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Sphex Club - Lea Booth
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Why I Don't Drive A Honda

P R E F A C E

The western world learned of the existence of Japan from Marco Polo about 1300. For the next six and a half centuries the Japanese remained an ethnic mystery.

The incursion of Christian missionaries in the 16th century and their hopeless struggle against extermination was a development little noticed in Europe. The systematic slaughter of more than a quarter of a million devoted Christian converts required over 20 years but was completed in 1638. For the next two centuries the Japanese pulled their veil of seclusion over the islands like a Pacific fog.

The veil was lifted more because the Japanese wanted to look out rather than be looked in upon. To the western world there was revealed a redoubtable island people whose life patterns and mores were guided by an uncompromising allegiance to tradition and adherence to custom.

The Japanese ability to rise above adversity may itself be termed a tradition--one compounded from an unending series of disastrous natural phenomena. Crowded into an insular area smaller than the State of California, the Japanese populace was restrained in size by the violence of nature--earthquake, flood, tidal wave--which claimed their lives not by the hundreds but by thousands and tens of thousands. As one example, the great earthquake around Sagami Wan in 1923 destroyed 558,000 houses and took more than 91,000 lives.

Such tragic episodes in their history may have contributed substantially to the stoicism and austerity which Americans later recognized as hallmarks of the Japanese fighting man's character. The kamikaze efforts to stem the American tide in the middle of World War II amazed us all. This bizarre behavior is not incredible, however, when one examines component elements in the Japanese

stamina--valor, unwavering discipline, and fierce national spirit, all generated out of a kind of mysticism.

A few days after the War ended and we were anchored in Tokyo Bay, I recall our little "occupation force" of about 1500 Marines and bluejackets were "camping" in a small warehouse at the Yokosuka Navy Yard (outside Yokohama), where the personal effects and testaments of the kamikaze fliers were stored. It was an eerie experience. Arrayed in neat rows were boxes, each about the size of an orange crate and bearing the name of a kamikaze hero, containing intimate personal mementoes, photographs, and letters to their families--still undelivered at the end of the war and their former owners gone off to join their venerated ancestors. Their letters reflected the intensity of the Jap patriotism and were not what one might expect to be scribbled morbidly by the melancholic bent upon suicide.

Japan's reception of Commodore Perry's unwelcome squadron in 1853 was hardly gracious, but the impressionable Asiatics comprehended the potential of what they saw. The foreign warships revealed the wondrous tricks of the white man, and all of them were for sale. Here was something more fascinating and prosperous than anything the Christian missionaries had brought. The Japanese could tolerate this kind of incursion. Unlike the missionaries, what Perry had to offer would be a threat to the old order only if Japan did NOT have it.

The next half-century saw the swiftest transformation in world history. But while the change may have seemed complete, it wasn't. With the new the Japanese kept the old, and the two mixed like oil and water.

In less than two generations, utterly lacking in background for it, the Japanese stored away the two-handed Samurai sword and adopted in its stead the ironclad sailing vessel with cannon and torpedo; simultaneously Japanese industry experienced sweeping alterations. The transition of Japan under her new Anglo-American guidance from oriental feudalism to western materialism was swift and violent.

The significance of sea power was naturally understood by an industrious island people. The Japanese warlord Hideyoshi had been seaborne in his war with China and the invasion of Korea in the late 1500s. With new and more lethal tools in the post-Perry era the Japanese smote China again in 1894. But not until 1905 did Europe and America suddenly awaken to the real earnestness of Japanese sea power. It is remarkable that less than half a century after Commodore Perry had lifted the veil, the Japanese were able to administer a crushing defeat to Czarist Russia.

The Japanese were themselves astounded at the sudden new respect they had acquired--and somewhat disdainful. "When we sent you the lovely products of our ancient arts," they said, "you despised and ridiculed us, but since we have built a first-class Navy and an Army with great firepower we are accepted as a civilized nation."

To the historian, as to the diplomat, the Japanese mind remained inscrutable. Mr. Churchill once described Japan's national demeanor as incomprehensible: "an intermingling of the old and new societies, with the chasm of the ages between them, reacting upon each other in ways that no foreigner can understand." Indeed, it is doubtful whether Japan knew her own mind or what forces in her nature would predominate when the time came for her fateful hour of decision. The dominating influence was deceit.

While the British and American sponsors of Japan may have viewed the sudden ascendancy of Japanese sea power with some dismay after the Russo-Japanese War, they still did not foresee that in another sixteen years they would concern themselves with an appeal for Japanese equality at the bargaining table. The Washington Naval Treaty of 1921 was the diplomatic stroke Japan had needed, and she did not fail to take advantage of it. (A treaty always serves best those who have no intention of honoring it.) While the ten-year "naval holiday" was being celebrated euphorically in Britain and the United States, a new generation of Japanese warlords as Mr. Churchill put it, was intently listening to "ancestral voices prophesying war."

There is some evidence that two events in particular influenced the nature of the step Japan took on December 7, 1941. One was her comprehension, indeed superior to our own, of the significance of General Billy Mitchell's bombing of the old battleships in the Chesapeake Bay. Paradoxically, if Mitchell was without honor in his own country, he was a prophet of first rank in the Imperial Japanese admiralty. The other event of apparent significance to the Japanese Navy was the successful British air attack on the Italian fleet at Taranto, knocking modern, first-line battleships out of action for many months. This profoundly impressed the Japanese Navy with the devastating power of a mobile air arm, especially when employed with complete surprise. If the Japanese were already committed as to technique, the action at Taranto caused them to rush execution of their plans.

On December 8, 1941 no question remained about the strength of Japanese sea power.

WHY I DON'T DRIVE A HONDA

I fear that I may be violating my own principles as well as Sphex Club tradition in presenting this kind of paper. I don't recall how many Sphex papers I have given in my 35 years of membership but I have tried to avoid the autobiographical. But there may have been a Sphex precedent for such. I recall a paper years ago by the late Mr. Campbell Russell that was indeed a condensed autobiography -- and it was fascinating to hear about his interesting experiences while serving in the British Foreign Service. But I've lived through some very interesting and exciting times, which for the younger members of the Club come under the heading of "history," so.....after you've listened to a little background music and heard some sea stories, perhaps you will understand "Why I Don't Drive a Honda."

* * * *

About two months ago Martin Johnson brought me an ancient newspaper clipping that he had discovered in a stack of World War II memorabilia. I was amazed that it was a letter I had written in the middle of the war -- that's World War II, not World War I. It had been published when the recipients of my letter turned it over to my hometown newspaper at Danville, certainly not with my knowledge because then and now I have a perhaps irrational prejudice about writing letters to the editor. But this was not in that category as I had written it to this generous couple, whom I didn't even know, to thank them for sending me an abundant package of Christmas goodies that reached me in the jungles of the South Pacific islands. The donors had picked my name at random off a roster of local servicemen who were overseas, published in the newspaper with a suggestion that readers might choose a name off the roster to be the recipient of what the newspaper labeled "Yule Gifts for Yanks."

