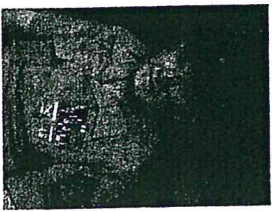


THAT THERE WILL BE WAR NO MORE



This Book is a personal accounting by former
Master Sergeant Kai Martin, United States
Marines, a World War II survivor of the 1942
Bataan Death March and 3 1/2 years of slave labor
as a Prisoner of War in Japan.

An accounting by Kai Martin

*To those and forms
who share dedication to
peace and human care*

Kai Martin

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A personal accounting by former Master Sergeant Kai Martin, United States Marines, World War II survivor of the 1942 Bataan Death March and 3½ years of slave labor as a Prisoner of War in Japan.

By Kai Martin

THAT THERE WILL BE WAR NO MORE

Experiences of Kai Martin, Former Master Sergeant, US Marines

DEDICATED..... TO PEACE

I did not want to write this, knowing that it would stir up sad memories and nightmares. I resisted for more than a half century.

My dear family did often try to persuade me to do otherwise. But when a very dear adopted Kytökiivi family in Finland added persuasion, I relented. My story follows.

Back in the 1940's, the US President urged Congress to pass the Selective Services Act, to be known as the Draft. And on July 27, 1941, it caught me.

As I had been in military school for 12 years, with intensive training in military tactics, knife and bayonet combat, and as an expert with rifle and pistol, I assumed the Army would apply this training wisely and intelligently.

And it was then that I had my first lesson in Government. That is if you have the Government on your side, you need no enemies. The Army, in its questionable wisdom, assigned me to heavy truck driving, hauling bombs to several Utah bases. And all this as a \$21.00 per month buck private.

In September 1941, the Government decided to start beefing up Philippine defenses in anticipation of possible conflict with Japan. So the 64-man company I was assigned to was selected to be shipped to the Philippine Islands, for us

at a station in Manila. We arrived October 23, 1941.

In November 1941, the Manila Base Commander reviewed my file and called me in for an interview. His decision then was that I was wasted in my then assignment and ought to be an officer. So he arranged for me to return to the States for OTC training, and to leave on an army transport ship scheduled for December 12, 1941. Needless to say, December 7th and Pearl Harbor changed all that, and I was stuck, but reassigned. Of course he could have promoted me to a higher Non. Com. rank but did not.

My first assignment then was for repair of fighter-interceptor P-40's planes. But we only had very few and daily combat reduced that number to only one. So I was then assigned to train new recruits in infantry fighting, but, believe it or not, still at only \$21.00 per month pay.

We Americans had not nearly enough in resources to defend and hold Manila. So General MacArthur declared it an open city and ordered our retreat to Bataan where I was assigned as a patrol leader and sniper, sometimes half and half.

Known as the Battling Bastards of Bataan, we were given the nearly impossible task of defending the Philippines, and to do this from the Bataan isolated side of Manila Bay. We were to keep the Japanese out, a wonderful cause but one not possible. Sadly, the Japanese were prepared and supplied for their task, but ~~we~~ were not equipped to overcome it.

While often we were promised that help was on the way, that was only propaganda, as we finally learned. By decision of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, we were abandoned in favor of war with Hitler and the saving of England.

Japan experienced one success after another throughout

the Far East. Better manned and equipped, Hong Kong, the Dutch and French Indo-China, and Singapore each fell to the advancing Japanese, each in one week or less. Japanese General Yamashita had promised his emperor that he would overcome the Americans in five or six days.

Well, however ill prepared and undermanned or supplied, as we were, Yamashita knew nothing of Yankee stubbornness. It took the well-supplied and trained Japanese almost five months to overcome we stubborn ones.

And while cruelty was normal for the Japanese, as a memory of the rape of Nanking, China, earlier can evidence, Yamashita, to save face with Hirohito, allowed even worse war crimes to occur against captured Americans and Philippine citizens.

This accounting will tell of the cruelty, including tortures I personally endured. But this is not written to condemn Japanese evils in war but as a condemnation of war itself, war as the ultimate human stupidity. There is, and has to be a better way to resolve human differences or Homo sapiens itself will expire.

I will tell of almost unbelievable cruelty, and readers should be forewarned that it covers ugliness beyond any reasonable anticipation. I can hope truth will lead to the better way that so many have long hoped and prayed for.

