

'They Made Us Slaves in Japan'

By LT. GEORGE H. (BUCKY) HENSHAW
Country Club Rd., Honolulu

INTRODUCTION

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin on Monday will start publication of the personal story of George H. (Bucky) Henshaw, now 27, the Honolulu boy who for three years and eight months was a prisoner of war in Japan.

An ensign in the naval reserve, he was among the gallant Americans who stood off the vastly superior enemy forces on Wake island from December 8 to December 23, 1941.

They surrendered when there was nothing else to do.

But in their battle against the Japanese they took a toll of 5,000 men, seven ships and 30 planes, by the enemy's own admission.

Treated not as an honorable foe but rather as slaves, the captured Americans were placed aboard a dirty prison ship and transported to Japan, after they had been held almost in chains, on Wake for 18 days.

The voyage was a nightmare of poor food, abuse, packed quarters, filth and above all constant threats of punishment and the eternal arrogance of their captors.

This they endured for 10 days.

Ashore in Yokohama Ensign Henshaw was taken to the Ofuna camp where at first he was well treated.

But soon he was subjected to a nerve racking, never ending round of interrogation by Japanese naval officers who wanted to know all the military "secrets" Ensign Henshaw had stowed away in his brain.

The fact that he was but a very junior officer who had come into the service from civil life, made no difference. He was supposed to know everything anyhow—which he didn't.

Later a new commandant for Ofuna appeared and the pitifully few comforts Ensign Henshaw and his comrades had been enjoying disappeared as if by magic.

The guards, who had behaved reasonably well under the former administration, now became abusive. They slapped the Americans around, stole everything they could lay hands on, drank on duty and laughed when the prisoners complained about their lack of food.

It was bitterly cold but the guards had no hesitation in stealing the Americans' coal ration, burning it at night while the prisoners tried to sleep.

But in February, 1942, another change came. Ensign Henshaw was transferred to the Zentsuji camp.

Compared to Ofuna it was a paradise.

The prisoners met many of their own officers and men from Wake.

They had warm clothes, much bet.

Turn to Page 2, Column 1



LT. HENSHAW, above, as he appears today. Below, as he appeared when he returned home late in August after having been a prisoner of war in Japan for three years and eight months.

'Used Made Slaves In Japan'

Continued from Page 1

ter food, soap, towels, razors and even a toilet brush and a toothbrush. It was with Ensign Henshaw was kept that the facilities there raised Tokyo—and the Japanese went crazy. Guards with fixed bayonets guarded all doors and windows, were called over the radio to remain on duty seven days.

As the months dragged on other Allied prisoners came into Zentsu. Some were survivors of the Bataan death march—chained in a man's arms who walked in through the gate, some even were killed in the process.

The sevensome brought reports of the horrible conditions in other camps as the Zentsu inmates considered themselves very well off indeed.

Finally in October 1944 Ensign Henshaw and five others were moved to the Onori camp on the north end of Tokyo bay.

Labeled as "special prisoners" no guard could lay hands on them. But others there were not fortunate. They were beaten frequently and without reason. Their mail boxes creaked with lies. Their Japanese attitudes added for want of food.

Nobody at Onori knew why they were there. But they stayed on several weeks with more and more "special prisoners" coming in.

Then on November 20 Ensign Henshaw and 13 others were returned to Zentsu, at once for their "special prisoners" status.

And there it was on December 1, 1944, that Ensign Henshaw, placed at attention in the camp's flower compound, heard read the orders inaugurating one of the greatest propaganda campaigns in the history of war time radio.

Radio broadcast of death if they failed to cooperate they were informed they were to broadcast over Ensign Henshaw's broadcast that "Wherein is heard the voice of Greater East Asia, strong, determined and ever victorious."

Then, began another reign of terror. Hardly a day passed without at least one member of the group being taken to the gallows or death for daring to protest against a communitarian who was forced to join.

Some of the officers in the group disappeared and it was rumored they had been shot for disobedience.

Finally, for no ever fully understood reason, the Japanese closed the war prisoners in complete charge of the program, supervised by a Japanese planning board.

It was then that those in the script department began to show anxiety, by now rather well along to get the truth of the situation out to the world.

Before long the Japanese knew something was wrong with their propaganda but they couldn't make up their minds where to place the blame.

They never did, although punishment was meted out to some individuals.

Ensign Henshaw was in Bunka when the end of the war came. He returned home in September, much, many pounds overweight, and so nervous he started at every sound. When he had gained back 35 pounds and is well on the way to recovery.

