

APPENDIX E

Guam War Claims Review Commission

Public Hearing Agenda

December 8, 2003

[Tape 1]

Chairman Mauricio Tamargo: This public hearing of the Guam War Claims Review Commission is called to order. Please rise for the opening ceremonies. We will sing the National Anthem led by Flora Baza Quan.

Ms. Baza Quan: [Transcriptionist note: Here the singing of the "National Anthem" is recorded followed by Guam's Anthem, "Stand Ye Guamanians."]

Chairman Tamargo: The Inifresi will be led by Paraisu, and they will do the Pledge of Allegiance after that.

Group voices: Pledge of Allegiance.

[Musical version follows here.]

Chairman Tamargo: That was beautiful, thank you. We will now have the invocation given by Archbishop Apuron.

Archbishop Apuron: I beg your indulgence to first be prayed in Chamorro and then in English to follow. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen. (The Chamorro prayer is the same as the succeeding prayer in English as follows). Heavenly Father, on this special day, honoring the Feast of the Immaculate Concepcion and for us Chamorros, a special day to honor Santa Maria Camarin, the patroness of our island and furthermore - and this historic day our people remember the 62nd anniversary of the attack by the Japanese Imperial forces. We gather in this august house of the legislature of Guam to begin a two-day hearing on the atrocities of the Japanese occupation during World War II.

We welcome the members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission, present before us today - Ruth G. Van Cleve, Robert J. Lagomarcino, Benjamin J. Cruz, and Antonio R. Unpingco, Chairman Mauricio J. Tamargo, our Congresswoman Madeleine Z. Bordallo as well as present Governor Felix Camacho, as they prepare to hear and listen to the testimonies of the survivors and/or their family representatives.

We welcome those individual members of our community, who for the next two days, will come before this august commission to open the wounds that have hurt them or those they love. But do so not in a spirit of vengeance but rather in a spirit of Christian charity in order that the full story of their lives be told and the full input of their sufferings be finally understood. Bless them, bless us, and bless all those who will testify these next two days, Father, in order that the stories told may bring out in honesty the painful hurts, the irreparable harm, the malicious evil done to them or their ancestors. These evil atrocities, some small, some large, some less serious and some very serious, will be brought to light painfully once and for all.

It is hoped that the day will soon arrive when the beginnings of a closure be brought to bear from this horrible experience. It is also hoped that remuneration, if necessary, be given, to the remaining survivors in order to bring peace and closure to what was the disruption of their normal lives resulting in war. And so that, in the end, justice will have been served. We make this prayer in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, your Eminence. The commissioners . . . thank you Para'isu, very nice. The commissioners, thank you Para'isu let's give them a round of applause. The commissioners and former speaker Antonio Unpingco, former Guam Supreme Court Chief Justice, Benjamin Cruz, former California Congressman Robert Lagomarsino, former Speaker . . . former Department of Interior Official Ruth Van Cleve and myself, Mauricio Tamargo, Chairman of Foreign Claims Settlement Commission of the United States in the Department of Justice.

The commissioners have elected Speaker Unpingco as Commission Vice Chairman and myself as chairman. The witness list is long and, although the commissioners have waived their opening statements, we apologize in advance for taking this time to do this but we feel it is important to insert here in the record what is the mission of this commission and the purpose of this hearing. The mission of this commission, as directed by the congressional statute, is to review all relevant federal and Guam records to determine whether there was parity of war claims paid to the residents of Guam under the previous meritorious claims as compared to the awards made to other similar affected U.S. citizens or nationals in territories occupied by the Imperial Japanese forces during World War II.

To that end, the purpose of this hearing is to receive oral testimony of persons who personally experienced the taking and occupation of Guam by Japanese military forces, noting especially the effects of infliction of death, personal injury, forced labor, forced march and internment. We are having this hearing today because of this date's significance to the people of Guam - being the day the Japanese attacked Guam during World War II.

This hearing will be in two parts. Today's session will recess at 2 p.m. in recognition and out of respect for the religious holiday in honor of Our Lady of Santa Marian Kamalin. Thank

you. And the hearing will reconvene at 8 a.m. tomorrow. Having a very long list of witnesses, we request all our witnesses to please limit their remarks to five minutes. The commission will hold the record open for one month for anyone to revise and extend the remarks for the record.

Let us also take just a moment to acknowledge the tireless efforts of our staff here on Guam has put out - Arlene Santos and Rose Ramsey. The work and time they have given has been and continues to be fantastic. We also thank our volunteers, John Sablan, Antonio Borja, Cecelia Rabon, Emily Sablan Torres, who have helped man the office in Hagatna Chamorro Village.

Lastly, I wish to thank Vice Chairman Tony Unpingco and Commission B.J. Cruz - their work in preparing for this hearing has been Herculean. In fact, they tell me they have worked harder for this voluntary unpaid commission than they ever did in their paid jobs, all of them working well into the nights, many times without a lunch break. We also wish to thank the U.S. Marshall Service for making our travels through Guam smooth and seamless.

Our first witnesses are the elected leadership of Guam who have brief opening statements. Before you begin, please let me say the cooperation and assistance the Review Commission has received from the people of Guam and its leadership has been magnificent. That includes the use of this beautiful facility - the Guam Legislative Hall. Thank you for your hospitality.

And now for brief opening remarks by Governor of Guam, Felix Camacho. [applause]

Felix Camacho: Buenas dihas, Welcome, Chairman Tamargo, Vice Chairman and Former Speaker Antonio Unpingco, Congressman Lagomarsino, Mrs. Van Cleve, former Chief Justice Cruz. Yours is the great duty and privilege to gather the information necessary to make Guam's case for war claims. Today and tomorrow you will listen to a part of American history that has yet to be truly heard - a story told by the very people who lived as the only American community to be occupied by a foreign power.

You're here to help bring peace to a people yearning to finally resolve the most horrific chapter in the lives of Guam's great generation. Your duty as members of the Guam's War Claims Review Commission is to tell the nation and the world the story of your fellow Americans, a story reflected in the testimonies that will be presented to you, a story that has been virtually forgotten beyond these shores.

Your mission is clear - these people, my people, are seeking justice for themselves and those who have gone before them who can no longer speak about the atrocities of the war that they have carried with them all their lives. Once, 62 years ago, they were faces of innocent men, women and children going to Mass in the morning much like this as they had done all their lives. Our people, a peaceful patriotic and freedom-loving people could not have imagined what fate would beget them that morning and for the next two and a half years.

President Roosevelt described America's day of infamy as the day Japan attacked Hawaii, but as bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor they were falling on Guam. Yet our story of the two-and-a-half years of invasion, occupation, and torture - a story that no other American community can tell - is all too often forgotten. Within hours on that day of infamy, America was at war defending freedom across the world. Within hours, your fellow Americans on Guam were struggling for more than their inalienable rights to freedom, they were fighting for their right to live.

For the next two and a half years the Chamorro people, endured one of the most tragic and horrific occupations of the 20th century. Men, women, and children were reduced to slave labor, plowing fields for food they were not allowed to eat. Women on Guam were sexually exploited and eventually families were forced to dig their own graves and enter caves filled with explosives. We've listened to their stories, we've heard them from our fathers and mothers and many others who would like to place this terrible period behind them. It has become our story and now yours.

The War Claims Review Commission was created to address a 60-year-old question that continues to haunt our people. Do the Chamorro people, who are the only American community to suffer the inhumanity and occupation by the Japanese Imperial Army, a suffering known nowhere else in America, deserve reparations for the agony they endured as a result of their undying patriotism and love for freedom? The testimony you will hear today about the suffering of that great generation will leave no question about their right to reparation. We can never truly put a price on what they endured in the name of freedom, nor on the heroism displayed by the men, women and children who lost their lives for simply being Americans.

The higher values of reparations comes from America's recognition of the Chamorro people, ensuring that our parents and grandparents take their rightful place in history along side Pearl Harbor, the invasion of Normandy, the Bataan Death March and the atrocities of Auschwitz. We are here today to ensure that parents and grandparents are no longer the forgotten Americans, the unsung heroes.

America lost hundreds of thousands of men in World War II, men who took an oath and donned the uniform to defend freedom at all costs and did so courageously across foreign lands. And while we rightfully honor the sacrifice they made, our Nation has left unfulfilled the honor for the men and women who stood in defense of America right here on Guam. The first shots in defense of American soil were fired right here on Guam by Chamorro men and women who took up arms against insurmountable odds, men whose only oath was a pledge of allegiance to the flag of freedom. Our insular guard took up arms in defense of their island and their country and the hope of America.

They chose to sacrifice their very lives rather than lower the stars and stripes to the tyranny of occupation.

Angel LG Flores and Vicente T. Chargualaf were bayoneted to death for refusing to lower the American flag - the very symbol of the hope of America. The stories of heroism and undying patriotism don't end there. They can be told over and over again in events that occurred throughout the two and a half years of occupation. And the stories of these Chamorro men and women who risked and gave their lives protecting George Tweed from Japanese soldiers - they were not simply protecting a Navy radio man, but they were defending freedom. They did not lose hope in America.

It can be told in the story of Father Duenas, a Chamorro priest who was beheaded for speaking against the atrocities of his occupiers. He spoke in defiance of their actions because he did not lose hope at all in America. It can be told in the more than 50 Chamorros beheaded in Yigo and the largest beheading to occur by an invading army on American soil. Those Chamorros who gave their lives, never having lost hope in America.

News that the Americans were winning the war and still hope that freedom was coming, however, when America's return became imminent our occupiers worked quickly to destroy the evidence of their crimes - our people. Massive gatherings of whole families were undertaken. Thousands of people were brought to places like Manenggon and Fenna Valley. At Faha and Tinta caves, they were massacred. As liberation drew near, the cruelty escalated, more and more men and women and children were tortured, beheaded, shot, skewered with bayonets and mutilated.

Japanese soldiers forced them to dig their own graves, brought them into caves and launched explosives. Some survivors protected by the corpses of others - these are just some examples of the untold story of Guam's heroes. And while they were unrelenting in their hope for America, they have come to symbolize the very hope of America. Some preferred to leave this part of our history in the past. Who would want to remember the sufferings, the murder, the rape and pillage and the forced labor? Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, aunts, uncles and friends were innocent victims of a cruel regime. But what they passed on to every generation since, is hope in America.

It is no coincidence that Guam suffered the highest per capita casualty rates in Vietnam. While much of America protested the war and dodged the draft, Guam's enlistment during Vietnam was the highest in the nation, exceeding the required draft numbers year after year. It is by no coincidence that Guam probably boasts one of the nation's highest enlistment rates into military service. It is no accident that two days ago we honored the memory of 12 Chamorros who gave their lives at Pearl Harbor, while at the same time 90 of our guardsmen and women danced and celebrated with their families and friends in preparation for their deployment to the Middle East.

While we continue to honor their service to our Nation, the honor we pay to these brave men and women will remain hollow until we acknowledge the seeds of patriotism planted by that great generation 62 years ago. These people here before you today belong to that great generation who survived the war, who built Guam anew and forgave their oppressors. And they can no longer be forgotten Americans - their bravery, resilience and undying patriotism is a hope of America. And their willingness to forgive the very nation that caused those atrocities is the hallmark of them.

Today we begin the process of accomplishing much more than paying reparations to the Chamorro people. Today we take one step closer to acknowledging their rightful place in history. Those who will testify today and tomorrow will humanize events that history has to date failed to do. They will tell their story - the story of the remarkable resolve of our people. They truly have a claim to justice, reconciliation, and closure. The world knows the stories of the Jews, events in Korea, Iwo Jima, Hawaii, the slaughter of the Russians and the Poles and the taking of properties throughout Africa and Eastern Europe but they've never truly heard Guam's stories until today.

When the United States absolved Japan of financial liability in 1951, memories were too fresh and our people were still building their lives. There was never any closure to this issue. Sixty-two years later we still bear the scars of this occupation on caves, fortifications, bomb holes, the foundations of a bombarded governor's palacio, land-takings, Sumay, Santa Rita, cemeteries of countless unmarked graves of soldiers and on the sweet faces of our people we know today as our parents and grandparents. This is their legacy - this is our heritage and this is our hope in America and it deserves its rightful place in history.

They come before you today to tell the Chamorro people's story of triumph and patriotism and of their actions on the battlefield for freedom. And today we stand before you to make our case with the distinction of being the only community of Americans invaded and occupied by a foreign power. And, though it is a painful history to recall, our children will learn that from the actions of cruelty, slavery and injustice rose the story of the Chamorro people during their finest hour.

History will remember that they paid a high price and endured some of the most gruesome crimes against humanity the world has ever known to make their mark in the global fight for freedom. Members of the War Claims Review Commission, listen to our story and become Guam's advocates in our nation's capital. God and history will look kindly upon those who deliver justice to Guam's greatest generation. May God bless you and God bless Guam and God bless America. Thank you very much.

Maurico Tamargo: Thank you governor. [applause] We will now hear from Speaker Ben Pangelinan.

Mr. Pangelinan: Thank you, Mr. Chairman, Speaker Unpingco, Chief Justice Cruz, Congressman Lagomarsino, Mrs. Van Cleve. Good morning to all of you. Last night, I did not join the members of the Commission, the governor and our delegate at a small dinner reception. I chose instead to go to church, to pray and attend Mass. I did not skip the dinner out of disrespect, and I apologize for my absence but I followed my feelings - the emotional need for peace. I later went to visit my father and we talked, not about earth-shattering events but about the mundane things of everyday life.

Later at home, I thought of the Chamorros after the war and this hearing this morning - how they went about their lives healing, rebuilding, moving ahead with nothing at their disposal except their hands and the ravages of war around them. And I thought of the federal government representatives sitting down among themselves, accepting the paperwork for payment for their losses and seeing time pass.

In a novel, *A Christmas Carol*, the Ghost of Christmas Past appears to Ebenezer Scrooge and shows him how he has been in his past life. My familiarization with this Western classic just about ends this, and forgive this Charmorro if he gets his metaphors mixed. I hope that unlike Ebenezer Scrooge we are not facing the ghost of war reparations hearings past, which would only see what has happened in the past - hear what has happened in the past, and understand in the past and then it ends. I pray that we will finally see action because we have had our fill of "we hear you, we understand your pain, and we sympathize with how you were treated." And I'm not referring to the Japanese.

In 2003, children of Guam go to school, attend family rosaries and play sports, living a true sense of comfort. In 1941, the children of Guam were robbed of their youth. Today this commission will hear Guam's elderly relive the prime of their youth as unknown patriots of the United States of America. You will experience first-hand our elderly as they come from all over our island to be recognized as America's forgotten wartime survivors to us. Respected members of a community united as Guam's greatest generation - not men and women in their twenties and thirties but children who experienced brutalities no child should ever bear again.

As Speaker of the 27th Guam Legislature, I testify before you for those voices silenced by fear, incapacitation, or death. I deeply respect our elderly imparting long-repressed secrets of survival and retaining a measure of dignity in order to rebuild lives, finally sharing their story. Our survivors of Japanese occupation during World War II are here today, opening hearts and old wounds, surrendering a measure of their dignity to help this Guam War Claims Commission see, understand, sympathize, and act. They will do their job to help you settle their injustice of how they were treated in the past. And, once again, I'm not talking about the Japanese occupiers. Dignify them with their sacrifices during the war by your action today.

Bear in mind, commissioners, your task has been attempted in hearings past. Many have come before you but no one has either had the courage or the ability to act. This time the people of Guam deserve more than perfunctory recognition. The Chamorros of Guam deserve action - action our people will never forget. Time will not heal all wounds and the federal government knows all this too well in the Pacific area - we have a history of inaction.

While many survivors are no longer of this earth, our creator wills their stories resonate - a history deserving recognition from Congress, the American people and, more importantly, the annals of Guam history. We have yet to discover whether the commission believes compensation to survivor families have seen parity relative to the sufferings of others. In considering and conducting your mission, I urge this august body to listen attentively, gather information passionately and act accordingly.

I ask that the commission remember and take to heart the thought and legal doctrine of the late great Felix Frankfurter, one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, in one of his opinions, "there is nothing more unequal than treating someone unequal equally." And that's what has happened with Chamorros in the past. The people of Guam gather here showing our commitment to closure on the war reparations' issue.

In the eyes of Chamorros, America did not forgive the Japanese for any and all of the war crimes or atrocities committed - in our eyes, America pardoned Japan for all the hurt, the pain, injury and suffering it imposed upon our Chamorro people, just as clear as Gerald Ford pardoned Richard Nixon. Let there be no mistake, that single act added so much to the years of suffering by the Chamorros of Guam.

And because of this act, there are many Americans and newcomers to Guam who actually believe that the land-takings were really not a big issue and Chamorros here do not suffer any more than most Americans in similar conflicts. This cannot be further from the truth but it is hard to blame these mistaken individuals when the United States government treats our people and this part of our history as if it was no big deal. Our people lived through the prime of youth, invaded upon by an enemy we now owe our tourist economy to. Generations later we recall the memory shared by survivors at family gatherings and the emotional and physical trauma they carry with them or carried with them to their final resting place.

I believe we join you in your search for peace of mind, recognition and finality to a war-torn era. Men lost wives, women lost husbands, mothers mourn for children and the children of yesteryear come to you today for resolution. Sixty-two years ago Chamorros celebrated Our Lady of Camarin day with a Mass and a procession. In the midst came planes, bombs, and soldiers interrupting tradition and forcing Guam's insular guard to defend home when no other would. These honorable men and women acted with a sense of pride and duty, not intentions based upon strategic value or manifest destiny.

Over the years of occupation Guam was renamed Omiyato by Imperial Japan. Our island paradise became home to torture and oppression. The elderly and the adults of the war-torn era are, for the most part, gone now. Their survivors will tell their story, their children who witnessed torture, forced labor, injury, forced march, internment and death, survived to give their accounts. Guam's greatest generation will tell you the history of our people as they began to rebuild homes, settle emotions and heal injuries.

I believe it is incumbent upon this commission to exemplify due diligence in executing your duties to discover the facts and circumstances surrounding the implementation and the administration in addressing the war claims of Chamorros. Compensation may not result in our best favor, but truth told, the people of Guam deserve closure. When American children on the mainland hear Pearl Harbor, the Alamo or Gettysburg, they immediately think of American history, including war heroes and victims of war.

When most of our mainland hear Guam, the thought that comes to mind is a belief that America may have a military base located in that far, far away place. Again, they are not to blame, as long as the federal government continues to choose not to recognize the special and unique experiences, suffering and contributions of the people of Guam -- we can expect nothing more. American history has treated us so badly that at times it seems that as if even our own children lack the appreciation of what the best generation - their parents and their grandparents - suffered through.

Your responsibility to provide evidence of the suffering and disparities in war, claim compensation, compared to jurisdiction experiencing similar injustice carries a heavy obligation. Do not focus on the claims that were filed and the payments that were made. Listen to the stories today and see and hear of the claims not filed and the paperwork not submitted. As Chamorros told each other of the value placed upon their lives, their homes and sufferings, of dollars claimed and pennies paid and the claims not filed. Listen to a generation savoring freedom after three years of brutal occupation and of gratefulness for liberation and the generosity they showered on America - hear it, understand it, and sympathize with it. But do not for a moment think of taking advantage of it again and do not accept it by inaction.

Our culture survived Japanese invasion relying on traditions, language and lineage, ensuring our Chamorro ancestry also survived. These successes lived in the face of Japanese torture, witnessed death and were forced to work with little sustenance. In 1944, as the Japanese troops slowly realized the end was near for their rule, the spirit of our people to preserve through death marches and concentration camps grew stronger. Throughout our island, we still evidence of Guam's historical struggle. Concrete bunkers remain on our seashores. Heavy artillery become landmarks overgrown with jungle. And war zones, claiming lives converted to historical parks. Chamorro's north and south and east and west attest to the plight of the ancestors forced to march to Manenggon Valley and to the Tinta and Faha caves. These accounts come from actual hands that washed clothes in the river, worked in the rice fields and constructed airfields all at the point of bayonet and the threat of death.

Our people share childhood memories of the elderly searching for closure that comes from formal recognition. As individuals, each of those testifying realize today as our last chance to accurately recount American history. These are the unsung heroes of our wartime effort. You will discover six decades of patience, of emotional buildup of those hesitant to discuss brutality, reaching far past the gates of Auschwitz. No other American family suffered bombings, occupation by the axis of evil, prayed for liberation and had one year in the midst of rebuilding after the war to make war claims known to the federal government.

The Chamorros of Guam do not expect payment to turn back time, change history or alter the future - but recognition of honor, respect and dignity of man's liberty remains priceless. And everything our founding fathers envisioned, everything thousands of young American soldiers died on the shorelines of Guam beaches for will. We believe we have earned our freedom, dignity and compensation. We know we deserve it and, yes, we want all Americans to understand.

The commission formed by Congress after countless years and eventful political advancements, we attribute to Guam's delegate, Antonio Wonpat, Ben Blaz, Robert Underwood and Madeliene Bordallo. However, with faith and democracy, our leaders and the will of our people, we slowly close one era while educating the next.

I believe, as Dr. Martin Luther King remarked, "We will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like rivers, rolls down like waters and righteousness, like a mighty stream." I believe that what makes the injustice even more painful is the injustice we speak of reminds me of a unique pain associated with a child that experiences pain caused by a parent. It is a unique feeling - a unique sadness, a special hurt.

We understood why Japan invaded our tiny island, full of real people in their war with America. We watched them and we understood as America evacuated its military from our island and abandoned us to Japanese soldiers, but we can't understand or accept America's eagerness and

willingness to pardon these same people. We are a more forgiving people than most, but we are also a very intelligent people - so much that we probably survived an occupation that most Americans would have found to be unbearable. The book of history is never complete. The writing continues. The judgment will come. And while it may never be too late to make some difference, I ask that you correct this injustice today. Not a single generation should again pass never sharing in the justice deserved.

Today I am grateful you have invited all of us to the table. Let us not let any more time pass. Thank you, all of you. [applause]

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Speaker. We'll now hear from Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo.

Ms. Bordallo: Good morning, Chairman Tamargo, Vice Chair, Antonio Unpingco, Commissioners Benjamin J. Cruz, Ruth Van Cleve and Robert Lagomarsino. Buenas and hello and welcome to Guam. I am indeed honored to testify before this historic hearing of the Guam War Claims Review Commission, which incidentally, after over 60 years is the first official public hearing authorized by Public Law 107-333 by the President and the Congress of the United States to review the matter of the Guam war claims.

