

## Excerpts from the Japan Country Reader

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### JAPAN

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Don Carroll Bliss, Jr.	1924-1926	Commercial Attaché, Tokyo
Cecil B. Lyon	1933	Third Secretary, Tokyo
Max Waldo Bishop	1935-1937 1937 1938-1941	Language Training, Tokyo Vice Consul, Osaka Political Officer, Tokyo
Ulrich A. Straus	1936-1940 1946-1950	Childhood, Japan G-2 Intelligence Officer, United States Military, Japan
Marshall Green	1939-1941 1942	Secretary to Ambassador, Tokyo Japanese Language School, Berkeley, California
Niles W. Bond	1940-1942	Consular Officer, Yokohama
Robert A. Fearey	1941-1942	Private Secretary to the U.S. Ambassador, Tokyo
Cliff Forster	1941-1943	Japanese Internment, Philippines
Ray Marshall	1945-1946	Naval Occupying Forces, Japan
Christopher A. Phillips	1945-1946	U.S. Army – Staff of General MacArthur, Tokyo
Eileen R. Donovan	1945-1948 1948-1950	Education Officer, Civil Information and Education, Tokyo Japan-Korea Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Abraham M. Sirkin	1946-1948	Chief of News Division, General MacArthur's Headquarters, Tokyo

Howard Meyers	1946-1949	Legal Assistant to General Willoughby, Tokyo
Henry Gosho	1946-1950	Japan Desk, USIS, Washington, DC
William E. Hutchinson	1946-1951 1952-1954	Staff of General MacArthur, Tokyo Information Officer, USIS, Tokyo
John R. O'Brien	1946-1948 1948-1951	Press Analyst, Civil Information and Education, Japan Public Affairs Information Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Kathryn Clark-Bourne	1947-1950	Military Intelligence, Tokyo
Richard A. Ericson, Jr.	1947-1950 1950-1952 1953 1954-1958	Consular Officer, Yokohama Economic Officer, Tokyo Japanese Language Training, Tokyo Economic Officer, Tokyo
Richard B. Finn	1947-1949 1949-1950 1950-1951 1951-1954 1954-1956	Political Officer, Tokyo Vice Consul, Yokohama Vice Consul, Sapporo Political Officer, Tokyo Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Marshall Green	1947-1950	Japan Desk, Washington, DC
Edward L. Rowny	1949-19??	Plans Officer, Far Eastern Command, Tokyo
Wendell W. Woodbury	1949-1950 1950-1952	Vice Consul, Tokyo Vice Consul, Yokohama
Julian M. Niemczyk	1950	Office of Special Investigations, Tokyo
William G. Colman	1950-1951	Economic Cooperation Association, Technical Assistance Division, Tokyo
William J. Cunningham	1950-1951 1951-1952	SCAP Diplomatic Section, Tokyo Vice Consul, Sapporo
William N. Stokes	1950-1952	Reporting on the Chinese Embassy for the Office of Northeast Asian Affairs, Tokyo
Niles W. Bond	1950-1953	Deputy Political Advisor, Tokyo

Mabel Murphy Smythe	1951-1953	Professor, Shiga Daigaku, Hikone
Olcott H. Deming	1951-1953	Public Affairs Officer, USIA, Tokyo
John M. Steeves	1951-1953	Political Counselor, Tokyo
Robert Lyle Brown	1951-1954	Chief, Economic Section, Kobe and Officer-in-Charge, Osaka
Edwin Cronk	1951-1956	Chief, Japanese Financial Trade Affairs, Washington, DC
G. Lewis Schmidt	1951-1956	Executive Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William C. Sherman	1951-1955 1955-1957	Vice Consul, Yokohama Vice Consul, Tokyo
Walter Nichols	1952-1954 1954-1958	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Kobe Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Charles Robert Beecham	1952-1955 1955-1961	Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC Publications Officer, Tokyo
Robert O. Blake	1952-1954	Political Officer, Tokyo
Charlotte Loris	1952-1954	Secretary, Kobe
LaRue R. Lutkins	1952-1954	Political Officer, Tokyo
Robert E. Barbour	1952-1954	Protocol Officer, Tokyo
Cliff Forster	1953 1953-1956	Assistant Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Kobe Regional Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Fukuoka
Laurent E. Morin	1954-1956	Economic Officer, Kobe
George Allen Morgan	1954-1958	Political Counselor, Tokyo
Gunther K. Rosinus	1954-1957 1957-1959	Cultural Center Director, USIS, Niigata Cultural Center Director, USIS, Kyushu
Maurice E. Lee	1954-1956 1956-1959	Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Yokohama Regional Public Affairs Officer, USIS,

Yokohama

Elizabeth J. Harper	1954-1957 1958 1958-1961 1961-1965	Passport Officer, Tokyo Japanese Language Training, Tokyo Visa Officer, Naha Chief, Consular Section, Kobe- Osaka
Henry Gosho	1954-1960 1964-1968 1969-1971 1971-1973	Radio and Program Officer, USIS, Tokyo Information Officer, USIS, Tokyo Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Osaka/Kobe Chief, East Asia/Pacific Division Broadcasting Service, USIS, Washington, DC
John M. Steeves	1955-1956	Consul General and Political Advisor, Naha
Arthur W. Hummel, Jr.	1955-1957	Deputy Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Harry Haven Kendall	1955-1957	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Takamatsu
Harvey Feldman	1955-1957 1957-1960	Visa Officer, Tokyo Consular Officer, Nagoya
Leon Picon	1955-1957 1957-1960  1961 1963-1965	Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo  Program Officer, USIS, Tokyo Branch Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Jack Shellenberger	1955-1956 1956-1957  1957-1958	Public Affairs Trainee, USIS, Tokyo Provincial Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Nagoya  Assistant Motion Picture Officer, USIS, Tokyo
John Sylvester, Jr.	1955-1958 1958-1960 1960-1963	Consular Officer, Yokohama Japanese Language Training, Tokyo Economic Officer, Tokyo
Richard W. Boehm	1956-1958	Consular Officer, Okinawa
Cliff Forster	1956-1958	Regional Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Kobe
Marshall Green	1956-1960	Bureau of Far East Affairs, Washington, DC
Kenneth MacCormac	1956-1960	Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo

Douglas MacArthur, II	1956-1961	Ambassador, Japan
Gaston J. Sigur, Jr.	1956-1961	The Asia Foundation and Sophia University, Tokyo
Lester E. Edmond	1956-1961	Economic Officer, Tokyo
Albert L. Seligmann	1956-1959 1959-1962	Political Officer, Kobe-Osaka Political Officer, Tokyo
Arthur F. Blaser, Jr.	1956-1963	Financial Attaché, Tokyo
Olcott H. Deming	1957-1959	Consul General, Tokyo
Mark S. Pratt	1957-1959	Consular Officer, Tokyo
Carl Edward Dillery	1957-1958 1958-1961	Vice Consul, Tokyo Economic Officer, Kobe-Osaka
James R. Lilley	late 50's-1958	CIA Officer, Japan
Roy T. Haverkamp	1957-1960 1960-1961	Special Assistant to the Ambassador, Tokyo Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Richard W. Petree	1957-1960	Assistant Labor Attaché, Tokyo
Philip H. Trezise	1957-1961	Counselor for Economic Affairs, Tokyo
Sidney Weintraub	1958-1959	Political Advisor to Commander of U.S. Forces in Japan, Tokyo
Jay P. Moffat	1958-1960	Vice Consul, Kobe-Osaka
Ellen M. Johnson	1958-1961	Economic Section Secretary, Kobe- Osaka
Joseph P. Donelan, Jr.	1958-1961	Principle Officer, Nagoya
William H. Gleysteen, Jr.	1958-1962	Political Officer, Tokyo
Robert S. Steven	1959-1961	Consular Officer, Tokyo
Raymond C. Ewing	1959-1961 1961	Commercial Officer, Tokyo Vice Consul, Yokohama
David I. Hitchcock, Jr.	1959-1960	Japanese Language Training, USIS, Tokyo

	1961-1962	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Kobe
	1962-1965	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Fukuoka
Ulrich A. Straus	1959-1964	Political Officer, Tokyo
Robert L. Chatten	1960-1961	Assistant Press and Publications Officer, USIS, Tokyo
G. Clay Nettles	1960	Claims Commission Legal Assistant, Tokyo
	1960-1963	Rotational Officer, Yokohama
Donald Novotny	1960-1963	Agricultural Attaché, Tokyo
Cliff Southard	1960-1963	Book Programs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Margaret V. Taylor	1960-1963	Exchange Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Hugh Burleson	1960-1963	Information and Cultural Officer, USIS, Niigata
	1963-1969	Assistant Cultural Affairs/Polity Research Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William Clark, Jr.	1961-1962	Japanese Language Training, Tokyo
C. Arthur Borg	1961-1963	Security Section, Tokyo
Gordon R. Beyer	1961	Administrative/Consular Officer, Yokohama
	1962-1964	Political Officer, Yokohama
David L. Osborn	1961-1964	Political Officer, Tokyo
Wendell W. Woodbury	1961-1964	Economic Officer, Tokyo
Thomas P. Shoesmith	1961-1963	Political Officer, Tokyo
	1963-1966	Principal Officer, Fukuoka
Paul K. Stahnke	1961-1965	Economic Officer, Tokyo
	1965-1968	Japanese Affairs, Bureau of East Asia Affairs, Washington, DC
William T. Breer	1961	Japanese Language Training, Tokyo
	1962	Consular Officer, Yokohama
	1963-1966	Science attaché/Political Officer, Tokyo
	1967-1968	Principal Officer, Sapporo
Cliff Forster	1961-1964	Japan/Korea Desk, USIA, Washington, DC

	1964-1965	Field Program Officer, USIS, Tokyo
	1965-1970	Deputy Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William Lenderking	1961-1963	Japanese Language Training, Tokyo
	1963-1966	Director, American Center, Sapporo
	1970	Chief of Protocol, American Pavilion, Expo '70, Osaka
	1970-1972	Desk Officer for Japan, Korea and Micronesia, USIA, Washington, DC
Edward M. Featherstone	1962-1964	Vice Consul, Kobe
Elden B. Erickson	1962-1964	Economic Officer, Kobe-Osaka
Richard N. Viets	1962-1965	Commercial Officer, Tokyo
Walter Nichols	1962-1969	Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William Clark, Jr.	1963-1965	Economic Officer, Kobe-Osaka
Marshall Green	1963-1965	Deputy Assistant Secretary, Washington, DC
Richard J. Smith	1963-1965	Vice Consul, Nagoya
John E. Kelley	1963-1965	Economic Officer, Tokyo
	1965-1966	Japanese Language Training, Yokohama
	1966-1969	Consular Officer, Fukuoka
John B. Ratliff, III	1963-1967	Assistant Director, FSI Language School, Tokyo
James D. Minyard	1964-1967	Assistant Agricultural Attaché, Tokyo
John C. Leary	1964-1968	Economic/Commercial Officer, Tokyo
Stuart P. Lillico	1964-1969	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Sendai
Andrew F. Antippas	1965-1966	Consular Officer, Kobe
William Clark, Jr.	1965-1967	Principal Officer, Sapporo
Margaret J. Barnhart	1965-1968	Consular Officer, Tokyo
Edward M. Featherstone	1965	Staff Aide to Ambassador, Tokyo
	1966-1968	Director, American Cultural Center, USIS,

	1968-1970	Niigata USCAR Officer, Okinawa
Robert E. Fritts	1965-1968 1968-1971	Economic Officer, Tokyo Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
U. Alexis Johnson	1966-1968	Ambassador, Japan
Herbert Levin	1967-1970	Political Officer, Tokyo
Ulrich A. Straus	1967-1970	Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
William H. Littlewood	1967-1970	Science Attaché, Tokyo
William J. Cunningham	1968-1971	Political Officer, Tokyo
William Sherman	1968-1970 1970-1972	Principal Officer, Kobe/Osaka Counselor for Political Affairs, Tokyo
Richard B. Finn	1969-1970	Country Director, Japan Desk, Washington DC
William Clark, Jr.	1969-1972	Chief, Liaison Office, Okinawa
Marshall Green	1969-1973	Assistant Secretary, East Asia/Pacific Affairs, Washington, DC
Robin Berrington	1969 1969 1969-1973	Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo Japanese Language Training, Yokohama Branch Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Fukuoka
John B. Ratliff, III	1969-1974	Director, FSI Language School, Tokyo
Charles A. Schmitz	1969-1974	Counselor for Political/Military Affairs, Tokyo
Howard Meyers	1970-1972	Counselor for Political/Military Affairs, Tokyo
David G. Brown	1970-1973	Political Officer, Tokyo
David I. Hitchcock, Jr.	1970-1973	Deputy Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Robert W. Duemling	1970-1974	Political Officer, Tokyo

Lester E. Edmond	1970-1974	Minister Counselor for Economic and Commercial Affairs, Tokyo
R. Barry Fulton	1971-1973	Special Projects Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Robert B. Petersen	1971-1973	Branch Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Sapporo
Thomas P. Shoesmith	1971-1976	Deputy Chief of Mission, Tokyo
William Clark, Jr.	1972-1974	Economic/Commercial Officer, Tokyo
Natale H. Bellocchi	1972-1974	Commercial Counselor, Tokyo
Paul P. Blackburn	1971-1972 1972-1975	Japanese Language Training, Yokohama Director – Tokyo American Center, Embassy Cultural Attaché, Tokyo
Richard W. Petree	1972 1973-1976	Consul General, Naha Political Counselor, Tokyo
William Piez	1972-1975	Japan Economic Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Stanley Zuckerman	1973-1974	Japan and Korea Program Monitor, USIA, Washington, DC
Hans Binnendijk	1973-1974	Japan Foundation Fellowship, Sophia University, Tokyo
Robin Berrington	1973-1975	Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Myron B. Kratzer	1973-1975	Science Counselor, Tokyo
Thomas Parker, Jr.	1973-1976	Economic Officer, Tokyo
Nicholas Platt	1973-1977 1977-1980	Liaison Officer, Tokyo Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Elden B. Erickson	1974-1975	Economic/Commercial Counselor, Tokyo
Isabel Cumming	1974-1976	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Robert B. Peterson	1974-1976	Executive Officer, USIA, US Pavilion,

		Okinawa's World's Fair, Okinawa
Russell O. Prickett	1974-1976	Deputy Economic Counselor, Tokyo
James D. Hodgson	1974-1977	Ambassador, Japan
William D. Miller	1974-1977	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William C. Sherman	1974-1977	Bureau of East Asian Affairs, Washington, DC
William T. Breer	1974-1975 1975-1978	Interpreter Training School, Yokohama Political Officer, Tokyo
Marilyn A. Meyers	1974-1975 1975-1978	Language Training, FSI, Washington, DC Economic Officer, Tokyo
Morton I. Abramowitz	1974-1978	Deputy Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Inter-American Affairs, Department of Defense, Washington, DC
Hugh Burleson	1975-1978	Policy Officer, USIS, Tokyo
David Lamberston	1975-1977 1977-1980	Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC Political Officer, Tokyo
William Piez	1975-1980	Economic Counselor, Tokyo
Albert L. Seligmann	1976-1980	Political Counselor, Tokyo
Harry Haven Kendall	1977-1978	Program Officer, USIS, Japan
Mark E. Mohr	1977-1980	Political Officer, Tokyo
Cliff Forster	1977-1981	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William C. Sherman	1977-1981	Deputy Chief of Mission, Tokyo
David L. Hobbs	1978-1981	Consular Section Chief, Osaka-Kobe
Marilyn A. Meyers	1978-1980 1980-1981 1981-1983	Japan Desk Officer (Economic), Washington, DC Japanese Language Training, Yokohama Principle Officer, Fukuoka
Ulrich A. Strauss	1978-1982	Consul General, Naha

Kenneth Yates	1978-1982	Policy Officer, Tokyo
Edward M. Featherstone	1978-1982 1982-1986	Political/Military Officer, Tokyo Consul General, Okinawa
John E. Kelley	1979-1980 1980-1982	Labor Officer, Tokyo Deputy Chief, Political Section, Tokyo
Robert W. Garrity	1979-1983	Deputy Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William Piez	1980-1982	Director, East Asia Bureau, Washington, DC
Aloysius M. O'Neill	1980-1981 1981-1982 1982-1984	Staff Aide to Ambassador, Tokyo Japanese Language Training, Yokohama Political Officer, Tokyo
William Clark, Jr.	1980-1981 1981-1985	Director, Japanese Affairs, Washington, DC Deputy Chief of Mission, Tokyo
Robin White	1980-1981 1981-1982 1982-1986	Japanese Language Training, FSI, Washington, DC Japanese Language Training, FSI, Yokohama Economic Officer, Tokyo
David I. Hitchcock, Jr.	1981-1984	Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
Robin Berrington	1981-1986	Director, Tokyo America Center, USIS, Tokyo
Richard T. McCormack	1982-1985	Acting Assistant Secretary for Economic and Business Affairs, Washington, DC
William Piez	1983-1985	Economic Minister, Tokyo
Edward W. Kloth	1983-1984 1984-1986	Japanese Language Study, Fukuoka General Officer, Fukuoka
Jack Shellenberger	1983 1984-1988	Language Training, USIS, Yokohama Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Tokyo
William Lenderking	1984-1986	Public Affairs Officer, East Asia & Pacific, USIA, Washington, DC
William T. Breer	1984-1987	Political Counselor, Tokyo

Marilyn A. Meyers	1984-1987	Economic Counselor, Tokyo
Michael E.C. Ely	1985-1987	Economic Officer, Tokyo
Samuel Vick Smith	1985-1988	Economics Officer, Tokyo
Richard M. Gibson	1986-1987 1987-1989	Japanese Language Studies, Yokohama Political/Military Officer, Okinawa
William Clark, Jr.	1986-1989	Deputy Assistant Secretary, Washington, DC
Anthony C. Zinni	1987-1989	Regimental Commander, Marine Expeditionary Unit, Okinawa
Edward W. Kloth	1988-1990	Japan Desk Officer, Washington, DC
Richard T. McCormack	1989-1991	Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, Washington, DC
Robin Berrington	1989-1993	Cultural Attaché, USIS, Tokyo
William T. Breer	1989-1993	Deputy Chief of Mission, Tokyo
Robin White	1990-1991	Japan Desk, Chief Economic Officer, Washington, DC
Joseph A. B. Winder	1990-1993	Economic Minister, Tokyo
Paul E. White	1991-1998	Development Counselor, USAID, Tokyo
William Clark, Jr.	1992-1993	Assistant Secretary, East Asia Bureau, Washington, DC
Paul P. Blackburn	1992-1996	Public Affairs Officer, Tokyo
Walter F. Mondale	1993-1996	Ambassador, Japan
Richard M. Gibson	1994-1995 1995-1996	Japanese Language Training, Yokohama Principal Officer, Sapporo
Aloysius M. O'Neill	1994-1997	Consul General, Okinawa
Edward W. Kloth	1997-2000	Deputy for Environment, Science, and Technology, Tokyo

Edward M. Featherstone	1998	Director, Japanese Area and Language Training, Yokohama
Robin White	1998-2001	Director, Office of Japanese Affairs, Washington, DC

**DON CARROLL BLISS, JR.**  
**Commercial Attaché**  
**Tokyo (1923-1924)**

*Ambassador Bliss was born in Michigan and educated at Dartmouth College. He entered the Foreign Service in 1923, specializing primarily in the Commercial and Economic fields. During his long and distinguished career, the Ambassador served in Tokyo, Bombay, Batavia, Alexandria, Singapore, Prague, Bangkok, Athens, Cairo, Paris, Calcutta, London, Ottawa and Addis Ababa, where he was U.S. Ambassador from 1957 to 1960.*

BLISS: Yokohama had been destroyed, and part of Tokyo. Many people had died and many were homeless. News of the great earthquake of September 1, 1923 had flashed around the world but cold print conveyed no more than that. Japan was far away across the Pacific, a country of kimonos and rickshaws and cherry blossoms. Now the ugly reality lay exposed, the stark scene illuminated by an October afternoon sun as passengers lined the rail while the Dollar Line's "President Harrison" was tying up to a half-ruined pier. Here and there a roofless fire-blackened concrete skeleton with gaping windows was still standing, as was the squat tower of the deserted railway station where clock stopped at just -past noon recorded the moment when disaster struck. Otherwise a busy port and teeming city had been wiped out of existence, every brick building reduced to rubble, every wooden structure and flimsy house consumed by fire. The earthquake had shuddered many of those houses down when people were preparing their noon meal over hibachis glowing with charcoal and fires had sprung up everywhere, fanned by a stiff breeze which soon became the roaring fury of a firestorm, Thousands of men, women, and children had been pinned under falling masonry and collapsing tile roof's or trapped by flames as they fled, to make of the city a vast crematorium. The fires had long since burned out but a spiral of smoke still rose from a mound of smoldering cotton bales heaped to the roof of a vanished warehouse.

The city had been reduced to ashes but its life was beginning to stir again. A small crowd waited on the pier for the ship's gangway to be lowered. Distant ant-like figures were moving through the desolation. Tin-roofed shacks had been erected along roadways cleared for a modest bustle of foot traffic and horse-drawn vehicles, an occasional automobile. The aptly named Tent Hotel, pitched on the rubble and ashes of the Grand Hotel, displayed a streak of white canvas on the Bund. On the semi-circle of bluffs above the city a fringe of buildings spared by the fire still stood on the skyline, some intact, sore in disarray and an American flag floated over the field hospital rushed up from Manila by the U.S. Army as part of its response to disaster.

A few passengers debarked with their baggage to spend the night in the Tent Hotel, and a few came aboard, including, a young man who was looking for me. "I'm Vice Consul Martin," he said, "with a message for -you. Your orders have been changed and you're assigned to Tokyo instead of Kobe. You'll have to get off the ship here before it sails at midnight." This was splendid news – I would be at the center of things rather than far away to the south, and, attached to the Embassy rather than a satellite Consulate. There was plenty of time to check out with the purser, to have the wardrobe trunk brought up from the hold and put out on the pier, to pack the bags in the stateroom. Young Martin was happy to have dinner on board and answer a flood of questions.

The Consulate had been obliterated and its site occupied by an Army detachment brought in from Manila. Joe Ballantine had arrived from Shanghai to take charge; two Vice Consuls and several Japanese staffers rounded out the complement. They were all camping out in Army tents, eating Army chow, and not too unhappy, although water was a problem and there was no electricity. The rail line had not been restored and I would have to go up to Tokyo in an Army truck. The Embassy had been installed in the Imperial Hotel and Jefferson Caffery was Chargé. Beyond that Martin didn't know much about what went on in 'Tokyo.

As we climbed down with the hand luggage the pier was completely deserted except for the wardrobe trunk standing there on the rough planking in the glare of the ship's lights. In Washington they had told me to provision myself as though headed for a desert in which none of the amenities of civilized life could be found. Consequently the trunk was stuffed with soap, toiletries, and a year's supply of clothing, along with all the formal attire prescribed for a budding diplomat. To move that trunk was obviously beyond our powers, there wasn't a soul in sight to help with it, and we would have to come back in the morning.

Away from the ship all was black except for a few specks of light and a brighter glow from the Tent Hotel. On the sagging pier we stumbled toward a lantern hanging on a pole to mark an improvised pontoon bridge that crossed a short stretch of water and brought us finally to land. Martin led the way into the customs shed where a dozing figure in rumpled uniform topped by a red face under a bristle of black hair sat at a desk lit by a kerosene lamp and adorned with a bottle and an empty glass. Our loads spread on the counter, Martin addressed authority: "We're going ashore now; would you like to see the baggage?" The figure stirred, coughed up phlegm, spat copiously on the floor. "God damn," it said, and relapsed into immobility. "Please clear this baggage, we want to go ashore." The figure spat again. Another "God damn." "Thank you very much," Martin said, as we picked up the luggage and departed by the farther door. I was in Japan.

A sentry shone a flashlight at us and opened a gate in the chain fence. The American Consulate was a cluster of tents dimly illuminated by kerosene lanterns. Martin led the way and lit his own lantern to reveal an Army cot on either side of a wall tent floored with packed rubble. We were soon between Army blankets, the lantern had been doused, but I continued to babble into the darkness, wildly excited as I was by what was for me a great adventure. Martin's replies got shorter and. I thought he was dropping off to sleep when he suddenly slipped across the tent and tried to get into bed with me! Outraged, I gave him a knee in the belly and he retreated to his own cot, mumbling, "But you shouldn't talk that way." To this day I don't know what I said or

had done to make him expect a welcome on my side of the tent.

It was some time before I fell asleep. What an introduction to my first post abroad! The first Japanese I had encountered was a horrible drunken brute; the first Foreign Service Officer I met was a revealed homosexual. What further disillusionments lay in store for an innocent abroad? In the morning I found out.

At breakfast in the mess tent Joe Ballantine welcomed me to a Japan he loved and turned me over to a sulky young Vice Consul with instructions to retrieve my trunk. One of the Japanese staff quickly recruited a couple of baggage coolies equipped with rope and carrying pole and we trooped out on the pier to where the trunk still stood, but no longer in solitary state. A gang of stevedores lay in wait for us, four or five of them in the dingy rough cotton tights and short jackets of Japanese laborers, sweat-rags on their heads. As our men approached to pick up the trunk a great jabber of expostulation arose and the Japanese clerk stepped forward to interpret. More talk, floods of talk, with sweeping gestures, while the two Americans stood mumchance. At last it was explained. The stevedores had spent the whole night guarding the trunk, they said, even circling the area in a small boat to protect it from a raid by water. They had been faithful to their trust, they pointed out, anyone could see that the trunk was untouched, and now they wanted their pay.

“That’s ridiculous,” I exploded, “we didn’t hire them, we’ve never seen them before, we don’t owe them anything. Tell our men to pick up the trunk and let’s go.” Another flood of talk, and the baggage coolies still hung back. “Can’t we find somebody who is in charge of this dock, or maybe a policeman?” I asked Martin desperately, but he only looked helpless. I felt helpless myself, remembering last night’s customs officer. The stevedores were not impressed by either of us and were determined to hold their hostage until they collected tribute from the foreigner. The baggage coolies clearly had no intention of doing battle for us, there was no authority in sight to be invoked, and we ourselves carried none. The impasse was complete and I had to surrender. What did they want? Twenty yen? Impossible ridiculous, but I would give them, ten even if they didn’t deserve it. Now it was just a matter of haggling and the tension of confrontation eased. We settled for fifteen and while the racketeers were gloating over their money the trunk was picked up and borne away. Ballantine was more amused than indignant over the incident, but he cast an appraising eye toward his Vice Consul; that young man wouldn’t get very far in the Service.

There was an hour or two to wait, and Johnny Tynan drifted in from the Tent Hotel, knapsack over his arm. He had graduated from Georgetown University, he told us, and set out on a freighter to go around the world. At an early stage the crew tried to rough him up, but Johnny had been an inter-collegiate boxer and after a bout or two on the afterdeck he had no more trouble. In Kobe he heard about the earthquake and decided to draw his pay and come up for a look-see. Now he was sitting beside me on my cot while we pored over a Japanese phrase-book; after my recent experiences I was determined to learn something of the language as soon as possible. So I was going up to Tokyo with my baggage? Could he hook a ride? There was no objection, and in due course we set out in a light Army truck, Johnny sitting behind on the trunk.

