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Jacob DeShazer

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U.S. AIR FORCE ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW



REV JACOB D. DE SHAZER

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
HISTORICAL RESEARCH CENTER

OFFICE OF AIR FORCE HISTORY
HEADQUARTERS USAF

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Interview
of
Reverend Jacob D. DeShazer

Conducted
by
Dr. James C. Hasdorff

Date: 10 October 1989
Location: Salem, Oregon

FOREWORD

One of the oldest and oft-used sources for reconstructing the past is the personal recollections of the individuals who were involved. While of great value, memoirs and oral interviews are primary source documents rather than finished history. The following pages are the personal remembrances of the interviewee and not the official opinion of the United States Air Force Historical Program or of the Department of the Air Force. The Air Force has not verified the statements contained herein and does not assume any responsibility for their accuracy.

These pages are a transcript of an oral interview recorded on magnetic tape. Editorial notes and additions made by United States Air Force historians have been enclosed in brackets. When feasible, first names, ranks, or titles have been provided. Only minor changes for the sake of clarity were made before the transcript was returned to the interviewee for final editing and approval. Readers must therefore remember that this is a transcript of the spoken, rather than the written, word.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, Jacob D. DeShazer, Rev,
have on (date) 10 October 1989, participated in an
oral-magnetic-taped interview with Dr. James C. Hasdorff

_____ ,
covering my best recollections of events and experiences which may
be of historical significance to the United States Air Force.

I understand that the tape(s) and the transcribed manuscript
resulting therefrom will be accessioned into the United States Air
Force Historical Research Center to be used as the security
classification permits. It is further understood and agreed that
any copy or copies of this oral history interview given to me by
the United States Air Force and in my possession or that of my
executors, administrators, heirs, and assigns, may be used in any
manner and for any purpose by me or them, subject to security
classification restrictions.

Subject to the license to use reserved above, I do hereby
voluntarily give, transfer, convey, and assign all right, title,
and interest in the memoirs and remembrances contained in the
aforementioned magnetic tapes and manuscript to the Office of Air
Force History, acting on behalf of the United States of America,
to have and to hold the same forever, hereby relinquishing for
myself, my executors, administrators, heirs, and assigns all
ownership, right, title, and interest therein to the donee
expressly on the condition of strict observance of the following
restrictions:

DONOR Jacob D. DeShazer
DATED October 10, 1989

Accepted on behalf of the
Office of Air Force History by: James C. Hasdorff
DATED October 10, 1989

BIOGRAPHY

JACOB D. DESHAZER

Staff Sergeant Jacob D. DeShazer was born on 15 November 1912 at West Stayton, Oregon. He graduated from Madras High School, Madras, Oregon, in 1931. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps on 26 February 1940 at Fort McDowell, California, and attended bombardier and airplane mechanics schools. Sergeant DeShazer was captured by the Japanese after the Tokyo Raid and spent 40 months as a prisoner of war. He was released on 20 August 1945 and separated from the service on 15 October 1945.

Sergeant DeShazer graduated from Seattle Pacific College, Seattle, Washington, on 7 June 1948 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in preparation of his missionary training. He returned to Japan on 28 December 1948 to fulfill the vision he had while a prisoner. His decorations include the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Purple Heart, and the Chinese Breast Order of Yung Hui.

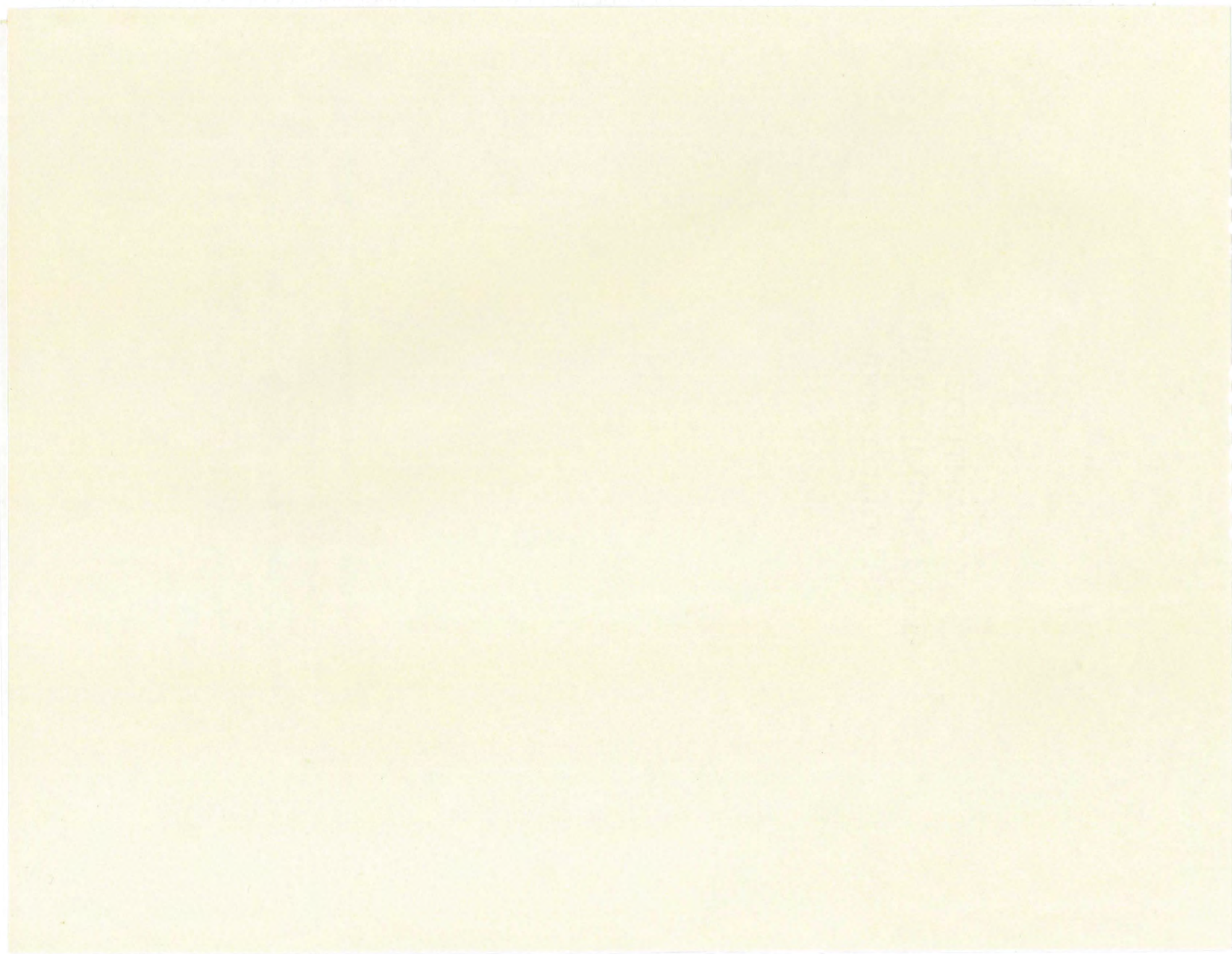
CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Foreword	iii
Access Agreement	v
Biography	vii
Family Background	1
Joined the Army Air Corps	3
Bombardier Training	5
Volunteered for a Dangerous Mission	6
Impressions of General Doolittle	6
Training at Eglin AFB	8
Nervous about Turning Aircraft Over to the People at Sacramento	11
Conditions on the Ship	12
The Day of the Launch	14
One Sailor Was Hit by a Propeller	15
Doolittle Took Off First	17
Aircraft Flew Low	19
Bombed an Oil Storage Tank	19
Antiaircraft Fire	22
Had to Bail Out	24
Started Walking Towards the West	26
Captured by the Japanese	27
First Time Questioned	28
Took Us to Tokyo	30
Questioned about the Norden Bombsight	30

	<u>Page</u>
Conversation with Sgt Spatz	32
Only One Person Was Killed on that Raid	33
Caesar Remedios Was a Good Friend to Us While in Prison	36
Contact with Fellow Prisoners	38
Moved to a Prison Close to Nanking	39
Started Memorizing to Pass the Time Away	40
We Were Given Some Wonderful Theological Books	40
We Only Had One <u>Bible</u>	41
Became the Weakest of the Four	42
Believed God Would Take Care of Me	42
Questioned the Existence of God in My Younger Life	44
Struggled to Maintain the Faith	46
Prayed for Peace	48
Had an Inner Feeling that the War Was Over	49
Took Us to a Hotel in Peking	49
It Took Quite a While for Me to Get Normal	52
Decided to Become a Missionary	54
Wanted to Stay and Witness to the Japanese	55
Scripture that Turned Me Around	56
Attended Seattle Pacific College	57
Wanted to Get Back to Japan as Fast as I Could	58
Newspapermen Were There to Meet the Ship	58
Served with the Free Methodists in Osaka	59
Traveled with Brother Oda	60
Helped Develop New Churches	61

	<u>Page</u>
Converted the Japanese Air Leader that Led the Strike on Pearl Harbor	62
Fuchida Would Witness for the Pocket Testament League . .	64
The Missionary Efforts in Japan Have Tapered Off	67
The <u>Bible</u> Was a Wonderful Help to Us in Prison	69

SAFETY
PRINT



Oral History Interview #K239.0512-1872

10 October 1989

Taped Interview with Reverend Jacob D. DeShazer

Conducted by Dr. James C. Hasdorff

H: To begin the interview this morning, Reverend DeShazer, I'd like to get a little family background on you. According to your biography in Carroll V. Glines' book, you were born November 15, 1912, at West Stayton, Oregon. Where is West Stayton located?

D: It's out east of here, kind of southeast of Salem.

H: A rather small town?

D: Oh, I doubt if there's a post office there now. There's a Stayton, but West Stayton, I think, is pretty much just--they have a marker up there, but not much else. I don't think there's a store there or anything anymore.

H: I understand your father was a minister. Is that correct?

D: Yes, he was.

H: Where did he spend most of his time preaching?

D: He was over in eastern Oregon. He took a homestead, 160 acres over close to Madras, just across the mountains on Round Butte. He stayed over there not as long as he was over on this side, around in this area. He died around West Stayton when I was two years old.

H: Oh, you didn't know your dad, then.

D: No. No, I didn't. He died in 1915.

H: How large a family did you come from?

DESHAZER

D: Well, my father was married to a woman that died, and they had four children, one boy and three girls. After she died, he married my mother, and four children were born from him. Then he died, and my mother was out there at West Stayton. But she was able to be introduced to my stepfather. He lived over at Madras and had a wheat ranch over there. He was 48 years old, but he came over and my mother got acquainted with him. The superintendent of the Free Methodist Church introduced him to my mother, an Oregon conference superintendent. So they got married, and we moved over there to Madras, and I was raised over in that country, where he had about 700 acres and we had a wheat farm. Then we had to pay off the mortgage, so we started delivering milk in Madras, Oregon. We kept the thing going that way.

H: Was it pretty rough for you during the Depression?

D: When I got through high school in 1931, the Depression was going real strong. I had a terrible time getting a job. I'd get a job in the summertime, haying or working for some of the farmers around there. Then they'd all be over in a month or two. I'd just get a dollar a day. So I wanted to go on to school and get training. I even was signed up to go to a diesel school down in Portland. They had a school that trained you to be a diesel mechanic, and I couldn't even raise the \$50 I needed for that. So I drifted around, worked in the woods, cut wood for stove wood, you know.

I worked in sheep camps and all kinds of different jobs, but finally, I got a job as a camp tender over in Nevada and close to Alturas, in California. Eagleville is the name of the little town where I was working for a rancher there, and he had quite an operation of cattle and sheep. I was the

camp tender for about 3,000 or 4,000 sheep. He'd have a couple of herders. I'd have to bake the bread out in the sagebrush, and had a string of mules and a bell mare, saddle horse. I had a good time for about two years while I had that job.

Then I thought if I had enough money, I'd go into business. I'd raise turkeys first and get a start, and I had a little place over near Medford, Oregon, and I had 500 turkeys. I got them when they were a day old. I got the feed. They let me have the feed. All I had to do was sign the thing. I got those turkeys up in good shape by Thanksgiving time. They were so fat and good. The price had dropped from 22 cents a pound, had gone down about 13, 14 cents. I just came out, just even. I paid all the bills, but that was all I could do. Then that's when I got in the Army after that. I got in the Army Air Corps. That was 1940.

