

# Aspects of World War II in the Pacific

## — Intriguing Developments in the Unfolding of Pacific War History —

### 太平洋での第二次世界大戦における 歴史的な事件の展開とその影響

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歴史は、しばしば興味深い、神秘的な展開を見せる。(歴史の展開というものは、しばしば興味深く神秘的ですらある。) 歴史上の事件が我々の生活に与える影響、もしくは、与えない影響とは、ほとんど偶然の産物であると言える。歴史書では、自分とは関係のない、遠い世界の出来事として感じられる出来事が、実は我々の生活に濃い影を落としていたりもする。本稿の目的は、太平洋における第二次世界大戦史を精査し、その時代における歴史上の事件が時を経てどのような驚くべき展開を見せたかについて記述することである。その事件のタイミング、場所、関与した人々がほんの少しでも違っていれば、歴史は全く異なる展開を見せていただろう。

“Mama always said life was like a box of chocolates.  
You never know what you’re gonna get.” (*Forrest Gump*)

**The Bookends of World War II in the Pacific:** The photograph below shows what are often described as the “bookends” of World War II in the Pacific: the white Arizona Memorial on the right, commemorates the sunken USS Arizona beneath it and other ships and lives lost in the attack on Pearl Harbor that began the war between Japan and the United States on December 7, 1941, while it was on the USS Missouri, the gray battleship on the left, that the formal signing of the Japanese surrender took place in Tokyo Bay on

September 2, 1945, officially bringing the war to an end.



“Bookends” (ブックエンド、本立て) of World War II: the Arizona Memorial (right) and the USS Missouri (left) at Pearl Harbor, Honolulu Hawai’i. (Courtesy of Cristo Vlahos)

Before coming to Japan in 1981, this writer’s home in Honolulu for over a decade was actually just up the road from Pearl Harbor: the family home was in Aliamanu, overlooking Honolulu International Airport, a mere 3.7 km (2.3 mi) from the Pearl Harbor Visitor Center (Arizona Memorial, USS Missouri). He was hānai —an adopted child, Hawai’ian style— in the Filipino-Hawai’ian family of Rose Kaleihiehie Cablay<sup>1</sup>. Nevertheless, he had never gotten around to visiting Pearl Harbor until August 26, 2012, when his biological sister came to visit and meet his Hawai’ian family for the first time.

Shortly after arriving at the visitor center, while waiting for the shuttle boat to the Arizona Memorial, we struck up a conversation with Everett Hyland, 89, who was manning a table in front of the bookstore (see photo below). There are many World War II veterans and volunteers who donate their time and efforts to sharing the history of Pearl Harbor, but Mr. Hyland is special.



The writer with Everett Hyland at the Pearl Harbor Visitor Center Bookstore. His story is in the book on the table, *Pacific War Stories* (Kuroiwa).

**Bringing World War II close to home:** At 89, Everett Hyland is in his senior years, and the World War II that he went through is in the distant past for most of us. But if we look at him in a different way, the way he was at the start of the Pacific War, he was only only 18 years old, a kid in his teens, still “wet behind the ears” and exactly the same age—or maybe even a bit younger—than our own students at Saitama Women’s Junior College. Imagine him, say, to be like one of the American students at the American

School in Japan (ASIJ).

Mr. Hyland, however, was not just another World War II veteran: on the morning of **December 7, 1941**, he was right there in Pearl Harbor, a witness to history on the day that then-President Franklin D. Roosevelt would describe as “a date which will live in infamy.”

Everett Hyland, a native of Stamford, Connecticut, was born on March 18, 1923. He joined the Navy in November 1940, following after his older brother, who was in the Marines. He went through communications school in San Diego for training as a radioman (R. Smith 45 (Everett Hyland)) and was then sent out to Pearl Harbor. That morning in 1941, he was on the USS *Pennsylvania* (BB-38), which was in Dry Dock #1 at the southern end of Pearl Harbor (see map), near the entrance channel, about 4.5 km. (2.8 mi.) northwest of the current Honolulu International Airport building, which is on the Ewa (west) side of Honolulu.

Hyland was just a radio apprentice, still a boy, really, and short on practical experience. His original battle station was deep down inside the *Pennsylvania*, which made him uneasy if the ship were ever involved in battle. When the chance came to volunteer for antenna repair topside, he jumped at the opportunity to escape the claustrophobic innards of the ship.

On that December morning, there was a call to report to battle stations, but Hyland at first thought it was just the usual drill, until he got outside and saw shipmates running past him to their battle stations, shouting, “The Japs are attacking, the Japs are



Of the six of us on the antenna repair crew, five were killed. I was still alive, barely . . . (R. Smith 47 (Everett Hyland)).

Hyland's Marine brother came looking for him in the hospital but couldn't find him at first. When he did find him, his burns were so bad that he looked like "roast turkeys," and fellow crew members could not recognize him. The hospital staff had pretty much given up on him. One of them, in tears, later told Everett, "When you boys were so far gone that we knew there was nothing we could do for you, we tagged you . . ." for identification purposes after death." Another added, "Not only did we tag you, but we moved you out of the ward so you wouldn't die in front of everybody," and a doctor told his brother that it was better that way because even if he survived, he would be blind and never walk again (R. Smith 49 (Everett Hyland)).

Although Hyland's injuries were later described as "superficial" in the Navy's medical records, he describes it much differently:

My right ankle was shot open, and I had a chip of bone out of the right shin. They say I got a bullet wound through the right thigh near my hip . . . My right hand was ripped open; I had five pieces of shrapnel in my left leg. I had a six-inch by eight-inch [15.2 x 20.3 cm] piece torn out of my left thigh; I lost part of my left elbow and part of my left bicep . . . everywhere I had skin exposed I had flash burns . . . my legs, arms and face (R. Smith 48 (Everett Hyland)).

For nearly three weeks, Hyland was totally out of it, wandering that gray zone between life and death, until the smells of Christmas dinner brought him out from unconsciousness. He spent some nine months in hospitals, but he did survive—minus his lips—and even went back on duty in the Atlantic. He went on to get married and became a teacher. After a divorce, he quit teaching and spent many years as a courier flying around the world (R. Smith 50 (Everett Hyland)).

Nowadays, over 70 years later when visitors stop by his desk at the Pearl Harbor bookstore and ask how he feels about Japanese, he often simply replies: “Ask my wife.” Given his harrowing experience in the attack and the near-fatal wounds he suffered —2,402 of his fellow sailors died (“Full Pearl Harbor Casualty List”)— Everett Hyland might be forgiven if he still carries a burning hatred for Japanese: some involved in the World War II hostilities and their descendants still do. On another occasion, he replies: “Not really. They were just doing their job, and so were we” (personal conversation).

**Mitsuo Fuchida.** Works of fiction have made use of the so-called “butterfly effect”: that a small event like air currents from the fluttering of a butterfly’s wing could set off a chain of consequences leading to a typhoon halfway around the world. Mitsuo Fuchida (淵田美津雄, 1902-1976) was in the air flying that day, **December 7, 1941**, but not floating like a butterfly. His mission was rather to sting like a bee<sup>3</sup>. Either way, his actions set in motion a maelstrom that would ultimately cost millions of lives. He was one of the people Everett Hyland and other Pearl Harbor attack survivors could easily hate the most.

