part) choir, and the Soldier-Civilian Choir. The Hi-School girls renamed "Griffinites", are rendering the chaplains invaluable service. They are engaged at least once or twice a week for some chaplains service in the army camps.

Lately since February, the chaplains have arranged to invite all the church girls to a company dance. Under the supervision of the chaplain, myself, and a few of our older school teachers, those dances have been wholesome and enjoyable. As one of our girls said, "Compared to the USO dances, I like our private dances much better. The soldiers behave more like gentlemen. They see to it that we are enjoying ourselves." I noticed that in these company dances, the girls are quite personal and friendly, sharing the fun as guests and hosts. I must admit that some soldiers are quite timid and our girls have commented that they were not as friendly as some others.

Religious faith of our members is hard to gauge. A High School girl reported, "Reverend, I told my mother I want to be baptized this Easter. She was mad; so I asked her why? She didn't answer me. I told her that I was not going to become a Buddhist any more. I am going to be a Christian." There are other indications of young people determined to become Christians. Already over ten have decided to join the church. The other older members have showed a more consistent attendance since September, 1942. It seems to me that there is a strong leaning toward church attendance. The soldiers have stimulated attendance, yes, but it is due also to the perplexed soul seeking peace.

Dr. Dunstan and I exchanged views on the church. (March 1943). He pointed out that each racial church was far more race conscious and it was trying to rationalize the fact by pointing to the presence of the "Haole" soldiers in their congregation. He observed also that the leadership of the churches, especially on Kauai, was deplorably unfriendly toward each other. Each pastor took care of his little church and did not make any effort to cooperate with any other church. There was no sharing, no cooperate endeavor, no persistent island-wide plan to build a greater church on Kauai.

I agreed with him. I confessed that this present war is a racial war and it has even gotten into the leadership of the church. The human

will-to-power at present among the leaders is too dominant for united action. The Japanese pastor is not willing to listen to the "Haole" and vice-versa. It is the same with the Filipino, the Hawaiian, etc. Most of the racial leaders are hesitant and not quite ready to forget their secular struggles. I contended that it was not new, but this war has exposed the worst in us all.

Our conversation drifted to "What must be done about it." I stressed the fact that the responsibility lied largely in the hands of the "Haole" element in control. They must be sincere in actually democratizing its leadership. They must be willing to take a Filipino pastor or a Japanese pastor as an equal in a planning board. The responsibility of the work on the separate islands, as well as for the territory, must take into full confidence, the pastors of all races giving them equal rights to discuss and formulate policies side by side with other leaders. So far, the "Haole" leaders were designated as lords and the others were classed a bit lower. Our set-up must change or else the human factor will always cause one pastor to ignore the other, one pastor to be unwilling to share his best with the other.

Dr. Dunstan quietly said, "I quite agree with you." He pointed out the fact that the human will to power is always present even if we rearrange the set-up as I want it to be. The only saving grace is from above. "Masao, you know what I mean. Are you still willing to be a pastor and carry on? There is no challenge greater than to be a real pastor in this crisis." I consciously repeated to myself, "No challenge greater than to carry on as a Christian pastor in these days of strife." I realized anew the "wholly other" that must grip us and carry us above this world, its wars and its sins.

October was our primary election. The Japanese candidates had hesitated to run. Most of the incumbents made wide inquiries and had the full assurance of their "Haole" and political friends of their support. The "Garden Island News" Editor wrote an editorial raising the issue before the primary election but was never printed for some reason. The military authorities were non-committal from the beginning.

As it turned out one representative and three supervisors ran for their offices as incumbents. They won as was expected in most quarters.

Soon after the primary successes of the Japanese candidates, a New York paper made a national issue of the Japanese in Hawaiian politics. What the seasoned politicians feared came to pass. Yet, they were unable to do much to alleviate the situation. The Senators and Representatives on Kauai were told by the political powers at the Capitol to ask the Japanese to withdraw.

I was not concerned at all of the political situation. In fact it made hardly any impression on me as a matter of any serious problem.