H: What did your siblings do during that time? Did any of them go into the military?

D: Well, you know, it was before the 1940s, I think it was kind of hard to get into the armed forces. I never heard about getting in there. I don't know. I didn't hear of anyone making a lot of money in those days. Young people were hunting around for jobs, mostly.

H: What attracted you toward the military at that particular juncture?

D: Well, at that time, I was becoming quite nervous about the situation. Germany was so strong, and America had decided a way to keep out of war was to not have anything that would threaten anybody, seemed like they wanted to keep a small

DESHAZER

armed forces. And I remember that when I joined up two years before Pearl Harbor, why, they said that the United States had 200,000 in the armed forces, and they said Germany had 11 million and Japan had 11 million. It sure didn't look good to me. The way they were just running all over Europe, you know, and Hitler was so strong. And the Japanese had been bombing and taking parts of China and Mongolia and different areas. I thought, "I'm just a single fellow," and had a hard time even making a living. I was 27 years old then and couldn't even get a decent job. So I thought, "Well, I'll get in." It was pretty easy to get in then. I volunteered. I was down in California when I decided to join up.

H: What attracted you toward the Air Corps?

D: Well, I wanted to fly those airplanes and be a pilot. I didn't see any reason why I couldn't get in there and fly them. I guess I'd seen an advertisement or something. It sure looked attractive to me to get in there and be a pilot. But just as soon as I brought that up after I got in, they said, "You're too old." I'd always been too young up until that time, but now all of a sudden, I was too old. So I thought, "Well, I'll get to fly, anyway. I'll be one of the crew." So pretty soon after I was in, they gave me training to be an airplane mechanic down at Oakland Boeing School of Aeronautics, they called it. I went down there with some other fellows that I was in with, and I don't remember just how long we took that training. It must have been at least six weeks, and went back up. We were stationed then at McChord Field near Tacoma.

H: What kind of aircraft were you associated with?

D: Soon after we got up there, McChord Field had brought in B-25s, Mitchell bomber. I think we were about the first group to get that B-25. I worked out on the line as an airplane mechanic for quite a while. Then they said that they needed fellows to take training to be a bombardier, and they had a rig inside the hangar that would let you practice. I'd practice on that, and then we'd go out and try to drop a bomb out on the bombing range.

I must have done pretty good, because I had been used to shooting jackrabbits over at Madras, you know, on the run. My brother and I would go out in the old Model T and stand up. We didn't have any top on it. We'd see a rabbit running, or we could do that from the back of a horse, too, and get them on the run. We didn't think we were very good if we couldn't get them while they were running. So this sitting on the B-25 and just getting those cross hairs on that target down there at 20,000 feet seemed like a pretty easy thing to me. So I guess I must have had a pretty good record.

Then when Pearl Harbor came along, we were over at Pendleton, and I remember being on KP duty when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The fellow came in while I was on KP duty, and they said, "Japan bombed Pearl Harbor!" I thought, "Japan would never do a thing like that. That'd be crazy." But when I went into the barracks, radios were all working and making a lot of noise, and I found out that was the truth, the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. But I felt like they sure were going to catch it for that.

It wasn't long after that, why, a captain called while I was up in the hangar working. I had taken bombardier training, but still I was doing mechanical work, too, and I was in the

hangar and the sergeant came up and he told me to get in the jeep and go see the captain. I'd never had any order like that before. I wondered what I'd gotten into that I had to see the captain. I got into that room, and he had about 15 or 20 of us in that room, and he said, "We're going to form a dangerous mission." The way I remember it, we were still at Pendleton, but some of the fellows say they didn't know anything about this dangerous mission until we got over in Columbia, South Carolina. But the way I remember it, it was a room right there in Pendleton, and the captain says, "Some of you fellows are going to get killed." He said, "How many of you will volunteer?" Well, I thought, "Boy, I don't want to do that." But we went around and he said, "Would you go? Would you go? Would you go?" And they all said, "Yes." And I was right down at the end of the line. I think I was the last one on that line. So because all the others said they'd go, I said I would, too. And that's how I got in on that. (laughter)

Then we went to Columbia, South Carolina, and I think I saw Doolittle [Gen James H.] there at Pendleton. Some of the fellows said they never saw him, so I guess I could be wrong. But, anyway, Doolittle came around and then we got to training for this mission.

H: What was your initial impression of Doolittle when you first met him?

D: He sure surprised me. He was something else. And he came out where I was out there at the airplane. Farrow [Lt William G.] was my pilot, Bill Farrow. I'd have to help with the airplane, you know. I was in the airplane, and here came Doolittle. He looked so nice, you know. He always kept himself in good trim shape. He was 45 then, but

he looked healthy and good. I'd never seen him before. He says, "Jake, are there some bolts in that airplane you're on, back in the fuselage there someplace?" I said, "I don't know." He says, "Go look and see." I said, "Sure." So I went back in there and looked, and sure enough, there were some bolts sticking up. I think it was to hold the guns, you know, the turret guns.

After he left, I got to thinking, "He knew my name. How did he know my name?" (laughter) Because I'd never seen him before. I thought, "Well, he's here." Then we got to talking about him, and I realized who he was. He was quite a well-known fellow at that time. He had done a lot of stunts and flew in World War I. I thought, "He's my leader. He's the fellow for the job, whatever it is." We knew that we were under him, but we didn't know where we were going.

H: How did you happen to be associated with the particular crew you were on? Was there any particular reason for that?

D: We'd go out and try and hit the target, and we'd always use the same pilot. Even when we were at Pendleton and Spokane, out here, we did that. Then when we were at Columbia, South Carolina, why, we knew that we were part of one crew. We had a different copilot. Hite [Lt Col Robert L.] wasn't with us until we got on the aircraft carrier. Then they changed the copilot, changed to Hite.

H: He mentioned that in his interview. There must have been a personality conflict.

D: That fellow that we had for a copilot--I can't remember his name--he was a little odd in some ways. (laughter) Most of the fellows were so neat, you know. Sometime you'd see him

DESHAZER

and his clothes were kind of sloppy. I don't remember who he was. But I don't know why they would change that way. Hite got in there and was our copilot. Then that was our crew. Spatz [Sgt Harold A.] was the airplane mechanic and the crew chief.

H: He was the one that was killed?

D: They shot him. Yes.

H: He went before a firing squad.

D: Yes. He was younger than any of our crew. He was the youngest one. But there was one fellow, I guess, that was younger than him, in the 80 men that went on that raid. I can't remember names very good.

H: How long were you at Eglin doing your training?

D: I think probably a couple of--let's see. December is when they bombed Pearl Harbor, and from December to April, that'd be four months. I don't know, but it must have been close to two months we were down there, maybe a month and a half.

H: What do you remember about your time at Eglin?

D: Well, after going around to the ranges out here, it seemed to me like if you missed your target, you'd hit over in another state, maybe. Those states are so close together, you know. It just seemed like a small area there. We'd go up for bombing practice and you didn't know whether you were in Georgia or South Carolina or where you were.

- H: I understand you had a lot of long, low-level over-water flights. Do you remember those when you were at Eglin?
- D: Boy, we did low flying right down in the ditches sometimes. My pilot would get down in the ditch, for hiding, so he wouldn't be seen, I guess. He was practicing that. I remember looking out a window and we were lower than the bank of that ditch that we were flying down. See, I'd have to help gas it up and everything, and one time we went down. We were flying back to the West Coast. We were flying real low, and I pulled some sagebrush off of the bottom of that airplane. He'd got down that low and picked some up. (laughter) I'd see the cattle stick their tails up in the air and run. We'd just go over their backs. My pilot didn't go underneath the Golden Gate Bridge, but a couple of them, I guess, did.
- They were good flyers, I'll tell you. Those fellows knew how to handle that B-25. We had learned how to get it up in the air real quick.
- H: Did that give you any ideas what the mission was all about?
- D: Yes, we had that Miller [RADM Henry L.], that fellow from the Navy, and right away we felt like the way they were trying to get up, they'd get that old tail end down and they'd scrape the dirt, you know, make a lot of dust. We knew that they were trying to take off real quick.
- H: But you had no idea it was going to be off of a carrier?
- D: No. I guess we thought so, too, with Miller there, or we couldn't think of anything else. There must be a carrier, but we didn't know whether it was in Europe or Japan.

DESHAZER

Because we were clear over in Columbia, South Carolina, we kind of thought maybe it was in Europe. And there were all kinds of rumors. But just as they said we were going to go to the West Coast, and one of the bombardiers, I was talking to him, and he told me exactly what we did. How he knew, I don't know, but he sure had it figured out. I don't know if he mentioned Hornet. I don't think we knew Hornet until we got out there to the West Coast. But we thought we were going to fly off an aircraft carrier and go and bomb Japan. That's what he told me before we left Columbia, South Carolina, or Eglin Field. I guess we were down at Eglin Field then.

H: Where did you stay on Eglin while you were there?

D: I don't know. I can't remember. Would it be Fort Lauderdale? They changed the name.

H: Fort Walton beach is close at hand. Fort Lauderdale is way down in south Florida.

D: Yes. I'm mixed up. I couldn't tell you. I don't remember. I know we went over there for a Doolittle reunion one time, and I should have got it all straight then, because they changed the name that time.

H: I understood the enlisted people stayed in the barracks somewhere on Eglin, and the officers, particularly the married ones, lived over in the Valparaiso Inn. Do you remember that name, Valparaiso Inn?

D: I don't. I wasn't an officer, anyway. I didn't know what they were doing so much. I didn't really get acquainted with them at that time.

H: Who did you pal around with during that period?

D: Well, my pal didn't go on that mission, the one that I was closest to. I guess when we got in with the Doolittle group, most of us enlisted men, we were just acquaintances and we would go around with enlisted men, whichever one was convenient, you know. We were kind of acquainted. I was a corporal and I guess I went around with the other corporals, mostly.

H: You didn't have any one particular friend?

D: Not the way I remember it.

H: Let's get you out to the West Coast. I understand that the aircraft were first flown to Sacramento.

D: Yes, that's right.

H: What do you remember about that period?

D: We were kind of anxious to--in fact, we were a little nervous about turning them over to the people in Sacramento because we wanted to watch those airplanes pretty close, to see that no one tampered with them. By that time, we knew we were on a special mission, and we had the airplanes running as good as we knew how to get them to go. That's about all I remember about that. We were glad when we got the airplanes back. They took them completely away from us, and we had to turn them over to the service people there in Sacramento. When we got them back, I felt more relieved, I guess, to know that the airplane wasn't damaged and it was in good shape again.

H: I understand Doolittle wasn't too happy with the Sacramento crowd.

D: No. You know that one that Bob Emmens [Col Robert G.] and "Ski" York [Col Edward J.] was on, I think maybe it was right in there that it got--they said they changed the carburetor setting, I think. Something happened, because old black smoke was just rolling out of that airplane. But ours was in good shape. I know from flying with that hole in the nose of it, why, it had good carburetor settings, good mixture.

H: When you got down to Alameda, prior to the launch, what did you do the night before you left? Did you go out on the town?

D: No. I can't remember--yes, I guess we were out that night. I wonder what day it was that we went on. They loaded the airplanes. I think we must have gone up right after that. But I do remember we were out all together and there was a dance, and we went to that dance. But that's about all I can remember about it.

H: Let's get you on board the Hornet then. What were conditions like on the Hornet?

D: We were trained to salute as we stepped up and got on the Hornet. (laughter) Miller had shown us how, the proper way to go on. After a while, I was called on to do guard duty. I was the lowest ranking man. I was a corporal.