Ensign Henshaw (he received permission to forego rank) after he returned from Japan is a native of Honolulu. His father is Attorney H. H. Henshaw, widely known here. His mother is the daughter of Dr. George H. Herbert, famous Honolulu physician now living in California, and Mrs. Herbert.

He attended Punahou, Black-Pine Military Institute in Los Angeles, the University of Hawaii, Stanford University, California, and Stanford University, where he was graduated in 1940.

In the fall of that year he worked as an apprentice announcer at both of the Honolulu radio stations.

In November, 1940, he went aboard the battleship New York at Norfolk, Va., for a midshipman cruise with the 1st Fleet and returned to Hawaii in February, 1941. He entered the naval reserve school at Annapolis and was commissioned May 15, 1941.

His first tour of duty was on Ford Island in Pearl Harbor. In November of that year the Japanese were requested from the Islet Wake to set up naval communications there.

Ensign Henshaw and Ensign Ber-

nard J. Lauff volunteered.

When he left for Wake on November 21, 1941, Ensign Henshaw told his mother he would be back before Christmas.

That Christmas at home for him won't come until this year.

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MONDAY: The story of the battle of Wake island.

'They Made Us Slaves In Japan'

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CHAPTER 4

A nightmare of a trip to Japan as a prisoner of war.

I had always believed that a trip to the Orient aboard one of the famous NYK liners might be an experience to remember for a lifetime, and I was absolutely right.

The original plan, however—breakfast in bed with a swarm of hissing, bowing Jap stewards to carry out my every wish—doesn't enter into the picture. I made my first crossing as a prisoner of war—in the baggage hold.

We left Wake island on the 11th of January, 1942—18 days after the Japanese had taken over.

A copy of the following orders was given to each prisoner officer prior to departure aboard the Nita Maru:

"1. The prisoners disobeying orders will be punished with immediate death.

"(a) Those disobeying Lt. Henshaw orders and instructions.

"(b) Those showing a motion of antagonism and raising a sign of opposition.

"(c) Those disordering the regulations by individualism, egoism, thinking only about yourself, rushing for your own goods.

"(d) Those talking without permission and raising loud voices.

"(e) Those walking and moving without order.

"(f) Those carrying unnecessary baggage in embarking.

"(g) Those resisting mutually.

"(h) Those touching the boat's materials, wires, electric lights, tools, switches, etc.

"(i) Those climbing ladder without order.

"(j) Those showing action of running away from the room or boat.



"(k) Those trying to take more meal than given them.

"(l) Those using more than two blankets.

"2. Since the boat is not well equipped and inside being narrow, food being scarce and poor, you'll feel uncomfortable during the short time on the boat. Those losing patience and disordering the regulation will be heavily punished for the reason of not being able to escort.

"3. Be sure to finish your 'nature's call,' evacuate the bowels and urine before embarking.

"4. Meal will be given twice a day. One plate only to one prisoner. The prisoners called by the guard will give out the meal quick as possible and honestly. The remaining prisoners will stay in their places quietly and wait for your plate. Those moving from their places reaching for your plate without order will be heavily punished. Same orders will be applied in handling plates after meal.

"5. Toilet will be fixed at the four corners of the room. The buckets and cans will be placed. When filled up a guard will appoint a prisoner. The prisoner called will take the buckets to the center of the room. The buckets will be pulled up by the derrick and be thrown away. Toilet papers will be given. Everyone must cooperate to make the room sanitary. Those being careless will be punished.

"6. Navy of the great Japanese

Turn to Page 2, Column 1

'They Made Us Slaves In Japan'

Continued from Page 1

engine with me try to push me all with death. These ships are the rules and regulations, and by having the action and purpose of the Japanese navy, cooperating with Japan in controlling the "new order of the great Asia" which lead to the world's peace will be well treated.

"The end
do 'Commander of the Prisoner
Prison, Navy of the Great Japanese

The only privilege we retained, but courtesy of the respected Japanese forces, was that of breathing. And we were awarded permission along that line, let the Japs see how much we enjoyed it was just punishment.

I for one, managed to have action from Wake to Yokohama, as I don't think I can be accused of overindulgence.

When we pulled alongside the Japs first in our overcrowded makeshift it was very rough. So instead of throwing a paragraph, they developed a type of a Jap-ber.

If you've never been taken aboard ship in a cage, you've missed a thrilling experience. That was it always from the capture, and if your baggage gets in the way you'll find out. We probably won't need it anyway.

