Three Dears, Three Months, and Rine Daps

VERNON G LA HEIST

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Three Years, Three Months, and Nine Days

by Vernon G. LaHeist

Edited by Sharelle (LaHeist) Temaat 1990



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Preface

What follows are Vernon LaHeist's memoirs of the time that he spent as a prisoner of the Japanese during World War II. Because of the fact that we live in a time of relative peace (America has not been involved in a war of that scope in over forty years), young people today have little idea of what life was often like for men like my Uncle Vernon.

Therefore, I wanted to write his memories while he was still around to dictate them to me, so that his children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews and others can read them, and so that they have a more vivid idea of how their time is really their own. They can pursue their education, enjoy normal family and social life, and eat basically whatever they choose. My uncle did not have the same advantages during the more than three years that he spent as a POW when he was in his twenties.

Few of today's young people have watched anyone die; the POWs, including my uncle, were forced to watch their fellow soldiers being executed. Most of today's youth work at jobs they choose and that they get paid for, but the POWs were slave laborers. In short, our young people enjoy the freedom that men like their grandfather and great uncle sacrificed part of their youth to help gain for them.

Uncle Vernon and I began this project on June 25, 1990. He talked while I typed on my word processor. However, I was not the first to think of recording his experiences. He and Thelma (his wife) had already begun to record them. He talked into a tape recorder, and Thelma transcribed it. So I had those copies to work from. What Uncle Vernon wanted to do was to enlarge on those memories, however, and to put all the events in chronological order.

I have a memory of my own of my uncle's POW experiences. My Grandmother Elsie LaHeist, his mother, was babysitting for my brother, sister and me on the evening that it was announced on the radio that the war was over. The three of us were sitting on the kitchen floor and our grandmother was telling us a story when she began crying. I asked her why, and she sobbed, "The war is over." I asked her again why that would make her cry, and she said, "Your Uncle Vernon will be able to come home now."

As my uncle and I wrote this, from time to time, I asked him to define a military or sea term that was not familiar to me, and I have put those in parentheses.

The following is my uncle's addition to this Preface:

I want all to know that these writings are strictly from memory. No research was conducted and very little documentation is available to back up any statement made.

Please keep in mind that I am trying to recall events that took place up to fifty years ago. The main purpose of these writings is to put down on paper, as best I can, my experiences in the U.S. Navy and as a Prisoner of War of the Japanese during World War II for my children and grandchildren to read.

Japanese and Chinese words quoted are spelled phonetically as I understood them. No attempt has been made to conform to the Japanese or Chinese spelling.

At the present time, I belong to an organization called The American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor. Most of the members were POWs of the Japanese during World War II, but a few who managed to get out of the Philippines before the surrender are still eligible to be members.

The organization is made up of three chapters--Western States, Central States, and Eastern States. I belong to the Western States Chapter in addition to the national organization.

The Western States Chapter has a business meeting each quarter and a reunion once a year. The reunion is usually held at the same time and place as the national convention. Each quarterly meeting and convention are held in different cities each quarter or year.

The camp I was in at Mukden, Manchuria was Hoten Camp No. 1, and the POWs who were in that camp also have a reunion once a year, so, you see, we keep in touch with each other in many ways. We also have newsletters that are published once a quarter by the national organization and the states' chapters.

> Sharelle (LaHeist) Temaat July 1990

Introduction 1933-1942

Enlistment, marriage, re-enlistment

I joined the Navy in December 1933 with my brother Franklin. We were in until December 1937, stationed on the USS Indianapolia, a heavy cruiser. I got married in June of 1937 and was discharged from the Navy in December of that year. In January 1938 my wife and I went back to Council Bluffs, Iowa, because I couldn't find work in the Long Beach/Los Angeles, California area.

For the next year and nine months I worked on the Works Progress Administration (WPA), a government-run employment project during the Depression. For this project, the government paid the labor costs for building roads, outhouses, parks, and so on, and counties, cities, or states furnished the materials.

In October 1939, I re-enlisted in the Navy, and moved my family (my wife, Betty, my son Warren, 2, and my daughter Evelyn who was only 2 months old) back to California--San Diego this time . On November 13, 1939, I kissed my family good-bye, and was sent to the Philippines, where I was stationed on an old World War I Mine Sweeper (a reciprocating steam engine). The name of the ship was the USS Finch. I was in the engine room, a fireman first class. Before the war started, I made second-class machinist mate, and then first-class machinist mate.

About one week before the war started, World War II, the commanding officer received sealed orders to depart Manila for the south China Sea, and after we got a certain distance at sea, he was able to open the orders to find out where we were going.

We were ordered to go to Shanghai, China to escort two American Navy River gunboats back to the Philippines. The first night at sea, we ran into a typhoon in the Formosa Straits (now Taiwan). There was another ship with us. It was also an old World War I mine sweep, the *USS Pigeon*, that had been converted to a submarine salvage ship. Shortly after we got into the typhoon, the ship we were with had a casualty to its steering gear and started wallowing in the heavy seas and took on a lot of water, so the crew had to start a bucket brigade to bail out the after-hold to keep the ship from sinking.

At this point, the captain of the other ship told our captain that he was going to anchor with two anchors, and ordered our captain to do the same. Five minutes after we both anchored, we both lost the two anchors. The ships were going up and down so violently that the anchor chains broke. In the meantime, the *Finch* tried to take the other ship in tow so as to keep it out of the trough of the waves, and after breaking all the manila (hemp) lines, we finally had to take a big wire rope and put a big loop around our deckhouse, and shackle that together, and pass the other end to the ship we were trying to save. After many tries, we secured it. All we could do was keep her headed into the sea (waves). We knew from our charts that we were near some shoals (rocks and shallow parts of the ocean), and we wanted to keep both ships out of the them.

After keeping this up all night long, the storm finally let up before daylight, and then we discovered we were right in the middle of the shoals; there were rocks all around us. Once the sun came up, you could see the bottom of the ocean! Lucky for us we only drew about eleven feet of water (the ship sinks down about eleven feet into the water), and our charts showed that we were in thirteen feet of water.

Because of this we had to pull alongside the other ship and she being a submarine salvage ship had spare anchors on board so she passed one to us, and we anchored both ships in the shallow water so we could get her steering gear repaired. While this was taking place, Japanese planes started coming out from Formosa and making passes over us. At one point, a flight of high-flying bombers flew directly over us, which was menacing in itself, but they didn't do anything like fire on us. But you must remember that this was one week before Pearl Harbor.

It took us about three hours to repair the other ship's steering gear, and then we got underway again, headed toward Shanghai to rescue the gunboats. When we were halfway through the Formosa Straits, we ran into the gunboats headed for Manila. It seems they got tired waiting for us and headed off on their own.

So we turned around and escorted them back to Manila. Shortly after we started heading toward Manila, we ran into a huge Japanese Convoy, and all the ships in the Convoy started to scatter in all directions because they didn't want to be sighted. All but two disappeared over the horizon, but the two started following us. They kept sending us messages, telling us to change course, telling us that we were running into a mine field, and things like that, trying to delay our progress. We suspected they were trying to give the convoy more time to disperse.

The two ships followed us on into the night; one would drop way back, and darken ship (turn their lights out); the other would be close by, sending us these crazy messages, but we had an admiral on board one of the gunboats who had given out orders to all the skippers to ignore any messages the Japanese were sending. At one time, one of the ships pulled up within throwing distance of our ship, trained all its guns on us, and sent us messages again to change course. But we, as ordered, ignored their messages. The ships followed us until we were in sight of the Philippine Islands, and just before they departed, they sent one last message: "Change course to 180 degrees." (That's due south.) The funny part was we had been sailing 180 degrees all the time, but their saying it helped them to save face because they got their last order obeyed. That's the way the Orientals think.

The big convoy that we ran into was preparing to start the war; that was obvious with all the ships.

Pearl Harbor Bombed

After the Japanese departed, we went on into Manila. We arrived in Manila on a Friday night, and Pearl Harbor was bombed on Monday morning by their time in the Philippines; it was Sunday morning in Hawaii, but Monday morning in the Philippines.

So you can see what a precarious situation we had been in being among all those Japanese ships at sea. We figured the war could have started right then and there if they had fired on us.

On Monday, December 8, 1941, (in the U.S. it was December 7, 1941), I was sleeping on topside (the deck of the ship), right outside the captain's cabin. At about 4:00 in the morning, the captain woke me up and told me to get the ship ready to get underway (the boilers lit off and the engines ready to go) because the war had begun. In the Philippines we were expecting war anytime, but back in the States, although people did not trust the Japanese, they did not think the Japanese would take on the United States.

We went out and steamed around the Manila Bay so we wouldn't be caught unaware if any bombers came over. Bombers did come over later in the day and flattened Cavite Navy Shipyard. The next day they bombed Corregidor (a big Army fortress, an island guarding Manila Bay). The army was very shortly backed up into Bataan Peninsula (off the mainland of the island of Luzon, P.I.) and was stalemated there, holding off the Japanese until April 9, 1942, when General Wainright was forced to surrender the forces on Bataan.

General Douglas MacArther had already left the Philippines and turned over his command to General Wainright. MacArthur, his party and some nurses were taken out on patrol torpedo boats, and made a rendezvous with an American submarine on which they escaped. The day that Bataan fell, the Japanese brought their guns to Bataan Peninsula, right across from Corrigedor, and proceeded to fire on Corrigedor. They even brought their tanks down to the beach and had them fire on Corrigedor. In the meantime, the Navy ships that were in Manila Bay had to keep moving around Manila Bay, and if the ships got too close to Cavite Shore, they would fire on them; and if they got too close to the Bataan Shore, the Japanese would fire on them there. If we stayed out in the middle of the Bay, they would send dive bombers out after us.

So we were dodging shells and bombs all day long.

That night the Skipper pulled the ship into a little bay between Corregidor and Fort Hughes. These were two island fortresses, and there was a little protection in the bays because the islands were just mountains sticking out of the water. The Skipper pulled the ship in there and anchored as close as he could to Fort Hughes and decided to take all of the crew over to Fort Hughes.

We stayed there the next day to give the crew a rest because they had been under fire for so long and also to see what the Japs were going to do. If they were going to keep after these ships out in the bay, we wouldn't man the ships during the day. We would just stay on the island during the day and man our ships at night to patrol and fend off any landing boats that might try to land on the island.

Up to this time, Fort Hughes had not been bombed one time. All of the bombing had been on the other fortresses and on Corregidor. That is why the Skipper was taking us to Fort Hughes. He thought we would get a rest. All the next day they bombed Fort Hughes. One of the bombs missed Fort Hughes and landed in the water right next to the *Finch* where it was anchored. It hit the bottom and exploded, opening seams of the ship, and the ship sank. Of course, it was in shallow water, so the whole ship didn't go completely under water, just the stern.

That night we went out to it and stripped all of her guns and got all the ammunition and supplies that weren't ruined and took them over to Corregidor. When we got there, the crew was split into two groups. Half were sent out to the beach defense with the Fourth Marines, and the other half were combined with crews of other ships that had been lost and formed a Tunnel Guard Company in order to guard the entrance to the Navy tunnels on Corregidor Island. The Navy had five tunnels on Corregidor that it used for military storage, and it needed troops to set up a defense at the entrances of the tunnels in case the Japs landed. I was part of this second crew.

After Bataan fell on April 9, 1942, Corregidor







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continued to hold out for almost another month until May 6, 1942. During this period, the Japs were continually bombing and shelling Corregidor from both the Cavite shore and Bataan. At times, the shelling was so heavy we couldn't tell one explosion from another--it was just one big rumble. Corregidor had been a lush, green, island, but when the shelling and bombing finally ceased, there was not one bit of green left.

Of the five Navy tunnels on the island, one contained the galley and mess hall for the enlisted men. The men were berthed in another tunnel, and since there was no lateral between these tunnels, at chow time the men would line up on the road in front of the tunnels and await their turn to eat.

After Bataan surrendered, the Japs gained the high ground adjacent to Corregidor and were able to watch our every move. When they saw the men line up for meals, they would shell the road. It was then that I was assigned to run the chow line during the day and go back to my tunnel guard duties at night.

Glen Swisher

The men would line up in their berthing tunnel, and I would stand out on the road where I could see the entrance to both tunnels. When I could see that there was room for more men in the chow tunnel, I would run five men at a time from the chow line to the chow tunnel. With this system, we did not tempt the Japs into more shelling. It was while performing these duties that I ran into a friend, Glen Swisher, from my home town, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Glen Swisher was a member of the crew of the Quail, another mine sweep. I had talked to him almost every day, reminiscing about our high school days. The day before Corregidor surrendered, the Skipper of his ship was ordered to go out, and scuttle (sink) his ship that night, so the Japanese couldn't get ahold of it, but in secret the Skipper had prepared to escape Corregidor. He had thirteen of his crew, and they had equipped a forty-foot motor launch with sails, extra fuel, charts, navigation equipment, and the supplies they would need. He had scuttled his ship (his orders did not tell him what to do after that), so he commandeered an Army gasoline-powered launch, took the motor launch they had equipped in tow, his men, and headed out to sea.

They towed the motor launch until the gasoline launch ran out of gas, sunk it, and got into the motor launch and proceeded to go to sea. But they had to go through a Japanese blockade. They sailed at night when they had wind; if there was no wind, they had to use their motor, then they would pull into an island, cover their boat with shrubbery, and sleep in the daytime. They did this island hopping until they ran out of Philippine Islands and eventually made their way to Australia. As good a friend as Glen Swisher was of mine, he never mentioned a word of this to me.

And none of the crew that was left behind knew about it. They had to keep it secret or all of them would want to go. The Skipper had picked the men he wanted. The Skipper was well-qualified for a task like this because he had been a submarine officer and knew the Philippine Islands like a book; he knew every cove in there. I think that is the main thing that led to his success.

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CHAPTER 1

Capture May 1942-October 1942

Surrender of Corregidor

While they were making their escape, we were being captured. Once we realized that these men at least were attempting to escape, we wondered next if they made it. In talking to some of the *Quail* crew members who were left behind, I told them that if I ever received a letter from my father, I would be able to tell them if they made it.

I knew that if Glen Swisher made it back to Council Bluffs, he would contact my father, and my father would let me know somehow. I was a prisoner now, and my father had to disguise what he told me because the Japanese censored the mail, and if there was anything in the mail about the war, or that they suspected was about the war, they would ink it out.

I heard from my father in 1944, two years after the escape, and the first thing he said was that Glen Swisher had been home on leave and had been there to see him. The Japanese had no idea that Glen Swisher had been in the Philippines.

On May 6, 1942, the Japs finally made a successful landing on Corregidor, and the island surrendered. We were taken to an area where the Navy had a landing place for the Patrol Flying Boat (PFB). We were in a low section on the island of Corregidor (we called the area Dysentery Flats) where the Japanese could keep an eye on us from the high ground all around us.

We had no food and only water from a brackish well. It was hot; we had no shelter, but we were permitted to go into the water in order to cool off.