(End Tape 1, Side 1)

- D: So I was on guard duty, and I remember Bill Farrow kidding me. He saw me on guard duty, he kind of kidded me and told me that I was the lowest ranking man, so that's the reason why I got guard duty. I don't remember how long I was on, but I was wondering if I was going to get killed on this special mission we were on. I was thinking about that.
- H: What was a typical day like? You were on that ship, what?
- D: Eighteen days.
- H: Eighteen days. What was your daily activity?
- D: It really was 17, because we took off on the 18th. But we would eat pretty regular, and we'd have a lot of time. Sometimes we'd spend time working on the airplanes. Most of the time we had free time. We'd have a lot of social-- beating our gums, you know. Right at first, though, when they got out from under the Golden Gate Bridge, they told us that we were going to go and bomb Japan, so we knew exactly what we were going to do. I was surprised. They said there were 2,600 sailors on that ship. We got acquainted with quite a few of them that were real sociable, and we'd have a big time playing blackjack or something with cards and talking to them and kidding them about their way of eating beans and things like that. It just seemed like when it was nice and sunny, we'd go on top and watch the marine life. Sometimes there would be those flying fish out there. Most of us hadn't been out on a big ship like that before.
- H: Did you get seasick?

D: I never did. I think some of them did, but not so many. It was a big ship. We didn't have much rough sea, I don't think. It seemed to me like it was pretty smooth sailing.

H: Until the day you launched.

D: Yes.

H: It was pretty rough that day.

D: Yes, it was then. We were going fast. Our airplane was the last one on the deck. We were on the number 16. The tail end stuck out over the edge at the end of that aircraft carrier, and so right in the middle, it's pretty stable, but out on the end, why, it goes way out. The front was down and this end goes up, but right there in the middle there isn't much action. It got so rough that way and the aircraft carrier was going so fast, that was making our airplane--it was throwing it. It'd go up and then it'd go down all of a sudden. It sits on hydraulic fluid. Those wheels have hydraulic fluid in them, so it would just look like the front end would come way up, the tail end would go way down, it looked like it was going to go over backwards. The sailors got some ropes. When it was takeoff time, Doolittle and the rest of them were taking off, we had to sit there and couldn't move. So the sailors came with ropes and were hanging on those ropes, holding it down to the deck as best they could.

Then it came time for our plane to get in position for takeoff, and our pilot started the motor, started the propellers going, and I don't know why that one fellow backed right into the propeller of our airplane. I was the bombardier, and the bombardier had to take the blocks out.

See, we had blocks behind and in front of the wheels. I think I'd taken those blocks out, and I turned around and here that sailor was laying right under where the propeller turned. When I saw him, his arm was laying out separate from the rest, had been cut off. He was gouged in the back, too, but he was conscious. I looked at him, and he said, "Give them hell for me." And I said to one of the sailors that was there, "Help me get him to one side." Because he was right in the wheel path, if we'd moved ahead. We carried him over to one side and set him down, and then it was all clear. The pilot pulled up into position and I climbed up where the bombardier stays, up in the nose of the airplane. There was a big hole in that. It had bounced so much back there, I think the nose hit the tail end of the number 15, probably. It broke that hole, because that hole wasn't in there before, and no one knew. I was the first one, or the only one, that knew it had a hole in it. So I thought, before we took off, "Should I tell the pilot?" He's awful busy for takeoff. Had to set the brakes and push the throttle forward and get her all ready to go. And I thought about that, and I thought, "Well, I'm going to let him go." They'd said, "If you can't get the motor started, we're going to shove them off in the ocean." That's what came over the loudspeaker. And I could just see them shoving it off in the ocean, and I wanted to go, so I thought, "I'm going to let him go. Take a chance on it."

And we got off the aircraft carrier. Then I called him up on the interphone and I told him, "We've got a hole in this thing about a foot in diameter." And Bill Farrow said, "What did you say?" I told him again. So he sent Bobby Hite up to take a look at it. Old Bobby said, "Take your coat off and we'll see if we can stuff our coats in that hole," so it'd be streamlined. We couldn't get them to

stick in there. The wind would just blow them right back in. So Bob went back, and that old airplane just flew. Farrow flew it real slow, though. I think most of them were probably going faster, but I looked at the speedometer that we had there, air speedometer, and it was usually around 130, 140. Probably most of them were going faster than that. We dropped back, I know. We saw some airplanes ahead of us, but pretty soon they were all out of sight. I think Farrow was going slower than most of them. But she flew pretty good--14 hours. I think I figured 14 hours and 20 minutes it flew.

H: Let me read you a quote out of Glines' book, Four Came Home, and you can comment on it. Glines noted in the book, "The tension mounted as the hours melted into days. April the fifth had been Easter Sunday, and more men than usual showed up for the traditional service on the Hornet. Jake DeShazer, the son of an Oregon minister, did not attend, a dereliction that was to haunt him for many months to come." Could you comment on what that statement was all about?

D: Well, the way I remember it, I did go to that. I know I went to one service, and I'm not sure it wasn't that one, while we were on the Hornet. So I must have gone to that one. I don't know why they put that in there. Probably it makes it--it's just something that I couldn't say for sure now. But I really think I went to it.

H: I just wanted your comments on that.

D: As far as thinking anything about it while I was in prison, why, I know one thing, that I used to go to services and I never knew what they were talking about. I didn't understand it. But I had a question in my mind, an open

question, that I really wanted to find out if there was anything to it. And I never thought they really knew, you know, that there's all kinds of religions, and which one is right? I didn't have any idea which one was right.

H: We'll get to that.

D: Okay.

H: But in the meantime, your aircraft got off the carrier with no problems.

D: Yes. It took off real good. Just seemed like you see the aircraft carrier going up and down like that and they'd time it. Whenever it'd go down, the front end would go down, why, that was the time the sailor that was there would drop the flag and the pilot would kick the brakes loose, and it'd go downhill. Then it'd come up to the top of that next roll ride, and just as the aircraft carrier started to go down, then the wheels would leave the deck. I'd watched all of them go off, and that's the way it worked. It just was smooth as could be. They didn't have any trouble. That was one of the big things the pilots were worried about, and I didn't think it could be done either.

I was awful anxious to see Doolittle take off. He was the first one to go. Before Doolittle took off, they said that we were going to have to take off right away. "Army personnel, man your airplanes and take off immediately! If you can't get your motor started, we'll have to shove them off in the ocean," they said. Doolittle didn't give us a pep talk or anything. He just jumped in the airplane and took off. He was the right kind of leader.

H: Did you, by any chance, see that Japanese picket ship that they shelled?

D: Yes, we saw that. We were standing up on the deck, and I think they had told us just before that, they said, "In ten more hours it'll be takeoff time. Army personnel, get your airplanes ready for takeoff."

And just after they made that announcement, we were all standing up there and we looked out, and the fog kind of lifted and there was that ship with a flag on it. We could see the flag was a little different. They said, "That's a Japanese ship." Then the destroyer--I guess it was a destroyer, cruiser, I couldn't tell the difference--but one of the Navy ships that was with us, you could see it turn like that. You know how they turn in the water. He turned real sharp. BANG! BANG! Boy, the whole side of that Navy ship looked like it was on fire, booming away. And pretty soon that Japanese ship was just like that. One end of it was headed for the bottom. I could see it just like that, and it disappeared. It went to the bottom in a hurry. Then the order came to take off right after that.

H: What was your estimated flying time into Japan from the time you launched?

D: Fourteen hours and 20 minutes.

H: That much?

D: That's what I figured. It's the way I remember it now.

H: Did you see anything on the way in? You were flying pretty low, I understand.

D: Yes. In fact, one time the pilot got so low, the prop was the lowest thing on the airplane, and you could feel that hit a wave. We felt it one time. After we got to talk to everyone, you know, the other fellows felt that, too. Farrow pulled it up a little higher after that. But they wanted to keep below the--they didn't know whether they had good radar or what, so they wanted to keep down low.

We didn't see much. I don't remember seeing anything, but I think there must have been a typhoon somewhere in that area, and we got right over Japan before we saw any ships. Then the pilot went up into the clouds. We were flying from one cloud to the other until we got down there to Nagoya, where we bombed. Then he got down. He told me--I was the bombardier--he said, "Set your bombsight for 1,500 feet." Well, no, no, it was 500 feet, he said. We'd been practicing at 1,500. I'd never gone down to 500 feet before. So I was kind of surprised. Five-hundred feet! He said, "See that gasoline tank?" he called it. It was right near that tower in Nagoya. So we flew right over it, and, boy, I had that thing set for 500. This point and this point, just like that. There wasn't any bombsight. It was just a thing that they had made, but it was calibrated so that 500 feet was on there. This and this. Right on it. I hit the switch, and my pilot went around and turned. I looked out the window and the fire was right on top of that oil storage tank.

So seven years later, I was over there as a missionary, and the Japanese that I was with, they took me right back to that place, and I told those people that were in charge, I said, "I was the bombardier that dropped the bombs on that oil storage tank." And they said, "Well, it burned to the ground." They said, "We're glad it's peacetime now." And

they said, "We'd like for you to come and talk to us." And a fellow came that was a newspaperman, and he had a picture of our airplane. He had the tail end of it. It was a pretty good shot, too. It showed our airplane just after it left dropping the bombs, right there where that tower is in Nagoya. It was the Toyo Gas Company. This newspaperman said, "Will you sign your name to this?" I put my name on that picture that he had, and next day it came out on the front page of the newspaper. I think it was Asahi Shinbun. So we burned that one down to the ground.

But then the pilot went over a building. You know, just when you're up in the air, it looked like this, just a big flat building all the way around. The pilot, I think he called it an aircraft factory. He called that other one a gas tank. It really turned out to be propane. That's what the Japanese used. They were selling propane gas. They still do. When we lived in Nagoya, they sold us our propane gas, Toyo Gas Company.

But anyway, this was supposed to be an aircraft factory, and he was right over it. He said, "Let your bombs go," told me, you know. So you couldn't miss that. I looked at my sight, though, and it still showed what was supposed to be the aircraft factory, and we dropped the bombs there. I dropped two on that first one. I don't know whether I was too nervous and I must have hit it twice or something, but two bombs went on that first one. So this was the last--no, it wasn't the last. It was our third bomb, because we had four 500-pound incendiary bombs. Doolittle said they would spread out just like a shotgun. When you shoot the pellets, they all spread out, and this would spread out into two-and-a-quarter-pound incendiary bombs. There was quite a few in

500 pounds. I've never figured that out, but there would be quite a few, and it just spread out.

Then that turned out to be the Columbia Broadcasting System that came in when I was living there in Nagoya, and they had some Japanese newspapermen with them. They investigated and they found out that we had dropped that third bomb. We dropped it on the 8th Army. The 8th Army was there with their mules and hay and the military men lived right there in that compound. It had a great big roof. They said we burned a little hay there. We burned up a little hay. There was one old man there that knew that time when we dropped that bomb, and he said that's what it was. They've got a hospital there now in that place.

Well, anyway, the third one, we came out to another--Farrow thought it was a gasoline storage tank, but it was another propane, where they kept propane. I looked down my sight when he said, "Bombs away," and we weren't up to it yet. It was way over here, and we were coming up to it. I wanted him to go on just a little further and we'd have gotten it. But Farrow turned too quick, and that's what spoiled that one. They told me, the Japanese people. We were living pretty close to that place, and they told me that the bombs just scattered out in the field there where we were.

Then we went out to the ocean and went around on the edge. The Sea of Japan kind of goes toward the west. We got along the coast, and we went between Kyushu and Honshu and flew over to China. It was about on the 30th parallel. We, I think, came in pretty close to Shanghai.

H: Was there any anti-aircraft or any kind of opposition?

DESHAZER

D: Yes, there was. We had that hole in front, and we could smell the powder real easy. But none of the shells or anything hit us. I don't think there was anything that hit us. We didn't feel anything. I think if something would have hit us, we would have felt it pretty easy. We were only out at 500 feet, you see, and it's pretty hard for them to shoot if you just go over the rooftops. They don't have time to get their guns on you. That's the reason why Farrow went so low, I suppose. If you'd have been up about 3,000 or 4,000 feet, why, they could have hit us a lot easier. We were just over the rooftops.

All the planes got away. There was only one that went to Russia, and all the other 15 got away. So they didn't shoot anybody down, but there was a lot of puffs of anti-aircraft fire when we got to dropping our bombs. We went right through some of those puffs of anti-aircraft fire. I don't know, we were probably the last ones to drop our bombs, so they may have been alerted by that time. It took an hour to get off the aircraft carrier, so they were ahead of us. They probably flew faster, too, so we may have been an hour and a half behind the first one.

H: You didn't see any of your fellow raiders at all?