They loaded us up in the most haphazard way and took a few days and then stopped, but nothing on us.

I've seen not one of the Japanese crew members had ever operated a crew before. But that was all right, the only "won't" marking Japs with ever.

Then suddenly one of the operators found a new ball, loaded it, and down came the pressure like so many bags of cement over the Japs. Japs and crew members lined the passageways.

And as we ran along, the more enthusiastically we pulled on with sticks, clapped up, or quitted themselves a small bundle of personal effects.

Outside the baggage hold, which was reserved especially for American prisoner officers, we were ordered with discretion.

I don't know whether it was because they thought we might have something, or whether they were generously giving us a preventive against whatever they carried themselves.

More likely they had seen foreign soldiers do it at sea, then we wanted, and since then the Japs have got had become standard procedure.

Our baggage was carefully inspected, and each item as finger, nail, tooth, knife, mirror, etc., were removed. And when necessary, they said to prevent our having any intercourse with which to commit hara kiri.

Later during the trip we were ordered by the captain to hand over all watches, rings, wallets, money, and whatever items of clothing opposite to the collection. We handed over these things, having been told that failure to comply with the Japs' demands would result in immediate death.

The Japs dragged by, we were forced from our straw beds or dived space in the caulk. By night, never washed or shaved. Our Japs who before were treated by special details of civilians or selected men, as we were ordered that additional indignity. (Rank has its privileges).

Only one bathing occurred, a couple of the officers asked for it by knocking the rules and taking one got a ship on the face and the other it smacked across the snail of the back with a stick. We kept it down to a quarter without from outside.

One night during the uncomfortable voyage I woke up at a shower house to find a Jap guard trying to remove my shoes from my feet very soon. As it was the only thing I had left from my original kit, I naturally wanted very much to keep it, and defend myself. The guard then threatened that if I did not give up a real business. I explained:

"What's this?"
And then pointing across the hold to the presence of one of my senior officers, I said, "I am a Jap."

"Oh, at last, at last!" the guard got up and while a few moments departed through the hatch gate indicated I indicated the name of my senior officer in order to spare myself a second search.

For seven long days I lay in that baggage compartment with 20 fellow officers whining and bawling with indignation over the way we were being treated. But after arrival in Yokohama,

and a talk with a few of our enlisted men who had made the trip in the ship's hold, I decided we had traveled in comparative luxury.

There were so many of them jammed into the area, that it was almost impossible to sit down, let alone stretch out on the deck to sleep.

They organized themselves into squads of 10, and one fellow, who had dared keep his watch, timed the groups on a routine of standing, squatting, or sitting throughout the trip.

More than 500 of them had to use four small soya tub latrines, which were hopelessly inadequate and overflowed all over the deck.

Many of the prisoners were very sick, developed diarrhea or fainted in the foul air. Their food was the same as ours—a few spoons of barley gruel twice a day with a piece of seaweed or pickled radish if the steward felt generous—but there was never enough to go around.

* * *

Water was unobtainable until a half dozen prisoners passed out and some guard felt it his duty to revive them by offering his canteen.

Rats and cockroaches were rampant.

The prisoners were beaten frequently, and sometimes made to beat each other while the guards stood in the doorway and laughed.

They were robbed of everything they possessed, including most of the clothes they had on. I stopped complaining when I heard these stories.

The Nita Maru dropped anchor in Yokohama harbor on January 18, 1942, and after a bit of questioning, the Japs decided to send ashore a party of 21—eight officers, one civilian and 12 enlisted men.

We were taken, according to

the ship's captain, to a "nice, warm house where you will receive good treatment."

The fact is—we opened a camp which was to be known in months to come as "Ofuna"—where a man was a captive, not a prisoner of war, and where he was subjected to long hours of grilling and given what the Japs prefer to call "corrective punishment."

FRIDAY: Life at Ofuna: Not enough food, too much inquisition.

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CHAPTER 5

How life began anew for the American prisoners at Ofuna.

The "nice, warm house where you will receive good treatment"—to which we specially-selected prisoners of war were taken on the 18th of January, 1942—was situated in the Yokohama suburbs.

It was once the property of an American businessman occupied at the outbreak of war by Japanese naval authorities.

Twenty one of us were housed there after a most unpleasant trip from Wake Island to Japan in the hold of the NYK liner, Nita Maru.

All departments which had existed on Wake were represented in our group, selected from the 1,200 prisoner passengers by Jap intelligence officers.