The only way to get food was to go out on a working party (I happened to get on one), go into the tunnels and strip out all the stuff that the Japanese wanted. Not only did we get fed, but we ran onto some canned food and were able to smuggle a few cans out.

We stayed there for sixteen days and then were taken by ship to Manila and loaded onto landing boats. The Japanese ran the landing boats up to the beach, and we waded ashore. They marched us through the streets of Manila to an old Philippine prison called Bilibed. We stayed there overnight and the next day were loaded into boxcars, packed like sardines. We were in the boxcars about eight hours, unable to sit down, and those who had to go to the bathroom just had to go right there. Many had diarrhea; fortunately I did not. These boxcars were smaller than normal because this was a narrow gauge railway, and I would say there were probably about a hundred men in each one. Even in a regular-size boxcar, a hundred would be packed in. The Japanese were moving 6000 of us.

Cabanatuan

We were taken fifty or sixty miles north of Manila to a small town called Cabanatuan (see map on page 5). When we arrived, it was pouring down rain, and we sought shelter underneath an old schoolhouse. All the buildings there are built on stilts as was the schoolhouse. Our captors had herded us there, and that's where we spent the night.

The next day we marched about six to eight kilometers to the old Cabanatuan Army Camp. I spent the next five months in that camp, which was an old Philippine Army camp consisting of nipa huts (grass huts up on stilts).

Most of the construction was bamboo, the floors were split bamboo, and the bunks were shelves on each side of a passageway; there were two on each side, one above the other, and another one over the aisleway and above the highest of the shelves that were on each side. We had no blankets, no mattresses, no pillows (they took from us anything that was good). A friend of mine brought a new pair of Army shoes, carried them all the way to Cabanatuan, and when he got there, the Japanese took them away.

The bunks were made of split bamboo. They were not separate bunks, but were one long shelf on which the men laid side to side overlaid with the split bamboo strips--very uncomfortable. But one advantage they had was that it was very cool because air was able to circulate among the spaces.

Each barracks would sleep, I would say, about 125 men. There were no exterior walls; it was so hot, you don't want anything cutting off the air. But the grass roof was low; it overhung about halfway between the top bunk and the bottom bunk and extended out about six feet on all sides. The building was on stilts.

There were about 6000 American POWs and about 16,000 Philippinos captured on Corregidor. The Philippinos were sent to a separate camp; I don't know where, but the reason was probably because they were in their own country, and the Japanese were planning to take us out of the country.

We had no toilet facilities, no showers, no soap, no

toothpaste. I had a toothbrush with me. I took a bar of Ivory soap and a small amount of toothpaste, but it did not last long. For the rest of the time I was a POW, I scrubbed my teeth with the Ivory soap, and it did the job.

We had to dig our own latrines, a ditch, which had to be straddled. There was no cover, and it was a breeding place for maggots which turned into blow-flies (they're pretty; they look like horse flies) but they gave us dysentery. I don't know if I had dysentery; with no doctor's diagnosis, who could be sure, but I had severe diarrhea and almost died.

It was during the rainy season and the mud was ankle-deep most of the time.

Our food consisted of one pound of rice per man per day--one pound of dry rice, which was plenty if you had something tasty to go with it. We had what looked like sweet potato vines that they hauled in. We would chop them up, boil them, and pour the juice and some of the greens over the rice.

Our own cooks did the cooking in an area covered with grass roofs. They cooked over big woks (about four feet in diameter) over fireplaces. Wooden lids covered the pots. Many times the rice had worms in it, which were white and were difficult to separate from the rice. They got cooked, and a lot of them floated to the top, but the cooks never got all of them.

They burned wood to cook the rice, so every day they took a working party out to chop wood, and I went out on a couple of those details. We were actually glad to get out on those working parties because the Philippinos would sometimes come upon us and give us food or cigarettes. But by the time you divided it up among your friends, all you got was just a taste.

Escape and Executions

After we had been in camp about a month, four men escaped, but they were caught about a week later. They brought them back to camp, tied them up to posts in the hot sun, wouldn't give them any food or water until most of them were begging the Japs to kill them, to put them out of their misery. After several days, the Japs did take them out in a field in back of the camp, made them dig their own graves, and stood them at the end of each grave and shot them so they would just fall into their own graves. We were forced to witness it. At the time, I was about twenty-six years old.

After the escape try, everyone was put on lists of ten

men, and they announced that if anyone of a group of ten tried to escape, they would kill the other nine. So most of the groups agreed that if any one person decided to escape, he would inform the rest of the group, so they could all escape together.

Of course, it was almost impossible to go undetected in that part of the country unless you were darkskinned and looked like a Philippino or an Asian. Most of those who escaped were Spanish, Portuguese, Italian or some other darkskinned race.

The Sourdough Biscuit Company

So many prisoners were getting sick that the Japanese agreed finally to start a program to kill the flies. They brought in flour, sugar, and one bottle of San Miguel beer, so our cooks could make some yeast. You have to keep feeding yeast, so it will keep growing. The Japanese gave them enough sugar and flour to keep feeding it and enough ingredients to make buns. We made our own ovens out of mud and rocks and whatever we could gather together, and started a bakery. The yeast made a sourdough-type of bread, so they called it the Sourdough Biscuit Company. Any bread tasted good during those days.

The Japanese also passed out cans like Campbell soup cans, and when we had a soup-can full of flies, we got a biscuit. The yeast was to make the buns, to entice the prisoners to catch the flies.

This set off the ingenuity of the American G.I. They made all kinds of fly catchers because everyone felt as if he was slowly starving to death. This program got a lot of people a lot of buns, but it didn't do much for the dysentery and diarrhea.

About this time I got a touch of one or the other, and I got so bad that I was going to the bathroom at least twenty times a day. I got so weak that I had to crawl from my barracks to the latrine and back. I didn't think I would be able to go one more time, but a friend of mine, Jack Bender, noticed that an American doctor came into camp one day. Everyone was crowded around him trying to get medication. Jack fought his way to the doctor and got a few of the pills he had, and it cured my condition in a few days. I don't think I would have gotten over it without the medication because I was passing blood by that time.

Of the 6000 men, eighteen a day were dying of dysentery, diarrhea, or pneumonia, but most of the deaths were related to the starvation diet we were on. I got pellagra, beriberi, and scurvy. Some of the men went blind from lack of nutrients. One fellow lost his sense of balance, his equilibrium. Many of them still have different types of stomach problems, which we assume are related to conditions in the camps.

Our officers were constantly trying to get more food for us and different types of food. They knew that when the Japanese captured Corregidor, they got tons of food, including condensed milk, which the Japanese finally agreed to bring us. But there wasn't enough for everyone.

The Japanese doctor decided which ones needed the milk. But they were only given half of the small cans mixed half and half with water. I got on the milk diet. Every day I got a fourth of a can, which I shared with my friends. After a week, I was told that I was off the diet. So I slipped into the back of the men who hadn't been inspected yet, and was selected again to go on the milk diet. So I went on it for another week. It didn't do me a lot of good, but we did get some enjoyment out of who was selected and why.

The Americans had an experimental ranch in this area where they raised Brahma cattle. It was near our camp, so our officers kept negotiating for some meat for our diet. The Japanese finally agreed, so one of the Japanese soldiers was sent out to shoot a Brahma, which didn't die. They tried a second; it didn't die. A third did; then the other two dropped, so we had three steers. The Japanese took the best of the meat, and we had the rest to divide among 6000 men.

We had a little juice, with maybe a little meat, to pour over our rice that night. One of our men joked, "Why do we have all this meat tonight." Another answered, "Well one of the steers tried to escape, so they shot the other nine." Forgotten Men Cabanatuan, P.I. September 4, 1942

In a camp of nipa barracks, Lost deep in the Philippines, Are a bunch of forgotten warriors, With nothing left but dreams.

They're fighting a greater battle, Than the battle they fought and lost, It's a battle against the elements, A battle with life, the cost.

Some came through the awful tortures, Like days and nights in hell, In that struggle for the little rock, Where many brave men fell.

But now it's not how much you know, Or how quick you hit the ditch. It's not the rank that you once held, Nor whether you're poor or rich.

No one cares who you know back home, Or what kind of life you've led. It's just how long you can stick it out, That governs your life instead.

This battle we're fighting at present, Is against mosquitos, flies, and disease, But with decent living conditions, We would fight our case with ease.

It's rice for breakfast, noon and night, It rains almost every day. We sleep on bamboo slats at night, We've no better place to lay.

We eat from an old tin pan, That we're lucky enough to get, And the medical supplies that we should have, We haven't seen as yet.

We're the "forgotten men" of Corregidor, Fighting the greatest battle yet, Fighting for bare existence, Though we're hungry, sick, and wet.

Those of us who do come through, Perhaps can prove our worth, And some will tell some very strange tales, Of a terrible Hell on Earth.

Author Unknown

CHAPTER 2

Old Hoten Camp Mukden, Manchuria November 1942 - August 1943

Leaving the Philippines

In September 1942, the Japanese gave everybody in camp a form to fill out so they could determine our skills. I was a lathe operator and knew they would be interested in that. We all wanted to get out of the Philippines because of the lack of food, so the men wrote on their forms that they had some type of skill that they knew the Japanese would be interested in.

Early in October, the Japanese presented a list of 2000 men that they were going to move out. On October 13, they took us to the port district in Manila where we stayed in a big warehouse overnight and part of the next day. Then they loaded us on a cargo ship, which had four cargo holds that they had converted so they could haul troops instead of cargo. There were more shelves for stacking men. The 2000 Americans were put in the two afterholds.

During our stay overnight in the warehouse, several of us came upon some shipping documents written on onion-skin paper. One of our serious shortages was toilet paper, so we loaded up as much of that as we could carry, and it came in handy later, very handy.

We did not know where we were going when we boarded the ship, but we headed toward Formosa. An American submarine fired two torpedoes at us, but the Japanese captain managed to turn his ship so that they passed down each side of the ship. Shortly after the torpedoes passed us, we heard two explosions. We figured they had hit the bottom of the ocean and exploded. There were no more attacks after that.

The next day we pulled into Formosa where the Japanese picked up supplies, and the day after that we headed out to sea again. We assumed we were heading for Japan, but there were too many American submarines, so the ship had to turn around and come back. We tried that three times before we finally got through.

While we were on the ship, our rations consisted of three little bags of what looked like oyster crackers, unsalted. There were also three little lumps of sugar, about the size of the end of your index finger, in the bags. We got one bag for each meal, three times a day. We got water to drink, but that was it.

There were no toilet facilities on the ship except for

three platforms with holes in them built over the edge of the ship. If the wind was blowing, which it was most of the time, it blew all over the ship. Fortunately, I was constipated the whole trip, but most of the men had diarrhea and had to keep getting back in line (there was a continuous line); you can imagine 2000 men using those three holes all the time.

The trip took about thirty days from Manila to Korea. Three men died of causes related to malnutrition. There was no way the 2000 could all fit in the holds at one time even though the Japs kept trying to get them to. I slept most of my nights on that ship on a hatch cover. It was slanted, so I put my hands over the hatch on the highest edge and if I lost my grip, I would start to slide. I woke up and gripped it again. But I still considered myself lucky because I was out in the open. The stench in the hold was awful.

When we got to Korea, we were taken off the ship at the Port of Pusan and put on a passenger train where everybody had a seat. They took 1500 of the 2000 of us and sent us to Manchuria. The other five hundred went on to Japan.

Mukden, Manchuria

The trip from the port in Korea to Mukden, Manchuria took about three days. We arrived in Mukden (see map on page 6) on November 11, 1942. We were taken to an old Manchurian Army Camp, which consisted of an old bunch.of huts that were half buried in the ground. The roof of these huts sloped toward the prevailing winds which I think came from the North. There was no wall above ground on the side that the roof sloped to. On the other side, away from the wind, about half of the building was above ground and the rest was below.

On that side, each hut had a couple of windows and doorways on each end. These huts were built of wood, and the walls were a foot thick. They were double walls, and the interior of each wall was filled with mud and straw for insulation.

The roof of each hut had about a foot of mud and straw on it also for insulation.

Each unit consisted of two long, narrow buildings joined together at one end by a room that contained the washroom and latrine. The buildings had a center aisle down the middle and a shelf on each side of the aisle that was about six or seven feet wide, long enough for a man to lie on, his feet pointing toward the aisle. Each "bunk" had a little shelf overhead where the men put their personal belongings. The barracks probably held about eighty men each. Each barrack had one stove, which was about two feet wide, and the front part of the stove where the fire box was, was about three feet high and had a metal plate on top with a little round plate that could be lifted off like our old kitchen ranges. It had a small fire box about a foot square. The back part of the stove was about five feet high and two feet wide. It was all made of brick except the metal top.

The back part of the stove (the high part) was where the gasses passed through a series of baffles. The first baffle came from the floor and extended up to about a foot from the top of the chamber.

The next baffle ran from the top of the chamber to within about a foot of the floor and alternated back and forth, so the smoke would take an up and down, zigzag course as it moved upward. This allowed the brick to absorb as much heat as possible.

They were very efficient. You could hold your hand on the smoke pipe that went out of the building without getting burned even when a roaring fire was going.

We were allowed only one scuttle of coal per day per stove, and it was poor grade coal. We had to mix it with mud and roll it into a ball and let it dry before we could burn it, getting a pretty hot fire going with wood first. And the fires could not be lit until five o'clock in the evening.

The camp was surrounded with two barbwire fences, one about twenty feet outside the other.

About the first of December 1942, the Japanese assigned all able-bodied men, except those assigned to duties in camp, to work at an old Manchurian machine tool factory in Mukden.

The camp was about six to eight kilometers from the factory where we had to work, so we had a pretty long march to and from work each day. Because our diet contained so much water, we had to make several stops on the way to work and back to drain the liquid that accumulated in our bodies. We usually made these stops in the same locations.

The Dead Chinaman

One day we were going to work and stopped in one particular location to relieve ourselves. It had a big ditch along the side of the road, and we noticed a dead Chinaman lying in the ditch. Every day when we went by, we noticed the Chinaman still lying there with all of his clothes on. This was a common sight in China because the Chinese believe that anyone who claims a person's body is obligated to take care of his family. So unless he was a part of their family, people just would not claim bodies.

In this case, it was winter, and the body was frozen. One day when we passed by, his shoes were missing. And every day after that, when we walked by, we noticed that something else was missing.

Finally he was lying there naked. Then when the spring thaws came, we stopped there one day, and a pack of dogs was eating on him. Wild dogs ran through our camp all the time. In Manchuria, in the winter, wild dogs run in packs and they would run through the camp, searching for food.

Some of the men who stayed in camp and who did not work in the factories, got some maize rope and made a noose in order to catch the dogs. They laid the noose at the corner of the building, put a handful of cooked maize in the center of the noose, and stood behind the building, waiting for the dogs to come.

A pack of dogs would come through; one would come and stick his head in the noose to get the maize, and they would jerk the rope and get him around the neck. Several men would come running out with clubs and beat the dog to death. Then they would skin him and trade the pelts to the Japanese for cigarettes. The Japanese used the dog fur for lining their boots and making their hats. The POWs then cooked the meat and ate it.