D: I didn't. I'm not sure whether Hite and the others saw anybody or not. But I sure didn't see anybody. Hite said he saw some Japanese airplanes. I kind of think I did, too. I remember some, but they weren't our airplanes. They were some little small airplanes that the Japanese were flying around. I think we saw a couple, but there wasn't any danger to us. They weren't flying after us.

H: How much flying time do you estimate it took you to get from Japan on into China, then?

D: Well, it was 1 o'clock. We probably took off at 9 o'clock, so that would be five hours, wouldn't it? Nine o'clock to 1 o'clock is four hours. Four hours. I think it must have taken ten hours then.

H: What was the weather like when you were flying into China?

D: See, it was 10:30 at night when we got into China, and it was dark by the time we got over the coast. When we got in there, it was raining. Where we jumped out, anyway, it was raining.

H: I understand you picked up a tail wind that was unexpected that helped push you into China.

D: I don't remember that. I guess the pilot and the navigator would know that, but I didn't know it. All I can remember was that when the time came for us to jump, I knew the time was--yes, it was 10:30. How long would that be from 9 o'clock to 10:30? It would be--

H: About 13 hours.

D: Thirteen. I thought it was 14 hours and 20 minutes. I must have been figuring wrong, because I was probably figuring from 8 o'clock. But we didn't take off at 8 o'clock. We must have taken off about 9 o'clock, because the way I remember it, Doolittle took off about 8 o'clock.

H: Did you have any idea that you were in Japanese-occupied China when you did bail out? Did you have any idea where you were at?

D: Yes. I asked my pilot, when he said, "We're out of gas. We'll have to jump," he told me that over the interphone, and I said, "Are we in free China or in occupied China?" And he said, "I don't know." So we had flown for quite a while, but I found out after we got to talking that they had circled quite a bit over--I think Barr [Lt George] said we'd circled for a whole hour. Farrow wanted to come down while there was some gasoline stored and fly on into Chungking.

[End Tape 1, Side 2]

D: Well, the Chinese didn't cooperate. You know, there was supposed to be some gasoline stored in there, but it was 10:30 at night and it was dark and rainy, and we didn't have any light. So my pilot couldn't do anything else. We just had to jump and let it go. All the other fellows had the same problem, I guess. They got in there. So I went back with my parachute. I had a parachute up there with me, and you have to crawl in under where the pilot and copilot sit and the navigator. The crew chief was in the back and he couldn't get through to where we were, so he was on his own. But when I got back there, they had kicked that door out on the bottom of the fuselage, and I could look down there. I looked at the altimeter before I left the compartment where I was, and it said 3,000 feet. We were 3,000 feet high.

So as soon as I got back there, Bobby Hite says, "Jake, you're first!" And I thought, "Boy, I'd like to see somebody else go." But I had the parachute on, and I had stuck my feet out down through that hole, and the wind just

hit it, hit my legs and knocked me right back against the fuselage. It was awful strong. See, I think it was 160. I don't know why, but I must have looked at the altimeter and I had that idea it was going about 160 miles an hour. Well, that isn't awful fast, I guess, but it sure makes a lot of wind. And you know, I had to grab hold of the bottom like that and push, because it held me right up against it. I pushed real hard, and I broke away from the thing.

They told us to count to ten before you pull the rip cord, so I did that. I was worried about dying the way I was. I was immoral and wasn't living right, and I didn't know whether I was going to go to hell or what was going to happen. But I got away from that whole thing, I pulled the rip cord, and then I could tell it was raining. I didn't feel like I was coming down. It felt like I was just sitting there in the air. But after I got close to the ground, I could see the ground. It was coming up pretty fast.

Then I hit the ground. It was a Chinaman's grave. I was pretty happy to get down on the ground. I gave the old Chinaman's grave a good hug. Then I started to walk around there, and so much of that area was under water, and that place where I landed was the highest ground around there. They'd put the graveyards there, and I could tell it was a graveyard. But anyway, I couldn't find my way out of there. I came back to the place where I'd started, just wandering around in the dark. I didn't know which way was east and which way was west. I thought, "I'll go towards the west if I ever can figure out which way is west."

So there was an idol place there, and I shoved the irons out of the way where they burn their incense, and got out of the

rain. Then next morning when it got daylight, I figured out which way was east and which way was west, and I started to walk in the direction of west.

I walked for a long time. I don't think I got out to the road until it was noon. It looked awful strange, you know. The people were sort of different there. Looked like they weren't very intelligent people right in that area. It was kind of under water and probably real poor people lived in there. Must have been an area that got flooded every year. Anyway, it looked like they were taking care of one cow, leading one cow around for pasture, you know. I couldn't get anything out of them. I tried to find out if it was Japanese-occupied or if it was free China, but I couldn't get a thing out of them.

Finally, I got down on the road, and walking down the road towards the west. There was a camp right across the road. So I didn't want to walk right into a Japanese camp. There was military people around there. I walked back a ways and there was a house that was riddled with bullets. I saw a couple of fellows in uniform playing with some children. Those fellows, when I got up closer, they looked like maybe they were 15 years old or so. They just seemed to be playing with these kids. So I walked up to them and I said, "China? Japan?" And he said, "China." He wrote on a piece of paper. I said, "America." And he wrote on a piece of paper, "China." So I didn't know whether he was telling the truth or not. But there were two of them, and one of them went away. That made me nervous, so I started to go, too. The fellow called me back and we started talking. I gave him a cigarette, and then he kept saying "China," you know, all the time. I was trying to get all the information I could out of him, but I couldn't get much.

We went into a shed there. I don't know how he got me in that shed, but we got in that shed where I couldn't see around, and pretty soon, around on the side that was open, here came these fellows. There must have been eight or ten of them, and they all had guns. I had my .45 all loaded and ready to go, and I pulled the hammer back and I held it right on them, and I said, "China? Japan?" And they said, "China." Several of them said, "China."

We started back down to that camp, and I still didn't know for sure, but I was awfully nervous. We got down the road a ways, and a fellow could speak pretty good--well, not good--some English. And he said, "We think you better let us have your gun." And I looked around, and they had their bayonets just about that far from my back. They were all around me, and their guns were all pointed right at me. There wasn't anything I could do. I let him take my gun.

We got down to the camp and they gave me some yokan, that kind of sweet bean, mashed-up bean, with sugar in it, probably, then some pancake dough, all of that mixed together. And I was hungry. I hadn't eaten for a long time, probably almost 24 hours. They said, "How did you get here?" I wouldn't say anything, and I just kept saying, "Are you Chinese or Japanese?" They kept saying they were Chinese. But up there, right up close to the ceiling, they had pictures all the way around the wall. I said, "Who are those fellows?" And they told me the names of every single person up there all the way around that wall.

Then after they finished that, they said, "You're in the hands of the Imperial Japanese Army." Boy, I tell you, I just felt terrible then. I was afraid that that was the situation I was in, but I didn't know. When I'd gotten

down, I'd cut the parachute all to pieces, and I still had a little piece of that. I'd put it over my head to keep the rain from coming down. I suppose they knew I was an airman.

Then they took me on into the place where they'd picked up my companions. All five of us were captured. I guess Barr went in carrying his parachute. But I'd cut mine all up. Doolittle told us to do that. I don't know whether Barr didn't hear that or what, but he took it right on in.

So then pretty soon after that night, after I got in there, why, they said there was a judge there, a little fat fellow, who had a big stomach, and he was smoking a black cigar. He told me, "I'm your judge." I think he called himself my judge. He said, "I'm the kindest judge in all China. You're very fortunate to be questioned by me. You just tell us what the truth is and I'll give you a nice glass of warm sweet milk." Then he said, "Doolittle was your commanding officer, was that true?" I said, "Well, I won't talk." I gave him my name, my rank, and my serial number. "That's all I'm supposed to tell you." They had an interpreter there, this judge, and somebody was there to record it. The judge says, "You're our property and we want you to talk, and we'll treat you very good." He was a very kind judge, he said.

Then he said, "How do you pronounce H-O-R-N-E-T?" I said, "That's Hornet." "That's the aircraft carrier you flew off of to bomb Japan." This is the first time I was questioned right there in China, and I said, "I won't talk." He told me, "Sixteen B-25s took off the Hornet and bombed Japan. Is that true?" "I won't talk." Every time he'd say something, I'd say, "I won't talk." All of a sudden, he hit the table and he says, "You talk to me. You look me straight in the

eye." I looked him straight in the eye. He kind of looked around, you know. (laughter)

He got madder and madder, and finally he yanked that sword out. He had the sword on the side, and he just pulled it out like that. He held it up, and it was a shining bright steel sword. He said, "Tomorrow morning when the sun comes up, I'm going to cut your head off," he says. I didn't say anything. I had an interpreter. The judge then said, "What do you think of that?" I had to say something, and I couldn't think of anything. I just said, "Well, I think that would be a great honor to have the kindest judge in all China cut my head off." The interpreter interpreted that, and they started to laugh. (laughter) Old judge, he couldn't get anything out of me. I wasn't worried about it yet, because they hadn't done anything to me. They gave me a glass of warm milk, and I remember drinking that nice sweet milk.

They let me lay down, but boy, the lice were just crawling all over me that night. Somebody stole my watch, and I don't know, I think I was all tied up, too. My hands were tied and my legs were tied. I laid there with my clothes on, the lice just crawling all over me. We were in China, and there's a lot of lice in China, seems like.

Anyway, well, I don't know if it was the next morning; I think we probably stayed there another night. Anyway, one morning, why--no, it must have been that next morning, we got up and they'd taken our handcuffs off and our leg cuffs, and they took us out. Everybody had a camera and were taking pictures, and we five fellows were standing there and they took our picture. It surprised me, because in America, before we left America, they said, "Don't take pictures. We

don't want them to know what's going on." So here everybody with a camera, that kind of surprised me.

You know, that picture came out in the Time magazine. I was on the front page of Time magazine. My mother and brother and folks were over there at Madras, and they were looking at that picture. My mother said, "Well, that looks like Jake. I wonder if it is Jake." My brother, he's younger than me; he probably put up with a lot from me. He says, "That's Jake and he's mad." (laughter) That's what my brother said about that picture.

So anyway, I don't know if it was then or the next day, they took us to Tokyo. Put us on an airplane, took us to Tokyo. When we got in there at Tokyo, I don't know when it was, but they were questioning us. They'd leave our leg cuffs on and we'd have to go up the stairs and go to the room where they--and it was around the 18th of April, and it was cold. I'd sit there, cold, and my knees would be shaking. I don't know whether it was the food or what made my knees shake. I tried to stop them from shaking, but I couldn't seem to stop them. I didn't like that. It looked like I was scared. I guess I was. They asked us all kinds of questions. I don't know. They were trying to find out. But every time I'd tell them, "I won't talk," whenever I didn't want to say anything. I finally found out they knew everything, and I found out there wasn't any use saying, "I won't talk about the Doolittle Raid," because they seemed to have all the information.

Another thing that got me away from doing that was this fellow said, "You were the bombardier." And he said, "You know all about the Norden bombsight." They said, "We want you to draw us a picture of that Norden bombsight. Put the

knobs on and show us how it's built." I said, "You know, I'm one of the worst persons. I can't draw anything, even a house, draw a picture of a house." They said, "You can surely draw a picture of an airplane." I said, "Well, this is all I know about an airplane." I drew a mark like that, and then I drew one like this and made a tail there like that. I said, "That's an airplane. That's about the best I can do." They said, "Well, you should be able to make some kind of picture of that bombsight." The way I remember it, I didn't do a thing about that bombsight. I don't know if I even drew a square. I can't remember drawing anything.

Finally, they got kind of put out about that, and this fellow took a pencil and drew that bombsight to where it was just perfect. I could tell there wasn't a thing out of order. Those knobs were just there and everything was just in perfect shape. After he finished, the judge said, "Is that a Norden bombsight?" I said, "It sure is." Wasn't any use denying it. (laughter)

I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you some quotes out of Glines' book and you can comment on them about your time there. It says here, "When the Kempei Tai finally began to realize that they were not getting verifiable answers, they must have decided the prisoners needed rest. After four weeks of round-the-clock interrogations, the prisoners were allowed to sleep at night, but the dull drone of daytime questioning continued. During the first week of June, the prisoners were doubled up and their morale soared, but they were extremely suspicious. Nielsen [Lt Col Chase J.] and Farrow were put together in cell number two, Hallmark [Lt Dean E.] and Meder [Lt Robert J.] in number three, Spatz and DeShazer in number four. George Barr was put in cell number one with Bob Hite, but for the first day they didn't talk to

each other. They checked every inch of the cell they could reach, searching for listening devices while the guards outside watched. They found nothing, and when the guards relaxed their vigil, they exchanged their first words with each other." Do you remember any of that?

