Chapter 11: HUNGER STRIKE

Friday, December 31, 1943 — Hunger Strike
Morning: grapefruit, coffee, biscuit, mush
Lunch: rice, a small amount of sardines, tea
Dinner: nothing (hunger strike)

_The armed soldiers forced us to answer roll in the snow._
_On the last day of the year, we started a hunger strike._
_We ate some snow to fill our stomach._
_Our guts are filled with Japanese spirit._
_We do not cry from our lack of food._
_We are angry at their ignorance._
—Poem by Hyakutaro Mori

I’ve had a cold for a long time and have not fully recovered yet. I also became constipated and wasn’t feeling well, but when I started eating the burnt garlic, I started having smoother bowel movements. I feel better. More than 80 percent of the prisoners have caught colds and are coughing.

Yoshiyama and Tsuda were supposed to be returned to the stockade today. The army broke their promise. We requested their release, over and over, but now, the army is telling us that they won’t be released until the stockade was cleaned up. In addition, the army captain had to inspect our living quarters and approve it before the two men would be released. The army’s attitude is astounding. First, they promise us the two men would be released if we complied with roll call. Now, they are saying they won’t be released until the captain inspects and approves our living quarters.

We cleaned the rooms, inside and out, because tomorrow is New Year’s. We would have cleaned the barracks, regardless of the army’s orders, because it is our custom to clean everything at this time of the year. But all 200 of us are dumbfounded by the army’s attitude because when we gave in one inch, they pushed back another inch more. We sent Mori-san as our negotiator.

Mori: “Put me in that tent or return those two to the stockade.”

Army: “You are not a prisoner.”

Mori: “Then, are those two in the tent, prisoners?”

Army: “We are just segregating and isolating them.”

At 12:30 p.m., the whistle for roll call blew. It was half an hour early. No one went out. The corporal became incensed. He shouted, “If you don’t come out, I will call in reinforcements.”
Someone replied, “Bring the soldiers or guns. I don’t care.”

The corporal said, “Do you want to go to that tent?”

That person said, “Take me anywhere you want to.”

Everyone was resolved to go to the tent. The elderly men put their hats and overcoats on. They usually do not do this. It is awful that even the elderly must live this way.

I shoved as much tobacco as I could carry into my pocket, picked up “Saikontan,” and my neck scarf. I also put on a sweater underneath my jacket, got a handful of matches, and grabbed an entire carton of cigarettes. Then, I quietly lay down on the bed. Someone yelled, “They’re coming!”

When we looked out the window, we saw more than 200 soldiers, carrying gas masks, tear gasses, machine guns, and shotguns. There was even a tank. They surrounded the stockade. Each soldier held a tear gas canister. The commanding officer shouted, “Come out in five minutes.”

Five minutes passed. No one moved. We saw Lieutenant Colonel Austin consulting with Second Lieutenant Schafer. Then, the soldiers burst into our rooms, and we reluctantly trailed out. We knew that if they threw tear gas into the room, it would be like poison to those who were sick.

Snow started falling. It was fortunate that I had dressed warmly, prepared to enter the tent stockade. But still, that bone-chilling coldness is indescribable. Since shaved heads (bozu gari) had become popular, the snow fell on the many shaved heads and melted.

Mr. Nogawa had fallen sick this morning, and since that morning, we had been requesting through regular army channels to have him admitted to the hospital. He passed out while walking towards the lineup. He was, then, placed on a stretcher and put into an ambulance. Snow fell softly on his face.

After the roll call, the army took Uchida to the tent stockade. Schafer, who wore a helmet and held a canister of tear gas in one hand, dramatically said, “Any one else want to join him in the tent? If so, step forward.”

Everyone simultaneously moved forward.

This made the second lieutenant’s face turn red with anger. He screamed, “Go back to your lines!”

Can you just imagine this scene?
The snow was falling all over. It was beautifully white. Second Lieutenant Schafer conferred with Lieutenant Colonel for a long time and finally said, “For the next twenty four hours, you will be put on bread and water as punishment!”

With that, the soldiers went into the pantry and confiscated all the food and took them to the truck. They even took our pans. I thought that was the end of that, but then, the soldiers went into each barrack. An officer pulled out his sword from its sheath and banged it around. This made us laugh.

The soldiers picked out five Japanese to carry the confiscated goods. One youth, who refused to do so, was beaten. They stacked the oranges and cookies we had received from camp into a pile shaped like a mountain. Not only that, they took our tobacco. I saw soldiers looking into my bag and taking the tobacco I had received from the Block 38 Women’s Club.