I desire that all understand that while I hold many awards for valor, such is often because what I did was witnessed. So I regard my awards, Purple Hearts excepted, as a trustee for the many who served so bravely and honestly, but whose brave deeds were not witnessed nor reported.

And I did many acts of sabotage for a very selfish and survival reasoning. All too sadly, many of my comrades lost faith, lost spirit, and gave up the will to live.

And that is a tragedy, for without the will and determination to live, especially in such circumstances as prisoner, one would die, as they did, in seven to ten days.

Well, if the Japanese wanted me dead, they would have to do it themselves, as I certainly would not help them. When one can combine that stubborn determination with the *sisu*, gutsy backbone so common to my father's Finland family, and the same virtue of my mother's pure Sioux Indian bloodline, my stubbornness became a way of life. I owe my life to their examples.

So on with my story, so as to better understand my acts of sabotage and constant stubbornness.

In Bataan, willpower and courage were in abundant supply, although the needed physical supplies were not. We started on Bataan with all the odds stacked against us. The defense started without adequate medicine, gasoline, food, tanks, planes, or even shelter. For food, half rations were an immediate result, and before it was over, it got worse. At the end of the Bataan fight, when we were surrendered, most men had lost 30 to 40 pounds, and almost all of us suffered from malaria as we had inadequate quinine, then the only way to treat that menace. For clarification, surrender was on an order from the commanding ones, as most men, me included, wanted to escape to fight with guerrilla forces, which later on I was able to do, though only for a short time.

But I want you, dear reader, to know what hellish things one can and does do, from this accounting of my own experiences.

One day, while out scouting as ordered, my officer told me to try, if possible, to eliminate a machine gun position held by the Japanese, as from their position they could cover the road we often needed. While scouting, I ran smack dab into a

Japanese with his own assignment, apparently.

Both with fixed bayonets, we went at each other. In that situation, only one can walk away, and it was me. But this kid could not have been over eighteen years of age and I killed him and was sick about it. That's when I opened a package of cigarettes, sat down on a rock, and smoked three of the coffin nails, while looking at the poor dead young man, with his big brown eyes still open and adding sadness to my already sad situation.

So finally I decided to close his eyelids, and then to give him a proper burial. I found a small ditch nearby and enlarged it to hold his body. I covered his body with dirt, but then thought to add a cover of many rocks so jungle animals would not disturb his remains.

I was certain the Japanese would gain this ground and would remove him for a more proper Japanese cremation, their usual way for their war casualties.

And finally I went on to my earlier assignment to find, and if possible, eliminate that troublesome machine gunners' position. And I found the place, but it was on high ground and with land cleared all around the position. It seemed like an impossible task, but I had to try. So I crawled around the entire position and found one spot where the distance cleared was short enough that I could throw a hand grenade that might do the trick. I threw two, and it was obvious the deed was done. So I went up to destroy the machine gun, if it was still fireable, and had my second sad shock of this awful day. He was dead, the gun was a wreck, but he had held two hostages, a Philippine woman and her small child. They were also dead.

For me, this was the end of patrol, no matter what my officer might later say. I went back to our assembly area and

reported. As if I was not sick at heart enough, he shouted at me "Damn you, I did not tell you to become a damn baby killer". All I could do then was throw up, which I did on his clean uniform. I did not apologize!

Another day and I was out scouting again, all by myself, as was so often the case. In the area of this day of scouting I came to a river, and quickly decided it was a source for a long overdue bath. And was it ever refreshing, and I made it last for many minutes.

But when I came out of the river I was greeted by a Philippine man and his pregnant wife. And while I was not a medical technician I had read many articles on pregnancy and baby delivery. Ramon, the husband, knew nothing, and begged for my help. I told him to go and find a medical soldier, which he could recognize by a red cross on his sleeve. I promised I would stay with his wife until he brought back the needed help.

More than half an hour passed, and he had failed to return. But the baby decided to wait no longer, and there was only me to help make a safe delivery, not exactly in any of my special training manuals. But other choices were simply not available so I knew it was up to me to do all I could for the mother and child's safety. Happily, heaven and nature were on my side, and the baby boy came down the birth canal head first, and into my waiting, albeit trembling, arms. With my clean knife I cut the umbilical cord and made the proper tie-off. I even then, finally, stopped my shakes.

