

he lined up the squad and we were just about to congratulate ourselves on our good luck when it turned out otherwise.

Picking up a *pungi* (sort of basket) the Nip soldier placed it on the ground in front of the squad and said in effect, in Nipponese, of course: "Come on boys; shell out; empty your pockets. Enough is enough." Quite a few contributed a handful or two to the basket.

"Any more? Any more?" urged the guard two or three times. No more was offered.

He then circled the squad examining several bulging hip pockets and ordered Colonels Cordero, Fortier, and Roy Hilton to disgorge the contents of theirs into the basket. The truth was that most of the squad still had plenty of peanuts. Our attitude was that we had lost out for so long that we were entitled to anything we might recover. The three colonels in question and I, as squad leader, were then lined up before the squad and harangued long and loudly in Nip to which we returned stupid looks while I replied, "*Sumi masen ga wakari-masen.*" (Very sorry, but I do not understand.)

By that time all the other farm work squads had gone into camp and we were beginning to think about that noon soup and rice. But the end was not yet. After more tongue lashing the guard walked up and slapped Cordero. Hilton jerked his glasses off before he and Fortier got theirs. For some reason I was spared.

Upon arrival in camp instead of dismissing us the guard yelled for Colonel Wood ("*Oodo*"), as interpreter. More talk followed, the essence of which, according to Wood, was that the soldier said we had done him wrong but as this was the first time he would not report the matter to Commandant. Then finally the belated, "*Wakaré*" (Break up), anglicized to "Walk away."

We all had a good laugh over the incident and several were munching peanuts for a day or two.

Another peanut affair a few days later was no joke. Squad 5 (American colonels) was engaged in cleaning a large sewage disposal ditch just outside the compound. On a concrete plat-

form nearby a lot of the peanuts we had grown on the farm were spread out for drying. During *yasumé* periods several hungry POWs helped themselves to peanuts. When they marched in at 11:30 a.m. and lined up to be dismissed from work one of the Nip guards told Colonels Braddock and Worthington to remain.

After they had been standing there at "Attention" for half an hour the Camp Commander, Lieutenant Hioki, appeared. He addressed Doc Worthington first.

"Been swiping peanuts, eh?" said he in his best American slang.

"Well, I hadn't thought of it that way," replied Doc. "I hadn't had any peanuts in so long I just wondered what they would taste like."

"You shouldn't do that. That's all for you," said Hioki, dismissing Worthington, who went on into the shoe room to exchange his shoes for the wooden clogs we wore within the compound. His pockets were still full of peanuts. Hioki turned to Braddock.

"Swiping peanuts, eh?" he repeated. "Do you realize you were stealing them from your comrades?"

"No," answered the colonel. "Those were our peanuts. We had raised them on the farm and as I was hungry I took some. Before God there was nothing wrong in that."

"You are the worst prisoner I have met," came back Hioki. "You have taught high school in Japan and should know better. [One wonders what connection?] Prisoners raised sweet potatoes on the farm and you've had them to eat. [We'd had a few.] Prisoners are to get these peanuts." [We knew only one way.]

Socko! The lieutenant's fist landed squarely in the unsuspecting colonel's face, breaking three teeth and knocking him down. As Worthington came out of the shoe room Braddock was on the ground trying to protect his head with his arms and hands while the Nipponese officer added a few kicks for good measure. Remember, this was the Camp Commander himself. Colonel Braddock told me afterward that he believed Hioki

one-story wooden structures with gaping holes in the floors and leaky roofs. The window screens were valueless as no screens were ever provided for the doors—not even for the kitchen or the hospital. After a few days, bamboo beds were provided in the officers' barracks. Near each hut was an outside wash rack and a latrine. In a central location stood a separate cook house, equipped with six cauldrons instead of the four we had had at Karenko. Long grass, pools of stagnant water, and the millions of flies and mosquitoes spoke volumes on the lack of sanitation.

We were hardly indoors when a torrential rain descended, flooding the camp. As we sat there on the floor, trying to avoid the leaks and wondering what next, Harold Lloyd supplied the answer with an issue of half a dozen bananas each, followed by a halfway reasonable vegetable soup and rice. We foolishly hoped that this was a fair sample of western Taiwan chow.

The next day the camp was reorganized into seven officers' and two enlisted squads. I found myself Hanchō of Squad 3, consisting of forty American colonels and Major Bob Brown. Roommates were again Colonels Berry and Bowler, with Colonel Nick Galbraith added as Assistant Squad Chief.

Lieutenant Kojima's brief tenure as Camp Commander was cut short by the return of our cantankerous old enemy, Captain Imamura, who had been at Tamazato with the generals. Kojima was transferred elsewhere but another junior officer, Lieutenant Hioki, joined us. Before the war he had been a vegetable market dealer in Hollywood. Somebody wished him onto a neighboring city by dubbing him the "Pasadena Kid," and so he remained. He spoke fair English and understood us perfectly. One day when he was in our room he got a great kick out of telling us about getting a ticket for traffic violation in Colonel Bowler's home town of Alameda, California. He disregarded the ticket and returned to Hollywood. A couple of months later a police officer walked into his store with the record and said, "Fifty dollars or else," so he paid up.

Our last glimpse of the civilian interpreter, Mortimer, had been when we marched out the gate at Karenko. His replacement was Nisei Private First Class Bob Yamanaka, reputedly a graduate of Mission High School in San Francisco, hence "Frisco Bob" to POWs. His parents were interned in the States at the time. He spoke breezy American, freely flavored with below-Mission-street slang. Had he chosen to do so he could probably have smoothed a good many rough spots for prisoners but he was so afraid the Nipponese authorities would think him pro-American that he went out of his way to appear severe and hard-boiled toward us, especially before other Nips.

Our smiling Karenko Medical Sergeant Miyata ("Charley Mayo") had been superseded by Sergeant Nagatomo, "Handle Bars" to us, in view of the style of mustache he affected. Still with us were Lieutenant Wakasugi ("Baggy"), Sergeant Oikawa ("Holy Cow") in charge of the farm, Corporal Iwai ("Simon Legree"), of the camp supply office, and Medical Corporal Matsumura ("Grumpy"), whom we would gladly have left behind.

