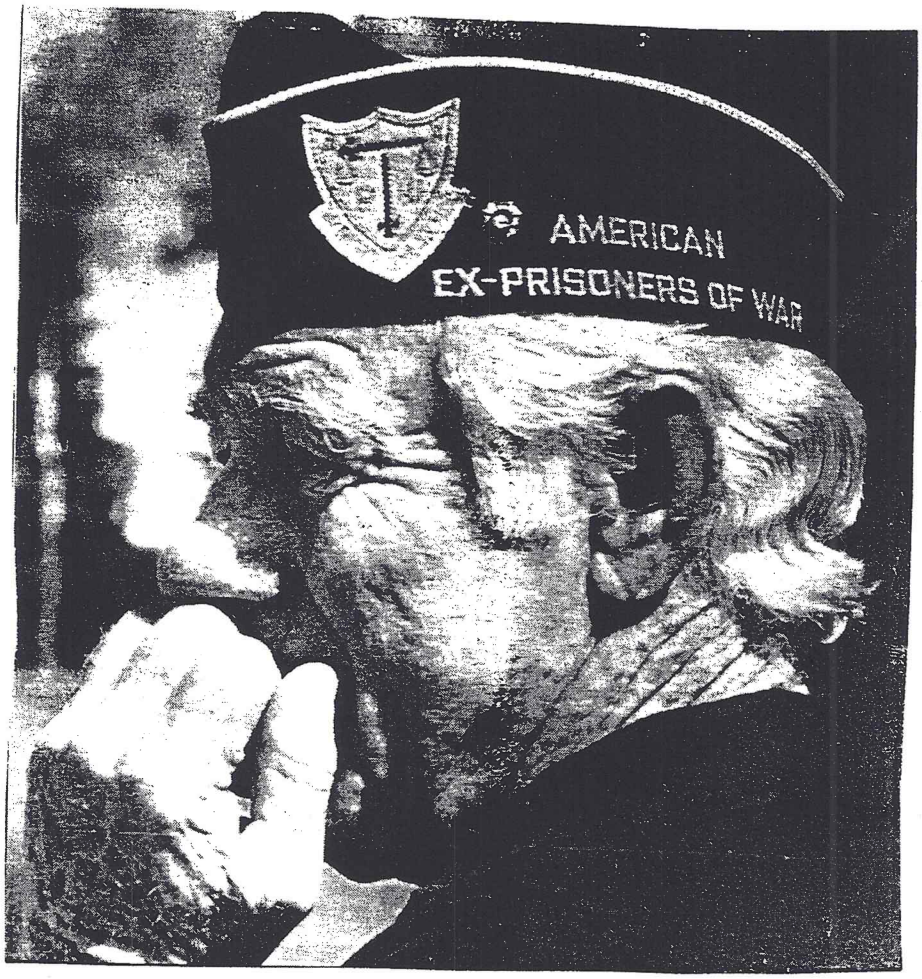
WAKE ISLAND



My Story of World War II

by Max J. Dana

WAKE ISLAND

by MAX J. DANA

Joining the Marine Corp.

I was 19 when I joined the Marine Corp and received my training (boot camp) in San Diego where I was stationed little more than a year. I was in the 1st Defense Battalion. In early February 1941 my outfit shipped out to Pearl Harbor, then later, in November, orders were to head to Wake Island. It was a temporary assignment, replacing the 6th Marines who were detained elsewhere. Just one month later we received the news early in the morning that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

The Attack

That same day (December 8th, as we were across the International Dateline and practically on the doorsteps of the Japanese Empire) Wake Island was not a healthy place to be either as we were attacked also. We did not know that as we were hearing the news of Pearl Harbor that many Japanese ships and planes were on their way. It was around noon when the first wave of bombers (27 in all) sneaked in under heavy clouds. Lacking radar, we had no way of knowing until they were right on top of us. The Japanese came in so low we could make out the expression on their faces. As they dropped their bombs, machine guns mounted on the sides of their bombers strafed the island.

The attack that first day lasted less than 10 minutes, but in that time 7 of our 12 fighters were totally wiped out and 2 severely damaged. Most of our gasoline reserves were destroyed plus the radio station and machine shop. A very devastating blow as we were not very well equipped, with most of our equipment of WW I vintage. Thirty-four men were killed or wounded.

I was in a 4-foot deep machine gun nest on Wilkes Island during the battle, manning a 50 caliber machine gun with 2 other men. We escaped any injury the first raid, but were at the mercy of bombs dropping all around us-some just a few feet away. Half of the planes swung around and made another pass down the main stretch on the main island. Another wave showed up shortly after the first.

The bombers came almost every day flying high with clear skies and out of reach of our 3" anti-aircraft guns. Wilkes Island was barely 1/8 of a mile wide and a little less than 1 mile long at the most. A flight of bombers, usually 28, could cover the entire stretch with one pass if their aim was good, which it usually was, and came generally in 2 to 3 waves, one right after the other. Everyone crouched under the best cover we could find in terror and did a little praying. When they released their bombs it looked like they were letting down a Jacob's ladder. They were 100 pound bombs and you could hear them march up the island as they exploded. Talk about a hair-raising experience! The

bombs landed close but miraculously didn't hit in our small machine gun nest; although we did have a very close call one day. A new channel was proposed for Wilkes and right behind us the civilian contractors had a warehouse with 2200 cases of dynamite stored. It took a direct hit--what an explosion! Even though we were in our machine gun nest below ground level, the concussion was so great it felt like your skin raised an inch from your entire body. Some days they would come in with heavy cruisers and shell the island from a distance off shore. The shells whistled over our heads, which was more terrorizing than the bombing. You didn't know when or where they would hit, but as long as you could hear them you knew that you were still alive.

The third day they came in full force and intended to make a landing. Ships were sighted on the horizon way before daylight and could vaguely be picked up with night binoculars. I was one of the first to see them and reported it immediately. As dawn broke, several ships appeared, moving closer. One troop ship was more than enough to take the island. We braced for a landing. Our orders were to hold our fire, luring them in close enough so our artillery would be effective, as 5" was the biggest gun we had, and it worked. Some of the ships were within 4500'. When they opened fire, one destroyer directly in front of us received a direct hit, broke in half, and the bow raised straight up in the air like a monument and sank. It was a sight I would never forget. We expected survivors to drift ashore later, but none ever showed up, probably because the waters were well infested with sharks. Other ships were damaged as they turned tail and sank later. Our 4 remaining fighters made as many runs as they had time for with great success. The transport was sunk and the landing force lost. Other damaged ships were finished off. We knew we had inflicted heavy damage, but not until later was the real damage admitted by the Japanese. An officer admitted that their actual losses were 9 ships and 5,350 Japanese. That far outweighed our own estimates. It's hard to believe, but we had only 4 men dead and 3 slightly wounded. As they high-tailed it out of there, our morale rose, which we badly needed.

> *"Considering the power accumulated for the invasion of Wake Island, and the meager forces of the defenders, it was one of the most humiliating defeats the Japanese Navy had ever suffered."*
>
> *MASATAKE OKUMIYA*
> *COMMANDER, JAPANESE IMPERIAL NAVY*

We had the usual air raids and shelling after that. During one of those air raids, there was one incident I would never forget. We had dugouts nearby for cover, but the one nearest me was always full. There was a huge rock down on the beach that jutted out and had a cave under it facing the ocean. It looked like perfect shelter. It was quite a distance away, and you couldn't leave your battle station until an alarm was sounded. This one day, when the alarm sounded, the

planes were far enough away that I made a dash for it. When I reached the rock my perfect hide-out was nearly sub-merged. I hadn't calculated the tide, so with no time to turn back I jumped in anyway. Every wave would slam me against the back side of the cave and I'd have to hold my breath until the tide went out. My helmet saved my head from getting bashed in. I have no idea how long I was in there, but it was scary. Raid or no raid, I scrambled out and as I dragged myself onto the beach, another problem faced me that I hadn't anticipated. Half dazed, I was looking down the barrels of about 8 rifles. As I said earlier, we were supposed to keep a sharp look-out for survivors from the destroyer we had sunk, but I never thought that I would be mistaken for one of them. Anyway, these guys meant business. They were far enough away that they couldn't make out what or who I was. For awhile I didn't think I was going to convince them I wasn't a Japanese survivor before they opened fire. I think, looking back, it was my red hair that saved me, when in desperation I threw off my helmet and pointed to my head. After getting back in good graces with my comrades and back to the gun emplacement, I found out the bombs never even came close. It just wasn't my day. I should have been greatful for that, too, because any stray bombs exploding in the water nearby would have been deadly from the concussion. Usual air raids continued and the days dragged by. The communication system on the island was not exactly private as each position had a phone. Quite often we would listen in to hear what was going on. One evening our Commander, Capt. Platte, was chatting with Major Devereux on the main island. Devereux was telling him about a radio show they had picked up from the States. It was the Kay Kaiser show; a prominent radio show at that time. He had dedicated a song for the Wake Island Marines. Capt. Platte was from the South; so, in a slow drawl, with his usual dry sense of humor, he asked "What did they play, taps?"

On the 16th day (December 23rd, 1941), they came back seeking revenge. Determined to take the island, they were armed with a flotilla of 63 war ships surrounding the little island and at least one air-craft carrier just off of the horizon. Our small garrison of 350 Marines pretty much knew what we were in for. Our luck couldn't hold out forever.

On Wilkes Island, where I was stationed, we heard the roar of engines and a crash against the rocks just before daybreak. Voices were shouting commands in a strange language. We braced ourselves for the landing and received orders to open fire. With just the light from tracer bullets it wasn't very effective, but we slowed them down. However, they made their way inland and found cover. We had a searchlight battery(detail of men), but it had been knocked out of commission by air raids. As it became lighter, we could see 2 boats beached. We figured at least 80 Japanese to each boat and we only had 60 men to hold the island. When the firing started, the searchlights from the ships at sea illuminated the sky, which made quite a show. We could see the island was surrounded. It was quite a show with searchlights shooting into the

sky in all directions. Sixty-three ships and an air-craft carrier -- quite a force to take a mere handful of men. But this time they were taking no chances. They didn't know we were only 350 strong. Our little machine gun nest was surrounded and took the brunt of the attack by the landing force, but we got help as soon as other crews heard the gunfire.

Armed with 3 rifles and a machine gun, we managed to hold our position. When we opened fire with the machine gun it would mow down brush, rocks, Japanese, anything that got in its way, with a good sweep. It was our only salvation, but it was troublesome. One long burst and it would get hot and seize up. The bolt had to be removed, freed up with oil, and replaced, hopefully in time to ward off another attack. In the meantime bullets were singing by your ear and hand grenades exploding near-by. The 2 men on rifles kept any die-hards with fixed bayonets from jumping into the nest, but one got close enough that when he fell, we could reach out and touch his bayonet. When the Captain got wounded and couldn't keep the 50 caliber gun operating, I took over and got my share of the fun. It was a do or die situation, and so the battle went.

Boyd, one of our crew, was hit right square in the forehead, The bullet pierced the helmet, hit his skull, and followed around his skull under the skin, leaving through a large hole in the back of his head. All that saved him was that the caliber of the Japanese bullets was much smaller than ours. We wrapped him up and he kept on fighting.

We had one of the civilian workers that was on the island come by our position to seek cover, but ended up offering to help. I gave him our extra rifle and he did his best, but he had to lay along the nest without much cover and his leg was riddled from gunfire. He still kept on fighting. I had given him the job of covering the 2 beached landing crafts. A sniper had been left to guard them; at least that's what it looked like anyway, and he was troublesome. He kept taking potshots at us and it helped to have someone take a crack at him every time he raised his head.