Many people no longer remember or know the name Mitsuo Fuchida, but as a postwar child growing up in Berkeley, California, on the West Coast, this writer was quite familiar with his name. His mother<sup>4</sup> would sometimes tell him about Fuchida. On that December 7 morning in 1941, he was in the air over Pearl Harbor, flying his three-seater Nakajima B5N2 Type 97 “Kate” torpedo bomber (Fuchida, “From Pearl Harbor



Captain Mitsuo Fuchida, Imperial Japanese Navy (left). Commander Fuchida in October 1941 (right), in training for the attack on Pearl Harbor. (PD-Japan-oldphotos)

to Calvary”), the commander of the attack force. As the photo of Fuchida in uniform shows, he sported a thin moustache above his upper lip. Fuchida much admired Germany’s Adolf

Hitler's swift and decisive military actions in Europe and trimmed his moustache so as to look more like his hero and even imitated his stare (*God's Samurai*, Loc 619).

**Bringing history close to home:** Although an important historic figure, Commander Fuchida is usually no more than a stern face in a historical account. However, in order to feel history more closely, this writer has the habit of transposing historical events and figures into the immediate present. On that day over Pearl Harbor, Fuchida was 39, the same age as a colleague, Associate Professor Takehiro Mitsuki<sup>5</sup>. From another angle, had Professor Mitsuki been born in 1902, the vortex of history might have put him in that Nakajima B5N2, about to launch the attack by the first wave of 183<sup>6</sup> planes, instead of Fuchida. Fuchida himself recalled, “. . . I had made up my mind that we could make a surprise attack and . . . ordered the deployment by raising my signal pistol outside the canopy and firing one “black dragon’ [a green signal flare]. The time was 7:40 (Fuchida, “I Led the Air Attack”).

To launch the attacks, “I ordered my radio man [FPO 1/c Norinobu Mizuki<sup>7</sup>] who immediately began tapping the key. The order went out in plain code: “To, to, to, to . . . ’ The time was 0749 (Fuchida, “I Led the Air Attack”). With that coded signal (\* \* - \* \*) ““To, To, To, To,”” meaning ““Zengun totsugeki seyo’ (‘All forces charge!’),” the attack began (Tagaya). Thus, as Fuchida later recalls, the attack was launched a few minutes ahead of schedule, dive bombers hitting Hickam and Wheeler Air Force bases at 0755, torpedo planes going at the battleships at 0757, strafing attacks by fighters at 0800, and bombers hitting battleships at 0805. Later in the first-wave attack, Fuchida noted that



Nakajima B5N2 Type 97 “Kate” torpedo bomber over Hickam Field/Pearl Harbor, the type of plane Fuchida was flying (PD).

the USS *Pennsylvania*, where Everett Hyland was, was “unscathed in the dry-dock . . . the only battleship that had not been attacked.” Other attack planes headed for the *Pennsylvania* but also realized that it was in dry-dock (Fuchida, “I Led the Air Attack”).

The first wave of the attack lasted about an hour. A second wave of 171 attack planes arrived at Kahuku Point, at

the northern tip of O'ahu, at 0840. Shortly before nine, they launched their attack: “[The] second attack achieved a nice spread, hitting the least damaged battleships as well as previously undamaged cruisers and destroyers,” and it was at 9:10 that one of these bombs put Everett Hyland out of action until Christmas (Fuchida, “I Led the Air Attack.” R. Smith 49 (Everett Hyland)).

**Jacob DeShazer** (1912 - 2008) of West Stayton<sup>8</sup>, Oregon, was furious at what Fuchida and his planes had done at Pearl Harbor. Accounts vary slightly, but when he heard news of the surprise attack on that morning, DeShazer, 29, reportedly threw a potato at the wall, shouting, “They are going to have to pay for this!” (Collins 139). A few months later, aboard the USS Hornet,

. . . his excitement was at a fever pitch because . . . he was going to kill “Japs,” and he couldn't wait. . . . DeShazer had never felt such rage. . . . his hatred grew to the point where he lay awake at night planning payback for this crime . . . to inflict pain and mayhem for a people he viewed as demonic and subhuman. . . he couldn't wait to draw Japanese blood. . . . people he had come to loathe (Collins 139).

DeShazer had received advanced bombardier training, and when the chance came to volunteer for a dangerous mission to bomb Japan under Lt. Colonel Jimmy Doolittle, he jumped at it without a moment's hesitation. His country was still reeling after the Pearl Harbor attack, and if this mission succeeded, it would show that America was still alive and kicking, down but not out. But in a very true sense, it could be a mission of no return: the B-25 bombers they would use had never taken off from an aircraft carrier. The USS Hornet would carry them and their planes to a launch point 400 miles from Japan, but they could not return and land on it. After the bombing attack, the planes would have to fly on to mainland China before their fuel ran out. If their fuel did run out, chances were that they would fall into Japanese enemy territory in China. It was a secret mission, so if there was trouble, they were on their own.

On launch day, **April 18, 1942**, even the elements were against them, with strong winds and heavy seas. Enemy ships had been spotted in the area, and Admiral Bull Halsey,



concerned for his aircraft carrier, decided he could take them no further. They were still 200 miles from the scheduled launch point, and that meant they had that much more distance to cover to reach safe Chinese mainland (Collins 141). Still, they went ahead, DeShazer's heart "filled with bitter hatred" for Japan and its people (DeShazer: *I was a prisoner*).

DeShazer was the bombardier on B-25 Number 16, the *Bat Out of Hell*, commanded by Lt. William G. Farrow. During launch preparations, the nose had been damaged, but no one noticed. The plane could fly, but the hole would cause drag and cost them precious mileage.

Most of the planes hit the Tōkyō-Yokohama area, while three headed for Nagoya and Kōbe. DeShazer's moment had arrived (Collins 142). Revenge for DeShazer was doubly sweet as he was the one to release the bombs on Nagoya. Although the raids did not cause that much damage, it showed that the Americans could still send a sting into the Japanese homeland, showing that Japan was not invincible, and it helped rally American forces.

The effect of the raid might have been minimal —perhaps more like pesky houseflies than bee stings— but it prompted the Japanese Navy to bring its aircraft carriers back closer to the homeland. The action also figured into a decision by Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto to extend Japan's defensive perimeter by attacking Midway Atoll and lure the Americans into a trap. A re-encouraged America, however, fortified by code-breakers that enabled the Americans to intercept Japanese communications and turn the tables, sank four Japanese aircraft carriers and a heavy cruiser. Instead of establishing Japanese dominance, Midway became a turning point in the Pacific war.

The extra distance getting to Japan and the drag from the hole in the nose of DeShazer's plane meant that it could not reach safe, non-Japanese-occupied territory in China. As fuel ran out, the crew bailed out in the area of Ningpo, China. DeShazer was blown away from the others and suffered broken ribs in the landing and was captured by the Japanese.

In a religious tract that he later wrote, DeShazer noted that "the bitterness in my heart against my captors seem more than I could bear" (DeShazer: *I was a prisoner*). The next day, he and other crew members were flown to Japan for "trial": he was quickly found guilty on all counts and sentenced to death by beheading. For some reason he and the others were flown again to China (Collins 144). "[W]e were imprisoned and beaten, half-starved, terribly tortured, and denied by solitary confinement even the comfort of association with one another. Three of my buddies . . . were executed by a firing squad

about six months after our capture and 14 months later, another of them . . . died of slow starvation. My hatred for the enemy nearly drove me crazy” (DeShazer: *I was a prisoner...*).