In a few days the Karenko freight shipment arrived including the goats, rabbits and chickens, and work details started reconstructing the animal pens. More appreciated was the arrival of the library, augmented by a considerable number of books from the Tokyo YMCA. Colonels Freddie Ward, Kent Hughes (Aussie), and H. Van Kuilenburg (Dutch) took over the management of the library which became a continuing source of enjoyment and relaxation for all.

I have mentioned that the camp was infested with mosquitoes. We already had a number of recurrent malaria cases and these were soon in the hospital again. New cases developed daily until half the camp had been listed as malarial patients. Fortunately it was not a virulent type.

It was during this period that we were sent out several times on an unusual mission. Within about a kilometer of camp there were several areas where a particular weed, resembling dog fennel, grew in abundance. We understood it to be the

our feelings when the Japs let several tubs of miso spoil in the storeroom because of their niggardly issue.

Food carriers from each squad carried the buckets from the kitchen to their quarters where squad food servers distributed the soup and rice into the respective bowls. And woe to the disher-outer who accidentally slighted some bowl a trifle!

Among the first official acts of the Japanese after our arrival at Karenko was the assignment of POW numbers and the issuance of identification badges bearing name and rank in Japanese phonetic characters and prisoner number. Mine was 25. These badges were to be worn on the left breast pocket. In addition certain shoulder-patch insignia were issued to special details to be safety-pinned on the left sleeve. At first only squad chiefs, their assistants, squad property officers and mess details were so labeled. Later, as a camp staff was built up, additional badges were put out.

Another innovation was the establishment of barracks watchmen whom the Japs called "Vigilant Guards." These were members of a nightly detail consisting of one officer and one enlisted man for each hour from "lights out" until reveille. They were stationed at a table in one of the lower halls leading to the latrine and were equipped with pencil, writing pad and timepiece. Their duties were: (1) To record the names of POWs going to the latrine (benjo), together with time of going and returning; (2) one of each team to tour the barracks each half hour on the lookout for fire or anything unusual. This duty became "benjo guard" to POWs from then on.

The Japanese staff officers were very reticent about disclosing their names for some time. As a result nicknames were promptly assigned, which, though not always complimentary, were nevertheless expressive.

We rarely saw the Camp Commander, the "old Captain," who, we understood, was ill a good deal of the time in a sort of continuing state of dyspeptic irritation. Occasionally we would catch a glimpse of him trudging along, brief case in hand, on the path between the camp entrance gate and his office "on the hill." Such duties as Officer of the Day, holding

conferences with Squad Chiefs, and weekly inspections he passed to the two junior officers.

Next ranking staff officer was Second Lieutenant Nakashima, who, since he always wore boots, became "Boots" to us. In good Japanese style he dragged the heels continually.

Claiming that some member of his family had been mistreated in the United States he was frankly very bitter against Americans. He told us in 1942, seriously, that the Japanese would advance by way of Alaska in 1943 and proceed to invade the United States.

When in an ill humor, and he was rarely otherwise, he could turn on the heat in nothing flat. A word to the Sergeant of the Guard was all that was necessary and in a few minutes several sentries would be circulating through barracks slapping people right and left on one pretext or another.

Perhaps I should explain that when a POW was being slapped or "bopped" as the interpreter called it, there was only one thing he could do. That was to stand still, with hands at sides, and take it. Any other action invited serious consequences as a few discovered later.

One of Boots' favorite pastimes was to assemble all Squad Chiefs and have them copy a set of startling statistics which he had written on the blackboard. These always showed tremendous US losses by sea and air in the Pacific battles, including Midway. Japanese losses were claimed to be insignificant. Following each of these sessions the heat would come on for a few days and we knew that "the Japs had lost another victory."

The other junior officer was Second Lieutenant Wakasugi, a moon-faced, heavy, lazy lout. For reasons of economy I suppose, or otherwise, few Japanese uniforms had belt loops. This fellow's did not. Accordingly his trousers bagged continually and as the seat was built quite full to accommodate his ample *derrière*, the effect was anything but military. "Baggy Pants" or "BP" promptly became his moniker.

All the officers spoke English but persisted in the silly idea that they were making "face" by using an interpreter. Hence,

near Sydney, to which, a hundred and fifty years ago, even minor offenders in England were frequently sent. When Bindeman dropped into our room that evening I read him another *Nippon Times* despatch.

AUSSIE WIVES REACH SF

Lisbon, April 20: Ninety young Australian women who are the wives or fiancées of romance-seeking American soldiers in Australia, arrived in San Francisco yesterday. . . . With them were also fourteen babies.

"Thus," said Bindy, "we see what happens when the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers meet the daughters of the Prodigal Sons."

At Shirakawa we had heard nothing of the group system idea in vogue in Luzon and hoped the matter forgotten when one day early in June the Camp Commander (Hioki) assembled all Squad Chiefs and issued the familiar instructions. We were to be assigned to groups consisting of from eight to ten members each. These had nothing to do with the administrative division into squads but was purely a disciplinary matter.

"If one member of a Group should be seen climbing over the fence the others should prevent him at once so they would not be punished," explained Hioki.

"You know no one is going to try to escape here," I commented. "When we go out to work the only thing you need to worry about is to be sure to have a sentry to open the gate so we can get back *in* to that cup of rice."

"Yes, I know," he laughed. "But Big Shots think we should have groups."

We had groups from then on and very shortly were given a demonstration of how it worked. An old hen flew over the high bamboo fence surrounding the compound, in the vicinity of the American enlisted men's hut. Sergeants Gebow and Nugent caught her, slew her, buried the feathers and cut her up for cooking at the individual cooking arrangement near the pig pens. During the dissecting process Nugent was supposed to be on the lookout at the door. He had just stepped inside to pick up a cigarette when Nip Sergeant Iwai (Simon Legree) walked in and got an eyeful.

COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING

"What's that?" he inquired.

"Frog," said Gebow.

The Sergeant stooped over and picked up a wing from the pot. "No frog—*chicken!*" said he.

Carrying the evidence he then marched the two Americans before the Camp Commander who awarded punishment for the principals of five days in the guardhouse and three days for all others of their Groups.