Now this event, reasonably in the protective arms of heaven her husband returned, but without a first aid man he had been unable to find. And mother, father and baby set off for their nearby village, and me on to more scouting... I recall a "Whew" was timely, and given.

And the seemingly endless routine went on with a few exceptions. On one day I was assigned to lead a patrol into the area known as no man's land. I had six men with me, but we met no enemies nor anything especially useful to report.

But as I decided to return our patrol, artillery fire started roaring over our heads, ours against Japanese positions. But Japanese locations were apparently not too accurately known by our artillery men, and one round, a 155, fell into our midst and killed two of our men. Yes, friendly fire is a war happening.

As a shared carrying burden we brought our dead back to our friendly area. In fairness, the artillery crew should not be faulted for this accident of friendly fire. These events are simply not possible to avoid in war. My best solution? Do away with war.

From then on until about the first of April, I was assigned to drive a load of artillery shells to the other side of Bataan, about 78 Kms. away. And when I finally returned around April 6th, as I remember, I was told that my old company had been shipped to Corregidor Island, and that Bataan had been surrendered. I was supposed to wait for orders from the Japanese, I suppose.

But that was not for me, and I took me and the truck back up the road to where it was no longer safe to be with an American vehicle. So I left it, after breaking the distributor cap to make it useless to the enemy, and took off for the jungle. It was there I met up with two Philippine scouts, and we decided to be, at least for a while, just angry guerilla fighters.

But first we had to find some food, and if possible some quinine and any other medicine we might need. We found some food, but not the other items. We did, however, have rifles and plenty of ammunition, 30 Cal.

But we were exhausted, as in my case in particular, I being without sleep for nearly two days. So we found an area that seemed safe and took off for a bit of dreamland.

We were rudely awakened by a series of jabs by a rifle butt in the hands of one of four Japanese soldiers. And promptly marched to the highway where we were turned over to guards covering the now infamous Bataan Death March. And that's when the purest of horror began.

This group had been on the march for three days, most with malaria and all without food or water.

Several of the men in the ranks told me about the danger from the Japanese, who were doing the most horrible of acts against the prisoners, and all too soon, I began to witness this for myself.

As men fell from exhaustion, or lack of water, the unbearable heat, or simply from the fever of malaria, the Japanese would shoot them, bayonet them, or with their swords, cut off their heads, a favorite "amusement" of these Samurais. And I began to witness another terrible act of these barbarians. As they would pass by in their trucks, they would swing their swords at our men to decapitate them, then laugh loudly at their so favored "amusement".

I felt certain I would not last too long, having a fever and a leg wound as well. So I made the decision to either escape or get shot, either way my only choices. So I watched carefully, and when all four guards present in that area went over to torture two men who had fallen, I just rolled over the cliffside and down about 10 meters, to end up under a large shrub.

I just remained very still, and if the Japanese saw me, they must have assumed I was dead, and were too disinterested to climb down to investigate. And very still I remained until dark and the final passing of that particular group. And then again I

made off for the jungle, more food again, and again met up with one Philippine scout.

And we made a choice. We went close to the shoreline and found an outrigger canoe. Waiting until nightfall we set off for Corregidor, still in American hands. And we made it safely even though at first some gun happy soldier on the shore started shooting at us. I had to wonder if he really thought only two men constituted an invasion. Fortunately, as we later learned, a marine sergeant had them cease fire, and we landed, wet but at least safe.

One kind soul found some dry clothes for me, and then escorted me to the command center near the underground tunnels, and where the Marine Commander, Colonel Howard, was working on defense planning. He interviewed me to determine how best I could serve. When he learned of my Bataan combat experiences and all about my earlier life in the military training, he exclaimed, "What the hell was the army thinking, or not thinking really, having you drive trucks!" So he told me to just sit tight as he wanted to speak to General Wainwright about my usefulness which he did apparently quite convincingly. On his return, he told me that I was now Master Sergeant, US Marines, and he had a special position where I would be most useful as his men there were without any combat experiences.

Colonel Howard had me armed with a Browning Automatic Rifle and several hundred rounds of ammunition, thirty of which were tracers. A tracer is a round you can witness exactly where it goes, as it sort of lights up enroute. And for at the time then unknown I loaded one 20 round magazine with tracers.

As I recall, it was almost two weeks before the Japanese invasion started. My spot was shoreline, at a place I learned

later was known as Monkey Point.