The dusty road more or less paralleled the deserted rail line through a countryside of rice paddies

and market gardens and a series of small towns. There was some earthquake damage to larger buildings but most of the shops and houses were still standing, untouched by fire. After the ashes and rubble of Yokohama this was the real Japan at last, not the Japan of picture postcards but a land where every sight and sound and smell was strange and exciting. Particularly exotic were the smells: the mingled odors of musty rice straw, pungent soy sauce and sour sake, the scents of cedar and pine, incense from a Buddhist's shrine, the reek of open drains in the towns, the whiff of night-soil from lush market gardens. The narrow streets of the villages were crowded and our driver roared through them, klaxon blaring, scattering animals and people and leaving behind a trail of outrage against the heedless foreigner. And so to Tokyo and another scene of devastation.

Between the high stone gateposts of the Embassy a curving driveway led to a heap of rubble over which the American flag flew from the stump of a flagpole, its upper half burned away. On the extensive grounds within a surrounding wall an encampment housed a detachment of Marines and some junior Embassy personnel, with space available for stray Americans. I had a wall tent for myself, floored with the grass of a lawn and equipped with Spartan military simplicity except for the wardrobe trunk. For ablutions a soldier left a pail of cold water outside the tent flap every morning.

Major Latham presided over the mess tent in which the Marine officers and Embassy folk breakfasted, dined off Army rations, and spent their evenings gossiping until bed-time, all for a modest mess bill. During one such session Lee Murray, code clerk in the Embassy, lamented his inability to get home leave after surviving the earthquake – Washington was dilatory about producing a replacement – and Johnny Tynan spoke up. He had taken Foreign Service courses at Georgetown and thought he could qualify. Consequently Lee was on his way before long and Johnny was sworn in as code clerk. This was possible because most Government cable traffic in those unsophisticated days utilized the simple “Gray code” of five-letter groups listed in a book, no more elaborate and not much more secure than the similar commercial codes of Western Union and private companies.

So much for living. Getting to work was a walk of twenty minutes or so through a burned-out area to the Imperial Hotel, that earthquake-proof monstrosity designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in an attempt to create something vaguely Oriental out of an exotic confusion of jagged forms and elaborate angles, with walls the color of his Arizona sands into which shells, has been ground to take the skin off an unwary knuckle. The Embassy had taken over a wing of the hotel for its Chancery, most of the furnishing replaced by office equipment except for the carpeting, an occasional couch or armchair, and light standards of elaborate metal lattice-work. Yes, we had electricity, and bathrooms with hot water, plenty of them and much superior, I thought, to the cold shower rigged up by the Marines.

Most of the Embassy officers roomed in the hotel and they had complained so bitterly to Washington about the high cost of their way of life that all salaries, including mine, were doubled by “hardship” allowances. Consequently I was quite well off and could afford to lunch in the hotel and foregather in the bar on equal terms with colleagues and others in the foreign community, although in the Embassy hierarchy I was the lowest form of animal life. For some weeks, therefore, life moved in a narrow orbit between tent home and hotel office, with an occasional foray into Tokyo's main business district. Some multi-story office buildings had

collapsed, but most had survived; the vast Marunouchi Building had shed its skin of yellow brick but was being repaired; the Bank of Japan and other buildings with excessively heavy steel frames were intact; the big department stores had been damaged but were back in business; the Ginza was coming to life as a shopping street. The charming little cottages of the prostitutes immured in the Yoshiwara, completely wiped out by fire in a scene of unspeakable horror, had been among the first to be rebuilt as good as new.

The bar of the Imperial Hotel was naturally the main gathering-place for the foreign community, particularly the Americans, a place where news was exchanged and “earthquake stories” circulated. Here we learned of the reluctance of the Japanese, wary of foreign intrusion, to accept help from abroad. A U.S. Navy vessel loaded with relief supplies was permitted to discharge its cargo (provided it departed immediately), but Philippine rice was below Japanese standards and most American foods were alien to the Japanese diet; the winter-weight union suits were mostly too big and many of them, buttoned-up flaps and all, appeared as the outer garments of rickshaw coolies; no Japanese body ever occupied a single bed in the field hospital on the bluff in Yokohama. Those were some of the things we were told as we sat in the bar after work.

Men who had survived the earthquake, tongues loosened by alcohol, also had to relate their experiences, to unburden themselves to anyone who would listen. Some of the tales were tragic and some comic, there had been miraculous escapes, cases of blind panic and arrant cowardice, instances of magnificent heroism and self-sacrifice.

One man whose wife was pinned unconscious under fallen roof beams was driven back from frantic efforts to release her, and he would never forget how her hair puffed into flame as her face was blotted out in a gush of fire and smoke. Poor old Babbitt went once a week to Yokohama to search the ashes of the Grand Hotel for some trace of his wife, last seen struggling to get out of a window. All he ever found was his coin collection melted into a solid mass of metal.

Then there was the tale of two Army language officers collecting shells and romping naked on an empty beach, their clothing and picnic basket stowed among the rocks. When the earthquake struck the sea retreated, leaving a vast expanse of shining sand over which they raced to escape the tumbling cliff, only to sense a huge tidal wave roaring toward them and then scramble up the rocks to avoid being swept away. Another shock, and again they fled out on the sand, again climbed the shattered cliff. With all of their possessions buried under tons of rock, they made their painful way inland to a farmhouse where charity fitted them out with kimonos and sandals. It took them five footsore, exhausting, half-starved days to get back to Tokyo.

Most dramatic of all was the story of Tommy Ryan, repeated endlessly by one Bridges, an American salesman who had been in Tokyo on that Saturday afternoon while his wife was staying in the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. It was a hot, muggy day, and she, like several other women, was taking a bath before lunch. When the hotel collapsed a chimney fell across the tub, fracturing her legs and pinning her down, completely helpless. Tommy Ryan, a young Assistant Naval Attaché, had been sitting on the hotel verandah and at the first shock he vaulted the railing into the street, escaping death by two feet, as he put it. After milling about in the panic-stricken crowd he heard a woman screaming and soon located Mrs. Bridges high above the street on the

mountain of splintered wood that had been the hotel. He climbed up to her but found the bricks of the chimney more than he could move alone. Back in the street, he seized upon a fellow American to help him, but was brushed aside – fire was now blazing up and smoke billowing over them. (Tommy would never say his name, but some people thought they knew.) So Tommy clambered up again, and alone he tore at the bricks with bleeding hands in a frantic race with the fire and got the woman out just as the flames were reaching them. Down in the street he snatched a kimono from the nearest Japanese and carried the helpless woman to the shore where small boats from the “President Wilson” standing off in the harbor were doing valiant rescue work. Now she was convalescing in a Kobe hospital while Bridges sat in the bar proclaiming his conviction that Tommy Ryan was a hero, a saint, the salt of the earth, but he was not satisfied until he had written in the same sense to his Senators and Congressmen, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of State, the Chief Justice, even President Coolidge himself, in fact to everyone in Washington he had ever he had ever heard of. As a result of this one-man campaign Ensign Ryan was recalled to Washington, promoted a grade, and assigned to a soft berth on the President’s yacht “Mayflower.”

The country was in official mourning for the: seventy-five thousand Japanese subjects consumed in the holocaust. Theaters and cinemas were therefore closed, no public entertainments were permitted, and when the Imperial Hotel arranged dances for its foreign guests they were hastily abandoned after the hall was invaded by members of the super-patriotic Black Dragon Society in samurai gear, waving swords and denouncing, sacrilegious foreigners. In these circumstances the diplomatic corps withdrew within itself to form a tightly knit community cut off from all but official contacts with the host country; it was a group of foreigners beleaguered in a sea of unfriendly Japanese. The British were somewhat aloof and the Americans were mere hotel-dwellers, but there were pretty daughters in the Belgian, French, and Siamese Embassies, dinner parties were exchanged and dances organized, even a fancy-dress party; for such festivities protocol was relaxed and all presentable young people were welcome. That was all very well and sometimes fun, but some of us found the Japanese countryside more interesting and far more beautiful than anything in the capital, while the country folk were more hospitable, more attractive and more friendly than city people, as is often the case in rural areas around the world.

Only a few weeks after my arrival in Japan, therefore, three restless young men decided rather brashly to get out of Tokyo for a weekend in Nikko, site of the fabulous ancestral shrines of the Tokugawa shoguns. Armed with a phrase-book and equipped with overnight gear in knapsacks, we set out on a northbound train for a railway junction with the mellifluous name of Utsonomiya whence, we were told, we could get to Nikko on a branch line. The train was a revelation, gliding over a smooth roadbed through an open green countryside of fields and clumps of pine or bamboo among which thatched farmhouses crouched like plump mushrooms. The railway car, of European corridor compartment design, was gleaming spotless, and at a station along the way we could chaffer through the windows with peddlers offering Kirin beer and *bentos* – flat lunch-boxes of rice topped by strips of eel cooked in soy sauce. Delicious they were, although we were clumsy with the wooden chopsticks in their paper sheaths.

At Utsonomiya the train glided on its way leaving us on an empty platform at the edge of town, the station deserted except for the baggage porter, a gnome in a red cap. The gnome had little more English than we had Japanese, but the phrase-book and sign language made it clear that

there would be no train to Nikko. Could we get a motorcar to take us there? He was a blank. Could he find a taxi? That seemed to ring a bell, and he darted away up the street, leaving us to wait while a small crowd of schoolboys gathered to stare and giggle. A few travelers arrived at the station in the dark grey kimonos of middle-class Japanese, but one and all turned away when we approached them, phrase-book at the ready. From among the schoolboys a voice called out, "You speak English?" and we turned eagerly, but they only laughed at the joke.

After half an hour of this we decided to strike out for ourselves, splitting up to quarter the town, the station to be our rendezvous. Some distance along the street I followed there was a bicycle shop and in a lean-to alongside stood a Ford sedan.

Eureka! In the shop an old woman motioned me to wait, soon returning with a bright-eyed youngster about ten years old in the short kimono and visored cap of a schoolboy. "Yes," he said, in carefully enunciated English, "can I help you?" He listened to my tale of frustration and seemed to understand perfectly. "You wish to go to Nikko," he said. "You wish to go in a motorcar. Please wait here." He turned to go and I stopped him. "What is that," pointing to the Ford, "what is the word for it?" "*Jidisha*," he said, and grinned broadly. "That is a Japanese word I shall never forget," I told him, and I haven't. (It means "fire-wagon and it wasn't in the phrase-book). "Can we take that one?" "No," he said, "I will bring. Please wait." The old woman sat me on a stool with a cup of tea and a biscuit, and before long the little boy was back in a touring car driven by a nondescript character, his assistant beside him on the front seat. (In those days a driver in the Orient always had to have an assistant, presumably to the dirty work, if any.)

Back at the station we picked up the other two travelers, empty-handed and desperate, and soon struck a bargain for the trip. The little boy was pleased and proud, and just then we loved him, that precocious infant with the spirit of a Samaritan; he was not one to pass by on the other side like the travelers in the station. So we made much of him and offered him money, but he wouldn't accept it. He even refused a Hershey bar. "I am pleased to help you," he said, and would hear no more.

It was only two hours to Nikko, along a gravel road climbing past fields and forests to the Miyako Hotel. The affable black-coated proprietor that old-fashioned little hostelry was only too glad to see tourists on his doorstep again and there was nothing he wouldn't do for us, his only guests that weekend and perhaps the first in months. The next day was one of pure delight as we explored the sacred precincts and stood in wonder before buildings of lacquer and gold adorned with carvings painted in bright colors, gleaming like jewels against the dark green of the giant cedars, nor did we overlook the famous three monkeys under the eaves of a shed. With the hotel's facilities to speed us on the way our return to Tokyo was a breeze.

Another memorable expedition took us southward to a railway station from which we climbed a gravel road slanting up the side of a deep valley to Hakone. Half way up a landslide had carried a quarter mile of road into the depths below and a gang of laborers was gouging out the steep hillside with handcarts and mattocks and shovels of unfamiliar design. We edged gingerly across the gap and reached the Fujiya Hotel at dusk. Again we were the only guests, this time in an ornate tourist facility resembling the lavishly decorated ground floor of a pagoda. There was electric light, but no heat, it was colder indoors than out, and we shivered mightily in our tweeds

as we sat around a table in the vast empty drawing-room. Two sharp hand-claps, a voice instantly answered “Hai!” and a servant came running. Brandy might warm us up, we thought. We ordered a bottle and surprised ourselves by drinking the whole of it, but the alcohol went more into producing heat than inspiring conviviality, and we were still stone cold sober, accent on the cold. In despair we retired to our rooms and our sunken baths – long and deep and copiously fed by pipes leading into the hotel from a nearby hot spring. The body heat engendered by that steam-wreathed session was enough to carry us comfortably through our pre-prandial cocktail and a formidable dinner before we retreated to the shelter of soft beds and mountainous quilts. In the morning we climbed the rounded shoulder of the mountain for the traditional view of Fujiyama mirrored in the waters of Lake Hakone.

In later months, as we gained in sophistication, many more expeditions were organized by different groups in the American community. Some followed the tourist trail to the resorts and beauty spots touted by the guidebooks, to Kamakura, Miyanoshita, Atami, Kyoto and Nara, even to an assault on Fujiyama. Others were off the beaten track, to a fascinating Japanese hotel unknown to foreigners at Chuzenji on the Izu Peninsula, or to a climb of Mount Nantai, looming five thousand feet over Lake Chuzenji on the highlands above Nikko. Since all Japanese mountains are sacred, when we climbed Nantai the women had to hang back out of sight and rejoin us above, while the men followed the prescribed path through a gate guarded by a Shinto shrine where the white-robed priest collected an admission fee and intoned a prayer for our safe journey up the mountain. At the top a large bell was mounted on a stand and we rang it vigorously to announce our safe arrival to the priest below.

In the meantime my way of life was drastically altered when the mess tent was addressed by Major Latham one evening. “I’m sick and tired of all these damned civilians,” he said, glaring at us. “I’ll give you a week to find other quarters. This is a military operation, not a damned hotel. I don’t care where you go, but you can’t stay here.” The Imperial was out of the question despite my temporary affluence, but there was no conceivable alternative until someone in the bar suggested Coty’s house. Before the earthquake Coty had been the manager in Japan for National Cash Register, living with his family in a Japanese house, and the company still had it on a long lease, although at the moment it was full of refugees. When they cleared out I might be able to live there.

That was the answer, and within a week Titus and I moved in to take over the one room already vacated, and soon the whole house. To share expenses we recruited two young married couples from among our colleagues. They were only too glad to get out of the hotel and they settled in happily, one couple in the wing, the other in the larger front room upstairs, while Titus and I remained in the smaller bedroom. We all had to memorize the address: Aoyama Sanchome Minamicho rokuji-ichi banchi Coty San no uchi. Quite a mouthful. In translation, working backwards, it came out as “Mr. Coty’s house, 61 South Street, Third Avenue, Greenhill.” The street number, incidentally, was no help; numbers were assigned in chronological order as houses were built. The policemen in their box at the corner would know.

To get to it from midtown there was a street-car line along Sanchome to Aoyama, but it was not in operation. Sanchome was paralleled by Minamicho, one block away to the south, a tree-shaded dirt road lined on one side by middle-class Japanese houses screened from the street by

high bamboo fences; on the other side it bordered the great Aoyama cemetery. Located on solid high ground, this purely residential area had survived the earthquake with no visible damage, its electric power and water supply intact.

Coty's house was unusual in that district for its second story with glassed-in facade from which one could overlook the vast expanse of the cemetery – acres and acres crowded, almost paved, with gravestones, shrines and monuments, all of rough grey stone with an occasional shrub or tree to break the sad monotony. A one-story wing dripping wisteria extended from the house to the street, and in the angle, inside our bamboo fence, a modest little garden displayed a plum tree in one corner, a clump of bamboo in another, some azaleas and ferns, but no grass on the hard-packed earth. Outside in the street, looking to the right on a clear day, one could see the tiny cone of Fujiyama pricking the sky under arching trees, as it does in so many Japanese prints. A hundred yards away to the left a two-man police box stood at the corner of a dirt road bisecting the cemetery. 'That road was lined with cherry trees, and in the spring thousands of families would be coming from all over the city for a ritual stroll under the blossoms whenever the newspapers announced that the cherries were blooming in Aoyama.

Some adjustments had been made to adapt a Japanese house for the use of an American family, but they were minimal. Coty had put down a few rugs so that we could wear shoes indoors and not be walking on the *tatami*, those springy slabs of straw matting, six feet by three and several inches thick, which floor all Japanese houses. He was not going, to live on the floor as the Japanese do and had introduced iron beds and wicker furniture, but to -protect the precious *tatami* every leg of chair, table or bed had to be planted on a flat glass saucer. He could, and did heat the house in winter with good old American oil stoves in every room, but he could not introduce plumbing nor could he alter the structure of the house and the scantlings that supported the second floor behind plaster walls seemed flimsy.

There were no windows except the untypical glass facade of the second story, and no doors other than one at the side entrance giving on a tiny porch. Instead there were *shoji*, decorated paper screens in light frames of natural wood fitted into grooves top and bottom; they served as partitions and as sliding doors between rooms and they opened the living-dining room wide to the open air of the garden. (The Japanese, it is thought, came originally from a warmer climate far to the south and were clinging to their ancient ways.) The second story and its two bedrooms separated by *shoji* were reached by a narrow staircase of unpainted polished wood.

There was no plumbing either, except for a tap somewhere in the back premises. The communal bath was a tall oval wooden tub, full to the brim with water heated by a charcoal fire underneath. Ritual called for scrubbing with soap and water and thorough rinsing (tin dipper provided) before climbing into the tub and sitting on a wooden bench, soaking in hot water up to the neck. One emerged lobster red, warm through and through, and pleasingly relaxed.

In the absence of plumbing there was no water-closet, only a cubicle housing a seat with a tight lid, above a receptacle to catch and store the night-soil. Once, a week this was emptied, when what we called a "honey-wagon" arrived to take away this vital contribution to agriculture, and for the next half-hour we longed for those pads the Japanese wore over their noses in winter to guard against catching cold. The "honey-wagon" was a narrow vehicle carrying tall wooden

drums all in a row, their lids less than air-tight, and it came in various sizes ranging from the two-cylinder miniwagon pushed by a couple of coolies to the eight-cylinder horse-drawn monster often encountered on streets leading to the waterfront, there to be emptied into barges for transport farther afield.

We had no servant problem in Coty's house; along with it came the Japanese family he had employed for years and to which he turned over stewardship when he left Japan. The reigning queen of the establishment, as far as we were concerned, was Hiday San (Miss Chrysanthemum), a comely young woman who had been more or less brought up with Coty's daughter and spoke fluent English. She was our linguistic link with the neighborhood, the policemen on the corner, and the rest of the staff, which meant with her family. Chief among these was "Cooky" San, her father, a talented cook who was a friend of the chef at the Imperial -Hotel. From a kitchen we never saw he produced amazing and delectable things, ranging from a delicious concoction of baby eels and rice to the roast turkey and baked Alaska of a formal dinner. Our encounters with him were brief, however, and we practically never saw his wife and ten-year old son; they all lived together in back premises which we would not penetrate, but among them they kept the house spotless, did the laundry, pressed the suits, mended the socks, polished the shoes. What more could anybody want?

Some means of transportation other than shank's mare would have been welcome, but there wasn't any. Street-cars were not running, no taxicabs were to be found in Aoyama, and it was too far to expect a rickshaw puller to take one to the Imperial Hotel three miles away, and anyway that would have been expensive. So we walked, back and forth, three miles each way, rain or shine, through the cemetery under the cherry trees, and then along a street of small neighborhood shops, finally through Hibiya Park to the hotel. The street of shops was fascinating and one stopped often to study the things offered for sale: clothing, housewares, foodstuffs, medicines, toilet articles, every single item different from anything one had ever seen before, most of them handcrafted and often beautifully decorated. And then there was the archery range and the booth where young men practiced *judo* under an instructor, the art store lined with fascinating picture scrolls, the curio shop with its ivories, jades and lacquers. To walk that street twice a day for months on end was to acquire a sense of intimacy with Japanese life that no tourist could derive from the department stores or the blaring commercialism of the Ginza.

If the Japanese Government had political problems we juniors paid little heed, but we were quite aware of the shock to national pride delivered by the Asian Exclusion Act of 1924. An Imperial rescript admonished the people not to revenge themselves on Americans living in Japan – they could not be held responsible for what had been done in Washington – and none of us were ever abused or even reproached. Nevertheless a corpse eviscerated in traditional *hara-kiri* fashion was found in a corner of the American Embassy compound along with a suicide note of eloquent patriotic protest. The police told us privately that it was probably only a cover-up for murder, since no man could commit *hara-kiri* and also cut his own throat, but this was never made public. The body was therefore buried in Aoyama at a ceremony attended by thousands of people amid inflammatory speeches and scenes of great emotion. The police at the corner were worried lest our house in Minamicho attract demonstrators, but nothing happened and we rejoiced in our obscurity.

One political fact of life no one could escape was the reverence paid to the Emperor, direct descendant of the Sun Goddess who gave birth in a cave to the first of a line unbroken even through the era dominated by the Tokugawa shoguns. No Japanese could look down on the Emperor from above and every eye was cast to earth in his presence. Just then the Emperor was dying in the Imperial Palace and all of his attributes, including the idolatry, had been assumed by Hirohito, the Prince Regent. It was therefore unprecedented in Japanese history, more desecration than political act, when an unhappy student fired a shot at Hirohito's passing limousine from a gun concealed in a cane.

The police saved the would-be assassin from being torn to pieces by the crowd and he stood trial hopelessly behind a conical straw dunce-cap reaching to the shoulders and concealing his features completely. There was talk of an Imperial pardon, since he had missed his target and only broken a window, but that was just talk.

Perhaps 'because of that incident roadways were cleared half an hour before the Prince Regent was scheduled to pass, no one was permitted even to cross the street beforehand, and all windows overlooking his route were sealed blind. The police hauled an indignant Australian diplomat down from the lamp standard he had climbed, camera at the ready for a candid shot. I was caught myself one day at a street crossing and required by a vigilant policeman to wait, along with a steadily growing crowd of Japanese men and women in like case. When the red Daimler touring car with its gold chrysanthemum insignia at last come down the street, Hirohito sitting alone on the back seat, the crowd sank to earth as one man, leaving me standing, the only upright figure in a sea of -prostrate kimonos. The Prince caught this phenomenon out of the corner of his eye, gave me a knowing grin, almost a laugh at the absurdity of it all, and waved a half salute. Smiling back, I returned the salute and had to restrain an impulse to cheer, it gave me such a warm feeling for Hirohito. God he might be to the Japanese, but for me that day he was a fellow human being, a man with a sense of humor.

An earthquake is not a one-time thing, I soon learned. After a major slippage along the fault it is a matter of months before the stresses deep underground are locked into immobility and pressure builds up for the next shudder of release, perhaps in twenty-five years. In the meantime we were constantly experiencing minor quakes as the earth settled down, most of them known only to the seismographs although every once in a while there would be a perceptible tremor. This would reach the surface as a distinct shock, a bump from below, followed by some seconds of intense vibration and finally by earth waves rippling over the surface. On the cot in my tent I could watch with equanimity when I was jolted awake and the tent pole waved to and fro. Sitting at the dinner-table in someone's house was something else again: with the shock from below forks stopped halfway, cups paused in midair, and talk broke off abruptly while everyone held his breath; there was an audible sigh of relief when the vibration did no more than rattle the dishes and only a picture fell down when the house began to sway. One day a fairly stiff one tipped over the lamp standards in the office and through the windows we could see the telephone poles and light standards along the street waving back and forth like coconut palms in a hurricane, the earth rippling toward us in clearly visible waves. In the Imperial Hotel this was in no way alarming since we that the hotel was earthquake-proof, built as it was on a single great slab of reinforced concrete that rode the waves like a giant raft.

The house in Minamicho was not earthquake-proof, we well knew. When the big one hit at dawn of a winter morning and a tremendous shock jolted me out on the floor I therefore rolled promptly under the iron bed. It would some protection, one hoped, if the roof were to collapse and heavy tiles crunch down. The night light in the hall dimmed and went out as current was shut off at the power station and the first sharp jolt was followed by a protracted rasping shudder as rock ground against rock, far below. The noise was deafening; every pane of glass and everything movable in the house was rattling violently, house beams were strumming like banjo strings, and the excruciating din extended to everything in the neighborhood. Nell Calder was screaming in the next room and I never heard her. Titus scrambled around on the floor in the space between our beds and I yelled at him: "Get under the bed, you damned fool." "I can't find my glasses," he gasped, and finally obeyed. By then the waves were hitting the house and it tossed and pitched like a small boat in a choppy sea, every joint creaking and groaning. At one point it pitched so steeply that I felt myself sliding on the *tatami* and dug my nails into the straw matting to keep from going overboard. The whole framework of the house was twisted and wrenched back and forth so far that the *shoji* came out of their grooves and fell in all directions.

Altogether it lasted more than two minutes, the longest two minutes in any man's life, until that dreadful swaying finally died away and I climbed into bed; it was over, and I was cold. Calder busied himself putting the *shoji* back in their grooved between our upstairs rooms, like the solicitous bridegroom he was. Titus was still scrambling around. "I've got to get out, I've got to get out," he said, put his foot through a *shoji* and stumbled out into the hall and down the stairs. The policemen from the corner called to know if we needed help and Hiday San replied that all was well.

When Titus came back to bed in the grey light of morning he explained: "I just had to go outside to see if the earth was still underfoot and the sky overhead. Everything was in place, the trees still standing, and now I feel better." Eventually the sun rose, he had some breakfast and he felt better yet. But none of us can ever forget that two minutes of blind terror, of utter helplessness as we lay trapped in a storm-tossed house from which there was no time to escape and in which the only possible refuge seemed to be under a bed.

On the Richter scale it was a major earthquake, not one of the greatest. Six months before it would have been catastrophic, but everything not earthquake-proof had already collapsed in September and there was not much additional damage. There were a few fires, quickly extinguished, but the fear of them was so great that a number of guests in the Imperial Hotel, we were told, had rushed outdoors and plunged into the lily pond at the front entrance. Could they have been refugees from Yokohama?

**CECIL B. LYON**  
**Third Secretary**  
**Tokyo (1933)**

*Cecil B. Lyon was born in New York in 1903. He graduated from Harvard University in 1927. Mr. Lyon joined the Foreign Service in 1930 and served in*

*Cuba, Hong Kong, Japan, China, Chile, Egypt, Poland, Germany, France, and Ceylon. He was interviewed in 1988 by John Bovey.*

*Q: Yes, '33. The war in China was not too far ahead though, was it?*

LYON: I was in China when it started.

*Q: Was there any feeling then, or any sort of fore-seeing of the terrible things that were to come, the mistakes of the Japanese and so on?*

LYON: That's a very difficult question. I don't think we were yet conscious of much. As I mentioned, I was Third Secretary. I felt I was in heaven: wonderful post, marvelous chief, Mr. Grew, and the lovely country -- I loved Japan. My work was doing the weekly political report, and also I was assigned to do despatches on the sale of the Chinese-Eastern Railway, I think it was called. The Japanese were buying from the Russians, the last link of the TransSiberian which came from Harbin to Dairen. That went on for some time and I covered that with Geoffrey Parsons, who was Mr. Grew's private secretary. He had the job that I might have had, and we often wondered whether, if I had got the job, I ever would have dared to have the courage to ask to marry Elsie. I'm afraid I wouldn't have had, because I would not have been earning enough even on my munificent \$2500 a year.