"Can we have the chicken?" asked Nugent plaintively.

"*Hell no!*" yelled Frisco Bob Yamanaka, the interpreter.

The improvised knife which Gebow had been using had belonged, I believe, to another American soldier, Corporal Plummer. As all three of the boys were in different Groups that meant thirty men in the "jug within a jug" for the next three days, wherein was disproved the idea that when something is full you can't put any more into it.

On June 6 Mr. Max Pestalozzi, Swiss International Red Cross Representative from Tokyo, visited camp, having succeeded to this position upon the death of Mr. Paravicini. According to the report from members of our interview group most of the conference they had with the visitor was taken up with a discussion of the letter written recently to the Main Commandant by the three senior officers, and about which the Red Cross man could do nothing.

Later he was conducted along the hospital porch, past the animal pens, through the general's barracks only and on out the gate. We hoped he would not make the same report on our camp that he had concerning one he visited in Korea, as quoted in the *Nippon Times* of February 5:

Sanitary conditions there are extremely satisfactory and the camp authorities are doing everything possible to promote the welfare of the war prisoners.

The Domei correspondent then added:

These unbiased reports are attracting keen interest as a powerful

As we packed for departure there was no doubt in Bowler's mind as to which censor had *not* shared with him.

Plans for our departure brought the recollection that the whole camp was on the losing end of another proposition. Seven months earlier (in March 1944) the sum of two hundred and twenty yen had been received by the Camp Commander at Shirakawa from the Roman Catholic Fathers' Mission in Tokyo, to be used "for the benefit of POWs." That was good news and a letter of appreciation was prepared and forwarded that afternoon, signed by the senior American, British and Dutch officers. Several suggestions for the employment of this fund were submitted to Lieutenant Hioki but the plan he finally approved was to expend the amount, supplemented by about two thousand yen individually subscribed from our Postal Savings Deposits, for the erection of a stage or platform in Yasumé Park for services and monthly concerts.

Time marched on and in June when we refused to "volunteer" to work on the farm the punitive measures announced included, you will recall, the closing of Yasumé Park and cessation of the monthly programs. At the time of our exit from Taiwan, the Catholic Fathers' two hundred and twenty yen donation was still in Japanese hands—or pockets.

After announcing that we would leave on October 10, Lieutenant Hioki suddenly jumped the gun. Reveille on October 9 would be at 3:00 a.m. and we would depart at 4:00. A group of British soldiers worked till midnight trucking our baggage nineteen kilometers to the railway station at Kagi. This consisted mainly of Red Cross cartons containing our few possessions and tied with flimsy grass rope. Two rice balls were issued to each POW at reveille, one for breakfast and one for the train trip.

Then, soon after 4:00 a.m., we lined up in front of the hospital and moved out, there being 246 in the party. Patients rode in a truck while the rest of us, led by Lieutenant Kama-shita, marched about four kilometers to the end of the sugar-cane railroad. An hour's ride in the grimy dump cars brought us to the main line railroad station where our train arrived

shortly. We crowded into the cars allocated to us and headed northward under the usual restrictions of windows closed and shades drawn.

We passed through Muksak, where General Wainwright and the other senior officers and civilians had been located, at about 4:30 in the afternoon and an hour later arrived at Keelung, the port at the north end of Taiwan.

Many buildings were of light-colored brick construction and large irregular areas of the vertical walls had been generously splashed with black paint in an effort at camouflage. After detraining we marched, via an enclosed elevated passage, about one-quarter of a mile to our ship, the *Oryoku Maru*, which appeared to be a modern vessel of about nine thousand tons.

We went aboard promptly hopeful that at last we were to be offered decent accommodations for a trip, but were shocked to be led down, down, into a dark afterhold of the ship where the usual double floor had been installed. Thirteen enlisted men from the Muksak camp had arrived an hour before us and were parked on one narrow shelf. We piled into the vacant space until we were practically sitting in each others laps, and as we sat our heads touched the supports of the floor above. Only two or three light bulbs were functioning so that the occupants of several sections sat in semi-darkness continually.

The only period during our captivity in which I kept a day-by-day account of our POW life was during this trip. Perhaps a few quotations from my diary, as recorded at the time, will serve to portray our experiences more vividly.

October 10. By the time all POWs got into our hold last night we were wedged in like sardines. It was beastly hot and I had just started to peel off when I was paged to report to the galley. Upon arriving there I found the new interpreter, a rolypoly shaved-head Nip civilian, Mr. Yoshida, together with a detail of our enlisted men. The interpreter explained that the food would be served in buckets containing chow for twenty people. There were also wicker baskets containing rice dishes and shallow tea cups. I told him to hold the deal

Americans, the second, all others. Hundreds of police dogs in nearby kennels kept up a continuous vociferous barking. As we marched off I took one last look at our most recent hate, the *Oryoku Maru*, little dreaming of the horror that was awaiting her and her POW passengers on her next trip. We hiked about four blocks to the railway station and boarded the two front cars of a long train which pulled out immediately. On a large sign in the station we read, "MOJI," which settled several arguments as to our location.

Our train headed eastward paralleling the southern shore of Japan's Inland Sea. For the first half hour window shades on the right side only were drawn, suggesting that the results of some bombing might have been visible on that side. The countryside was under intensive cultivation, mostly rice, and many persimmon trees were loaded with luscious-looking yellow fruit, almost as large as oranges. Everywhere we saw women working at such jobs as railway car cleaners, freight handlers, station gatemen and watchmen. All wore uniforms. At one stop many school children, accompanied by a 10-piece band, sang songs the entire time but we never knew why.

About noon we detrained at Beppu, the most famous of Japanese hot springs resorts. We marched about fifteen or twenty minutes then halted—it's true, s'help me—at a sizable, neat, clean Japanese hotel, the Nichinami. Parking our shoes at the entrance we streamed upstairs and were soon assigned rooms with soft bedding on nice clean padded matting floors, with plenty of room for everyone. Unbelievable! !