Ensign Bernard Lauff, USNR, and I were chosen for grilling on naval communications.

We were greeted on arrival by

an ensign in the Japanese navy, who announced he was in charge and instructed us to address him "Commander" Shindo.

He boasted that his selection as our commandant was due to his extremely high standing with the authorities at Yokosuka naval base.

If we behaved well and carried out his orders, we would receive excellent treatment. If, on the other hand, we misbehaved, he would lose face with his seniors and have to resign.

He didn't mention what would happen to us.

The first few hours in our new home reflected such a radical change in the Jap policy toward us that we stood around with our mouths open.

Shindo smiled and bowed in and out all day. He brought us magazines, editions of the Nippon Times (in English), cigarette coal for the fireplace, and generally tried to



make the atmosphere as pleasant as possible.

We had a cook, who worked before the war at an American home. Shindo explained he had given him orders to prepare our food "western style." We could hardly wait.

As for the rest of the establishment, there were two maids, a houseboy, and 15 navy guards.

The first day, time passed quickly and pleasantly. The "western style" cooking—what there was of it—was marvelous. But there wasn't a member of the group who couldn't have eaten a horse for dessert, had one been available.

We asked to be allowed out into the court for a little fresh air and exercise. Permission was granted.

The 15 guards came out on the double, encircled the area, and beckoned us to start performing.

There was no alternative after this intrusion but organized calisthenics—so someone took the lead and the agony began.

One by one we dropped out of formation, exhausted, only to be prodded into line again by a guard who must have thought it was good for us.

It was too bad we ever suggested an outing in the first place, for later that afternoon, when Shindo appeared with our "daily schedule" two periods of exercise were listed—one in the morning, and one in the afternoon.

Roll call was set for 7 a. m., followed by breakfast.

At 9 the enlisted men were to clean house. Ten o'clock was exer-

Turn to Page 2, Column 1



ENNIS HENSHAW, at right, and Ensign Bernard J. Lauff, his friend, when they were at Westcott.

'They Made Us Slaves In Japan'

Continued from Page 1*

At 2, those who were still on their feet were expected to crawl back into the house screaming for a second struggle with the Japanese.

There was no time limit set for the latter, and when we were being bothered by interrogators and Shindo wasn't called away by a "divine wind," it often continued until the evening meal.

The whole procedure was rather trying, but a great deal better than lying in the filthy hold of a Japanese transport.

Several days passed and it began to look as if this might be a permanent arrangement. Barbers arrived to shave us and give each man a trim. Shindo said they'd be around every Wednesday, following their visits each week we'd be granted a hot bath.

Oh joy! A bath every Wednesday! Would wonders never cease! We saw in the papers that Japan had informed Australia that although they had not been a signatory to the Geneva doctrine concerning the treatment of war prisoners, they would, nevertheless abide by it.

We were on the verge of believing POW life wasn't going to be bad after all.

Then came the interrogators, soon as we'd had a few nip sleep, and been cleaned up a bit, began to receive them—intelligence officers from Yokosuka naval base.

They came nearly every day, question us, invariably starting with 15 minutes' light chatter, everything from early childhood to the Roosevelt foreign policy.

Then after this seemingly less discussion, during which we were carefully primed with cloud cigarettes and candy, the

What about this, or that? I didn't know. But surely we must know. We were trained officers. We didn't know!

Very well, we'd talk about something else—beautiful Fujiyama with deer in Nara.

Then suddenly we were back in the perfect organization or naval communications again. We went on like this in circles, sometimes for hours, at a stretch.

It became very nerve racking but eventually we learned how to deal with them and their child technique. The only way to a unpleasant grilling was to them some sort of reply and rid of them. It didn't make difference what it was just so said something.

We did this once or twice, nothing serious ever came of a few threats perhaps, but that's all. The Japs must have thought they'd tricked us into revealing truth, or else they were as fast as we.

Food was our biggest worry. What they gave us was delicious but it was so little we had no strength to do our daily chores, let alone sit through hours of intense grilling.

He was deeply offended, and learned later that in lodging complaint, even though we as-
firmed it was not in regard to qu-
but rather quantity, we lost
his intelligence—suggested he
was capable of deciding what was

As a result, nothing was done about an increase in rations. The "Commander" went around for a few hours with a very affected expression. It was my lesson in Japanese psychology. Shindo was fascinated with daily inquiries and often listened in on the conversations we had with Jap naval authorities. One night, after our "visitors" had been invited Lauff and me to

First there were oranges and tea. Then he explained he was writing an important paper for promotion and that he'd been wondering if we'd give him a hand. It seemed an unusual request, but we accepted another orange and said we'd be right back.