I had a friend in camp who was in on this dog meat business and he kept trying to get me to taste it, but I wouldn't have anything to do with it. Finally, however, I consented because so many others were trying it. It tasted pretty good! The meat was a little sweeter than beef, not bad at all. So after that, whenever he offered me some, I took it. That is, until the day we saw the pack of dogs eating the dead Chinaman. I quit eating dog meat after that.

The first winter in Manchuria we lost about 200 men out of 1500. It got to forty degrees below zero there, and the ground was frozen so hard that we couldn't dig holes to bury the dead, so the Japanese would stack the bodies in an old warehouse. The bodies froze, so there was no stench, but when the spring thaws came, we had a warehouse full to bury.

When I was captured I had a bar of Ivory Soap which I had managed to carry with me to Manchuria. I broke it in half and used it to brush my teeth. The Japanese had issued a tooth powder that came in a paper bag called Lyon's Tooth Powder (not ∂_{Λ} . Lyon's, just $lyon'_{\Lambda}$). But it was no good for teeth; it was like talcum powder and would not mix with water. So I used the soap, and we used the tooth powder to polish our pipe stems. Also, we found that if we got diarrhea, we could take a teaspoon of that powder and wash it down with water, and it would plug us up!

I had left the other half of my Ivory Soap wrapped up in paper, and the rats ate it. But the half that I used for my teeth did a pretty good job because when I got back, we had our teeth examined, and I had only two small cavities. The dentist was amazed that my teeth were in such good shape, and I told him that we didn't get anything to eat that would rot teeth.

The Factory

The factory we were forced to work at consisted of five huge buildings made of corrugated steel with the standard roof configuration that big factories had at the time. It had a big gable with skylights and was about 200 feet wide and 300 feet long. It had been a Chinese factory called the XXX Machine Tool Company where small drill presses, small bench lathes and lathe chucks of different types were manufactured.

In the 1930s the Japanese began collecting all kinds of machine tools--mostly American made, used machine tools: huge planers, drill presses, milling machines, grinders, gear hobbers, and other kinds, which were stored in these factories. Our initial job was to set the tools up. The land there was gravel and sand mostly, which was very unstable ground in which to hold machine tools, so big holes would have to be dug and a massive amount of concrete put down in that soil to make it stable enough to mount the tools on.

The machine tools had to be level after they were installed and they had to remain level, otherwise they would not be accurate. So we dug huge holes and filled them with concrete to make foundations. In the process of filling the holes with concrete (if there were no Japs around), we would pick up anything we could find--small lathes, drill presses, any kind of tool--and throw them in the holes and fill them with concrete.

One day a bunch of us were called to the "infirmary," to be examined by a Japanese doctor. Some of us were ordered to take shots. We hadn't particularly complained about being sick, so we really didn't know why we were there. But we all had some beriberi, or diarrhea, or something like that, so that's what we thought the doctor was treating us for. Two kinds of hypos were given that day: a small one, about 10 cc, and I thought it was for beriberi. When they injected the serum into my arm, I immediately felt a hot flash through my body that went through my arm both ways, to the top of my head and to the soles of my feet. In a matter of a seconds it was over.

They used a 50 cc syringe to give the other men a shot in the thigh, and these men were given two 50 ccs of this serum, which would raise a knot on their legs about the size of a fist. The men would have to sit and rub it until it went down before they were allowed to leave. We never knew what the treatment was for, but someone suggested that perhaps the big shot was calcium.

One of the Navy hospital corpsmen taught the Japanese medic how to refill the syringe without withdrawing the needle, which saved the POWs the pain of a second injection.

One of the first things the Japanese did in Manchuria was to teach us to line up and count like military troops. In the process, if somebody made a mistake and forgot what his number was in Japanese, the Japanese soldier would try to humiliate him by making him crawl on his hands and knees twenty or thirty feet around a tree and back or take the whole troop and make them play Ring Around the Rosy or Drop the Handkerchief.

Our food that first winter consisted of boiled maize, boiled Chinese cabbage, and garlic. And we had buns from the Sourdough Biscuit Company. We had brought yeast from the Philippines, and the Japanese gave us enough sugar and flour to keep it fed on the ship. In Manchuria, they gave us enough maize and wheat flour to keep it going, so we had a biscuit for each meal. That was our diet every day. No salt, sugar, or spices except garlic.

Because of the blandness of this diet, we really had to work up an appetite before we could eat it. Most people think that because you're starving, you can eat anything, but that is not true. Even though you might be starving to death, you still have to work up an appetite to eat food that is just plain tasteless. Consequently, those who didn't work had no appetite for the food and were actually starving.

Most of the men who got serious cases of beriberi and other lack-of-food related diseases were the ones who did not get exercise. There are two types of beriberi: one is wet-beriberi (our own term) and the other is dry-beriberi. The effects of the first are that the body fills up with fluid, usually starting in the feet. As it progresses, the next place it hits is the face especially the eyes which almost close from swelling, and eventually the entire body swells up. This form of the disease, although less painful than the dry-beriberi, seemed to be the type that killed the most men.

The other form usually affected the feet only, and was so painful that the men couldn't even stand a sheet over their feet. Some men even took a walk out in the snow at night to numb their feet; some even froze their feet in order to kill the pain. Others hung their feet over the edge of the bunk and put them in a bucket of snow so they could go to sleep at night.

Diarrhea was another common illness even when our food got better. I think it was caused by our diet containing so much water and so much fiber, which had absorbed a lot of water, and probably the fact that the men would drink the cold water because it looked so refreshing, but they knew they should have boiled it first. The reason all the water there was polluted was because the Chinese fertilized all their crops with human manure. The water table is so high there that it just seeps down. You can dig down six feet and hit a well.

Keeping Up Our Spirits

Amid all this starvation, disease, and death, and the fact that we were not free and were 40 young (in our late teens and twenties), we had a problem keeping up our spirits. One thing that helped, of course, were our religious beliefs. We had a number of laymen who could perform religious services, and we usually managed to do this on Sunday if we were in camp. I had learned a little prayer from my Grandmother Barton, which I said every night as I was going to sleep; I prayed myself to sleep in other words, and any other time that I felt my spirits falling. The prayer was:

In the joy of the Lond, I am quickened and strengthened in mind, body, and soul.

Other ways that we raised our spirits were by participating in some sort of hobby: One group of men decided that we needed music, so they built a bass fiddle.

There was an Army Captain in camp, Grover, who had experience in building musical instruments, so he supervised the project. The other men who took part had been assigned to the carpenter shop in camp. They didn't have many tools, only saws, draw knives, some chisels and sand paper.

Furthermore, they had to work on the sly because we had no permission to do this work. They had no material, so they ripped wood off the barracks that we lived in in a way that it wouldn't be noticed. With the help of the men working at the factories, smuggling things like shellac and iodine for dye and piano wire, they came up with what appeared to be an authentic bass fiddle.

All the while they were concealing this from the Japanese. The hardest thing to come up with were the strings, but they finally took the piano wire, wrapped it with coarse khaki thread that the Japanese had issued us to mend our clothes, and shellacked the whole assembly and made strings that made an acceptable sound. I had manufactured the four worm and wheel string tuners at the factory and smuggled them into the camp.

After they had finished the instrument, the Japanese were inspecting the barracks and noticed the bass fiddle. The men told them that they had brought it with them, but on closer inspection, the Japanese noticed the khaki thread wrapped around the strings and made the prisoners take off all the thread, clean it off, and put it back on the spools. Then the Japanese confiscated the wire because they wanted anything that was metal.

Fortunately, the Japanese at the factory were raising pigs (American POWs were taking care of the pigs), and feeding them the slop from the Japanese mess, to butcher and sell to the Japanese who worked at the factory. The Americans saved the entrails from the first hog that was butchered, cured them, and made some authentic strings for the bass fiddle. Then we had some real music and our spirits were boosted.

The Japanese never did get wise that the bass fiddle was made in camp; it looked so authentic that they thought the Americans had brought it with them.

One American had managed to carry his guitar to Manchuria with him, so we had a small combo--a guitar and a bass fiddle--and some expert musicians to play them.

Rumors also played a big part in keeping up our spirits. Somebody was always starting one that the Yanks were on their way with their rolling kitchens (a term invented by the guy who started the rumor for an Army truck that might contain a kitchen). Germany fell so many times that when it finally did fall, we received the word within hours but didn't believe it.

We had arrived there in November, and having come out of the tropics we had tropical dress on. Even though it wasn't too far into winter yet, to us it was bitterly cold. It got down to 40 degrees below zero every winter. They didn't have a lot of snow, but the valley that Mukden was in was a big plain like Kansas, and the wind blew summer and winter. Mukden is on about the 42nd parallel (about the same as Chicago). Even that first winter, it was so cold that we put every piece of clothing on that we owned and did not take them off until spring. We even slept in them. They did furnish us with some Japanese Army uniforms, padded khaki-type cloth, rather warm really. They gave us big, rabbit-fur lined boots. But they weren't leather; they were cloth with a rubber sole.

Also that first winter I was permitted to take one bath. The Japanese bathhouse was an old wooden building with wooden floors with spaces between the boards to let the water drain. There were big wooden tubs with a metal bottoms about six feet long, four feet wide, and about four feet deep and built on top of a firebox. Big wooden cups were used to dip water out of the tub to pour over ourselves. The water was nice and warm, but the building was so cold that when the water hit, it was cold. We just stood there shivering.

We were able to wash our hands and face whenever we wanted to. Most people, however, did not have soap until we started working at the factory in December 1942, and we discovered we could make our own soap there out of soybean oil and lye. The Japanese had a hard time getting mineral oil, so they used soybean oil even in the gears of their tools. They also used a stream of soybean oil on their cutting tools, like lathes, milling machines, and gear hobbers to keep them cool. We would go down to the foundry and were able to get lye there, but we had to make up excuses in order to move around somewhat freely.

We mixed the lye with hot water and poured it into the soybean oil, stirring it all the time, and when it was completely mixed, we would pour it into a mold, let it harden, and cut it into bars.

We were also able to get peanut oil and castor oil occasionally and we experimented making soap with them. Castor oil made the best soap; it resembled castile soap, which we used on our faces. The Japanese only issued us about two bars of hand soap during the whole three years.



CHAPTER 3

New Hoten Camp Mukden, Manchuria August 1943 - September 1945

Description of the Camp

The Japanese built a new POW camp for us nearer the factory where we worked. It was much nicer than the old one, but it wasn't anything to brag about.

It was all concrete brick, surrounded by a fifteen-foot high wall topped with electrically-charged barbed wire. There were five two-story barracks buildings that were connected in the back by a single-story building that was our latrine. Each building on each floor had a center aisle, and on each side of the aisles there were five bays with aisles down the center of them at right angles to the main aisle. Each bay consisted of two wide shelves on each side of the bay aisle. Each floor housed 250 men; each building housed 500 men; 3 buildings made bunks for 1500 men.

The shelves that we slept on had mattresses of straw in a canvas bag. We had tubular pillows made of canvas stuffed with straw about eight inches in diameter and about a foot long. Each man was issued one sheet and one blanket. At the head of each sleeping shelf was a shelf about a foot wide for storing our belongings.

There were stairwells on each end of the buildings, and the ground floor on the back of each building was a washroom--a couple of long troughs with running cold water, for washing hands and faces. Off the washroom was the latrine.

Every other bay on each side of this main aisle had a concrete stove called a petska (?), built in the shape of a cylinder standing on end (pipe shaped) about four feet in diameter. It had a small firebox about a foot square and a foot deep. The flue was in the shape of a coil set in concrete, so as to keep as much heat as possible in the room from the coal that they burned.

The barracks had wood plank floors and wood partitions between the bays. The walls were not finished (painted); they were just bare wood.

The second-story windows that overlooked the wall had louvered screen-like covers that were not adjustable and were designed to keep us from looking beyond the wall, but they were not very effective because we could see between the louvers.
In the new camp we had our own galley and did our own cooking. Food was carried from the galley to the barracks; each bay had one man assigned to get the food.

There was a Japanese side of the camp where they had their offices, storerooms, and guards' living quarters. The brig (jail) was on the Japanese side also. We were not permitted to roam freely between the POW and Japanese sides of the camp. There were guards stationed at the gate between the two sides, and men had to have special permission to go to the other side.

One building was used as an infirmary. We had a couple of American doctors and one Japanese doctor, but the only medicine we had was aspirin, iodine, and maybe some first aid medications. Sick men, if they were sick enough, were housed in that building.

Sweet Mush Eve

Shortly after we were transferred to New Hoten Camp, our officers intensified their requests for new types of food, so we got cornmeal and soybeans in addition to the maize, Chinese cabbage, and buns. In the summer, the Japanese had us doing some gardening, and some of the vegetables that we raised were occasionally added to our diet like carrots and potatoes.

The biggest help was the cornmeal mush and the soybeans because the soybeans were relatively high in protein. We invented all kinds of ways of fixing them. Sometimes they were cooked into a soup or boiled and mashed and made into patties and baked. But we absolutely never had any flavoring, not even a grain of salt. So it was still a bland-tasting diet.

We did get sugar to feed our yeast, and there was always a little left over, so on Wednesday morning they put it in several buckets of mush. It wasn't enough really, but you could taste the sweetness, and the few buckets were passed around so everybody got some.

Consequently Tuesday evening became known as Sweet Mush Eve.

On the Payroll

At the new camp, they started paying us for our work at the factory. We worked ten hours a day, seven days a week, except one Sunday a month when we stayed in camp to clean our barracks. We were paid twenty sen a day. At pre-World War II money exchange, that amounted to about five cents a day. Of course, we didn't have anything to spend the money on, so most men used it to gamble with. After about three months, the Japanese had caught so many men gambling that they quit paying us, but they still made us sign the payroll each month, and said they were banking the money for us. They also confiscated all the money they found floating around the camp.

Needless to say, we never did see the money we supposedly made.

Several other working groups were set up outside the camp. They took about fifty men to a tannery, and they were housed there, so we never saw them again until the war was over.

Another group of about fifty worked in a crane factory, making cranes with lift mechanisms. These men were housed at the main camp because their factory was nearby.

Several other small groups worked at other factories in the area also, living at the main camp.

Our Work at the Factory

It took us almost a year to get all the machinery set up so they could go into production. At one time I was assigned with two other men to clean up trash inside the factory. The two men were manning a yo-ho pole (we called them yo-ho poles because that is what the Chinese chanted as they carried the poles, "Yo-ho, Yo-ho,") with a basket mounted between them and the other man was assigned to fill up the basket with trash. When there were no Japanese around we would just lean on our shovel or yo-ho pole and talk.

The minute the Japanese showed up, we would start working. The two with the pole would raise it up, and the other would pick up trash. If the Japanese left right away, we would dump the pole and go back to talking. If he hung around too long, we might have to go dump the trash. But that didn't happen too often. We wanted this job to last a long time because it was easy.