We lived in a democracy and a citizen had the full right to be elected to office. I saw no reason to fear the outcome of any fair election.

But one afternoon, October 10, 1942, we received the advanced information of the editorial of our local paper, "Kauai out on the limb." When it was read, I was not particularly impressed. "It was another editor's effort to 'kick up dust'," I said. However, the seasoned politicians, Noboru Miyake, Mac Shinseki, Chas. Ishii began to speak quite seriously about it. Heretofore, I never tried to understand this thing called "public opinion" of the "feeling" of the people at large. The conversations that took place was like a burning fire which made me see what politics meant. I began to see the light. They began to crystalize the fear, the dormant political and racial antagonism inherent on Kauai and the possibility of "missing the bus" if they did not take the proper step.

I was educated politically more in the two hours than in the four courses I managed to pass at the University. Psychology, alertness, timing, losing now for future gains, etc., all were the facts considered by the actual political strategists. Stimulated by the factual considerations of the status of society and their stake in the matter, I realized for once the potential greatness of a real statesman.

It was not my habit to sleep over politics on Saturday nights. Usually the sermon of Sunday is my mental companion, but being exposed for the first time to an actual political strategy, I could not help but mull it over in my mind. The next day, Noboru Miyake and Chris Watase, fellow supervisors, came to discuss the matter. We agreed that it should be "all or nothing". They left me with the responsibility in my lap.

The following day, I conferred with Major Selby and gave him the complete picture of the situation. He sympathized and used his good offices to obtain first hand information necessary to maneuver the withdrawals. He contacted the G-2 in Honolulu and that morning received a confidential memo from reliable sources, one of them being Samuel Wilder King, our delegate. It was clearer than ever that the Japanese politicians at that moment would be at an advantageous position to withdraw. Samuel Wilder King offered to come in person, if necessary, to confer with our candidates.

A meeting was arranged that afternoon for all the candidates of Japanese ancestry. Noboru Miyake had to be in Honolulu for business. The three remaining met under trying circumstances at the bedside of a sick candidate.

The conference on our part was brief. I conveyed to the three the opinions of the most reliable sources in Honolulu. Then we left them to decide among themselves. After an hour, we came back to hear their decision. They were still discussing the matter. We waited for another thirty minutes and, finally, they reported that they decided to run. The Spokesman said, "Because the military might suspect us as un-American if we withdrew en block, we are going to run." I said that the military is non-committal and that it does not reflect on anybody's character in this case. You can withdraw and they can't suspect you as un-American because you are doing it as part of your duty to preserve the legal status of Hawaii. Then they decided to confer again. We waited another twenty minutes and their decision was to run.

I returned home with Chris Watase. Driving slowly in the dark, we discussed the situation intimately. With a little encouragement, he decided to take the step. At Hanapepe, he called up the "Garden Island" editor and made a statement of withdrawal. He notified the county clerk of it. The clerk was shocked at the sudden change, but nevertheless, he took it for what it was worth. Slowly one by one, all four candidates withdrew.

It was interesting as a factual observation that politicians in office become mentally conditioned to their sense of power. They feel that two or three thousand voters are with them. A feeling that "he" represents his people, his friends, his clique, his friend's interest, his community, etc., does add to the natural will to power. With the conviction that he is wanted, his "ego" suffers as none of us can imagine when he must withdraw with no apparent good reason. The reaction of the candidates showed that it was a deep hurt. One candidate actually wept in the presence of friends. Another remarked that of the "hard lucks", he had, one was the withdrawal from politics.

I learned a lot of human nature. Again it was an opposition that I had to force myself into. The task was for the good of all, but the one who suffered can never forgive so easily. Time is changing their attitude. More and more, they feel that they did the best thing under the circumstances. But the "self" is still difficult to wholly convert.

