

**From Bataan to Tokyo  
Diary of a Filipino Student  
in Wartime Japan  
1943-1944**

**by  
Leocadio de Asis**

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY  
**Grant K. Goodman**

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES, EAST ASIAN SERIES  
RESEARCH PUBLICATION, NUMBER TEN

CENTER FOR EAST ASIAN STUDIES  
THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

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Library of Congress catalog card number 79-19076  
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*Manufactured in the United States of America*  
Sole distributors in the USA & Canada  
PARAGON BOOK GALLERY, LTD.  
14 East 38th Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

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## Preface

It was my privilege to have described in an earlier publication the Japanese-sponsored wartime program for students from the occupied Philippines to study in Japan.<sup>1</sup> Much of the information which I utilized at that time came from the remarkably observant, extremely sensitive and carefully detailed diary of one of those pensionados, Leocadio de Asis. However, in that previous work I did not specifically identify the diary quotations as having been derived from Mr. de Asis's writing. Now, however, some fifteen years later Mr. de Asis has not only given permission for me to publish his diary in full but to edit and annotate it as well.

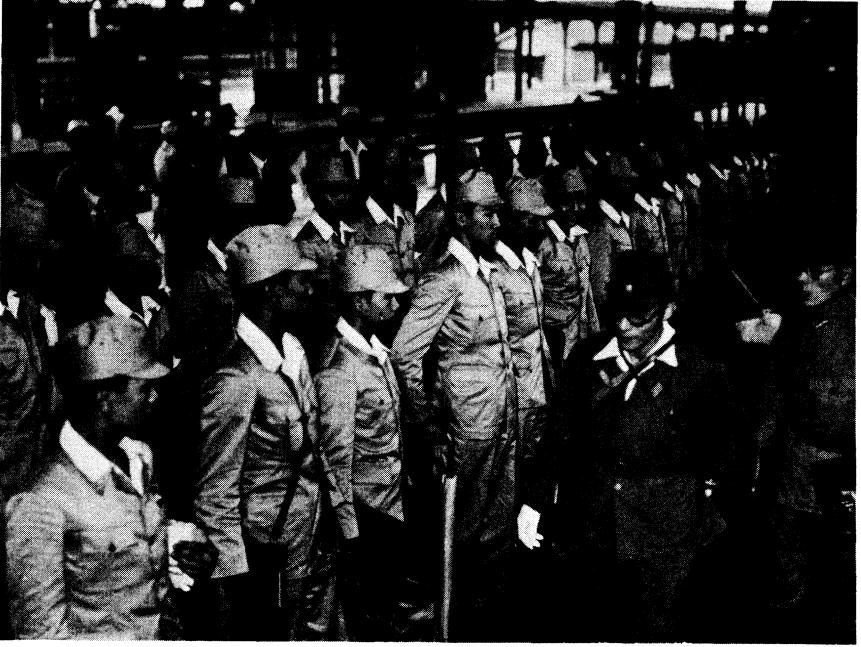
In order to try to preserve the work's original flavor, I have sought to make as few changes as possible in Mr. de Asis's superb English-language narrative. Similarly, I have minimized footnoting as such so that the flow of the diary not be disrupted.

This publication is possible not only because of the impressive writing efforts of Mr. de Asis in 1943 and 1944 but because of his unstinting cooperation and encouragement in 1978 and 1979. The University of Kansas, International Studies, East Asian Series is deeply indebted to him.

GRANT K. GOODMAN  
University of Kansas

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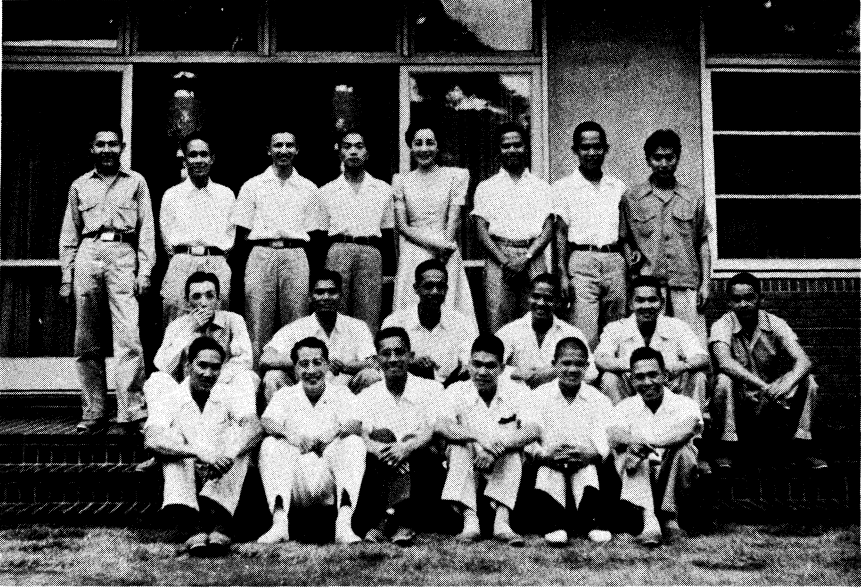
<sup>1</sup>G. K. Goodman, *An Experiment in Wartime Intercultural Relations: Philippine Students in Japan, 1943-1945*, Data Paper Number 46, Southeast Asia Program, Department of Asian Studies, Ithaca: Cornell University, 1962.



Arrival at Tokyo Station from Shimonoseki, July 19, 1943, accompanied by escort officer, Lt. Hirose. Leocadio de Asis, fourth from left, front row.

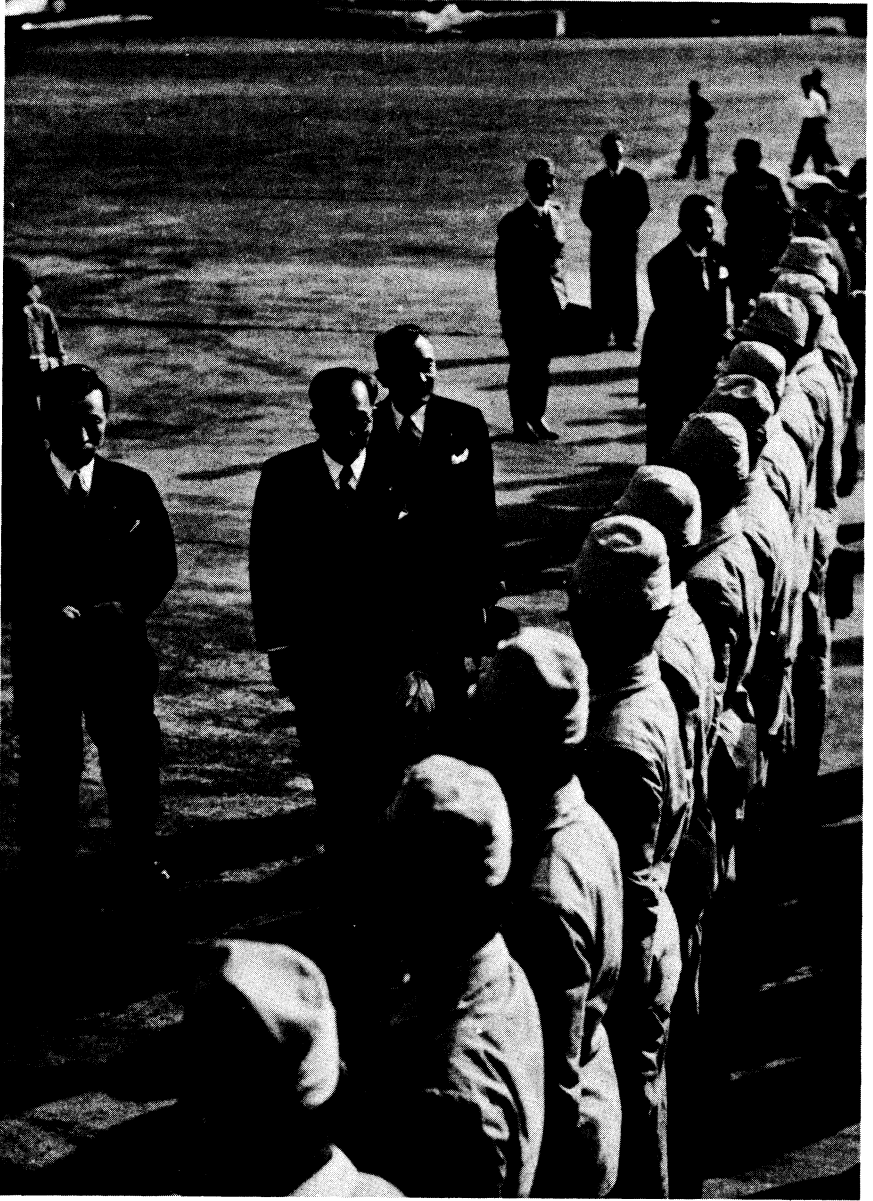


The Constabulary officer-pensionados in front of the Imperial Diet, Summer, 1943. Leocadio de Asis, third from right, standing.

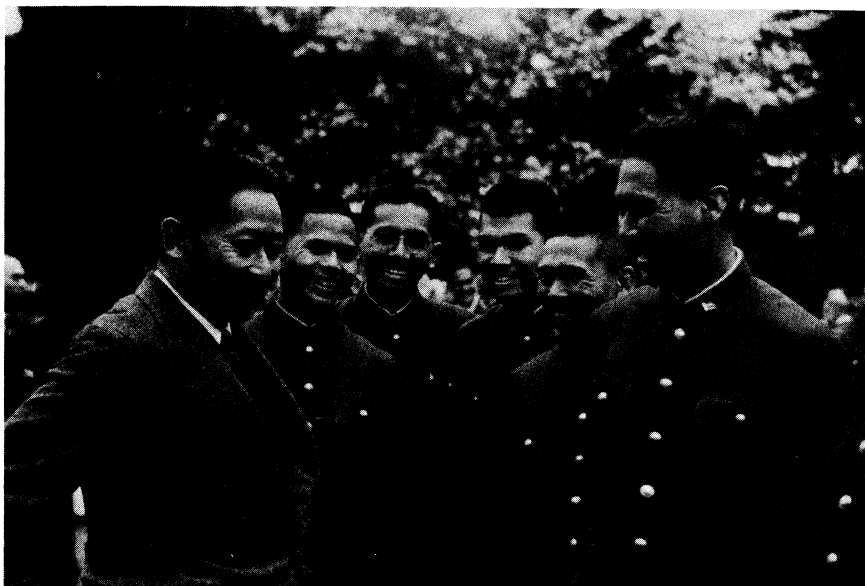


At the Tokyo residence of Baron Sadanobu Masuda (second from left, front row) during a weekend party, Summer, 1943. Mrs. Masako Masuda, third row, fifth from the left. Leocadio de Asis, front row, first on the left.





Jose P. Laurel, President of the wartime Republic of the Philippines, accompanied by Philippine Ambassador to Japan Jorge B. Vargas (immediately behind the President), inspecting the pensionados at Tokyo airport on his arrival for the Assembly of Greater East Asiatic Nations, November, 1943.



Benigno Aquino, Speaker of the Assembly of the wartime Philippine Republic, visiting with the pensionados at the Philippine Embassy in Tokyo, November, 1943. Leocadio de Asis is at the extreme right.



Leocadio de Asis, Christmas, 1943 at the Imperial Palace moat, Tokyo.



Advertisement for the film “Tear Down That Flag,” *Asahigraph*, Vol. 41, No. 20, Nov. 17, 1943. The text reads: “This is their touted humanitarianism! See an American army whose cruelty knows no limits! Tōhō Pictures presents its epoch-making production to the entire nation!”



Still photograph from "Tear Down That Flag." The Filipino movie star Fernando Poe plays a Filipino soldier captured by the Japanese army on Bataan.

## Introduction

This diary represents first and foremost a human drama—the record of a somewhat frightened, surprisingly sophisticated, obviously intelligent, intensely curious, deeply patriotic young Filipino plunged by totally unanticipated circumstances into an adventure of major proportions. Moreover, through the eyes of this astute observer, this same diary provides the kind of dispassionate and acute descriptive narrative of day-to-day life in wartime Japan which has heretofore not been available to the English language reader. In addition, from this same diary one derives a fresh perspective on the politics of the occupied Philippines, at least as seen from the homeland of the conqueror. Thus, the diary of Leocadio de Asis reveals character on three levels: the sterling personal character of de Asis himself, the character of Japan at war which corresponds remarkably to everything we have come to know in the recent past of Japan at peace, and the character of the Filipinos whose inner strength and national pride have too often been underestimated in both the United States and Japan.

Born in 1919 Leocadio de Asis was valedictorian at both San Beda High School and San Beda College and graduated with honors from the University of Santo Tomas College of Law. Called to the colors at the outbreak of United States-Japan hostilities, de Asis was captured with the Second Regular Division, USAFFE after the fall of Bataan. After being moved in and out of several different POW camps, de Asis was selected by the Japanese, on the basis of his good record and excellent health, to enter a two month training program at the Japanese-established Philippine Constabulary Academy. Immediately upon graduation, finishing number two in his class, de Asis was assigned to the Academy staff and taught criminal law and government regulations.

In May, 1943 after a fairly routine screening consisting of an aptitude test and a personal interview, de Asis was one of ten Philippine Constabulary officers selected by the Japanese for training and study in Japan. The ten ranged in age from twenty-one to twenty-nine, and all were, like de Asis, unmarried college graduates (some were lawyers) serving as instructors at the Philippine Constabulary Acad-

emy.<sup>1</sup> Some of the group had studied rudimentary Japanese language either in the POW camps or at the Academy, but de Asis himself did not know any Japanese language prior to his selection.

Clearly, as the Constabulary officer selectees themselves recognized, this was a very carefully chosen group, all of whom had excellent pre-war scholastic records and whose leadership capabilities were thoroughly recognized by the Japanese. Interestingly, too, although little in the Japanese occupation of the Philippines seemed to bear the earmarks either of considered planning or of even moderately longer range concerns, the decision to send these ten Constabulary officers to Japan did have specific purposes. For the Japanese intended that these ten men should be, as a result of their training in Japan, the vanguard of a new-style national police force in the Philippines. Having apparently already demonstrated their mettle in the reconstituted and re-oriented Constabulary Academy, these young men, as the Japanese military viewed it, would return from Japan fluent in the Japanese language, thoroughly knowledgeable about Japanese society, culture and customs and indoctrinated with the values of Imperial Japan generally and of its police specifically. Accordingly, these future police officers would bring to “anarchic” Americanized Philippine society a “regularized” and Japanized order which would, in turn, contribute significantly to the well-being and safety of Japanese forces in the Islands.

For these former USAFFE officers of whom Leocadio de Asis was one, the rationales for embarking on the adventure to Japan were varied. De Asis himself was unhappy about the prospect but feared that if he tried to get out of going, unforeseen consequences might befall his family. Also, some members of his family urged him to go on the grounds that since the internal situation in the Philippines was so unstable, he would very likely be safer in Japan. Moreover, in the back of de Asis’s mind was the possibility that he might acquire a treasure trove of intelligence by virtue of a sojourn in Japan and that such information might ultimately prove useful to the Allied forces when and if they returned to the Philippines.

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<sup>1</sup> Domingo D. Sison, 21; Leocadio de Asis, 23; Avelino Cruz, 24; Florentino de la Pena, 25; Jesus Quiambao, 26; Amado T. David, 27; Alfonso Sirilan, 27; Jose B. Velarde, 27; Mariano S. Villarín, 28; Elpidio Duque, 29.

Also, for some of the Constabulary officers the chance to study in Japan was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity which, even during the war, seemed challenging and exciting to contemplate. For others, of course, a trip to Japan appealed since it was a kind of “escape” from difficult family problems or from unhappy love affairs or from mounting financial woes. In fairness, too, it should be pointed out that the speed and efficiency of Japan’s overwhelmingly victorious conquest of the Philippines was a profound shock to a generation of Filipino youth raised to believe in the invincibility of their American colonial mentors. And one effect of that rude awakening was quite naturally a desire to know much more about this remarkable fellow Asian state, preferably at first hand. Thus, as de Asis’s diary evidences throughout, during the four decades of American rule prior to December, 1941, almost total ignorance of Japan was characteristic of even well educated Filipinos, and consequently the pensionados were filled with curiosity about every facet of Japanese life.<sup>2</sup>

As becomes evident in de Asis’s diary, in addition to the ten chosen Constabulary officers the Japanese also selected a group of 17 so-called general students for study in Japan. These pensionados were much younger (three were 15, one was 16, three were 17, five were 18, four were 19, one was 21), and all of them represented a convenient combination of impressive prior academic records with elite family origins.<sup>3</sup> For among their number were scions of two of the most powerful Muslim families of Mindanao and Sulu, sons of top civil servants and of cabinet ministers, two sons of Jorge B. Vargas, Chairman of the Philippine Executive Commission, the immediate successor under the Japanese to the departed Commonwealth regime, and one son of Jose P. Laurel, who in October, 1943 was to become President of the Japanese-sponsored independent Republic of the Philippines.

From May 11, 1943 to June 27, 1943 the Constabulary officers and the general students together, 27 in all, were given an intensive training

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<sup>2</sup> As the diary also demonstrates, the Filipinos knew virtually nothing about their fellow Southeast Asians. Their “enforced” meetings, therefore, during their study in Japan generated not only mutual interchange but at times mutual friction.

<sup>3</sup> Benjamin Sanvictores, 15; Mama Sinsuat, 15; Ramon Yulo Vargas, 15; Virgilio de los Santos, 16; Rodolfo Alba, 17; Alberto Lavides, 17; Eduardo M. Vargas, 17; Caesar Y. Alzona, 18; Jose O. Desiderio, Jr., 18; Manuel R. Dominguez, 18; Dionisio de Leon, Jr., 18; Jose de Ungria, 18; Halim Abubakar, 19; Jose V. Mapa, 19; Benjamin C. Osias, 19; Pedromilo V. Vallejo, Jr., 19; Mariano Laurel, 21.



course prior to their departure for Japan. This program was conducted in Malacanan Palace, the presidential residence in Manila, at what was called the Preparatory Institute for Government Scholars to Japan. Here de Asis and his fellow students were given rigorous educational as well as physical preparation for their Japanese sojourn. This, of course, included preliminary instruction in the Japanese language as well as introductory orientation to Japan's history, traditions and customs. As many specifics of de Asis's diary reflect, one very significant result of this preparatory experience was to develop not only an *esprit de corps* and camaraderie among the 27 men but also to produce a durable older brother-younger brother relationship between the more senior Constabulary officers and the more junior general students.

It is immediately after graduation from the Preparatory Institute on June 27, 1943 that de Asis begins his diary. In the subsequent year and a half that he so carefully records, we follow de Asis on his trip to Japan, through all of his schooling, recreation and travel in Japan and finally on his arduous trip back to the Philippines arriving once again in Manila October 3, 1944.

Being assigned on his return as Aide de Camp to Teofilo Sison, Minister of Justice in the Laurel government, de Asis accompanied Sison to Baguio when the Laurel regime evacuated from Manila at the end of 1944 in the face of the American reconquest. Then in March, 1945 de Asis managed to escape from Baguio, slip through the battle lines and rejoin his old unit at Camp Murphy. It was at that time that de Asis finally realized one of the unspoken goals of his Japan experience, namely to turn his diary over to the American forces in order to provide them with pertinent information on Japan. The resultant "Intelligence Summary No. 272" is included here as an Appendix.

Discharged from the Philippine Army in 1946, de Asis entered the private practice of law and simultaneously taught law at both his alma mater San Beda and at the University of the East. During the 1950s and 1960s de Asis gained increasing prominence as a very successful private businessman. Today he has a wide variety of business interests in real estate, land development, insurance and finance. Civically de Asis is an active member of the Rotary Club of Manila, a founding member and stalwart leader of the Philippine Federation

of Japan Alumni and a prominent participant in the Philippines-Japan Society. Of particular significance for this volume is the fact that de Asis is one of the founders and first Chairman (now Executive Governor of the Permanent Secretariat in Manila) of the Asean Council of Japan Alumni, an organization of students, all of whom are from member countries of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, who have studied in Japan before, during or since World War II.

As these last facts reveal, de Asis's Japan experience, described in his diary, has had a profound influence upon him. He maintains many contacts with Japanese friends; he is a regular and frequent visitor to Japan; he continues to use the Japanese language. What is especially significant is that the difficult wartime circumstances in which de Asis's Japan exposure took place have in no way diminished the impact of that encounter. In fact, as the diary reveals both implicitly and explicitly, it might be fairly judged that coming to know Japan at first hand under severe stress enhanced de Asis's positive response.

From the Japanese side it should also be emphasized that the special efforts made to afford the 27 Filipinos (as well as the other Southeast Asian students) a favorable impression of Japan were remarkable. Surely, among the broad spectrum of wartime involvements within the Japanese bureaucratic structure, the housing, feeding and education of this relative handful of students from the occupied areas was not a priority concern. Nevertheless, as the diary demonstrates over and over, the various government ministries (e.g. Army, Education, Greater East Asia), agencies and bureaus as well as such private organizations as the Philippine Society of Japan managed to act with sufficient concert to make it possible under very difficult conditions for these students to have an active, rounded and productive stay in Japan.

## FOREWORD

This Diary, which I shall file day by day for the duration of my indefinite stay in Japan as "Government Scholar" (Pensionado), shall be an invaluable record of a trip and of a new life in a foreign country. I expect this to serve me as a guide when I find time to write my "memoirs."

LEOCADIO DE ASIS  
Preparatory Institute  
for  
Government Scholars to Japan  
Malacanan Park, Manila  
July 3, 1943

## DIARY

JUNE 27-JULY 3, 1943

Immediately after graduation ceremonies [from the Preparatory Institute for Government Scholars to Japan], nearly two months of confinement started.

The start of my vacation was not so good as I was sick with fever from the afternoon of graduation until Tuesday morning.

On Friday, July 2, 1943, I visited the Benedictine Fathers at San Beda. Father Eladio San Juan gave me a beautiful medal of Sto. Nino de Praga. In the afternoon, I called on Fr. George Willman, S.J. at the K. of C. Clubhouse in Sampaloc. He asked me to drop in at St. Sofia's Jesuit University in Tokyo.

Also on July 2, 1943, in the evening, I was treated to a *lauriat* [Chinese banquet] at Antigua [Chinese restaurant in Manila]. I was given a "spiritual bouquet" and a nice parting letter. Everyone was so nice to me.

During the last morning of my vacation, July 3, 1943, with the other Constabulary officers, we made official calls at Constabulary Headquarters. Gen. [Guillermo B.] Francisco's parting words were: "Never forget you are FILIPINOS!"

At home, the family was gathered. Mama was all in tears when I left her in her room. At 5:15 p.m., I said "good-bye" to the family and then went to pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament. At 5:30 p.m., we arrived at Malacanan. A hasty farewell to everyone.

My last week in the Philippines was all right.

JULY 4, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at Malacanan Chapel. I have packed up all my things, and we are ready to move out any time.

JULY 5, 1943 (MONDAY)

It was announced tonight that our departure was very near and that we would go by a big liner. Our instructor added, "Don't worry about submarines as this liner travels very fast."

JULY 6, 1943 (TUESDAY)

This morning I finished writing farewell letters. Tonight at 8:30 p.m. I called up some friends, and I told them I was leaving at any moment.

JULY 7, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

At 6:30 p.m. left for the Jorge B. Vargas residence for a reception. All the girls present, especially Elvira, Nena, Teresita and Inday Vargas, were very hospitable and kind. Went home at 10:00.

JULY 8, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Early this a.m., it was announced that we would leave Malacanan for the pier at 12:00 noon. Soon we started packing and getting ready for departure. Each of us was given an emergency ration of food. After lunch at 12:30 p.m., we boarded the bus. It was raining hard.

We reached Pier 7 at 1:00 p.m. Col. Utsunomiya [Naonori] [Chief, General Affairs Department, Japanese Military Administration], Lt. Col. Urabe, Lt. Horikawa, Mr. Tanaka and Mr. Kano were there to send us off. Our baggage was exempt from inspection by the Military Police, a courtesy not extended even to Japanese officers and soldiers.

After two hours of tiresome waiting and suspense, we finally got on board the luxurious "Miike Maru," a modern 13,200-ton steamship of the latest type. We were given one cabin for every four of us. I was assigned to Cabin No. 205 with Lavidés, Alba and de Leon.

At 6:00 p.m. we had our first meal on board. It was a Japanese meal with chopsticks, tea and all. I liked the food but had rather a hard time handling the chopsticks. After supper, instructions were issued. We were warned "off limits," "blackout," etc.

Promenading along the spacious decks, we could see Manila's beautiful waterfront then all lit up. I felt rather lonely to see Manila from the ship. The thought of leaving the country and all my friends made me sad.

There are many Japanese soldiers and officers on board bound somewhere. Ashes of Japanese dead warriors duly escorted are also on board. Looking at the Japanese soldiers loitering aimlessly along the third class decks, and looking at Pier 7, desolate and empty, I could

not help but deplore wartime conditions. In normal times, Pier 7 would be filled to capacity, with familiar faces. But now we are about to leave almost without a “send-off.” I hope we move out soon. I led the collective prayers of the Rosary in our cabin before going to bed.

(Our departure is enveloped in strict secrecy. Lights in the dormitories at Malacanan were kept on, and the waiters were retained to make it appear that we were still there.)

JULY 9, 1943 (FRIDAY)

At 3:21 p.m., the S. S. “Miike” steamed out of Manila Bay. It was a sad thing to leave Manila behind us. From the deck we could see Manila’s waterfront—Manila Hotel, Bay View, The Admiral, Customs House, etc.—gradually disappearing in the distance. We won’t be seeing Manila again for a few years.

At about 6:00 p.m. our ship was passing along the coast of Bataan and the island fortress of Corregidor. Once more I had a chance to see my sector in Bataan which I was defending last year. We passed so close to the coast that I could practically point out to my companions the exact location of my sector. To think that last year I was on this point in Bataan fighting the Japanese, and now, one year later, I am on board a Japanese steamer bound for Tokyo as a government pensionado. Last year, too, I was on board a Japanese destroyer, but not as a pensionado but as an escaped soldier from the battlefields of Bataan. The irony of Fate!

Almost everyone was seasick, and we all went down to our cabins. We were not able to pray the Rosary tonight. (I’m leaving the P.I. with a sad heart, a hopeful future and Y99 in my pocket.)

JULY 10, 1943 (SATURDAY)

At 2:30 p.m., the loudspeaker announced “Emergency Maneuver.” All passengers rushed to the decks in front of their respective lifeboats; all prepared for any emergency with life jackets, emergency rations and other emergency paraphernalia. I was “seasick” in bed when the alarm was sounded. At first I did not want to get up, but seeing all my companions rushing out with their life jackets and hearing Lavides shout “Submarine sighted!”, I jumped out of bed, and I was on deck in no time.

On deck, I noticed a Japanese woman, the only lady on board, carrying her 6-month baby, both with life jackets on. Very pathetic sight.

At about 6:00 p.m., I had another scare when about five ships were sighted in the distance. At first I thought they were "enemy" ships, but it was ascertained they were "friendly" merchantmen.

Our ship is quite heavily armed with machine guns and naval cannons. Soldiers stand on guard day and night for enemy ships and submarines.

JULY 11, 1943 (SUNDAY)

At 9:30 a.m. we arrived at Takao [Kaohsiung] Harbor, Formosa (Taiwan). This harbor is naturally protected by surrounding mountains, and the ship has to go in through a narrow opening.

We were not allowed to get off, so we just had a glimpse of Taiwan from the ship. A Christian (probably Catholic) Church stands conspicuously among the crowded concrete buildings in the harbor. This port looks like Hong Kong (as I know it from pictures) with many houses dotting the mountainside; the harbor itself looks like Iloilo.

There are many Formosan soldiers on board who are returning to their homes. Formosans look like Filipinos, but they speak Japanese. The ones here on board look sickly (they remind me of the Filipino prisoners-of-war sick with "beri-beri" at [Camp] O'Donnell). They have blank faces and look as if they have no goal in life. I pity them.

Tonight before going to bed, we were having an interesting conversation at Sison's cabin when a Japanese joined us. He introduced himself as Mr. Kitakawa. He said he was formerly chemistry professor in the Tokyo Imperial University, major in the Japanese Army, and now a civilian attached to the Military Administration. He said he was the one who caught the assailants of Commissioner [of the Interior] [Jose P.] Laurel.\*

(All passengers were subjected to cholera tests by the harbor officials this p.m.)

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\* On June 5, 1943 while playing golf with three friends at the Wack-Wack Club in Manila, Laurel was fired on and wounded three times.

JULY 12, 1943 (MONDAY)

This is our second day anchored at Takao Harbor, Formosa (Taiwan). This morning at 10:00 a.m., the ashes of Formosan soldiers who died in battle were taken ashore. We joined the soldiers on deck in saluting the "dead heroes" as they were being brought down.

Lunch this noon was swell. *Chuletas* [pork chops] and smoked fish. This is the first time in three days that we ate with "gusto." I have been feeling lousy these days, feeling homesick for food I cannot eat. For the first time this morning, I ate big Formosan bananas which were "smuggled" into Nene Vargas's cabin. This was very timely, as I did not take a bite at breakfast this morning.

After supper, had very pleasant conversation with a 1st Lieut. Watanabe. He gave us a history of Taiwan, Korea, and the Russo-Japanese War.

Talking with other officers, we learned how dangerous our voyage to Japan will be. They said: many American submarines lurk in these waters; that at the next port of anchor (Mako [Peng Hu] Is.) we will be escorted by a warship; that this ship was the target of torpedoes three times on its last trip but luckily missed being hit; that Formosa is populated by about 5,000,000 people, and its territorial size is about half of Luzon; its capital is Taihoku [Taipei] (Great North), and its principle products are fruits, rubber, timber (cedar) and sugar. The coolies working on the cargo speak corrupt Chinese, but they also talk Nippongo [Japanese language].

Had emergency practice before roll-call tonight. We were ready with our life jackets in 7 minutes. This was too late, as our instructor informed us that this ship will sink in 8 minutes.

~~Tomorrow we sail again.~~

(Also talked with a Mr. Takahashi, who has been long in England and talks very good English. Slang, too.)

JULY 13, 1943 (TUESDAY)

We left Port Takao, Formosa at 6:05 a.m. At about 11:30 a.m. we dropped anchor at the Mako Islands, a Japanese naval base, about 4 hours' trip from Takao.

Mako Islands is a group of islands dotting the China Sea between



the southwest coast of Taiwan and Amoy, China. It is a big naval base with all kinds of warships stationed here. The naval base proper is about 5 times the size of Corregidor. Radio towers, similar to those in Cavite Naval Station, loom conspicuously in Mako.

A very strange thing about these islands is that they are entirely bare. Houses could be seen here and there, but I have not seen a single tree.

We left the Mako Islands at about 12:45 p.m. We became part of a convoy of eight merchantmen escorted by a destroyer. A fighter plane also flew with us on lookout for "sharks." One of the ships in this convoy was the former "President Harrison" captured by the Japanese at Hong Kong at the outbreak of the war. The "President Harrison," I remember, was used to transport American troops to Manila about October or November, 1941.

Our ship is in the middle of the convoy formation, as it is considered the most important ship, carrying on board the remains of the Japanese warriors who died in action. According to a Japanese officer, these soldiers are considered "*kami*" or "hero-gods." They died in the Solomon Islands' battles and number, according to him, approximately one million.

We were informed tonight that we are in most dangerous waters and that all precautions for emergency must be taken.

Villarin was "quarantined" tonight in a separate cabin with a case of "diarrhea" as shown by the test we all underwent.

#### JULY 14, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Nothing unusual. So far I have not felt seasick, and I feel much better than on the first two days on the trip between Manila and Formosa. Started reading the book *Death of the Gods* by Dmitry Merezhkovskii. A plane dropped the mail to our ships with a copy of the July issue of *Shin Seiki* [*New Era*, an English language magazine published in Manila during the occupation] with a feature article and several pictures of the "Pensionados to Japan."

#### JULY 15, 1943 (THURSDAY)

At about 10:00 a.m. we met a convoy of 10 ships bound southward. At 4:00 p.m. a three-seater fighter plane flew so close to our ship we

the first things I noticed in the house was the picture of the “Mater Dolorosa” and a map of the P.I. hanging in the dining room.

A family (Mr. & Mrs. Aoki, Aoki, Jr., Aoki Ane [elder sister], Aoki Otōto [younger brother], and Aoki Imōto [younger sister]) keeps house for us.

Spent the rest of the afternoon fixing our respective rooms.

At 8:00 p.m. we had our first hair-cut in Japan (shaved to the skull).

I feel very homesick. Hope to get over it.

(Mr. Maejima is our superintendent and Mr. Aoki is our Dormitory-in-Charge. The former is a Christian pastor. He says he is something like an Aglipayan,\* speaks English a little and is very kind.)

JULY 20, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Visited the Meiji Shrine this a.m. Rode on the elevated rail-line in going there. This shrine is in a beautiful park thick with trees. We walked along a broad roadway passing under big torii (Japanese arches) to the main shrine which is of Japanese architecture with earthen roofs that elongate into eaves. People continuously visit this shrine to pay homage to the builder of New Japan, Emperor Meiji.

Our visit to the Yasukuni Shrine was postponed due to the heavy rain.

This p.m. we went to the St. Luke's International Medical Center to visit Villarin who is confined on suspicion of “para-typhoid.” This hospital is a modern building several stories high. (It has a branch in Manila—St. Luke's Hospital.) On the entrance a huge marker reads: “St. Luke's International Medical Center, dedicated to God and to the service of humanity.” We went to the hospital's roof-garden from which we had a bird's-eye view of the Tokyo metropolis.

In going to the hospital, we also passed the Buddhist temple [Tsukiji Honganji], reputed to be one of the best in the world.

We went shopping at Ginza Street, the center of shopping in Tokyo (like Manila's Escolta but very much busier and more modern). At Itōya Department Store we bought many things.

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\* Members of the Philippine Independent Church founded at the turn of the century by a former Catholic priest, Gregorio Aglipay, are known as Aglipayans.

On the way home, we stopped at a refreshment parlor and enjoyed eating fruit salad and cold coffee.

JULY 21, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

At 9:30 a.m. we went to the Greater East Asia Ministry to pay our respects to [Greater East Asia] Minister [Kazuo] Aoki. The building is a streamlined 8-story structure of granite and concrete blocks. In the roof garden of the Ministry, Minister Aoki in formal morning cutaway gave us an address of welcome, followed by soft drinks.

We then proceeded to the War Ministry. This is on an elevated site hidden from view by big trees. We walked up along a roadway that led to the building, passing among sentinels and dug-outs.

The War Ministry building is also modern and streamlined in architecture, but its dark grey paint gives it more of an appearance of a factory than a ministry.

Vice-Minister of War Tomigawa received us in a beautifully tapestried and heavily carpeted hall on whose walls hang the portraits of Japanese War Ministers of all past cabinets. After the speech of the Vice-Minister, he presented to each one a personal gift from Premier and War Minister Tōjō—a black fountain pen with Japanese engraving which reads: “Gift from Premier and War Minister Hideki Tōjō.” Before leaving the Ministry, we had cold coffee and picture taking in front of the building.

Had lunch at the School of Japanese Language of the International Friends' Association at Meguro. (This is the school we will attend.)

For the first time we met the Burmese, Javanese, Malay and Sumatran delegations. They look like Filipinos. We did not have a chance to talk much to them, but from information we learned that they talk English with a British accent, and some speak Dutch, French and German.

In the afternoon we visited the dormitory of the younger boys in our group (non-Constabulary). This is a regular dormitory unlike ours which is a private home.

Received news from Mr. Tanaka that all Filipinos (Constabulary and Non-Constabulary) will be grouped in the same dormitory. Good news, indeed, as we are missing each other so.

JULY 22, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Nothing on schedule today. Spent the day writing letters, reading and walking in the neighborhood of the dormitory.

(Last night I visited the room of Mr. Murakami, a Japanese preparatory college student, who lives in the dormitory. He has a rich library which includes the complete works of Plato, a collection of English and American poets and philosophical books in German and English. He is only 21 years old, but is very cultured. He lent me some books to read.)

JULY 23, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Today we received our first allowance as pensionados. We will receive Y100 monthly from which we will pay our dormitory, laundry, clothing, etc. expenses which will leave us monthly pocket money of Y30. For the month of July we received Y83.23 after deducting dormitory charges from the 20th to the end of the month. We will deposit our savings at the Postal Savings Bank.

We were very happy to have our younger "brothers," the civilian Filipino students, in our place. They took lunch and *merienda* [collation] with us. Every time we meet we feel like brothers who have not seen each other for a long time. We hope to be quartered in the same place in a few days.

We are gradually getting adapted to our new life, although it is rather hard to get adapted to wartime conditions in Japan where a strict ration system prevails. At every opportunity we "raid" restaurants and refreshment parlors. Tonight with the aid of a big map of the City of Tokyo, we studied the intricate system of streetcar and elevated railway lines leading to our school at Meguro District.

(Bowed towards the Imperial Palace in an "act of Thanksgiving" to the "Imperial Benevolence" from which comes our monthly pension, we are told.)

JULY 24, 1943 (SATURDAY)

At 9:30 a.m. the Opening Ceremonies of our classes were held at the School of Japanese Language of the International Friends' Association at Meguro. Speeches were delivered by the Director of the School,

Mr. Yatabe, former Ambassador to Thailand, and by a representative of the Greater East Asia Ministry, and our instructors were introduced to us.

At 2:00 p.m. we went to Mitsui Department Store. This is so big it even has a movie house inside. Here we enjoyed a film on judo.

JULY 25, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass, went to confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church, Kōjimachi, Tokyo. The church is small, about the size of Manila's K. of C. Chapel. I was surprised to see the Japanese Catholics so fervent. They prayed the "*Missa Recitata*" [Dialogue Mass] in Japanese. A German Jesuit, Father Hoebfels, delivered the sermon in fluent Japanese. Fr. Gregorio Tsukamoto, the parish priest, who recently visited the Philippines and spoke at the Constabulary Academy, entertained us after mass with cakes and cold tea. We met Jose Abad Santos, Jr. (in Japan he assumes the name of Jose Francisco) in the church.\* We were so glad to see a Filipino other than ourselves. Did not have much chance to talk to him, but we will meet him every day in class.

Went shopping this p.m. at Ginza Street and Kanda Street (book center). Had refreshments and a meal at the "Olympic," went to shops called Itoya and Hattori, and to Matsuya Department Store.

Met another Filipino, a Mr. Mariano, who has been in Japan for 20 years.

Tonight we went to Tokyo Station to send off Sergeant Kiohara who is returning to the Philippines. We gave him a present (toilet kit) as a token of our sincere appreciation.

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\* Having declined to accompany Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon into exile, Secretary of Justice Jose Abad Santos, Sr. was captured by the Japanese on Cebu on April 10, 1942. Refusing under intense interrogation to cooperate with the occupying forces, he was executed by the Japanese on May 7, 1942 at Malabang, Lanao, Mindanao. Jose Abad Santos, Jr., then 15 years of age, had been at his father's side since leaving Manila and remained with him until his death. Abad Santos, Jr., then in effect a prisoner of the Japanese, was sent by boat to Manila where he was held incommunicado at the Manila Hotel, was transferred to Taiwan by plane and after a week was sent on again by plane from Taiwan to Tokyo where he was told he would be "made to study" and was entered in the Japanese language course at the Kokusai Gakuyūkai. Many of those among the younger pensionados had been friends of Abad Santos, Jr. in Manila.

This has been a full Sunday. We went around almost by ourselves, and gradually we are learning the intricacies of transportation. I am beginning to like it here.

JULY 26, 1943 (MONDAY)

Started going to class this morning. Felt like school children going to class with books and lunch-box.

At school, we had preliminary exams to determine classification by groups. Will start regular classes perhaps tomorrow.

This p.m. had sumptuous meal at a big restaurant. Paid Y2.50 plus Y1 tax for the meal—bread, butter, fish, ham and soup.

Wrote letters before going to bed.

(Our school at Meguro was the former American School in Japan. We have a good staff of instructors, several of them having been abroad. Our Director Yatabe was former Ambassador to Thailand; our principal Watanabe was a Minister Plenipotentiary. Our Instructor, Mr. Muraoka, studied in England 6 years and speaks Spanish, too.)

JULY 27, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Had another written exam at school. Will definitely start regular classes the day after tomorrow.

Reading the *Nippon Times* every day, we get candid news and editorial comments which our [Manila] *Tribune* never publishes. The reason is the difference in the temperament and psychology of the people. This morning's *Times*, for instance, played on the imminence of enemy raids over Japan proper in view of the increasing force of the enemy on the China continent. I enjoy reading the *Nippon Times* and its candid views and news analysis.

This p.m. we had a nice time chatting with our neighbors. They are so kind and so friendly—so different from the Japanese in the Philippines during the war. (Do not see much of the Army in Tokyo, except officers who attend the Technical Military School near our dormitory, unlike in Manila where soldiers and army lorries come and go.)

JULY 28, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

We went to class as scheduled but only to receive books and schedule of classes. Then returned to the dormitory.

After siesta this p.m., walked with neighbors to a nearby park. I like the neighborhood, especially now that I am getting acquainted. I met a Japanese medical student who has been to Brazil. He speaks a little Spanish. He promised to take us to his home on Sunday. He says he has rhumba, tango and samba records.

Tonight I started reading *Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot.

Had our first air-raid practice tonight at 10:00. We were late, this being the first time. Our Superintendent lectured on the importance of air-raid practice. He said the enemy will surely bomb Tokyo, and all the people here expect it any time.

(Fr. Sakurai, a Protestant minister, was at our dormitory. He acted as interpreter when our Superintendent was explaining the regulations of the dormitory.)

JULY 29, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Today we started regular classes. We are like first grade students again. In class we take what Japanese children study. "Kore wa hon desu." ("This is a book"); "Sore wa empitsu desu." ("That is a pencil."); and so on are our first lessons in hearing and pronunciation.

Tonight during study period in our dormitory, a 14-year-old and a 9-year-old, children of our landlady, were teaching us to read the Japanese primer. After 13 years in college and 4 years in the university, I am starting again from the very bottom with children teaching us!

After class this p.m. had a good meal in the "Olympic" at Ginza Street.

The *Nippon Times* today makes an analysis of international current events which is not very pleasant to hear. People in Tokyo expect an enemy attack any moment.

JULY 30, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Had first lessons in judo this p.m. Practiced the "art of falling down."

After class went to "Fujiya" Restaurant and had a very nice meal.

Rode the subway from school to Ginza Street—about 20 minutes' trip. It was a nice experience riding on the subway for the first time. Traveling fast at about 50 miles an hour, I could see the walls of the tunnel rushing past us barely missing the car by a foot or so.

Tasted drink made of boiled *sakura* (cherry) flowers at neighbors' home.

JULY 31, 1943 (SATURDAY)

After the first Nippongo period this a.m., we went to the Tōgō Shrine and the Navy Museum.

The Shrine in honor of Admiral Tōgō is somewhat similar to Meiji Shrine, but the park in which it is located is made more beautiful by an artificial pond. Worshipers (sailors, students, workers and civilians) bring their lunch boxes with them and eat in the park.

We entered the Shrine proper and participated in a short ceremony led by a Shinto priest in full regalia. The ceremony consisted of offering a branch with leaves on an altar, clapping hands a few times and bowing low more times. I did not understand the ceremony, but it seems it was a solemn thing in honor of the spirit of Admiral Tōgō.

We then proceeded to the Navy Museum which is in the same park. The building is a modern streamlined structure. We saw a very interesting display of miniature warships of all types—destroyers, cruisers, battleships, submarines, different types of naval planes, naval guns, torpedoes, water mines, etc. By pressing electrical switches, battle formations of ships and planes could be put in motion, and a miniature battle on land and sea could be staged.

One of the most interesting displays in the museum is the collection of Admiral Tōgō's medals and decorations from the Japanese, as well as from foreign governments such as Portugal, Italy, Spain, England, etc. Also displayed were the Admiral's uniform, sabre, binoculars, etc.

On the roof garden of the museum we enjoyed looking through a submarine periscope, powerful telescopes, and range finders.

Another interesting exhibit was a Japanese plane riddled with bullet holes and with one wing clipped off. This plane went on a raid over China and was able to return safely to its home base in spite of its clipped wing.

(The morale among us is not so good. We are having quite a hard



time getting adapted to this new life. I only hope we succeed and avoid any serious complications.)

AUGUST 1, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass, went to confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church. After mass we were again served cold tea and cookies.

At 9:00 a.m. had air raid drill for the first time with the rest of our neighborhood association. Our head is a woman, and most members, except us, are women (it seems the menfolk have gone to the war). We drilled on how to take cover; how to put out fires with ladders, ropes and buckets; protection against gas attacks; and first aid drill. I was impressed by the seriousness and interest with which the members performed the drill (unlike our neighborhood associations in the P.I. whose members do not seem to take it seriously).

At noon we were feted by the Philippine Society of Japan with a banquet at the Daitōa Hall, a high-class restaurant several stories high at Hibiya Park, Tokyo's center.

At 2:00 p.m. we went to Yasukuni Shrine. Entering this shrine, one is at once attracted at the entrance by a huge torii made of solid bronze about one meter in diameter. The statue of a general, founder of the Japanese Army, is right in the center of the avenue leading to the shrine proper. Like Meiji Shrine, and all other big shrines, before reaching the shrine proper, there is a shed with a water font from which worshipers dip cups to wash their mouths and hands before entering the shrine. (This is somewhat equivalent to the Catholic blessed water font.)

Played ping-pong with our neighbors on returning home this p.m.

After supper went to Shinjuku which at night is like Quiapo on Fridays, the streets and sidewalks full of people bargaining at improvised stalls.

AUGUST 2, 1943 (MONDAY)

Today's papers headlined the grant of independence to Burma and the declaration of war on the U.S. and Britain as the first official act of the new independent Burma.

In school, we had class in music under a woman teacher for the first time.

Am worried about the attitude of our group. I hope we all behave properly for the sake of our country and race.

(This morning began joining the "Rajio Taisō" ["Exercise by radio"] with neighbors.)

AUGUST 4, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

After class we went to a small store in an out-of-the-way district where we ate fried mashed potatoes (8¢ each).

This morning at school had very interesting conversation with two Burmese students. We talked on Burmese independence, on the war and various topics of mutual interest.

Tonight during study period, Fr. Sakurai, a new instructor invited by our superintendent, lectured to us on the faith of the Japanese in the Emperor. He also talked in passing on democracy and totalitarianism. He speaks quite good English having graduated from an American university.

Lieut. Hirose had supper with us and was present during study period. (So far, we had the best meal at the dormitory at supper tonight—fried meat, fried *pusit* [squid] and flour cake with mashed potatoes.)

AUGUST 5, 1943 (THURSDAY)

I found out that all the letters and postcards I have written and submitted to the instructor at school during the past two weeks have not yet been mailed.

We are making a lot of progress in Nippongo, and, at the rate we are going, we feel we will learn the language fast.

Underwent another physical examination this p.m.

After class went to the Ginza "Fujiya," our favorite restaurant.

AUGUST 6, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Had no class this p.m. Ate at Isetan Department Store Restaurant.

At 6:30, after supper, we visited a neighboring house and sang *kundiman* [native song(s)] and Japanese songs with Pena at the piano.

At 7:30 tonight, during our study period, a strong earthquake shook our house. We all got scared, but the Japanese here did not

even mind it. Earthquakes occur very often in Japan, we were told, and people do not even mind it at all.

Fr. Sakurai lectured to us on the general features of Japan during our study period. He studied for two years at a New York theological seminary and is now professor of Christian Apologetics and New Testament at the Tokyo Central Anglican Seminary. He is an Anglican minister and speaks quite good English.

#### AUGUST 7, 1943 (SATURDAY)

At 1:30 p.m. we went to Mitsukoshi Department Store to attend a musical program of pipe organ renditions. The lobby of the big store was thronged with people. A space was reserved for us (including the Burmese, Javanese, Malays and Sumatrans).

After the program we went to the fifth floor to enjoy a Japanese film "World of Love," Daitōa [Greater East Asia] News and a few shorts. The main film was nice, but I could not understand a thing.

Tonight a meeting of our neighborhood association was held in our dormitory with ladies attending. We joined them during tea and biscuits.

Tonight there will be an air raid alarm (siren) practice, it was announced.

#### AUGUST 8, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church. Fr. Tsukamoto again entertained us with tea after mass.

Wore barong tagalog for the first time in Tokyo. It attracted much attention, but the colored barong tagalog with flower decorations does not seem to appeal to the Japanese as to them it appears effeminate.

At 10:00 a.m. had another air raid drill with our neighborhood association. Practiced putting out fires with buckets, ladders and ropes. The Japanese are taking these practices seriously. (Last night at 2:00 a.m. and today at noon practice siren alarms were sounded.)

This p.m. went to Mitsukoshi Department Store (Shinjuku Branch) and saw the Thailand Exhibit on the fifth floor. Pictures, posters and paintings of Thailand's life and people were on display.

Had meal and refreshment in the sixth floor restaurant. Bought a sports bag (Y14.30) at a Shinjuku bazaar.

At 3:30, with Quiambao, we visited Jose Abad Santos, Jr. at his dormitory, which is about 15 minutes' walk from ours. His place (International Students' Society Dormitory) is very much nicer than ours—a concrete, modern building, western-styled, where one does not have to take off his shoes. In this dormitory are quartered Indonesians, Annamese, Siamese and J. Abad Santos. They constitute a different group from ours. Some of them study in our school; others are already in different Tokyo universities.