In the depths of his rage and despair in the Japanese prison, DeShazer’s mind then went off in a different direction, one that would forever change his life and that of many others: “. . . I began to ponder the cause of such hatred between members of the human race. I wondered what it was that made the Japanese hate the Americans, and what made me hate the Japanese.” Having heard how Christianity was able to change hatred into brotherly love, he sought to find the answer in the Bible and asked his Japanese prison guards to get him one. Finally, in May 1944, a guard brought him a Bible, but he could have it for only three weeks. “I started changing then and there, and the hatred went out of my heart too, ‘cause I did have a bitter hatred for those guards, but it just all cleared up” (“Jacob Daniel DeShazer”).

DeShazer found forgiveness and salvation in the confession of his own sins but also came upon the realization his cruel and merciless Japanese captors knew nothing of what he had found in Christianity and the Bible, so how could they be otherwise? In the Bible, he had read of how even though the soldiers guarding Jesus had beaten and spit on him before nailing him to the Cross for execution, Jesus, in terrible pain, had prayed, “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.” From then on, hatred was replaced by forgiveness and pity, his attitude toward his guards changing completely. He began treating them with respect and they in turn eased up and treat him less harshly (DeShazer: *I was a prisoner*).

DeShazer’s long ordeal finally ended on **August 20, 1945**, shortly after American soldiers, in a rescue mission named “Operation Magpie,” parachuted in on August 17 to liberate him and other prisoners. It had taken a few days of negotiations, because the Japanese forces considered the Doolittle raiders war criminals rather than prisoners of war.

Interestingly, one of DeShazer’s rescuers could have been mistaken for one of his prison guards: Dick Shigemi Hamada (Hamada, Luke; Hamada, Dick) was a Japanese American Nisei (second generation) from the Hāmākua district of the Big Island (Hawai’i Island), the son of Hiroshima immigrants<sup>9</sup>. Hamada was a member of the famed Japanese American 442<sup>nd</sup> Regimental Combat Team, a unit better known for its legendary exploits against the German military in Europe, but this time, he was on a special mission, working with the OSS (Office of Strategic Services, later to become the CIA).

## Home Sweet Home: Chalan Kanoa and the Battle of Saipan

**Shadows and Ghosts of War.** This past couple of years —2012 and 2013— this writer has gone back to the island of Saipan in the Northern Mariana Islands, 2450 km. (1460 mi.) south-southeast of Japan. There and in the Western Caroline Islands further south, he spent several of his formative years. On Saipan, his home-away-from-home is in Chalan Kanoa village on the southwest shore of Saipan, a humble dwelling just 70 m. (230 ft.) from the ocean.

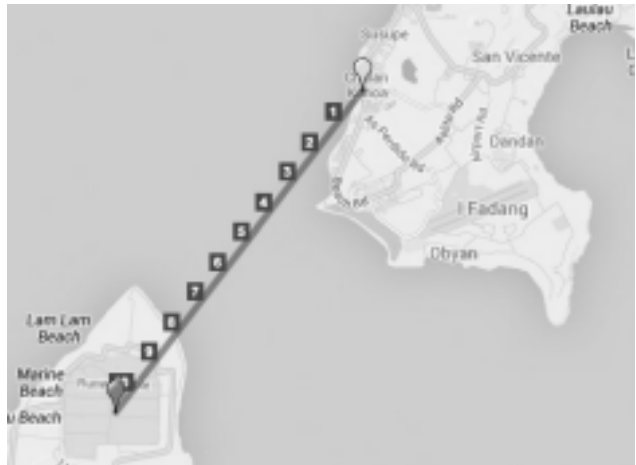
Sixty-nine years earlier, on this now peaceful beach, where the writer and Lino Olopai, his Carolinian brother, now drink morning coffee, American soldiers came ashore as they launched the Battle of Saipan on **June 15, 1944**, to wrest the island from Japanese control. It was a bloody battle of over three weeks, in which thousands of American and Japanese soldiers lost their lives: over 3,000 Americans dead (2,000 on the first day), with 10,000+



LEFT: Map of the Battle of Saipan (PD). The two black patches —where the bulk of the invasion took place— indicate the northern and southern ends of the invasion of Saipan by American forces on June 15, 1944. The black patch in the south is Chalan Kanoa, the writer's home on Saipan, while the patch in north is Garapan, the center of Saipan's tourist industry today. RIGHT: Tinian (in the background) from the writer's backyard beach in Chalan Kanoa.

injured; 24,000 Japanese soldiers dead, another 5000 suicides, plus over 20,000 civilian deaths, mainly suicides (“Battle of Saipan”). Much blood was shed on that beach in this backyard, with bullets piercing the air and human bodies, cannon shells exploding and Japanese and American soldiers screaming and dying.

Capturing the Marianas was a top priority for the Americans, because it cut off the South Pacific from the Japanese home islands. This included the Caroline Islands — especially Truk Lagoon (now Chuuk)— the main Japanese naval base for operations in the South Pacific. If they could take Saipan and other islands in the Marianas (right on the supply routes to the south), their planes would be well within



From Chalan Kanoa, Saipan (right), to North Field on Tinian (left). In the southeast part of Saipan is Saipan International Airport (formerly As Lito). Both fields were Japanese military air fields. (Map data © Google)

striking distance of Japan itself. For the Japanese, it was the last line of defense in protecting the homeland.

Just a short distance away (10 km./6.2 mi.) to the southwest, across the channel from Saipan to the southwest is the island of Tinian. It is sparsely populated (population 3,136 in 2010) and is not as well known, but after the Americans had taken it, B-29 bombers took off from Tinian’s North Field for Japan: the B-29 Enola Gay on August 6, 1945, heading for Hiroshima, carrying the atomic bomb code-named “Little Boy,” while the B-29 Bockscar departed for Nagasaki with the bomb “Fat Man” on August 9 (Coster-Mullen).

**The Nine Lives of Mitsuo Fuchida.** Like the proverbial cat with nine lives, Mitsuo Fuchida seemed to dance away from death time after time by the narrowest of margins. In any normal world, he should have died many times over, yet he survived. He was like an action hero in a movie, bruised and bloodied but never killed.

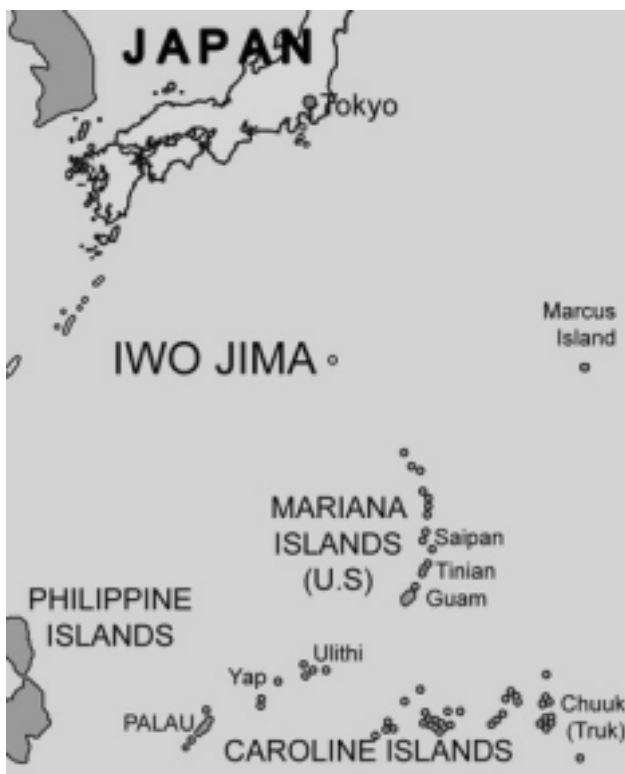
When his plane returned to his aircraft carrier after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Fuchida found that his plane had been badly shot up—he counted 21 holes—and a critical control cable was hanging by a single thin strand of wire, damaged by anti-aircraft fire. Had it broken, he would have been unable to control the plane and would have been lost at sea. Later, in the Celebes, his plane crashed and the radio operator was killed—but Fuchida survived.

