March 2, 1943.

To the American people:

I have been asked by the Japanese authorities to prepare a short address to you on the general subject of the present conflict between the United States and Japan, including my own extremely modest participation in the war both as a combatant and as a war prisoner, and to express any opinions I might have relating to Japan's construction of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, the reasons why the United States and Japan are fighting each other, and various other related topics.

I am very grateful to the Japanese authorities for this opportunity to speak to my countrymen, and I also appreciate very much the chance thus given me to inform my parents and relatives in the United States that I am alive and well, and to tell my wife's relatives as well as my own that she and my daughter are also safe and in good health.

Nevertheless, I feel unqualified to make a suitable address on the complex subjects mentioned to me by the Japanese authorities, and I am awed by the magnitude of the task. True, I am an officer in the army of the United States, and as such took part in the defense of the Bataan Peninsula, but I knew very little about military matters. I am not a trained soldier; in fact I did not join the army until December 24, 1941, after war had already broken out. Furthermore, I am not a very profound student of history or of international relations, so as to have the proper background with which to judge the relations between Japan and the United States. However, I do know this war has affected me personally, and I have some opinions.
on the subject formed as a result of having spent much of my life in the Far East.

I am an American citizen, born of American parents in the City of Manila on December 1, 1910. My parents were school teachers, although my father gave up teaching in favor of journalism about the year 1914. He worked on the "Manila Times", later the "Philippines Herald", and the "Cable News American", which became the "Manila Daily Bulletin." He is the author of two books on the Philippines, "Tales of Old Manila" and "Filipinos." For several years he was secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce, and for sixteen years or so he edited the American Chamber of Commerce Journal, a monthly magazine. For more than twenty years he was foreign correspondent here for the "Chicago Daily News." My mother taught school here for some twenty-seven years. My parents retired and went to the United States in September, 1941. They were living in Los Angeles, California, the last that I heard. My sister, Mrs. Marion Von Neff, and my brother John Robb are also in Los Angeles, so far as I know.

With the exception of vacations in the United States, I lived in the Philippines almost continuously until the year 1929, when I enrolled in Stanford University, California. I received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from that University in 1931, and the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1934. After returning to the Philippines in 1937, I took up the practice of law here, and was so engaged when the war broke out on December 8, 1941. I married Monica Cowles, the daughter of Colonel E. R. Cowles of the United States Army, on December 1, 1940. My daughter, Jannis, who is the child of my first wife, recently celebrated her
tenth birthday. My wife and daughter are, I understand, interned with many other Americans at an internment center, where they are being well treated.

I have, therefore, lived in this country for some twenty years altogether. My home has been here. I believe that I know and understand Filipinos, and that I am familiar with conditions in the Philippines. For these reasons, you may be interested in my viewpoint on the war, particularly as it has affected the Philippines.

I volunteered for service, as I have said, after the war broke out, being commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps on December 24, 1941. I will admit that the war was a surprise to me, and to most Americans living here. We had expected trouble, but we had not expected it so soon. The attack on Pearl Harbor was like a bolt from the blue, and it was followed with bewildering rapidity by terrific blows against our air fields (Clark Field in the Province of Pampanga, and Nichols Field near Manila, and the airfield at Iba, Province of Zambales) which very nearly annihilated our air force. Within a few days the Japanese Army had landed in force at Lingayen to the North and Paracale in the South and the United States Army, having declared Manila an open city, was withdrawing to Bataan. Meanwhile, the Japanese air force, in two devastating raids, had demolished our naval installations at Cavite, across the bay from Manila. I volunteered because I wanted to do what I could for my country.

During the campaign I was engaged in so-called convoy work. I was assigned to the transportation division of the quartermaster
Corps, and I was constantly on the road, shepherding convoys of trucks loaded with supplies and ammunition. I was very fortunate in that the trucks of the unit to which I belonged were all big, rugged General Motors trucks — Army vehicles — and my drivers were Philippine Scouts — soldiers all. Many of the other units, or Motor Pools, as they were called, were composed of civilian trucks requisitioned by the Army and driven by civilian drivers. Their trucks were always breaking down, and the drivers, being unused to military discipline and the hardships of war, were constantly giving trouble.