I came through unscathed, but my hands were bloody from frantically clearing the stoppages in the gun. It was around 10:00 am before the firing slowed down. By noon we had the island under control. The entire landing party had been wiped out except for 2 hog-tied prisoners and another playing dead.

At this time we had no idea what was happening on the main island. Communication had been lost shortly before dawn. We were ordered to abandon our guns after we had destroyed them for further use by the Japanese. We joined another group and headed for the channel, I suppose to see what help we could offer as we knew that's where most of the battle was taking place and we hoped to reinforce them if possible.

With all of the forces and fire power and fighter planes buzzing around strafing and dropping bombs, we knew we were doomed and would never see the sunset. You couldn't help but wonder just how you would get it--bomb,

bullet, or bayonet--as we slogged along, dog-tired, toward the channel. We also knew Marines never surrendered.

Well, wrong on both counts. About half way to the channel that separated the 2 islands, we met the surrender party. Major Devereux led the detail, his aid carrying the white flag. It was hard for us to believe and we were suspicious that it was some sort of trick. Finally, convinced it was not, we threw down our arms and put up our hands. We found out later they had surrendered the main island 6 hours before. Cut off from all communications with Capt. Platte, the Major and his staff had mistakenly assumed that Wilkes had fallen. As we approached them, we could see Devereux was rather nervous, with a sword-swinging Japanese officer behind him, pretty impatient, with a detail of about 3 well-armed itchy-fingered men.

They just weren't friendly and immediately made us strip to the waist and get on our knees, then bound our hands behind us with wire. Any unusual movement was rewarded with a rifle butt or a saber to the side of the head. They marched us to the airport, which seemed to be their headquarters; bayonets and swords waving over our heads. The march was a gruesome sight. We crossed the channel, and on the main island, where most of the fighting had been, bodies were strewn about and one gun emplacement had its dead sprawled over the gun. We saw they had been brutally bayoneted.

In the distance, the water tower, where I had stood many "watches" in the main camp, had a huge Japanese flag hanging from the top, waving in the breeze. It was hard to believe what was happening. All in all, this was our first taste of being a prisoner of war and we began to have hope that we might see the sun set after all. It was quickly dismissed as we arrived at what was left of the airport. We were lined up against a bank with bulldozers running above us and fully manned machine guns in front of us. One guard with, a smirk on his face, said "You have 1 hour to live", but about that time, at the last minute, fate stepped in. A high-ranking official appeared and a heated argument ensued. When he left, they reluctantly removed the machine guns and shut down the bulldozers. We were spared. They had decided to use us for propaganda purposes in the homeland. All huddled together, we did not know what to expect next.

We were kept at the airport for 2 days and nights without shirts. The days were hot and the nights were cold. It was particularly hard on me because of my fair skin-it sunburned easily. We had no food and very little water for those 2 days. Later, we were fed potatoes boiled in ocean water and a little peanut butter with plum jam.

The Boat Ride

We remained on the island for about 3 weeks, until January 12, 1942. Then, amidst kicking, clubs, rifle-butts, and sword-waving, we were marched up the gang plank to load us aboard the prisoner escort ship the Nita Maru.

Ninety-eight civilians were kept on the island for work detail. Later in the war when our forces had the island isolated, due to lack of food and no ships to move them, they were executed.

We had no idea where we were heading in the world, although there were rumors that we might be taken to a distant port and exchanged for oil. We always had hopes of repatriation or some hope of release. We also had hopes of the war ending in less than a year with an Allied victory, but little did we know what had to be accomplished before this could become a reality. Better that we didn't. We soon figured out we were going north as the nights kept getting cooler and cooler. The one blanket they threw at us wasn't near enough to keep us warm, so we started doubling up. The light clothing we had for the warm climate on Wake Island wasn't sufficient and all we had was what we had on our backs. We ended up in Yokohama where they held us for a few days, as they were still deciding where they wanted us. In the meantime they held an execution. My bunky, John Lambert from Utah, was pulled out of his bed right beside mine one night and never returned. Later, we found out that he and 5 others were beheaded on the main deck of the Nita Maru (our ship) in a show of strength and superiority over the American forces.

Shortly thereafter they pulled anchor and left the harbor. A few days later we arrived in Shanghai and were unloaded. Talk about enjoying fresh air again!

The Prison Camps

It was about a 12 mile hike to our new "home" -Woosung. It was a very bleak place. You could still see the outline of Shanghai and the lights at night were bright. The buildings were wood frame and old. A high-voltage fence surrounded the compound. The Chinese interpreter in our welcoming speech said "If you try to escape, we shoots."

> *"From now on, you have no property. You gave up everything when you surrendered. You do not even own the air that is in your bodies. From now on, you will work for the building of Greater Asia. You are the slaves of the Japanese."*
>
> *From a Christmas address to prisoners by one Japanese commander*

They issued us 2 blankets and that was it. The beds were a solid wood platform, similar to chicken roosts, and wide enough for 9 people. The nights were cold and we slept with all of our clothes on and sometimes as many as 4 of us would combine our blankets and huddle together. Our toilets were a trench you straddled, but they were enclosed separate cubicles. Underneath each cubicle was a large bowl with a little door in the back. They would be emptied by the local Chinese we called the honey bucket brigade. They would dip out of the bowl and put it in buckets attached to yay-ho poles and hauled to a boat we

called a "shit barge" on a nearby channel. It sure kept the air fragrant! Nothing was wasted in China.

They finally decided that we needed some other clothing, so they came up with worn out Japanese uniforms and shoes. The pants I received came just below my knees and the shoes were terrible.

To pass the time we did various things. One was playing cards. I learned to play bridge. We gambled, playing blackjack and poker, using cigarettes and bread for barter. At one time they issued us a loaf of bread a day in place of a bowl of rice. The loaf was actually a big biscuit about the size of a grapefruit that we would cut into quarters. It was in reality about 2 bites and worth 10 cigarettes. We were issued 3 cigarettes day, so all in all, it was pretty high stakes. Another was studying Spanish. We were fortunate to have a Peruvian Merchant Marine in our camp who had been a professor. Myself and 3 officers were the whole class, but we learned a lot from him. We learned to conjugate verbs, etc., and it let me know how little I had paid attention to grammar in school. So I had to learn English before I could learn Spanish. I lucked out as I had a friend that was a whiz at it and he gave me a crash course.

Punishment, such as solitary confinement and standing at attention in front of the guardhouse overnight or longer until you were ready to drop, was handed out quite frequently for the slightest thing. If they wanted information or to get you to squeal on someone, they would resort to torture such as twisting thumbs or the "water cure" which was forcing water down your mouth with a tube till you passed out. I escaped these, but did not escape the most common torture, which was a good beating. I had my fair share of these. For example, when on a working party one time outside the compound, I strayed just a little out of the prescribed boundary in search of some small buds that grew on weeds and were edible. We had 2 guards and they immediately marched me back and one held a bayonet on me while I had to stand at attention and the other used me as a punching bag. When his knuckles got numb he let the other guard have some fun, but he used his rifle butt against my head so it didn't take long to drop me. Failure to bow to an official, which was the same as a salute, was another reason. Also, if you looked one in the eye, it was contempt. You would have to stand at attention and get thumped.

One time I risked my life by sneaking into a pigpen to retrieve food from the trough. Raising a few pigs was a pet project of one of the prison camp commanders and was done within the compound. The entire compound was surrounded by a well-built fence with high-voltage wire running throughout, making escape a bit difficult. Escaping was out of the question anyway because you had no place to go and being hundreds of miles from friendly forces, you couldn't make it without exposure. The local Chinese were offered a generous reward for reporting any escapees and they weren't hard to pick out.

We were at this camp a year, then they moved us to Kiawong, nearer Shanghai. Conditions were no better. I'm not sure why they moved us, but it

was closer to a project they had in mind that we all came to dread and nearly did us in. We dubbed it "Fujiyama".

We were actually building a mountain and that's why we called it "Fuji". The Japanese came up with the idea to build a rifle range, but they told us it was a recreational park. It didn't matter--it was a back breaking project. We worked on it more than 2 years, sometimes 12 hours a day, and never finished it. There were no hills in China, so we were to make one. The main one was supposed to be 13 meters (about 40 feet) high and a good 150 yards long in the shape of a pyramid, with 3 wings of the same shape but not as high, to make a safe place for rifle practice without endangering anyone. I never did figure the total yardage, but it was a bunch, especially with the equipment we had. Two men would carry a pole across their shoulders with a bag hanging by ropes in the middle; our version of a yay-ho pole as we were too weak to do it the normal way. Two more men with shovels would load the bag and the others would carry it to the dumping area. Round and round, all day, like one big chain, with about 2 or 3 hundred men doing this. Then, in about 2 or 3 months, they modernized the operation. They brought in little mining carts like in the United States and we had to lay track for them. There were 4 men to a cart, one on each corner. Each man had a shovel and we would load the cart. Then we would push the cart up the hill; of course, the hill kept getting steeper as the dirt accumulated. It was a sad sight to these men, emaciated to skin and bones, hollow, starry eyes, toiling away at such a laborious task. Lunch was a bowl of rice issued at breakfast. You were supposed to take it with you to the job, but I couldn't resist eating mine right along with breakfast. I was still hungry, only to look forward to, after a hard day's work, another bowl of rice and a ladle of thin soup for supper.

It doesn't take much space to tell what we received for food in our diet, but it would take pages to list what we didn't have. Items like butter, milk, eggs, salt, sugar, jam, fruit, etc. that we normally took for granted. Of course, the list could go on. As far as meat was concerned, we would receive in our soup possibly 2 or 3 cubes about the size of dice, if we were lucky, about once a month. It's easy to understand the constant hunger pangs each of us had to endure.

One day I received word that I was assigned to another job, which I welcomed. Anything to get off of "Fuji". Another group was shipped out to work in the factories in Japan. My closest friend was among them, and after the war, I was shocked to learn he had died of pneumonia. I wasn't too sure about our new venture, but there wasn't much I could do about it. It was in a compound in the vicinity of Shanghai where all of the military equipment was repaired. We were allowed to choose the type of work we would perform. Not being a mechanic or welder, I chose the paint shop, and they expected me to know something about it. It didn't take long for my "honcho" (supervisor), after testing me, to find out I'd never had a paint gun in my hand. I wasn't sure what trouble I might be in, making false statements about my ability, but I lucked out. This

honcho turned out to be a good egg. He just chuckled and scolded me for telling him I was a painter when I wasn't. He went on to teach me and we got along great after that. Our work consisted mostly of scraping old paint off and sanding, then masking, and then spray painting the equipment. Some sabotage took place, but not to the extent that we could get caught. My contribution to the mighty Japanese Imperial Army was a healthy potty call in the gas tank of each vehicle after we painted it up pretty.

A few interesting things happened while working in the compound. We got to see B-29s fly overhead, way above the reach of enemy fire. They were returning to their base in Burma from their bombing raids over Japan. They managed to have a few extra bombs that they would drop on the shipping yards in Shanghai. They would sink one boat in particular, and after weeks of hard work raising it, the bombers had the pleasure of sending it to the bottom again.

On a few occasions, P-51s (fast fighters) would swoop in just over the rooftops and do what damage they could. It was a rare treat for the prisoners and sure helped their morale to see free Americans in action.