On Sunday, August 6, 1945, he was in Hiroshima for a military conference, which he found boring, but received a phone call asking him to come to the Yamato Army Base near Ōsaka for yet another meeting, so he flew from Hiroshima to Yamato. In any case, he was also eager to get back to working on Operation *Ken*, a desperate plan to hit American B-29s in the Mariana Islands, now in American hands, in a commando raid to blow up the planes before they could launch for Japan: he saw little hope in defending against them once they reached Japan's skies. But already, it was too late: the very next morning, at Yamato, he received a message that Hiroshima had been totally destroyed—by the first of

two atomic bombs (Prange, Loc. 2947-3013).

The next day, Fuchida returned to Hiroshima, part of a team to assess the damage. He walked around in the radioactive area for three days, and everyone else on the team was affected and died, but Fuchida was unaffected (Fuchida et al, "Lead Pilot"). He seemed to have a guardian angel watching over him.

**April 11, 1945: Setsuo Ishino.** Five months before the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Battle of Okinawa was taking place, the latest in an island-



Island-hopping from the Caroline Islands, the Marianas, Iwo Jima, (Okinawa) toward the Japanese mainland. (PD)



Setsuo Ishino's plane is about to hit the Missouri, an instant before his death. The original photo was taken by the ship's baker, "Buster" Campbell (Photo taken on USS Missouri).

hopping campaign that involved the Caroline Islands, the Marianas, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa, moving closer and closer to the main islands of Japan. The fierce fighting for Okinawa was ten days old when a group of sixteen Special Attack Unit (Tokkōtai/特攻隊) planes left the Kanoya base in Kagoshima and headed toward Okinawa,

350 km./220 mi. south-southwest. At about the halfway point to Okinawa, the plane piloted by Setsuo Ishino<sup>10</sup> (石野節雄) came upon the USS Missouri off Kikaijima<sup>11</sup>, 40 km. (25 mi.) east of Amami-Ōshima. The ship's radar picked up Ishino's Mitsubishi A6M5c "Zeke" at about 13:30 and binoculars spotted him 7500 yds./6900 m. out. His plane takes several hits from anti-aircraft fire, loses altitude, takes more hits, but he keeps it on course toward the Missouri (USS Missouri exhibit).

Although Ishino was the enemy —one of the dreaded *kamikaze* pilots— aiming to damage the ship and take as many of the crew with him as he can, it is also hard to forget that he was only 19 —still a boy, really— the same age as many of our students, or more appropriately, their male friends and brothers that we see at our college festivals. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to see one of them in Ishino's place in the cockpit that day. Some mothers and grandmothers seem to see and feel that clearly as they protest against the controversial state secrets bill currently being rammed through the Diet by Prime Minister Shinzō Abe, as well as his attempts to revise the pacifist Constitution.

A 36-year-old housewife . . . criticized the law as a sign that Japan is sliding back into its prewar militarism, citing Prime Minister Shinzo Abe's resolve to

revise the pacifist Constitution and assert the right to collective self-defense. . . . Meanwhile, two housewives shouted “We will never let you be the victims of another war!” at the top of their lungs at a group of elementary school children across the street who had just finished a tour of the Diet building.” [The first housewife, concerned about her two children’s futures, adds,] “This law could give the government a perfect excuse to hide the whole process of its preparation for a war (Osaki).

In his heart, Ishino must be terrified, but he is also resigned and resolved to carry out his duty. The left wing of his plane hits the Missouri just below the main deck and the nose propeller chops into the deck. The right wing breaks off and momentum carries it forward. The actual damage is minor—the 500-lb. bomb it carried did not explode—but the upper half of his body is scattered on the deck, while the lower half was still in the cockpit and fell into the sea along with the rear part of the plane.



The railing is still bent where Ishino’s plane smashed into the Missouri (Kuroiwa).



Setsuo Ishino (石野節雄、19)  
(Photo taken on USS Missouri)

A medic asks **Captain William M. Callaghan**, the ship’s commanding officer, if he should throw the upper body overboard, and the captain says no, that it should be prepared for burial at sea the following day (Yi). This causes some grumbling among the crew, which is not unexpected. After all, Ishino was the enemy, and he had just tried to kill them. But Capt. Callaghan is more forgiving: the pilot is a fallen warrior who was doing his duty to his country, like they all were, to the best of his ability and with honor. The body, what is left of it, is

wrapped in canvas, and the sailors even sew together a Japanese flag to drape over the remains (Fahr). The crew lines up on the deck and salutes while rifles fire three volleys, and the body is committed to the deep sea (“Kamikaze Story” (with photos)). Ishino’s war was over and he was no longer the enemy.



Premonition? Setsuo Ishino in a family photo, holding a plane. (Photo taken on USS Missouri)

**World War II was over.** Setsuo Ishino’s war was over, as was his life. Everett Hyland’s war was over. Jacob DeShazer’s war was over, and after the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Mitsuo Fuchida’s war was over too. The war in Europe against Germany and Italy had been over for a few months, since Victory in Europe Day (V-E Day) on May 8, 1945 (or May 7, depending on location). With

that, war was also over for Harumi Kuroiwa, the writer’s father’s older brother, who had served with the legendary Nisei 442<sup>nd</sup> Regimental Combat Team in Europe and had been captured by the Germans: he spent the last few month of the war as a German prisoner of war (POW).

The Japanese surrender took place in Tōkyō Bay, aboard the USS Missouri that Setsuo Ishino had tried to sink, on September 2, 1945. That was fortunate timing, too, for Jitsuo Takei, the writer’s mother’s cousin, of Mishima, Shizuoka Prefecture. Already, he had lost his eldest brother, Kiyoshi, who had been killed before World War II on September 20, 1937, near Shanghai, in the Battle of Shanghai (soon euphemistically relabeled the “Shina Jihen”<sup>12</sup> (「支那事變」) “The China Incident.” Second brother Isamu was also killed, during the war, on April 19, 1944, when his ship was hit, probably by a torpedo, off Luzon in the Philippines, just after he had gone to sleep. Third son Jitsuo, now the patriarch of the main Takei family (honke/本家) because of the deaths of his elder brothers, was born in 1928 and was a 15-year-old student at Numazu High School in 1943 but had applied to the Mie Kaigun Kōkū-tai (Mie Naval Air Squadron), figuring “As long as I’m going to end up dying in war anyway, I might as well die gloriously for the sake of the country.” He passed the



aptitude test (適性検査) but failed the eye examination. Otherwise, he would have gone to Mie to become a *tokkōtai* (*kamikaze*) pilot, he says, in the 13<sup>th</sup> class (13期, formed in October 1943, graduating in July 1944), which he says was the last one. He later learned at a reunion that planes were not easily available after that, and that from the 14<sup>th</sup> class on, nothing really happened. “Uncle” Jitsuo said he felt no particular fear, since dying was taken almost as a matter of course (personal family conversations).