During the withdrawal into Bataan, I convoyed trucks between Manila and Bataan, and, later, when the siege of Bataan had gotten under way, I conveyed food and ammunition from the main quarter-master depots, or "dumps" to the front lines. I was very fortunate in that, although we were subject to almost continuous air raids for a good part of the time, I was uninjured. In addition to the danger from Japanese bombs, my trucks were occasionally sniped at by Japanese snipers when we were near the front lines, and on several occasions we were straffed by Japanese planes. Luck was with us, for as far as I knew we lost only one truck up to the time of the surrender of Bataan. That truck was demolished by a Japanese artillery shell while we were engaged in gathering palay (unhusked rice) one morning near the town of Bagac.

In March, 1942, I was appointed Trial Judge Advocate of the General Courts Martial sitting in Bataan. A Trial Judge Advocate is the Army's equivalent of a prosecuting attorney in civil life.
This assignment took most of my time up to the surrender.

About the First of April, the Japanese launched a terrific attack against the center of our line. They hit us with everything they had, including airplanes, artillery and ground troops. Our men were forced to withdraw, and it soon became clear that, with our supply lines disorganized, and our troops in many cases demoralized by the ceaseless bombing, artillery bombardment and heavy attacks by the Japanese assault troops, the end was not far away. As you know, General King surrendered all of the Bataan forces on the morning of April 9th. Many of the officers in the transportation division of the Quartermaster Corps succeeded in making their way to Corregidor, but I was taken prisoner at "H.P.D." (Headquarters, Philippine Department) which had been converted into the Service Command in the reorganization of the Army just completed.

April 9th, 1942 was a comparatively quiet day at "H.P.D." Japanese soldiers were pouring into Bataan on both the East and West sides, and the air was full of Japanese planes patrolling the skies, but no Japanese soldiers entered the Service Command Headquarters that day. Most of the officers spent the day resting and conversing together about the campaign just ended. We all agreed that we had nothing of which to be ashamed; that we had fought as hard as we could, and had done the best we could with what we had, surrendering only after having been overwhelmed by a foe superior to us in arms, equipment, and trained troops. For us the war, which is still continuing with unabated fury through-
out most of the civilized world, was ever.

On the morning of April Tenth, the Japanese entered the Service Command area, and, after giving us an opportunity to assemble field packs, started us all marching on the road northward, out of the Bataan peninsula. The Japanese troops needed to have free and unrestricted use of the peninsula because, remember, General Wainwright had not yet surrendered the Island fortress of Corregidor, nor Forts Hughes, Frank and Drum, at the entrance to Manila Bay. The main Japanese attack on these forts would be from Bataan. Furthermore, under international law, the American and Filipino prisoners of war had to be taken to a safe point away from the battle areas, as soon as possible. This was the reason why the Japanese put all of the American and Filipino soldiers on the road almost immediately after the surrender. High ranking staff officers were given transportation, but, inasmuch as there were simply not enough vehicles to carry everybody, the rest of us walked. My group from the Service Command left Bataan, as I say, on the morning of April Tenth.

I can say truthfully that I personally had no extraordinary difficulty on the march. I walked from Bataan to the City of San Fernando, Pampanga, a distance of approximately 120 kilometers. Everybody was conveyed from San Fernando to Capas, Tarlac Province, by train, and we walked from Capas to Camp O'Donnell, our ultimate destination, distant seven kilometers from Capas. Large groups of American and Filipino soldiers kept arriving every day until, after about two weeks, nearly everyone was at O'Donnell.
Camp O'Donnell is a Division camp, built shortly before the outbreak of war. It was designed to accommodate a Philippine Army Division. Several such camps were thrown up at various points in the Islands, in connection with the training program instituted before the war. At O'Donnell the American war prisoners were separated from the Filipinos by a road which divided the camp almost exactly in half. There were a few hundred soldiers already there when I arrived.

Living conditions at O'Donnell could have been better. The camp was poorly located and planned with reference to a water supply. Furthermore, the water installations were inadequate, and the first and primary problem of the Japanese authorities was to secure an adequate supply of water for the camp. This was accomplished in the course of time, the Japanese securing the necessary machinery and wiring from various sources round about. The food at first consisted of rice and camotes (sweet potatoes) three times a day. This diet was monotonous, although we could not complain about the quantity, which was sufficient for every man. The diet gradually improved; difficulties of organization and transportation were overcome, and salt, sugar, oleomargarine, mungo beans, flour, lard, and vegetables and small amounts of meat were added. It must be remembered that, with the surrender of Bataan, the Japanese suddenly had many thousands of American and Filipino prisoners of war on their hands, and the difficulties incident to feeding them and at a time when transportation facilities had been disrupted by the war, must have been enormous. Further-
more, the Japanese army was still very much occupied with the campaign against Corregidor, and against other of our forces in the Islands.