They confiscated a radio and more tobacco from another barrack that had inmates from Leupp and tossed them into the snow. A soldier, carrying a box of cigarettes, took each carton and started shredding it, when a soldier from one of the guard towers yelled, “Give me some of those!” A carton was thrown up to him. Other soldiers stuffed their pockets with oranges. An officer went down the line, pushing and shoving us around. At 3:45 p.m., it was over.

The officer said, “At 1 o’clock tomorrow, line up at the sound of the whistle. You will be forced to line up if you do not obey voluntarily. If someone acts like he is sick and isn’t, we will make him really sick.” By then, everyone’s face and shoulders were covered with snow.

When we returned to our room, we were shocked to see the mess the soldiers had left behind. Missing among my personal belongings were: two dozen cans of Velvet brand tobacco; two dozen Durham; one large can each of Velvet and Granger tobacco; two dozen oranges; one box of candy; four bags of peanuts; and one dozen books of cigarette paper. These were all gifts from camp. The can of Velvet had been sent as a Christmas present, on the urging of Sayuri. Since candies were rare (they included five cent candies), I had saved them, hoping I could give them to the children when I returned to camp. And one dozen oranges cost between seventy to eighty cents.

We asked Sergeant Sam, “Why did the soldiers look through our rooms? Is there a record of the items taken?”

Sergeant Sam: “We did not take an inventory.”

Us: “Then, whatever is missing is your responsibility.”

Sergeant Sam: “I am just a sergeant. I can’t do anything about this.”
Someone said, “My watch was stolen.” Another person said, “My fountain pen is missing.” Still, another man said, “They stole forty dollars.” The number of items that had been taken kept mounting.

Barrack “A” had suffered the most losses. Second Lieutenant Schafer, himself, had gone through that barrack, accompanied by soldiers. We lodged a complaint with Sergeant Sam immediately, to which he replied, “I thought something like this would happen.” He told us to list all the items that were missing.

They had taken tobacco right in front of our eyes. We were amazed at the despicable conduct of those soldiers, who left with bulging pockets. Here, we were, in a stockade, with minimal belongings, and they steal from us. Of course, those who stole from us had bayonets!

At 4 o’clock, the army threw some bread into the gate and left. No one went out to get them. Snowflakes fell on the bread, and the searchlights from the guard tower directed their beams on the bread. We commenced upon a fast. It was our only alternative, whether we liked it or not. We had checked the kitchen refrigerator. It was completely empty. The sardines, which had been left over from lunch, were all taken. The shoyu keg had been left behind because it was too heavy. The cabbages, being pickled for tsukemono, were also left behind because we had place large coals on top to weigh them down.

The nurses were watching us from the hospital window. We signaled to them by turning the electric lights on and off. Showa 18 (1943) is about to come to an end any minute now. In reflection, so many things had happened this year. It has been an interesting experience, waiting for the New Year in the stockade. One man was released — a curfew violator. Another man was moved to the tent stockade, and another, to the hospital.

Total now is 196.

Letter from Yuriko:

I hope you won’t catch a cold. Everyone is well at our place. I still feel headachy so I will stay in bed as much as I can. I drank some Wakamoto (medicine for my stomach). I started to wash clothes but since I feel badly I decided to leave it for a while. The children are okay and want to play outside but I’m going to keep them in until New Year’s Day. I hope you will come back by New Years, as we are really lonesome. All the neighbors are really nice to us. We don’t know how to thank them.

Mr. Good sent us candy, nuts and homemade cookies. The neighbors cleaned the house, went to the post office and brought coal for our house. It was really helpful. Masami and Mr. Hayashi are the only ones in their families that are well. Mrs. Hayashi helped us so much that now she caught a cold and is sick in bed. The children sleep every night with their dolls. Did you receive the pipe?

I felt fine, as long as the children were healthy.
The officer brandished his gun in front of the soldiers in a showy manner, while he walked around the stockade. What a vulgar display of swagger. I was surprised when they searched the ceiling. They brought an ax and tore open any area, which they thought was suspicious-looking such as the section of the old, unused chimney, which had been covered over with lumber. Another soldier looked under the kitchen flank boards for a long time. They probably thought we were hiding food under the floorboards, but the soldiers had to deliver the food on a daily basis because it was so meager. What illogical thinking.

The bulbs of garlic, which had been a gift from camp to help combat our colds, were also taken. They took the matches, too. Perhaps they thought matches were food items. Of course, I’m not surprised they took the cigarettes from us. If we were to add up every item they took from us, the monetary value would be great.