I was impressed by Santos's room. He has a Filipino flag on the wall, several religious pictures and images and quite a lot of English and Japanese books. We had a very pleasant conversation till 5:15 when we went to the roof garden from where Mount Fuji could be seen on clear days.

AUGUST 9, 1943 (MONDAY)

Had first class in "brush writing" in school.

Sent letters through a Japanese soon leaving for the P.I.

Had haircut after class. (Am letting my hair grow again and also my moustache.)

AUGUST 10, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Today is the *first anniversary of my release* from the war prisoners' camp at Del Pilar, Pampanga. I thanked the Lord sincerely for His Infinite Goodness and all His favors.

In this short span of one year, so many things have happened—I trained at the Constabulary Academy No. 3, was appointed later as instructor there, then transferred to Constabulary Academy No. 4 and, now, just one year after my last day as prisoner, I am a pensionado right in the "very center of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" in Tokyo.

The turn of events was unforeseen and inevitable, and fate has brought me to where now I find myself far from home, friends and loved ones. When I am going back home I do not know, but I feel so many things are still to happen before I finally see them again. At this time last year I was happily reunited with my family after a bitter separation caused by the war. Now, again, I am away from home, and

this time thousands of miles away and during troubled and uncertain times. But I have placed all my faith and hope in God and to Him I leave everything. When I feel homesick, and hardships come my way, I only think of those grim days in Bataan and of the concentration camps I have been in, and I feel nothing can be worse.

This morning some of us received our first letters from the Philippines. I was very sorry I did not receive any, but I hope to receive some any time within this month.

This p.m. showed some of my Japanese neighbors my family and Malacanan pictures.

Tonight during study period had very nice talk with Mr. Murakami, the university student who stays with us. I told him about things Philippine and talked to him specially about Bataan, the concentration camps and my experiences in connection with the anniversary of my release today.

Felt the second earthquake tonight at 10:05. Quite slight.

#### AUGUST 11, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

I went to St. Theresa's Church with Quiambao after class. Then had two servings of ice cream and meals at two new restaurants we discovered.

Fr. Sakurai, our instructor during our study period, during his Nippongo lectures often digressed to topics on psychology and theology. He mentioned Kant, Freud and St. Thomas Aquinas and talked on their writings.

(Bought Japanese holy pictures from the store at St. Theresa's.)

#### AUGUST 12, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Col. Matsuoka of the Japanese Military Administration in the Philippines visited us at school. He brought a few letters for some of the pensionados. Was very disappointed not to have received any letter yet.

The Colonel talked to us and told us that he received reports to the effect that the conduct of the Filipinos was not very satisfactory. (I expected this as the boys really have not been behaving as they should. Unaccustomed to a new life, our first weeks here were really demoralizing, which accounts for the lax discipline in our group.)

Our food is improving every day. When our *caseros* [caretakers] found out we were always hungry, they tried their best to improve our food. Talking to them tonight while going over their family album, they told me they have at the front in Manchuria a son who left ten days after his marriage. They do not seem to worry a bit, and for them the boy is as good as dead.

The evening edition of the *Nippon Times* headlined the "attempted raid" on the north of Japan (Chishima) by American planes at 7:00 a.m. today.

AUGUST 13, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Mariano Laurel read to us his father's letter this a.m., but before he could finish he had completely broken down in tears. It was indeed a very nice letter written in the handwriting of one of the greatest living Filipinos who is still convalescing from wounds inflicted by assassins.

Tonight at study period, Fr. Sakurai explained to us Christianity in Japan. We asked him many interesting questions on this subject and requested him to reconcile Christianity and Shintoism. He said Japanese Christians do not and cannot believe in sectarian Shintoism which regards the Emperor as God because such a doctrine is diametrically opposed to Christianity. However, Japanese Christians retain extreme loyalty and love for the Emperor and consider him as a special man endowed by God with very fine moral qualities. He stated further that freedom of religious worship is guaranteed under the Japanese constitution. (This is what he thinks.)

AUGUST 14, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Col. Matsuoka, Lieut. Hirose and Mr. Tanaka visited our dormitory this noon.

Had watermelon and nice green apples for *merienda*.

Lieut. Hirose, Mr. Tanaka and our dormitory superintendent, Mr. Maejima, lectured to us on behavior and the need to study hard.

Tonight at "self-study period" had a lesson in grammar from Mr. Maejima.

Beginning today, I will be the "student leader" ("*torishimari*") for one week.

AUGUST 15, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Received communion at St. Theresa's Church.

At 9:00 a.m. we went to Sekiguchi Cathedral and heard mass and attended benediction of the Blessed Sacrament with Msgr. Peter Doi, Archbishop of Tokyo, officiating.

The Cathedral is big compared to St. Theresa's Church, but it is rather small compared to Manila's Cathedral and other churches. This is of simple architecture, about the size of the V. O. T. Church in Sampaloc. This is typically a Japanese church in that the faithful have to remove their shoes on entering the church. There are few pews inside, and the majority of the people attending mass have to sit and kneel on straw mattresses covering the floor. (A beautiful "Gruta de Lourdes" ["Grotto of Lourdes"], hewn from a large rock, is located in a nice spot in the church grounds.)

There were many schoolboys attending the mass, praying the *Missa Recitata* and singing in Japanese such religious hymns as "Holy God We Praise Thy Name," "Tantum Ergo," "O Salutaris," etc. During communion the Japanese, as always, show a remarkable discipline which at once impresses the foreigner. The communicants would approach and leave the communion rail in small groups on clap signals given by a church attendant.

After mass and benediction, Msgr. Peter Doi addressed a few words to us and invited us to come to his church or any other Catholic church whenever we felt like it. His talk was interpreted to us in flawless Spanish by a Japanese (Mr. Itō) who has been to the Philippines, Mexico, and South America. (So far I have met five persons, Japanese, who talk Spanish, including Mr. Muraoka, our instructor in Nippongo.)

At noon we were feted with a sumptuous buffet luncheon by the Catholic Women's Society of Japan at the beautiful mansion of Mrs. Soma in Yotsuya. Mrs. Soma is a very rich and well-known person, and she has a very beautiful Japanese home with a beautiful garden. She is a devout Catholic, and there is a small chapel in her home. Two of her sons are now fighting at the front.

We were entertained by the Catholic ladies, among them Mrs. [Renzō] Sawada, wife of the famous diplomat Mr. Sawada who has

held several foreign posts in France, Italy, and America. Mrs. Sawada's father was also a diplomat and minister. She speaks fluent English and Italian.

Among the ladies present, several speak English. There were three very refined young girls who impressed us with their most dignified demeanor.

We played a very interesting game (guessing game) in the afternoon.

Mrs. Soma showed us a Japanese picture story, a long paper scroll with beautiful paintings and Japanese characters relating the story drawn in pictures done skillfully to the minutest detail. These were used to take the place of books in olden times in Japan.

To entertain our hosts, we sang Filipino and Japanese songs which they liked very much. The party broke up at 3:00 p.m.

This has been indeed the best day so far in Tokyo in every respect. The lunch was simply superb, and our hosts were very kind and so hospitable we really felt at home. The atmosphere, especially, was so Catholic, that although our hosts were Japanese, we felt so close to them, so at home. We left Mrs. Soma's place very happy and impressed by the Catholic Women's Society of Japan.

#### AUGUST 16, 1943 (MONDAY)

Mrs. Okamoto and son had supper with us tonight. She and her husband and family have lived many years in Malate, Manila. Mr. Okamoto is Secretary-General of the Philippine Society of Japan.

#### AUGUST 17, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Mr. Namiki, who recently arrived from the Philippine Military Administration, was introduced to us this p.m. as our new dormitory superintendent when we move into our new quarters next month.

#### AUGUST 18, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

This afternoon went to the Imperial Hotel Arcade to shop in its shopping lobbies. There are so many beautiful things for sale here, and I intend to go back some day.

Fr. Sakurai, our instructor during study period, gave me a list of



the places of interest to visit in Tokyo, such as the Imperial Museum, Library, zoological gardens, Hibiya Auditorium, etc. I intend to go to these places as soon as I can.

Finished writing my mail to catch up with tomorrow's deadline.

AUGUST 19, 1943 (THURSDAY)

A month ago today we arrived in Tokyo, one month in this great metropolis which has seemed like one year.

I have not received a single letter yet from home although some of us have received several letters already. I have written several cards and letters, including the ones I submitted to our instructor this morning. I will stop writing letters until I receive at least one.

Lieut. Hirose unexpectedly left this a.m. to return to the P.I. We were not able to send letters through him.

After class this p.m., ate at Isetan Department Store Restaurant (6th floor), but I did not like the food at all.

Tonight we had a full fish for supper to commemorate our one month's stay in Tokyo. It is a Japanese custom to serve a full fish, with head and tail, to celebrate any special event, such as birthdays, anniversaries and the like. When we first landed at Moji on July 17, I remember we were served on board S/S "Miike Maru" a full fish for breakfast in honor of our safe trip.

AUGUST 20, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Received my first letter this morning while having lunch! It was brought by a Japanese who brought us "eats" (*turron* [filled pastry] and biscuits) from Mrs. Vargas and letters for the Vargas boys and me. After exactly one month and one day, it was a nice feeling to receive a much awaited letter from home.

After class this p.m., Quiambao and I took the subway for Mitsukoshi Department Store. The subway car stops right in the basement of Mitsukoshi, about the biggest department store in Tokyo. Just looked around but did not buy a thing.

The world situation has entered into a new phase. Sicily, according to the *Nippon Times*, has been evacuated, and the news analysts believe the Anti-Axis to be poised for possible landings in Italy, the west coast

of France and in the North simultaneously with the furious counter-offensive now being staged by Russia on the eastern front. Meanwhile, in the South Pacific theater of war, American troops have gained a foothold at Vella Island, the northernmost in the Solomons group. Raids on Tokyo are imminent, and people expect it any time. Foxholes are seen almost everywhere now.

During our study period tonight, I had the chance to tell our instructor of conditions in the Philippines and of the relations between the Japanese and the Filipinos. (Was very frank about it.)

AUGUST 21, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Our Malacanan instructor, Mr. Tanaka, who is about to return to the Philippines, talked to us this a.m. before class. He advised us to study hard and promised us he will always work to make our stay in Tokyo pleasant. He also gave us the good news of Col. Utsunomiya's arrival in Tokyo. We were informed that tomorrow we will be Col. Utsunomiya's guests at a *lauriat* party at Meguro Gajōen, the swankiest Chinese restaurant in Tokyo.

This p.m. went to Mitsukoshi Theater House and saw a film on kendo. This is the third film we have seen so far which we cannot understand at all. (We do not master Nippongo yet.)

A special and interesting feature during intermission was a demonstration of "tea ceremony" by beautifully dressed Japanese ladies. The "tea ceremony" is a peculiarly Japanese custom which involves intricate rituals. The hostess herself prepares the tea with many ceremonies attending the pouring of hot water into the tea cups, wiping the cups and other utensils, etc., all of which takes quite a time (about 20 minutes). In the meantime the guests sit quietly on the floor observing intently the ceremonies of preparing the tea. When it is at last ready, the guests stand one by one to approach the hostess and receive their cups of tea. In this process, a series of bows and graceful turnabouts are made. After the first sip, the guest bows towards the hostess, perhaps to manifest appreciation of the well prepared tea. And so in the sipping of a cup of tea alone (in this demonstration) nearly 45 minutes of ceremonies are spent. Actually, it takes 4 hours for the "tea ceremony" alone.

I received Y25 today debited on my postal savings account.

AUGUST 22, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass and received holy communion at our favorite St. Theresa's Church. Again we were served tea after mass. Here we met Mrs. Soma and other ladies who were our hostesses at the Catholic Women's League lunch last Sunday. We will miss two Sundays at St. Theresa's as we will then be at Karuizawa summer resort where there is also a Catholic church, we were told.

Visited Jose A. Santos in his dormitory (with Quiambao) and ate breakfast with him.

At lunchtime today we were at the famous Meguro Gajōen of Tokyo, one of the swankiest Chinese restaurants in Tokyo. This is not an ordinary *panciteria* [Chinese restaurant] like "Antigua" and "Ramon Lee" [in Manila]. It is a luxurious place noted for banquets, wedding celebrations, etc. From the outside, it has a very unassuming appearance, but on entering it the newcomer is at once surprised to see such luxury which is so unexpected.

Walking on a mirror-like floor, along endless winding corridors, going up and down long staircases, it is not an easy task to find one's way. A newcomer needs a guide to find his way in this truly big place with air-conditioned corridors passing several meters under ground.

As one walks along the corridors, an interminable display of beautiful paintings and fine woodcarvings on the walls depicting different phases of Japanese life and history gives the place an appearance more of an art museum than simply a restaurant.

Weddings are frequently held in this place. There are several Shinto shrines which vary in luxury depending on the solemnity of the wedding. There is an average of about 20 marriages a day held in this restaurant.

We went around visiting the various chambers, some of which look like royal halls with the walls richly decorated with carvings and fine pictures and gold decorations. Other rooms have walls and floors of black lacquer inlaid with shell and mother of pearl. Still other compartments which are designed for foreigners have upholstered chairs and regular-sized tables.

The garden is a real beauty, the best I have ever seen so far. It has artificial waterfalls and a rivulet which beautifully winds its way

through this immense garden. Pine trees and other beautiful trees grow thick in this garden; ideal picnic sites may be seen here and there. Tables and benches made of concrete are so designed as to match the background of tall trees. Japanese-styled footbridges span the artificial rivulet where giant goldfish may be seen swimming around.

The meal served to us was all right, but we were more impressed by the luxury of the place than by the food served.

Our instructor, Mr. Tanaka was present, but Col. Utsunomiya, who was to be our main guest-of-honor, could not attend due to pressure of business.

The Meguro Gajōen, it seems to me, is another example of the Japanese unique concept of beauty which they try to hide as much as possible. From the outside, no one would suspect that there could be such a big and luxurious restaurant as the Meguro Gajōen actually is. This Japanese idea of hiding beauty ultimately enhances more the beautiful because when one does not expect the beautiful and suddenly beholds it in all its magnificence, he is doubly impressed. This was the effect of Meguro Gajōen on all of us.

(Meguro Gajōen is owned by a private person. It is an old building which withstood the 1923 great earthquake. The annex building (foreign style) was constructed about 2 years ago. This place, I was told, is worth Y3,500,000.)

Had hair-cut this p.m. before supper.

This day is quite unlucky for me. While taking supper (and struggling with the chopsticks as usual), I broke one of my front teeth. I can get along without having it fixed, but I hope I can have it repaired soon without much difficulty and expense.

#### AUGUST 23, 1943 (MONDAY)

After class this p.m., we dug a foxhole for an air-raid shelter in front of our dormitory. Everywhere in the city foxholes may be seen in preparation for any possible air raid which is expected any moment in view of the changes in the war situation.

I do not think Tokyo is prepared.

#### AUGUST 24, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Had no classes this p.m. in view of the absence of our instructor.

With J. Abad Santos, Quiambao, Lavidés and Osias went to Imperial Hotel shopping lobbies; then "raided" three restaurants at Ginza. Ate gelatin, fruit salad and a complete meal at "Fujiya."

Mr. Namiki, our new dormitory superintendent (now living with the other pensionados at Hongoryō), visited us and had supper at the dormitory. After dinner, we had a very pleasant talk. We started to speculate on the set-up of the new independent Philippines. We began "filling" the presidency and cabinet positions in the new Philippine Republic. It seems Commissioner Laurel will be President, Chairman Vargas filling the Philippine Embassy at Tokyo.

Mr. Namiki informed us of the tragic death of Maj. A. Rocés, Jr. of the Constabulary at the hands of guerrilla assassins, the same persons who made an attempt on the life of Commissioner Laurel. This was really shocking news to us Constabulary officers who knew Major Rocés very well. The news of Maj. Rocés's death was not published in Manila papers in which appeared only the announcement of the death of his father. (His father died of a heart attack on seeing the body of his murdered son.)

We find Mr. Namiki a very pleasant person. He is so broadminded and so understanding. He himself had been a pensionado to the U.S., and he told us he understands our situation very well.

Our present dormitory superintendent, Mr. Maejima, is all right; he has good intentions, always striving to promote our welfare, but he is sometimes too strict and treats us like children. He is not very simpatico to us.

#### AUGUST 25, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

All excited about our coming trip to Karuizawa for a stay of two weeks in summer camp. We were given instructions, and the schedule was announced.

This p.m. after class, ate at Mitsukoshi Department Store Restaurant (sixth floor). At the same table sat a Japanese poet with long gray beard and very dignified appearance. He wrote Japanese verses and distributed them to the crowd which thronged about him.

#### AUGUST 26, 1943 (THURSDAY)

At 11:00 this a.m., Col. Utsunomiya surprised us with a visit at

school. Our classes were suspended, and we had a nice chat with the Colonel at the Instructors' Conference Room. The Colonel gave us news from the Philippines, but he brought only 3 or 4 letters as he was too busy to collect letters from our homes. (Unfortunately, I received none.) Col. Utsunomiya gave us 10 minutes to write home. I had a letter with "photos" already prepared, so I did not have a hard time "catching" this rare opportunity.

After class this p.m. went to Mitsubishi Shōji Kaisha at Marunouchi. With the aid of a sketch drawn by a clerk at the Imperial Hotel Arcade (where I accompanied Quiambao who went shopping), it was not hard to find the Mitsubishi Building which is in the very heart of Tokyo in the vicinity of the Tokyo Station and the Post Office. We enjoyed walking along the broad streets all lined with trees, tall and modern buildings looming everywhere around us.

We walked to Ginza Street and at "Fujiya" finished 5 rounds of ice cream each. Returning to the Imperial Hotel, I left my Elgin [watch] to be repaired.

At 6:30 p.m. Major Sugiyama of the Constabulary Academy surprised us with a visit. We never expected him to be in Tokyo. It was indeed a real pleasure to see the Major. He gave us the confirmation of the news of Major Rocés's death, together with that of his wife and his father. He also informed us that many changes have been effected in the Constabulary since we left. The Major has been relieved from the Constabulary Academy and transferred to a Japan station; and many of our co-instructors in the Constabulary Academy have been relieved and transferred to the provinces.

This has indeed been a very good day for all of us. We were very happy to see Col. Utsunomiya and Major Sugiyama.

Tonight, packed up for our trip to Karuizawa tomorrow.

(This a.m. the Malay-Sumatra Special Delegation of government officials and journalists visited our school. They look like us, and anyone can mistake them for Filipinos.)

I am taking with me a few sheets of this Diary to "cover" our two-weeks' stay in Karuizawa.

AUGUST 27, 1943 (FRIDAY)

At 10:45 a.m. our train left Ueno Station, Tokyo, bound for Karui-

zawa. The station was packed to capacity with vacationists seeking to escape the heat of Tokyo, but we were given the particular privilege of going ahead of the crowd and occupying a special car.

Traveling northward, I observed a difference in the scenery in this region from the landscape between Shimonoseki and Tokyo. Here the terrain is plain, very similar to Luzon's vast rice plains while south of Tokyo it is mountainous.

Conspicuously erected on top of a mountain near Gummayawata Station is a huge "Kannon-sama" (statue of Buddha), something like the famous Christ the King statue in South America.

A beautiful feature in this country scenery begins at Yokogawa where the ascent to Karuizawa Mountain Resort starts. Many species of pines grow thick in this region. Our train changed from its locomotive steam engine to a powerful electric engine to make Karuizawa's 1,000 meters above sea level. From the train I could see the beautiful concrete highway winding its way up the mountain, similar in some places to Baguio's famous Zig-Zag road. (But Baguio's is more beautiful indeed.)

As the train crept slowly up the steep ascent, we passed through no less than 20 tunnels spaced about 200 meters apart. We reached Karuizawa Station at about 3:15 p.m. We did not get off at this station, but from the train we could see many foreigners (Germans, perhaps) and Japanese ladies wearing smart Western dress. We detrained at the next station at Kutsukake (3:20 p.m.).

Here there was a huge crowd to receive the ashes of a local warrior who "made good" in the battlefield. An altar was improvised on the street near the station with the picture of the departed "hero-god," and a Shinto priest performed the services as the crowd stood in ominous silence.

We hiked for about 30 minutes to our camp at Sengataki. The fog was very thick, and we could hardly see the train at 200 meters' distance. We enjoyed hiking in such fine weather (like Baguio, but the fog is thicker), passing along narrow roads (short-cut to camp), the smell of pine reminding me of Baguio. We finally reached our summer camp at about 4:15 p.m. and immediately assembled for Flag Ceremony.

The camp is right in the middle of a thick forest. There are eight

log cabins built in two rows. The assembly ground is a clearing in the center of camp with a tall flagpole.

This is really an ideal vacation place, so peaceful and quiet. Each log cabin, built in Japanese style with sliding panels and tatami (straw matting) covering the floor, has 3 big rooms, one small one, one porch and a bath.

I occupied a room with Lavides, Sison, Alzona and Abubakar. Our first meal in camp was swell—two thick slices of bread, hot soup, meat and potatoes. I think we will all like it here.

The Burmese students are with us. They occupy two separate log cabins.

A Mr. Naitō is the Camp Director.

AUGUST 28, 1943 (SATURDAY)

After a very pleasant sleep on a thick mattress, wrapped up with another thinner one, woke up this morning fully rested from yesterday's trip. The smell of pine and grass fresh with the morning dew reminded me of our Boy Scout camp in Baguio. I remember as a Boy Scout we used to dream of having a log cabin built at our camp site in Baguio. Now I am actually living in a Japanese log cabin in Japan's Baguio.

From 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. we had Nippongo classes under Mr. Takahashi and Miss Yugata at our cabin's porch. Free time till lunch. At 1:30 p.m. had "Rajio Taisō" which we did not have this morning as it was drizzling.

During our free time this p.m. I went with Lavides, de Leon, Alzona, and others to Kutsukake town. Here bought apples and pears and ate in two restaurants. Tasted Japanese tempura for the first time and liked it. It is rice with something of fish omelet on top, with a little oily sauce mixed with the rice.

Going to town we took the bus, but on returning we hiked, taking the short cut we took yesterday. (Strolling in the vicinity of the camp after breakfast this a.m., we "discovered" so many types of wild flowers beautiful in color and fragrance. The *hagi*, a kind of bush clover, is something like weeping willow but thicker with small violet and red flowers "sprinkled" all over. Pine and larch trees and the "X'mas trees"



(spruce) which were sold at Philippine Education at Christmas grow everywhere in this place.)

We all like our instructors, especially Mr. Namiki, in charge of the Filipinos. He is a real "regular guy." He studied in New York and recently came from the P.I.

AUGUST 29, 1943 (SUNDAY)

We left camp this a.m. at 7:30 to catch the 8:15 train for Karuizawa town. The train ride took only 5 minutes from Kutsukake Station. From Karuizawa Station we hiked about 30 minutes to the Catholic Church which is in the center of the residential district of Karuizawa. The church is the type of village church we see in pictures with its characteristic steeple and cross.

We were 15 who took communion before the 9:30 mass. Right after communion we ate our box lunches. Like the priests at St. Theresa's Church in Tokyo, the German priests here, Fr. Bold, S.V.D., and Msgr. Reiner, formerly apostolic prelate in this district, treated us so kindly. Japanese Catholic ladies served us fresh milk, the best we have had so far.

We met Baroness Fujita and Miss Yamamoto, niece of the late Admiral Yamamoto, both of whom are active Catholics. Fr. Bold and Msgr. Reiner speak fluent Japanese, and they have been in the Philippines, too. Msgr. Reiner attended the XXXIIIrd International Eucharistic Congress in Manila (1937).

During the mass, a choir composed of Japanese and foreign ladies sang beautifully. The Church was filled mostly by foreigners—Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Spanish and Finns—most all of whom are members of the foreign embassies and legations now on vacation at Karuizawa. The sermon was delivered in English by Msgr. Reiner. (I noticed these foreigners speak English among themselves.) His sermon was on the necessity of external symbols in the church sacraments.

Karuizawa is a very small town with a population of barely 500 souls, but during summer about 3,000 vacationists invade the place (mostly foreigners and high-class Japanese). There are about 200 Catholic church-goers (Japanese) according to Fr. Bold. The shopping

center is a narrow (about 5 meters wide) street less than one kilometer long, nothing compared to Baguio's Session Road.

Vacationists ride on bicycles. There are so many foreigners here that I could hardly believe I was in Japan. Even the Japanese girls here wear slacks and shorts and are highly modernized. Most of them are smart and refined, and one can at once detect they belong to the cream of Japanese society.

On the way to the Karuizawa Golf Links there are many beautiful summer residences. This place is exactly like Baguio with tall pine trees along the roadway. The golf links is a picturesque spot with mountains all around. It also has a clubhouse, but Wack-Wack is definitely nicer. In Karuizawa alone I ate in no less than three restaurants and again at Kutsukake, before hiking home, we raided another restaurant to eat Japanese tempura. Had to run to camp to be on time for *tenko* [roll call].

This has been a perfect Sunday. I was able to hear mass, go to confession and communion.

#### AUGUST 30, 1943 (MONDAY)

At 1:30 p.m. we left camp for Greene Hotel situated on the slope of Asama Volcano. In such fine weather, continuous gusts of cool breezes blowing against our faces, we enjoyed the hike and did not feel tired at all. The scenery is like Baguio's with mountains everywhere, thick with pines. As we approached our destination, Greene Hotel conspicuously loomed before us, high up in the mountains with Mt. Asama in the background. The hotel is a rectangular building, painted white with a green roof. The view from the hotel is of a valley deep down below, a mountain range in front and Mt. Asama's peak to the west. Behind the hotel is an artificial pond which is frozen in winter and used as a skating rink. We took refreshments at the hotel dining hall which is similar to Casa Manana with its mezzanine floor.

On the hike homeward, we detoured a little to greet Viscount Inaba, member of the International Students' Society Board, member of the Information Board and the Daitōa Ministry. He is a graduate of Cambridge University. His summer cottage is situated near a stream, a beautiful spot from which the peak of Mt. Asama with its wide crater can be clearly seen. We also met Viscountess Inaba, member of

the Imperial Family (niece of the Emperor), and her nice little children.

On the way home we rested near Musashino Department Store where we bought souvenirs. We all enjoyed this hike, and we are looking forward to more hikes.

Tonight we held our first campfire. Gathered around a huge bonfire that burned brightly in the night, our group and the Burmese group alternately rendered songs, dances and other *palabas* [performances]. There were also about 15 soldiers from a nearby army camp who joined our campfire, and they, too, sang and danced Japanese songs and dances. I felt like a Boy Scout again, feeling the same warmth of the campfire which I used to feel back in the Philippines during our camp stay.

#### AUGUST 31, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Had regular Nippongo classes on the porch of our cabin this a.m.

At 2:00 p.m. we went to a nearby army outpost on top of the mountain about 10 minutes' walk from camp.

Our superintendent, Mr. Naitō, lectured to us on the history of sumo, Japanese wrestling, and demonstrated its performance.

Tonight after supper, had very interesting conversation with the Burmese students. We talked on the conditions in our countries. They also talked on British oppression and politics in Burma.

#### SEPTEMBER 1, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Today AUTUMN has begun, our second season in Japan.

This p.m. at 2:00, we ran at "double-time" for about 15 minutes, after having calisthenics. We visited the "ice-preservation" sheds at Kutsukake. Here there are artificial lakes which freeze during winter. This natural frozen water is cut into blocks and buried in earth in specially constructed sheds. In this way, it is preserved for use during summer.

We actually saw and tasted last year's winter ice preserved in these sheds. Unlike the artificial ice produced in factories and ice-boxes in the Philippines, these ice blocks are crystal clear with very few bubbles inside.

Returning to camp, we had apples for *merienda*.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Had the whole afternoon free. Walked to Kutsukake town with Lavidés, Osias and Mapa. Ate at a restaurant and walked around.

On the way home, we met Shigeko-san, a Tokyo lass on vacation at Kutsukake. She walked part of the way home with us, and we enjoyed her pleasant company. (In Tokyo she lives near the Filipino dormitory at Hongōryō.)

Walking along the narrow trails that lead home, we would stop every now and then to pick various types of flowers. Also picked raspberries which grow abundantly on the wayside.

At a Kutsukake store, I bought a pencil stand made of silver birch tree as a souvenir.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1943 (FRIDAY)

This p.m. hiked to the town Oiwake. At the first stop for a short rest, we discovered a plum tree full of fruit. Started "raiding" it but soon time was up and had to leave with just a few plums in our pockets.

The towns we passed through during the hike are similar to our own Philippine barrios. The townspeople go about their work so peacefully, apparently happy and contented. Along the road, flower beds growing dahlias, phlox, chrysanthemums, cynthias and other beautiful flowers add color to the country scenery. We enjoyed the hike but were disappointed when, on reaching the town, we found no place to eat.

We had a good meal for supper tonight: potato salad, fresh cabbage and egg omelet. We all have a voracious appetite. I have learned to eat anything. During my first week in Japan, I could hardly finish my share of rice. Now I always seek for more.

Tonight a general alert was given. Blackout enforced.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1943 (SATURDAY)

After breakfast this a.m. left camp to catch the 8:45 train for Nagano City on a special excursion. The train was nearly an hour late, but it finally came.

While waiting at the Kutsukake Station, I met a very interesting person—Kay Suzuki, a Japanese lady. She wore smart Western clothes

and looked more like a foreigner than a Japanese. She spoke fluent English, and we had a very nice conversation during the trip. I found out she lives in a villa at the highest point in Sengataki (higher than Greene Hotel) and has been staying there for several months to escape the heat and other “inconveniences” of Tokyo. I talked to her about the Philippines, and she was a very interested listener.

Arrived at Nagano City about 12:00 noon. We were met by a representative of the city mayor, and we proceeded straight to the Jōzankan, a big resthall, for lunch.

Nagano City is a valley city of approximately 80,000 souls. On the trip to this city, our train passed through a narrow stretch, flanked on both sides by low mountain ranges that lead into the valley city of Nagano.

From the station we walked along the main road which leads up to the Zenkōji Temple for which the city is famous. (Zenkōji Temple is the seat of the Amida priestesses.) This is the biggest temple I have seen so far, bigger than Tokyo’s Yasukuni or Meiji Shrines. Besides the main shrine, there are several other smaller shrines. Buddha images of every size and other images are lined up along the path that leads to the temple. Sacred doves believed to be the “messengers of God” may be seen perched on the huge rafters that support the temple’s immense roof.

At the Jōzankan we had a good meal. We could have rice for the asking and got three big apples each. I have observed that the food situation in the provinces and other cities, outside Tokyo, is very much better. (In the afternoon, we were able to buy apples, peaches and pears, a thing which in Tokyo cannot be done without a ration ticket.) The Jōzankan is located at a high site which has a commanding view of all the city. From here we could see Nagano City down below with mountains all around.

I bought a souvenir and spent the rest of the afternoon going around the city. The streets are clean, like Baguio’s, with trees lining the sidewalks. There is an abundance of fruits here, and here is where we made up for what we do not get in Tokyo. I specially enjoyed eating peaches, real fresh peaches—not the “Del Monte” peaches we get in the P.I.

At 5:00 p.m. we left the city of Nagano and arrived at Togura at

about 5:45. There was a thunderstorm when we detrained at Togura. We walked and, part of the way, ran in the heavy rain to the Seifūen (a big hotel with sulfur spring baths). When we finally arrived at the hotel, we were all drenched to the bones.

Togura is famous for its Kamiyamada Sulfur Springs. The Seifūen Hotel is a favorite spot for excursionists and vacationists, with sulfur baths right inside. Though it was not our plan to stay overnight at the hotel, we had to due to the heavy rain.

We enjoyed our stay immensely—the sumptuous Japanese meal, the nice bath in the hot sulfur water and the impromptu program we held with some performing magic and other tricks in competition with the Burmese group. The hotel personnel was very interested in us. From the hotel manager down to the last hotel attendant, they were so kind and hospitable. (The waitresses are more beautiful than the ones we see in Tokyo.)

(In almost every station where we stopped on the way to Nagano City, there were special send-off parties to see off soldiers leaving for their war stations.)

#### SEPTEMBER 4, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Missed mass and communion for the first time since our arrival in Tokyo. It was the original plan to catch the 9:30 mass at Karuizawa where Fr. Bold and the Catholic ladies were expecting us, but it was not possible to make it.

On waking early this morning, I had my first experience in a real Japanese public bath. Instead of going to the same sulfur bath inside the hotel where I went last night, I went to the outdoor bathing pool. Here men and women, young and old, bathe together. At first I was reluctant to get in, seeing for the first time in my life men and women together in the same bath pool, but seeing how the Japanese went through it so casually I did not hesitate to get into the inviting hot sulfur bath. This bath is beautifully located in the inside garden of the hotel. A continuous supply of running water fills the pool. Once in the water, I felt like staying there forever—so comfortably warm!

At 10:00 a.m. we left Togura carrying with us “cargoes” of apples, peaches, and pears. These last two days have been really “almost perfect” because we have enjoyed them fully, seeing new sights and eating

to our hearts' and stomachs' content. I say "almost perfect" because it would have been "really perfect" had we not missed our scheduled mass at Karuizawa.

We arrived at camp in time for lunch. This afternoon we were given a free afternoon till 6:00 p.m. Walked to Kutsukake town and from there biked to Karuizawa, about 20 minutes' pleasant ride on a cement highway which runs parallel with the railroad.

At Karuizawa attended benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4:30 p.m. After the service, Fr. Bold and Msgr. Reiner served us grape wine. Msgr. Reiner gave us *estampitas* [small religious pictures]. Fr. Bold gave me a Catholic calendar in Nippongo for Japanese Catholics.

We also met here a Viennese and a Portuguese lady who speak Spanish. I had a chance to talk to them for quite a while. They have both been to the Philippines and have stayed in Japan for a long time. They told me of "conditions" in Japan and talked of religion and the Japanese. They told me how they had prepared "things" for us, expecting us for mass this a.m.

Before leaving Karuizawa, Fr. Bold invited us to come again, and he said he wanted to celebrate a special mass for us before we return to Tokyo. Ties of faith really bind strongly. Whether with Japanese or other foreign Catholics, we feel so at home in the knowledge that we belong to the same Catholic fold.

#### SEPTEMBER 6, 1943 (MONDAY)

Mr. Yatabe, head of the Kokusai Gakuyūkai, visited us in camp today at 2:00 p.m.

We are all looking forward to tomorrow's ascent of Mt. Asama, weather permitting.

#### SEPTEMBER 7, 1943 (TUESDAY)

At exactly 9:00 a.m. we left camp to climb Mt. Asama. Two buses took the Filipino and Burmese groups (with our instructors Harada, Naitō, Namiki, etc.) to the Mine-no-Chaya, a small rest house, halfway up the slope of Mt. Asama. From this point we started our ascent on foot to the summit.

Unlike Mt. Mayon's almost perfect cone, along the slope of Mt. Asama are other smaller peaks and ridges, the most conspicuous being

Koasama (Small Asama) which is very near the rest house. It was a terribly difficult task scaling this very steep slope—stony, sandy, bare but for a few patches of grass and blueberry plants and dead, leafless tree trunks.

Slowly but steadily we climbed upward, resting every now and then to catch our breath. During our stops, we enjoyed admiring the beautiful scenery. High above the clouds we had a bird's-eye view of the valleys and towns far in the distance below. We could see snow-white clouds resting beautifully between ridges along the slope of this mountain. We also enjoyed throwing small rocks and seeing them roll down along this steep slope until they disappeared from sight.

After two hours hiking up this steep grade (about 45 degrees), we thought we would never make the summit. Two Burmese students quit when the ascent got tougher. The hardest part of this ascent was the fact that, this mountain being bare, we could see the trail we were to pass. A ridge would suddenly appear against the skyline. Thinking this was the summit we would hasten our steps to get there fast, only to be disappointed when on reaching there, other ridges would loom still farther up.

Some of us in the Filipino group felt like quitting, but their *amor proprio* [self-esteem] kept them going. Nearing the summit, the last lap of our ascent was the toughest. Fatigued and almost breathless, we could hardly lift our legs.

Then finally the summit loomed against the horizon, but thinking it was just another ridge with others behind it, we took our time. At exactly 12:00 noon, after three hours of a fatiguing but thrilling hike, we at last reached the crater, the strong smell of sulfur rising from the volcano's bowels convincing us at last that we had conquered Mt. Asama's 2542 meters.

From the edge of the crater we could see the bottom about 500 meters below, sulfur smoke rising up into the sky. The crater has a diameter of about 250 meters. It was cold up there, clouds continuously passing with the strong cold wind. In this fresh atmosphere high up in the clouds we greedily devoured our lunch. I spent our one-hour rest on the summit, taking a good siesta lying supinely on the rocks at the edge of Mt. Asama's crater.

Going down was less difficult, but it was by no means an easy task.



At some points we had to crawl down to prevent rolling down the steep grade into the abyss below. We made the downhill hike in about 2 hours, reaching our starting point at about 3:00 p.m. After resting for 30 minutes, from there we walked home, completing a most thrilling experience.

This is the fifth mountain I have scaled so far (Mt. Sto. Tomas, Baguio; Mt. Makiling, Laguna; Mt. Ipo, Bulacan; and Mt. Mayon, Albay, being the others), and the hardest, too.

(Today the new Constitution of the independent Philippines was formally ratified.)

SEPTEMBER 8, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the invitation of the German Fathers of Karuizawa Church, we went to Karuizawa to hear mass at 9:00 a.m. I went to communion, too. We all made up for the mass we missed last Sunday when we went to Nagano.

We sang at the choir, with Ungria playing the organ, such hymns as "Holy God," "O Salutaris," "Eucharistic Congress Hymn," "Mother Dear," etc. The duet of "No Mas Amor Que El Tuyo," sung by Villarin and David, was sung so beautifully that it impressed the foreigners in church. After mass, they approached us and asked David and Villarin to sing again for them. We gathered at the priests' house and there held an impromptu program. David sang the *kundiman* "Paalam" ["Farewell"] and "Madaling Araw" ["Dawn"] and was much applauded. (Our singing is attracting great attention anywhere we go.)

Before leaving the church, the priests again served us fresh milk. They have been so very kind to us, even celebrating this morning's special mass for us. I hope we meet them again in Tokyo. They stay at Fr. Albert's home in Tokyo.

At Karuizawa, ate at "Fujiya" and took refreshments at another restaurant. At the Karuizawa Tennis Courts, foreigners monopolized the courts. I bought *Conversational Japanese for Beginners* by [Arthur] Rose-Innes, Y6, as my Karuizawa souvenir. This is the last time I will see Karuizawa this season as on Friday we will return to Tokyo. Some stores are also closing up, autumn having set in and vacationists are returning to Tokyo and the cities.

This p.m. wrote an account of the Mt. Asama adventure for our Nippongo class.

(On our return from Karuizawa this a.m., Mr. Naitō “preached” on courtesy towards instructors, citing the case of the Burmese students who failed to greet the instructors on meeting them in the street at Karuizawa. The Burmese acquitted themselves saying it is not their custom to salute but merely to smile at their instructors in public.)

#### SEPTEMBER 9, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Had regular classes in Nippongo this a.m. This p.m. had free time. Some of the boys went to town, but I stayed and slept a very pleasant siesta.

After flag ceremony this p.m., Mr. Harada gave us the latest headline: “Italy Surrenders Unconditionally.” We have been following and commenting on the latest war developments, and this news surely came as a very interesting topic of conversation. An indiscreet Burmese student (Stanley by name) was called down by an instructor for making an unwarranted comment on this latest news.

Had our last campfire tonight. A half moon and a few stars peeped out of the blue, cloudy sky as the campfire logs burned brightly in the night sending up beautiful fire-fly-like sparks in the air. We sang songs and staged funny pantomimes. I participated in a quartet of “Donde Esta Tu Corazon” with David, Villarin and Sison.

#### SEPTEMBER 10, 1943 (FRIDAY)

After what has been a truly enjoyable stay of two weeks in the cool mountains of Sengataki, Karuizawa, Nagano Prefecture, at 8:45 this morning we bade “Sayonara” to our summer camp, bringing with us souvenirs and memories of our first vacation in Japan. On the hike to Kutsukake Station, we sang for the first time “God Bless the Philippines” as passersby looked on.

The train pulled out from Kutsukake Station at 10:00 a.m. The train was packed with vacationists returning to Tokyo, but I was able to sit beside a couple who kindly moved to make room for me. We shared our lunchboxes during the trip.

At 2:30 p.m. once again Tokyo’s big buildings loomed before us as

the train neared Ueno station. People moving about everywhere, trains and streetcars—what a contrast to the peace and quiet in the woods of our Sengataki camp where our home was Nature!

I immensely enjoyed my life in camp, far from the hustle and bustle of the city. Back in Tokyo, tomorrow we start going to class again, forcing our way into packed streetcars, the dizzying sight of teeming millions meeting one's glance wherever he turns. This is Tokyo!

When we arrived at our dormitory this p.m., the children from the neighborhood, our friends, rushed to meet us, cheering wildly, sincerely glad to see us back.

I have brought back a few apples and pears and packed fish from Nagano City. This will add to my food ration in Tokyo which is often very limited.

#### SEPTEMBER 11, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Met the 21 new pensionados from Borneo, Celebes and Ceram at school this morning. They look like Filipinos, too.

Beginning Monday, we were informed this morning, we shall follow a revised schedule. Shall have 6 hours daily from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. They are accelerating our studies in Nippongo, as it seems we will study the language only up to Spring (March) next year.

This morning after class passed by the Imperial Hotel Arcade to get my watch which I had left there for lettering and repair. Ate at "Fujiya" in Shinjuku.

This p.m. went to the Japan Dental College and Hospital at Iida-bashi to consult about my front tooth which broke last month. This is a big and modern dental hospital and college of about 800 students, equipped with modern facilities, including electrical appliances and loudspeakers in the corridors. I was surprised to find such an up-to-date school of dentistry in Tokyo. Here I met a Japanese dentist who had been in America for 8 years. My tooth was temporarily repaired with cement, final repair to be made next month.

Had haircut. My hair is getting long.

#### SEPTEMBER 12, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass, went to communion at our favorite St. Theresa's Church. Met Baroness Fujita whom we knew at Karuizawa.

Spent the rest of the morning till 2:00 p.m. in the suburbs of Tokyo at Toshima-en, the biggest park and recreation garden in Tokyo. Entrance tickets have to be purchased to get in. This is a beautiful park, cool and shady, green with maple trees and pine trees. There is a big modern swimming pool, boating lakes, a small zoo, a baseball diamond, tennis courts, fishing ponds, shooting and archery galleries, children's favorites such as merry-go-round, "aeroplane," miniature electric trains, etc. There is also a big open-air auditorium and stage with trimmed hedges for curtains. Here I saw a juggler performing tricks. We enjoyed our morning going around this big "carnival park." (It is something of a Coney Island in a smaller way.) I tried to toboggan and was thrilled as the flatbottomed boat splashed into the water from a height of about 30 meters. Thousands of people (mostly children) packed the electric railway to have fun at this park.

After the park, we went to Mr. Maejima's (our dormitory superintendent) residence at Toshima-ku, near the Toshima-en. He has a cozy little home and garden in the suburbs of Tokyo, in a nice vicinity where houses are built far apart from each other unlike our neighborhood at Higashi Ōkubo.

Here we had a real "food holiday." For the first time since we arrived in Japan, we literally "surrendered" and could not tackle the abundant and exquisite meal prepared for us by Mr. Maejima. We had corn, *mongo* [sweet bean cake] bread and cakes for *merienda*. And with green tea and milk, too. Then at supper we were served so much rice and viands we had to say "Enough!"

Besides the exquisite food preparation, we truly enjoyed our afternoon in Mr. Maejima's cozy home. We played cards, and Villarín and Peña skillfully displayed card tricks and magic. We have discovered that Mr. Maejima, whom we have always thought of as being "too strict," is after all a "regular guy." He has a substantial library, mostly of religious and historical books.

After supper, we sang Philippine and Japanese songs. Mr. Maejima and wife, I am sure, were impressed.

The moon in its full splendor was out in the clear blue sky when we left Mr. Maejima's home at 9:00 p.m. Walking in the narrow streets in the moonlight reminded us of moonlight in the Philippines. Moonlight nights are the same everywhere I noticed. We felt as if we

were in the Philippines, the streets in Tokyo's suburbs resembling Sampaloc in some respects. But, of course, there are no *bibingka* [rice cake] or peanut vendors on street corners.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1943 (MONDAY)

Tonight during study period we refused to go down and have collective study period, but preferred to stay in our own rooms where we can do self-study better. Our instructor was disgusted and will bring the matter up to the superintendent. We will insist on having our self-study in our own rooms as being more practical and more profitable.

I wonder what will come out of this incident.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Our classes in Nippongo are getting more advanced every day. We are learning more kanji characters daily and have to devote more time at home for study.

After class this p.m. went to "Fujiya" at Ginza and enjoyed a good meal (Y1). At Kyōbunkan (Christian Literature Society) bought *Chinese and Sino-Japanese Poems* by Tetsuzō Okada, *Three Hundred Poems from the Manyōshū* by the same author, *A Japanese Scrapbook* by Shōji Kimura and *Bushidō* by Dr. [Inazō] Nitobe—all for Y5.05. There are so many nice books to buy in this store, and I am planning to start a library. Tonight asked our dormitory superintendent for Y10. He gladly gave me the money on seeing the books I bought.

News of a terrible earthquake at Tottori appeared today in the Osaka *Mainichi*. 900 dead, 3,000 wounded; hundreds of houses demolished. *Tokyo Times* headlined news of the bombing of North Chishima last Sunday. 9 out of the 18 planes were shot down, so the *Times* says.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Bought a new album at Shinjuku (Y3.50) for my collection of pictures and postcards.

It seems we are getting more "concessions" from our dormitory superintendent. The food is improving; we have study period in our

own rooms (unlike former practice); and the administration is getting better. Hope it keeps up.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Kanji are getting more interesting every day but hard, indeed.

Mr. Okamoto, Secretary-General of the Philippine Society, took supper with us tonight. He mentioned the fact that the Daitōa Ministry had decided to make us Constabulary officers live separately from the other Filipinos, so it seems it shall be so.

This p.m. our nostalgia for home reached its highest as somebody read the following from the *Liwayway* [*Dawning*, a Philippine magazine]:

“Linagang manok na sinahugang ng mga gulay at saging na saba. Bangus na ibinalut sa dahon ng saging at saka inihaw. Pitsong manok na ibinabad sa suka at bawang at saka pipnirito sa mantika ng baboy. At saka matamis na langka at makapuno.”

[“Roast chicken simmered with vegetables and plantain. Milkfish wrapped in banana leaves and then roasted. Young chicken marinated in vinegar and garlic and then deep fried in lard. And sweet jackfruit and young coconut.”]

SEPTEMBER 18, 1943 (SATURDAY)

This is a great day for us. Mail from Philippines arrived this morning! I received exactly 12 letters brought personally by Mr. Kanō, editor of the Manila Shimbunsha, who came by a specially chartered plane. I received the biggest number of letters. There were also clippings from the *Manila Tribune*, *La Vanguardia* and *Shin Seiki* and a package of candies which Mr. Kanō unfortunately left in the plane.

While our letters made us happy this morning, there were not a few pieces of news which were bad news, to wit: the 40% slash of our salary; the hard food conditions at home.

I read and reread my letters at school, in the streetcar and again at the dormitory. It is so nice to hear from home and friends after such a long time (it is almost 3 months now since we left Manila).

We enjoyed the film “Flight to the South,” a thrilling air movie story at the Mitsukoshi Theater.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass and went to communion at St. Theresa's. Again after mass, the Catholic ladies served us tea and rice cakes.

Today, exactly two months ago, we arrived in Tokyo. It has seemed two years to us.

Spent whole morning writing letters.

After siesta this p.m., went to Ginza with Quiambao, ate at "Fujiya" and then took a stroll in Hibiya Park. We had a pleasant stroll in this nice park, a cool autumn wind blowing against our faces and setting the mellowing leaves to play. Being Sunday, there were many pairs taking a stroll in the park. It reminded me of Luneta and [Dewey] Boulevard [in Manila] on Sunday afternoons.

We received from Nagano City a basket of apples which one of our companions had ordered when we went there on September 3. It came on time for our celebration of the second "monthly anniversary" of our arrival in Tokyo.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1943 (MONDAY)

The Vargas brothers and Mariano Laurel were invited by the *Mainichi* to use the newly-inaugurated overseas telephone service to the Philippines, but, unfortunately, they were unable to contact their families.

We are very eager to get news about Philippine independence. We heard today that elections for the Congress of the Philippines have already been held and that the Filipino flag will be raised on independence day.

Mr. Kanō of the Manila Shimbunsha brought a late copy of the *Tribune* containing the full text of the new Constitution. It is being passed around, but my turn to read it has not come yet.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Started reading the New Philippine Constitution. Found the innovations very interesting. Was very happy to read the part of the preamble which ran "The Filipino people . . . *hereby declare their independence . . .*" I soon realized the significance of those words.

More than ever before, now I feel a greater sense of patriotism and interest in the political welfare of the Philippines.

After class this p.m. ate two meals at "Fujiya" at Ginza. Then paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament at St. Theresa's Church.

Were notified tonight that our pocket money will be increased to Y10 effective next month.

Read in the *Nippon Times* of the elections to the new National Assembly held in the Philippines recently!

#### SEPTEMBER 22, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

A strong autumn wind was blowing all throughout this day. We are noticing a marked change of seasons as we near the second month of autumn.

We are having a little trouble with our dormitory superintendent, and we intend to have a "real showdown" with him tomorrow. I hope the best comes out of it.