In that connection I think it might be interesting to know something about the personal life of old Foreign Service Officers. I hadn't been in Japan more than a month and on July 3rd I went, terrified, into Mr. Grew's study and asked if I might marry his daughter. And he said, "Oh, and what is your situation?" So I drew myself up and I said, "Sir, I'm a Foreign Service Officer, Class 8 unclassified C." He said, "What on earth does that mean? What do you earn? What are your prospects?" I said, "\$2500 a year." And he sort of moaned and said, "What other prospects have you?" I said, "When my father dies I'll get half of a very small trust fund." And he said, "Well then, I'll have to talk to my wife." And he went and talked to his wife and thank goodness she was on my side so Elsie and I got married.

But getting back to the more serious side...

*Q: Yes. Let me interrupt you there just a minute. My recollection of this period is very dim. Weren't the Japanese already all over Korea -- weren't they occupying Korea still at this time?*

LYON: I believe that was later. That was after I left Japan.

*Q: I thought that was before the invasion of China.*

LYON: You're right about that, but I'm a little bit hazy regarding dates at my advanced age.

*Q: I've been very interested recently to read about the sort of mystery that still surrounds the Emperor during the ordeal of his illness that's going on now, and the attitude of the Japanese. It's really a mystical sort of thing.*

LYON: Yes, he's the descendant of the Sun God.

*Q: Yes. What was the feeling toward the Emperor then?*

LYON: Oh, utter reverence and devotion.

*Q: Its the same man, isn't it? Its the same guy, isn't it?*

LYON: Its the same guy and over here, I will show you what Elsie and I were given as a wedding present by Hirohito -- this lacquer box. It has the imperial chrysanthemum on it, and his mother the Empress Dowager gave us the silver vase in the other room which I'll show you. It has two lions on the side of it and neither of us have ever known whether she did it because we were called Lyon, or it was just an accident. No, there was tremendous reverence for him and for all the members of the royal family and really Japan was almost a fairy tale country when we were there. The women and men all wore kimonos; the women wore beautiful kimonos; now they're all in western clothes. The country, as you know, is absolutely beautiful. You've been there, haven't you?

*Q: Never, no.*

LYON: Its absolutely beautiful, now its terribly crowded, but then all cities are. We had a very astute Counselor called Eddie Neville -- we didn't have a minister then -- who had lived in Japan many years and he and his wife were very much on top of things. Mr. Grew had very good relations with all the Japanese, and so did Mrs. Grew. They liked Japan. Mrs. Grew, of course, was a collateral descendant of Commodore Perry, so that went down well. And really things ran along very smoothly as far as the Embassy was concerned. I think it was the premier Embassy in Tokyo in those days. The Japanese were easy to get to know, which may surprise you. Elsie had lots of young Japanese friends. When I came upon the scene she'd already been there a year and we used to go off skiing with them, and one would stay in little inns heated only by a hibachi. I remember there was one couple we used to go with frequently and all four of us would sleep on the floor in the little room in the inn with the hibachi at our feet and our bodies stretched out like the arms of a clock -- at 12:00, 3:00, 6:00 and 9:00. A lot of people found the Japanese standoffish. I never did.

*Q: Did these people...were they speaking English? Did you have to learn Japanese?*

LYON: As you know, John, I'm not a good linguist. Elsie is an excellent linguist but even she had trouble with Japanese. Elsie speaks fluent French, fluent German, fair Italian and fluent Spanish. When we were in Peking she learned Chinese, but she had trouble with Japanese. It was rather funny when we were in Peking, we were assigned to Santiago, and I said, "Well, that's one place where I shall be ahead of you because I speak Spanish." Not good Spanish, needless to say. We got there and we hadn't been there a month when Chileans would say to me, "But how is it you don't speak better Spanish? Your wife speaks such good Spanish." She'd learned it in a month.

*Q: Yes, that's surprising. I didn't think the Japanese...that you would hear that much English*

*among the Japanese at that period. Nowadays of course...*

LYON: Well, of course, let's face it. In those days we were seeing the government people and the upper crust, if I may use that horrible word; but, even as I remember, Japanese servants seemed to speak some English -- I don't know why, but they did.

*Q: And you found them quite easy to get to know?*

LYON: I found them easy to know.

*Q: I've never had much experience with them. The ones that I've met in different posts I always felt that I got to a certain level, and then there was a whole basement underneath that I just couldn't get into at all.*

LYON: Well I think the reason I found it easy -- I think Elsie had broken the ice, and she had all these Japanese girlfriends and then they had husbands and it made it all very easy. And in that connection, John, I think I'll mention something that I have often wondered about. I've often wondered why the administration of the Foreign Service doesn't take advantage of things like this in the appointment of personnel. I've always thought that after the war when things were so difficult with Japan, it would have been very wise to send Elsie and me back to Tokyo where we could have picked up old friendships and perhaps been helpful. The same thing with Turkey where Elsie and her family were for so many years. They did send us back to Chile where we'd been before, but I think Personnel could be more astute in selection of posts for people. I think mostly it is a matter, or was in my days, the old days, of someone in the Department who is looking for an officer to fill a certain spot and happens to know you and your abilities to say, "Oh, Cecil knows how to do this, he knows how this works, we'll send him." I personally never wanted to concentrate, I never wanted to be an expert in one country, or a specialist, because I wanted to see the world and I certainly did.

*Q: Well, you did, of course, go to Chile twice.*

LYON: Yes, and I wasn't too happy about that.

*Q: Don't you find that it's difficult to revisit? I've been stationed twice in Holland, and although the second visit was all right I was a little stale on the whole enterprise.*

LYON: Yes, I think so, but I was just thinking of Japan where things were so difficult it might have been of some use. I didn't want to ever go back a second time -- although this contradicts what I'm saying about the wisdom of sending people back. As to Chile, of course, when they make you an Ambassador, you certainly don't want to say, "No, I don't want to go because I've already been there." But I did find it difficult because when I got there -- we'd been there earlier as a Third Secretary, and Chile is a small country; you know everybody and all the people that are in government are your friends, so 15 years later they think, "Ah, local boy makes good. He'll get us aid, he'll get us all the aid we want, we'll just turn to him, and things will come flowing." And, of course, it doesn't and you can't do that. So it's got advantages and disadvantages.

You asked about the Emperor. When I went to Japan I had with me a little cocker spaniel puppy and I'd already become engaged to Elsie at this point, and was invited up to Kara, where the Grews were spending the summer. And I said, "I'm bringing Sambo," that was the name of my little puppy. And word came back, "Mrs. Grew says not to bring Sambo. You've got to choose between Elsie and Sambo." So I said, "I choose Sambo." So I went up to Karuizawa and I got out of the car at the Grews' house and Sambo jumped out of the car, ran upstairs, and jumped on my mother-in-law-to-be's bed. And I never got him back, she was so intrigued by him.

Just as we were leaving Japan, Elsie and her father were walking along the moat that surrounds the imperial palace and they had Sambo with them. Sambo fell in the moat, and Mr. Grew was terribly upset. Just then a taxi came along and the taxi driver climbed down inside the moat, rescued Sambo, and then disappeared -- they didn't get his name. So they sent out word trying to find the name of the taxi driver and something came out in the paper about it. And a few days later Mr. Grew went to the New Year's reception at the palace and the Emperor looked at him and said, "How is Sambo?" It was a human touch, I think, from the descendant of the Sun God. His brother and sister-in-law, Prince and Princess Chichibu, came to our wedding and it was rather amusing because Elsie and I were standing in the receiving line and suddenly they appeared and everybody deserted us and ran to see the Chichibus and Elsie and I were left ten minutes alone at our own wedding reception, which was rather fun. And then we had to ask permission to leave because we couldn't leave before the royalty left. So we asked permission, and we were allowed to go and set off on our honeymoon. The honeymoon was amusing also because I hadn't been at the post six months and I wasn't due for leave for six months but Mr. Grew looked up in the regulations and it said, "In the case of emergency you may grant two weeks leave." He said, "This is certainly an emergency."

Okay, that will close Japan, I think.

**MAX WALDO BISHOP**  
**Language Training**  
**Tokyo (1935-1937)**

**Vice Consul**  
**Osaka (1937)**

**Political Officer**  
**Tokyo (1938-1941)**

*Ambassador Max Waldo Bishop was born in Arkansas in 1906. In addition to Tokyo and Osaka, his career in the State Department included foreign assignments in Ceylon, Saudi Arabia, and Thailand. He was interviewed by Thomas F. Conlon in February 1993.*

*Q: What was your first post in the Foreign Service? Did you have some training in the State Department before you went overseas?*

BISHOP: No, I didn't. Ordinarily, we would have had the usual course that every Foreign Service Officer has when he enters the Department -- orientation or whatever. We did not have that. I was asked, and so were those who went with me, if I wanted a language assignment. I said, yes, I did. I asked for a language assignment in the Far East, and I got Japanese.

*Q: Had you asked for Japanese?*

BISHOP: No, I think I just asked for the Far East. They had a Chinese course, and, in fact, Edward Rice [later Consul General in Hong Kong] went to China at the same time I went to Japan. There were eight of us who went to Japan -- they're in the picture on the wall, the lower picture on the right. Those were the Japanese language students in my group.

*Q: Had that program been going on for some years?*

BISHOP: Oh, yes, it had been going on for a long time and was very well organized.

*Q: Did you have any duties at the Embassy, or was your whole function simply to learn Japanese?*

BISHOP: Learn Japanese.

*Q: Did you live with a Japanese family?*

BISHOP: No. I had three tutors a day -- sometimes only two tutors. They came to the house. We had *tokuhons* (readers), assignments and so forth. I never was very good at calligraphy. At one time -- I'm probably boasting now -- I knew and could read 3,000 characters. Even learning to recognize and read 1,500 characters is a big memory job. All of these characters were on cards -- on one side were the characters and their various compounds -- and then on the back side was the English meaning. So you'd go through these cards, and those you didn't get right you put to one side and did them again -- day after day. You'd get new cards and more and more until -- well, you had to know 1,000 characters. I was ultimately able to recognize and read about 3,000 characters.

*Q: I recall that in Ambassador (Joseph C.) Grew's memoirs he mentions that no Westerner can really learn to speak Japanese. I know some people who can speak Japanese passably well, but, of course, as foreigners, they are not really part of Japanese culture -- that must have been what he was talking about.*

BISHOP: That's right. Well, it was (Stanley) Hornbeck, I think, or somebody in the Department who said that because my name was Max Waldo Schmidt, I would be excellent at languages. Of course, I don't know a jot of German. For the most part, my ancestry is English and Irish, I guess. I learned Japanese as best I could...

*Q: This Japanese language course was for about two years, 1935-1937?*

BISHOP: That's right.

*Q: Then, after you finished the language course, what happened next?*

BISHOP: Then I went to Osaka as Vice Consul. I did everything there, including the accounts. After just a few months, I was ordered back to the Embassy in Tokyo as Third Secretary.

*Q: What Section of the Embassy were you assigned to then?*

BISHOP: I was assigned to the Political Section because I was a Language Officer. All of the Japanese interpreters or translators were under me.

*Q: Do you have any special recollections from that period -- major questions that came to you? After all, this was a period when Japan was steadily moving along the aggressive course that later led to Pearl Harbor, war in the Pacific and so on. Could you see any clear signs of this in your early days in Japan?*

BISHOP: Yes. The biggest translating job I did at the Embassy was the National General Mobilization Law. At that time, I told Gene Dooman (Eugene Dooman), the counselor of the Embassy, and Joe Grew, our Ambassador, that the passage of this law would mean that the Japanese were preparing for a major war. They passed the law. I translated the whole thing.

*Q: When did they pass the law? Do you remember what year?*

BISHOP: Well, Mrs. Lispenard Crocker (wife of Edward Crocker, Second Secretary in Embassy Tokyo) and I went to the Japanese Imperial Diet to listen to the opening session that year. Of course, she didn't speak any Japanese, so I interpreted for her. There were just the two of us from the Embassy. We wanted to get a feel for the situation. The Japanese were getting ready for a major war. The "China Incident" had just occurred.

*Q: That was in July, 1937.*

BISHOP: That's right. Anyhow, that was my job as interpreter and translator and head of that unit in the Political Section in the Embassy. I also drafted the monthly Political Report in the Embassy.

*Q: How many people were in the Political Section at the time?*

BISHOP: Well, let's see. There was myself -- I was low man on the totem pole -- and Cabot Coleville.

*Q: Gene Dooman?*

BISHOP: Eugene Dooman was the Counselor of the Embassy.

*Q: I see. There was just one Counselor of Embassy?*

BISHOP: Yes. We also had an Economic Attaché. The Political Section, actually, included myself, Cabot Coleville and Bill Turner. Cabot Coleville left on transfer. And, of course, Gene Dooman was the Counselor of Embassy. Actually, he was perfectly bilingual in Japanese. His family had been missionaries in Japan. He spoke Japanese like the Japanese.

*Q: What about Stanley Hornbeck? What was his function?*

BISHOP: Oh, Stanley Hornbeck was back in the Department. He didn't serve in the Embassy. I was one of the few people that he really liked and respected, I think. I came back to Washington to serve in the Department on the Japan Desk in July, 1941, though I was not the senior man.

*Q: Was Hornbeck the top man on the Japan desk?*

BISHOP: Oh, no, Hornbeck was Political Adviser in the Department. He was referred to as PAH ("Political Adviser Hornbeck"). There was a European, a Latin American, a Far Eastern and a Near Eastern Political Adviser -- four of them in the Department, as I recall. They all had Assistant Secretary rank, I think. There was only one Under Secretary of State.

*Q: The Under Secretary was the number two in the Department, the deputy to the Secretary of State?*

BISHOP: That's right. Then below the Under Secretary were the Assistant Secretaries. Each one had an area -- Europe, the Middle East, Latin America and the Far East.

*Q: You mentioned returning to the United States in July, 1941, about five months before Pearl Harbor. I recall your saying that earlier in 1941, you had a particularly important conversation with the Peruvian Minister in Tokyo, which Ambassador Grew then passed on to Washington. Could you give us some of the background to that?*

BISHOP: Well, actually, the Peruvian Minister -- and I saw him and his Counselor after World War II was over -- he told me that, according to some of his sources -- he did not name them, and I did not ask him who they were -- the Japanese planned a surprise, all-out attack on Pearl Harbor if and when they decided to go to war with the United States.

*Q: And this conversation with him took place in January, 1941?*

BISHOP: Yes, it had to be in early 1941.

*Q: Well, I'm interested in this because I think that it is now well established that definite Japanese planning began with an order from Admiral Yamamoto, the Commander of the Combined Fleet, to study the feasibility of an attack on Pearl Harbor. And this order was issued in early January, 1941. If I remember correctly, the Peruvian must have talked to you within a week of the issuance of that order. Now this was a highly secret order, and yet it became known to the United States almost immediately.*

BISHOP: Well, I got that intelligence not only from the Peruvian, but from other sources.

*Q: What other sources? Could you describe them?*

BISHOP: Mostly American.

*Q: American businessmen?*

BISHOP: No, the best source I had was a newspaperman. The journalists in those days were very reliable. They were not sensationalists.

*Q: They were not investigative reporters?*

BISHOP: I'll tell you an interesting story on this. Prior to the Pearl Harbor attack, the United Press correspondent in Tokyo -- I think he is dead now -- was one of my best sources. In those days, we didn't have funds to buy information.

*Q: There was no intelligence organization?*

BISHOP: No, you were on your own, and you collected information as best you could. Of course, the press had money to buy information. I remember the name of the United Press correspondent was Tommy Thompson, Harold O. Thompson. I think that he was the best American correspondent out there. He really had access to good information.

*Q: As I recall it, the drift of Japan toward war was unmistakable and had been so for many years. But the specific matter of Pearl Harbor as a target was not so clear.*

BISHOP: Well, I sent that telegram. Actually, Ambassador Grew sent the telegram to the effect that his Peruvian colleague had told a member of his staff, etc. That was shortly before I went home on transfer to the Department. Things were getting really hot, and Ambassador Grew wanted me back there. Maxwell Hamilton, on the Japan Desk, also wanted a Japanese expert, if you will, fluent in Japanese and what not. When my ship called in Honolulu on my way back to the U.S., I met with a number of Naval officers who were following the situation closely. The Navy had been training Japanese language officers for a long time in Japan. Some of these Navy people came down to the boat I was traveling on -- I guess the President Coolidge. I spent a whole day with them, discussing "What about this," and "What about that?" I said, well, we don't read their war plans, but the story, which I got from here, there and everywhere -- from good sources -- was that Pearl Harbor was going to be hit. They told me then that they were flying daylight reconnaissance patrols from dawn to dusk. The patrols stopped at dusk because, of course, they couldn't see in the dark.

*Q: No radar?*

BISHOP: No radar. So they said they had extended these reconnaissance flights out about 500 miles farther from Pearl Harbor. Well, of course, the Japanese got through these patrols. Also, you can yell for a year, crying "Wolf, wolf, wolf," and here I was, recommending more

reconnaissance flights. I don't think that the Navy was as alert at the end of 1941 as they were at the beginning of that year.

*Q: I think that it was anticipated that war was about to break out. That was unmistakable, but the Navy did not give much credence to Pearl Harbor as a likely...*

BISHOP: Well, now here's another matter. We were talking last night about General Marshall. He was out horseback riding on the morning of December 7. The Army sent a final warning. You ought to read everything written about Admiral Kimmel and what they did to him. His son, Tom Kimmel, a brilliant young Navy officer, was railroaded out of the Navy. Not railroaded out exactly, but he never made Admiral. Admiral Kimmel -- the attack and then his transfer from his position as Navy commander -- just broke his heart.

If you think back to the psychology of the American people at that time, the only way that we could be brought into the war was through the Pacific -- the Japanese. The Germans didn't really attack us. Our ships went back and forth across the Atlantic. We sank a couple of German submarines. They didn't sink any of our ships until after we got into the war. Then they littered the whole Atlantic Coast with sunken ships. Anyhow, the only way you were going to get the American people to go to war was through the Pacific -- somehow involving the Japanese, the so-called "wily Orientals."

The Japanese did not tell the Germans in advance that they were going to attack Pearl Harbor. They didn't tell the Germans anything. The Germans were far more frank with the Japanese. The Japanese didn't tell anybody anything. They knew exactly what they wanted to do, and they did it. They wanted to liberate the colonial territories...

*Q: And establish the Co-Prosperity Sphere, as they called it?*

BISHOP: They called it the Co-Prosperity Sphere and so forth. But the Japanese objective was to get the European, non-Asiatic empires out of there. These empires would have died eventually anyhow -- the Dutch, the French and the British. The Portuguese didn't hurt anybody. They could have stayed there.

*Q: The Portuguese decided to leave when they wanted to do so, much later on.*

BISHOP: That was it.

*Q: Well, then you returned to the Japan Desk, and, as I recall your saying, you were involved in taking notes or otherwise assisting Secretary Hull in the negotiations with Admiral Nomura and, later on, Ambassador Kurusu, in 1941?*

BISHOP: Yes, that was my principal job. I kept all of the pre-Pearl Harbor files in my office in a filing cabinet which had a lock on it, the same as almost every filing cabinet in the Department of State and throughout the government.

*Q: Was this a combination or a key lock?*

BISHOP: A key lock. When you left the Department, you took your keys down to a board near the front door of the State Department and hung them up there.

*Q: There was nobody watching the keys?*

BISHOP: Oh, yes, there was somebody there all the time, but nothing was well protected. And I don't think that anybody particularly cared. Classified material was protected -- it wasn't left out in the open or anything of that sort. I don't know whether we had Communist agents in the Department at the time. As you know from the "Pumpkin Papers"...

*Q: Well, this could have been the time when those documents were taken from the Department.*

BISHOP: Alger Hiss was in the Department. Whenever Alger Hiss went on leave, I took his place in Stanley Hornbeck's office, where he was principal aid to Hornbeck. He was a very fine man, a person you would enjoy talking with. But I noticed that, once in a while, he had some dubious, Left Wing characters in his office. But that's another story.

*Q: Then you were a part of the discussions with the Japanese, which were unsuccessful. What were your feelings when you learned that Pearl Harbor had been attacked?*

BISHOP: I wanted to get out of the Foreign Service and get back my Military Intelligence commission. But the Chief of Personnel said, "Look, you can do that, but I can assure you that you won't get anywhere with it. You can get out of here, but you won't go anyplace else." I had my reserve commission from the time I was waiting for my Foreign Service appointment to come through. I took an examination to get my commission in the Army and so forth. There's my copy of the commission over there on the wall. It was issued in 1935.

*Q: Then you continued in Washington after war broke out?*

BISHOP: Yes. But I had been married. My first wife became seriously ill. By the way, it was Alger Hiss who arranged for me to take her to Johns Hopkins Hospital. He was from Baltimore. He was the nicest and most helpful person and friend you'd ever want to know. They gave her a complete examination but couldn't find anything for sure. She dragged one foot, and her gold bracelets fell off her arm. The doctor told me that they thought it was "hysteria." Not "hysteria" in a usual sense. He said that hysteria, in medical terms, could cause symptoms of any known human disease or illness, except pregnancy in a male! Anyhow, it turned out to be cancer, from which she eventually died.

*Q: What year did she die?*

BISHOP: In 1944. She was ill for three or four years.

*Q: Did you continue on the Japan Desk during most of the war?*

BISHOP: Yes. Actually, it was more than that. I always considered that matters involving U.S.

foreign policy were my strong point in the Department. Hornbeck didn't use me so much on that as Hamilton did. We wrote a number of perceptive memoranda on what was likely to happen and what we were planning to do.

*Q: What was your next assignment after the Japan Desk?*

BISHOP: In 1944, I was assigned as Consul in Colombo, Ceylon. I didn't do much consular work. My principal duties involved advising our military leaders in the Southeast Asia Command on the various problems which came up, which have been well described in published histories. I was also assigned as a secretary of the Mission in New Delhi, India, where I was Political Advisor to General Wedemeyer, then the Commanding General of the U.S.-Burma-India Theater of Operations. I knew General Merrill, who commanded Merrill's Marauders in Burma.

*Q: At the end of World War II, were you a part of the discussions about what to do with Japan? In other words, whether to try the Emperor as a war criminal or keep him as a symbol of Japan?*

BISHOP: That was absolute stupidity in the Department of State. When the war was over, unless we wanted to act like one of the Balkan countries, there was no reason to try the Emperor. We had fixed Japan. We had burned them out. They knew that they had it coming to them. There was no point to a trial. Thank God that General MacArthur was put in charge in Japan because he was tough. He purged some of the military leaders, but that was about all. They were finished. I was the first Foreign Service Officer back in Japan after the surrender.

*Q: When was this? This would have been in 1945?*

BISHOP: Yes.

*Q: Were you assigned to SCAP (Supreme Commander, Allied Powers -- General MacArthur's office)?*

BISHOP: No, I wasn't assigned to his office. I was assigned as a State Department representative. George Atcheson, another Foreign Service Officer, arrived as my supervisor. George hated Japan and the Japanese. He was on the USS PANAY (a gunboat stationed on the Yangtze River in 1937) when the Japanese bombed it. He had reason to dislike the Japanese. He was intelligent and a very fine Foreign Service Officer. He wanted nothing to do with Japan. Fortunately, from my point of view, I was the first Foreign Service Officer to arrive on duty there. Jack Service (John Stewart Service) came out with George Atcheson. Jack and I were the same rank, but I got there first, so I outranked him.

*Q: Well, John Service went on to work in China?*

BISHOP: Yes. He was a China hand, but they sent him to Japan. George Atcheson was also a China hand. The people in the Department thought that if they sent China hands over to Japan, they would fix the Japanese.

When we were there in Tokyo after the war, General MacArthur, of course, had control of all of

the communications. His staff controlled all of the messages sent out. We'd take the messages over to the code room in plain language, and the Army communicators would encode them in the proper code and send them to the Secretary of State. Well, George Acheson didn't like that. I don't know whether it was Jack Service who put him up to it, but George thought we ought to have our own codes for our messages. MacArthur said no. He said that we could send the messages through the Army message center, which would encode them and send them to the State Department or wherever we wanted. Well, I told George, "Look, either you're going to agree on this and do it their way, or you're going to have an impossible situation. We will lose. The State Department will lose." I mean, MacArthur was the Supreme Allied Commander. This was just tilting with a windmill. Why?

*Q: How many State Department officers were assigned when you went back to Tokyo?*

BISHOP: I was the only one at first. The others came out with George Acheson from Washington.

*Q: How many came out with Acheson? I suppose they came over a period of time.*

BISHOP: They came over a period of time. Alex Johnson (U. Alexis Johnson) and Beppo Johansen came from China. Beppo had studied Japanese at the same time that I did and was junior to me.

*Q: What did they call this group? Was it called the American Embassy in Tokyo?*

BISHOP: No, we were in the Office of the Political Adviser to SCAP.

*Q: Didn't Ambassador (William) Sebald serve there at some point?*

BISHOP: He came there fairly early. He was there when I left Tokyo. After I married my second wife, we stayed there for about a year until 1947. I hadn't met her family, and she hadn't met mine. She was my secretary in the Office of the Political Adviser. It wasn't an easy time in some ways because I was the only one in the office who felt that we had punished the Japanese people enough.

*Q: The Peace Treaty with Japan was signed in 1951. When was the Embassy in Tokyo as such reopened?*

BISHOP: Not until after MacArthur left.

*Q: He left in April, 1951, as I recall. The Peace Treaty came in September, 1951, so shortly after that, the Embassy was reconstituted as such. Who was the first Ambassador? Was it John Allison or William Sebald?*

BISHOP: Yes, Bill stayed on for a short time, and then he went to Australia as Ambassador. He wasn't formally Ambassador to Japan, as far as I can recall. U. Alexis Johnson was then appointed Ambassador to Japan.

*Q: Then when did you leave Japan?*

BISHOP: Let's see. The war was over in 1945. I went back to Washington in 1947 to attend the National War College. I never went back to Japan after that. I was in the second class at the National War College. I recall that one of the children of an Army officer in our class saw the picture which stated that I had graduated as a member of the second class at the National War College. She said with concern, "I don't see why Daddy had to go to a second class War College."

**ULRICH A. STRAUS**  
**Childhood, Japan (1936-1940)**

**G-2 Intelligence Officer, United States Military**  
**Japan (1946-1950)**

*Ulrich A. Straus was born in Germany in 1926. His career in the Foreign Service included assignments to Japan, Germany, and the Philippines. He was interviewed by Charles Stuart Kennedy in 1992.*

STRAUS: So I came to Japan at the age of six and entered initially into a German school, and then, in 1936, when it was very apparent what was going on in Germany, I entered the American School in Japan. Again in 1938, as the war clouds gathered in Europe and East Asia, my father had the foresight to apply for an American visa. That came through in 1940. In the summer of 1940, we all marched down to the American Consulate in Yokohama and got immigrant visas to the United States.