Japanese bombers would come in, smoke trailing behind them, and in most cases, crash and blow up on landing. They didn't like us to see that and one officer told us they were American planes with false identification coming in and were shot down by the mighty Japanese artillery.

We were transported back and forth to work by bus. We had access to items of use if we could smuggle them into camp. We had to be careful as we were searched on our return to camp. One method was to hide things under our hats. It was a good one until they got wise to it, then it was mandatory to hold your hat up while being searched. We simply sewed a false lining in the cap, and it worked well.

If you had a strong desire for alcohol, if could be found. The Japanese used straight grain alcohol for fuel that could be drank. One prisoner devised a system to get it into camp. Using a small inner tube, he would cut it and fill it with the beverage and reseal the ends, wrapping it around his wrist. With extra clothing it appeared quite natural. After over-indulging one day, he was caught drunk. When he sobered up enough to talk, the officials demanded that he account for his actions. He simply told them that he needed it for his aches and pains. The Japanese not only swallowed his story, but, believe it or not, they allowed him to take a small portion along with him to the brig "for a massage." Talk about a happy camper! Of course, ordinarily, if you were caught, some kind of punishment was in order.

We received our first Red Cross box a year after our capture. It was just in time for Christmas and was a welcome sight. We really rejoiced. A Merchant Marine that had been with us always had a huge appetite. You could tell by his waistline, because by this time his belt would actually go around him twice. He was asked if he enjoyed his Red Cross box and what was he going to do with the bar of soap that was part of the contents. He answered, "What soap?" We

were sure he hadn't eaten it, but we got quite a kick out of the humor of it.

We should have gotten Red Cross boxes sooner, but they had been confiscated by the Japanese, and they kept confiscating them. I'd say we received a box about 3 times a year, and it was believed we should have received at least 1 a month. Enclosed is a list of the contents.

Receiving mail had its problems also. We were allowed to write a limited amount of letters, but they were heavily censored. Our first letters were sent in the mid-summer of 1942. Letters from home came in slow and at one time mail that had arrived in November of 1943 was delayed until March of 1944. This may seem like a trivial event, but when you lay awake nights wondering what's going on at home and anxious for news, it was far worse than physical torture.

In May of 1945, the Japanese decided to move all POWs to Japan proper. Germany had surrendered. They knew a landing would be inevitable on the main island of Japan and they could use the prisoners as hostages. They chose to take the prisoners by rail and loaded 50 men to a box car. Each car was divided into 3 equal parts; the center for guards and the ends heavily sealed off with barbed wire. Boxcars were much smaller in the Orient than ours and the 2 end compartments would scarcely be 8' x 10' each; with 25 men crammed in each end with hardly any room to stand. This trip would take 2 months, including a 1 month stopover in Fengtai. Sleeping was a problem. There just wasn't room to stretch out without someone throwing their legs over the other until the person on the bottom started losing circulation in his legs. Then he'd pull his legs out and start on the top again. We were in the boxcar 9 days in all. It was a very uncomfortable trip. They would stop once a day and let us out for a nature call, usually in a small town, and they would line us up right in the town square. It wasn't easy going to the bathroom with the whole town watching. When we were loaded back into the boxcars the coulees would come with their honey buckets and clean up, using it to fertilize their gardens. We also had a 5 gallon square can in each compartment for emergencies.

We received box lunches on the trip which consisted of seaweed, fried grasshoppers and occasionally some rice. Raw fish was an occasional luxury.

The trip from Shanghai to Fengtai took 5 days. It was on this stretch of the trip 5 officers managed to escape by cutting the wire from a window. The escape was successful, but it was a long hard trip. We didn't learn the details until after the war. For 47 days they traveled about 700 miles by foot and horse and boat through and around enemy territory. One of the officers knew the country and they were also helped by Chinese Communists in strategic places before being passed on to Nationalist troops and welcomed as heroes. They kept us in Fengtai, China for a month. I don't know why. We were kept in a huge warehouse with a dirt floor and that's where we slept. A new prisoner was brought into camp, but was kept isolated. We didn't know what nationality he was, but learned later that he was an American fighter pilot that had been shot

down with one leg severely burned. He could have given us a lot of news of how the war was going, but they didn't want us to have that information.

Continuing on our trip, we went through Manchuria and down through Korea. We got a glimpse of the Great Wall. Arriving in Fusan, Korea, it was raining hard so we trudged through a foot of mud for 2 1/2 miles from the railroad to the ferry. We were there for just a few days. I was on a detail unloading a boatload of salt. We used the traditional yay-ho pole system; a common method in the Orient. Actually the Chinese transported everything that way, only they would have one man with a pole and a basket on each end. The prisoners were too weak for that.

I spent my 25th birthday in Fusan. Finally, they decided to move us on, so they gave us a delousing and loaded us aboard a ferry to carry us across the straits to the mainland. They loaded so many men in the boat we thought for sure it would sink. It seemed like a 10 hour trip across the straits. We were lucky the weather was calm and no rough seas. From the boat they took us to a train depot. This time we were loaded into passenger cars packed like sardines. So many to a car we barely had standing room in the aisles. We took turns being seated. We spent one night on the train and it was a nightmare. The train traveled through all of the major cities enroute to Tokyo. Although the blinds were pulled, we managed to sneak a look and could see the devastation they had suffered from countless air raids. Factories and city blocks were flattened. The prisoners could very well see that the U.S. Forces hadn't been sitting around. We unloaded at the Tokyo railroad station to change trains. We had to march the full length of the depot. Many agitated citizens were lined up to greet us, but as a welcoming committee they failed. We were stoned, kicked, poked with sticks, and spit on the whole route. We were loaded up again and headed north with one more stop. Between the 2 islands was a tube running underwater on the ocean floor. We were loaded on trucks for that jaunt and then back on another train to continue up the island of Hokaido, the most northern island. We were unloaded about halfway.

We arrived in the new part of the world July 7th. They split us into 3 separate camps a few miles apart. It had high mountains and lots of pine trees, unlike other areas we had been, and quite similar to the landscape at home. It didn't take us long to find out our new job was to work in the coal mines. It was a new experience and strenuous. We traveled on a cable car on a rail at about a 45 degree angle down nearly a mile and spent 12 hours drilling and blasting through solid rock, then loading it into a 4' by 10' rail car. We never did see any coal. No safety equipment like a hard hat so you always hoped any falling rock from overhead wasn't too big. We worked 10 days and 1 off. The food and conditions in general were at its worst. I'd never been sick 1 day, but now I was weakening and became feverish, with no extra time off. Worst of all the winters in northern Japan can be cold with heavy snow. With inadequate clothing and blankets, it didn't look good. I knew I couldn't survive a winter under those

conditions. Little did we know that the situation was coming to an end. It was running into only the second month of our sojourn, but already it seemed forever. But lo and behold, out of the clear blue sky, something happened and we had no idea what.

We awoke one morning and didn't have to go to the mines. This went on for the next 2 or 3 days. Among the rumors was that the shaft had caved in and had to be repaired. They wouldn't tell us anything and the last thing in our minds was that the war was ending. We were afraid to get our hopes up, but we were getting suspicious. About the 3rd or 4th day the guards disappeared and civilian police came in. When a small group of Japanese officers accompanied by a Swiss council had us assemble in the courtyard and gave us a talk, we found out the war was over. The Imperial Japanese Empire had to surrender after a weapon so powerful had been used against them that they had no choice. "You will be free to go home to your loved ones and we hope no hard feelings will linger."

Food from Heaven

Needless to say, we rejoiced! It took a few days for this to soak in. We didn't know how to handle this freedom and had a lot of adjusting to do. But things happened fast. It wasn't long before bombers and fighter planes were parachuting food and supplies to us. All we had to do was make a large white cross where we wanted it dropped, so we picked an open field nearby. Most of the packages were 50 gallon barrels and so heavy they broke from the parachute and didn't quite land where they were supposed to. A couple came right through the roof of our barracks, but we didn't mind. The fighter planes from an aircraft carrier had auxiliary gas tanks full of food that they could swoop in and eject. The packages would bob along the ground for quite a distance before coming to a halt. It's sad to say, but after making it this far, 2 prisoners (I should say ex) getting too eager to retrieve the food got in the path of these torpedo-like tanks and were crushed to death. What a loss! I started putting on some weight. My 128 pound body welcomed it. It was months before I could handle rich food without getting sick.

Briefly, I'll go over what happened from the time of the Japanese surrender until I hit the States. Of course we were eager to get out of there, but it ran into nearly a month of waiting. The military pulled out immediately and a civilian patrol came in, but had no arms and acted more as custodians. We could roam about freely and one day a friend and I hiked to one of the other 2 camps to visit our friends. One of my close friends was recuperating from an emergency operation for appendicitis which had been done with a razor blade. He wasn't in very good shape, but he pulled through. We enjoyed a turkey dinner and drank beer. I even ventured into the small town we were by with a couple of other guys and had a shave. I assure you each of us kept a close eye on that razor. We could have collected a lot of souvenirs, but we were still quite

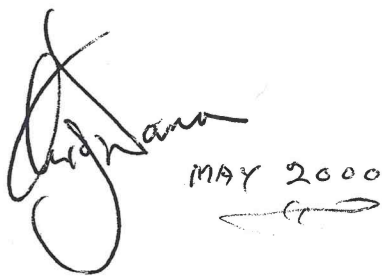
jumpy and didn't know really what to do or what we could get away with. It was like being in a fog, after being beat down for that many months, you weren't sure which way to turn. After several false alarms, we finally got the official word to pack up. We had a short train ride to Sapporo, the nearest airport, and from there we flew to Tokyo.