In charge of our party was a Major Takata, a graduate of Columbia University, who had lived in the United States seven years and spoke perfect well-chosen English. He promised to tell us something about our destination. Meanwhile, we learned from a new interpreter that the generals had been there before going on to their camp and that we were to follow them in a week or ten days. He also told us that Beppu was quite a city, with over four hundred hotels operating there in peace time.

A hot bath in the basement, from real hot springs, was next

on the program. Returning we found hot soup, tea, and a roll waiting. I was afraid somebody would pinch me and wake me up. We ate at low Japanese tables, kneeling, or trying to, but it was plain they were not made for Americans. Also, many of us had bumped our heads on the overhead door jambs.

That night when the new interpreter came by he was full of conversation and we learned that the British and Dutch were in two other hotels nearby. He thought that the Western Front was "critical" and doubted that Germany would last out the year. Everyone felt cheered as we went to bed that night.

As the dining room was small we were divided into three sittings, or, I should say, squattings. Meals consisted of thin soup and a sour dough roll. No more rice. From the date our Corregidor bakery was bombed and burned until we reached Beppu, our daily bread, when we ate, had been rice. I figured it was 2,847 meals. For Bataanites it was more. Believe it or not, I still like rice.

A few days later several guards from our new camp arrived and we had a special tenko at 3:30 in the afternoon for the turnover. Each POW was checked by name and number, then our Taiwan guards departed. There were no tears evident. Speculation was rife as to our destination: Manchukuo, Honshu, Shikoku, or elsewhere on Kyushu? Our one roll per meal had been getting smaller and smaller and we were all most anxious to get where we were going and get settled.

Finally, on November 9, one month after our departure from Shirakawa, we had a formation, with the British and Dutch included, out on a school yard near the waterfront. Captain Horiuchi, of the Military Police, who was in charge of the movement, made a speech through the interpreter. Following him Major Takata, speaking in excellent English, told us that he was from the Prisoner of War Office in Tokyo and that while the captain would be in charge of our transfer to the new camp, he himself would be "behind the curtain, where he could lift a corner occasionally to see that all was going well." They said we would move out the next day, in two contingents and that we had a three- or four-day trip ahead

of us, including a ten-hour boat journey. There were many reports of conversations with the new guards in which they said we were going where it was very, very cold; that warm clothing would be issued, and that the generals were already there.

Accordingly, we left Beppu the next day by train, passing through South Moji and on to Hakata, a port halfway to Nagasaki, where we (the afternoon contingent) arrived after dark. Detraining there we rode bumpy street cars for twenty minutes, then hiked one-half mile in the pitch darkness and cold to a large waiting room on a dock. Eventually we went aboard the *Fukuju Maru* where we found the first group and after some shifting and rearranging everyone finally got bedded down.

The next day we got under way at 8:00 a.m. but as we were all below decks we could see nothing. In contrast with the *Oryoku Maru*, however, we had all been given life preservers, told to wear them, and had been assigned space on deck in event of emergency. It was really good to get away from that eternal hymn of hate in Taiwan. At 11:00 a.m., it being Armistice Day, we stood in silence for one minute (by permission). The Nipponese did *not* participate. Box lunches were issued for the morning and noon meals. We were told that we would spend the night in a hotel and resume our journey the next morning.

Also on board were about three hundred passengers, including many civilian men, women, and children. Separate "WCs" were provided for the sexes but it was evident that some of the women were not accustomed to such accommodations. For example, imagine the embarrassment of the American colonel who, standing at a wall-type urinal, suddenly noticed a little Japanese woman standing beside him waiting to use the same convenience. Another had neglected to close the door of the cubicle she was occupying in the men's room.

An all-day trip across the Straits of Tsushima brought us to Fusan, Korea, at about 5:30 p.m. We had just lined up on the dock when it was suddenly announced that plans had

been changed, and that we would march to the Town Hall for supper and take a train out that night, which we did. It was only about three blocks to the Hall but the streets and sidewalks were torn up the whole way and air raid shelters built on every hand. En route I noticed numerous Koreans in native costume with their peculiar fly-trap hats. Soon after we arrived at the Town Hall, a good box supper was served containing rice, vegetables and a piece of fish. Of course it was stone cold but there were buckets of hot water for drinking. After supper we sat around until nearly ten o'clock before going to our train. A civilian newspaper man talked quite freely to several in the Hall which brought us partly up to date. According to him:

Hitler was still on top in Germany, but situation critical.

There had been two changes of Government in Japan since Tojo.

General fighting was then in progress in the Philippines, there being four American divisions in Leyte.

Roosevelt had carried thirty-five states; Dewey, thirteen.

Hakata had been bombed by thirty four-engined bombers two hours after our departure that morning, hence the sudden decision to rush us on out that night.

Sometime about eleven we headed up the Korean Peninsula, in third-class day coaches to be sure, but nevertheless much more comfortable than any Nipponese train we had previously encountered. Blankets were issued to everyone and in a short time the aisles were full of sleeping POWs while the rest of us dozed in the seats through the night.

Plenty of ice greeted us with the morning as rice paddies everywhere were frozen over. We made many long stops but at least we were on our way. Native houses were of mud with thatched roof and we saw more Koreans with their long white robes and tall hats. For meals box lunches were provided, with a fine crisp red apple added at Antung where we crossed the Yalu River into Manchukuo. From the train we saw many apples in the street markets.

By that time it was cold and snowing but the Nips came

through with a jacket, woolen pants, a winter overcoat and another blanket for each of us so we didn't suffer. Most of the things issued were captured British clothing from Hong Kong. After about two hundred miles of mountainous country we entered the broad Manchurian plain, passed through Mukden at 2:00 a.m., and stopped for breakfast at Ssupingkai. Instead of rice we drew two flat Vienna loaves of bread and, a half hour later, boiled sweet potatoes.

Turning west off the main line we continued (with many stops) till at about 2:00 p.m. we reached Cheng-chiatun, a small town in the edge of the eastern Gobi desert. Major Takata was awaiting us on the platform, having undoubtedly come straight through in a first-class train. From maps snatched from our train it appeared we were about 150 miles northwest of Mukden and about the same distance southwest of Hsinking, the capital of Manchukuo.