To move heavy machinery, when there was no crane, if the foundation of the machine was flat enough, we laid round poles at one end of the machine, lifted the machine (with a whole gang of men) and slipped a round pole as far back under the machine as we could, sliding other poles under it and rolling it along on these poles. As we moved the machine along, the poles would come out at the back end, and we would put them in at the front until we got it moved.

The Chinese helped us with this heavy work. One next

to me must have felt sorry for me because I was so skinny, and as we worked he tapped me, telling me in his language that he wanted to help me; he wanted me to pretend to lift while he did the work.

Because Henry Ford was a Japanese idol, they were setting up a factory to build automatic screw machines on a production line patterned after Henry Ford's production line. They had an expert engineer that had visited a Ford Motor Company production line, and he had designed the factory we were setting up.

We had Americans working in every department in the factory, and as I said, one group was taking care of the pigpen. They also had a vegetable cellar, where we had a group working. They were supposed to cut the bad parts from potatoes and carrots, send them to the pigpen, and send the good parts to the Japanese galley.

But the Americans cut off some of the good parts and put them in the garbage headed for the pigpen. The Americans in charge of the pigpen, carefully smuggled the good stuff over to the American galley, which was dumped into our soup. Normally all we had to eat at the factory was a bowl of soupy maize, but with these added goodies, plus a little soybean oil that we stole from the factory, our soup was a little more tasty.

Smuggling Motors

Besides the pigpen, we had men working at all the storerooms and the garage. The president of the factory had a big, black limousine with a Chinese chauffeur. The men working at the storeroom discovered from the Chinese chauffeur that there was a market for electric motors in Mukden, so they stole motors out of the storerooms, smuggled them over to the pigpen, and the men there would hide them (in holes they dug, covering them first) until somebody wanted one in Mukden. When someone wanted one, they smuggled it over to the garage and put it in the trunk of the limousine, and that night after the chauffeur dropped the president off at his home, he would deliver the motor to whoever ordered it, collect the money, and bring it back to the factory. Then everybody who was involved got a cut.

This went on for several months when the Japanese discovered that motors were missing, I guess when they did their inventory. So they called in their "FBI" to catch the culprits. Everybody knew the Japanese "FBI" guy who showed up in white coveralls with a pair of binoculars. He stood behind buildings, peeking through his binoculars, or stood on buildings; we could see him plain as day, but he finally caught the whole deal--from smuggling the motors to the pigpen and to the garage. So one day they arrested everybody involved, put the Americans in the brig, and the Chinaman too, I guess, but they discovered that there were so many Japanese involved, including some high officials, that they dropped the whole case and let everybody out of jail.

But that did stop the smuggling operation.

Sabotaging Production Lines

By the fall of 1943, the factory machinery was all set up, and we were ready to start production. The POWs were assigned to their trade groups. I was assigned to a Japanese, a lathe operator named Tabana; I was to assist him and learn their production methods, even though I was already a qualified lathe operator, in order to be qualified in their sense, and in order to go into production on my own.

Other men were assigned to different departments. We had Americans working in every facet of the manufacturing process such as the foundry, jig and tool, drafting, blueprinting, inspection. All the sabotaging that we did was never planned but was done on the spur of the moment. No one discussed how something was sabotaged. Everyone acted on his own, and I think that's why we got away with it. It was an unwritten law to delay or disrupt their operations. And everyone on his own job worked toward that goal.

When I was working with Tanaba on the lathe, there were times when he would turn the operation over to me while he went to the bathroom or after other tools or to talk with someone. Chances were that I would think of some way to ruin the part that he was making. He never got wise; he thought I was just another dumb American. I saw him make many mistakes too, however.

Differences Between Cultures

The Japanese were a little sadistic at times, but a lot of them were taken out of the back hills and were like native head-hunter types, rather barbaric, and liked to torture animals and humans. I think that they felt inferior to the Caucasian race, and when they had us as prisoners, they liked to humiliate us. At this time, Japan was not so industrialized; some areas were, but many of their products were copies of ours and were inferior.

One morning when my boss, Tanaba, came to work, I asked him if he kissed his wife good-bye, and he frowned and said, "Dami. Dami. (Japanese for 'no.') Wifeo neigh. Baby okay." It's part of their culture that men don't show affection to their women. There are a number of differences in our cultures: Their saws cut when you pull them toward you; here, when you push it away. When you wave here, you mean, "good-bye"; when you wave there, it means, "Come here." They bury their dead in China half sitting up, facing east and only about two feet underground with about two feet of dirt on top, so there is a mound over the coffin. In the spring they place a square of sod on the burying place. The older the grave, the more shovels full of sod have been placed on the graves and the higher they are. We saw things like this as we marched from the barracks to the factory.

Children, mostly Korean and Chinese, were going to school at the factory, learning to be machinists. They struck us as being much younger because they were so small, but they must have been in their early teens. They spent hours learning to use, for example, a ball peen hammer, hitting it over and over. There was a long workbench and they all struck at the same time. Then they would work at another task, all doing it at the same time.

In Production on Our Own

After several months working with the Japanese on different machine tools, the Japanese decided that we were ready to go into production, so they assigned us to go to work by ourselves. A Japanese production manager was to oversee our work and figure out ways to increase our production. We were determined, however, not to produce for them.

Apparently we were successful because after going through three Japanese production officers, they decided to take us off production and replace us with Chinese who were more dependable. They had never worked under a free market system.

All the Americans who had been assigned to machine tools, were assigned to a repair group; they were responsible for keeping the machine tools in the factory in operating condition. Most of those were old American tools, and the Japanese had no blueprints to repair them. They called in outside machinists, a group of American POWs, who sent the broken parts to draftsmen to draw parts, then sent them to engineers who sent them to blueprinters.

The blueprints were sent back into the shop, and that's where I was; we were assigned to make the new part from the blueprints. Someplace along the line, somebody made a mistake purposely. If we saw that the blueprint was correct, we would make a mistake in the shop.

In the meantime, the janitors were Americans, and when they came across a machine that was torn apart, they would sweep up some of the parts and throw them in the trash. As I said before, none of this was planned, so the Japanese never got wise. It got so bad that by the time the war ended we had about a third of their machines torn apart, awaiting repairs.

The factory was set up to manufacture an automatic lathe to make small screws and rivets. One machine could put out thousands in a day. So the Japanese could produce screws and rivets by the thousands by machine, but they were interested in selling the machines. So they had the Chinese civilians produce these screws and rivets one by one by hand on a lathe instead of mass producing them on a machine. It would be like our making ice cream by hand while we sell efficient ice cream machines. Or sewing garments by hand while selling sewing machines.

Manufacturing Good Padlocks/Bad Padlocks

This repair shop that they assigned us to had lathes, grinders, gear hobbers, milling machines. . It was a complete shop. We had no direct Japanese supervision, which gave us an excellent opportunity to engage in our own hobbies. Many of the POWs made smoking pipes, cigarette holders, and dental tools, for example. Each man had a tool box where he kept hand tools, and we had no problem getting them because Americans were issuing them. The Japanese or Chinese who wanted one had to put in an order and sign for them. However, we were only working in the daytime, whereas the Japanese and Chinese had a night shift which was when they stole our tools. So we had to keep running to the tool issue room for more tools. We planned, therefore, to make something to lock up our tools.

One of the POWs came up with a basic idea for making a combination padlock, and after pooling our ideas, we came up with one that had four rings on a spool (see diagram and instructions, pages 32-38, which are reproduced from memory as close as possible to how they were done the first time).

The padlock consisted of four rings, each of which had ten numbers around the circumference for setting the combination. This was set on a spool with a notched staple that matched up with the inner diameter of the ring, and when the ring was turned, it would lock until the proper combination was worked.

When we finished the first lock, one man demonstrated it and the rest of us watched. A Japanese official, whom we were not aware of, was looking over our shoulders. When he saw how the locked worked, he grabbed the man who was demonstrating it, and took him away. We thought he would end up in the brig and us too, if for nothing else, for not working. The demonstrator was gone for about an hour and when he returned, he was all smiles as we gathered around to hear him. He had been taken in to the president of the factory and was made to demonstrate the padlock to him. The president asked if he could make more, and the demonstrator said yes. The president said he wanted a thousand for the factory, that he could set up his own production line, but the president couldn't furnish any material. That wasn't a problem; we could get anything we wanted.

We got to work, stealing what we needed from different parts of the factory, some used and some new materials. We made them and serialized them, keeping a record of the combinations. As we turned them over to the Japanese, we gave them lists of the serial numbers and the combinations. But we didn't need that information. All we needed to do was pull on the staple, find the ring that turned the hardest and turn it until it clicked. We would continue to pull on the staple, go to the next ring that turned the hardest, turn it until it clicked, and so on until the staple came out.

We made the Japanese locks that way with only one hole through each ring. But we made our own more secure. We put each ring in a milling machine and milled a hole halfway through the ring surface adjacent to each number on the ring, so each ring had nine false holes and one real hole. That made our rings, which we only made for Americans, more difficult to pick. Shortly after we went into production on these locks, the camp commander found out about them and ordered the factory to turn over the first fifty (of the bad locks) to him. None of the Japanese had a secure lock that they could depend on. All the Japanese-made locks that we had had experience with at the factory, we could open with a pair of inside calipers; they were that undependable. However, the Japanese had not learned how to pick their own.

We could pick ours, and the ones we made for them, but not the new ones we made for ourselves.

There was such a demand for the first batch that we made for the factory that all the Japanese and Chinese were trying to trade us out of them with cigarettes or food or money as soon as we made them. We never did deliver the first thousand because we traded so many off, and when the war ended we still owed them several hundred locks.

New Guitar and Tobacco Pipes

I mentioned before that we had an old guitar and an expert guitar player. He wanted a new guitar, so the men in camp made the body, and I made the frets. He wanted a curved keyboard, so I made the frets out of 1/8 inch diameter brazing rod and we smuggled in a piece of hacksaw



DIAM. THROUGH HOLE 0 ALL OTHERS 1" DIAM. 1" DEEF SCRIBE LINES ON SURFACE OF RING AS SHOWN ON BOTTOM WIEW. 14 8 316 +.000 +,002 " -.000 " PIECE NO. 3 SCALE: 1" = 1" 4 RINGS REQUIRED SHEET 20F 3



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MACHINING INSTRUCTIONS

- Note: Material selected for pieces 1, 2, and 3 should be the same as difficulty will be experienced in drilling the hole through the spool and nings if different metals are used.
 - 1. <u>PIECE 1</u>. Machine Lower body of spool, drill and tap to neceive upper spool large (PIECE 2) as shown. Do not drill to receive staple (PIECE 4) at this time.
 - 2. <u>PIECE 2</u>. Machine and thread as shown. Do not drill staple hole at this time.
 - 3. <u>PIECE 3</u>. Machine the outside diameter, inside diameter (3/4") and thickness of all four rings. Do not do other machining at this time.
 - 4. Assemble the four rings to the lower spool piece, install the upper spool flange and tighter against the rings. If the rings are not held firmly in place (should not turn) then install a piece of shim stock between the upper spool flange piece and the top ring so that rings will be held firmly in place when spool flange piece is tightened against them.
 - 5. Layout a 3/4" diam. cincle centered on the face of the upper spool flarge piece. Center punch for drilling staple holes as shown on plan view of Piece 2. Drill 1/4" diam. hole for long leg of staple to depth as shown on drawing. Drill hole for short leg of staple to depth as shown on drawing. Extreme care must be taken to ensure that rings do not turn while drilling the hole for the long leg of the staple and to ensure that the drill does not drift off center during the operation. Because you are drilling half into the spool and half into the rings the drill will have a tendency to drift. It may be necessary to use a drill guide on jig to avoid this tendency to drift.

6. While the rings are still in position on the spool

-1-

insert a piece of 1/4" diam. nound stock in the holeyou have just drilled for the Long Leg of the staple to hold, hings in position. Using a dividing head on other accurate method, scribe the ten lines on the surface of the rings (as shown on dwg.) that will be used for positioning the combination numbers.

- 7. Remove the rings from the spool and machine the 1" diam. countersuch portion of the rings as shown on the drawing.
- 8. Again using a dividing head, clamp each ning in a jig and mill the nine 1/4" diam. X 1/16" deep faise holes as shown on the dwg..
- 9. To manufacture the staple (piece 4) cut off a piece of 1/4" drill nod 5 7/8" long.
 - (a) Polish the drill nod with fire emery and/or crocus cloth to your satisfaction.
 - (b) Machine the provve on the end of the long leg of the staple for the staple retainer pin as shown on the dug.
 - (c) Make a 180 degree (1/4" radius) bend in the other end of the staple Located as shown on the dwg.
 - (d) Assemble the spool (pieces 1 and 2).

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- (e) Insert the long leg of the staple into its hole in the spool with short leg outside the spool (not in its hole in top of spool).
- (f) With the long leg of the staple finmly bottomed out in its hole and the short leg up against the outside of the upper spool flange, mark the end of the short leg 3/16" down from the top of the upper spool flange. (The purpose of this procedure is to ensure that when properly assembled the long leg of the staple will be bottomed out in its hole and the short leg end will not touch the bottom of its hole. Cut short leg as marked.
- (g) To layout the notches on the staple for machining install one ring on the bottom portion of the spool (counter bone side down) with the through hole aligned with the half hole in the spool body, then insert the staple in position and holding the staple firmly bottomed out in its hole and ring

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-2-

held firmly in place scribe a line on the staple where the top of the ring touches the staple. Now add another ring and repeat this operation until the top of the notch for each ring has been scribed on the staple.

- (h) Now clamp the staple in a vice with the short leg of the staple down and the upper surface of the long leg horizontal and paralell with the machine bed plate you will be doing the machining on. When properly aligned machine the 4 (1/8" wide) notches 1/8" deep. After machining file the root of the notches to a 3/8" radius as shown on the dwg. (section DD) so that when the flange of the ring is turned into the notch it will not rub on the root of notch.
- (i) Assemble all 4 nings on the spool (counter bore side down) and install the top flange of the spool. Align the through holes with hole in the spool and insert a piece of 1/4" round stock in the hole to hold the rings in position, determine where on the spool you wish your combination set point to be and scribe a line on the upper and lower spool flanges in line with the scribe line on the rings. Now determine the combination you desire and stamp on engrave the combination numbers on the rings at this set point. Now stamp on engrave the remaining numbers on the rings so that each ring has numbers from 0 to 9 reading clockwise (including the combination number you have just marked).
- (i) Now nemove the piece of nound stock and dnill on dnill and tap the hole for the staple netainer as shown on the dwg. Insert the the staple in position and install the staple netainer pin on set screw in place so that no excess pressure is exerted on the staple. Do not set the staple retainer in position permanently until you check to see that, with the combination set, the staple will back out sufficiently to swing the short leg aside to clear

-3-

the spool so that you can install the lock on a hasp keep, also turn the rings and ensure they turn easily and the combination can be set and staple unlocked without difficulty.

