PERPETUATION OF TESTIMONY OF

WALTER WILLIS COLE

(Formerly SC2c ASN 385-84-01)

458 West 10th. Street

Long Beach 2, California

My name is Walter Willis Cole. My home address is 458 West 10th. Street, Long Beach 2, California. I was formerly Ship’s Cook Second Class, in the U. S. Navy, Serial No. 385-84-01. I was attached to the U.S.S. Finch (AM 9). The Finch was sunk on 10 April 1942 and I was then attached to the Fourth Marine Corps on Corregidor in the Philippine Islands. I enlisted on 8 December 1939 and was sent to the Asiatic Station in July 1941 and returned to the States in October 1945. I re-enlisted for the sum of four years.

I was captured on Corregidor, P.I. on 6 May 1942 by the Japanese Marines. I do not know the name of this outfit.

I was held at Corregidor for about three weeks and was then sent to Bilibid Prison Camp No. 1. I stayed there for about three weeks and was then sent to Bilibid Prison. I arrived there sometime in October 1942. Left Bilibid Prison in July 1944 on a ship bound for Japan. Arrived in Japan in August 1944 at the Fort of Moji, and from there went to Fukuoka Prison camp N. IV, and stayed there until September 1945.

The Commander at this Camp was a reserve officer, a Major I believe, by the name of Saito who was very heavy and stood about five feet four inches tall. He spoke broken English, and I believe he could speak and understand more than he let on to. He lived near the camp in the city of Moji.

The Sergeants name was Eno and was quite tall and light complected. He was in charge of all the Red Cross supplies, and in my opinion, I believe he was very fair as far as he could under the circumstances. He never beat any man or ordered any of the soldiers to.

Some of the guard’s names are as follows as I can best remember them: Takana, Yagi, Anui, Sasuki, Ikeda, Terrysan. The interpreter was a civilian by the name of Nakamoura – he spoke good English and was no help to us at all. He spent several years in England and was very partial towards the British. There were several cases where he could have been a great help in saving some of us beatings but he never tried to help us in any way.

I saw several beatings while in this camp and will try to describe the more prominent ones. There were several of us working on an air-raid shelter and our guard was Takana “Scar Face”. After we had finished out job he lines us all up and told us that the Americans were no good and that the British weren’t much better. There were a few Dutch and Japanese there and he told them to fall out away from us and then picked up a large piece of bamboo, about five feet long and about six inches in diameter, and told the Americans to come up before him one by one and stand at attention. He then hit us with the club till he knocked us down. He made the Americans run through twice and then British once and did not touch the Dutch or Japanese. He broke three clubs in this way and cut several of us up very bad. No one working on this job could find out why he beat us.

I saw Yagi, Takana, Ikeda, and Anui beat a civilian by the name of, Charles Peterson, with clubs, fists, sabers, and kendo sticks ‘till he was beat unconscious and bleeding severely around the head and face. I fed this man later and then had to help put him to bed. They disliked him very much because he was sick and unable to work as hard as the rest of the men.

A Sergeant in the Army Air Corps and myself was beaten one evening for having sugar which we stole from the railroad yard where we were working. They stood us to attention and beat us with kendo sticks and clubs for about three hours. I cannot remember the Sergeant’s name but he was beat quite badly and passed out several times while they practiced there Ju Jitsu on me. They then later started beating me and I passed out several times. They put water on me to revive me and would then beat me some more. They later brought me to and put me in the guard house. ON the way into the guard cell, I passed out again and then Takana kicked me several times in the stomach as hard as he could. They kept us in the cell for nine days, this was during Easter, and we had no blankets and was allowed to eat once a day and that consisted of about twenty ounces of rice. We were given no medical attention and both our backs were raw and bloody from the beating. After we had been in there about three days the Camp Commander came to see us and then took us out in front of the guard house where all the other men could see us and made us bow down to him several times. He then made us strip down and turn our beaten parts towards the barracks. He then ordered one of the guards to hit us each four more times upon our wounds. The guard struck the Sergeant first and he passed out so the Camp Commander was satisfied and had us put back in the cell.

We weren’t allowed any heat in our building and saw very little of our Red Cross supplies. The Camp Commander was running a large black market with our Red Cross supplies. Several of the guards got a regular issue of Red Cross supplies.

In our messing we would get about thirty kilos of meat from the Army and then the guards would come and take all but about fourteen kilos for their mess hall. It was this way with everything we got.

We were quartered in a large building, and we had to sleep so close together that good rest was impossible. Fleas, lice and bed bugs were in abundance and there was no attempt to try and get rid of them by the Japanese.

We were not given proper clothing but if they had not stolen all of our gear when we first came to that camp we would have had plenty. There was an ample supply of Red Cross supplies, so we found out after the surrender was over. There were about three hundred boxes intact.

 Walter Willis Cole

WALTER WILLIS COLE

RESTRICTED

Classification changed to RESTRICTED by authority of the CO, Ft. MacArthur, Calif., on 25 July 1946 by

PHILLIPE de C. GARNIER Capt.