Oh, but we must. It was very necessary that he have one immediately, and he'd been so good to us.

Lauff and I thought of a good one.

It was very embarrassing for us to explain, but we'd take him into our confidence anyway. Because we were so new to the service, we simply weren't trusted with vital information.

It was a most regrettable and humiliating admission to make, but there it was.

Shindo shook his head, and swallowed it hook, line, and sinker. Yes, he understood perfectly. He was a junior officer too.

SATURDAY: A change comes over the camp at Ofuna.

Terauchi, Invalid Asia Commander, Surrenders Swords

RANGOON, Nov. 32. (AP)—Field Marshal Count Jaichi Terauchi, the valid supreme commander of Japanese expeditionary forces in the southern regions of Asia, formally surrendered to Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten today.

Terauchi turned over his long and short sword, dating back to the 13th and the 14th centuries, in the ceremony held outside the portico of the palace of the governor-general of Cochin China.

Continued illness of the Japanese field marshal forestalled efforts to move him to Singapore to yield his weapons, symbols of authority from Emperor Hirohito, to the supreme commander in Southeast Asia.

Furnishings,
at the
Mrs. Les
3735 Diom

Saturday, Dec. 1st,
from 9:00 to
Included in
Paintings by various artists
Pictures and prints
Early Chinese paintings
Silver and silver plate
Complete cut glass wine service
Hand painted china
Dishes of all kinds inc. coffee
sets
Easy chairs

And many other things too inexpensive items

*The Mus
Love*

VICTOR



BACH ORCHESTRAL T
By Leopold Stokowski

TSCAIKOVSKY MANE

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CHAPTER 10
The great radio propaganda comedy gets under way

"You will obey all orders given you by the authorities of this camp in an effort to restore peace between Japan and America. If you refuse to cooperate voluntarily with the Japanese administration, you will be severely punished, even with death."

Signaled: "Commander in Chief of the Imperial Japanese Forces."

Frontiers, terrified prisoners of war, glared at attention. The headquarters compound of Tokyo's Bunka camp, heard these words on the last of December.

It was the first of the great radio propaganda comedies in the history of wartime radio.

The speaker was a stern looking, sword-wielding, kampei-tai (spontaneous major) from Imperial Japan, feared throughout Japan by natives and prisoners alike for his long record of brutality and execution.

His instructions were clear. We would "cooperate" with the Jap authorities, or never see our loved ones again.

At 1 o'clock on the following day with a background of Jap martial music, America heard for the first time the quavering voice of one of her captives coming from Radio Tokyo.

"The Humorous Hour is on the air! Wherein I heard the voice of Greater East Asia, source determined and ever-vigilant, determined and ever-vigilant, and violent attacks on the Roosevelt administration."

It appeared for peace described the horrors of war, and blamed the Japanese for their kind treatment of war captives!

All this was "voluntarily" presented by shivering, half-dressed prisoners while the entire Jap propaganda machine had been turned on to broadcast the program and threaten: "If you change one word in this script you will be shot."

We lived under a constant reign of terror. Hardly a day passed without at least one member of the group being beaten or threatened with death for failing to protect against a commentary he was forced to read, or for committing some breach of camp regulations.

We were restricted to three small rooms in an old school building, guarded day and night by Japanese guardsmen, fed less than half a ration of rice.

Each day the place had to be washed down, and often during the cold winter months ice fanned on the floors.

There was no fuel, and despite the fact that we were to be fed fully clothed and wrapped in five blankets, we still couldn't get warm.

No one was allowed out of doors except for two periods of supervised calisthenics. At first we looked forward to these as our only recreation, but now the Japs were making ourselves by including the same two periods as they did into everything else.

If a man looked tired, or put his hands into his pockets he was slapped, thrown on the ears and kicked, or made to run around the compound until exhausted.

Anyone who accidentally broke something—a window or a dish, was slapped and forced to shave his head.

Once we presented the short ration and for daring to suggest that the commandant was not feeding us adequately, we were each struck in the jaw and forced to stand rigidly at attention, while he delivered a 30-minute lecture on the benevolence of the Japanese, threatening

to be released as if we ever dared mention food again.

One night Lt. Jack McNaughton, British actor and senior prisoner of war, sat with me in the mess hall for one hour cursed our impossible predicament, and every time we stood our feelings on the air to broadcast, and the fact that we were slowly freezing and starving to death.