*Q: Had you learned any Japanese while you lived there?*

STRAUS: Yes, but less than you might think. My first language was German, and my second language was Japanese, and my third language was English. In many respects, I think I was already Americanized before entering the United States. In a way, that was home. Certainly Germany wasn't home, and certainly Japan wasn't home, although we felt very comfortable in Japan. But all my friends at that point were also leaving. I have often been asked whether Pearl Harbor was a big surprise. My answer to that is that by the spring of 1941, the American School in Japan had so few kids left that they didn't even bother to open in the fall of 1941. This meant that practically everyone who could leave or felt they could leave had left.

*Q: I must say by leaving Germany in 1933 and Japan in 1940, you must have the feeling that the sleigh was going just before the wolves jumped on you.*

STRAUS: As an aside, my father left Seoul, Korea about three hours ahead of the Communists in 1950.

I went to high school in New York. During the war, I was a sophomore, I believe, in high school. A gentleman whom we had known in Japan, Paul Rush, who had been a kind of a teacher missionary, and by then was Captain Rush, was going around the country looking up the relatively few Americans who had lived in Japan prior to the war to get them interested in going to the Army Language School when they became the proper age. Of course I was interested, all of my old friends are going to be there.

In 1944, I graduated from high school. At that time, I was still classified technically as an enemy alien. But I set off for the University of Michigan where this Army Language School course was being given. I found out there that I couldn't take any civilian courses in Japanese because they had canceled them for lack of teachers. But they allowed me as a civilian to go to the Japanese Military Intelligence Service Language School, despite my enemy alien classification.

For almost a full year, I did that. When I turned 18...you could draft aliens but aliens could not volunteer...I joined that group and went to basic training. While in basic training, the Emperor decided to throw in the towel in August, 1945. I completed my military training and in January, 1946, came back to Japan as a Second Lieutenant. Shortly thereafter, I was ordered to go to the Tojo trials.

*Q: He was a military general who became Prime Minister in the middle of the war?*

STRAUS: Before the war -- he led Japan into World War II.

The reason I was picked was that I knew German, and there weren't many people in Japan in those days who knew German because all of those who did had been shipped to Germany. I knew both Japanese and German. Along with some British Navy officers, I went through literally tons of German Foreign Office files that had been shipped from Germany to us to go over for possible use by the prosecution against the Japanese who were charged with waging aggressive war in collusion with Germany and Italy.

We wrote many précis, and after a while, our British colleagues left, and I was still there. Then I was working with the lawyers, making full translations of these documents into the two official languages of the court, which were English and Japanese. In fact, I certified as to the accuracy of translation of those documents. It may well have been the most responsible job I ever had -- and at age 19.

*Q: It is interesting that you were a second lieutenant at age 19 without a college degree. Normally, I thought you had to be the equivalent of an adult which, in those days, was not...*

STRAUS: That's right. But I think before World War II it was much more common for even regular officers not to have a degree.

*Q: What was your impression of Japan at this time? Were you able to look up old friends?*

STRAUS: Tokyo was smashed. I think something like 60 percent of Tokyo just didn't exist any more. Other cities were burned even more to the ground. Seeing old friends, of course, came

with a sense of relief that they were still alive but depressing the way they had to live in those days. I, along with everybody else, would take some rations to them and help them out the best I could. The people I knew generally were the lucky ones who had a place to live. But, what was impressive, I guess, was that discipline didn't totally break down. People had to go into the countryside to get food and bargain with the farmers. They would go out with large rucksacks containing what little possessions they had been able to save to bargain for food from the farmers. The farmers, in those days, were the kingpins. They did very well.

Train windows were smashed in because that was the only way people could get in and out of the jam-packed cars. But there was virtually very little crime, even though people were literally starving to death. But there was a lot of sadness, too.

The Japanese at that time were very grateful to us because they had feared the worse. The government had told them all the terrible things we were going to do...rape, pillage and burn. And, of course, none of that happened.

*Q: Well, here you were, and you had been accustomed to Japanese society. What was your impression as a young man of the impact between the American forces, who were basically a group of pretty young guys and not very sensitive?*

STRAUS: First of all, let me say that I knew very little about Japanese society. My parents' interaction with the Japanese was very limited. The number of times we had Japanese in our house I could probably count on the fingers of one hand in a period of seven years. I had one friend who lived in the neighborhood, but by and large, my playmates were all from the American School, and my whole life was directed at the American School. So I am not sure I can really answer your question. I was beginning to learn something about Japanese society at that time.

*Q: What were your impressions from what you were getting and from others who were dealing with the Tojo trial, etc.?*

STRAUS: The 28 Class A war criminals...I used to see them on the bench...were beaten men. They were totally disgraced men. I think there was none of the haughtiness that was demonstrated by some of the German war criminals.

One comment on the trial...I was a member of the prosecution, and I dealt with the lawyers. The prosecution was very much aware of the fact that the law they were applying was largely ex post facto law. This is a charge that has been made subsequently. But I think there was a feeling that we had very little choice in the matter. We could not really do what the Russians probably would have preferred to do, and possibly the Chinese, too...stand the designated war criminals against the wall and shoot them. We could not just let them go. We didn't feel we could just turn them over to a weak and untested Japanese government. That might not have been acceptable to the American public at all. So, I think the Western public putting them on trial was perhaps the only reasonable political alternative. And we hoped it would have two results. That it might provide a deterrent for future leaders and that it might provide education for the Japanese public, who, of course, learned a great deal about their then recent history for the first time.

*Q: Did you get any feel for the dissemination to the Japanese people of what was happening?*

STRAUS: Yes, it was disseminated through the radio and newspapers. We controlled everything, so we could force the Japanese to do almost anything we wished. I don't think, to be very truthful, that the Japanese had a great deal of interest in it because they were interested in survival at that time. They didn't care very much about anything that was going on in the rest of the world.

*Q: When you have lost, you have lost.*

STRAUS: You are just interested in survival and getting back on your feet some how.

*Q: What was the feeling within the American military toward General MacArthur?*

STRAUS: Well, you know, MacArthur never had the adoration of the troops as, let's say, Eisenhower did. He was an aloof figure and a showman. My own feeling was that perhaps he was a better administrator of Japan than he was a General. There was a good deal of dissension below MacArthur. There were two most prominent political wings, one, conservative, under Major General Willoughby, who was in charge of G-2 (Intelligence), and the other, under General Whitney, who handled the Government Section, the more liberally inspired section. Things got so bad between the two sections that we were ordered not to talk to each other.

*Q: You were in which?*

STRAUS: After I left the war crimes trial, I was in G-2. But my best friend and roommate was with the Government Section.

*Q: What were you doing when you left the trials?*

STRAUS: For a bit, I worked for G-2. The trials may have whetted my interest in the Foreign Service, and G-2 did some more because I was working in something called G-2 Operations, and our task was to put together what was known as an intelligence summary of the day's happenings in the Far East Command, which was MacArthur's command. Together with a number of other people, prominent among whom was Tom Shoesmith, who later was DCM in Tokyo and Ambassador to Malaysia, we worked on the Japan part of that. So what we were doing was a kind of journalistic reporting job of what was going on in Japan on the political, economic and social side of things. I contributed some writing to that. We were hampered by the fact that the folks in Government Section, which played a behind-the-scenes role in Japanese politics, would not talk to us, and we could not ever acknowledge the fact that the Japanese government was not a totally free agent.

*Q: Since the war was over, what were the intelligence concerns?*

STRAUS: The concerns in Japan were that we just wanted to know what was going on. Of course, this was being read not just in Tokyo but by the commands below us. There were still, at

that time, about 100,000 troops in Japan. The military concerns were largely outside. They dealt with some of the tense situations in Korea -- between North and South -- and the successful campaign of the Communists in China. There was also a great deal of interest about the communists in Japan.

**MARSHALL GREEN**  
**Secretary to Ambassador**  
**Tokyo (1939-1941)**

**Japanese Language School**  
**Berkeley, California (1942)**

*Ambassador Marshall Green was born in 1916 in Holyoke, Massachusetts. He received an undergraduate degree from Yale University in 1939. In addition to his service in Japan as secretary to the ambassador, Ambassador Green was posted to in Australia, China, Indonesia, Hong Kong, and South Korea. He was interviewed on March 2, 1995 by Charles Stuart Kennedy.*

Q: *Was this October, 1939?*

GREEN: Yes.

Q: *World War II had just started.*

GREEN: Yes. World War II had just started. I was driving west on my way to Japan, spending a good deal of time visiting friends. I went all over the place. I remember that it was in Eureka, California, that I overheard the report of the outbreak of war in Europe.

So I joined Ambassador Grew in San Francisco and went out on the "Tatsuta Maru", a Japanese liner. I put my Ford convertible in the hold of the ship. It was transported to Japan for \$50. I had it during the whole time I was in Japan. Finally, I sold it to the younger brother of the Emperor before I left. Then it was painted maroon, because all of the Imperial family cars had to be maroon in color. That is just a sidelight.

So I went out to Japan. It was during our transpacific trip that I got to know Mrs. Grew, who was to be a great bridge companion. Then en route to Japan, I played golf with the Ambassador in Hawaii. I shot about the best score that I ever had. That endeared me to him, and I became his constant golf companion in Japan.

Q: *Obviously, you were brand new and really still "wet behind the ears" when you arrived in Japan. How did you view Japan at that time? How did it appear in your eyes in 1939?*

GREEN: Yes. I had very little in the way of background, except that I was highly knowledgeable about geography. I was also interested in demography, being convinced that the expansionism of

Germany, Italy, and Japan was rooted in population pressures of those crowded countries. So I went to Japan, knowing all about the geography and demography of the area, but almost nothing of its politics and little of history and culture.

I arrived in mid-October 1939 as a freshly minted, potential Foreign Service Officer, but I wasn't in the Foreign Service. I was being paid out of Ambassador Grew's own pocket the princely sum of \$50 a month, for which I wrote out the checks, and he signed them. But on \$50 a month I could live pretty well because my Embassy compound apartment was free and many of us converted US dollars on the black market in China into yen at four times the rate you could get in Japan. We could do that through colleagues and friends in China. That was illegal, but everybody did it, except the Ambassador.

On the other hand, since we saw Japan as a potential enemy, it wasn't terribly hard to square my New England conscience with this kind of activity.

*Q: How did you view the Japanese system?*

GREEN: I never claimed to know much about how the Japanese system operated and I had to depend on the Embassy viewpoint of others whom I encountered. Of course, I was more impressed by the views of Ambassador Grew who showed me his daily diary entries. I was also influenced by the views of senior Embassy officers like Gene Dooman and Ned Crocker or more junior ones like Max Schmidt and Jim Espy. I also had many good friends in the diplomatic and consular corps both in Tokyo and Yokohama. But, as you can see, I had almost no Japanese friends except those with whom I played football and golf or whom I met at Embassy social functions.

*Q: "Turbulent Era," for example.*

GREEN: That's right.

*Q: I read that book, and that decided me to go into the Foreign Service.*

GREEN: Oh, yes. Well, anyway, I can tell you this. I wasn't very helpful to Grew, except socially. I didn't know anything about Japan. I wasn't a very serious student of Japan. I never wrote any reports for him about Japan or took on a particular subject, as, indeed, one of my predecessors, Jeff Parsons -- J. Graham Parsons -- had done. He'd been with Grew for three or four years and had become very helpful to Grew. My successor, Bob Fearey, also became most useful to Grew, being deeply involved in events that occurred just before Pearl Harbor. And then, during their incarceration, he helped to put together Grew's report to Secretary Hull.

*Q: You were there...*

GREEN: I was there for almost two years -- not quite. A year and three-quarters.

*Q: You left when?*

GREEN: I left Japan in May, 1941. My feelings about Japan at that time, as I say, were very much shaped by Grew and by the people around him. Eugene Dooman was the Counselor of the Embassy, was born in Japan, and spoke Japanese absolutely fluently. Grew didn't speak a word of Japanese, nor did Mrs. Grew. I was shocked at that. He and Mrs. Grew had been in Japan for many years. She had been there as a young girl and later on as the wife of Ambassador Grew. The Ambassador had already been in Japan for about seven years when I arrived there. I remember that on Thanksgiving Day, 1939, when we were down in Kobe to take the train back to Kyoto, where we were staying, they didn't even know how to say, "Where is the train to Osaka or Kyoto." They couldn't speak a word of Japanese.

I don't really believe that Ambassador Grew had very much, first-hand information about the inner workings of the Japanese system. He relied for his information on the Japanese Foreign Ministry, on the Imperial Household, on the ministerial group, on his Foreign Service colleagues, and on his diplomatic colleagues. At the same time, he had an infinite capacity for detail. He worked very hard and conscientiously. He applied himself to the task. He "lived" the problems.

One could criticize Grew, as many did, for being too pro-Japanese, for being too oriented toward Japanese goals, rather than, say, Chinese, American, or other goals. That's unfair. The fact of the matter is that he was a great American statesman. He thought in broad-minded terms. One must admit, nevertheless, that he was always hopeful, always playing for the chance that Japan might straighten itself out, that maybe by one more diplomatic effort we could avoid what seemed to be an almost inevitable Armageddon. He tried every route to see if there wasn't some way to avoid war.

What he was warning Washington about all the time was this: we're talking awfully "tough" back in Washington, but we don't have the stick to back that up. We ought to be damned careful about being as "tough" as we were regarding economic sanctions or holding back on shipments of scrap, ships, planes, or even oil, which was the most critical of all. If we (including the UK, Holland, France, etc.), were going to embargo shipments to Japan of these things (especially oil), Japan is going to be driven to the wall, and we were going to find ourselves at war with Japan, inevitably. But he was always wondering whether there wasn't some way out of that.

Of course, meanwhile, we were already well into World War II. During the first half or three-quarters of my first year there, it was a "phoney" war. Then the situation became very serious when Japan joined the Tripartite Axis.

Meanwhile, Ambassador Grew was "distant" from the fighting which was going on in China. He was "distant" from the Manchukuo puppet empire there [in Manchuria]. I think that a lot of people in Washington -- and, certainly, people in our Embassy in China -- felt that Grew really didn't understand what a horrible machine the Japanese Army was and the cruelties that they visited upon the Chinese. Well, now, Grew did know that. So these comments aren't fair. On the other hand, if you don't experience these things at first hand and don't see or hear or live through them, you're always going to be seen as not knowing the real, inside truth.

*Q: Did he make any effort to get out and around, or could he have done so?*

GREEN: Well, I don't think that he did enough of that. I also think that he should have gone back to Washington once or twice to pursue his case, because he had a very good case. However, you have to remember that traveling to Washington, in those days, took at least a month or two. Even if you took Pan American Airways, which was just starting its transpacific route, you still had to go by ship all the way down to Manila or Hong Kong to take the flying boat. So it was very difficult to communicate in person with Washington. On the other hand, you could pick up a phone, but the phone was insecure. There was another problem, and that was the problem of coded communications. Grew did not know about "Magic," in other words, that we had broken the Japanese [diplomatic] code, although I don't think that we had broken it much before Pearl Harbor.

*Q: It was pretty close to the time of Pearl Harbor.*

GREEN: There's one thing that one must always remember. That is, if you do have access to "Magic," as they called it, you may feel that you are in the know with superior knowledge in relationship to those without access to broken coded messages. Therefore, there is a tendency that outsiders' views are not given the weight that they would otherwise be given by insiders.

Back in Washington Secretary of State Hull was privy to "Magic," as well as President Roosevelt, presumably. I don't know whether Dr. Stanley Hornbeck was privy to "Magic." He was the head of the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs. Whatever it was, this was an "angle" which, I think, was worth taking into consideration.

*Q: Did Grew have access, as Ambassadors often do, to "movers and shakers" in Japan who came in to meet with him and discuss various issues over cigars, and so forth?*

GREEN: Yes, there were, of course, lots of people who would come in and who had various kinds of experience. Especially journalists. The newsmen tended to get around. Obviously, in Japan they were subject to censorship. The extent to which they knew things and were able to communicate them back to their home offices was not too good. It isn't as if there were well informed newsmen of the type you have today. There were some. But mostly there was lots of information dealing with little issues or scandals involving individuals. But when it came to knowing the real "inside" of what the Emperor, the Japanese military and particularly the Army, or the people who "really mattered" were thinking, there was very little way of knowing.

*Q: How about our military attachés? Did they have any particular entree?*

GREEN: The attachés did have some entree to the military, to the Japanese Navy, but very little to the Japanese Army. After all, the Navy had had more foreign connections than the Japanese Army. The Japanese Army, though, was politically more powerful than the Japanese Navy, and really ran the whole "show."

*Q: At this point Japan was more or less under a military dictatorship, or a military oligarchy, or what have you.*

GREEN: Yes. The Army was "calling the tune," getting ever more deeply involved in Manchuria

and then in China. It made heavy demands, both in terms of finances and personnel. What is hard to say is the extent to which the Emperor would prevail if he were to take a strong stand against what the Army wanted. Or would the Army simply find some way of "hushing him up." One never knew. I think that Grew was making his "pitch" very much to the Imperial Household and the Emperor.

*Q: How did this take place?*

GREEN: Well, really, it took place through intermediaries: people like Marquis Kito, Count Kalbayana, and Baron Maeda. They all had connections with the Imperial Family. He invited the brothers of the Emperor to the Embassy for dinner parties and things like that. Obviously, the Emperor knew a lot about Ambassador Grew. We went through the formal "bows" at the Imperial Palace once a year -- or twice a year, in his case. But, by and large, the Emperor was "out there somewhere." Ambassador Grew had these intermediaries through their insights into how the Emperor felt. On the whole, he felt that the Emperor could exercise a beneficial and stabilizing influence in a country that otherwise seemed to be plunging rather relentlessly toward war, thanks to the powerful position of the military, especially the top generals.

*Q: What was the feeling in the Embassy at the time about the Japanese invasion of China? Where was it going, what did it mean, and how would it play out?*

GREEN: Well, the Embassy was involved in all kinds of protests that came out of the situation in China, like the sinking of the USS PANAY [a gunboat on Yangtze patrol which was sunk by Japanese bombers].

*Q: When did that happen?*

GREEN: That was in 1937, I think. These were incidents which occurred in which Japanese force resulted in the killing or injury of Americans or damage to their property or interests. Those were things that had to be taken up in Tokyo by Ambassador Grew.

I am not aware that Ambassador Grew had much first-hand knowledge of what was going on in China. Even if he did, I'm not sure that it would have changed his thinking. The fact that he was continually trying to "get through" and ingratiate and commend, which is the typical way a diplomat functions, was seen by some as being "soft" toward Japan. However, I think that when you read his diary, you realize that there is no "softness" there. He was just trying to use all of the diplomatic arts to keep peace.

During those last six months before the Pearl Harbor attack (I had left Japan in May), Grew was involved in a major effort through Prince Konoye to try to set up a meeting between Konoye and President Roosevelt in Alaska, in which the two leaders would get together and come to some agreements which would at least have staved off war. I think that Grew felt that President Roosevelt would welcome such a development, because Roosevelt was so anxious to keep supplies going to Europe and keep our Navy [in the Atlantic] to protect British merchant ships carrying supplies to beleaguered Britain. If the United States became involved in a war in the Pacific, it would have been quite a blow to our total capacity to help Britain in its beleaguered

hours. So I think that Grew felt that Roosevelt would be sympathetic to some efforts [in this direction], and there was some evidence that Roosevelt was.

This brings up the whole question of Dr. Stanley Hornbeck and his extraordinary powers. I don't recall if I ever met him or not. However, we are talking about a man who was a presence we felt very strongly [in the Embassy] in Tokyo. He was the equivalent of the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. His official title was Director of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department.

He was born in China of missionary parents, or perhaps his father was a businessman. Anyway, he was brought up in China. He was pro-Chinese in his viewpoint and very anti-Japanese. Ambassador Grew used to send copies of daily entries in his diaries to Hornbeck in the hope that Hornbeck would be able to see the issues in a more balanced way and realize what Grew was trying to do. But I think that Grew was dealing with a man [Hornbeck] whose views were rigidly set and who was very bitterly anti-Japanese, as anybody whose experience was in China would make him. The difficulty was that Ambassador Grew's communications with Washington were by cable. There were almost no telephone calls. It was all done by telegram. The telegrams went to Hornbeck before they went to Secretary Hull. Or, if they went to the White House, Hull would be asked to comment and would ask Hornbeck [for his views]. So Hornbeck's input became rather governing, with regard to Washington's reactions to [what Grew reported or recommended].

This became a very major issue just before Pearl Harbor. I had left Japan, and my successor, Bob Fearey, was deeply involved. He's written articles about this whole episode that deserve careful reading.

*Q: What were your duties when you were private secretary to Ambassador Grew in the Embassy in Tokyo?*

GREEN: My duties were largely of a social nature. I made the seating arrangements for luncheons and dinners. "Chief of Protocol" would be a better description of what I did. I had to take the inventory of the wine cellar of the Embassy. I had to handle the checkbooks and keep the Ambassador's local accounts. Not his investments, of course, since we are talking about his expenditures from day to day. I often played bridge with Mrs. Grew and golf with the Ambassador.

I had played football during my years at Yale -- on the 150 pound team. I found myself playing football in Japan and was eventually elected to the "All-East Japan Football Team." I remember playing football on New Year's Day in both 1939 and 1940. In 1940 I had to change my clothes immediately from morning suit (after attending a palace reception) to football clothes in the Ambassador's stand-by limousine, with shades drawn, while I sped from the Imperial Palace to Korakuen Stadium, where we won handily against the All-West Japan Team from the Kansai, the Osaka-Kobe area.

*Q: Did you have any particular feeling about the Embassy? Let's start with, say, Eugene Dooman. What was his relationship...*

GREEN: Well, I think that Dooman had a profound influence on Ambassador Grew -- probably disproportionately so, because of his knowledge of Japanese and his background in Japan. He shaped Grew's thinking to a large extent. There were others around Grew, like Ned Crocker, a First Secretary who was later to become my father-in-law; Stuart Grummon, the other First Secretary; and "Chip" Bohlen, Second Secretary, who had a lot of expertise regarding the Soviet Union and had come to Tokyo direct from Moscow. These were all able people who had a marked influence on Grew's thinking. However, I would quickly add that the Japanese whom I earlier mentioned had a lot of influence on him, as did some of the American newsmen, either stationed in the Tokyo area -- the ones who spoke English and ran the "Japan Times," the Fleischers -- people like that had influence on the Ambassador's thinking.

Then, of course, there were lots of distinguished visitors who came through Tokyo. The Ambassador would meet with them. So he had a wide exposure to other people's thinking on world problems, quite apart from the fact that he had a long background in diplomacy.

*Q: How would you characterize the Embassy, either professionally or otherwise? This was the first glimpse you had of an Embassy family. How did Grew and Dooman run the place?*

GREEN: By today's terms it was not a big Embassy, which meant that personal relationships were closer than is usual today, with Grew and Dooman heading up the Embassy family.

*Q: You played football with Japanese. What was their attitude toward China and Korea?*

GREEN: I had a feeling that the Westernized Japanese, mostly "Nisei" (second generation Japanese-American) who came back to Japan, stayed out of politics. They talked very little. For the most part people were pretty damned super-cautious about expressing their opinions and views, because there was the "Kempeitai," and other police and thought control organizations. People had to be careful. It wasn't as bad as we've seen in some of the dictatorships in modern times, but it was approaching that.

*Q: Did you feel that when you traveled around Japan?*

GREEN: Yes, I felt it. I can't say that I traveled very much around Japan. I wish that I had traveled more. I did take one long trip which took me through Korea, Manchukuo, and North and Eastern China. I was carrying messages and materials for our Embassy in Peking, as well as to our Consulates in Shanghai and Mukden, which is now Shenyang. I must say that, having taken that trip, I had a rather different view of Japan. You saw Japan from a different standpoint, and it was a critical one. Of course, things were almost chaotic in China, but clearly, the Japanese were invaders and ruthless occupiers of neighboring countries, that's all. There was no other way of looking at it. I might say that, after taking that trip, I was more anti-Japanese than I had been. Frankly, I was rather "spoiling" to go to war with Japan.

*Q: Was this a common attitude...*

GREEN: No, I felt more strongly about these issues than did almost all my US contemporaries.

If I could just read from a letter to my father, it will give you a little bit of what I felt. I didn't come across this letter until I was preparing for this interview.

Q: *What was the date of this letter?*

GREEN: The date of the letter is August 8, 1940. After deploring widespread isolationism in the United States, including my father to some extent and certainly many of my classmates of Yale, I went on to write: "Isn't it strange that the usually impetuous youth, red-blooded, go-getting youth, the back bone of totalitarian parties abroad, in America are so defeatist, so lacking in the qualities which built our nation. We are over civilized" -- these are my words -- "Over-humored by the good fortune to which we have fallen heir. Where the youth of other lands are aggressive, we are retracting, and our doom, like that of the Greek and Roman civilizations, is sealed when we produce, in our declining years, men not willing to fight for what they have. American support for material aid to the Allies comes from older men, wiser men, like Nicholas Murray Butler [Chancellor of Columbia University at the time] or Henry Stimson [former Secretary of War and of State], and, please note, World War veterans, such as General Pershing. But from the youth, only isolated instances. I have read with delight the opinions of many of our university presidents, leading educators, novelists, and journalists and with equal disgust the opinions of the youth they instruct. I tell you, it is a dangerous condition that we are in, when a nation-wide appeal for enlistments brings in only 9,000 enlistees, of which only a fraction are able to meet the physical requirements. Conscription we must have and will have. It is the only way, maybe, that we can condition our cloistered, theorizing youth to realities." So, these were my thoughts.

Q: *Fairly strongly expressed.*

GREEN: I felt very strongly about it.

Q: *It's hard to recapture how the "America First" and others felt. It's difficult...*

GREEN: They divided our class at Yale very sharply. In 1939 we could see the war coming. We had already seen what Neville Chamberlain [British Prime Minister] had said and done and how the German occupation had affected Czechoslovakia. But we had the "America Firsters," as some of them were called, and Father Coughlin, and some of that group...

Q: *Father Coughlin of Detroit, a Catholic priest.*

GREEN: Yes. These were people that I just loathed. I was quite strongly pro-Roosevelt, because I could see that he was carefully and conscientiously girding and conditioning America to the realities of having to go to war.

Q: *You say you saw Grew's diaries. Did he discuss in those diaries where Japan and America were moving during the time you were there? How did he feel about the situation?*

GREEN: I believe he was projecting events over the long term, that he saw that there was enough in common between Japan and the United States -- particularly the Japanese he knew. He could see that their way of thinking of the world was very much the same as his own and that of

his friends back in the States. He felt that if we could only get rid of the damnable Japanese "war machine," things would improve. Meanwhile, and this is an important thing to remember, although most people forget it. The Japanese people were getting fed up with their long bloody war with China. They'd lost several million men -- or perhaps hundreds of thousands would be a safer figure to use.

*Q: It was not an easy war for them.*

GREEN: No! Every family in Japan had been affected by war.