It was about 4 am when a landing barge came to shoreline at my position. I could see two tanks, and what appeared to be gasoline drums, as nearly as I could tell, about a hundred of them.

So I loaded my BAR with a 20 round tracer load, and let go all twenty rounds into the barge center. I hit the right thing for sure, as the barge went sky high, tanks to the bottom, and later I learned 86 men, the entire compliment, died. As a matter of interest, I only learned of the 86 men later as a prisoner, from Japanese conversations I overheard. It seems they were determined to identify and punish this war criminal that had done this deed. I did not volunteer, but just remained silent. Later I learned that one of my valor medals was for this action of mine.

But Corregidor fell and was surrendered by General Wainwright on May 6, 1942. And we who were still alive were herded to an enclosed area at the bottom of a hill, where we were kept until the J's had us shipped to the mainland, near the Manila shoreline, and on to a place called Bilibid prison. We were held there for about a week and then some, including me, ended up at a prison camp called Cabanatuan.

In all there were about 3000 prisoners held there, but soon hundreds died of one or more afflictions, including untreated bullet wounds. I had one of these, but managed to extract the slug from my leg, and a Philippine loyal smuggled some small bandages and two sulphanylmid tablets to me. I smashed the tablets to powder and packed the stuff into the wound. I was fortunate enough to have it heal.

The Japanese had us on work details, mostly doing some almost impossible farming on hard clay soil. But in only a week or so, I was chosen for some work back in Manila, as it

turned out, fixing captured International trucks for their use.

The work did not turn out too well, partly because we did not want it to, but also for a lack of the proper parts. But it took the J's almost three months to determine the outcome of this assignment was not to be a success. So they decided to give me to another Japanese venture, the rebuilding of the Manila airfield, known as Nichols Field.

This was a Japanese Navy responsibility, and brutal to the POW's, with much torture, work well beyond the strength of the men, and with long hours and very inadequate food. However, I made the situation worse for me. I told the Japanese commander that it was illegal to work POW's on military projects, and against the Geneva Convention. Well, I was correct about that, but the Commander told me in very certain terms that Japan did not observe such conventions. But he did have a plan for me alone, and it turned out it was a very miserable one. I was placed in the oven, which is a long box covered with iron slats. It is neither long enough to lay down in nor high enough to sit up straight.

I was kept in this misery until about two weeks had passed. I got out when they discovered me unconscious and I guess they thought I was either dead or soon to be so. They did not want a dead body to deal with, so they packed me off to Bilibid, to die there and be an American responsibility.

Certainly I was not too well off, but American doctors, also POW's, did well by me and gradually I gained some strength.

As I learned later a ship was in the harbor with about 1200 POW's, all British, and captured in Singapore. The J's were shipping them to Japan to be slave labor. As 11 on board had died, the J's ordered replacements from the POW's in Bilibid, one sadly being me.

These ships were not marked with a red cross or other

ID's and so were fair game for US or Australian submarines. And just off shore from Mindora Island, a submarine did put a torpedo into this ship, and it sunk with all the prisoners, except about 12 of us managed to escape, and 4 of us were able to swim the approximately 3 miles to shore. There, exhausted, we were re-captured by the J's and beaten severely. And then returned to Bilibid and immediately to Cabanatuan camp.

But almost immediately, the J's decided to send more to Japan, me again one of them. These ships were totally terrible for passengers, as we were simply loaded into the cargo holds, with barely enough space to lie down. One ten-gallon can was provided for toilet purposes, and emptied once daily. It took 22 days to reach southern Japan, on the island of Kyushu. For me it was to work in the Yawata steel mill, which lasted for perhaps 3 or 4 months. But the J's said I was not cooperative to suit them, and reassigned me to a Mitsubishi factory in Nagasaki.

We were not individually guarded, as I am certain the J's knew we had no place to escape to in their homeland. That was just fine for me, and for my determination to cause as many problems as I could to hamper their war efforts.

One job was to carry bundles of reinforcing rods from one side of the factory area to another, having to cross many rail lines in the process. So I managed to drop small pieces of rod into the rail switches. Then when a train came along, the engine and one or more cars would derail. To make it right they had to bring in huge cranes to lift the engine and cars back onto the tracks. This would tie up activity for several days. I got 21 trains this way.