After class this p.m., spent my last money of this month's allowance on two good meals at "Fujiya."

#### SEPTEMBER 23, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Had air-raid drill at school this p.m. Almost everywhere in Tokyo, air-raid drills are being held, enemy attack being expected any moment now. The newspapers headlined the announcement by Premier Tōjō in last night's radio speech of the necessity of emergency measures, such as closing of schools, transfer of government offices outside of the city, and restriction of personnel in offices and homes, in view of the intensity of war conditions.

Read full text of the new Philippine Constitution and write-ups on the occasion of its ratification in copies of Manila's *Tribune*. I find the new Constitution simple but embodying essentially the same principles of government as the old one. Noticed the "Bill of Rights" has been changed to "Rights and Duties of Citizens."

Reading the speeches of our leaders, and editorials and comments in the *Tribune* regarding the Constitution, I was very happy to note how outspokenly and frankly political views were expressed. Commissioner Laurel, for instance, said: "Much as we are indebted to the Flag of the Rising Sun, my people, you and I would like to have that



flag substituted by the Filipino flag which symbolizes all that is good and all that is great. . .” Chairman Vargas, for his part, said, “We owe allegiance to no foreign power but to the sun and stars. Never again shall the Filipinos be made to fight and die for any other country but their own. . .” In an editorial of the *Tribune*, Commissioner Laurel is quoted as stating “that the Constitution perhaps is not in keeping with Japan’s own philosophy of government, but because the Filipinos think it to suit them, the drafting committee was given a free hand in the matter.” (I wonder.)

I am very impressed by Commissioner Laurel and our leaders and by the bold, frank and outspoken attitude they have taken. I believe they really have “guts” to speak their minds, and I have confidence in their leadership. In their official statements, they have shown to the world the sincere desire of the Filipinos for independence free from intervention by Japan or America, or any foreign powers for that matter.

(Tonight had a showdown with our dormitory superintendent. We gave him a piece of our mind in a nice diplomatic way, and I think we won our point because after the showdown we got the amount of money we asked from him—I got Y20.)

(After class this p.m., accompanied Quiambao to his doctor at Shinōkubo. The doctor’s clinic is in his nice, concrete Japanese house. The doctor is a graduate of a German medical university.)

SEPTEMBER 24, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Festival of the Autumnal Equinox (Shūki Kōreisai). Being an official holiday, we had no class.

Early this morning left Tokyo for a day out in the country. Traveled nearly two hours by train to Ozaki village (still part of Tokyo Metropolis). The train was full to capacity with people going to the country for a day away from the hustle and bustle of the city. (Our main purpose was to buy pears and sweet potatoes (*camotes*) to increase our food ration.)

From the railroad station at Ozaki, we hiked about a half an hour to a country house in a big plantation of mulberry trees, sweet potatoes and rice, and other crops. We ate our lunch-boxes in a small park on top of a mountain where there were benches and tables and a kiosk

for picnic-goers. There is also a small Shinto temple on this site built on the cliff overlooking a beautiful view. This place reminded me of Bayabas in Davao, which it resembles, especially the small temple near the cliff. Sitting on the very edge of the cliff, I could see the river way down below and the towns in Tokyo's suburbs. I took a short nap on top of this mountain and enjoyed it immensely, a cool autumn wind blowing softly.

Back at the country house at Ozaki, we ate *camotes* to the limit of our capacities. The children of the neighborhood gathered about us as we sang songs and showed other *palabas*. We even sang "Aikoku No Hana" ["Flower of Patriotism"] in jazztime to the "amazement" of our audience.

When we returned to Tokyo at 5:00 p.m. we were carrying with us a good load of *camotes* and pears to last us a week or so.

(For the first time today, I saw chestnut trees. I never imagined that chestnuts are wrapped in thorny husks.)

SEPTEMBER 26, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession, and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

Intended to have my picture taken at the Polyphoto Studio of Isetan Department Store, but there were so many people I had to postpone my plan. Had six cups of ice cream instead at the Isetan Restaurant.

At 1:30 p.m. we went to Ueno Park to join the rest of the pensionados studying at Kokusai Gakuyūkai to visit the Imperial Household Museum. Ueno Park is a famous place where interesting museums—the Imperial Household Museum, Art Museum and Scientific Museum—a big zoological garden and the Imperial Library are located.

This afternoon we just had time to visit the Imperial Household Museum. This is a magnificent building which has an aspect becoming indeed of a museum. On entering the building, I was at once impressed by the huge bronze doors, marble stairways and spacious halls. The building, as well as the specially built showcases, are air-conditioned to preserve the age-old relics for future generations. Old paintings and scroll pictures; religious images of Buddhism and Shintoism; heavy armor used by the samurai; different types of Japanese swords, some of pure gold and silver; old vases and other objects of

art—all preserved for thousands of years—are interestingly displayed in this museum. Some very precious articles have been removed to safer places to forestall air-raids, and exact replicas are displayed in their stead.

I intend to return to Ueno some day to visit the Zoological Garden and other museums.

(Read news of Laurel's election by the Philippine legislature yesterday as President of the new Philippine Republic. A long write-up on his election was given prominence in the Tokyo newspapers.)

SEPTEMBER 27, 1943 (MONDAY)

We took up the question of our salary with Mr. Namiki who is in charge of the Filipino group. We requested that we be paid our full salary of Y140.00. A rift developed among us, some—Quiambao, Velarde, David and Sison—insisting to return to the Philippines in case we are not paid our whole salary, while the rest, including myself, simply requested the payment of our full salary without making any “threats” about returning to the P.I. if we do not get what we want. The truth is that there is dissatisfaction among us because of the hardships we are encountering here, and this has been aggravated by the news of the slash in our salary. I hope the best comes out of this problem.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Wore for the first time the judo outfit and had first lessons on actual judo. So far we have been learning the “art of falling.” This p.m. we had actual judo wrestling by pairs.

The fast-approaching independence of the Philippines is being given first-page prominence in Tokyo's dailies. In this morning's *Nippon Times*, there appears an editorial congratulating and eulogizing President-Elect Jose P. Laurel on his election as new President of the Philippine Republic.

We are all following with deep interest the developments in the P.I. leading to independence. We also expect a Philippine mission to arrive in Tokyo any moment now.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

We are beginning to feel the cold of autumn getting more intense each day.

After class, paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament at St. Theresa's.

Dropped in at St. Sofia's University (Jōchi Daigaku), about 5 minutes' walk from St. Theresa's. The university building, of modern brick construction, is a little smaller than San Beda College.

I met Fr. Johannes Krauss who has been to the Philippines several times. We had a very nice talk about the P.I., and I found out he has several friends in the P.I.

The university is run by German Jesuits and has a population of about a thousand students. With the conscription of students into the army, it seems this university will soon be closed, too, according to Fr. Krauss.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1943 (THURSDAY)

During class this morning, it was suddenly announced that the Philippine Independence Mission would arrive in the afternoon. At 2:30 p.m. we were at the Haneda Airport to welcome the Filipino leaders. An indescribable feeling overwhelmed us when we saw the greatest leaders of our new Philippines—all elegantly dressed in formal attire and derby hat—emerge smiling from the twin-motored passenger plane to be greeted by Tokyo's big shots, as cameras clicked.

[President-elect] Laurel, [Ambassador-designate to Japan] Vargas, [Speaker of the National Assembly Benigno] Aquino, [Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture and Commerce Jose] Sanvictores, and [Director of Census and Statistics L. M.] Gonzalez, with their dynamic personalities, appeared to us so full of confidence in their capacities to steer the New Philippine Republic through the turmoil of wartime conditions.

(I noticed how Chairman Vargas, on getting off the plane, turned his misty eyes towards the pensionado group looking anxiously for his two sons.)

Nene and Eddie [Vargas] kissed their Papa, and Maning Laurel, too, embraced his father, as cameramen flocked about them taking shots from all angles.

We did not have a chance to talk to them, but we will have a reunion before they return to the P.I., we have been told.

OCTOBER 1, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Being the first Friday of the month, I heard mass and received Holy Communion at St. Theresa's Church. There met Eddie Vargas, Pepito Abad Santos, other Filipino students, and some Annamese Catholic students.

This morning we received a very encouraging letter from Gen. Francisco, sent through Mr. Sanvictores who came with the Laurel Mission. In a separate package, Gen. Francisco also sent us Constabulary officers a big Filipino flag "as a token of my appreciation of the Constabulary officers-pensionados-to-Tokyo," with a request not to display it until Independence Day. We were so excited to think that very soon that flag will be waving in the skies *alone*, as a symbol of a free and "independent nation!"

The kind gesture of Gen. Francisco in sending us a letter and the Filipino flag has inspired us to work and study harder. We now feel that our leaders in the P.I. are interested in us, contrary to what we thought a few days ago when we received news of the 40% reduction in our salary. (Gen. Francisco enclosed in his letter his Memo. Order for all senior inspectors for the strict maintenance of peace and order in connection with the ratification of the new Constitution.)

Today's newspapers have given a lot of space to the New Philippines' visitors. Laurel, Aquino and Vargas were presented with extraordinary decorations by His Majesty, the Emperor, an honor bestowed only on a select few. I think the Japanese people are impressed by the capacities of our leaders.

(Last night Eddie and Nene Vargas, Maning Laurel and Ben Sanvictores spent a few hours with their fathers at the official guest house where the Filipino leaders are staying. This morning they related to us how enjoyably they spent the few hours with their parents.)

OCTOBER 2, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Saw movies at Mitsukoshi movie house. The picture was nice, they say. I fell asleep and did not enjoy the film.

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

OCTOBER 3, 1943 (SUNDAY)

*A Filipino Visits Us.* Amado Cayabyab, 16, student of a Tokyo Middle School, surprised us when he appeared at our dormitory this morning wanting to visit his *kababayan* [countrymen]. He has been in Japan for three years and speaks fluent Japanese. He has forgotten much of his Tagalog and when he speaks the dialect he finds it hard to express himself without mixing Japanese words and phrases. He is a grandson and protege of Don Leopoldo Aguinaldo, who brought him to Japan to study in 1940.\* When we invited him to come with us to our party with the Laurel mission scheduled for this p.m., he was very glad and stayed for lunch. *Adobo* [pickled meat] and *lechon* [suckling pig] were our common topics of conversation during lunch. On our arrival in Japan, we had heard of Amado Cayabyab, there appearing a feature article about him in a Japanese magazine. He is number one in his class, beating his Japanese schoolmates in all subjects, including Nippongo.

*We Meet the Three "Big Shots" of the Future Republic of the Philippines!* At 3:30 p.m. today we were at the official guest mansion of the Imperial Government to attend a party given by the "Big Three" of the future "Republic of the Philippines"—Laurel, Vargas and Aquino.

The guest mansion is a beautiful concrete building with a lawn and in the rear a garden where the party was held.

During the party, as we gathered around President Laurel in a very cordial conversation, cameras clicked and flashed as newspapermen got busy. The President was very approachable, and we did not hesitate to talk to him about the Philippines and her independence. President Laurel literally gave us a discourse on his views about our coming independence, emphasizing the fact that freedom from any source, whether from America or from Japan, does not make any difference provided it is real freedom. We could notice how sincerely he spoke, tears dimming his eyes. I had a chance to talk alone with

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\* Leopoldo Aguinaldo, known familiarly as the "Merchant King" of the Philippines, was a graduate of the Higher Technical School of Nagoya, Japan where he received a degree in textile engineering in 1909. He had many Japanese friends and business associates and was a frequent visitor to Japan, dying there on a last visit in 1958.

President Laurel when I approached him for an autograph. He recognized me as his former student of constitutional law at Santo Tomas University, and he told me to forget my law for the time being as a bright future awaits us Constabulary officers when we return to the Philippines. He even told us that the force of the Constabulary has been increased to 40,000 strong, and this will be the nucleus of our National Defense Army.

Seeing President Laurel talk to us so freely, I could remember those days after class hours in the corridors of the UST College of Law when the students used to gather around Professor Laurel for a very friendly chat. We could not help but feel proud of Laurel, Aquino and Vargas as we met them this afternoon, seeing them so sincere and so capable of discharging their duties as leaders of the new Republic of the Philippines.

Among the Japanese, who have been to the Philippines, present at the party were Major Sugiyama, Mr. Yamamoto, former manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank of Manila, Mr. Hamamoto of the Philippine Military Administration and Capt. Horikawa, also of the Philippine Military Administration.

Other Filipinos present at the party were Jose Abad Santos, Jr., Amado Cayabyab, Rafael Aquino, and Dr. Kulambugay.

Before the party broke up, President Laurel and his party gave us pensionados, their *pasalubong* [present]—an envelope with Y10 for each, cakes of Lux soap, towels and candies. Before leaving, we sang “Philippines, my Philippines,” and then left the guest mansion with our hearts filled with joy after having met the three greatest leaders of the New Philippines.

*Tokyo Bars.* After dinner tonight, with Quiambao, Villarín and Velarde, went to a bar district in Shinjuku. The place is a crowded spot with something like Manila’s Calle Sales and Estero Cegado with beer bars everywhere. We enjoyed listening to modern phonograph records like “St. Louis Blues,” etc.

OCTOBER 4, 1943 (MONDAY)

Today we received our allowance for October. Our pocket money has been increased to Y90, and we are required to save only Y20 instead of Y30.

The Laurel Mission, according to the papers, proceeded by plane to visit Ise Shrine. Our party given by President Laurel and his group was given first page prominence in Tokyo's dailies this morning, mentioning the gifts of money, soap, and candies presented to us by the President.

OCTOBER 5, 1943 (TUESDAY)

This a.m. at school, a photographer and reporter of the Manila Shimbunsha took several pictures of us in different poses—in the class, in the dining room, during calisthenics, etc.—for the *Sunday Tribune*.

Tonight, an air-raid alarm was sounded at 8:30 p.m. We were all excited here in the dormitory, but it was just a false alarm.

OCTOBER 7, 1943 (THURSDAY)

*Date of P.I. Independence Announced.* The definite date for the freedom of the Philippines was officially announced today: October 14, 1943! We knew it at 12:00 noon today when cameramen and reporters appeared at school to take a few shots of us as the announcement was made by our In-Charge Mr. Namiki amidst loud shouts of “*Mabuhay!*” [“Long live!”]

The evening editions of Tokyo newspapers carried the news in banner headlines with our picture taken at school this a.m. There were also other pictures of Philippine groups in Manila displaying the Filipino flag, the most colorful being that of a Constabulary unit marching with the Filipino flag unfurled.

We are all excited about our country's freedom, and we are planning to celebrate October 14 in the most fitting manner. Personally, I have noticed a great change in my feelings and views about independence. I feel now more conscious of my individuality as a Filipino and, more than ever before, am realizing now the value of national freedom for the Philippines. (Shall we really get it?)

*Filipinos, the Jolliest Group at School.* Our group at school seems to be the jolliest. In class and out of class, we attract a lot of attention. In class we make our teachers laugh with our *salidas* [witty remarks]. This p.m. during recess time, the other foreign students, including two Annamese girls studying at school, had a lot of fun when some of our



group danced rumba, conga, jitterbug, etc. as de la Pena pounded on the piano.

OCTOBER 8, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Mail from the Philippines arrived again this noon. I got two.

Had very enjoyable afternoon during the general rehearsal for Sunday's Field Day. All pensionados at Kokusai Gakuyūkai participated.

OCTOBER 9, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Autumn and winter underwear, gloves, socks and mufflers were distributed to us today.

The heavy rain kept us home the whole of today's free afternoon.

Pepito Abad Santos came to our dormitory, and we had a nice chat the whole afternoon, between sips of hot tea, as rain poured heavily outside.

OCTOBER 10, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's.

This has been a very rainy day. The Field Day scheduled for today was postponed for next Sunday due to the inclement weather. Spent a quiet Sunday reading.

OCTOBER 11, 1943 (MONDAY)

With Quiambao, Duque, Villarín and Pepito A. Santos, we visited Ungria at the Kōsai Byōin at Musashino-mura, where he was operated on for acute appendicitis a few days ago. The hospital is perhaps a third-rate hospital, but he had to be brought there as his was an emergency case.

OCTOBER 12, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Called on Fr. Tsukamoto at St. Theresa's Church after class this p.m. to request a special Te Deum mass for Friday on the occasion of Philippine Independence. I handed to the Father Y12 which was the amount of contributions for the mass collected from among us.

I had a very pleasant talk with Fr. Tsukamoto. He related to me

his experiences in the Philippines as a member of the Religious Section of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in the Philippines. He said that their first job on occupying the City of Manila was to secure freedom of religious worship, so they went around visiting churches to post notices prohibiting transgressions on church property. They also saw to it that the supply of flour for hosts and that wine for mass was secured for the churches.

Fr. Tsukamoto knows many prominent Catholics in Manila. He also knows the Chief of the Chaplain's Service of the Philippine Army, Fr. Edward Ronan, whom he visited in Bilibid where Fr. Ronan is a prisoner-of-war.

Fr. Tsukamoto told me how the Japanese are getting more and more conscious of Christianity. He said that many young Japanese called to the colors are very eager to be instructed in the Faith before going to the front. News from the Christian Philippines about church activities is followed with great interest by not a few Japanese. Our conduct, he said, has impressed the parishioners at St. Theresa's Church, so we must give a good example of our practical Faith.

*Frank Exposition of Views and Conditions in the P.I.* Two gentlemen (one of them the Vice-President) of the Institute for Leaders for the Southern Regions took supper with us tonight with the special purpose in view to hear a frank exposition of our views regarding relations between Japanese and Filipinos.

I was the most outspoken, and, seeing how sincere they were to know conditions obtaining in the Philippines, I did not hesitate to relate to them the situation in the P.I. as it is actually, and I suggested remedies. I mentioned abuses and misunderstandings on the part of not a few Japanese in the P.I. These gentlemen told us that several of their students now training at their Institute will be sent to the P.I. and that they want to prepare them to make them fit for their jobs in the P.I. I specially mentioned to them the anomalies at the Constabulary Academy where mere sergeants and corporals try to "boss" experienced Filipinos, thereby hampering the efficient administration of the Academy.

*An Insight into Japanese Culinary Art.* Tonight we discovered that Japanese women do not know how to kill a chicken and are entirely ignorant in the art of "cleaning" fowls. They buy the chicken clean

and chopped and ready to be cooked. They do not make use of the neck, nor the *balun-balunan* [chicken gizzards] nor the chicken's blood. Our kitchen personnel, including our *casera* [caretaker] were surprised when Quiambao dexterously worked on a big fat hen (which we will eat on Independence Day). Japanese women cannot bear the sight of a dead chicken, and while Quiambao worked on the innards of the hen, they looked on with surprise to see him work so skillfully. Japanese are indeed very poor in culinary science.

OCTOBER 13, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Due to the absence of one of our instructors, Mr. Muraoka, we spent our one-hour period this p.m. playing a very thrilling game of football.

*Eve of Philippine Independence.* We were very busy tonight preparing our dormitory for tomorrow's grand celebration of Independence Day. Tonight our neighbors, the Yokois, presented us with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums on the occasion of our country's coming freedom. We are all excited about tomorrow's event, especially the Flag Ceremony when we shall see the Filipino flag once again fly proudly beneath the sky as a symbol of our country's long-cherished freedom.

OCTOBER 14, 1943 (THURSDAY)

*Philippine Independence Day!*

Today we woke up in highest spirits. We marched to school bearing "home-made" Filipino flags prepared last night by the group at Hon-gōryō. The Filipino "propaganda corps," too, posted attractive placards on the school's bulletin board announcing in bold characters the Philippines' Declaration of Independence.

We were all so excitedly happy that everyone at school, teachers and students, could not help but take notice of us. We were accosted with congratulations and received bouquets of flowers from different groups of pensionados.

At 8:30 a.m. we were in front of the Imperial Palace and shouted "*Mabuhay*" and "*Banzai*," as newspapermen and photographers got busy. We had the rest of the morning to ourselves, and we spent the

time roaming about Tokyo's busiest street, waving our home-made Filipino flags, proudly proclaiming to all and sundry the independence of our country.

We imagined ourselves at the Luneta Park in the midst of the thousands upon thousands of our countrymen, rejoicing in the glorious event, waving no longer the Japanese flag, but this time the Filipino flag for which our forefathers fought and died.

At 5:30 p.m. we were all assembled at our dormitory for the "raising of the flag." It was a simple but very touching ceremony held with all the solemnity that befitted the occasion. Dusk had crept in, but to us that moment spelled the dawn of a new day for our country; and as the flag was being slowly raised in the gathering dusk of an autumn afternoon, we saw our flag in the full radiance of its glory. (Can this be real?)

After the Flag Ceremony, a sumptuous dinner in our honor was given by the Philippine Society of Japan. Present during the dinner were Mr. Okamoto, secretary of the Philippine Society, and representatives of the Daitōa Ministry and the International Friends' Society. Pepito A. Santos and Amado Cayabyab were also present. We had a lot of fun during the banquet, especially when beer had its effect. All sorts of songs, dances, speeches, etc. were featured during the celebrations.

At a point when the highest peak of merriment had been reached, I thought it wise to stand and speak a few words to inject a little seriousness into the affair, lest our Japanese hosts would misinterpret our merriment as mere frivolity. I asked our hosts to please look behind the joy and laughter of the night's merriment, there to find how seriously we are taking the question of Philippine Independence. Although our hosts see us laughing and dancing and singing, I said, deep in our hearts we feel and we know what the day of independence means in terms of liberty and freedom for which our heroes and martyrs shed the last drop of their blood. I was rather inspired, and I think I was able to drive home the point I wanted to bring out.

After the party, the Hongōryō group slept at our dormitory as early tomorrow we were having mass. Today's celebration of Philippine Independence may not have been as pompous as the one they must be having in Manila, but we the "27 of Tokyo" feel that we have done

our part in celebrating this truly great event and letting everyone know that we Filipinos, lovers of freedom as we are, really rejoice in the independence of our country.

OCTOBER 15, 1943 (FRIDAY)

At 6:30 a.m. we heard the special *Te Deum* mass we requested at St. Theresa's. During Mass we sang to the accompaniment of the organ played by de la Pena. (I think we sang quite well because after the mass the priests and the Catholic ladies present during the Mass told us we sang beautifully and requested us to sing at church every Sunday.)

We posed for picture-taking in front of the church with Fr. Tsukamoto, Fr. Hoebbels and the members of the Catholic Women's League of Japan, including Mrs. Soma and Mrs. Sawada.

After the refreshments and doughnuts offered to us after mass, the Catholic ladies presented us with little gifts on the occasion of our Independence Day—prayer books, *estampitas*, postcards, framed pictures and copies of the book *The Japanese Women Looking Forward* for our dormitory library.

We missed our first morning period at school arriving there at almost 10:00 a.m., but we were all happy in the knowledge that we had fulfilled our religious custom of going to mass in thanksgiving for any blessed event.

OCTOBER 16, 1943 (SATURDAY)

*Yasukuni Grand Autumn Festival.* Today begins a grand feast in Japan, like November 1st [All Saints Day] in the P.I. Thousands of families from all over Japan came to Tokyo to pay homage to the dead warriors "deified" at the famous Yasukuni Shrine. We had no class today.

*Annamese Students Fete Filipinos.* On the occasion of Philippine independence, the Annamese students at Kokusai Gakuyūkai feted us with a *lauriat* lunch at the Meguro Gajōen. The banquet hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and "*Mabuhay*" placards, and a big Filipino flag was displayed in the *tokonoma* [ornamental alcove].

We met Miss Lee and Miss Dao, very charming Annamese ladies

(sisters) whom we always meet at school, but today we came to know them better.

The affair started with speeches, and after the *lauriat* of about five courses, we staged a dance-musical program for our hosts. The most interesting parts of our program, which I am sure our hosts enjoyed immensely, were the "magic" by Villarin (he is really quick with the thimble); the *carinosa* [love song] dance by de Leon and Sinsuat, with Pena and Mapa acting as ladies, which was very entertaining; and the Japanese song "Aikoku No Hana" which we sang in jazz tempo.

During the party I sat beside Miss Lee, and I found her very pleasant company. The Annamese are a nice bunch at school, and we like them and seem to get along well with them. Two of them are Catholics who attend church at St. Theresa's.

*Concert at Hibiya Auditorium.* At 6:00 p.m. today, with David and Quiambao, we went to Hibiya Auditorium to attend a performance by the Tokyo Academy of Music Symphony Orchestra. Our tickets cost us Y2.80 each, but by mistake, when we made our reservations, this a.m., we were given the wrong tickets dated as of yesterday. We had a little argument at the gate, but we insisted forcefully (though in broken Nippongo) on being given admittance as we had paid for the tickets. The manager was convinced by our "rightful indignation," and he not only let us in but also let us sit in a reserved section, a special place for "big shots."

We enjoyed the concert immensely, especially because it surpassed our expectations.

(The concert included Kunihiko Hashimoto's Symphony in D composed on the occasion of the 2,600th anniversary of Japan, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor by Miss Asakura, and Hashimoto's Cantata "Hymn to the Heroic Soul" in honor of the late Admiral Yamamoto, with Mr. Fujii as tenor and a chorus of 200 voices.)

The first part was a series of renditions by the Academy of Music Symphony Orchestra of Japanese classical (westernized) pieces. The second part was a piano concerto by a charming Japanese lady. She played Western classics accompanied by the orchestra. The third part was, for me, the best. A chorus of 200 (men and women, students of the Tokyo Academy of Music, reputed to be the best in Japan) sang beautiful pieces in three voices.

The auditorium is a beautiful building at Hibiya Park in front of the Imperial Hotel in the heart of Tokyo. I was especially impressed by the perfect acoustics of the auditorium which makes the softest note audible in every nook of the place.

OCTOBER 17, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Heard mass and received communion at the chapel of St. Sofia's University at 6:00 a.m.

*Athletic Meet (Undōkai)*. At 9:00 a.m., the students of Kokusai Gakuyūkai held their first athletic meet for this year. It was a big event with prominent guests invited. The affair was even broadcast all over Greater East Asia by remote control, and news photographers and newsreelmen were present taking pictures of the event.

I can safely say that the Filipino group decidedly stole the show today. We won places in most events and garnered the most number of points. Not only that, we even had a cheering squad and attracted a lot of attention, and before the day was over, we had the crowd cheering for us. The audience got so used to seeing the Filipinos running away with so many first places that whenever anybody had the lead in any event shouts of "Hiripin" could be heard from the crowd.

During the "Pass in Review," too, ours was the snappiest group.

Today the Philippines received a lot of propaganda by our showing, and we showed the Japanese audience and the other East Asian students an example of "Filipino Spirit." After the meet, besides the many prizes we received, we were happy in the thought that we did our independent Philippines a good turn by our splendid showing during the meet.

The event was broadcast by Manalang, a Filipino who has been in Japan for the last five years. He approached us and mixed with his *kababayans* and was very proud when we ran away with honors.

For my part, I was most surprised when I got the first place in the 200-meter dash which was the first event in the morning. This apparently was *bueno mano* [luck], for after that we won a series of places. I was also the first runner in the 800-meter relay which our team (R. Vargas, de Leon, Vallejo and I) won by about 10 meters' margin,

The prizes I received were a paper folder, a letter box and a beautiful album.

OCTOBER 18, 1943 (MONDAY)

*Conference with Ministry of Education Representatives.* At 1:00 p.m. a round-table conference of representatives from the different groups at school presided over by representatives of the Education Ministry was held. Some students brought out the question of facilitating the study of Nippongo which is made hard by the use of Chinese characters. I attended the conference, but, due to lack of time, I did not have a chance to talk.

*At the Yasukuni Autumn Festival.* Tonight with our *caseras*, we went to Yasukuni Shrine and saw for ourselves what this Grand Autumn Festival is all about. For the last few days the whole of Tokyo has been excited about this national festival, and newspapers headlined the event.

Tonight we actually joined the mammoth crowd of worshipers from all over Japan who come to Yasukuni to worship the deified hero-gods. Like the P.I.'s *Todos los Santos* [All Saints' Day], it is a very gay affair, but here, although thousands upon thousands flock to the shrine, perfect order prevails, with the people carefully lining up and observing all traffic rules.

A special feature at the shrine is the interesting display of trophies of war and the very impressive paintings depicting various historic battles, such as the ones in New Guinea, Attu, etc. We saw relics of American P-40s shot down "somewhere," and also landing barges, artillery pieces and other weapons used in the campaign at Attu Island.

OCTOBER 19, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Tonight Quiambao tried his hand in the kitchen and cooked for us *escabeche* [pickled fish]. The kitchen personnel were surprised to see how good Quiambao is in Filipino culinary art, for the *escabeche* was indeed delicious.

OCTOBER 20, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

After class this p.m. our baseball team played against the instructors



and personnel of Kokusai Gakuyūkai and licked them 4-3 in a very thrilling game. After the athletic meet last Sunday, perhaps noticing the spirit of the Filipinos, our instructors thought of challenging us to a baseball game. Prizes were distributed. A good crowd witnessed the thrilling game.

OCTOBER 21, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Rainy today. Biting cold throughout the day; nothing unusual.

Pepito Abad Santos lent me [Jose] Rizal's *El Filibusterismo* [*The Reign of Greed*] and *Noli Me Tangere* [*The Social Cancer*] today. Will start reading them next week.

OCTOBER 22, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Lieut. Gen. Y. Takeuchi (Retired) was introduced to us this a.m. as our new director at Kokusai Gakuyūkai to replace ex-ambassador Yatabe. He has quite a handsome personality which was more enhanced this morning by a big imperial decoration (Order of the Grand something) which he wore conspicuously on his breast. (He was the chief of staff of the Japanese army during the Arakan campaign in Burma.)

Tonight our bath being out of order, we went, for the first time, to a Tokyo public bath, a few minutes' walk from the dormitory. The bath was filled, and it was not very pleasant to take a bath in such a packed place. The bath-tub was comfortably hot, but there were so many getting in at the same time that it is not very hygienic, I think. On returning home, I took a bath again as I did not feel clean after that bath in a public tub.

Although there is a partition between the men's and the women's bath, there is not much privacy, and it was as good as a common bathroom. The Japanese, I notice, do not mind their nudity, and men and women alike go about it so casually.

OCTOBER 23, 1943 (SATURDAY)

This p.m. went to Mitsukoshi movie house for our regular movies. Saw Daitōa News and another of those Japanese films which I did not understand.

After the movies, the Mitsukoshi Department Store treated the Filipino group to ice cream and drinks on the occasion of our independence. After this, we proceeded to the first floor of the department store where a Philippine exhibit is going on. Philippine pictures and things are on display, including the Filipino mestiza [Spanish-style] dress and the barong tagalog. Big Filipino flags adorn the hall.

During the regular organ program held at the department store, Philippine songs such as "Bahay Kubo" ["Only a Hut"] etc. were played. When the "Song for the Creation of the New Philippines" was played, we sang in formation as a huge crowd gathered about us. While we went around admiring the exhibit, photographers got busy taking our pictures.

OCTOBER 24, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

*At the Art Gallery & Scientific Museum.* Spent the whole morning till 3:00 p.m. at the Ueno Park visiting the *Bunten* (the Autumn Art Exhibition of the Education Ministry) and the Scientific Museum.

At the Bijitsukan (Art Gallery), we spent nearly four hours going from one hall to another admiring beautiful paintings by Japanese artists. There were a variety of paintings, some in oil done in the western style, others typically Japanese done with the *fude* (brush) and *sumi* (Japanese ink). It is hard to say which is better. The paintings in oil are realistic and skillfully done to the minutest detail, to say nothing of the beautiful combination of colors.

There was a portrait in oil of the Burmese chief executive, Dr. Ba Maw, wearing an imperial decoration on his breast. It was so well painted that at first I thought there was a real ruby stone placed on it. It looked so real I had to go very near the portrait to convince myself of its being merely painted.

The typical Japanese paintings are mostly in black ink, and if colors are used at all, they are subdued tones. These types of Japanese paintings leave much to the imagination and artistic sense of the looker. For instance, there were two paintings there which at once suggested moonlight and sundown, but in neither does the moon or the sun appear. It is only the dark shadows cast by the trees and the red

reflections on the sea that suggest to the looker the presence of a full moon, in one case, and of a sinking sun in the other.

In the sculpture exhibit, there was a beautiful display of works which was truly impressive. They were works in wood, bronze, alabaster, etc., true monuments to the sculptural ingenuity of the Japanese. Mr. Horino, a young sculptor whose works were on display, accompanied us as we went about the museum.

*Scientific Museum.* Here was an interesting and very educational display of mechanical, botanical, zoological, geological and other scientific subjects systematically displayed in the different halls in the several stories of the museum.

Specially interesting is the display of all sorts of stuffed animals and birds. There were all types of monkeys, lions, bears, tigers, camels, giraffes, etc. Equally interesting is the collection of old Japanese watches and clocks. There is a Japanese clock which lasts for 400 days. Among the varieties of old watches, there are "water watches" and "sand watches" and others which look like thermometers with pointers moving up and down to point at the hour.

*At the Tombs of the Tokugawas.* After the scientific museum, we proceeded to visit the Tōshōgū, the shrine dedicated to some of the Tokugawa shoguns, who ruled Japan in feudal times.

We entered the shrine and saw for ourselves the beauty within. In the ominous silence inside, we could imagine the solemnity with which ceremonies are held there to honor the spirits of these feudal greats. We also saw the tombs in which eternally "sleep" the once powerful Tokugawa shoguns. Scattered about the graveyard, we saw age-old moss-covered *ishidōro* (stone lanterns of old) which the daimyo, feudal lords, gave as presents to the Tokugawa shoguns.

During our very interesting jaunt this morning at historic Ueno Park where two centuries ago a decisive battle was held, which led to the final overthrow of the Tokugawa Shogunate, I noticed the interest of Japanese students in art and science. Both at the Art Gallery and Scientific Museum, I could see the Japanese young students going about interestedly taking down notes.

*Independence Newsreel.* At 4:00 p.m., with Quiambao and Velarde, went to Tōhō Theatre at Shinjuku to see the Nippon News on Philippine Independence. The main picture was quite nice. It was some-

thing about India's fight for freedom, and although I did not quite understand the picture, it must have been a sad one as almost everyone around us was in tears, sniffing unrestrainedly. The Japanese, men and women alike, I noticed, do not hesitate to cry when the film touches them.

OCTOBER 25, 1943 (MONDAY)

The weather today has been the coldest so far.

OCTOBER 26, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Mail from the Philippines arrived again this afternoon! With four others, we went to the War Ministry to get the letters.

Had quite a lengthy talk with Major Matsuo about various subjects. He advised us to study hard as he has received reports that we are "taking it easy." From him we gathered that we Constabulary officers are really going home earlier, maybe by autumn of next year, and this news together with the letters I received from home made me very happy.

Coincidentally, at Major Matsuo's office, there was an official of the War Ministry who just came from the P.I. He was Papa's patient, and he conveyed to me regards from home. He had my name noted down in his memo book.

OCTOBER 27, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

After class this p.m., played basketball at St. Sofia's University to practice for our coming match with the Manchukuo team. We played a nice game and enjoyed it. Fr. Krauss and another Japanese Jesuit were very kind, and they invited us to come to play at St. Sofia's any-time we wished to.

OCTOBER 29, 1943 (FRIDAY)

At 5:30 this morning, went to St. Sofia's Church to hear mass and receive holy communion on Bobby's (my brother's) birthday.

OCTOBER 30, 1943 (SATURDAY)

At 1:00 p.m. went with Quiambao to the Nihon Gekijō (Nippon

Theater) and for the first time saw a Japanese stage show. I never expected to see such an impressive show. There was a variety of dances, music and songs and a continuous change of beautiful scenes which made the show very enjoyable. I specially liked the changes of scenes which took only a few seconds to effect. In one of the scenes, Schubert's "Ave Maria" was also sung by a chorus of white-robed nuns, with a huge crucifix in the background. Modernized dances and songs plus the gaudy colors of beautiful dresses made the show truly entertaining. This show entitled *Aki No Odori* (Autumn Dance) is specially staged for the season of autumn.

Another interesting feature was the Japanese counterpart of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. The Japanese also have their Tugo and Pugo [popular Filipino comedy duo] which kept the audience in uncontrollable laughter.

The Nihon Gekijō is one of the biggest theaters in Japan. The main theater has three stories with spacious lobbies on both sides. Underground is another movie-house which shows all newsreels.

OCTOBER 31, 1943 (SUNDAY)

*Planetarium.* This has been a very busy Sunday. After mass at St. Sofia's Chapel, at 9:00 a.m. we were at the Planetarium on the top floor of the Mainichi Shimbun building. Here we saw an exact replica of the firmament, with the sun, planets and all the constellations projected by means of a huge revolving mechanism against the ceiling (forming a dome), creating an artificial but very realistic sky. The mid-day sun appears in the sky. Gradually it sinks towards the west, and the room gradually gets dark as "night falls." Soon the sun has disappeared over the horizon, and the stars and the moon appear. It is "a starlit night in Tokyo," and against the skyline we can see silhouetted the tall buildings of the city.

With the aid of a special flashlight which projects an arrow-pointer against the sky, someone explains the different constellations, the orbits of the earth, the sun, the moon and other planets. All this time, the room is in complete darkness, and looking at the starlit dome above us, it really seems "night," and some of us even felt sleepy.

The "artificial night" lasted for about 1½ hours during which time we saw the different stellar constellations during different seasons

and at different hours of the night. I left the planetarium impressed by that huge revolving mechanical contrivance which could create an artificial sky with such astronomical precision.

*Imperial Diet.* At 11:00 we visited the Imperial Diet, and a Diet guard showed us around the building and explained to us the various halls and rooms in the building. The session hall of the Imperial Diet is an imposing place. Our guide pointed out to us the special places occupied by the Emperor, the foreign ambassadors, ministers, and newspaperman. When His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, attends a session, he passes through a carpeted stairway and hallway, specially reserved for him, and no one is allowed to step on this "sacred" way.

A cameraman from the Board of Information took several pictures of us in the grounds of the Imperial Diet.

*Meiji Stadium.* At the Track and Field Stadium of the Meiji Jingū, we held calisthenics rehearsals for a grand event set for November 7.

The Manchurian and Chinese students, together with the southern students of Kokusai Gakuyūkai, did the *Seinen Taisō* (Youth Calisthenics).

Our own Rizal Memorial Stadium is bigger and better than this one, I think.

#### NOVEMBER 1, 1943 (MONDAY)

*Birthday Away from Home.* Early at 5:30 a.m. this cold autumn morning, although tempted to stay "sandwiched" between my mattresses, I woke up to greet my 24th year of existence in this "valley of tears." I went to mass and received holy communion at the chapel of St. Sofia's University and prayed hard that I may "live a good life and die a happy death."

Away from home and friends, I missed telephone calls, birthday cards, and personal congratulations, but I felt satisfied in the thought that in the Philippines, I am sure, my family and friends remembered me and prayed for me on my birthday.

I remember when I celebrated my 18th birthday, I wrote these lines:

18

"I'm eighteen now. . . .

71

The boy is gone,  
Now lives the man,  
For joy, for tears,  
For long years of strife,  
In the battle of life."

On my 24th birthday, I have realized how well I foresaw the tough "battle of life" ahead of me. My experiences in Bataan and the concentration camps, and now my stay in Tokyo, are unforgettable scenes in the drama of my life. I have gone through the hardships of war and am now experiencing the bitter separation from loved ones. But the worst may yet come, so I still stick, as I have always, to my motto of "Prepare for the worst, but hope for the best."

As I look at the vague and unpredictable future ahead of me, I feel I am entirely at a loss to foresee what will come next. But I have placed all my faith, hope and confidence in God, and I am sure He knows what is best.

With Jesus in the Garden of Olives, I pray, "Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy Will, not mine, be done!"

NOVEMBER 2, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Heard mass and received holy communion at St. Sofia's Chapel (All Souls' Day).

Tonight Mr. Hideo Oguni of Tōhō Cinema Co., author of "Bukang Liwayway" ["Dawning"] and "Tear Down that Flag!" visited us to gather data for the novel he is now working on about the Philippines and the war. He told us that "Tear Down that Flag!" will be shown on the 8th of next month in the Philippines and in Tokyo. The novel he is finishing now is the same movie story in book form. He asked us questions about Philippine streets, war conditions in Bataan, and consulted us on the propriety of certain Filipino names which he uses in his novel.

President Laurel and Ministers [Quintin] Paredes and [Claro] Recto arrived this p.m. Their arrival has not yet been announced in the papers. I think we will meet them in a party before they leave Tokyo.

Tomorrow our basketball team will tackle the Manchuria team, reputed to be one of the best in Tokyo. Hope we win.

NOVEMBER 3, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

*Meiji Setsu* [*The Anniversary of the Birth of the Emperor Meiji*]. Ceremonies were held at school till 9:30 a.m., after which there were no classes.

*Philippines vs. Manchuria (Basketball)*. At 11:00 a.m. we played our first formal basketball match in Tokyo, tackling the strong Manchukuo team, reputedly the best in Tokyo. On arriving at the big Manchukuo dormitory and its beautiful gymnasium, and seeing the big and tall Manchurians (plus the rumors that they are best in Tokyo), we thought at first we could not lick them. But our fighting spirit did it. We knew we could not afford to lose (as we had been looking for a team to play against since we arrived in Japan), and we put everything we had in the game.

The first quarter immediately shocked our opponents. A rapid succession of goals soon put us into a lead of 10 points while our almost impenetrable zone defense tactics nailed the Manchurians at 2 points. Eddie and Nene Vargas played beautifully, and we had the situation well in hand. But in the last quarter, the Manchurians gradually cut down our lead, and there was a time when we were winning by a meager 3 points. At this point, the game was very thrilling, and the crowd roared. In the last few minutes to play, we scored more goals and finally defeated the Manchurians by a score of 35-27.

Before, during and after the game we huddled together and prayed a "Hail Mary" for victory.

Annamese, Malays and Sumatran students from our school went to see the game and heartily cheered for us during the game. After the game, we had a very nice meal at "Fujiya" Restaurant.

NOVEMBER 4, 1943 (THURSDAY)

At 5:00 p.m. President Laurel, Foreign Minister Recto, and Communications Minister Paredes, who unexpectedly arrived in Tokyo a few days ago, gave us a party at the beautiful mansion of Mr. [Aiichirō] Fujiyama [president of the Dai Nippon Sugar Manufacturing Co.].



President Laurel addressed us in Tagalog and told us that they had come to Tokyo to attend an important conference of the Great East Asia leaders.

A very intimate atmosphere prevailed during the party just like the one on October 3, when President Laurel first came with Chairman Vargas and Speaker Aquino. We talked to the President and Ministers about our life in Tokyo and mentioned to them our recent victory over the Manchurians in basketball. We also talked to the President about our reduction of salaries which he promised to look into.

Cakes, sandwiches, sweets and tea were served, but what we enjoyed most was the company of our Filipino leaders who were so intimate and seemed so sincerely concerned about us, even to the extent of themselves offering to deliver our letters for our families.

As *pasalubong*, President Laurel gave each of us Y10.

The party broke up at 6:00 p.m.

*Winter Overcoats.* We received our winter overcoats this p.m., and we soon inaugurated them at the party of President Laurel. (No good. Staple fiber.)

#### NOVEMBER 5, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Had general rehearsal at Meiji Olympic Stadium for Sunday's grand event (mass calisthenics).

Had hair-cut. Finished writing letters to be sent through the Laurel party. I can now concentrate on my studies.

#### NOVEMBER 6, 1943 (SATURDAY)

The newspapers are headlining the Great East Asia conference now under way in Tokyo and attended by representatives from the Philippines, Thailand, China, Burma and Manchuria. This is a historic parley calculated, I think, to bolster the morale of the 1,000,000,000 people of East Asia.

*Newsreel Flashes.* At the Mitsukoshi Movie House this p.m. we saw Daitōa News No. 49 showing the arrival of President Laurel, Chairman Vargas and Speaker Aquino on their first visit to Tokyo last September 30. The 27 pensionados appear conspicuously as they welcomed the Filipino leaders at Haneda Airport. I hope the film is shown in the P.I., as I appear clearly in it.

We are all so proud of our leaders. The way they carry themselves with such dignity and self-mastery has impressed us a lot. The speeches of President Laurel, with his typical eloquence and forcefulness, have impressed the Japanese public, and even our instructors at school are commenting on President Laurel's scholarly statements.

NOVEMBER 7, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Missed mass and communion since at 6:30 a.m. we had to leave to join the big affair at Meiji Stadium.

*14th Annual Autumnal Athletic Meet at Meiji Stadium.* We spent the whole day at the big Meiji Olympic Stadium to participate in the Annual Autumn Athletic Meet. Mass calisthenics, gymnastics, bayonet drill, mimic warfare, kendo (fencing), sumo (wrestling), air-raid maneuvers, etc. were demonstrated by college boys and school girls from different schools and colleges in Tokyo. It was a perfectly organized affair, where things went as scheduled without a hitch. The mass calisthenics, especially, manifested a remarkable spirit of discipline born out of constant training.

A cold wind constantly blowing throughout the day made us experience the coldest weather so far. In spite of our thick overcoats, we felt the biting cold pierce our bones.

At 2:30 p.m. the thousands of spectators at the stadium rose to greet the leaders of East Asia who arrived to witness the pensionados of the Southern regions perform their calisthenics. The flags of the Philippines, China, Manchuria, Thailand and Burma were hoisted in honor of the visiting heads of state.

Practically nude, but for thin white pants (*carsoncillos*), it was a terrible experience we had with the cold autumn wind blowing strongly. But, because we were conscious of the thousands of eyes focused on us, we pretended not to mind the cold, although some of us were actually trembling with cold.

Before we performed the "Youth Calisthenics" (*Seinen Taisō*), Premier Tōjō delivered a short speech which was met with thunderous applause from the audience. While he spoke, I had a good glimpse of the Great East Asia leaders—Dr. Ba Maw of Burma, Chandra Bose of India, H. R. H. Wan Waithayakon of Thailand (President of the

Council of Thailand), Premier Chang Ching-hui of Manchuria, and President Wang Ching Wei of China. Foreign Minister Recto and Communications Minister Paredes were there, too. President Laurel could not attend due to a slight indisposition.

Cameramen and newsreelmen got busy taking pictures as we performed our number.

This morning, too, at the "Pass-in-Review" of the participants, the Filipino group attracted a lot of attention dressed as we were in shining West Point khaki and marching snappily in *Hochō Tore* (Japanese goose-step), and we were applauded heavily.

The affair ended at 5:00 p.m. His Imperial Highness, Prince Takamatsu, younger brother of the Emperor, presided over the affair.

*Great East Asia Rally.* At Hibiya Auditorium this morning, the leaders of Great East Asia held a grand rally. Unfortunately, because of the affair at the Meiji Stadium, we Constabulary officers could not attend as we had to represent the P.I. at the opening ceremonies at the stadium.

President Laurel's speech at the last session of the Great East Asia conference was fully published in this morning's papers. It was a stirring speech which I am sure has impressed the Japanese. Again he made mention of the triangular basis of the Co-prosperity Sphere—co-existence, co-operation, and co-prosperity—and quoted the very words of Premier Tōjō to strengthen his assertion that an important requisite in the idea of co-prosperity is respect and recognition of the sovereignty and integrity of all nations in the East, because the "prosperity of all means the prosperity of the integral parts, but the prosperity of one or a few does not necessarily mean the prosperity of the whole."

*Unfortunate Incident.* A very unfortunate incident occurred tonight between two of us at the dormitory. They came to blows, and one of them broke his glasses. Each time I think of it, I feel so bad. I do not want to mention names or details here, but would rather forget it.

*Dr. Regino Ylanan Arrives.* Right after we performed our calisthenics this p.m., we were surprised when Dr. Ylanan suddenly appeared and approached us. He arrived yesterday by plane to attend

an athletic conference. He promised to visit us at school and take our letters to the P.I.

NOVEMBER 8, 1943 (MONDAY)

Played rugby at school this p.m. Enjoyed it much, especially because it kept our bodies warm during this cold weather.

President Laurel's speeches have received a great ovation from all quarters in Japan. At school, too, the Annamese students, whose national consciousness is being awakened (during the athletic meet yesterday they refused to carry the banner which labeled them as "French Indo-China" and not "Annam"), have been greatly impressed by Dr. Laurel's speech, especially the part where he mentions the sad plight of the still oppressed peoples of India, Indo-China, Java, Sumatra and Malaya. Talking to us, they told us how they admire the Filipino president, who was the only one of the Great East Asia representatives who did not forget the other nations who do not as yet enjoy a free existence.

NOVEMBER 9, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Went to Nippon Dental Hospital this p.m. to have my teeth treated. Reviewed for tomorrow's examinations in Nippongo.

NOVEMBER 10, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Tomorrow starts our 12-day educational tour within and outside of Tokyo.

The newspapers have headlined the latest Japanese naval "victory" off Bougainville where Allied battleships, cruisers, transports and planes have been claimed. This is now the talk of the town, and the whole nation is rejoicing.

NOVEMBER 11, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Today started our 12-day educational tour. Included in the schedule are places which are not accessible even to Japanese, such as factories, training camps, etc.

*Nihon Kōkan Kabushiki Kaisha* (Japan Iron and Steel Works Company). At 10:00 a.m. we arrived at Watarida-machi, Kanagawa-

ken at this immense factory which has branches in Kobe, Osaka, Chōsen [Korea], Singapore, China and Sumatra.