Today's hearing is the result of the work of many people who have expended a great amount of effort to bring this issue to the attention of the United States Congress. The first Guam legislature raised this issue, Mr. Chairman. Our first delegate to Congress, Mr. Antonio B. Wonpat, introduced the first bill in Congress in the '98 Congress on September 21, 1983, directly addressing Guam's war claims. His bill, HR 3954, proposed a commission to review the facts and circumstances surrounding Guamanian losses caused by the occupation of Guam by the Japanese Imperial forces in World War II. My predecessors, Congressman Ben Blaz and Robert Underwood, continued his effort.

I mention, Mr. Chairman, this legislative history to emphasize the deep conviction of all of Guam's leaders to resolve war claims and to help bring closure to this very dark chapter of Guam's history. In the aftermath of World War II on November 15, 1945, Congress passed the Guam Meritorious Claims Act of 1945 - Public Law 79-224. This act was intended to provide for war claims for the American nationals residing on Guam who had endured the occupation.

The United States Navy who administered Guam at that time was given the responsibility of administering the Guam Meritorious Claim Act. The Act had a one-year limit for Guamanians to file war claims and such claims had to be filed by December 1, 1946. Claims exceeding \$5,000 and all claims for death and injury were forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy for certification and then to Congress for appropriation. Approximately \$4.3 million was paid to 4,356 claimants for death, injury and property damage above \$5,000 and \$3.8 million to claimants for property damage below \$5,000.

I commend the Guam War Claims Review Commission for the work that you have already accomplished to prepare for the Guam hearings. In order to resolve this issue Congress created the Guam War Claims Review Commission and tasked the commission with six directives - accomplishing these six tasks would assist Congress immensely in the next step, which would be to enact new legislation that would reopen the opportunity for Guamanians to make war claims.

There has been some discussion on the directive to determine whether there was parity of war claims paid to residents of Guam under the Guam Meritorious Claims Act, as compared with awards made to other similarly affected United States citizens or nationals in territory occupied by the Imperial Japanese military forces during World War II. This is the heart of the fairness issue and the sense among Guamanians that Guam has not been treated equally. The commission should review this issue with contrasts that were claimed

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... by other Americans under the War Claims Act of '48 and the amendments to the War Claims Act of '48, which were enacted in 1962. The amounts of compensation authorized would be one test of parity. Other tests of parity would include the categories authorized for compensation, noting that the Guam Meritorious Claims Act did not specifically authorize payments for forced labor, forced march and internment as did the War Claims Act of '48 for other Americans.

The question of parity should also include a comparison with the treatment of war claims for Aleutian Islanders who received compensation for their dislocation in World War II when the Aleutian and the Prebelov Islands were evacuated and later occupied by Japan. In 1984, Senate Bill 1009, the War Reparations Act, was passed, which provided compensation for Japanese Americans interned by the U.S. government and which included a section providing the compensation for the Aleutian Islanders.

The Aleutian and the Prebelov Islands Restitution Fund was set up by our Treasury and operated by the Secretary of the Interior to make restitution for certain Aleut losses. Five million dollars were set aside for the benefit of the Aleut community.

Records indicate that 881 Aleuts were relocated in World War II. It is significant to also note that individuals were each given \$12,000 from the fund for any uncompensated personal property losses. The legislative history of Public Law 107-333 indicates that the issue of parity is not intended to be a constraint for the commission, to limit its review of the treatment of Guam for war claims or how other Americans were treated.

The committee report 107-172 of the Senate Energy and the Natural Resources Committee for HR 308 states that - and I quote - "In the view of the patchwork of war claims laws, which provided different treatment for different groups of persons at different times, HR 308 is needed to examine whether the relief provided to the residents of Guam was on a par with that provided to similarly affected United States citizens or nationals in other areas occupied by the military forces of the Empire of Japan.

Parity, Mr. Chairman, should also include a consideration of fair treatment in the law. Guam was specifically excluded in the 1962 amendments to the War Claims Act of '48. Besides the differences in authorized categories between the 1948 Act and the Guam Meritorious Claims Act, the 1962 amendments reopened the period to file war claims for all other eligible Americans.

Fair treatment should dictate that, as a minimum, Guam should have an equal opportunity to reopen its war claims. The Congressional Record of August 8, 1962 - consideration of HR 7283 to amend the War Claims Act of 1948 - includes this statement, and I quote Mr. O'Hara of Illinois, "Section 202 refers to the claims that are authorized by the bill. It authorized claims for damage to property caused by the Imperial Japanese military forces in all places seized or occupied by them except the island of Guam."

I wonder if the gentleman, my good friend from Illinois, could tell me why little Guam was left out? I quote Mr. Mack, "If the gentleman would yield, I will say that Guam was covered by the Guam Relief Act, which was passed by this Congress." A further quote - Mr. O'Hara of Illinois - "I thought that must be something of that nature. I thank the gentleman for putting the record the explanation that Guam is already covered."

Unfortunately American citizens of Guam were excluded from all the provisions of the War Claims Act of '48, which had they applied, would have left no doubt that Americans on Guam were treated with the same fairness as all other Americans. I want to emphasize, Mr. Chairman, the first and most important directive that Congress has given to the Guam War Claims Review Commission. Public Law 107-333 directs that the commission shall first review the facts and circumstances surrounding the implementation and the administration of the Guam Meritorious Claims Act and the effectiveness of such Act in addressing the war claims of American nationals residing on Guam between December 8, 1941 and July 21, 1944. The administration of the Guam Meritorious Claims Act was severely flawed, due in large part to the chaotic environment on Guam after the liberation and the dislocation of families. There was no civilian government in place to assist in the administration of the war claims.

You will hear testimony from survivors regarding this situation of Guam in the aftermath of the war. You should also take note of the reports to Congress by the Hopkins Committee, which was appointed by Navy Secretary James Forrestal to review the situation on Guam. The Hopkins report urged Congress to streamline the claims' process, to extend the deadline for claims and to remove any other provisions that make it difficult to settle claims.

In addition, Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, testifying before a House committee on June 3, 1947, referred to the Hopkins Committee Report stating, and I quote, "I hope that the Secretary and the members of this committee have read carefully the report of the Special Civilian Committee, appointed by Mr. Forrestal, that report fully supports the most important allegations - extreme dilatoriness - in the disposal of war damage claims, laxity in performing the work of rehabilitation, the inefficient and even brutal handling by the Navy of the rehabilitation and compensation of the war-damaged tasks."

Secretary Ickes went on to emphasize, and I quote, "Only 5.8% of the estimated value of claims on file had been processed. At this rate, the settlement of claims will not be completed for more than 20 years. Such a pittance may be observed by referring to Claim No. 21 transmitted to Congress on April 5 - the life of a man who was beaten to death by the Japanese because of his loyalty to the United States was capitalized at precisely \$665 with 10 cents thrown in for good measure."

Secretary Ickes concludes and I quote again, "Such procedures, such shameful results as the above, have not been forced upon the Navy by Congress or the President or the budget or by anyone." If this criticism of the Navy stings today, one can understand the reluctance of the Chamorro people, Mr. Chairman, to criticize the administrators of the war claims, who just two years earlier were their liberators. There was great faith that whatever problems had arisen would eventually be worked out. There was trust in the United States, its military and its government. There was a deep appreciation for the human cost in liberating Guam. But these sentiments do not relieve the responsibility of the United States to address the administration of war claims and to review the issues of parity and fairness.

It is extremely important that the commission make specific recommendations to Congress regarding proposed resolutions of this issue. The House Committee Report, 106-815, to accompany HR 755, the identical bill in the 106 Congress, states that "one of the major obstacles to a resolution of restitution to Guam has been the lack of a comprehensive list of claimants by the federal government and the related amounts of reparations.

A recent solution proposed during congressional hearing was to temporarily establish a federal commission to first determine the universe of claims. Therefore, the provisions in Public Law 107-333 do, and I quote Number Five, "advise on any additional compensation that may be

necessary to compensate the people of Guam for death, personal injury, forced labor, forced march and internment is one that the commission should carefully consider."

Congress has been constrained in the past several attempts to resolve the war claims. They have been restrained because of the complexity of the issue and the need to undertake an exhausting review of what claims may still be unresolved and at what amount. Any new legislation to implement your recommendations would invariably require an assessment of the claims to be paid and the impact on the budget, which had been very difficult to determine without the review of records that you are undertaken.

Mr. Chairman, this is a day of deep emotion, anxiety, and apprehension. We are embarking on a process to bring closure to the issue of Guam war claims. This is not going to be an easy process but it need not be delayed any further. And above all else, more than restitution, the people of Guam want recognition of their heroic struggle to survive during the occupation. The people of Guam want recognition of their bravery in remaining loyal to the United States even during the darkest hours in the interment camps. And the people of Guam want you to know how very grateful we are all for the courageous men who liberated Guam, for the freedom that we enjoy today, and for the ability to bring our grievances to our government.

Mr. Chairman, your presence today underscores the seriousness of this issue and the willingness of our government to listen to our story.

Today, December 8, is an important day on Guam. It is the day of our occupation and, at the same time, the day of our commemoration of our wonderful patron, Our Lady of Camarin. We pray for those who died during the war. We pray for everlasting peace. And we pray for you for the burden of the responsibilities that you have chosen to undertake on our behalf. Thank you. God bless Guam and God bless America. [applause]

Chairman: Thank you congresswoman. We will now hear from Congressman Robert Underwood.

Mr. Underwood: Thank you very much for the opportunity to present a few sentiments. I know that you have a very busy day ahead of you and I'll try to make my statement within my allotted time. It is a great day for the people of Guam and especially for the generation that endured the hardships of World War II. As commission members, you have the opportunity to understand the full meaning and the impact of the war experience in Guam. Grand wartime strategies and major political decisions and laws passed by great legislative bodies always seem to take center stage in the writing and the making of history. But it is in the individual experience of people that makes history comes to life.

You have obtained a taste of that historical drama here in Guam as you have visited the war sites. The full nature of that experience will come to life today and over the next couple of days as you hear the testimonies of our elders and our survivors of the great conflagration that occurred on these shores some 60 years ago.

As a commission you have a great historical mission to complete, a mission which itself began in the events which occurred here in Guam. Unique amongst all the battles of liberation in World War II, Guam was the one place where Americans liberated fellow Americans. It was the one place where American soil was being reclaimed. It was the one place where liberators in uniform encountered liberators in rags who were named Cruz and Taimanao, but also had names like Sgambelluri and Underwood. And it was the one place where yet another verse to "Uncle Sam, Won't You Please Come Back to Guam," was created and sung nearly every day.

The tragic experiences of the war are part of the historical memory of several generations in Guam. We, who followed in the footsteps of those who endured the war are proud of our parents and our grandparents and our older siblings who demonstrated courage and tenacity and profound loyalty to America. We are justifiably proud of their experience and we recognize that when we stand tall today it is because we are standing on their shoulders.

The tragedy of the war experience has been compounded throughout the years through neglect and ignorance on the part of many. The people of Guam did not always get the recognition they deserve. We had to fight for inclusion in the war in the Pacific part right here in Guam. We had to fight for recognition in the World War II Memorial that is being finished in the nation's capital. We had to remind others of the unique nature of the Guam Chamorro experience and our people also did not receive the same level of recognition and attention when it came to the processing of war claims arising out of World War II.

The historical record is abundantly clear. The people of Guam had one opportunity to file war claims. That was made possible through the Guam Meritorious Claims Act in 1945. The legislation gave a one-year window of opportunity to file claims arising out of the war. Most of the claims filed were for property loss and all claims in excess of \$5,000 were forwarded to Washington, D.C. In 1947, the Hopkins Commission recognized the flawed nature of this effort -- some three years after the battle of Guam.

The Commission, which was formed by the Secretary of the Navy to deal with Guam's political future could not ignore the serious problems that had arisen as a result of war claims. It recommended that the Guam Meritorious Claims Act be amended to provide on-the-spot settlement and payment of all claims, both property and for death and personal injury. Congress did not act and in subsequent national legislation on war claims in 1948 and 1962, Guam was not included.

As a commission, you are now in the position to make just what has been clearly unjust. To make known what has been largely unknown and to make fair what has been unfair in the treatment of the people of Guam. For those who think of this as an opportunity for cash compensation, they do not comprehend what happened here in Guam. For those who think of this as another opportunity to launch criticisms of policymakers or make political commentaries, they do not understand the magnitude of what is being attempted here.

Seeking justifiable redress is an activity that must go beyond the individuals doing the work. And seeking justice is a quest that must transcend politics. There is no credit to be gained or lost and there are no heroes other than the ones who experienced World War II. There is only justice to pursue and redress to obtain.

In life, it is always better to go forward than it is to go backwards. In this case, we are in the confusing situation of trying to move forward on the basis of issues that are largely in the past. It is a unique challenge and a rare opportunity that has been presented to the commission. On the basis of the historical record, you are to assess whether the people of Guam have been treated in the same way as other Americans in the processing of their war claims and was there parity in the treatment. And clearly the answer is no, but that isn't the hard part.

The tough part is making the recommendation for additional compensation for death, personal injury, forced march and internment as required by law. For this, you will need wisdom, a profound sense of history and a full understanding of the Guam experience. And if you need time, you have all of nine months. This will take us to the 60th anniversary of the liberation of Guam. I know that it will be one of the most joyous and fulfilling celebrations because of your work. You have many issues to attend to, and you have many interpretations of the legislation. And as the author of the legislation, I stand ready to tell you exactly what I thought was going on and exactly what was going on as the legislation moved through various Congresses. And I stand ready to assist you in any way I can.

There are two ways to do this. When you are faced with the kind of task that you have, and I can only think of two Chamorro phrases: Hopefully this will pick your brains and that it will touch your heart. Hopefully that it will touch your heart . . . the stories will touch your heart and stir your thoughts because this is a process that encompasses both your minds and your hearts. And I know that all of you are distinguished members of both the Guam and the national community and have had many years of experience working with territorial issues. And I know you're very familiar with these issues - you have a very unique opportunity.

I want to just add a brief statement . . . my immediate predecessor, Ben Blaz, wrote me an e-mail just to let you know that he wants to assure the commissioners that his absence does not diminish his strong and unequivocal support for the resolution of this lingering and tormented unfinished business. No other community under the American flag endured hardship during World War II like we did; yet our own country handled the situation in neighboring islands who were under the enemy flag expeditiously and without opposition. And he writes, "On behalf of our country, I have carried an American sword and the pen of a U.S. legislature in peace, but a void remains for me and my fellow Chamorros of enemy occupation in World War II."

Thank you. [applause]

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Congressman. We will now begin the testimony of the survivor witnesses. And if the schedule of the governor and the congressmen . . . they're excused if they wish or they could stay if they wish. We appreciate their testimony and we thank them for their remarks. I was about to say if I could have you in different order but that's all right. That will be fine.

We're now going to hear testimony of Mr. Joe Perez. Before you begin though let me add a few last things I wish to repeat. Please feel free to speak Chamorro if it makes you more comfortable. We have interpreters prepared to translate for the commissioners. Before we call our first witness, I repeat the request that the witnesses please limit their remarks to five minutes. The record will be held open for any additional remarks you may wish to add. If there are any questions from the commissioners after you speak, that time will not count against you. The commission is sorry that time does not allow for all those who wish to speak to do so in person but the record will remain open for them as well. If those who are unable to testify wish, they may write down what they would have testified to and submit it for the record at a later time. The record will be held open for one month for those additions.

We now call our first witness, Mr. Joe Perez. Thank you, sir.

Mr. Perez: Good morning, Mr. Chairman Mauricio Tamargo, Commissioner Mrs. Ruth Van Cleve, Vice Chairman Antonio Unpingco, Commissioner Cruz and Commissioner Robert Lagomarsino. My name is Joseph B. C. Perez, from the Charlie family. I am the sole survivor of my clan.

One Sunday morning on December 8, 1941 - 62 years ago - six Japanese bombers from Saipan commenced bombing Sumay to Hagatna and the people in Hagatna were scattered and in chaos. They thought it was the end of the world. But little do they know that four hours earlier, December 7, 1941, in Pearl Harbor the Japanese armada bombarded Pearl Harbor at 0800 in the morning. So that's what happened four hours later 62 years ago when the six bombers from Saipan commenced to bomb Sumai to Hagatna. I was four-and-a-half years at the time and nine years when it was over. I started school at the age of 10 after the war. I finished high school at 20. The reason why I'm

testifying is that because I'm simply the last of the Charlie Clan and went through this horrendous experience of World War II of the Japanese invasion of Guam.

I used to live in Hagatna where the Nissan used-car lot is located now. We lived there for years and from Hagatna, we moved to Jalaguak. The reason why we moved is that I started attending Japanese school in Hagatna. I learned how to count in Japanese and I learned how to say greetings. But one morning when I forgot to bow to the sensei. I was slapped from one end of the room to the other. Needless to say, that's the last time I went back to school. We moved from Hagatna to Jalaguak.

My father at the time was in the insular force as a chief bosun's mate. He was a prisoner of war from the day the Japanese landed in Guam until the day before the American liberated Guam. That's when my father and several other insular forces escaped from prison to look for their families. But, needless to say, like I said, if it weren't for my older brother that died a few years ago, we would never have survived the Manenggon prison camp. He is our God-send for the survival of my grandmother, my mother, myself and our actually my 10-month-old brother that doesn't know anything about what's going on . . . three and a half years later he thought everything was dandy. He lives in Washington now. The reason why I'm testifying is because there is no one else to tell the story of my family clan, the Charlie family.

My father, like I said, was a prisoner of war during World War II. Besides being beaten up by the Imperial Army of Japan, I often wondered how my dad survived all those years as POW. One day I questioned him why he has a broken hip that had never been fixed. He told me, it was broken by the Japanese during the war and it was never corrected.

My dad - probably a lot of you would know him as Manuel Charlie, he was a baseball player before and after the war and that's how they knew my dad, Charlie, the famous baseball player. But, to me, he's my hero because if it weren't for him, I would have never had the guts to come up here and re-present the atrocities.

While we were in Manenggon my older brother and I - well, first of all, our ration in Manenggon for a family five is two handful of raw rice for a week. And if it weren't for my mother and grandmother that makes rice gruel or rice soup out of it, and my older brother and I would escape from Manenggon camp and go into the deep jungle to supplement what we have . . . the curfew is from dusk to dawn, but we have to supplement that rice soup - be it yam, be it eel, be it shrimp, breadfruit seedlings. Oh, God, please let me continue..

Chairman Tamargo: Mr. Perez, thank you very much. Could I ask you a question?

Mr. Perez: Yes, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: I know it's very difficult for you to testify and I appreciate that and I thank you for coming to do that. Can you recall any experience of whether your family made a claim during the previous program and what was the result of that claim?

Mr. Perez: I know my dad did, but that was right after the war. And back then there was no store, nothing to buy when we were in Bradley. My mom, being so generous, nothing to buy, she just distributed them out to the families like gifts. Like I said, there's no bank, there's no stores. But my dad was back there, I guess, being a prisoner of war.

Chairman Tamargo: I was referring to the family members here on the island during the occupation. Did they make a claim through the Meritorious Claims program?

Mr. Perez: No, sir. As a matter of fact, I asked my mom and dad when I got back from the military and they said no. Here's the irony about this - the CNMI, Saipan, Rota, and Tinian were compensated by Japan for the following amount: 25K for those killed during the war, 20K for military POW like my dad, 15K for those who were in internment. We were forced march from Mangilao to Manenggon prison camp and then after that we were forced march from Manenggon up to the valleys of Manenggon Hills, all the way down to Anigua, and Bradley. The irony part about this - the CNMI were the snitch, the instigators, collaborators and investigator for the Japanese against the Chamorros during the war.

And then to accept anything less would be an insult to my family that are gone. Seven of my family are gone. And the U.S. pardoned Japan from compensating one. And just recently in the paper President Bush gave \$87 billion to Iraq for war reparation. Give me a break. I rest my case.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Perez. I wish to remind the witnesses if you could just try limit your remarks to five minutes. There are about 90 witnesses we would like to try and hear from and they're waiting behind you to speak. Could you say your name?

Ms. Manibusan: Good morning. My name is Maria G. Manibusan. I can speak Chamorro but a little bit English.

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead in Chamorro, that would be fine. Repeat your name a little louder.

Ms. Manibusan: My name is Maria G. Manibusan. "G" is for Garrido. I'm 65. My first husband died during the Japanese occupation. My husband's name is Vicente Manalisay Mata and we've got one child. He was called to work at Jalaguak, Barrigada, and after that, and he was told to go home and look for his family. And after we see him, we talk to him, and got to see his child. He

got to see his child. I got one child, two months old by that time, and he was called again to go and work. They giving them a tool and they told him to follow the Japanese up to the hill where that place is Faha'. The place is Faha' where they were going to work. And that's the last time I see him. And as soon as they get in there that's the last time I know about him that he was killed. And by that time I was married with him in 1943 when he was killed in 1944. I testify for my husband - my first husband - in 1943 to 1944. And I got one child, two months old.

Now I want to testify about my work that the Japanese - forcing us to work at the rice field. He told us whether we were sick or not sick but you have to go out and work for them. I worked there at the rice field - I was in Merizo. I am a Merizo resident by that time. I went out and worked in the rice field from 5 o'clock to 6 o'clock in the morning, whether you're sick or you're not sick they forced you to go out and work. I worked at the rice plantation - there's a pool of water, mud. I slipped on one side all the way to the middle that was protecting the water so it won't spill out and the mud not to go out. I slip in there and I hit and they're standing on wood . . . not to let the water go out. I slid on the side of that wood and sticking to my ribs.

My ribs - I found out in one week it was bruises. And by that time it makes me sick, very sick. And when I found out . . . the Japanese saying there is an infection, so they took me to the hospital in Agana to give me an operation between my two ribs and that's what my injury is. I've got an injury in the right side of my ribs if you want to see.

The Japanese told us to go and march - I was marching with all other groups from the ranch down to the village. I was pregnant by that time with my son - about four months or five. I was very slow and was in the last. The Japanese get mad at me because I was in the last and very slow. I cannot run and I cannot walk too fast. The Japanese threw me to the side of the road - there is a coconut tree. He tied me there and he slapped me two times. After that he told me to go and follow the groups, so I went and followed the groups.