**Jacob DeShazer**, his ordeal as a Japanese prisoner over, headed back to his native Northwest, but this time to Seattle, where he enrolled at Seattle Pacific College (now Seattle Pacific University, founded by the Free Methodist Church of Washington and his native Oregon). There, he studied to become a missionary in order to return to Japan to the people who had treated him so cruelly because they had little or no understanding of the message of Christianity. DeShazer met Florence Matheny there, and they got married within a year after he had gotten out of prison.

While at Seattle Pacific, DeShazer apparently wrote a tract called *I Was a Prisoner of Japan*, which was to become famous in Christian circles. The DeShazer story, that of the tract, and the story of a Japanese man DeShazer later met have become so famous and have been retold so many times by so many people that it all becomes somewhat fuzzy and confused. The tract is often dated 1950, but the account on which we are relying here is from DeShazer’s alma mater, Seattle Pacific College/University (since 1977): “Flight Into Eternity” (2004) in *Response: The Seattle Pacific University Magazine*. As such, it is closest to the source for this part of DeShazer’s story and the one we consider to be the most reliable.

In that SPU account, Clint Kelly relates that as DeShazer received his SPC diploma, “Already accepted as Free Methodist missionaries, the DeShazers set sail for Japan in December 1948. Japan was abuzz with the news of DeShazer’s arrival. Crowds thronged his ship at the Yokohama docks. A million tracts containing his testimony, *I Was a Prisoner of Japan*, had been distributed ahead of his arrival. People were curious to see the former P.O.W. and to learn about the love he professed for his captors.”

**Mitsuo Fuchida**, meanwhile, had been demobilized from the military, and returned to his home village in Nara Prefecture, where he took up farming. After all he had been through, it was not very stimulating. The Tōkyō War Crimes Tribunal, held at the former

Japanese Imperial Army headquarters in Ichigaya, Tōkyō, concerned him. He was never called to be tried, but he was summoned by General Douglas MacArthur, the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP), to testify a number of times.

As Fuchida relates all this in his book (*From Pearl Harbor...*), he is disgusted by the proceedings. Japanese are being tried for war crimes —such is the fate of losers in war— but aren't America and its allies equally guilty of such transgressions? If Japanese had committed atrocities against POWs, then surely, so had the Americans and their allies. After all, war is war and, as the saying goes, “War is Hell.” He went down to Yokosuka in Kanagawa Prefecture and met a large group of returning Japanese POWs, hoping to get evidence of mistreatment by Americans for his testimony. Among them was a former pilot and comrade, Kazuo Kanegasaki, who he thought had died in the Battle of Midway. But he was not ready for what he heard from Kanegasaki (Prange, Loc 3957-4013).

**Margaret “Peggy” Covell** (Prange, Loc 4013-4056). The American prison camp had been rough, to be sure, but the Japanese prisoners had been treated kindly with love and respect by Peggy Covell, an 18-year-old American college student —the same age as many students at our own college. Peggy had first volunteered to work with Japanese Americans at a Colorado internment camp and later at a Japanese POW camp. The prisoners had been puzzled by the presence and behavior of such a kind young woman, and finally, someone asked, “Why are you so kind to us?” Her answer was as stunning as it was simple: “Because Japanese soldiers killed my parents” (Smith).

Peggy's parents, Jim and Charma Covell had been missionaries in Japan, and Peggy herself had grown up in Japan, but with the political and military situation becoming increasingly uncomfortable, the family fled to the Philippines in 1939. Peggy completed high school in Manila in 1940 and left for college in the U.S. (Verstraete).

The Japanese invaded the Philippines within hours of Pearl Harbor and had taken Manila in less than a month. The Covells and other missionaries fled to the mountains, but by December 19, 1943, the Japanese army had caught up with them, and they were scheduled to be executed the following day. Everyone, men, women, and children. The missionaries requested and were granted time to pray, read the Bible, and sing hymns. Then, they were beheaded, one by one (Smith; Verstraete; Himes).

Peggy did not learn of this horror until the war had ended, but when she did, like

DeShazer in the beginning, she too was consumed with hatred for Japanese. But she also knew her parents well, and when she reflected on their fate, she came to the conclusion that they must have died asking God to forgive their executioners: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” in spirit if not in word and deed. If her parents had forgiven the Japanese under such conditions, could she do any less? The prisoners who experienced Peggy’s forgiveness and loving care for them, the recent hated enemy, could not understand this, but neither could they forget it, and the story was told over and over (and it is still told in Christian circles) (Smith; Verstraete; Himes). And thus the story reached Mitsuo Fuchida’s ears.

Fuchida, of course, found this hard to believe. Such a situation called for revenge rather than . . . love?? He was flabbergasted. He spoke with many former POWs who had met Peggy in order to confirm the story, but it indeed seemed to be true. According to one account (McKeever), he even located the executioners. By now, these tales of uncalled-for forgiveness were beginning to get under his skin. But the clincher was yet to come.

**Shibuya Station.** Thus came the day in early October 1948, when Fuchida was passing through Shibuya Station in Tōkyō —by the Hachikō statue, according to some accounts (“Mitsuo Fuchida: A forgotten story”)— when he was handed a pamphlet by an American missionary. Fuchida himself describes that moment, in quite good English, in a striking 1965 interview appearance on the Merv Griffin Show. Griffin introduces Fuchida, saying, “Over twenty years ago, it would have been impossible to have this man sit before an American audience: he was the commander of the task force that bombed Pearl Harbor . . .” (transcriptions by the writer):

When the war ended, since Japan lost the war, I was still resentful . . . but other time, many missionaries came to Japan, and hundreds missionaries were in Tokyo. So, other time, I was in Tōkyō, and one day I was walking a street, walking a street in Tōkyō, and there I saw an American missionary who was handing out leaflets to the Japanese people, you know, and I was given a copy of the pamphlet that tells the story of American flier who was a member of the Jimmy Doolittle squadron that bombed Tōkyō . . . and when he participated as a bombardier, you know, bombardier. So he dropped many bombs against Tōkyō, he was very satisfied, taking the revenge [for Pearl Harbor]. . . .

And one thing this story inspired me, one thing, you know. That it was when he read the Bible, that his hatred changed to love. So this inspired me to get the Bible, so that I could read this wonderful book for myself, by myself, you know. And I bought a Bible, and while I was reading the Bible, I met Christ. (“Capt. Mitsuo Fuchida, Architect...”)

The leaflet was titled, *I Was a Prisoner of Japan*, written by Jacob DeShazer, and once again, Fuchida read a story of forgiveness, a man, a former enemy who had participated in a daring raid on Nagoya but also a fellow warrior whom he could respect, who had gone through hell in Japanese prisons as a POW and/or war criminal and yet had come out with forgiveness in his heart and even love for his former captors.

DeShazer did not yet know about Fuchida reading his “Prisoner” tract after the Shibuya moment but eventually learned about it and recounted it in a 1989 San Francisco interview (transcription by the writer):

“The man that led the attack in Pearl Harbor, he was around at that time, Mitsuo Fuchida, and . . . he had read the tract about my experience, . . . And so he read that tract, and he said, “Well, DeShazer got(?) the Bible when he was in prison, and so I’m gonna get the Bible and find out what the Bible says. Now he read the Bible, he studied it, you know, and he found out, um, when Jesus was there on the Cross, he said . . . he looked down on those men that nailed him to the Cross, and he said, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ And Fuchida said he just broke down and cried, right there, He said it, uh, something really hit him, you know. And he said, ‘I . . . That was me. I didn’t know what I was doing, when I led that attack on Pearl Harbor, . . .’”