Before proceeding to visit the factories, we assembled at the main office where we listened to a very interesting lecture with graphic illustrations on the blackboard on the process of producing steel and making steel products, such as pipes, bars, etc. We actually saw the process of making steel from the first stage where the ore is put into a huge blast furnace and heated to 1700°C; then the molten iron lava, passing through diverse canals and conduits and undergoing a water-purifying process, leaves off the slag (waste) ready to enter on the second stage where it is further purified through the air-purifying machines. Here we saw the molten lava of steel poured from one huge boulder into another, lifted and manipulated by means of electric machines. After undergoing this second stage, the molten steel is poured into moulds, and the steel ingots, weighing from one to two tons, while red hot, are carried to another department where they are made into long rectangular bars to be distributed among the different departments to be made into other finished steel products, such as pipes, guns, etc. We saw how these red-hot steel bars are made into oil pipes by means of a very interesting process of boring and final cooling.

There are about 10,000 workers in this factory, and it is one of the biggest in Japan. We left this place really impressed by Japan's steel industries and by the importance being played by the steel workers who are continuously working day and night to keep the nation's war machine at work.

(The factory also employs American and English prisoners-of-war. We saw them work side by side with Japanese laborers.)

*Morinaga Shokuryō Kōgyō Kabushiki Kaisha (Morinaga Biscuit and Candy Factory)*. At 2:00 p.m., we entered the gate of the biggest candy and biscuit factory in the Far East. We had to wash our hands with "lysoled" water before getting into the premises. Here we saw the process of manufacturing all kinds of biscuits—soda biscuits, crackers, soldiers' ration biscuits, etc.—candies, and chocolate bars. We noticed how intently the workers do their job, working assiduously without talking or looking around. We had a candy holiday at the factory's dining room where we were given candies and biscuits which

ordinarily cannot be bought anywhere in Tokyo.

This candy factory, we were told, is capitalized at Y13,000,000 and employs over 1,000 laborers.

NOVEMBER 12, 1943 (FRIDAY)

*Tokyo Rikugun Yōnen Gakkō (Tokyo Army Preparatory School).* Just a few minutes' walk from our dormitory is this famous preparatory military academy where Japan's military-inclined youths are trained to be future army officers. Boys from 15 years of age are admitted into this school after rigid examinations and go through a period of 3 years' training, studying military science and the general middle school (high school) course at the same time, after which they enroll at a preparatory military academy, and finally enter the Imperial Military Academy to become full-fledged officers of the army.

We visited the classrooms while classes were being held, the dormitories, study halls and other buildings. A special building is reserved for members of the Imperial family who may be studying at this school. We also saw a movie film depicting the life of the cadets.

At mealtime, we ate together with the cadets. We Constabulary officers were made to sit at the officers' table.

There is a special "Heroes' Gallery" where the pictures and personal belongings, such as swords, uniforms, caps, etc., of graduates of the school who perished in war are displayed as inspiration for the rest of the students. Occupying a special place in this gallery is the picture of Prince Kitashirakawa of the Imperial Family who died a glorious death in the Sino-Japanese War.

During a visit to this school, we had an insight into the cadets' daily routine which lasts from early in the morning till evening. About the first thing a cadet does on waking up every day is to go to the Yōhaijo, a specially consecrated place, to bow towards the Imperial Palace and then towards his native province.

There are about 500 cadets training at this school.

*Rikugun Toyama Gakkō (Army School at Toyama).* This is a specialization (post-graduate) school of army officers and non-commissioned officers situated right beside the Yōnen Gakkō. The course lasts from six months to one year. We saw an exhibition of bayonet, sword and kendo drill demonstrated by student officers, and in the

field we witnessed actual drill exercises, such as wall scaling, gymnastics, etc.

The last part of our visit in this school was a musical concert by the school's band held at an open-air auditorium.

NOVEMBER 13, 1943 (SATURDAY)

*Mitsubishi Jūkōgyō (Sensha) Kabushiki Kaisha (The Mitsubishi Heavy Industries (Tank) Company).* The mass production of war tanks to supply the increasing demands of modern mechanized warfare is being done in this huge factory which employs about 15,000 laborers; it has its own technical school with an enrollment of about 3,000 students and a modern equipment laboratory. We visited the various departments, beginning with the department producing bolts. As we went from one shop to another, we saw the tanks gradually taking shape as the machine and outer parts are assembled. Finally we came to the testing field where the tanks in their finished form were being tested by expert mechanics. The tanks produced in this factory are medium-sized tanks of from 17 to 20 tons, with a speed of 45 m.p.h.

We also visited the factory's technical school where young boys of about 16 years of age are trained in skilled labor to insure maximum efficiency in the production of this important unit in war.

*Art Gallery.* For the second time this autumn, we visited the Art Gallery at Ueno Park. We sat in the waiting room while the rest of the students went around. The others were as impressed as we were the first time we saw the beautiful paintings on display here.

*Art School.* After the Art Gallery, we were guests at a tea party at the Art School which is just a few minutes' walk from the Art Gallery. Here we were received by prominent professors of the school and other artists. In the grounds of the school is a big statue of Mr. Okakura Tenshin, founder of the art school and famous for his books and writings. He is specially renowned for his initiating the slogan "Asia is One."

NOVEMBER 14, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

Spent whole morning taking snapshots at the Imperial Diet, Hibiya

Park and the Imperial Hotel with Quiambao, Sison and de la Pena.

This p.m. went to the Takarazuka Gekijō to see a revue which is being much advertised in the papers. I enjoyed it very much, especially the changes of scenes and the beautiful costumes. The theater is a big one of four stories, with stores and restaurants in the lobbies of each floor. This is one of the best high-class theaters in Tokyo. We each paid Y2.40 for our tickets.

NOVEMBER 15, 1943 (MONDAY)

*Naval Flight School (Kaigun Kōkū Gak্কō)*. Today we visited this school at Tsuchiura, Ibaragi Prefecture. We left Ueno Station at 9:50 a.m. and arrived at Tsuchiura at 12:15. This naval flight school, which is training thousands of future pilots, is located near the Kasumiga-ura Lake.

As we inspected the barracks, classrooms and hangars, training planes continuously roared above us as student-pilots went on with their practical work in the sky. In the hangars we saw gliders and all types of naval planes, including a German "Heinkel" and the Japanese pursuit plane which took part in the historic attack on Pearl Harbor.

In the afternoon we witnessed the school's *Undōkai* (athletic meet). Looking at the sturdy bronze-bodied naval cadets participating in the various games, we saw in every one of them a potential "hero-god" willing, ready and able to "self-blast" himself for the "eternal glory" of the Empire.

It was about 8:30 in the evening when we returned to Ueno Station. At "Jūroku" Restaurant near the station, we were treated with a sumptuous dinner by the Kokusai Gakuyūkai. Here we met Mr. Trinidad, the chief cook, a Filipino who has been in Japan for the last 21 years. According to him, he came to Japan as a student, but due to "unforeseen circumstances" (women trouble), he had to quit studying and join the "kitchen corps." He seems to be very popular with the Japanese, especially the waitresses.

NOVEMBER 16, 1943 (TUESDAY)

*Tokyo Kōtō Shōsen Gak্কō (Tokyo Nautical School)*. This a.m. we visited the Tokyo Nautical School at Ichūjima, Kyōdōbashi-ku, on the bank of the Sumida River. (Since our arrival in Tokyo, this is the



first time we crossed Tokyo's principal river, the Sumida-gawa, which is something like the Pasig River with beautiful modern steel bridges spanning it.)

Here we saw all types of ship models; visited the dormitories, shops, library; and our guide explained to us the parts and functions of complicated ship engines and other nautical mechanisms.

Anchored in the river near the school is the "Meiji Maru," a 60-meter long, 1000-ton vessel, built about 70 years ago during the Meiji era, one of the first ships built in Japan. We saw the imperial state-room in this historic ship occupied by the great Emperor Meiji, Father of Modern Japan.

There are 700 students in this school who, after completing the 3-year course, become officers of Japan's merchant marine corps.

*Ishikawajima Zōsenjo (Isikawajima Shipbuilding Factory).* This is about 10 minutes' walk from the Tokyo Nautical School. Scattered in the yards of this huge factory are big "iron logs" used to make ships. We saw giant cranes at work lifting heavy iron logs to the various shops. In the moulding shop we saw huge hydraulic hammers shaping big pieces of red-hot iron of several tons weight. It was interesting to see the giant hammer pounding against the red-hot log of iron to mould it into shape.

This factory is the oldest in Japan and is engaged in building ships of 10,000 to 15,000 tons. It employs about 10,000 laborers.

(On the way home, we crossed the Sumida River by ferry and landed near Ginza Street.)

*At Dai Ichi and Teikoku Hotel.* With Quiambao, went to the Dai Ichi Hotel at 4:00 p.m. to see Messrs. [F. B.] Icasiano and [J. P.] Bautista, Filipino newspapermen now in Tokyo to attend the grand newspapermen's convention now under way. Unfortunately, this was the wrong hotel, and we were directed to go to the Imperial Hotel. Here, too, we failed to meet them as they were at the time attending a banquet. But on leaving the hotel, we met Mr. Hamamoto of the Philippine Military Administration and our former Malacanan instructor, whom we promised to see again one of these days.

NOVEMBER 17, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

*Rikugun Shikan Gakko (Imperial Military Academy).* When we

arrived at Sōbudai Station (Zama, Kanagawa-ken) at about 9:00 this morning, army trucks were waiting for us to take us to the Imperial Military Academy which we have been wanting to see since we arrived in Japan. Passing along a beautiful driveway lined on both sides by dwarf pine trees, we finally reached the Academy premises.

After a short lecture on the history and life in the academy, by one of the officers, we were shown around by a colonel and two captains who acted as our “ushers.” We visited the barracks, occupied by the cadets. (I noticed here that the arrangement of bunks and clothing at our own Philippine Military Academy and army camps is more scrupulously neat.)

For nearly half an hour we listened while the Burmese students enrolled in the military academy were having classes. There are also Chinese and Manchurians now studying in the academy. At the academy museum we saw a display of military relics among which were bullet-ridden uniforms, swords, helmets, etc. worn by officer-graduates of the academy who died a hero's death in battle. The famous General Nogi has a special showcase all to himself. Among the interesting relics of the war displayed here is the division flag of the post commander of Fort Stotsenburg, Pampanga and the coat of arms of the English garrison which capitulated at Hong Kong.

At the Otakebi Jinja, the shrine dedicated to the “hero-gods” who graduated from the academy, we paid our respects. This is a beautiful place with nice, tall pine trees which reminded me of Baguio.

At 11:45 Lieut. Gen. Uchishima, director of the academy, addressed us with a few words of welcome, after which we had lunch with the Burmese cadets. We chatted a lot with them and asked them about their life in the academy. These cadets are all officers of the Burmese Army who fought side by side with the Japanese in Burma.

After lunch, we rode on army trucks which brought us to the academy's maneuver grounds. From an observation hill overlooking the wide plain, we witnessed tank maneuvers specially staged for us. On this very hill the Emperor once stood to witness grand army maneuvers. The exact place where His Majesty stood has a big marker to remind all and sundry of the “sacredness” of the spot.

NOVEMBER 18, 1943 (THURSDAY)

*A.M.—Mausoleum of Emperor Taishō.* At Tama Goryō, Asakawa is the sacred mausoleum of Emperor Taishō, father of the present Emperor and son of the great Emperor Meiji. This is a picturesque site with a long, white gravel avenue lined with cedar trees leading to the mausoleum. Garbed in autumn wear, the scenery around the mausoleum was a symphony of colors—red maple trees and gold *ichō* (maiden-hair tree)—against the verdant beauty of cedars and pines.

(At Asakawa Station, we chanced to meet a seller of souvenir canes, a Japanese woman who touched us with her sad story. As we got down from the train, she at once recognized us to be Filipinos. She told us that her husband is also a Filipino, a boxer, Segundo Baldonado by name, from Cebu. At first she did not want to talk much of her husband, but seeing us so interested, she told us her sad story. She has two children, 6 and 8 years old, with said Segundo, but the latter has abandoned them, and she has no idea where he is now. We could notice how much she felt it when she was relating her story, especially whenever she mentioned the children who think their father is dead. The woman told us there are other cases like hers, with Filipinos playing the “bad man’s” role. We could not help pitying the poor woman and cursing the man, Filipino though he may be, for bringing such misery to the poor woman and her children. The Filipinos in Japan have not a good record when it comes to women, and I only hope we too do not fall into the same temptation.)

*P.M.—Tachikawa Hikōki Seisakujo (Tachikawa Airplane Factory.)* By special permission, we had the privilege of visiting this immense airplane factory now building air machines for the battle fronts. Before visiting the shops, we heard a short lecture by one of the managers of the plant on how a plane is made.

We visited the various shops and noticed that the men work conscientiously. In the assembling section, we saw planes being finally assembled. Contiguous to the assembling section is a big airfield where we could see an “infinite number” of planes lined up ready to be put on their first test flight from the factory. This factory makes transport, bomber and pursuit planes.

NOVEMBER 19, 1943 (FRIDAY)

*Hōjutsu Gak্কō* (*Naval Gunners' School*). At Yokosuka, Kanagawa-ken, at the mouth of Tokyo Bay is a big naval base which, during wartime, is a strictly prohibited zone, but by special privilege we were permitted to enter this zone to visit the Gunners' School.

A rear-admiral, the commandant of the school, and naval officers received us very cordially and showed us around the premises. We saw all types of huge naval guns, the biggest of 16 inches. We actually went inside a 14-inch gun mounted on a turret, and saw a cadet gun crew practicing "firing" with a 6-inch naval gun.

Very interesting was inside the dark projection room where we were shown how enemy war planes are spotted and fired upon by anti-aircraft guns. Against the spherical ceiling of the dark room are projected the silhouettes of enemy 4-engined bombers on a raid, probably Boeing B-17s or Consolidated B-24s. The "spotters" get to work; computations are made; and soon anti-aircraft bark. The "shots" are also projected on the ceiling, and we could easily distinguish "hits" from "misses."

Another interesting thing we saw was the miniature Russo-Japanese naval battle in the school's lecture room showing the relative positions of both fleets before and during the ensuing battle that went down in history as Japan's great victory.

At the school's gymnasium a special show of *naginata* was staged by girls from Kyoto. This is women's fencing popular in old Japan; a halberd is used, a long weapon consisting of a wooden shaft about 6 feet long surmounted with a single-bladed knife resembling a sphere. Strenuous as it is, we noticed how fatigued these young girls must have been wielding their weapons with all their might, but never for a moment did they lose their graceful poise and control of self. While the "fight" is on, the girls give each other a savage look and emit a no less savage cry when a thrust is made.

The sight of Tokyo Bay from the school reminded me of Manila Bay on a Sunday afternoon.

NOVEMBER 20, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Met Mr. Jose Bautista, editor of the *Manila Tribune*, at Shinjuku

Station. We had just a few minutes' talk as he had to join the press group going on a visit to the Imperial Military Academy. We will meet him tomorrow at the Imperial Hotel.

Mr. Bautista and Mr. Icasiano ("Mang Kiko") [nickname for Mr. Francisco] are attending the East Asiatic Newspapermen's Convention held by about 80 newsmen from all over East Asia. It is interesting to note that during this convention the Philippines was once again put in the limelight when the one who delivered the speech of response to Mr. Eiji Amau, director of the Board of Information, in the name of all the delegates, was a Filipino—Mr. Icasiano of "Mang Kiko" fame.

*President Laurel in the News.* At Mitsukoshi Movie House this p.m. we saw the newsreel on the historic East Asia Assembly attended by the leaders of the Co-Prosperity Sphere.

President Laurel was easily the most eloquent and forceful speaker. Spontaneous applause was given by Javanese and Malay students when the President in the course of his fiery speech mentioned the Javanese and Malays as fighting for the cause of East Asia.

(A little incident happened during the movies this p.m. when a Burmese student gave a loud laugh when President Laurel appeared on the screen. Our young boys tried to make an issue of it and called on the Burmese student to explain his disrespectful behavior. I hope nothing serious comes out of this. The truth is, I believe, the Burmese meant no offense, but our boys are just trying to make an issue out of it, as the Burmese seem *antipatico* [unpleasant] to them.)

Here we met Miss Okamoto, daughter of the secretary of the Philippine Society, Mrs. Sawada and her husband and two sons, one a sergeant and the other a naval cadet. We chatted for a short while in the churchyard. We met the parish priest, a Japanese, and had a few snapshots taken. Had a nice talk with Miss Okamoto who speaks fluent English, having studied at Manila's St. Scholastica and in Hong Kong and Shanghai. She seems to be a very nice young lady, and I hope to become good friends with her.

This p.m. went to see newsreels and shorts at the Tokyo Gekijō with Pena, Quiambao and Pepito Abad Santos.

Tonight we met Mr. Bautista and Mr. Icasiano at the Imperial Hotel. Had a nice talk about Philippine conditions and told them of

our conditions here in Japan. They were very kind and seemed very glad to see us.

NOVEMBER 22, 1943 (MONDAY)

*Manmōkaitaku Kanbu Kunrenjo (Academy for Leaders of Settlers in Manchuria and Mongolia)*. Left Ueno Station at 9:45 this morning for Uchihara, Ibaragi Prefecture on the last part of our educational tour program. Arrived at Tomobe Station at about 1:30 p.m. and hiked about 5 kilometers. This academy is training about 700 future leaders of emigrants to Manchuria and Mongolia, and the regular course lasts three years for middle school graduates and one year for university graduates. We visited the barracks and the premises of the academy and saw the students doing extended order drill in the field.

*Manmōkaitaku Shōnen Jūgun (Uchihara Academy for Young Settlers to Manchuria and Mongolia)*. Contiguous to the Academy for Leaders is this big Academy for Settlers training about 15,000 young men from 15 years of age to be farmers-settlers in the vast fields of Manchuria and Mongolia.

The dormitories and other buildings within the academy compound are cylindrical structures with tapering roofs made of wood shingles built among tall pines and cedars.

The young boys who enroll in this academy dedicate their lives wholly to the farm and are determined to work in the cold fields of Manchuria, live there, get married there and die there. This vocation embraced by these brave youths is something of a cult with the "Good Earth" (Goddess of Earth) as the center of worship. The boys who embrace this vocation forsake their families, leave their country and devote the rest of their lives working close to Mother Earth. A special school for brides provides these boys with wives when they get to the right age.

We spent the night in one of the cylindrical houses.

NOVEMBER 23, 1943 (TUESDAY)

When we woke up at 6:00 this morning, the first signs of early winter greeted us. It was terribly cold, about 2° or 3° C., and hoar frost covered the field. Participating in the early morning religious

ceremonies of the school without gloves and overcoats, we felt our fingers and toes freeze with the biting, unbearable cold. Though still autumn, we experienced this morning the first signs of early winter.

We saw what life in this settlers' camp is. Regardless of the morning cold, the boys had to go out in the open field with scanty clothes to do the morning calisthenics. After breakfast, regular military drill was held. The students undergo rigid military training which prepares them to be able to defend not only their colony but also the Manchurian border in case of necessity. Military training includes "train warfare" drill which is important in Manchuria where train hold-up bandits abound. For this purpose, there is a train car on the academy premises for drill practices.

We met Mr. Kanji Katō, General Director of the academy, an old man with a long black beard who does not look his age of over 60. He exhibited his skill in judo and kendo, participating in the exhibition of these arts by the students.

We left the academy immediately after lunch with deep admiration and at the same time a feeling of pity for those young boys who are leaving behind home and country, determined to dedicate their lives tilling the cold fields of Manchuria. Trained from their early years, I saw in those young boys veritable cogs in the huge wheel of the state, the course of whose very lives have been already traced by their country.

NOVEMBER 24, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

After 12-days' educational tour which has indeed proven very educational, this morning we again resumed our classes at school and started with a new book of Nippongo.

Visiting factories and schools, and seeing Japanese workers and students in actual daily life, I have gained an insight into a phase of Nippon spirit. I have seen how the Japanese—laborer as well as student—puts his heart and soul in his work, closes his eyes to all other considerations, and literally loses himself for his country.

NOVEMBER 25, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Mr. Hideo Oguni, author of "Tear Down That Flag" and "Bukang

Liwayway," invited us tonight to a *lauriat* party at the "Peking-tei," a downtown Chinese food restaurant in Shibuya-ku. Mr. Oguni is working on a novel about the Philippines and is requesting our help. Tonight we helped him translate English to Tagalog and vice-versa for the subtitles in the movie story "Tear Down That Flag" which will be shown in Japan and in the P.I. shortly.

Mr. Oguni gave us photographs of the film including one of Norma Blancaflor and promised to take us to the Tōhō Studio one day.

He seems to be a very likable fellow, and we had a nice talk about the Philippines and Japanese-Filipino relations.

#### NOVEMBER 27, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Air-raid drill was held throughout Tokyo today. At school, our classes were interrupted twice, and we had to run down to our "hiding places."

Tonight, beginning from 4:00 to 6:15, we had complete "blackout" rehearsal.

#### NOVEMBER 28, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

Bought one and a half dozen silk handkerchiefs for Christmas gifts.

At 7:00 tonight, at the invitation of Miss Nagatori, our instructor in Nippongo, we attended a musical program by the Christian Choir Society at the Aoyama Kaikan. We heard solos by a tenor, a bass and a soprano, and chorus singing by about 40 voices.

#### NOVEMBER 30, 1943 (TUESDAY)

National Heroes' Day. Raised the Filipino flag in front of our dormitory.

*Basketball Game vs. Physical Education Team.* Tonight at 5:00 p.m. we played against the team of the Tokyo Kōtō Taiiku Gakkō (Tokyo School for Physical Education) instructors at Yoyogi. Unfortunately, we lost by several points. Our opponents were big, fast and really good, but I think we can still lick them next time. We need more practice.



DECEMBER 1, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

The first day of winter started today, our third season in Japan.

*At the Dentist.* Did not attend classes this p.m. Had my bridge fixed at the Nippon Dental Hospital, and this will take two or three days. I am now minus two front teeth.

DECEMBER 2, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Missed classes today to go to the Nippon Dental Hospital.

Had nice 2-hour siesta this p.m. Stayed up late writing letters which I will send tomorrow through Messrs. Icasiano and Bautista of the *Manila Tribune*.

DECEMBER 3, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Messrs. Icasiano and Bautista, with other newspapermen of the South, visited our school this p.m. We sent letters through them since they are leaving by plane on Monday. We chatted for a while during recess time with our *kababayans*.

DECEMBER 4, 1943 (SATURDAY)

At 2:00 this afternoon, we were invited to a gathering (together with Manchurian, Chinese and foreign students of Kokusai Gakuyūkai) at the Kōrakuen as guests of the Minister of Public Welfare.

The Kōrakuen is a big garden park with an artificial falls and lake and big pines and maples, an ideal place for spending a quiet Sunday.

After speeches made by the Minister of Public Welfare, the Minister of Education and the Daitōa Minister, we served ourselves at the improvised stands and ate to our stomachs' content.

The party was held as a sort of "reward" for our participation in the 14th Annual Autumnal Athletic Meet at the Meiji Stadium last November 6. A very friendly atmosphere prevailed during the party with the Minister of Public Welfare and other government officials mixing with the pensionados.

We sang the "Song for the Creation of the New Philippines" and performed the "locomotive yell."

DECEMBER 5, 1943 (SUNDAY)

This morning I saw the first winter ice taken from the bathroom. Water easily freezes these cold winter mornings.

*Tōhō Moving Picture Studio (Tōhō Eiga Satsueijo)*. At Setagaya, in the suburbs of Tokyo, at the invitation of Mr. Hideo Oguni, author of "Tear Down That Flag" and "Bukang Liwayway," we visited the Tōhō Moving Picture Studio, one of the biggest in Japan. Here we saw displayed many pictures of scenes from the latest picture about Bataan, "Tear Down That Flag," which will be shown shortly. We saw the different studios, including one where some scenes of this Bataan picture were shot. It was very interesting to see the different settings used for taking pictures. Artificial villages, trees, farms, etc. have been built within the big studio premises for "shooting" purposes.

Before leaving the studio, we had picture-taking with some local stars. Mr. Oguni gave each of us a big photo of Norma Blancaflor, star of "Tear Down That Flag."

*At the Opera "Madame Rosaria."* We saw the much publicized opera "Madame Rosaria" at the Kanda Auditorium (Kanda Kyōritsu Kōdō) at 6:00 tonight. This opera, which was highly advertised as a musical masterpiece which is another contribution to Filipino-Japanese cultural relations, was to us a flop. The title alone, spelled "Madame Rosaria," shows a lack of research which would have avoided such a big blunder as misspelling the very title of the opera.

We were utterly disgusted when the character, Joaquin Navarro, supposed to be a typical Filipino *padre de familia* appeared dressed in *sarong (tapi* [a piece of cloth usually wrapped around the body from the waist down]) looking more like a Burmese or Indonesian or anything else but a Filipino. The music, though, was rather nice and also the dance scenes performed by ballet dancers from a local dance school.

The story is about a Japanese naval correspondent engaged to an American lady, Mary, resident of Hong Kong. War between their countries forbids their love relation, and Tarō-san, the hero, refuses the love of Mary who in despair takes poison. Tarō-san goes to the P.I., meets "Rosaria" who at once falls for the Japanese hero (which is not typical psychology of our Filipino women). In the various love scenes, "Rosaria" may be seen really madly in love with the Japanese

Romeo who in the latter part of the opera is seriously ill in bed. Unfortunately (or fortunately), Tarō-san dies, leaving the broken-hearted "Rosaria" with a perpetual wound in her loving heart. She then dedicates her life as a nurse caring for the war sick, and later she, too, dies with Tarō-san's name on her lips.

The story purports to show the friendship between Japan and the Filipinos personified by Tarō-san and "Rosaria." It may be interesting to know that the original story by Mr. Taijirō Gō contemplated a "happy ending" with Tarō-san and "Rosaria" getting married, but this did not pass the Board of Censors which preferred to see them both die.

We were utterly disappointed on seeing this opera which in our opinion does not represent true Filipino womanhood. Besides, we believe there was not much preparation and research put into this opera.

DECEMBER 6, 1943 (MONDAY)

Missed classes this p.m. to go to the Nippon Dental Hospital.

Bought *Diccionario Japones-Espanol* by Fr. Juan Calvo, O.P. (former theology professor at the University of Santo Tomas) at Kanda.

DECEMBER 7, 1943 (TUESDAY)

Again missed classes this p.m. to go to the Dental Hospital. Had my new bridge finally cemented. Am not very satisfied with the hygienic conditions of the hospital. Unlike the dental offices in Manila, here they use instruments without first dipping them in boiling water. Both the dentists and their attendants, I noticed, are not very scrupulous about washing their hands before working on the mouths of their patients. Although the hospital is highly equipped with modern electrical apparatus, I do not believe our dentists in the P.I. are behind in dental science.

We found out from the *Nippon Times* this morning, which published a write up on last Sunday's opera, that the name of said opera is not really "Madame Rosaria" but "Rosalia," which for lack of "l" in Nippongo had to be spelled "Rosaria," which to a Filipino is funny indeed.

DECEMBER 8, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

*Feast of the Immaculate Conception.* Went to church of St. The-

resa's and received holy communion. Was late for 6:30 mass, through no fault, as we were in church at 6:30 a.m., but the mass was held in the parish house. The fog this morning was extremely thick, visibility within 15 meters being almost nil.

Made friends with three Japanese this p.m. at Shinjuku, one of them a painter who promised to send us tickets for a picture gallery at Ginza.

#### DECEMBER 9, 1943 (THURSDAY)

Did not go to class today in order to go to the Nippon Dental Hospital, but my dentist was out. Ate lunch at "Fujiya" and took snapshots with Cruz. In the afternoon, went shopping at Kyōbunkan and Maruzen Book Stores. Bought Christmas cards, autograph book and a pamphlet "Women's Movement in Japan."

#### DECEMBER 10, 1943 (FRIDAY)

Played baseball this p.m., during our period for calisthenics.

#### DECEMBER 11, 1943 (SATURDAY)

Saw movie "Kaigun" ("Navy") at Mitsukoshi Movie House. It is the story of the special attack flotilla that attacked Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1941.

After the show, listened to familiar tango records, such as "Tango Nocturno," "La Comparsita" etc. at Neo Studio where we have made some friends.

#### DECEMBER 12, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's. Spent morning writing letters.

*Another Basketball Victory.* This afternoon at 2:00 p.m. our basketball team licked the Tokyo Medical University Team (Tokyo Ika Daigakkō) to the tune of 41-20 at the Meiji Olympic Stadium. The team we played against was a relatively weak team compared to the Manchuria and Physical Education School teams we played against previously. Playing during winter, with a strong cold wind blowing, and in an open air court, is not a joke. It is not so bad while playing,

but during “time-out” we trembled with cold. The court we played on is a “removable” one placed on the swimming pool where a world’s Olympic Meet was once held.

*At Hibiya Auditorium—Piano Concert.* At the invitation of Miss Tomi Toyoko, pianist, we attended her piano recital at 6:30 tonight at the Hibiya Auditorium. Miss Toyoko is a devout Catholic who attends the same church we go to at Kōjimachi. She played beautifully pieces by Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin. After the performance, we saw her personally to thank her for the invitation. We occupied a good place in the front part of the first floor. We went home together with Fr. Tsukamoto of St. Theresa’s Church and other Catholic ladies, among them the daughters of Gen. Nagasaki of Baguio, P.I.

DECEMBER 13, 1943 (MONDAY)

This p.m. went to a new dentist near school to have my cavities treated.

DECEMBER 14, 1943 (TUESDAY)

*A Day with Newsreelmen.* Early this morning cameramen from the Asahi Movie Co. “raided” our dormitory to take shots. I was fast asleep when the cameramen entered my room to take a closeup of me in the act of sleeping. The hot floodlights and the sound of the grinding camera woke me up to find myself surrounded by cameramen and assistants, with a big camera a few inches away from my face.

Shots were also taken during our meal and other phases of our dormitory life, including our walk to school. This picture, we were told, together with others taken on different occasions, will be made up into a feature movie story to constitute a record of our pensionado life in Tokyo.

DECEMBER 15, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

Tonight we practiced the folk songs “Leronleron Sinta” [“My Dear Little Leron”], “Lulay,” “Antipolo” [town in Luzon famous for religious pilgrimages] etc. for our Christmas celebration.

DECEMBER 16, 1943 (THURSDAY)

During class in Nippongo and also during our music class, camera-

men got busy taking shots this p.m. We sang "Hamabe No Uta" ["Song of the Beach"] and "Aikoku No Hana." During the filming, the classroom was converted literally into a studio set with floodlights and other movie paraphernalia around us and occasional shouts of "ready," "start," and "cut!"

Tonight we had a nice time with our Japanese friends at Neo Studio. They are very friendly and jolly and, like us, they also love music, and jazz, too.

DECEMBER 18, 1943 (SATURDAY)

*At Ueno Picture Gallery.* At 3:00 p.m. visited the Painting Exhibit at the Ueno Bijutsukan [Ueno Art Museum] accompanied by two Japanese friends who gave me a complimentary ticket. War scenes in the Southern Regions, including scenes from Bataan, are vividly portrayed in oil. In a special hall paintings of His Majesty, the Emperor, by Japan's leading artists, are also exhibited. President Laurel, Speaker Aquino, Commissioner [of Public Works and Communications Quintin] Paredes and other Philippine dignitaries also have their paintings decorating the exhibit hall.

*At the "Moulin Rouge."* At 6:00 p.m. saw a Japanese stage show at a small theater in Shinjuku, "Moulin Rouge." Did not enjoy it a bit, as I could not understand anything.

DECEMBER 19, 1943 (SUNDAY)

Exactly 5 months in Tokyo today!

*At Futaba College.* Heard mass, confession and communion at the chapel of the Futaba Catholic College near our St. Theresa's Church. Like the typical college chapels in Manila, this one is so inspiringly beautiful. A choir composed of college girls sang beautifully during the mass, filling the atmosphere with such solemnity that we could not help but really be wrapped in religious ecstasy, touched to the heart by the beautiful voices which gave the impression of God's angels singing in heaven. Especially when the "Ave Maria" was sung, I had to stop my prayers to listen to what seemed a host of angels come down from heaven, singing such a familiar tune as "Ave Maria." After mass, we met the Catholic ladies of Japan, including Mrs. Sawada and her

lieutenant-son. Had breakfast at the college dining room. The Futaba College is run by Sisters of the Infant Jesus and has an enrollment of about 1,000 students. The sisters are Japanese and French.

During the mass, newsreel cameramen from the Asahi News took pictures.

*With the Nagasaki Family.* From the Futaba Chapel, we proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Nagasaki, wife of Gen. Nagasaki now stationed in the Philippines. We met the General's family—the wife, two girls and a boy. We had a nice time talking and going over big albums of pictures taken at Baguio. Pena played a few Philippine folk songs at the piano, followed by a selection from Chopin by Miss Nagasaki.

*"Tango Nocturno."* At the Tōhō Theater at Shinjuku saw the German picture "Tango Nocturno" starring Pola Negri. Although I did not understand the dialogue, I enjoyed the music and the familiar scenes so different from the Japanese movies.

#### DECEMBER 21, 1943 (TUESDAY)

After class spent the afternoon listening to nice music at a downtown restaurant with a friend.

#### DECEMBER 22, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

*At the Dentist.* Had a silver-chrome crown and amalgam fillings at the dentist this p.m. Y21 bill charged to the dormitory.

*Geometry and Biology Exams.* This morning had exams in biology and geometry. In the former, we were asked to diagram the different phases in cell development. In geometry, we were given three problems not one of which I could solve alone. We do not know what is the purpose of these sudden exams.

Also had final exams in Nippongo.

#### DECEMBER 23, 1943 (THURSDAY)

*Meeting with Kababayans.* Having received news this morning that I have letters from the Philippines through newly-arrived Filipinos, right after class I went to the Tokyo Seinen Kaikan (YMCA)

with Osias and de Leon, and there met Mr. Bienvenido Javier and Mr. Moises Bautista, writers in English and Spanish, respectively, come to Japan to do "propaganda" work. We had a very nice time talking about things Philippine. We were invited to eat supper together at the dining room and then shared their ration of bread and sugar in their rooms. We were not able to see Mr. Balais, another Filipino in their group who was then out.

What a nice experience to meet one's *kababayans* in a foreign land!

*Letters from the Philippines.* What for me came as real Christmas gifts were the long letters from home brought by Mr. Javier. I arrived late at the dormitory (nearly 8:00 p.m.), hurriedly ate supper, and then proceeded to read my letters aloud for the benefit of my interested listeners who, unfortunately, did not receive any. (I was the only fortunate guy who received mail "en masse.")

DECEMBER 24, 1943 (FRIDAY)

*Christmas Eve Away from Home.* For the first time in my life, tonight I spent my Christmas Eve away from home. No midnight mass; no *media-noche* [Christmas Eve meal after midnight mass]; but we made the most of it at the dormitory, having instead a sumptuous sukiyaki party with Mr. Okamoto and family and Mr. Maejima and family joining in the celebration. We had a nice time singing and being gay, trying to make up for what we felt we were missing. When we sang "Silent Night," on the wings of this very beautiful and very memorable song, for a few moments I traveled back to the Philippines. For a moment I refused to think I was in Japan, and I actually felt as if I was at home in the Philippines as in old times. But the cold of winter and the Japanese voices around me roused me from my reverie, once more to make me realize how far, far away from home I was.

Miss Cecilia Okamoto, daughter of the secretary of the Philippine Society, was beside me at the table. I found her a very nice young lady and enjoyed her company. I found out that she is a very devout Catholic. I lent her *The Following of Christ*, seeing how interested she was in Catholic reading. I hope I make her my friend.



DECEMBER 25, 1943 (SATURDAY)

*Christmas Day Celebration.* Heard mass, went to confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

After mass we had a sumptuous breakfast given by the Catholic Ladies Society at a music hall in front of the church. We had a very nice program among which were piano solos, dance numbers and a Japanese marionette show skillfully done by amateurs. We also performed a few numbers, singing Filipino folk songs, too.

During the intermission, we presented the Catholic ladies with our X'mas gifts—an album of pictures depicting our Tokyo life and a big package containing bottles of mustard and pepper which we brought from the P.I. The Catholic ladies in turn gave us each X'mas presents—candies, notebooks, and nice curios. A very pleasant atmosphere prevailed throughout the celebration, and for us it was a very enjoyable Christmas morning.

*A Day in the Park (At the Meiji Shrine Picture Gallery).* In the afternoon I went with a Japanese friend to the Meiji Shrine Picture Gallery, a beautiful and inspiring building in which are exhibited historical paintings connected with the glorious reign of the Great Emperor Meiji, Father of Modern Japan. In the ominous silence within, we admired the truly beautiful paintings, masterpieces of oil paintings, showing different phases in the reign of Emperor Meiji.

After the gallery, my friend and I took a nice stroll through the park in the outer garden of the Meiji Shrine and had a very nice talk. Our conversation, coincidentally befitting the day, turned to religion, and I found out how my friend was very interested to learn about Christianity. We spent the whole afternoon seated on a park bench talking about religion.

With my limited knowledge of Nippongo, I was, I think, able to drive home several points to my sincere and willing listener. I promised to take my friend to a Catholic church and will try to do more Catholic Action work.

It has been a well spent X'mas morning and afternoon, as if it has been meant that I should encounter a Japanese friend who is so sincere about learning things Christian, and on X'mas day at that!

*Exchange gifts.* At 8:30 tonight, we all assembled at the other

Filipino dormitory at Hongō to have a joint celebration of X'mas and especially to hold an "Exchange of Gifts." In the exchange, I got an album for another album which I submitted for exchange.

*Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.* Eddie Vargas accidentally discovered a Catholic chapel run by Spanish Jesuits just a few minutes elevated train ride from their dormitory. Here we went to attend benediction at 7:00 p.m. We met Fr. Antonio Cerviente, S.J., and, talking to him in Spanish, I felt as if I was in the Philippines talking with the Spanish priests in San Beda and Sto. Tomas.

During the benediction we sang "Tantum Ergo," "O Salutaris" and X'mas songs. What a well spent X'mas evening in that little chapel! Hearing the soft strains of the organ and the solemn ringing of the bell during benediction, in such a familiar atmosphere, it was like kneeling in a Manila church during X'mas.

Spent the night at Hongō dormitory; slept in the room of Eddie Vargas and Sinsuat after praying the rosary collectively.

#### DECEMBER 26, 1943 (SUNDAY)

I heard mass and received communion at the chapel near Hongō. Again we met the Spanish priests who are so kind to us. I hope to see more of them as I enjoy talking to them in Spanish, making me feel as if I were in the P.I.

*X'mas Program at Futaba Catholic College.* At 1:00 p.m. a special X'mas program was held at the auditorium of the Futaba College under the auspices of the parish of St. Theresa, our church. We were invited to render a few numbers, and we exhibited the "*carinosa*" [Philippine courtship dance] and the "*tinikling*" [a Philippine dance in which the dancer steps in and out of two clapping bamboo poles] dances, which evoked much applause. It was interesting to the audience, especially the "*tinikling*." We also sang Filipino folk songs.

Our last three days since Friday evening, Christmas Eve, have been perfect. Enjoying the nice and hospitable company of the Catholic ladies of Tokyo, we felt so at home so that, although so far from home for the first time on X'mas, it was not so sad as we expected. And things turned out such that we celebrated Christmas in a true Christian way.

Personally, I have made the most of these last days since X'mas

Eve. I have renewed my resolve to live up to the Catholic Faith and never to waver in spite of difficulties and temptations in the way. And meeting Miss Okamoto, a very fervent Catholic, the Catholic Ladies of St. Theresa, and my Japanese friend who wants to be a Christian, had given me more incentive to stick to my resolutions to keep up the Faith. I feel God is ever helping me. He has been so good and so kind to me in spite of my weaknesses. I always pray I can forever live up to my Faith as a good Catholic.

Tonight I gave my Japanese friend (the one interested in Christianity) a book of Catholic prayers written in kanji as a X'mas gift.

DECEMBER 27, 1943 (MONDAY)

Our Nippongo instructors at school who received X'mas gifts from us were very grateful. We also sent specially printed X'mas cards to the other pensionado groups, to the Catholic ladies, St. Sofia's University, Archbishop Doi, and other Catholic friends.

DECEMBER 28, 1943 (TUESDAY)

*Innocents' Day.* Arriving at school this morning, the Filipinos at Hongō tried to play an *inocentada* [prank] on us, telling us letters arrived from the Philippines. But it happened that this was no *inocentada* at all as in the afternoon a big bunch of mail actually arrived. These letters came as real X'mas gifts for all of us.

Miss Nagatori, our Nippongo teacher who is a Christian, tried to play on us an *inocentada*. On entering the class, she was bringing examination papers which she at once distributed among us. We were taken by surprise as we were not ready for an examination. But, instead of an exam, she asked us to draw caricatures of our other instructor, Mr. Muraoka. We enjoyed doing this as Mr. Muraoka is a bald-headed person who makes a very good subject for caricature.

DECEMBER 29, 1943 (WEDNESDAY)

*Winter Vacations!* Today started our long awaited and, I think, much deserved winter vacations.

*At the Nagasakis.* This morning was spent at the home of General Nagasaki at Kōjimachi, enjoying the company of Mrs. Nagasaki and

her children. We played parlor games, played the piano and had a nice time. We were invited (Pena, Quiambao and I) to drop in for lunch next Sunday after mass.

*At Tokyo Broadcasting Station.* At 1:00 p.m. with Pena, Quiambao and Jose Francisco (S.), we dropped in at the Tokyo Broadcasting Station to see Mr. Moises Bautista, newly arrived Filipino now working at Radio Tokyo. We also met Norman Reyes. We stayed nearly two and a half hours talking with these *kababayans*. Working in the same office are other foreigners—French, mestizos, Australians, Nisei (second generation Japanese), etc. We also met here Miss Cecilia Okamoto, our new Catholic friend, daughter of the secretary of the Philippine Society.

*German Picture.* With Villarin and some Japanese friends, we saw a nice war picture produced in Germany. Although I could not understand the German dialogue, I enjoyed the picture which was full of action.

#### DECEMBER 30, 1943 (THURSDAY)

*Rizal Day.* Fittingly celebrated the day by dedicating a one-minute prayer this morning to the memory of the Philippines' greatest hero and martyr, Dr. Jose Rizal.

*With Major Sugiyama at Chiba Prefecture.* Leaving the dormitory at 8:00 this a.m., we traveled by train for about 2 hours, reaching Chiba City at about 9:45. Major Sugiyama was at the station to meet us, his former students and later instructors at the Constabulary Academy. Major Sugiyama is now head of the Military Police Section stationed at Chiba Prefecture which is a very important place from the strategic point of view. Chiba Prefecture is a peninsula east of Tokyo Bay fronting the Pacific Ocean and is the first line of defense of Tokyo.

We met Major Sugiyama's charming wife and two nice kids. Military Police stationed at Chiba City demonstrated to us Japanese kendo fencing. In the afternoon, right after the meal, we boarded three army command cars to go to Narita-san, one of Japan's most famous Buddhist temples, a mecca of pilgrims from all over Japan, especially during the New Year.

This is the first time we have ridden in cars in Japan and the first time we have traveled by highway, as so far we have always gone by

train. We traveled about one and a half hours by car, reaching Narita-san at about 3:00 p.m. I rode with Major Sugiyama and a certain Lieut. Saitō.

*Narita-san Temple.* This is a two hundred year old Buddhist temple, with the same typical appearance of the other Buddhist temples we have seen so far. Buddhist priests received us and showed us around. We were brought to the innermost shrine passing through a dark underground corridor.

A special Buddhist service was held as we interestedly watched. The Buddhist priest, attired in full regalia, went through a series of rituals which included songs and drum beats and bell ringing and even fire building. During the ceremonies the scent of burning incense filled the temple and a very solemn atmosphere prevailed.

Before leaving Narita-san, the high priest addressed us with a few words. We brought with us souvenirs from the temple, which included a lunch-box, postcard and "cakes offered to the spirit."

The temple of Narita-san is beautifully located in a huge garden park with a typical Japanese garden pond now frozen on its surface. We enjoyed throwing stones on the icy surface of the pond and seeing them slide as if on the surface of a mirror.

It was nearly 7:00 p.m. when we returned to Major Sugiyama's home at Chiba City. Mrs. Sugiyama had prepared for us some sweets—Japanese *mochi* [rice cakes] and *mongo*. Before leaving, we sang "Aikoku No Hana" and "Song for the Creation of the New Philippines" for Major and Mrs. Sugiyama.

This has been a really perfect day. Major Sugiyama treated us so kindly, and we know he really prepared for our visit, even seeing to it that there were command cars at our disposal. I remember last year, on New Year's Day, we paid a visit to Major Sugiyama at the Bay View Hotel. To think that one year later we would be visiting him right in his home in Japan!

DECEMBER 31, 1943 (FRIDAY)

*New Year's Eve.* Stayed the whole morning at the dormitory writing letters and fixing my things. In the p.m. went to St. Sofia's Chapel for confession to prepare myself spiritually for the coming year.

Tonight we had a very enjoyable time singing songs, dancing, etc.

In this way we waited till nearly midnight, celebrating New Year's Eve in our own way, missing Manila's grand celebration, but having fun nonetheless.

Pepito Abad Santos joined our celebration. Before going to bed (he slept with me and Quiambao in my room) we "devoured" a big cake which he brought and *adobo* which Quiambao cooked.

Midnight overtook us as we were praying the Rosary collectively.

1943 gone! Fateful year it has been to me. I never even dreamed I would see 1943 off in Tokyo so far away from home. I only hope my next New Year's Eve (1944) will be in Manila.

#### JANUARY 1, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*New Year's Day.* Heard mass and went to communion at St. Sofia's.

At 10:00 a.m. attended simple ceremonies at school. All our instructors were dressed in formal cutaway, and the women donned beautiful kimonos. After the ceremonies, we had picturetaking with our teachers and co-students from Annam who are very friendly with us.

*New Year with a Japanese Family.* At the invitation of Miss Wakasugi, Nippongo instructor, with Quiambao and Pepito A. Santos, we went to the big mansion of Mr. Natamiki and here spent the afternoon enjoying the New Year hospitality of our kind Japanese host.

We met Col. Moritomo who has been to the Philippines and his young daughter. We ate the famous Japanese *omochi*—a New Year delicacy—which we found out to be exactly like *palitao* [rice cake sprinkled with toasted sugar and coconut] but without the coconut shavings.

#### JANUARY 2, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*Whole Day Affair with a Japanese Catholic Family.* Right after mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church, we went (Quiambao, Pena and I) to the home of Mrs. Nagasaki (wife of Gen. Nagasaki now in the P.I.) to spend the whole day.

Had a "ham-and-eggs-bread-and-butter-and-coffee" breakfast for the first time since we arrived in Tokyo. For lunch we had a typical Japanese New Year meal which included "real" roasted chicken liver,

chicken soup and other rarities. Played parlor games, sang songs with Pena at the piano, had picturetaking with the Nagasaki family and tried a hand at *hanetsuki*, a Japanese New Year favorite outdoor game which resembles badminton.

We observed a very interesting Japanese New Year custom before starting lunch this noon. Three lacquer cups of different sizes placed one on top of the other were brought before us. Japanese New Year wine (*otoso*), which tastes like muscatel, was poured in the smallest cup, and I, as the youngest among the three, was made to drink first. Then Pena drank from the next cup and finally Quiambao drank from the biggest cup. When this process was over, we greeted our hostesses "Happy New Year" and proceeded to eat lunch.

We left the Nagasaki home at about 4:00 p.m. after what was a perfect whole day affair with a truly kind Japanese family. Mrs. Nagasaki, Yasuko (Maria Elizabeth), Sueko-san, Shigeko-san and Michitada-san—hope to see you again.

*Dance in Tokyo.* All dance halls in Tokyo are banned, but with our new phonograph at the dormitory we now and then dance "man with man." Got our phonograph about one week ago, but the only good danceable record we have is "La Cumparsita" and "Rosita." At a friend's place, there are several nice dance records where we try dancing sometimes. Taught a Japanese friend to dance.

*Magic.* At 6:00 p.m. tonight we had a "beer party" at the dormitory in honor of Murakami-san, the Japanese student who is staying with us. He is leaving us to offer his services to the army. On last Christmas Day, he was baptized a Christian, and he told us how happy he is to become like one of us in Faith. For nearly two hours that day, we had a nice talk on religion, and I literally gave him a "sermon" on Christianity.

Tonight as part of the celebration, our Superintendent invited a Japanese magician to show us a few tricks. He showed us card tricks, and other very interesting tricks, and till 9:00 p.m. kept us well entertained.

JANUARY 3, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Musical Holiday.* At 9:30 a.m. with Quiambao and Pena went to Seijō, Tokyo to spend the whole day in the nice home of Mr.

Sagawa, a famed Japanese painter, whose home is in a very residential district, something like New Manila. It was literally a musical holiday for us. We sang songs, especially Filipino folk songs and heard piano selections by Mr. Sagawa's daughter, vocal solos by Miss Kin, alto, and Mr. Genjirō Nagata, tenor, Japan's No. 1 vocalist. We had a swell time, and it was nearly 3:30 p.m. when we left the place.

Mr. Sagawa is a famed painter who recently arrived from Singapore where he was sent by the navy office to paint war pictures. He has a big picture on exhibit at the Daitōa War Picture Exhibition now still on at Ueno.

(More dancing tonight.)

JANUARY 4, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*At Ueno and Asakusa Amusement Center.* This morning we spent at the Ueno Museum admiring the Great East Asia War Picture Exhibit and the production exhibit. There were indeed very fine pictures beautifully done in oil, including one of a war scene in Hermosa, Bataan.