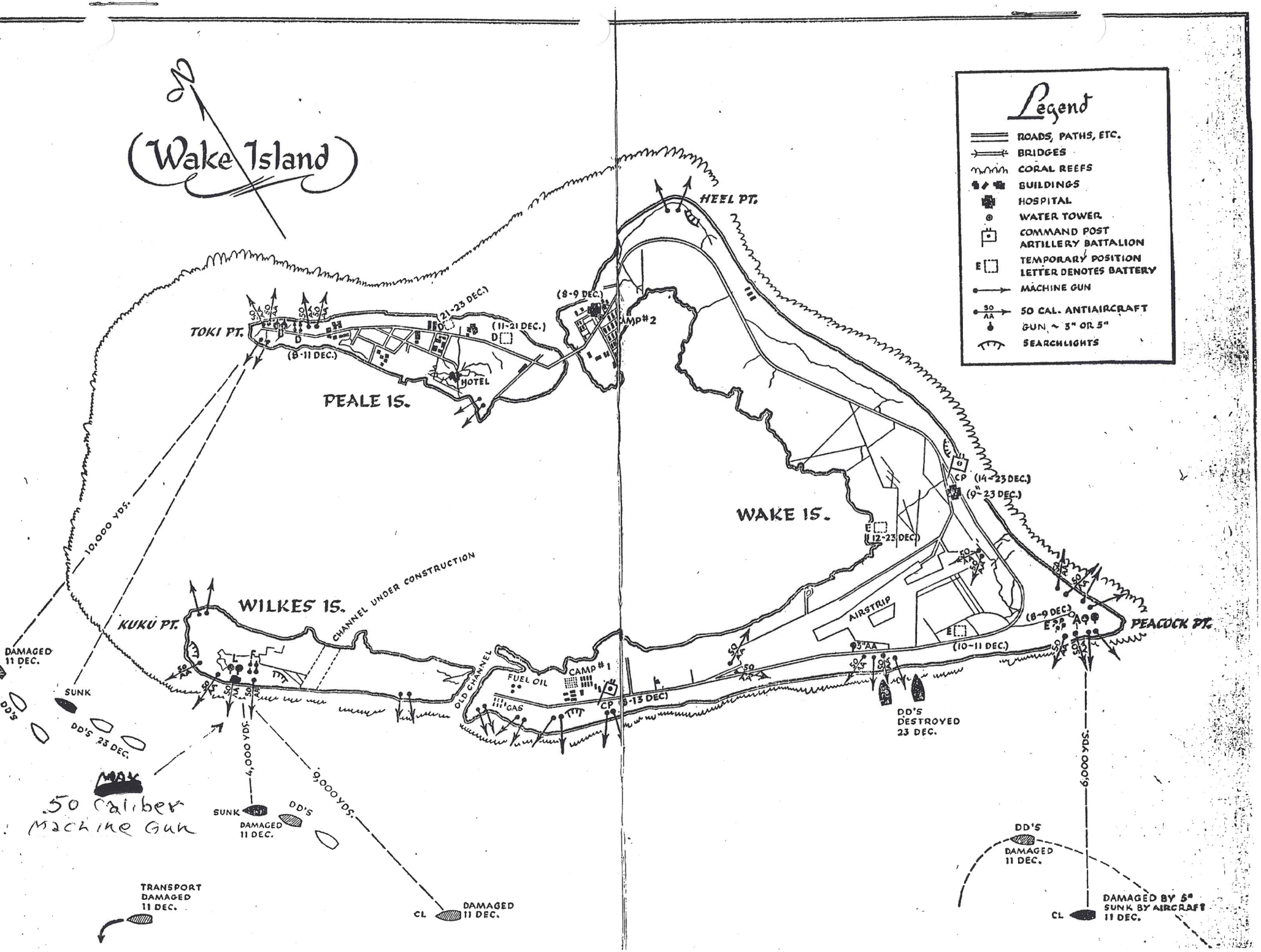
The crew was good to us and as usual we could have about anything we wanted, so I couldn't resist to do a little "jungle bummin" as we called it. They had a small propane cooker aboard and plenty of canned food, so I took the liberty of warming up something. Anyway, the food was too rich and didn't settle very well. About this time we were circling Tokyo, so I had the satisfaction of getting even with the citizens of Tokyo who had 'welcomed' us on our train ride by heaving all over the town.

From the plane ride I was taken aboard a large transport vessel. Everywhere we went we had the best. They really rolled out the red carpet for us. We actually bunked in the sick bay, as it's called aboard ship, where we got firsthand medical attention. I even had a tooth pulled.

We traveled to Guam with a convoy of 20 ships. At Guam we were put up at the hospital again. We had good food and a lot of medical examinations and even a payday. It was beginning to soak in what a great country we had fought for, and all of the war machines and power we possessed. It was good to see our men handling the guns instead of the enemy. When it came time to be shipped out to the States, an unusual thing happened. They scheduled 400 men to board the ship and would you believe I was 401. It was hard to say how long it would be before another ship would go out again. So, feeling sort of dejected, I decided to make the best of it; but the very next day a large C-54 4-engine plane was to leave for the States with a group of officers. By chance one of the officers fell ill and couldn't make the flight. There I was, next on the list, all alone, so I got to join the officers.

I landed in Oakland nearly 2 weeks ahead of the rest. We stopped briefly at Kwajalein and then on to Honolulu for an overnight stay at the Naval hospital. Once again the royal treatment. Once in Oakland, I was stationed at Oak Knoll Hospital for 3 months convalescence, but was allowed a 30 day furlough to return home. The rest of the story should be easy to imagine. After returning to Oak Knoll, and many more examinations, our orders were to go to Treasure Island. There, eight months after the war had ended, I received my back pay, a couple of promotions, and discharge papers on April 7, 1946.




Wake Island
Legend
ROADS, PATHS, ETC.
BRIDGES
CORAL REEFS
BUILDINGS
HOSPITAL
WATER TOWER
COMMAND POST ARTILLERY BATTALION
TEMPORARY POSITION LETTER DENOTES BATTERY
MACHINE GUN
50 CAL. ANTIAIRCRAFT
GUN ~ 3" OR 5"
SEARCHLIGHTS
HEEL PT.
TOKI PT.
PEALE IS.
WAKE IS.
WILKES IS.
KUKU PT.
PEACOCK PT.
HOTEL
CAMP #2
CAMP #1
AIRSTRIP
FUEL OIL
GAS
OLD CHANNEL
CHANNEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION
(8-9 DEC.)
(11-21 DEC.)
(21-23 DEC.)
(8-11 DEC.)
CP (14-23 DEC.)
(9"-23 DEC.)
(12-23 DEC.)
(10-11 DEC.)
CP (9-13 DEC)
3"AA
10,000 YDS.
5,000 YDS.
9,000 YDS.
DAMAGED 11 DEC.
SUNK
DD'S
DD'S 23 DEC.
SUNK
DAMAGED 11 DEC.
DD'S
DD'S DESTROYED 23 DEC.
DD'S
DAMAGED 11 DEC.
TRANSPORT DAMAGED 11 DEC.
CL
DAMAGED 11 DEC.
CL
DAMAGED BY 5" SUNK BY AIRCRAFT 11 DEC.
.50 Caliber Machine Gun

IN REPLYING ADDRESS
THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT
AND REFER TO No.
277435
AY-280-epe

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
WASHINGTON

12 January 1942.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Dana:

From the latest information which has been received it appears that your son, Private First Class Max J. Dana, U. S. Marine Corps, was stationed on the Island of Wake at the time it was attacked by Japanese forces on December 7, 1941, and as his name does not appear on any casualty list thus far received it is probable that he is now a prisoner of war.

The Major General Commandant appreciates your anxiety and directs me to inform you that the Department of State is making every effort to obtain information regarding the location and welfare of prisoners of war. As soon as any information is received you will be promptly notified.

Sincerely yours,

EMMETT W. SKINNER,
Lieut. Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dana:

The Provost Marshal General directs me to advise you that the War Department intercepted, on July 15, 1942, a short wave radio broadcast from Tokyo to the effect that Max Dana, Jr., Private First Class, U.S. Marine Corps, is interned by Japan.

The War Department is unable to verify this message or that the person mentioned was not acting under duress.

If further information is received by this office in regard to Private Dana, you will be advised at once.

Sincerely yours,

Howard F. Bresee,
Lt. Col., C.M.P.,
Chief Information Bureau

ISSUED TO EACH ... AS HE BOARDED THE NITAMARU TRANSPORT

Commander of the Prisoner Escort
Navy of the Great Japanese Empire

REGULATIONS FOR PRISONERS

1. The prisoners disobeying the following orders will be punished with immediate death.

   a. Those disobeying orders and instructions.
   b. Those showing a motion of antagonism and raising a sign of opposition.
   c. Those disordering the regulations by individualism, egoism, thinking only about yourself, rushing for your own good.
   d. Those talking without permission and raising loud voices.
   e. Those walking and moving without order.
   f. Those carrying unnecessary baggage in embarking.
   g. Those resisiting mutually.
   h. Those touching the boat's materials, wires, electric lights, tools, switches, etc.
   i. Those climbing ladder without order.
   j. Those showing action of running away from the room or boat.
   k. Those trying to ta ke more meal than given to them.
   l. Those using more than two blankets.

2. Since the boat is not well equipped and inside being narrow, food being scarce and poor you'll feel uncomfortable during the short time on the boat. Those losing patience and disordering the regulation will be heavily punished for the reason of not being able to escort.

3. Be sure to finish your "Nature's call", evacuate the bowels and urine, before embarking.

4. Meal will be given twice a day. One plate only to one prisoner. The prisoners called by the guard will give out the meal quick as possible and honestly. The remaining prisoners will stay in their places quietly and wait for your plate. Those moving from their places reaching for your plate without order will be heavily punished. Same orders will be applied in handling plates after meal.

5. Toilet will be fixed at the four corners of the room. The buckets and cans will be placed. When filled up a guard will appoint a prisoner. The prisoner called will take the buckets to the center of the room. The buckets will be pulled up by the derrick and be thrown away. Toilet papers will be given. Everyone must cooperate to make the room sanitary. Those being usless will be punished.

6. Navy of the Great Japanese Empire will not try to punish you all with death. Those obeying all the rules and regulations, and believing the action and purpose of the Japanese Navy, cooperating with Japan in constructing the "New order of the Great Asia" which lead to the world's peace will be well treated.

THE END

WAR DEPARTMENT
SERVICES OF SUPPLY
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL
WASHINGTON

May 12, 1942.

Mrs. Edward Dana,
Box 542,
Whitney, Nevada.

Dear Mrs. Dana:

In further reference to your inquiry of March 18, 1942, The Provost Marshal General directs me to inform you that this office has received official information from the International Red Cross that your son, Private First Class, Max Dana, Junior, United States Marine Corps, has been taken a prisoner of war and is now located at Shanghai, China.

You may communicate, by ordinary mail, postage free, with Private Dana by addressing the envelope as follows:

Private Max Dana, Junior,
Formerly at Wake Island,
Interned at Shanghai, China,
c/o International Red Cross,
Geneva, Switzerland.

In the upper left cornerof the envelope write:

Prisoner of War, Postage Free,
Prisonnier de Guerre, Franc de Port.

The name and address of the sender should be clearly written on the back of the envelope. No arrangements have yet been made whereby parcels may be sent to Prisoners of War who are interned by the Japanese.

Further inquiries should be directed to the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, Office of The Provost Marshal General, Washington, D.C.

Sincerely yours,

Howard F. Bresee

Howard F. Bresee,
Lt. Col., A. G. D.,
Chief, Information Branch.

1 Incl.
Info.Cir.

TO- MRS. EDWARD S. DANA
200-17TH ST.
OGDEN, UTAH
U.S.A.

Shanghai War-prisoner's Camp.

上海俘虜收容
檢閱濟

MY DEAREST MOTHER DAD AND ALL,

I FINALY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT M SO I AM HAPPY TO TELL YOU I AM IN GOOD HEALTH, AND CAME THROUGH WITH NO PHYSICAL DEFECTS. I FEEL LIKE THE LUCK GUY-IN-THE WORLD TO BE ABLE TO LOOK FORWARD TO GOING HOME AFTER ITS ALL OVER, BUT MOTHER I KNOW ITS MO THAN LUCK.

I SINCERELY HOPE YOU ARE ALL IN THE BEST OF HE AND PLEASE WRITE RIGHT AWAY AND TELL ME HOW YOU ARE AND HOW EDWARD IS AND TELL ALL THE FAMILY I STIL LOVE THEM. I DONT SUPPOSE WE WILL BE ABLE TO W MANY LETTERS BUT EVEN IF WE GET ONE APIECE WILL HELP.

TIME SEEMS TO BE GOING FAST. OUR WORK NOT TO HARD AND WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO R I AM TAKING SPANISH FROM A SPANIARD FROM PE AND I AM LEARNING SOME JAPANESE LANGUAGE. O FORIEGHN LANGUAGES ARE BIENG TAUGHT AND ALS OTHER SUBJECTS. I AM INTERESTED IN IT ALL WH HELPS.