When the Japanese tried to kill all the Chamorro people and the people who are dying already and the people are not dying, they took us to the boonies. They put us on the place where they can maybe kill us. The Japanese always call us to work near the road cleaning around everything.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much, Mrs. Manibusan. I have one question, do you know if your family made a claim with the Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mrs. Manibusan: Yes, in 1947 to 1948 I was told that anybody that has a husband, mother, father that was killed, yes, I claimed them and they called me down. They asked me about my husband. My husband's name is Vicente Manalisay Mata. Yes I give that claim. This claim goes to the court when they give me this. . .

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We will now hear from the next witness please, Josefina Mantanona.

Ms. Mantanona: Good morning everybody, my name is Josefina Mantanona. In 1941 during the Japanese occupation, I, Josefina T. Mantanona was eight-years-old. Although I am very young, I remember what the Japanese people are treating us as if it was yesterday. Before going to school we will have to bring one full can of tangantangan seeds for the Japanese coffee. After school, we will go straight to the vegetable plantation to work until it was dark. That is an everyday job for us, schoolchildren, to collect the tangantangan seeds for the next day.

When the Japanese got control over this island, my father was appointed by the Japanese to be a commissioner. In the year 1942 or 1943, an escapee fled from Agana prison and were in route to Yona he had cut the telephones lines so there will be no contact. The Japanese in Yona will not know he had escaped. A week later my father had a meeting with the Japanese and he was informed - all the fathers and the older sons to each family - that there will be a meeting on the coming Saturday at 8:00 a.m. They were to be questioned who had cut the telephone line. If nobody was to admit it, each of the fathers and the sons would be killed.

That Friday night, my father came home and informed my mother on the detail on what will happen if that meeting was to occur. At about 3:30 a.m. in the morning, Saturday morning, my father woke up my mother to prepare a breakfast - back then life was hard. We only had corn. My mother would have to grind it and make it to make tortillas and butter the seeds for the breakfast. While my mother was preparing the breakfast my father headed outside to collect some tuba at about 4:30 a.m. In about 15 minutes, my mother heard a loud sound as if something had fallen down. At this time, my mother informed me to wake up my oldest brother Juan so he can go out and see what was that. It was still too dark to see outside so mother said to wait until about 6:00 a.m.

Soon it was time to check the area and Juan had found my father had committed suicide. He cut his throat - killed himself in order to save the other fathers and elder sons and their families. Therefore the meeting was cancelled and many lives were saved. Later after the funeral, one of my cousins, Francisco Pangelinan, stayed with us to help my mother with the other siblings while Juan and I go to school. During this time, the Japanese had been coming around the ranch to ask for eggs and chicken for their food.

Later, the Japanese interpreter came to our ranch and informed my mother to move my cousin because the Japanese were coming to remove her. Her parents were living in Agana so for about three months we couldn't really sleep. We finally contacted her parents and was finally picked up.

We relocated from one ranch to another. We waited for two uncles and my brother Juan. At that time, the Japanese took my two uncles and the oldest son to Jalaguak. The Japanese said they wanted to clear the area for air field. In about a month the interpreter was visiting the campsite and informed my uncle that tomorrow they would dig a hole in each camp because they were going to be killed. The interpreter told my uncle that about midnight to leave the camp with your family members, so they did exactly what told to them. They had walked through the jungle and until they reached As Inan where we were.

The next morning my uncle talked to his wife with my mother's sister, to leave As Inan and stay in Manenggon with the other group of people from the other village. At Manenggon, the interpreter told my Auntie that if the Japanese called us to pick the rice ration by the river not to go in there because it was a way of getting shot by the Japanese who are across from the river.

At this time my aunts and my mother got on their knees and prayed for the Blessed Mother and let the Americans arrive so that we will be helped. It was at this field when the American's airplanes just arrived in Guam. I was 11 years old. The Japanese told us to lie down until the plane passed and after that the Japanese told us to go home. My cousin and I ran, holding each other's hand until we arrived at the . . .

[END OF SIDE B OF TAPE 1 - END OF THIS TRANSCRIPT]

Guam War Claims Review Commission

Public Hearing Agenda

December 8, 2003

[Tape 2]

(in progress; public testimonies)

Ms. Mantanona: ...destination. Soon, there were five big trucks full of soldiers. Some came to the camp and asked my auntie where the Japanese were at. We were told not to leave the camp until they came back. The next day, the soldiers took us to Agat until we were told that they will take the Chamorros to Bradley. From Bradley we were told that it was all clear, that we had to go home. We walked from Bradley to the ranch in Yona. We lost all our belongings, our food and such as corn, taro, and yam and all those and our clothes. My uncle and my aunt, they helped my mother and us six children until the youngest one was one-year old at the time.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Mrs. Mantanona, I see in your form, you say that your family did not make a claim?

Ms. Mantanona: No.

Chairman Tamargo: Can you say -- do you recall why?

Ms. Mantanona: Because I don't know anything about it. I don't know. Nobody informed me to make a claim of my father. I don't know. Sorry. I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We will now hear from Regina Reyes.

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: My mother is Regina Reyes and, at that time, she was about 28 years old, and she had five children.

Ms. Reyes: I'm Regina Reyes. My husband is Henry Reyes. I live in Agana Heights. In 1941, when we heard that the Japanese is in Hawaii, we're to get away (indiscernible) in the house. We stay there all day until four o'clock. I go to my other house. Since I just got in my house, the (indiscernible) got in with gun and shiny.

Ms. Reyes Daughter: Bayonet.

Ms. Reyes: He asked me -- I don't know what to say about this, pointed the gun, and I said, no, I don't have.

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: Speak Chamorro.

Ms. Reyes: And then he just pushed me on the wall and do what he want. He raped me.

Chairman Tamargo: If you feel more comfortable speaking in Chamorro, we can understand you, if you wish.

Ms. Reyes: And then he start --

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: Speak Chamorro.

Ms. Reyes: Chamorro, okay.
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Reyes: (Speaking in Chamorro)
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: No, we're getting it simultaneously.

Male Voice: Thank you.

Ms. Reyes: (Speaking in Chamorro) I will start. I am Regina Reyes. My husband is Henry Reyes. My house is in Agana Heights. When we heard that the Japanese were in Hawaii we stayed with my in-laws. Before 4pm that afternoon, I said I wanted to get my children's clothes at my house. When I came in, the Japanese soldier entered my house at the same time. He shoved me against the wall and he did what he wanted to do. Afterwards, he left, then I went to my in-laws and they questioned me what happened so I said to wait first until I took a shower. The next day, my husband went to Mr. Tomas Ooka who was the commissioner at the time and he told him what happened to me. Mr. Ooka said that they couldn't do anything because they did not know his name. They made my husband work from Ta'I to Agana Heights then we stayed in Famha'. My husband kept working but I was left in Famha' deep in the jungle. When the Japanese came, my husband was working in Ta'i. When we were moved to Manenggon, my husband accompanied me then he left again because he was tasked to do some carrying of things for the Japanese. Then, that night, when the Americans came, a Saipanese Chamorro came to tell me that my husband told him to tell me that he was alright. Since the time my husband and I parted company in Manenggon, that was the last time I ever saw him.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you very much. I have a question. In your form, you indicate that you did not file a claim.

Ms. Reyes: Yes. Every time I filed a claim.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay.
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Reyes: No, no, not even a penny.

Female Voice: The complaint was given to the officials about her treatment, sir, but she was never compensated in any way. Neither was her family.

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: She told the family that, at one point, someone came up to her and asked her if \$10,000 was enough for the death of her husband. And, as she was informed, her husband was beheaded in Ta'i, right?

Chairman Tamargo: So you did not file or you were not given an opportunity to file a claim?

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: She's filed -- I guess she's filed a claim, but she's never been compensated for anything.

Chairman Tamargo: She filed a claim with the meritorious claims program?

Ms. Reyes: Yeah, I filed a claim. I always filed a claim.

Chairman Tamargo: With the Navy?

Ms. Reyes' Daughter: With who? With the Navy?

Female Voice: With the officials, I believe, from what I understand.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, thank you very much. Thank you. There's one more. Maria Leon Guerrero. No, okay? Un momento. Thank you very much. If the witnesses could speak directly into the microphone and raise your voice a little bit.
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: That's okay. Okay, that's fine. We will now hear from Maria Leon Guerrero, please. When you're ready, ma'am.

Ms. Guerrero: Ready, sir.
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Guerrero: Good morning, gents and lovely lady, Mrs. Ruth Van Claire. First of all, I would like to thank all the members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission for the opportunity to testify in this hearing. My name is Maria San Nicolas Guerrero Cruz. I am the oldest of nine children, born August 6, 1921, in the village of Agana. Both my parents, Juan Guerrero and Rosa Delgado San Nicolas have since died after the Japanese occupation, as I have four of my siblings.

I mention them because they are not here to relive their stories and individual experiences that would have surely contributed to the body of knowledge needed by this Commission to render a just and compassionate decision. Later on my testimony, I would like to also relate the personal accounts of my husband, Roman J. Cruz. I hope the Commission's members will not object to my doing so.

I was 20 years old when the Japanese invaded Guam. Like everyone else living in Guam at the time, our lives would take a turn for the worst.

For the next three-and-a-half years, my family and I were forced into a long hours of work and sometimes harsh treatment in the hands of our Japanese occupiers. Immediately after the

Japanese invasion, I had to discontinue my studies in Agana to move back to Tumon) to help with my family. Not long thereafter, we were ordered by the Japanese to move out from our house to Yigo because it was needed for a medical clinic. For a medical clinic.

My younger sister and I were forced to work daily cleaning and cooking meals for the Japanese assigned to the Command in Yigo headquarters. My father was hit over the head with a piece of two by four by a Japanese guard for being disrespectful. He did not seem the same after that, and dying several years later at the age of 56.

My oldest brother was taken away to do manual work at an airfield and to dig tunnels and mines. We would not see him for weeks at a time. He would later be wounded by a shrapnel when American planes were bombing the airfield where he was forced to work repairing damage caused by the bombing. My brothers and sisters had to help bring food to the table by fishing and gathering fruits and vegetables. This continued until just before the U.S. invasion, when we were ordered to march to Manenggon. The forced march took more than 12 hours to complete with little rest, food and water. There we stayed until the U.S. forces liberated us in July.

My husband, although we were not acquainted at that time, was living in the village of Asan at the time of the Japanese invasion. He was forced to perform manual labor daily in the Asan rice field until he and his family moved to their ranch in Chalan Pago. His family had to move to find and grow more food to fit themselves. After moving to Chalan Pago, he was forced to report to Tiyan area for a work assignment. Because of the distance, he had to walk a total of four hours daily. Sometimes he would be assigned to help repair the airfield, both the Tiyan and northwest field area in Yigo, or dig tunnels and caves for the Japanese's defenses.

During one of the work details, he saw a Japanese guard beating an older worker for pointing to the sky shouting that a Japanese plane was being shot down by an American fighter plane. He also saw Japanese guards beating the crew foreman whenever a member of his work crew did not show up for detail. The worst atrocity he witnesses was the beheading of three Chamorro men in the Ta'i area.

The Japanese guard pulled together a group of more than 20 individuals, including women, to witness the beheading. The three men were forced to dig their own graves, made to kneel in front of the hole they had just dug, and then were beheaded. The Japanese guard then ordered the men in the work detail to bury them. It was a sight he will never forget.

By the time your work in this Commission is done, each of you will have heard hundreds, if not thousands, of personal accounts describing how we were mistreated and the atrocities we were exposed to during the Japanese occupation of our island. I trust that you will give equal attention to each account and not grow weary as your work progresses.

If there is justice in reparation for forced labor, abuse, mistreatment, and the horrible atrocities brought on Guamanians by the Japanese, then it should be so. If the United States government assumes the responsibility of reparation by forgiving Japan for its inhuman treatment of Guamanians during World War II, then the U.S. should come forward and make it good on its responsibility. We wish you Godspeed in your work.

Thank you and may God be with you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much, Mrs. Guerrero. We will now hear from Francisco Flores.

Mr. Flores: Thank you, Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests of the Commission. Hello. In the interest of time, I'd like to submit a contribution by our Washington delegates when they were interviewed by KUAM as part of the total contribution relative to the Japanese occupation on the island. I know that two of them were young folks at the time, and I know that one wasn't even there. There are two that are sitting with the Commission now who are, as I've said earlier, distinguished themselves as public servants, and apparently they must have had experiences relative to these atrocities that we've suffered during the Japanese time.

As I relate to you my experiences, I'd like to offer that I've lost my uncle, my step dad, and three brothers. It was a difficult time for me because I was the oldest of the family, and I had to work extra hard to survive, helping my mother, my grandmother and my sister. I've worked so hard all my life, possibly because of the training that I received during the Japanese time and doing nothing but hard work.

To date, I do not know how to play with my great grandchildren. I do not know. Every time I take them out to the yard to push them on the swing, I'd be on the side pulling weeds instead of tending to them. That's how much the Japanese occupation affected my livelihood. Even today. Even today. I was beaten, harassed, humiliated. You name it; they did it to us. But I'm not here to ask for remuneration of any kind because of my upbringing.

Just Sunday it was? Was it yesterday? Yes. Our parish priest asked us to repeat the Our Father three times to forgive those which has passed against us, as we ask for his forgiveness. And because of that, I also submit that, in the event this meeting here today didn't materialize, we'd go back home and ask for God's forgiveness for the hatred we harbored for so long that was detrimental to the way we lived our lives since then. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Flores. We will now hear from Vicente Taisipic. Thank you.

Mr. Taisipic: Good morning, Hello. My name is Vicente Taisipic. I'm from Yona, and I'm here to testify on my behalf of my personal experience during the Japanese occupation and also in regards to some of my uncles and auntie that passed away. Five minutes is not much of a time that we spend for almost three years living in Japanese occupation, so I'll try and highlight my personal experience.

When the Japanese came to Yona, they round us up and took us to the compound at Yona's school. There was supposed to be an indoctrination. Every 15 minutes, they make us face towards the north end of the island and bow. Then, after that, we were never instructed by the Japanese how low and at what distance we were supposed to bow. From thereafter, after that indoctrination, I see nothing but atrocities, being beaten, beating up, threatening to be bayoneted, and then I was forced to attend the Japanese school from 7:00 to 5:00. 7:00 to 11:30 is classroom instruction, and 11:30 to 5:00 up to 7:00 out in the field.

I was deprived of my childhood. At that time, I believe I'm almost six years old. But during the war, during the occupation, you grow up so fast, especially when you start seeing the Japanese soldier with their bayonet. It's not just a threat, but the experience that you see so traumatic that, like I said, you grow up so fast.

Then they give me a job. Two jobs. First thing early in the morning, there's a wagon, the teacher's son, his name is Kitano. My job is to take him and pull him around the compound for the first half hour. Then after that, I attend the classroom. After 11:30, out in the field, we planted a variety of fruits, vegetable, and we also harvest it. Then, at the same time, they gave me a bucket to patrol the whole area of Yona and collect manure, irregardless what kind of manure. And they gave me a quota that, if I don't fill up six buckets during the field, that I would be beaten up.

Practically, I was a walking maggot because, the fact of the matter is, that after the field work, I had to walk all the way from the school compound down to As Inan Valley. That's where our ranch is located at. And my parents normally told me to go directly to the river, stay there with the other karabao or water buffalo. And, at that time, soap is a luxury for us. We used lemon leaf for soap so I could get rid of the flies that been following me from the field all the way down to our ranch.

Then, after that, I experienced a very traumatic experience, that a Japanese patrol with the Japanese interpreter came down to our ranch, demanded that we cater the Japanese interpreter that interpreting Chamorro for the Japanese patrol, that they're planning of getting married on the island -- and they didn't request, they demanded that we cater them with a karabao for the wedding party. And if we refused or the family refused, they were supposed to take the oldest one in the family and beheaded him. At that time, everybody was crying. Everybody panicked. So the family got no choice but to give the water buffalo for whatever they request it for.

Then I experience also, when I was going to school, from a distance, Mr. Estaquio always being beaten up because he looked so American. I got tired going out to the boondocks cutting posts for the windows. And also, we were forced to march to (Manenggon. The Japanese sergeant told me and a few others to round up all the dogs. At that time, I was under the impression that they're supposed to eat it, but they behead it. And the one time, I came so close at being cut by a Japanese sword. And then the dog, more or less, trying to move and I reach over to grab it, hold it back, and then the Japanese soldier cut him in half. Then he started laughing at me, and then, at the same time, I was bloody all over, then he start getting mad at me that I wasn't doing my job holding the dog down.

Then, at the same time, I helped dig a huge hole in Manenggon. Apparently, that was for a mass execution. And also, we were told to dig caves on the side of the river bank for protection in case American patrol reached the Manenggon camp. And also, at the same time, I helped build that huge bunker up in Yona that used to be the late Bordallo's house, her house. We weave basket, put rocks in it, and then we hold it up to the hill.

And most of my uncles that were forced for work detail from concentration camp in Manenggon, as far as they're supposed to go just up to Yona, or the farthest is Chalan Pago Bridge. Three of my uncles were forced for that work detail. One evaded the Japanese guard. The other two were marched all the way up to Yigo and they were beheaded. I guess that's about the highlight of my personal experience.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much, sir.

Mr. Taisipic: And as far as war claim, we were never appropriately informed. The only thing that I was informed of is when we were made American citizen, and they start drafting us. It spread all over the island like a wildfire. But as far as a war claim, we were never informed.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. That was going to be my question. Thank you. Alright, we will now hear from Maria Rosario.

Ms. Rosario: Thank you very much, and thank you for all the members of the War Claims. I'm Mrs. Rosario. I'll speak in Chamorro because I don't speak much English.

Chairman Tamargo: That'd be fine. Thank you.

Ms. Rosario: Okay. So me and my father, my two brothers and my mother, we all working. We were all working in the rice field. My two brothes worked in Jalaguak. One of them was killed in Jalaguak. We were staying in the camp. They forced us to leave our house in Inarajan because the Japanese were going to move in. ****(Interruption)..Machispa and Mrs. Flores... The Americans were in the area and were peeking at us. There was one boy who shot a gun so we were told to march down from the camp and stayed at a school in Merizo. There were Japanese in the mountains looking down at us and then they began shooting at us. Someone threw a hand grenade into the school yard where we were staying at and it hit my brother-in-law because we were together. In the morning, we were again told to walk up from Merizo to Inarajan. When we arrived there, we were told us to go to the ranch. All of us were working in the rice field. I don't have a lot to say but my sibling got killed in Jalaguak. Two were working there but only one was killed. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Rosario: Okay.

Chairman Tamargo: We will now hear from Rosa Camacho -- Antonio Lizama.

Mr. Lizama: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I thought maybe you'd forgotten me, but -- may I please approach the Chair?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, sir.

Mr. Lizama: Thank you.
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir.

Mr. Lizama: Now, if I may ask the audience, I think that these people up here deserve a gesture of appreciation for being here today to listen to all of us. So if you would join me, let's give them a hand of applause.

(audience applause)

Mr. Lizama: And with that, Mr. Chairman, I would like to just take a little bit of your time. I was only seven years old when the Japanese bombarded Guam, and I remember very well the day this came about. I was in Agat and, at the time, I was out in the yard. I didn't see any airplane, but when I looked towards Sumay there was a big heavy smoke, and I suppose that was coming from the Standard Oil Fuel Dump or fuel area because that was the place that they bombarded. And, of course, there's the American barracks where all the American soldiers were at. I think they bombarded that also.

But all this that took place that particular day, kind of like a complete turnaround for the life of all the people of Guam because, from that day on, the people of this island live with uncertainty, fear and uncertainty, mistrust, and, of course, the devastating of it all is the constant fear that they hold in their mind and in their heart because it was really a day of fear.

Now, when we look back, and I know because I was seven years old, on that day when they bombarded Sumay, I remember my mom just -- oh my gosh -- just grabbed my sister and we all started out to Fenna Lake, and I believe that my sister was only three months old. And I would like to ask for her to stand up. She's an old lady now. My sister, stand up please.

(audience applause)

Mr. Lizama: There she is back there. And then, of course, the fear that I'm talking about it's really because like, if the Japanese know that you have anything of value, money or value, your life is at risk. But, for me, the most thing that really is ironic is, if you look like an American, if you're white and pretty, and you look like an American, you're in the worst risk of your life because they are after, for some reason, for these kinds of people.

And I'd like to have my sister stand up and show who I'm really talking about because, during that time, every time that we hear that the Japanese are coming to our location, we had to take her into the jungle and hide her so the Japanese wouldn't find her. Mrs. Nededog, would you please stand up, please? There's an American lady, if you look at her.

(audience applause)

Mr. Lizama: And she's at risk at this time. And then the events that follow, and I think the one that we regretted is when they ordered my mom, for my oldest brother and my oldest sister, to be relocated. And that was Fenna where they slaughtered my oldest brother and my oldest sister. I guess it's not so devastating to me because I was still young. But as I grow up and -- as I grow up and I sense the loss, it really was. It was really bad.

So I'd just like to know for the Committee that I think, if I'm not mistaken, my mom did get compensated for the death of my -- the slaughter of my brother and my sister, but it's only the amount of \$2,000. I don't know, maybe if you have the record of this that transpired way back, it will probably show there. But that was the amount that I remember so well that they gave my mother for the death of my brother and my sister.

And on behalf of the people of Guam, I want to thank you all for being here today. It's been a long-awaited issue. I think that most of the people of Guam have waited and have really

welcomed you people being here today to listen to their atrocities that they endured and the mistreatment and just about everything because, believe me, during that time, the Japanese were cruel. They are cruel to the extent that they have no respect for human life, and they will kill you the instant you don't tell them the right thing.

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much, Mr. Lizama.
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: We will now hear from Carmen --
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: Carmen Nededog, por favor.

Ms. Nededog: Oh, I'm here.

Chairman Tamargo: Oh, I'm sorry. Go ahead.

Ms. Nededog: I am supposedly to be the extended relative of Antonio, and the reason why I'm up here is to say that he has suffered carrying me, and it's time -- I have to be covered with mud because I'm white. I'm a white person, so I have to be covered with mud. And for him to carry me, he gets punished. He gets kicked. He gets slapped.

Every time, all of my relatives that carried me around, because I was only like three years old at that time, in 1941. I was born in 1938. So it was like they suffered for me. I get carried, and I feel heaven because they always carry me. But they get the punishment from me because I am white. My color is white. So they get punished from me. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Thank you. We'll now have the next panel. Gracias. We will now hear from Tony Palomo. Oh, he's not here. Alright. Then we will hear from Alexander Aflague. Are they here? Okay, give me one of them. One second. We will now hear from Rosa Roberto Carter.