In the afternoon we went to Asakusa Amusement Center, which is Tokyo's Madison Square Garden. Dropped in at Kannon Temple which was packed with people. The alley leading to the temple is lined on both sides with souvenir stalls. In one section of Asakusa are movie houses. Everywhere one turns are movie houses with people lined up to buy tickets.

*At Kanda Hall.* Saw "Madame Rosaria" for the second time. There were a few changes in the scenes, but there was no change in the costumes which made Mr. Joaquin Navarro appear more like an Indonesian (with his sarong) than a Pinoy [Filipino].

JANUARY 5, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Japanese Drama and Kabuki Show.* At the Tokyo Gekijō at Ginza, one of Tokyo's swankiest theaters, we saw at noon today typical Japanese drama and the famous Kabuki play. Although we could not understand the dialogue, through the explanation of Mr. Matsumoto, our guide, we were able to appreciate the plays partially. I specially liked the gorgeous costumes, the swell acting, and the beautiful scenery



and the rapidity with which it is changed. With the aid of a revolving stage, scenes are changed in a jiffy. The Kabuki play appealed to me only as far as the costumes and the graceful dancing are concerned. I still do not like the music, especially the samisen or Japanese guitar.

*First Snow Experience.* At 9:00 p.m. tonight while coming from a friend's place after a swell time, I saw snow fall for the first time in my life. The white snowflakes came down from the sky copiously, soon covering the streets and rooftops with white. It was a nice experience walking in the rain-snow and literally skating on the slippery snow-covered streets. The typical scene of snowflakes falling and snow-covered rooftops and trees clad in white I actually saw tonight!

#### JANUARY 6, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Feast of the Three Kings.* Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's University.

*Classes Resume; Snowballs.* After one week of winter vacation, classes were resumed this morning. The school building and grounds were white with snow.

During recess time, we had a swell time taking snapshots and throwing snowballs at each other.

*Military Review.* At 1:00 p.m. we went to the Yoyogi Parade Grounds to witness the dress rehearsal of the grand yearly military review to be held next Saturday with the Emperor attending. For nearly three hours we watched infantry, artillery, cavalry and motorized units pass in review. Hundreds upon hundreds of planes flew in review as the columns of land troops marched almost endlessly. It was a virtual display of Japan's military might. We saw the Emperor's white stallion which also participated in the rehearsal.

#### JANUARY 7, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Was informed today that I have letters from the P.I. at the office of the Philippine Society. Will get them tomorrow .

*New Year Gift.* Received a nice necktie as a gift from the two maids here at the dormitory. I gave them nice hankies as gifts.

*Tango.* Had lessons in tango from Sison, Quiambao and Duque.

JANUARY 8, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Letters from the Philippines.* At 2:00 p.m. went with Eddie Vargas to the office of the Philippine Society at Iigurakatomachi where we met Major-General Satō who just arrived from the P.I. bringing letters for Eddie and me. Had a nice talk with General Satō who told us of conditions in the P.I. General Satō was formerly the Director of the Luzon branch of the Japanese Military Administration in the P.I., and he once talked to us at Constabulary Academy No. 3. He is now connected with the Philippine Society.

*Friend's Death.* I read in a copy of the *Manila Tribune* which we received from the Philippine Society about the death of Hector Aguilin, quite a close friend, who was president of the K of C Juniors. The news has touched me a lot as Hector was quite intimate, and I used to see much of him before I left for Japan. May God have mercy on his soul.

JANUARY 9, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at Futaba Girls College.

I stayed home this morning and afternoon writing letters.

*Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.* Attended benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Futaba College. I went with a Japanese friend (the one interested in Christianity) who was very impressed by the solemnity of the ceremony. The soft strains of the organ and the sweet voices of the sisters in the choir, I am sure, impressed my friend very much. Dropped in at my friend's place after benediction.

JANUARY 10, 1944 (MONDAY)

*New Schedule at School.* Beginning today, our schedule at school has been revised. We have classes till 4:00 p.m. every day and new subjects added, to wit: Senmengo (Technical Language Study on Law, Economics and Political Science) and a special course on kanji writing.

We are all expecting the arrival of Ambassador Vargas any time this or next week. Hope he comes soon with letters for us.

JANUARY 12, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

General Satō, former Director of the Luzon Branch of the Japanese Military Administration, visited us at school and talked to us about conditions in the P.I.

JANUARY 13, 1944 (THURSDAY)

After class this p.m. dropped in at Neo's where Quiambao and I ate *mochi*, bread, coffee and apples. Had a nice time.

JANUARY 15, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Went to Sekiguchi Cathedral with Cruz and Quiambao to take pictures at the "Gruta de Lourdes." Also went to confession.

JANUARY 16, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Brought my Japanese friend to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Kasumichō. I am sure the solemn atmosphere and inspiring hymns beautifully sung by the choir impressed my friend.

After church we went to the famous Sengakuji Temple built in honor of the "47 Rōnin," prominent figures in Japanese history. The site is the exact historical place where the "47 Rōnin" were buried after having committed the "honorable way" of hara-kiri. There were many pilgrims paying homage at the temple, burning incense in honor of the "47 Rōnin" who in Japanese history stand as the models of loyalty to a lord.

Then we went to the big park at Shiba and visited the immense Zōjōji Temple at Shiba.

This afternoon I spent writing letters.

JANUARY 17, 1944 (MONDAY)

Learned news of my promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant. To verify, I went to the *Mainichi* newspaper office to look up copies of the *Tribune*, but, unfortunately, we were late and the office was already closed. I hope this news is really true.

JANUARY 18, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Death of our Dormitory Superintendent.* During breakfast this

morning, the sad and sudden news of the death of our dormitory superintendent, Mr. Maejima, came by telephone. For the past few days he had been seriously ill, after an emergency operation for peritonitis at Nagano-ken where he had gone for a few days' vacation in his native place.

Mr. Maejima was very strict as superintendent, but he was very solicitous of our welfare. He was responsible for our frequent gatherings with the Catholic Women's League and our church affairs, he himself being a Protestant pastor. Last Christmas he gave Y30 to Fr. Tsukamoto of St. Theresa's Church in the name of the Filipino students. We really mourn his loss. May God have mercy on his soul!

*Promotion to First Lieutenant.* I was able to confirm my promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant from the December 28, 1943 copy of the *Manila Tribune*, which I looked up at the offices of the *Mainichi* newspapers this p.m. after class. In our group here, Lieuts. Quiambao, Duque and David were also in the list of promotions. This is surely good news, and I hope they do not forget us in the next promotions! I intend to celebrate this event.

*Graduation in March.* Our graduation from the Nippongo School at Meguro is definitely set for March, but it is not yet decided how long will be the course for us Constabulary officers. It might be six months in the Constabulary Academy, six months in the Military Police School and another three months of observation work, it was announced this p.m. I hope it is shorter than this.

JANUARY 21, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Our *casera*, sister of our deceased dormitory superintendent, returned from Nagano City and told us the details of Mr. Maejima's sudden death. He was able to receive the aid of his religion, and upon reciting the last words of the dying man's prayer, he expired. Mr. Maejima was an Anglican pastor. It is interesting to know that before he died, he called for a Catholic priest, but unfortunately none could be located at Nagano City.

*With Fr. Tsukamoto.* Dropped in at St. Theresa's Church this p.m. after class to see Fr. Tsukamoto and make arrangements for a requiem mass for the soul of the late Mr. Maejima. Had a very nice talk with Fr. Tsukamoto, principally on religious conditions in Japan. In his

office I met a young Mongolian girl, who speaks very fluent English, and two other Japanese Catholic priests.

JANUARY 22, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Saw the film "12 Hours Before Going to the Front" at the Mitsukoshi Movie House.

I have quite a bad cold and cough. I hope it does not get worse.

JANUARY 23, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church. The mass was specially celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Maejima, our dormitory superintendent. During the mass, cameramen from the *Nippon-Philippines* Magazine took shots.

*Condolence Call.* At 2:30 p.m. we went to the residence of the late Mr. Maejima to express our sympathy to the bereaved widow. The house assumed a very sad aspect of mourning with a black curtain hanging by the entrance. We knelt before the ashes of our deceased dormitory superintendent and uttered a short prayer for the eternal repose of his soul. On top of the box containing the remains of Mr. Maejima was a big crucifix and his picture. There were bouquets of flowers all around and incense and fruits and food offered by Buddhist callers.

It was hard to believe that Mr. Maejima, who was one of us and who was so strong the last time we saw him on January 2, would now be the very ashes contained in that little wooden box surrounded with flowers and candles. "Dust thou art and unto dust thou returnest" is so truly said.

The first time we went to Mr. Maejima's residence was on September 12 to have our first "food holiday" in Tokyo. At that time we had a nice time, and Mr. Maejima really fed us till we gave up. This p.m., the second time we visit Mr. Maejima's home, was entirely different. The poor widow and daughter were not crying, but I could notice their grief.

May God in His Infinite Mercy grant the soul of Mr. Maejima eternal repose in heaven!

JANUARY 24, 1944 (MONDAY)

Still have the cold but am getting better. Using gauze mask to protect nostrils. Received this from my Japanese friend who is much concerned about my health.

JANUARY 25, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Soap and Sugar from the Philippines!* Tonight we received bars of laundry and facial soap and sacks of sugar from the Philippines, through the War Ministry, as a gift from President Laurel. These are two things which we badly need and which are scarce in Japan. Our President is indeed so thoughtful and so solicitous.

*False Alarm.* After class this p.m. we learned from a person connected with the Philippine Society that we might return to the Philippines by April as our government needs us badly. This piece of news was surely well received, but our enthusiasm was dampened when later we learned from Major Matsuo of the War Ministry that we might stay in Japan for one and a half years more. We do not know exactly how long we will stay and what we will study after our present Nippongo course, and this suspense is what makes things hard for us.

JANUARY 26, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Funeral Services of Mr. Maejima.* At 2:00 p.m., the funeral services for the late Mr. Maejima were held at the Anglican Church at Mejiro-ku. The ceremonies were simple but impressive, with the audience taking part in the singing of the hymns. The remains (ashes) of the deceased were placed in front of the altar together with a big portrait of him who in life was an Anglican pastor. There were a few speeches of eulogy after the service, including one by Mr. Okamoto, secretary of the Philippine Society of Japan. The church was packed to capacity with people dressed in formal clothes—the women in black kimonos and the men in formal cut-away.

JANUARY 28, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Special Concert and Dance Program at the Tokyo Gekijō.* A special musical and dance program for the Southern Regions Government Scholars to Japan was held tonight at the Tokyo Gekijō. We enjoyed

about 3 hours of symphony music and classical dance numbers in one of Tokyo's swankiest theaters. A special attraction was the Japanese koto (Japanese harp) played by a blind man.

*General Ricarte Visits Filipino Pensionados.* At 10:30 this morning, General Artemio Ricarte ("Vibora") ["Viper"] came to see us at school. The school authorities gave him a warm reception, and he was asked to address us. The General talked in Tagalog. After his speech, we had a nice and cordial talk with this "grand old man" who never bowed to American dominion in the Philippines and who, self-exiled in Japan, waited to see the American flag lowered in Philippine territory. The Japanese seem to have a high regard for the "Vibora."

(During our intimate chat with this grand old man, we were not much impressed, especially by certain points we talked about.)

JANUARY 29, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*At the Planetarium.* Went to the Planetarium at the Mainichi Building after class this p.m.

JANUARY 30, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's University.

*A Day of Sumo.* From 10:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m. today, we witnessed sumo bouts at the National Sports Stadium (Kokugikan) at Ryōgoku. A huge crowd of over 10,000 packed the coliseum to see Japan's famous sumo wrestlers. A special section was reserved for us pensionados. (There were also other foreigners, presumably Germans.)

Sumo thrilled me only because of its novelty, but there is really nothing much to it, in my opinion. A bout generally does not last even one minute, the idea being either to let the other fellow touch the ground or push him out of the circle. The ceremonies before each bout starts sometimes last longer than the bout itself. Sumo wrestlers are exceptionally big, some of them towering over 7 feet and weighing about 300 pounds, with extremely immense bellies.

In the morning only "curtain-raisers" (*maḡu-shita*) made their appearance, but in the afternoon, the crowd roared when Japan's favorite "main-eventers" (*maḡu-uchi*) appeared at the arena. Futabayama-san, Japan's champion sumo wrestler, also made his appearance.

"*La Vida es un Tango.*" After the sumo matches, I went alone to

see "La Vida es un Tango," an Argentine picture. This is the first picture I really enjoyed since my arrival in Japan. Hearing the Spanish dialogue and seeing familiar scenes, I felt as if I was in the Capitol or Ideal in Manila. I hope I can see more Spanish films.

FEBRUARY 2, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Send-Off Party for Japanese Student Called to Colors.* Tonight we attended a party in honor of our neighbor, a barber's son who has been called to the colors. The party was a very jolly one. We sang Filipino songs and had a nice time with Mr. Hamano, our barber, his wife and his nice daughter acting as our hosts.

This is the first party of this kind we attended since our arrival in Tokyo.

FEBRUARY 3, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Night Classes.* Tonight started having special classes in the evening as graduation is drawing closer.

FEBRUARY 5, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*"Tear Down That Flag."* This film about Bataan, starring Fernando Poe and Norma Blancaflor, was specially shown to us at the Mitsukoshi Movie House at 3:00 p.m. Although the film smacks too much of propaganda, it was quite good with a lot of action and good filming. We specially enjoyed it—seeing familiar faces and scenes in the Philippines. The war scenes in Bataan reminded me of those hectic days which I shall never forget as long as I live.

Daitōa News No. 41 was also shown, a part of which depicts our life while training at Malacanan Palace.

The film, which is called in Japanese, "Ano Hata Wo Ute," was also propaganda in favor of the Philippines in the sense that the Japanese, through it, will see beautiful scenes from the Philippines and good acting, too. But there are some scenes which were not favorable to the Filipinos.

FEBRUARY 6, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at Futaba College.



*With the Nagasakis.* With Ramon Vargas, de Leon and Quiambao, we visited the Nagasaki family and stayed there the whole morning chatting and taking snapshots.

FEBRUARY 7, 1944 (MONDAY)

Spent the afternoon in the home of our language instructor Hayashisan at Kōenji-ku. Ate Japanese *mochi* with *mongo*.

FEBRUARY 8, 1944 (TUESDAY)

I had a nice talk with Fr. Tsukamoto at St. Theresa's Church this p.m. after class.

Bought crucifix and prayer book for a friend. Also statue (small) of Sacred Heart of Mary.

FEBRUARY 9, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Beginning this morning, we had a class on Japanese History under a professor of the Japanese First Higher School. We will have this class once a week.

FEBRUARY 10, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Ambassador Vargas & Staff Arrive.* At 4:00 p.m. Ambassador Vargas, Bobby and Teresita, and his staff arrived at Haneda Airport. We hope to meet him soon and get news and letters from home.

*New Dormitory Superintendent.* Tonight our new dormitory superintendent, Mr. Miyawaki, was introduced to us by Major General Satō of the Philippine Society. Mr. Miyawaki will take the place of the late Mr. Maejima.

After dinner tonight had a very familiar talk at the dinner with Gen. Satō about the Philippines and other problems. We also had a chance to criticize the film "Ano Hata Wo Ute," a few of whose scenes show a Filipino officer being roughly treated by an American officer of the same rank. This, we told him, never happened as Filipinos are of such psychology as to fight back when aggrieved.

FEBRUARY 11, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Good "Chow" at a Friend's House.* With Quiambao, at 6:30 tonight

spent a few hours at the house of a friend at Kōenji where we were treated with exquisite Japanese food. Also ate bread and butter for the asking.

*Kigensetsu.* Today being the feast of the foundation of the Empire, we had no classes. Held short ceremonies at school.

Letters from the Philippines. Through the kindness of Ambassador Vargas, we received letters from the Philippines.

FEBRUARY 12, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Meet Ambassador Jorge B. Vargas.* After class today, I went with a few pensionados to see Ambassador Vargas and Counsellor Lavides in their quarters at the Imperial Hotel. The Ambassador was very congenial, and we talked about our problems, especially about the question of our salary which he promised to look into.

I am sure that with the Philippine Embassy in Tokyo our lot as pensionados will be much improved.

*Our New Superintendent.* Our new dormitory superintendent is a rather eccentric fellow (a typical Japanese), and we are having a hard time getting adapted to his way, or rather getting him adapted to our ways. He seems to treat us as kids, and we do not like it. He will soon find out how the Pinoys react to guys like him.

FEBRUARY 13, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at Kasumichō Church.

FEBRUARY 14, 1944 (MONDAY)

St. Valentine's Day. Went to St. Sofia's Church. Went to confession and made firm resolve to forge ahead.

FEBRUARY 15, 1944 (TUESDAY)

We are having a little trouble with our new dormitory superintendent who does not seem to understand the Pinoys. This morning at the breakfast table I told him bluntly that here our superiors often do not use their heads which naturally leads to misunderstandings. Our new superintendent, not knowing anything about the Philippines and

the Filipinos, is prone to treat us as kids without much regard to our feelings. He will soon get a big piece of our minds.

(As I write this, 6:00 p.m., snow is lightly descending. This is about the fourth time snow has fallen this winter.)

#### FEBRUARY 16, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Hail.* At 4:00 p.m. today, it hailed for the first time this winter season. The frozen particles of rain fell like white pills upon the rooftops and streets, soon covering them with a thin mantle of white.

*Newcomer.* Bobby Vargas arrived at the dormitory this p.m. to join us. He came with Ambassador Vargas and intends to study with us.

#### FEBRUARY 17, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Nothing unusual.

Bobby Vargas is having a hard time getting used to this "new life." He feels exactly the same as when we first arrived. I remember how I could not even look at the *misoshiru* (bean paste soup) at breakfast, but now I even like it. Bobby thinks our Nippongo is superb. It is quite a consolation to hear that, although the truth is there is still so much to learn.

#### FEBRUARY 18, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Letters from the Philippines.* I was again one of the lucky guys to receive a bunch of letters. Although belated, they are nonetheless welcome.

#### FEBRUARY 19, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*More Snow!* Since last night it has been raining snow slowly but continuously, and we woke up this morning to find all rooftops and streets and trees thickly clad in white.

*Snow Fight!* At school all pensionados from the Southern Regions were divided into two groups, and we held a "furious" snow fight which lasted nearly an hour. It was a lot of fun playing with snowballs and throwing them at each other. We had snapshots taken beside snow-clad trees and even built a snowman for purposes of the picture.

After class this p.m. went to Meiji Shrine to have some snapshots. *Frostbite.* Lately on my feet I have developed frostbite which causes me some discomfort.

FEBRUARY 20, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

*At the "Kabuki-za."* At 12:00 noon today the pensionados of the Southern Regions were special guests at the "Kabuki-za" at Ginza. We witnessed the much-ballyhooed Japanese opera and drama, and for about four hours a variety of scenes and dances were staged in this huge luxurious "Kabuki" theater. Of course, we did not understand a thing, but we found kabuki interesting in its novelty.

No girls take part and men skillfully play the roles of women, and they do it so well that we did not know they were men until we were told so. The men doing the role of girls wore gorgeous kimonos and danced with such graceful feminine movements that we could not help admiring this peculiar ability characteristic of kabuki actors.

But, what I still do not like is the music (they call it so) accompaniment which is to me more a medley of discordant notes. The "musicians" are seated on an elevated structure, and they keep themselves busy as the dancers and other actors do their parts. Two or three high-pitched, out-of-tune voices pretend to sing, and soon the rest of the musicians get to work, some pulling the strings of the samisen while others beat the floor with a pair of flat boards. The result is more noise than music, but the audience is impressed, and every now and then, we could hear queer shouts from the audience expressing approval in lieu of applause.

Why the Japanese are in love with kabuki I still do not understand.

FEBRUARY 21, 1944 (MONDAY)

Played football against the pensionados from Borneo-Celebes-Ceram. Tied 1-1.

FEBRUARY 22, 1944 (TUESDAY)

The war situation is getting more serious all the time. Truk Island of the Caroline group is being subjected to fierce attacks, following the

campaign in the Marshall Islands. The newspapers today headlined the news of Premier Tōjō's assuming the role of Chief of the General Staff and the reshuffle in the cabinet involving the Finance, Agriculture and Transportation ministers.

FEBRUARY 23, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Ash Wednesday.* Season of Lent starts today. Prayed the Rosary at St. Theresa's Church after class this p.m. with Bobby Vargas and Sison.

FEBRUARY 25, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*At the Philippine Embassy at the Imperial Hotel.* Met Leon Maria Guerrero and Faustino Sychangco, Second Secretaries of the Philippine Embassy. Had cider and sandwiches. Walked with Teresita Vargas, Osias, Quiambao, Sison and Desiderio at Hibiya Park. Then proceeded to Tokyo Broadcasting Station where Miss Okamoto and Mr. Bautista showed us around.

*Marshalls Taken.* Today official announcement of the taking of the Marshall Islands appeared in the newspapers. The Japanese garrison of about 6,000 fought to the last man, true to Japanese traditions. A 3-day national mourning in honor of the heroes of the Marshall Islands has been declared beginning today, during which all cinema houses and recreational establishments will be closed.

FEBRUARY 27, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at Futaba College.  
Stayed home the whole day reading Rizal's *Reign of Greed*.

FEBRUARY 28, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Finished Rizal's Reign of Greed.* Terribly impressed. Hope to read the original in Spanish. Also *Noli Me Tangere*.

FEBRUARY 29, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Major Sugiyama and Lieut. Saito Visit Dormitory.* Tonight Maj. Sugiyama and Lieut. Saitō came to visit us at the dormitory. They brought whisky and peanuts, and we had a nice time.

MARCH 1, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Spring begins today! But the cold of winter is still on.

MARCH 2, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Went to St. Sofia's Chapel after class this p.m. for confession.

*Ice Cream.* In spite of the cold of winter we ate about 2 gallons of ice cream at school this p.m.

MARCH 3, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*First Friday of Lent.* Mass and communion at St. Sofia's. Met Teresita Vargas and brothers in church. Made the "Via Crucis" with Sison and Quiambao at Futaba Chapel in the afternoon.

Sent to Mama through the War Ministry a crucifix which I bought at St. Theresa's Church.

*Doll Festival (Hina Matsuri).* Celebrated Japanese Doll Festival at 8:00 tonight. Beautiful dolls arrayed on a carpeted staircase is the main feature in this festival.

Had eats and sang songs to the accompaniment of the new guitar and ukulele which our superintendent just bought today at our request.

MARCH 4, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Ice Cream at 1°C.* Tonight we had an ice cream party at the dormitory in spite of the cold, but thermometer registering at 1°C. We were shivering while eating, but the ice cream was so delicious we kept on in spite of cold.

MARCH 5, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*Kanda Church.* Heard mass and received communion at Kanda Catholic Church. This is the first time I visit this church, which is quite big compared to the others I have been to. This is similar to Sto. Tomas Chapel in Manila.

*With the Catholic Ladies.* At 11:00 a.m. once again the Catholic ladies were our hostesses—this time on the occasion of our coming graduation from our present Nippongo school. As usual, the chow was superb. We held an impromptu program after lunch, singing

Filipino folk songs. We enjoyed it very, very much. Met Col. Mori, former military attache to the Japanese Embassy at London, and Mrs. Sakamoto, wife of the former Japanese minister to Peru, who speaks good Spanish. The affair was held at Maruyama's Music Studio.

*Tea Ceremony.* In the afternoon, after the affair of the Catholic ladies, we proceeded to Ueno for another party. At the Kaneiji Temple we were guests of Mrs. Iwai. This temple is a famous and very historic place owned by the Tokugawa clan. Japan's most famous school of the tea ceremony (*chanoyu*) is in this temple. We were privileged to see what this Japanese *chanoyu* was all about. We saw how the beautifully dressed young ladies went on with the process of tea preparation done with almost religious solemnity.

From one chamber, we proceeded to another (said to be the place where one of the Tokugawa shoguns used to do penance) to see another type of tea ceremony, as there are several schools of this art. This *chanoyu* is indeed a unique thing intended to develop refinement and poise in Japanese women.

*Snow in Spring.* Although spring was supposed to start last March 1, winter is still on. In fact, the whole day today it has been snowing. Since 1936 it has never snowed as much as it has today. We enjoyed walking in the snowfall, stepping on the thick soft snow as the biting cold winter wind blew against our frozen faces.

*Perfect Day Today.* In spite of the inclement weather, this has been one of the few perfect days. Enjoyed good food, pleasant company, and plenty of snow. Miss Cecilia Okamoto was with us the whole day, and we did enjoy her pleasant company.

*Circular from the Bureau of Constabulary.* Received this morning by ordinary mail the circular of General Francisco issued on New Year's Day.

MARCH 7, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Dropped in at the Imperial Hotel this p.m. and had nice chat with the Philippine Embassy people. Drank beer and coffee and ate sandwiches.

Bought Jazmin powder at Ginza this p.m. to send home.

MARCH 8, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Hospital.* At 1:00 p.m. today skipped classes to visit Sinsuat and Vallejo (appendectomy) and Mapa and Dominguez (influenza) confined in separate hospitals.

*Ice Cream.* With Bobby Vargas and Ben Osias, ate Y3 each worth of ice cream at Musashinoyama.

MARCH 10, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Second Friday of Lent.

*At the Imperial Hotel.* Had no classes this p.m. The Constabulary officers have been exempted from the exams which all other pensionados are taking preparatory to their enrollment in their respective schools and universities.

Dropped in to see the *kababayans* at the Imperial Hotel. Had nice chat with Teddy Rodriguez, Leonie Guerrero, Miniong Aquino and others of the Embassy staff.

*Via Crucis.* Made the "Via Crucis" at Futaba Chapel at 5:00 p.m. with Bobby Vargas and Quiambao.

MARCH 11, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Saw Mr. Tanaka who is leaving for the P.I. and asked him to bring some of my letters.

MARCH 12, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*Basketball.* Played basketball among us pensionados at the YMCA at Kanda.

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's.

MARCH 14, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Our last regular class day. Tomorrow will start our 4-day sight-seeing tour within Tokyo, while the rest of the pensionados will take their entrance examinations to their respective higher schools.

Consumed practically all my [ration] points. Bought several pairs of socks.



MARCH 15, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Meiji Kaigakan.* Again visited for the second time this beautiful museum in honor of Emperor Meiji at the Meiji Outer Garden. The last time I visited this place was on X'mas Day last year.

*Railroad Scientific Museum.* At Kanda-ku, we visited the Railroad Scientific Museum where are displayed all types of locomotives old and new, including an old coach formerly used by one of the emperors. Also displayed were samples of different machinery, switches, etc. used in connection with railroad service.

*Station JOAK—Radio Tokyo.* At 1:00 p.m. we visited Station JOAK. Miss Okamoto, Mr. Bautista and another Japanese showed us around the various studios. We also entered the special studio where Great East Asia leaders, such as President Laurel, Ambassador Vargas, Wang Ching Wei, Ba Maw, Chandra Bose, etc. have broadcast their messages. (We actually sat on the chair where East Asia's "big 'uns" once sat.)

The JOAK studios are sound-proofed and well-equipped. We met Norman Reyes and R. Aquino who do broadcasting work at the station.

*At the Imperial Hotel.* With Villarin, Velarde and other "Constaboy," we dropped in at Ambassador Vargas's suite at the Imperial Hotel where Teresing treated us with beer and candies. We also had a snapshot taken with Teresing.

*Goodbye Yutampo.* Tonight we start doing away with the *yutampo* (Japanese hot water thermos container) which we have been using nightly during winter. It was surely warm and comfortable sleeping close to a *yutampo*.

MARCH 16, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*A Day in Court.* At 10:30 today we attended a trial of a criminal case at the local court (Chihō Saibansho) equivalent to the Philippines Court of First Instance. The proceedings were slightly different from our own, but the atmosphere prevailing was practically the same.

Three judges sat *en banc*, flanked by the prosecuting attorney on the left and the clerk of the court on the right, all with cap and gown (the cap looks like the one worn by Shinto priests with two narrow strips of black cloth hanging from the back).

The defendant, accompanied by a policeman, entered the courtroom handcuffed and tied, his head covered by a lampshade-like basket. The trial was to be for "frustrated homicide."

The presiding judge did practically all the cross-examination while the defendant humbly stood at attention, and all the rest listened and took notes. After this cross-examination which lasted nearly two hours, the prosecuting attorney stood up and delivered his "accusation" in quite forceful language. Then the defense counsel (also attired in cap and gown) stood up and delivered a very stirring speech which caused the defendant to break down in tears. (Even the policemen and others in the courtroom were moved by what must have been a really brilliant defense speech.) This over, the three judges consulted each other in hushed whispers, while the defendant, still sobbing, stood awaiting his sentence. After a while, the presiding judge spoke to announce that the sentence would be read on the 23rd of this month.

Thus ended the trial where no witnesses appeared, and the questioning was done mostly by the presiding judge.

Although we could hardly understand the conversation, we followed the case with interest, trying to make up what it was all about through the few sentences we could understand. When the trial was over, all of us had different opinions as to what the case was about. Some of us said it was a case of theft, others saying it was a case of murder. It was only when our guide explained to us that we knew the case to be of "frustrated homicide," where the defendant assaulted and seriously wounded his step-brother with intent to kill.

We were expecting Col. Utsunomiya, now military attache to the Nippon Embassy at Manila, to visit us at the dormitory, but he did not come. General Satō was here, too, waiting. Major Sugiyama dropped in for a moment to bring us peanuts.

MARCH 17, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*"Trophies of War" at Tamagawa-en.* About 20 minutes' tramride from Shibuya Station, an exhibit of "Trophies of War" is being held at the Tamagawa-en, a big recreational park which has all sorts of amusement facilities—swimming pool, boating lake, fish ponds, shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, etc. On display at this exhibit, we saw tanks, planes, guns, landing barges, and other military equipment cap-

tured in the Southern Regions. Also reproduced in painting and by means of dummies are war scenes from the different theaters of war in the South, including a jungle scene in Bataan. This last one is very realistically done, the dense forest typical of Bataan being so well presented. Seeing familiar scenes, especially the military equipment used in Bataan, such as the U.S. command cars, field pieces, and even the Springfield and Enfield guns used by our soldiers, we could not help but reminisce on that memorable Bataan episode.

We left the place impressed by the way the exhibit was so marvelously run as to achieve its purpose of uplifting the morale of the home front.

*At the Mainichi Newspaper Plant.* At 2:00 p.m. we dropped in to visit the *Mainichi* newspaper plant which is the biggest in Japan. Of the Japanese edition alone of the *Mainichi* daily, 3,500,000 copies are printed every day. The plant also publishes other dailies and magazines, including the management of the Manila papers. We visited the editorial offices, the telephoto division, the art and engraving department and the printing press. Also saw the pigeon-carriers at the roof-garden. These are still being used to bring news messages all over the country.

*In "Philippine Territory."* At 4:00 p.m. today, I legally stepped into "Philippine territory" and for a few hours stayed in the "Philippines" in Japan. For the first time this afternoon, I dropped in at the new Philippine Embassy at Kudan Hill (near Yasukuni Shrine), which by fiction of international law is considered an extension of the sovereign territory of the Philippines. Here we strolled a while in the wide gardens of the Embassy with the Ambassador and Teresita. Later, the Ambassador left to attend an engagement, and Teresita treated us (Quiambao, Villarín and I) with fruits and sandwiches. We took dinner with Teresita and Eddie, thus being the first pensionados to eat at the new Embassy dining room. We left the "Philippines" at 8:30.

*Signs of Spring.* Returning home from the Embassy tonight, for the first time since spring set in, we actually felt a change of the season from winter to spring. Walking along the broad avenues in the neighborhood of the Yasukuni Shrine, we could feel the cool soft breeze of

early spring blowing gently against our faces, no longer the chilly wind of winter.

This has been the perfect day, although we were late for evening "roll call" at the dormitory, and Quiambao was put in a rather hot spot.

#### MARCH 18, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Movie Stars.* This p.m. we saw ourselves at the movies at the Mitsukoshi Movie House. The film taken last December depicting the pensionado life in Japan was specially screened for us. It was fun seeing ourselves in the movies. We felt like movie stars seeing a "preview." I had a close-up taken while fast asleep inside the *futon* [quilts].

*The "Zero Hour" Broadcast.* At 6:00 p.m. we dropped in at the radio station to listen to the "Zero Hour" program of Norman Reyes. This program is intended for American soldiers in the South Pacific. For 20 minutes we listened to gay American music.

On the way home tonight, it snowed heavily as a strong cold wind blew ferociously.

#### MARCH 19, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*Feast of St. Joseph.* Received communion at St. Sofia's but was late for mass so went to St. Theresa's for the 9 o'clock mass. Had snapshots taken in snow with Sison.

*"Tea Party in the Philippines."* At 3:00 p.m. we were the guests of Ambassador Vargas at the Embassy House. We ate cakes, cookies and sandwiches and held an impromptu program. Ambassador Vargas in an informal speech told us to study hard and offered the services of the Embassy to all the pensionados. Present during the party were a few Japanese (our dormitory superintendents and office personnel) and staff members, including Leonie Guerrero, Norman Reyes, Manalang, Aquino, etc. (Baby Gustillo, Baby Valdez and Joe Eagle are also employed at the Embassy as caretakers.)

This has been the first party held at the Embassy House, so that it has been practically its inauguration.

Ambassador Vargas is very kind, and we hope to step into this "Philippine territory" in Tokyo every once in a while.

MARCH 20, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Last Week of Class.* Starting today we have only one hour of Nippongo class in the morning. The rest of the time in the morning is to be devoted to lectures and instructions in preparation for our coming graduation set for next week. In the afternoon we shall have games only.

MARCH 21, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Spring Equinox.* Real spring is supposed to start today when once more day and night become equal in length. This day is a holiday in Japan (Shunki Kōreisai), so we had no classes today.

*Shopping.* Went shopping with Quiambao this a.m. Bought 10 silk hankies for men at 35¢ each.

*With the Nagasakis.* Spent whole afternoon at the home of the Nagasakis at Kōjimachi-ku.

MARCH 22, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Early Spring Blooms.* Although winter cold is still on, signs of early spring have appeared. Plum, peach and tulip flowers have bloomed.

*Via Crucis.* At Futaba College with Quiambao.

MARCH 23, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Mount Takao.* As a school activity, we went on a picnic at Mount Takao in the outskirts of the city (still part of the metropolis) about a 1-hour train ride from Shinjuku.

The climb uphill was not so difficult. It took barely one hour to reach the summit on which is built a big temple and an adjoining rest house. At another spot on the summit (Miharashūdai) is a view park overlooking a beautiful vista of high mountain ranges, still white with the remains of the last snowfall.

The last time we came to this vicinity was last autumn to visit the Tamagoryō (Emperor Meiji's mausoleum). Then the maple trees were red and maiden-hair trees golden against verdant pines and cedars. Now the scenery was different. In early spring, pink and white plums bloom on leafless trees; most trees are still leafless and pines and cedars

are a little brownish. On the way up Mt. Takao snow (remains of the last snowfall) still dotted the hillsides.

The cable car used to carry passengers from the foot to the summit of this mountain is not being used at present for lack of electric power.

MARCH 24, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Fourth Friday of Lent.* Via crucis at St. Theresa's with Quiambao. Had nice chat with Fr. Tsukamoto at his office after our via crucis.

*Dinner with Ambassador Vargas.* At 6:00 p.m. I was invited with five other pensionados (Santos, Vallejo, Ungria, Abubakar, and Quiambao) to dinner at the Embassy House. Had sumptuous meal, including chicken. Being Leon Ma. Guerrero's birthday, we also had cake after dinner. The dinner invitation was made by the Ambassador to know each of us personally.

MARCH 25, 1944 (SATURDAY)

As I write this tonight, the lights have suddenly gone out for the night's practice black-out. Air raid drills are held more frequently these days.

MARCH 26, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Communion and mass at St. Sofia's Chapel.

*First Dance Party.* At 2:00 p.m. we attended our first informal dance party at the Maruyama Research Institute. Ambassador Vargas was there, too. There was an impromptu literary and musical program held in which we also participated singing Filipino songs. The young Japanese ladies dance relatively well, and we had a nice time. Among those present were Miss Sawada, daughter of Ambassador Sawada to Burma, a certain Miss Gō (who speaks Spanish) and others.

MARCH 27, 1944 (MONDAY)

Our last class day. In the afternoon we rehearsed our Graduation exercises for tomorrow. I was designated to receive the diplomas for the Constabulary Group.

MARCH 28, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Graduation.* At 10:00 a.m. we assembled at the school's auditorium to receive our diplomas after 8 months of "hard" study at the Nippongo School of the International Friendship Association. The ceremonies were simple, featuring the usual speeches. Duque was, as expected, prize-winner in our group, and I was designated to receive the diplomas for our group.

After the ceremonies, we were overwhelmed with congratulations for our well-earned diplomas which, by the way, in spite of our "hard" studies for 8 months we could not read at all, except the part in katakana spelling our names and the date. Anyway, we graduated, and that ends the first phase of our stay in Japan.

As for us Constabulary officers, we will still take a one-month "post-graduate" course in "technical Nippongo" to prepare us further for the series of special lectures on Constabulary matters which we shall attend later for a period of about 3 or 4 months. Then we travel all over Japan and then HOME! (if we are lucky).

After a special lunch at the school's dining room, we sang songs and had a jolly good time. Representatives from each group of pensionados delivered short speeches and that was our first graduation in Japan!

*With the Nagasakis.* After a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament at St. Theresa's, we visited the Nagasakis (with Eddie and Bobby Vargas) and spent a nice hour chatting. Fr. Tsukamoto and another Japanese priest were there, too.

MARCH 29, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Farewell Party.* Tonight there was a party here at the dormitory as the last semi-formal gathering of the pensionado group which will be split in a few days, with the departure of the majority for the provinces. It was a jolly nice celebration with songs, dances, beer and all. Beer had quite an effect, and this added more to our enjoyment, although personally I still do not like beer. Mr. Okamoto, General Satō, Mr. Muraoka, Mr. Shin and others were present.

The boys from Hongōryō slept with us at the dormitory, our last night together since Malacanan.

MARCH 30, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.

*Ice Cream Party.* Invited to the Hongōryō, we had a swell ice cream party. This was a sort of reciprocation for the party we gave the Hongō boys.

*At the Nagasakis.* Dropped in with Quiambao at the Nagasakis to bring some ice cream.

*Send-off.* The first bunch of pensionados to leave Tokyo (Abubakar, Santos and Ungria) left Tokyo Station for Hiroshima at 8:30 tonight. We Constabulary officers literally forced our way onto the platform (without tickets and in spite of the strict prohibition) to see the boys off. We just could not afford not to see them off, so we rushed through the gates unmindful of the porter and ran to where the boys stood waiting for the train. It was a very sad thing to see the three of them leave. They, too, were touched to the crying point, especially when we sang "Dinggin ang Inang Bayan" ["Listen to My Motherland"] when the train started off.

After having lived together this last period of ten months since Malacanan, we have come to like each other so that parting was such "bitter sorrow."

The boys are determined to stick together and study hard for the honor of the Philippines.

MARCH 31, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's. (Now is "Viernes de Dolores" ["Friday of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary"]). Met Teresita Vargas, Leonie Guerrero whose 7th wedding anniversary it was, and Mr. Sychangco.

*Moustache.* Am growing a moustache now. Had it well trimmed this morning. Two weeks more, and it will be O.K.

*Visit to Mrs. Soma.* At 5:00 this p.m. with Bobby Vargas and Quiambao, dropped in for a visit to Mrs. Soma's mansion. Had a nice time.

APRIL 1, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.



Brought package and letters to the office of Mr. Tanaka who is leaving for Manila soon.

*Snapshots at the Embassy.* With Teresita Guerrero, Leon Vargas, and Sychangco. Tonight a Filipino cook and another staff member are arriving. Hope I have letters.

*Nose-Bleeding.* As it is getting gradually warmer, the change of weather has caused my nose to bleed this morning, and I feel a slight discomfort.

APRIL 2, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.

The scheduled *kengaku* [study tour] to the Judo Stadium was cancelled. (We were really going to walk out on it anyway.) Instead, there was a meeting called to discuss dormitory matters. It was a heated discussion, but no "bones broken." Life in the dormitory continues as usual.

Slept the whole afternoon with a slight headache.

APRIL 3, 1944 (MONDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.

*Judo.* At the Judōkan at Suidōbashi, we witnessed this afternoon judo demonstrations and regular bouts. These were preceded by long Shinto ceremonies, a priest celebrating, and a longer speech by a navy officer which bored everyone, I noticed. Judo technique was demonstrated by experts, some of them oldtimers with gray hair. Woman judoists also performed. At about 4:00 p.m. the regular bouts commenced. They are not as interesting as I expected. I still prefer boxing.

*Via Crucis.* At Kanda Church, being Monday of Holy Week.

LOST! My pass for the streetcar and elevated cars. Hope I find it.

APRIL 4, 1944 (HOLY TUESDAY)

Mass, communion and "via crucis" at St. Sofia's.

Send-off for C. Alzona who left at 11:00 a.m. for Kumamoto, Kyushu.

Bought velvet shawl for Mama (Y12) and luckily did not use any points through the kindness of the lady vendor.

APRIL 5, 1944 (HOLY WEDNESDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.

Spent whole morning working on my picture album. Made the "via crucis" at St. Theresa's in the afternoon with Quiambao, then visited the Nagasakis.

Today it has been a cold day in spite of spring. It was as cold as any day in winter.

APRIL 6, 1944 (HOLY THURSDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's.

In the afternoon made the "via crucis" with De Leon.

APRIL 7, 1944 (GOOD FRIDAY)

Attended Good Friday ceremonies and the Mass of the Presanctified at St. Theresa's. Made the "via crucis" with David and de Leon in the afternoon.

APRIL 8, 1944 (HOLY SATURDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's.

*At Mrs. Takashima's Mansion.* With Quiambao, at 3:00 p.m., we visited Mrs. Takashima, a Catholic lady, at her mansion in Kōjimachi. She has a very luxurious house built in Western style but with Japanese gardens and some Japanese rooms, too. She entertained us very well during our visit. There also we met a married daughter and a certain Mrs. Iwase, also a Catholic lady.

We intend to drop in again to have some pictures taken.

Tonight a few of the boys are sleeping with us at the dormitory—R. Vargas, de Leon, Vallejo, Mapa, and Dominguez. They are soon leaving for the provinces.

APRIL 9, 1944 (EASTER SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

*Concert at St. Sofia's University.* At 3:00 p.m. with Duque, attended a musical concert at the auditorium of St. Sofia's University. Ambassador Vargas was there, too. I specially liked the vocal choir which beautifully sang church hymns.

*Easter Celebration.* Tonight we had an Easter Celebration at the dormitory attended by the respective wives of our dormitory superintendent, dormitory head, and the secretary of the Philippine Society, Mr. Okamoto. Miss Cecilia Okamoto was there, too, with another friend, Miss Murakami, a Hawaiian-born Japanese. It was a Japanese-Western celebration of Easter. We had *sushi* [boiled rice flavored with vinegar and usually wrapped in seaweed and topped with a piece of raw fish]—a Japanese dish—then doughnuts and marmalade. There were Easter eggs, too, beautifully colored with Easter greetings inscribed. After dinner, an impromptu program was held. Villarín showed us “magic” which he had been preparing for these last few days.

(Miss Cecilia Okamoto tonight returned to me *The Following of Christ* which she had been using during the Holy Week.)

APRIL 10, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Reopening of Classes.* Today short ceremonies were held marking the reopening of our Nippongo classes that are scheduled to last the whole month. We will now hold our classes at the Ōkubo Ryō, 15 minutes' walk from our dormitory.

*With the Nagasakis.* Spent afternoon with them. Received Easter cards and flowers. Enjoyed their company.

*Religion.* We had a very heated but quite friendly discussion on religious questions after dinner tonight, with Duque, Sison, Quiambao, David, etc. taking part.

APRIL 11, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Started our regular classes at Ōkubo Ryō.

*Judo.* This afternoon we went to the Kōdōkan, Japan's famous judo stadium, where we will attend regular judo classes this whole month. Nango-san (retired admiral), famous judo authority and head of the Judōkan, addressed us and gave quite a long lecture on the art of judo. Our instructors were introduced to us. Beginning tomorrow we will start our judo lessons.

(Am having a terrible cold, what with the frequent and sudden changes of climate. Yesterday and today have been extremely cold, just like any other winter day. In fact, it does not seem spring yet.)

This morning the pensionados bound for Kurume, Kyushu (Osias, Mapa, Vallejo, Alba, and Dominguez) left Tokyo Station. I was not able to join the send-off group but instead went to class. It was a rousing send-off, I was told.

This p.m. missed classes on account of my terrible cold.

Started reading *Assertive Nationalism*, a compilation of very interesting speeches and essays by President Laurel.

Beginning today I have *tsubaki* (camellia) flowers in my vase. For me they are the nicest I have seen so far.

#### APRIL 13, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Send-off for Fr. Tsukamoto.* Heard his last mass at St. Theresa's, which was quite crowded with parishioners. Fr. Tsukamoto dressed in civilian clothes appeared at the church grounds after saying his mass to address a few parting words to his well-wishers. He wore the *hinomaru* [rising sun] as others called to the colors do.

*Judo.* Started with judo lessons this p.m. at the Kōdōkan, the center of judo in Japan. We have as our instructors Ōe-san and Samura-san, judo experts, the latter being *kudan* or 9th-grade, one of the highest ranks attainable. We are all very interested now in learning judo with our good instructors.

*Father Shimura.* After judo lessons this p.m. dropped in with David at Kanda Church, a few minutes' walk from the Kōdōkan, to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We also called on the parish priest, Fr. Shimura, a young priest who studied in Rome and traveled abroad. He gave each of us a souvenir from the Holy Land, an *estampita* with leaves taken from the Mount of Olives.

#### APRIL 14, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*New Instructor.* Mr. Yamaki, from the Daitōashō [Greater East Asia Ministry] gave us his first lecture this morning on "Government."

Visited Kanda Church alone after judo and made the "via crucis."

#### APRIL 15, 1944 (SATURDAY)

During our judo class this p.m. we just listened to a long, dry and very tiring lecture by our instructor Samura-san on the "Spirit of Judo."

APRIL 16, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's Chapel.

*With Ambassador Sawada and Family.* At 5:00 p.m., with Qui-ambao, we visited this family. We met Mr. Setsuzō Sawada, former Ambassador to Brazil and America, his wife, and four sons Nobuo (Peter), Kazuo (John), Toshio (James), and Akio (Paul), all Catholics. We had a nice time chatting after taking tea, bread and fruit salad. Mr. Sawada is a brother of the present Ambassador to Burma.

APRIL 17, 1944 (MONDAY)

Our judo lessons are getting more interesting. This p.m. we had actual wrestling practice.

*Philippine Mission Arrives.* This p.m. Speaker Aquino, Minister [Antonio] de las Alas, Justice [Jose] Yulo and Ministers [Camilo] Osias and [Rafael] Alunan arrived at Haneda Airport.\*

*Picture-taking.* With friends at Neo Studio at Shinjuku.

APRIL 19, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*At the Geihinkan.* Dropped in this p.m. at the Geihinkan, Great East Asia Guest Mansion, to pay our respects to the members of the Philippine Mission headed by Speaker Aquino. Saw special newsreel shown to the members of the mission in one of the rooms of the mansion.

I had an intimate chat with Mr. Osias who called me to his side during the movies to talk to me on our conditions in Japan. He told me that there were bad reports concerning us Constabulary officers. I tried to explain to him our side. (The little anomalies occurring at the dormitory have been exaggerated and special reports were even sent to President Laurel concerning the behavior of a few in our group. Personally, I do not think there is anything really serious. It is only a typical case of the proverbial mountain out of a molehill.)

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\* In the wartime Philippine government de las Alas was Minister of Finance, Yulo was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Osias was Minister of Education, and Alunan was Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

APRIL 20, 1944 (THURSDAY)

“Miniong” Aquino, nephew of Speaker Aquino, dropped in at the dormitory tonight.

Although the cold of winter still drags on and on, and we do not know when it will get warm, spring is definitely here. Cherry blossoms are in full bloom and all sorts of beautiful flowers ranging from peach and plum blossoms to camellias have appeared, and now Japan looks her best in springtime wear.

APRIL 21, 1944 (FRIDAY)

The visit of the Philippine Mission is headlined in all newspapers. Speaker Aquino and his suite were guests at luncheon of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, and Speaker Aquino was granted the First Class Order of the Rising Sun. All streetcars and houses have put up flags in honor of the visiting leaders from the Philippines.

APRIL 22, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Official Reception at the Philippine Embassy.* At 4:00 p.m. an official reception was held at the Philippine Embassy given by the Ambassador in honor of the Philippine Special Gratitude Mission. The party was held at the Embassy gardens, attended by such dignitaries as Premier General Hideki Tōjō, Minister of Foreign Affairs [Mamoru] Shigemitsu, Minister of Greater East Asia Aoki, Imperial Household Minister [Tsuneo] Matsudaira, and other ambassadors and representatives of embassies. The pensionados assisted Ambassador Vargas in entertaining the guests. Premier Tōjō kindly approached us pensionados in the course of the party and talked to us about the course of our studies. We were indeed greatly honored by this kind gesture of such a great man towards us mere pensionados. A very cordial atmosphere prevailed during the reception, our “big shots” mixing with the Japanese “big ’uns.” It was a nice spring afternoon, the *sakura* [cherry trees] in full bloom, and the Filipino flag tied to a tall flagpole in the center of the garden waving proudly beneath the clear blue sky.