Just as we had exhausted ourselves on these points, a Jap interpreter walked in with: "You gentlemen look as if you were displeased with something."

And then, in practically our own words he proceeded to tell us why we were displeased.

"The program, then clothing, heating, food, I know them all, and I've recently the same order in which we had discussed them."

"You must not be impatient about these things," he said. "Improvements will come in time if you do your work properly."

The place was wired! There was no doubt about it, but so much for how hard we searched we never found the hidden diaphragm. We did, however, employ considerable ingenuity in future discussions of Japese.

After two or three of these sessions of our officers was removed. They told us he was shot for disobedience. Any other member who felt he could not obey the Japs did might also be put "six feet under."

No one committed himself one way or the other.

On the 18th of December two more officers, Maj. Charles Cosens, well-known Australian radio commentator, and Capt. Wallace Macdonald, a "radio free" man, were brought in to join our group.

Both had been broadcasting under the pressure of Imperial Japanese quarters propaganda department for several months before we arrived.

Maj. Cosens had been beaten unmercifully until he agreed to go on the air. Capt. Mac had been threatened with the lives of his wife and two baby boys who were under Japanese jurisdiction in Manila.

From these men we received confirmation of what we had suspected: that the Japs planned to use us in their propaganda war until entire Japan was completely isolated, then put us out of the way.

They did intend that we should live. Maj. Cosens said to tell of this story.

Some days later the Japanese announced that we were to "take over" the entire program. It was to be a strictly POW show, no more Jap commentaries. From now on we were to write and broadcast the Humorous Hour under the direction and supervision of a Jap planning board.

Ed Kishifish, veteran lieutenant of the Philippine campaign, was the first to make a daring experiment.

With a clever analogy at the start of a commentary on some political issue, he "put over" the fact that all prisoners were being slowly starved to death.

The Jap center missed it completely.

The incident was an eye-opening

AT BUNKA, Ensign Henshaw, right, "disappears" from Bunka for all of us who had been assigned to work in the script department.

By voice inflection, inference, analogies, sarcasm, slang, and musical notations, we began to thwart the policy of the Japanese program "right under the noses of many captives in their capital city's number one broadcasting station."

Before we were back in the air a month the Jap office was a legend. They knew that something was radically wrong with their prisoner program but couldn't make up their minds where to place the finger.

The director of the organization was discharged, and in his place headquarters installed a new board of "hopelessly incompetent" staff officers.

Under this group we attempted to "clean up" the program, and were successful in many instances. We persuaded them to ban the Jap martial music, and the half-hourly spending time about Asia being "strong, determined and ever-victorious."

We injected double meanings into the script without detection. So many elements were working against us that we had to proceed with extreme caution.

Not only were the Japs suspicious and going over everything with a fine toothed comb, but two of our own people, the Wake Island civilian and the Japanese-speaking U.S. army sergeant were acting stool pigeons for them and snuffing in the "community."

Lt. Kishifish was the first to be one of his commentaries he deliberately omitted a negative, changing the meaning of the article.

He was slapped and deprived of his food for 30 hours.

Later he was caught again. After his script had been reviewed he understood in red the links to which he desired to give special emphasis and inflection when on the air. Following the script, the Japs found his article so satisfactory it was unable to give a satisfactory explanation of the matter.

It was impossible to do anything for several days. Only our reformist sergeant commented on the matter. "According to him, Kishifish is a bore and is 'on the spot' in the Jap office, and unless he promised to recognize him as the supreme authority in the group he would see to it that we were punished for disobedience and sabotage."

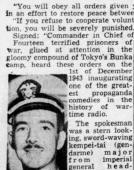
Three days later Kishifish was removed. That evening, before the first Jap Jap-speaking sergeant finally announced that he was directly responsible for what had taken place.

Another member of the group dared ignore his authority or "fail" to understand the true spirit of the Japanese, that prisoner would be removed.

The next day two of us packed Kishifish's belongings and delivered them to the Japanese office, adding that they be forwarded to him. The Japs at the desk laughed at us. "The 'fun' back need 'em about 'em.' He won't need 'em about 'em.'"

THIRTEEN: The end finally comes as new danger threatens.

The mythical founder of Rome was named Romulus, and so was the last of the Roman emperors.



Lt. Henshaw

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There was no fuel, and despite the fact that we were to be fed fully clothed and wrapped in five blankets, we still couldn't get warm.