The anniversary of Pearl Harbor was remembered by the distribution of Service Flags on the island. The Kauai Post of the American Legion was enthusiastic in cooperating with our committee. The Army furnished good music and the KV's provided the color guards. Every mother, wife, brother and sister with a man in service came to these rallies. At Hanapepe, we distributed over a 100 flags from one star to four stars! The audience was a typical Hawaiian assembly with every race represented. A Filipino sat proudly alongside a Japanese mother, a Portuguese mother sat happily with a Hawaiian, etc.. One of the G-2 officers remarked to me that it certainly is a picture of true democracy

on Kauai. He was quite touched by the physical variety of people and races and the spirit of unity and good fellowship. He was right, for at public functions, the Hawaiian atmosphere is one of friendship.

A thing that could only happen in wartime was displayed at the rally. A choir composed of Japanese girls singing the female parts, and the service men singing the male parts, sang in English an old German folk song, "Lo How a Rose Ever Blooming"; a Russian piece, "Hark the Vesper Hymn," etc. It may take a war to breach some of the impossible social bridges in Hawaii. The reaction of this mixed group was also a cause of comment by the G-2 officer. He encouraged the continuance of such an endeavor.

December 7, 1942, Major Selby left Kauai and our morale work for a larger field. We were fortunate in beginning with him, and his departure was a decided blow. The Major arranged for Captain Fallon to carry on. He was with us in the beginning and knew our problems. He fitted very well into the picture.

One of the first problems he faced was the evacuation of the families of internees and detainees. Eight families of internees were ready to leave at instant notice. They were told two weeks in advance. There was a call for additional 15 families. Being new on the job, both the ONI* and Capt. Fallon were lost. They asked me to appear in their office at Port Allen with our list of the families of detainees.

There were records of the families in their files but they were lost as to which of the families applied for evacuation. The officers present had no opportunity to get acquainted with the official bulletin on the evacuation procedure. I briefly reviewed the classifications as given in the bulletin and indicated the families that had desired to be evacuated. The majority of the 23 families processed on Kauai were half prepared to leave.

The Morale Committee members notified the families. It was tragic to say that in three days, they will be called to leave the island. One of the families asked, "Why are we the ones to be evacuated?" We answered honestly, "You must go because you are receiving financial assistance from the government." This remark was related to the social welfare department.

The following day and social welfare department was at Capt. Fallon's office insisting that the Morale Committee had no right in disclosing confidential information of their cases. I was actually labeled as the one who exposed them. The reply was that I was asked why they had to leave; so I told them the truth.

*

Office Naval Intelligence

With all the fuss the welfare representatives made, they were unable to give any material or moral assistance. The Morale Committee drove the daughter of the exposed family (25 miles) from her home to Lihue, got the tax clearance for the mother and herself and in addition gave a \$45 check for their needs.

A strange sense of futility gripped me even in the evacuee situation. Here we were giving the only help that was given, but the legalistic, highly educated, professionals in charge of social welfare raised a storm of protest. The paradox of life is baffling at times. The professionalism of the educated is so technical, so legalistic, so rigid in its authority and outlook that many must suffer unnecessarily for attempting to do good.

The English classes were decided upon as a definite Americanization project. The Morale Committee had no earthly intention of teaching the students English with its own staff. The committee hoped that the superintendent of public schools would approve it and ask the qualified teachers to do the classroom teaching.

Noboru Miyake contacted the superintendent. The plan was laid down for her approval. She welcomed it and promised to meet with the principals to lay out further plans. We thought that now we could actually Americanize more in earnest. In the meantime, before the official set up meeting was called, the news came out on the "Garden Island" front page. The wording "experts" to supervise the teaching of these classes with only five principals involved did not suit our superintendent. Shw objected to it in such a fashion that only one principal showed up. Then, also, the communication from the University of Hawaii Extension Service stating that a full time professor was now doing Adult English Class work and if Kauai wanted his help, he would be here did not aid our cause.

The Committee made some blunders. The staff members failed to contact a few principals and all around it turned out to be a grand mystery. The principals received a letter before the agreed date of meeting with a strange twist in its implied meaning. The Superintendent refused to be a rubber stamp to the promotion of the English Speaking Classes.

Our new S-2 officer, Captain Joseph J. Fallon, took over. He was able to sit and settle the matter with the superintendent. The adult education professor came from Honolulu and between the superintendent and himself, they arranged for the teaching end of it. Our committee still had to contact the prospective students to start their classes.