I was stationed on the beachhead at Bougainville in the British Solomon Islands just north of Guadalcanal. As a headnote let me recall that I was sharing a tent in the jungle with Dr. Clarence Keefer of Lynchburg, whom I had not met previously, a Navy medical officer who was practicing his trade on casualties brought into the incredible underground aid station -- hospital? -- a grim hole in the ground dug out by the Seabees and covered over with palm tree logs and sandbags.

Some strange things happened there. I became the only American ever evicted from the Solomon Islands, and Dr. Keefer gave me a farewell drink of contraband booze on my final night in that little tent before I was hastily kicked off the island by orders of the commanding officer of the little Naval unit established there after the Marines had driven the Japanese off the beachhead back into the jungle. (I was indeed the only American to be expelled from the British Solomon Islands in WW II.)

To get back to the letter published in the newspaper....It was written to the generous elderly couple who had sent me the Christmas package but, typically, instead of simply expressing my gratitude for the Christmas gift, I gave them an unsolicited commentary on what was going on out there in the jungle and how we felt about the Japanese enemy. It suggests, somewhat bitterly, the title of this paper: "Why I Don't Drive A Honda."

Thanks to Martin Johnson's pack-rat way of saving war memorabilia, the following diatribe is abstracted from that long-forgotten missive to the generous donors of my "Yule Gift for Yanks."

"Perhaps you were curious to know just what sort of chap would receive your thoughtful gift. Well, I'm just a skinny kid with unruly black hair who joined up right after Pearl Harbor and has landed smack-dab in the middle of a sodden jungle that even Tarzan wouldn't tolerate, out here trying to do a little job of work that might in some remote, insignificant way help to hurry us back to Main Street, USA.

"Although our beachhead has been cleared of Oriental defenders, there is still resistance in the jungles and hills a couple o' miles inland from where I'm scribbling this. There is still some bombing by the Japanese planes that slip under our radar at night, but we duck into our muddy foxholes where there's something more threatening--and wouldn't you know they would be females! It's the female mosquito that carries those little old malaria germs.

"I cannot thank you enough for remembering the boys who can't be where they want to be this Christmas. Whatever is in those packages, I can use it. All we have are beans, C-ration, Atabrine pills, unfiltered water, and a helluva intense determination to liquidate every last Japanese on this island. We are forever fearful that kind-hearted old Uncle Sam may spare the whip when the peace treaty is written. If by any chance you know anyone who might have some influence in writing the peace terms after we win the war, tell'em please not to be gentle with the Japs. It would be difficult for you to imagine the nasty vileness of these savages who have earned no compassion at all. The boys out here in this jungle would become frustrated, hating cynics if the U.S. fails to move in at the end and totally crush Japan forever.

"Please pardon this vindictive spirit. Perhaps one look at the Golden Gate Bridge will drive this hatred out of our systems, but I doubt it." (Unquote)

Well I would like to think that I have developed a more benevolent spirit in the ensuing 46 years, but you will never see me driving a Honda or a Toyota, or watching the World Series or Monday Night Football on a Sony.

If this ugly scenario and script raises any question in your mind of just what the hell did Booth do to earn his keep and his \$125 per month Navy paycheck, please abide patiently with me while I get to the guts of this story that will probably be telling you more than you wanted to know about how Booth single-handedly won the war against the Japanese.

I was engaged in communications security, part of a small police unit consisting of four officers and about a dozen enlisted men, attached to Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey's South Pacific Force staff. Our job was to monitor our own Navy radio circuits and serve as watchdogs over the efficiency of traffic flow as well as the security of codes and ciphers. The latter was concerned primarily with detecting any actions or mistakes on the part of our communications personnel that might compromise the secrecy security of our codes and ciphers.

I had been assigned to the Bougainville operation as a watchdog, reporting directly back to the Halsey headquarters any recommendations for maintaining proper radio communications security. And that's why I was kicked off Bougainville Island.

The commanding officer of the advanced base there had received a reprimand from the Halsey headquarters which he traced to one of my reports of what was wrong with the communications operations on his beachhead. He gave me 24 hours to get off the island or face a court martial. This dyspeptic old curmudgeon's name was Captain "Scrappy" Kessing, a contemporary of Admiral Halsey who had been passed over for promotion to Rear Admiral. He didn't even arrange or provide transportation for my expulsion, so I had to thumb a ride with a sympathetic Marine dive-bomber pilot to get as far as Guadalcanal, where I hitched another ride to South Pacific headquarters at Noumea, New Caledonia. When I reported to Admiral Halsey's chief of staff ^{the obscenities} ~~what~~ Captain Kessing, the CO at Bougainville, had said about them sending a communications watchdog to spy on his beachhead, I was cleared and my bitter bouncer at Bougainville was rightly reprimanded.

Suddenly and happily, I was ordered all the way back to Washington on temporary duty although still assigned to Halsey's South Pacific force. That's when I had my first experience as a gay deceiver (and please apply the old definition of that adjective).

It was about the first of March of 1944 and things were beginning to heat up for "Overlord." Some of you may recall that was the code name for the historic Allied landings at Normandy.

Of course, it was critical to conceal both the time and place of invasion from the German enemy, which would require the first major use of deception by the Allied command.

On June 5, 1944 a German army commander sent the following secret dispatch to field units: "Intelligence reports normal radio communications activity. The invasion does not yet appear to be imminent." Of course, a few hours later the first Allied troops stormed ashore at Normandy in the vanguard of the biggest invasion armada in history.

The German secret dispatch from which I just quoted was in reality not so secret because the British had penetrated the German codes. In any event, there was convincing evidence that ^{Allied} radio communications had indeed succeeded in misleading the Germans about the timing of invasion. Of course, the Germans were also deceived regarding the location. They had been led by deceptive radio communication to believe the invasion would take place north of the actual site, as a result of which the largest German reserve units were deployed more than a hundred miles to the northeast.

Our little Navy communications security unit -- all three of us, i.e., -- was given a simple, back-stage assignment. Knowing that the Germans were gleaning whatever intelligence they could by monitoring our Allied radio circuits, Our job was to manipulate the traffic flow on the main command channel between Washington and our Naval command at SHAEF, the Allied headquarters on the outskirts of London.

The two fundamental functions in communications intelligence are cryptanalyst and traffic analysis. Cryptanalyst involves the technique of deciphering or breaking codes in order to read secret enemy communications, and traffic analysis involves the study of trends, traffic volume, traffic priorities (i.e., urgent or routine), message sources and addressees, and so forth. This means that a good deal of

intelligence may be gleaned from monitoring radio communications without having to decipher or decode those messages.