*Q: And the Chinese fought a lot harder than they're given credit for.*

GREEN: That's right. Oh, the casualty rates were terrible. The Japanese were really suffering and they were having to "pinch" all the time -- "onion peel" as they say. So the anti-war sentiment in Japan was potentially powerful. Now Ambassador Grew realized this. I don't think that Dr. Stanley Hornbeck fully appreciated that, nor did most Americans. When you do realize that, then there's a certain realism to Grew's thought that for by keeping negotiations going, then the anti-war sentiment in Japan would continue to grow to the point where there would be a possible breakthrough between the leaderships of our two countries. In that way, there could be peace. So I don't think that Ambassador Grew was unrealistic about the possibility of peace. What I am saying is that I don't think that a successful secret meeting between [Japan Prime Minister] Prince Konoye and President Roosevelt was possible. They could have gotten together, but to have such a meeting in secret? No. It was unrealistic to think that the Japanese Army would even allow this to happen. They would certainly have "bolted" and taken over power.

Now [a rapprochement between Japan and the United States] might have been achieved in a certain way. Grew was trying to work toward that end. People like Bob Fearey and others believed that Grew's proposal [for a meeting between Konoye and Roosevelt] was a fairly realistic one and might have worked. I don't entirely agree with that.

*Q: Even if there had been a Konoye-Roosevelt meeting, the Japanese Army had shown that it was quite willing to go in and assassinate him.*

GREEN: That's right. And you have to remember this, too. The senior Japanese Army officers had to think about the younger officers, the "hot heads," under them.

*Q: They had just...*

GREEN: These young officers were a pretty bloodthirsty lot. Once they had tasted blood and become accustomed to "ruling the roost," they would have become very difficult to control. Anything that looked like "appeasement," even if the top military people had condoned it, which is totally unlikely -- but if they had, you still had the problem of the younger officers. And that came up in the February 26 incident, when some of the lower-ranking officers took over control of Tokyo, for a short time, revolting against their superiors.

*Q: What year was that?*

GREEN: 1936.

*Q: Talking about various groups, we had our China specialists, who basically came out of missionary families. You had Eugene Dooman and others, who also came out of missionary families, too. However, they had two very different outlooks. While you were in Japan, was there ever any effort to get American Chinese and Japanese specialists to get together and talk?*

GREEN: No, not that I was aware of. That's a good question, because I think that nowadays the first thing that we would do would be to try to get them together. Of course, we were handicapped by travel considerations before World War II, in view of the distances involved.

*Q: It was very difficult.*

GREEN: However, it is true that we would have benefitted a great deal from the kinds of meetings we later had. We have had regular Chiefs of Mission meetings since World War II. We didn't have that kind of opportunity earlier.

*Q: Because of considerations of money and so forth.*

GREEN: However, I don't think that the "pro-Japanese crowd" [in the State Department prior to World War II] -- the people with experience in Japan -- could possibly have stood up to Stanley Hornbeck, who was too powerful for them.

*Q: Well, this is a question which came up at a later date -- and not too much later -- in the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs, under Walter Robertson. That bureau, from time to time, has been "dominated" by one person.*

GREEN: That's right. It has been, although I don't think that I "dominated" it when I was head of it.

*Q: When you get someone who is almost an "ideologue" in there. Now, returning to your experience, because someone else can review how Grew operated during the time when you weren't with him. You left Tokyo in May, 1941. First of all, how did you return to the United States?*

GREEN: I came back on one of the "President" liners -- the "President Coolidge."

*Q: What were you "after" at that point?*

GREEN: I was coming back to take the Foreign Service exam. I went to a "cram school" for a month or so -- didn't get anything out of it -- and took the exam. I just barely "squeaked" through. Then came the war. I was going to be drafted. So I saw an opportunity to enlist in the Navy, in the Japanese language school, and I took it. So that's how I moved from Tokyo into the Navy, within eight months.

Q: *Where did you go to the language school?*

GREEN: At that time [1942] the school was located in Berkeley, California. This was a "crash" course which had been launched, I'd say, at some point in 1941. I got into the second group that went through the course. The groups at that time were rather small. The course lasted for about a year, during which you were supposed to learn Japanese, I wouldn't say that they turned out people who were proficient in Japanese, although we had some very bright students. Our Navy made a mistake in not accepting Japanese-Americans as language officers since most had some knowledge of the language and some were bilingual. This all reflects the bad prejudices against all Japanese, whatever their status and however long Japanese descendants had lived in the US

What was worse for us at Boulder was the order by President Roosevelt (and urged by General DeWitt) that all Japanese-Americans had to be relocated 200 miles East from our Pacific coast. This included our Japanese-American teachers, requiring us to move the whole language school to the University of Colorado in Boulder. That's where I completed my year of training.

Q: *We know by experience today that one year isn't going to do a great deal...*

GREEN: No. No. It doesn't help much. You are immediately thrown into the fray. Of our class of about 30 students 27 went into Combat Intelligence with a short period of training in Hawaii before going out to the Pacific Islands. Three of us were sent to Washington to serve in ONI, the Office of Naval Intelligence. That's where I was located all during the war, except for the last year of the war, when I moved into "Communications Intelligence." This office is still on Nebraska Avenue, NW

For me it was really a fascinating period. I did make one trip, for several months, to the CBI theater.

Q: *That's the "China-Burma-India" theater.*

GREEN: That's right. But basically I was always here in Washington. I was not interpreting. I was translating -- lots and lots of documents, some of them fascinating. I was once given documents we took out of the I-1 submarine sunk off Guadalcanal. This was a bunch of oil-soaked documents flown to Washington, to the Naval laboratories in Anacostia, MD. I worked for several days and translated this stuff. It was absolutely fascinating. The Chief Engineer of the I-1 submarine kept careful records of all of the ships that were being built in Japan for the submarine fleet, both the coastal and seagoing types. All the names were listed down one side of the document followed by the specifications of each ship, both those that were afloat and those that were being built -- and where they were being built: Ominato, Jure, Yokosuka, and Sasebo.

So on this great, pull-out sheet, with a minimum amount of effort, I was able to get all of the details of the Japanese submarine fleet. We put out two "Fleet Bulletins" on the basis of that. That's one thing that I was able to accomplish. It was very typical of my whole career. I was lucky, just lucky.

Another accomplishment was in communications intelligence, when I got the idea that the "call

signals" new ships were using related to their standardize sizes and uses and to where the Japanese were building them. Therefore, we were able to nail down, merely from call signs, roughly what kinds of ships they were.

*Q: You remember the way that the US Navy used to name ships. Battleships were named after states, aircraft carriers after famous battles, and so forth.*

GREEN: The call signs were just four letter signals. We would find out, for example, that there were 200 barrels of tung oil loaded at Tientsin aboard "Shiminoseki-7 Maru" with call signal JABC. We had never heard of the "Shiminoseki-7 Maru," but we could immediately deduce from its call sign the size of the ship and whether it was an oiler or freighter. Of course, that was immediately passed on to our air and naval commands.

*Q: After looking at these documents, what was your impression of how the Japanese ran their fleet?*

GREEN: One reaction was that their security was terrible. Why they ever allowed their soldiers to carry diaries, with gun positions sketched out in them. Now, I wasn't dealing with that kind of intelligence, but our combat intelligence people were. The second thing was that they had no typewriters of the kind we have. Everything had to be done by long-hand and then by mimeograph machine. Well, now, there was a tremendous difference between the way we were doing things and the way the Japanese were doing things. Most insecure of all, the Japanese relied too much on code books which we had already seized.

*Q: We are now moving toward the end of World War II. What rank did you have [in the Navy] at the end of the war?*

GREEN: I was a full lieutenant.

*Q: When did you leave the service?*

GREEN: After "V-J Day" in August, 1945, I immediately tried to get into the State Department. The Navy was reluctant to release anybody in intelligence who knew the Japanese language, because they wanted these people for occupation duties and things like that. So it wasn't easy getting out. Meanwhile, I took my Foreign Service oral exam, and the Department accepted me, so I was in the State Department. However, I was still in Navy uniform. My first job in the State Department was to get other naval officers, who were Foreign Service Officers, back into the State Department. I can tell you, to go up to a salt-encrusted Navy captain to try to persuade him to release some of his men back to the State Department wasn't easy. That was my first job.

**NILES W. BOND**  
**Consular Officer**  
**Yokohama (1940-1942)**

*Niles W. Bond was born in Massachusetts in 1916. He received a BA from the University of North Carolina and graduated from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in 1938. His postings abroad include Havana, Yokohama, Madrid, Bern, Tokyo, Seoul, Rome, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. In 1998 Charles Stuart Kennedy interviewed Mr. Bond.*

BOND: ...we were sent to Yokohama.

*Q: This was in 19...?*

BOND: This was in 1940.

*Q: I've got you arriving there June 4, 1940.*

BOND: Yes.

*Q: How did you get there?*

BOND: We took a ship, so-called. It was terrible. I forget the name of the line. They ran mainly in the Pacific, possibly exclusively.

*Q: This wasn't the President line.*

BOND: Yes. I think it was the President Line. That's right because it was the President Monroe. It was a terrible old tub. After I got out to Yokohama, I looked it up in Jane's books and it had a very spotted past. It had been built in 1911 or something like that, and belonged at one time to some Middle Eastern country that had since disappeared. It was terrible. Anyway, we had a pretty good trip out. My boss in Yokohama had asked me to bring all sorts of things along with me, which I didn't really appreciate, but he turned out to be a nice guy. We were housed in an apartment within the Consulate building. It was a new building, constructed after the earthquake, along the lines of the White House in Washington! It also contained an apartment for the Consul General and for the other vice consul. Just ten weeks after my wife and I arrived, all dependents were repatriated.

*Q: When you arrived in Japan in 1940, from your perspective, what was the situation in Japan at that point?*

BOND: The situation was that relations between the two governments were just about as bad as they could get. But the attitude of the Japanese people was that they were just as pleasant as they could be. The official policy was not reflected in the way we were treated by them at all. Of course, things got worse later on. Since our honeymoon had been so short, we wanted to get together for our first wedding anniversary. So I persuaded my boss, who turned out to be a very nice man, in spite of all the stuff I had to carry for him. He said I could take local leave, adding that where I went locally, he didn't even want to know about. He said "even if it means going up the gang plank of a Japanese ship." So, we arranged to meet in Honolulu for our anniversary, June 25, 1941.

The main consular business in Yokohama was crew list visas, mostly for Japanese ships. So I had a lot of dealings with the NYK line and, when I told them that I was doing this trip, they were very helpful. There was a ship going there that would get me there just in time. It was the flagship of their fleet, a very nice ship. They sold me a third class ticket but put me in first class. I ate and slept first class the whole trip.

We were about a week out to sea when the ship suddenly started making strange course alterations, around and around, back and around. I finally learned that they had just received news that the Germans had attacked the Soviet Union.

*Q: June 22, 1941.*

BOND: Yes. Our anniversary was on the 25<sup>th</sup> of June. So, I think it actually must have been a bit before the 22<sup>nd</sup> when they received this word. Obviously, it put them in a very dangerous situation. Japan was afraid of the Soviet Union and, with Germany as a Japanese ally attacking the Soviet Union, the Soviets were expected to strike Japan; which they never did. Anyway, the trip went on uneventfully after that. Then I picked up the same ship coming back a week or ten days later, I think. It had gone to Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was the last Japanese passenger ship to go to the West Coast of the U.S., the last one to return, the last to call at Honolulu. My wife returned to California, where she was living, and that was when I realized I was going back out of the frying pan into the fire.

*Q: You were the whole time in Yokohama, is that right?*

BOND: In that period, yes.

*Q: We had our embassy in Tokyo, so you were handling seaman and shipping?*

BOND: Mostly that, yes. Mainly visas and passports, including crewlist visas. We only had a Consul General and two vice-consuls, of which I was the junior one. We had two or three Nisei clerks and two male American clerks. So we all did everything. Whatever there was to do, we did it. As time went by, more and more Americans left; after the State Department repatriated its women and children, others followed suit, business people and so forth. So it got to be more and more a stag party.

*Q: Did you find that the Japanese government was making it difficult to be an American official there? Were you being followed or challenged or that sort of thing?*

BOND: No, I didn't see any evidence of that. The governor or the mayor would occasionally give a big diplomatic party in the early part of World War II, and I remember the belligerents of either side standing at opposite ends of the big room with the neutrals wandering back and forth. But the Japanese were very polite to us at that point.

*Q: By '41 you were taking this trip to Hawaii and back and so we're moving up toward the latter part of '41. Was it obvious to you that the tensions were getting worse?*

BOND: Oh, very obvious. December 7, 1941 (a Sunday in Japan, but a day earlier in the U.S.) dawned sunny and unseasonably warm. I joined a dozen or so colleagues from the American Embassy in Tokyo at a beach house rented by the Embassy at Shichirigahama, a small fishing village on the coast south of Tokyo. Chip Bohlen came down, and others from the Embassy. Anyway, there were a dozen or so people there, and all we talked about was “when is it going to happen?” and “where will it happen?” Everybody knew it was going to happen: the Japanese had to make a move. They were running out of everything. They had already run out of steel. They were tearing down railings, light posts, all that sort of thing. They were very low on oil. Scrap iron was the thing they missed the most. When the U.S. cut off scrap iron shipments, we knew it was the end. So we knew something was going to happen. The consensus was that it would happen first in Southeast Asia, which it did, by a matter of hours. That was the day before Pearl Harbor.

If I could go back chronologically to the question of the Japanese attitude toward us: there was only one time that I ran into any unpleasantness. We had a new Consul General, Irving Linnell, who had just arrived. Yokohama was his last post. He was in his 60s and about to retire. One Sunday in October or November, before Pearl Harbor, I took him for a ride around the countryside so he could see his district. Yokohama was, at that time, part of a fortified zone because it was so close to the big naval base on the coast. Ordinarily, getting into Yokosuka was very difficult, but if you were already inside the fortified zone, it wasn't. I took a wrong turn. All the signs were in Japanese, which I could not read. I ended up inside the Yokosuka Naval Base. No American had been inside that base in years, if ever. I had a plate on the car saying “American Consulate, Yokohama,” so they knew who we were. The ship-building crew of the base was just getting out. This was about four or five in the afternoon. The workmen saw our license plate and got very abusive and started beating on the car. We were rescued by a Japanese Naval Patrol. They arrested us both and took us to a little headquarters kiosk that they had there. They asked us what we were doing there, and were not at all impressed by our story that it was a mistake. Finally, they called the Japanese Foreign Office and found out that we were real. Then they guided us out of the base and let us go. They were not very polite.

*Q: No.*

BOND: I remember also back in early '41 when I was taking a courier trip from Tokyo to Peking. It was in late January, early February and I was carrying six bags. I had a Marine guard along to help with the unwieldy pouches. We went from Tokyo to Shimonoseki on the south coast of Japan. Then we took a ferry across to Korea to what they called Fusan in those days. Then we got on the South Manchurian railway and went from Fusan the whole length of the Korean Peninsula across the Yalu River, across Manchuria, and then on past the Great Wall of China and into Tsing Tao and then Peking. The train was full of Japanese soldiers and they were very nasty toward us; we seemed to be the only non-Asiaties on the train. They had obviously been drinking a lot. There was no food on the train except cold rice, and the temperature at the station at Mukden when we passed through was 25 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, so that you couldn't get a drink of water through the water system or wash or anything.

*Q: While you were in Japan were you kept abreast of what was known about Japanese troop*

*movements in China? I'm not talking about the real military thing but the fact was that the Japanese weren't really doing that well. They thought they had taken over but they found themselves in a long hard war which they never really won.*

BOND: No. I don't know to what extent the Embassy was privy to that sort of information. The only reading matter we had was the Tokyo English language newspaper. Since that paper was under government control, one didn't learn anything pejorative about the Japanese Government. So we were really pretty much in the dark about that.

*Q: What happened when the attack came on Pearl Harbor? Let me ask you one question before that. As the gates were shutting, so to speak, prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, did the visa business fall off and your regular work fall off?*

BOND: Yes. By the time the war broke out, we were doing practically nothing but reporting to the Navy Department on ship movements. The Consulate in Yokohama is right on the bank of Tokyo Bay, so we had a wonderful view of the whole Bay. It was very active with shipping. We had a telescope up on the roof and we used it. It used to be, when we first started, that the Japanese ships had the name in Japanese characters and also in Romaji, which we could read. Then, for security reasons, they painted out the Romaji, leaving just the Japanese characters on the ship. Then sometime before the war broke out, they painted those out, too. So we didn't have very much to go on. We had a set of...

*Q: Silhouette books?*

BOND: Yes. Silhouette books, and we could tell...

*Q: ...what class they were and that sort of thing?*

BOND: Yes, but that was it. The Japanese, as it turned out, knew about our spying on their ships because one of our American clerks who was a Nisei, with an American father and a Japanese mother, was working for the Kempeitai.

*Q: This is the Japanese secret service.*

BOND: I would describe them more as the equivalent of the German SS. They were the ones who, when we were interned, took us over. But you were asking about the day of the attack. When I got back from that day at the beach, I had dinner and went to bed fairly early. I was awakened about five o'clock in the morning by a telephone call from this same Nisei clerk who turned out to be working for the Kempeitai. He said, "I think you ought to turn your radio on, because there's something going on in Southeast Asia. The Japanese have sunk, I think, two British battleships."

*Q: That was a little later. I think there were some previous attacks.*

BOND: Yes. They had made a serious attack on the British fleet, including the Britannia; I think it was, the flagship of their fleet. He said that the fighting was apparently still going on and

suggested that I turn on the radio. So I turned on the radio and I kept it tuned to an English language station in Shanghai, which had good music when it wasn't broadcasting news and had lots of news all the time when it wasn't playing music.

So I had that on and all of a sudden the news reader interrupted and said he had a special communiqué from the Imperial General Staff. Then he read the communiqué: the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, and Japan was now in a state of war with the United States and Great Britain.

It was about five-thirty by the time I got that and so I woke my colleague, the other vice-consul. We had some things to burn. There was a good place out in the garden which was hidden by shrubbery so we were taking things from the secret files and burning them. After two or three hours of this, the Kempeitai arrived in force and took over everything.. One thing we kept, at the Consul General's insistence (and he was right in a way.) He said, "The last things you want to burn are the code books, because we may get a coded message from the Embassy that we will have to be able to read." So we kept the code books and they were still there when the Japanese arrived.

The truckload of Kempeitai guards were commanded by a major. He made us go around and open all the files and show him what was inside and so on. He saw the code books. They were in a vault in the consul general's office, but he didn't touch them. He didn't touch anything. He just closed them up and put a Kempeitai seal on them. Then he went on his way, and this was a mistake on his part. This was because my vice consul colleague, Jules Goetzman, and I decided that the thing at the top of our list was getting those code books back, out of the vault, and destroyed, before the Japanese got them and read them or used them. The code was still uncompromised at that time, as we learned later...

So, to make a long story short, there were two doors to the Consul General's office, one of which opened into a hallway that led to our apartments upstairs. The other led to his secretary's office which was now being used as a sleeping area for the guards. There were about a dozen guards sleeping in there, and more sleeping around the area.

*Q: These were Japanese guards.*

BOND: Yes. The vault that held the code books was right up against the wall on the other side of which they were sleeping. So we found one night that they had failed to shut tight the one door that we had access to. So we went upstairs and lit a fire in the fireplace and waited until about midnight. Then we went downstairs very quietly and carefully and opened the vault. Every time we turned the thing we heard this "clunk" inside. It sounded horribly loud to us, but nobody woke up. There was no movement from the next room. We took the books out and closed the safe very carefully. We didn't lock it because that would have made more noise. We just closed it firmly. We had to break the Kempeitai seal, of course, to get in.

When we went upstairs and spent the rest of the night burning the two code books. We finished between five and six in the morning. Then we had a good, stiff drink and went to bed. About an hour later, someone knocked on my door: one of the subordinates of the guard detachment. He

said, "The Major wants to see you downstairs right away." He then went over to wake my colleague, and we were taken downstairs to where the Major was waiting.

The Major took us into the Consul General's office, pointed to the broken seal on the safe, and asked if we knew anything about it. When we nodded, the Major ordered us to open the safe. Once it was open and he saw the empty space where the code books had been, he demanded that the books be returned to him at once. My colleague replied that they had already been destroyed and offered to show the Major the ashes. The Major, in a rage probably fueled as much by fear for his own head as anything, drew his sword and demanded an explanation. Recalling a discussion we had had the night before while burning the code books, Goetzman and I, in an inelegant mixture of English and Japanese, endeavored to explain the destruction of the codes in terms of *bushido*, the traditional *samurai* code of loyalty and honor. We pointed out that Americans, too, had such a code of conduct and tradition of loyalty which demanded that we risk our lives to protect our country, in this case by protecting its codes. My colleague then asked the Major what he would have done in the same situation. The Major slowly sheathed his sword, drew himself to attention, and then quietly began to weep as he left the room. From that moment on, nothing more was heard from the Japanese about the incident - or about the Major, whom we never saw again. But the books were burned and I was told when I got back to Washington that they were still uncompromised at the time we destroyed them.

*Q: Obviously, everyone at our Embassy in Tokyo was put in together. There are stories about how they played bridge and golf and all that...*

BOND: Yes, that's right. They had it pretty easy, yes, but not that easy...

*Q: But essentially, they weren't giving you territorial immunity.*

BOND: No, they weren't. They also confiscated our cars. The complete guard detachment was changed each week. We were told by someone that they didn't want the guards to get too friendly with us. Then finally, in about late March or early April, when it began to warm up, one of the guards came to us and said, "Would you like to play some baseball?" We had a softball, they had a softball bat. So we played out in the garden. The rules were that if anybody hit the ball over the wall, it was an automatic out; he couldn't chase the ball unless he was a guard.  
*(Laughter)*

*Q: You played with the guards?*

BOND: We played several games with the guards and they were very nice. What they talked about most was "my cousin in California." They were all interested in going to visit their cousins or uncles in California. Things like that. There was no sign of animosity at all. But, for the first three months we were interned, the Kempeitai would not even allow the Foreign Office to see us. They wouldn't allow the Foreign Office to send a representative down. I think it was Sweden that was the...

*Q: Protecting power.*

BOND: Yes, the protecting power. They wouldn't allow anyone from the Swedish Legation to see us. So we couldn't get anything changed nor anything done. I don't know how it happened, but finally that situation changed. The Foreign Office sent a delegation down with many apologies. The Swedes came down, too.

One of the things that the Foreign Office persuaded the Kempeitai to do was to allow us to walk an hour each day in a little park that was across the street. It was exactly a mile long and it had been built with American funds after the earthquake.

*Q: In 1923?*

BOND: Yes, the 1923 earthquake. The park was built on the ruins. That was before the present consular building was built. Anyway, the Kempeitai allowed it. There had been several others sent down from Manchuria and Korea to be interned with us. Foreign Service people. So we were about 10 or 12 altogether.

They would take us walking with guards fore and aft along the park front, one time up, one time back. We were under strict orders not to speak to anyone. The weather was good and there were many Japanese walking, particularly on weekends. We never had the slightest show of animosity from any of the Japanese we passed.

One day, while we were walking, we had an interruption. There were benches every 50 yards or so and, sitting on one of them was a Caucasian-looking young man. It didn't ring a bell to me. I couldn't get a very good look at him but, as we got closer and were passing him, he jumped up and ran over to me. He put his arms around me and said, "Hello! Hello! Hello!"

As it turned out, when I was in Cuba, he had been a German vice-consul in Havana. He had subsequently been expelled from Cuba for espionage in 1940, and had been transferred to Panama. He was expelled from Panama almost as soon as he arrived there. The only way he could get back to Germany was through Japan and the Trans-Siberian Railway. But, while he was en route to Japan, Germany invaded the USSR, forcing him to remain in Japan, (*laughter*), so he didn't make it home.

Anyway, the guards were very upset over this interruption. They ran over and grabbed him. They pulled him away and demanded his identification. He showed them his German diplomatic passport. The guard called for his superior to come over and look at it. He said, "Look, this is impossible! These people are enemies! What are they doing hugging each other!?" He didn't believe it. But finally they accepted the fact that he was German and that we were pre-War friends. I don't know what happened to him. He had to spend the whole war there, I guess. I never saw him again.

*Q: What about food? Did the Japanese supply it?*

BOND: We had a bad time with food. The Japanese were under the impression that we had lots of food stashed away because we always shipped things in from San Francisco. The latest shipment from San Francisco was sitting on the dock at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack. We

had been told by the Japanese shipper that it was there, and we could actually see it. The shipper said it would be delivered but it never was.

We had lots of flour, lots of coffee, powdered milk. That sort of thing. Nothing really to eat. We finally convinced the Kempeitai that we really didn't have anything to eat. So they made an arrangement for the New Grand Hotel to send us meals. It was a very good hotel just down the street, the only good hotel in Yokohama. But it took a very long time to work out the details.

In the meantime, we had a variety of things to chew on from an unexpected source: our former Japanese servants. No longer allowed on the premises and obviously aware of our predicament, they hid tiny packets of edibles in the bushes behind the garage where they could not be seen leaving them, nor we retrieving them. Without their generosity, we might have starved.

At about the end of our first week of New Grand Hotel food, we found that we were eating cat. They were sending over cat. At first, we got chicken or some sort of fowl and seafood. Then, all of a sudden, cat. We drew the line at that. It was about then that the Foreign Office finally got through to us. They made an arrangement with a Swiss hotel and with the Kempeitai for us to have two meals a day at this little Swiss hotel, about two blocks from the Consulate. It was a very nice little hotel. The food was wonderful. The guards who took us over there were also fed.

As far as I know, the hotel never got paid for any of this. We couldn't pay. We didn't have any money. The Swiss owners were so pro-American they did everything they could for us. Gave us the best of everything while the guards were over in a corner eating sushi. That arrangement continued the rest of the time we were there.

*Q: When did you finally leave? Were you ever united with the Embassy group?*

BOND: Yes. What happened was that, I think about the first of June, we had a visit from a Japanese police official in uniform. I happened to be there when he came in and he asked to see the consul general. So I said, "He's somewhere around. I'll find him for you." He had come to invite the consul general to lunch with the local chief of police of the Prefecture. He was inviting the Consul General as well as the two officers assigned to Yokohama. The three of us were to lunch the following day at the New Grand Hotel. He said "Guards will be sent to bring you over."

The consul general was rather silly. He said, "Never would I accept such an invitation." The policeman, who spoke very good English, said, "Sir, you don't understand. This is not an invitation. This is a command. You will be there and your two subordinate officers will be there also. We will pick you up tomorrow at the arranged time."

So they came around and picked us up. The consul general was still in a huff. He wouldn't speak to anyone. The luncheon was in a private dining room with beautiful mahogany paneling. There were about 10 other Japanese officials there in addition to the chief of police, who sat at the end of the table. The consul general sat at the other end and we sat beside him. Other police officials, of various ranks, were also at the table.

Ever since I arrived in Yokohama, I'd had frequent dealings with the chief of police. Until Pearl Harbor. We had become good friends. I liked him very much. He was in his 60s and was on the verge of retirement. Anyway, when we went up there, the consul general wouldn't even look at him. He just stayed in his seat. Well, I went over and shook hands with him and we had a nice little chat. He had always been cooperative.

We sat down to lunch. Then the consul general rudely stood up and said to the chief of police, "I insist on knowing why you have brought us here." We had just started to eat the first course. The chief of police said, "We have a saying in Japan that 'One does not eat peanuts while making love.' We'll save the peanuts 'til after lunch." The consul general was very displeased.