Ms. Carter: Good morning, everyone, Chairman Mr. Mauricio Tamargo, Vice Chairman Mr. and former speaker Antonio Unpingco, members, Mrs. Ruth Van Cleve, Chief Justice, B.J. Cruz and Mr. Robert Lagomarsino). Welcome to Guam. I hope you're having a good time.

Okay, I'll go right into my little blurb here. When Japan occupied Guam 62 years ago, I was 12 years old, the oldest child in our family. My mother would have another child during the occupation, and her last one after the war, for a total of nine of us who made it through childhood. In regard to physical damage from the war, I am sure the effects of malnutrition on my parents, as well as the nine of us kids, was severe in both the near term and over the following years.

One of my siblings died at the fairly young age of 55. There's no way to know all the negative effects of the two years of malnutrition we were forced to experience during under the occupiers who confiscated our food for themselves. In the last weeks, they forced us into more difficult situations involving a forced march and virtual imprisonment in a squalid camp, where there was no food at all. We older kids foraged for our family, searching wild lands for many miles. We nearly starved to death at that time.

In regard to immediately visible physical damage, most of us suffered wounds from being forced into the jungle, where we contacted scarring napalm from the United States bombing of the Japanese. When the bombing stopped, we were forced to go back to clearing bushes, which were dripping with this napalm. And, in a proper setting, I could show you some scars, which have irritated me for 60 years. One of my brothers lost parts of his two fingers, as well, or lost parts of two fingers, as well, from the live ammunition scattered over so much of Guam after the fighting in 1944.

At one time, I found myself clinging to a large breadfruit tree while American planes attacked. Human limbs, arms and legs, flew threw the air on their own. People screamed in the grip of hysteria. I saw people going berserk. It took a bit of time before I realized that, of course, I was in the middle of it, too. But it seemed so unreal, like a movie, I guess. In regard to forced labor, my father was part of the group that started the construction of the airfield at the Tiyan-Jalaguak area. It was hard work, using primitive hand tools, if one was lucky, and bare hands, if not. Days were long, and, if there was food, it was insufficient.

My own forced labor consisted, at first, of clearing fields in the Mangilao area. My brother, Juan, was forced to do this, too. At this time, I was singled out by the Japanese soldiers, locked up in a tiny room at the old Price Elementary School house, and interrogated about my loyalty to the United States. It may have had something to do with my slightly lighter skin color, but the terrifying experience is still vivid in my mind. Also, at this time, I was given the extra duty of carrying their lunches to Japanese soldiers located at the present site of the Father Duenas Memorial School.

I did this cross-country walk daily, when I was taken from the fieldwork, and then I returned to the fields, where I rejoined others toiling in the hot sun. Our forced march started for me late one afternoon, when my brother and I returned from working in the fields to find my parents and my siblings loading our bull cart with as much food and personal belongings as

possible. People congregated at the Mangilao school areas, where the trek to the Manenggon) concentration camp started around twilight. We trudged along on foot all night. Weak people fell by the wayside. I do not know what happened to them.

By early morning the next day, we made it to our little patch of bare ground near the Manenggon) River. In view of the abrupt command to pack up and march, we had enough food for probably a day only. Who knows? Soon, my brother and I began our foraging trips toward the Yona area for whatever we could find that was edible.

Early on, there were coconuts, but even those were depleted rapidly by the hundreds of people in the same situation. The river was useful for sustaining life. It also gave us diarrhea because we had to drink river water. I washed my one set of clothing and myself by jumping into the river and scrubbing. From World War II in Europe, many stories have been told about American soldiers handing out whatever food and candy they were carrying when they found starving children foraging for something to eat.

And in Manenggon) one fine day, this happened to me. Finally, the United States Marines reached us after their march across Guam from Agat. If they had been delayed a few more days, no one in that place would have been alive. With a chocolate candy bar in my hand fresh from a Marine's pocket and tears of relief in my eyes, I was able to embark on a new life.

In regard to the constant terror of being an occupied people, earlier in Mangilao, many of us were forced to line up in orderly rows to witness the beating of a family for the crime of trying to hide some of its food from the Japanese occupiers. If we showed any emotion, we would be beaten, too. My father hid corn successfully but we lived in fear. We practiced a code of silence because that means collaborators might be anywhere at any time.

(beginning of Side B of Tape 2)

Ms. Carter: Near the end of the war out here in Guam, because tomorrow men were being forced to the front lines where they were to be sacrificed as human targets, my father went into hiding. He succeeded, at great risk to himself. If found, he would have been executed. As a survivor, immediately he led his entire family back to Mangilao, where, again, we planted cornfields. The regimentation of our lives extended to digging our own graves in the last days at Manenggon.

The required three dimensions had to be precise. Thank God the Marines arrived before those preparations were put to use, but the terror of it consists of knowing that those graves might have been used for one reason, starvation and disease, or another, execution. Thank you very much for listening, and have a happy holidays and a safe journey home.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Dr. Carter. We will now hear from Pedro Cruz. Before you speak, though, could -- one second. Don't please forget to turn in your written statements. Those of you who have written statements, submit them for the record as they're nicely written out. Go ahead, Mr. Cruz.

Mr. Cruz: Good morning. Hello. My name is Pedro J. Cruz. I am a 23-year old person when the Japanese forces came to Guam. That morning I was headed for work at the Agana Navy Yard, but before getting to the place where I worked we heard nine planes up there. I was with a friend of mine who was walking with me. I said, look, what are those planes up there? He said, never mind, Pete, it's convoying the shell men.

So we continued our walk to our work. When getting down to Agana, we saw a pickup coming towards us with a U.S. sailor with white uniform standing on the back, and his uniforms were flying. I said, do you know what that means? Something is wrong. And then we heard the radio from the radio station in Agana saying the war is declared against Japan. The Japanese representatives in the United States.

So we turned back to our -- you know, Sinajana where we lived, and we told the people to go and hide because the war is declared. So much saying about that. Well, when I was talk about my experience, I was assigned to work at Ta'i, the name of the Japanese official there is Ibuka.

Every morning, I report up there to work, and then one day he told us to hide in the vicinity. So we hid in the vicinity. And then he called me. When I was walking towards him, he pulled out his sword and I thought he was going to kill me. But the sword just passed on my side, my ears. Then he told me, when I talk to you, you come running. From then on, he told us to go out, day or night, to look for people who are not in the concentration camp.

(discussion off microphone)

Mr. Cruz: Oh, can I speak in Chamorro, too?
(discussion off microphone)

Mr. Cruz: Okay. Then, when I was in Ta'I, I was camped there. My family was in Manenggon. Every day, someone would get punished. Sometimes a dog would be hung up and people were told to gather and witness its brutal killing and then we were told that that is what will happen to anyone who refuses to obey. Then, before we left work, we'd stand in line and get slapped and told that that is what will be done to people who do not obey. One time, I was sent to the Tenorio property at the Father Duenas Memorial School, a taicho told me to stand up and I was told to pull down my pants and told to move upwards then he took his whip and whipped me. When I

ended in front of him from the impact, he kicked me in my chest. I almost fell and then he kicked me again then I passed out.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Cruz.

Mr. Cruz: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Did you -- do you recall filing a claim with the Meritorious Claims Program?

Mr. Cruz: Yes, I was given \$50 dollars and I was with a man and a woman who were stabbed but survived and Mr. Vicente Limtiaco. When we came to the military office in Agana, I was given \$50.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Cruz. We will now hear from Edward Aguon. Sorry.

Mr. Aguon: My name is Edward L. G. Agone. I'm a sole survivor. I was 15 years old when Guam was invaded. Good morning, members of the Guam War Claim Commission, the Honorable Mauricio Tamargo, Chairman; the Honorable Madeliene Borallo, our Congresswoman; the Honorable Ruth Van Cleve, former director of Office of Insular Affairs, Interior Department; the Honorable Robert Lagomarsino, former California Congressman; the Honorable Retired Supreme Court Chief Justice, Benjamin Cruz; and my cousin the Honorable and Former Speaker of the Guam Legislature, Antonio Unpingco.

Today, I am asked to remember a painful time in my life, a time that I've been trying to forget, twice before have been asked to remember the same painful memories. I hope that today will be the last. In the questionnaire, number six, A and B, and number seven, I wrote about my injuries, forced labor, and the infamous march to Manenggon. I am confident that this honorable Commission will read it with compassion and empathy.

Therefore, instead of repeating this incidence in detail, I would like to spend the next few minutes to express the deep pain and sorrow that were carved in my mind and in the minds of our people, I'm pretty sure, because of the cruel occupation we are forced to endure.

But how can anyone express all the feelings, Mr. Chairman? An experience of leading to a brutal, atrocious occupation by the enemy force in five minutes. Which memories are important, Mr. Chairman? Which ones are not? Which memories will make the Commission realize, Mr. Chairman, that, yes, the people of Guam do, indeed, deserve to be honored to the approximately 1,050 days or three years of what they had to live through and endure.

For me, the most painful thing I remember is not the beating or the punishment. It's not the forced labor or the loss of material things. The most agonizing memories comes to mind when I think of the occupation of being forced to watch people brutalized, tortured and killed, to see the look on their face when the final stab of the bayonet pierced their flesh, to hear the cries as their last breath leave their bodies. And even then, the attackers continued to thrust the bayonet into their lifeless bodies.

I talk about this horror in my questionnaire, question number seven. And question number eight of the questionnaire, I recall, as well, the most heartbreaking incident in my life, when we were hustled from our ranch and ordered to march to Manenggon). Tens of miles in hot and rainy days, we were gathered like cattle being led to slaughter. We could not help anyone who fell behind or fell down. Even if that person was your grandmother, a sick relative or a dying friend, you had to move on and leave them there, lying on the road covered with mud.

I didn't know what lay ahead, Mr. Chairman. Whether we were going to live or be slaughtered. And what of those who were injured and killed? My cousin, Marikita Perez Howard was killed. God knows how she died. My uncle, Phillipe Aguon Unpingco was brutally tortured and died, as well. Moreover, what about those members in my labor group who were critically injured? Jose Ignacio Flores from the Bisentiko Family, Jesus Cruz from the Papa Family and a man called Ibong who died from his internal injuries? What about those who lived through the war, Mr. Chairman, but have since passed away, like my friend, Juan Cabrera, who miraculously survived near beheading?

Their stories will never be told, and their testimony will never be heard. However, I know that their spirits are with us today. Honorable Commission members, this is my testimony. I hope that I am never asked again to remember these painful memories, memories that I want to forget.

I am 77 years old. If you ask me again in another 10 years, I may not be able to be here to testify. Thank you so much, Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission. I respectfully submit, I am. Thank you.

(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness. Our next witness will be Vicente San Nicolas.

Mr. Nicolas: To Speaker Ben Pangilinan, former Delegate Robert Underwood, Congressman Madeliene Bordallo, retired Justice Benjamin Cruz, former Speaker Tony Unpingco, Commission Chairman Mauricio Tamargo, former Interior Department Official Ruth Van Cleve, former Congressman Robert Lagomarsino), distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen.

Since I consider myself one of the endangered species coinciding with a war claim with you and, by virtue of our Chamorro people, dying one after another, I voluntarily agree to testify against the atrocity, treatment, horror and forced labor incurred to us during the Japanese occupation of Guam. Most people reminisce about their first love, while others about their anniversary, birthday, et cetera.

To me and other claimants, we do not fantasize or reminisce about past traumatic element appear and disappear to me while watching war movies or the 9-11 incident after the World Trade Center in New York in 2001. It is like watching myself on a movie screen, the horrors, hardship and suffering we all encountered during the war. I saw myself and others being forced to work under a gun filling potholes at the airstrip, clobbered with a stick on my left leg, dynamiting a hill or a coral rock, loading it on a dump truck for the airstrip, dug trenches, cleared vast tracts of land for plantation, delivered supply under a guard to different headquarters by bull cart, forced march from Ta'i to Manenggon camp, to a University of Guam site, then back to Manenggon.

I saw myself and families relocated to Anigua by the Catholic cemetery and to our demolished house caused by the U.S. bombardment. I pray this incident and injustices will not be repeated again, for you never know the meaning of water until the fountain went dry. And you'll never know the meaning of freedom until they took it away from you. God is my co-pilot. I thank you for letting me testify this morning. God bless you all.

(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We will now hear from Joseph Aguon.

Mr. Aguon: Good morning, Mr. Chairman. My name is Joe Aguon from Barrigad. The paper that you have in front of you was prepared 14 years ago, not intended for this hearing. This testimony was written on the 48th anniversary of the liberation of Guam, when my grandkid asked me for my experience during the war. So that's why I just want to mention this to you, that it's not intended for this hearing.

So I will just go and read some of the things that I prepared, because it will take a whole day for my experience. But since time is of the essence, we can't have the time. So I'll just read from that prepared testimony, which I gave my grandkid for school work. *My Life During the War*. Okay, early Monday morning in December 1941, I was at the church in Agana serving as an altar boy.

Most of you perhaps remember the name of the father, Father Roman, and suddenly we heard the sound of airplane. Father Roman told us that the people -- that the Japanese had bombed Sumay. So we all ran out. We went home, and my parents were ready to leave our home in Agana for the ranch. I took my youngest brother, Tony, and he was only one year old. I carried him on my back to the ranch in Barrigada, where we stayed for (62) years, remained there in Barrigada for (62) years.

Okay. Several days later, after the bombardment, on December 10, the Japanese government ordered the people of Guam to obtain passage to Agana. So I went to Agana with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Juan S. Alguon, both deceased, and my brothers and sisters, Danny, Raymond, Eddie, Lola. I'll mention all my brothers still alive at this time. To obtain passage, this passage allowed you to travel throughout the island and without question.

Without this passage, you will be in trouble with the kempetai, those are the police. During this period of time, I and my other brothers and sisters, except the youngest one, Tony, who was only a baby at the time, attended a Japanese school in Mangilao which now we call Price Elementary School. In school, I was constantly slapped and kicked by my teacher, called sensei, for not bowing my head to the Emperor of Japan, Hirohito.

In late 1942, I was forced to work at the airport, now called Tiyan or NAS Agana. My job was to dig and sometimes carry water for the Japanese soldiers. At the end of the day, we were getting a handful of rice as our payment. Later in the year, I was assigned to work in Canada, Barrigada as a mess boy. Again, I was transferred to work in Ordot digging tunnels. In our group, it consists of at least 30 people, young and old, as well. To dig tunnels and, if the Japanese were not satisfied, we were told to line up face-to-face and slap one another.

When my turn came, I refused to slap the old man facing me. I was hit by the Japanese guard holding a stick. The man whispered to me, go ahead and slap me. I will understand. So I slapped the old man. In 1943, I was back working at the airfield base in NAS Agana, and in one occasion I was at the job site watching the dog fight between the American airplanes and the Japanese.

I was caught by this Korean guard, called Choseng, at the job site, and he hit me with a stick, big stick. My left finger index was severely injured. The bone has healed up on my left index finger after many years later, but yet still, at the present time, I could not close my left index finger to make a fist.

The same year, I was riding on the back of a Japanese truck with a group of people to work at the airfield base when suddenly the two-by-four to which I was sitting in the back of the truck hit a tree and threw me five to ten feet to the ground. Luckily, I was not injured.

Returning home from work at the airfield base, three Japanese soldiers came to the house armed with rifles and took my father for questioning. My father was accused of hiding and feeding George Tweed, an American radioman, Navy, who took to the jungle rather than to surrender to the Japanese. My father, Juan Santos Aguon, as I understand, was beaten by the Japanese, by the kempetai. He was later released when he told the Japanese how can he feed George Tweed when he doesn't have enough food to feed his family of ten?

In the early part of 1944, we were forced to march from our place in Barrigada to the concentration camp in Talofofo in Manenggon). We were all in constant fear for our lives knowing that the Japanese had killed some people in Merizo and other parts of the island and to massacre the people at the concentration camp here in Manenggon). We stayed at the camp up until the American forces recaptured the island of Guam on July 21, 1944.

Chairman Tamargo: Sir?

Mr. Aguon: All the people in the camp packed up their things and moved back to their respective villages. Yes, we were lucky because the Japanese soldiers were already planning to kill all the people in the camp.

Chairman Tamargo: Mr. Aguon, thank you very much. I know it's difficult for you to recount these memories. Alright, we will now have the next panel. Please provide your copies to us. I wish to acknowledge the presence in the chamber of the following senators: Lou Leone Guerrero, Tony Sanford, Tina Muna Barnes, Carmen Fernandez and Robert Klitzkie who was here earlier. And I wanted to thank you for the use of the chamber. We will recess for five minutes. Thank you.

(break in session)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Thank you. We'll now have our next speaker, Juan Unpingco. Thank you very much, sir.

Juan Unpingco): Alright. Ready? My name is Juan Martinez Unpingco. I am 79 years old and blessed with eight children. Good morning, Mr. Mauricio Tamargo, Ms. Ruth Van Cleve, Mr. Robert Lagomarsino, Mr. Benjamin J. Cruz, Mr. Antonio Unpingco, Ms. June Blaz and Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo and the people of Guam.

In the morning of December 8, 1941, Japanese warplanes came to Guam and started bombing and shooting Sumay in the city of military installation headquarters in Agana. We were about to celebrate the Fiesta of Santa Marian Kamalin. Instead, some of our people were running, shouting, go home and hide because Japanese warplanes are here. And soon everything bombed. I went home immediately and found all my family packing and ready to go to Barrigada and hide there.

During the invasion, the Japanese imperialist soldiers came to Agana Heights where the governor's palace was located. I remember insular guards. One of them was Pete Cruz defending the island and Mr. Camacho, a photographer, was killed. However, Mr. Cruz leave, they tell what he has been through, and remember the one of his TV appearance so he can hardly see anymore and tears in his eyes start coming down in his face when he talk about the invasion.

I was made to work by force at Mangilao field digging soil all day to find and collect manganese and, at the end of the day, turn it over to Japanese soldier. I was forced to work with my family. My mom and sisters went to Mangilao field tilling the soil and clean the bushes for farming. My dad, my brother were working at Jalaguak air base and Japanese plane to land. At night, planes appeared from nowhere and began bombing and shooting, shot fire from all direction. Me and my fellow workers were so scared that we run for our life and hide in the bushes until the war planes left.

Then the Japanese soldiers will call us back to work and repeated fill the holes and they were bombed. We seldom go to the other village and to Agana because we were afraid that we might meet Japanese soldier who were so mean and brutal. I have seen them slap our people with them and even stab people to death with their bayonet. They were ruthless and they have no regards to the value of human life. Then one day the Japanese soldiers who were on patrol came to our ranch destroying things and terrorizing us. We were so scared, especially when the same soldier raped my Auntie Margaret.

One day the Japanese soldier armed with rifle and an interpreter telling to forcing us to march to Manenggon) concentration camp. We have to carry whatever we can and when we marched the rain came down, and all of us were wet, but we can't stop walking. I can hear babies and children crying and some old people mooring due to the hunger and tiresome march.

If you stopped to rest, you'd be whipped and beat. These were the march when my father, but whipped -- oh boy he was whipped really had no reason, apparent reason. He was whipped with tangantangan stick five feet long, one inch thick, my dad was whipped so severely until his body was swollen, lacerated, covered with matted blood and bruises. The beatings took so long, so the soldiers took turns beating him. When the beating was finished, my father went to the nearby river and soaked his wounds for two hours to lessen the pain, swelling and bleeding.

When he came to the concentration camp, we build our tent and next to it a hole which already dug four feet by eight and six feet deep. We already knew that the hole was used for a graveyard for massacre. One day I went to find food and found a big, breadfruit tree. I climbed

the tree and picked so many breadfruit and carried it in my burlap sack and went to the concentration camp. Before I entered the village, I was stopped by a leader taicho and show him the breadfruit. They took the largest and left the ones for me. He left me with less than the sack and then I took it to my mom.

But a short time later, my mom was crying and lying down when she scold me and said, Johnny, look what the Japanese soldier did to me. She was brutally whipped and all her body was swollen. There were bruises and clot. I put wet cloth around her body to lessen the swelling and the blood clot and told her to stop crying. She made me promise that I will not do anything drastic to avenge her beating. She knew that if I do, the Japanese will kill me instantly.

My mom was a very good mother. She always cautioned me to stay out of trouble to prevent getting whipped by the soldiers. We were in the concentration camp for weeks. One day, we were rounded up and told to carry a box of bullets and one going up to the southwest and the other group heading north. My dad and brother went to south. It was this time that I run away and hide in the jungle. I found my friend there, Segundo Aguon and some relatives at the big cave in the south near Merizo. I keep on moving and hear later from somebody's family that the group that headed north to Yigo were beheaded after they were carried box of bullets and supplies to the guard post.

Our people, as well as my family, endured so much hardship, pain and agony and torture. There are times that I have nightmare remembering the suffering and torture and the killing that I witnessed as a young man. I still remember the mangled bodies, the stink of the dead bodies and the beheaded bodies with worms and flies feeding them. I am very happy that I've been given the opportunity to tell my story so that I can find peace within me and sleep good at night.

I am no longer scared. The worst has happened. The United States of America, with all this power to stop all this atrocities so that we can enjoy the peace and freedom we now have, I am proud to be a Chamorro, and American. I suffered for this freedom, and I will do it again to keep freedom. Having lived through the atrocities of war, I know that freedom is not always free. You must pay a price and sacrifice your liberty. I now understand why it is necessary to promote more peace and stability. That is because we are freedom-loving nation, and I fully support a nation in suppressing terrorism so that we can all enjoy freedom and live in a safer place.

Thank you, and may God bless Guam and the United States of America. Thank you and may God bless you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Unpingco. I do have a question. You marked on your questionnaire that you did not file a claim.

Mr. Unpingco: No, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Can you just simply say why?

Mr. Unpingco: We are not -- nobody got killed in my family. We have nothing to file.

Chairman Tamargo: Were you aware of the program at the time?

Mr. Unpingco: Not that I know of. I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, thank you.

Mr. Unpingco: You're welcome, sir. And thank you for letting me speak today.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Very good, sir. Thank you. We'll now here from Tony Palomo.