It was anticipated that the Germans might be able to determine, at least approximately, the timing of the invasion by intercepting and analyzing the increasing volume of communications on our radio circuits. A sudden or even gradual increase in the volume of radio dispatches over a circuit would alert the enemy that something of major importance was about to occur.

It was the simple responsibility of our little unit of "gay deceivers" to manage the flow of traffic on the Navy's primary radio circuit between Washington and our headquarters in England. We were instructed to manipulate the volume of radio dispatches in such a way as to conceal the gradual build-up in the volume of communications which was inevitable as we approached the date set for the Normandy invasion.

So, about three months before D-Day we began to build up the command radio circuit to its maximum traffic capacity by transmitting trash -- i.e., dummy messages which to the enemy interceptors would appear to be bona fide communications. Of course, these were all enciphered or encoded so that their dummy, meaningless content was concealed.

[In simple terms, it was our job to fill up the idle time on the circuit with dummies so that the build-up in traffic volume would occur well in advance of the actual Normandy D-Day. In other words, if the total amount of legitimate message traffic at the first of March kept the radio circuits busy only half of the time, it would ^{be} our job to fill in the idle other half of the time with dummy messages. So, during the month of March we gradually increased the flow of message traffic to make the circuit appear to be loaded to 100% of its capacity at least two months before the scheduled D-Day.] As the number of legitimate, bona fide messages increased during this time, the number of dummy messages was decreased proportionately.

Each message carried in plain language the call signs of bona fide sources or originators and the addressees. These call signs were familiar to the German

interceptors and would look like the same kind of traffic they were accustomed to intercepting on our command circuit. Of course, all of this depended upon the complete security of our codes and ciphers so that the Germans could not read any of the dispatches they were intercepting. A typical dummy message would be just a string of nouns alternating with numbers so that when the receiver decoded the message and read something like "Wahoo Eleven Hokie Five Keydet Three Tiger Eight Hornets Six", etc., it would be identified as a dummy and thrown in the trash can.

(I hope this tedious explanation doesn't put you to sleep.)

What we were doing was more cover-up than deception. I never heard whether it had any influence on the observations and judgments of the German traffic analysts who were monitoring our circuits trying to guesstimate accurately the timing of D-Day, but.....

By the time D-Day arrived and General Eisenhower had made the fateful decision to move toward Normandy on June 6th, the Germans had 18 or 20 divisions of infantry behind Calais, perhaps twice as many as those who were defending the beaches to the south. In other words, they had been duped into guessing wrongly not only the date but the location of the Allied invasion.

My own role was a small one, and to say that I participated in the Normandy invasion would be a gross exaggeration because I never got out of Washington during that three-month period at the middle of the War.

It surely was nice to be back in the States, but it didn't last long. In June I returned to the Pacific, stationed for a while at the Pacific Fleet Communications Center near Pearl Harbor. There our communications security unit became engaged in an activity that led to the most exciting experience of my life...Well, except our wedding and the birth of our children.

We set up a radio receiving station in the middle of the Dole pineapple fields to monitor our own Pacific Fleet radio circuits in a way that would duplicate what the Japanese intelligence forces were doing to keep tabs on our fleet movements and operations.

Our crew of radiomen were receiving, recording and logging all of the message traffic aired on the major U.S. Navy circuits. We were only simulating what our Jap counterparts were doing, i.e., analyzing the communications traffic patterns without being able to read what the encoded messages were saying other than identifying the originators and addressees, plus the priority classifications (i.e., urgent or routine), which were always transmitted in plain language -- i.e., not encoded.

We concentrated especially on the exchange of communications between the Pacific command stations, such as Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor, and the aircraft carrier task forces that were consistently striking at Jap targets in the Western Pacific.

Not deciphering and reading what the messages were saying but carefully analyzing the volume and directional flow of radio traffic, we began to see stereotyped patterns forming that would enable us to guess the location and timing of the next target for our carrier strike forces or the surface bombardment task forces centered around the big battleships. If we could do this, then surely Japanese intelligence was doing the same thing, and this was confirmed by our communications intelligence people, who had broken into the Jap codes.

In order to make our guesses of where our fleet was going to hit the Japs next we had to know the location and the direction in which the ships would be heading. To gather this information we were supported by a network of radio direction-finders stationed around the various Pacific outposts held by American forces. By cross-angulation it would take only two or three widely separated direction-finders to pinpoint the location of a radio transmitter aboard ship or wherever.

The typical radio communications pattern of Task Force 38, our most formidable aircraft carrier striking force, was a steady, active flow of messages, keyed out in Morse Code, between the flagship and the Pacific Fleet headquarters at Pearl Harbor or the advanced headquarters which had recently been established at Guam. Then there were voice transmissions between the combat air patrol, which hovered over the Task Force, and between the individual aircraft of that overhead patrol, and all of this communicating could be and was being intercepted and analyzed by Japanese intelligence. Communication between the ships within the Task Force was largely by short-range voice radio or visual signaling with blinkers using Morse Code.

The one thing in our communications pattern that was most significant from an enemy intelligence standpoint -- and surely the Japs had long since discovered this -- was a sudden silence. When the Task Force suddenly shut down its radio communication, the Japanese had learned that another offensive strike was imminent, but where was the next target? Some good guesses could be made by examining the direction or course on which the Task Force was heading when it suddenly broke off its communications and went into radio silence. The Japanese, of course, also had a network of radio direction-finders and could chart the direction in which the American forces were headed.

In other words, sudden silence on the U.S. ship-to-shore radio circuits was a signal to the Japanese to be alert and prepare for the next assault by our Naval forces upon a target toward which those forces were headed when they suddenly became silent.

When we first reported to our high command that by radio traffic analysis and direction-finders we were usually accurate in diagnosing when and where the next aircraft carrier strike would hit, the higher brass seemed somewhat incredulous. One ranking officer of Nimitz's staff suspected that we might be cheating and getting our information through scuttlebutt or by sneaking into the code rooms and peeping over the shoulder of those who were handling the encoded exchanges between headquarters and the fleet at sea or even between Navy Department headquarters in Washington and the Pacific Fleet headquarters at Pearl Harbor.

But one perceptive, omniscient high-ranking officer had the perspicacity to figure that if our little security unit was able to gather intelligence on fleet movements and targets simply by analyzing radio traffic and using direction-finders, then surely the Japanese were doing the same thing. So let's take advantage of this by deceiving the Japs' communications intelligence forces! The high-ranking officer who had faith in the reports that we were submitting on our discoveries was Admiral Robert B. Carney, Admiral Halsey's Chief of Staff in the Third Fleet.