*Q: The chief of police was talking?*

BOND: Yes. He then talked at some length about such innocuous subjects as Japanese painting and the ancient art of Japanese sword-making before turning to more serious matters. He spoke of his life-long admiration for the United States and his sadness that our two countries had to be at war with each other. Secondly, he stated that he was obliged to warn us that Japan, under the aegis of the Emperor, could never be defeated in war. He started to sit down but rose again and, in a lighter tone, addressed his American guests. He informed us in a by-the-way fashion that we would be leaving Japan the following week aboard the NYK liner Asama Maru, en route to our exchange point in East Africa.

On June 17, 1942, more or less in keeping with the chief of police's promise, the diplomats, journalists, businessmen, dependents, and other Western Hemisphere nationals selected for repatriation on this first exchange of enemy aliens were transferred by the Japanese to the pier where the Asama Maru was moored. The diplomats were boarded first and I managed to remain at the top of the gangplank from where I could watch for friends whom I had neither seen nor had news of since the war began. Many of these had been in prisons or concentration camps and some were down to skin and bones, some were almost unrecognizable. Others, good friends of mine, gave no sign of recognition when I greeted them, their only reaction a blank stare.

With everyone on board we expected to sail that night. But we didn't sail that night, nor the next. We were there another week. There were rumors all over the ship about, you know, "the whole thing's going to be called off; we're going back; we're going to be imprisoned somewhere; they're not going to exchange us after all." As it turned out, the delay was because the Emperor had a relative in the States who did not have diplomatic status, and he was trying to get him included. The State Department finally agreed and we sailed shortly after midnight on the 25<sup>th</sup> of June. And God, were we glad to go. Every morning for weeks we'd get up to see which side the sun was rising on.

Being very junior, my fellow vice consuls and I were relegated to the silk holds of the ship. To get to our quarters, we had to go down as far as you could go by stairs, and then by ladder. We were below the waterline in small compartments, oh, I'd say 12 by 14 feet, something like that. They had built six sleeping shelves into each one of those. So there were six of us in each compartment and we couldn't turn the light out because there was a cage around the only light bulb.

Our first stop was Hong Kong where we picked up colleagues from South China. They'd had a very hard time, a much harder time than we'd had. Journalist Joe Alsop was one of those who got on there. Then on to Saigon. We went up the Saigon River and it was sort of like the Titanic trying to go through the Panama Canal. We just barely made it.

*Q: Yes. It's not a very large river.*

BOND: That's right. So we went up there, and spent the Fourth of July of 1942 in Saigon aboard a Japanese ship. We boarded the diplomats and some missionaries there. That was our only other pick-up stop. Then we went on to Singapore to refuel and take on water, and then across the Indian Ocean to Mozambique.

*Q: I can't remember. Had the Doolittle Raid occurred?*

BOND: Yes. It occurred while we were there. It was in April. I think we had just started eating at the Swiss restaurant. Anyway, we were walking back from the Swiss restaurant and all of a sudden this plane came flying very low from across the Bay. It was a B-25, a two engine and twin-tailed. None of us had ever seen a B-25 before because they weren't put into service until about 1942. We thought it was probably a Japanese Air Force exercise. There were American markings on the plane and we thought that might have been to make it seem more realistic.

Then we looked across the Bay. There were great clouds of black smoke coming up from the refineries. So then we thought maybe it was the real thing. We were just about to arrive at our Consulate. There was another plane that flew over at some distance but this one must have been barely 500 feet off the ground. The only thing they hit in Yokohama was the hospital and the reason they hit that was because there was an anti-aircraft gun on the roof.

Once the planes had gone, the head of the guard contingent called us all together and he was furious. He said, "What do you mean!? What do you mean by attacking us that way!? What do you mean?" He said, "If it happens again, there will be some serious repercussions, so don't let it happen again."

In the meantime, I remember, one of the American male clerks was tied up in about a half-mile of rope and then hung with signs all over him in Japanese. They paraded him through the streets of Yokohama. They didn't hurt him, they delivered him back and took off his ropes. That was the Doolittle Raid as we saw it. The clerk's name was Dick Child.

*Q.: Could you see Yokohama Harbor when you were under incarceration?*

BOND: Yes. It could be seen best from the roof, but that was off-limits to us during our internment. But we could see it even from downstairs. My own apartment looked out over the garden, but my colleague's second-floor apartment on the front of the building looked right out over the Bay.

*Q: Were you keeping notes on what was happening?*

BOND: For the last six months or so before Pearl Harbor, our principal official activity was reporting daily to the U.S. Navy Dept. in Washington on the movement of ships into and out of Tokyo Bay. We had managed to destroy or hide copies of our telegrams to the Navy Department before the first arrival of the Kempeitai. Once the Kempeitai arrived, they took away all of our writing materials, all our paper, all our radios, books, everything. The only thing they missed was a little portable phonograph we managed to hide, with one record: a wonderful jazz recording of "I Can't Get Started"...(*hums tune*) We did have that but, with no writing materials and constant searches, we couldn't keep notes. We did have one old copy of LIFE magazine and one of the things in it was a double page spread on different moustache styles. We decided to assign each of us one particular style and, when it grew in, we'd shave it off and start a different style.

(*Laughter*) Oh, God!

*Q: Were you aware of the progress of the War while you were there?*

BOND: We occasionally had Japanese newspapers discarded by our guards, which some of our Nisei employees could read. So from time to time we could see what the Japanese Government was saying about the war. No matter what the battle scene was, it was always a great victory for the Japanese. Then, sometime in April or May, there was the Battle of the Coral Sea, which we learned about from a newspaper thrown away by the guards. It carried a communique about this great battle. It don't remember how many American carriers it said had been sunk, but it admitted the loss of Japanese ships, including carriers. We took this unprecedented admission as a sign that they'd really had a bad time. As it turned out, that was a turning point of the naval war. But that's all we could get.

**ROBERT A. FEAREY**  
**Private Secretary to the U.S. Ambassador**  
**Tokyo (1941-1942)**

*Mr. Fearey was born and raised in New York and graduated from Harvard University. He joined the State Department in 1952, after serving as private secretary to the American Ambassador in Tokyo. During his Foreign Service career Mr. Fearey held a number positions dealing with Political-Military Affairs in Washington and abroad. His foreign assignments included London, Tokyo and Paris. Mr. Fearey provided a copy of his Report and Addenda to Georgetown University.*

FEARY: This is the story of one year of what has turned out to be a rather interesting life. Another such period was my year as special assistant to John Foster Dulles during his negotiation of the Japanese Peace Treaty. But with the fiftieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor and of the unsuccessful US-Japan negotiations that preceded it approaching in December, there is special reason to set out now my recollections of what I observed and participated in as a private secretary to our Ambassador to Japan, Joseph C. Grew, in Tokyo and in Washington from mid-1942 to mid-1942.

The story of those negotiations, referred to on the US side as “the Washington talks,” (Washington’s position was that the talks never reached the negotiation stage because of the two sides’ inability to agree on prior “fundamental and essential questions,” but, for simplicity’s sake, I will overlook the distinction and use the word negotiations herein.) is available in Mr. Grew’s Ten Years in Japan (1944), and Turbulent Era Vol. II (1952) and in the official records, published after twenty-five years, in The Foreign Relations of the United States. 1941. Japan. Fully set in those volumes are the arguments supporting Washington’s handling of the negotiations, on the one hand and on the other--Ambassador Grew’s firmly held views that Washington’s stance was unimaginative and inflexible, that the Embassy’s carefully considered reports, analyses and recommendations centering on Prime Minister Konoye’s proposal that he and President Roosevelt meet face-to-face in Honolulu in a direct effort to achieve a settlement of all outstanding issues were given short shift, and that if the meeting had been allowed to take place, the Pacific War might have been avoided.

Ambassador Grew, whom I continued to see from time to time during the war, remarked several times that only history can judge the issue. We are now fifty years into history, and it is perhaps not amiss to pull the arguments together for another look. I am no historian, but at least I have the benefit of having assisted Grew in a small way in the preparation of his never published "failure of a mission" report during our post-Pearl Harbor internment in Tokyo, of discussing the issues with him at length during our two months long voyage home, and of accompanying him when he called on Secretary of State Cordell Hull and attempted to present the report. I thought then, and I think now, that Grew was right, that the meeting should have been held, and that if it had been held the Pacific War might in fact have been avoided, without sacrifice of any significant U.S. or Allied principle or interest. Over most of its length, however, what I will relate is of little or no historical interest consisting of events and anecdotes during our internment and the long voyage home via Lourenco Marques (now Maputo) and Rio de Janeiro aboard the "Asama Maru" and the "Gripsholm".

The story begins in April 1941 during the Easter vacation of my senior year at college. I was cutting the lawn at home in Long Island, New York, when a call came from James D. Regan, Senior Master at Groton School in Massachusetts, from which I had graduated in 1937. Did I recall Ambassador Grew's practice of asking Groton's headmaster to nominate a Grotonian about to graduate from college to come out to Tokyo for two years as his private secretary? I said that I did indeed recall it, and remembered that Marshall Green, of Groton's class of 1935, currently held the job. Regan said that Green's time would be up in June, that Rev. John Crocker, Groton's then headmaster, had received a letter from Ambassador Grew asking him to propose a successor, and that he wished to propose me.

Regan said that there was, of course, the problem of the draft--would I be prepared and able to obtain a deferment? I said that I thought my retinal detachment history would prevent me from serving in any, even home-front, military capacity; that the job with Grew interested me very much and that I would try to expedite determination of my draft status. He said that he would mail me a copy of Grew's letter to Crocker, which, as a demonstration of Grew's writing talents, devotion to Groton and the Foreign Service and sense of humor, I will attach to this account.

A month later, after being classified 4-F (excluded from any form of military service), I confirmed my acceptance of the position to Crocker. Soon afterward, I received a letter of welcome from Mr. Grew, and in June, Green returned home. We met in New York, where he removed any doubts I might have had that I made the right decision. "The Grews," he said, "were great, the Embassy group first class, the duties of the job not too arduous and Japan still a wonderful place, notwithstanding the gathering of war clouds." In the course of a couple of days together, I offered Green an airplane ride, having at that time accumulated several hundred flying hours. He still talks of our bombing run a few feet above a tanker moving down Long Island Sound, with the captain running for cover on the bridge.

In those days, hard as it is to believe now, US Foreign Service Officers called personally on the Secretary or Under Secretary before departing for their posts. The number of FSOs was sufficiently small to permit this. I was not an FSO, but Grew had written to his old friend, Under Secretary Sumner Welles, another Grotonian, to ask him to oversee my departure arrangements and briefly receive me. I recall waiting in the anteroom between Secretary Hull's and Under Secretary Welles' offices, occupied by two secretaries, before Mr. Welles came out to usher me in. The two claimed to be their bosses entire secretarial support!

Driving my own Dodge car across the country, I read up on Japan, but comforted by Green's report that I would have almost no need for Japanese, I attempted to learn only a few phrases. At San Francisco, I boarded the *Kamakura Maru* and recall during the voyage tossing a ball in the ship's pool with Mamoru Shigemitsu, Japan's Ambassador to the U.K. who became Foreign Minister in 1943 and signed the surrender instruments for Japan on the *Missouri*. He had lost a leg from a terrorist bomb some years before in Shanghai, and swimming was accordingly his favorite sport. Afterward, we sometimes discussed the deterioration of US-Japan relations and what might still be done about it over tea on the deck.

Arriving in Yokohama, I was met by an Embassy driver, and with his help, I started the paperwork to have my car released by the port authorities. My amah (servant), Kanisan, inherited from Green, met me with a bow and a giggle at the door of my government provided apartment in the Embassy compound in Tokyo. I had barely started to unpack when the phone rang - it was Ambassador Grew inviting me up the hill to his residence to get acquainted.

As I entered Grew's study, he turned from the old typewriter on which he had hunt and pecked his work at home for decades and greeted me warmly. We talked for about half an hour, during which he said that he had just received a letter about me from my maternal grandfather, Bishop William Lawrence, who had confirmed him at Groton years ago. Mrs. Grew came in to be introduced, lamenting the fact that unlike my predecessor, I did not play bridge. Grew said that he nevertheless had good reports on my golf, which was the important thing. Both could not have been nicer. I left feeling that all would be well.

The next day I met the Embassy staff, particularly Eugene H. Doorman, the Embassy Counselor--born in Japan, fluent in Japanese and Grew's right-hand man--Edward S. Crocker, First Secretary; Charles E. Bohlen, Second Secretary--recently arrived from Embassy Moscow and later President Roosevelt's Russian interpreter/advisor and Ambassador to the USSR, France and the Philippines--Captain Henri H. Smith-Hutton, Naval Attaché; Lt. Colonel Harry J. Creswell,

Army Attaché; Frank S. Williams, Commercial Attaché and Marion Arnold, Mr. Grew's longtime secretary, with whom I shared his outer office.

I had known that one of my principle duties would be golf. Weekday afternoons, when permitted, Grew would quickly assemble a foursome from the Embassy golfers--most often Doorman, Bohlen, Crocker and myself--and away we would go to Koganei, Kasumegaseki or some other nearby course. Relations with Japan had reached a point where Grew's Japanese friends could no longer afford to be seen with him, including on the golf course. On the other hand, as I will bring out later, there were those, including Prime Minister Konoye, who found carefully arranged golf games and private dinners still feasible for meeting with Grew and Doorman at critically important junctures.

The Grew's favorite weekend retreat from the summer heat of Tokyo was in Karuizawa, about three hours drive up in the so-called Japanese Alps in central Honshu. There they stayed in the Mampei Hotel, and golf was the order of the day. I was frequently included in these excursions, sometimes going with them in their Embassy car and sometimes driving up on my own.

I was invited on such a trip the first weekend after I arrived and recall teeing up at the first hole for my first game of golf in Japan, with Grew, Chip Bohlen and Ned Crocker looking on. To my partner, Mr. Grew's and my delight, I hit one of the best drives of my life. Thereafter, my game reverted to form, but at least I never had to be concerned about failing to hold up my end with partner Grew. A tremendous golf enthusiast, he unfortunately seldom broke one hundred. His putting style was unique--between his legs with a croquet-type stroke--but unfortunately no better for the fact. Bohlen and I both prided ourselves on the length of our drives; considerable sums passed between us on the issue, on top of the team bets.

As the weeks passed, I became aware that Grew and Doorman were heavily preoccupied with an undertaking which they believed could critically affect the prospects for averting war. Though the matter was closely held within the Embassy, I learned that it related to a proposal Grew had transmitted to Washington from Prime Minister Konoye that he and President Roosevelt meet fact-to-face in Honolulu in an effort to fundamentally turn US-Japan relations around before it was too late. Grew had told Washington that Konoye was convinced that he would be able to present terms for such a settlement at such a meeting which the US and its allies would be able to accept. Kanoye had said that the terms had the backing of the Emperor and of Japan's highest military authorities and that senior military officers were prepared to accompany him to the meeting and put the weight of their approval behind the hoped-for agreement with the President on the mission's return to Japan. Grew and Doorman had strongly recommended that Washington agree to the meeting.

Returning to daily life at the Embassy, of the many incidents that stick in my mind, I will relate only two, both relating to the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Craigie, a distinguished but slightly stuffy representative of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

One of my duties as private secretary was to operate the movie projector when the Grews showed American movies after dinner parties at their residence. The machine was somewhat antiquated and occasionally broke down in the middle of a reel. This happened one evening

when the Craigies were among the guests. Mrs. Craigie, sitting next to Mrs. Grew, remarked, "Isn't it unfortunate, my dear, that machine of yours is always breaking down."

To which Mrs. Grew, a formidable adversary in repartee, replied, "Yes, my dear, but isn't it fortunate that we have no important guests tonight."

A few weeks later, Sir Robert called on Grew in his office for a review of events. After he has departed, Grew called me in to say that in the course of conversation, Sir Robert had asked him if he was aware that his private secretary had been seen in the company of a half Swedish, half German young lady known to be close to the German community in Tokyo, including members of the German Embassy. Surely with the access which the private secretary undoubtedly had to sensitive materials, Mr. Grew would wish to ensure that the relationship was terminated. Grew said that he had told Sir Robert in no uncertain terms that he had every confidence in his private secretary and that if this were not the case, he would not restrict my contacts but would send me home. Grew doubted we would hear anymore of the matter, and we didn't.

Reverting to the Konoye proposal, although my knowledge of the cables back and forth was limited at the time, the records show that Washington's initial reaction to the proposal was not unfavorable. The idea caught the President's imagination. In a late August session with Japanese Ambassador Kichisaburo Nomura, Roosevelt "spoke of the difficulty of going as far as Hawaii and elaborated his reasons why it would be difficult to get away for twenty-one days. He turned to Juneau, Alaska as a meeting place, which would only require some fourteen or fifteen days, allowing for a three or four days conversation with the Japanese Prime Minister." At the close of the meeting, he said, "that he would be keenly interested in having three or four days with Prince Konoye, and he again mentioned Juneau.: In his August 28 reply to Roosevelt through Nomura, Konoye said that "he would be assisted by a staff of about twenty persons, of whom five each would be from the Foreign Office, the Army, the Navy and the Japanese Embassy at Washington." Nomura "thought that the inclusion of Army and Navy representatives would be especially beneficial in view of the responsibility which they would share for the settlement reached." Konoye told Grew about this time that a destroyer with steam up awaited in Yokohama to carry him and his associates to the meeting place. An Embassy officer who lived in Yokohama confirmed this.

However, at a meeting with Nomura at the White House on September 3, the President read a message, prepared at State, from him to Konoye, which included the statement that "it would seem highly desirable that we take precautions toward ensuring that our proposed meeting shall prove a success by endeavoring to enter immediately upon preliminary discussions of the fundamental and essential questions on which we seek agreement. The questions which I have in mind for such preliminary discussions involve practical applications fundamental to achievement and maintenance of peace..." When Nomura asked whether the President was still favorable to a conference, "the President replied that he was but that it was very important to settle a number of these questions beforehand if the success of the conference was to be safeguarded..." He added that "it would be necessary for us to discuss the matter fully with the British, the Chinese and the Dutch, since there is no other way to effect a suitable peaceful settlement for the Pacific area."

In succeeding meetings, Roosevelt and Hull reiterated these two themes--that the proposed meeting must be preceded by preliminary US-Japan discussions of (by which they clearly meant agreement on) "the fundamental and essential questions on which we seek agreement," and by US consultation with our Chinese, British and Dutch allies. In a September fourth meeting with Nomura, Hull said that "this was especially necessary with the Chinese who might otherwise be apprehensive lest we betray them. He (Hull) felt that before we are in a position to go to the Chinese, the American and Japanese Governments should reach a clear understanding in principle on the various points to be discussed affecting China." Concern for Chiang Kai-shek's reactions was clearly a key factor in the Administration's thinking.

Konoye, in his initial broaching of the meeting idea in the spring, had explained to Grew, and he to Washington, why it was necessary for him to meet personally with Roosevelt outside Japan and why he would be able to propose terms at such a meeting which he could never propose through diplomatic channels. If he had said he was to use such channels to provide the specific assurances Washington sought on the China question and other issues, his Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, who had led Japan into the Axis Pact with Germany and Italy and who, with the Germans and Italians, would do anything to prevent a Japanese accommodation with the US, would immediately leak those assurances to fanatical Japanese elements and to the German and Italian Embassies; he (Konoye) would be assassinated, and the whole effort would fail. A further risk of hostile leaks lay in the codes through which the Embassy and the State Department communicated. The Embassy hoped that one of its codes was still secure, but Konoye told Grew that he believed that Japanese cryptographers had broken all the others. The Embassy did not know that we had broken the Japanese codes and that Washington knew everything that passes by cable between Tokyo and the Japanese Embassy in Tokyo.

After Matsuoka was forced to resign as Foreign Minister following the German invasion of Russia in June, Konoye told Grew, and he Washington, that Matsuoka had left supporters behind in the Foreign Office who would equally leak the positive and forthcoming terms which he (Konoye) intended to propose to the President. On the other hand, Konoye maintained that if he, accompanied by senior representatives of the Army and Navy, could meet face-to-face with Roosevelt, propose those terms and have them accepted in principle, subject to Washington and Allied concurrence and the working out of detailed implementing arrangements, the reaction of relief and approval in Japan would be so strong that die-hard elements would be unable to prevail against it.

Grew and Doorman supported this reasoning. From the Emperor down, they told Washington, the Japanese knew that the China venture was not succeeding. Particularly after the July freezing of Japanese assets abroad and the embargo on oil and scrap shipments to Japan, the endless war in China was driving Japan into ruin. Every time a taxi went around the corner, Japan had less oil. There was solid reason to believe that the bulk of the Japanese people, except for the die-hards and fanatics, would sincerely welcome a face-saving settlement that would enable the country to pull back, on an agreed schedule, from China and Southeast Asia, even if not from Manchuria. Japan had now held Manchuria for nine years and successfully integrated its economy into the homeland economy, and its disposition presented special problems which would have to be worked out in agreement with Nationalist China. (Chiang Kai-shek reportedly declared in 1937 that China was determined to give up no more of its territory--a tacit admission

that the return of Manchuria to China could not at that time be expected.) But the time was now-- the opportunity had to be seized before Japan's economic situation and internal discontent reached so serious a level that the military felt obliged and entitled to take complete control and launch Japan on a suicidal war against the West.

Grew told Washington that because of the risks of hostile exposure, Konoye could not provide the clear and specific commitments concerning China, Indochina, the Axis Pact, non-discriminatory trade and other issues which Washington sought before the proposed meeting. On the other hand, he argued, there was strong reason to believe that Konoye would be able to provide those commitments at the proposed meeting and that with the Emperor's, the top military's and the people's support, they would be carried out. No one could guarantee this, but the alternative was almost certainly replacement of the Konoye Government and a rapid descent toward war. A State Department paraphrase of an August eighteenth Grew cable to Hull concluded as follows:

“The Ambassador urges with all the force at his command for the sake of avoiding the obviously growing possibility of an utterly futile war between Japan and the United States that this Japanese proposal not be turned aside without very prayerful consideration. Not only is the proposal unprecedented in Japanese history, but it is an indication that Japanese intransigence is not crystallized completely, owing to the fact that the proposal has the approval of the Emperor and the highest authorities in the land. The good which may flow from a meeting between Prince Konoye and President Roosevelt is incalculable. The opportunity is here presented, the Ambassador ventures to believe, for an act of the highest statesmanship, such as the recent meeting of President Roosevelt with Prime Minister Churchill at sea, with the possible overcoming thereby of apparently insurmountable obstacles to peace hereafter in the Pacific.” (For a fuller exposition of Grew's views in his own words, see the attached copy of his message of August nineteenth to the Secretary and Under Secretary.)

As the weeks passed and Washington still withheld approval of Konoye's meeting proposal, he and Grew became increasingly discouraged. Konoye warned at their secret meetings that time was running out, that he would soon have no alternative but to resign and be succeeded by a prime minister and cabinet offering far less chance of determinedly seeking and being able to carry out a mutually acceptable US-Japan settlement. Again and again Grew urged Washington to accept the meeting as the last, best chance for a settlement. He urged that not only Konoye, but he and Doorman firmly believed the Emperor and Japan's top military and civilian leaders wished to reverse Japan's unsuccessful military course, if this could be accomplished without an appearance of abject surrender. Japan could not pull its forces out of China and Indochina overnight without such an appearance, but it could commit itself to a course of action which would accomplish that result in an acceptable period of time under effective safeguards.

Personalities can make an important difference in such situations. Secretary Hull's principal Far Eastern advisor was a former professor named Stanley K. Hornbeck. Coming to the post with a China background, he was personally known by Grew and other Embassy Tokyo officers to have shown disdain and dislike for the Japanese. Word reached the Embassy that it was largely as a

result of his influence and advice that Roosevelt's and Hull's initially favorable reaction to the meeting proposal had cooled. It was largely at his insistence that the policy of requiring Japan to provide clear and specific assurances on outstanding issues, particularly respecting China, before such a meeting could be held had been adopted. Hornbeck was quoted as saying that Grew had been in Japan too long, that he was more Japanese than the Japanese and that all one had to do with the Japanese was to stand up to them, and they would cave. The Embassy heard that State's "Japan hands," led by Joseph W. Ballantine, tended to agree with its recommendations, but how strongly was not clear. What did seem clear was that Hornbeck had the upper hand and that his views were prevailing with Hull and Roosevelt.

On October 16, Konoye, having plead and waited in vain for US acceptance of his meeting proposal, resigned and was replaced by General Hideki Tojo. In a private conversation with Grew, Konoye put the best face he could on this development, recalling that Tijo, as War Minister in Konoye's cabinet, had personally supported the meeting proposal and had been prepared to put his personal weight behind the hoped-for agreement with the President. But Grew and Doorman now held little hope for peace, believing that the chance which Konoye had presented of a reversal, not at once, but by controlling stages, of Japan's aggressive course had been lost. The Washington talks continued, and Grew employed his talents to the full with his old friends, the new Foreign Minister, Admiral Teijiro Toyoda, and others to make them succeed. But he was privately frank to say that in his view, the die had been cast when Konoye gave up on the proposed meeting and resigned.

Reflecting this view, Grew sent a number of cables during October and November, warning that the Japanese, finding themselves in a corner as a result of the freeze and embargo, not only might, but probably would, resort to an all-out, do-or-die attempt to render Japan invulnerable to foreign economic pressures, even if the effort were tantamount to national hara-kiri. In a message on November 3, he expressed the hope that the US would not become involved in war "because of any possible misconception of Japan's capacity to rush headlong into a suicidal struggle with the United States." He said that "the sands are running fast," and that "an armed conflict with the United States may come with dangerous and dramatic suddenness." Earlier in the year, he had reported that the Peruvian Ambassador in Tokyo had informed diplomatic colleagues that a Japanese Admiral in his cups had been heard to say that if war came, it would start with an attack on Pearl Harbor. The contrast between Grew's prescient warnings and Hornbeck's reported view that if one stood up to the Japanese, they would cave, could not be more stark. But "China-hand" Hornbeck's analysis prevailed over that of our Tokyo Embassy, not only with Hull and the President, but also apparently with our military authorities responsible for our Pacific defenses.

And so war came. It was Sunday in the US but Monday morning, December 8, when the news reached us in Tokyo. At about 8:00, I walked over from my apartment to the Embassy chancery-- a distance of about forty feet. There, standing or lying around on the chancery lobby floor, were a collection of golf bags. It was the day for the "Tuffy's Cup" annual golf tournament, inaugurated some years before by the British Naval Attaché, Captain Tuffnel.

Chip Bohlen came down the stairs. Had I heard the news? The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor and other points around the Western Pacific, and the Imperial Headquarters had announced that a state of war existed between Japan and the US and its Allies. As I absorbed this

intelligence, other Embassy officers arrived, most having heard the news from their drivers, who had heard it over their car radios.

The Ambassador had not yet come in, so I went up to his residence. He was relating to Ned Crocker how he had delivered a personal message from the President to the Emperor through Foreign Minister Togo at midnight and how he had been called over to Togo's office at 7:30 that morning to receive the Emperor's reply. Grew said that if Togo had known about the attack, he had given no sign of it on either occasion, though his manner had been even stiffer than usual that morning. That, however, could be accounted for by the fact that the Emperor's response to the President's message had broken off the year-long US-Japan negotiations. Grew later heard on good authority that Togo knew nothing of the attack until the news came over the radio early Monday morning.