D: Yes, sure.

H: Anything you have to add to that, feel free to do so.

D: Yes. I'd like to add about talking to Spatz. Spatz told me that they accused him of shooting innocent schoolchildren and women. He said, "You know, I only fired that .50-caliber." There were two of them in that turret, and he said, "I only fired it one time." I remember that. He fired that .50 when we went over that first target. He shot right into it. He said that's what he did. And I felt it. I was up in the nose, but I could feel those .50s go off up there. That's the only time Spatz shot that gun, yet they executed him. That's one thing that I know is true. That's all true, what they said in there.

H: The Kempei Tai supposedly filed a report which was to determine the fate of you individuals, particularly three of them going to the firing squad. One of the questions addressed to you was, "Even if you were instructed by the pilot to drop the bomb properly, didn't you, as the bombardier, think that in the name of humanity, you shouldn't have bombed innocent civilians?" And you replied, "With our technique and methods used in that air attack, such things, even if we thought about them, would have been impossible." Do you remember that particular situation?

D: What did they mean by that?

H: I think they were trying to implicate you in bombing innocent civilians, and you replied that you didn't have a means to determine exactly what you were bombing. It would have been impossible to tell.

D: A civilian might have got killed. I suppose I probably would say that. Of course, there was no way you could protect a civilian if he happened to be in the way.

But I know that there was only one person killed on that raid, and that's an interesting thing, I think. That one boy got shot. There was a boy in grade school, and I visited that school as a missionary. I went to that school and found out. They showed me where bullets had gone in close to the window. Well, the window was there, and the bullet went right in, in the frame that held the window. They showed me that. They were going to build--what would you call it?--a memorial, anyway, kind of a statue for that boy that got killed. They admitted that there was only one killed. The Japanese told me that many times when I was working over there as a missionary. It wasn't in the area where we were. That was in the Tokyo area. We bombed Nagoya. So for them to say that we machine-gunned innocent schoolchildren and women is pretty far-fetched.

H: In Glines' book, it's pointed out, "In all of the records concerning the Doolittle flyers, no reasons were ever given why Hallmark, Farrow, and Spatz had been singled out for execution."

D: That's true. I've got a book that gives pretty good detail on that, and I think probably they got that from Nielsen, because Nielsen went over there for the war trials. This book that I have was a record that the warlords wanted us

all to be executed, but Tojo and the emperor thought that was too severe. I think it was Sugiyama who was the one that really had charge of that, but he was the warlord that was over whether we should be executed or not. The way it turned out, after he checked with Tojo and the emperor, he gave the order to the fellow that did the execution, Haka--I couldn't say. Anyway, that fellow was told to let three of us--why they picked us three which should be spared, I don't know why they did that.

But I think pilots are the most responsible people. The pilot was the leader of the crew, and Spatz, they got mixed up some way and thought he--he was a gunner, you know. The crew chief was the gunner on all of them. Spatz was the only gunner that they had. The boy had been killed by a gun. The boy that got killed was shot. The Japanese said that there was a military school in that area, and those fellows that talked to me, I talked to the principal of that school. He said that no doubt the Doolittle flyers had information that there was a military school there. Whether that's true, I don't know, but they had that idea. These Japanese teachers had that idea that maybe that's the reason why they shot into that school building. It was a school building, and it was right in that area where military people were.

[End Tape 2, Side 1]

H: To quote from Glines again, "DeShazer, the only other enlisted crew survivor, had been a bombardier, but his faked statement made no mention that he had access to or had fired a machine gun from his position in the nose of the plane." What could you comment on that?

D: (laughter) Seems kind of strange, because I never held back from telling that I did use the machine gun. I never did tell the Japanese I did when I was being questioned, but I have told the American people that I did. Farrow and Hite knew I did. We flew over a train, and Farrow said, "Rake it over," and I shot right in as close as I could to it. I don't know what happened, but evidently no one got killed.

Then we got out over the coast, and I got used to firing the machine gun. Here was a fellow standing up in a boat, just a rowboat, looked like, and he was waving his hand at us. We were going low. I thought, "I'll show him we're not a Japanese airplane." He thought we were Japanese. He was waving at us. And I brought that gun down there, and I thought I had it on him. I could see the bullets hitting in the water. They didn't knock him over, and I was really surprised. I brought it down again and I got another shot at him. I missed him. We went on by him. He was still standing up in the boat, but he wasn't waving anymore.
(laughter)

H: Caesar Luis dos Remedios, a Portuguese-Japanese who had been sentenced to seven years imprisonment for spying, befriended you later somewhat.

D: Yes.

H: What can you tell me about this individual?

D: I never heard of him being a spy.

H: That's what is in the book.

D: I know it says that. But I never heard of that when we were in prison. I don't know how they got that, whether Bobby or one of those fellows said he was a spy. What I heard was that he had gotten in prison for peddling dope, and I don't see what he would be a spy about, because he was half Japanese and half Portuguese. His father was a Portuguese. He knew a lot of languages, had a big head, and he was a real good friend to us.

H: What type of things would he do for you?

D: Well, sometimes they let him take a bath with us, and he told us several times how he had buried Chinese that they had cut the heads off. See, they'd get the Chinese to dig the ditch first, and then they'd make them kneel down with their hands tied, and then here come those Japanese with those sharp swords, and just whack them off. The Japanese guards would tell us they'd cut them right down through that way. If their sword was good and sharp and they were strong, they could cut them through here. Otherwise, they'd just whack their head off and kick them in the ditch. Caesar Luis dos Remedios told us that he helped bury 50 of them. Somebody had to bury them afterwards, so they'd use the prison detail. Several times I saw those guards come in to guard us, and they showed blood on their glasses, you know. They'd tell us that's the way they were going to do us some day, cut our heads off, kick us in the ditch.

H: Did he clandestinely sneak food to you people and things like that?

D: Yes. Well, yes, see, when we'd get in the bathtub together, he could talk to us pretty good. They'd come along and say, "Hanashi Yamai!" "Stop talking!" And they'd hit us on the

head. They had quite a board, about as big as my hand, on the end of their keys. They'd have a leather string holding the board to the key. They'd use that an awful lot of times, bump us on the head with that.

Then they would have Caesar on a detail to put the food out to the different cells. There was a little door down at the bottom of the cell door, and they'd slide that door back and slip the food in there. We'd, of course, tell Caesar that we were awful hungry, so a lot of times he'd give us--I suppose it was the soldiers--they had their own soldiers in those prisons, too, and they'd just beat them and treat them awful mean. Caesar would put some of that extra food in there for us. Sometimes I think he'd take a spoon and fill our bowls up, and take it out of some of the Chinese dishes and put it in ours.

He'd give us information a lot of times. He said he was a Roman Catholic. He had a Bible, too. But he didn't have much sympathy for the Japanese. He didn't like them at all.

H: Do you know what became of him after the war?

D: He came over to my home when I was living in Japan one time. He got married. He married a Chinese woman and had--I don't know if it was one or two children, when he came over to our place. But he lived in Macao. That's the town. Then I lost track of him. We used to write letters. But I don't know what happened now. I don't know whether he's alive or what. We haven't heard from him for quite a few years.

H: Let me read you some more out of Glines' book, Four Came Home, and maybe this will jar your memory a little more. "It was January 25, 1943, that the first chink in their

physical armor showed up. George Barr had just marked the day on the calendar he was keeping on the wall. Bob Hite was doing push-ups, trying to reach the goal of 25 he had set for himself. As he reached the 20th, he felt the sensation that something had snapped in his head and he fell flat on his face. He had passed out cold, and when he came to several minutes later, he had double vision and couldn't move. The other fellows yelled to a guard, who summoned a medical orderly. The medic gave Hite a shot that put him to sleep for 48 hours. When he came to, Barr, Nielsen, and DeShazer had been moved out and he and Meder were alone. For the next ten days, Meder fed him at mealtimes, kept blankets over him, and kept talking to keep up his morale." Do you remember all this?

D: Yes, I do.

H: How were you kept aware of what was happening to your fellow prisoners?

D: There was a square box in the corner of our far toilet, and sometimes they'd go more than one day, but usually every day they'd take us out. There was a padlock on the outside that held shut so you couldn't slip through there, you know. We'd have to pull that out and carry that toilet around to where there was a place to pour it through the wall. It went into some kind of receptacle over there. Then we'd bring them back and shove them in there, and the guard would lock it up again. Then if he was a pretty nice guard, he'd say, "Take a little break," or, "Okay." And we knew that meant we could run around the yard. While we were running around the yard, even while we were dumping our toilets, we'd be talking to one another. They'd say, "Hanashi Yamai!" "Stop talking!" And we'd just keep right on

talking, because they could hit us, but they couldn't do any more than put us in jail, you know. So we got so we didn't pay much attention to that, but sometimes there was a mean one. You'd better pay attention, because he might hit you. But most of them just felt like they couldn't do anything about it. We'd talk, anyway. So we'd find out what was going on, usually. They could tap on the wall, talk to one another, because pilots knew how to do that pretty good. (laughter) Bobby and I were pretty close together. We got so we could signal to one another.

H: Of all the prisoners that you were with, did you and Bobby Hite probably become the closest that you were associated with?

D: Oh, yes. Yes, sure. Bobby and I were. Nielsen was--they were all wonderful people, you know, but Bobby and I saw things pretty much the same way.

H: In another part of the book, Glines termed chapter seven "Two More Years of Hell," and this mentioned when you were moved to the prison close to Nanking. I'll read you a quote from Bobby Hite's account of this.

"As we walked down the corridor of one cell block, we counted 12 cells in all and wondered who else would be there. They lined us up by size and put Barr in number one and Nielsen in two, because these cells were larger than the others. Meder was put in three, me in four, and DeShazer, shortest of all, in five. They then gave us the Japanese equivalent of these numbers and told us we were to answer to these whenever we were called, because instead of our names, which the Japanese found hard to pronounce." Do you remember all this taking place?

D: Yes, I remember that. When they'd tell us to count off, why, we'd say, "One, two, three, four, five," for a long time. They'd scold us about that. Finally, I think I made a mistake one day, or maybe George must have started it, because we all knew how to count in Japanese, but we just wanted to be ornery. But somehow or other, we got started. I think George started it, probably. (laughter) We started doing it in Japanese then. I was "Dai Gogo." "Dai Nigo," they'd say. We'd have to say "Hai," and you would get your number, and that would be "ichi, ni, san, shi, go," rather than "one, two, three, four, five."

H: Glines wrote, "The others gave themselves similar mental tests to pass the hundreds of lonely hours away. Barr worked menially on an elaborate neon sign, while Hite planned a model farm from the cleaning of the land to the sinking of the last fencepost. DeShazer composed poetry on a mental blackboard which he would erase until he found the proper rhyming words to express the thought he was searching for." Do you remember doing that sort of thing?

D: Not exactly that way. It was when we got the books that I started memorizing. I got "The Pleasure of Hope." I memorized that whole poem, and I found out that if I got it memorized and I just would go over it once a week or so, I could keep it in my mind. I did that first with the "Pleasures of Hope," and it's a pretty long poem and it was a good one. It encouraged me a lot.

H: Besides the Bible, what books were you given?

D: We were given some real good books. There were some wonderful theological books that came to us, and they were all kinds. Good Catholic theologians and good Fundamental,

and then there were a lot of liberal ones, too. I think the European people, Barth and some of those theologians from Europe, books. It just looked to me like they had access to missionaries that had been in China and missionary books, because they were real deep theological books. I was surprised at the variety of them.