[He was the same officer who had defended me and chastised Captain Kessing, the CO who had run me off Bougainville Island more than a year earlier when I was policing the islands out of Halsey's South Pacific headquarters.] To me Admiral Carney will always be a hero. Indeed, he was more than just Admiral Halsey's alter ego; he was the real leader of the Third Fleet with which Halsey's fame was identified.

Convinced that the intelligence reports we were deriving from our radio monitoring and traffic analysis were genuine, he then had orders drawn up for me and another officer and half a dozen rated radiomen to form a Third Fleet "Dirty Trick Department" to carry out deceptive missions at sea that would mislead Japanese intelligence as to the actual target destinations of Task Force 38, the fast carrier strike force then operating so productively in the Western Pacific, especially in air strikes against the Japanese homeland.

Our little unit, designated as Task Group 30.2, a subsidiary of Task Force 38, was attached to Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet staff, whose flagship was the battleship Missouri, which had just replaced the ^{wear} New Jersey, sent back to the States for overhaul.

Task Force 38 consisted of about 14 high-speed aircraft carriers, about eight battleships, a bunch of cruisers and a squadron of destroyers, and was momentarily anchored off Luzon in the Philippines, which had become one of the Fleet's main western staging areas. At sea TF 38 was divided into four task groups which could operate together as a single task force or separately, as appropriate.

Admiral Carney called me into the flag office on the Missouri and asked if we were familiar enough with Task Force 38's radio communications to be able to simulate them precisely from a decoy ship when the Task Force went into radio silence en route to a major target on the Japanese islands.

I assured him that we could do this if given the necessary equipment and personnel.

Just as I was asking what they intended for us to use as a decoy ship to carry out our deception mission, through the hatch came a four-striper, Captain A. D. Ayrault who had just brought in a new light cruiser, USS Tucson, to join the Task Force. This type of cruiser bristled with anti-aircraft guns and was well-equipped to defend itself in case of attack. Captain Ayrault also soon became one of my revered heroes.

Admiral Carney greeted him and turned to me -- "Booth, here's your ship. You and your crew pack up and get aboard as soon as you can." Captain Ayrault was perplexed, of course, but assured Admiral Carney that they would make room for me and my crew of radiomen and shove off when ordered. We went aboard the next day and spent the next several days familiarizing ourselves with the Tucson's radio equipment and sampling the first fresh meat we'd had in a long time.

Our little Third Fleet "Dirty Tricks Department"; consisting of just two officers and six Radiomen/First Class, in our new home away from home, studied during the next several days the Operations Plan for Task Force 38's forthcoming major offensive sortie and prepared for our nefarious role in it....decoy or sitting duck. We prepared deceptive radio dispatches, faked voice scripts, and drilled our operators in precisely simulating the "fist" and Morse Code keying characteristics of radio operators whom the Japanese had long since identified with the Third Fleet flagship and Task Force 38. (Explain "fist"). All circuits which it was planned to use for deceptive transmissions were monitored for several days prior to commencing the deception although our radiomen were already thoroughly familiar with normal circuit conditions, traffic loads, timing, keying characteristics, everything we needed to know to imitate the real Third Fleet and Task Force 38.

To compound a complete and comprehensive imitation we also manufactured a simulation of the kind of voice radio transmissions exchanged between the aircraft of the combat air patrol that hovered over Task Force 38 and between the pilots and their respective aircraft carriers. Actually, it wasn't a simulation. We prepared it by pre-recording hours of actual voice exchanges between pilots and their aircraft carriers, to be aired over a voice radio transmitter as appropriate for deception purposes. The gullible Jap communications intelligence suckers would "fall for" these transmissions, too, which we needed to paint the picture of an entire fleet rather than just our one decoy ship, USS Tucson. This voice radio trick was assigned to my assistant, the only other officer in the unit, Lt. (j.g.) Leslie Wright, a jolly, capable, erstwhile University of Kentucky basketball star who recently retired as president of Samford University in Birmingham.

On July 9th, ¹⁹⁴⁵ hundreds of aircraft from the Task Force 38 carriers struck the Tokyo Plains area, returning to their carrier bases at the end of the day. The normal radio traffic flow was maintained throughout that evening and during the following day, mostly reports back to Nimitz headquarters on the results of the carrier strikes, plus the routine inventory reports of supplies, ammunition and whatnot. The radio traffic from the Third Fleet, being monitored by the Japanese, continued throughout the next day, July 10.

Suddenly, deathly silence; all radio communication was shut off, inevitably alerting the Japanese to another impending strike against the homeland -- but where? What targets?

Let me read a sentence from a purloined copy of Third Fleet Operations Plan 9-45, Annex C: "In accordance with plan, Task Group 30.2 (USS TUCSON) is detached from Task Force 38 at 1400 Item zone time -- that's 2:00 PM -- 10 July 1945 under orders to conduct deceptive radio transmissions while on a course devised to cover the whereabouts of Task Force 38 and to mislead the enemy with regard to location and timing of the forthcoming strike."

Task Force 38 headed northward. We impostors, designated as Task Group 30.2, headed south aboard USS Tucson, everybody observing radio silence.....UNTIL.....

A couple of hours after sunset, when darkness had set in, we suddenly broke our radio silence and came on the air with an URGENT signal, calling Radio Guam, the Pacific Fleet's advance base headquarters. I said "urgent" not as an adjective but as a classification for the top priority radio communication, clearly identified by the letter "O," which the Japanese knew was used only in critical situations and signaling anyone else on the circuit to get off and give us first priority. We did it that way to get the enemy's immediate attention. I should add that identification of the origin and addressees of radio dispatches were four-letter call signs, not encoded, which the Japanese could identify as coming from Halsey and addressed to Nimitz, or whomever. **9**I recall there was no response from Radio Guam that it was receiving our message although we kept calling to "raise" them. Comprehending that we seemed frantic and that the dispatch was classified "urgent," a radio operator at the little Naval base at Olongapo in the Philippines volunteered to receive our message and relay it to headquarters in Guam. I'll always be grateful to that unknown radioman sitting there in an isolated locale in the Philippines.

That first message, labeled urgent, was the beginning of a continuing transmission of dummy messages as we headed South away from the North-bound Task Force 38 throughout the night. The enemy's attention was sustained and their direction-finders tracked us through the night on a southerly course, believing that something urgent and critical had forced the Third Fleet Command to break radio silence and risk being tracked on that southbound course. The real Third Fleet headed northward, maintaining silence.