If they had been smart enough to discover my mischief, I am certain I would have been executed, probably by being beheaded. But luck was with me. Later on, after the end of the

war, I learned that another valor medal had been awarded, as, unknown to me, another prisoner would report my activity to a fellow POW, a Catholic Priest named Father John Curran. Father Curran made a written record of these and gave the records to the Defense Department upon his return to America.

The good Father had recommended that I be a candidate for the Congressional Medal of Honor, but I learned that General MacArthur told the department that I was inspired by General Wainwright, and therefore he should get the award. Well Generals stick together. I got no inspiration from him however.

Some other activities I shall mention. One prisoner, Mark, (name changed for his family's protection) decided to commit suicide by hanging. Just as he had kicked the stool from under him, I came along. I wrapped my arms around him and lifted him so as to remove the rope. Then I gave him some strong words about hanging in, and he never tried again.

For several weeks Mitsubishi had me driving rivets into the hulls of ships in production. I never knew why they used such a dumb procedure, as welding was the only secure manner. But it gave me an opportunity to rivet as though it was done properly but when launched the rivets would pop out, causing leaks. But it did not matter much as our B-29's sank them all in the harbor anyway.

Before I close, but briefly, I want to tell of some Japanese crimes, both in the Philippines and to me in Nagasaki. In Manila, many young women, often only 4 or 5 years old, were raped, then killed. The J's said it was their right as winners, and always laughed about it.

One of my tortures was for the J's to turn my left arm behind my back and tie it to my right ankle, for 8 or 9 hours at

a time. Part of my disability today is because of that.

To actually provide a total count and illustration of all the numbers of cruel punishment the Japanese inflicted upon Prisoners of War would take many pages and not be justified.

There are, for reasons known only to bureaucrats in the government, a number of more colorful and at the time most effective acts of sabotage. These are still among the many still restricted as classified.

There are two items I can and should include, but first an explanation of punishment philosophy that is solely the Japanese variety. If crimes, and even the most minor ones, were to have been committed there had to be a punishment. That such was received by the actual guilty one was not all that important. It was necessary only that a punishment occur to someone. Absolute proof of guilt was not a requirement.

Although I never learned what exact crime was suspected of me, I got the punishment anyway. I was confined to a dungeon-like underground hole about three meters deep, and also about 3x3 meters in each side width. The floor was just dirt and became mud whenever it rained, as there was no cover except spaced iron bars.

For three months of confinement, I received one rice ball about the size of a small gala apple, and one half liter of green tea, which was a little more than hot water, each daily.

When it rained, my bed only consisted of the floor, as a muddy mess. There was neither actual bed nor any kind of chair or other furnishings except a ten-gallon toilet bucket, which they did take up once each week to empty.

And one most terrible torture I escaped, or I would not now be alive to report. In the area next to the Bilibid prison, there was an area reserved for Japanese soldiers.

They often would select a POW, selection reasoning

unknown, and tie him down, on his back and on the ground. Then they stuck a water hose in his mouth and turned on the water. When they felt the victim was full, the J's would run and jump on his stomach to see how far the water might shoot from the victim's mouth. They actually made this a contest between themselves and laughed uncontrollably. This, again, was a special source of amusement to these savages.

Conviction and philosophy from the author, which I want to share with the readers:

Freedom is neither automatic nor guaranteed to be forever ours unless we take full responsibility for its permanence. For the hopes and prayers of so many millions, and in memory of the thousands who gave their lives for our freedom, exercise your rights and your responsibilities. Get involved and especially vote, or that wonderful freedom can be lost, and once lost, most difficult to regain.

My heartfelt gratitude and respect for the thousands of my former comrades who gave their lives for all of us who survive today. And my profound respect for my former Commander-in-Chief and friend, President Harry S. Truman, who made a decision more difficult than had ever been thrust upon ones shoulders, the decision to use the atom bomb.

I believe I have given the reader more than enough of the horror of POW experiences arising from our conflict with Japan.

So to close, on August 9, 1945, my POW horror ended, by a happening itself of horror. On that date, I was working on a Mitsubishi bomb shelter with three Chinese POW's. Kimlian and I were working in the deepest area of the shelter, well away from the entrance. The other two POW's and the armed guard were at the entrance to the shelter.

And a horrible and awesome explosion occurred, the

greatest I have ever heard or felt, or in any way experienced. It was the Nagasaki atomic explosion.

Kimlian and I were shaken badly, scared but alive. The POW's and the guard, all near the entrance were killed and also almost totally evaporated.