I returned to the chancery, where people were talking in knots and scurrying about. I joined Bohlen, who was exchanging information with a British Embassy officer named Johnson who had driven over. We agreed that the Japanese appeared to have scored a major initial success. Walking back to my apartment, I comforted Kani-san, who was in tears, as best I could.

I then went down to the compound's front gate, which was closed tight with Japanese police standing all about. Outside, up the street, I heard a newsboy calling "*Gokkai, Gokkai,*" meaning "Extra, Extra" and waving copies of the English language "official" Japanese Government newspaper, *The Japan Times and Advertiser*, on which I could see gigantic headlines. It occurred to me that the paper would probably not only be informative on what happened, but would make a great souvenir. So I walked as inconspicuously as I could back along the eight-foot wall surrounding the compound to a corner where some small pine trees provided a little cover. There I scrambled over the wall, bought two copies of the paper, one to give to Grew and one to keep, and scrambled back. Fortunately, this somewhat foolhardy maneuver was not noticed by the police, who I knew had orders to allow no one in or out of the compound without express official permission.

Mr. Grew was delighted to receive his copy. He asked me to start collecting issues of the Japan Times Advertiser every day for him to take back to Washington as of possible value to US intelligence services and historians. My copy of the December 8 issue, with its massive headline, WAR IS ON, hangs framed on our basement room wall at home. Its probable value as a collector's item is enhanced by the fact that the Tojo Government, at about the time I went over the wall, ordered that paper's sale stopped and required everyone who had bought a copy to turn it in to the police for destruction. This was because the paper contained a fuller account of Konoye's efforts to avoid war that the government wanted known. The paper also contains the English version of the Imperial Rescript to the Japanese people on the outbreak of war. Probably drafted and translated by the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Marquis Kido, who was fluent in English, it is a masterpiece of prose, almost Biblical in its majesty and sweep. A copy is attached.

Getting ahead of my story for a moment, I returned to Tokyo in early October, 1945 as Special Assistant to the Political Advisor to the Supreme Allied Commander, General MacArthur. Thinking it would be nice to have a copy of the August 15, 1945 surrender issue of the same

paper, which during the war had been renamed the *Nippon Times*, to go with my December 8, 1941 outbreak of war issue, I searched out a copy, and it hangs in our basement alongside the earlier one. The surrender headlines are understandable smaller than the outbreak of war ones, reading, "His Majesty Issues Rescript to Restore Peace." But as in 1941, the Rescript is a prose masterpiece, probably also written by Marquis Kido, and a copy of it is attached. Beside the two newspapers on our wall are two pages of a 1942 issue of *Life*, with pictures and captions portraying our life during the internment, along with other memorabilia of my time with Grew.

Returning to Pearl Harbor Day in Tokyo, at about 11:00 a.m., a car containing several Japanese officials drove into the compound, and a Mr. Ohno of the Foreign Office asked to see the Ambassador. Someone called the residence, and Mrs. Grew answered. On being informed that a Foreign Office official wished to see the Ambassador, she replied that he was busy, and couldn't Gene Doorman receive him? But Doorman was not there. Having earlier been denied entrance to the compound by an overly-zealous guard, he had gone off to the Foreign Office to protest. So Ohno asked to see the next ranking Embassy officer, who was First Secretary Crocker. By that time, I had realized what was up and slipped into Crocker's office with Ohno and his colleagues.

After a brief exchange of greetings, Ohno pulled a paper from his pocket and said, "I am instructed to hand to you, as representing the Embassy, the following document which I shall first read to you."

"No. 136 - Strictly Confidential/Investigation V."

Ministry of Foreign Affairs  
Tokyo, December 8, 1941

"Excellency:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that there has arisen a state of war between Your Excellency's country and Japan beginning today.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration."

Shigenori Togo

Minister of Foreign Affairs

His Excellency Joseph Clark Grew,  
Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of  
the United States of America at Tokyo.

After a brief silence, Crocker said, "This is a very tragic moment."

Ohno replied, "It is, and my duty is most disasterful."

Ohno then proceeded to read the following statement concerning the Embassy and its functions:

- “1. The functions of the Embassy and the Consulates will be suspended as of today.
2. Members of the Embassy and Consulates will be accorded protection and living facilities in accordance with international usages.
3. In order to secure protection and facilities aforementioned, it is recommended that all the members of the Embassy be congregated in the Embassy compound.
4. Communication with the outside, including telephone and telegraph, will be suspended. In the case anyone desires to go out, permission must be obtained from the Gaimusho through the officer who will be posted in front of the Embassy, liaison officer, Mr. Matsuo. He has come here with me.
5. As soon as a country representing your interests is nominated, contact between your Embassy and representatives of the said country will be allowed as is necessary for the purpose of representing your interests.
6. Due attention is being paid to protecting the citizens of the United States.
7. All wireless transmitting sets will be surrendered at once.
8. All shortwave, wireless receiving sets, private as well as official, the use of which will no more be acquiesced to be handed over.
9. En clair telegrams informing your government of having been notified of a state of war will be allowed through the liaison officer.”

Ohno then asked that someone be assigned to take the police representatives of the Department of Communications around to each office and apartment to be shown every receiving and transmitting radio in the premises. After phoning Grew, who felt that we were not in a position to refuse the request, as it was a case of *force majeure*, Crocker agreed to this under protest.

Again demonstrating youthful indiscretion, I went back to my apartment and effectively hid a tiny pocket radio which a college housemate and amateur radio expert had made for me and which I had brought along to Japan. The radio was about five inches long, three inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick and had what my friend had told me might be two of the smallest tubes ever made. I carried it inside the upper pocket of my jacket, with holes cut in the pocket so I could reach in to turn the control knobs. a thin wire ran up under the back of my coat to a small, almost invisible ear plug. With this device, I had been able, unbeknownst to anyone, to listen to the radio during classes at college and even when riding my motorcycle. In Japan, I had tried it out a few times and had no trouble receiving Japanese language stations. In our current predicament, I thought it might be a useful source of information, and in any case, I did not want to lose it. The searchers never found it, and it did prove to be a moderately useful source of information until the tiny batteries wore out. I brought it back to the States on the repatriation ship.

Even before Ohno's arrival, a group of us under Bohlen's direction had started to burn the Embassy code books and classified files. The code books were numerous and bulky and the files extensive. Burning them effectively was no easy task, particularly in contrast with modern destruction techniques. The burning was carried on in metal waste baskets indoors and steel

drums outdoors in the garage enclosure. From time to time, in spite of our best efforts, whole or partial pages of unburned code or text would float up and away over Tokyo.

Ohno and the agents searching for radios showed no interest in the destruction operation, saying that their orders were solely to find and remove radios, particularly, of course, transmitters, of which the Embassy had none. All our electronic message traffic was by coded text through the Japanese Postal and Telegraph Service. Ohno's lack of interest may have resulted from the fact, as Konoye had informed Grew a few months before, that Japanese cryptographers had broken all our codes except, Konoye thought, one.

In the days that followed, our group of sixty-five organized itself under Grew's and Doorman's direction into a smoothly running, not unpleasant routine. Fortunately, as one of my responsibilities, and with the possibility of war all too apparent, I had in August mailed into San Francisco a large grocery order, after obtaining from each American staff member a list of exactly what he or she wanted, paid in advance. The order arrived only a week or two before Pearl Harbor and proved to be a godsend.

Helen Skouland, a file clerk who later married career Ambassador H. Freeman Mathews, set up a store in a chancery office of all the assembled goodies. She and I decided that in the circumstances, a Communist distribution and accounting system was indicated, based not on who had ordered what but on what the relative needs were, including those of the ten or so American businessmen who had sought refuge in the compound when the war broke out and who had not participated in the order. So we devised a system under which the original orders were nullified, and all items were essentially rationed, with payment recalculated on the basis of a combination of need and ability to pay. The arrangement was readily accepted, and the groceries were successfully strung out to last until our departure. Fresh produce was procured from the Tokyo markets through our Japanese servants, almost all of whom stayed loyally with us to the end.

As the youngest member of the group, except for the eight-year old daughter of the Naval Attaché and his wife, Cynthia Smith-Hutton, I was appointed Sports Director. This was not an insignificant assignment. Although most of the group busied themselves pretty well writing, reading, learning to type or whatever, there was inevitably a good deal of leisure time, and sports had a definite morale and fitness importance. So Bohlen, the Assistant Naval Attaché, Commander Mert Stone and I laid out a nine-hole golf course, totaling over 500 yards among and over the buildings; we set up a badminton court and ping pong table in the garage courtyard; and I organized a succession of hotly contested tournaments in all three sports, with prizes. Some of the prizes, such as engraved silver cups and ashtrays, I ordered from outside, and some were sent in my friends of the Grews, particularly the Finnish Ambassador, Lars Tiltse and his wife.

Golf had always been Mr. Grew's favorite sport, and every morning he came down from the residence for a game. He still had misplaced confidence in my golfing skills and chose me as his partner for all the team contests. We won our share, and each of us brought back several trophies engraved "Greater East Asia Black Sulphur Springs Golf Club." "Black Sulphur Springs" was a reference to the plush resort where our counterparts, the Japanese diplomats in the US, were held. On other occasions, we used the title "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere Golf Course."

To enliven our golf games, I organized a running sweepstakes under which, if you drew the name of the next person to break a window, you won the pot. Needless to say, with some of the holes going over three-story apartments houses into small, invisible to the driver greens, a great many balls ended up in the Tokyo streets. Fortunately, we had a lot of balls and never ran out. And every day, except Sunday, the Grews and four or five other avid poker players gathered for their marathon poker series., which continued on the repatriation ships almost to New York. The stakes were fairly high, and at one point, the indebtedness of an Assistant Army Attaché reached a level uncomfortable to the Grews and the rest of the group as it was to him. But happily in the end, he pulled up almost even. The bridge players, led by Mrs. Grew, were equally committed to their almost daily game.

Everyone at the outset did his or her own laundry in the sink or bathtub, as the sight of drying linens and apparel around the compound attested. One day, while playing hide-and-seek with my best friend and constant companion, Cynthia, We came upon an old washing machine in the Grew's attic. I managed to get it going, had it brought down to a room in the chancery basement and sent Cynthia to tell all and sundry that we were ready to take over their laundry chores, including delivery back to the apartments if they would bring their things down suitably bundled to us by 9:00 every morning. The next day, the pile waiting beside the machine was impressive, and it remained so for the rest of our stay. Cynthia performed all deliveries, including up the considerable climb to the residence. Our only misadventure was when Mrs. Grew sent down some of her best silk curtains, and I failed to see when I put them in the machine that a pair of Gene Doorman's black socks were still in it. I accompanied Cynthia on the delivery. Mrs. Grew, after recovering from the shock, was kind enough to say that grey had always been her favorite color.

Another of my duties was control of the Grew's wine cellar, located in the basement of the residence. Grew had earlier served in Germany--in fact, he had been Charge of our Embassy in Berlin when World War I broke out--and had brought a distinguished collection of German, French and other wines to Tokyo. Needless to say, he and the rest of us saw little point in leaving them for the Japanese to drink up after we had gone. So with the Grew's permission, I brought the supply down at an accelerated pace by distribution to their and other messes around the compound. But there were still a good many bottles left when we departed.

On another occasion, my eyes started to itch and run. I mentioned it to Grew, who suggested to me that I see his eye man, Dr. Inouye. We were allowed out on police-escorted visits to doctors and dentists. On such occasions, I noticed that the sidewalks were as crowded with pedestrians as ever but that with the shortage of gasoline, the streets were almost barren of cars, even charcoal powered ones. And yet when the traffic light was against them, the crowds, without a car in sight in either direction, would pile up en masse on the sidewalk corners until the light turned green. Habits of conformity and discipline prevailed to an extent which would have been considered ridiculous in the West.

Dr. Inouye examined me carefully and announced that I had trachoma. He said that he would perform the necessary operation at once, consisting of scraping my upper and lower eyelids. Fortunately, I did not relish his description of the operation or the appearance of the scraping

machine which he brought out, and I also remembered that trachoma was a serious and highly contagious disease quite common in the Far East but rarely caught by Westerners. I told Inouye that I thought I had better return for the operation the next day.

Back at the Embassy, I told Bohlen. Together we recognized that if I had indeed come down with trachoma, all the carefully negotiated repatriation plans, then nearing completion, could be disrupted. Bohlen went off to discuss the matter confidentially with one or two others. When he came back, he reported that another of our group, Consul General Slavens, had recently complained of the same symptoms. He had seen a doctor (not Inouye) who had diagnosed the problem as pink eye. He had largely recovered. Needless to say, I did not return to Dr. Inouye, but cured myself with some of Slavens medication. Bohlen and I mentioned the matter to no one.

In mid-April, I was playing golf on our private course with Major Stanton Babcock, the Assistant Army Attaché (believe it or not, another Grotonian!), when we heard explosions in the distance. We looked up and saw a rather large military aircraft slowly flying quite low over the Diet (Parliament) building with black anti-aircraft bursts visible behind and above. As we watched it disappear to the south, obviously untouched by the anti-aircraft fire, Babcock said that he was sure that it was an American bomber but that he had no idea how it could have got to Tokyo. The most likely way was from an aircraft carrier, but he had never heard of a plane of that size taking off from a carrier.

We dropped our clubs and ran up for a better view from the residence. There we encountered Grew with the Swiss Minister, Mr. Gorge. Grew said that he had been bidding the Minister farewell when they had seen and heard a number of large airplanes overhead. Shortly after, they had observed fires burning in different directions with lots of smoke. Sirens and gunfire could still be heard as we stood there, but the planes were no longer in view.

The papers that evening reported that nine enemy aircraft had been shot down over various parts of Japan, and several photos were shown to prove it. On examination, however, our military colleagues concluded that the photos were all of one downed plane, taken from different angles. Only later did we learn through Gorge that we had a ringside view of the Doolittle raid.

On arriving in Japan in July, I had got to know the former girlfriend, a diplomat's daughter, of an Embassy officer which had been reassigned some months before back to the States. The young lady had told me that the officer, on getting settled in his new job back home, would be calling for her and that they would be married. The last time I had seen her, in early November, she had told me that as far as she knew, this plan still held and that she hoped soon to depart.

I had tried to convince the young lady, whom I will call Jane, that these things do not always work out as planned, but without much success. After Pearl Harbor, with communications cut off and having learned that the young man had become engaged to someone else, it bothered me that Jane might spend the entire war in lingering hope that he would be waiting for her. Being at a romantic age, I felt that I should get word of the young man's engagement to Jane.

This was made difficult by the fact that she lived in Yokohama. To meet this problem, I managed to get word to a golfing friend in the German Embassy, who had once expressed interest in my

clubs and who knew Jane, that I would be glad to sell the clubs to him if he could come in to close the deal. He came in, and while we bent over the clubs, I asked him if he would go to Yokohama and ask Jane to meet me at 8:00 p.m. two evenings later in a second story room in the home of Naval Attaché, Captain Smith-Hutton, just outside the compound wall. The window was only a few feet from the top of the wall in an only moderately exposed part of the compound. The nearest police box, or *koban*, was about twenty yards away, and it would be dark.

My German friend agreed to do this, and at the appointed time, I wandered out to that part of the compound. As I approached, the policeman emerged from his *koban* to walk his beat up and down the inside of the wall. I said, "*Samui desu nee*," (cold, isn't it), to which he replied, "*Hai, soo desu*" (it certainly is) and turned back on his beat toward the shelter of the *koban*.

Under the cover of the now rather complete dark, I jumped over the wall and through the window, which the Smith-Huttons, who were, of course, parties to the plot, had promised to leave open. There was Jane, to whom I gave the news. She took it stoically, but as we talked, it became clear how much she dreaded the prospect of life in wartime Japan for an indefinite number of years ahead. A bit carried away, I said that as my wife, she would be able to accompany us on the exchange ship to the US, where we would immediately have the marriage annulled. I said that I thought that Mrs. Grew, who knew Jane and her parents, might be prepared to serve as Jane's guardian for the undertaking, if Jane's parents would agree. Jane said she would beg for their consent and would find some means of letting me know their answer.

I related the conversation to Mrs. Grew, who, as I expected, readily agreed to help get Jane settled in the US and to be responsible for her. But word came from Jane a few days later that her parents would have none of it. That was the end of the venture. Jane spent a difficult four years in Japan during the war, married a US serviceman during the occupation, and lives happily with him and their family in the US to this day.

Midway through the internment, in late March, Grew, whose fondness for golf was well known to Japanese officialdom, was informed by the Foreign Office that he, Doorman and one or two other Embassy officers would be permitted to play a game of golf, maybe two, at one of the Tokyo courses. The offer was tempting, as the Japanese knew it would be, but after soul-searching deliberation, Grew informed Doorman and the rest of us that he had decided to decline. There would, however, be no objection if we wished to go, not as sport or entertainment, but because we felt the need for reasons of physical or mental health. His undoubtedly well-justified concern regarding his own acceptance of the invitation was that the Japanese would photograph him on the course, and he had no desire to see himself so pictured in the world press at that point. He knew that a number of Allied diplomats had accepted the offer but that the British Ambassador had not. Needless to say, the rest of us followed Grew's lead and did not go out either.

In late December, as I recall, Grew mentioned that he had started work on a report to Secretary Hull and the President, presenting his frank, carefully considered views on what he believed had been Washington's mishandling of the pre-Pearl Harbor negotiations. After devoting ten years of his life to the cause of American-Japanese friendship and seeing it end in the holocaust at Pearl Harbor, he did not feel that he could in good conscience fail to present to his superiors in

Washington and to history his honest assessment of the 1941 negotiations as viewed from the Embassy. It would be his own, personal report for which he alone would be responsible, but he hoped to benefit from Doorman's comments and suggestions in its preparation and later from those of a few others in the Embassy, notably, Crocker and Bohlen. The report would, of course, be entirely confidential, for Hull's and the President's eyes only, unless they wished to open it to others.

Every morning Grew worked on the report in his study in the residence, progressively bringing Doorman and the Crocker and Bohlen into the task. Marion Arnold did all the typing. One morning in March, he handed me a copy and asked me to take it to my apartment, study it and give him my thoughts and suggestions, all the way from major policy considerations to drafting points. I was to show the draft to no one and was to bring it back myself to him with my comments.

I spent two days at the task and was rewarded by Grew's apparently sincere thanks for what I produced. As I will soon explain, to the best of my knowledge, no copy of the paper exists today. Accordingly, I can rely only on memory in attempting to relate what it contained.

Essentially, Mr. Grew, a master of the English language, recapitulated in clear, concise, often eloquent terms that case for the Konoye-Roosevelt meeting which he had earlier advanced in his cables. From the moment he had arrived in Tokyo as a Hoover appointee in 1932, he recalled, he had devoted himself unremittingly to the cause of the US-Japan friendship. Instead he had seen the relations steadily worsen as Japan's aggressive course took it into Manchuria, then China and then Indochina and the Malay Peninsula.

Finally, Grew wrote, in the summer and fall of 1941, an opportunity had presented itself under Prime Minister Konoye to reverse that course. Again and again, in carefully reasoned messages and with the benefit of intimate knowledge of the evolution of Japanese policy, of conditions and attitudes in Japan and of the leading personalities involved, including Prime Minister Konoye, the Embassy had argued that the opportunity was a real one which should be seized. It had clearly explained why Konoye could not present his far-reaching proposals, representing a fundamental shift in Japanese policy, through diplomatic channels because of the virtual certainty of hostile leaks, of Konoye's resulting assassination and of the failure of the enterprise. Konoye was prepared, with the Emperor's and the military's backing, to pull Japanese forces out of China and Indochina. But this had to be done by controlled stages over a specified, limited period of time and not so as to appear to be an abject surrender.

Washington had initially shown interest in the proposal. But this soon waned and was replaced by sweeping and inflexible demands on Japan, which ignored the real situation in which Japan, as a result of its own misguided policies, had placed itself. The US in effect said to Japan, agree to withdraw completely from China and Indochina, to in effect renounce the Axis Pact and to subscribe to open and non-discriminatory trade practices, and then we will negotiate with you. The Embassy had explained that Konoye sought many of the same goals that the US did but that he had to reach them by stages, which took account of the hard facts that Japanese forces were by that time stationed widely over China and Indochina, that the nation had undergone heavy sacrifices in pursuit of its misguided policies and that a reasonable period of time was required to

turn the ship of state around. The Embassy's advice that reasonable confidence should be placed in the good faith of Konoye and his supporters to implement the steps which were so clearly in Japan's interest was apparently disbelieved and rejected.

Grew, in his report, set forth more specifically than he had in his cables or than he later did in his books the terms which Konoye had told him he intended to present to the President. They were, as I recall:

- (1) Japan would effectively commit itself not to take hostile action against the US under the Tripartite Pact in case of war between Germany and the US;
- (2) Japan would commit itself to withdraw its forces from China lock, stock and barrel within eighteen months from the date of finalization of the US-Japan settlement agreement;
- (3) The US and its allies, in return for these commitments and for evidence of the beginning of the withdrawal of Japan's forces from Indochina and China, would (a) partially lift the freezing of Japanese assets and the embargo on the shipment of strategic materials to Japan, and (b) commence negotiations for new treaties of commerce and navigation with Japan on the clear understanding that signature and ratification would depend on Japan's full compliance with its obligations under the agreement;
- (4) Japan would complete the withdrawal of its forces from Indochina and the Malay Peninsula;
- (5) The US and its allies, on the completion of the withdrawal of Japanese forces from China, would completely terminate the freezing and embargo and effectuate the new treaties of commerce and navigation;
- (6) The disposition of Manchuria would be left to be determined after the war in Europe was over--Konoye intended to point out to the President that if the Allies prevailed in Europe, they would clearly be able to compel Japan's withdrawal from Manchuria; if, on the other hand, the Axis prevailed, Japan would equally clearly be able to remain in control of Manchuria.

I also recall Grew's relating in his report an aspect of Konoye's plan which I have not seen set forth anywhere else. Because of Konoye's concern about the danger of leaks of what he and the President would hopefully agree at their meeting, Grew said that he (Konoye) had told him that he planned, with the President's cooperation, to keep the terms of their agreement secret until he had returned to Japan. Immediately on his return, he intended to meet with the Emperor, obtain his approval of the agreement terms and of an Imperial Rescript so stating, and then at once go on the radio to announce the terms, bearing the Emperor's and the highest military authorities' support, to the people. As earlier noted, Konoye believed that the people's response to the agreement would be so positive that extremist elements would not be able to prevail against it.

Although it took fifty years since I studied and made suggestions on Grew's internment report, and I kept no notes, I believe the above is an accurate rendition of what I read. The reciprocally controlled, step-by-step (*pari passu*) nature of the arrangement is particularly clear in my mind

because of Grew's emphasis on it in our discussions on the "Gripsholm." The first steps, he stressed, would be required of Japan; The US and its allies would not be obliged to start to lift the freezing and embargo or take any other action involving cost or risk until they were convinced that Japan was faithfully fulfilling its prior commitments, including those relating to the withdrawal of its forces from Indochina and China. The US and its allies thus stood to gain much--the avoidance of war in the Pacific without sacrifice of any essential Allied principle or objective--while risking nothing.

Why Konoye's intended terms were not presented in the above detail in Grew's cables from Tokyo may be explained by Konoye's reluctance to go into such detail before the meeting or by Konoye's and the Embassy's lack of confidence in the security of the US codes. Why he did not present them in this detail later on in his books I do not know. The specifics of the arrangement, clearly enabling the Allies to maintain control of the implementation of the settlement, would seem to add to the strength of Grew's case that the Konoye-Roosevelt meeting should have been held.

Returning to the story of our internment, the arrangements through the Swiss and Spanish Governments for our exchange with Japanese diplomats, businessmen and others held in the US finally fell into place, with June 18 as our scheduled sailing date. We would travel aboard the *Asama Maru* via Hong Kong, Saigon and Singapore, through the Sunda Straights and across the Indian Ocean to Lourenco Marques (now Maputo), the capital of Mozambique. There we would meet the Swedish cruise ship, *Gripsholm*, which would have brought the Japanese repatriates from New York. They would board the *Asama Maru* for Tokyo while we proceeded to the *Gripsholm* via Rio to New York.

As June 18 approached, Grew pondered how he could most safely carry out his report. While our persons and effects should, under diplomatic usage, not be searched, we had no assurance that the Japanese would respect that rule, as they had not respected many other rules of diplomatic privilege during the internment.

After discussing the problem with Doorman and others, he decided to make seven copies of the sixty-page, legal size document to be carried, one copy each, on his own, Doorman's, Crocker's, Bohlen's, my and a couple of other Embassy officers' persons on the theory that the Japanese would be less likely to search us than our baggage. The problem, it became apparent when the seven copies were ready, was that it did not fold very well, producing a noticeable bulge in our pockets. So someone, I forgot who, conceived the idea of making two holes at the top of each of the copies and hanging them down our backs inside our shirts, suspended by concealed strings around our necks. On our arrival aboard the ship, we would all repair to the Grew's cabin to hand our respective copies over to him, to be kept in a locked box throughout the voyage.

The early morning of June 17 we were taken in a line of police-escorted taxis to the Tokyo Railroad Station. We walked in between lines of police to a large waiting room. There had been collected several score American and other diplomats, missionaries, businessmen, newsmen and others who had been held at various points around Tokyo. The newsmen, who the Japanese assumed were all spies, had been held in closed confinement or prison, often in solitary, constantly interrogated and in many cases, tortured. (Later, on the ship, some of them

demonstrated the “water cure” torture to which they had been subjected--some many times.) There was much handshaking as friends met after six months of separation and exchanged experiences.

After an hour or so, we boarded a special train and rode by a roundabout route through Kawasaki directly to the ship. There were no searches or inspections of any kind on the train or as we boarded the *Asama Maru*, a fairly large liner. Aboard the ship, we were joined by many more American and other repatriates collected from all over Japan.

Soon word spread that a hitch had developed and that our departure would be delayed. The ship moved out to anchor beyond the breakwater, and the next day, it moved again to another anchorage further out in the bay. For a week, we sat there, with launches full of Foreign Office and other officials and police coming and going and with constant rumors of our imminent departure or our return to shore. Our newsman, Max Hill of AP, who had spent almost his entire internment in solitary under torture, said that if we did not depart, he would commit suicide. He clearly meant it and in fact did commit suicide some years later, perhaps due in part to what he had suffered in confinement.

About midnight of June 24, I went on deck. a large group of crewmen were debarking from a launch, a nearby gunboat was frantically signaling with lights and further down the deck, I heard policemen saying goodbye. I woke some Embassy colleagues up in time to see the Foreign Office launch leave for the last time. The anchor came up, and the ship began to move. And then, just as we were being ordered off the decks, presumably to prevent our carrying back military secrets of the harbor, the great white cross, perhaps forty feet wide and tall, high up at the front of the ship, lit up. Our lives would depend on its safe-conduct message being seen and respected by enemy and friendly surface warships and submarines as we made our way through active war zones around Asia and across the Indian Ocean to Africa.

