
world war 2 japanese world war 2 pinoy stories

Posted by Renowl - 2008/09/14 22:25

"The nature of the information was to the effect that a combined air and sea bombardment, with attendant expense and destruction and risk of loss of life of the inhabitants of Panaon island,
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Mystery of the Missing Captain A Japanese military officer appears from nowhere at a Filipino family's home during World War II, and disappears before the coming of the liberation forces. To date, he is nowhere to be found. By Vincent Q. Tigno Jr. The loud banging on our front door was impatient and insistent. Unaware of what was happening, we did not realize that we were in the vortex of a community-wide, early morning "zona" or round-up. It was wartime period of 1942. The Japanese military force occupying Quezon City where we lived had been alerted to the alleged presence of a strong guerrilla or underground ring in the area. The unit supposedly existed under the code name "Mga Binata" or Gentlemen. In pairs, heavily armed Japanese soldiers conducted a systematic house-to-house search. But looking for underground elements was like searching for the proverbial needle in a hay stack. The two soldiers who came to our front door had something more in mind than just to search. Out came a huge mosquito net which they proceeded to unfold, displaying its impressive dimension as well as the quality of its material. The thing was large enough to accommodate a dozen Sumo wrestlers. The two soldiers might as well have been inducted into the Japanese army straight from a swap meet. Through hand signals and a smattering of broken English, they tried to convey the idea that the mosquito net was for sale at a bargain price. Suddenly, a Japanese military officer showed up catching them red-handed. Though spoken in rapid-fire Japanese, his words rang like a reprimand. Then, he unceremoniously administered thunderous slaps to each man's face. The sound of the blows echoed all the way, I'm sure, to Tokyo. For good measure, the erring duo got an additional kick on their behinds. Japanese military discipline, which was swift and fierce, was designed for effectivity. Bowing deep and low, the offenders took the beating with the same stoicism of the ancient soldiers of Sparta. Perhaps they cursed beneath their breath. But outwardly, there was no sign to betray their inner feelings. They were the perfect picture of utter submission to a superior. The Japanese officer assumed the task of inspecting our house. Unlike the common soldier, he radiated an air of formality and an apparent sense of courtesy and circumspection. He walked up and down our two-story house with an air of detachment, peeking into each room as if wary of disturbing an occupant. More than a man on a military mission, the Japanese officer conducted himself like an appraiser inspecting a real estate property. As he stroked his chin in deep contemplation, the figure he cut was that of a body in suspended animation. But to our family's surprise, the Japanese officer suddenly switched to perfect English, complete with Oxford accent. He pointed to his name etched in bold black print on the plate above the left breast pocket of his uniform: YOKOTA. He had the rank of captain. We never dared to ask him anything more about his person and his work, unless he himself volunteered the information. Subsequently, he revealed that he had obtained his college education in London, England, and in California, USA, from 1936 to 1940. The weekend after the Zona, he came back to our house and appropriated the guest room for himself. Who would dare say no to a Japanese military officer during the war? At the time, our house was relatively new, having been completed just one month prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl harbor. The smell of fresh paint still lingered within the house. Usually, he only came during the weekends. Apparently, the atmosphere at our house was a welcome change for him from military camp. My mom and my auntie cooked meals for him during those weekends, but he provided the foodstuff and seasonings from his camp's commissary. Occasionally, he brought two or three fellow officers to our house as his guests and drinking buddies. The captain's weekend trips to our home triggered a bit of trouble for us eventually

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