No one was allowed out of doors except for two periods of supervised calisthenics. At first we looked forward to these as our only recreation, but now the Japs were making ourselves by including the same two periods as they did into everything else.

If a man looked tired, or put his hands into his pockets he was slapped, thrown on the ears and kicked, or made to run around the compound until exhausted.

Anyone who accidentally broke something—a window or a dish, was slapped and forced to shave his head.

Once we presented the short ration and for daring to suggest that the commandant was not feeding us adequately, we were each struck in the jaw and forced to stand rigidly at attention, while he delivered a 30-minute lecture on the benevolence of the Japanese, threatening



'They Made Us Slaves In Japan'

By LT. GEORGE H. (BUCKY) HENSHAW

Country Club Rd., Honolulu

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CHAPTER 10

The great radio propaganda comedy gets under way

"You will obey all orders given you by the authorities of this camp in an effort to restore peace between Japan and America.

"If you refuse to cooperate voluntarily with the Japanese administration, you will be severely punished, even with death."

Signed: "Commander in Chief of the Imperial Japanese Forces."

Fourteen terrified prisoners of war, glued at attention in the

to behead us if we ever dared mention food again.



AT BUNKA. Ensign Henshaw, right, Lt. Ed Kalbfleish, center, who later "disappeared" from Bunka because the enemy didn't like his broadcasting, and another prisoner, Corporal Albert Rickert, USMC.

for all of us who had been assigned work in the script department.

Ships Present In

annoying me with fictitious news reports describing an appalling food shortage in my home town, Honolulu.

"Your family," he would say, "must be slowly starving to death. I am very sorry for you."

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Then suddenly a letter arrived from my sister containing 12 snapshots of my newly acquired niece taken on her first birthday. All poses revealed the largest arms and legs I have ever seen on a child of that age. She was positively rolling with health.

"Mmmmm," exclaimed our Guiding Light as he censored the photographs. "Very fat baby!"

"Oh, no sir," I replied. "You forget that food is very scarce in Honolulu. This is beriberi!"

For the first time in my life, I actually saw a Jap blush. Those were the last words we ever exchanged.

Several weeks later Mr. Hishikari and his corrupt staff resigned, and imperial headquarters appointed an entirely new group to administer their prisoners' propaganda department.

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NEXT: Chop Chop Charlie and the Bunka camp.

Santiago, Chile, was founded in

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CHAPTER II

Chop Sary Charlie Comes Into the Picture

In the fall of 1944, imperial general headquarters appointed a new administration for their group of prisoner broadensers in Tokyo. It was headed by a quiet spoken civilian who seemed more Chinese than Japanese. We called him Chop Charlie.

Charlie had been educated in America, professed to be very sympathetic toward war prisoners, and very much against the Japanese military. He had his eye going to improve our food.

Improvement of food, clothing, soap, toilet, and medical attention. But we had heard all those promises many times before, and nothing had ever come of them. We were all too hungry and sick to be impressed by mere empty words and told

L. Henshaw

him so.

Today as I look back on our relations with this man, I must admit that he actually did more for us than any other Japanese we ever contacted.

Whether or not he had an ulterior motive is another matter. No Japanese ever treated us well unless he wanted to get something out of us.

In many instances Charlie was a great help, and one in particular will never be forgotten. As a member of our group. For a year we had suffered not only from the Japanese, but had been almost unable to cope with the traitorous activities of two of our fellow prisoners—a Japanese speaking U. S. army sergeant, and a White island civilian.

Both had given freely of their services to the previous Japanese administration and caused us needless grief by their reports to the authorities of our efforts to sabotage.

Charlie must be credited with having put them in their proper places and giving us a breathing spell for a few months at least. The civilian he moved to another camp where the man was permitted to produce a program of his own under a separate branch of imperial headquarters' propaganda department.

The sergeant he reprimanded publicly, before the entire camp.

"You have made reports to the Japanese office," said Charlie, "which might have caused great trouble in this camp—perhaps the lives of your own officers. Only my intervention and luck has prevented a tragedy. Why do you do this?"

"How can you expect us to accept your services and trust you when you do not play fair with your fellow prisoners?" "You should know better. If you commit these acts again, I shall not be responsible for what happens to you."

Our sergeant friend was so completely overcome by this public accusation that I thought he never would pull himself together.

During the following months all matters of our radio scripts was done by a small group of incompetent foreign office interpreters, one of whom could barely speak English. The radio elements—Japanese born and educated in America—were not trusted to do the job.