Mr. Palomo: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. And just for the record, I'd like to say that John here is an outstanding citizen of Guam. Just for your information, he's the father of the Federal Judge and the father also of the Judge of the Superior Court. Nobody else can claim that. Right, John? (laughter) No, I'm among good people here, and Manuel here is my classmate from George Washington High School.

Mr. Chairman, members of the Commission, thank you for being here. It's probably 40 years too late. I want to mention that the people really who should be considered are not here. I venture to say that 70 percent of the people who died or were injured during the war are gone. Just for your information, I wrote a book some years ago, about 20 years ago. I spent three years interviewing people, and I talked to about 100 Chamorros from Guam about their experiences in the war.

And I was going through the book the other day, and 80 percent of them are no longer here. And those were the people who really ought to have been compensated at that time. And as far as -- I remember the war. I was 10 years old at the war. Like many of our people here, I was over at chapel here in San Antonio where Ada business commercial area is. That's where the San Antonio chapel was, and it's about 62 years ago, maybe a couple hours more or less, from now when the island was bombed by Japanese planes from Saipan.

And the first two casualties of that war was Terry Cruz and Larry Pangelinan who were Chamorro young men working at the Pan American Hotel at Sumay and Richard White or Bob, Robert,

White from the U.S.S. Penguin was the other one, the three casualties on the first day. But in any event, from that time on, the lives of the people of Guam were totally changed.

We were living over at San Antonio, the District of San Antonio. Agana used to have about 10 districts. It's no more. Agana was never rehabilitated since the war, although we have had many promises from many sources. But the island has never been rehabilitated. And so from that time, from the time that the Japanese attacked Guam on December 8, 1941, my family left for Mogfog, about 12 miles from Agana, and we stayed there throughout the war period.

My father, who was a carpenter, became overnight a farmer and one of the best farmers there were. And he was also a man prepared to fight for the island and fight for the country. In fact, one of the first things he did, he got himself a pistol. Imagine a small man, he swapped several chickens for a pistol to prepare himself in case he needs to face the enemy. And he was one of those people who returned to Agana after the invasion and he helped bury 30 bodies in East Agana. And I don't think that those bodies were ever recovered. But you know when the Japanese came in, they were shooting everybody on sight on the way from East Agana to Agana, and there were about 30 bodies that my dad helped bury.

The only claim I have is for my father. He did work as a forced laborer over at Tiyan, but if you remember the Meritorious Claims Act, there's no provision there relative to forced labor, I don't think, at least the original law. And I don't think there was any claim ever made for forced labor or encampment. I believe the only claims that were made were for death, injury and loss of property, but not for forced labor or encampment. So I assume there would be people who can merit compensation.

And just one last item, please, because I think it's important for the Committee to understand the situation existing here in 1945 and 1946. This is the critical period where the law was enacted and implemented. And if you know your history, in 1945, we were still at war. Guam was a military camp. There were about 200,000 American soldiers here. There were only about 23,000 Chamorros. Three-fourths of the island were occupied by military forces. We have to understand that. How do you -- there's no free movement of people. Eighty percent of the buildings in Guam were destroyed by the war. Eighty percent.

So you can imagine how it was. As late as December 1945 and early Spring 1946, there were still people getting killed out there. American soldiers and sailors were being killed by snipers. Chamorros were being killed by Japanese long after the war. So I want to submit a statement here that I'm sure would help the Committee fully understand the situation existing in those years when the Meritorious Claims Act was enacted into law. Thank you very much, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Palomo. Go ahead, Commissioner Cruz.

Commissioner Cruz: Tony, can you provide us with a copy of that book that you wrote with the 100 stories? Because I think maybe some of the commissioners might -

Mr. Palomo: Yes, I will. I'll collect copies and I'll give it to Steve. Steve is a long-time colleague of mine from Annapolis. He works for the Interior. But I will provide copies of the book for the Commission.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Palomo. We will -- you mentioned that you did not file a claim or you filed a claim, but not for internment and forced labor?

Mr. Palomo: No, no.

Chairman Tamargo: Your family, I mean.

Mr. Palomo: I don't really -- I don't think my dad filed a claim. He never mentioned it. Neither did my mother mention it. So we never heard. But knowing my father, he probably wouldn't. He's a very independent person, and he thinks those might be a waste of his own time.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Palomo. We will now hear from Manuel Merfalen [phonetic].

Mr. Merfalen: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Good morning members of the Commission. I want to thank the Commission members for the invitation here today. Congressman Madeliene Bordallo, Mr. Camacho, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. I am Manny Merfalen to represent my father, deceased, my brother, deceased, and my sister, also deceased, and myself. I'm going to stay away from the process of internment and the process of forced march.

I'm going to get to the point of brutality that was sustained by both my father, my brother and my sister, as well as myself. I'm going to start off with my sister. One morning, we were visited by a few Japanese and an interpreter and the Commissioner of Dededo. At the present time, their title is Mayor. They introduced themselves to be the representative of the police, and the reason for their being there was because of my sister being married to an American Navy man. The interpreter was sort of rushing the investigation, and he thought that, when I was delivering the question to my mother, he thought that my mother was the wife of the American Navy man. I had my sister in hiding.

And the question, the first question that came out, was where is the American? My mother cannot answer that because she doesn't know what he was talking about. So immediately went and told my sister to come out, when the next question was told to my mother, if you didn't tell the truth, you would all be executed. This is in regards to my brother-in-law being an American, and they thought that we were hiding an American.

So the question went on repeatedly to my sister, and my sister was only giving them a negative answer. Each time they're not satisfied with the answer, it was followed with a blow in the face, not with the palm open, but with the fist closed, to my sister's face every time she gave a negative answer. This went on for almost an hour, and they finally decided to leave, leaving my sister with a puffy face, bleeding through the mouth and nose.

And then the following day, the same people came, informing my mother that we have to deliver my sister down to the Agana police station for more investigation. My mother ordered me to accompany my sister to the police quarters. I turned her in, and the same interpreter that came to Dededo the day before was there waiting for my sister.
[End of Tape 2.]

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[Tape 3]

(in progress)

Mr. Merfalen: The other two Japanese who came with him wasn't there except for an additional man who was there in the police station. He ordered my sister to sit, and then turned around and looked and told me to get out. But I didn't want to leave my sister alone because I wanted to see what they were going to do to her. So I walked out the door, and did not leave. I stood just outside the wall of that police station listening to what they were going to do next.

By coincidence, they were moving her into the next room, but I cannot help but watch in through the window just across from where she was standing with the interpreter and another man in that room. They were tying up her hands in front of her, and there was a chair just before her and she was told to get on the chair. So they strung up my sister to the beam of that building and I watched her dangling on that rope.

Then the questions started. The same line of questioning was repeated that she was answering negatively when she was questioned the day before up in Dededo. Every time she gave an answer, it was followed with a whip, about a yard long whip, instead of a beating with the hand. I can see through the window flashes of blood. Her dress is soaked with blood. She's not -- she wasn't crying, but I can see tears dripping through her face. That makes me so angry. I had to run away from there as far as I go.

And when she was unconscious before I left that place, the interpreter who was doing all the whipping instructed the man inside with him to bring a container of -- well, I thought maybe a container of water to wake her up. When I was watching through the window, they poured this container of liquid over her head, then she started screaming. And what it was, it's not water, but it's gas. I can smell the fume of that gas coming out through that window from a distance of maybe 15 feet. So I started moving away from the building. I was crying. As far as I can go from 100 feet away, I can still hear my sister yelling.

I went to my mother and told her what happened. The following day, they dropped my sister off in Dededo. She cannot eat. She won't eat. She won't talk for weeks. And then the investigation stopped. The more of the concentration -- the most of the concentration of the investigation was concentrated on the subject of my sister being married to an American Navy man, but what can she give other than to say no because there's no way that she can give any information with pertaining to the military and the activities that my brother-in-law was doing. Her husband never told her anything about the Navy anyway, to begin with.

The next topic that I'm going to cover was accounting of the number of people that we have in the family. The day after

Chairman Tamargo: Mr. Merfalen, could you summarize please, quickly?
(discussion off microphone)

Mr. Merfalen: Yes, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(discussion off microphone)

Mr. Merfalen: The next day that happened, we were all sorted out in groups. My two brothers, all the other sisters were assigned to areas where they were supposed to be doing some work. And I was put together with my older brother and my father digging pits for making charcoal. And three weeks after that, one morning we reported to work on the same side, my brother and I noted that my father wasn't there.

My father disappeared for the entire day. The following day, my mother found out that my father was in the hospital. We got more information about the situation, and we found out that the day he was missing from the site where we were working, he was down at the police station in Dededo being beaten up by the securities, ending up with multiple broken bones in his body, then ending up in the hospital.

Lastly, about three weeks just before the activities of the American airplanes started coming in more often, we were on an ammunition and supply detail for some command in Mangilao for the military and, at the time, there was a plane flying over us. We were told to disperse with what we have on our shoulder into the jungle. My brother, being a heavy smoker, he took out his cigarette and light it, and momentarily when the supervisor of that crew saw the light, he yelled at one end of the group of people where we were and, in no time, he was there already yelling at my brother. I couldn't help watching him, what he was going through, and he was brutally kicked, hit with a stick, knocked down unconsciously.

Then I try to render help to give him comfort when an officer and three other men were approaching. About that time, they were lifting him up, as I was holding my brother on one arm, and the officer drew his sword out. I thought he was going to cut my brother's head, but then he waved at me, placing the blade on my arm, left arm, and moving me to move away. So those two men in uniform held my brother's arm in a position where he can have access to the head of my brother, but then he didn't do it. He withdrew his sword back into the scabbard, leaving me with a slash on the gut about an inch and a quarter scar, permanent scar that was inflicted by the sword. And at that time, they tied my brother's arm and dragged him behind a horse, and that was the last time I see of him. And that is the end of my testimony, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you very much. Okay, we will now hear from Roberta de la Cruz.

Ms. de la Cruz: Barbara.

Chairman Tamargo: I'm sorry, Barbara de la Cruz.

Ms. de la Cruz: Good morning, Commission members. Thank you for granting me the opportunity to speak here today. My name is Barbara Maria Castro de la Cruz. I was born in Agana on November 30, 1934. Though it is difficult to tell you my story in just five minutes, here is what I remember most about that time in my life. I was seven years old during the Japanese invasion of the island. I lived with my family in Didigue, Sinajana.

During World War II, I was ordered to work. My family endured great hardship during the occupation, and I witnessed firsthand the brutality of war. During World War II, I was ordered to work by the Japanese at Ta'i, Mangilao and Jalaguak, Tiyan pulling weeds and gathering woods. My work hour was usually from eight a.m. to five p.m., and most of the time I had to walk from home to work because transportation was not provided. I worked without compensation.

I witnessed the beheading of three Chamorro men, who the Japanese accused for spying for assisting the American George Tweed. During the execution, Japanese put us in order according to our height. Because of my size, I was placed at the front row, a few feet away from the men who were to be killed. It was a painful experience because the Japanese threatened that anyone who looked away or showed any emotion during the execution would be next, saying we were witnessing our mirror that could be done to us as well.

In 1944, my family was ordered to march to a concentration camp in Manenggon, Yona. The long walk lasted three days and four nights. I usually sleep at the side of the road during the march. At the concentration camp, we stayed in temporary tents and were not permitted to leave the tent, only to wash clothes at a nearby river or cook food. The burning of fire was forbidden in the evening. My father dug a hole in the middle of the tent for us to use as the toilet area.

At the concentration camp, one evening I witness an older Chamorro lady being struck by a Japanese soldier with a bayonet on the side of her face for not obeying the orders to not burn fire in the evening. I was scared when I saw the blood rush from her ear. During the war, three of my sisters died, as well as my maternal grandfather died from hunger during the war. For more information about the war, I have submitted five pages for the Commission to go forward.

Once again, I thank you very much, and God bless you on your way home. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. I have a question, Ms. de la Cruz. Did your family file a claim?

Ms. de la Cruz: Yes, sir. Yes, sir. My mother did in 1945 and 1946 for a land claim, but they only gave her \$700.

Chairman Tamargo: And what about death?

Ms. de la Cruz: No, she didn't claim for the dead because, see, we thought that it's just for hunger. It's not the Japanese that kill like cutting the neck or whatever. It's just hunger. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We will now hear from Evelina Reyes Rios.

Ms. Rios: Good day to all of you especially the panel and Mrs. Madeliene Bordallo and all the visitors. I am Alvina Reyes Rios and I am from Agat. I am living in Agat at the time of the war. I was 13 years old at the time of the Japanese. I was made to work in the rice field. I was made to work in the garden in Agat. They took me to Jalaguak. They made me borrow...

(discussion off microphone)

Male Voice: Continue.

Ms. Rios: Do I have to repeat myself?

Male Voice: No.

Ms. Rios: I was made to work by the Japanese. I was only 13 years old at the time. I was living in Agat with my parents. I was made to work in the rice field. I was made to work in Piti planting rice. I worked in the village of Agat to be in the garden. I was made to work in Jalaguak. The damage on my back is still there because when I was busy clearing land and I would stretch my body, the Japanese would throw rocks at me. It is still there on my back. When I was done working in Jalaguak clearing the air field, I was taken to Fenna from Nimitz Beach, I walked from there at 2 in the morning after being roused from sleep by my mother to get ready to go to work. I'd get to Fenna at 6 in the morning and if I was late at least one minute, I would get one slap on my mouth. For three minutes, it was three slaps on my mouth. When I am done in Fenna, I would grate 125 coconuts. I would get off at 6pm and by the time I got home to the ranch at 9 at night. I was always by myself in the jungle. There was no road, no people on the road, only myself all alone. When I get to the ranch, I'd tell my mother about how scared I am by myself. She'd always plead for me to go or else we'd get beheaded if you don't work. If I tell the Japanese that I don't feel well they'll touch me to see if I have a fever. You women here, you know that something visits us every month then I don't like telling them that I wasn't feeling well because of that and then they'll just tell me to go and work whether I like it or not. I get sick from stomach cramps and I'd tell my mother I didn't want to work but she'd tell me about us being killed if I didn't work. I'm sorry. I cannot say anymore.

(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: Tell her that she can take her time.

Male Voice: Do you want to continue?

Ms. Rios: No more, never mind.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Alright, we'll now have the next panel. Please provide the written statements you have.

(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We will now hear from Nicholas Pangelinan. Go ahead, sir. Sorry about your name.

Mr. Pangelinan): My name is Nicholas Barcinas Pangilinan. I was born on September 10, 1927 -- going through all these iterations. I wish I could say added on because I've went through it. I want to thank each and every one of you members who are giving us the time to hear some of our stories or whatever, what we had to go through with the atrocities of the Japanese and everything that has transpired here on the island. We went through a lot of -- I, myself, was 14 years old at the time.

I was offered to go to school, but the Japanese school. However, I took work. We worked at the airport. We build that Tiyan airport with pick and shovel. There was no mechanized equipment to build. We were all working with our -- the Japanese, some of the Japanese that I associated with during my time, were even amazed of the words that I used in the Japanese term, like muko'. The manager of the Hotel Nikko Guam was asking me what was that word because, even though it's Japanese, she doesn't know. But muko' is an implement where they shovel dirt into it, and we carry it to empty it like a bulldozer to a pickup truck. And those are the atrocities that labored on the island was really, really, I would say, nerve wracking.

My sister was a very beautiful young girl, and three Japanese soldiers pulled her to more or less a ranch that was deserted and, knowing that she was going to be raped, she pulled herself away from them, and we were all following. And there's so many things that went on. Working from sunrise to sunset every day. And then the -- all the atrocities that we went through, you hear everybody, it's all the same situation. And that's all I have. I hate to be like the other people.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Did your family file a claim under the Guam Meritorious Claims Act?

Mr. Pangelinan: My mother filed a claim for land claims, but the claims that we filed, the house that we had, we had our own home and also we had a big building that Mrs. Sawada was renting it for residence and a department store and a bar. However, my mother only got a claim for \$7,000. But today, that house you cannot build for a half a million dollars, and our home was -- it's a three-bedroom house. It's not air conditioned of any kind. However, it's -- in those days to have a flush toilet in your home is really something.

Chairman Tamargo: Well, what about a death claim or torture or work, forced labor? Any other claim?

Mr. Pangelinan: There's no claim. We didn't submit. The time that I left the island, I don't even know what the claims were because my uncle came from California, and we were the first

to leave the island as a student in 1946. I graduated from Valejo High School, and that was the dream I always wanted to endure.

Chairman Tamargo: So you don't know if your family filed any other type of claim?

Mr. Pangelinan: There's no claim whatsoever to that effect.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you think it was because they did not know?

Mr. Pangelinan: No, we knew. But, to tell you the truth, I think my mother, she was so happy that we were liberated, she had no interest in getting monetary -- well, whatever.

Chairman Tamargo: Great. Thank you very much. We will now hear from Johnny Sablan.

Mr. Sablan: Good afternoon. Good morning, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: I wish to also thank you for volunteering at our office and helping with this. Thank you.

Mr. Sablan: Thank you, sir. Good morning, good afternoon and Hello, Chairman, Demarco and commissioners of the War Claims Review Commission. My name is Johnny Sablan. I'm here this afternoon to share with you the story of my family. I'm the youngest child of seven children, born to Matias and Theresa Sablan Leon Guerrero). I'd like to pause, Mr. Chairman, at this particular point here. That this issue is so sensitive, and I will try to suspense with all the details in the items that is shown on our application under the Guam War Claims Commission.

My mother died in 1935, leaving behind seven children under the care of my father. I was eight years old when the Japanese occupied Guam. I assume that I'm eight years old. 1933 to 1941 when the Japanese occupied Guam. I remember vividly that the events that took place and their impact on my family.

Prior to the Japanese invasion, my father worked as a Navy musician. At the time of the Japanese occupation, my father, I think, was 54 years old and retired from the U.S. Navy under the insular force of Guam. His talent became an asset to the Japanese and everything seems to go well with him playing with his retired U.S. military friends for the Japanese official functions. Everything seems to have been going great for him. He never had to work the fields crop. He drinks a lot, morning, afternoon and evening. And most Chamorro -- as long as he wore his ID badge, he was free, for the most part, to move around from different areas, unlike most Chamorros who were confined to concentration camps.

It was peaceful for us, and it seemed like he was favored in one. We went about our way as normal expected, until one morning in the early part of 1944. To the surprise of my family, one interpreter, Chamorro from Saipan, and two Japanese soldiers came to our house and arrested my dad. To this day, I do not know what the reasons for the arrest. The days ahead were full of fear and intimidation for us children.

My sister, Cecilia, the eldest among us, took over the responsibility of our care. Every evening, I would go and sit in front of the prison where my dad was taken. Mr. Chairman, I wrote an article back in 1992 as a veteran in celebration of the Army Ball of Guam. I did mention these things, what happened to my father. One section --

Chairman Tamargo: We'll include it in the record.

Mr. Sablan: Okay. Yes, sir. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Continue, sir.

Mr. Sablan: Okay. To the surprise of my family, one interpreter -- okay, I finished that. The days ahead were full of fear. Okay, we finished that part. And I went there and I would look into the interrogation room and would see my dad being questioned and tortured. This lasted for about three months, when my father finally died from all the beatings and torture. The trauma that surrounded my family did not end with my father's death. I had two sisters who were hiding in the Minondo caves in Agana, around the Agana shopping center now. They were cut by the Japanese on their breasts and other body parts were severed -- and they were beheaded and buried alive.

I am now 70 years old to this day, and I live with terrors of the killings of my father and sisters. It was 60 years ago, but the nightmares of those fateful days remain in my thoughts. Will there ever be a closure for me? I thank our Lord for finally having this opportunity to see that the United States finally wants to hear what happened to us Chamorros during the Japanese occupation. Even at my age, I see closure and resolve. I hope it will happen soon and during my lifetime. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Johnny. In your form, you indicate that no claim was filed because you think the family was not aware of the opportunity to file a claim?

Mr. Sablan: Well, I've already communicated with all my -- one sister that is still alive, and the rest were already deceased, that I would submit all the --

Chairman Tamargo: I'm asking about under the Navy, during the Navy program.

Mr. Sablan: No.

Chairman Tamargo: Was your family aware of the program back then to file claims?

Mr. Sablan: I'm not aware, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Alright, thank you. We will now hear from Rita Franquez. Good to see you again. Thank you very much. Pass the microphone please.

Ms. Franquez: Distinguished members of the War Claims Commission, good morning. And may you all have the charity in your heart, the compassion and understanding of how it was and what we went through and what we still go through. Brutality, arrogance and indifference has many forms, not just physical. And some of the brutality that we endure daily as Chamorro people are of the insidious variety, which will destroy us before we know what has been done or what has happened to us. So, but, that's a different story.

What I would like to show you, because things that happen and events in wars and even in different things, they do not happen in a vacuum. They happen in a context of related and interrelated and very complex events. What I would like to show you is how it was, and we're talking now about 1945.

I would like to show you because this map is much later than that. This is a map of Guam, and, to me, it is heartbreaking that Americans whose jurisdiction we are under and who are nationals --

Chairman Tamargo: Excuse me, Rita? You're out of the camera shot. Could you do that behind that table there?

Ms. Franquez: Oh, okay.

Chairman Tamargo: Use that microphone there. That way we'll be televised.

Ms. Franquez: Alright. If you look at it, the yellow areas are what the military wanted us to occupy. It will be the reservations for the Chamorro Indians. Anyway, the southern part of Guam was designated. The yellow part I cut out from the two above just to show you that, had this plan with Admiral Pownell with the new U.S. Naval Government had gone through, we would have had a reservation in 1945 for the Chamorro Indians I presume we would be under. And all those little things there that would have been designated as reserved for Chamorro reservation would probably comprise one-fifth of this island.

I also understand later on that there was some senator who was really abhorrent about the land takings of the Chamorro people, but it had to be done quickly because, you see, the land was already taken for military bases and military needs. And so we had to be made citizens very quickly. Very quickly because you can't condemn land from people who are not U.S. citizens. So we became ipso facto, abra cadabra, we are U.S. citizens. But we had to fix it quickly. And I heard of another incident where some (indiscernible), I'm not sure, that wanted to move all of the mere 25,000 people to southwestern states. Arizona, Texas, maybe New Mexico. We would be transported there because, gee, there's not very many of them and we need that land.

It's amazing that such a small bit of land in the middle of all that water is, everybody tells us is insignificant, and yet so important. The military men who used to come to my mother's store to tell her that her land was useless, she'd say, my son, you are a Captain, I believe. The Admiral doesn't have anything better to do than to send you here to tell me how worthless my land is every day for a long time? Come on.