The Japanese authorities from the very beginning left the internal administration of Camp O'Donnell to the senior officers among the prisoners of war, although, of course, under Japanese supervision. We made our own internal rules and regulations, and enforced our own discipline. Indeed, with the exception of a few men patrolling the barbed-wire fence surrounding the camp, we scarcely ever saw a Japanese soldier.

During the first days of June, 1942, all Americans were evacuated from O'Donnell to another Division Camp situated nine kilometers to the north of the town of Cabanatuan, Province of Nueva Ecija. The Filipinos were left at O'Donnell, but it is my understanding that they have all since been released and sent back to their homes. We also left behind a few patients in the hospital there, and, about three weeks after our departure, the Japanese brought there the entire unit from our Hospital Number One in Batan, including doctors, personnel, and equipment. In addition, large quantities of American canned milk and canned foods of all kinds were made available to these patients by the Japanese.

We were taken to Cabanatuan in groups. I was in one group which rode the entire distance in trucks. We arrived there about June Fourth, to find hundreds of American war prisoners already there from Corregidor, which had fallen on May 6th.

I might mention at this point that there were really two camps.
near Cahanetuan, One called Camp Three, and the other was at the latter place.

The Cahanetuan Camp was essentially the same as O'Donnell. As I have said, it, too, was a Division camp, but recently constructed, out of native materials. Most of the buildings, as at O'Donnell, were made of bamboo, with nipa (thatch) roofs, and a few modern wooden administration buildings. The hospital area is located some distance from the main camp. The Japanese authorities transferred the hospital unit from our Bataan Hospital Number Two to Cahanetuan to run the hospital there.

At Cahanetuan, too, there were at first grave difficulties with regard to a water supply, which were only overcome by the importation of pumps, piping and machinery. Food problems were great, due, no doubt, to difficulties of transportation, and also in part to the fact that the normal agricultural activities of the country had been disorganized to some extent by the war. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that the Philippines in peace time always imported large amounts of canned foods from abroad, and, of course, the war put a stop to this source, necessitating a readjustment of the Islands' economy. Besides all this, the harvest was at an end by the time we arrived at Cahanetuan; planting season was over, and new crops could not be expected for several months. Nevertheless, the Japanese brought large amounts of canned condensed milk to the camp for the consumption of patients in the hospital, and these patients had milk regularly every day for several weeks. I understand that now the food problems have been largely overcome, and
that the diet at the Cabanatuan Camp is now adequate, in every res-
pect.

At Cabanatuan, as at O'Donnell, the internal administration
of the camp was left to the American officers, under Japanese super-
vision.

In October, 1942, it was announced that a fairly large number
of officers and men would be transferred to another location, and I
was among those selected to go. We were first taken to Manila, for
an overnight rest at the Military Hospital for Military Prison Camps
of the Philippine Islands, but I had become seriously ill, and,
instead of continuing on the journey the following day, I was ad-
mittetd to the hospital, where I now am. This was on October 26,
1942.

Conditions at the Military Hospital could scarcely be any better.
I am very grateful to the Japanese authorities for having permit-
ted me to be admitted here where, besides medicine, there are beds,
mosquito nets, ample sanitary facilities, and medical equipment
of all kinds. The hospital is staffed by the Naval hospital unit,
formerly attached to the Naval hospital, at Cavite, Province of
Cavite, near Manila. The Naval medical staff, assisted by a very
efficient administrative corps of warrant officers, and corporals
of the hospital unit, run the hospital under the able direction and
supervision of Dr. M. Nogi and his staff. Commander L. B. Sartin,
Medical Department, U. S. Navy, is the Chief Senior Medical Officer,
and Commander M. Joses, Medical Department, U. S. Navy, is his
Adjutant.

The hospital boasts a medical library which was installed by Dr.
Negi, and a general reading library open to all personnel.

The Japanese have made it possible for the war prisoners at the hospital to purchase such things as coffee, tea, sugar, tobacco, meats, meat, fruits in season, fresh eggs, and many other items through a Japanese merchant, who acts as buyer.