I had been thinking about what would happen if negotiations with Colonel Austin and Robertson do not work out. I have prepared myself and have little expectation since events seem to be moving in the direction of fasting. Someone claimed a soldier stole his wallet with one dollar in it. Later, he found the wallet on the other side of the barrack with the one dollar missing. The soldiers stole our belongings in broad daylight, in full view of 200 Japanese, with high-ranking officers watching. It is hard to believe such theft occurred. They are acting like “Datsue-Ba”— the old woman, who demands the clothes from the dead if they do not have six cents to cross the river between this world and the next. How ironic that America claims on billboards that it is a just and humane country.

I heard the sound of fire engines coming from camp. The bell was also ringing in the mess hall. Some thought it was a fire, but it had been the noon bell. (Everyone is tense in the stockade.) A recently-arrested man told us that the army was making people in camp sign a paper, if they wanted such food items as pork and shoyu for Oshogatsu (New Year’s). This paper had been passed around in the camp mess hall. This was a trick to break up the strike and soften them up. (The reaction from those of us in the stockade was that things were going to continue as it has been and that there was nothing to celebrate.) This is the first time in my life that I’ve spent a New Year’s like this, but money can’t buy this sort of experience. The kitchen crew tried to make something resembling mochi out of regular flour for New Year’s, but these, too, were confiscated. We were made to stand in the snow for two hours and twenty five minutes.

Showa 19 (1944)
Saturday, January 1, 1944
1) Fast (Zesshoku)
2) The first pure white snow (Hakusetsu)
3) Pray for your own country (Sokoku o haisu)

We pledged our loyalty to Japan, as we lived under pressure during the war in the United States. We were segregated and sent to Tule Lake. Then, we were illegally thrown into
the stockade. Today is the 19th year of Showa, the first day of the first month. We meditated upon those feelings on this day.

The snow appeared silver like the pure heart and body that we carried.

At 10 o’clock, we gathered in a field, close to the hospital. We faced towards Japan with utmost respect and took a deep bow. Then, we raised a cheer: *Dai Nippon teikoku, Banzai!* (To the great country of Japan, banzai!) We raised our hands and cheered, “banzai,” three times. How inspirational. We were moved to tears. We, then, immediately dispersed and returned to the barracks.

It was sort of funny to see how surprised the soldiers were when we cheered loudly. The bewildered lieutenant in charge of the stockade climbed up the guard tower to see what was going on, but by that time, we were already in our barracks. We watched from our window as the “fat pig” lieutenant descended from the narrow and straight ladder.

It appears that the soldiers forgot to take one grapefruit. We divided this amongst the nine of us remaining. We chewed and chewed our segment, and for a moment, it felt like New Year’s. Would this be considered absurd or pathetic?

We boiled the grapefruit skin, and seasoned it with salt to fill our empty stomachs. We collected all the remaining salt from the shakers and divided it evenly among the barracks. All 190 agreed to go on a hunger strike until we were released.

At 10 o’clock, more than thirty heavily armed soldiers came to the stockade to conduct roll call. They were surprised when we promptly answered roll. I think they thought we were scared because they were armed but that was just the opposite. The lieutenant in charge scowled, not able to comprehend our behavior. Then, we confronted him with a copy of our resolution. The sergeant picked up three slices of bread that had been thrown to the ground. It seems to me that the three that had been sent to the tent stockade had already started their fast the day before yesterday. The wind was bitingly cold. We could only imagine how cold the tent stockade must be.

Everyone had a headache. I was still battling a cold from before, and today, my headache seems to have gotten worse.

I encouraged the youths to think about the Imperial soldiers stationed in the Aleuts. Today, it snowed heavily. I bet Sayuri and Masako are very happy about that. We heard that other soldiers considered the conduct of the soldiers, who had entered our barracks yesterday, as callous and inhumane. Some of the soldiers had tried to stop their fellow soldiers from stealing fountain pens and watches, but we heard these soldiers were told to “just do as I say” and were beaten. Then, they had forced the Japanese to carry the seized items from the mess hall.

We boiled hot water and put salt in it. Someone longingly said, “It almost tastes like thin rice gruel.” Earlier, I had counted a total of 196 men, but when I saw the signed
resolution, there were 199 signatures, so I was off by three. I may have missed the three due to all the commotion going around.

By the end of the day, it was apparent that they were not going to bring any food today. Either way, we had no plans to eat the food. There were still some snow-covered pieces of bread on the ground.