In one instance, they called for twenty four students to appear. Only four came the first day. It was quite evident that the old folks, 45 to 60 years old, could not hike a steep hill for English Classes when it was announced previously to be near their homes. The

educator in charge was quite offended. I asked her to follow a more sensible plan. First gather them together, discuss with them the class curriculum, time, and place, etc. She consented and twelve came. They in turn promised to make two classes of twelve each.

It so happened that the Junior choir had to rehearse in the auditorium Tuesdays at the same hours as the English classes called me up and said, "Why can't the classes be held in the auditorium? If you're going to change it, I want to know."

I could not imagine that a teacher or a supervisor of schools could be so narrow as all that. It indicates again that professionalism blinds them from their ultimate life goals. Anyone from without attempting to invade their sphere of work meets the same resistance that a dictator would meet in a democracy.

The Kiawe Korps, composed of the Japanese as a big majority, became the target of criticism again in January. The OCD publicly denounced the Kiawe Korps as secondary in the importance of the war effort on Kauai. The farms and gardens took priority over the Kiawe Korps was the front page news. This was the official word for many who wanted a legitimate excuse to stay home. (Many of them did.) After a few weeks of trial, it turned out that the Kiawe Korps was not the cause of the poor condition of the home gardens. One said it was the weather and human inertia.

The surprise of the year came when Chas. Ishii and I were ordered to be present in Honolulu by the Army. Our S-2 officer was not certain of the business. We went because it was an order. As soon as we reached town, the G-2 section disclosed the news that the War Department is taking 1,500 volunteers of Japanese ancestry on a combat team for overseas duty. It was a heartening piece of news. Kauai had already begun a campaign for a petition to ask the War Department for such a privilege. Over 170 earnest AJA's had signed their names.

The conference in Honolulu was called because of the fear that 1,500 volunteers may not be available. Leaders were pessimistic. Official quarters of the selective service boards were afraid that 500 would not be available from Honolulu. Hung Wai Ching of the Morale Section of the O.M.G. was skeptical of obtaining the 1,500. At this brief conference, the Colonel asked for suggestions to obtain the quota. He called on the Kauai delegation for we had already worked on the idea.

I told the conference that in a rural area like ours on Kauai, cooperation from the plantations was indispensable to success of this nature. In our previous effort, I cited cases where plantation officials actually discouraged AJA's from signing our petition for a privilege to volunteer. I brought up the matter of other institutions and agencies that needed to be told on Kauai to give full cooperation.

The Colonel listened to our suggestions and promised to do everything in his power to overcome the obstacles. Kauai asked for a priority for those that already signed on the first petition. It was quite acceptable to the authorities.

The announcement of the AJA voluntary induction was the best news the Japanese as a whole received since the blitz. Heretofore, a few were in Camp McCoy training for combat duty but it was not as encouraging to the home front as this special announcement. The citizens that were most cautious in handling the promotional end of signing up the volunteers. After two days, there were about 300. Our S-2 officer was insistent in the fact that it was enough. In many ways he was right. He foresaw the grief and disappointment that was to follow. On Kauai the final total was about 784.

I was moved personally to volunteer for the chaplains corps. Before December 7, 1941, my mind was clear as to my stand in the coming struggle. I was no longer convinced that the pacifist position was realistic. The forces of evil, the forces of misdirected ambitions, the will to power, were so apparent that it disillusioned me of the optimistic concepts of the theory of a natural progress in history. There was no choice left. War was evil, surely, but the war had to be won in the realistic way. Some one had to overcome the evil forces by force or else there was the possibility of even the gains in a democracy being completely lost. I decided that I would do my share in a non-combatant capacity. The selective service therefore classed me in III A instead of in the IV D group.

January 29, 1943, I wrote to Col. Kendall Fielder (G.S.C. A.C.S., G-2) stating, "If the table of organization of this combat group calls for a chaplain, may I ask you for your aid in fulfilling the need." The reply came immediately.