MOTHER I'M NOT SO BAD OFF. MY RECRUITING SGT. STEVE FORTUNA, BUNKS OPPOSITE ME SO I HA REVENGE. MOTHER I STARTED SMOKING ON WAKE ISLAND. WE HAVE TOBACCO HERE, BUT A FEW OF US A ASKING OUR FOLKS FOR A CARTAN OF BULL DURHAM ROLLING TOBACO HOPING ONE WILL GET THROUGH. MAY YOU AND DAD COULD TRY AND FIX ONE UP FOR ME. PLEASE DONT TRY TO SEND ANYTHNG ELSE, THAT IS ENOUGH TO RISK.

WELL FOLKS, I COULD WRITE PAGE AFTER PAGE BU WE ARE LIMITED TO ONE PAGE AND SO I AM HOPING THIS GETS THROUGH AND I AM QUIET SURE IT WILL AS IT HAS A GOOD CHANCE.

AND SO MOTHER AND DAD I WILL CLOSE WITH A MY LOVE, HOPING IT WONT BE TO LONG IN THE FUTUR BEFORE WE WILL BE SEEING EACH OTHER.

BY THE WAY I SURE CAN USE CHOP STICKS.

I CLOSE AS EVER
YOUR LOVING SON

Max

BARRACKS I

you would think we were having fun. letters had to sound good or they would not get throu

TO- MRS. EDWARD S. DANA
200-17TH ST.
OGDEN, UTAH
U.S.A.

Shanghai War-prisoner's Camp.

上海俘虜收容所
檢閱濟

MY DEAREST MOTHER DAD AND ALL,
I FINALY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT ME, SO I AM HAPPY TO TELL YOU I AM IN GOOD HEALTH, AND CAME THROUGH WITH NO PHYSICAL DEFECTS. I FEEL LIKE THE LUCKIE GUY-IN-THE WORLD TO BE ABLE TO LOOK FORWARD TO GOING HOME AFTER ITS ALL OVER, BUT MOTHER I KNOW ITS MOR THAN LUCK.
I SINCERELY HOPE YOU ARE ALL IN THE BEST OF HEAL AND PLEASE WRITE RIGHT AWAY AND TELL ME HOW YOU AL ARE AND HOW EDWARD IS AND TELL ALL THE FAMILY I STILL LOVE THEM. I DON'T SUPPOSE WE WILL BE ABLE TO WRI MANY LETTERS BUT EVEN IF WE GET ONE APIECE I WILL HELP.
TIME SEEMS TO BE GOING FAST. OUR WORK I NOT TO HARD AND WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO RES I AM TAKING SPANISH FROM A SPANIARD FROM PERU AND I AM LEARNING SOME JAPANESE LANGUAGE. OTH FORIEGHN LANGUAGES ARE BIENG TAUGHT AND ALSO OTHER SUBJECTS. I AM INTERESTED IN IT ALL WHICH HELPS.
MOTHER I'M NOT SO BAD OFF. MY RECRUITING SGT. STEVE FORTUNA, BUNKS OPPOSITE ME SO I HAVE REVENGE. MOTHER I STARTED SMOKING ON WAKE ISLAND. WE HAVE TOBACCO HERE, BUT A FEW OF US ARE ASKING OUR FOLKS FOR A CARTAN OF BULL DURHAM ROLLING TOBACO HOPING ONE WILL GET THROUGH. MAYBE YOU AND DAD COULD TRY AND FIX ONE UP FOR ME. PLEASE DON'T TRY TO SEND ANY THING ELSE, THAT IS ENOUGH TO RISK.
WELL FOLKS, I COULD WRITE PAGE AFTER PAGE BUT WE ARE LIMITED TO ONE PAGE AND SO I AM HOPING THIS GETS THROUGH AND I AM QUIET SURE IT WILL AS IT HAS A GOOD CHANCE.
AND SO MOTHER AND DAD I WILL CLOSE WITH ALL MY LOVE, HOPING IT WON'T BE TO LONG IN THE FUTURE BEFORE WE WILL BE SEEING EACH OTHER.
BY THE WAY I SURE CAN USE CHOP STICKS.
I CLOSE AS EVER
YOUR LOVING SON

Max

BARRACKS I

you would think we were having fun. letters had to sound good or they would not get through

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

1204

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destinati

KH SD GOVT NL

Washington D C April 15 1944

Mr and Mrs Dana

Genl Dely Devils Slide Utah

Following short wave broadcast from Japan has been intercepted "I am safe and in good health and always thinking you there is no cause to worry your loving son Max PFC Max Julian Dana." This broadcast supplements previous official report received from international red cross stop

Gullion Provost Marshall General

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

1204

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

KH F 60 6 extra attempted to deliver from Provo unsuccessful Govt.

Washington D.C. 645 P:M Sept 26th 1945

Mr and Mrs Edward S Dana,

General Dely- Pleasant Grove Utah

Pleased to inform you of the liberation from Japanese custody of your son Private First class Max J Dana USMC he arrived at Guam on 16 September 1945 furthur details will be furnished you promptly when received he sends the following message " Doing OK excellent care be home soon loveing son Max "

A A Vandergrift Genl USMC Commandt of the Marine Corps

From: PFC. Max J. Dana U.S.M.C.
Barracks I Sec. 6
Shanghai War-prisoner's Camp.

上海俘虜收容所
檢閱濟

To: Mrs. E.S. Dana
Pleasant Grove, Utah
Gen. Del.

Sept. 14, 1944

Dearest Mother Dad and all,

Another line for you Mother, to let you know I am still in the best of health. I received 6 letters from you a few days ago, the latest May 31. Thankful to hear you are all well including Edward, I think of him a lot. I sure hope Kenneth does not get into it.

Hamel, Sanders and Frandsen are well. I hav'nt heard from Lane for over a year but I believe for sure he is alright.

Every thing is the same mother, I love you all and think of you all every day, and hoping to arrive home before one of these letter some day, but I can wait it out so please don't worry about me

I sure enjoy looking at the snap-shots but it is still hard to believe how every one has grown up.

I shall have many new things to see and hear won't I?

closing with all my love.
Give every one my regards.
your most loving Son

Max

郵便俘虜

PRISONER OF WAR POST
KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST
SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE

POSTE GEFANGENEN
GEBÜHRENFREI
FRANCHISE POSTALE

INDICATE NATIONALITY OF PRISONER OF WAR: U.S. ☒ BRITISH ☐ CANADIAN ☐ OTHER (Specify) ☐

NAME AND GRADE OF PRISONER OF WAR: PFC. MAX DANA JR. U.S.M.C.

PRISONER OF WAR No. 1-3814

ADDRESS: JAPANESE FIELD POST OFFICE BOX 180
BKS. 1, SEC. 6 SHANGHAI CHINA
VIA NEW YORK, N.Y.

FROM (Sender's full name and address): MRS. E.S. DANA
PLEASANT GROVE UTAH
SEN DEL:

TOP PANEL

DEAREST MAX-HEAR YOU'RE MOVED
HAVENT BEEN ADVISED NEW ADDRESS
HOPING YOU GET OUR LETTERS.
CARL'S YOUR DIRECTION NOW.
HE'S CONGARNED YOUR FUTURE
SWELL KID. ALL'S WELL
LOVE MAMA

PFC. MAX DANA - U.S. Sec Des Prisonniers De Guerre
BKS. 1 SEC. 6

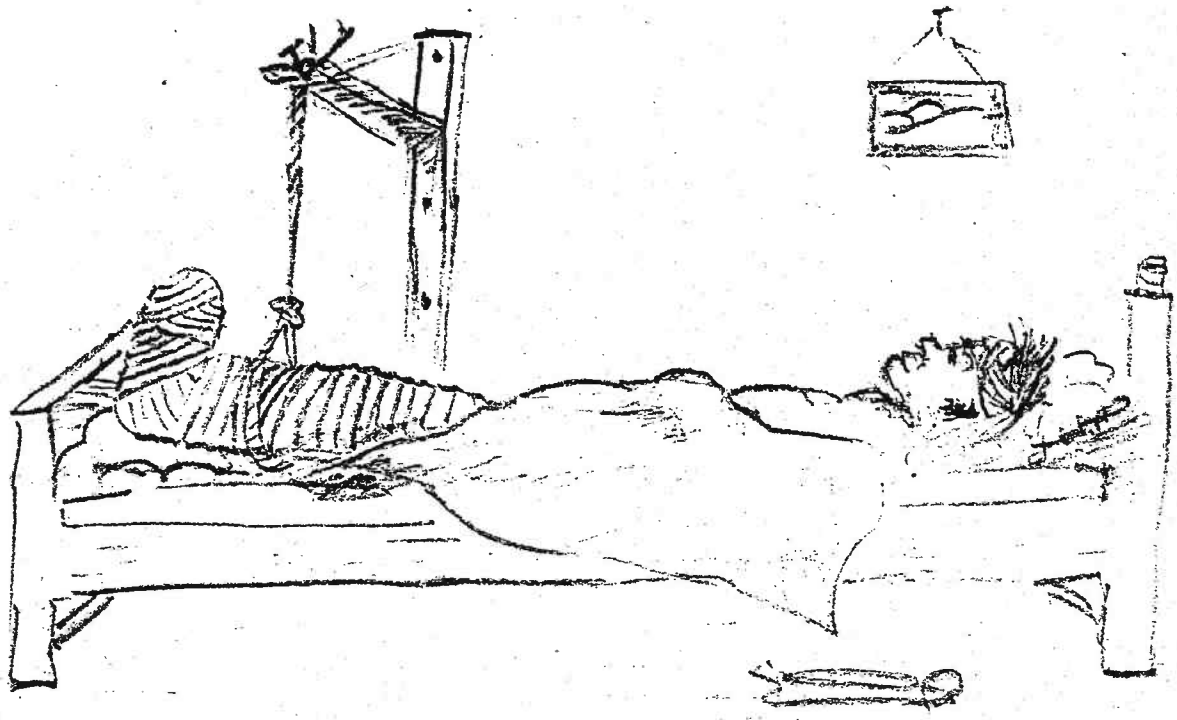
Shanghai War-prisoner's Camp.

上海俘虜收容所
検閲濟

rec'd 24 Dec. 1943

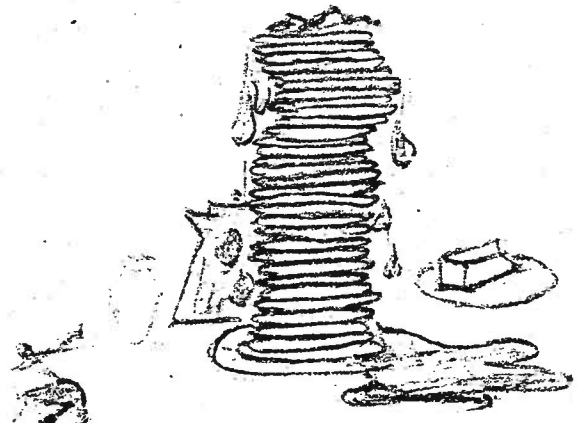
MRS. E.S. DANA
BOX 542
WHITNEY NEVADA
U.S.A.