- (k) Before final assembly ensure all sharp edges are removed from parts and lubricate moving parts with WD40 or other light oil.
- (1) After the combination has been stamped on engraved on the nings the combination can still be changed by rearranging the rings on the spool 24 combinations are possible).

blade, so a slot could be sawed across the keyboard for installing the frets. I also made an adjustable bridge. We took the string tuners off the old guitar and put them on the new.

All the Japanese buses and trucks used charcoal burner for producing gas that was used as fuel for combustion engines. The fuel that made the gas was hardwood blocks about two to three inches square. There was a big tank on the back of each of these vehicles that was filled up with hardwood blocks and a gas burner at the bottom that would start the wood burning, and when the wood was burning well, a lid was put on the big tank, clamping it down to be airtight, and the wood would smolder, giving off a gas, which was piped to the engine, starting the engine and keeping it running until it ran out of gas. Then the whole process had to be started again.

Because so many wooden blocks were needed, the Japanese kept a group of Americans busy chopping them up. It wasn't that boring really because anytime they ran onto a knot or burl, they sent them into us and we made pipe bowls out of them. The woods were hardwoods, mostly oak, and the knots or burls had a nice grainy look. Some of our pipes were works of arts. Some looked like Sherlock Holmes' with a curved stem.

The men who worked at the crane factory were able to get hard rubber about an inch in diameter and about any length we wanted. So they would smuggle it to us in camp, and we would smuggle it to the factory to make our pipe stems out of. We turned the stems on a lathe to the proper configuration, then drilled about a 1/8 inch hole through the stem and about a 1/4 inch hole in the end of the stem that went into the pipe bowl; then we would manufacture a filter out of aluminum to screw into that end of the stem to filter out some of the moisture. We shaped the mouthpiece of the stem with a file until we got the proper configuration there. Then we would grind down a piece of hacksaw blade and insert that in the round hole of the stem and gradually saw through, making a slit for the mouthpiece.

In order to make them look purchased, we used a piece of toothbrush handle which we cut in a diamond-shape or cloverleaf-shape and embedded it in the stem, which purchased pipes have. We also flattened the bottom of the bowl and burned "Briar" or some other brand name into it. I don't know of anyone who ever got caught making pipes because they looked as if we had bought them somewhere and brought them with us.

To make a curved stem pipe, we formed it the same way as above then put it in boiling water until we could form it into whatever shape we wanted. After the forming was done, we used our Japanese tooth powder, which was no good for teeth, and used it to polish the stem and bowl. It made a nice gloss. We usually rubbed soybean oil into the outside of the bowl and got a finish like linseed oil might give.



CHAPTER 4

Smuggling Operations at New Hoten 1943-45

Daily Searches

In the mornings, after breakfast, all the men going to the factory would line up and count off in Japanese. Anyone who missed his count would get hit with the sword end of the Japanese OD's (Officer of the Day's) scabbard or would receive some other minor punishment, and we would have to start counting all over again.

Once the correct count was determined, we were marched to the factory where there was a cloak room at the entrance where we hung our coats if it was winter. We went through there to the other end to the factory. At the end of the day, when we were returning to camp, we would line up at the factory side of the cloakroom and be searched by civilian guards who worked there. We would then go through the cloakroom, pick up our coats, and as we exited the other end of the cloakroom, we were searched by Japanese soldiers.

We were then lined up and counted again, and when they determined that we were all there, we were marched back to camp where we were searched again. Sometimes they would just pat our pockets and bodies all up and down and we would go on into camp. But some of the ODs were rougher than others, especially the Japanese doctor. When he was on duty, he would make everyone strip bare and the guards go through all their clothing before they could dress. He even did this on winter days when it was freezing cold, and we were outside when we stripped.

He was the worst OD; we knew that when he was on duty, we couldn't smuggle anything into the camp.

So it took quite a lot of ingenuity for us to smuggle. One method we used was to throw an item too large to conceal on our bodies over the wall as we approached the gate to the camp, hoping that none of the guards saw it. Then after we got it into camp, we would slyly saunter over and pick it up. This was rather risky, as there was a tower on each corner of the camp with guards watching. I don't recall anyone ever getting caught smuggling that way, but we didn't use that method very often; it was a last resort.

If the item was small enough, the man smuggling would hang it on a string, tie it around his neck, and drop it down his back between his shoulder blades; then when he was searched he would straighten up and throw his shoulders back, creating a hollow in his back, so the searcher wouldn't feel it. Another method was to make items at the factory carefully enough to look as though they had been purchased back in America and we had brought them with us. Those were not concealed, but we depended on convincing the guard that we brought it with us when we were captured.

Once I made a cigarette holder with a wooden mouthpiece and an aluminum metal tip. When I went back to camp that day, I took it with me, but didn't conceal it, and when I went through the searching line at camp, the guard questioned me about it, and even showed it to the OD, but I was able to convince them that I had bought that back in the Philippines.

The Nippon Times and "Go Aheads"

The Japanese who worked at the factory were not supposed to bring newspapers into the factory, but some of them did, and as they were eating their lunch, they would sit on the floor and have the newspaper concealed in their lockers, reading it during their lunch hour. They were sitting facing their own locker and the door was open, helping to conceal what they were doing.

When we spotted a Japanese reading his newspaper, we would keep an eye on him to see where he put it so when he went to the bathroom or left his machine, someone could steal it.

Several men had made wooden clogs and put about a 2" wide piece of belting across the toe area so they could walk in them. We called the clogs "Go Aheads" because if you tried to walk backward, they would fall off. Several men who made the clogs hollowed out a section of the sole that would be covered with the strap, the part that goes under the ball of the foot.

These were mainly used for smuggling a section of the newspapers a section at a time, folded up real small, and then they were delivered to a British officer in camp who could read and write Japanese. That way we were able to confirm a lot of the rumors that we heard from the Chinese but couldn't depend on. We had no other means of communication from the outside world except occasional English newspapers that we also couldn't depend on. The Japanese had written them themselves, for example the *Nippon Timea*, which I still have several copies of. (See pages 43-46.) They sold for eight or 15 sen and we made 20 sen a day.

Another way that we smuggled was to use old bicycle inner tubes and basketball bladders that we were able to get occasionally at the factory. If we had any liquids like alcohol or shellac to smuggle into the camp, we would use



TOKYO, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. 1943



Cherished Self-I To Java in Decr By Nippon Admi

Solitary Detention For Mahaima Gandhi **Planned by British** Domei

LISBON, September 6 .- The Indian people are considerably worried over the state of health of Mahatma Gandhi which has reportedly deteriorated, it is learned from New Delhi. The British authorities are said to be keeping the Mahatma in close custody and to have taken steps to make impossible any contact with the outside world. It is also learned that the British-Indian Government has temporarily planned to remove Gandhi to a more distant, solitary place of confinement.



Promise of Prim With Central, Re Participation of

Domei

DJAKARTA, September nesians was realized today w officially announced the est Councils, both administrative participate.

The establishment of th promulgated by the Japane.



Soviet Landing Repulsed Domei

BERLIN. September 6.powerful Soviet naval unit tempted to land on the east co. of Luga Bay, on the Gulf of F land, early this morning, 1 was forced to withdraw af suffering heavy losses due counter-attack by German forc according to military authorit here.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1943



lesources and Increase rosecution of War

KAGI

Contemporary Japan)

niable that due to Japan's ire China has now been able annul those unequal treaties h have long hindered its legite arlvancement.

To Strengthen Continent

Japan's economic policy at r'l China is designed to strengthe economic structure of the inent is apparent from the nod it has instituted to withthe circulation of military and stabilize national liveli-!. Since April 1, Japan has ended further issuance of ary scrip in south and central a. the object being to help the king Government in unifying its oney with Contral Reserve t notes on the one hand and to perate with it in vitating the onal economic power beneficial the stability of the people's incod on the other.

ollowing the landing of Japanese cs on the shores of Bias Bay uly, 1938, military scrip came into ulation in south China; whereas some measure was executed in tral China in November, 1937, in the Yanagawa corps landed the shores of Hangchow Day. March this year, Japan granted relit of Y200,000,000 to Nanking. plementing the credit of Y100,-009 accorded in July last year. s financial support has enabled iking to bolster its currency ric. Besides, several joint ecoenterprises have been nic lertaken to speed up the protion of commodities and exploion of natural resources.

Anglo-American sympath; he and China is a superficial pose, so it lacks sincerity. After the of Burma, the Anglo-American amand gave its word of honor t the Burma Road would be pened soon with a view to disching war supplies to Chungg. Up till now, however, it has only failed to fulfil its solemn mise, but both London and shington have expressed their bility to send sufficient quantities war materials to General Chiang i-shek. This shows how far tain and the United States are cere toward Chungking. Dr. T.V. - Foreign Minister of Chungis and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.



Britain's Merciless Spoliation of Continent Began Opium War of 1842

By SANTARO Of the Nippon Times Staff

THINKING

Shimokobe Nagaru

. Part III

Nagaru, when young, had an ambition to shine in the world, at least when he left his obscure home in Yamato province and came to the great rich city of Osaka, then awak ing to a new sense of culture. So we may surmize from his early nocms. Soon he was distillusioned and "forsook the world." Why? We do not know for certain. He was not a Buddhist as Keichu was. But as a Confucian scholar which he certain ly was, he must have tasted something of the same gloomy experience which had fallen to the ancient sage.

In Osaka he had found few real good scholars such as he had hoped to meet. He was therefore thrown upon his own resources and continu ed his favorite studies by teaching himself. He was not understood or appreciated. Those only he saw best thriving who were shams and charlatans till he decided it was not worth his candle to court the favors of the world, and became a recluse, lonely, but independent and proud.

Such apparently was the view of Keiko, author of the "Lives of Eccentrics," already referred to who, himself disgruntled with the ways of the world, wreaked a kind of vicarious vengeance by declicating his literary ability to the adoration of "eccentrics" who had spirit and merit and were on that account cold shouldered by the world.

Was He Lazy?

The writer, however, cannot altogether endorse such thought. Nagaru, it seems to me, was so devoted a student of Classical Learning that he had little lust for anything else. The joy of his pursuit was so preponderantly great that the common pleasures and allurements of life had no weight with him. Classical Learning was to him the discovery of a new world peopled by wise good men of antiquity whose mode of life struck him as being far more natural, beautiful and free than that of his contemploraries; each new word or phrase he had excavated from the classical mines, long disused, was to him a fresh picture illustrating the thoughts and manners of these wondrous people. He forgot to marry; or no women cared for a man so strangely preoccupied.

By DR. SHUMEI OKAWA

To European traders in the 17th | finally sent them an ultimate century, the most profitable articles of trade in China were silk and tea. Europe was supplied with these articles through Central Asia even before the water route to India was discovered. The Portuguese were the first to monopolize the trade of these articles by the sea route.

Under the region of Charles I early in the 17th century, a body of English traders sought to open foreign trade with China and obtained license from the king for this purpose. They sent a small fleet of warships to China, which arrived at Macao in 1635. However, the portugese traders at Macao, who considered themselves pioneers in the opening of China trade, resented the arrival of English competitors at the island and made all possible efforts to impede their path until the latter left for Canton.

When the British fleet arrived at the mouth of the Canton River, the Chinese army suddenly fired upon it from the Humen fortress. The commander of the British fleet immediately accepted the challenge by bombarding and capturing the fortress. As the result of this conflict, China was forced to trade with Britain, a special place for transaction being designated outside the walled city.

Used Canton as Center

Since that time Britain carried on its trade with China, with Cantor. as the center of activity, and with this city as their commercial base. the British built up their commercial interest until they outrivalled all the traders of other nations. As most of the traders of other nations depended upon British ships to ship their cargo to Europe, London, naturally became the central market of Chinese articles in Europe.

British merchants in China shipped a considerable amount of silk and tea to their country for which they paid an enormcus sum of money. China had been a country of self-sufficiency and did not care to import any European articles ex cept silver. But Britain could not afford to export its silver forever to China without selling some commodities to the latter. The British merchants, in their search for something which would replace silver exports

manding that the criminal b ed over to him within a certa or he would attack the Britis mercial area outside the walled city. The situation so tense that foreign traders British commercial town sou fuge in Macao, but the Brit mained and accepted the challenge.

The clash between the and British forces took place neighborhood of Kwangehe latter firing upon the Chines As the British army and na their bases of operation in Inc were better trained, they we to rout their enemy without difficulty, capture the Ch archipelago, Hongkong, Shanghai, Wusung, etc. The fleet then penctrated the Yangize, interrupting the co cation between north and China. As this British a threatened the position of N the Chinese Government was tually forced to come to tern Britain.

Nanking Treaty Forced

As the result of this China was forced to sign th king peace treaty on Aug 1842, the first unilateral trea posed upon China, which re 'in force until recently. Ac to the stipulations of this trea the supplementary (reaty whi signed in 1847. Britain a Hongkong. With this island base of operation. it worked ly for the conquest of East A a century until Japan capit last year. In addition to thi ain forced China to open Fukien, Ningpo and Shang foreign trade ports. China w forced to abolish all the rest for using these ports in its course with foreign countrie to adjust its custom duties in ing with the stipulations treaty. Thus the treaty la foundations for the establish: extraterritoriality for foreig dents in China.

The Opium War of 1842 most cruel blow dealt Chin: damage she suffered has beer reaching consequence. As sult of the disastrous defe Ching dynasty lost its prestigit never regained. As the fiv were opened for free foreig thousands upon thousands

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WELLE EU TYMOTHE it the case of Chungausted themselves in imerica for increased

id Chungking

last Washington cononcrete decision was hing the question of sking. Britain and more interested in own cause than that If General Chiang ll hoping that Britain would come to his e ultimately, it must he is not facing the . The Anglo-American it waging war for the ngking; they are prolities for their benefit

cally cut off from the o-American influence, is been placed in a on to replenish its icity. The meager war are filtering through juate to its war puris why Chungking severely criticizing Vashington for attachportance to the East and are not hesitating the veracity of the an non possumus. It ed desire that the in command should es against Japan by strategic areas of nina.

ep toward that direcnand that more warbe dispatched to id that the qualitative tive strength of the force now stationed 1 China must be inintially, so that Japaon the continent, as mainland of Japan ded. Though London on are quite in agree-Chungking on these ney are admitting the carrying out such lly in view of the Japan.

of Relations .

survey of the Sinotions from the Meiji inauguration of the g Government eloates the manner in ive progressed. Up to of the Sino-Japanese 14-5, China regarded ort of inferior nation. ng Japan's victory in banese War of 19045, very much interested try, and cordial relaued on Page 3) 1 19-100

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Neither WULLULJ blandishments of men of wealth had any glamor for him. What looked like his hatred of the world was only his constant absorption in his studies. His seeming rudeness but shyness or ignorance of common etiquette.

As to his chronic laziness which everywhere dogged his name, it may be explained by some constitutional disease to which a man of his age and sedentary habits is subject. He was probably in his later years liable to fits of apoplexy to which it is presumed he finally succumbed.