- H: I didn't realize that you had access to other books. In Hite's interview, he mentioned that after Meder died, that he asked that all of you be given a Bible to read, but he didn't mention anything about any other books.
- D: We only had one Bible, the way I remember it, and we had to take turns on getting that. Man, I sure appreciated all those books that we got. I would read two or three of them. Then when we'd get out in the yard, why, we'd have some discussion about them. Bob and I seemed to come to the same conclusion. "This guy's off. He doesn't realize the divinity of Christ." And it seemed like George and Nielsen would agree with the other side. "This guy is right on," they'd say, when he was a fellow that didn't realize the divinity of Christ. Bobby and I would go the other way. So it was kind of interesting, but, boy, you could tell there was no way of Nielsen and Barr coming to the same conclusion that we did. It was kind of strange. We had the same books, and the Bible.
- H: Do you think that Nielsen, coming from the Mormon faith, would have tended toward a different interpretation?
- D: That's what I thought, too. I don't know why it was that way. He must have faith, but I don't know. We had those books, and that's the way it seemed at that time. Maybe it's changed now. I don't know.

DESHAZER

H: In another place in the book, Glines wrote, "Jake DeShazer became the weakest of the four. He developed huge boils. He counted 75 at one time all over his body. He became delirious and couldn't sit on the stool. When he could no longer respond to the commands of the guard to sit up on the stool, a Japanese medical officer finally gave him vitamin shots until his health improved." Do you remember that?

D: Yes, I did. I was having a lot of trouble right there. I laid down in bed, and I didn't know what they were going to do with me. But I was saved. I was a Christian. I believed God would take care of me, you know, and I laid down there in bed. Here they came with good nourishing food. I got an egg and good soup and nice food. It was just what I needed. I started getting better right away. Boils all went away. By the time the war was over, I was ready to go.

H: Glines wrote, "DeShazer, the quiet, mild-mannered Oregonian, was the only enlisted man of the quartet, never complaining. He had had the same kind of mental torment as the others. From the day he had first gotten hold of the Bible, however, he was a changed man. While all of the men valued the great book's words, DeShazer memorized them and recited the verses over and over to himself."

D: Yes.

H: "Gradually the words took on deep meaning and significance. His hatred for his captors slowly vanished as he experienced a revelation in which he believes that the Lord spoke to him and urged him to show faith as a grain of mustard seed."

D: That's pretty nice. It sure did--I don't know as I'd say the first day, but after I realized that Christ is the Creator of the world, and the Bible says He was in the world, the world was made by Him, without Him, not anything made that is made. That makes Him the Creator, you know. Here He came in the form of a human being, and I never had realized that before. For some reason or other, it didn't get through to me. I thought He was just like anybody else. He's another human being, and a lot of people died on the cross. They said, "That's the reason you ought to believe in Him because He died on the cross." That didn't make sense to me, either. But when I realized He is God incarnate, came in the form of a human being to pay the penalty for sin, and the penalty for sin is death and eternal damnation, and Christ did that--well, that made a big difference to me. Boy, when I realized I had the faith and that conditions had been met, when you confess with your mouth Jesus is Lord, believe in your heart God arose from the dead; that's what it says in Romans 10:9. You do that, and it says you're saved. Well, I said, "That's happened." It happened right there in the Japanese prison to me, and God knows everything about it. Nothing that He doesn't know, so He arranged the whole thing.

Then I could see God's mercy. He'd forgiven me, you know, and given me another chance. I'd had the chance when I was a young fellow, a kid, grown up, and now I had been put in a Japanese prison, and all things work together for good, it says, to them that love the Lord, to them who are the called. There was something that God had done. You can't complain. If God's done it, you'd better just be happy about it. I could forgive those guards and have no more resentment, as I just praised God. That's the way it affected me.

H: In Bobby Hite's interview, he implied that you had considered yourself to be somewhat of an atheist.

D: Yes.

H: Prior to that time.

D: I don't know. What an atheist is, you know, a fellow that doesn't believe in God at all. I don't think I was like that. I remember when I was sitting on the plow, 20 years old, and I was sitting there, just meditating. I said, "If you really are, give me a sign." And I saw that pretty bird just going along, walking along there, you know, picking up worms. Looked so pretty. The thought came to me, "There's your sign."

I remember, too, when I was only nine years old, the lantern blew out. I was behind the barn, and those lanterns don't ordinarily blow out, but the wind hit that and blew that lantern out just when I asked the Lord for a sign. I had said, "If you're God, give me a sign," and that light. Those two times happened in my younger life, and I always remembered that. I didn't know what it was, but I knew you can't get something from nothing. If there wasn't anything--an atheist says there isn't anything; it just all happened. That's terrible. I don't see how a fellow can say that. I never could understand that.

There has to be something, and I didn't know which one was right. That's the way I felt. How can you tell? If you're born a Buddhist or a Muslim or a Jew, which one is right? But when God resurrected Jesus and He fulfilled all the prophecies, I think that's a pretty good indication which one's right. If it took God to do it--I thought like that,

you know. If God had to come himself, these other systems would have worked. If Buddhism or any of those others would have done the job, why did the creator have to come? Why didn't He just leave it with Buddhism or Hinduism or something else? I thought about that in the Japanese prison, and I thought, "Boy, no way you can hide behind that. You got to recognize God went to a lot of trouble indicating which one is right with the sending of the prophets and fulfilling those prophecies."

I had to reason it all out like that. My wife says that's funny. She says, "I knew it was right when I was growing up." She said, "There was no question about it. I just didn't want to be a Christian because I didn't think you'd have any fun." That's what my wife says. And a lot of people are that way. They believe their parents, I guess. They know their parents were honest and true. But how did I know my parents were right? They didn't have more than a fifth or sixth grade education, and I couldn't figure it out. I loved my parents, and my step-dad was a good, honest man. They were always good people, you know. But I just thought they could be mistaken, so if there's a lot of religions, how can you tell?

Well, I should have known better, I guess. It says that darkness will come over your mind, and that's what had happened to me. I was walking in sin and darkness, and you can't think of the truth. What is really true? Because when I was there in the Japanese prison, God showed me just to be as honest as I knew how. I figured that I'd memorize the Sermon on the Mount, the First Epistle of John and different places. Like the Sermon on the Mount, I'd go over that one day. The next day I'd take the Epistle of James, maybe, and go over those five chapters. The next day it

would be the First Epistle of John. I'd go over the whole thing, you know. I didn't have the Bible anymore, but I just kept it in my mind. I tried to do that after I got out of prison, but I couldn't do it. I was there in school. I did it pretty good until I got in school, and then I couldn't keep up with it. I couldn't keep my mind on it like in prison. It's so easy to sit there and keep your mind right on that, and you can do it. I didn't have the ability after I got out of prison.

[End Tape 2, Side 2]

H: I'll quote again from Glines' book. "The experiences of prison life that DeShazer had become symbolic and he felt that there was a reason for all of them. If he had the faith that the Bible urged him to have, he became suddenly sure of his eventual release. He describes an episode that encouraged him greatly as he struggled to maintain the faith he had laboriously developed." Here's where he quotes you. "I was being taken back to my cell by one of the guards after a short exercise period one day, and the guard started pushing me. 'Hiaku! Hiaku!' 'Hurry up! Hurry up!' he shouted, jabbing me in the back with his rifle. When we came to the door of my cell, he held it open a little and gave me a final push through the doorway. Before I could get all the way in, he slammed the door and caught my foot. He held the door against my bare foot and kicked it with his hobnailed shoes. I pushed against the door to get my foot free, and then jumped aside. The pain in my foot was severe, and I thought some bones were broken. But as I sat on my stool in great pain, I felt as if God were testing me somehow. Instead of hatred and bitterness toward the guard, I remembered the words of Jesus, who said, 'Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that

hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'" "

"The next morning, the same guard came up to the door and opened the slot. When he did, I looked up, smiled, and said, 'Ohayoo gozaimasu.' 'Good morning.' The guard looked at me with a puzzled expression, probably thinking that I must have been in solitary too long. Several days went by and I tried to make friends with him with my poor knowledge of Japanese. He did not react immediately, but finally, one day he smiled and began to converse. I didn't know much Japanese, but I was able to talk to him about his family. Every day after that, we exchanged pleasantries and he didn't holler at me when I walked around the cell instead of being seated on the stool. One morning he opened the slot and handed in a boiled sweet potato. I was surprised and thanked him profusely. Later he gave me some batter-fried fish and candy. I knew then that God's way will work if we really try, no matter what the circumstances." Do you remember all these various things? Is there anything you can add to them?

D: I don't think there was any rifle. That seems a little strange to me. I don't remember them carrying a rifle. They had their swords, and sometimes they'd have a pistol, but not very often. He just slapped me on the back and hollered, "Haiku! Haiku!" "Hurry up! Hurry up!" But the rifle seems a little out of place. But the rest of that is quite true.

H: Again, Glines wrote, "There was still another episode to come in DeShazer's religious awakening. On August 9, 1945, he awoke as the first ray of sunlight streaked through the morning haze. He heard a voice tell him in clear tone to

start praying. 'I asked, 'What shall I pray about?' 'Pray for peace and pray without ceasing,' I was told. I had prayed about peace, but very little, if at all, before that time, as it seemed useless. I thought God could stop the war at any time with the power which He had manifested.'" Do you remember these incidents here?

D: Yes. Glines says "the ninth." Of course, it would be the ninth in America, but it was the tenth over there. I didn't hear a voice; I heard an inner voice. There's some difference, you know, between a voice and an inner voice. Also, Glines had trouble with that date, but it was the tenth. It seemed like the history books in America say the tenth, Japan, when they put in for peace over here. I don't quite understand that. But I know for me it was the tenth of August over in Japan, because I was keeping track of the dates over there. But the newspapers and the radios came out on the 15th with Japan's surrender.

H: Glines also wrote, quoting you again, "But God was now teaching me the lesson of cooperation. It was God's joy for me to be willing to let Him use me. God does use human instruments to accomplish His will here on earth. It will be a great joy to us through all eternity if we can cooperate with Him. I started to pray for peace, although I had a very poor idea of what was taking place in the world at that time."

D: Yes. I didn't know about the atomic bomb, you know. But I did pray until 2:30 that afternoon, and then the Lord told me, "You don't need to pray anymore. The victory is won." According to the history books, well, that's when the Japanese put in for peace, on the tenth of August. The newspapers and the radio didn't know about peace for five

more days in America, and I know that happened to me. I kept track of that day because I just felt like I had contact with God. It was a spiritual prayer that I was praying, and God had told me to do it. I realized then that God does work through the human instrument. He can do anything and do it all by Himself, like blowing up Mt. St. Helen's. But He wants us to cooperate with Him.

H: You had an inner feeling that the war was definitely over? There was no doubt in your mind about that?

D: No. And then soon after that happened, why, here the Japanese came on with new boots and new uniforms. Those guards had worn such old clothes up until that time, all of a sudden they were wearing these things, new equipment. Looked to me like they were burning like cardboard cases and paper, and out of that window I'd see great big pieces of paper going up in the air like it does, you know, when you have a big bonfire. No, I knew what kind of equipment they were burning. Then they come on with new uniforms, and I thought, "Must be going to change now. The war must be over." Sure enough.

I don't know if it was the 20th or the 15th. I think it must have been about the 20th or 21st or 22d, they came and put us on a truck and took us to a hotel in Peking. I say Peking--it's Beijing.

H: Nowadays.

D: Yes. There were these European people that had been prisoners of war. Well, we'd been prisoners of war, but we were in a jail and they were in a compound, so there's a

difference. You know, we were dangerous characters and most of them were bankers or civilians that had been kept over.

H: Wasn't there some danger that because of your special status as being on that infamous raid, that the Japanese were going to do away with you?

D: Yes. That's true. When we got over there to that hotel, here were these Americans that had parachuted in. One of them was a major, and he had a crew. I don't even remember his name, which some of the fellows do. But the way I heard it was the major had said, when he got into that area, he said, "Where is the Doolittle flyers?" And the Japanese said, "They've all been executed." They'd given us a sentence of life imprisonment with special treatment, and they told us that we were going to be executed if America should happen to win the war, "which, of course, they won't. We'll execute you fellows." I knew how they executed people, so we were going to get that same kind of treatment. But when the Japanese would say that to the major, then they had already released these Marines that were on Wake Island. Did you hear about them?

H: Yes.

D: You knew about those fellows. The way I remember it was there were ten of them. So these fellows were kind of dangerous people, too. All ten of them had gotten out and were trying to escape. Let's see. Seven of them were recaptured, but three of them got away. The seven were the ones that were in the same kind of jail that we were. They wouldn't put them in the same cell with us, but we would correspond to one another with the aluminum--

H: Tin-cup brigade.