CENSORSHIP
EXAMINED
By 575



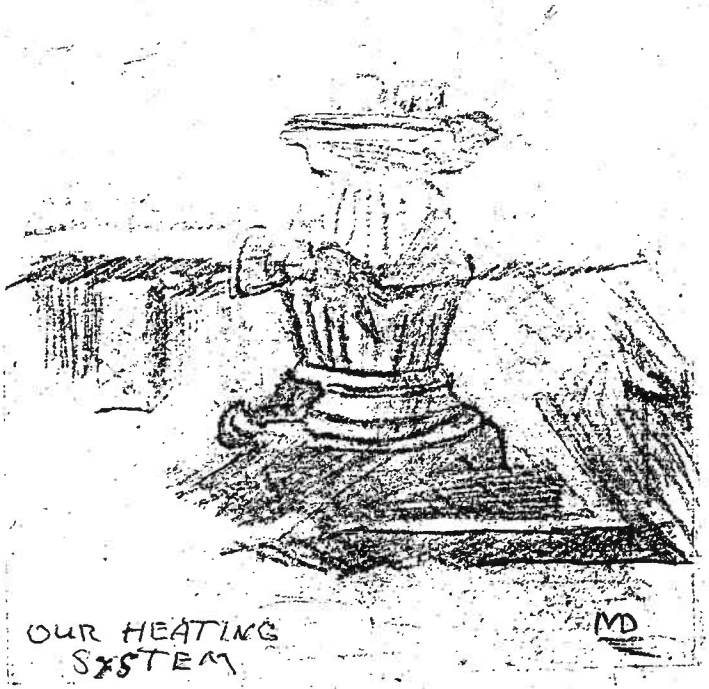
"Better 'n Fug"