Fuchida had come upon Luke 23:34, where Jesus Christ is being crucified but prays: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” There it was again, someone in the depths of deepest agony, and yet there came forgiveness. This time it stuck with Fuchida: “I was impressed that I was certainly one of those for whom He had prayed. The many men I had killed had been slaughtered in the name of patriotism . . . I requested Him to forgive my sins and change me from a bitter, disillusioned pilot into a well-balanced Christian with purpose in living (Fuchida, (“From Pearl Harbor to Calvary”). The date was April 14, 1950.

This huge about-face made the newspapers, and some Japanese were upset. An ex-kamikaze pilot who had survived came to Fuchida's house and pulled a knife on him, accusing him of betrayal, but Fuchida just told him to go ahead if he wanted to. Some years later, Fuchida saw the man in church: he too had become a Christian (D. Smith)

By that time (1950), DeShazer had been in Japan on missionary work going on two years but wondered if he was having any positive effect. He started many churches — eventually one in Nagoya (1959), the city he had bombed in 1942— and according to one account (Virkler), spoke to a crowd of 2000 in Ōsaka, where, among those who converted to Christianity as a result was a Captain Katō<sup>13</sup>, the prison guard who had given him that Bible in Nanking. Still, DeShazer had his doubts and began a 40-day fast, drinking only water, seeking a sign. The day after he ended his fast, in May 1950, a man came to his door, and according to one account, said, “I have desired to meet you, Mr. DeShazer. My name is Mitsuo Fuchida” (“Mitsuo Fuchida: A forgotten story”; *Jacob Daniel DeShazer*; “Jacob “Jake” DeShazer”; Virkler).

Altogether, Jacob DeShazer and his wife spent some 30 years in missionary service in Japan<sup>14</sup>. Mitsuo Fuchida spent the rest of his life as a Christian evangelist, preaching in Japan, Europe, and elsewhere. The two often preached together. Another missionary noted that when they would hold meetings, a few dozen people would show up, but when Fuchida, the hero of Pearl Harbor, came to speak, hundreds, even thousands, would come (D. Smith).

**Miyoko Wada** was born and raised in Maebashi City, Gunma Prefecture, a city within commuting distance of Saitama Women's Junior College (Hidaka City, Saitama Prefecture). At the time of Pearl Harbor, Miyoko was nine years old. By 1944, when she was 12, things were getting difficult, even bitter, even for regular citizens in Japan, and children were not exempt from actively contributing to the war effort. The 1942 Doolittle Raid that Jacob DeShazer had participated in had not done that much damage, but it did serve to let the Japanese know that they could be reached. As we mentioned earlier, that led to the repositioning of Japanese naval resources and a major naval defeat at Midway that changed the course of the war. That same Doolittle raid also led to the use of bombs for five months from November 1944, bombs that were to be carried across the Pacific by balloons to hit the U.S. mainland directly. The vehicle: more than 9,000 large aerial balloons made

from strips of paper glued together by Miyoko and other young schoolgirls. Perhaps the idea came from the paper balloons/balls made for children's play known as kami-fūsen (紙風船). Some of these bombs did reach the U.S. mainland but caused only negligible damage, and production was halted by April.

Miyoko got married in Japan in 1960, and she and her husband moved to Hawai'i, where she worked in the tourist industry for Meitetsu Hawai'i Inc. coordinating tours for Japanese tourists. After the birth of her son, however, the marriage fell apart, and she was a single mother. American life had given her independence and opportunities that she appreciated, so she became a naturalized American citizen, and she continued working in the tourist industry ("Miyoko").

The year 1991 marked the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Pearl Harbor, and veterans of that attack came for the occasion. At the time, Miyoko was a tour coordinator at the Meitetsu desk at Waikiki's Miramar Hotel on Kūhiō Avenue. One of the guests, a Pearl Harbor veteran—the recipient of a Purple Heart medal for injuries suffered in battle but still alive and kicking—noticed her, took a fancy to her, and started finding excuses to stop by every day to talk with her. They corresponded over the next year, and then he moved to Hawai'i from the mainland to be closer. His name: Everett Hyland, the sailor who had been aboard the USS *Pennsylvania* during the attack (*Everett Hyland: Former Radioman*).

Hyland says that during their two-year courtship—they were in their 60s—he took Miyoko to his home on the mainland and introduced her to his children. One of them took him aside and whispered, "Dad, don't you let this one get away!" He didn't, and this is why, when visitors at the Pearl Harbor bookshop desk where he volunteers ask him if he hated Japanese after the attack that nearly killed him, he answers, "Ask my wife" (personal conversation, Pearl Harbor bookstore).

The **City of Berkeley Public Health Clinic**, corner of 6<sup>th</sup> Street and University Avenue was where Shizu "Sarah" Kuroiwa (née Takei) had taken her young son, Kenneth, for a shot (inoculation) one day. She asked, "You remember the name 'Capt. Mitsuo Fuchida,' don't you?" "Yes, you mean the guy who led the attack on Pearl Harbor?" the boy said, "What about him?" "Well, he sometimes stays right near here, on 8<sup>th</sup> Street, a couple blocks up [toward the Berkeley hills] and one block over [to the south]. He stays there with his daughter when he is in town." Fuchida would travel around the United States doing

missionary work but would stay with his daughter, Miyako, when he was in the San Francisco Bay Area. Her home was just 330 meters/360 yds from the public health clinic<sup>15</sup>.

Miyako is **Miyako Fuchida Overturf**, four years old at the time her father was in action over Pearl Harbor, wreaking havoc, death, and destruction on the Pacific fleet based there. A December 7, 2001 interview with Corey Lyons of a local newspaper, the Contra Costa Times, reveals that she came to Berkeley in 1960 on a student visa to study interior design at the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, on Broadway where College Avenue begins, veering off toward the University of California/Berkeley campus, a few miles/kilometers away. It was to be a one-year study-abroad, she had promised her mother. But life always takes detours, and at the school, she met a former U.S. Marine, Jim Overturf, and they married in 1963.

### Postscripts and Loose Ends



September 2, 1945 postcard commemorating the “Japanese Formal Surrender,” sent from the USS Missouri to “Capt Bruce L. Canoga, 2727 Woolsey, Berkeley California.” (Kuroiwa)

**The Postcard.** While touring the USS Missouri in the summer of 2012, we viewed the

many exhibits, including the Japanese surrender documents (Instrument of Surrender). Other exhibits inside the ship include portrait photos of Setsuo Ishino and of his family when he was a small child. There is also a postcard, postmarked “Sept 2 1945, USS Missouri, Tokyo Bay, Japanese Formal Surrender,” with a six-cent stamp. It was sent by a “Lt. R. S. Hamilton, USMR,” who was aboard the ship during the surrender ceremony, and addressed to “Capt. Bruce L. Canoga, 2727 – Woolsey, Berkeley California.”

This came as quite a surprise to the writer, for this address is in the Claremont district of Berkeley, where the writer’s family had a dry-cleaning shop, Upland Cleaners, where Upland came down the hill and T-intersected with Claremont Avenue. The Canogas were customers of our dry-cleaners. To our knowledge, we never met Capt. Bruce Canoga, but we knew Mrs. Canoga well, as she often came to the store. Occasionally, as a boy, we would sometimes deliver cleaning or laundry to her home at 2727 Woolsey via the front door, which was really on the left side of the house, and she would give us candy or some refreshment treat for doing her the small favor.