(We met the wife of the Spanish Minister to Japan and her niece and, talking to them in Spanish, we showed them around the garden and tried to entertain them.)

APRIL 23, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's.

Our picnic scheduled today was canceled due to the sudden rain. We intended to take our lunch under cherry trees as is the custom in Japan during cherry blossom time.

*Picture-taking.* This p.m. with Cruz and Sison made a few snapshots at Ueno Park with cherry blossoms as background. Had my solo picture taken at a downtown studio. I have my hair parted now, but soon will cut it again to comply with regulations. My moustache, too, which was quite long, I have already shaved off.

APRIL 24, 1944 (MONDAY)

*End of Judo Special Class.* This p.m. was our last lesson at the Kōdōkan in our special judo class which lasted two weeks. These last two weeks we learned a lot of the rudiments of judo which will be very helpful to us when we take up advanced lessons next month. Mr. Ōe and Mr. Samura are indeed very good instructors.

*With Teresita Vargas.* This p.m. I was at the Philippine Embassy to have a little chat with Teresita. She is leaving for the Philippines next week, and she promised to bring my letters.

APRIL 25, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Today being Rinji Taisai (Extraordinary Spring Yasukuni Shrine Festival) had no classes.

Visited the Nagasakis with Quiambao and enjoyed hearing such records as "Sampaguita" ["Jasmine Flower"], "Arimundingmunding," "Abaruray," etc., which we borrowed from Miniong Aquino of the Hōsō Kyōkai (Broadcasting Station).

Went to the Imperial Hotel this p.m. at 5:00 to accompany Quiambao to see Speaker Aquino and bring some letters.

News of my promotion to captain reached me this evening through Bert Lavides who said he read the news item in a copy of the *Tribune*. Hope this is true, but it is too good to be true.

APRIL 26, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Promotion to Captain.* My promotion to the rank of captain was

reported in a news item which appeared in a copy of the *Tribune*, dated April 20, 1944. I never expected this promotion as my last promotion to first lieutenant was just this past December. Well, I am glad to be promoted anyway. It is not so bad being a captain at 24 years of age!

*Visitors.* Tonight Mr. Suzuki of the Daitōa Ministry and Mr. Sakashita of the Metropolitan Police Board took dinner with us. The purpose of this visit was to give us a broad outline of our special course on police matters which is scheduled to start next month.

APRIL 27, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Yokohama.* This a.m. was my first visit to this place. Rode the express from Shimbashi.

Visited Mrs. Rafael Aquino who recently gave birth to a baby boy. Expected to see Special Ambassador Aquino there, but there was an unexpected change of plans. We had a nice time with Mrs. Aquino going over their family album. Ate a hearty meal.

At the Imperial Hotel, dropped in for a short chat at Director Osias's quarters and there met Mr. and Mrs. Fujita whom we met last Saturday at the Embassy party.

These last few months we have been feeling a terrible shortage of money, our Y40 pocket money every month not being enough. Lately I was able to push a deal which has saved the situation for me. I am now quite solvent. Thank you.

APRIL 28, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Meet Ambassadors Aquino and Vargas.* This p.m. at Miniong Aquino's place at Gumyōji, Yokohama, met Special Ambassador Aquino and Special Ambassador Vargas. The former dropped in to see Miniong's wife and the new baby, the Ambassador's grandson. They stayed about half an hour and had a little chance to talk to them. Miniong's wife was very happy to hear news from the Special Ambassador that there is a chance for her to return to the Philippines with her baby and husband.

*Talk with Director General Osias.* Returning back to Tokyo from Yokohama, I dropped in at Director Osias's quarters at the Imperial



Hotel and had a chance to talk to him alone. He gave me a frank exposition of his views and talked of various topics such as the situation in the Philippines, their reception with the Emperor, etc. I expect to see him again tomorrow to help him pack up his things.

*Dinner at the Imperial Hotel Grill.* Invited by Miniong Aquino, we had a sumptuous dinner at the Imperial Hotel Grill. Not everyone can eat here, but we had a special pass.

Helped Ambassador Aquino and Chief Justice Yulo pack up their baggage at the Imperial Hotel. The packages I sent for the family went with Ambassador Aquino. Letters went via Chief Justice Yulo and Minister Alunan.

*His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan!* At the Yoyogi Parade Grounds this afternoon at 2:00 p.m., we had the unique privilege of seeing in person for the first time the august Emperor of Japan on the occasion of Tenchō Setsu (Emperor's Birthday).

We had a special place in the grandstands right behind the place occupied by the personnel of foreign embassies. At about 1:30 p.m., we watched the limousines of "big shots" pass before us to attend this biggest function. We saw embassy cars bearing the flags of various nations, including Ambassador Vargas and Special Ambassador Aquino and their respective suites. It was indeed a great joy to see the Philippines represented at such a big affair among other independent states.

It had just rained heavily, and now the sky began to clear up. Thousands upon thousands of specially invited guests (we had to pass through lines of policemen and military police to show our special admission tickets) thronged the parade grounds, and everyone waited with anxiety for the arrival of the Emperor.

At long last, at 2:00 p.m., the sound of bugles and the ruffle of drums announced the arrival of the imperial limousine. The band started to play the "Kimigayo" [Japanese national anthem], and His Imperial Majesty's car (maroon and black Rolls Royce) followed by cars bearing the Princes of the Blood appeared heavily escorted on both sides by Imperial Guards. Everybody stood at attention, and in the ominous silence that prevailed we personally saw His Imperial Majesty pass about 20 meters in front of us, acknowledging the salute of everyone.

The grand parade was about to start, and the Emperor mounted his beautiful white charger followed by Premier Tōjō, army and navy staff officers, and military attaches of different nations, each wearing his own distinct military uniform. Again we had a chance to see His Imperial Majesty at closer range as he passed before us mounted on his white stallion with all the dignity of a real emperor. (But he just looks like any ordinary Japanese.)

After inspecting the troops assembled on the parade grounds, the "pass in review" started. For nearly two and a half hours the emperor watched his troops march before him. Infantry, artillery, motorized units and cavalry marched in almost interminable columns, as hundreds of planes roared overhead, darkening the skies like thick swarms of flies. It was a veritable display of the military might of Japan! I am sure all foreigners were impressed by this grand military show.

We left the parade grounds happy to have had the unique privilege of seeing the emperor in person.

*"Sayonara" to Ambassador Aquino et al.* After the parade, at 4:30 p.m., dropped in at the Imperial Hotel to say good-bye to Speaker Aquino and his suite. Stayed for quite a while at Speaker Aquino's room and had a chance to talk to him and Minister Alunan. Teresita and Nene Vargas and Maning Laurel were there too. The mission is leaving tomorrow for Manchuria.

*Meet General Masaharu Homma.* Tonight at 6:30 p.m. General Homma, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Forces in the Philippines during the Bataan campaign, visited us at the dormitory and took dinner with us. (Mrs. Okamoto cooked special dishes for the occasion.)

It was indeed a rare privilege to meet our former enemy in Bataan. We never even dreamed that we would be meeting right in Tokyo the Commander-in-Chief of the army which was our bitter enemy at Bataan. During and after dinner we enjoyed talking with the General, and we had a frank and interesting conversation on our war experiences in Bataan. He told us things which confirmed certain stories we heard while in Bataan. For instance, the story that the Division Commander of the Japanese troops fighting General Lim's 41st Division was the latter's good friend while in America is true, said General Homma.

I mentioned to the General the fact that all officers in Bataan had

received a copy of his letter addressed to General MacArthur urging the latter to surrender. He said no reply was received from General MacArthur. (But I remember having read a copy of the reply of General MacArthur which was also sent to all officers in Bataan.)

The other Japanese officers present during the dinner were surprised to see how intimately we chatted with General Homma on a matter of such great common interest as the war in Bataan. When General Homma laughingly asked us, "I wonder how many Japanese did you kill," we also laughingly evaded the question.

Before the party broke up, Villarín showed the General a few of his tricks of magic, and the General enjoyed them immensely, especially the one where Villarín made a ten-cent coin disappear in his hand and later fished it out of General Homma's pocket.

General Homma told us he has a copy of a book recently published in America, *I Saw Corregidor Fall* written by [Carlos P.] Romulo. He did not tell us how he got it.

Seeing the Emperor of Japan in person and meeting General Homma at the dormitory was too much for one single day. No wonder I slept so soundly tonight!

APRIL 30, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's.

*New Friends.* At Akasaka-ku, in the vicinity of the former American embassy, we dropped in (Quiambao and I) to visit Miss Yuriko Gō and her brother, Mr. Yasuhiro Gō, whom we met at a party some time ago. We were kindly received and till 6:00 p.m. we enjoyed talking to them. They speak very fluent English, and they are very widely traveled and belong to one of the richest and most prominent families in Tokyo. Miss Yuriko has been in America a very long time and represented Japan on several foreign goodwill missions. She showed us a few pictures, including one taken with Shirley Temple.

Talking with them on different topics, we heard very interesting news which otherwise we would not know. They are very understanding and very practical, and we did not hesitate to tell them of Philippine problems. Their father was a prominent businessman who perished on the ill-fated "Taiyō Maru" which was torpedoed on its way to Manila and the southern regions shortly after the surrender of

Corregidor last May, 1942. According to them, the boat carried on board the best of Japan's men of experiences in various lines, men who spoke foreign languages and knew how to deal with people. According to them, had the "Taiyō Maru" not been torpedoed, better people would be administering the affairs in the Philippines.

Our talk was very frank, and they did not hesitate to tell us of the bad record of the Filipinos in Japan before the war, especially the athletes who visited Japan a few years ago. We also told them things about the Japanese we do not like.

I hope to meet these people again.

MAY 1, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Opening Ceremonies at the Keisatsu Kōshūjo.* At 9:00 a.m. we held opening ceremonies at the Police Lecture Hall at Kudan Hill to start our 3-month course on police matters. Mr. Taniguchi, Chief of the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Board and a representative of the Ministry of Home Affairs, delivered speeches. We were shown around the premises of the building and were oriented on our schedule and the rules and regulations. The building is a rather dignified one situated on one of Tokyo's best avenues, lined on both sides with rows of *sakura* trees running all the way from the Yasukuni Shrine to the Imperial Palace.

Tomorrow our regular classes will start, but I doubt if we will learn much. This a.m. we received more than half a dozen books (in Japanese) whose titles we cannot even read or guess. Hope they are more practical.

*Nippon Dental Science.* I have lost faith in Japanese dental science. The bridge I had fixed last time at the Nippon Dental Hospital (considered one of the best in Tokyo) pained me so much that I had to have it removed at another dental clinic for repair. I hope they do it well this time, although I doubt it. I still think we have better dentists in the P.I.

MAY 2, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Today started our regular classes at the Keisatsu Kōshūjo at Kudan. We heard lectures by police officers and civilian instructors. Mr. Fuji, a Japanese authority on constitutional law, also lectured to us. He is a

friend of U.P.'s [University of the Philippines] Professor [Vincente] Sinco who once came to Japan as an exchange professor.

After class this p.m. dropped in at the Embassy. Teresita introduced me to her visitor, a nice Danish lady, daughter of the Danish minister in Tokyo.

MAY 3, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Heard mass, went to confession and communion at St. Sofia's early this morning.

*Keisatsu Renshūjo (Police Academy)*. At 2:00 p.m. we visited the Police Academy at Shiba-ku. This academy is training 1,700 policemen for the service, among whom are *shōnen junsu* or "under-age policemen" (apprentices) from 16 to 19 years old. The training lasts 2 months.

We visited the classrooms, dining hall, dormitories, etc., and saw the trainees drill with their short sabres and whistles and tying ropes. The superintendent of the academy personally took us around the premises and kindly answered our many questions regarding the police system in Japan. We were told that all police officers have to pass through the rank of ordinary policeman and gradually are promoted to higher ranks. Their salaries also depend on the length of service and on merit.

MAY 4, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Our kendo lessons which started about a week ago at Nakayama Kendo School are getting very interesting. I noticed my physique is improving.

*Long Letter from Home*. Received a long, long letter this p.m. which came via the Foreign Office through the Embassy. I was very happy to read a long account of the doings at home, especially about Papa and Mama and my nephews and nieces. Everytime I read such letters I feel more homesick.

MAY 5, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Heard mass and received communion at St. Sofia's Church with Quiambao, Sison and Pena. Met Bert Lavides there, too.

*Birthday.* Today being the birthday of Ikuko Nagasaki, our friend, we brought her a bouquet of tulips after mass early this morning. Her mother and she were surprised and happy to see such early well-wishers. (The tulips cost us Y12.)

Bought books at Jimbōchō (Tokyo's book district): *Japan's Innate Virility*, *Leading Spirits of the Age*, and *Current History*, all for Y2.80.

Tonight we had a long discussion with our dormitory superintendent. We told him frankly what we feel about his many unreasonable regulations. We told him we can never have a chance to know the real Japan if we are not given an opportunity to meet people and make friends among the Japanese. He felt at a loss when I put to him this question: "Don't you think it is strange if after more than one year in Japan we shall return to the Philippines without having made one single friend among the Japanese? What do you think we would answer if our people ask us about Japan and the Japanese?"

MAY 6, 1944 (SATURDAY)

We have completely done away with overcoats and underwear and no longer use mattresses as blankets since the beginning of this month. It has definitely gotten warmer.

MAY 7, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's.

Visited the Nagasakis this morning with Quiambao, and took pictures.

*Anniversary of the Fall of Corregidor; We Meet General Homma in Personal Interview.* Today, anniversary of the fall of Corregidor, General Masaharu Homma, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces during the Bataan campaign, invited us Constabulary officers (ex-USAFFE officers) for an intimate interview at the Mainichi Shimbun Building at 2:00 p.m.

Present during the interview were two stenographers and a gentleman who was with the Press Section attached to Imperial Army Headquarters and who was with General Homma throughout the Bataan campaign. Maps of the Philippines, especially of Bataan and Corregidor (including copies of military grid maps of the U.S. Army) were spread wide on the table to facilitate our talks. The General made

us feel quite at ease, and when we got tangled up in our Nippongo, we talked in English, the General interpreting for us for the sake of the stenographers.

The questions asked by the General were substantially as follows:

“Before the outbreak of the war of Great East Asia, what did you think about it? What was the people’s impression of Japan before the war? What was the estimate of the military authorities regarding the strength of the Japanese Army? What were the effects of the first bombings in the Philippines? What was the attitude of the Filipinos towards the war? Was there racial or other discrimination in Bataan? What did you think was the entire strength of the Japanese Army in the whole Philippine campaign? What was the casualty rate on the Filipino side, including deaths in the concentration camps? What do you think was the casualty rate on the Japanese side? What units did you belong to, and what experiences did you have? What artillery guns did you use? How did you take the departure of General MacArthur for Australia? How about the landing in Aglaloma, the fight in the Moron, Abucay, Mt. Samat and Mt. Natib sectors? While in Bataan, what were the rumors concerning the Japanese soldiers? What do you intend to do now, and how do you view the whole thing?”

To these series of questions our answers were substantially as follows:

“Before the outbreak of the Great East Asia War, there were so many rumors about it, and the situation was very tense; but we never expected it to start as early as December 8, 1941; the Filipinos thought it was a war to safeguard Philippine territorial integrity and so the Filipinos, especially the youth, were anxious to fight, many volunteering to join the ranks, even while the fight in Bataan was already on, going there by *bancas*; before the war, the Filipinos looked at Japan with extreme suspicion, regarding her as menace to the Pacific and a threat to P.I. independence; the military authorities underestimated Japan’s fighting strength although some quarters seriously thought about Japan’s preparedness for a major Pacific war; the first bombings were quite effective, military objectives being hit accurately, and there was a general belief that perhaps the Japanese planes were manned by German pilots; there was discrimination in food rationing in favor of the Americans, but this was due to the different standards of allow-

ances between the Americans and the Filipinos, and there was no way of complaining to our superior officers for they, too, (as Filipinos) were receiving the same poor rations; the Americans were careful about their treatment of the Filipinos because they were afraid to provoke the anger of the Filipinos who were very conscious that they were bearing practically the whole brunt of the fight in Bataan; an estimate of the Japanese forces was about 500,000 and casualties about 100,000 (the General said the Japanese forces numbered only about 100,000 and the casualties 5,000); we calculated the deaths on the Filipino side at about 50,000; we related our various experiences in our different sectors from the start of the Bataan campaign till the general offensive of April 3, 1942, which finally ended in the fall of Bataan; told him we used 75 mm. and 155 mm. guns, and he was surprised to hear that an average of about 1,000 shells were fired a day (he said the Japanese could not fire back so often due to lack of a good supply of ammunition); when General MacArthur left for Australia, he issued a memo to all officers to the effect that he was leaving at the command of the U.S. President to assume a more important post for the successful prosecution of the war, which encouraged the men in Bataan; rumors about the Japanese soldiers were that they were barbarous and merciless and would spare no one if captured; there was also a communique issued in Bataan announcing the death and funeral of General Homma (the General heard this one, too, he said); now that we see the sincerity in the actions of Japan and the high ideals for which she is fighting, we cannot help but feel grateful for the opportunity granted to us to work for our country in particular and for Great East Asia in general." (Heh!)

After the interview at the Mainichi Building, we proceeded to the Great East Asia Hall where the General treated us to a banquet. Here, too, we continued our exchange of views. When asked as to what lessons could be learned from the Bataan war, the old veteran General said that jungle positions are the best defense, and an offensive in jungle sectors is the hardest military operation to undertake.

I told the General the following: "When we were in Bataan, we never thought of losing the war and much less of being captured prisoners; when we were in the concentration camp, we never expected to be released; when we were released, we never thought we would



become Constabulary officers; as Constabulary officers we never thought of going to Japan as government scholars of the Imperial Government; and, finally, while in Japan, we never even dreamed of meeting in an intimate interview the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Forces in the Philippines, our grand enemy in Bataan.”

Personally, I consider my meeting General Homma in this afternoon’s interview a fitting climax of my personal odyssey which started in the crimson fields of Bataan. I only hope I find time to write my “memoirs” which I intend to entitle *From Bataan to Tokyo*.

MAY 9, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Party at Nagasaki’s*. At 5:00 p.m. Quiambao, Pena and I were invited to dinner at the Nagasaki residence on the occasion of the departure of Michitada-san (youngest son) for the countryside. We enjoyed the sukiyaki, chicken pie and cakes, and especially the nice company of this kind and hospitable Japanese family who lately have become very close to us. After the dinner, we enjoyed playing parlor games. The party broke up at 10:00 p.m.

MAY 10, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*At the Metropolitan Police Board*. This afternoon we visited the offices of the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Board as part of our practical curriculum at school. The police officers are lodged in a big and imposing building, very near the Imperial Palace.

At the “reference room” (*Sankōkan*) we saw very interesting things, including a relief map of the Tokyo metropolis indicating the location of police stations, foreign embassies and other important places. Also recorded on this huge map are informative statistics, such as Tokyo population—7,596,717; police stations—91; policemen—16,318; etc. We also saw on display uniforms, equipment and other paraphernalia used by the police in olden times. The police bodyguards, who were killed in line of duty while protecting Prime Minister Hara and other cabinet ministers when the latter were assassinated about 9 years ago, also have their pictures and relics of their blood-stained uniforms on display. We also saw the *katana* (sword) used in the killing of Prime Minister Hara.

At the Radio and Telephone Room (*Shinreishitsu*) the system of

receiving reports through the radio and telephone was demonstrated to us. We saw how reports are received from any part of the country and soon acted upon.

At the Identification Section (*Kanshikika*) we saw the fingerprint (*shimon*) experts at work and were shown the intricate but efficient system of filing fingerprint identification cards kept in long rows of steel cabinets. In another room we were shown the use of ultra-violet rays (*shigaisen*) and infrared rays (*sekigaisen*) to differentiate counterfeit from real money and to tell real jewels from imitation ones and the like. An interesting part in this Identification Section is the Identification Room where suspects are brought to be identified by witnesses through a special type of "magic" mirror through which the witnesses can see the suspect, but the latter cannot see the former.

At the Fire Department (which in Tokyo is part of the Metropolitan Police Board) we visited the radio and telephone room, and the system of receiving reports and acting on them was explained to us.

The last part of this visit to the Police Board was the judo and kendo gymnasium where we saw policemen actually training in these arts.

This has been a fruitful afternoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am sending to the P.I. this first half of my Diary through Teresita Vargas who is leaving for Manila by plane soon. Hope it gets there safely.

MAY 11, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Party at Mrs. Sawada's Residence.* At 7:00 p.m. we attended a *despedida* [farewell] party given by Mrs. [Renzō] Sawada, wife of the Japanese Ambassador to Burma, in honor of Teresita Vargas who is soon returning to the Philippines. We enjoyed the party, especially the dinner and the impromptu program after the dinner. Ambassador Vargas was also present. Miss Nina Deligts, young and pretty daughter of the Danish minister in Tokyo, was also there. She and the young daughter of Mrs. Sawada played a few piano pieces.

In connection with that party, we had a serious incident with our dormitory superintendent. For reasons we could not understand, he would not give us permission to attend the party, but in spite of his

prohibition, we went and did not mind him a bit. I am sure this will have serious complications, but we do not care, and we are willing to fight him.

MAY 12, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Party of Miss Gō.* One of the most enjoyable parties we have attended so far. (This was intended as a *despedida* party for Teresita Vargas, but unfortunately she could not make it.) The affair was held at Mr. Nezu's residence, a rich man's mansion with a huge garden which was really more of a park. There was dancing, too, which was very enjoyable. Among the guests we met were Viscountess Ishikawa, Baroness Tōgō, Miss Ban (famous tennis player) and other ladies, most of whom speak good English.

Coming home from the party tonight, I was suddenly taken ill. I think this is another attack of malaria.

*Conference with General Satō.* In connection with the incident of last night when we went to Mrs. Sawada's party without the dormitory superintendent's permission, General Satō of the Philippine Society came to the dormitory tonight to talk to us about the matter. I was in bed then and unfortunately could not take part in the conversation. General Satō was told all our complaints against the superintendent and was asked that he be changed. It seems the General was only trying to act as "defense counsel" for the superintendent, and he did not pay much attention to our complaints. We are not satisfied with our dormitory superintendent, and we filed a written request to have him changed. (I myself wrote the draft of the letter.) This incident has revealed to us things which we shall never forget.

MAY 15, 1944 (MONDAY)

Spent a bad night last night with high fever. This is my first attack of malaria since I arrived in Tokyo. Stayed in bed the whole day today. I think my body resistance has been lowered considerably lately, especially with our daily kendo lessons which might have been too strenuous for me. (And the food is terrible.)

Tonight Pepito A. Santos came to the dormitory to say good-bye. He is leaving for the P.I. tomorrow after staying in Japan for more than two years. I asked him to see my family when he gets to Manila.

MAY 16, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Stayed the whole day at home still sick, waiting for another "scheduled" attack of malaria which fortunately did not come, thanks to two strong doses of quinine which the doctor had me drink. Missed Nene Vargas's birthday party which was held at the Embassy. The other boys enjoyed it immensely, they said, and returned home at 10:30 tonight.

It has been terribly boring this whole day. Wrote letters home in Spanish. Also to the boys at Kurume—Osias, Wally, Pet, Mapa and Rudy.

The boys brought me sandwiches and an apple as my share in Nene's birthday celebration.

MAY 17, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Still sick in quarters. Today started with a slight late spring drizzle, very soft, fine, noiseless rain, very typical during this part of the year.

MAY 18, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord.

Still sick in quarters but feeling much better. The weather has suddenly changed. While the other day we were already starting to feel the heat of early summer, today it has been very cold, like any ordinary winter day. Had to put on my overcoat at home to keep myself warm.

Eddie Vargas came to visit me this p.m. at 1:00. He stayed a couple of hours chatting.

MAY 19, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Still sick in quarters. Stayed in bed the whole day reading a 1941 issue of the *American* magazine which I enjoyed immensely.

The tense situation existing between our dormitory superintendent and us is one week old now, since that "crisis" caused by the Sawada party. We do not talk to him, except when necessary and only in monosyllables, and we are very coldly indifferent to him. He seems to be feeling it, and we think it is a very effective means of "reforming" guys like him.

MAY 20, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Air Raid Alarm.* Tonight at about 6:30 o'clock an air raid alarm was sounded. Blackout blinds have been pulled down, and Tokyo is ready for any air raid emergency. I hope it does not come at all.

I have packed up all my "valuables" in a small bag, ready for any emergency.

MAY 21, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's.

*Party at Maruyama's.* At 11:00 we gathered at Maruyama's Music Studio to have a little reunion of the Pinoys with *adobo* and, as the main event, *dinuguan* [Filipino dish made with pig's blood, innards and chili peppers] which Maning Laurel received from his father. There were a few girls present which added "color" to the occasion. We played games and enjoyed it truly. (The Japanese seemed to like the *dinuguan* and the *adobo*.)

The party broke up at 5:00, and from there I proceeded to the Nagasakis with Quiambao and Pena for a visit.

The "alert" given last night has not been lifted yet, and the city is in almost complete blackout. I wonder what is happening "somewhere."

MAY 22, 1944 (MONDAY)

*At the Dentist.* Dropped in this p.m. at Dr. Kaneko's dental clinic, accompanied by Yasuko Nagasaki-san, to have my teeth fixed. The clinic is a clean place, equipped with very modern electrical apparatus. The doctor spent nearly two hours explaining to me how he will go about "fixing me up." When I asked him the price, it took him time to compute, and he started to beat around the bush before he finally said in a subdued voice, "Y470!" Well, I hope our dormitory superintendent will not be scandalized when I tell him the cost.

*General Satō.* He took supper with us tonight, read to us some Philippine news and talked about dormitory problems (our relations with our dormitory superintendent are still bad).

Told General Satō about my own problem with the dentist.

The newspapers today published the news of the bombing of

“Minami Torishimari” by a task force last Saturday and Sunday. Hence, the alert in Tokyo.

Bad day today.

Pushed through another deal which has boosted my finances.

MAY 24, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Party of Ambassador Murata.* At 5:00 p.m. we were special guests of Ambassador [to the Philippines] [Shōzō] Murata at a dinner party held at the official residence of the Daitōa Minister. Ambassador Murata specially gave the party to hear us “air our grievances,” and we did this frankly and unhesitatingly. I was one of those who spoke very frankly. I told the Ambassador about the lack of understanding between our immediate superiors and us; about the defects in the administration. I even told him that we are very hard up for money and that our superiors seem most reluctant to pay such important expenses as dental bills, citing my own case where the doctor is charging me Y470. Our dormitory superintendent was present, but very diplomatically I told the Ambassador that we cannot understand each other. He is kind and a good-hearted fellow, perhaps, but, unfortunately, we just cannot get along well. Finally, I requested the Ambassador to talk to the President of the Philippines about our plight and to reassure him that we are trying our best here in Japan.

It was a very cordial talk, and I think we were able to tell everything we wanted to say. Tonight was another of those unexpected but very historic events. Who would ever dream that we would be talking the way we did to the highest representative of Japanese sovereignty in the Philippines!

*Special Fire Brigade (Tokubetsu Shōbō Buntai).* At 2:00 p.m. we visited the Special Fire-Brigade at Hibiya Park as part of our educational program. This fire unit is a special organization for emergency cases, aside from the ordinary fire stations. This brigade has about 500 fire engines and 3 companies of firemen. (Each company is made up of 4 platoons or squads.) Special fire maneuvers were held just for us, traffic being temporarily delayed for the purpose. The fire hydrants in Tokyo are located underground, unlike the ones in the Philippines. The fire department in Tokyo, also unlike in the Philippines, is part of the Metropolitan Police Board, not an independent organ.

*Kendo*. At the gymnasium of the Metropolitan Police Board Building, for the first time I tried kendo, wearing the full armor. I found it very tiresome, but also interesting. This, too, is part of our course.

MAY 28, 1944 (THURSDAY)

At Dr. Kaneko's clinic, I underwent an X-ray examination preparatory to the fixing up of my teeth. The doctor will charge me Y470, and I just do not know how I will raise this money as it seems our dormitory is reluctant to pay it. I am a little worried, but I am confident I will be able to raise this amount if I have to see the Daitōa Minister personally about it.

MAY 27, 1944 (FRIDAY)

At the dentist this p.m. had the nerve of my tooth extracted. It was half an hour of mental torture, as the doctor worked on me with a drilling apparatus.

Confessions and "Via Crucis" at St. Theresa's Church.

Slept a short siesta in Norman Reyes's cozy bed. I was nearly late for our afternoon classes.

JUNE 1, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Summer begins today, our second in Japan. Japanese *colegialas* [schoolgirls] have put on their white summer blouses—a clear sign that summer has definitely started and spring has definitely gone.

*Tokyo Detention House (Tokyo Kōchisho)*. As part of our school activities, we visited the Tokyo Detention House this p.m. at 2:00 at Ikebukuro-ku, accompanied by Mr. Sakashita of the Daitōa Ministry and Sub-Inspector Satō of the Metropolitan Police Board. The building is a very modern structure housing about 2,500 detained persons, including 500 women. This place is really for detained persons pending trial in court, but there are also already sentenced persons serving their sentence here instead of in an ordinary prison.

We went around the premises, after a preliminary "orientation" lecture given by the warden. We saw the rows of cells, the clinic, X-ray rooms, barber shop, dining rooms, etc. The inmates wear blue kimonos (Japanese style) with a lampshade-like head cover which

they put on to keep their identity a secret upon leaving their cells. Strict seclusion, even among themselves, is observed, and even during calisthenics they occupy special "calisthenics cells" separately.

As detention lasts in some cases for months on end, the inmates are allowed to buy their own food at a sort of post exchange inside the prison. In the kitchen we noticed that rations of rice are numbered from 1 to 5 to designate 5 classes of rations, classified as to quantity to be distributed to the inmates on the basis of the physical work they do.

We left the place impressed.

*Party at the Embassy.* At 6:00 tonight with Pena, David and Sison, we were invited by Mr. [Francisco] Lavides, Charge d'Affaires, to help entertain the embassy guests, high officials of the Daitōa Ministry. At the reception room, after dinner, Pena played the piano and the guitar while we sang Filipino and Japanese songs. The guests also contributed their numbers, and the affair was very gay, with plenty of beer on the house. Among those present was a Mr. Tōgō, head of the political section of the Daitōa Ministry, formerly in charge of the southern pensionados.

We especially enjoyed ourselves when the guests left. Among ourselves we sang Filipino folk songs, such as "Chitchirichit Alibang-bang" ["Chitchirichit, Sampaloc (tamarind) Leaf"], "Tayo na sa Antipolo" ["Let's Go To Antipolo"] etc. Joining in the chorus were Charge d'Affaires Lavides, Leony Guerrero, Mr. Sychangco, Norman Reyes, et al. The party broke up at 9:30. The embassy car took us to the dormitory.

JUNE 2, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Bought the following books at Kyōbunkan at Ginza: *Romanized English-Japanese Dictionary, Grammar of Spoken Japanese* by Y. Matsumiya, *If America Fights With Japan* by Homer Lea, *Nogi* by S. Washburn, *Short History of Japan* by E. W. Clement, *Colloquial Japanese* by R. Lange and *Haiḱu Poems* by A. Miyamori.

Visited Villarin at St. Luke's Hospital (Daitōa Byōin), where he has been operated on for a nose ailment.

*Party for Newcomers.* There was a little party at the dormitory tonight in honor of Bert Lavides and Ben Sanvictores who transferred to our dormitory two days ago. There was a little beer and a lot of singing.



We are expecting the new bunch of pensionados to arrive soon, as they are reported to have left the Philippines already.

JUNE 3, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Saw "Suihei-san" ("The Sailor") at the Mitsukoshi Movie House.

JUNE 4, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's University Chapel.

*Tokyo Filipinos Gather.* The Filipino Embassy House was today the scene of the first gathering of Filipino residents in Tokyo and Yokohama. It was a truly Filipino affair with *lechon* [roast suckling pig] and *dinuguan* as the main attractions at lunch time.

The main purpose of the gathering was to organize a Filipino association of Japan, the *Kapisanan ng mga Pilipino sa Nippon (Kapini)* and draft a resolution pledging loyalty and support to President Laurel and "cooperation for the successful prosecution of the Great East Asia War."

Charge d'Affaires Francisco Lavidés presided over the affair assisted by Secretaries of the Embassy Leon Guerrero and Sychangco. Among those present were the Filipino pensionados now in Tokyo and Yokohama, Dr. Manalang (now temporarily in Tokyo), Radio Tokyo men such as Norman Reyes, Leony Manalang, Moises Bautista, B. Javier, Balais, Filipino boxers "Joe" Eagle, "Baby" Gustilo, "Baby" Valdez, etc. Leony Manalang and "Joe" Eagle brought their Japanese wives and kids along.

*At the Nagasakis.* After the affair at the Embassy, dropped in at the Nagasakis with Pena and Quiambao. Played pingpong.

JUNE 5, 1944 (MONDAY)

As part of our training at school, we ran about 6 or 7 kilometers at double time from Kudan Hill to the Imperial Palace and back through Hibiya Park, about 40 minutes' running. I thought I would not make it, and I think it was sheer *amor proprio* that kept my legs going. This is the first time since Malacanan that we ran at double time for such a long distance.

JUNE 6, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Received drill uniforms this p.m. (color: olive drab). Not bad. We should have received them long ago but somehow did not through some "dirty trick."

Paid Y33, my bill at the Photo Developing Studio at Meguro.

Played judo with Sanvictores at Kōdōkan after a week of having laid low.

JUNE 7, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

News of the long-awaited landing by the Allies on the Western coast of France was published in the newspapers this morning.

Woke up this morning with all the muscles in my back paining me as a result of the other day's *kakeashi* [double-time] and yesterday's judo. Went home to lie down and rest after our morning classes.

JUNE 8, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Feast of Corpus Christi. Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's.

*Imperial University (Teikoku Daigaku)*. After class this p.m. went with Cruz to visit the Imperial University at Hongō. Entering the main portal of this huge university, I was at once impressed by its dignified appearance. We walked along a driveway lined with *ichō* trees (maidenhair tree), beautifully green in summer, leading to the main buildings on the campus, the main one at the center built in typical university fashion, with tower and big clock. We walked around the campus and for a short while enjoyed a truly university atmosphere.

*Books*. Outside the university premises, we went shopping in the long line of book stores fronting the university. Bought the following:

<i>Japan in Advance</i> . . . . .	Y6.00 (2 vols.)
<i>Drama in the Pacific</i> . . . . .	3.00
<i>When Japan Fights</i> . . . . .	2.00
<i>Japan's Goal of Expansion</i> . . . . .	2.50
	<hr/>
	Y13.50

JUNE 9, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Stayed in bed the whole day today, with severe pains in my back, the effect of judo and of the other day's double-time.

*Fire.* Fire broke out a few hundred meters from our dormitory, and from the rooftop we could see the huge flames devouring the house. (We can imagine the damage and panic that a big fire would cause in such a crowded place as Tokyo.)

JUNE 10, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*New Bunch of Pensionados Arrive.* At 10:00 this a.m., the new bunch of 25 pensionados from the P.I. arrived at Tokyo station. I was not able to welcome them (still sick in quarters), but the other Constabulary boys did.

JUNE 11, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church. I thought I would not finish the mass, as I felt suddenly ill. Returning home, I went to bed and stayed home the whole day.

Met two new pensionados from Mindanao who came to the dormitory this morning. From them, we learned of conditions prevailing in the Philippines. We did not received very good news, and we are a little worried, especially we Constabulary officers.

At noon today, there was a gathering at Hongōryō, the dormitory of the new pensionados. Unfortunately, I was not able to go and meet the new boys. I am expecting a letter. I hope it comes. General Sugusawa of the Constabulary and Teresita Vargas wrote us nice letters.

JUNE 12, 1944 (MONDAY)

Spent the day still sick in quarters. Wrote letters the whole morning. Read George Enosawa's biography of Quezon [*Manuel L. Quezon, from Nipa Hut to Malacanan*] and an old issue of *Look* in the afternoon.

JUNE 13, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Still sick in quarters. Finished reading K. Satomi's *Discovery of Japanese Idealism*.

Tonight received Y470 from the Philippine Society to pay my dental bill. Of this amount, I have to pay back Y235 for which I signed a promissory note. However, I will try to fix it so as to have this canceled as I do not want to return to the Philippines as a debtor.

Talked to General Satō about this problem before going to bed tonight but did not get results.

JUNE 14, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

My teeth have been finally fixed this p.m., and I paid Y470 in cold cash. I am quite satisfied with the job, but it still has to stand the test of time and use.

Played pingpong at the Nagasakis.

JUNE 15, 1944 (THURSDAY)

The air-raid alarm is on (6:00 p.m.). Everyone is rushing home expecting an air-raid any moment. I hope they do not come tonight.

*Fight.* In the streetcar this p.m. Quiambao got into trouble with a Japanese. They came to blows, and I had to intervene. This is the first time I have seen a fight in a public place since I arrived in Japan about a year ago, and a Pinoy had to be in the thick of it!

JUNE 16, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Nippon Shoseki Kabushiki Kaisha (Japan Textbook Publishing Company).* At 3:30 this p.m. we visited the Ministry of Education's immense publishing house which prints the textbooks used in all primary schools in Japan. We saw the process of printing, cutting, folding, binding and final packing of thousands upon thousands of books. The plant prints about 4,000,000 copies every month we were told. For souvenirs we were given copies of Japanese textbooks and a catalogue of the company.

*Air Raid.* The alarm is still on, and there seems to be something tense in the situation. People are jittery, expecting the raiders to come any moment. The Japanese newspapers published the bombing by enemy bombers of a few places in Kyushu with "no damage." Tonight one of us reported having seen anti-aircraft bursts in the sky lasting for quite a time.

*Pictures from the Philippines.* General Satō showed us many pictures taken in the P.I. during his term as Director of the Luzon Branch of the Japanese Military Administration.

JUNE 17, 1944 (SATURDAY)

The newspapers published vague details about the bombings in Northern Kyushu and Southern Korea. The air-raid alarm is still on in Tokyo, and danger is still in the air. People are getting jittery.

JUNE 18, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Went shopping at Shinjuku this morning with Pena and Quiambao and bought a few things to bring back to the P.I. These last few weeks we have been going shopping whenever there is a chance to do so in preparation for our return home. I have bought so many things already, ranging from Japanese dolls and books to powder and buttons and needles. So far I have spent more than Y200 on these things alone.

The air raid alarm was lifted at noon today, and the streets are again teeming with Tokyo's millions who for two days stayed at home waiting for any emergency.

Tonight had my solo picture taken at a friend's studio at Shinjuku.

*Air Raid.* As I write this (9:00 p.m.) the air raid alarm is being sounded. Another alert!

JUNE 19, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

At midnight last night we were awakened by the air-raid warden to warn us of the gravity of the situation, advising us to take all precautions against an air raid.

*Dr. Jose Rizal's Birthday.* At 4:00 p.m. a simple but impressive program was held at the Embassy in connection with Rizal's Birthday. All Filipino residents in Tokyo and Yokohama (including the new pensionados) and prominent representatives from the Daitōa and Army Ministries were present.

Eddie Vargas delivered the English version of Rizal's "El Ultimo Adios." For merienda there were biscuits and cookies and *lumpia* [spring rolls].

We met Baron and Baroness Masuda, the former having been to the Philippines recently.

After the program, the pensionados, old and new, remained at the Embassy, and we held an impromptu musical program. Baron Masuda contributed several piano selections. He played modern pieces very well. Villarín showed a few tricks of magic, and Tony Paredes worked on the piano. It was a very jolly affair. The party broke up at 7:30 p.m.

I stayed in the Embassy with Bobby Vargas till 9:00 p.m. to listen to interesting news.

JUNE 20, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Shopping.* After class, bought a cute, small razor (Y5.74) and a silver bracelet with small pearls inlaid in shell-like trinkets (Y17.60) at the Imperial Hotel Arcade.

Finished reading tonight the *Short History of Japan* by [E. W.] Clement which I found very interesting and revealing.

JUNE 21, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

The newspapers these last few days have been playing up the new weapons being used by the Germans in England—the pilotless planes and meteor bombs.

JUNE 22, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Went shopping alone at Ginza after classes this p.m. At Mikimoto's saw the beautiful pearl rings and necklaces which I intend to buy some time before going home. Bought *peinetas* [ornamental combs] at Mitsukoshi and Matsuya Department Stores.

JUNE 23, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Waseda University.* Accompanied by a Formosan friend, I went with Cruz, Pena and Sison to visit Waseda University, which is about 10 minutes' bus ride from our dormitory. The university campus and buildings have a very dignified appearance, something like the Imperial University with its typical tower and lanes lined by trees.

We dropped in at the library and going over the index files in the English section, I noticed there were many English books about the Philippines, about an inch thick of index cards. We also saw the historic residence with its beautiful garden of Marquis [Shigenobu]

Ōkuma, founder of the university and one of Japan's foremost leaders. Marquis Ōkuma's statue in the center of the university stands out conspicuously among the buildings and trees. Took a few souvenir pictures.

Bought a French language book (Y3) at a second-hand book store outside the university premises.

*Manila Tribune*. Received several copies of the *Tribune* tonight through General Satō.

JUNE 24, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Greek Orthodox Church*. Visited this church at Kanda after classes this p.m. It is a big cathedral with dome and all, bigger and nicer than any of the Catholic churches in Tokyo I have seen so far.

JUNE 25, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's Church.

*Banquet by Catholic Ladies League of Japan*. After mass at Kanda Church, there was a sumptuous banquet given at the "Seiyōken" at Ueno Park attended by Charge d'Affaires Lavides, the Embassy staff and the pensionados. The affair was put on by the Catholic Ladies League on the occasion of the safe return to Tokyo of the first group of Catholic sisters and lay teachers dispatched to the Philippines. After the banquet there were the usual speeches.

We enjoyed talking to the teachers who just arrived from the P.I. about two weeks ago, and they all seemed to have enjoyed their one and a half year's stay in the P.I.

We sang "No Mas Amor Que El Tuyo," "Eucharistic Congress Hymn" and "Aikoku no Hana" for our hosts. At the banquet table, I sat with Mrs. Takamine and her two daughters who later invited us to their home for dinner next Sunday.

It was a very enjoyable and quite a big affair with nearly 100 guests present.

(Before going to the "Seiyōken" this morning, we killed time at Felix Maruyama's (Pinoy) place at Ueno. Miss Okamoto was with us.)

*Nisei*. After the affair at Ueno, with Sison I made new friends—Betty and Mamie Muraoka, second-generation Japanese (American-born). I found them very nice and hospitable, and I hope to drop in at their place at Toritsukōkō again.

JUNE 27, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Bought celluloid combs and a fancy *peineta* for *pasalubong* at Mitsukoshi. Also bought a nice silk bandana (Y8).

JUNE 28, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Tokyo Suijō Keisatsusho* (*Tokyo Water Police Station*). At 2:00 p.m., as part of our school schedule, we visited the Tokyo Water Police Station on the bank of the Sumida River. The Station Chief received us, and, boarding two police motor boats, we enjoyed a nice ride along Tokyo's principal river (like Manila's own Pasig), passing under huge steel bridges that spanned it.

The Kachidoki-bashi Bridge near the mouth of the river (which leads out to Tokyo Bay) looks like Manila's Quezon Bridge but is much longer and is of the type that opens up in the middle to let big steamers in. Other bridges under which our motor boats sped by were the Eitai-bashi, which looks like Manila's Colgante Bridge, and Kiyosu-bashi, like Manila's Ayala.

The scene along the Sumida River is not different from the Pasig with launches and *cascos* [flat-bottomed boats] continuously passing by.

We visited a typical police outpost at a strategic point along the river, and its functions were explained to us. There are police outposts at every strategic point along the river to supervise traffic and maintain peace and order. The Tokyo Water Police Station, which is part of the Metropolitan Police Board, has total personnel of about 350 men, plus 150 launch drivers to operate the station's 80 motor boats. Its organization is similar to ordinary police stations.

This has been a very fruitful afternoon, and we specially enjoyed the motor boat ride.

*B-29 Exhibit.* At Matsuya Department Store at Ginza we saw on exhibit the first pictures taken of the bombing in North Kyushu two weeks ago. Parts of the "Flying Fortresses" wreckage were also on display. (Japs impressed.)

Mr. Uehara, secretary of the Osaka Branch of the Philippine Society of Japan, took dinner with us tonight. I talked to him for quite a long time on the subject of religion, especially Buddhism and Shintoism.



JUNE 29, 1944 (THURSDAY)

St. Peter and St. Paul. Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's University.

Visited the new pensionados at Hongōryō this afternoon. Tony Paredes gave me Philippine stamps which I intend to give to my friends.

JUNE 30, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Am taking my judo lessons at Kōdōkan more seriously, and I think I notice a little improvement.

JULY 1, 1944 (SATURDAY)

This is the second month of summer, and it is getting terribly hot. Bought *Manchukuo—A Bird's-Eye View* by James Scherer at Kanda, ¥1.80.

Desiderio and de Leon are here at the dormitory tonight to spend their weekend in Tokyo. They are attending the Police School in Yokohama.

Ambassador Vargas is expected to arrive tomorrow evening from his furlough in Manila. Pepito A. Santos is also coming with him.

JULY 2, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Sofia's. Met the Sawadas in church and gave Toshiko-san a few Philippine stamps.

At 9:45 a.m., saw Mr. Yasuhiro Gō, a friend who is leaving tomorrow on an important mission. Since he had not much time to see Quiambao and me, we met him at Shinjuku and went around with him, talking all the way. He had to drop in at a friend's place to "fix up" a marriage. Being a sort of a "go-between," he had to secure a picture of the would-be bride for "examination" by the would-be groom before final "hitching-up" arrangements were made.

*At Mrs. Takamine's Home.* At 6:00 p.m. we (Quiambao, Sison, David, Cruz and I) were guests of Mrs. Takamine and her two daughters Sadako-san and Yukiko-san at their beautiful mansion at Ōtsuka. We had a sumptuous dinner with meat, salad, cakes, etc. and specially appreciated the very enjoyable company of the Takamines. Mrs.

Takamine speaks very fluent English, having been to America with her husband who is a famous scientist and professor at the Imperial University. After dinner we held an impromptu concert with the two daughters playing the piano.

JULY 3, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Letters from Home.* At 8:00 this morning dropped in at the Embassy and got letters from the Philippines brought by Ambassador Vargas.

*With Mr. Gō.* At 4:00 p.m. today saw Mr. Yasuhiro Gō at his home at Akasaka. We again went around with him, helping him with a few packages. We met the undersecretary of the cabinet at his office in front of the Premier's residence.

At Shinbashi Station I nearly got hurt trying to board a train which had already gathered considerable speed. We had to catch the train to deliver some packages to Miss Yuriko Gō who was on her way to Hakone.

Mr. Yasuhiro Gō is leaving tonight for "somewhere" in the mid-Pacific, and before he left he gave me as a present the book *Life of Prince Ito* by K. Hamada. He seems to be a nice fellow, and I hope to see him again.

*Promotions.* This morning we were all so happy to receive official communications from President Laurel promoting all the rest of the officers of our group who had not been promoted yet. They are Cruz, Velarde, Villarin, Sison, and Pena.

JULY 4, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Lecture of Prof. Victor Freue.* At 1:30 this afternoon we heard the lecture of Dr. Victor Freue, a German naturalized Chinese, graduate of the University of Munich, an eccentric old man of 62, who spoke on "You and the War." We had been looking forward to this lecture since last week, being the first lecture in English since our arrival in Tokyo. But, personally, I was disappointed and not at all impressed by the doctor's lecture. (I think the other boys agree with me on this.)

The doctor started his lecture emphasizing science as the basis of all study, lambasting Christianity as superstition and supernaturalism as hypocrisy. But I think his lecture was nothing but a series of contra-

dictions—all assertions without proof. Perhaps the professor thought we would take everything and anything he said as gospel truth. Although the topic of his lecture was “You and the War,” he talked of many things but never really got to the point of his subject. He lambasted all other systems, including the German, and praised Japan’s as the perfect model of government, and this he said was his greatest discovery attained upon making “a scientific analysis of Japan.”

He classified Christianity as “a second edition of Judaism,” called Hitlerism an “invented myth” and described German philosophy as “nonsense”; he scoffed at democracy and freedom and ended his long lecture by wishing all of us the blessings of Amaterasu Ōmikami (the Japanese Sun Goddess). Nuts!

After the lecture, I did not feel it worthwhile to make his talk the subject of questions, but I was afraid our silence might be misconstrued as assent to everything he said, so I stood up to shoot a few questions, followed by the others. He could not even answer our simple questions but always tended to evade them with his characteristic eccentricities.

Present during the lecture were officials from the Daitōa Ministry who listened silently during his lecture and interpellations. I wonder what they were thinking as the old professor was delivering his lecture.

*Air Raid Alarm.* Alert was sounded at 9:00 a.m. this morning.

*Books.* Bought Y10 worth of books at Hokuseidō Publishing Co.

#### JULY 5, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Stayed the whole day in bed sick with a bad stomach and a sprained (or strained) left knee which happened while doing judo the other day.

The alert was on the whole day yesterday and today was lifted at 6:00 p.m.

#### JULY 6, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Stayed home the whole day still with a bad stomach and a swollen knee.

Finished reading *Drama of the Pacific* and started to read *Japanese Omelette*, both by Major R. V. Bodley.

JULY 7, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Attended class this morning, but my knee was still bad.

Visited Felix Marzan, the *kababayan*, at a downtown Ueno restaurant to talk to him about a deal I am trying to push through.

Visited the Nagasakis at 5:00 p.m. to give them the *estampitas* I received from the Philippines. Learning that I had a sprained knee, they very kindly bandaged it and treated it with liniment.