After tenko on the station platform we marched a half mile to our new prison compound. It was bitter cold and I envied the Nip officers their fur-lined caps and warm gloves. Nevertheless we were lined up in an open area and had to stand there, like so many chunks of ice, during nearly two hours of formalities. I had on everything they had issued me, including an extra overcoat, but I was never so cold in my life. There were speeches by Lieutenant Matsumiya, the new Camp Commander, Lieutenant Murata of the new Main Commandant's staff in Mukden and said to be a graduate of the University of Kentucky, and then the Commandant himself, Colonel Matsuda. All spoke through the new camp interpreter, Private First Class Takeuchi, a former professor in the University of Mukden. We were then divided into groups according to room assignments and again we signed up not to escape or communicate outside. All signatures probably looked alike as everyone was numb by that time.

At long last we were permitted to pick up our things and go on into the two-story brick barracks where we were delighted to find our friends, the general officers who had preceded us,

including Generals Wainwright, King, and Moore. When one of our group expressed the fear that he would never thaw out, one of the generals replied, "No wonder! It's forty below zero!"

There is a plan among scientists in the Empire for taking alive the B-29 bombers, those vaunted "super-air fortresses" of America, to convert them into smart air busses for postwar tourists into the Yankee-land, according to a recent issue of the Asahi.

Another news item unfortunately was not so fantastic. The Japs thoroughly enjoyed telling us that in the bombing of Mukden by American B-29s in December the POW camp had been hit and many had been killed or wounded. Later we were to learn how tragically true was this report.

The sequel in our camp was a conference which the Camp Commander called with the three senior officers at which he proposed that we dig shelter trenches, for our own protection, in the open area in front of barracks. The only alternative that he offered was that all sign a statement relieving the Nipponese authorities for responsibility for our safety. This, the senior officers felt, no one should do. The result was that we dug three-and-a-half-foot shelter trenches for the camp while the ground was still frozen several feet deep. It was like picking through concrete.

One day a native chimney sweep was working on one of the hospital stoves. He was a poor, ragged, emaciated Chinese who looked like he'd never had a square meal in his life. A POW patient asked a Nip guard standing by if he might offer the man a cigarette. The guard nodded his approval. As it was noon and a very cold day the POW then asked if he might give the coolie a little hot soup and a roll. That was OK'd also by the sentry as he took his departure. Just as the native finished eating, three other guards arrived and proceeded to beat the tar out of the lowly Chinese. How could such a psychology ever hope to consolidate Asiatic peoples under Japanese ideology?

On March 12, 1945 we were permitted to submit a fifty-word letter home, our first since the previous August at Shirakawa, Taiwan. These were censored, then typed on cards which the interpreter brought around for us to sign. Some of the messages had been so hopelessly hashed up that the writers

refused to sign them. One sentence in Col. Nick Galbraith's letter was beyond Japanese comprehension so he got by with, "On way here had visions of meeting Davy J."

A few days later fifty POWs were permitted to turn in messages to be broadcast. These were a straight propaganda proposition. As far as I have heard neither the letters nor radiocasts ever reached the States.

On March 15 the Nips ordered all fires out in stoves on one side of the barracks and called in our heavy underwear. Two weeks later fires in remaining heaters were extinguished and we had to turn in our overcoats although it was still plenty cold.

Our food at that time had been considerably reduced from November standards. The only vegetables in the kitchen store-room were frozen potatoes and desiccated carrots, of which much had so deteriorated that they could not be used. So the Camp Commander probably figured he had a good case when he called in Brigadier Trott, the Administrative Officer, and broached the subject of starting a farm. Conversation was through the new Interpreter, Lance Corporal Waku, who had replaced Private First Class Takeuchi. Trott asked that the three senior officers be brought into the conference, which was done.

Lieutenant Matsumiya then proceeded to outline his proposition for raising pigs and chickens, and planting a garden.

"Food is very scarce around here," the interpreter said, "and you will have the benefit of what you raise."

Our people stated that they had no faith in any garden proposition, rehearsed the whole story of our farming experience from Karenko on, and explained why POWs wanted nothing to do with the idea.

Our next word on this matter came on April 10 when the three seniors and all squad leaders were assembled with the Camp Commander. The Japanese officer had evidently reported the situation to the Main Commandant, Colonel Matsuda, who had laid down the law to him. He very plainly was most anxious to get us to agree to his proposal. He told

us that this was not Taiwan, that he was interested in the welfare of POWs, and that the garden he contemplated would occupy only a small space within the compound.

"Up to now I have treated you with sincerity," he stated. "If any do not wish to carry out the plan they will be administered according to regulations. If anyone refuses to do his part it will be considered an act of bad will and will be so treated."

The meaning of his threats was not explained. Although a few of the British and Dutch prisoners favored accepting the proposition the American contingent was solidly against it. I had two Dutch colonels in my squad. One of them, Col. C. H. C. Waal, told some of his countrymen with whom he was discussing the matter, "Ve Americans vote one hundred per cent ve von't vork!"

When the final showdown came however, all nationalities presented a united "No" to the farm proposition. It would seem the local commander lost considerable face by not putting over the Main Commandant's "volunteer work" plan. Anyway, on April 20, Lieutenant Hijikata, Labor Officer on the Mukden staff and a very pleasant chap, arrived to try to save the situation. During the morning the three seniors and Brigadier Trott were again called into conference on the matter. The Japanese officer was a graduate of Cambridge University and spoke English fluently so no interpreter was necessary. Our people were coldly unresponsive to the lieutenant's personal plea and expressed themselves freely to the effect that they wanted neither hide nor hair of the farm, especially as Hijikata revealed that an "outside farm" was contemplated.

That afternoon Trott alone was called in again. The Nipponese officer and the local interpreter, Lance Corporal Waku, were present. The Lieutenant opened the conversation by saying, "I want to talk to you about the farm."

"Holy Mackerel!" exclaimed Trott. "Didn't you get your answer on that this morning?"

"Yes, but I want to talk some more about it," replied the officer.

From there on Trott summarized the dialogue in shorthand which he later transcribed for our information. The conversation ran about as follows:

Hijikata: How many acres do you think it would require to raise enough potatoes for this camp for say—six months?

Trott: I don't know. I'm not a farmer.