We waited for over an hour before venturing out of the shelter. The city was almost totally gone, wiped out. There were no guards around but a very few dazed and badly injured people just wandering aimlessly around, apparently without any sense of what to do. The factory that was above the bomb shelter was completely gone except for the cement floor.

With no trolley around or even running anywhere we walked over two hills to our prison camp. Its buildings appeared undamaged. The cooking area was all there, with supplies of rice and other ingredients. There were no guards around anywhere, their weapons neatly stacked.

So, although we had no positive information to base our decision upon, we concluded our POW days were over, and sooner or later, someone would be around to inform us of what had happened. And in about two weeks, some US Navy men came to us and briefly told us what was happening.

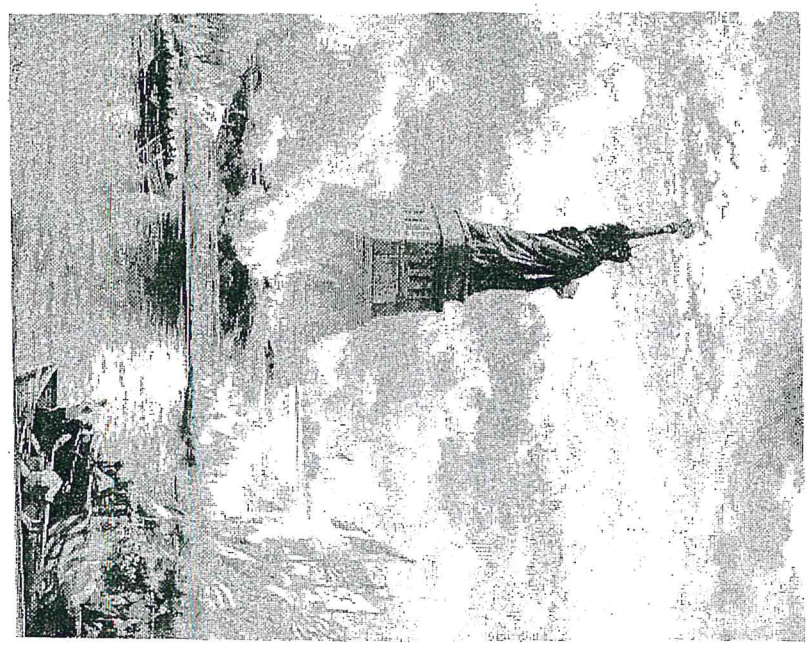
They took us to a US Navy hospital ship, the US Sanctuary. And aboard, gradually but thoughtfully, and it seemed a bit carefully, as if they had some reservations for our mental situations from our long troubled experiences. They were appreciated and I feel we understood. But the doctors, nurses, and navy crewmen and women were wonderfully kind and considerate, and could not, as we observed, do enough for us.

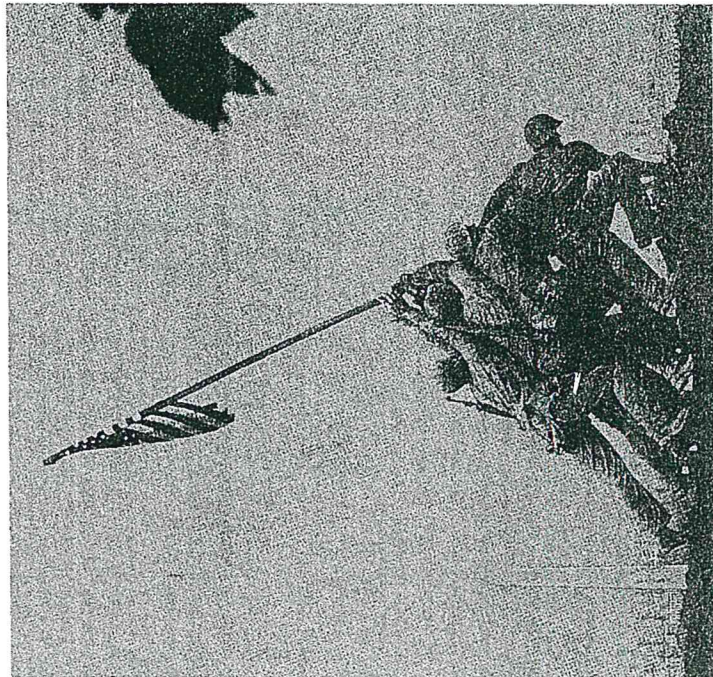
And this ends my accounting of almost 4 years of a special brand of hell.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose hands abide the restless waves,
And bids the mighty oceans deep
Their own appointed limits keep.
Hear us as we pray to thee,
For all in peril,
On land, in the air, or on the sea



SEMPER FIDELIS





First add-on letter

An added note, to be given only to a few who are closest to me. I believe my booklet report reveals more than enough of the cruelties to adequately report the cruel nature and deeds of our Captors, and those I left out were even more cruel than those described. I can only add that I never in my life before could have believed human beings could ever do such awful things to fellow humans.