D: Yes. We had a nail or something that we'd scratch on there about us, and they'd scratch on theirs about them. We found out all about them. So those seven fellows were in that same prison up in Beijing where we were. We'd go by their cells to get our bath, and they'd see us go by, because there was a little slit in the door and they could see us. I don't know if they were all in the same cell or what, but they'd go by sometimes, too, to get a bath. About once a week we'd get a bath. We'd get into a big tub where maybe ten or fifteen people could get in that tub, and it was hot water. You'd have to wash off before you'd get in, and then get in there and soap up.

So those fellows knew we were in that prison and they told that major, because they were released before we were. They said, "The Doolittle flyers were in the same prison where we were." So I guess the major went to the Japanese with that information and got us out of there all right. But it was four or five days.

Then we were in that hotel I don't know how many days, but there was a missionary in there, a Methodist missionary, I believe. I forget his name. But anyway, there was a banker, quite a few people that had stores or something. And this banker, I was hiding some of the C rations in my clothes, and he saw me hiding that food in my clothes, in my jacket, put it in my leather jacket. I'd put it up above the door, just hide it around, you know. I had eaten all I'd wanted. That fellow came up and he said, "From now on, you don't have to worry. You'll get enough to eat." I said, "What did you say?" I'd been in solitary so long, I couldn't even pick it up. He'd talk to me real slow. "From

now on, you'll get enough to eat. You don't have to worry about anything." Finally, I caught ahold of what he said and it made sense to me. But it took quite a while for me to get normal. I guess I didn't really get straightened around until I got into school. I started into college, and the young people helped me a lot.

H: Let's talk about George Barr for a minute. Do you regret that the three of you didn't pick up on the fact that he was as disturbed as he was at the time? If so, would you have agreed to have gone on and left him behind?

D: Oh, no. If we'd known, we could have helped him. We wouldn't. I guess we should have caught on to that, but I guess we were hardly functioning just normally, you know. But it's too bad that George felt that way. I can see now. At the time, I thought, "Well, George is a very intelligent person and he surely knows what's going on." I just thought he was quite normal like the rest of us. He seemed like he wasn't in a vacuum or kind of in a stupor or anything. He'd react normal. I think he kind of got that way after we left, maybe. He didn't realize he was free and that we were back with people that were civilized and were going to help us. It must have seemed strange, though, to be over there in Peking all by himself.

H: When they shipped him back to the States, it didn't appear that they handled him very properly. He was just stuck in a regular medical ward, like anybody else, and they didn't account for any of his psychological problems at all. At least that comes through in Glines' book.

D: It does--you'd think, though, that George could--I thought George would have come out of it, but I guess when a

fellow's like that, why, you can't always tell, you know. I hadn't dealt with people like that at that time. I guess I didn't understand it at all.

H: You know, in Bobby Hite's interview, he mentioned that Barr's step-parents had him come over and spend some time with George Barr.

D: Yes.

H: And that seemed to help stabilize him somewhat.

D: Yes.

H: Then Jimmy Doolittle himself, of course, interceded.

D: Yes. But he went down into the room and tried to hang himself before Doolittle got there. I guess that's what made people realize that George wasn't thinking right. They could tell pretty easy when he tried to do something like that.

George, last time I saw him, I guess, was at one of the reunions, and he was such a gentleman. Mrs. Doolittle seemed to like him real good, because he was a real gentleman, you know. He said at that time, "They can send a fellow to the moon, but they can't figure out how to lick the common cold." He said, "I'm having a lot of trouble with a cold."

H: At what point did you realize that you wanted to be a missionary?

D: Well, before I got out of the Japanese prison, the Lord showed me that He wanted us to do the best we knew how with our life, and the thing that we were supposed to do was glorify Him, live to glorify the Lord, and no other purpose in life than glorify our God and let Him have control of our life, you know. Present yourself a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable under God, which is your reasonable service, it says in Romans 12, first and second verses. All the way through the Bible, I could just see that that was the purpose of life, and how was the best way for me to let God use me? Was it to go out on a farm, be a farmer? They had so many farmers, they didn't know what to do with them. And so many people that were unemployed and everything. The best way I could do was to tell the Japanese about Jesus. They didn't know anything about Him, and there was a great need there. It just looked like the right thing.

I thought, too, well, when Bobby and Hallmark used to talk, they used to talk quite a bit and I'd sit there and listen to them. Dean Hallmark would say, "Well, this Doolittle flight's going to be well publicized." Well, I could see that there might be a possibility. It was the first raid on Japan, and those fellows had--well, they had expected to see Chiang Kai-shek. The officers had talked about going in and being able to go to Chungking, where Chiang Kai-shek was. He was the leader of Free China. They said that we would probably be honored by the Chiang Kai-shek people, by the government of Free China. I don't know, I thought about that, and if somebody who had been in a Japanese prison would go back to Japan, maybe there would be some publicity about it. I thought, "Well, that won't do any harm either. Any way to make Christ known and live to make it just as public as can be." A lot of people wanted to testify, but

maybe I had a built-in system. The Lord was showing me that, and it worked out that way.

Right away, when I got out, why, they were surprised. "You are going back to Japan to be a missionary?" (laughter) I had already made up my mind to do that. I didn't know how I'd go about it or if I had to go to college, but I just had a high-school education. Of course, when I got out, they told me I needed some college training.

H: Bobby Hite mentioned in his interview that they had to talk you out of staying there.

D: Yes. I even thought maybe that's what I should do, to stay right there. I asked Bobby to help me. I said, "I'm going to witness to the Japanese, and I'm not sure that I should go back to the United States." I said, "I don't know how to talk, but you know how to talk. The people listen to you." I said, "I never have had people listen to me, but I'll help you. I'll drive them, bring them to the service, and be a good janitor and fix it all up, and you talk to them." Old Bobby, he had tears in his eyes. He said, "I know what you mean." He said, "I'll think about it."

But it just seemed like I had to do what the Lord showed me was right, you know, that you can't always be--just like when he told me to pray for peace. I feel like I got that pretty direct and it came through to me, but it seemed kind of strange that the Lord wouldn't tell me every time just which way to jump, you know. He expected me to use my own head and figure out what was right. I'd a lot rather he just tell me directly what to do, but it just all worked out. That was the right way to do. God deals with us in

different ways, I guess. Sometimes it's more direct than other times.

H: Very true.

D: Yes.

H: Was there any particular scripture or reading that you got into when you were first given a Bible that turned you around, that was earth-shaking, or however you want to put it?

D: Yes. The first part was that God spoke to Moses, and I said, "I wonder if He really did." Then I realized that Moses was prophesying Christ's coming when he said that, "God will raise up a prophet like unto me. Him you shall hear and do all that He says." That's what He said to Moses. How could Moses and those Old Testament writers know that the Creator of the universe was coming? I could see that God's been dealing with the human race right from the beginning. There is a beginning. Evolutionists and a lot of people that aren't evolutionists think that it's an old, old world, but that's all poppycock, you know. The Bible doesn't teach that. It teaches that we have a record from the beginning and there hasn't been a lot of death and people dying for billions of years, but it's only a record of about 6,000, 7,000 years ago. The scientists, that are clear-thinking, Bible-believing scientists, have got all kinds of evidence to show that this is true, that dinosaurs and all that were right in the historical time when man was here on earth, too. Even got footprints of that.

Well, I could see that God has created this world, and I didn't know about the billions of years then that they talk

about now, but I think that's throwing the United States for a loop. Russia and China and all those people have been bamboozled into thinking like that, you know, and America's got into it, too. They teach the kids that, too, now. But it doesn't do any good and it isn't the truth. And they won't even let this be taught in the schools anymore, you know, because they think it's biblical, and the Bible isn't supposed to be taught. But the Bible, the fear of God, is the beginning of wisdom. So you get led in a tangent and get off the truth by not bringing the Bible in on it. It's really too bad.

But you asked me about the first thing. I think the first thing was the realization that the prophesy had been fulfilled and Christ did come. That's the greatest event that's happened in the history of mankind, where the Creator did come and be here on this old Earth and be resurrected as a sign that He is savior of all mankind. He's the atonement for sin.

H: When you did get back to the States, how did you decide on the seminary that you were going to attend?

[End Tape 3, Side 1]

D: My folks were Free Methodist people, and my half-sister was in the Seattle Pacific College. It's a university now, but at that time it was a college. So I wanted to go to some college and get the training that I needed in order to be a qualified missionary, go on to some missionary board. It just seemed logical to go there. So I was able to get in real easy, and they helped me financially in every way, and the government was giving money, the GI Bill. We were getting money for going to college.

After I was in college one year, I met Florence. It was just about a year after I was released from prison that Florence and I got married. Before we got through college, we had a baby. Our oldest boy was born. In 1948, he was 14 months old, and we were ready to go back to Japan.

H: So you went about three years to seminary?

D: Yes. I took summer--they have courses in the summer and I could get my full credit in three years that way. I wanted to get back to Japan as fast as I could. I was in an awful hurry to get back to Japan, and, boy, it was just right. When we got there, Japan was wide open for the Christian message. We got into Yokohama in 1948, in December, and the newspapermen were there to meet the ship. They said over the loudspeaker as we were going down the gangplank, "Is Jacob DeShazer here?" I hollered back and said, "I'm here!" They said, "Will you please go back in the ship?" It was cold outside. They said, "Please go back inside. We want to talk to you." So my wife and I and our little 14-month-old boy went down in the hold, where the table was, and here came these newspapermen, a big crowd of them. I think there were 40 of them, and they said, "Now, what happened to you? You were in that Japanese prison, they kicked you and they spit on you and the lice and bedbugs, the rats. Why did you come back to Japan?"

So I started telling them. "Well, I want the Japanese to know there's going to be a resurrection day and they'd better get ready, because we don't know when Jesus is coming back, but He's going to come. He said He'd come, and He'll be here. And if you're not ready, they are going to miss out on eternal life. We're going to have supernatural resurrected incorruptible bodies and we'll be with the Lord

forever." I don't know what they put in the newspaper, but they questioned me quite a bit.

Our little boy got sick then, and we couldn't get milk off the ship--see, it was the end of December, and they have a big celebration. So we had a terrible time. He got pretty sick, and we wanted to go on down to Osaka, where the Free Methodists have a college down there. They wanted me to go and serve down in that area. It's about 450 miles from Tokyo down to Osaka. The military helped us, though, and we got him into a military hospital, and he got well. It took a week or two to get him over that. He was 14 months old.

The Free Methodists had already had a mission over in Japan, and they had developed quite a few churches. They had a leader that was Reverend Oda. Reverend Oda knew English real good. I didn't know much Japanese yet. I'd taken some in college, but Reverend Oda said, "Let's go." He'd interpret for me. So we had a wonderful time. They were wide open. We'd go to the factories and the mines and the churches, and they'd even let us go into the schools, the grade schools and the colleges. We went all over in Tokyo and Osaka, and we went up to northern Hokkaido and down into Kyushu. We had thousands of people--we'd make decisions--Brother Oda told me to call for a decision. I'd talk to them and tell them about Jesus and ask them to believe on Jesus. I said, "There's no other way for man to be saved."

And you know, they hadn't realized that the Emperor wasn't any different than any other human being. He'd told them that. They said, "Well, what is the truth? You Christians must be right. You had the strongest military in the world and God must have been with you." They said to me, "You must be a real Christian, as a Christian is supposed to

forgive. A Christian is supposed to love people. So we want to find out what real Christianity is."

Boy, it was wide open for me. I'd see thousands of decisions for Christ. I'd have them confess with their mouth, "Jesus is Lord." And I said, "Do you believe in your heart God raised Him from the dead?" "We do." They'd put up their hands. I'd say, "All right, you confess with your mouth," and Brother Oda would lead them into confession. "Jesus is Lord." Then I'd pray for them and I'd say, "Now, you pray in Jesus' name." I said, "We've got to go on." We'd have four or five meetings in one day and big crowds. Sometimes we even had 10,000, and a lot of times there would be 1,000. Seemed like 1,000 hands would go up and there were 1,000 people there that wanted to be Christian. But we wouldn't stay anymore; we'd go on.