Sworn Friends

Thus analyzed, his life and character will cease to be so abnormally queer as it may seem at first, and now there remains his work to be considered. This may best be done in conjunction with that of Keichu who was his greatest successor, or his only worthy successor who had not only improved upon what he had done but completed what he had begun but left unfinished. It is universally conceded that Nagaru's chief mission in life was to impress and inspire Keichu and in some degree guide his studies' for without his stimulating example and unconscious tuition Keichu could not have accomplished all that he had.

There is a difference of 16 years between the two; Keichu was 17 years when he first fell under the charm of Nagaru's peems, and resolved to emulate their power and beauty, and from that time dated a friendship and a comradeship in learning which lasted till death deparated them. Many poems are found ir, the collections of the two men which were exchanged between them as letters are between intimate friends, and one of the most famous Keichu sent to Nagaru reads:

"Ware o shiru hito wa kimi nomi o shiru

"Hito mo amata wa araji tozo 0-m0-0.'

You are the only man who knows me, neither are those who know you very many-I fancy.) That is, "I am the only man who knows you."

Contrast in Character

Their friendship was bound with an exquisite tie of sentiment which owed as much to the contrast between them as to their community of tastes. Keichu was priest and Nagaru layman, the one was orthodox Buddhist and the other Confucian scholar; a gap of 16 years separated them. But these disparities served to enhance rather than obstruct the perfect understanding between them; they deepened their common devotion to the same object -classical learning and love of stablished which lasted ancient poetry. Both were unmar-(Continued on Page 3)

to cuma, many me upon a plan of selling opium to the Chinese.

Up to the middle of the 18th century, opium was produced chiefly in Persia and exported to China from that country. Drug addicts, in those days, were few in number but a penchant for opium smoking was not absent. Taking advantage of the situation, the British traders began to cultivate poppies in India and started the opium traffic to China.

The Chinese demand for this article began to increase by leaps and bounds. The situation foreboded ill for China for not only were her people becoming a physical wreck but the balance of trade began to run in favor of Britain. Such a trend was bound to precipitate a financial crisis in China, increase the price of silver against copper, on the one hand, and decrease tax revenue, on the other.

Prohibited Opium Import

In the face of this situation, China prohibited the import of this drug in 1796 and in 1815 prohibited her people from smoking opium. In 1815, the opium imported into China by British merchants totaled 1,000 cases. In 1822, Yuan Yuan, governor of Kwangtung and Kwanghsi. took drastic steps such as the prohibition of the transaction of opium, but the amount of drug imported in that year reached no less than 10,000 cases. The Chinese Government repeatedly issued the same ordinance every year in its anxiety to keep the people away from this vice, but the number of opium smokers continued to increase. The wise Chinese authorities, as a last step. finally imposed a high duty on opium. This led to smuggling. In the meantime, the vice had spread even among high Chinese officials and it became well high beyond the control of the Chinese Government.

Suppressed Opium Trade

The Chinese Government, seriously concerned over the growing popularity of opium smoking, adopted the policy of suppressing the opium trade by appealing, if necessary, even to force of arm. In order to carry out this policy, the Chinese Government appointed Lin Tse-hsu as cabinet member and dispatched him to Canton.

Lin was a man of courage and a passionate patriot. Upon arriving atCanton, he insisted that the opium owned by foreign traders were contriband and therefore must be surrendered to the Chinese authorities. He seized about 20,000 cases of drug of this ground and set them afire. A: this moment, a Chinese was murdired by a British sailor. Lin denanded the British authorities to dliver the murderer, but the latter psitively refused to accede. So inplent was their attitude that he

eign ships began to trequent these ports, with the result that the Chinese market was flooded with cheap machine-made products from Britain and the United States. It was inevitable that China's handicraft industry should collapse under such circumstances.

On the other hand, the consumption of opium vastly increased, causing no small cutflow of precious metal from the country. In addition to this, the reckless competition among foreign traders had a destructive effect upon Chinege industry.

The War precipitated a general disintegration of China's financial, moral and political systems which were prostrated under Western influence. The construction of irrigation and dyke was totally neglected with the result that farmers suffered greatly in time of drought and flood. Brigands ran amuck and the people were constantly harass ed by disturbances in all parts of the country. The greatest disturbance of the kind was the Taiping Rebellion, which continued for 64 years beginning in 1850. Taking advantage of this situation, the Western nations, particularly Britain, entrenched themselves more deeply in China.

Would Have Divided China

If Japan did not adhere to its policy for the preservation of China's territorial integrity, the Western nations, which swept down upon East Asia after they had partitioned Africa, would surely have divided China up among themselves and Britain would have had a lion's share.

With its powerful military strength, Japan prevented China from being partitioned by the Western Powers. The British ontrenched themselves economically in the basins of the River Yantze, the most important artery in China, more deeply than any other nation in the world. When Japan tried to make an economic advance to the basins of the river, the British made all possible efforts to frustrate it.

One of the examples of this British obstructionist policy against Japan occurred in 1903, a year after the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In that year, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha bought the shipping interest from a certain Englishman who had been operating the shipping industry on the River Yantgze about 30 years, at several million yen. Seeing this, the Britishers living at various port cities along the coasts of Shanghai and Hankow adopted a resolution, prohibiting the N.Y.K. vessels from mooring in the area used for the purpose by the former British vessels. This practi-(Continued on Page 3)

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Above: A party of Javanesh on an inspection tour of Japan arrives in Tokyo and pay homage at the plaza in front of the Imperial Palace the first thing. Below: Students from the Southern Regions here to proscente their studies line up on the platform at Tokyo Station for the check-up.

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n China is pains and sistance of nd to suptions of the have been er, by the de in North the country peration of les which ite to the ing power. ----

British Machinations In China Bared

(Continued From Page 4) cally meant that the N.Y.K. firm hought the land but that since it did not buy the air space over the land it could not erect a building on the land. Japan lodged a strong protest against the British authorities but since the British were adamant. the N.Y.K. opened negotiations with the authorities of the French settlement and finally reached an understand ing for the use of the French waterand an and the freint: - in--Japan had to contend with such mean British maneuvers repeatedly but it fought its way consistently until it built up its economic position along the basin of the river to the present stage of development Japan's conomic development along the coasts of th river was nothing less than a history of economic contention with Britain.

This article is a translation from Dr. Shumei Okawa's book entitled "History of Anglo-American Aggression in East Asia."

heart for Japan and Manchoukuo." "I offer my gratitude to the Kwantung Army which is devoted to the guarding of the northern borders day and night throughout the four seasons. The Japanese authorities and people on the spot are well conscious of the momentum of the current situation and are fully cooperating with Manchoukuo. Japanese colonizers in Manchoukuo, too, are endeavoring to increase the foodstuff production with a pride to make themselves the foundation stones of the firmer consolidation of Manchoukuo.

"It is Providential at this moment that the coming harvest of agricultural products in Central China. North China, Mengchiang and Manchoukuo, throughout which I have inspected, is very good this year. envisaging the crops more than a normal year. As a result of my inspection in these regions I-have seen the real condition in which the Greater East Asiatic peoples are wholeheartedly cooperating with

Permanent Amity Laid Between Japan, China

(Continued from Page 4) until 1911, when the national revolution added a new perspective to the political consciousness of the continent.

The formation of the Nanking Government heralded a new era of Sino-Japanese rannrochement and. despite the Anglo-American pressure, the Tokyo-Nanking cordiality hegan to be more and more close. President Wang Ching-wei and his collaborators determined to reconstruct China on the principle of Sino-Japanese_ interdependence_and thus for the first time they assumed the full responsibility of guiding the rebirth of the continent and promoting genuine understanding between Japan and China. The Japanese Government readily acquiesced in the views of Nanking and pledged itself to extend all possible aids to it. By securing the assistance of Japan, the Nanking Government swiftly consolidated its power and contracted political. economic and military arrangements of mutual advantage and security.

The Anglo-American nations retaliated the appearance of Tokyo-Nanking amity by constructing a military blockade ring against Japan and intensifying ' aid to Chungking. Eventually, they severed economic relations with this country without any justifiable reason. Then Japan opened negotiations with the United States to seek an amicable solution, but Washington brought out a proposal which demanded the virtual submission of Japan and the whole of East Asia to its Far Eastern policy.

U.S. Precipitates War

In this way; the Roosevelt administration precipitated the current war in Greater East Asia, and Japan within a surprisingly brief time caused the eclipse of alien influence from this part of the globe. Among other things, it must be observed that, because the United States demanded the repudiation of the Nanking Government, Japan had no other alternative but to take up arms to protect the integrity of that administration. This makes it plain to what extent Japan had become prepared to fulfil its pledge

Meiji Shrines. Later they worshipped at the Mosque in Yoyogi.

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"The scenery along our way to the Metropolis was a wonder," said members of the party to newspapermen when they had settled down at the hotel.

"We were also struck by fine paddy-fields which we saw at every agricultural village we passed. We also saw from the window of the train the activity of factories which are forging ahead toward the increase of industrial production.

"We expect to stay in Japan for half a month. We hope to grasp the condition of Japan, leader of Greater East Asia during the interval."

Japanese Way of Thinking

(Continued from Page 4)

ried. Both shared the same unworld of exploring ly outlook on life and a tendency to fields of Japan shirk the affections and vexations of has not com the common workaday world.

Nagaru's works may be broadly honorable plac divided under the three heads: his National Learn study of Manyo poems, embodied in the volume "Manyo Navose"; his pioneer in the work on the "pillow words," entitled of Yedo Period "Makura-kotoba Shokumei Shu" (candlelight on some pillow words collected); thirdly, his own poems and miscellaneous writings in "Ruiiin Sosui Shu" (dust and floatings collected).

By far the most important of his works was that on Manyo poems, which imperfect as it was, was brought to a completion by his successor, Keichu, who called this work by the at once very modest and the very famous name of "Manyo Daishoki" (work on Manyo poems by proxy). Keichu Implies that it was the work undertaken by a delegated workman on behalf of a master

contribute to the welfare of the entire sphere. The present activities of Nanking are being directed toward that end, and Japan is offering its best service to new China to help it foster its economic potency. No amount of baseless criticism can obscure the merit of this constructive economic policy of Japan.



PARIS BEA (Mme. T. YAMAGUCHI, Proj PERMANENT WA Special Facial Massage, Manicu TPI 4-chome, Tamura-cho, Shiha-ku-(Three minutes from Imperial Hotel

those wrapped around our waists. Prisoners smuggled in a lot of alcohol. The factory president's car used a pure-grain alcohol, not wood alcohol; all their cars used pure-grain alcohol mixed with glycerin as an anti-freeze in their radiators. Some of the men tried drinking that anti-freeze and got diarrhea.

Leo Pae Tsu and the Old Chinaman

A little Manchurian named Leo Pae Tsu got into the factory compound, sneaked in I guess, and took a liking to the Americans and they to him. We sort of adopted him as a mascot, making him wash his clothes and take a bath (he wasn't clean at first like all the Chinese), and learn English. He must have been an orphan. We would feed him, and he would help us around the factory, and he was useful in confirming some of our rumors because he learned enough English to repeat what he heard from some of the other Chinese.

He was about fourteen-years-old, but looked a lot younger. He's the one who told me what Ta Beezer meant (see Ta Beezer joke). If he could have been located after the war ended, some of the prisoners would have found a way to bring him back to the states.

There was another old Chinaman who used to stand at the door of the latrine every morning when we came to work. He bowed and said, "Good morning," in Chinese to us. He stood there because the minute we got to the factory, because of our diet, everyone had to go into the bathroom especially on cold mornings, and he knew he would be able to see us as we headed there.

We were, as I said, fond of the Chinese, and made things for them like daggers, so that they had some weapons that they hoped to use on the Japanese when the war was over. But we never knew if they used them for this purpose; I'm sure they did if they got the chance because they hated the Japanese. We traded the daggers that we had made out of files and hacksaw blades for food and cigarettes. They were afraid to make themselves because if they got caught, they would get their heads chopped off.

Of course, before the war, the Chinese were known to use severe punishments also like chopping off the hands of thieves.

If the Americans got caught, they were beaten and put in the brig, which doesn't sound like harsh punishment, but in the winter, you needed to put everything you owned on, because there was no heat there. If the temperature got below freezing, they would light the fires and bring the temperature up to freezing and put them out again. And prisoners had to stand all day long, from five in the morning until nine at night, except at mealtimes, with guards watching over them. I was lucky never to get thrown in the brig although I had some close calls.

Outside Details

Those men who weren't assigned to machine tools or other skilled work, were assigned to an outside detail. One Japanese who supervised these jobs, had been educated in the United States, studying to be a minister. He was in the States when the war started, and was one of the few Japanese who were traded for some American diplomats and other officials. I think these were the only trades made during the war. He came to Japan on the GnipAholm--a Red Cross ship used for delivering packages and prisoners. He spoke fairly good English, so he got the job, thinking that his ministerial training would help him get along with the American.

He assigned the Americans into groups, making an American the leader of each group. When he had a job to do, he would discuss it with the leaders, and they made a written contract. If the job was accomplished in less time than the agreement called for, that group would get to rest and relax for the time remaining according to the contract.

For example, there was a big pile of rocks that needed to be moved from one section of the factory grounds to another for some construction that was planned. When the Japanese made the contract, he assumed that the Americans would move the rock with yo-ho poles and baskets as the Chinese would do. However, the Americans had come across a bunch of railroad track and a little railroad car that had been used to haul coal from the coal pile into the power house at the factory.

The Chinese were hauling coal, using yo-ho poles and baskets apparently to create more jobs for themselves rather than using the train car and speeding things up. So the Americans set up the railroad track, built sideboards for the little car so they could haul more rock at one time, and moved that whole pile of rock in three days when they had been allotted one week. Therefore, they had four days to rest.

The Yasume Club

So they got together some scraps of lumber around the factory and built a little shack where they could sit in the shade. They called this the Yasume Club, meaning "at ease" in Japanese. These deals continued for some time: The Japanese making contracts and the Americans beating their deadlines and building clubs (another was called the Sunshine Club).

Americans Guilty, Chinese Blamed

The Japanese had a commissary where they sold things to the Japanese factory workers. One day they got in a shipment of cigarettes and put them in a storeroom because they intended to put them up for sale in the next couple of days.

The Americans witnessed the storing of the cigarettes, and the next morning a couple of them ran directly to the storeroom, broke the lock, and stole a bunch of cigarettes, then they put the lock back together. Later in the day, the Japanese went after their cigarettes, discovered some were missing, and thought Chinese had done it during their night shift. Since these were a different type of cigarette than had been around before, the Americans were afraid to smoke them out in the open. The Japanese whom I mentioned earlier who ran the outside details made a contract to do a job, and if the deadline was met, the reward would be a package of ten cigarettes for each man. The deadline was met again, the Americans got their cigarettes (the same brand that had been stolen), and from that time on there was no problem smoking the cigarettes out in the open.

I kind of felt sorry for the Japanese leader of the outside details, however; he was such a kind and considerate person compared to other Japanese, and the Americans who worked for him were always pulling tricks on him. One morning when they came to work, he lined them up and had them count off in Japanese so he knew how many he had to work that day.