Anyway, but what I want you to prove from this point is that this map shows the indifference, the insensitivity, the callousness, the total disregard for the indigenous people of this land and how what you do impacts us. Everything you do. But we are at your mercy, and we have had centuries of callousness and indifference and arrogance and, you name it, brutality. And we survived in spite of it. Four centuries almost of Spain and Japan.

Now, sometimes I wonder, will we endure too now? I have this feeling that we are American subjects, not quite Americans like you, but American subjects. And there's a very distinct gap, chasm, crevice, whatever you want to call it, between an American subject and American citizen. But what I want you to know is, in 1945 there was no such things as human rights or television or radio to tell us that this opportunity was there.

I do not know whether my mother filed a claim, but she might have because we are related to very well informed people. And they probably knew. And she also is quite an enterprising woman. During the war, we made a lot of money by being in the black market illegal whiskey business. And there was three in that company. B.J.'s mother, my mother and me.

(audience laughter and applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Ms. Franquez.

Ms. Franquez: But before I just say, I sincerely want to tell you all that, in spite of my rather strident remarks, I know our people are very loyal Americans. Be kind to them because you will never again ever see a group of people who are as loyal to the United States in every aspect, in every way, and all the time. They might grumble a bit here and there because they know they

have that little bit of freedom, but this is your, I would say, the loyal. And remember that when you go back to convey this attitude that so much has been done against them, and yet they are patriotic, loyal Americans.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Franquez: We certainly need to be recognized for that.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: We will now hear from Katalina Duenas. Thank you.

Ms. Duenas: Good morning, members of the Committee. My name is Katalina I. Duenez. I'm residing from Dededo village. I was born on April 10, 1931, in Agana, Guam. Sorry. On the morning of December 8, 1941, at Santa Cruz Church in Anigua, we were attending mass when it was announced that the Japanese bombed Sumay and must leave and prepare to go to the ranch. However, my family didn't leave the city right away since my parents were busy baking bread since the people kept coming to buy more and more bread.

My parents and my brother, Augusto, my sister, Martha, Auntie Lole' and myself were still in Agana when the Japanese planes start bombing the city of Agana. Must be around five p.m. to six p.m. when we finally started leaving Agana and headed to my grandparents ranch at Radio, Barrigada. For three days later, we were still hiding in the boonie under a large Breadfruit tree. We have to pass in order to visit our house in Agana.

School started and my mom was informed that I must attend the Japanese school. After exercising bowing to the Emperor of Japan, we sang for the rising of the flag. As we marched into the classroom, we formed two to three rows. Before I sitted, I had to go straight to the Japanese teacher and receive my present, slap or punch across my face, four times, five days a week. I cried. Japanese didn't like American, and I just happen that I'm just a little, poor, innocent American child. I received this punishment as long as there's classes.

We're forced to work planting corn. I was assigned to cover the corn after the ground was dug, but I'm so slow at being beaten on my back with the steam of the coconut leaf. As I was assigned to collect some. Also, I was assigned to collect some kind of plants for the vegetables. All the children from my class or from my school in Barrigada worked to clear a big field for the airstrip. I remember one day, when my grandmother took me with her, to attend a meeting that I overheard that, even if the American ship return, they won't even find a flag. I got scared because for sure we were going to die. With the family prayed, asking God to spare our life and wait patiently for the American to free us from the hand of the Japanese.

Then one day, I feared for my life and the life of my brother, Augusto, my sister, Martha, at the ranch. We're alone. Mom was going to deliver a baby and our dad was out with the Japanese. We three had to hide under the ranch. There is a foxhole that my father dug out for us to hide. Whenever I see the plane, the planes started to have dogfight and bombing the island.

Soon after that, we pack our belongings and move to another area. We just started to settle down again, we move to another place. We thought that will be the last one, but the same day once again around sunset or sundown -- sundown, excuse me -- we started getting ready to move. With the people, thousands of us, started to march very, very slowly.

I remembered my grandmother's sister. She almost passed out due to being very sick. Later on, she died. Anyway, we marched from Mangilao shortly after dark toward Yona, and before we reached the water pump the Japanese guards started to directed us to hide along the road because the American plane. We all tried to hide. I feared the sound of the bomb. I tried to hide. I got bitten by the bees, hundreds of bees, from my head to my legs. I mean plenty of it. I ran out so fast to the road, and I was crying, hurting all over. And all of a sudden, I'm in shock when the Japanese guard have no mercy because he poked my thigh with his bayonet. I felt something warm and when I looked at it, I was bleeding from my thighs

(beginning of Side B, Tape 3; in progress)

Ms. Duenez: Mom saw what happened, but she can't do or say anything about it. It's best not to, if you know what it's good for you. I walked slowly back to my mom. Until we reached As Inan, and I don't know how to spell As Inan, that late afternoon just before dark that day, my parents started to settle us all in one area. We have no roof over our head, mats on the ground.

I remember that night so well. We all slept very little due to lots of rain that night, as I remember, too. We never had our meal on that day. The next day at the camp, my parents were informed to start digging a foxhole for us to stay in. My father refused to do so. We hardly have food supply since we are rushed away from our ranch in Barrigada.

Then one morning, the people on the hill started shouting, the Americans are here, the Americans are here. I ran onto the hill. I remember so well, I receive a pack of gum and a big hug with a big smile with tears of joy on my face. The next day, once again, we marched down the hill to a different place called Manenggon near Yona. This time, we are all happy because, indeed, Uncle Sam came back to Guam, and we all thank God that we're alive and safe and in good hands once again.

I'm very happy to be alive and well. Thank God, and thank you for your time.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Duenas: Thanks to hear my story and what I went through during my very young age. Once again, thank you. Tears still wets my eyes when I think back about the war. My name is Katalina I. Duenas again. Thank you very much for listening to my story.

Chairman Tamargo: Ms. Duenas, thank you very much. I appreciate the difficulty it was to retell it again. Do you think your family was not aware of the program run by the Navy?

Ms. Duenez: Really, I do not know, sir. I have no idea or any information about it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Ms. Duenas: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness will be Cecilia Yatar.

Ms. Yatar: Good afternoon. My name is Charlene Yatar. At the request of my mother, she has requested that I read her written testimonial for you today.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Yatar: This will be the testimonial of Cecilia Santos Yatar. Good afternoon, members of the Commission. My name is Cecilia Santos Yatar. I was born on November 22, 1924, in Atan Tano', Sumay [phonetic] and was 17 years old when Japan bombed Guam on December 8, 1941. I am the eldest surviving family member of the late Katalina Degracia Cruz, and I'm here today to offer testimony on the atrocities that my family experienced at the hands of the Japanese forces.

My mother, Katalina Degracia Cruz, was accused of aiding and harboring George Tweed, who was a U.S. Navy holdout and Pedro Dumanal, a native Chamorro of Filipino decent, who refused to surrender to the Japanese. She was also accused of hiding explosives, machine guns and a radio. As a result, my family endured severe beatings, torture, imprisonment and death.

My mother was severely beaten. She was imprisoned at Agana and also tortured. Her beating included being tied to a tree and beaten to the point of vomiting blood. Sometime in the early 1950s, she was admitted to the hospital after having been found to have contracted tuberculosis. Her x-rays revealed a broken scapula and a few cracked ribs that, at this point, had already fused to her lungs. This was attributed to the beatings suffered under the Japanese occupation. My mother would orally discharge blood performing strenuous work up to the time of her death in 1983.

My brother, Anacito Degracia Santos, was severely beaten, imprisoned and tortured. His torture consisted of his fingernails being pulled from the roots by pliers, before being executed by beheading on April 1, 1944, and which my mother was forced to watch. My brother, Tomas Degracia Santos, was severely beaten to the point he could not walk and was eventually killed while performing forced labor for the Japanese. My brother, Jesus Degracia Santos, was wounded performing forced labor for the Japanese and was buried alive at Bangngi Island.

And I, personally, was severely beaten with pieces of wood and with the sheath of a Japanese long sword over a period of almost a whole day. And I was also threatened with rape and death. I was also made to work in the rice fields and, later, plant food for the Japanese forces. After my mother's release from prison sometime in mid-April of 1944, my family was forced marched from Atan Tano', Sumay, to the Fenna prison camp, which was an intern camp for American collaborators and spies.

A total of 11 families were interned at this prison camp and were the following: My mother, Katalina Degracia Cruz and family, Mr. Mariano Nauta and family, Mr. Jose Toves and family, Mrs. Chong Toves Kaiser and family, Mrs. Rosa Aguigui Degracia and family, surviving family members of Mr. Pedro Dumanal, surviving family members of Mr. Jose Dumanal, Mr. Joaquin Alcantara and family, Mr. Jesus Quintanilla and the Duenas families, and Mr. Jose Aguigui and family.

At this prison camp, the interpreters constantly spied on us. They and the Japanese forces abused, severely mistreated, and threatened everyone with execution by beheading if any member of the family was missing from camp. We were also forced to do labor and plant food for the Japanese forces every day without being provided any food of our own, which forced us to forage and beg food from the other interned families and relatives. We were also forced to beg for food from families outside of the camp. On or about the second or third week of July 1944, my family was again forced marched from Fenna to the Manenggon) concentration camp and remained there until the end of the war.

I want to add that not only did my family suffer the loss of my three brothers, but we also suffered the loss of two of my mother's brothers. My uncle, Lorenzo Degracia, was beheaded along with my brother, Aniceto, and my uncle, Clemente Degracia, was killed performing forced labor for the Japanese with my brother, Jesus. It has been 60 years, and many of those who have survived the war have since passed on, just as my mother has. The ones alive today still suffer with the horrible memories of this terrible period in our lives.

The atrocities such as endured by my family are not found in the history books, and this is especially sad since the Chamorros were and still are loyal to the United States. It is unfortunate that more time is not given because a book could be written on the experiences my

family went through during the Japanese occupation of Guam. That is why I hope that my testimony today will provide you a better understanding of the extent and degree of the suffering experienced by the people of Guam.

At this time, I would like to deviate from my mother's testimony. I'm 36 years old, and, as I listened to my mother relate the stories of what my grandmother and her entire family went through, I can think of nothing worse than having my grandmother witness, being forced to witness, the beheading of her son and her brother. And I am a history buff, and I do have to admit the atrocities that the people of Guam suffered are not written in any of the U.S. history books that I've read. It seems that the things that people on the island of Guam have gone through during the Japanese occupation seems to have been trivialized.

I hope that today you do get a better understanding of what they went through. To continue on, my mother, she thanks you for this time, and she hopes that God bless us all.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you all very much. We'll now have the next panel. Wait, Ms. Yatar. Could you ask her if she made a claim or if she was aware of the program?
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Yatar: No, I don't know. I'm not aware of that.

Chairman Tamargo: Your family was not aware of the program, you don't think?

Ms. Yatar: I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We'll now hear from Blandina Marquardt.

Ms. Marquardt: Thank you. Good morning. Good afternoon, everyone here, and each and every one of you who gave your precious time to be here to listen and to hear us. My name is Blandina Marquardt. I'm born in the war 1943. Since I was a little girl growing up, my mother and father, Antonia Leon Guerrero Gogue and Jose Cruz Gogue -- she would be 100 years old today, this year -- and my oldest sister, who was 18 years old during the war, and my two other brothers, one is Jose Leon Guerrero Gogue -- he's retired U.S. Air Force living in Denver, Colorado, he's about 71 years old -- he can't be here to talk about his experiences -- and my other brother, Antonio Leon Guerrero Gogue, deceased, I hear their stories and most of the sharings that everybody shared is true.

Through my parents, and it would be repetitive to repeat all that. But just to give you an idea about the fear that they went through and being prisoners in their own homes, they were chased out of their own homes, flee like animals to live in the jungle, scattered all over, sleeping on dirt and not being able to sleep in a bed for how many years during the war.

My own experience from my mother's mouth -- she's not here, she's dead. I'm sorry. But I'll tell you about it, what she told me, that, when I was a baby, I was so malnourished. They weren't allowed to cook for fear of attracting Americans to know that they're in Guam capturing the island, putting everybody to torture and hardships. And so we starved, and they took our food away from us, of course. Took over our homes. And she said that I was so malnourished, that I was defecating blood daily, and she thought I was going to die. She even look in my eyes, and blood was coming out of my eyes. She said, it's a miracle that I didn't die when I was a baby.

And the last thing I want to share, she told me when I was 19 years old that she was already pregnant with me when she was raped, and that knowledge I have over 40 some years now really makes my life unbearable. But one thing I want to tell you is my mother forgave everything that happened to her, and she loved God and she constantly tell us not to hate. I've lived in Japan, and I've lived among Japanese people when I was about 27 years old.

And I thank the Lord that because of my upbringing I have no hatred for what happened to my mom and me and her and all my family. And I thank you for the opportunity to speak. Thank you very much. God bless you all and a safe journey back home.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you know if any of your family mentioned whether a claim was filed for the deaths through the Navy program?

Ms. Marquardt: No mention of any money ever received from anything about any with my mother or father or my sisters or brothers that were older.

Chairman Tamargo: Did anybody mention whether they were aware of the program at the time?

Ms. Marquardt: I don't believe so because I've never heard anything about compensation in any way.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We will now hear from Ted Nelson.

Mr. Nelson: I believe she has extra minutes left.
(laughter)

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, sir.

Mr. Nelson: Alright. I am Ted Sgambelurri Flores Torres Nelson, a survivor of the Japanese occupation, a survivor of the Manenggon camp, a survivor of the march. My grandfather was a prisoner of war in Kobe, Japan, and my father was a machinist who provided a lot of services, free of charge, to the Japanese army in making parts for their guns and weapons. I was involved with the war reparation in many instances with Governor Ada, Ed Duenas, Dierking and Congressman Ben Blaz.

And today, I just want to try to contribute to the overall resolution on this particular matter. Today, we'll spend some time -- I'm taking her time now. Today will be the day when Chamorros, all war survivors, will come to Agana to honor Santa Maria and appeal before the War Reparations Commission of the United States, who finally recognize the three years of suffering under the Japanese Imperial forces, instead of dodging bullets and bombs, like in 1941.

Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo, I want to welcome you back to Guam. You're doing an excellent job, and certainly we, the people of Guam, will provide you with the support, and we hope that you'll provide many needed leadership for the resolution of this matter. Chairman Tamargo, Mrs. Van Cleve, Mr. Lagomarsino, Speaker Unpingco and Chief Justice B.J. Cruz, our prayers are with you. Welcome to Agana, Guam, a true American city. Thank you for your presence this afternoon in an historic public hearing, indeed.

December 8, 1941, a day when Chamorros by the thousands congregated at Agana to honor Santa Maria, the same day when Japanese bombed Guam while Chamorros were praying, resulted in a horrifying, chaotic situation where Chamorros were screaming, running into the woods to escape bombing and injury. It was the beginning of the occupation of Guam by the Imperial forces, the beginning of about three years of Chamorros being killed, being beaten, beheaded, forced labor, living in fear, bowing to Japanese soldiers, raped, ending with the forced march to Manenggon.

The concentration camp holding the Chamorros, called the Japanese resort, during World War II. 22,000 Chamorros went through hell and became slaves of the Japanese forces for three years, my people. Hundreds will be testifying on their suffering, tortures and other atrocities. I would like to present some important question and suggestion to how we should be compensated.

Are we to justify the massacre in Merizo and Fenna? Are we to justify the beating, torture, rape, forced labor, forced march? Are we to justify the three-year occupation by the Japanese forces? Are we to justify the peace treaty of 1950 between the U.S. and Japan, which forgave Japan for the atrocities of the Chamorros? Are we to justify the murder of Father Duenas and others? Are we to justify thousands of Chamorros who were forced to work? Are we to justify that Chamorros were not compensated? Are we to justify the tortures and murders of the Chamorro accused of protecting George Tweed? Are we to justify the forced labor march of Manenggon? Are we to justify the sailors in Pearl Harbor?

These are questions that we'll have addressed by the other speakers. Are we to justify the Japanese invasion of Guam? I would like, at this time, present possible solutions, administrative possible proceedings, to expedite the compensation. As you can see, I have faith in this Commission, I have faith in the U.S., I have faith in President Bush, and I have faith in our Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo, as to the final resolution of this very long injustice.

The compensation proceeding must be simple, fast and fair. Chamorros shall not suffer more to be compensated. The only moral way for final closure of the 60 years of injustice is for the Chamorros to be compensated who were killed within three months. You might think I'm crazy. I believe that no delays, excuses, political rhetoric on this important issue. There shall be no problems in addressing this category, those who were killed by both friendly and hostile action.
(discussion off microphone)

Mr. Nelson: Are you sure?

Chairman Tamargo: Continue.

Mr. Nelson: Those who were massacred in Merizo and Fenna, the three men who died protecting the flag, I propose that they be given at least \$30,000 to \$40,000. The Commission can submit to Congress funding for those who were massacred, beheaded, those who were killed. I think we should address these categories first because we have evidence. I have death certificate. We have all these other information, sir, like the Merizo massacre. The ones that were killed during the war should be compensated first, followed by perhaps \$20,000 for those -- the 22,000 Chamorros who are here and the other categories can be addressed.

I ask you, my dear people, on this particular issue, we, the people of Guam, shall not be treated as second class citizen. We should not be taken for granted. We have boys and women, boys and men, in Iraq fighting for our nation. We are loyal Americans, and we will continue to demonstrate that to the world, that we, the Chamorros, will never betray the United States. And to the Commission members for justice for the sake of justice, in order to correct this 60 years of injustice, please fight vigorously for the rights of the Chamorros.

And I think that's all we ask and we pray. And again, this afternoon, thousands of Chamorros will be over in Agana Cathedral to pray for you, to pray for the United States, and to pray for God and Santa Marian Kamalin for protecting Chamorros. Thank you, sir.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Ted. Thank you, Ted Nelson. I'd like to acknowledge that you're a former senator of Guam, and I appreciate you coming down. We appreciate you coming down and recounting your war experience.

Mr. Nelson: Thank you, sir, and I'm honored to be with my people today.

Chairman Tamargo: Can you tell us about the -- I understand your family did file a claim. Do you know -

Mr. Nelson: Yes, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: What was the claim?

Mr. Nelson: No, no. You mean right after the war?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, sir.

Mr. Nelson: I think the only -

Chairman Tamargo: Through the Navy program.

Mr. Nelson: The only compensation that we got was for land and for destruction of buildings, but nothing on the atrocity, nothing on the reparation in reference to begin beaten and so forth.

Chairman Tamargo: Was your family aware of the Navy Meritorious Program?

Mr. Nelson: I don't believe, sir. I think that -- you know that particular time we have Chamorros who were recruited by the Naval men, who betrayed more of the Chamorros than the Japanese. I think that they did not treat the people right. They deviated and, instead of giving the people the full rights, they were deceived, and this is one of the reasons, perhaps, that these maritime provisions were not followed through. My parents did not file for those.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Senator.

Mr. Nelson: Thank you, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: I'd like to also acknowledge in the chamber the presence of Senator John Quinata, thank you. Our next witness will be Chris Reyes. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Reyes: Good morning, Hello Chairman Tamargo and the Commissioner of the Guam War Claim Review Commission. My name is Chris Reyes, and I'm here this afternoon to share the story of my father, Enrique Chaco Reyes. I am the oldest child of Enrique, and I was an infant during the Japanese occupation of Guam. But my father shared these atrocities with me, and today I'm here to share this story with you.

Prior to the Japanese invasion, my father worked as a farmer at the Fenna Valley. He was 27 years old when the Japanese invaded Guam. He was fair complexioned and was muscular, which led to the Japanese belief that my father was part American. This notion led to a series of beating and torture at the hand of the Japanese because -- he became a prisoner of war until a friend, who happened to be a Japanese himself, Mr. Francisco Okiyama, managed to convince the Japanese that my father was not an American, but of Chinese ancestry. This stopped the physical brutality and the imprisonment.

My father's life was spared, but did not relieve him from further hardship caused by forced labor, and he had to endure and having to be taken away from his wife and children, never to see them throughout the ordeal of the Japanese. Because of his physical build, he was made to carry military hardwares, Japanese hardwares, such as oxygen tanks, acetylene bottles, and ammunition from the ship docked a mile away from shore. He had to carry these supplies to shore to their destination. He eventually found himself back at Fenna when all the workers were relocated there.

While at Fenna, he worked for the Japanese in the field crops. It was shortly after my father had to move to Fenna when he was made aware that the Americans were on their way to Guam. This alerted the Japanese and started ridding the islands of as much Chamorros as they can, so that it will help weaken the attack against them whenever it was to take place. This is what led to the massacre of Fenna.

On one particular morning, all the people were gathered to go into several of the caves that were existed there. My father was in one of them. He was later called out by the Japanese to collect firewood and barks of trees to place in front of the cave. Up to this time, there was no mention or notice of machinegun position to fire directly in front of the cave. He witnessed the first cave was being set on fire at the entrance, and then was followed by shootings.

This scared my father so much that he run away and sought refuge in the jungle. He went in the direction towards Manenggon to seek for his wife and children. He made it back to his family and there he remained after three years of not seeing them, knowing if they were even alive.

Yes, it was a happy ending for our family, but my father died only three years ago and yet he never got over the experience he encountered in the Japanese occupation of Guam. No matter how often he shared this story with the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, he would

always tears and show emotion as to what happened to him like only if it's happen yesterday and not 60 years ago.

Thank you for finally wanting to hear us. I hope justice will finally give the Chamorro of Guam. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Reyes. Mr. Reyes, do you know if your family made a claim with the Navy Meritorious Claims Program?
Mr. Reyes: I know we did not.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if they were aware of the program at the time?

Mr. Reyes): I don't know if they're aware of the program. As a matter of fact, this is the first time that program was mentioned. My father never mentioned about that.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Reyes.
Mr. Reyes: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: We'll now hear from Dennis Zermeno on behalf of George Charfauros. Thank you.

Mr. Zermeno: Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman, members of the Committee. I want to begin by reading part of a letter received by me for the Committee from George Charfauros, now a resident in California, a longtime resident of Guam for many years. Let me begin by asking my good friend, Dennis Zermeno, to read this historical tale of the brutal events.

These were atrocities committed on July 15 and 16, 1944, by Japanese civil and military authorities at Tinta hillside in Geus Valley, Merizo, and the other at Faha Hill, Merizo. I consider the massacre of the residents of Merizo during World War II from a moral and historic standpoint of very grave significance to the people of Guam and to the civilized world.