Dear Mr. Yamada:

I desire to promptly acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 29th tendering your services as a chaplain with the volunteer unity which is shortly to be organized from American citizens of Japanese extraction.

It is very doubtful whether or not the Tables of Organization will authorize a chaplain. However, if one is authorized you certainly will be considered.

You and your morale committee are doing a fine job on Kauai and I am not sure but what you will be of more value to the country in your present capacity than as a member of a combat unit. Please be assured that your efforts are appreciated and also that your wishes will be considered if a chaplain is authorized for this proposed unit.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Kendall J. Fielder
Colonel, G.S.C., A.C. of S., G-2

My hopes were lowered. I could not find peace because I knew deep within, a Congregational pastor of Japanese ancestry should go with the best youths of Hawaii. It gave me considerable discomfort to think our Hawaiian Board of Missions might "miss the bus". I wrote as follows to Rev. Norman Schenck:

"It occurred to me that you as our Congregational head ought to inform Colonel Kendall J. Fielder, (Fort Shafter) at once that if it is in order to suggest that a Congregational chaplain be chosen for the post with the new regiment. I say this to you because too often we don't stick our necks out enough. We have the right to be heard this time. We have more work in the territory than any other denomination. Let us give the Army a fair picture of our work and suggest boldly that we be rightfully recognized."

Rev. Norman Schenck and Dr. Dunstan interviewed Colonel Fielder. They were told that the Table of Organization did not include a chaplain. Their impression was that I could probably qualify for officer appointment.

I decided to go all the way in this matter and so I wrote a long letter to Colonel Fielder.

Dear Colonel Fielder:

There is one serious matter in the business of the chaplainship for the new unit that I believe you should bear in mind. Of course, I am aware that the table of organization does not authorize a chaplain at present. Yet, if you can, I hope you will make every effort for one.

If a chaplain is appointed for the unit, I believe strongly that he should be an American citizen of Japanese extraction. You probably know that the Christian churches in the territory have tried more than any other institution to Americanize the Japanese. In fact, the true American spirit is a direct result of the Christ spirit of our Christianity. A few of us, forsaking attractive offers of business firms have taken the matter seriously and become ministers. We are aware that unless the church in Hawaii is represented with those that are to fight for a purer democracy, the heart of the Christian program will be darkened. Furthermore, unless a Japanese chaplain goes, the position of all of us as ministers in Hawaii will lose the punch necessary for post-war reconstruction. It is pertinent that a Japanese chaplain go and continue to work for true Americanism. When the war mission is completed, he will be most valuable in aiding to make the social adjustment needed after the war in the territory.

Colonel Fielder, you know the truth about our situation in regards to justice and equality of opportunity based on economic and racial life. After the war, the inner struggle for a purer democracy will continue. It will be a definite strength to have a pastor of a church

in the territory go to the front so that the churches can play their rightful part in the post-war adjustment. It will be a greater strength to have a Japanese minister who actually served in a combat unit to continue speaking for democracy and Americanism because he went all the way himself.

We know that you have been our strength in this crisis. As an American citizen willing to make sacrifices for the sake of victory, I ask you sincerely to put up another fight for the citizens of Japanese extraction. Please aid us in the inclusion of a chaplain of Japanese descent with the new unit. Aloha!

Sincerely yours,

Two weeks later, (Feb. 14) Lt. Col. J.S. Harrington sent me the application forms to be filled out and the other instructions to complete the application. I had to take my physical examination and obtain the Hawaiian Board's endorsement. I finished the physical at the Kalaheo Station Hospital. The laboratory reports were due a week later, so I could hardly wait. That afternoon, I went to the Eleele Hospital and asked for a urine analysis. The test showed some indication of sugar in the urine. I returned convinced that my chances were gone forever. I spread the word that I did not pass my physical.

The following week I returned to the hospital for the final report on my examination. Quite certain that I had failed, I asked the sergeant, "What was the result?" He hurriedly turned to the last question: "Is the candidate physically fit?" "Yes" was the answer, so he said, "You're ok". I asked a Captain in the next room to tell me the result. He looked over the form and said, "You're in the Army now!" With a new lease of life, I returned, hoping that any day I would be called to duty.