I recall a disturbing contratemp in our deceptive communications when a U.S. submarine persisted in trying to use our assigned radio frequency to transmit its bona fide messages. We had more trouble fending off our own submarine radio communicator than we had with the Japanese, who tried several times to jam our circuits. I didn't learn until the war was over that the sub was assigned to serve as our escort in case the Tucson, operating alone and without any destroyer screen, got into trouble and needed rescuing. In other words, the sub was out there to pick up survivors in case the Japanese attacked us either by submarine or by air. As it turned out, we never saw a Japanese ship or any aircraft during that cruise toward Kyushu, the southern-most Japanese island.

Lots of strange things happened on that mission, some of them quite nerve-wracking and I recall that neither my small crew nor I got a wink of sleep for some 50 or more hours. Indeed, when it was over I was still so charged up that the Ship's chaplain, who happened to be an old Washington and Lee schoolmate, loaned me a sleeping pill.

The pressure I was feeling derived from apprehension of the possibility that we could compromise the whole Task Force 38 attack plan by some dumb mistake that would reveal that our mission was a deception.

So what eventuated from that memorable decoy mission that conned the enemy into believing the Third Fleet Task Force 38 was headed toward southern Japan when in truth, it was dashing northward under radio silence, undetected by Japanese reconnaissance planes which had been deployed to the South to greet us in case we were going to attack the southern part of Japan?

Several weeks after the War ended Admiral Carney, my erstwhile boss, told me that our radio intelligence people, who had long been reading through the Japanese codes, reported that the Japanese quickly rushed troops to defend themselves against a putative invasion at the southern end of their homeland.

So what did our silent partners, steaming northward, accomplish while we were attracting attention toward the south? Here's an Associated Press news report mailed to me by my father, who had no idea, of course, of my involvement in what it reported under the headline "JAPAN SUFFERS," dateline July 16, 1945:

(READ NUMBERED PARAGRAPHS FROM CLIPPING.)



JAPAN SUFFERS

103 Enemy Ships And 25 Barges Sunk, Damaged

Great Devastation Caused By Series
Of Attacks By Warships, Carrier Planes

(By LEIF ERICKSON)

GUAM, July 16.—(AP)—Gunfire of the U. S. Pacific fleet virtually demolished two Japanese industrial centers while carrier planes burned a third city to the ground and with land-based bombers heavily attacked 13 others Saturday and Sunday in one of the most destructive week-ends ever suffered by the enemy.

The carrier aircraft sank or damaged 103 Japanese ships and 25 barges totalling 108,000 tons.

Feeble anti-aircraft fire was the only opposition offered to the entire series of explosive assaults.

Battleship forces spearheaded by the 45,000-ton superbattleships Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, all but destroyed the iron and steel center of Muroran on Hokkaido Island yesterday. Carrier planes had burned out practically all of industrial Kushiro on the same island the day before.

B-29s made a return visit to attack the Nippon Oil company plant at Kudumatsu on Honshu, about five miles southeast of Tokyuama, with high explosives.

Elsewhere in three far western Pacific Navy search privateer heavily attacked Korea; Army Liberators hit the Singapore area and shipping off southern Honshu; Thunderbolts ranged to the China coast; attack and fighter bombers hit two Kyushu Island cities; carrier planes struck three airfields on Honshu, and 100 Army Mustangs attacked airfield around Nagoya.

Communique from three American commands reported aerial assaults on 11 Japanese cities: Muroran, Hakodate, Esashi, Kushiro, Sendai and Shibetsu, all on Hokkaido Island; Nagoya, Aomori and Kudumatsu, all on Honshu; and Mayizaki and Kagoshima on Kyushu.

The Tokyo radio additionally reported that carrier planes also raided Otaru, Abashiri, Ashigawa and Obihiro, all on Hokkaido.

The battleship shelling of Muroran blasted two steel plants, one synthetic oil factory, other war plants and left the city rocked with fierce explosions and fires. Saturday's bombardment of Kamaiishi on Honshu set fires in the steel mills which spread to the waterfront.

Between 50 and 75 Superfortresses struck Kudumatsu, once the fourth largest oil refinery center in the home islands. The B-29 command reported that previous attacks on nine of Japan's 10 fuel centers inflicted damage ranging from 45 per cent at Otake, to 95 per cent of the Maruzen oil refinery at Shimotsu, on the inland sea.

The reports on carrier strikes cover Saturday and only preliminary figures for Sunday morning. Strikes on both days were made in adverse weather.

The eastern Hokkaido city of Kushiro, with 63,000 population, was almost totally burned out by fires started in the Saturday air strikes, Adm. Chester W. Nimitz announced.

Sixteen-inch shells from the Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin also destroyed or burned out most of the Wanishi Iron Works plant buildings at Muroran. One open hearth blast furnace and many coke ovens were damaged heavily.

Great fires raged in a coal liquefaction plant producing synthetic gasoline. Flames boiled into the sky from gasoline and oil storage tanks.

Smoke clouds shrouding the city under a low overcast made accurate damage assessment difficult. Observation planes had to fly at less than 1,000 feet altitude. They encountered some anti-aircraft fire. But Japanese shore batteries did not fire a shot against Rear Adm. Oscar C. Badger's ships, which retired without damage.

In Saturday's attacks, ranging from Sendai on Honshu to Shizetsu in northeast Hokkaido, nine American planes were lost but all except three air crewmen were rescued.

In the Muroran shelling, Badger's big ships fired more than 1,000 tons of projectiles into Hokkaido's war industry plants and its transport and harbor areas.

When the force withdrew, the Nippon Steel Company's large plant was rocking under a series of terrific explosions. In this plant was concentrated most of Muroran's gun and munitions production. Stores of munitions apparently were blowing up.

I hope you will classify all of this as nostalgic reminiscence rather than as braggadocio. I couldn't talk about this episode as long as it was classified secret in Navy records, but "Operation Dirty Trick" has recently been given some visibility, so I'm not violating national security in telling this zany tale.

A couple of years ago our fellow SpheX Clubber, Admiral Cagle, sent me an alumni magazine of the U.S. Naval Academy in which was published the following over Admiral Carney's signature. Incidentally, I was so delighted to hear that he is still aboard and still in control of all of his faculties. He was a 1916 graduate of the Naval Academy, and is well up in his 90s now. Under the headline "About A Dirty Trick" his magazine article said: (READ FROM ATTACHED ARTICLE.)

The Mail Boat

Fleet Admiral King

Shipmate: The Mail Boat is great and with two of my favorite Classmates having interesting letters therein, I want to add mine reflecting the human trait FAdm. E.J. King exhibited long ago in Sitka, Alaska.

It was the summer of 1938. I was in PatRon 19 temporarily based on a newly established air base on Japonski Island a stone's throw from Sitka. Only three wives arrived via NORTH STAR, a tourist vessel, to establish quarters in crudely-constructed rooms atop of stores and houses. The commanding officer's was roomy but ours and the other pilot's were small, although equipped with a good kitchen.