The significance of this historic event is found in upholding the standards of morality in order to prevent the carnage of war in reoccurring by not repeating itself. George goes on to write, during the U.S. campaign for the Marianas, Japanese civilian officials in Merizo were monitoring the mood of the people in the rice fields and the village itself.

On July 15, 1944, 30 residents were summoned during the day and were assembled by early evening. Then, these residents were marched by paramilitary security guards to a dugout at Tinta hillside. Once they were informed they were to do emergency work and chores in the morning. The residents were also informed that they were being put in the dugout to be safe and protected from Naval bombardment. Then, hand grenades were lobbed into the dugout.

Fourteen died, including the brother of George Charfauros, Arthur Benedict Charfauros. There were 16 survivors of the first group of 30 residents who were herded into the dugout to be brutally murdered. One of them, Jose Garrido Leon Guerrero, informed George that he survived by immersing himself with the pool of blood from George Charfauros' brother. He related the scenario of what transpired in the dugout, including how the Japanese kohatsu leader hacked Manuel Charfauros -- that's George Charfauros' father -- hacked him in the shoulder below the neck with his sword. The other survivors escaped in the darkness of the night.

As he exited the dugout, George's father, who was severely wounded and in trauma, lay helpless on the ground. On July 16, 1944, another group of 30 Merizo residents were selected and set aside for emergency tasks. The Japanese leader wanted tall, husky, strong men for the purpose of carrying ordinance or ammunition to certain areas where it was needed for Japanese troops. The sturdy, tall and strong men were again marched to another dugout site called Faha. The dugout, later found by a relative of one of the martyred men, was estimated at 10 feet square and about 14 feet in depth.

In the second group, none of the men survived the slaughter. Jose Acfalle Cruz was familiar with the Faha area and, in his continuing resolve to know what happened to his father when he did not return, found the dugout. He stated that 30 men who disappeared and never returned ended there. The Japanese, perhaps anticipating defeat in the U.S. campaign to recapture Guam, had been guilty of the worst criminal conduct in the annals of warfare.

What is really most disturbing to the people of Guam is that, to this day, the Japanese government has not apologized for their monstrocities' atrocities. And I would like to go off on that last comment by Mr. Charfauros. 59 years. 59 years, the people of Guam have waited and waited. And to this day, to this minute, there has yet to be an apology from the government of Japan for what took place on this island.

The San Francisco Treaty might have taken away the right or the responsibility of the Japanese government to pay war claims, but that did not take away the responsibility and the moral obligations of the decency of the Japanese government to apologize for what happened on this island. How many more years? How many more years will the people of Guam have to go through the commemorations of the slaughters and the massacres, at Fenna, at Merizo, Yigo and God knows where else on this island? How many more years will it have to continue before that moment comes when the apology that has long been waited for shows up on Guam?

The American government, House of Representatives, has passed resolutions. I've got them right here. House Resolution 126, July 25, 1997; House Resolution 304, September 24, 1999, HR Resolution 195, July 24, 2001. Every one of them asking that the government of Japan should formally issue a clear and unambiguous apology. And to this date, no apology. Nothing. Silence from Japan. Japan are the friends of Guam. They are the friends of America. And the least they could do is issue a formal apology and give closure to what happened on this island. Senator Angel Santos, on a letter dated August 28, 2002, wrote a letter, which I have a copy here, too, a letter to the Prime Minister of Japan asking for an apology.

And I'd like to read you one paragraph of Angel Santos' letter. Peace treaties or instruments of peace between nations, an apology as simple as it is, goes far beyond treaties. It is an act of peace between people, an act of contrition, honor, the completion of the healing process. An apology provides justice and a path to forgiveness. But most importantly, an apology is a personal act of humanity giving closure to those who suffered.

Well, the clock continues to tick. 59 years and counting. And I ask, members of this Commission, I know you're here for war reparations, but you can also be involved in a bit more. And that is to move forward on making a public statement and demanding the wait stop, that the government of Japan issue a formal apology for the atrocities committed on this island. And I ask that Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo, our Congresswoman, take up the call of these past resolutions that were passed and then died in committees in the halls of Congress.

The waiting has gone long enough. All they ask for is decency, compassion, forgiveness and closure, and that's what an apology is all about. God bless America and God bless Guam.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Zermeno. Do you know if, by chance, the family of George Charfauros has filed a claim through the Navy Meritorious Program?

Mr. Zermeno: I do not know.

Chairman Tamargo: Did he ever mention whether his father -- no, his father was killed -- but do you know if he was aware of the program at the time?

Mr. Zermeno: In all the conversations I've had with George, there was never any mention of any move in that direction, Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: Alright, thank you. Please ask the witnesses, those written testimony, if you haven't given them to us, we would appreciate having them for the record. And, at this time, in recognition and out of respect for the religious holiday in honor of our Lady Santa Marian Kamalin, we will recess this hearing until tomorrow morning at eight a.m. Thank you very much.
(audience applause)

[End of this tape]

Guam War Claims Review Commission

Public Hearing Agenda

December 9, 2003

(Tape 1)

Chairman Tamargo: ...a day and good morning. This public hearing of the Guam War Claims Review Commission is called back to order and reconvened. Please rise for the singing of the national anthem and the Guam hymn and please sing along.

[Music/singing of anthems and hymns.]

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Now, I'd like to repeat the mission of this Commission. As directed by the Congressional statute, it is to review all relevant federal and Guam records to determine whether there was parity of war claims paid to the residents of Guam under the previous Meritorious Commission Claims as compared to the awards made to other, similar affected U.S. citizens and nationals in territories occupied by the Imperial Japanese forces during World War II.

To that end, the purpose of this hearing is to receive oral testimony of persons who personally experienced the taking and occupation of Guam by the Japanese military forces, noting especially the effects of infliction of death, personal injury, forced labor, forced march and internment.

We are having this hearing today, or we started this hearing yesterday, to commemorate the significant date in history, being the day the Japanese attacked Guam during World War II. This is the second part of a two part, two day hearing. Having a very long list of witnesses, we again request all our witnesses to please limit their remarks to five minutes. The Commission will hold the record open for one month for anyone who wishes to revise and extend or add remarks to their remarks for the record.

To all our witnesses, we wish to let you know that you can please feel free to speak Chamorro, if that makes you more comfortable. We have interpreters, as we did yesterday, prepared

to translate for the Commissioners who do not speak Chamorro, the three that do not speak Chamorro. Two do, of course, speak Chamorro.

Before we call our first witness, I repeat the request that our witnesses limit their remarks to five minutes. The record will be held open for any additional remarks you might wish to add. If there are any questions from the Commissioners, that time will not count against you.

I also wish to take a moment now to thank Peter Onedera of the University of Miami, that's my university, I'm sorry, the University of Guam, for his assistance of his interpreters and his own interpreting of the two English, of the Chamorro speakers. I'd also like to thank him for the assistance of the Young Men's League of Guam, for their help and contribution. I'd like to thank Speaker Ben Pangelinan and his legislative staff for their assistance in preparing this hall and the use of the hall and the help they've been giving us throughout these hearings. I'd like to also acknowledge the presence of Former First Lady, Geraldine Gutierrez. Thank you all for coming.

I now would like to call our Former Speaker, the Honorable Joe San Agustin to testify for a few brief remarks.

Mr. San Agustin: Chairman and members of this historical Guam War Claims Review Commission. Thank you for inviting me to be a part of this process of ascertaining the historical record of the people of Guam during the Japanese invasion, occupation, liberation, the years of the activities of the United States Naval Atlantic Claims Commission.

Mr. Chairman, I was only 11 years at the beginning of the Japanese invasion. We, too, when Guam was invaded, we had to rush and we had to run into our ranch. In that room, my father, who was a police officer, actually came home directly from work and we piled up in a jitney and left and went to our family ranch in Dededo.

Some time during December 12, I don't rightfully remember, several Japanese soldiers came to our ranch and told all of us to proceed to Agana. I'm sure you heard what happened in Agana, where we're all congregated and given a piece of cloth as a badge of identification. Mr. Chairman, during the occupation, I'm sure that many would testify what the Japanese soldiers have done to the people of Guam. I want to relate those instances of maltreatment, which I'm sure you will continue to hear.

I, too, as a young man was forced to work at a construction of the airbase, now known as Tiyan, for several months. I was paid, like everybody else, with a handful of barley rice, paid at the end of each day. Sometime in early '44, our family was living in Dededo. We were told by the Japanese to pack up and leave and start congregating in an area so we could all move on what they call a forced procession, so to speak.

We were told to proceed to a centralized place in Dededo. Several hundred families joined us. We all proceeded in a procession of people, start traveling towards Talofoyo. Along the way, Japanese soldiers were constantly keeping the procession moving. I've heard during the march, that several people were bayoneted to death by the Japanese soldiers for their failure to keep up with the pace.

I remember seeing, we passed by several people, burned there, dead, by the roadside. I saw closely, a small baby being buried by the parent. One thing that stuck in my mind, in my memory, was the stunned, no tears, faces of these people, completing their courageous attempt to accept their fate. There was no time for mourning.

Our procession did arrive at Talofoyo. We were told to move into several ranch building. The Japanese soldiers constantly guarded us. However, one day we heard that the Japanese soldiers left during the night. The following day, we saw a small band of soldiers approaching us from the mountain hill. Several of our elder went out to either greet them or perhaps find out what's going on.

It turns out that there's a squad of American soldiers coming in from the mountain. Unbelievably, it was led by a Guamanian. My father remembered that he was a police officer. That's all I recall, that he was a police officer heading the squad.

Then the American soldiers told us to pack up and leave. Of course, we stopped by the Manenggon and then on the way to Agana. Unfortunately, our homes were destroyed during the liberation. We had to move to Agana Heights. That's where we stayed throughout.

Mr. Chairman, for me to relate my experiences while working part-time with the U.S. Naval Atlantic Claims Commission and going to school half a day. I was then barely 16 years, in 1946. I started working for the Atlantic Claims Commission from '46 to about late May '50, when I left for the states, for school on the main land.

My job started as a messenger in the main office of the Atlantic Claims Commission located at the former COMNAVMAAR Building, which is right now the DOD, the DOD school up at the Nimitz Hill. I then worked as a land title abstractor in the Abstract Office of the Land Claims Division, physically located at the old Records and Accounts Office and now named the Nieves M. Flores Library Building.

Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission, I would like to relate what were the conditions of our people in the relationship with the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Land Claims Commission at that time. The claims process undertaken by the Land and Claims Commission, was a one sided matter. The procedure was primarily, as I recall, getting as much claims processed by the staff attorneys. The claimants were not provided the opportunity to obtain their own legal representation. There were exceptions, of course, giving to big organizations that could afford their own attorneys brought to Guam. As I recall, there were hardly any local, private practicing attorneys. Thus the average citizens, as I recall, were basically taken for granted since they had no lawyers to either advise nor protect their rights.

The prevailing attitude was to go out to the people, present a prepared document to sign, with a verbal message that Uncle Sam needs your land now. After the war, for sure, your land will be returned. So, people would go ahead and sign the document since they were overwhelmed by their feelings of being liberated. The people were just getting out of the concentration camps, such as Manenggon site, near the Pigo' cemetery, Agat and etcetera and would try to get back to their home and resettle. Of course, in the process of resettlement, the people were without any immediate financial help. The government was quite persuasive.

With respect to the legal process to the courts, as I recall, the Navy established its own court at the recommendation of the Hopkins Committee in 1947, with a judge named Fisher, a naval employee. This Navy Court Judge Fisher would decide what the Navy wants and that's it. In fact, Judge Fisher used the so-called Agat Land Case Decision that he had established as a legal precedent to expeditiously process land condemnation cases, like a paper processing factor.

I understand the Land Claims Commission, at the time, was on a fixed time live duration. Therefore, as I recall, that was a justification for the expeditious process, time was of the essence.

The same practice, Mr. Chairman, prevailed in the processing of claims of personal property, such as for destroyed crops and buildings, and including claims for injuries or loss of life. I'm sure, Mr. Chairman, that you can access the various reports submitted by the COMNAVIMAR, Governor of Guam at the time to the Secretary of the Navy. I've tried to keep copies of some of these documents, but unfortunately, over the years, as we've discussed this war reparation over the years, I must have given them to the late Senators George and Cecilia Bamba, or other senators during the legislative for discussion on war reparation. I have not retained any copies. Actually, last night, I did find some.

These reports, as I recall, listed the various people granted compensation and the nature of their claims. Mr. Chairman, at that point in time, land was the priority of processing of the Atlantic Claims Commission. Personal property and claims of these people were of secondary nature.

As I recall, the Hopkins Committee report in '47 to the secretary relative to the rehabilitation of Guam, as you know, there is a report dated, by the Governor, dated February 25, '48. The Hopkins report identified three distinct, inter-related problems in the rehabilitation of Guam; one, settlement of war damage claim; two, reconstruction of war ravaged communities, and three, land acquisition and resettlement.

With respect to the first, the Committee concluded that settlement and payment of war damage claims and claims incident to the military occupation of the island had been proceeding much too slowly. It recommended that immediate steps be taken to hasten the process and to remove unsound and unfair distribution in the allowance of claim. Furthermore, the Governor, in this same memorandum, stated that the value standards of 1941 for compensation was the only standard available.

However, according to the Governor at the same time, the Navy's position that the Land Claims Act was not to compensate the people fully, but rather to grant the people certain immediate relief. That was the issue. People don't have any money at all. They were trying to resettle, people moving around.

There was a lot of chaos, the communication process was very slow. The only means of communicating to the people was in small mimeographed newspaper report, so to speak, and was passing by a mimeograph machine and given only to privileged people that have access to news over the world, so to speak. The communication to the various people was through the mayor system. We call it the Commissioner system. They give them, tell those people, have them come in, if they can.

But, it's all verbal. Hardly anybody, I recall, there was not a flock of people coming in, let's put it that way. I saw a lot of reports that were given to the Secretary of the Navy. It was actually limited by the fact that the Act itself limited the compensation. Anything over \$5,000 has to go to Congress for approval. I understand, according to the Hopkins Committee, those payments were very far and in between.

I don't recall whether Congress acted on some of those appropriations, but it goes to show for the record that there were a lot of people that were either not informed. The situation at the time was very unsettling. People were trying to find out where their homes are. For that matter, find out where their brothers, who had either been taken by the Japanese or, like my father who was in prison during the Japanese occupation for several months. My brother, John, was actually taken

by the Japanese. We never saw him until after the war. So, everybody was getting resettled. We were trying to get resettled ourselves.

So, any compensation, any kind of a procedure, at the time, that I was privileged to observe when I was working for almost four and a half years with the Naval Atlantic Claims Commission, Mr. Chairman, was more of a land deal. Land was the precious thing. Land was the most expeditious process because at that point in time, in 1949, Congress was already acting on the proposed Organic Act of Guam. There was a provision in the Organic Act that land has to be resettled. Any left over that the Navy or the military does not want, has to be transferred to a new civilian government. So, there was a real concern that they want to get as much land as possible, transferred to the military hands. So, that was a concern.

As far as compensation of personal properties and what have you, I don't recall even had a priority in that situation, Mr. Chairman. That's why, over the years, as I worked through in the legislative process, as people like Cecilia Bamba and those people, in the previous years, have worked hard in trying to get this thing through. That's why, Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission, the issue of war reparation must have a closure. For too long our people felt betrayed by a country that they love dearly.

Throughout the years...excuse me. Throughout the years, many of our leaders fought hard to end this injustice.

We are grateful to the efforts of the many people in this endeavor, such as the late Delegate WonPat, Former Delegates Ben Blaz and Robert Underwood, the late Senator George Bamba and Cecilia Bamba, the various former and present Governors of Guam, particularly Senators of past legislatures up to this term. We're particularly grateful, however, and appreciative for our now present Delegate Madeleine Bordallo, for her efforts and continually, hopefully, bringing this action, this sensitive and emotional issue, Mr. Chairman and members of the Committee, to a close. Our people need a closure. We need to close this chapter of our history. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Speaker. Thank you for taking the time to come here. Did your family make a claim with the Naval Commission?

Mr. San Agustin: Not that I know of, or not that I'm aware of, no, sir. No.

Chairman Tamargo: When you say that the focus was on land claims as opposed to personal injury or death claims, how physically was that handled? Did the interviewers ignore remarks that had to do with personal injury, or did they not ask questions about personal injury? How was that bias towards land actually done?

Mr. San Agustin: I think the emphasis, at the time, was basically, because of the concentration of the entire staff of the Naval Land Commission, was basically, I would say 95%, were only on land cases. There was not hardly any, basically, on personal properties and claims. It was a paper factory, so to speak. Anybody comes in and makes a claim, okay, fine. You got destroyed property; you got a claim. That's it and goodbye. It was basically, they didn't have much time, as I recall. I was a land title abstracter.

We were under pressure to get all the abstract of title out because the condemnation cases were, Judge Fisher was handling cases like a paper factory. He was handling decisions left to right, based on the Agat Land decision, which stipulated that all people who come in must agree, or else goodbye. But, as far as personal property and personal injuries, I don't recall ever, really, the emphasis was not there, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: When you say the Land and Claims Commission, is that the same thing as saying the Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mr. San Agustin: Yes, sir. My understand of the Meritorious Claim Act did establish the Land and Claims Commission. It was the authorizing Act, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Land Commission. I think it was the 79th Congress, was the last one that authorized it. That was the end of it. That was my understanding. That was the Meritorious Claim that actually, the implementer, the administrative agency was the Naval Land and Claims Commission, which was headed by a three member board panel, by a captain and a couple of lieutenant commanders.

Chairman Tamargo: So, the Commission, at each time, was three members?

Mr. San Agustin: Yes, sir, at the time, I remember. There were three members.

Chairman Tamargo: They were five, we found records that there were six actual Commissions.

Mr. San Agustin: I remember there was only three active people. As far as we're concerned, you know how the military, as long as they ran this all the way through. This captain, the senior captain was the one that was calling the shots.

Chairman Tamargo: Did the staff at the time believe that personal injury claims and death claims were appropriate?

Mr. San Agustin: Well, they were processing, yes. They were processing some of those death claims and appropriate, but I think there were a lot of disgruntled people who would come in, that I remember, that they said, "Gee, my husband was beheaded. All I'm getting is \$200?" Or, "I lost my property. All I'm getting is \$500?"

I think the record will show you, on the Secretary of Navy report, in fact, I don't know if I have a copy here, one particular guy was beheaded and you only got claim for \$200 or \$300. So, when people go to this they sometime they either take it, because they need the money right away.

But, there were no, there is value standards, or compensated anarchy. I'm afraid, Mr. Chairman, I don't recall, in my now foresight and forethought, I don't recall that was issue.

The issue was get these people settled as the Hopkins Commission. Get them back, resettle them, get them paid. It was something that they had to do, but these people are also the staff, were basically off island. They were civilian. There were no local attorneys, basically, other than people like in the island court, with Judge Manibusans and other people I remember and the old man Joaquin Perez. Those were the people that came by. I was working right next to them.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you keep in touch with any of these Commissioners?

Mr. San Agustin: No, I've never really kept in touch, I was just a young boy. I was working there and really, some of these people are not approachable as far as the employees. But, I did work with a lot of civilian people, primarily in the abstract office. There were some people in Guam, but of course, they have passed away. But, primarily, it was something that they had to do right away and get it over. It was a rush job, so to speak. Everything was rushed.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Speaker.

Mr. San Agustin: Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: We will now have the testimony of Archbishop Anthony Apuron. I'd like to also acknowledge the presence in the chamber of Delegate Madeliene Bordallo, Delegate Robert Underwood, Senators Carmen Fernandez, Larry Kasperbauer Robert Klitzkie. Thank you. Go ahead, Archbishop.

Archbishop Apuron: I really have a two-page statement that you should have received already. I submitted it yesterday. I'm basically just going to read it. I want to be short because I want to give opportunity to our elderly, our elderly to really tell their stories.

Very distinguished members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission, Ruth Van Cleef, Robert Leggomarcino, Benjamin J. Cruz, Antonio Unpingco, , Chairman Mauricio Tamargo, our Congresswoman Madeliene Z. Bordallo in attendance, sisters and brothers all. Hello, as we say in Chamorro, good morning. Welcome to island of Guam. I'm Archbishop Anthony Sablan Apuron, a Capuchin, a citizen of the United States, a native of Guam, born in 1945, after World War II and spiritual leader of, now, over 115,000 Catholics in the 155,000 plus recent population of Guam.

On behalf of our people, I want to personally express a big thank you for willing to come to Guam for this public hearing by a few of the remaining survivors of World War II and the atrocities that came with that horrible war.

The first investigation to be undertaken by the United States into the World War II atrocities happened in the 1970's, led by the late Senator Cecilia Bamba, which resulted in the famous John Bonn Land Claims. I think we heard already Former Speaker Joe San Agustin, give some of the specifics even prior to that.

Then, subsequent to that, there were hearings in Washington, DC regarding the war claims in which only a very few of our Chamorro people were able to attend. Now this hearing, through the help of our Congresswoman, Madeliene Z. Bordallo and the federal government is brought to our own homeland so that those few more of our elderly, our elderly, who can garner and muster enough courage to tell their story of what happened to them during the three year invasion, occupation by the Japanese Imperial forces, can do so one more time in the hope that they can be heard and recognized.

This public hearing is a rekindling of painful memories of a people suffered a terrible war, not of their own making. It borders on another hurt, namely that of recalling the continuing pain and the anguish of war. There were massacres of people at Malesso', at Faha' and Tinta, at Fenna, right here in Agana, when a small group of Chamorro soldiers met with Japanese soldiers at the foot of the hill of Apotguan. There are other kinds of brutalization, such as rapes of our women and outright executions and murders at the entrance of caves dug by the natives.

These crimes have no statutes of limitations. Other kinds of hurt go unrecorded or unmentioned because the victims choose and do not want to relive those painful memories. Then, there is the collective assault of a people who have endured a very long history as a colonized people.

The hurt even becomes more painful when a family's forcibly removed from their domicile. Their personal effects are taken or destroyed. When they return, they find their homes ruined, their crops destroyed, the landscape forever marred by bombs. The destruction of war goes beyond personal pain. For, war robs a people of their spirit, their sense of unity, their native right to life, to property and to the pursuit of their happiness and to liberty.