**Closer than Imagined:** As we stood between the dent caused by Setsuo Ishino’s plane on the side of the USS Missouri and the deck exhibit explaining how it had all happened, the fact that Ishino was the same age as our own students in Japan and their male friends or siblings felt uncomfortably close and saddening, and this writer said so to another member of the small tour group standing beside him. The man’s name was Larry Phillips, vacationing with his wife in Honolulu from a small town in western Tennessee called Big Sandy. We exchanged addresses and agreed to link up via Facebook, which we did. Larry later revealed that, actually, he had lost an uncle in a *kamikaze* attack, and his twin brother, Gary, in Florida supplied further information and leads.

The Phillips brothers’ uncle, Lee Duke Cantrell was on the USS England (DE-635), a Buckley-class destroyer which was launched out of the Bethlehem shipyard in San Francisco in 1943 and provided escort duty at Guadalcanal and elsewhere in the Solomon Islands. Between May 18-31, the USS England set a still unsurpassed record, destroying six enemy submarines.

The USS England was also in Ulithi Atoll, where this writer occasionally worked during his Peace Corps Volunteer days. From Ulithi, later attacks on Okinawa and Iwo Jima were launched. On May 9, 1945, during the 82-day-long Battle of Okinawa (April 1 -



June 22), the USS England was attacked by three Japanese *kamikaze* planes. One of them succeeded in hitting the just below the bridge, disabling some of the ship's command center and taking down some officers. Unlike Setsuo Ishino's less-than-successful attack, the bomb this plane was carrying did explode, causing further damage. Of the crew, 37 were killed and 25 wounded ("USS England DE-635"; "Destroyer Escorts Sailors Roll of Honor").

Sometime during this attack, the Phillips brothers' uncle, Lee Duke Cantrell, S 1/C, became MIA (Missing In Action) and was later presumed dead. As many Tōhoku families know, "not having a body to bury and visit at the cemetery was probably almost beyond bearing" (Gary Phillips, personal communication). The Phillips brothers are from Big Sandy (western Tennessee), having been adopted there, but the family —and Lee Duke Cantrell— have their roots in middle Tennessee, around Smithville and the surrounding areas of DeKalb and Warren counties. An old prewar address —Route 3, Smithville, DeKalb County — is listed for Duke Verell Cantrell, Lee Duke Cantrell's father.

The Setsuo Ishino exhibit on the USS Missouri brought this writer into a chance encounter with Larry Phillips, who just happened to be in the same tour group. While Ishino's age made it feel uncomfortably close for the teacher of 19-year-old Japanese students, the death of Lee Duke Cantrell, the brothers' uncle, in a much worse *kamikaze* attack, brought it almost into the living room.

**In conclusion:** The convoluted twists and turns of daily life evolve into strange and mysterious stories that make up history. Things could easily have been very different but for the slightest details of time and place. What we know as the history of our own lives hangs together as such by the most delicate threads of chance, and of course people sometimes work very hard to interpret or rewrite that history into a very different history.

**Letting go:** Part of that history —or histories— invariably involve tragedy and pain. As we have seen in some of these stories, the participants would have been totally justified in remembering that terrible pain, choosing visit and pick at it again and again, but instead, at some point, they chose to forgive or at least get past it to a more positive future, while at the same time, remembering the misfortune for what it was. The notion of **forgiveness** that is found in Christianity led to one of the most incredible changes to come out of World War, when Mitsuo Fuchida, learning from the examples of Peggy Covell and

Jacob DeShazer, also decided to “stop the wheel of hatred” (Prange, Loc 4056). At the same time, those particular histories could have ended up completely differently with the slightest changes in the component parts.

A recent article in the Japan Times described encouraging signs of overcoming the misfortunes and hatreds of history (stemming from at least Japanese efforts to control and colonize the Korean peninsula (1876-1910-1945)). Japan and the Koreans have shared a most unfortunate history, with relations sometimes getting better and sometimes worse. Currently, they are not very good—including territorial disputes and recent strife in Tōkyō’s Shin Ōkubo “Koreatown” district<sup>16</sup>— but as a result of the huge tragedy in Japan that was the Tōhoku earthquake and tsunami of March 11, 2011, two volunteer groups include ethnic Koreans: Yoenho Seo, a South Korean student at Meiji University, is with *Kizuna International*, while Tonghwi Soh, an ethnic Korean permanent resident at elite Kyōto University, is with *Kizuna from Kyōto*. As Shaun O’Dwyer’s states,

Seo and Soh are both acutely aware of the darkest episodes in Korea and Japan’s shared past, including the vigilante massacres of some 6,000 resident Koreans in the Kanto region following the 1923 Tokyo earthquake. But neither is consumed by anger at past injustices, and both put history and politics behind them when they began their work for Tohoku.

Seo told me, “I’m living in Japan and I saw people suffering so I acted . . . No matter about religion or nationality or historical background or whatever, I just acted as a human being.”

Soh echoed this point: “I was born in Japan as a Korean, but I’m a human being before being a Korean. I want to do the right thing as a human being.”

The cynic might remark that with the current state of relations between South Korea and Japan, this message is barely heard. Revisionist nationalism on one side and a nationalism of victimhood on the other increasingly frame those relations, and such nationalisms seem pre-engineered to feed off each other’s resentments. This puts Japan’s Korean residents in a difficult position.

But the cosmopolitan outlooks of Soh and Seo and of like-minded Japanese point to how bonds formed in international friendships, in shared humanitarian endeavors, can transcend bitterness or angry denialism about the past. A difficult achievement, that, and for me it is the most significant meaning that

“kizuna” can have.

At the same time, Japan needs to come clean about its past —as Germany did— so that everyone, Japan and its neighbors, can move on, rather than downplaying it or watering down textbook accounts. Japanese right-wingers engaging in hate speech in Shin Ōkubo need to understand that what goes around can come around, as Japanese Americans know all too well from direct bitter experience during World War II: the haters could easily find themselves on the receiving end if events should unfold into an unanticipated future.

South Korea, for its part, needs to refrain from making points about political or historical disputes by planting flags or waving huge banners at international sporting events that are supposed to be free of such political grandstanding. The ancient Greeks understood this almost 3,000 years ago, conducting Olympic games under the Olympic Truce, where wars were stopped, weapons laid down, and legal disputes suspended. It is time we all grow up, rather than poking fingers in our siblings’ eyes at every chance and excuse. Yoenho Seo and Tonghwi Soh have shown us that it can be done, even while being fully aware of past hurts and sins. There are better things to do with our lives than wallowing forever in “five hundred years of hatred<sup>17</sup>.”

With the recent passing of Nelson Mandela (December 5, 2013), it is fitting to recall his response to 27 years of imprisonment, abuse, and suffering in South African prisons. In a recent New York Times article, John Dramani Mahama, now the president of Ghana but formerly an African youth activist who idolized Mandela, recalls Mandela’s release from prison on February 11, 1990:

We all waited for an indescribable rage, a call for retribution that any reasonable mind would have understood. Twenty-seven years of his life, gone . . . . Yet, the man insisted on forgiveness . . . .  
. . . . that if we were to move beyond the divisiveness caused by colonization, and the pain of our self-inflicted wounds, **compassion and forgiveness** must play a role in governance. Countries, like people, must acknowledge the trauma they have experienced, and they must find a way to reconcile, to make what was broken whole again (emphasis added).