The following are only some of the things I heard had been stolen: 3 cans of grapefruit juice; 2 bottles of jams; 2 bottles of peanut butter; 1 box of baking soda; 1 overcoat; 7 boxes of apples; 1 mirror; 13 boxes, plus 17 dozens of oranges (1 dozen costs more than 80 cents); 7 bags of peanuts (1 bag costs 80 cents); 5 leather gloves; 1 pound of dried shrimp ($1.50 per lb.); 2 pocket knives; 1 comb; 6 fountain pens; 9 wrist watches; 3 razors; 7 packages of razor blades; 3 boxes of cigarette paper; 3 suitcases, destroyed; 14 bottles of nori no tsukudani; 1 pound of garlic; 1 ½ dozen snail-shaped rolls; 1 large box of iwa okoshi (puffed sweet rice cookie); 10 gallons of honey; 3 cases of soup; 20 pounds of nuts, which had been Christmas presents; 12 pounds of oboro ebi (dried powdered shrimp); 2 cases of Jell-O; 1 can of ajinomoto (MSG seasoning); 314 tobacco cartons ($1.50 per carton); 1 radio; 3 empty wallets; 22 packages of matches, with 1 package containing 12 boxes at 5 cents each; 5 playing cards; $151.70 worth of stamps; 152 boxes of Bull Durham ($0.05 cents each); 55 cans of pipe tobacco (1 can costs more than $1); 25 boxes of crackers; 24 bags of cookies ($0.40 cents each); 43 boxes of candy (1 box costs between $3-$5); 10 pipes; 1 electric socket; 3 cans of tooth powder; 15 toilet soap; 2 “Eversharp” pencils; 1 hairbrush; 5 pounds of coffee; and 1 box of gum.

In addition to this, it is not known what the three in the tent stockade and the one man in the hospital are missing. But if we just added up the cost of the smaller items, it is clear that what was taken from us, in total, is quite substantial.

All the Christmas presents I had received from my family, friends and the Block 38 Women’s Club were all stolen. This is how the first day of the first month ended. Usually, the toilets are busy but today, it was quiet. The men came in, one by one, to drink water from the washroom sink.

The still-growing youths are becoming weak. But this hunger strike revealed our strength and backbone. This is not only our individual will power but our Japanese heritage and Japanese will. It is the Japanese will power and the struggle for Japanese honor. It is regrettable, however, that even our honor was stolen.

*Mr. Nogawa Keisuke - hyotan kara koma ga deru (Literally means, horses (koma) pop out of a hyotan gourd and is a colorful way of saying that the most unexpected things occur or that there is some truth said in jest.).
*Nogawa Keisuke was supposedly a sick man, who had been sent to the hospital to make contact with the outside.

**Sunday, January 2, 1944**
Snow — Hunger strike.
Two men fell sick last night (heart trouble), so we called the doctor — He is called a doctor but actually has only graduated from nursing school. After a long wait, he came. One of the two men was suffering from chest pains, and they were both sweating heavily. They appeared to be in a lot of pain. One of them is an elderly man, who had been hospitalized for half of last year due to a serious illness. We asked the doctor to take them to the hospital, but he kept saying he didn’t have that authority.

Doctor: “You are asking for something I cannot do. You insist on the impossible. What if I asked you to present me with a million dollars? Can you do that right here?”

Inouye: “Yes, I can.”

Doctor: “Fine. Then, do it.”

“Here it is,” Inouye said, pounding on his chest. “There is nothing more valuable than life.”

The doctor remained silent.

This morning, when I woke up, I found the ground covered in snow. I guess it had snowed again last night. I can only imagine how cold it had been in the tent stockade.

Today, we all recovered from our headaches, and everyone was drinking water. When I looked over at the tent stockade, I saw the three waving at us. They yelled, “Gambare yo! (Hang in there).” Mr. Tsuda started writing the character for “buji” in katakana in the snow on the tent. When soldiers walked by, he pretended to be eating the snow, but I think he was trying to write “buji” to tell us they’re okay.

Roll call was at 1 o’clock. Some people had no energy to walk. I was feeling dizzy, myself. The soldiers went into the barracks to check on each individual who couldn’t come out for roll call. Like yesterday, about thirty armed soldiers stood on guard just outside the fence. Roll call took a very long time. It also started to snow again today.

The lieutenant, who looked irritated, issued the order, “Four men should come out to bring in coal.”