It is not so warm now as it had been the last few weeks.

JULY 8, 1944 (SATURDAY)

The Japanese evening papers published the news of the bombing of Kyushu by American B-29's at 2:00 this morning. There was, however, no alert alarm in Tokyo.

JULY 9, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*National Library at Ueno.* Spent this Sunday morning at the Ueno National Library, going over the rows of index cards to see what English books there are in this library. I was disappointed not to find even one book on the Philippines or by a Filipino author, the library of Waseda University being very much better with several books on the P.I. There were many Japanese students poring over books in the vast reading room. I paid Y.10 entrance fee, which entitled me to borrow books to be read within the library and surrendered before leaving the place. Comparing our own National Library or the library of the University of the Philippines, I think ours are not behind.

From the library, I took a walk just by myself in Ueno Park and along the rowing lake nearby, which was then packed with people enjoying their Sunday off on a hot summer day. I took my lunch at the "Jūraku," the restaurant where Felix Marzan, Filipino, is the chief cook. He gave me good food, and I enjoyed his kindness.

At 2:00 p.m., visited Maning Laurel, Nene Vargas and Bert Lavidés at the Daitōa Hospital, all of them having been operated on for appendicitis. From the hospital, I went with Pepito A. Santos shopping at Shinjuku. Bought a few things, from toothbrushes to hairpins.

After dinner tonight had my sprained knee massaged at a nearby massage clinic. Then visited a few friends at Shinjuku.

JULY 11, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Went with Pepito A. Santos to Ginza to shop at Mikimoto's pearl shop where we stayed nearly two hours breaking our heads trying to pick from among the beautiful rings and jewelry on display. I bought two pearl rings (Y63 and Y33) and another with small jade stones (Y99) for Nene Vargas who asked me to pick out one for him intended for his g.f. Pepito bought rings for his sisters and g.f. I hope I can send these things home through Counsellor Lavides who is leaving soon.

JULY 12, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Tokyo Central Wholesale Market (Tokyo-to Chūō Oroshiuri Shijō)*. At 2:00 p.m. today we visited this huge wholesale market near the Sumida River. Fresh supplies of fish and vegetables are brought into this market from all parts of Japan by means of railway and water transport which run right into the market which is just at the estuary of the Sumida River which flows out to Tokyo Bay. We saw the process of manufacturing big blocks of ice used for preserving fish, and we entered the refrigeration room at a temperature of 14° below 0, leaving us with hardened fingers and ears. This market handles fish and vegetables worth Y300,000,000 yearly, we were told.

Visited Miss Yuriko Gō and had a nice *merienda*. She gave me Japanese views in a folder.

*Just One More Month!* Tonight General Satō announced to us that the plan for our travel has been almost decided and that we are scheduled to return to the P.I. by the 15th of the month of August. That means just one more month!

JULY 13, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*At Baron Masuda's Place.* Tonight I visited Maning Laurel who is boarding at Baron Masuda's home at Kōjimachi. He just left the hospital this morning after an appendectomy operation. We had a nice time chatting with Baron and Baroness Masuda, who were so kind and hospitable. We also enjoyed listening to both of them alternating at the piano.

Baron Masuda is a naval captain, and he just arrived from the P.I. and he says he likes the Pinoy very much. He is like a regular Pinoy

himself; speaks very good English and plays modern pieces at the piano. He is returning to the Philippines shortly, and I hope to meet him there again.

(Tried judo this afternoon, but my leg is still bad. Unfortunately, I will not be able to take the exams on judo this Saturday.)

JULY 14, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Counsellor Lavides left for Fukuoka this morning on his way to the Philippines. I entrusted to him the two pearl rings which I bought at Mikimoto's. I hope he delivers them.

Saw Felix Marzan at Ueno and then dropped in at Neo Studio after dinner.

The news of our return to the P.I. in one month has kept us all very excited. We only hope we ride in a plane, and that would make it just perfect.

JULY 15, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Visited the Nagasakis this p.m.

Failed to take the exams at the Kōdōkan because of my sprained knee. Sison and Duque did, and I think they made good.

JULY 16, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's.

Spent whole morning cleaning my room and fixing my things.

At 2:00 p.m. dropped in at Ueno to see Felix Maruyama. Met Mrs. Manalang and Teddy Rodriguez with his girl friend. Took dinner with them. From Ueno, went with Felix to a friend's house to push through a deal; then watched Felix play billiards at a hall in Kanda.

JULY 17, 1944 (MONDAY)

Had exams in school. We were told to write in Nippongo the workings of a police outpost in Japan.

*With Baroness Tōgō.* After class this p.m. with Quiambao, visited Baroness Tōgō, wife of Baron Tōgō, member of the House of Peers, at her residence at Aoyama Minami-chō. The baroness and her beautiful daughter-in-law entertained us so very hospitably. We enjoyed talking

to them and listening to records of Hawaiian songs, some of which were composed by a son of the Baroness. Before leaving the place, the Baroness gave each of us beautiful Japanese fans as souvenirs. I hope we visit her again.

*At the Hospital.* Dropped in at Daitōa Hospital tonight to visit Villarin, Nene Vargas and Johnny de Leon.

JULY 18, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Dropped in at the Embassy at 3:00 this p.m. to type a letter of request to the Ambassador. We are trying to negotiate a loan of Y500 to do some shopping before we go home.

Went to Ueno to see Felix Maruyama. The deal we had been trying to push through these last two weeks went through all right but not as perfectly as I expected. I think there was something fishy about it, but it is all part of the game, and I do not think I was too much at the end of the stick.

Mr. Fuji, our professor in constitutional law, commenting on the composition in English on the Japanese national policy and constitution which we submitted to him a few days ago, said he was impressed by our English and added: "The Americans surely taught you good English!"

JULY 19, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

At 9:45 this a.m. today, exactly one year ago, we arrived in Tokyo Station—one year of pleasant and unpleasant experiences in the Land of the Rising Sun, one phase in my young life I shall never forget!

So many things have happened during this last year since our arrival in Tokyo. Upon our arrival, the campaign in Sicily was at its height; while having our summer vacations at Karuizawa last August, Italy surrendered; last June the second front stole the show and Normandy became the scene of operations; and finally, this morning's papers published the news of the fall of Saipan, which means that the enemy has pierced the periphery of Japan's vital defense.

We have barely one month to go, but things are developing so fast, only God knows what will happen next. Luckily this past year, in spite of our many unpleasant experiences, has not been so bad after all. To think that we have been spared the many sufferings of those fight-

ing at the fronts and those undergoing the harrowing experiences of daily bombings is indeed a matter for thanksgiving. Now our hope and prayer is to make the best of this last month and to go home safely, by plane if possible.

I intended to hear mass this morning but could not make it due to conflict with our dormitory schedule.

*Tsudajuku Senmon Gakko* (*Tsuda Technical School for Girls*). Accompanied by General Satō, we visited this famous girls' college situated one hour's ride from Tokyo Station. The school, a beautiful and imposing structure, is in an ideal site in the country, far from the hustle and bustle of the city. We visited the classrooms and workshops where we saw the *colegialas* diligently working on plane parts, doing their bit in the prosecution of the war.

The course offered in this college takes 3 or 4 years for girls who have finished the Jōgakkō (high school), and, in fact, it has the standard of a university. This is one of the best colleges for the teaching of English in Japan, and we saw classes conducted solely in English by Japanese teachers who spoke very fluent and well-pronounced English.

On the college campus is the tomb of Miss Tsuda, founder of the college, a graduate of an American university. Though we were impressed by how high-class the college is, we were surprised to learn that the tuition fee is comparatively low: Y140 a year for the science course and Y100 a year for the English course. The interns who live in the college dormitories pay Y18 a month.

We left the college truly impressed by Japan's educational system. Our walk from the school to the tram station, among cedars and bamboo, in the cool shade of big *sakura* trees, was a nice experience on a sultry summer day.

*Celebration.* To celebrate the first anniversary of our arrival in Tokyo, we had beer and good food at the dormitory tonight. We invited Mr. Felape, a Burmese student, our classmate at the Constabulary Lecture Hall.

(Learned today of the mass resignation of Premier's cabinet, close on the heels of the announcement of the fall of Saipan.)

JULY 20, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Dai-Nippon Biru Kaisha* (*Great Japan Beer Company*). This after-



noon went on *kengaku* to one of the biggest beer factories in Japan. This company produces "Asahi," "Ebisu" and "Sapporo" beer and runs Manila's BBB [Balintawak Beer Brewery] and San Miguel. It is capitalized at Y100,000,000 and produces 35,000 bottles daily.

We visited the huge boilers, refrigeration rooms, barrel and bottle cleaning machines and actually saw beer being bottled and packed for shipment. At the company's beer hall, we were served beer to our hearts' content. I only drank 4 or 5 glasses, and I felt a little tipsy and dizzy. We made a jolly party out of it, singing and dancing among ourselves. Some of our instructors (Japs) got more than tipsy and almost drunk.

Dropped in at Neo's tonight with Quiambao.

JULY 21, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Went shopping at the Imperial Hotel and bought books at Kyōbunkan: *Japan Year Book, 1943-1944*, *History of Japanese Education* and *Kanji Dictionary*.

Presented to Ambassador Vargas our petition for a loan of Y500 each. Hope he acts favorably.

JULY 22, 1944 (SATURDAY)

At Tokyo Station, we (Quiambao and I) took the 5:25 p.m. train for Hakone, to spend the weekend as guests of Miss Yuriko Gō. It was raining hard when the train left the station. Our trip was quite enjoyable, the rain relieving us of the heat of summer. At about 8 p.m. we arrived at Odawara Station from where we took a special tram that took us through the zig-zagging course up the mountains. There were many acute 45°-angled curves and arriving at each of these points, our tram had to change tracks to make the ascent. It was during this part of the trip that we met a thunderstorm, and our tram was held up on the way about half an hour.

At about 10:00 p.m. we finally reached Gōra station where a guide was waiting for us to take us to an inn where Quiambao and I spent the night. The country cottage of Miss Gō is just beside the inn, and it was in this cottage that we took a good bath in the sulphur spring water for which this place is famous.

Miss Gō and her mother prepared a good dinner which we enjoyed immensely. It was past twelve midnight when we finally returned to the inn.

JULY 23, 1944 (SUNDAY)

After a good night's rest away from the bustle of Tokyo, I woke up very early this morning, breathing the fresh country air of Gōra. Dressing hurriedly, I left the inn and started to reconnoiter the place, looking for a Catholic Church. It was a nice early morning walk in Gōra Kōen, the newest district in the Hakone National Park, which is definitely far better than Karuizawa where we spent our summer vacations last year.

I was finally able to locate the St. Joseph's School, run by Brothers of Mary, just in time for the 7:00 mass. Went to confession and communion. There were a few Frenchmen and a German who attended the early mass. This school was formerly at Yokohama and evacuated to this new place at the start of the Greater East Asia War.

After a good breakfast at Miss Gō's cottage, we started out on the day's excursion to the important places in the Hakone district. At Miyanoshita we visited the famous Fujiya Hotel where we took a few snapshots. From Miyanoshita, we went by bus to Hakone-machi on the shores of beautiful Ashinoko Lake. We took lunch at the Hakone Hotel, a branch of the Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita. Right after lunch we took the launch from Moto Hakone, across the lake to Kojiri. It was a nice ride on the lake, but unfortunately we missed the sight of Mt. Fuji and its reflection on the lake (for which this place is famous) because of the thick fog. From Kojiri we again took a bus which brought us to Kami-Gōra from which we hiked about one kilometer, arriving home at 5:00 p.m. after a complete round of Hakone National Park.

The whole day's excursion was very thrilling. Trying to catch the train and bus and the boat in the lake was very exciting, especially because we were almost always just in time. The beautiful zig-zag, mountain and lake views really make Hakone one of the twelve beautiful National Parks of Japan.

Leaving Gōra at 7:00 p.m., we arrived in Tokyo at about 10:30 p.m. We escorted Miss Gō to her home, and it was past midnight when

we sneaked into the dormitory through a window in the backyard after what was a really perfect weekend.

JULY 24, 1944 (MONDAY)

Busy the whole day finishing my graduation thesis due tomorrow. Working till late tonight and finally finished writing 26 pages.

JULY 25, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Submitted our graduation thesis today—*On the Japanese Police System and the Future of the Police Administration in the Philippines and My Impressions of the Police Training Course at the Keisatsu Kōshūjo.*

*Party at Masuda Mansion.* After class this p.m. we were invited to Baron and Baroness Masuda's residence for a get-together of Filipino pensionados. (Baron Masuda came from the P.I. and will again visit the Islands in two months.)

It was the most enjoyable party we have ever attended since we arrived in Japan. There was plenty of good, good music and pleasant company. A certain Miss Masako Minami, dressed in South American costume a la Carmen Miranda, entertained us with modern songs. She is Japanese with German blood, and she does not look a bit Japanese, especially in that dress. An impromptu musical program was held, and the Pinoys showed off too. Mrs. Masuda in beautiful evening dress, wearing a pearl necklace around her neck, played the piano alternately with her husband, who also played divinely. The party broke up at about 10:00 o'clock.

*At Pete Sawada's Place.* From the Masuda's place, I went with Sison and Duque to Pete Sawada, son of Ambassador Sawada to Burma, to arrange for the party he intends to give us next Friday. It is going to be a party for those of us who take judo lessons at the Kōdōkan where we met Pete Sawada often.

JULY 26, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

The Koiso-Yonai cabinet is now in the news limelight. Reshuffles in the government are being made, and the whole nation is following with close interest the development of events. (Tōjō fell with Saipan.)

*Death of Mr. Balais.* We learned this morning of the tragic death of Mr. Balais in a plane crash. He left a few days ago on his way to the Philippines, and we never thought he was going to meet such a tragic fate. Mr. Balais was a nice fellow. He was working at the Kokusai Bunka Kyōkai (International Culture Society) and was returning to the Philippines for reasons of health. May God grant him eternal rest!

JULY 27, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Visited Miss Yuriko Gō at her home with Quiambao. She showed us her *bonseki* [tray-landscape] paintings and demonstrated to us how to do it. It is done with fine colored sand and stone on a black lacquer board. Mountain, seashore and country scenes come out very well in this type of painting.

JULY 28, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Judo Party.* At Pete Sawada's place at Kōjimachi, there was a judo party for those of us who take lessons at Kōdōkan: Sison, Duque, Sanvictores and I. Two Germans from the embassy, Messrs. Salvatorre and Rohrer, who also take lessons at the Kōdōkan, were there too. We took snapshots at the roof-garden in different poses with our judo suits on.

The dinner was exquisite, and we had a little beer, too. After dinner, we sang songs with the accompaniment of the guitar, ukelele and accordion. The two Germans sang native songs. Pete and Steve Sawada sang a lot of American songs. We sang Pinoy folk songs. It was a very enjoyable party which broke up at 9:30 p.m. Mrs. Sawada and her daughter, Mary, helped entertain us.

JULY 29, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Despedida Party.* The Nagasakis gave us (Quiambao, Pena and I) a *despedida* party at their home tonight. A Japanese Jesuit was there, too. Beautiful Japanese fans and a nice lacquer set were the gifts each of us received. We enjoyed the exquisite dinner and the kind hospitality of this Japanese family whom I shall never forget. Whenever I drop in at their home, I always feel at home, and their family life re-

minds me of my own home and those of my friends in Manila. My only regret is that I have not met more families of this sort in Tokyo.

Tired and very sleepy arrived at the dormitory at 11:30 p.m.

*Last Class Day.* Today was the last day in our 3-month course at the Keisatsu Kōshūjo. How we were able to stand these three months of continuous lectures in a language we could hardly understand is still beyond me. Even our instructors in their parting speeches mentioned the "patience" with which we listened to their lectures. We are glad it is all over, and on Monday we shall be receiving our graduation diplomas. We are now looking forward to our trip which will be the last phase of our stay in Japan.

JULY 30, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

Stayed all morning at home and in the afternoon visited the Masudas and later the Gōs.

JULY 31, 1944 (MONDAY)

*GRADUATION.* At long last, at 10:00 a.m., our graduation ceremonies were held at the Keisatsu Kōshūjo, and we received our "well-earned" but still "unreadable" diplomas. The affair was very simple but well attended by high ranking officers of the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Board, the Great East Asia Ministry, the International Students Association, and our instructors, professors, and lecturers. There were about 80 people who saw the 11 of us (including Mon Felape, a Burmese) graduate.

Speeches were short. Duque delivered the response in excellent Japanese, to the admiration of all present. The luncheon after the ceremonies was held amidst a funereal atmosphere. Nobody seemed to be in the mood for chatting, and before we knew it, the banquet was over.

This morning's diploma is the fourth I have received from the Japanese, including one at Del Pilar [POW] Camp, one at the Constabulary Academy, and another at the International Students Institute last March. (What will my people say!)

The last three months, which has been the length of our course, went by quite fast. It seems only yesterday that we held our opening ceremonies, and this morning we suddenly found ourselves "full-

fledged graduates" with diplomas in hand! Everything so far has gone on well. I only hope everything turns out as scheduled.

This p.m. I was down with a terrible cold.

AUGUST 1, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Woke up this morning early for our trip to Kamakura, exactly one hour from Tokyo Station.

*Hachimangū Shrine.* A police officer in plainclothes from the Kamakura Police Station was our guide for sight-seeing. The Hachimangū Shrine is a historic place of worship, and, like the one at Nagano, there are sacred doves here, too. The temple buildings are the typical Japanese shrines painted in red. The official in charge of the grounds (an official from the Imperial Household Ministry) received us, delivered a speech, and posed for a picture on the steps of the shrine.

*Daibutsu.* Our next visit was to the famous Daibutsu or Great Buddha, a few minutes' streetcar ride from the Hachimangū shrine. The statue of bronze, said to be 700-odd years old, has a dignified appearance in its huge dimensions. We went inside the Buddha and ascended a stairway up to the shoulders of the statue. A notice inside the image reads as follows: "Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever thy creed be, when thou enterest this sacred statue remember this is a *tathāgata*, the womb of the cosmic body, and should be entered with reverence and not contamination."

*Kamakura Bathing Beach.* At about 11:30 we took a nice swim at the famous beach of Kamakura, now packed with bathers seeking to escape the heat of Tokyo in summer. This is my first experience bathing in the Pacific Ocean, and my first, too, in Japanese waters. This part of the Pacific Ocean (Sagami Bay), I noticed, is rather cold, unlike the water in Pasay which is rather comfortably warm. Our beaches in Cavite, Bauan and Nasugbu are very much better than Kamakura's, but the latter looks more like a tourist resort with bathing houses and beach umbrellas everywhere.

Enoshima Island is visible from the beach. It is reached by a wooden bridge from the mainland. Did not have time to go there.

Along the street leading to the beach are shops selling beautiful shell trinkets. Bought a few.

*Yokohama.* At 2:30 we were met at the Yokohama Station by

another police officer in plainclothes who took us to the Kanagawa Prefectural Police Department, which occupies a beautiful building which is a landmark in Yokohama. Police Superintendent Nishihara, Chief of the Administration Section, who was at one time in the Philippines, received us in his office and posed for a picture in front of the building. We missed the parade of the Yokohama Emergency Police Unit which we were supposed to witness at 2:00.

At the Keisatsu Renshūjo (Police Training School), we visited the barracks and classrooms, and we were told all about the training. (In this school, Desiderio, Sinsuat and de Leon are undergoing training.)

Our next visit was to the Police Station of Isezaki. Here the Station Chief of Police showed us around the building and explained to us the workings of his office. From the roof garden of this station, we had a bird's-eye view of Yokohama. This is a rather beautiful city with hills all around and a nice harbor.

Walking at Isezaki Street, which is Yokohama's Ginza, we noticed how different Tokyo and Yokohama are. In the latter, there is not the conglomeration of people we see day in and day out in Tokyo. The shops are not very big, and traffic is not as heavy as in Tokyo.

When we reached the dormitory tonight at 8:00, we were all dead tired. This whole day has been very interesting. We saw so many places in such a short time.

#### AUGUST 2, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*General Cleaning.* Today is "general cleaning day" in all Tokyo. Cleaned my room, shined my shoes, and washed my clothes the whole morning. After a short nap, went shopping at Ginza. Bought Jazmin Perfume and combs.

*Death of President Quezon.* Read of his death in a Japanese newspaper. This is very sad news indeed. May God have mercy on his soul.

#### AUGUST 3, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Went shopping this morning.* Bought a snakeskin wallet, cigarette holders, and a pair of pearl earrings at the Imperial Hotel.

*At Mrs. Takamine's.* Was again at a tea party this p.m. at Mrs. Takamine's home. We enjoyed it immensely. Took snapshots in the garden.

*At Mrs. Kamewari's Place.* Tonight accompanied by Miss Yuriko Gō, I visited Mrs. Kamewari, wife of Mr. Kamewari who is now the manager of the Philippine Acetylene Co. in Manila. Mrs. Kamewari is young and rather nice-looking. We talked a lot about Manila and her husband, whom she is expecting home soon.

Tomorrow we leave for Gunma-ken.

AUGUST 4, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Out in the Country.* Early this morning we left Ueno Station for a 4-hour trip to Ugo in Gunma Prefecture on our way to Mt. Akagi for an overnight stay with the Japanese folks in the provinces. Town officials and the Chief of Police received us very hospitably, and a bus was placed at our disposal. From the town of Ugo where we rested a while, the bus took us to Akagi Jinja, a time-hallowed shrine built among tall cedars and cypresses. From here we hiked up to Chūjikan, a hotel built on top of a mountain. At this hotel we were given a most cordial welcome.

For dinner we had an exquisite menu (Japanese) with pure white rice which we had not tried for a long, long time (the rice we have been eating in Tokyo is the unpolished type with beans mixed with it.) After dinner a program was held in our honor. Folk dances by the townspeople were performed for us. We in turn sang Filipino songs and showed Filipino dances. All the guests at the hotel enjoyed seeing us. There was plenty of beer and Japanese sake, and we enjoyed the party to the last minute.

When the party broke up at 11:00 p.m., the full moon was up in the starlit sky, and the tall conical cedars, pines and cypresses tapering to the heavens were outlined beautifully against the skyline. It was a beautiful night. I could not help but stay up to look out of the balcony and admire the moonlight in the mountains.

AUGUST 5, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Took an early hot bath in the hotel's nice bathroom. After a sumptuous breakfast, wearing a comfortable *yukata* (Japanese summer kimono), took snapshots reconnoitering the neighborhood of the hotel along a nice brook, which reminded me of Antipolo's *batis* [stream].

Again had sumptuous lunch after which we hiked our way back to



where our bus was waiting for us to take us to town for our trip home. Took another line (the Tōbusen whose terminal is the Matsuya Department Store at Asakusa, Tokyo). The train was packed, and one of my bags was almost stolen. I was just in time to notice a stranger deliberately getting hold of my bag "by mistake." I overtook him just as he was about to step out of the train and recovered my bag from him without any quarrel.

Reached Tokyo at 7:00 p.m. tired and worn out but very happy after what had been a real treat by the provincial Japanese. On this trip, we experienced real Japanese rural hospitality which we shall never forget.

AUGUST 6, 1944 (SUNDAY)

*With the Sawadas.* Woke up early this morning to reach the 6:00 o'clock mass at Kasumichō's Sacred Heart Church. After mass and communion, took pictures with Mrs. Sawada and her two sons, officers of the army and navy. Was late at the 6:00 mass, so heard the 8:00 mass at St. Theresa's. This mass was held for the eternal repose of the soul of Mr. Gil Balais who recently died in a plane crash on his way to the Philippines.

*Party with the Niseis.* At Toritsukōkō, visited the Muraokas, American-born Japanese (Nisei). There was a nice gathering of a few Pinoys and their Nisei friends. Norman Reyes, Leni Manalang, Eddie and Bobby Vargas and others were there. The nice girls whose names I remember are Gracie, Kate, Marie, Betty, and Mamie. Norman Reyes gave us the surprise of our lives when after lunch he announced to all present his engagement to Miss Katherine Muraoka, a nice girl who I think will make a good wife. Took snapshots outdoors on a nearby golf course.

*Meeting of the Kapini.* At 3:00 the constitution of the *Kapini* was approved, and the election of officers held. Ambassador Vargas was elected Honorary President; Counsellor Lavides, President; Duque, Vice-President; Pepito Santos, Treasurer; and Teddy Rodriguez, Secretary.

A *lechonada* [meal featuring the serving of *lechon*] party was held after the meeting in the Embassy gardens, and then an impromptu program held in the presence of H.E., the Ambassador.

*Birthday Greetings.* Dropped in at the Nagasakis to greet Sueko-san on her birthday.

*Picture-Taking in Barong Tagalog.* Had my full-size picture taken at Neo Studio, a friend's place at Shinjuku. Wore the barong tagalog the whole day today, and the Japanese seem to like it.

It is 12:00 midnight now. I will rest now for tomorrow's trip to Nikkō.

AUGUST 7, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Trip to Nikkō.* Left Ueno Station at 9:30 a.m. for Nikkō, and, like our previous trip to Akagi a few days ago, we were given special privileges on the train. Changing cars upon arriving at Utsunomiya Station after a good three hours' ride, we soon noticed a change in the scenery with tall cryptomeria trees and rolling hills in view, and we knew then Nikkō would be the nice place it is advertised to be as Japan's No. 1 National Park. Past noon we finally reached Nikkō Station just in time to catch the tram car that took us to the Kanaya Hotel, close to the banks of the Daiya River across which spans the centuries-old sacred red bridge of Mihashi, so famous in Japanese history. After a short rest in our rooms at the hotel, we proceeded to the sacred shrines of Nikkō, and here we beheld in their full splendor the beautiful shrines built by Ieyasu Tokugawa, preserved in their ancient magnificence through the ages. We saw the Sanbutsudō or Three Buddhas' Altar, golden images of Amida Buddha, Batō-Kannon-sama and Senju-Kannon-sama. Passing from one shrine to another, we finally came to the Tōshōgū Temple, a real monument to the artistic genius of the Japanese. It is hard to describe the beauty of this particular temple. I have seen so many shrines and temples in Japan, and I have seen this (Yōmei-mon) Tōshōgū Temple in pictures, but I never realized how beautifully magnificent it actually is. Built in a background of centuries-old cryptomeria trees, close to the very heart of nature, the gold and white and vermilion colors of the intricate decorations of flowers, dragons, birds, and images stand out in their full magnificence, and I could not help but gasp in awe and admiration. We walked along the red lacquer floors of the corridors of the temple, admiring the artistic works of art done to the minutest detail. Just at the entrance of the flight of steps leading to the tomb of Ieyasu Tokugawa is carved

the famous *Nemuri-neko* or sleeping cat, this piece of art being attributed to the work of the famous [sculptor] Hidari Jingorō [(1594-1634)]. Passing through groves of tall cryptomeria trees, we came to the Nikkō Museum where we saw on display age-old treasures of Japan during the Tokugawa regime.

We left the compounds of the shrines impressed by their magnificence and still more impressed by how these have been preserved throughout the centuries for the present generations of Japanese to seek the works of their ancestors in their fresh beauty and splendor.

At the Kanaya Hotel, after a good dinner, we enjoyed ourselves at the piano, singing songs. We attracted quite a lot of attention, and before long not a few guests were gathered at the salon listening to our music and encouraging us with their applause. Among this group we met the hotel manager and, coincidentally, a daughter of Prince Tokugawa, the last of the living Tokugawas, the 18th direct descendant of Ieyasu who built the temples of Nikkō. (Prince Tokugawa was in the same dining room with us tonight.) Also met a certain Mrs. Toyoda, daughter of the fleet admiral. They all speak English, and we enjoyed talking to them.

AUGUST 8, 1944 (TUESDAY)

We had a nice restful sleep last night on this hotel's soft spring beds and feather pillows, and we did not feel like getting up early this morning.

After taking a few snapshots in front of the hotel with the daughter of Prince Tokugawa, we left at 9:00 a.m. for Lake Chūzenji. A special bus took us to Umagaeshi (meaning literally "return horse" as the ascent from this place is so steep that horses are supposed to go no further). Here we rode a cable car that carried us high up in the mountains on an almost perpendicular ascent.

Arriving at Chūzenji Lake at 11:00 we went to see the famous Kegon Falls which drop from Lake Chūzenji down to the rapids about 400 feet below. An elevator brought us down 325 feet from which we had a nice view of Kegon Falls. Back on Lake Chūzenji we went boating on the placid waters of this lake which is nearly 5,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by beautiful hills, with Mt. Nantai standing prominently in her symmetrical figure overlooking the lake and Kegon

Falls and the numerous rivers, rivulets, hills, and mountains in this vicinity.

On our way back, we were delayed by Sison's losing his wallet somewhere at the waterfalls. When we reached the cable car station, the line of waiting passengers was very long, and the car was just waiting for us to start. We were let in first, and it was only then that the cable car started after a delay of 20 minutes just because of us. It was very kind of the station authorities to wait for us, but we could not help feeling guilty at the thought of having delayed so many passengers.

From Umagaeshi to Nikkō Station, our bus ran at top speed, and we were just in time to take the 3:00 p.m. train for Tokyo.

This trip to Nikkō has been wonderful. Nikkō is so far the most beautiful spot in Japan we have ever seen. The Japanese proverb, "Don't say '*kekko*' (which means beautiful) until you see 'Nikkō'" is only too true, we found out after our trip to Nikkō.

AUGUST 9, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Day of preparation for our 10-day tour of the important cities in Japan which will start tomorrow.

*Loan from the Embassy.* Cable from the Philippines having been received authorizing our request for a loan of Y500 each, this morning we received the money from Secretary Sychangco who is the Embassy Finance Officer.

*Party at Mrs. Itō's Home.* At two o'clock this p.m., twelve of us pensionados (including Benjo Osias and Pet Vallejo who have just arrived from Kurume to resume their studies in Tokyo) went to the beautiful mansion of Mrs. Itō, a famed Japanese educator, president of the Yamato Gakuin (Girls' College) and one time representative of the Catholic Ladies League of Japan at the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress in Manila. Among the Catholic ladies present during the party were Mrs. Takamine and Mrs. Takashima who are the Catholic ladies we know quite well. We took snapshots in the beautiful garden, and during the *merienda* we enjoyed the games and singing. At the request of Mrs. Itō, we sang the Eucharistic Congress Hymn which brought back to our memory and to Mrs. Itō's that unforgettable event. In representation of the pensionados about to return to the Philippines,

I delivered a short speech in English, sincerely mentioning our relation with the Japanese Catholic ladies as being the best memory we are going to bring home to the Philippines.

*At Miss Gō's.* After the party at Mrs. Itō, dropped in at Miss Gō's for a visit. Mrs. Itō, wearing a nice evening dress, was there, too. She entertained us singing beautiful classical songs. She has a lovely voice, and we enjoyed listening to her.

AUGUST 10, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Start of Our 10-Day Tour.* At 9:00 a.m. the Tokyo Express left Tokyo Central Station with the ten Constabulary pensionados and one Burmese police student (Mr. Felape), accompanied by General Satō and Mr. Hirano of the Tourist Bureau. The trip to the city of Nagoya, our first stop, was long and tiresome. It was terribly hot and, fortunately, I was able to sleep most of the time and did not suffer much during the 6 hours' train ride.

This is the second time we pass this line, the first being last year upon our arrival when we took the train from Moji to Tokyo. But at that time, it was night and we did not see the nice country scenes we saw this morning.

*Reception by Nagoya Officials.* At 4:00 p.m. we were received at the Nagoya Station by representatives of the Nagoya city government. We passed through the separate corridor reserved for special guests, and a bus was waiting for us to take us to the Kankō Hotel, Nagoya's swankiest. While we were generally distributed two in one room, I was given a room all to myself, with bath.

*Banquet.* At 6:00 we were honored with a banquet by the city officials. Present during the function were the Chief of the Police Department of Aichi Prefecture (of which Nagoya is part), department head of the education office and others. We had a really exquisite dinner—beer, beefsteak and all.

AUGUST 11, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Air Raid Alarm.* At midnight last night the alert signal was sounded, and a couple of hours later the emergency signal awoke us from what was otherwise a very sound sleep. Hurriedly dressing up, we picked up our handbags and rushed to the basement floor which

serves as the hotel's underground air raid shelter. Here for about 2 hours we waited sleepily for the "all clear" signal which was sounded at about 4:00 a.m. (This is the first time we have experienced an emergency signal in Japan, the previous ones being merely alert signals which means you can still go on sleeping.)

*Zoological Garden.* The emergency air raid signal having been lifted, we went on with our scheduled plan. At 8:30 a.m., we visited the Higashiyama Dōbutsuen (Zoological Garden), the biggest and best in Japan, patterned after the ones in Germany. The Zoological Garden Superintendent showed us around. Of the animals worth seeing (and this is the first time I have seen them alive) were: hippopotamuses, kangaroos, tigers, lions, polar bears, Mongolian llamas (sheep), and giraffes. Special attractions were the *palabas* by the elephants and monkeys performed specially for us. Tea and apples were served at the Superintendent's office.

*Botanical Garden.* From the Zoological Garden, just a few minutes' bus ride, we went to the Higashiyama Shokubutsuen (Botanical Garden). Here the most interesting part was the greenhouse of tropical plants. We saw Philippine plants, such as gumamela, guava, dama de noche, papaya, coconut, mango, bananas, bougainvillea, and a variety of cactus. This greenhouse is specially air-conditioned to keep it tropically warm all through the year. The botanical garden's rest house is made of tropical materials such as bamboo and sawali. We felt very much at home being in such a tropical atmosphere.

*The Nagoya Castle and Imperial Detached Palace.* At 11:00 a.m. we visited the famous Nagoya Castle, a relic of feudal grandeur. Built upon a foundation of huge rocks piled one upon another, the many stories of the castle rise magnificently as a masterpiece of architecture and engineering. On the ends of the roof ridge are the world famous gold dolphins each about 7 feet high and costing a million yen. A daring thief scaled the heights of this castle and stole one golden scale from this dolphin, but he was later caught when trying to sell it.

The Imperial Detached Palace, like the other shrines and temples we have visited, has that ancient and ominous aspect. Beautiful paintings and fine works of woodcarving, many centuries old, can still be seen in their ancient beauty. Leaving the castle grounds, we were

presented by the Nagoya Chamber of Commerce with porcelain vases (for which Nagoya is famous) as souvenirs of our visit.

*The Anjō Poultry Farm, Agricultural Experimental Station, and Agricultural and Forestry School.* We visited these interesting places at 2:00 p.m. The Poultry Farm (Shūkeijo) is famous for the Nagoya chicken of world fame. We saw how these are raised on a scientific basis. There are also white Leghorns and ducks raised on this farm. By a scientific system of tags and labels, the chicken's family tree is traced. Injections are made into the fowl to avoid epidemics, which never occur on this farm we were told. We were also shown the incubators and were explained the process of hatching. Before leaving the farm, we were served fresh Nagoya soft-boiled eggs.

The Agricultural Experimental Station (Nōji Shikenjo) close to the poultry farm is several hectares of land planted with rice, wheat and vegetables. Under the supervision of experts, methods of planting and cultivation are studied.

Close to the Agricultural Experimental Station is the Nōrin Gakkō (Agricultural and Forestry School) training boys in agriculture and forestry at the same time that they take their middle school (high school course). At the disposal of the students is a vast tract of agricultural land and a mountain of forests which are the school's practical laboratory.

The visits this afternoon were interesting even in the matter of food. At the poultry farm we took eggs; at the experimental station, fresh peaches; and at the agricultural school, pears and fresh milk.

*Beer Party.* Back at the Kankō Hotel, we had a nice dinner and plenty of beer and Japanese sake. It was a jolly party and some of the boys were down and out and some too jolly. I drank two or three glasses of beer, but that was too much for me.

#### AUGUST 12, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Leaving the Kankō Hotel after a hearty breakfast (which included a pair of fresh Nagoya eggs like yesterday), we took the 9:00 a.m. train for Ujiamada, Mie Prefecture, to pay a visit to the Ise Grand Shrines.

A separate compartment was reserved for us on the train, and we were given special privileges. On the three-hour trip from Nagoya to Ujiamada, there is nothing worth mentioning except the long bridge

spanning the Kiso River (Japan's Rhine). It is very much longer than Pangasinan's Villasis, and I counted sixteen arches (spans) along the length of the steel bridge. It is about two kilometers long, I think.

*The Grand Shrines of Ise.* After lunch at a restaurant close to the Ujiyamada Station, we proceeded to pay our visit to Japan's No. 1 Shrine, which to the Japanese is like a Mecca or Jerusalem. At the Outer Shrine (Gegū) where the Goddess of Farm Crops and Sericulture is enshrined, we were met at the entrance by a Shinto priest who poured purifying water on our hands and sprinkled sacred salt upon our feet, preparatory to our "formal worship." Passing through a grove of tall, age-old cryptomeria trees, we finally reached the Outer Shrine built with its unique cylindrical crossbeam style. We signed our names in the registry and crossed the fence to bow before the shrine. No one is allowed to enter this fence, except high government officials and prominent visitors who must come in formal wear. We were just in plain khaki pants and shirt with necktie, but because it resembles our official Constabulary uniform, we were granted special privilege to "worship" inside the fence. The general public, including our instructors and guides, have to worship outside this fence enclosing the main shrine.

Riding a streetcar, four miles away is the Inner Shrine (Naigū) dedicated to Amaterasu Ōmikami, the Sun Goddess, believed to be the first ancestress of the Japanese imperial family. Built in a thick grove of tall, age-old cryptomerias and cedars, against a beautiful background of mountains, green in their summer wear, this inner Shrine is really a beautiful spot. Crossing the Uji Bridge which spans the Isuzu River (with whose crystal clear water the pilgrims "purify" themselves before worshipping), we were again met by Shinto priests, and we underwent the same ceremonies of water purification and salt sprinkling. The Inner Shrine is practically the same in both places, except that in the Inner Shrine I was the only one who signed the registry book as the most senior officer representing everyone.

I liked this visit to the Grand Shrines of Ise only insofar as the place is concerned. While I respect Japanese customs, traditions, and religion, I did not like the idea of having to undergo their religious rites which as a Christian and Catholic I do not believe. Of course, as a tourist, I wanted to see how it is done, but to do it myself is out of



the question. It is like bringing a Japanese friend to the historic churches in Intramuros to have him see the beauty inside and at the same time letting him go to confession, hear mass, and receive communion which would be ridiculous. Unfortunately, in Japan, the visit to the Grand Shrines of Ise is made not only by high government Japanese officials, including the Prime Minister upon assuming and leaving office, but also by foreign diplomats and officials who visit Japan, and they, too, have to perform the same religious rites regardless of the distinction of creed. If diplomats have to do it, a poor pensionado cannot have his own way.

*Futami-ga-ura.* At 3:30 p.m., taking the streetcar, we went to Futami-ga-ura, the famous seaside resort close to Ise. We stayed at the Kyūka-en Ryokan (Japanese Inn) which is close to the beach with a good view of the “Wedded Rocks” for which the place is famous. We had a nice swim in the warm waters of Ise Bay before dinner.

*Shopping.* After a Japanese dinner (which was very poor compared to our meals at the Kankō Hotel at Nagoya), we went shopping. We bought pearls, cultured at the Mikimoto Pearl Fisheries at Toba nearby. I bought two pearl necklaces and shell cigarette holders and a nice round pearl. Spent Y92.

#### AUGUST 13, 1944 (SUNDAY)

This is the second time I have missed Sunday mass and communion since I arrived in Japan (the first was last year when we were traveling in Nagano City). This is the only thing that has marred what is otherwise a very pleasant tour.

*Sunrise at Futami-ga-ura.* Waking up early at 5:00, we rode a banca and placed ourselves right between the “Wedded Rocks” to wait for the sun to rise. Many early risers, vacationists living in the seaside inns, were there, too, to watch the sunrise between the rocks, for which the place is famous. It was a thrilling experience to wait patiently and see the sun gradually come out of its hiding, beautifully red in its early form, its rays broken into glorious shades of red through the clouds above the mountain ranges. As the red sun finally came up, the sun worshipers clapped their hands in prayer to the Sun Goddess.

Personally, I do not think there is anything exceptionally beautiful in this sunrise between the rocks. That the sun rises exactly between

the two “Wedded Rocks” is to be expected if one places himself exactly between the two rocks, which will of course happen anywhere between two points, I think. The “Wedded Rocks” are nothing exceptional. They are just a pair of ordinary rocks close to each other with a torii built on top of one and a straw rope binding each to the other. It is only tradition and the folklore connected with them that make Futami-ga-ura famous. The “Wedded Rocks” are identified by the Japanese as Izanami and Izanangi, believed to be the makers of the Japanese.

*To Kashihara Jingū.* Leaving Futami-ga-ura at 6:30 a.m., we boarded a special compartment at Ujiyamada Station and at 10:30 arrived at Kashihara Shrine. This is the spot where Jimmu Tennō, the first Emperor of Japan, originally ascended to the throne. (The shrine and the gardens resemble Meiji Shrine in Tokyo.)

Coincidentally, Field Marshal Sugiyama, the new war minister, was there, too, to “worship,” and we had a close view of him.

*Nara City.* From Kashihara Shrine, after 30 minutes’ train ride, we reached Nara City, accompanied by city and prefectural representatives who met us at Kashihara.

Going to the Nara Hotel for lunch and rest, again at 1:30 p.m. we went by bus to see sights in the city of Nara. Visited the Kasuga Shrine, which is not different from the many shrines we have seen so far. At Wakakusayama, a nice bare hill, we saw the sacred deer for which Nara is famous. We enjoyed playing with these tame deer which roam the parks in Nara and trying to take snapshots.

*Nara Public Hall (Kōkaidō).* Here the Philippine flag was raised in the main entrance to welcome us. At the sound of the bugle, several scores of deer roaming the hills and parks of Nara came running toward us at the Public Hall where we took pictures feeding the “sacred deer.”

*Daibutsu Den (The Temple of the Great Buddha).* Very much bigger than the one in Kamakura, this great Buddha is 53 feet tall and is inside an immense building painted vermilion red. A priest showed us around and explained to us all about the Great Buddha and its history. He said the image was made as big as possible because the influence of Buddha is intended to be as great. The Great Buddha, a real masterpiece in bronze, was made more than one thousand years ago but was partially destroyed by fire two times. The head portion was repaired

300 years ago and a marked distinction is noticed between the head and the body of the Great Buddha.

*Sarusawa Pond and the Five-story Pagoda.* Here we saw carp and turtles swimming in the lake, and close by the Gojū-no-tō or Five-storied Pagoda of Nara.

*Shopping.* Nara City is a small, quiet city of only 60,000 people, and there are no streetcars and department stores as in Tokyo and Nagoya and Yokohama, but there are streets lined with small stores selling souvenirs and lacquerware. Spent Y118 on lacquer sets and boxes at the downtown stores and in the Nara Hotel's souvenir shop.

We had beer tonight but not as much as in the Kankō Hotel in Nagoya, and our dinner tonight was not as good as Nagoya's. Nara Hotel, where we are staying, is a swanky place close to an artificial pond, and the rooms we occupy are nice and comfortable. I am with Cruz on the second floor.

Slept at 11:00 tonight filling up this diary which I could not touch being so very busy these last three days.

#### AUGUST 14, 1944 (MONDAY)

*Kyoto City.* Leaving Nara City at 9:30 a.m. by electric train, we reached Kyoto City at 10:30 a.m. (The station has the appearance of a church with a pair of steeples.) A sightseeing bus (Studebaker) was waiting for us at the station, and boarding it, we went through Kyoto's streets to Momoyama Goryō, the mausoleum of Japan's greatest Emperor Meiji, located on a beautiful hill site, and, like the Tama Goryō (Emperor Taishō's mausoleum in Tokyo), beautiful cedars and cypresses line the roadway that leads to the tomb. A long flight of concrete stairs has to be ascended to get to the mausoleum. On another spot nearby is the mausoleum of Empress Meiji.

*Arashiyama.* At 12:00 noon we went on a picnic at Arashiyama, a famous excursion resort on the banks of the Ōi River. We ate our lunch in one of the many inns in this neighborhood and had a nice swim in the cool waters of the river. The scenery is beautiful, indeed, (quite similar to Madlum in Sibal, Bulacan), with Arashiyama as background. There are thick pines and maples and picturesque rocks here and there in the river.

*Kanaiwarō Inn—Kyoto-za.* After a nice rest in this Japanese inn

where we are staying for two nights, at 5:30 p.m. we attended the kabuki performance at the Kyoto-za theater on special invitation. This is the best kabuki theater in Kyoto, but it is nothing compared to Tokyo's Kabuki-za in Ginza. The costumes were beautiful, but we did not understand a bit of the performance in spite of the explanations of our guides, including Miss Ohara, an American-born Japanese who is the secretary of Mr. Uehara of the Osaka branch of the Philippine Society. The manager of the theater sat with us, and we were given a lot of courtesies including during the intermission an announcement through the microphone of our presence.

AUGUST 15, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Second Day in Kyoto. Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady.* In this city of "One Thousand Temples" (Buddhist and Shinto), one can imagine the feelings of a Catholic to be able to go to mass and receive communion at the Kawara-machi Church at the start of a day scheduled to be devoted to visiting the important temples for which Kyoto of Old Japan is famous. Apostolic Prelate Fr. Furuya, who was in Manila during the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress, celebrated the mass and specially greeted us during the sermon. We occupied a special place in this church, which is relatively big and very well attended (there are 1,000 Catholics in Kyoto, we were told). After mass, some Catholic ladies helped Fr. Furuya entertain us with cold tea.

*Nishi Honganji Temple.* At 9:00 a.m. started our *visita iglesias* [inspection of churches] of Buddhist and Shinto shrines and temples. We started with the Nishi Honganji Temple, the center of the Jōdo Shinshū Sect of Buddhism in Japan, with branches in Tokyo and in Lepanto, Manila. The high priests received us and showed us around. We also attended Buddhist rites in the main shrine. Of course, we did not understand what it was all about, but just sat impatiently listening to the priests pray.

Other temples we visited today were the Heian Jingū (Shrine), a magnificent red-painted temple of the Shinto religion, approached by a wide avenue lined with trees; the Ginkakuji (Temple of the Silver Pavilion) said to have been built during the Ashikaga regime; and the Kiyomizu Temple built on a hillside overlooking a nice view of the entire city of Kyoto.

This p.m. boarding the sight-seeing bus which has been placed at our disposal for the duration of our stay in Kyoto, we saw the Kyoto Imperial University and visited the Nijōjō or Imperial Palace, an old feudal castle surrounded by an age-old moat, a relic of old Japan.

*Daimaru Department Store.* At 3:30 p.m. we were at the biggest department store in Kyoto, taking refreshments in the manager's room on the fifth floor. Half an hour later we went shopping in this store accompanied by the assistant manager, but there was nothing much to buy. Spent Y59 in my shopping in Kyoto.

Tomorrow we leave Kyoto for Osaka.

(Met a certain Miss Cecilia Suzuki, a Catholic lady who lives near the church at Kawara-machi. She will shortly enter the sisterhood of the Trappist order in Hokkaido. She plays the piano beautifully, and I enjoy listening to her.)

AUGUST 16, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*Osaka City.* Leaving Kyoto at 9:00 a.m., we arrived at Osaka at about 10:00 by electric train. A reception committee was waiting for us, and a bus took us to our hotel (the new Osaka Hotel). With General Satō and Lieut. Duque, we paid a round of calls on high city and prefectural officials in the name of all the Constabulary officers. We went to the Osaka Prefectural Capitol, the City Hall, the Chamber of Commerce, and the O.S.K. [Osaka Shōsen Kaisha] Line Office where Mr. Okada, president of the company and director of the Philippine Society, received us.

*Banquet by Osaka Officials and Chamber of Commerce and Industry.* The usual round of speeches. Food quite good. Present were the chief of the Osaka Police Bureau and other high city officials and businessmen.

*Mainichi Shimbunsha Building.* At 2:00 p.m. our special bus took us to the central offices of the Mainichi newspapers. Side by side with the Japanese flag, a huge Philippine flag was raised in the main entrance to welcome us. Mr. Okamura, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the *Mainichi*, and the Managing and Business Editors received us very cordially and presented us with copies of the latest *Manila Tribune* and other books and magazines. The Business Editor, who has been in the Philippines for more than one year and just re-

turned, was wearing a beautiful *barong tagalog* which he received from a Philippine friend. Pictures were snapped by a *Mainichi* cameraman, and a few minutes later this picture was shown to us.

*Osaka Electric Science Museum (Osaka Denki Kagaku Kan)*. At 3:30 we were visiting this interesting museum where all kinds of electrical appliances and miniature models are on display. We also spent about half an hour in this museum's planetarium, the only one in Japan aside from the one in Tokyo, and this one, although much smaller than the one in Tokyo, is older. Specially for us, the Philippine starlit night was projected and looking at familiar constellations like the *Tres Marias* [Three Marys] and the Southern Cross, we felt very much as if we were in the Philippines.

*Another Banquet*. Back at the hotel at 6:30 p.m., we again had another banquet, this time given by the Kansai Branch of the Philippine Society of Japan. President Okada of the O.S.K. Line delivered the after-dinner speech. Among those present were the heads of the biggest firms in Osaka, some of whom have gone to the Philippines.

Before going to bed tonight, had a nice long talk with Miss Ohara, an American-born Japanese who works as interpreter in the office of the Philippine Society. She is a graduate of a California university, and we talked of so many subjects.