He gave the command to start off, "Bongo," ("count off"), and instead of counting off in Japanese, they counted off in Chinese ("ee, er, san, su, woo"), or German ("eins, zwei, drei, vier, funf"), and he would yell, "Dami, dami," meaning "no good." But he never got mad and hit anyone. He used his Christian training on them. The Japanese counting for "one, two, three, four five," was "itchey, nee, san, sche, go," (phonetically spelled).

Talks I've Given and Feelings About Being a POW

A couple of times I gave talks to grade school children at assemblies in Syracuse, and they always enjoyed the counting in other languages.

I've done a number of other talks about my experiences before church groups and individuals through the years. It's never bothered me to talk about it as it has some of the other POWs. I don't know why others would be bothered; maybe it's like claustrophobia. It struck me once during a program on television in 1985 about the POW camp in Manchuria in which medical experiments conducted on POWs were discussed. I taped the entire program although I couldn't watch it then. Several years later, in 1987, I watched it as I showed it to my cousin Nadine. The program brought back many unpleasant memories like these experiments that occurred when we were living in the old camp in Manchuria. There was so much death there. As I have said before, I was not involved in the medical experiments, except the shots which we figured might have been part of it.

Chitlins and Tripe

One day the Japanese brought in a boxcar load of pork by-products to sell in their commissary--lard, chitlins, tripe, hogshead--and they made the fatal mistake of having the Americans unload it and put it in the storeroom. As you might expect, they lost a lot of it, and the poor Chinese got the blame.

When inventory was done the next day, and a lot of it was missing, the Japanese again suspected that the Chinese had stolen it during the night. So they made another fatal mistake and had the Americans move it from that storeroom to a more secure one, losing some more of it and discovering their loss the next day. They then decided to take no chances and had the Japanese load it back in the boxcar and take the boxcar off the factory compound. We never did find out what they did with it, but we had our share and for weeks afterward we would see the yo-ho men going through the factory hawking chitlins, concealed under the metal shavings in their baskets.

I was able to get some of the cracklins and lard which really tasted good in the maize and bean soup. The tripe and chitlins had been boiled in hot lard, so they had all been cooked and were dried, and there wasn't any danger of disease contamination.

CHAPTER 5

Nearing the End Winter 1943-44

Air Raids

At this time we started to see reconnaissance planes flying over Mukden. We knew what kind of planes they were because the Japanese sounded the air raid warning, but there would only be one plane going over.

In the spring of 1944, we had our first air raid but never saw any planes. But they did run all the prisoners back to camp until the air raid warning was over with; then we went back to work. This happened several times during 1944, but no planes were ever sighted by us until December 7, 1944, and we had an air raid warning about 10:00 in the morning and were run back to camp.

After we were in camp for about half an hour, I was standing in the doorway of the latrine, talking to a couple of friends, and we were wondering if the air raid warning was a real thing. About that time we all heard the drone of planes, looked up, and saw high-flying planes issuing four streamers behind each plane. We knew they were American planes because we had never seen a Japanese plane with four engines all the time we had been there.

About the time we recognized them as American, we heard the bombs falling and all of us hit the ground. The Americans, we found out later, had bombed an ammunition factory about half a mile from our camp. We knew the ammunition factory was there, and after the bombing, all the buildings were flattened.

About this time, we heard another flight of bombers coming, so all the prisoners ran out to the parade ground and laid flat on the ground. Most of us laid on our backs so we could watch the planes go over. This next flight flew on past us, went on maybe five miles and dropped their load on an aircraft factory.

The third flight of bombers came over, and as we were watching them, we noticed one of the planes got hit and started smoking. He headed toward the wing of the formation, we supposed so that he wouldn't disturb the formation of the rest of the planes on their bombing run.

While he was headed for the wing of the formation, he was headed in the direction of our camp. And before he got into position and started steering the same course as the rest of the planes, the orders must have been given to drop their bombs. As one bomb went through the top of the wall and landed about twenty feet inside the wall of our camp, another lit right in the middle of the latrine. This bomb landed right where I had been standing during the first bombing raid.

This bomb was an incendiary bomb (spreads a chemical that starts fires) whereas the other was a high explosive. A third bomb landed outside the camp, opposite where the first bomb dropped, so we figured those three bombs had been dropped from the damaged plane because the other bombs landed on the ammunitions factory. I explain this so it is clear that this was probably an accidental bombing of our camp. We were sure that the Americans knew that our camp was there.

The first bomb, we later found out, killed eighteen men and injured thirty-eight. Many that were injured had concussions and were spitting up blood; air pressure had been increased rapidly around us and then decreased. Some lost limbs; some had shrapnel; some were blown all to pieces.

I was lying in a hollow place in the ground six or eight inches deep where water may have drained and I think that is what saved me. I was only 20 feet from the bomb crater.

After the bombing raid, the Japanese handed out paper and asked that we all write home and tell them not to bomb, that they were killing a lot of men, but when the letters were turned in for mailing, the Japanese wouldn't mail them because the men had encouraged the government to send more bombers over.

We were kept in camp for a couple of days until the hole in the wall was fixed and some of the mess cleaned up, then they began sending us back to the factory again. This bombing raid was on Pearl Harbor Day 1944, which gave us a big boost in morale even though men had been injured and killed. We knew the war wasn't going to last much longer.

After we got back to work, the Japanese took one of the factory buildings and converted it to manufacture airplane parts. We figured that this was because the bombers had destroyed the aircraft factory about five miles away. None of the Americans were permitted to work on the aircraft parts.

Within a week of the bombing raid, we noticed that the Japanese seemed to be setting up a small camp near ours. This was confirmed when a few days after they finished, they marched about twelve caucasian men into it. Shortly after that, they gave our galley orders to cook up twelve additional rations, and the Japanese hauled buckets of soup and buns over there.



Pearl Harbor Attacked (December, 1941). Japan's conquests included Indochina, Manchuria, and parts of China.







Surrender (August, 1945). When Japan surrendered, ending World War II, it still occupied parts of eastern Asia.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WAR IN ASIA AND THE PAGE

	THE PACIFIC
 Sept. 18	Japan invaded Manchuria in North China
July 7	Japan invaded China.
Sept. 22	Japan pushed into French Indochina
Apr. 13	Japan and Russia signed a non-aggression
June 8 Aug. 25 Dec. 7 Dec. 8 Dec. 9	British and French troops invaded Syria Russian and British forces invaded Iran. The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The United States declared war on Japan. China declared war on Germany, Italy.
Dec. 10 Dec. 23 Dec. 25	Guam surrendered to the Japanese. Wake Island surrendered to the Japanese. British troops at Hong Kong surrendered. 1942
Jan. 2 Jan. 11	Manila fell to invading Japanese forces. The Japanese landed in the Netherlands East Indies.
Feb. 1	U.S. ships raided the Marshalls and Gil- berts.
Feb. 15 Feb. 27 Mar. 7	Singapore surrendered to the Japanese. The Allies lost the Battle of Java Sea. The Japanese occupied the Netherlands East Indies
April 9 Apr. 18 May 4-8 May 6 June 4-6	Bataan surrendered to the Japanese. U.S. carrier-based aircraft bombed Tokyo. The Allies won the Battle of the Coral Sea. The Japanese occupied Corregidor. The Battle of Midway ended Japan's ex- pansion eastward
Aug. 7	U.S. marines landed on Guadalcanal.
Mar. 2-5	The Allies defeated a Japanese naval force in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea.
Mar. 13 May 30	Japanese troops retreated across the Yangtze. Organized Japanese resistance on Attu
Oct. 2	ended. Allied forces captured Finschhafen.
Nov. 1 Nov. 20 Nov. 22	U.S. troops landed on Bougainville Island. U.S. marines invaded Tarawa and Makin. The Allies conferred at Cairo in Egypt. 1944
Jan. 31 Feb. 17 Feb. 29	U.S. troops attacked Kwajalein atoll. U.S. naval forces raided Truk Island. Aliied soldiers landed in the Admiralties.
Apr. 22	Allied forces landed at Hollandia.
June 15 June 15 June 19-20	B-29 Superfortresses raided Japan. U.S. forces won the Battle of the Philippine
July 21 Sept. 15	Sea. U.S. troops landed on Guam Island. U.S. marines invaded Peleliu Island.
Oct. 20 Oct. 23-26	U.S. Army forces landed on Leyte. The U.S. Pacific Fleet crushed the Japa- nese fleet in the Battle for Leyte Gulf. 1945
Jan. 9 Jan. 22 Feb. 19 Apr. 1 Aug. 6	Allied troops invaded Luzon, Philippines. The Allies reopened a land route to China. U.S. marines stormed Iwo Jima Island. U.S. troops landed on Okinawa Island. U.S. dropped an atomic bomb on Hiro- shima.
Aug. 9 Aug. 10 Aug. 14 Sept. 2 Sept. 8 Sept. 12	An atomic bomb fell on Nagasaki. Japan opened peace negotiations. Japan accepted the Allied surrender terms. Japansigned the terms of surrender. Japanese forces in China surrendered. Japanese troops in Southeast Asia sur- rendered.

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AUSTRALIA

THE WAR AGAINST JAPAN

Japanese Victory

Communications by Bun and Bucket

We figured that some of the bombing crews had been captured. Our first thought was to establish communications with them. But the Japanese were very careful to sift through all the soup and cut the buns open before taking the rations over. Our men bided their time until the Japanese relaxed their vigil, then one of our men wrote a note, put it in a bun, baked it, and put it in the other camp's supplies.

The note explained where to look for future notes. In preparation for this line of communication, our carpenters had manufactured a wooden lid for one of these buckets that looked just like the rest of the lids, except it had a concealed compartment in one of the cross pieces that was nailed to the lid. By sliding the cross piece, about an inch and lifting it, the hollowed-out compartment would be exposed. So notes were passed regularly.

We soon knew name, rank and serial number of all the men over there, where they had come from, and got an update on what had been happening in the war zone up to the point of their capture.

Some of our rumors were confirmed through them. The Japanese never did catch on to our communicating.

The Japanese had a big shrine at the factory and when they had suffered an important defeat or the Axis forces had suffered, they would take time over lunch for a moment of prayer. So whenever this happened, we knew they had suffered an important defeat and we looked for signs of what it must have been. Eventually we would get the information.

We weren't always able to confirm our information, but after the war, we found that we had gotten news of every significant happening, including the fall of Sicily, the landing on Leyte Island, the bombings of Manila, and other important events of the war. When we thought back, we found that sometimes we had had information within hours.

Worse Treatment

During the winter of 1944-45, we had occasional air raid warnings; we were run back to camp, but always returned without sighting any planes. We thought that we were winning the war and we thought that the Japanese, once they realized we were winning, would be giving us better treatment. However the opposite happened; the more they lost, the worse our treatment.

Tarnished Brass

In April 1945, the Japanese brought into our camp all the high-ranking officers that they had as prisoners, except Wainwright and Percival (sp.), an American and a British general. Among this group were eighteen British, Dutch and American generals. We had an amateur cartoonist in camp who was quite good, and after becoming acquainted with these officers, he drew a cartoon on a piece of paper about 12" by 15" on which he lined up the eighteen generals, giving them all small bodies and big heads. They had just portions of their uniforms on-hats, shoulder boards, stars--some indication of their rank, and it was so good, each of them could be recognized.

He titled it "Tarnished Brass." He had done a number of cartoons in camp, but this was his best, and many prisoners got more enjoyment out of it than any of his others.

Fire

The winter of 1944-45, was a particularly cold one. The building where all the precision measuring instruments and tool and dye manufacturing was located had an office at one end that was so cold that the office workers could not work in it, so the Japanese decided to install a big electric heater. They dug a big hole in the concrete floor, lined it with concrete, and installed coils of resistance wire like those in a toaster oven. It was heavy, like clothesline wire. An electrician would say that that size wire would use a lot of electricity.

The American electricians working with the Japanese told their friends that it would never work; the wiring in the building would not be able to carry that much electricity. The project was completed and it heated the building, but one morning when we were back in camp, about three or four o'clock, there was a lot of hooting and hollering because the factory building was burning down.

We discovered later that the night watchman who was supposed to be security for the building got cold, went in and turned on the heat, lay down and went to sleep. While he slept, the wiring burned up and started the building on fire. The building burned to the ground, ruining all their precision instruments, tool and dye, jig making equipment, and office. This was the heart of their manufacturing process and really slowed down their work.

They couldn't sharpen anything; that would all have to be done by hand. They were so smart in some ways yet so dumb. So the rest of the winter and spring was rather routine. The building that had burned contained the offices, microscopic instruments and the ones I have mentioned, but there were still four buildings left. Three of them were used for manufacturing the automatic lathe. They did salvage some of the machines from the bombed-out ammunitions factory and had brought them into the factory for repair, but that was not a big operation.

Rumors That the End is Near

Things were routine until about May 1945. In July, we began to hear rumors that the Russians had declared war on the Japanese. About this time, we noticed that the Japanese were digging a lot of ditches in the roads around our factory and covering them up with materials that looked similar to the original road. Some of our Army men decided that these were tank traps that they were building, and that tended to confirm our rumor that the Russians had declared war on the Japanese and were moving down Manchuria toward Mukden. We continued to have air raid warnings and were run back to camp, were cleared and went back to work until sometime in the early part of August when the air raid warning sounded and we were run back to camp and did not go back to work.

After the war, we thought back and decided that this was when the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. For the rest of the time, we stayed in camp and had no particular duties, just lying around, taking it easy.

The War is Over

One day several of us on the upper floor were looking out the windows toward an air field close by and saw an airplane flying low over the air field. We were looking at the side silhouette and couldn't tell how many motors it had. It dropped different colored parachutes, went down and turned around, and came down the opposite course, dropping about six white parachutes.

We thought at the time, that the Japanese were practicing dropping parachute troops because of the Russians; however, that afternoon, six Americans were brought into the Japanese side of the camp, and the Japanese immediately brought them over to see our officers, and we learned that the war was over. They had been ordered in there to make sure that the Japanese did not molest us in any way until we had been repatrioted.

We found out from those Americans that we were going to be liberated by the Russians, who had not made it to Mukden yet, so the Americans were there to protect us. The Americans had no authority to take over the camp; they were just observers. But they did have radio equipment so they could keep contact with our forces, and as soon as they had consolidated their position, the B-29s started flying over, dropping food and clothing (the very next day). They dropped movies, projectors, and screens also by parachute.

From the time those six Americans were brought into our camp, the Japanese were not permitted in again, and once the B-29s started dropping food and clothing, our diet changed tremendously. It took the Russians about another week to get to Mukden, and then they took over the camp, lining up all the American Marine POWs and the Japanese guards and officers opposite them.

The Russian officers took the Samari swords from the Japanese officers and handed them to the Americans; they also took the enlisted Japanese men's rifles and gave them to the Americans. Then the Japanese were put in the brig, and the Americans became the guards.

Needless to say, there was a little bit of torturing on the other side now.

The day before the war ended, the men who worked in our galley received word from the Japanese to prepare three hundred traveling rations to be used the next day, but the war ended the next day, so the traveling rations were not used.