But I've been back in Japan and would find people that had made a decision. Quite a few times that happened. They'd tell me, "The first time we'd ever been to a Christian service was when you and Brother Oda came, and we've been going to church ever since." (laughter) It was 1986 I went over there again. I'd been here, you know, since 1977. I went over there, and two people told me that as I was going around in 1986. One was a chemist in an iron works, and one was a pastor's wife that told me she made a decision.

We were there in Japan six and a half years that time, almost seven years, and we had a wonderful, wide open--then after we'd go back after that, after I started pastoring churches and helping develop new churches, we saw 23 new churches get started in the 30 years we were missionaries. But when Brother Oda and I were going around together, in one ten-day campaign, we had it arranged to go around in the

Tokyo area, the newspapermen went along with us, and they said that there were 30,000 decisions in ten days.

So I don't think a missionary ever had a much better chance than I had, because there was a lot of publicity. When we first got in there, the newspapermen were there to meet the ship. Then for four months, we were living in that Osaka area, and we were getting the Mainichi newspaper. In the Japanese paper, where it was all Japanese and I couldn't read it, there would be a picture on the front page of our little boy. They liked the home, what kind of home you have. It means a lot to the Japanese.

They'd show my wife having services every night, and we had a davenport. She'd open up the door, and those kids would just flock in. They'd want to get on that davenport. There would be one row sitting on the back of the davenport and another row behind the ones that were sitting in the front. There would be two tiers of them on that American chair. It seemed so big to them, you know. They'd all get on there, just as many as could crowd on that davenport. My wife would have a felt-gram. Three of those churches got started from our home by my wife holding those. She had been a teacher in Iowa, and she knew how to talk and knew how to teach them. She's real good, even yet. She can be a wonderful teacher. So I think God was helping us all the way through.

We were able to help that Free Methodist Japanese conference get the churches going. They'd have tent meetings and I'd go there and have evangelistic services. Then when they put us in as evangelistic missionaries to develop new churches, we always seemed to get a church going.

DESHAZER

H: I guess this would be a good time to ask you how you came across the Japanese air leader that led the strike on Pearl Harbor, and how you happened to convert him.

D: The first thing was that there's an organization over in Ohio--in what town? I can't think of the name of the town.

H: Dayton? Akron? Cincinnati?

D: I ought to know the name of that town. But anyway, I can get one of those tracts and show it to you. But I'll do that after I tell this. They printed a tract that was on good paper and the Japanese didn't have much material come out like that, but this organization did a good job.

The man that headed it up and got acquainted with me was Dr. Falkenberg [Don]. He came out to Seattle when I was going to school, and we got acquainted. He said, "You write up your experience and we'll use it." I wrote it up while I was there in school. He put it on this tract. Then the chaplains that were over in Japan, they wanted that material. Boy, we put out a lot of it, a lot of pamphlets all over Japan, just saturated with that story about my experience. When we got over there, they'd bring that out and have my picture on it. They'd say, "It really is you." You sign." I'd sign thousands of those.

Fuchida [Mitsuo] got ahold of one of those. He was up in Tokyo. They were having war trials. They wanted to find out about this fellow that led the attack on Pearl Harbor. MacArthur, I guess, was in there, too, at that time. Anyway, they were having those courts or those trials, and Fuchida was up there for that. He was out on the street, wasn't busy all the time, and somebody handed him one of

those tracts about my experience. So Fuchida read that through, and he said, "Well, DeShazer had the Bible when he was in the Japanese prison. That's what helped him, was the Bible." So Fuchida went and got a Bible. He read that Bible clear through. He was a very intelligent fellow. He read the Bible, and he said that when he came to that place where Jesus was hanging on the cross and Jesus looked down at those men that nailed him to the cross, and Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and Fuchida said something just came over him. He said he was a strong man. He didn't cry. But he said he just broke down and cried. He said the tears just came out of his eyes, and it just overwhelmed him. He said, "That was me. That's what I did. I bombed America." And he claimed that it was that way.

They thought the way to establish peace in the world was to make the Emperor the ruler of the world. The Emperor was divine, and nobody else claimed to have that divinity. So he was a super, super human. They were going to make him the ruler of the world. And Fuchida thought that would take care of things. I heard him telling the newspaper that. The newspapermen had us for a dinner together, and Fuchida was telling them about that.

So Fuchida realized that the Bible was the answer and Jesus is the savior, and Jesus is a divine person. He got ahold of that, and he turned his name in. Pocket Testament League people were over there in Japan. They'd given out 11 million gospels of John. So they got ahold of Fuchida then. Fuchida had two women. One was his concubine, one was his wife. They had a little trouble with that right at the start. Some of the fellows working with Fuchida, they didn't think he was much of a Christian that he didn't just

start straightening out, you know, and being a moral man. "You've got to get rid of one of those women." But it was a big problem to Fuchida. I don't know if he had children from both of them or not. But anyway, I guess Fuchida realized it was wrong, and it took him a little while, though, to get that worked out. But anyway, he got so he only had one wife, or one woman. I think he took the best-looking one. (laughter)

Anyway, Fuchida became a wonderful Christian man and he went around all over. The Pocket Testament League people would use him. They had trucks that they had all their material and their equipment in there, and Fuchida would stand up on top of that while it ran. They'd get big crowds. More people would come to hear Fuchida than anybody else. For a long time that was true. And Fuchida seemed to be strong, too. He just loved to do it. He'd go around and witness. Sometimes he'd come over here to America. He'd fly all over, and they would use him here in this country.

Sometimes I'd be with him. I wasn't here in America too often with him, but the first time I was with him, we were down in Osaka. We had a big service. They had a building that would take 3,000 people, they said, and 5,000 people got in there. The police closed the door; they wouldn't let any more people in. There was a big hall downstairs. There was a dance that night. Some of the people went to the dance and came on up the stairs--there were people that testified that they did that. They came up to the meeting through the dance hall. Well, anyway, we saw 600 people make decisions, came up on the platform after that meeting. That was the first one. Several times I went with him, and we were pretty good friends. I'd liked to have been a lot closer with him, but anyway, that's the way it happened.

After he made that decision he was going to be a Christian, I was living in Osaka, down at Nishinomiya. The Pocket Testament League, Glen Wagner, brought him down to my home. He said, "Fuchida has accepted the Lord and he wants to be a Christian. He wants to be baptized." And he got baptized that day. He got into the kyodan, a kind of Methodist and Presbyterian and those kind of churches, and he became-- well, he was a layman of the Presbyterians. I think he was more of the Presbyterian branch of that group. But I always felt like he was a real good one, a good Christian man, and he did what the Lord wanted him to do.

Before he died, well, he was getting all kinds of letters. They'd made that movie about "Tora, Tora." They'd used him quite a bit in that program. So Rex Humbard wanted to make a picture, and Fuchida was sick by that time and he didn't want to do anything about it. I told Rex Humbard that I'd try and help them get in with Fuchida. So one of the Rex Humbard people went down there with me to Nara, where he lived, and we took a bag of fruit. Fuchida's wife came out, and she said, "I'm surprised to see you here." She said, "They've been bothering us quite a bit." All kinds of people wanted to see Fuchida. I said, "I think Rex Humbard is a good group, and he wants to use us together in making a film." So she took that bag of fruit, took it in and talked to Fuchida, and Fuchida said he'd go on and make a picture. But he was pretty weak. We went out to the park then, and he could just sit there in the chair and tell them what happened to him. Then six months later, he died. That was in May of 1976 that he died.

H: One of the strange anomalies of World War II was the fact that when the atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, I

DESHAZER

understand that wiped out the then largest Christian community in Japan.

D: It probably did, yes. I've heard that, too. Well, the Catholics are the ones that--I imagine there was a big seminary. That's too bad.

There's a little more about Fuchida. The Emperor asked Fuchida to go down and see what had happened. Did you ever hear that before?

H: No.

D: Fuchida told me this.

H: I'd like to hear it.

D: Yes. He went to Nagasaki and Hiroshima, both. The Emperor had asked him to do that. He said he went down there and walked all over that ash. I kind of think he said three days after it happened. Maybe it was more than that. It would have to be if he went to both of them.

H: Very radioactive.

D: Yes. I don't know how long it was, really. Anyway, he went down there and walked around on that, and he said he never felt any harm from it at all. They couldn't find anything that hurt him, and he went back and reported to the Emperor what he saw.

Later on, after he had become a Christian, they came to him and they said, "You have the highest rank of any of our living naval officers. We want you to be the commanding

officer of our Self-Defense Navy." I had that on tape once. I don't know where it is now. Fuchida told me he said, "I already have my commanding officer and it's Jesus Christ. I'm going to serve Him until I die." So he didn't take that position, you see, but he could have.

He came to Hawaii. He came to the United States several times, but one time he was there in Hawaii and he had given his testimony in this service. The pastor had him go back in the back and shake hands with people as they left. A woman came up and was shaking his hands, and she said, "On account of you, I don't have any husband." And Fuchida realized then that when he bombed Pearl Harbor, that woman's husband had been killed. She had tears in her eyes. She said, "But I'm a Christian. I forgive. I forgive you." And Fuchida had tears in his eyes, and he said, "That's the way the Christians are in America." So I think he was all right, a wonderful man.

I went to his funeral, and they had a Presbyterian minister. A Japanese Presbyterian minister gave the message at the funeral. There were all kinds of high-ranking naval Japanese officers there at that funeral. Mrs. Fuchida said, "This Christian ceremony is his funeral, as far as I'm concerned." But they had all kinds of other ceremonies, in their Buddhist or the way they did. But I was glad to hear her say that.

H: Do you feel the missionary efforts that you and others carried on in Japan have had any lasting effect? Is this still going forward there, or has it sort of tapered off?

D: Yes, it's tapered off. You can even tell that by the statistics. They say there's less than 1%, yes. About half

a percent when we went in 1948. There's only a very small percentage of the Japanese that really have become Christians.

The thing that I feel happened was that there's been some good evangelistic missionary work done in Japan, and there is some wonderful Japanese Christians, but the thing that I feel is wrong is the evolution. It's about the same as what they teach in our schools. That won't lead anybody to believe the Bible, and it'll do just the opposite. When we went in 1948, they'd even let the kids make decisions in the schools. But now, later on, they----

[End Tape 3, Side 2]

- D: . . . eruptions, and the world that was then is completely different than the world that we have today. Now we have the world that's been developed after the flood.
- H: Why didn't you agree to participate in the war crimes trials? Only Nielsen agreed to do that.
- D: I don't remember being asked to do it. I don't think I was. I wasn't an officer, you know. But after I got over to Japan in 1948 to be a missionary over there, why, a lot of Japanese people that had sons that were being tried, they would ask me to make a petition of leniency, and I would always do that. One of the fellows was one of my guards. He had been over in China as a guard for us, and then he was taken back to Tokyo and was in charge of a prison where they said 500 Americans were held. The Americans came over and dropped bombs on that prison, and I guess they lost all 500 of those men that were in that prison.

So after the war was over, they had this guard of mine in the trials. They said, "Why didn't you help those fellows? Why did you allow them to get burned?" And that guard that I knew really was a real gentle fellow. I knew him pretty well, and he'd been one of the nicer guards. He told them that he didn't have the personnel to take care of that many men, 500 prisoners of war. Could have done a lot of damage. He said that he just had to let them burn up. So he had come back and was a married man and had children, and I guess they were going to either execute him or put him in prison. And they asked me to intervene for him, and I did. He got freed from it.

H: One of the final things that Glines wrote about in his epilogue, he mentioned Fuchida's conversion to Christianity in April 1950, and he also wrote that "while Jake DeShazer was the only one of the four survivors to enter the ministry, the other three freely admit that the message of the Bible they were given after Meder's death deeply affected their religious philosophy. They feel their survival was due to the messages of hope and forgiveness they found in its tattered pages. They harbor no permanent resentment against their captors and are grateful to God for their eventual release." Anything you would like to add to that?

D: No, that's stated pretty good, I think. They did feel like the Bible was a wonderful help to them.

H: I don't have any particular questions to ask you anymore, but are there any things that you would like to add that you feel would be beneficial to this interview?

DESHAZER

D: Well, I appreciate being able to make my expressions freely and thank you for coming.

H: I certainly enjoyed it, and thank you.

[End OH Interview #1872]