#### AUGUST 17, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Osaka Central Market*. At 8:30 o'clock this morning we visited the Mint of Japan which makes coins and medals for the government. We saw the process of making the beautiful medals of merit of which we have read and heard so much, such as the Grand Order of the Rising Sun, the Order of the Sacred Treasure, the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum, the Order of the Golden Kite, etc. In the coinage department, we saw the process of making coins to the final stage of wrapping them in bags of Y500.

*Sight-seeing*. On the way back to the hotel, we went by bus to the most important sections of the city of Osaka. Buildings are modern and as nice, if not nicer, than those of Tokyo. Osaka is rightly called the Venice of Japan as there are so many rivers, though narrow, and more than 1,000 bridges span them. The Court of Appeals, library, business buildings, department stores, and the famous Osaka Castle

built originally by Toyotomi Hideyoshi in 1584 were the most conspicuous structures. Osaka is indeed a very progressive and very industrialized city, so much so that the whole city always appears foggy because of the smoke of the numerous factory chimneys that loom everywhere.

*Nishinomiya Airplane Training Park (Nishinomiya Hikōki Renseijo).* Fifteen minutes electric train ride from Osaka, we got off at Nishinomiya City to visit this training ground of the Dai Nippon Hikōki Kyōkai (Japan Aeroplane Club). Different types of planes, including a U.S. P-40, are on display here. Model planes and gliders are submitted in competitions held often in this park. We saw some students having fun riding gliders. We tried jumping in a parachute from a tall tower (like the one we see in the movies). From below, the tower does not seem high, but once up I was at first scared to jump. But, I finally did and landed safely. In the park's exhibit hall, we tried our pilot instincts on the instruments used in entrance exams for would-be aviators. This park was built just two years ago, and we noticed so many boys and young men very interested in aviation.

*Nishinomiya Baseball Stadium.* Close to the aeroplane park is this huge baseball park which can accommodate 55,000 persons and which cost ¥1,500,000. It is owned by the Railway Co. that runs from Osaka to Kobe. Although the Rizal Baseball Stadium is bigger, this one is very much nicer and with more seating capacity. The field is round, and all around are seats built layer upon layer.

*Kobe City.* Just fifteen minutes' electric express train ride from Nishinomiya City, we reached Kobe at 5:00 p.m. Registering at the Oriental Hotel, at 6:00 p.m. we had another banquet given by Kobe City officials and the Kobe Chamber of Commerce. It was the usual round of speeches. Kobe seems to be a nice city, like Yokohama, close to the sea and hills all around. We will see more of it tomorrow.

AUGUST 18, 1944 (FRIDAY)

*Sacred Heart Church of Kobe.* Early this morning we went to mass at this beautiful church. I received holy communion. We met the French priest who said the mass. He has been in Japan for the last 50 years. He said he knows a lot of Filipinos who come to Kobe during their visits to Japan.

*Kobe Chamber of Commerce and Industry.* This was our first visit this morning, meeting the “captains of industry” of Kobe. From the roof-garden of the building, we had a nice view of all Kobe, including the nice wharf, and beautiful surrounding mountains with houses dotting the hillsides. I think it is a nice city, something like Baguio but more crowded (population: 1,000,000). It is like Hong Kong as I know it from pictures.

*Shopping at Daimaru Department Store.* Bought hankies, belts, and dress materials.

*Minatogawa Shrine.* It was a good thing we were able to hear mass early this morning as again we had to go to this Shinto shrine of Minatogawa and for almost an hour listened to the priest explaining the history of his church.

*Banquet by the Mayor of Kobe.* At the Maikoen Rest House at Akashi, about one-half hour bus ride from Kobe proper, we had a nice swim in the salty waters of what is part of Japan’s Inland Sea. The water was warm, but a strong undercurrent makes these waters quite dangerous. After the swim we were guests at a banquet given by the mayor of Kobe.

*My First Speech in Nippongo.* Almost extemporaneously, I was called upon to make a response to the speech of the mayor, but, since I was more or less prepared as to what to say, I did not have a hard time delivering my speech. It was my first experience, and I do not think it was so bad, after all. I tried to be as eloquent as possible, and, when I was through, the mayor, who sat near me, told me he understood me perfectly.

*More Shopping.* By special courtesy, through the mediation of a certain Mr. Kawabe of the Chamber of Commerce, we were permitted to buy without ration points dress materials at a downtown store. We did not have much time to shop in this store, so I just bought three cuts of silk material. At another store, I was able to buy a lounge robe and silk pajamas for ladies. I spent Y267 in Kobe alone.

*Banquet by the South Seas Association.* Back to Osaka at 6:30 p.m., we were again guests at an informal dinner given by the South Seas Association. We sang songs and had an enjoyable time.



AUGUST 19, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Leave Osaka.* We left Osaka at 7:30 this a.m. for what was to be a 12-hour train trip to Togura, Nagano-ken, changing cars three times at Nagoya (12:00 noon), Shiojiri (5:00 p.m.), and Shinonoi (7:00 p.m.), reaching Togura at 7:15 p.m. The trip between Shiojiri and Shinonoi was a mountain trip, and we passed through innumerable tunnels. From the mountain passes several thousand feet high, we could see beautiful towns and valleys of Nagano way down below.

*Sagaya Hotel.* We put up for the night at this hotel, which is just a few minutes' walk from the Seifūen, the Japanese inn we stayed at when we visited Togura last year. The personnel at the Seifūen still remember us, and they invited us to their place. They served us apples and eats. (The next day before we left they gave us matches for souvenirs.)

We had a nice sulfur spring bath before going to bed tonight.

AUGUST 20, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Missed mass the second time during this ten-day trip.

*Leave Togura.* At 10:00 a.m. left Togura. Arrived Ueda City 30 minutes later to visit the Ueda Sani Senmon Gakkō (Fiber Technological School). Here the director of the school and his assistant, recognized Japanese authorities on silk and other fibers, showed us around the school and explained to us the different processes of manufacturing silk and other fibers. We saw the silkworms being raised in baskets of mulberry leaves, and in the school's machine shops we had explained to us the process of manufacturing raw silk and of weaving the same into silk cloth.

*Lunch.* At a downtown restaurant, we took lunch together with the heads of the fiber school who were so kind as to walk with us to the station to see us off at 2:00 p.m.

*Return Trip to Tokyo.* A special train car took us from Ueda City to Tokyo, and, though the trip took nearly 8 hours, we were very comfortable in the car specially reserved for us. We passed Kutsukake town and Karuizawa where we spent our summer vacations last year. The sight of the Myōgi Rocky Mountains in this vicinity is very beautiful. The train was delayed two hours, and we reached Ueno Station

at 10:00 p.m. We reached our dormitory about eleven p.m. tired and worn out after ten days of continuous travel. It was a very nice and educational trip, and we saw the principal cities of Japan and met many prominent people.

*President Quezon.* In Nagoya, Nara, Kyoto, Osaka, and Kobe, during the official banquets, talking with our hosts, I noticed that they did not fail to comment about President Quezon whose recent death was published in the Japanese newspapers a few weeks ago. The Japanese seem to have a high regard for him, and they all lament his passing away.

(A new sight in Tokyo are "devastated areas" around military objectives, such as factories, railways, stations, etc. The neighborhood associations have been working admirably to execute the new program of intentionally demolishing whole blocks of houses and buildings in what the Japanese call "evacuation of buildings.")

AUGUST 21, 1944 (MONDAY)

Still tired from our tour, we had an almost whole-day affair at Hongō Dormitory. The affair was a *despedida* party given in our honor by the Hongō Filipino pensionados of the second bunch. It was a very jolly affair, and during the program after dinner, there were songs and dances. We do not know much of this second bunch, but there seem to be many talents among them. They were introduced one by one to us, and on our part I did the introduction of the Constabulary officers.

*The Anti-Climax of Our Stay in Japan.* At the Daitōa Kaikan at 6:00 p.m., Ex-Minister of Education [Nagakage] Okabe, Lieut. General Homma, Ambassador Vargas and the Embassy staff, and prominent members of the Philippine Society were present during the banquet given in our honor. Ex-Minister Okabe, president of the Philippine Society, delivered a speech, and Ambassador Vargas responded in our name. I sat at the banquet table beside Mr. [Masanori] Ōshima, head of the Educational Research Committee that visited the Philippines last year.

*At the home of Mr. Kasai.* After the banquet at the Daitōa Kaikan, Mr. Jūji Kasai, ex-member of Parliament and member of the Philippine Society, invited some of us with General Satō to drop in at his

home at Kōjimachi-ku. We had a nice time talking with Mr. Kasai who speaks fluent English. He has a Ph.B. from Chicago University and an M.A. from Harvard. His wife is a doctor of medicine. He entertained us with fruits and sweets. Before we left, he gave me a copy of his book, *The U.S. and Japan in the Pacific*.

AUGUST 23, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

*George Kondō*. Entering a dress shop this morning at Yotsuya, I met a Japanese who stayed in America 30 years and who says he knows many Filipinos. He was very nice to me and even sold me a cut of yellow dress material which is so hard to get nowadays in Tokyo.

*Visit Yasuhiro Gō*. This p.m. I visited Yasuhiro Gō who recently arrived from a trip to Manchuria. I took dinner there and enjoyed the nice meal. I stayed till 9:00 p.m.

AUGUST 24, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Party at Y.M.C.A.* At 6:00 p.m. we were again guests of honor at a farewell party given by the Y.M.C.A. of Japan at their headquarters in Kanda. President Yamamoto, General Homma, and prominent members of the Y.M.C.A., most of whom have been in the Philippines, were present. After the dinner, a musical program was held. David was asked to sing, and he sang a *kundiman*. Ambassador Vargas came while the program was going on. Mr. Fujita, who was in the Philippines last year, was wearing a beautiful *barong tagalog*. Almost all those present including some ladies, talked English, and we enjoyed the party.

AUGUST 26, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Received copies of a book on Japanese history from Mr. Nakamura at the Foreign Trade Promotion Office at Akasaka. Dr. Freue, the German philosopher who lectured to us one time at school, was there, too, and I enjoyed conversing with them on various current subjects about Japan and the Japanese.

AUGUST 28, 1944 (MONDAY)

Stayed the whole morning and afternoon at home.

Visited Pepito A. Santos at the Embassy tonight.

We are just waiting for transportation to go home. We have no idea when it shall be, but we hope it is soon. I have bought so many things already to bring home, and, going over them this afternoon, I never realized that what I have shopped for so far would amount to so much. I have spent about Y1,400 on medicines, toilet articles, jewelry, clothing, etc. Hope I can bring all these home.

AUGUST 29, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Shopping.* With Ben Osias at Ginza this morning.

*Despedida Party at Ueno.* Mr. Felix Marzan, the *kababayan* who manages a big restaurant at Ueno, invited us Constaboys to a *despedida* lunch. Norman Reyes and his future bride, Miss Kate Muraoka, were there, too. It was a jolly party which broke up at 2:00 p.m. after the usual speeches.

*At the Muraokas.* With Ben Osias, Diony de Leon and Sison, stayed the whole afternoon, took dinner and left the place at nearly 10:00 p.m. Enjoyed the kind hospitality of this Nisei family. Kate, Mamie and Betty—they are all so nice.

AUGUST 30, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Spent the whole morning and afternoon packing.

Saw Fr. Hoebbels this p.m. about mass wine to bring home to the P.I. I hope I can bring even only a bottle to help relieve the dearth of mass wine in the P.I.

Visited the Nagasakis.

AUGUST 31, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Professor Ōshima.* Visited him this p.m. at his home at Hakusan-ue. He was a member of the Educational and Cultural Research Committee which visited the P.I. last year. We stayed in his place about three hours talking about various topics relating to P.I.-Nippon relations. He seems to be a broadminded Japanese, and we had a frank exchange of views.

*Shopping.* The day of our departure is not yet fixed, and every day we go shopping. For the last three months we have been doing

this, and our shopping craze came by stages. First, it was the book craze, when we hunted for all types of books at Kanda, Maruzen, Kyōbunkan, Teidai (Tokyo Imperial University) etc.; then it was a craze for dress materials for girls; then pearls and jewelry; now it is medicines. I have already bought aspirin, sulphathiazole, calcium, vitamins, hypodermic needles, etc.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Autumn season begins today. Our second in Japan.

Today we started a "guessing contest" on the date of our departure for Manila. My guess is September 20, 1944. There is really no telling when we are going home, and this contest is very interesting.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Mass Wine.* Received from Archbishop Doi at Sekiguchi Church this morning a bottle of mass wine for the Philippines.

*Communion Hosts.* At the Adoratrices [nuns belonging to a religious order which reforms fallen women] Convent at Kōjimachi-ku this p.m., I ordered hosts from the Spanish nuns who take charge of this work in Tokyo. The sisters were very glad to receive me and specially so when I started to talk to them in Spanish. They were all so willing to help us when I told them of the shortage of hosts in the Philippines, and they promised to make as many as possible for us to bring to the P.I.

This p.m. received a beautiful silver buckle with Mt. Fuji as design—gift of the Nagasakis. This is the second present I received from them.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's.

This p.m. visited the Muraokas with Ben Osias and Sison. This evening enjoyed a nice time with the Nagasakis and experienced *otsukimi* or "moon-viewing." This is the custom in Japan, especially when the fullest September moon (as the one tonight) is up. David and Pena were there, too, and we sang songs to the accompaniment of the piano.

Heard news of the coming of Aquino next week. This may mean our early departure for the P.I. in the plane he will take. I only hope this is true.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1944 (MONDAY)

Went to mass and communion at St. Sofia's this a.m.

Met Ambassador Vargas and the boys who went to mass on Mrs. Vargas's birthday.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Visited the Nagasakis and took snapshots. Showed them the pictures I received last night.

Spent almost three hours last night reading the long letters I received from home brought by Mr. Kishimoto of the Royal Soft Drinks Co. I was specially touched when I saw Papa's picture. He looks so thin and so aged that it kept me worried for a time.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*At the House of Peers.* At 1:30 this afternoon, we attended the extraordinary session of the Imperial Diet by special invitation. Wearing our khaki uniforms, we occupied a prominent place in the section reserved for foreigners, and we attracted a lot of attention when we entered the session room. (Admittance into the Diet Building is strictly by invitation, and even those admitted inside have to undergo thorough search by the Diet guards and policemen. We were, of course, exempted from this as we were special guests.)

At exactly 1:30 we heard the bell ring to announce the start of the Diet session, and the peers, dressed in formal cutaway, came in to take their seats. After the preliminary ceremonies, the much-awaited speech of the new Premier, Mr. [Kuniaki] Koiso, was announced, and the latter stood at the rostrum and delivered a long speech.

Next came General [Gen] Sugiyama, War Minister, and Admiral [Mitsumasa] Yonai, Navy Minister, who gave a long report regarding the war situation. After this, a peer was called upon to read a resolution of thanks to the army and navy, and then followed the interpellation by another peer in representation of the House. Although we did

not understand the speeches, we enjoyed observing the solemnity of the occasion. Ambassadors Vargas and [Heinrich] Stahmer (German) and other diplomats were also present.

We left the Diet Building at 4:00 impressed by what was a real opportunity to see an extraordinary session of the Diet and, much more, to hear the present leaders of Japan speak during the most decisive moment of the present war. Our stay in Japan is really very fruitful.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Premier Koiso's speech before the Imperial Diet was headlined in all newspapers today, especially emphasizing the promise of independence to the Indonesians. We also appeared in the news with our picture taken while listening to the speeches in the gallery of the Diet. Our picture was specially attractive as most of us in the group look asleep, and one of us (Quiambao) is seen leaning on his neighbor's shoulder, fast asleep.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*At Mrs. Takamine's Residence.* At 3:00 p.m., I went with Pena, Villarin, Sison, and David to Mrs. Takamine's and there spent a nice afternoon. Yasuo-san and Sadako-san, with their mother, entertained us very kindly. Sang songs, played games, and ate doughnuts and popcorn—very rare these days.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's.

Visited the Nagasakis early in the afternoon, then dropped in at 6:30 p.m. at the Muraokas where I took dinner. Sison and Norman Reyes were there, too.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1944 (MONDAY)

At the Embassy this morning, read news of the appointment of General [Paulino] Santos as Commanding General and Chief of the Constabulary in place of General Francisco. Also learned the disappointing news that the plane "Kalayaan" ["Liberty"] is not presently

available to take us home. Our chances of going home are getting slimmer every day, and specially so with the war situation in the P.I. getting more critical. The bombings in Mindanao are growing more furious, the latest attack consisting of 400 planes.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Went to mass and communion at St. Sofia's early at 6:30 this a.m.

*Daitōa Ministry.* Dropped in at the South Seas Bureau of the Daitōa Ministry to inquire about our return to the Philippines. The officials we met do not seem to know when or how we will go home, and we are inclined to think we are staying for quite a time.

*At the Gōs' Place.* With Pena and David, spent a nice time with the Gōs. Pena played the piano, listened to songs by David and Itō-san and had a little dancing.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1944 (THURSDAY)

Visited Mrs. Sawada and Baroness Tōgō [German wife of Shigenori Tōgō] this p.m.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Sofia's Church.

*Day in the country.* To bring home pears, we spent the whole day today at Tachikawa in the suburbs of Tokyo, one hour electric train ride from Shinjuku Station. The last time we came to this place was last year when we had a picnic and ate a lot of *camotes* [sweet potatoes]. We ate a lot of pears and enjoyed the cool country air. I brought home some pears which I intend to give to the Nagasakis.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Mass and communion at St. Theresa's.

Visited the Nagasakis this morning to give them the pears I brought from Tachikawa. Stayed the afternoon at home reading till almost midnight. Finished reading Kasai's *Japan and America in the Pacific* and Lea's *If America Fights Japan*.



SEPTEMBER 17, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's Church.

*Party at the Gōs.* Sison, Pena, David and I were invited by the Gōs for a Sunday afternoon party which proved very enjoyable and ended at almost 10:00 p.m. An impromptu musical program was also held, and we sang Filipino songs. Mrs. Itō, a young soprano, sang "Pakiusap" ["Please do me a favor"] (I lent her the notes a week ago) and did it beautifully. She has a lovely voice. There was a little dancing, too, after dinner. Lieut. Satō, Mr. So (a Manchurian), Dr. Kitamura (Pennsylvania graduate married to an American), Miss Nakase were at the party.

David and Pena (at the guitar and piano, alternating) rendered beautiful *kundiman* to the delight of all.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1944 (MONDAY)

*To Nagano-ken.* Left Ueno Station at 9:00 this morning for a few days in the apple orchards of Toyono, Nagano. The party consisted of all Constaboyes, Mrs. Okamoto and Cecilia, Mr. Moises Bautista (of the JOAK) and Mr. Aoki (our dormitory-in-charge). The train was packed, as usual, but we had nice seats in a first-class car.

With the autumn wind blowing, it was nice to sit close by the window and enjoy the country scene in early autumn, the heat of summer definitely gone. Nearing Karuizawa, we had a good view of Mt. Asama, which we climbed last year, this time smoking profusely in a slight eruption.

We arrived at Toyono Station (two stops from Nagano City, which we visited in summer last year and about two hours from Karuizawa) at about 4:00 p.m. and stopped at the Hayagawa Inn, close to the station. By nightfall, it was very cold and we had to sleep sandwiched between thick mattresses.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*Apple Holiday.* This whole morning we had a real apple holiday. For the first time in my life, I saw an apple orchard—as far as the eye could reach, apple trees laden with fruits of red and green varieties. Even the ground was littered with fallen apples, which nobody seemed

to mind but which to us Tokyo folks was such a waste of fruit which we seldom see in Tokyo nowadays. We walked through the orchards picking only the big and nice ones, and literally kicking apples that came in our way. I have never seen so many apples in my life! Apples still fresh in the trees, apples rotting on the ground, apples in boxes, apples everywhere! We took some snapshots in front of fruit-laden apple trees.

We were guests of the Maejimas and the Aokis (our dormitory people), and they let us bring home to Tokyo several kilos of apples to last us a few weeks. Apples grown in this region in Nagano are of different varieties—Japanese and American, including “Star King,” “Golden Delicious,” etc.

The townspeople knew of our presence, and, as we walked through the orchards, they would invite us to eat of their apples as much as we wanted, but, strangely, seeing so many apples at one time, we did not feel like eating much.

At 12:00 noon, the alert air-raid signal was sounded as we were returning to the inn from the apple orchards.

*Yudanaka Spring Baths.* At 1:00 p.m. we boarded a bus that took us to Nakano from where we took an electric train up to Yudanaka Sulfur Baths. We put up at the Bōzansō Inn and occupied a nice Japanese cottage on a cliffside overlooking a beautiful range of pine-clad mountains.

Yudanaka is a popular tourist spot, especially for skiers in winter. Now it is an evacuation place for school children from Tokyo, and all the inns (including ours) are occupied by thousands of school children. This place is also famous for the biggest statue of Buddha (Kannon-sama) built right opposite our inn and seen from almost everywhere in the vicinity of Nagano. We saw this a month or so ago while on our way to Akagi, but now it has been removed and has found its way into some ammunition factory to do its part in the war. This is far bigger than the ones in Kamakura or Nara, but newer (only about 10 years old) and, therefore, of no historic value; hence, its place in the foundry.

We enjoyed our stay in Yudanaka, if only for the nice view, the splendid climate (something like Baguio) and the hot baths. We met some of the evacuees from Tokyo, and some of us sang and drew

pictures for these lonely though apparently not homesick kids. Enjoyed a very nice sleep in the warm and soft mattresses of our cottage. Turned in early at 8:00 p.m. and the sound of the ever-flowing waters of the Yomasegawa River just below the cliff soon disappeared as we passed into sound slumber.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Smell of pine and country air greeted us as we woke up late this morning after last night's peaceful sleep. Spent the whole morning walking around Yudanaka's small streets. Had nice shave in a downtown barber shop. Bought more apples in an orchard close to the station.

A short siesta after lunch, and at 4:00 p.m. left Yudanaka to return to Toyono. Took the night tram (*yaqō*) at 10:30 p.m. and once more experienced what it is to try to sleep seated in a crowded train. We experienced this last year when we first came to Japan on the night trip from Moji port to Tokyo. It was rather cold, and we had to close the windows. I slept quite soundly, despite the frequent interruptions, and, when I woke up, it was dawn, and the first rays of the sun were already breaking through the autumn skies.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Back in Tokyo.* Arrived Shinjuku Station at 7:00 a.m. bringing home some fifty apples for my Tokyo friends.

Slept the whole morning to make up for last night's restless train sleep.

*Apple Beneficiaries.* Our neighbors, especially the barber, laundryman, tailor, cigarette vendor and others, were the "apple beneficiaries" of our trip to Nagano. They were very glad to receive the apples which are very scarce and costly these days in Tokyo.

I gave Maruyama-san a half dozen and will give the Gōs, Nagasakis, Takamines, etc.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Took lunch at Norman Reyes's new home in Meguro. It is a nice little cottage which will soon be his love nest when he gets married to Kathy Muraoka.

Brought apples to the Nagasakis.

*Manila Bombed!* This news reached us tonight. 500 raiders attacked the Philippines (Manila) the radio announced, and martial law is now enforced. This is the biggest news we have received so far, and it seems we are really not going home. I am worried about my family. I wonder how they are faring.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1944 (SATURDAY)

*Lunch with the Takamines.* Brought them a dozen apples from Nagano. Lent me some nice books to read.

*Philippines Declares War on U.S.* This news was brought to the dormitory by some newspaper reporters who came to the dormitory this morning to interview us about the latest developments in the Philippines. Events have been moving fast, and with the news that the Constabulary has been converted into an army, it seems we might go home after all. The question now is: Is it better to go home or stay?

*Dinner with the Gōs.* Brought some apples to the Gōs and stayed for dinner. Talked to Yasuhiro for quite a long time about different topics, including the Philippine situation. I hope to be home and be of service again.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Mass, confession and communion at St. Theresa's.

*Meet Mrs. Guerrero.* After mass this morning, had a nice talk with Mrs. Annie Guerrero, wife of Leonie, about her trip and happenings in the Philippines. She just arrived almost unexpectedly two days ago by plane. She is now the only Filipina in Japan!

*Tolstoy.* Read his *Confessions* till late tonight and found his conversion very interesting. This book was lent to me by Mrs. Takamine.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1944 (MONDAY)

Stayed the whole day at the dormitory reading. Went biking this p.m. with Ben Osias to their dormitory at Ōkubo. They have a good place, and Ben's, Eddie's and Diony's room is nice and big, with typewriter, phonograph, books and all.

*Shall We Return Home?* This is the question which we cannot

answer. It is a dilemma, the question of whether to go or to stay. I have bought so many valuable things which I hope I could take home. If we do not, they might just burn up when the bombers come over Tokyo. This is a real crisis, just like others I have been through in Bataan and in the concentration camps when I did not have any idea whether I was going to survive or not. Anyway, I am resigned to all eventualities. Come what may, let it be so!

SEPTEMBER 26, 1944 (TUESDAY)

*News About Going Home.* General Satō of the Philippine Society came to our dormitory tonight to inform us officially that steps have been taken to send us all home starting October 2. Duque will make the first trip, followed by the others as soon as transportation is available. I think this time we are going home, and this means we are in our last few weeks in Japan after nearly one and a half year's stay away from home. I hope I go next after Duque! (It seems I will be next.)

SEPTEMBER 27, 1944 (WEDNESDAY)

Order to go home came to me by telephone at 3:00 p.m. today while I was at the Embassy with the Ambassador while the tailor (Mr. Sano) whom I introduced to His Excellency was taking the latter's measurements. The message said I would leave Tokyo Saturday to take the plane from Fukuoka with Lieuts. Duque and Sison.

Tonight I stayed till 3:00 a.m. trying to pack my more than Y2,000 worth of gifts and clothes.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1944 (THURSDAY)

*Despedidas.* Dropped in at the Takamines to attend a *despedida* lunch.

Tonight attended a small but very enjoyable party at the Gōs. Yuriko wore evening dress, and there was whisky and champagne. Received beautiful hankies as gift. Stayed till almost midnight, caught the last car and arrived at the dormitory at 1:30 a.m. Packed till 3:00.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1944 (FRIDAY)

Lunch at the Daitōa Ministry at Daitōa Kaikan. Received lacquer cigarette set as gift.

*Despedida Visits.* Said goodbye to the Masudas, Maruyamas, Nagasakis, Fr. Hoebbels and Sawadas; saw friends at Neo Studio.

*Despedida Dinner at the Embassy.* A sumptuous dinner and a nice chat under the moonlit sky of Tokyo in autumn in the quiet garden of the Embassy—this was our last night in “Japan’s Manila.” The Ambassador was in very good humor, and we enjoyed his company. General Satō was there, too. Party broke up at 8:00 p.m.

*Last Minute Packing.* With Eddie Vargas, Ben Osias, and two Nisei helping me pack, I finally finished at 3:00 a.m. Slept with Sison, Eddie, Ben, Norman Reyes and the Nisei. My last night in Tokyo meant just a few hours of sleep.

#### SEPTEMBER 30, 1944 (SATURDAY)

Woke up at 5:00 and heard the 6:30 o’clock mass at St. Sofia’s. The Nagasakis were there, too, to pray for my safe return home.

Yesterday I was with them to say “sayonara,” and it was really sad to leave those who have been my family in Japan. Yasuko-san is the sublimest person I have met in Japan. Crippled for life, walking with the aid of an arm crutch, she saw me off on the streetcar. As the streetcar pulled away, there she stood leaning on her crutches looking towards me, her eyes misty, waving to me goodbye. (A very devout Catholic, she takes her deformity with true Christian resignation.) I hope to see her again. God bless her and her family (and General Nagasaki, now in Davao).

*Despedida Party at Tokyo Station.* At 10:00 this morning, our train left Tokyo station amidst a rousing send-off. All the pensionados (except a few) were there; they helped us with our baggage; representatives of the Kokusai Gakuyūkai and General Satō were there too; and just a few minutes before the train left, came General Homma (ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Forces in the P.I.) to shake our hands and say, “Stand firmly and strongly.” The boys sang the “Song for the Creation of the New Philippines,” and as the last notes of the oft-sung song rang in the air, the train pulled out of Tokyo Station, the big buildings of Tokyo’s center soon disappearing in the distance. Goodbye, Tokyo!

Mr. Yasuhiro Gō boarded the train at Shinagawa to say goodbye—a swell guy to the last minute.

In the train did not do anything but think of the events which have happened so fast these last three days since the order to go home came as a bombshell.

OCTOBER 1, 1944 (SUNDAY)

Still in the train on the way to Fukuoka. Missed mass and communion. Our train has been delayed 3 hours, and we nearly passed Hiroshima City unnoticed. Here Abubakar and Santos gave us *castanas* [chestnuts], and we took their letters and packages for home.

*Hakata Station.* Reached this station at 3:00 p.m., and the car and representatives supposed to welcome us were no longer there. Sent telegram to Nagasaki. Rode for the first time in jinrikshas to the famous Sakaya Inn where Ambassador Vargas, Aquino and all personages taking the plane at Fukuoka stay overnight. This inn is first-class and the best I have ever seen so far.

(Crossed Kanmon Strait this morning through the new undersea tunnel connecting the opposite tips of Honshu and Kyushu. Tunnel wide enough to peer out of window and get fresh air. Trip undersea lasted about 8 minutes.)

Alba, Mapa and Dominguez were there waiting for us. They slept with us and told us of bombings in Kyushu.

Tonight was our dress rehearsal for tomorrow's flight. Practiced what it would be like wearing several layers of underwear, khaki shirts and pants, jacket and a thick overcoat filled with letters and small packages.

In the last-hour shopping at Fukuoka this afternoon, I bought a glasstex watch strap and sunglasses that cost me Y26. Paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament at Fukuoka Church.

OCTOBER 2, 1944 (MONDAY)

Waking up early at 5:00 this morning, we started to get ready for our flight home. All dressed up, I weighed 73 kilos (i.e., 13 kilos over the normal); my handbag and portfolio weighed about 13 kilos and my main baggage 23 kilos. I carried, therefore, 59 kilos in total, instead of the limited 15 kilos for ordinary passengers. Until we got into the plane, we were afraid we would not be allowed to bring such heavy baggage, but, fortunately, we made it.

*My First Plane Ride!* At 8:40 a.m., our twin-engined 12-passenger transport plane took off. We (Lieuts. Duque, Sison and I) were the last to board the plane. The take-off did not last long, and, before we knew it, we were riding high up in the clouds, the mountains and fields of Fukuoka spreading under us in a beautiful panorama. We flew up and up till we were over and above the beautiful white clouds which lazily floated in the huge expanse of the blue autumn sky. Only the continuous roar of the twin motors told us we were moving, for the plane itself kept steady on its course and gave no signs of motion. It was very comfortable riding in the plane, and it was only my several layers of clothing and thick overcoat and bulging pockets that made me feel uneasy. Flying far above the clouds, I estimate we were 25,000 or 30,000 feet above the sea which I could see through the thick layer of cumulus clouds.

I went to sleep, and, when I woke up, our plane was traveling through a thick fog, and visibility was poor. At 1:30 p.m. we felt our plane losing altitude, and we could feel the rapid change of atmospheric pressure in our ears and all over our bodies. We were landing at Taihoku [Taipei] (Taiwan) airport. I got quite dizzy during the landing, most possibly because of the thick and tight clothes I was wearing. Unexpectedly, we were informed that we would not just stop for half an hour here as previously announced but would have to stay overnight in Taihoku to fly again early tomorrow. Obviously, this change of plan was due to the foggy weather.

All first-class hotels being packed, we had to stay at the Yamaume Hotel which is rather dirty and not fit for a "returning pensionado." But only one night—so *paciencia* [patience].

From 2:00 p.m. till nightfall, we had a chance to see the principal places in Taihoku, the capital of Formosa (or Taiwan). We went shopping with the little money we had left (as we had spent all our money at Fukuoka and changed the remaining from yen to Philippine pesos). I had time to have a haircut. Formosans speak Nippongo, although their accent is different from the Japanese. They also seem to know much of the Philippines and Filipinos, and they easily recognized us as Pinoys. Mr. Ōtsubo, an employee of the Japan Airways, treated us at a downtown tearoom with whisky and soda and ice-cream, and gave us Taiwan sweet bars to bring home to the Philippines.



Back to our dirty hotel after giving Taihoku a hurried lookover, we ordered chicken soup and went to bed thinking of tomorrow and our final lap to the Philippines of our dreams. Tomorrow we shall be home at last!

OCTOBER 3, 1944 (TUESDAY)

Waking up early this morning at 5:00, we proceeded to the offices of the Japan Airways, just a few blocks away from our Yamaume Hotel to board the bus that took us to the airport.

At 7:15 a.m., we again boarded our plane, and we were off in no time. This time I wore very comfortable clothing, no more the thick layers of khaki which I wore from Fukuoka to Taihoku. (I wrapped all my extra clothing in a *furoshiki* [cloth wrapper], together with a bottle of mass wine which I was bent on bringing home.)

Our plane did not fly very high. I noticed there were clouds above and below us, and we must have been flying at 15 or 10 thousand feet above the sea. I again went to sleep to the drone of the twin motors which already sounded like music to my ears after flying so many hours.

*Philippine Land Ahoy!* At 10:00 a.m. we sighted Philippine territory. We were flying quite low (about 5,000 feet) parallel to Luzon. At about 10:15 a.m., a wireless message was received that we would be flying over San Fernando (La Union) at 10:33, over Arayat at 11:06, and would land at 11:23 at Manila. Excitement took the better of me from then on.

Looking through the window, I beheld for the first time my country from the skies—an actual bird's-eye view of the Pearl of the Orient Seas. The vast ricefields of the Central Plains of Luzon spread under us like a beautiful lawn, the network of roads looking like narrow pathways cutting across this wonderful garden-island of Luzon. We passed close to the dented peak of Arayat Mountain, and 20 minutes later beautiful Manila spread under us. San Sebastian Church, the City Hall, University of Santo Tomas, Quezon Institute—these were the most conspicuous buildings from the air. We were now flying at about 1,000 feet, and we could see people and vehicles moving about. At exactly 11:23, we landed at Nielson Airport which just about a week ago (September 21) was the target of bombs by American planes.

The hangars and buildings were hit, and many planes were still fresh in their wreckage. Nobody was at the airport to meet us but the employees of the Nippon Airways who went about their job unmindful of the grim aspect of Nielson Airport after the recent bombing raid. The staff officers who were our co-passengers rode special cars while we waited for a bus to take us. Waiting for the bus was an ordeal. There we were back in Manila but practically strangers with no one to talk to but the Japanese employees (there were only 2) of the airport who kept assuring us that a bus would come to take us. I could not even phone as I planned, as all electrical installations had been wrecked by the bombs.

The bus finally came, and we had ourselves taken to the Constabulary Academy No. 1. Passing through the dirty streets of Manila, we noticed the big change that has come to the city after one year and three months. It was not the same Manila of yesteryear. We noticed that the pedestrians looked bored and pale and emaciated.

*Bad News.* I have always expected the worst but not what I was told. When I heard that our house at Sta. Mesa Heights had been taken over by the army just a few days ago, I thought at first it was a joke. But it was not, and soon I realized how terrible the situation in Manila had become. I tried to contact my brother Tony, Papa at the office and other people by phone but in vain. When I left the Academy at 2:00 p.m., it was literally a search for my family. This was a case of a homecoming without a home to go to; what a welcome for a homesick pensionado who has been away from home one year and three months!

*Home-Coming.* It was the same as when I went home from the concentration camp of O'Donnell in August two years ago. I came home unannounced and unexpected. I just went right home. Mama took me in her arms, and she cried. My sisters cried. I did not cry (I never do in the presence of people), but inside me, my heart pounded with joy. I was again back in the bosom of my family which I have been missing for so long a time since the war broke out in 1941. My chapter in Tokyo is over. Today begins a new chapter in my life. What comes next? That is still another question.



## Appendix

### INTELLIGENCE SUMMARY No. 272

(A Filipino officer, who fought with the USAFFE in Bataan and later lived for more than a year as a feted guest in Japan under polite duress, has made his way back into Allied territory. His copious diary, supplemented by interview, provides the material for this article on the homeland and its people as he saw them live and think during the days from the Rendova-Nassau Bay landings until the eve of the Allied invasions of the Philippines. This is his story: no attempt at evaluation has been made by summary on these pages. Alert-minded and well-educated, he had the advantage of considerable travel and of an occasional formal contact with notables—such as Tōgō and Homma. It may be taken as axiomatic, however, that the lieutenant was permitted little intimacy with whatever the Japanese considered military information. His psychological appraisals, which also are presented here without comment, must be recognized as this individual's opinion expressed for publication.)

When our forces finally surrendered on Bataan in 1942, Lt. B. of the Philippine Army set out in a small craft trying to escape to Batangas. His boat was intercepted by a Japanese destroyer which hauled him aboard. A year later he was in Japan. A brief narrative of how he got there—and back—is of interest before discussing what he reports as having seen and sensed.

His capture was immediately followed by several months in a total of six concentration camps, whose inmates' mortality rate was exceeded only by the count of harangues on Asia for the Asiatics. Then, a number of the imprisoned officers, including Lt. B., were firmly offered amnesty if they would join the Philippine Constabulary. This was done. The released men underwent more training (which was in fact a program of indoctrination with Japan's purported war aims), after which they began serving in the constabulary.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were busy advertising their plans to select from all occupied countries a few hand-picked pensionados—that is, Asiatic youths who would study in Japan for one or more years and then return to their own lands destined for leadership. Lt. B was

nominated as a Filipino pensionado and after a few months in schools whose regimen and curricula had a single obvious purpose, the group set sail from Manila, debarked at Moji, and proceeded by rail and thru the Shimonoseki Tunnel to Tokyo, where they arrived in July 1943. For 8 months they studied Japanese, met dignitaries, and had their pictures taken with smiles. They had 3 months of lectures on Japan, followed by a formal and well-escorted tour to all major cities and some rural areas. Upon completion of the tour, a few of the pensionados—apparently those whom the Japanese considered psychologically ready—were ordered home. Lt. B. took a train to Kyushu, and a plane to Taiwan and Nielson, landing at the latter field in early October 1944 and seeing first the wrecks of scores of riddled Japanese planes there. He was appointed aide to a minister in the puppet government and moved with it to Baguio prior to our Lingayen Gulf landing. Shortly thereafter, both he and his minister silently slipped away into Allied-held territory.

#### THE AIR WAR AT HOME

Air raid drills were already being held with somber thoroughness when the pensionados arrived in Japan. Big posters containing recognition silhouettes of U.S. planes were posted in profusion in stores and other places of traffic. Blackout practice was perfect, and every home and building equipped with light-tight curtains.

The head of each neighborhood association (cooperative organizations for community action in the purchase of food, preparation of shelters, and a dozen phases of day-to-day living) acted as Warden. Most members of these associations, and frequently the head, were women. There were plenty of buckets, ropes and ladders—but they were the only air raid protection equipment Lt. B ever saw. In addition, contrary to Radio Tokyo, there are very few public shelters in Tokyo. Instead every house has a foxhole; these would not seem to give complete satisfaction in such raids as the city is experiencing today.

The fire department appeared quite efficient and well-equipped to Lt. B. An accidental fire broke out once near his dormitory. The firemen did not save any of the burning building, but they did prevent the blaze from spreading. It was such a small affair, however, that no

deductions could be properly made from it in relation to a large incendiary raid.

With this background, on 16 June 1944 the air raid alert sounded in Tokyo. It was set off by the first B-29s heading for Kyushu. The people of Tokyo did not receive it too calmly, and the continued absence of Allied planes without an all-clear increased their tension. The amazing aspect of this first B-29 raid was not that an alert was sounded in Tokyo but that it was maintained throughout the 16th and then on into the day and night of the 17th. It was the morning of the 18th, about 30-odd hours after the B-29s left Kyushu, before the all clear was finally given in untouched Tokyo. During all the 16th and 17th most of the city's activities and people halted in the pause of suspense. On the night of the 18th, an alert was called again, but was of brief duration.

Thereafter drills intensified, evacuation was hastened, and the creation of firebreaks speeded. The Japanese called the firebreaks "evacuation of building," because the breaks were made by demolishing blocks of houses around vital installations. Lt. B. saw this demolition. Each of the owners of the houses, with grim energy, razed his own home and sought shelter elsewhere—frequently in the provinces—without a word of complaint. They said they were proud to contribute to the war effort. Lt. B. was told that home-owners received partial compensation from the government.

As the Kyushu raids continued, without any attacks on Tokyo, the townspeople developed personal indifference—in their daily routine—when the radio reported that B-29s were at the moment over Kyushu; it was not long before raids on the southern island failed to cause the soundings of the alert in Tokyo. Strangely, however, the warning was sounded several times afterwards—but on each occasion a raid was being carried out against the Bonins.

A crashed B-29 was patched up and brought to Tokyo for exhibition as one of the "hundred" shot down. The people rushed to the show in thousands. According to Lt. B., however, their pride in the achievement represented by the destruction of the B-29 was tempered considerably by the hugeness of the plane, its thick armor and awesome armament.

With some solicitation, in private conversation more than one Japanese commented, "It's big, isn't it?" Lt. B. reported that the faces of

visitors at the exhibition reflected more somberness than glee; they knew from the papers that raids by these mammoths were continuing in the southern island just across the Inland Sea.

Air consciousness among the people was also stimulated in a more peaceful vein. Airplane model building was popularized successfully among boys, but this program—in its appeal and effectiveness, though not its sponsor—was probably little different from those in the United States and Britain. Glider training on the other hand was promoted far more energetically than in any other country except perhaps Germany. Glider schools were organized on a substantial scale, and contests of all sorts were sponsored regularly, not without success. The results have not been evident thus far in Japan's combat activities.

#### THE WAR EFFORT

Lt. B. had no access to any vital information on the war effort, except for his escorted visits to factories. The pensionados were instructed not to talk to the workers, and, although Lt. B. surreptitiously violated the order, his lack of technical knowledge prevented him from noting anything of particular value. He did report that the handling equipment seemed good; there was plenty of lifting machinery for hauling plane parts about the factory. Plants operated 24 hours.

His most certain observation was on the piecemeal factories which he described as large in number, very small in size, and haphazard in site and structure. Most of them were workshops in the home, where the family assembled or made particular machine parts. Members of the neighborhood associations may have participated jointly in some of these little but numerous enterprises. No section of the city that he visited, and not many blocks, were without a homemade factory. He guessed, but said he saw no direct evidence, that the efforts of these shops were coordinated by an official war agency.

School children too had been turned to similar work. It was advertised in the papers and unconcealed in several schools he visited. The students put in more labor than study, and both they and the teacher professed pride in the diversion. At one of the school houses a Japanese Army officer was inspecting the output.

Certain shortages in war material appeared evident from the people's manner of living. Of coal there was less than a little; there was

none for homes or even for department stores or public buildings. Lt. B. almost froze once in the War Ministry building. Tokyo's temperature goes down to zero. A shortage of fuel or other materials was indicated by the almost complete absence of civilian cars from the streets, and by the paucity even of military vehicles. Colonels were regular passengers on streetcars, and Generals caused no surprise; they even carried their own lunch boxes. Lt. B. said that Japanese Army officers in Manila had far more personal transportation (much of it expropriated) than in Tokyo.

The big bronze arch hanging over the entrance to the venerated Yasukuni Shrine had been torn down, for the war effort, he was told freely, and replaced by a wooden arch. This action is not without precedent in Allied countries; but it is interesting to note that a bronze Buddha, whose newness precluded its right to much reverence, was carted off by the military while the other older and therefore more sacred Buddhas were untouched.

#### STANDARD OF LIVING

The people live poorly; their scale of necessities was below that of Manila during the first months of Japanese occupation. Luxuries are rare or non-existent.

Intent on moulding the pensionados properly, the authorities allotted to them an extra ration of food. Even with that, Lt. B. said his most constant feeling in Japan, and his sharpest memory of it, was not a starved but an unhappy appetite. It should be remembered, of course, that he was accustomed to a more substantial diet than the Japanese, who eat sparingly in normal times. The Japanese, however, on their own standards, had to tighten their sashes (*obi*). Lt. B. never received any pure rice during his whole stay; it was always mixed with sweet potato, beans or corn that may have been nourishing but denied him and the Japanese satisfaction of their sharp desire for unadulterated rice.

All food was rationed. It was procured and distributed by the neighborhood associations. An individual family could not go marketing for its food but simply paid its assessment and took what it received without choice or comment. This regimented procedure, as might be expected, worked efficiently.

There was a black market, but it was stealthily microscopic con-



trasted with that of most Allied nations. Some of the wealthier families would take trips to the provinces and smuggle back a few chickens and eggs, but the whole subject was taboo. Mention of the phrase "black market" rendered the speaker suspect. Though the food ration undoubtedly left annoying pangs, it was sufficient for a healthful existence. There were no legitimate bypaths for sidestepping the short rations; virtually all restaurants were closed by the time Lt. B. left in October 1944. He heard that the army was well fed in the homeland. He believes that most units in the field, although living entirely off the land, eat better than civilians do at home.

The clothing situation was worse. In 1943 the ration allowance was 100 points; in 1944 it was 50. This is what points were worth: a pair of socks 3 points; handkerchief 2; a muffler 19 and an overcoat 60. There were no shoes and no woolen goods. The overcoats, one of which was furnished each of the tropical pensionados, was made of staple fiber.

Despite the scarcities, there has been no inflation in Japan. Goods are still listed at pre-war prices simply because the government has so decreed, and its "Economic Police" are efficient. Money is no worry; points dominate the Japanese minds if not their tongues.

The shortage of coal and fuel-driven transport has been mentioned earlier. There is no substitute for heat, but the street cars and railways have compensated for the automobile shortage competently. A limited amount of beer was rationed to individuals who could be seen frequently in hour-long queues. Maids or other house servants were not allowed; it was unpatriotic to employ people for such personal services because they could otherwise be in the factories.

#### WHAT THE JAPANESE THINK

Lt. B. said he tried to like the Japanese but, except for a few half-exceptions, he could not. They were too humorless, too grim. It was regarded as unseemly, he said, to appear happy—smiles were frowned upon. Psychological release by griping was forbidden by consensus. Tokyo, and all Japan that he saw, was cold sober with the war.

In October 1944—well after Palau and Morotai were clearly lost and the Philippines obviously imperiled—the Japanese still believed they could not lose the war. Any idea of invading the United States or

Australia, which were still popular possibilities in the middle of 1943, had disappeared a year later, but faith in victory remained as strong and inviolable as the Allies' belief in ultimate victory during the days of near-defeat in 1942.

The Japanese follow the war geographically. Battle-line maps are posted conspicuously in the town areas. The steady retreats are evident and known to the people, the newspapers do not attempt to hide them. But this is balanced by the people's implicit belief in Imperial General Headquarters' box scores. The Allies are regarded as having spread themselves thin through advances and attrition. Firm consolation is taken in official statements that America has reached her production peak. The Japanese do not worry whether this peak is sufficient for their own defeat; they confuse the peak with the end of the rope.

And then there is the spirit. Lt. B. was frequently told, after D-day in Europe, that Germany could not be compared with Japan because Germans, though excellent soldiers, did not possess the Japanese spirit. They have no doubt of the uniqueness or the invincibility of the method of Kamikaze. It is interesting to note that this feeling was expressed before suicidal air attacks were attempted systematically.

Lt. B. lent confirmation to the frequently reported assertion that the Japanese are, by custom and apparently by temperament, docilely susceptible to the rigorous "thought control" program of the government. This is another function of the police whose activities are wide and whose actions are feared. There were, according to a lecture Lt. B. heard, 16,318 policemen in Tokyo in May 1944.

The Japanese believe that their soldiers act as benevolent liberators in the occupied countries and that they are admired and surrounded with expressions of gratitude from the Asiatics. Lt. B. shocked one Japanese, whom he regarded as western- and liberal-minded, by telling him of face-slapping incidents and expropriation of property in Manila. He reported that even the few westernized Japanese (some few of whom play American music softly and dance behind closed doors) support the war with vigor and do not doubt the outcome.

Their failure to understand, or to try to understand, the pensionados was complete. The Japanese prated of their own superiority apparently without suspecting that the pensionados might resent or disbelieve the claim. All the pensionados were allowed freely to attend churches of

their own faith, but, without seeing the anomaly, the Japanese required them to bow toward the Imperial Palace in gratitude on payday, to bow to the Japanese deities at the numberless shrines they were led to and to salute the Japanese flag at every excuse. The pensionados came from all occupied countries, and some of them had no love for their former Occidental rulers. This group initially was receptive to Japanese ideas and willing to absorb the doctrines of the Co-Prosperity Sphere, but all of them were alienated by the Japanese within a matter of months.

The Filipino pensionados met a large number of personages formally at Great East Asia affairs, but their most intimate contact was a luncheon with General Homma, the victorious commander in the Philippines. Four of the pensionados had fought in Bataan. At one point General Homma asked them how many Japanese they thought had been killed in the Philippines. One guessed a hundred thousand. The General half-smiled and said no, that in fact it was just a few thousand.

The Japanese indulged themselves with one psychological vent. They sobbed at the patriotic movies. In addition, they gave parties, waved flags, and allowed themselves full merrymaking when a member of the family was called up for military service.

#### EARTHQUAKE

The earthquake of 14 September 1944, which our seismographs picked up and which Radio Tokyo reported without details, occurred in Tottori, a prefecture in southern Honshu. According to the newspapers, it was a relatively small affair, with 900 people reported killed, 3000 wounded and hundreds of houses demolished.

#### RETURNED SOLDIERS

As a closing item, it may be appropriate to report that Lt. B. saw virtually no returned soldiers except wounded ones; that they wore white robes; and that civilians bowed to them in passing.

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