Drawn by MAX DANA
in POW camp in China
WW-2

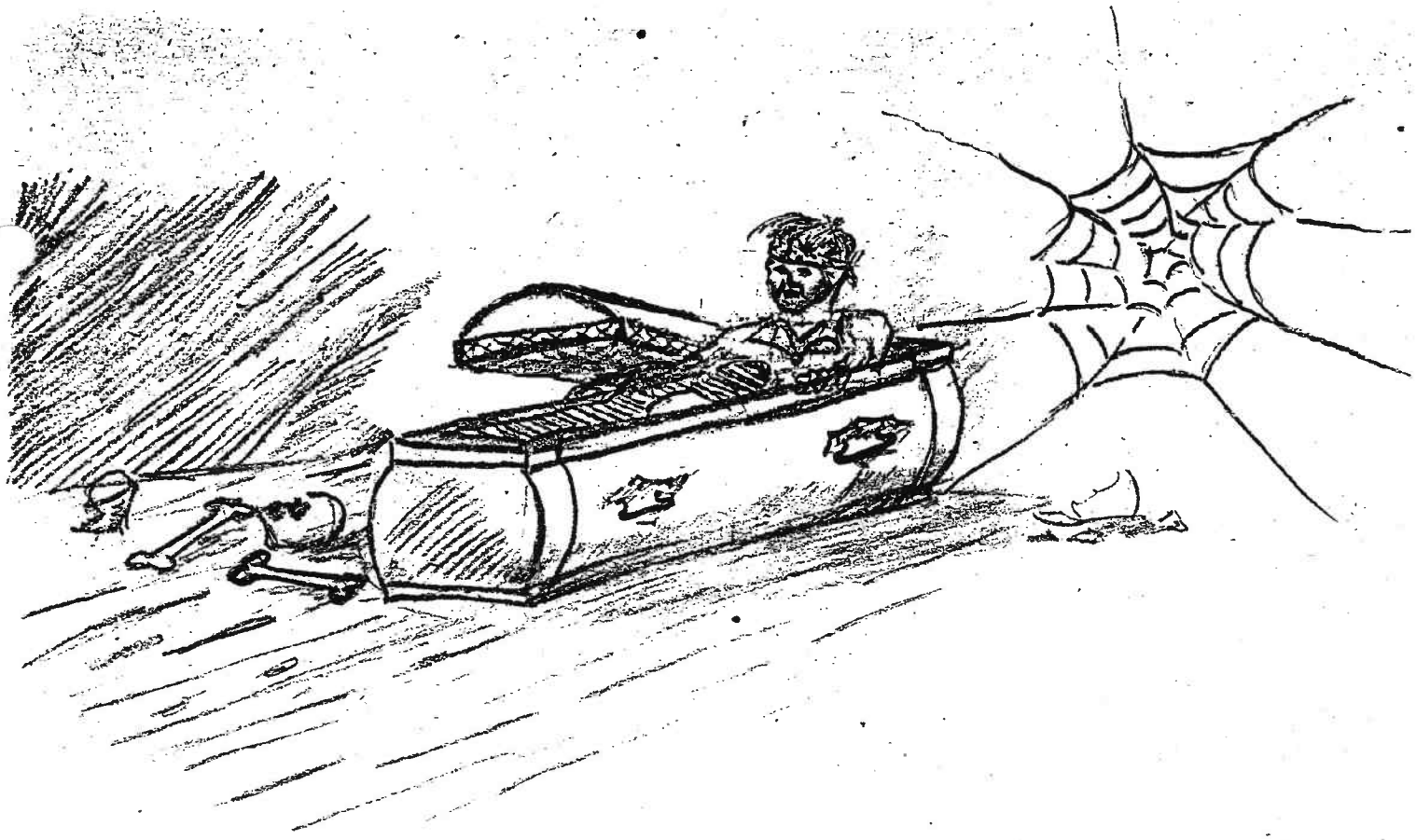


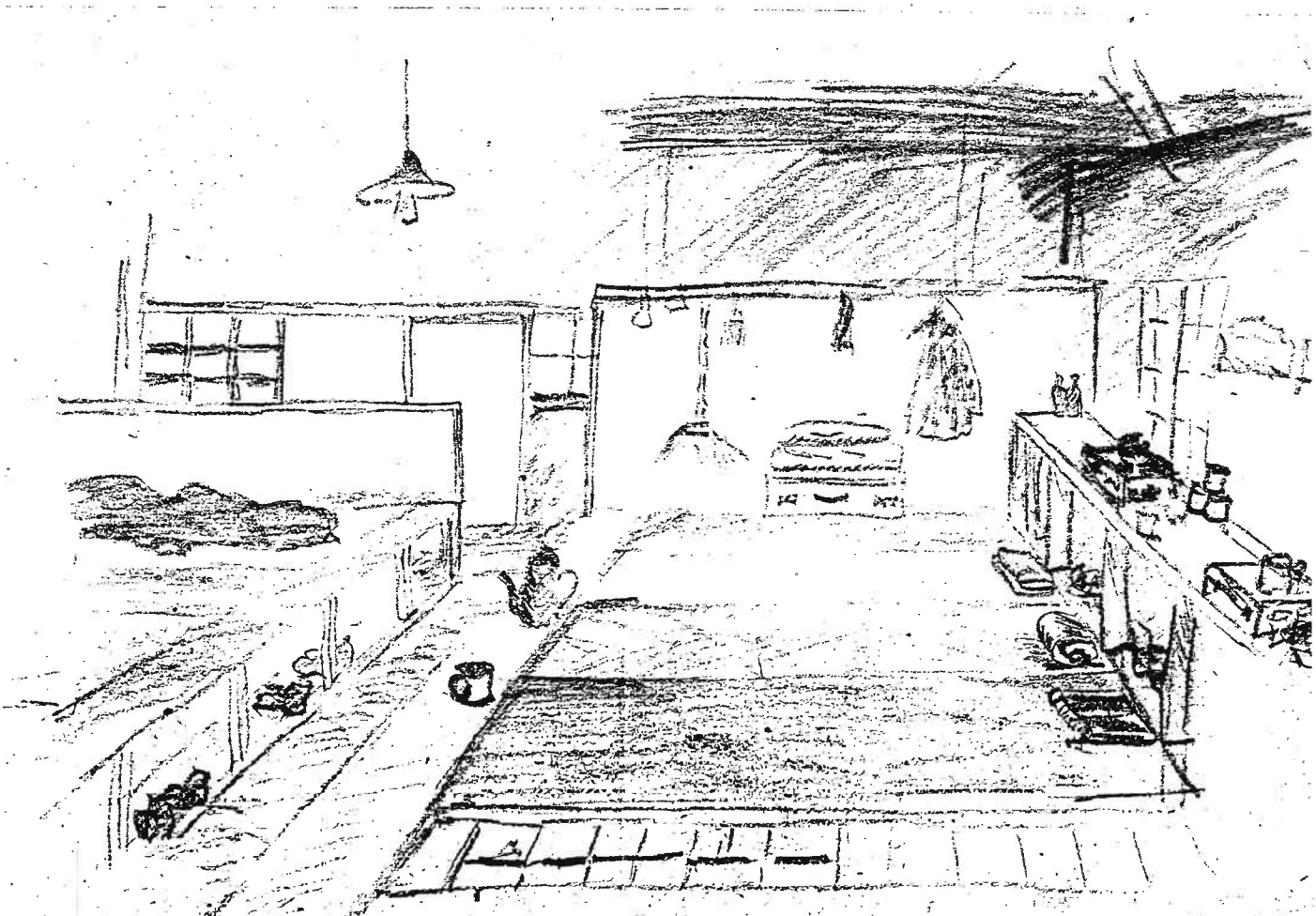
HOT CAKE
HORRORS

MAX DANA
1943
China
POW



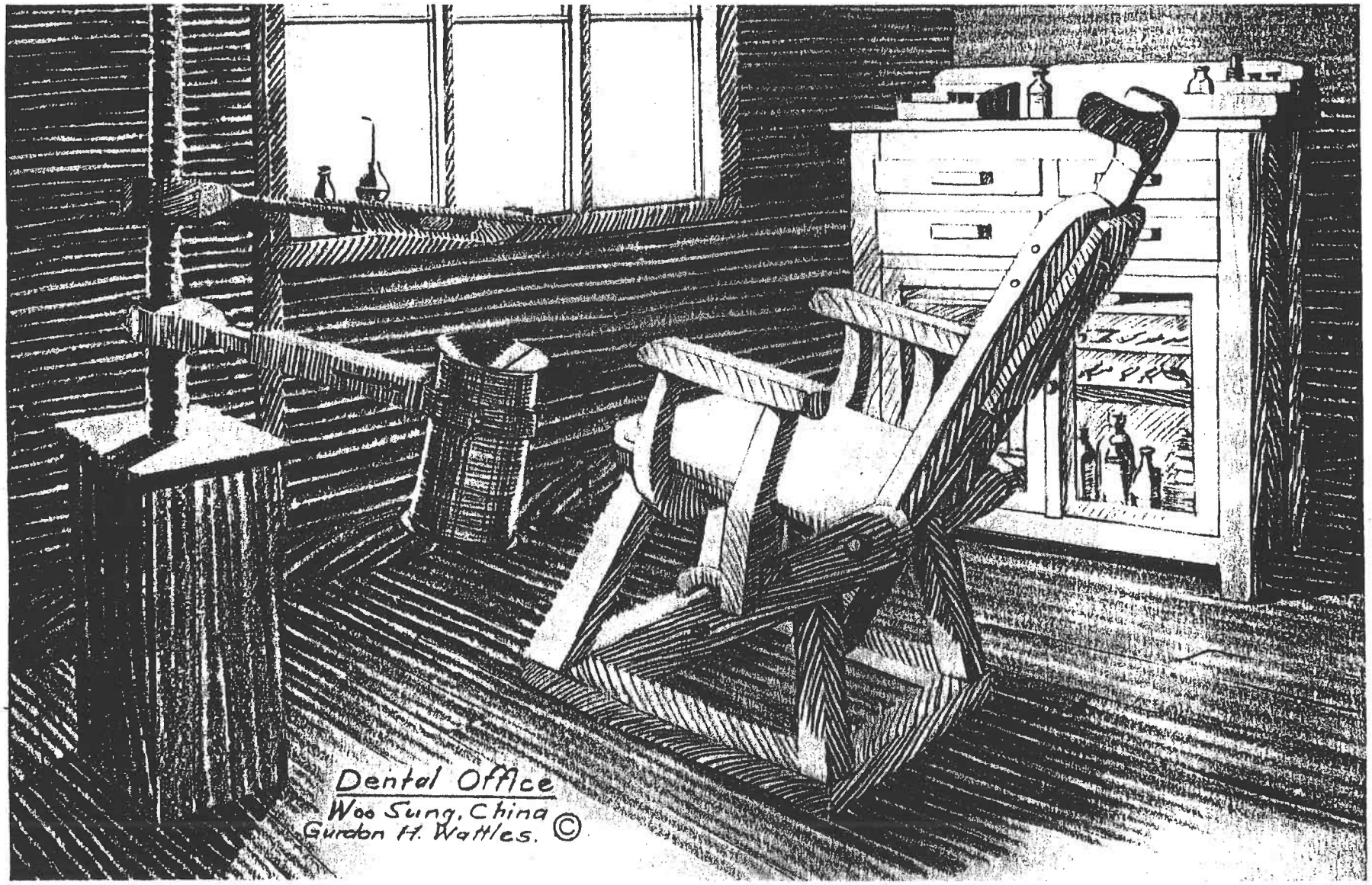
OUR HEATING
SYSTEM



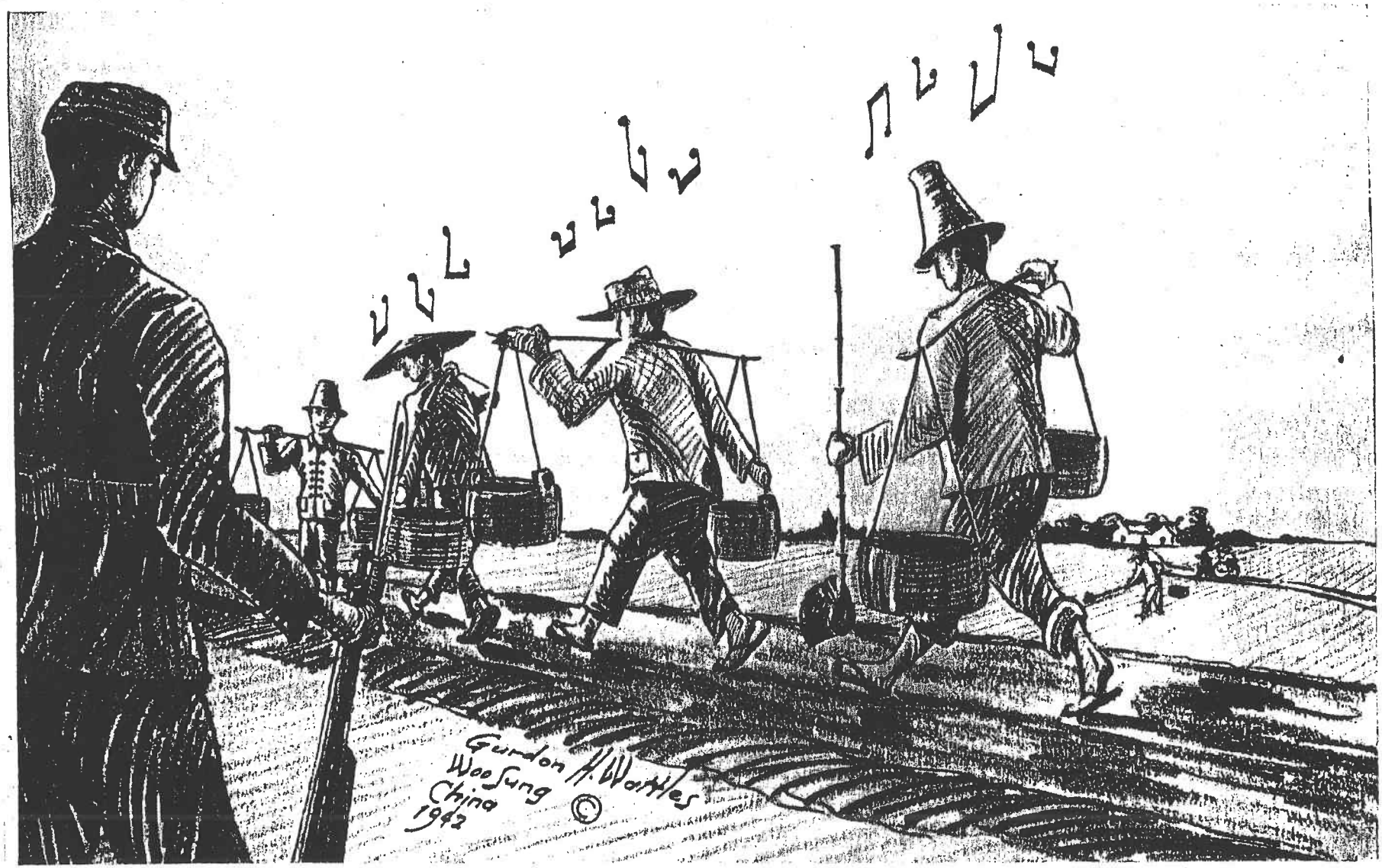


OUR LIVING QUARTERS

MAX DANA CHIN
1943 POW.

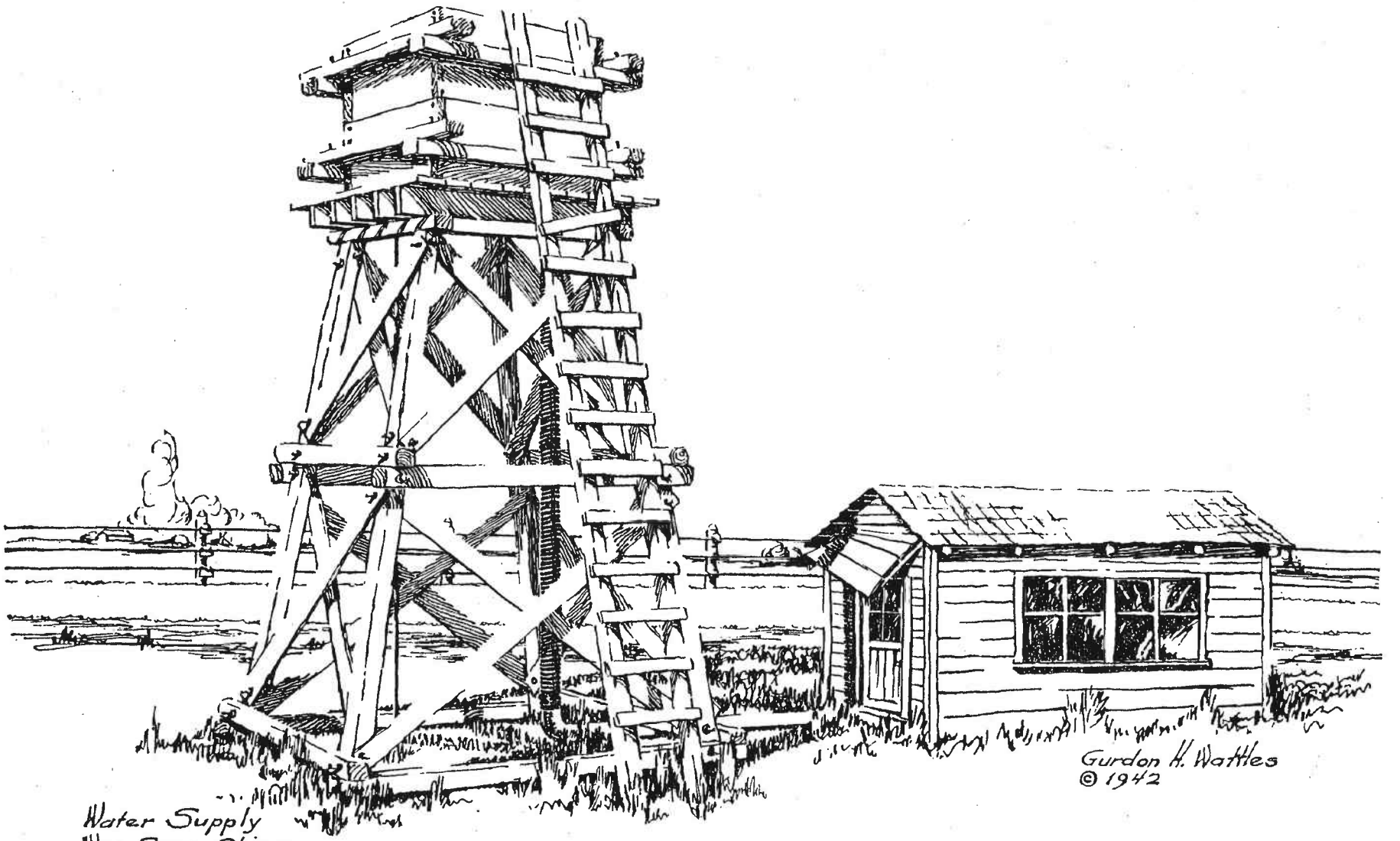


Hand made dental office equipment wrought from scraps around the camp. Services rendered by the Dental Branch of the Navy Medical Corps, brought into camp with the U. S. Marines who had been serving in North China, were of inestimable value.



This is what we called the "yay-ho" system

The "Honey Bucket" brigade — one of the highest paid classes of labor in China. The musical "hi-ho, ho-hi" swings them in rhythm and helps balance the load on their shoulders.



Water Supply
Woo Sung, China

Water pumped to a wood box on top of a wood tower was the only means of pressure to all the wash racks — that is, as long as the pump pumped. Of course the box leaked enough to make a good shower below — and in the winter it made a beautiful show of icicles.

The most important department in the whole camp Although its output was limited, it held the spotlight for interest. Even the rats were constant visitors.

TRAIN RIDE
1945
APRIL MAY JUNE

ANNOUNCEMENT

OFFICERS, N.C.Os. & MEN:

By order of The High Commandant, I am going to release a wonderful big news to you.
That is we are on the verge of long awaited Peace and the belligerent forces are now holding an Armistice Conference.

Consequently, in very near future, you will be sent to the most convenient Japanese port for the departure to your homes and loved ones.

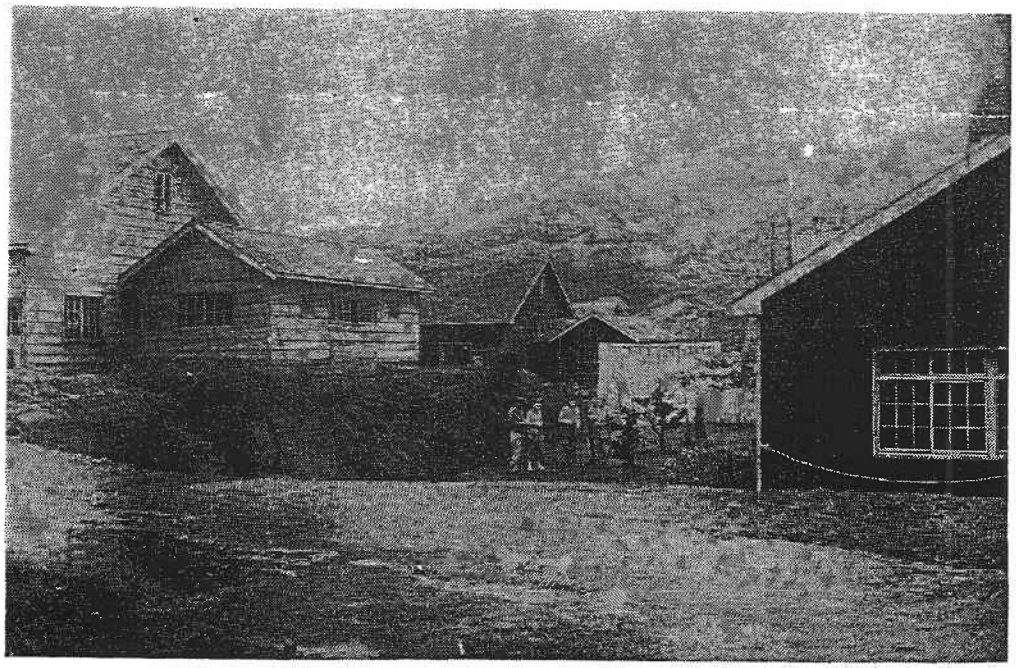
On this occasion, we express our desire to see you will arrive at your homes safely and in good health: to achieve this end the administrative staff is making every endeavor.
The Commandant desires that you, on your part, mindful of our intention; be not hesitant to offer your cooperation to our efforts.