Us: “We cannot endure physical labor when we haven’t eaten.”

Lieutenant: “That’s fine with me,” he spat out in disgust.

After roll call, they came to take away Mr. Kuratomi. One soldier asked one of the men, who hadn’t come out for roll call, “Did you sign the resolution? Were you forced to sign?”

The man answered,” No, never. We are all of one spirit.”
Soldier: “Why didn’t you come out for roll call?”

Man: “I feel dizzy when I stand up.”

Soldier: “What do you think will happen if you keep refusing to eat?”

Man: “We will continue our hunger strike until we die.”

Mr. Yamamoto informed the hospital about the hunger strike. Apparently, Mrs. Yamamoto had also heard about it and came to the fence. She shouted to her husband, “You will die if you don’t eat.”

Mr. Yamamoto: “I’m all right. I won’t die that easily. Please inform the camp residents about what is going on.”

Mrs. Yamamoto: “Okay.”

Kuratomi came back in about one hour later. He had met with the FBI and Captain Hartman, and he shared the following conversation he had had with them:

Interrogator: “What will you do if you have someone falling sick from fasting?”

Kuratomi: “If we have people falling sick, the army is responsible for that. We will continue fasting, not only until people get sick but till we have people dying, unless you release us to the camp.”

Interrogator: “Do you expect to win against the army?”

Kuratomi: “This is not about winning or losing. If we lose, we simply die.”

Interrogator: “Are you serious?”

Kuratomi: “When a Japanese enters into a resolution, he will not go back on his word.”

Interrogator: “What do you think of the fact that the camp residents are keeping quiet?”

Kuratomi: “That is the calm before the storm. You might not understand the Japanese psyche, but the people are about to explode.”

As we were listening to Kuratomi, soldiers returned Tsuda, Yoshiyama and Uchida from the tent stockade to the barrack stockade. The time was 4:30 p.m. Kuratomi had told the captain that it was about time the army realized how mistaken they were and how they were putting themselves in trouble. He also told him about all the theft committed by the soldiers.
In response to Kuratomi, Captain Hartman had said, “The army doesn’t care whether you eat or not.” He also added that Austin was extremely upset about our hunger strike.

Austin, however, was on vacation and not in camp when we signed and presented the resolution, so they are bluffing and making the situation worse for themselves. How can such conduct by those in authority be considered human behavior?

Mr. Uchida said those in authority had not provided him with a blanket. They had made him sleep in the tent stockade without a blanket in this cold weather… Are they really human?

Count is now: 202

They didn’t provide us with food today again. Around 7 p.m., on the 31st, soldiers had thrown a few pieces of bread at the entrance but no one had eaten them. This morning, they brought the bread into the kitchen. Maybe they thought someone would eat them if we got hungry enough.

A small amount of herb was discovered, so we divided the herbs into small pieces and distributed them to each barrack. We boiled the herbs in hot water and drank the water. In some of the barracks, they were burning seaweed on the stove. Will we win? How long will it be until we literally starve to death?

In our room, we decided to organize a lottery. Starting from the 3rd to the 15th, we will draw numbers. The person, who doesn’t win, will donate $1.50 to prepare for a party. I was given the number 13, so if I win the lottery on the 13th, I won’t have to pay.

The FBI agent had asked Kuratomi, “Do you think a hunger strike is a good idea?”

Kuratomi had answered, “I don’t know if it is a good or bad idea, but this is the only way left for us to protest. If you have a better idea, tell me.” The FBI agent had remained silent. I ate a little amount of garlic.

Monday, January 3, 1944
Fasting. Frost everywhere. No sleep.

Fourth day of fasting: This morning, five soldiers, carrying bayonets, came in, accompanied by a truck. As we watched, they parked the truck next to the kitchen and started unloading food from the truck. There was milk, beef, lettuce, rice, and other food items in quantities that we had never seen before. After a while, a sergeant, who looked familiar, came in and posted a notice on the door of each barrack. It read as follows:

We are delivering food, according to the daily ration. If you need more, we will provide more

January 4, 1944
This was his attempt to prove that he had fulfilled his duties to avoid responsibility and also to create traitors among us. This was typical behavior from them. They were trying to resolve the issue by reacting to it. I heard that some of the men had eaten the bread the night before. One youth cried, facing towards the camp... The condition of the man, who was suffering from chest pains, worsened again today. We told Lieutenant Schaner about his serious condition but we were told, “Unless normal conditions within these fences are restored, we will not allow anyone to call the doctor until roll call at 1 p.m.” What brutality. We were given a warning at 9 a.m., 10 a.m., and again, at 10:30 a.m.