Our work, therefore, was hampered entirely by men who had learned their English in Japan. It was a great help to us, for the natives had little or no understanding of American psychology, and our sense of humor. Time and again they tried to catch us on hidden meanings, but failed hopelessly.

One of the interpreters asked me to provide him with a dictionary of American slang. He said that my diagnoses were difficult for his senior officers to understand unless he could make a few possible phrases in translation.

I suggested that he continue to omit as I didn't have time to make up a key. What they didn't know wouldn't hurt them—much. I thought was one of our main channels for getting things across. It confused them and made them overlook important points.

One day I was ordered by a censor who explained he had instructed his headquarters to check with me on a few dubious items. The script in question clearly contrasted the luxury of America's federal prisons with the extreme poverty of Japan's prisoner of war camps.

"Do you seek to imply," said the snaky little Nip, "that American prisons are better than Japanese prisoner camps?"

"I'm not implying anything," I replied. "I'm simply stating fact."

"But is this true?" he asked, admitting that he hadn't been outside the foreign office since the war began.

I told him it was very definitely true, and a gross understatement. Several of my fellow officers jumped in to add emphasis to the point.

"Wait," he replied. "If you are not lying, I shall not punish you as I was instructed. One fine day, however, you must desist."

The board of censors had objected my saying that "it is time to do a stretch in Alcatraz after the war—for a rest camp."

The remainder of the script went over unscathed.

With the start of the heavy incendiary raids in March, things began to happen so fast we could barely keep track of them. Most of Tokyo was



burned to the ground, the people starving, and the army threatening them with further shogues.

Our censors began thinking more and more of their stomachs and of saving themselves than saving their prisoners. Propaganda from utter hell while they sat in their air raid shelters, the prisoners shouted a few more important points at their American monitors across the Pacific.

Lack of food, medicine, clothing, mismanagement of Red Cross relief supplies—all were driven home time and again to let our people know how we were being treated by our Nip captors.

Even the movements of liberal elements in Japan, the effectiveness of leaflet raids, and the location of prisoner of war camps were

Many a time we squirmed in our seats after a particularly vital point had been put on the air, lest our board of censors suddenly wake up and call out their much-vaunted firing squad. Whether the quiet-spoken Charlie realized all this was going on or not, we don't know. If he did, he was smart enough to see the handwriting on the wall and keep quiet about it.

Today, punctuated with the explosion of the first atomic bomb. Our entire Japanese administration collapsed with the exception of Charlie and one censor. These two and they prevailed upon the prisoners instead of running to the hills with the rest of the camp staff.

Two sword-waving samurai arrived from imperial general headquarters to take over what was left of the Bunka camp.

The senior man, a major, called a formal meeting of all prisoner personnel to announce his new position as commandant, and to denote our Japanese friend Charlie in the job of a mere interpreter.

He emphasized our original orders to "voluntarily cooperate" or suffer "extreme punishment or death," and said he would assume full responsibility for any repercussions which might arise in the future from our "unusual" activities.

He knew exactly how to treat us, he said, because he served for several years with a Japanese patrol unit on the Rume-Manchurian border. He spoke Russian fluently. He then turned to me.

"(So did we, at that point. We'd have liked anybody but him.)"

The psychology of the Russians was exactly like ours and he understood it perfectly.

The Russians were his very good friends. "Therefore," said the major, "I shall try to treat you like human beings." We all thought that would be pleasant for a change.

After the meeting our new commandant instructed his staff to hear a rather startling announcement from Imperial Headquarters. "I don't think the Russians are any very good friends any more," said Charlie as he told of the incident later that afternoon. "They have just declared war on us."

Next, the End of the Story and the End of the War.

Planners Suggest Purchase of Land For Civic Center

It would be more desirable to purchase new land set aside for future civic center development, the city-county planning commission advised the mayor and supervisors today.

The commission is notifying the superintendent of public works of the request of Dr. Y. C. Yang for clarification concerning the status of the proposed site for the future of Vineyard and Miller Sts. set aside for future civic center development.

If government finances are such that this vacant property could be purchased now, it would be desirable rather than allow the owner to proceed with construction of a modern physician's office, the commission informed the board.

Shell Taking Part In Victory Loan Drive

A. E. Phinney, division manager for Shell Oil Co. Inc., territory of Hawaii, has announced his organization will participate in the Victory Loan Drive by subscribing \$150,000 on the Pacific coast. Of this amount, \$300,000 will be allocated for Hawaii's quota.



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