AFFIDAVIT

6A-WC-3019

Perpetuation of the Testimony of Walter In the matter of atrocities committed at W. Cole, Chief Commissary Steward, USN. Camp No. 4, Moji, Fukuoka area, Japan

I, WALTER W. COLE, being first duly sworn upon my oath, depose and state that:

My full name is WALTER WILLIS COLE. I am 25 years of age, and am in the United States Navy presently stationed at Roosevelt Base, Terminal Island, California, in the capacity of Chief Commissary Steward. My serial number is 3858401, and my permanent home address is 458 West 10th Street, Long Beach, California.

In December of 1941, I was stationed in Manila, in the Philippine Islands, in the United States Navy, in the capacity of Ship’s Cook 3/c, aboard the USS Finch. The Finch, at this time, was doing patrol duty in and out of Manila Bay through the mine fields. The ship was bombed on 0 April 1942, and subsequently sank. I then returned to Corregidor, where I was captured by the Imperial Japanese Forces on 6 May 1942. On 8 September 1945, I escaped from the prison camp, and turned into the American Forces in Yokohama. I returned to San Diego, California, on 26 October 1945.

On 20 May 1942, I was transferred from Corregidor to Cabanatuan Prison Camp No. 3, and was moved to Cabanatuan camp No. 1 in September of 1942. Then I was transferred to Bilibid Prison in Manila, and stayed there until July 1944. In the latter part of July 1944, I was placed aboard a Japanese transport at Manila Bay and arrived at Moji, Japan in August 1944. I then was sent to the Fukuoka Prisoner of War Camp, arriving in this camp 22 August 1944, and remaining there until 8 September 1945. The Camp Commander of this camp was a Colonel in the Imperial Japanese Army, by the name of Saito. He stood about 5’5” in height, and weighed at least 250 pounds. He was between 41 and 42 years of age, clean shaven, and also had his head shaved at all times. He spoke broken English, but I believe that he understood more English than he would let on. In January or February of 1945, a civilian prisoner off of Wake Island, by the name of Charles Peterson, was searched by the Japanese guards and found to have empty sacks on his person, which obviously had been filled with sugar. The Japanese had it in for Peterson because he was very sickly most of the time and unable to do much manual labor, which, of course, the Japanese disliked very much. So, this particular day they held a one-man shakedown of him and found these sacks. A Japanese medical corpsman, who was a civilian named Anui (phonetic), beat him up with his fists, clubs and everything else he could lay his hands on. Assisting in this mistreatment was another Japanese civilian guard by the name of Takana (phonetic). This Takana was the meanest, nastiest Japanese in the camp. He stood about 5’6” in height, weighed about 150 pounds, was very stocky built and was about half blind. He had a very prominent scar on the right side of his face, running the full length from the cheek bone to the chin, which was the result of a saber wound. Takana also beat Peterson with clubs, a cane, and a sword case. This atrocity continued for approximately two and one-half hours, and they knocked Peterson unconscious. When I saw him, he was bleeding around the head from several severe lacerations. I was working in the prison galley at the time, and I fed Peterson that night and he was in such bad shape that he couldn’t stand up and had to be helped into his bunk.

At another time, a Staff Sergeant in the Army, whose name I cannot recall at this moment, and myself were accorded severe mistreatment. I was caught in the galley with some sacks of sugar. The Staff Sergeant would bring the sugar in to me and I would cache it away for him. The guards caught me with the sugar, and made both of us stand at attention while they beat us across the back and legs with clubs. One of the guards who took part in the incident was a Japanese civilian by the name of Ikada (phonetic). This man could be identified inasmuch as he had a very stiff right knee and a very bad limp. The interpreter in the camp was an Army man whose name I cannot recall. He stood about 5’4” in height, weighted about 120 pounds, was about 21 years of age, and was very feminine in his actions. This man had strong sadistic tendencies. His father was a Captain in the Army. This interpreter was continually looking for trouble, and took part in most of the beatings and slappings which took place in the camp. Many med died in this camp, but the only one whose name I can recall at the present time, is Danny Malone, who was in the Royal Artillery. Malone had hurt his spine while working, by falling through a hold in a ship. He lay in agony in his bunk for many days, but the Japanese refused him any kind of medical attention. Malone died from what I believe was slow starvation, and possibly secondarily because of his injury. The Japanese medical corpsmen had absolute charge of all medical supplies in the Camp, both Japanese and American Red Cross, and they would not release enough of the medicine so that an effective cure could be made on most of the men who died. A prisoner had to be in very bad shape before these corpsmen would sanction his entrance into a hospital and to receive any kind of medical care. A. Mr. A. P. Daul, Warrant Pharmacist, USN, was the only American officer in this camp. Of course, we had some English and Dutch officers. Daul spoke fairly good Japanese, and at times was able to argue the Japanese into releasing some medical supplies. That is about all the information that I am able to give you at this time, but will gladly answer any other questions which may arise in the future.

Walter W. Cole

WALTER W. COLE

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23 day of July 1946, at Los Angeles, California.

Philippe de C. Garnier

PHILLIPE de C. GARNIER

Captain, MI

Summary Court

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CERTIFICATE

STATE OF CALIFORNIA )

 ) SS.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES )

I, Ralph E. Boyd, Special Agent, CIC, certify that WALTER W. COLE personally appeared before me on the 11th day of July at Roosevelt Base, Terminal Island, California, and made the foregoing statement concerning war crimes.

 Ralph E Boyd

RALPH E. BOYD, S/AGENT, CIC