Roll call at 1 p.m.: Like yesterday, the army brought in about thirty soldiers. The surgeon captain examined those sick in bed in the stockade. About fifteen soldiers with machine guns stood guard behind us. One sergeant collected coal shovels from our barracks and placed them in front of the prison ward officer. The surgeon captain took a long time coming out of the barracks. We were kept standing in the freezing cold for an hour and a half. It was so cold that saliva froze as soon as you spit it out. We clenched our teeth and stood still, enduring the fatigue from fasting.

We finished roll call at 2:30 p.m. They picked out four youths, who looked strong enough, to force them to bring coal. The second lieutenant acted so callously as he ordered the youths to bring back coal. When Higashi refused by sitting on the ground, four soldiers went over to him and kicked him. Then, they hauled him onto the truck. By that time, there were roughly a hundred soldiers. They stood like a wall of bayonets between us and the truck. Suddenly, we heard a gunshot. I don’t know if this was on purpose or not, but fortunately, no one was injured. The other three youths were also pulled onto the truck with machine guns pointed at them. We couldn’t help getting teary as we watched how they were being treated.

Later, we heard from the four that they had not been allowed to rest for even a moment. They were told, “You are not here on vacation.”

Four youths: “We haven’t eaten for four days.”

Army officer: “That’s your own fault. I don’t care.”

While they were working, soldiers shot bullets into the mound of coals three times. The Japanese residents in camp witnessed this. When the four youths hauled the coal into the stockade, eighteen soldiers, armed with swords, stood at guard. I cannot help but shed a few tears.

At roll call, Mr. Yamamoto’s family members were waving to him from outside the fence, when soldiers stopped them from waving. (The soldiers are usually in the guard towers, but today, there were a lot of them, marching back and forth, along the fence.)
There is quite a distance between the stockade fence and the fencing to the entire enclosed area, so we are not able to see the camp residents very well or hear their voices. However, we repeatedly shouted, “We haven’t eaten in four days. Inform the Spanish consulate.” To this, we heard, “Okay.”

One young man had apparently said, “Our government will keep us alive, no matter what. Even if we try to oppose them, the army will force orders upon us, so what is the use in protesting?” Of course, he is correct, but the Japanese government would not want us to return to Japan if we conducted ourselves shamefully. We should clearly remember that if we act disgracefully, it not only mars our individual reputation but it also brings dishonor to Japan. Although we are not military personnel, we must continue fighting for the honor of Japan, and for justice, and for all humankind. Our ultimate weapon is our hunger strike.

I heard that Lieutenant Colonel Austin was patrolling outside the fence. There has been no toilet paper since January 1st. Because it is a flush toilet, we cannot use the toilet without toilet paper.

I am surprised to find out that the thieves (who barged in here with bayonets and machine guns) had stolen items such as scissors, vitamins, as well as other things.

Many issues are being discussed in the different barracks, but in the barracks that have many elderly and middle-aged men, people are talking about delicious food. They talk, despite their hunger, about such dishes as chicken teriyaki, *maguro no sashimi* (raw tuna), carp, soft-shelled turtle dishes, *unagi don* (eel rice bowl), etc.

Young Mr. Hara was examined by the nursing school graduate, but he was not allowed to be hospitalized. Today, the surgeon captain saw him, but he, too, did not admit him to the hospital. Mr. Hara is sweating and in serious pain. We cannot do anything but stand around and watch, extremely worried. We take turns rubbing his back but the pain doesn’t seem to go away. We can’t even count the numerous times we asked the guard to call the doctor.

He is pale and weak from fasting. Hara wants to be in solidarity with us by continuing to fast, but since his condition is dire, we gathered the captains from the other stockade barracks and proposed that we should make an exception in his case and allow him to drink a glass of milk or something. We felt we should give this sick young man at least some milk. We had a heated discussion over this. As fellow Japanese, we cannot allow this sick man to suffer alone. At 8 p.m., we again gave the guard our written message, asking for a doctor, but no doctor came.

Everyone is determined not to use the coal that had been brought in today. We felt that if we do not use the coal, there will be no coal shortage and we won’t have to undergo the terrible treatment that some suffered today at the hands of the army.
We will never forget that we risked our lives to protest our unjust treatment by the United States military during the war, as we were imprisoned in enemy territory. *Dai Nippon Teikoku Banzai* (Long live the Great Imperial Japan or to the great country of Japan, banzai.)