One day, USS WRIGHT, Capt. E.J. King '01 commanding, arrived at Sitka. He XO was a good friend of mine of SARATOGA days at Long Beach, Cdr. Calvin T. Durgin, whom I greeted. He asked if my young bride of 20 would show Capt. King, Cdr. Arthur Radford '16, who was on an inspection tour, and himself the historical sites of once-Russian Sitka. That proved interesting to little nervous Mary Evelyn escorting such Big Brass but she was highly praised by them. Thus, she invited them all to dinner in our apartment which they accepted. The dinner was the next day, just enough time for the turkey she ordered and I got from the General Mess freezer to thaw.

We had also invited my good friend, our XO of VP-19, Lt. C.E. Ekstrom '24 to dinner. He arrived early and helped set the table and seemed quite interested in the turkey.

The guests arrived in civilian clothes and drinks were served amid cheerful conversation. It was time for the repast.

The beautiful brown turkey was placed on the table, carved and served. First to test it was Ekstrom who grimaced; and then Durgin who double-grimaced. Suddenly, my poor little wife realized she had not removed the insides of the bird, believing that General Mess frozen poultry was automatically made ready for cooking! What to do? So embarrassing. Quick thinking!

We had canned chickens, whole, in our pantry. King on the can opener, Durgin and Radford on the roasting assignment, laughing and enjoying every moment of it; with Ekstrom getting rid of the spoiled turkey out the door. Soon the beautifully-browned chickens were ready, courtesy of the help of three future greats who were as busy as any chef but without aprons and tall headgear. King was in charge, steady as a rock but so human and the first after dinner

to praise lavishly my pretty little wife, who incidentally was carrying our first born, and he hoped it would be a boy we'd send to the Naval Academy. He kissed her on her cheek and the others were quick to follow suit. It was one of the great moments in an exciting Navy wife's life.

Later in mid-1955, when my wife was at the Bethesda Naval Hospital for treatment, FAdm. King was there as a very ill patient. She visited him several times and recalled the memorable Sitka event; holding her hand; trying to smile his good and kind man of deep human feelings, as she kissed his cheek bidding him farewell.
Frank E. Witticus '32

About A Dirty Trick

Shipmate: Some recent expressed media interest in Adm. Halsey's Dirty Trick Department might cause the casual reader to wonder if frivolous shenanigans were involved.

Not so. The tricksters, a small group of staffers, had a continuous serious purpose: to plan surprises and confusion for the enemy.

The anatomy of one notable Trick is a good story.

We had learned that the Japanese, like ourselves, could often deduce real information just by analyzing the nature and volume of radio traffic, even without being able to decipher it.

The tricksters were told by our radio sharks that every transmitter had its own identifiable characteristics, and that every transmitter operator had an individual and identifiable style.

Very interesting. Perhaps this information could be used in some way to the detriment of the enemy. Finally, after considering some wild-eyed schemes, a plausible plan evolved.

So, the Admiral having given the green light, the plan was executed.

One of MISSOURI's transmitters, together with its regular operator, was bodily transferred to a cruiser which was positioned south of the Empire.

In the meantime, the fleet made a wide sweep, under tight radio silence, and well outside of Japanese radar or aerial surveillance, to a position abreast of the Northernmost Jap airfields.

When all was in place the ersatz-Missouri began transmitting the character and volume of radio traffic that always preceded a major air strike.

The enemy took the bait and evacuated all tactical aircraft to the "safe" northern air-

fields. SITTING DUCKS.

And the carrier air strikes were not restricted by any Game Law limits in bagging those ducks.

R.B. Carney '16

Cost Over Run

Shipmate: Reference the feature article in the March, 1986 *Shipmate*, "A Thousand Miles From Nowhere" by Capt. Arthur S. Hill, USN (Ret.)

Captain Arthur S. Hill was properly commended for his activities to create morale on Johnson Island, that speck of an airstrip "A Thousand Miles From Nowhere". I too, contributed to morale on Johnson Island — 30 years later.

I was Manager of Quality Control and Test Operations for an aerospace contractor with responsibility for plant operations and launching and tracking field locations — including a satellite tracking station on Johnson Island.

My tracking station personnel (complement — 7 men) occasionally were flown that 1,000 miles to Honolulu for R and R. The operative word is "occasionally". On one such adventure, some of the fellows hijacked a cab with a tossed top and toured the main streets. They acquired cultural knowledge, kept cool with a few beers and entertained the street people with pleasant, melodious songs.

Two weeks later there appeared on my stateside desk a copy of a letter to my field station leader on Johnson Island from a third echelon manager in the finance department. In language peculiar to the aerospace world,

We did not transfer one of the Missouri's transmitters to the Tucson, but we did take along a radio operator whose "fist" was familiar to the Japs.

Our cruiser was not "positioned south of the Empire." We were a part of TF 38 and in company with Missouri, heading South when we broke off on our "decoy" run.

... .. conducted periodic status

As far as I'm aware, the only other public visibility given this story appeared last year in the Naval Aviation Museum magazine, Foundation, whose distinguished editor is our own Malcolm Cagle.

A very interesting article about the heroic role our Navy code breakers played in our historic victory in the battle of Midway referred to Admiral Nimitz's suspicion that deciphered Japanese radio messages revealing their plan to attack Midway might turn out to be just a communications hoax. Then the article recalled -- and I quote from it -- (READ MARKED PART OF CLIPPING)

The next dilemma for the code breakers was when and from what direction? *When* would the attack come? And from what direction would the attacking Japanese fleet approach?

Lieutenant Finnegan caught "Ham" Wright leaving after a twelve-hour watch to go home. Finnegan showed him three previous messages wherein the text was garbled but there was some hope that if it could be broken, the question of *when* might be solved. Finnegan and Wright continued to work with the help of four other people looking for other instances of this particular key. As the hours wore on, "Ham" Wright worked it out, discovering the key to the all-important time question. It was not a perfect decryption, but Wright felt his calculations were sound. Taking the message to Rochefort, he told him that he believed that the key had been found. Rochefort accepted the analysis and proceeded to inform Nimitz that the Japanese attack was to begin against the Aleutians on 3 June and on 6 June against the Midway Atoll.

Even with the convincing evidence in hand, General Hap Arnold of the Army Air Corp remained uncertain and as a result several hundred planes remained on the west coast rather than being moved to Hawaii to support the upcoming Midway battle. Nimitz who controlled the Army Air

Force B-17's based on Oahu promptly sent them on to Midway.