Hijikata: (After some computations) I think about ten acres would raise enough potatoes and some other vegetables besides. If the POWs would only forget their experience in Taiwan.

Trott: Oh Bosh! All this Taiwan talk is just so much "baloney" as far as the issue here is concerned. Can you not understand that our people are not going to volunteer to work at heavy manual labor? Personally the only way I'll ever work as you propose will be when there's a Nipponese bayonet at my back. Your government is faced with two alternatives: 1, either you will violate the accepted custom of civilized nations for the past thirty or forty years and order these people to do heavy work, or 2, you will drop the whole matter. There is no in-between ground.

Hijikata: (Amazed) You are being very frank.

Trott: I have said the same thing to the Camp Commander here ever since this matter was broached. Have I not, Corporal?

Waku: Yes.

Hijikata: Why did you not tell me this before?

Waku: The Camp Commander was my boss and I told what he ordered.

Trott: I saw this trouble develop in Taiwan and I made up my mind to speak frankly if it ever came up again. I have done so every time it was mentioned here. You people talk about an approaching food shortage. Why if there was good will in Tokyo our governments would put more Red Cross stores in here than your railroad could carry.

Hijikata: Oh, but they are having food shortage also.

Trott: Will you let me telegraph to my government, *today*, asking that additional Red Cross stores be rushed to these POW camps?

Hijikata: Well, of course, that is up to higher authority.

Trott: That's just what I'm telling you. If there was good will in Tokyo we would have plenty of Red Cross, not to mention mail and many other things. Incidentally, my government would not think of

time it was even worse. The train we found waiting at the station consisted of several freight cars and three ancient day coaches, one for each car-group. I asked the interpreter the seating capacity of each car.

"One hundred," said he.

That meant nineteen men in the aisle, in addition to much baggage. The car for our second group was a particularly dilapidated specimen. Many windows were out and had been replaced by boards. It hadn't seen a coat of paint in at least ten years. We crowded in and got settled, by which time it was one o'clock.

One dry brown bread bun per prisoner was issued, which, after mush and hot water at daylight, was not very satisfying. Our destination proved to be the Main Camp at Mukden where we should have arrived by dark that night. Instead, we made so many interminable stops that it was 1:30 the next afternoon before the train was finally switched to a siding in the northeast edge of Mukden and we unloaded. Our travel rations had consisted of two more sour dough stale buns issued en route. With no water, no fresh air from doors or windows, and no sleep we were damn glad to get off that train.

A twenty-minute hike brought us to the Main Camp. On the way we passed through a scattered industrial section. Whenever a native got within even shouting distance of our column the Nip guards barked savagely at him. Even two tiny Chinese tots were shooed away.

Once inside the wall of our new compound we put down our baggage and lined up, ten deep, in front of a small speaker's stand. After much right dressing and counting off the Nips in charge decided we were in proper form to hear the Main Commandant's welcoming address.

Soon Colonel Matsuda appeared and read his short speech. The interpreter followed with a previously-written English version. It was very courteous as I remember.

We then re-formed according to POW numbers, within nationalities. The American contingent was divided into five squads or sections, four for officers and one for enlisted men.

With Nip soldiers for guides each section was then led to its quarters. Colonel Vic Collier was designated as the American Administrative Officer and the following Section Leaders were announced: Brigadier General Funk, Colonels Howard, Sage and Braly, and Navy CPO Ferari.

The camp occupied an area of some six acres. It was surrounded by a gray brick wall about ten feet high, surmounted by three strands of high-tension charged wire. Twenty feet inside the brick wall was a barbed-wire fence beyond which we were not permitted to go.

The buildings were two-story affairs of the same gray brick. There were three large barracks in addition to Nipponese Headquarters and the administrative buildings such as cookhouse, hospital, and utilities.

Each prisoner was issued a Nipponese straw mattress, bedding, and a china bowl and cup for messing. No beds. Mattresses were laid on two decks, the lower being about a foot above the room floor while the upper, reached by ladders, was about five feet higher. Normally there were five bunks on a deck section. With eight decks per room that made forty POWs per administrative section for roll calls, food, hot water, and dissemination of orders.

According to old timers in camp most of the guards were civilians (in uniform however) who had served their four years in the army. ("Yard birds" to POWs.) As one of the Dutch remarked at the time: "Dis iss no camp; it's a yail!"

Our arrival brought the prisoner population to 1,233. Most of this group were enlisted men who had been in Mukden since November 1942, working in nearby industrial plants. Several hundred were employed in the Manchurian Machine Tool Company while a smaller group of perhaps 125, worked at a crane manufacturing outfit. In addition there were about four hundred other enlisted men employed at three branch camps scattered around Mukden. No. 1 was a leather tannery, No. 2 a textile mill turning out mainly canvas, while No. 3 was a sawmill. A dozen officers, headed by Major Stanley H. Hankins, accompanied the group from the Philippines.

One corner of the compound was an open area used as a sort of exercise yard. Camp regulations required all POWs to vacate buildings and lie on the ground in this area during any air raid alarm. And there they were on December 7, 1944 when ninety-six B-29s raided the Mukden vicinity. Main objectives of the bombing were the airfield, the railway station, and a small-arms factory adjacent to the camp. This factory was completely destroyed by explosions and fire, leaving only the gutted outer wall shell which was clearly visible from our second story windows. Numerous Nip fighters and anti-aircraft fire attacked the formation but the big bombers couldn't be bothered. Four fighters were shot down.

On the next to last trip over one B-29 pulled out of the formation temporarily for some reason and jettisoned a couple of bombs. One of these hit a latrine in the prison camp and started a fire. The other, most unfortunately, hit the frozen ground in the open area, inside the barbed wire fence, where our men were lying. Bull's-eye!

Bomb fragments flew in every direction. Some hit the buildings a hundred yards away and about seventy-five feet of the outer brick wall was blown out. When the smoke and dust cleared away a tragic picture was awaiting. Seventeen men had been killed instantly and two more died shortly thereafter. Thirty-six others were injured, some of them very seriously, losing arms or legs.