And I left out a both funny and tragic event because some bureaucratic hot shots told me in strong words that the event should remain "Classified" (I love that nutty expression).

But we had only one surviving bomber, a 1926 design Glenn Martin Aircraft company B-10, a two engine plane. The base commander ordered it aloft to protect it from daily Japanese bombing raids. The crew consisted of only four of us, the pilot, a co-pilot, the bomb man, and me. I was sent with them to repair the turret machine gun, which I did in only about three minutes.

But we were attacked by two Japanese Zero fighters and their gun fire killed the pilot and wounded the co-pilot, who was unconscious, and very badly wounded.

My companion, Jim Lennox, the bomb man, had never flown an airplane, and was very scared and shaking in fear. To make the matter even more hopeless I had only had two flight lessons in my life, in single engine Pipers.

So I said to Jim that if we were going to die anyway I might as well try to figure out how, if possible, to land the plane back at the air base. But I told Jim he had to dump the four live bombs as I would in no way try to land with those things alive and ready to drop.

Jim spotted a Japanese DMS (Destroyer Mine Sweeper) and said he thought he could hit it if I could fly the plane over it, stern to bow. I told him I would try.

And miracles do happen! I managed to fly the thing from over stern to bow, and Jim let all four bombs drop. He was either a good or very lucky shot, as at least one bomb hit about midship or near where explosive depth charges were stored. Whatever he hit, it blew the ship wide open, and Jim told me it sank in minutes.

One more miracle came our way that day. I did manage to safely land the plane without damage. And now for the funny, albeit crazy. A second lieutenant, an MP, threatened to have me court marshaled for unauthorized flight as a non-pilot. The Base Commander landed all over him for that, and later Jim and I were awarded each an Air Medal. Do you wonder anymore why I think war is the ultimate stupidity?

Kw

Follow up added letter .

Just a bit more about That There Will Be War No More-
From Kai.

Hi, and thank you for the many positive words about my already admitted lack of greatness as an author, but considered a gift nevertheless.

But one really took me apart, on several counts. Though I will not name this person the same will recognize that this is for enlightenment for a blindness of this one who finds me such a crumb.

I felt that by writing that I felt I held medals of valor as trustee for many others whose good deeds were not witnessed was clear enough. As it was not here is another, two examples to help clear the mud from your brain (you know who you are).

The Japanese were constantly moving storage from one place to another (American army veterans will recognize this activity). One of the many items consisted of many barrels of lubricating oil. With steel dust so handy, and their stubborn determination so plentiful, of course they took full advantage of the opportunities. They added about $\frac{1}{4}$ liter of steel dust to each barrel. It would not be detected by eyesight alone but did welcome damage to the Japanese machinery. If caught they would have been executed, of course.

More valor now. In my determination to derail as many trains as possible I was mostly unguarded. But when I occasionally was, one Chinese POW came to my rescue. He would do some acts so outlandish it commanded the guards total attention, thus protecting my mischief. Valor enough for you, complaining one?

You suggested I was playing big shot by suggesting friendship with the Trumans. OK, hot shot, swallow this one.

Twelve Bataan veterans were in hospital in DC, some in Walter Reed and some in the Naval hospital. We twelve were invited to tour the White House and meet the President.

The President met with us, and asked for our reactions to the war in general, and especially to the ending provided by the atomic bombing. The other eleven seemed tongue tied, but not your truly. And as I was the only one who was in Nagasaki and first hand witness I spoke out, respectfully, of course, but with no bashfulness.

It was appreciated, and Mrs. Truman had me stay, and I was invited to lunch with Harry and Bess. My 4 year dream fulfilled, they served me a Kansas City Steak. And from that day until shortly before his death we exchanged letters about 12 times, in friendship. No bull, that's the truth. Happy now, complaining one?

Kai