At this point, Admiral Nimitz had few remaining doubts.*

There remained one great unknown: *When* would the Japanese change their code book and shift to an updated or different fleet encryption code? In recent months they had used JN-25-A, then JN-25-B, and it was believed that they would soon shift to JN-25-C. The Japanese had always changed the fleet code periodically about every six to 12 months and changed additives every two to six months. In late May the current code JN-25-B had been in service far too long, and the Japanese were anxious to shift to the next edition as soon as possible. However, their success across the Pacific and the acquisition of large chunks of real estate made the task of distributing the new code edition either by destroyer or airplane difficult. Some ships were always at sea or in remote locations and had not yet received the new edition, so an initial postponement was made to 1 April and then a later one until 1 May.

Thus the use of JN-25-C had been postponed from 1 April, then to 1 May, and then finally until midnight May 28. Whether the Japanese change to JN-25-C was fortuitous or whether they suspected American success in breaking down their system, the fact remains that the change finally came

Admiral Nimitz

He had already concluded that the abundance of decoded information about the approaching Japanese fleet could be a communications deception hoax. After all, some of his seniors in Washington feared the impending invasion and assault might fall again on Oahu, or the West Coast, or the Aleutians. Some felt it could even be the Panama Canal. General MacArthur worried that his South Pacific area could be the target. So was Midway just a COMINT hoax? Nimitz had deliberated and decided that Midway was indeed the target.

Later in the war, on July 10-11, 1945, Halsey's Third Fleet did deceive the Japanese successfully. A special communications deception unit—two officers and ten experienced radiomen—boarded USS *Tucson* (TG 30.2) to play the role of TF-38. While Halsey's surface units proceeded *northward* under strict radio silence to conduct a major bombardment of Japanese steel mills and other targets on Hokkaido, *Tucson* steamed *south* to a position off Kyushu, all the while simulating the Third Fleet flagships CW communications, as well as voice transmissions to and from a mythical combat air patrol. The *TF 38* battleships carried off the bombardment successfully and without opposition, while the duped Japanese sent their northern area aircraft *south*, leaving the real target area unprotected.

When *Tucson*, mission completed, rejoined TF38, the O-in-C of the "Dirty Tricks Department", Lt. A. Lea Booth, USNR, received this message: "You were most deceitful and made Nips very unhappy. Well Done . . . Halsey"



Admiral "Bull" Halsey awards Lt. Lea Booth, the "dirty trickster," Commendation Ribbon for hoaxing the Japanese in 1945.

and
We are still at war with Japan with heavy casualties on our side.

More than a century ago a pioneer Japanese free enterprise advocate, Matsukata, who was a silk tycoon, referred to "the war of trade," in which he said that "money should serve as our weapons and supplies, and national production must be our generals and soldiers." Even then the Japanese were talking of trade in war-like terms.

If the Japs have declared economic war on the United States -- indeed, the rest of the world -- they are winning it with weapons and tools and systems and ideas which they either stole or were given by a magnanimous America. The Japanese don't invent or innovate; they steal or copy from others and perfect. Even their religion was imported; about the only thing native to Japan is harakari.

The Japs are still thinking in terms of war, using high caliber economic artillery. They already claim ownership of three-fourths of Hawaiian properties. (One might wonder where Senator Inouye's loyalties really are.) They own a vast amount of real estate and property in the U.S., and recently they even began to buy mid-Western farm properties from which they are exporting food commodities to Japan. I don't suppose we can count this when computing our trade deficit as it involves Japanese exporting and importing at the same time.

Right here in Virginia our industrial community includes such Japanese manufacturers as Canon, which has grown so rapidly that the word "Xerox" is no longer the generic term it used to be when referring to photocopying equipment.

And only last week Lynchburg felt the concussion from the widespread Japanese guns aimed at American markets. I'm referring to the lay-off of one shift at the Lynchburg Foundry Company's Archer Creek Plant because of a decline in supplying castings to the American automotive industry. It was announced that auto manufacturers cut their orders to such traditional parts suppliers as Lynchburg Foundry because of over-building and stacked-up inventories of American cars. Meanwhile, our ports are unloading shiploads of Hondas, Toyotas, Suburus, and other Japanese imports, which are presently running at about \$2.5 million per year.

Last winter, just to keep myself from falling asleep at the wheel while driving home from Florida, I made a game of counting Japanese automobiles that were passing me or that I was passing on Interstate 95. During a 25-mile stretch of road I counted more Japanese than American cars. I wonder how many Fords and Chryslers and Oldsmobiles one would see on the road from Tokyo to Yokohama.

In all fairness it should be acknowledged that the quality and prices of most Japanese products on the American market are just as good or better than their American counterparts. I had a friend tell me that he never had an automobile better than his Suburu stationwagon, and I'm sure there are those in this room who can rationally defend their ownership of high quality Japanese products.

And how about Sony? Just last week they moved in and acquired Columbia Pictures and its diversified subsidiaries for \$3.5 billion, the largest acquisition in U.S. history. That's not a leveraged buyout; it's cold cash. Sony had already bought CBS Records at \$2 billion. In that dreary context, Akio Morita, chairman and co-founder of Sony Corporation, recently rebuked American business for what he called misplaced priorities and, at least for now, dismissed the U.S. as a major world competitor.

Morita in effect criticized American business people for concentrating on short-term gains, overpaying themselves and playing "the money game" of mergers and acquisitions instead of committing themselves to the long-term development of their companies.

"For U.S. industry to regain its position as a major competitor in world markets, management must stop paying itself, in some cases, several hundred times the salary of its colleagues on the work floor," Morita told a luncheon of the Japan Society of Boston, the nation's oldest such cultural organization.

"And labor, for its part, must realize that they are not on the other side of the fence and that a strike against management usually means a strike at their own productivity," Morita continued.

Morita urged Americans to shun what he called techno-nationalism. "It disturbs me to see nations drawing a line at their borders and saying, 'no foreign technology tolerated here,'" he said.

I am entirely too uneducated and naive in economic matters to try to identify those ^{who are} to blame for what's been happening in world trade, but it's alarming to realize our trade deficit with Japan was \$55 billion last year under a so-called "free trade" policy where the freedom has been extended in only one direction. The only American products the Japanese seem to tolerate are those items that are in no way competing with homemade products and which they really ^{cannot} provide for themselves -- such examples as forest timber and lumber, because the shortage of Japanese land resources requires importation.

Japanese motivation is so different from ours. Our economic system emphasizes the opportunity of personal gain whereas the unique, incomparable Japanese work force seems to be doing it for their nation and national interests, motives that are more militantly chauvinistic than self-serving. Let's give the little, toothy, slant-eyed bastards credit! Contrasted with our polyglot ethnic populace, the Japanese are of one homogeneous race and philosophy with a more than 90% rate of literacy.