According to eye witnesses it was a pitiful scene; yet courage was not lacking. One man who had been with us on Corregidor, Private Melvin A. Bumgarner, 60th Coast Artillery, was lying on the floor in the hospital after the bombing. Although his right arm was horribly mangled and part of his brain exposed from a head wound, he was fully conscious. When Captain Neville Grow spoke to him he replied: "They can't kill me. I'm not ready to die yet." Nor did he. The arm had to be amputated and his life hung in the balance for days but when we arrived in Mukden his cheerful grin was one of the first to greet me.

Most of the prisoners with whom I talked seemed to think

the dropping of two bombs within the camp was accidental. One B-29 had a forced landing and its crew was captured. Some of the local Nipponese told our men that they found an aerial photo map of that area in the plane, on which the bombing objectives and the POW camp were plainly marked.¹ One thing is certain. Nothing was done by the Nipponese to indicate to an aerial observer, in any way, that this was a prisoner-of-war camp. The captured bomber was exhibited for some time in Mukden to the amazement of the natives who told our men of its size and manifold appurtenances.

A tragic pall hung over the camp for days as the men mourned the loss of friends and comrades with whom they had suffered so long and so much. It was the greatest single disaster that had befallen them since becoming prisoners of war. In order to avoid a possible recurrence, all who were physically able turned out to dig shelter trenches in that same open area. The ground was frozen several feet deep but in a few days sufficient zigzag foxholes had been dug to protect all POWs from anything but a direct hit.

Two weeks later, on December 23, another raid occurred. Again nearly a hundred B-29s participated and while they flew over the camp their targets were on the far side of Mukden. Several prisoners told me they could hear the heavy rumble of bombs very distinctly as they crouched in their foxholes.

One bomber exploded in mid-air within full view of the camp. In the course of the two raids about a dozen American aviators had been captured. The Nips had interned them in a house near the main camp. We were to hear their story later.

June 14 marked a memorable day for one of our number whom everyone admired and respected, my good friend, Colonel Abe Garfinkel. On that date he completed 45 years of active service in the U.S. Army which included a distinguished record in many important assignments. After breakfast that morning many crowded around him to extend congratulations.

¹AAF officers told us after liberation that our Mukden camp was shown on their maps as an airplane parts factory.

The Fukuoka coal-mining camp on Kyushu consisted of American, British and Dutch prisoners of war. The mines had no safety precautions whatever and almost every day men were brought in with injuries which sometimes were serious. Broken arms or legs were not infrequent and one man's back was broken by a heavy block of falling slate.

One of the officers in the group from Taiwan was Major J. W. Raulston, Medical Corps, of Richards City, Tennessee. He had been moved north from Luzon in October 1944. Two or three days before his party of 1,250 debarked from the Jap transport, at Takao, Taiwan, four other American POWs had been put aboard. They were blistered from exposure and looked to be in bad shape physically. One of them was unconscious. No communication with the quartet was permitted but later, when all were transferred to camps in Taiwan, Raulston had a chance to talk with one of the men, Chief Warrant Officer Binder, US Navy. This was his story:

On October 11, 1944 a group of about eighteen hundred American POWs from Nichols Field and Bachrach Motors details in Manila and officers from Cabanatuan had left Manila on a Jap transport, in a convoy of several vessels. After a couple of false starts they finally got off and headed northward. En route they were attacked by at least one sub and a tanker was hit. It blew up with a great flash and disappeared in a few seconds.

A few days later, while cruising in the China Sea between Hong Kong and Taiwan (they thought), their ship was torpedoed in the late afternoon of October 25. The Nips all abandoned the ship which continued to float for a couple of hours during which time the POWs had the run of the vessel. Some prisoners, including Binder and a friend, busied themselves preparing rafts but most, being nearly starved, gorged themselves on food from the galley. This was unfortunate. When the ship sank most of the hundreds of men in the water became violently ill. Meanwhile darkness shrouded the scene of horror.

By morning Binder and his mate, still clinging to their raft, could see very few others and by the second morning all had disappeared. The next day these two men were picked up by a Jap destroyer and taken to Takao, Taiwan. Two other survivors had been rescued by another enemy destroyer and joined them at Takao. These were Staff Sergeant Philip Brodsky, Medical Department, and Corporal Glen S. Oliver of a Minnesota tank battalion. When the Japs discovered they were Americans they had started to throw them back to the fish but finally decided not to. The four men were then put aboard the transport with the other prisoners, as previously stated, but were held, under guard, incommunicado. So far as Binder knew this group, only, remained alive of the eighteen hundred who had left Manila.¹

Major Tom Dooley told me that he had been on duty at the camp hospital at Shirakawa when the man who was unconscious was brought in and that the American died without regaining consciousness.

Many prisoners who made it through safely to Japan in the 1944 transfers from the Philippines ran into brutal conditions in the work camps to which they were sent. Such was the experience of 153 Americans who spent the winter of 1944-45 at the mining camp of Funatsu, on the main Japanese island of Honshu. I heard some of the details of their treatment later from Staff Sergeant Larry W. Wozniak, QMC, of South Bend, Indiana.

There were 200 British POWs already at Funatsu when we arrived. It was a lead mining camp, seventy miles up in the hills from Osaka. Our senior officer was Captain Lyles, who had served with a Philippine Army unit in Bataan. We were allowed three yasumé days per month from the mines, on the 5th, 15th and 25th.

It was very cold there last winter and everyone suffered more or less as no one had adequate clothing. The Japs would allow only one small

¹Five other Americans survived, it seems. They retrieved a lifeboat, reached the China coast and eventually got through to the American lines, according to an article, "We Prayed to Die," by Harry T. Brundige, in *Cosmopolitan*, April, 1945, p. 53.

tory work. Food, clothing, and the heating arrangements were entirely inadequate and many succumbed to the rigorous winter they encountered. Several men told me of having eaten native dogs which had wandered into camp.

One of the earlier Superintendent Officers had been an English-speaking Jap, Lieutenant Miki. In a round of the camp one day he found an American soldier lying on his bunk, which was forbidden. The POW explained that he was sick.

"You lie!" exclaimed Miki. "All of you lie like rats!" Whipping out his sword he held the point at the American's throat. "I'm going to kill you right where you stand," he grated. "Any word you want to send home?"