We found out later that the Japanese were going to take 150 of the highest ranking men from our camp, retreat below the Yalu River and make their stand there against the Russians because at that point they could destroy all the bridges across that river and make a good defendable position.

We also found out that if they had retreated, they were going to destroy the rest of the men who were left in camp. So it's a good thing the six Americans parachuted in there; the Japanese were deterred. We do not know what may have happened if they had not.

Samari Swords--War Booty

Once the Russians took over the camp, we were pretty much on our own to come and go as we pleased except we had to be there for roll call in the morning and back by dusk in the evening. One thing we were determined to do was get some Samari swords.

We found out where the Russians had congregated all the Japanese whom they had captured, and since by that time we had plenty of cigarettes, we each took a carton, got a couple of old rickshaw coolies and had them take us out to the camp where the Japanese solders and officers were. We convinced one of the Russian guards to go in and get three Samari swords for us for a carton of cigarettes. The Samari swords were passed down in Japanese families and were valuable war booty. Most of them had the history of the sword engraved underneath the hilt. You had to take the handle of the sword off in order to read the engraving.

Another day we took some cigarettes with us and went in town to have our photographs taken. We were already starting to put on a little weight. The first time they weighed us at New Hoten Camp, I was 90 pounds so I must have gotten down to 80 pounds at one time.

The group that was working in the tannery woke up the morning after the war ended and found their guards gone so they figured the war was over and confiscated an old Chinese cart, a two-wheel cart to haul things on, with a Manchurian pony that pulled it. They went across to a brewery, loaded it up with beer, and marched into camp with it. They continued this until the Russians made them stop.

On Our Way Home

The Russians didn't take us out of the camp right away because the Japanese had blown up all the bridges across the Yalu River in preparation for their retreat. We were kept in camp until one of the bridges was rebuilt, so they could take us by train to the nearest seaport. We were shipped out about the middle of September 1945 and were taken to Dairen, Manchuria.

We were sprayed for lice on the pier. One of our big problems as POWs was lacking hot water to wash clothes and having to wear the same clothes all winter. The clothing that the Japanese gave us was fleece-lined, and after wearing it for awhile, we would get body lice. The eggs were laid in the fleece lining, and the only way to kill them was to boil the clothes. All winter we were eaten up by those little creatures, and all summer we were eaten by sand fleas, so there was no relief. We could wash our clothes in the summer, but could not kill the eggs. So we were glad to get sprayed.

One time, I think in the summer of 1944, our officers finally talked the Japanese into issuing us a new set of clothes and letting us take a bath. We took our old clothes and hung them over ropes in the community bath. The bath was covered with canvas and the steam turned on until the lice eggs were killed. But this had to be a continuing process in order to get rid of them, so that winter we got them again.

We went aboard ship, were issued new clothing, took showers, and got rid of our old clothing. The ship set sail for Okinawa, and we arrived there about three days later. I
remember that when I looked over that harbor there were American ships as far as I could see. I didn't know there were that many ships in the Navy, and that was only part of them.

We had just anchored at Okinawa when we got orders to go back to sea to ride out a typhoon, which we did all night long. We were still in the East China Sea and had lookouts posted for floating mines.

At seven o'clock the next morning the typhoon was over, and we were riding along at five knots per hour. My friend and I were sitting on a bit (a big post that the ship is tied to the dock with), reading the morning news that the radiomen had copied during the night. I was facing forward, and my friend was facing aft, and the ship hit a floating mine at the water line about five feet aft of where we were sitting.

The explosion went straight up and hit a lifeboat hanging over the side; the ship took a sharp port list (listing to the side I was on), and I thought it was going to turn over. There was a doorway into the superstructure of the ship where I was sitting; I ran in there and ran up a ladder to the upper deck, not wanting to get trapped in the lower deck if the ship turned over. All the stuff that went up, however, was coming down, so I didn't step out on deck, but, fortunately, the ship had righted itself.

The mine had hit the engine room, flooding it, and we lost all the main engine and electrical power. We were dead in the water. Meanwhile, I looked for the fellow who had been sitting next to me. When I found him, he was racked with pain in his ears, and neither of us could hear very well. He went down to see the doctor who said he had two broken ear drums. I went down myself, although I wasn't in pain, but my left eardrum was also broken. It healed although my hearing never came back to normal. My friend had been facing the blast; that's why he suffered a greater injury.

Another ship towed us into Okinawa where we were off-loaded and sent to a Red Cross Camp and were able to get shaving gear, toothpaste, tooth brushes, shoes, underwear, and all the things we needed. Also soda pop, candy, and gum were available.

We were only there for a few days, and they gradually sorted us out, sending some of us back to the U.S. by plane. I was sent to Guam where we were put in a hospital temporarily and were checked over. Those who had serious illnesses were flown back to the U.S. I must have been there about a week and was then sent to a hospital ship for transportation back to the States. When we got to San Francisco, I was sent to the Oakland Naval Hospital where I was promoted to Chief Machinist Mate and was paid \$1000 plus \$250 clothing allowance to buy my Chief's uniforms. After a medical examination, I was flown to the Balboa Naval Hospital in San Diego where I was a patient for six months.

October 25, 1945

I had been gone since November 13, 1939.

When I checked into the naval hospital, I got a taxi, and gave the driver an address where my wife Betty was supposed to be. I took all my gear out, paid him, and told the driver he could leave. I went up to the door, knocked, and I could see someone in the kitchen who at first ignored my knocking.

Finally she answered, but she was not Betty and she had never heard of her. She did not know where my wife was, and neither did the neighbors. I noticed that the cab driver was still waiting, so I had him take me back to the hospital.

It was too late to do anything that night. The next morning I called my dad at the Milwaukee Round House in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the secretary got him right away. We talked and cried a little bit, and I asked him, "Where's Betty? I went out there and she wasn't there." He said, "She had to move because the owner wanted to sell it. Once the war was over, he kept after her until she had to move. She moved to Federal Housing."

She had notified the Red Cross, but the message never got to me. My father did not have her address or telephone number, but he said he would call my mother as soon as we hung up and get it. He apparently called Betty because about an hour later Betty called me. I was quite relieved; I had become a worried sailor. So many others had come back and found out that their wives had gotten a divorce and married again, or assumed their husbands had been killed and married again with no divorce.

Betty had not known that I was a prisoner until about a year after I was captured. Many soldiers had been missing. When I got back to Council Bluffs, a lot of people thought they were seeing a ghost; the last they had heard of me, I was missing in action.

After I was released from the hospital, I was assigned there for duty; I got my commission as an Ensign there, made Lieutenant Junior Grade there, and was assigned to duty as the Maintenance Officer. From there I was assigned to Engineering Officer of a destroyer escort, the USS Geonge $(D\mathcal{E}-697)$. While I was on the George, I was sent to Hawaii for about a year and a half.

Next I did about thirty months with the Recreation Department of the Naval Training Center at San Diego, and was then assigned as Engineer Officer of the (LSD 22) USS Font Manion, a landing ship dock, and after that I did three years as the Assistant for Material for the inspector of Naval Material at Syracuse, New York. Right after I arrived in Syracuse, I was promoted to Lieutenant Commander.

After Syracuse, I became an Engineer Officer of the USS Toledo (CA-133), putting that ship out of commission in Long Beach, California in 1960. So I was on her from about August 1959 to about August 1960. Then I was assigned as Engineer Officer on the USS Helena (CA-78); both these last two ships were heavy cruisers.

I was relieved of that job about August 1961 when I was assigned to the maintenance section of the Commander Amphibious Force Pacific Staff. I retired from the Navy after this assignment on April 1, 1966. After a couple months vacation, I went to work for the National Steel and Ship Building Company in San Diego as a machinist foreman where I worked for six months when I was offered a Navy civilian job for the supervisor of Ship Building, Conversion, and Repair where I worked for another twelve years and retired about May of 1979.

wmp HALL IT. STIR - OF AD' Holen, Monshac June 14, 1945.

Aitnough adequate repayment is impassible, we wish to express our heartfelt gratitude and appreciation for the main services and kind. nesses rendered, the ciothing given and cent and the road turnished us by you envisted men of the United States Now upon sur arrive in this prisoner of war comp. Your unselfisinges and generosite at that time will be among our tondest menaries, never to be targettan. Your or-gonization and unity of action then, as now, make us the envy of all the officers present, inclusing the Australian, Dutch and British and mete us proud to be part of the U.S. Navy, You have snow yourselves to be the cutstanding group of this comp and a credit to the U.S. Navy. If we may render, you any assistance new or in the future do not hesitate to seek it.

It will be a pleasure to be snipinates with you in treesom.

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Ta Beezer Joke

I was a prisoner of war of the Japanese during World War II in Mukden, Manchuria. We were put to work in a large machine tool factory where we worked alongside Japanese and Manchurian civilians.

We were pretty friendly with the Manchurians, and not being interested in our work, were constantly in search of ways to amuse ourselves. One way was to poke fun at the Japanese and Manchurians to their face when we were sure they couldn't understand what we were saying. We would smile, as we insulted them in good, clean fun, calling them "slope heads." Everyone would have a good laugh, including the Manchurians.

This went on for months without the Manchurians getting wise to us, we thought. However, I began to notice a certain expression that the Manchurians were repeatedly using, and they seemed to be referring to the Americans. Every time they used it, everyone would have a good laugh.

I'm not sure of the spelling but it sounded like "Ta Beezer." Sometimes they would drag out the "a" in the "Ta" like "Ta-a-a-a Beezer."

Finally my curiosity got the better of me, and I talked a Manchurian into giving me the meaning of "Ta Beezer." I found out that all the time we were calling them Slope Heads, they were calling us Big Nose, and the longer the "a" in the "Ta," the bigger the nose.



THIS IS WAR

At the beginning of World War II in the last month of fighting on Corregidor food was scarce and the troops were only receiving two meals a day. These meals consisted of rice and gravy with an occasional canned vegetable or a small amount of canned meat. After about a month on these short rations most of the men were getting pretty hungary.

The Naval Officers on the island had apparently managed their menu's so as to stretch their food farther and were able to have more meat and deserts than the enlisted men during this short ration period. The enlisted men were aware of this since the officers' dining room was open to the view of anyone walking through the Navy Tunnel.

On May 6, 1942, Corregidor surrendered and before the Japs could get to the Navy Tunnel to take it over there was quite a lot of looting for food going on. One group of sailors spotted the refrigerator in the officers' galley and were busy looting it for food when a young Ensign walked up AHD trying to show his authority said, "What the hell do you call this?". At this a burly boatswainsmate pulled his head out of the refrigerator and trying to mimic President Roosevelt said, "Haven't you heard? This is W-A-A-A-R", then went right back to looting.

J.D. To Heist V. G. LaHEIST LCDR, USN

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Caller 5, 1982, Correction excremented and before the deep could get to the Herry Barned to tests to are there and ents a lot of losting for food going on. One grain of wars been losting it for food ones a young Basigs which up wer high a short his subborie, end, "Whit the bell do you call this . It taks a boris bostevelments pulse his hour on high "leven't you hered" this is build into hour on askin "leven't you hered" this is build into hour on askin "leven't you hered" this is build into hour on HELP!

In 1935, I was a fireman in the Navy on board the heavy cruiser USS INDIANAPOLIS. I was assigned the job of wearing the telephone headset for my watch section in number one fireroom. The ship was on War maneuvers in tropical waters and we had just finished several hours of intensive maneuvering and had slowed our speed for steady steaming the remainder of the day.

The Engineer Officer was in the controlling engineroom giving orders to the various engineering spaces attempting to settle the plant down for good economical steaming. As orders came over my phone for number one fireroom I would pass them on to the Chief of the Watch who would see that the proper action was taken.

All of the fireroom crew was anxious to get the machinery set so that they could relax and cool off a little, but every time they thought they could do so another order would come from the engineroom to "raise the air pressure two tenths of an inch" or to make some other minor change. Although the changes were minor they still required adjustments on other machinery and kept the whole watch active. Consequently the Chief of the Watch was getting more irritated each time I would repeat an order to him that had been relayed over the phone. Since the Chief was getting so irritated I was almost afraid to pass another order to him when after just passing an order to "raise the air pressure two tenths of an inch" another order came through to "lower the air pressure two tenths of an inch". I knew when I received this order that it would probably be the one that would really cause the Chief to explode. Up to this point I had held my temper, but this time I'm afraid I used the Lord's name in vain as I commented to what I thought was another fireman on the other end of the phone "Jesus Christ". At this a huskier voice than usual piped up ANO said; "Son what is your name?". With that I knew the Engineer Officer had been listening in so I gave my name. I was then ordered to report to the Engineer Officer in Main Engine Control.

On my arrival in Main Engine Control I walked up to the Engineer Officer, saluted smartly and reported. He then looked at me and said, "Son - next time I give you an order don't appeal to Christ for help. You are excused now report back to your duty station."

As I was going up the ladder leaving the engineroom I could hear muffeled giggles, but I dared not show any of that kind of emotion myself even though I did find out later that the Engineer Officer was the first to start giggling.

6. b. Ya Hew V. G. LaHEIST

LCDR, USN

erates its intractive a transmission and the level of search of the releptone besides the new written section in himber say. Sirreson, the ship was so an maneuring in trapies handers and we had then flatshed several hours of interactive handers. Ing sai had giousd out space for stand, spanning the version of the day.

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Do av arrival is bais fraise Control I unlied an to the Satisfier Officer, related murthy and reported. Is then looked at as and said, "ion - next time I give you an order dai": appeal to Greist for help. You are entaned now report back to your the states.

As I was going up the lader leaving the endacerous I could have muttaled gigular, but I dared not abov any of that ided of machine movell even though I did find out later that the inclusion offices was the first to start of an intertion The following poem was written by J.W. Fleming (POW # 692) at Hoten Camp # 1, Mukden, Manchuria. He was a member of the 200th. Coast Artillery. His last known address was 410 So. Giard St., Albuquerque, N.M. He wrote the poem in July 1943, just before we moved into our new camp that was built 1/2 mile from the factory we worked in. The new camp had about a 10 foot brick wall around it. He was killed on Dec. 7, 1944 by an American bomb, dropped by a B-29. We believe this was a stray bomb dropped by a plane that had been hit. It was one of 3 bombs dropped by this plane. The bomb that killed Fleming, knocked out about a 15 foot section of the wall around the camp. (Note the last stanza of the poem).

I watch this wall so strong and tall. It stands a challenge to us all. These walls, of life, a prison make, For through it's arms, we cannot break.

A thousand souls beneath it be, And wait the day when they are free. Sad children of a gladder day, For all their pleasures now they pay.

But now they sit and watch and wait, And in their heart there burns a hate. A drone will come from out the East, And make the noise as of a beast.

And in that rain of steel and fire, Will come the freedom we desire. So watch this wall and wait the day, When bricks and wall about us lay.

In 1989 we attended a POW Reunion in Springfield, Mo., at which I met a POW from Albuquerque, N.M. Through him I was able to make contact with J.W. Fleming's wife and give her a copy of this poem.

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