I finished my application long in advance of the other volunteers. My heart was clear, my hopes were raised. I was happy within to imagine that I could be with my friends in the Army.

Before the call for a physical examination was issued, several local boys came to see me for personal assistance in getting them into the preferred list. The G-2 section in Honolulu handled most of the choices. This practice was unprecedented in the selective service routine. Because the Army dictated to the selective service on Kauai, at certain quarters, there was again a conflict of authority. It was said, "How is it that Yamada knows more about this than the Selective Service Board?"

The fact remains that the AJA's as a whole were eager, sincere, and anxious to be taken into the Army. On the day of their physical examination, excitement ran high. The first half a dozen were so excited that their blood pressure ran above normal. The doctor gave them at least two opportunities and found them passable.

At the end of the day, out of a 100 examined about 33 were rejected. The following day, the laboratory reports rejected three more. I was asked to comfort the three in camp that were rejected. As soon as a "reject" was called, this young man changed his facial expression, his eyes ready for tears, said, "Why am I rejected?" His X-ray showed some signs of danger. The other two when called sat down broken hearted. One swore to high heaven as a personal protest to his ill-fate.

On that same day, forty were sent home without their physicals. We never heard so discouraged a group as those that had to go home. Later that afternoon, the quota was filled and about 20 who were able bodied had to return to their homes. Their feet were heavy. I saw them on the trucks. They shouted their protests.

A "Haole" soldier in camp told me, "My God, I never saw a crazy bunch like this before." The "Haole" cook told me, "I would really like to cook for these fellows. They certainly cooperate. . . ." The examining doctor of a Major's rank told me, "We never had one case of fainting here. On the mainland, the boys put on a fainting scene. The trouble with these boys are mostly underweights and bad teeth."

I contacted the American Legion to formulate some plans for the recognition of the boys. The Commander of the Legion was anxious to do his share, but somehow the organization did not show a definite interest. The Kauai Service Command took over the program and made a very impressive Military aloha for them. In the audience over 2,000 parents and friends of Japanese ancestry were present. I noticed only one "Haole" family present outside of a few who participated in the program. The Moirs of Koloa were about the only ones walking among the boys and bidding them goodbye.

Colonel Doyle of the Kauai Service Command authorized me to hold a service of worship for them on that Sunday morning. I was grateful for the opportunity. I tried to enter into their spirit and their solemn responsibility looming ahead. My thought was that a modern soldier was not only a wrecker of man-made structure--the political scheme, economic structures, etc., but also, one who fought to build a new world structure of enduring permanence. I insisted that God has a definite place in our hearts for that great task. We wreck easily enough, but with God's will and Grace, we must build anew. The Catholic Major was glad that I was with them and preached the sermon.

The boys left on Monday, March 15th. All civilians were asked to leave the grounds. I was permitted to bid every boy farewell. As they boarded their trucks, full of enthusiasm, and a determined will to go through, I said, "Goodbye." My best companions, those who did so much on the Morale Committee, those who fought side by side for the cause of true Americanism were leaving. Before I could say "goodbye" to Mutt Miyake, he was in tears. I was unable to keep back my own. Norito Kawakami, Shuichi Sakamoto, Masato Sugihara, Mutt Arashiro, all the best in character and ability, leaving their wives and children behind to make the supreme sacrifice for their country was a touching parade which I will never be able to forget. If they never return, I, at least, will have that indelible picture of those loyal friends who went forth to make America free.

I left for Honolulu on a specific business of the Morale Committee on March 23rd. In Honolulu, my mother and I sat anxiously on the night of the 25th, thinking about the prospect of my youngest brother's induction. The next day he was called. That evening I met my mother. She had happy tears in her eyes. She said, "With so many sons (6), one at least should be in the army. Since Mitsugi volunteered, as a mother who received so much from America, I can now walk the streets with head erect. I am a mother of a "son in the service." She said it in a tone completely satisfied as if her God whispered, "Well done."