For the past three months, the officer personnel and Senior Warrant Officers have received pay regularly at all camps, and the hospital corpsmen are also paid, in accordance with the provisions of the Geneva Convention. Officers and corpsmen are, of course, charged a reasonable amount for sustenance, although enlisted personnel who are not corpsmen, are not so charged. At first, a percentage of our pay was allotted to savings, but we are now permitted to contribute it toward a General Mess Fund for the purchase of food supplementary to that furnished by the Japanese authorities. The general mess, I might add, is very good.

Church services are held regularly here at the hospital, as at all camps. A beautiful chapel has been built under a large, spreading mango tree.

Some time ago, the Japanese initiated classes for the study of the Japanese language. Classes are held four nights a week. Other groups have been formed by Chaplain F. C. Wilcox, with some assistance from me, for the study of such subjects as astronomy and navigation, Spanish, French, German, Public Speaking and Debating, American Constitutional Law, Shorthand, Mathematics, English Grammar, Chemistry, and Bible Study. In addition to the foregoing, the hospital corpsmen are now being instructed in the various subjects per-
taining to their ratings.

The hospital, as well as the Cabanatauan camp, has an orchestra composed of musicians among the prisoners. Regular weekly "shows" are given by the orchestra and actors for the benefit of all personnel. Besides this, the Japanese provide moving pictures twice every month. A few nights ago, for example, we were treated to four Japanese newreels, a Betty Boop cartoon, and a Laurel and Hardy full-length comedy.

At Christmas time, we received food packages from the International Red Cross. In January we received more, so that, in the end, each man had two and one-half packages. Besides these, there were substantial issues of corned beef, and of other foods. Cigarettes were also issued from the Red Cross, and candy. There have been distributions of clothing, and, in addition to these Red Cross supplies we receive, from time to time, distributions of cigarettes and of clothing from the Japanese.

Athletics are provided for here, a regular volleyball league being in existence, with games scheduled for every afternoon. These spectacles provide exercise for the participants, and amusement for the patients. A portable phonograph makes the rounds of the various wards almost nightly.

The final tribute to the Japanese administration of the hospital as well as to the medical staff, is the death rate. In February, for example, there was one death at the hospital, and that
was a case of rabies, brought here from the outside.

Speaking for myself, then, I may say that, as a prisoner of war, I could not ask for any better treatment than I am now getting from the Japanese authorities. I understand, also, that my wife and daughter, along with the other American internees are also being treated with the utmost consideration, and my gratitude for this is understandable. I hope that visiting privileges, and the privilege of communicating with our families here in Manila will soon be granted, although, in this connection, I want to mention that we are permitted to mail postal cards to the United States every quarter, giving the state of our health, etc.

So much, then, for my experiences during the war, and my observations of the treatment accorded the war prisoners by the Japanese. It is as though we had been suddenly taken out of the world and set off by ourselves in a tiny world of our own. What do we think about, besides "going home", and besides our daily routine of life? Well, among other things, we naturally think about why we are here, and we ask ourselves why America and Japan are fighting.

This same question was asked of me by a Japanese officer on the morning of April 10th, 1942, in Bataan, just before we began the march to Camp "Dome". He asked, "why do you Americans fight?" He was a veteran of many campaigns, this officer, and he spoke very good English, which he said he had learned as a schoolboy in Japan. I said to him: "First, tell me why you are fighting", to
which he answered, "I fight for the Emperor, like all Japanese."

I wished then that it were as easy for me to answer his question. And it is a matter for us all to think about very carefully because, if we can find the answer to it, we may be able to prevent any future war between Japan and the United States. As everyone remembers, Admiral Peary, by his treaty negotiated with Japan in 1854, succeeded in opening several ports in Japan to world commerce, and thereby brought Japan into commercial and cultural intercourse with the other civilized nations of the world. Japan developed thereafter at an amazing rate, to become a first class Power. It was not long before she was able to challenge, and defeat, Russia, on land as well as on sea. History records how President Theodore Roosevelt mediated that conflict, at Portsmouth, in 1905. How have we come from those friendly relations, to this war, in such a comparatively short time? In the last World War, Japan and the United States were allies, not enemies.