This is perhaps a fit point to repeat a story Chip Bohlen told me years later. He had attended a party in Moscow where the company included several Soviet naval officers. Someone brought up the diplomatic exchanges early in the war, and Bohlen, fluent in Russian, mentioned that he had been on the *Asama Maru*. One of the former naval officers looked at him and said that he (Bohlen) was lucky to be alive. He told how he had been a submarine skipper in the Indian Ocean, and one very dark and foggy night, he had seen a large ship about to cross his path. Knowing of no Allied vessels of that size in the area, he had assumed it to be an enemy ship. He had ordered torpedoes into the tubes and was just about to give the order to fire when the fog cleared, and he saw a great, lighted cross. He and Bohlen toasted fate and each other with vodka.

On June 27, we passed between the mountainous west coast of Taiwan and two small green islands. Two Japanese submarines surfaced and traveled alongside us for a while. Two days later, we anchored (back of) Hong Kong in Repulse Bay. US Consul General Southard was one of the first to come on board. He had lost fifty-four pounds in confinement, and his clothes hung on him like sacks. About 100 repatriates were added to our number, including Joe Alsop. That brought us to about 800 souls, with another 150 due to come on in Saigon. Knowing Alsop (still another Grotonian), and being in charge of billeting, I invited him to join the five of us in my cabin. He told us harrowing stories of the fall of Hong Kong, and we endured the clacking of his

portable typewriter to all hours all the way to Rio, as he prepared to file them on our arrival there.

On July 2, we sailed all day along the Indochina coast, moving slowly to allow another repatriation ship, the *Conte Verdi* (which years later burned in a famous accident at sea), to catch up with us at Singapore. The next day we started up the Saigon River, anchoring ten miles short of the city. Annamese swarmed around the ship in their little boats, yelling, diving for coins and selling all kinds of fruit, the first many of our company had seen in a long time. We dropped money down in waste baskets as the end of ropes and pulled up our purchases. Some of us fell for an impressive “cognac” in impressively labeled bottles, which turned out to be a mixture of alcohol, vanilla extract and river water. I kept my bottle in the attic for thirty years and then poured it down the toilet.

On July 4th, we sailed back down the Saigon River and after some complicated maneuvers, set off for Singapore. Approaching shore two days later by a guided zig-zag course to avoid mines, we anchored near the just arrived *Conte Verdi*. We at first thought we were at Singapore, but it turned out to be an anchorage about fifty miles up the east coast of Malaya. About 150 additional repatriates came on board, with more tales to tell. We were not allowed off, and on July 11th, headed for the Sunda Straights. At one point, we could have slung a stone in one direction onto Java and in the other, onto Sumatra. Looking out a porthole, I saw us pass within twenty feet of the upright masts of a sunken freighter. On entering the Indian Ocean, we soon felt “monsoon swells,” and a fair number were seasick that night.

At about 11:00 the night of July 13th, our rudder failed, and we took a ninety-degree turn toward the *Conte Verdi*, which was running parallel to us and a little behind. Passing to her rear, we took another ninety-degree turn and almost hit her again. We then came to a complete stop as the *Verdi* circled us and half an hour later started up again at half speed. The next morning we were still at half speed, with the *Verdi* just in sight on the horizon.

I will hear quote from a diary I kept of this part of the trip:

“July 22nd. Up at 7:00, in sight of coast of Africa. Strong wind, very cold (winter down here, of course). About 8:00 *Verdi*, leading then, picked up pilot while still moving and proceeded across bay toward Lourenco Marques, twenty miles off. a few minutes later we did the same. Nothing has so brought home to me the distance we have traveled as the sight of the four coal black Negroes who rowed the Portuguese pilot alongside. From the same rail, we had seen the same operation performed at Tokyo, Hong Kong, Saigon and Singapore. It seemed no time at all ago that we had been buying papayas from chattering, red-lipped (betel nut) Annamese down below--and now from African Negroes. We followed *Verdi*, caught up and passed her, drew near promontory behind which lay L-M, passed around point and right by tanker flying American flag, blowing its whistle to beat the band. British ships on other side doing same. Much cheering and shouting back and fourth. Mrs. Grew and I standing on top deck had been trying to decide whether a large white ship up ahead was the *Gripsholm* or not. Now we could

make out the name in big black letters on the side. Ambassador joined us to say the Port Captain now on board had seen him and been most agreeable, even saying we might go ashore as soon as we landed if he wished. We had been speculating for days whether we would be allowed ashore. Now it appears we will.

“We berthed in front of *Gripsholm*, with *Verdi* behind her. L-M dock is a long (half mile) siding--ships berth sideways is single file. Port facilities--cranes, warehouses, etc.--excellent. During afternoon, I handled distribution of first class mail brought aboard by State Department man from *Gripsholm*. Much pleased to find good sized packet for myself. Informed that exchange of our group of about 800 with the Japanese would begin tomorrow at 9:00 a.m., and we would go ashore afterwards.”

“July 23rd. Next morning people started to line up at 8:00 to exchange. I arranged with Muir (other State Department representative) to get Ambassador and Mrs Grew off without meeting Ambassadors Nomura and Kurusu. We four marched off the boat first, I carrying Bohlen's hat box (containing Grew's report) as I had from Tokyo to Yokohama and onto *Gripsholm*. a long line of Japanese coming off *Gripsholm* and going up the pier to get on *Asama* was beginning to form. Aboard *Gripsholm*, we waited in smoking room until Grews' cabin cleaned and ready, then all up to eat fabulous buffet lunch, buy escudos (L-M currency). Spent most of day with press boys Hill, Bellarie, Tolischus and Alsop.”

“July 24th. Arrived back at gangplank with Moran 9:00 a.m. from Polona Hotel to find Ambassador, Williams and Crocker itching to get out on the golf course. Took taxi to American Consulate, picked up Preston (Consul), who took us to Polona Golf Club. Fine club house. Crocker and I played Ambassador and Williams. Fairways terrible, greens fine. None of us expected to even touch the first ball, not having held a driver for eight months. I drove first, and just as my first drive in Japan, hit one right down the middle 250 yards and then soon reverted to type. Had a fifty. We only played nine. Funny sort of hard-shelled oranges all over the eighth hole.”

“Back to ship for lunch. During afternoon, Clara Hamasaki deposited baby with husband Jimmy, and we saw the town. Same in evening, starting with movie “Dive Bomber” and ending at casino. Am working to get them better cabin. Got Wills up to first class from fifth and have helped others. Terrible *yakamashii* about cabin allotment. People sleeping all over lounges and decks as night before.”

“July 25th. Went shopping with Jane and Cynthia in Preston's car all morning. Afternoon, played tennis with Benninghoff on private court with girl we met at casino night before. Evening, dance at Yacht Club with same.”

“July 26th. Took Cynthia with me while I bought toothpaste, etc. and then out to zoo. Taxi trip out there of twenty-five minutes gave some idea of African country, natives carrying bundles on head, poverty. Mozambique produces almost nothing, lives by levying head tax on its Swazi natives sent (gladly) to South African mines. Fine zoo, lions, leopards, baby elephants, pythons, etc. spread over about thirty acres, finely landscaped, loud speaker playing jazz all the time. Cynthia wandered away from me for a second, and when I looked up, she was patting what looked like a two-ton lion on the head through the bars.”

“When we got back at 1:00, the *Asama* had pulled out a hundred yards into the harbor and *Verdi* was just dropping her ropes. Japanese on shore (diplomatic transferees) and on ship were waving flags, shouting *banzai*. *Asama* and *Verdi* sailed slowly out together. I was probably the only American in the whole town who felt anything like mixed emotions as we watched them go. Cynthia felt no emotion, informing me that she felt the call, so we went back on board *Gripsholm*, and thence to lunch. Mr. Doorman saw me on deck and asked if I would like to sit with Mr. and Mrs. Stanton (Hong Kong), mother of Fearon (St. Marks), Mrs. Shields, Lois Fearon and him at meals, so there I will be for the voyage. In the afternoon, back on shore and more shopping with Cynthia, and in the evening, a drive and a movie with Preston Jr., son of American Consul. Preston Sr. was Consul in Norway when Germans came in. Preston Jr. works in Jo’burg and is just back from flight training in Scotland.”

“July 27. Sightseeing with Jane and Cynthia until 1:00 p.m. when we all had to be on the ship. Sail tomorrow 7:00 a.m.”

“July 27. Sailed 3:00 p.m.”

One incident which I neglected to include in my diary is of some interest. Grew had worried as we approached Lourenco Marques what he should do if he met Japanese Ambassador to the US, Admiral Kichisaburu Nomura, in the street. They were longtime friends, and he would normally have been glad to greet him, but now Nomura was an Ambassador of a country with which the US was at war. Grew had no desire to have a photograph of Nomura and him chattering together shown all over the Free World. He decided that if they met, he would bow stiffly and pass on without pausing.

And meet they did, in the main street. Nomura was accompanied by Ambassador Saburo Kurusu, who had been sent to Washington a month or so before the outbreak of war to assist Nomura. I happened to be with Grew. Nomura smiled broadly at Grew and started over with his hand outstretched, trailed by Kurusu. Grew never slackened his pace. Bowing coldly, he ignored the outstretched hand and passed on. The incident long rankled with him, but he never doubted that he had done the right thing.

The voyage across the South Atlantic was uneventful. Life aboard the *Gripsholm* was in every respect in happy contrast with what it had been on the *Asama Maru*--outdoor games, swimming

pool, movies, excellent food. Most of those who were thirty, forty, or even fifty pounds underweight and/or suffering from nutritional diseases made a good start on their recovery. I will resort again to my diary for the highlights of our stopover in Rio.

“August 11th. Up at six to watch entrance into Rio de Janeiro harbor, supposed to be most beautiful in world. Fine day. Docked 10:00 a.m. Elsie Lyons, Ambassador’s youngest daughter, had flown from Chile, where her husband is the Minister, came on board. We got off about 11:00. As at Lourenco, I carried Bohlen’s hatbox containing “the dynamite.” Dowling from the Rio Embassy and others met us (Ambassador Caffery in US). Pictures right and left as we walked to car, drove to Embassy. There we deposited hatbox in coderoom vault and departed for Copacabana Hotel where Mrs. Grew had gone. Lunch with Grews, then out shopping with Newton. No laundry since Tokyo so bought shirts, etc. Saw a lot of the city. Half hour swim at Copacabana beach. Back to ship 5:30, dressed, headed for Simond’s (Consular of Embassy) house for cocktails for all Foreign Service personnel. Went from there with Cooper and Cabot Colville (Tokyo man now doing checking on suspicious Japanese in S.A.) To party given by Mrs. Caffery where cream of Rio society, quantities of champagne, Brazil nuts, smart talk. Left there about 8:00 for third cocktail party at Jack White’s house, First Secretary, Embassy in suburbs, and from there about ten of us to the Urca for dinner. Urca and the Copacabana are the two best night clubs in Rio. Three wonderful orchestras, floor show 11:00-1:00. Mostly S.A. type of music. Never saw people who enjoyed dancing so much or were so good at it, or orchestras which so genuinely enjoyed playing. Atmosphere entirely different and indefinitely superior to N.Y. night clubs. Left about 3:30 a.m. Half way back to ship when Natalie Boyd and I decided to visit Copacabana. Stayed there an hour.”

“August 12th. Up at 7:30, took taxi with Charlie Cooper out to Sugar Loaf. Five miles. Took us to top in cable car. Marvelous view of city, harbor. Down about 11:00 and decided to go up to the other high point of the city, Corpus Christi, with great big white statue of Christ. About 100 feet below statue we stopped at hotel for lunch and then went up. Even higher and better view than Sugar Loaf; about 2,000 feet straight up. Drove back to ship. Saw Benninghoff and Allison sitting at one of the sidewalk cafes on Avenida Rio Branca, Rio’s Broadway, so stopped for a beer and then walked to ship.”

“Sailed 4 p.m. Stood with Jane and Cynthia on deck as Harry, flying back to US, faded into distance. He may be assigned to a ship and at sea before we get back. Mrs. Grew stayed behind as planned. Ambassador had asked me before we reached Rio if I would like to move in with him. Moved in that night, Cabin 1A, no less”

The trip from Rio to New York was another two-week pleasure cruise aboard the Gripsholm. Rooming with Grew provided me further opportunity to discuss his report. He told me that on

our arrival in New York, he planned to go at once by train to Washington. He wanted me to go with him, unless some problem arose in New York that necessitated my staying a few hours or overnight. He spoke again of wanting to introduce me to Assistant Secretary of State Howland Shaw to discuss job possibilities, adding that if an appropriate position was not available at State, he wanted to introduce me to the President, "who should be able to open a few doors." He had been kind enough to read and compliment me on a paper I had written during our internment, in which I set forth my ideas for the post-war world, and said he wished to give copies to Shaw and the President.

We docked in New York on August 25th. The ship was immediately flooded with State Department and other officials and newsmen, almost all of whom headed for Grew. After he had met with the press and dealt with the most pressing arrival problems, the two of us were taken by limousine to the station and entrained for Washington.

Then we were met by Grew's own car and driver and driven to his home at 2840 Woodland Drive. He unpacked, read some mail and made some phone calls. And then, as we were finishing an early dinner, the doorbell began to ring. One after another, a half dozen old friends, including James Forrestall and Harry Hopkins, came in to welcome Grew home and hear his account of events before and after Pearl Harbor. Grew kindly introduced me to all the great men and called on me a few times to enlarge on his replies to their questions.

The next morning, armed with the original copy of his report, he and I climbed into his car and drove to the southwest corner of the State Department, where Secretary Hull's office was located. Perhaps a dozen reporters and cameramen awaited, peppering Grew with questions and flashes as we worked our way through to Hull's outer office. Under Secretary Welles was away. After a few moments wait, Grew was ushered into Hull's office. I sat outside and tried to answer his and Welles secretaries' questions about our experiences.

About twenty-five minutes later the Secretary's raised and clearly irate Tennessee accent penetrated the oaken door. I could not make out what he was saying, but it was obvious that the meeting was not going well. Soon the door opened, and Grew emerged looking somewhat shaken, with Hull nowhere in sight. Though it was still only mid-morning, Grew suggested that we walk two blocks up the street to the Metropolitan Club for lunch.

When we were settled there, I asked him what had happened. He replied that he had presented his report to the Secretary, explaining that although it had benefited from the comments and suggestions of the principal members of the Embassy staff, who concurred in it, it was his personal report for which he alone was responsible. As the Secretary knew, he had continued, the Embassy's assessment of the situation in Japan during the latter part of 1941 and its views and recommendations on the course the US should pursue had not been accepted in Washington. There may, of course, been factors known to Washington but not in Tokyo which would account for this, but no such factors had been communicated to the Embassy, most of whose messages, in fact, received no reply at all (In his diary, Grew likened his messages to Washington to throwing pebbles into a pool on a dark night.). Nevertheless, during the internment, he had felt it his duty to review the record as it was available in Tokyo and to draw up for the Secretary, the President and Department's classified files his frank appraisal of the course of the negotiations in the

months before Pearl Harbor. It was his honest, confidential report--he had provided copies to no one and would not without the Secretary's express approval.

Grew said that the Secretary started to leaf through the report. As he did so, he face hardened and flushed. After a time, he half threw the report back across the desk toward Grew and said, "Mr. Ambassador, either you promise to destroy this report and every copy you may possess or we will publish it and leave it to the American people to decide who was right and who was wrong." Taken aback, Grew said that he had replied that this was his honest, confidential report to his superiors in Washington and that he could not in good conscience agree to destroy it. Neither could he be party to its publication and a public controversy in time of war when national unity was essential. Subject to the Secretary's approval, he had decided that what he could most usefully do would be to undertake an extensive speaking tour around the country to inform the American people about Japan's military strength and the need to prepare for a long, though in the end inevitably victorious, Pacific war. The Secretary's response had been, "Mr. Ambassador, come back at 10:00 tomorrow morning, and give me your answer to the alternatives I have presented."

I told Grew that I did not see how he could have given any other reply than the one he had. In the course of lunch, he asked if I was a member of the Metropolitan Club. I said, "No, I had only just graduated from college."

"But you want to be a member, don't you?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Looking around, he said, "There's my old friend, Howland Shaw, who I think is a member of the Board of Governors."

He beckoned Shaw over, introduced me and told him that I want to join the Club. a few days later, I received a note from Shaw welcoming me into the Club and saying that I was free to use it pending my election. a bill for \$20 was enclosed. I was formally elected in January, 1944, paying an initiation fee of \$100. These days, one waits four to five years for election, and the initiation fee is \$10,000.

The next morning, Grew and I climbed into his car again and headed down Rock Creek Parkway to Hull's office. This time there were no reporters or cameramen, and Grew was promptly escorted into Hull's office. No sounds penetrated the oaken door, and after about thirty minutes, the two emerged together smiling and obviously on friendly terms.

Again Grew suggested that we walk up to the Metropolitan Club. During lunch, since he had not volunteered any information, I asked him what had happened concerning his report. He said that the Secretary had not mentioned it but that he expressed strong support for his (and Grew's) planned nationwide speaking tour. The rest of the time had been spent in a discussion of the war in Europe and other topics.

Shortly afterward, with Grew's help, I went to work for Leo Pasvolsky, whom the Secretary had put in charge of the State Department's post-war planning work. I spent the war as a member of a small unit under George Blakeslee and High Borton, preparing research/policy papers which, after approval by the Far East Area Committee and the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee (SWNCC), were issued in 1945 and 1946 as directives to the Supreme Allied Commander, General MacArthur, in occupied Japan. During that time, I continued to see Mr. Grew occasionally and one or twice to draw him out on what had happened to his report, since an exhaustive search of the Department's files had failed to reveal it. He never seemed to want to discuss the matter, nor did Gene Doorman, whom I also ran into from time to time and who, toward the end of the war, served as the State member of SWNCC.

Years later, during the '70s and '80s, after I had been assigned back to Washington, I made a determined effort to find a copy of the report. It seemed a shame for students of the pre-Pearl Harbor negotiations to be denied access to the personal assessment of those negotiations written right after Pearl Harbor during the internment by our Ambassador on the spot. This seemed particularly true considering that he and Washington differed sharply on the proposed Konoye-Roosevelt meeting. The essential reasoning of each side--Washington's and the Embassy's--had long been in the public record, but I had never seen the Embassy's case set forth as eloquently and persuasively as in Grew's internment report. Having earlier confirmed that the report was not in the collection of Grew papers at Harvard, I sought for clues from Mrs. Marion Johnston, Grew's long-time secretary, and from members of his family but to no avail. The family told me that at one of his last meetings with them, Mrs. Grew (who died in 1965) had said that everything he wished to say to history was in his books. With this clear statement of Grew's wishes, and convinced in any case that no copy remains, I abandoned the search.

In Chapter XXXIV, "Pearl Harbor: From the Perspective of Ten Years," of his 1952 Turbulent Era - Volume II, Grew reaffirms in 131 pages the themes of his internment report. He then cites the contrary views of Herbert Feis, the noted historian, in his 1952 book, The Road to Pearl Harbor.

"If Konoye was ready and able--as Grew had thought--to give Roosevelt trustworthy and satisfactory promises of a new sort, he does not tell of them in his 'Memoirs.' Nor has any other record available to me disclosed them. He was a prisoner, willing or unwilling, in the terms precisely prescribed in conferences over which he presided. The latest of these were minimum demands specified by the Imperial Conference of September 6, just reviewed. It is unlikely that he could have got around them or that he would have in some desperate act discarded them. The whole of his political career speaks to the contrary. . ."

Grew, as I have described, believed that face-to-face with Roosevelt, Konoye intended, and would have been able, to "get around" the minimum demands specified by the Imperial Conference of September 6th and earlier conferences.

Grew concludes his Turbulent Era account with the following:

“I may as well close this Postscript with a single sentence from Mr. Feis’s book, taken out of context it is true, but in my ex-parte view, it is the crux of the whole story. ‘It will always be possible,’ he writes, ‘to think that Grew was correct; that the authorities in Washington were too close to their texts and too soaked in their disbelief to perceive what he saw.’”

If, as one can only conclude from reading Chapter XXXIV in Turbulent Era, Grew in 1952 still firmly held to the views he had expressed in his report to Hull and Roosevelt, why did he not insist on the report’s being accepted by Hull in 1942, incorporated in the Department’s classified files and made available to historian twenty-five years later in The Relations of the United States, 1941, Japan? Why did he apparently destroy every copy?

I do not know, but my best guess is that he decided that pressing the report on a resistant Hull would serve no useful purpose and would on the contrary cut him (Grew) off from Hull and the Department and the support he needed from them to do what he felt was much more important at that point--to tour the country to awaken the people to Japan’s military strength and the prospect of a long war. He may also have been looking ahead to the end of the war, wishing to do nothing which would jeopardize the possibility of his being able to influence the terms the Allies offered to Japan, particularly concerning the disposition of the Emperor. As for his obligations to history, he may have concluded that he could tell his story later in articles or books, when doing so would no longer have the above-cited disadvantages.

Supporting this hypothesis is the fact that, with his report removed as an obstacle, Grew was able to carry out his speaking tour in 1942-43, and in 1944-45, he was able to exert important influence on Allied occupation policies, especially concerning the Emperor. He was also able to publish his view of the 1941 negotiations in his books--a limited account in his Ten Years in Japan in 1944 and a fuller account in Turbulent Era in 1952, after he had retired from the Government.

Having reviewed the arguments *pro* and *con* Konoye’s proposed meeting with the President from the vantage point of fifty years later, what should one conclude? My own views are as follows:

1) The US should have agreed to the meeting. There was certainly some basis for believing that an acceptable settlement could have been achieved at the meeting and that it could have been implemented over an eighteen to twenty-four month period. Washington’s contention that if the meeting were held and failed, the situation would be worse than if it had not been held at all is hard to accept. How could the aftermath of a failed meeting have been worse than what actually happened--a terrible, four-years war?

2) The odds, I believe, are that if the meeting had been held, it would have produced an agreement. But if I had to bet a large sum, I would have to come down on the side that the agreement would not have been effectively accepted and implemented in Japan. Persuasive as

Konoye's and Grew's arguments were, Japan in 1941 was probably too much under military domination and too committed to the goal of Japanese hegemony in East Asia to reverse course, except as a consequence of defeat by superior military force. One has to suspect also that Konoye and Foreign Minister Toyoda, in their conversations with Grew, overstated General Tojo's and other Japanese military authorities' support of the meeting proposal and their commitment to implementation of the settlement terms Konoye hoped to bring back from the meeting. (The Memoirs of Prince Fumimaro Konoye, published in 1946, tend to support this suspicion, particularly Konoye's accounts therein of General Togo's statements at critical meetings.)

3) Grew's analysis, views and recommendations submitted to Washington during the summer and fall of 1941 were wholly sound. He strongly urged that the meeting be held, for all the reasons brought out above, but he always acknowledged that it might not succeed. He rightly did not accept Washington's contention that if it failed, the situation would be worse than if had not been held. His reporting of the situation in Japan, his analysis of Japanese psychology and his warnings of the imminence of war if the meeting opportunity was let pass could not have been more perceptive and accurate.

Looking back to the critical months in the late summer and early fall of 1941, a further possibility should be noted. One has to wonder whether Roosevelt may not have welcomed Hornbeck's anti-meeting arguments not for their own merit but because he (FDR) had by that time concluded that the U.S. had to declare war against Germany before Great Britain succumbed. While not wanting war with Japan, Germany's Axis ally, he may have seen the meeting with Konoye as antiethical to the requirements for full U.S. involvement in World War II if it was to be won.

This ends the story of my year with Grew, but the Konoye elements of the story prompt a brief postscript.

One of the papers I prepared toward the end of my post-war planning work at State concerned "The Apprehension, Trial and Punishment of Japanese War Criminals." When I left for Japan in early October, 1945, to serve as Special Assistant to Ambassador George Atcheson, the Political Advisor to General MacArthur, I took a copy of this not yet finally approved paper with me and gave it, along with other such papers, to Atcheson for his information,

In mid-November, Atcheson called me into his office to say that he had just had a call from General MacArthur complaining that although a number of major, or "Class a," German war criminals had been arrested and were in jail, none had been apprehended in Japan. He said that he wanted a list of such Japanese "Class a" war criminals on his desk within, as I recall, twenty-four hours, so that he could immediately order them arrested.

Atcheson said that since I had drafted the not yet officially received war criminals directives, I was the logical one to compile the requested list. I said that my work had concerned the arrest, trial and punishment of Japanese war criminals of all the various "Classes" but that it had not

extended to which Individual Japanese were guilty of war crimes. Nevertheless, I said that I thought I could obtain the help I needed to compile the requested list.

I thereupon called Herbert Norman, a Canadian, a leading Japan scholar and a friend from pre-war days, who was attached to General MacArthur's headquarters in an intelligence capacity. With his long experience in Japan and language fluency, I knew that Norman would be able to add much to my knowledge of who the major Japanese war criminals were. Together that evening at Dai Ichi Hotel, where we were both billeted, we drew up a proposed list, with a brief statement of our reasons for each name. I handed it to Acheson in the morning. He had it delivered to General MacArthur, and a banner headlined a day or two later announced that all had been arrested.

Some time later, MacArthur called Acheson to say that he was sure there were more Japanese major war criminals and that he wanted a second list. I met again with Norman, who this time argued strongly that Konoye should be included because of the positions of highest responsibility which he had occupied over most of the pre-Pearl Harbor decade, including when Japan attacked China in 1937. In compiling the first list, I had resisted Norman's view that Konoye should be included, arguing that he had never been an active protagonist of Japan's aggressive course but rather, as an inherently somewhat weak and indecisive man, had allowed himself to be used by aggressive elements. And he had seen the light in 1941 and done his utmost, at the risk of his life, to reverse Japan's military course through his plan for the meeting with President Roosevelt. Norman said he appreciated these points but that we could not omit from our list someone who had held the positions which Konoye had held and who possessed the intimate knowledge of the Japanese pre-war decision process and of critical top-level prewar meetings which he did. His status would be less that of a major war crimes suspect than that of a material witness.

And so we agreed to include Konoye in the second list. But we also agreed that if he were arrested, we would get word to him of the special circumstances attending his arrest. With his far more extensive Japanese contacts than mine, Norman undertook to find someone who would convey this message.

Konoye was notified of his arrest on December 6th, and ten days later, in the early morning of the day he was to report to Sugamo Prison, he committed suicide. Norman told me that he had arranged for a Konoye confidante to pass our message to him, but we never learned whether it got through. If it did, it probably had little influence. The word that reached us from the Konoye circle of intimates was that as a two-time Prime Minister and long time advisor to the Emperor, and with his noble lineage extending back a thousand years, his pride could not endure the humiliation of standing in court as a suspected war criminal. In his Konoe Fumimaro--a Political Biography, 1983, Yoshitake Ota relates how a few hours before his death, Konoye asked his son, Michitake, for a pen and paper and wrote the following:

“I have made many political blunders beginning with the China War, and I feel my responsibility for them deeply. I find it intolerable, however, to stand in an American court as a so-called war criminal. The very fact that I did feel responsible for the China War made the task of effecting a settlement all the more crucial to me. Concluding that the only remaining chance to achieve a settlement

of the war in China was to reach an understanding with the United States, I did everything in my power to make the negotiations with the United States a success. It is regrettable that I am now suspected by the same United States of being a war criminal.”