There are a few more words to tell to you; I. The rations will be very much improved in future, and drawing and preparation of them will be carried out as up to now. 2. The Japanese Sentries will be on duty yet, but to safe-guard you from unforeseen mishaps which might result from contacts with out-side people, and for the prevention of fires. 3. You are required not to go out-side of the fence. 4. As the War came to an end, so let it be with Enmity, if any of you happens to hold a grudge against any particular man of the Staff or Sentries, let us shake hands and forget the dark hours for the sake of peace and love.

Lastly the Commandant, with a good grace, has prepared to drink a toast to your health and happiness; Are you all going to accept this invitation? Yes? Very Well.

CONGRADULATION TO EACH OF YOU
LIEUT ENANT JIRO TENDO
THE 2nd. BRANCH CAMP
HAKODATE P.O.W. CAMP

24th. August, 1945



One of our Camps Hakodate and the coal m

USS HOGGATT BAY

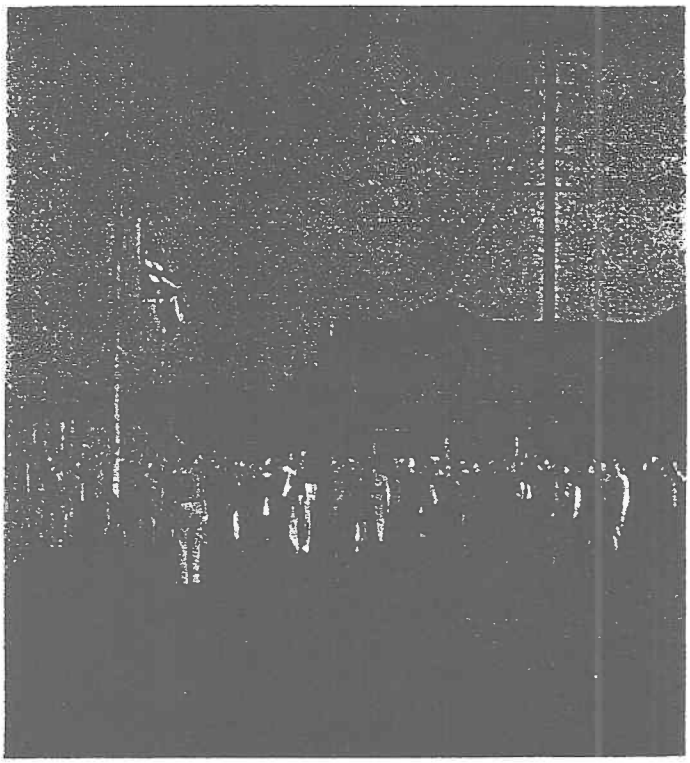
ESCORT CARRIER, CVE-75

GREETINGS TO ALL HANDS FROM THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE USS HOGGATT BAY. THIS IS JUST A SHORT NOTE TO GIVE YOU A GENERAL IDEA OF WHAT IS GOING ON. BY NOW YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT THE OFFICIAL SURRENDER TERMS WERE SIGNED ON THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI ON SEPTEMBER 2ND, THE JAPS SURRENDERING UNCONDITIONALLY ALL THEIR FORCES TO GENERAL MACARTHUR. THIS LARGE CARRIER TASK FORCE IS NOW ENGAGED IN MAKING SURE THAT THE JAPS CARRY OUT THEIR END OF THE DEAL. WE HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED THAT THERE ARE FOUR CAMPS SUCH AS YOURS IN YOUR AREA AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT WE ARE DOING OUR BEST TO TAKE CARE OF YOU. TODAY WE ESTABLISHED RADIO COMMUNICATIONS WITH CAMP AT BIBAI BY MEANS OF A WALKIE-TALKIE (3885 KCS) AND WILL ENDEAVOR TO DO THE SAME THING WITH ALL OF YOU. WHEN CONTACT IS ESTABLISHED BE SURE TO ASK FOR ANYTHING YOU NEED OR WISH AND YOU HAVE OUR ASSURANCE THAT EVERYTHING POSSIBLE WILL BE DONE TO GET WHATEVER IT IS. THE TREMENDOUS OVATION GIVEN OUR PILOTS TODAY BY THE MEN AT BIBAI WAS SOMETHING THAT THEY WILL NEVER FORGET. RIGHT NOW ALL POSSIBLE AID IS BEING PUSHED TO YOU IN AN EFFORT TO GET YOU ALL HOME FAST. FURTHER INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE SENT YOU AS SOON AS IT IS RECEIVED. CAPTAIN BROWN US ARMY MEDICAL CORPS IN CAMP BIBAI SAID HE EXPECTED TWO OR MORE OF HIS CAMP REPRESENTATIVES TO GO DOWN TO SEE THE AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICIALS IN OMINATO AND HOKODATE. GOOD LUCK AND BEST WISHES FROM US ALL.

P.S. IF YOU WANT A SURE-FIRE FAST TRIP HOME TO THE U.S. BE SURE TO ASK FOR A RIDE IN THE U.S.S. HOGGATT BAY.

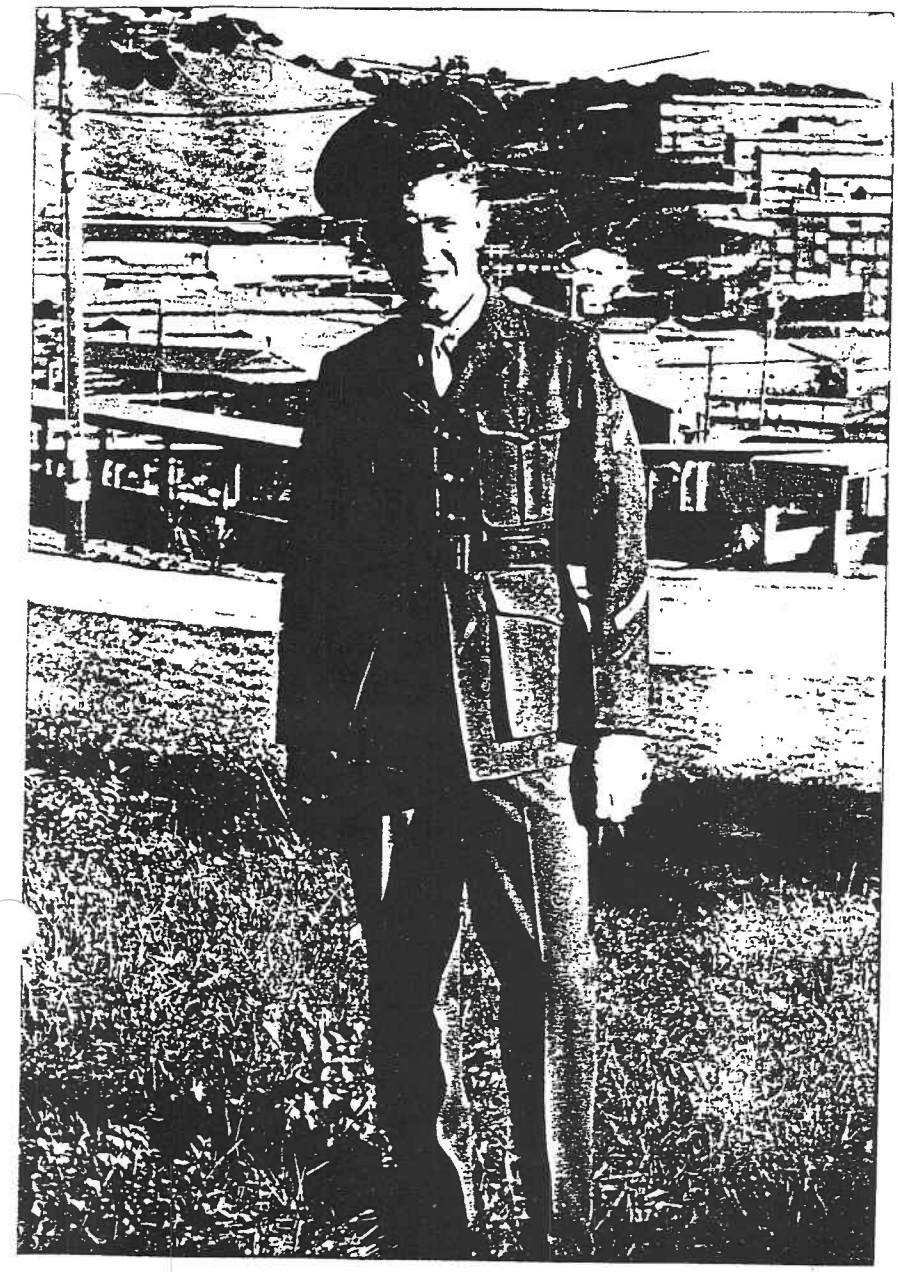
Dropped with food stuff from Planes. Some of the containers broke on impact thus causing the splatter of actual food which is still on the original

"Colors" after liberation at Prison Camp on Hokkaido



MAX IS NOT IN THIS GROUP

Wake Island veterans line up at their PW camp on Hokkaido. Colonel Devereux is at right in officer group



MAX DANA 1945 OAK KNOLL
HOSPITAL IN OAKLAND, CALIF.
90 DAY REHABILITATION

Form 1
Feb. 19

American Red Cross

STANDARD PACKAGE NO. 1

for

PRISONER OF WAR

FOOD

CONTENTS

Evaporated Milk, irradiated	1	14½ oz. can
Lunch Biscuit (hard-tack)	1	8 oz. package
Cheese	1	8 oz. package
Instant Cocoa	1	8 oz. tin
Sardines	1	15 oz. tin
Oleomargarine (Vitamin A)	1	1 lb. tin
Corned Beef	1	12 oz. tin
Sweet Chocolate	2	5½ oz. bars
Sugar, Granulated	1	2 oz. package
Powdered orange concentrate (Vitamin C)	2	3½ oz. package
Soup (dehydrated)	2	2½ oz. package
Prunes	1	16 oz. package
Instant Coffee	1	4 oz. tin
Cigarettes	2	20's
Smoking Tobacco	1	2¼ oz. packag

These boxes were sure welcome but most of them were confiscated

POW-MIA Recognition Day was celebrated Friday at Fort Harrison. Watching intently is Max Dana, who was taken prisoner by the Japanese on Wake Island in World War II. (Staff photo by Gene Fischer) July 21, 1984