Some 70 years ago, Jacob DeShazer and Mitsuo Fuchida found resolution in this way, as did Capt. William Callaghan and Everett Hyland. In another part of the world, Nelson Mandela used his time in prison to transform Africa and Africans by finding a way to reconcile and make what was broken whole again (Mahama), and now, in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, Yoenho Seo and Tonghwi Soh do so at the grassroots level, helping to break the vicious cycle of bitterness and enmity.

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<sup>1</sup> We wrote about Rose Kaleihiehie Cablay earlier: “O Kaleihiehie o Waipi’o: The Early Life of Kaleihiehie of Waipi’o Valley” (「オ・カレイヒエヒエ・オ・ワイピオ-ワイピオバレー出身の老女の生い立ちを通じてみる1920-30年代のハワイ社会」), *Bulletin of Saitama Women’s Junior College* (19), 69-98, 2008-03-31.

<sup>2</sup> Another source (“Pearl Harbor Remembered.”) cites 15 crew members killed, with 14 others MIA (Missing In Action).

<sup>3</sup> Cassius Clay (Muhammad Ali), prior to his February 25, 1964 fight against Sonny Liston in Miami, Florida: “Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee . . .” *YouTube*: pre-fight Cavalcade of Sports interview, “First time Muhammad Ali says ‘Float like a butterfly, sting like a . . .’” <<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dryWkI04GIQ>>.

<sup>4</sup> Japanese Americans of the wartime generation (Nisei/二世) and older could also be forgiven for hating Fuchida and his comrades. As a result of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, over 110,000 Japanese Americans were viewed as the enemy and incarcerated in inland prison camps (“internment camps”) for three years (1942-1945). Many families lost their homes, their money, their property, and their businesses, not to mention psychological suffering. All the members of the writer’s entire family on both sides were among the victims.

<sup>5</sup> 三ツ木丈浩准教授。

<sup>6</sup> Fuchida, “I Led the Attack on Pearl Harbor.”

<sup>7</sup> If a Mitsuki was not in that lead attack plane, a Mizuki was.

<sup>8</sup> Now part of Salem, Oregon.

<sup>9</sup> Dick Shigemi Hamada was born on January 16, 1922, about 14 months after the writer’s Hawai’ian hānai (foster) mother, Kaleihiehie, was born (November 27, 1920) in Waipi’o Valley at the end of the Hāmākua Coast. His parents were from Hiroshima: his father, a sugar plantation carpenter had immigrated 1889 and his mother in 1893, as a picture bride. His mother did laundry for Filipino plantation laborers. In a small rural community like that, they almost surely knew of Macario Delapiña Timbal, one of those Filipino plantation laborers from Bohol Island in the Visayas.

The writer’s foster mother, Kaleihiehie, had been born out of wedlock to Esther Kealoha Hauani’o of Waipi’o Valley, who married Macario Timbal on December 15, 1922. Around 1936, the family moved up out of Waipi’o Valley to Kukuihaele, overlooking the valley, where Macario worked at the plantation there. A year later, they moved to the Pa’auhau plantation, where Macario became a “luna” (manager, boss) (Kuroiwa). Dick Hamada attended Kukuihaele School and the nearby Japanese language school (Nihongo Gakkō), both near the famous lookout point at the lip of Waipi’o valley. In his sophomore year of high school, Dick Hamada transferred to Roosevelt High School in Honolulu, which the late Daniel K. Inouye, Senator from Hawai’i and 442<sup>nd</sup> war hero, would attend a few years later (Hamada, Dick).

<sup>10</sup> Actually, the pilot of the plane that hit the Missouri could have been any of three candidates: Shigeju Yaguchi (23, of Ibaraki), Takashi Sogabe (19, Ehime), or Ishino (19, Okayama). Volunteers from the USS Missouri Memorial Association investigated the matter and concluded that Ishino was most likely the pilot. The commemorative plaque on the USS Missouri, from which our account is taken, reflects this conclusion.



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On April 12, 2001, the anniversary of the burial at sea, a memorial service for all three pilots was held aboard the Missouri at Pearl Harbor, despite some grumbling from American war veterans (“If the Japanese want to [do that], let them do it on THEIR soil.”) Ishino’s relatives were too elderly to make the journey to Hawai‘i, but Yaguchi’s brother, Shiro (75), and Sogabe’s niece, Junko Kamata, participated in the ceremony (Burlingame).

<sup>11</sup> 喜界島, a.k.a. Kikaigashima.

<sup>12</sup> The term “Shina” (支那) was originally a neutral term for “China” but following Japanese military actions in China beginning in 1937, the term became derogatory and is considered offensive to Chinese. It is normally avoided, but former right-wing Governor of Tōkyō, Shintarō Ishihara, was known for using it.

<sup>13</sup> (See end of following footnote): Correspondent Gary Evans writes that one of these guards, perhaps Katō, became part of DeShazer’s missionary team in Japan after the war.

<sup>14</sup> During the DeShazers’ thirty years in Japan, one of the writer’s Facebook correspondents, Gary Evans, a resident of Big Sandy, Tennessee, was serving with the U.S. military in Japan and met Jacob DeShazer. Evans’ recollection: “I met Rev. DeShazar at the Christian Serviceman’s Center in Yokosuka, Japan. Admittedly, I had gone solely to meet Rev. DeShazar because he had been one of 82 Doolittle Raiders . . . . I found him to be an energetic and engaging man with a big friendly smile and an expression that caught your attention. He was bald and had gray hair and wore glasses, but he could not have been more than 50. He talked about their training to learn how to fly from the deck of an aircraft carrier, and their concerns that they would only be ferrying medium bombers to a destination rather than striking a blow in the war. He described the attitudes of the men he trained and flew with, and his own desire for revenge for Pearl Harbor. . . Rev DeShazar said the B-25 bombers and the extra men on the USS Hornet made things hard to take. But after their mission and destination was announced everything brightened. He acknowledged that most of the Raiders did not expect to survive the mission. . . . I believe Rev. DeShazar was one of eight POW’s taken to Japan. They were tried as war criminals, and all were condemned to die. The plane Captain and a senior enlisted man were executed, but the others were imprisoned. One died during captivity. Rev. DeShazar’s life was saved by the care of one of his guards. The guard and Rev. DeShazar were a missionary team in Japan, and formed many churches in Japan after the war” (personal communication).

<sup>15</sup> A letter sent by Capt. Mitsuo Fuchida, in his own handwriting, shows the exact address where he stayed back in 1962. As of this writing (December 2013), it can be viewed on an auction site and can be enlarged: Nate D. Sanders, Fine Autographs & Memorabilia: <<http://natedsanders.com/lot-24165.aspx>>.

<sup>16</sup> The territorial dispute is over a small group of islands, called Takeshima in Japanese and Dokdo in South Korea. Japan’s colonial and wartime treatment of Korea and Koreans, the issue of apologies, and how this history is handled in textbooks have been longstanding problems. Recently, rightwing Japanese groups have come right into Tōkyō’s Shin-Ōkubo “Koreatown”

district protesting “special privileges” allowed ethnic Koreans, calling Koreans “cockroaches” and shouting death threats.

<sup>17</sup> 「한 오백년 (ハノベンニヨン) 恨五百年」 *Han obaegnyeon. (Hatred, 500 Years)*, having to do with rivalry and enmity in the days of ancient Korean kingdoms.