I wish I could answer that. Unfortunately, I am not a very profound student of history, or of international relations, and I feel utterly incompetent to express an opinion as to the reasons for this war. Furthermore, I believe that we who were actually in the struggle are too close to it to be able to see it with a clear perspective. Indeed, it is possible that we may have to wait for history to be the judge. Nevertheless, and regardless of the reasons why America and Japan are fighting today, let us hope and pray devoutly that the statesmen of each country will be wiser than were those who wrote the Treaty of Versailles (which the United
States did not ratify) and thereby sewed the seeds of hatred and conflict. This is the hope of every soldier who has taken part in the struggle, and who has seen war at first hand.

I am the more surprised that we are fighting when I think that, fundamentally, Japan and the United States do not have any conflicting territorial claims. The Philippines, for example, were promised their independence by the United States. According to the Manila newspapers, Japan has also promised them their independence.

Furthermore, it would seem that the United States and Japan need one another. The United States, for instance, has no silk. Japan has silk to sell to her. On the other hand Japan lacks machine tools, which we can supply. The cultured pearl industry in Japan supplies the American market, while Japan needs American copper and steel. Examples could be multiplied of this mutual interdependence.

I am told that the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere conflicts with American interests in East Asia. Here, again, I feel unqualified to express an opinion, but I can say that, if the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere which is being constructed by Japan in East Asia is similar to the Monroe Doctrine, which has long been a cornerstone of American foreign policy, with reference to the Western Hemisphere, then there should be nothing about it to cause trouble. The Monroe Doctrine simply means that the United States will not stand idly by and allow any nation to attack and seize any territory by force in North or South America. There is no suggestion in that Doctrine that the United States wants territory for herself; it simply implies that America will insist that the Repub-
lies of the Western Hemisphere be permitted to develop in their own way, free from domination by other countries. If the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere is a Monroe Doctrine applied to East Asia, then I see no reason why it should not be acceptable to the American people. Japan’s promise to grant independence to the Philippines, and to respect the independence of Thailand, would indicate that the two— the Monroe Doctrine and the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere—are similar, and that it is not the intention of the Japanese to dominate East Asia, to the exclusion of all other countries, including the United States.

How will the war end? That, too, is a question I cannot answer. I know almost nothing about what has been happening in the war, since the surrender of Japan. The conflict between Japan and the United States is bound up with the struggle in Europe and in Africa between the allies of both countries. However, I believe that the United States can fight an indefinitely, with her boundless natural resources, but it also looks as though Japan can continue the war for an indefinite period, particularly if she can put to use the vast wealth of raw materials which fell into her hands with the conquest by her of the islands of the Southwestern Pacific. These resources include oil, without which no nation can fight a modern war.

I would like to see this war ended through a peace conference between the two nations. After all, Japan and the United States have settled things before by this method. There are many treaties between them. At the Washington Conference in 1921, many weighty problems were settled. I cannot help but feel that the rest of the prob-
problem is mutual understanding. With two essentials - mutual interdependence in commerce, and mutual respect, could not a great deal be accomplished? Must both countries fight on, and on, and on until they are exhausted?

I see that my time is nearly over, but before concluding my address, I wish to add a word by way of a message to the American people. It is this: Do not worry about us here in the Philippines. All American prisoners of war, as well as all American civilian internees, are being well treated by the Japanese authorities, who are doing their very best under the circumstances to provide us with everything we need. We are getting along very well. For us the war is over. But we will be back in the United States some day, eager to take up our lives again. We have seen war at first hand, and we know that Sherman was right: War is hell! And we ask you so to act and do that, when that great day of Peace dawns, it may last forever, and that black night may never come again.

JAMES R. ROBB
1st Lieutenant, Q. M. C.
U. S. Army
March 23, 1925

1. Overall: Poor, no point of the talk.

2. Very good introduction; defined terms well. Brought us back to censorship of movies and plays.

3. Tactful.


5. Answered well arguments of plays.

5. Little about b. Introduction better than closing.

6. Big improvement. 7. See from notes.

7. Chaparron: (contra)

1. Well started; note.

2. Speaks more slowly.

3. Voice good and pitched well.

4. Made good points about dictatorships and propaganda, and about desirability of localities cropping themselves.

5. Weak closing.

7. Too many notes.

8. Truax: Magic.

1. Good introduction, with the cone.

2. Disappearing girl trick.

3. Good closing.