The American never flinched but looked the Jap coolly in the eye.

"Did you hear me?" continued Miki. "I'm going to kill you right now. Have you any word for your family?"

"I'm not afraid to die," said the POW.

The Jap officer glared at him a moment, then sheathed his sword and walked away.

A few of the more recent arrivals had been in a work party at Nichols Field in Manila before leaving Luzon. They had been quartered at Pasay Elementary School and had hiked the two miles to Nichols Field, regardless of the weather.

"If you had no shoes you went barefoot," said one of the men. When one prisoner got a newspaper from a Filipino the Japs discovered it and stood the American at "Attention" all night. The next morning they made him hold a steel axle out horizontally. Whenever he would lower it a little the guards would hit his arms from below. They finally broke both arms. The man was permitted to have a doctor set the fractures but then had to walk around as he was not allowed to lie down.

It was not unusual for the men to be gotten up for night roll calls, with calisthenics added. On one of these occasions the Jap officer concluded by passing down the line, socking everyone with a leather blackjack. Then he asked the group, "Do you know why?" Of course nobody knew. "One man was heard whistling tonight."

A few Red Cross News folders reached us in July, 1945. One of them, dated July 1, 1944 contained this item:

Many letters continue to be received from American Prisoners of War and their families, thanking the Red Cross for the weekly food packages and other supplies furnished to the men. . . .

To clarify the situation once again, the food packages, clothing, and certain comfort articles supplied to our prisoners of war and civilian internees abroad are paid for by the United States Government. The American Red Cross supplies all medicines, medical equipment, dental supplies and dental equipment, medical parcels and orthopedic equipment. From its own funds the Red Cross also provides the initial capture parcel, which is a collapsible suitcase containing about fifty items of immediate need to the newly captured prisoner. The American Red Cross, moreover, sustains the whole apparatus for procurement and shipping of the goods which are moved abroad.

That "initial capture parcel" reference was certainly news to us. I inquired of men from a dozen different POW camps and no one had ever received or heard of such an article. If any were sent our way the Japs must have appropriated the lot.

The Jap newspapers we were getting continued to tell of mass B-29 bombings of Japanese cities. Always "the fires were extinguished by 5:00 a.m." We heard also of the successful though hard-fought Okinawa campaign and the "daring exploits" of the Special Attack Units (kamikaze planes). They printed in full the July 26 Potsdam ultimatum to Japan, adding the government's announcement that no attention would be paid to it. We wondered.

The guards were troubling us less than formerly, seeming to sense that their situation was not a happy one. Then one evening, after the eight o'clock tenko and before "lights out," the Corporal of the Guard came through, stopping in our squad room. This was very unusual at that hour and no one noticed his arrival until he commenced yelling in Nip.

"Kura! Baka!" (Hey you! Stupid Fools!)² "Naze kei rei sen ka?" (Why don't you salute?) Half the squad had gone

²The vilest epithet the Japanese know.

den change in plans. A Jap interpreter was seen to receive a message by phone and throw up his hands with an all-is-lost expression. Japanese guards were conspicuous by their absence from our quarters.

All afternoon men from Branch Camp No. 2 were dribbling into the Main Camp. About 4:30 p.m. the word flew around that a strange group of aviators were inside the main gate. From where we congregated to look over the fence we could see, near the guard house, four white men and two orientals talking to Japanese officials but not bowing or saluting. They had evidently arrived in a truck from which several Jap soldiers were unloading numerous red parachutes, cartons, trunks, and other baggage. Two officers were still wearing their side arms which was unthinkable for POWs but many of the incredulous refused to grant that the war could be over. After supper, from a vacant room to which we had access, we saw the officer in charge of the party seated in the Jap Colonel Commandant's office, conferring, smoking, still wearing his .45, and having tea with *sugar* in it. I decided positively this was no prisoner of war and that he must be an emissary of some kind.

That night nobody slept. Excitement was high, with the air simply electric. Had the war ended or was it about to? The next morning soon after breakfast, August 17, the three senior officers were called to Japanese Headquarters. A half hour later they returned and each made a brief announcement to members of his own nationality. General Parker's statement to the American group was short and to the point:

There must be no demonstration of any kind.

An armistice has been declared between Japan and the United States, Great Britain and China. It is understood fighting still continues between Japan and Russia.

For the present we are still under Japanese control and "protection" and will remain within the prescribed limits of this compound. The Japs still have the guns so be careful about starting any disturbance that would bring them into our side of the compound. That is all.

At one o'clock General Parker assembled all Squad Chiefs and his staff officers for a conference. Present also were the six members of the American OSS team who had dropped out of the blue the day before. In charge of the group was Major J. T. Hennessy, Coast Artillery. Then there was Major Robert F. Lamar, MC, Corporal H. B. Leith, who spoke Russian, a radio corporal, a Nisei interpreter and a Chinese interpreter.

According to Hennessy: "We came from General Wedemeyer's headquarters at Chungking. Five days ago we were told to prepare to go on an urgent assignment. Some of our people were supposed to drop leaflets up here explaining our mission but evidently something went sour and none were dropped.

"Not knowing what sort of reception the plane would encounter we decided to parachute in. We flew over the field and tossed out our stuff then went on a couple of miles and bailed out over a cabbage patch where there were no Japs. We had picked up our parachutes and started up the road when a Chinese ran up smiling and agreed to lead us to the POW camp. Soon however we met two platoons of Jap Military Police coming on the run, with fixed bayonets.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the excited lieutenant in charge.

"Through our Nisei interpreter I told him that the war was over and that we wanted to be taken to the American POW Camp. He wouldn't believe me. We were all blindfolded and taken to MP Headquarters where we were held prisoner for about four hours. Finally, when the word about the armistice came through they removed the blindfolds, loaded us and our stuff into a truck and brought us on over here.

"The supplies we have with us include four large cartons of cigarettes, nineteen cases of K rations, and several cases of medical supplies including six bottles of whiskey. We also brought a radio with which we hope to contact Chungking tonight at six o'clock. General Wedemeyer wants to know the number of prisoners here, by nationality, and their condition, also what supplies are most needed. An immediate effort will