The inscrutable Japanese constitute an international enigma. If any American should have been able to fathom the Asian mind, it might have been General Douglas MacArthur, but he acknowledged (and I quote) "Even after 50 years of living among these people and studying their folklore, politics, and their economy, I still do not understand them." But he had observed at close hand how Hirohito's people lived, worked and thought, and he observed their stupendous energy and unlimited potential. Awesome!

What really happened after World War II? I hope someone with a sharper mind and better memory than mine may recall some of these facts during the discussion period after I shut up and sit down. General MacArthur, a Jap nemesis during the War, became a hero in the post-War occupation and rebuilding of the Japanese islands. Those steel mills that were blown up by U.S. bombardment during the deception operation that I've described were rebuilt with American aid, and I grieved over my tax dollars going there.

I recall a news announcement 20 or 25 years ago that the American steel industry had lost its traditional exporting of steel rails to railroads in South America because the Japanese had taken over those American markets. I wondered at the time why we risked our necks on that daring operation in 1945 to pour 16-inch projectiles from our battleship and bombs from our carrier planes down on those steel mills in northern Hokkaido, only to help rebuild them after the war with my tax dollars.

And I have wondered how Admiral Cagle, who shot down the last Jap ace in World War II, has reacted to the Bush administration's decision to go ahead with plans to allow Japan to collaborate with the U.S. in co-developing and co-producing the next-generation fighter plane, the FSX. This derived from the Japanese opposition to buying F16s directly from the U.S. Critics contend that this arrangement amounts to giving away our advance technology secrets in military aircraft.

For quite a few years I've maintained a file of news clippings and some of the more perceptive editorial comments on our continuing war with Japan. Looking through this file recently brought back some of the emotional prejudices that I had unloaded in that letter I wrote from Bougainville Island in 1943. Here are a few of them:

ITEM: "The easy, effective, unilateral and fair solution to our troublesome trade imbalance is simply to stop supplying Japan with free defense. She will then have to start defending herself and adding the cost to the price of her exported goods. Simultaneously, our defense budget will come down, our goods will suddenly become more competitive, and the trade imbalance will start to shrink."

ITEM: "We let the Japanese sell just about anything they please in our vast country, and last week the word from Tokyo was that Japan is increasing its automobile shipments to the United States by 25% this year."

In the same newspaper was an AP dispatch confirming that Japan indeed was planning to export more than half a million more cars to the U.S. next year. The quantity surpassed more than 2.5 million last year.

ITEM: "Last week 537 cars, fresh from the assembly lines of Japan, were unloaded off a Japanese cargo ship at Nissan, U.S.A's new \$3 million port facility at Norfolk International terminals." (Now that's just Nissan; it doesn't include how many other Japanese makes rolled into Norfolk in one week.)

ITEM: A story from Farmville that Stackpole Components Company, Farmville's largest employer, is closed because, as Stackpole's president stated, "The Japanese are beating our heads into the ground."

ITEM: "U.S. businessmen say the Japanese government has targeted the U.S. semi-conductor industry and engineering a well-financed, coordinated attack that caused American firms to lose millions of dollars last year by undercutting U.S. industry on price with the help of Tokyo government subsidies."

ITEM: "Japan's rigid trade barriers bent just a bit when Japanese authorities decided to allow the entry of 400 boxes of Girl Scout cookies. Japanese customs officials had stopped shipment and assessed a \$2,000 duty on the 400 boxes, about \$4 per box in tariffs."

ITEM: "A Japanese visitor, who lives near Tokyo, flew across the Pacific and bought a camera in San Francisco with a familiar label -- made in Japan. The Nikon she bought cost \$255 at a discount store in San Francisco. In Tokyo, she said, she would have to pay almost \$500 for the camera." (A classic case of dumping on American markets until the American competition is driven out of business after which the Japanese products price goes up.)

ITEM: "House sub-committee approved a Bill banning the sale of Toshiba Corporation products at shops on U.S. military bases in response to disclosures that the Japanese manufacturer secretly sold the Soviets high technology equipment that has permitted Russia to make its submarines harder to detect."

ITEM: "Zenith Electronics Corporation is suing Japan television producers for allegedly using unfair pricing to destroy U.S. competitors, claiming that 21 Japanese concerns should pay damages for violating the Federal Anti-Dumping Act." (This recalls the sad closing down of Zenith's major plant in Ohio with several thousand employees laid off. I bemoaned this as we have always had Zenith T.V. sets in our house which means they are probably now being made in Mexico or Korea.)

ITEM: Headline -- "Japan Now Buying Chunks of America." The article then cited an array of examples, which are incurred every time the dollar drops against the Japanese yen. The article stated that Japanese institutional investors rate real estate as their most important investment in the United States, ahead of government bonds and corporate stock. One example was Mitsui Fudosan, a big cash-rich Tokyo corporation buying New York's Exxon building and up to \$10 billion in real estate purchases expected this year.

ITEM: "Japanese leaders are targeting one American industry after another for destruction. The Japanese are extraordinary people who made a miracle after losing a war. But we did quite a job there, too, after winning that war. After helping Japan rebuild itself, American leaders now seem to be stuck with the difficult job of persuading, or forcing, Japan to integrate itself in the world community. Japan has to become a responsible world citizen -- paying its own way, giving as well as taking. Its style of adversarial trade -- attacking open American markets by dumping and underpricing to destroy our companies and industry -- should call for U.S. retaliation. The trade war Japan has been fighting for 20 years is threatening to kill the goose laying the golden eggs of world trade. We are the goose. Open U.S. markets laid most of the golden eggs Japan as so diligently collected."

* * * * *

Is it conceivable that my anxieties, my animosity, bitterness and contempt actually derive from envy or jealousy or just plain chauvinism. I don't think so. Maybe it traces back to the Bougainville jungles. Remember how Lord Louis Mountbatten stipulated in his will that no Japanese would be allowed to attend his funeral. Same here!

Japan is indeed at war with us, so maybe I should re-enlist and reactivate our old "Dirty Tricks Department" and deceive the hell out of the Japanese by stealing and driving a Honda.



YOU WERE MOST DECEITFUL AND MADE MIP'S VERY UNHAPPY.
WELL DONE,

HALSKY.

MOR/D	VISUAL	Date-Time 152339	Precedence PRIORITY	Crypto Channel PLAIN LANGUAGE	CWO No.							
From:	COMMANDER 3rd FLEET			TOR/D 01000CT/16th	Date JULY 16, 1945							
Action:	U.S. TUCSON				Released							
Info:	COM TASK FORCE 38											
"A" Action. "X" Info.												
Exec.	Comm.	Nav.	Gun.	Dam. Cont.	Eng.	Sep.	Disb.	Med.	S. Sec.	Radar	O.O.D.	Suppr.
I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
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How **RU/BB**
LT BOOTH
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