As a religious in this community, I see my people as good citizens who are injured and endured their afflictions always hoping for their eventual liberation. They are a people of long

and patient suffering. The American priests who were Capuchins and even a Spanish Capuchin Bishop Olano, were swiftly rounded up and were scheduled to go to the ship to Kobe, Japan to be the welcomed guests of the Emperor of Japan and the Kobe prison camp.

The sovereignty of the Church in Guam was not recognized by the invading forces. The two Chamorro priests, Father Oscar Calvo and Father Jesus Duenas, were very much restricted in carrying out their pastoral ministries. Father Duenas was the more aggressive and blatant advocate for his people that eventually earned him his inhuman tortures and eventually his beheading along with two other relatives on July 12, 1944, nine days before Guam's liberation.

The Cathedral, two buildings before this present structure, was desecrated and used as a holding center for those to be sent to Japan and as a recreation center. I presided over many funerals as a priest, since 1972, as a Bishop since 1984, and as an Archbishop since 1986, of those survivors who are not here today. I will tell you that many died with those painful memories, having forgiven their enemies, but have not forgotten and today is relived by their children and their grandchildren.

The hurt is an outstanding kind of hurt that cries out for justice and for a closure among the remaining survivors. I pray that you, as members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission, listen intently and patiently to the painful cries and, yes, to the awful and perhaps awesome testimonies of our people in the hope that some day soon, we bring closure to this unprecedented violent assault done to a peace loving and a kind hearted people on this island we call Guam, where America's day begins.

May God be with you all. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Eminence. We'll now have our next witness. Good morning, Marian Taitano. Good to see you again. You may begin when you're ready. Thank you.

Ms. Taitano: All right. Mr. Chairman, members of the Commission. My name is Marian Johnston Taitano. I am the daughter of William Gotian Johnston and Agueda Iglesias Johnston. In their memory and on behalf of my entire family, I want to thank you for holding these hearings and for giving your attention to the important issue of war reparations for the people of Guam.

By this, the second day of the proceedings, I am sure that you have already heard a great deal about our sufferings during the Japanese occupation. I am sure that our leaders and your own staff will provide you with ample documentation of our ordeal. As the only American community occupied during the World War II, in offering my own contribution to the official record this morning, I hope to add to your understanding to what it truly means to live without an American flag and under the rule of an enemy power. It is only by understanding the pain and oppression that comes with enemy occupation that one can fully understand why, after 50 years, our people claim for justice still remains as vital as ever before.

When the war broke out in 1941, I was 21 years old. As the bombing began on the morning of December 8th, my brothers and I were walking and running around in a daze trying to locate family members. We located our mother and our 8-year old sister at the Church, as she was having her First Holy Communion. Our father, a former Marine, was Deputy to the Director of Public Works at the time of the bombing. We finally located each other. He had the task of telling me that the USS Penguin, which was stationed on Guam, had been hit badly with much loss of life. Among the casualties was Ensign Robert White, who I had been engaged to at that time. This was the first day of the occupation.

Shortly thereafter, my father was arrested by the Japanese and sent to a concentration camp outside of Kobe. I still remember my mother, alone with us, her children, standing on the shore, watching the ship take my father away to Japan. That was the last we saw of him.

In the years that followed, a black cloud covered our island. It was a cloud that permeated every aspect of our lives. The loss of freedom and dignity was almost unbearable. Unless you experienced it, you really can't know how deeply the loss of freedom is felt in your heart and soul. Mr. Chairman, it was a loss deeply felt by every family. For those of us whose family members had been taken prisoner by the Japanese, for us, keeping a low profile and keeping your mouth shut, was an absolute must if we were to survive. But, keeping a low profile, that didn't mean that you escaped the gaze of the Japanese authorities.

After the invasion, there was this American sailor named George Tweed who went into hiding. The Japanese knew of his existence and combed the local population seeking anyone who knew where Tweed might be hiding.

As the search for Tweed intensified, families were taken into police headquarters for interrogation. There was no warning as to just when it would be our time. When it finally did come, our mother, my two sisters, brothers and myself, were taken to the two-story building of then the Bank of Guam. My mother was taken to an upstairs room while my brothers and I were kept in separate rooms, separate rooms where we could not see each other. After an hour or so, we saw our mother come down with a smile on her face and indicated that something had happened to her. When we embraced each other, she said we should hurry home.

When we got home, she asked someone to get some rags and vinegar. As she pulled her dress down, what we saw in this tiny, kind woman was something she should never have been made to endure.

Her tiny back was cut and bleeding from being whipped. We had no antibiotics, so we had to use vinegar, which fortunately did the job. While it was being applied, she never whimpered.

In 1943, we received another heart breaking blow. We were notified that my father had died in concentration camp in Japan. He was the second American prisoner to have died in the concentration camp. We were sad and devastated with the news. But, his remains were brought back to Guam and he is now buried with my mother at the Veteran's cemetery.

Mr. Chairman, the suffering and loss borne by myself and my family is not unique. Nobody in our island was lucky enough to have been spared such pain. The story of my family differs from that of other families only in terms of the details, but the wrongs and the injustice are the same for us all. The black cloud that came over our lives was finally lifted with the liberation in 1944. But, the memories of what had occurred during the occupation still remains. The desire for justice for what all of our people suffered, that desire for justice still remains.

It is through the work of this Commission that we hope to secure this justice. I know, and we know, we are adopted children. But, after all these years, haven't we proven our loyalty and patriotism to finally be accepted as one of your own? Thank you all for your patience and kind attention. God bless you and God bless America always. It might not be the perfect government, but to me, it's the best. I still have hopes that as I pass on to joining my mother and father, that the justice that has been denied us this last 50 years will be realized.

Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Marian. Did your family file a claim with the Naval Meritorious Commission?

Ms. Taitano: I have no recollection of that at all. I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: Did they ever mention whether they were aware of it, the opportunity to file a claim?

Memo: End Side A, Tape 1. Start Side B, Tape 1.

Ms. Taitano: ...at that moment because we didn't think that anything like that was going to last this long. So, we just felt that maybe we don't do it now, maybe other years when it's coming on. That's exactly what happened.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next witness is Hanna Gutierrez, daughter of Former Governor Gutierrez.

Ms. Gutierrez: Good morning Chairman Tamargo, Commission members. Thank you for the opportunity to be here this morning, to participate in this important hearing. My name is Hanna Torrez Gutierrez. I'm here this morning representing my mother, Geri Torrez Gutierrez, my aunts, Helene Torrez and Yvonne Torrez Dirgy, my great aunt, Harriet Chance Gutierrez, my sister, Carla and my brother, Tommy and my father, Former Governor Carl T. C. Gutierrez, who regrets that he is unable to be here this morning, but has asked me to submit his written testimony.

For over half a century, the issue of war reparations for the people of Guam has languished without resolution. The historical record is well established, that Guam's war claims program was badly administered, as was testified to yesterday by the government officials and citizens, that the people of Guam were not given the same war claims opportunities as other Americans in similar situations, that Congress failed to include Guam in war claims legislation in 1948 and again in 1962. If the people of Guam had not been forgotten or repeatedly overlooked in the past, then there would be no need for us to be here today to discuss this issue nearly 60 years after the fact.

The heart of the issue is this: have the people of Guam been treated with the same fairness accorded other Americans in the aftermath of World War II? We all know that the answer to this question is a resounding no. The tragedy of what happened here during the enemy occupation of Guam will never come to closure until the atrocities and the sufferings of our people are acknowledged and remedied. We are not here this morning to open up old wounds, but to remind this Commission of the magnitude of the injustices, born of a war not of our making, a war fought on our land, and at the expense of our lives and our livelihood.

What happened in World War II not only transformed the face of Guam, but changed the destiny of our people in ways that few who have never endured occupation can ever understand. Every single Chamorro family in Guam has a family member, a parent, aunt, uncle, sibling or spouse who was subjected to the brutality of occupying forces. Every Chamorro family in Guam has a story. You heard many of them yesterday and this morning. I would like to tell you our story.

This is the story of Hannah, a 27-year old Chamorro woman, mother of three young daughters, ages 8, 6 1/2 and 15 months. To all who knew her, Hannah was a paragon of strength. Her vitality, courage and moral character endeared her to friends and family alike. Hannah is remembered for being passionate and unwavering in her convictions. She would argue unrelentingly for what she believed. She protected her family fiercely. On July 15, 1944, just six days shy of the liberation of Guam, on her march to Manenggon, Hannah was brutally beaten by a Japanese soldier. Carrying her infant daughter in her arms, she was repeatedly struck in the back until she buckled

over and fell to her knees, all the while shielding her baby from the blows, as any mother would do.

Even under such extreme, physical pain, Hannah's instinct to protect her young family remained steadfast. She was badly injured and weakened in body, but not in spirit. As she felt herself losing her physical strength, she passed her baby from her arms to the arms of her sister-in-law, Tita Torres, making her promise that she would now protect these three girls as her own. She did that up until two months ago, when she passed away.

Hannah did not live through her first night of internment at Manenggon. While many of the survivors of the occupation have since passed away, the memory of these atrocities is kept alive by the thousands of witnesses and their descendants who still live to pass on these stories. These are stories of husbands who lost their wives and wives who lost their husbands, of parents who lost their children and children who lost their parents, of siblings who lost other siblings.

This is a story of that baby girl, who grew up with no memory of what it must have felt like to be hugged by her mother, with no memory of what her mother looks like or smelled like or what her voice sounded like. This is the story of Hannah Chance Torres, my grandmother in whose memory I was named. That baby that she cradled and shielded with her body is my mother, Geri, who is here with me today.

This story is based on numerous accounts given by family members and others who marched alongside my grandmother, who witnessed her being beaten and as she clutched her baby in her arms, who sat with her as she suffered and eventually died from her injuries. I recently learned of another supposed account being distributed that reports to describe the circumstances of my grandmother's death. But, certainly, the accounts of family members and fellow marchers who were actually with her more accurately reflect the reality of what happened that fateful day in July of 1944.

So, someone wants to talk about cowardice, whimpering, giving up the will to live. I don't know whose story that is, because that is not the story of Hannah Chance Torres. Nothing can ever truly compensate for that sense of loss felt by those who knew and loved Hannah Torres, or those of us who know her only through her story, but who love her and grieve her just as much.

I, her namesake, am 28 years old, almost exactly the age she was when she was beaten, brutalized and killed. I am both honored and privileged to give voice to my grandmother, Hannah, whose voice was silenced 59 years ago. On behalf of myself and my family, I thank you for hearing her story. Our family is not the only family who suffered but all the people of Guam suffered. Please, listen to the story of their pain and suffering. Give the people of Guam their day of justification. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Ms. Gutierrez, do you know if your family filed a claim?

Ms. Gutierrez: I have here a claim filed by my grandfather, Felix Calvo Torres, for property loss, real and personal property loss. Household items. No claim was filed for the death of his wife, my grandmother.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if the family was aware of an opportunity to file a claim?

Ms. Gutierrez: I can't imagine that my grandfather would file for household items and not for the death of my grandmother, had he been aware of it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Mrs. Gutierrez: Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness is Carmen Kasperbauer. Thank you.

Mrs. Kasperbauer: Thank you and hello, Chairman Tamargo and honored members of this Commission. I am Carmen Torres Artero-Kasperbauer. I am the second oldest child of the late Antonio Cruz Artero and Josefa Torres Artero, who harbored U.S. Navy radioman, George Tweed during the final 21 months of the Japanese occupation. This 21 months that I refer to were lived in constant fear by my family. Word had already gotten out that Japanese search parties were all over the island looking for this U.S. radioman, who could potentially be a threat to a Japanese victory.

Japanese soldiers were going from village to village looking for Tweed, leaving behind a trail of tortured and dead Chamorros. My mama and papa knew that if we were found taking care of George Tweed, the family would be tortured in front of other Chamorros and killed as an example.

A moment I will never forget was when, near the end of the occupation, I was leaning into a large, concrete water catchment, in our property, near our house, that was nearly empty, chirping like a bird. There was an echo. I was making a sound, "tweet". I waited for the echo. I did it again, "tweet, tweet" and I keep on varying the sound, enjoying the echo back. My mother called out to me, Carmen, shut your mouth. Don't say that. Don't say that.

I couldn't understand what she saying, so I did it again. Mama came running out, hit me in the face. As she was wiping the blood from my nose, she was crying and holding me saying, that she

didn't mean to hurt me. As she was doing that, Japanese soldiers were walking up the path to our tin house. She was very scared because I had no idea.

There are too many memories. I pray sometimes for the ability to forget them, but I can't. To this day, I have not been able to stomach war movies and probably never will. I try, but I wind up running out of the theatres in tears. The most recent time that happened was last year, when my husband and I went to the theatre to see "Black Hawk Down".

It's not only the pain and suffering brought on by the Japanese at the time, but also the pain and suffering caused by unjust decisions made by the U.S. government during and after Guam's recapture. My family, along with many other Chamorros found it difficult to speak out against the U.S. at the time for fear of sounding ungrateful. The fact is that we loved and appreciated all of the American soldiers. We were grateful to them for risking their lives while ending the war. We prayed and cried for those who died as well as for their families.

The Japanese forced my family to farm for them in Toguak with promise of payment. Payment never happened. Besides giving them what we harvested, we also had to give them our livestock. They regularly walked into our house during family mealtime and took our food from the table. Our family of 10 went hungry a lot of times.

Toguak is where my father and mother hid Tweed. I helped my papa bring food and things to Mr. Tweed. We went daily until it got too dangerous. I never knew who the recipient was. I was always left at the bottom of the cliff to pick federico nuts, while my father took my gunny sack with him up the cliff to Tweed's hideout. I was told never to ask question or talk to anybody about what we were doing. The details to this are elaborate in George Tweed's book, "Robinson Crusoe USN, the Adventures of George Tweed on Japanese Held Guam".

As the war was ending and after Tweed had already been rescued, we were ordered to march to Manenggon and then suspiciously enough, we were told to go somewhere and receive compensation for our labor and food from the Japanese. Papa knew he was being set up. So, instead of going to Manenggon, we went and hid in Navy radioman Tweed's hideout because the Japanese found out my parents had been hiding him. My mother was about three months pregnant when we climbed up the steep cliff. She lost her baby that day.

We ran out of food and water after a few days. Mom continued hemorrhaging. I caught pneumonia and nearly died. It was the most terrible time of our lives, especially since we knew that the Japanese were looking for Mr. Tweed and us. This was in late July, 1944. The U.S. military force, at that time, had moved up north where we were. Our area was their target from the air, sea and land. The planes were shooting at us. The ships were bombing us and we even heard shooting down below. It was a miracle we all came out alive.

The military took Toguak by force shortly after they recaptured Guam. It was called NCS, and now NCTS, almost 800 acres of land. We did not know that they were going to take this land. My dad and I went up there after we were living in Agana Heights, to go check our ranch. When we got there, we found that it's all barbed wired, fenced in and there was a sign saying, "Keep out. Condemned land. Trespassers will be shot." The other Artero land that the U.S. took by force from Arteros is Upi, it is now known as Anderson Air force Base, almost 5,000 acres. The remaining land that was not taken is Urunao, but we were denied access for over 50 years, until recently.

The irony of it all is that my family risked their lives to hide the only remaining U.S. Navy man to survive the war on Guam. At the same time, the military took everything we owned and left us destitute. Taken from the Visit Guam publication by Former Guam Congressman, General Blaz, I quote, "Shortly before he died, Tun Antonio was interviewed by a national network reporter from New York who said, "You must hate the United States for taking so much of your land from your family." Tun Antonio laughed and said, "No, my dear. I love Americans. Only a few bad high level officials did this to us. Now, it's up to all of you in America to right this wrong."

The reward given by the U.S. federal government to the family came in the form of Presidential Medal of Freedom, send it to my father by the Naval Governor of Guam, Rear Admiral Pawnell. It was presented in behalf of the President, Harry S. Truman, in a very quiet ceremony in his office in 1946. My parents are dead and the medal is tarnishing in a box, as my brother Victor says, "How do we attempt to resolution to this issue?" The people who testified that they were owed money promised by the Japanese for labor and farming should be paid.

Two decades ago, I assisted my Senatorial colleague, the Late Cecilia Bamba, establish a war reparation commission. This was done with the intention that the Guam Chamorros would be duly compensated by the Japanese government. Japanese officials, instead of working with Guam's Chamorro people, dealt with the United States government and was, to the shock and dismay of the Chamorros, absolved them of their crime on Guam.

There must be retribution for the torturing and murdering of civilians and the sick raping of many Chamorro women and young girls. The effects of the injuries, starvation, forced labor and permanent psychological damage that continues to this day, must be resolved. I would also like to see the U.S. government, partnered with Japan, to create a scholarship program for all the descendants of those victims of the Japanese occupation of Guam, as retribution.

I would also hope to see a museum that would house all the written and oral testimonies that have been given about life during the war, including this that are being presented to you. As

part of war reparation, I would like to see Urunao and other areas of Guam cleaned up of hundreds of tons of hazardous and household waste that were dumped by the American government after the war. I would also like assistance in regaining full access to our property and building the infrastructure.

Commission members, many of the witnesses you are hearing from have already testified in front of a similar commission. I hope and pray that this will be the last time. I am nearing 70 years of age. I'm praying for resolution of the violations of our human rights and property rights before I die. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Did you indicate that you were not compensated for the land?

Mrs. Kasperbauer: My grandfather and my aunts and uncle were taken out in an MP jeep, up to Nimitz Hill. They make my family, they forced them to sign the document. They said if they didn't sign it, they would deport my grandfather because he's from Spain. So, that was in 1947, I think. '46 or '47. My grandfather received money for Upi at that time. Then, Toguak, which is NCS now, my father took that to court. But, all the jury members were all appointed by the Navy. They even came to our house and told my dad that they were sorry, but they have to put a monetary value... They were told by the Navy that they can not accept any offer from the Arteros for any price more than what the Navy wanted. So, they were paid, even though my dad got a lawyer, the court system was all controlled by the Navy. It was not done right.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Was there any personal injury claim, or non-property claim made by your family?

Mrs. Kasperbauer: Not that I know of.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if they were aware of the opportunity to file a claim like that?

Mrs. Kasperbauer: No. I wasn't aware either. But, I'm sure if there are records, it helps. Some place. Maybe you could, if it was done, it would be there. But, to me, in spite of whatever they decided to give at that time, it was unfair and not just because we were 10,000 miles from DC and the military was in power and control. Many of us at that time did not speak English, did not know all kinds of, our rights and documentation. So, it was not fair, whatever it was done.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mrs. Kasperbauer: Thank you, very much. God bless you and I hope that resolution will come about with this.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Okay. We'll now hear from Ben Gumataotao.

Mr. Gumataotao: Thank you very much for having me here, Mr. Chairman and fellow Commissioners. I'm from Sumay, where the village was taken away from the government of Guam, our government of the United States. I will tell you my experience during World War II.

I was up at the Marine barracks when they first bombarded the island. I was wounded with my, this hand here, with the Japanese strafing the Marine barracks. I was running away from the place where I was working. At that time, I was 14 years old. I was working for the Enlisted Men's Club that morning, December 8, 1941.

All during the wartime, I look like an American. Every day that I see Japanese, they'll beat me up. Either they wring my ear or they knock my head. But, they took us to be slave, forced labor, more likely, in a rice field, cornfield and potato, sweet potato field.

During that time, we worked six days a week, 12 hours a day. We brought our own food to that area, where you worked. We were not compensated, not a penny, all that time, until I was transferred to the camp down in Sumay. There are 36 of us. I really feel sorry for those 35 because I'm the only survivors, and this woman with the operators of the heavy equipment to build up the Orote airfield.

Anyway, during that time, the Japanese were in Guam. There's a lot of atrocities and I witnessed a lot of things that were happening in Guam, like the Late Frank Wonpat, when he was beheaded at Pigo', I was there. It was the first person that was beheaded by digging his own grave and they won't waste a bullet for him to be killed. He had to be beheaded by the sword. We were all crying for that matter. But, anyway, the time that we were there at Orote Point, the food that we eat over there is 50% worm and 50% rice. It's all rotted rice. We have to eat because we're starving.

Anyway, I'll make it short. During the time that the United States, before they came in, one day the Japanese came over to my place and took my machete. Machete in the island, that's your livelihood. When they took my machete, cut all the bananas in a banana field, when I asked for my machete back, they beat me up until I was unconscious. When I got up, I don't even know where I'm at. That's the worse experience I ever had.

At the time, they took us to Manenggon, my fellow people were sent up to Fenna, I was one of them. I keep begging them, "Let's run away because they're going to take us out there and kill us." Those people that went up there, they all were killed. I didn't go there. I slide down to the river. If they caught me, I'm just going to tell them that I just fell down to the river. But, I didn't attempt to escape, but I finally escaped and I didn't go through the...

Anyway, during the Manenggon time, people are starving. I can't go back to the camp because I was one of them taken over to Fenna. So, I have to look for some food until I found some farmer in Yona Village. I took a big pig. He was crying, "Don't take my pig." I said, "Those people down there in the camp are dying. I have to take this thing down." So, I took it down there. That pig just disappeared. They ate everything.

It's a horrible experience that I have been through. But, I'm not the worst. There's a lot of people here that are worse than I am. I want to thank you for entertaining me today.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Did you or your family file a claim for the personal injury you suffered?

Mr. Gumataotao: No. The reason why that people don't file any claim is lack of communication. We don't have anything, no newspaper to tell us that there's a claim going on or things like that nature. Nothing at all. People are so busy trying to take their life together to make sure that they live better than what they experienced during World War II. But no one ever claimed for it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you all. We'll now hear from Former Governor, the Honorable Paul Calvo. Thank you.

Paul Calvo: Good morning, Mr. Chairman and members of this distinguished Commission. I need glasses. I am Paul Calvo, a citizen from the United States of America, a proud Chamorro and a former governor of Guam. I come before this distinguished panel on this historic day, not in my capacity as a former government official, but rather as a living witness to the tragedy and horrors of war experienced by my family, myself. That our island was invaded by enemy forces.

It was on this day, December 8, 1941, exactly 62 years ago that our island was invaded by enemy forces. On this day, 1941, I was 7 years old. My parents were present at the Dulce de Maria Cathedral in Agana, attending mass in honor of our island's patroness, Santa Marian Kamalin. When Bishop Michael Olano announced to the faithful gathered that morning that Sumay was being bombed by Japanese planes. I recalled the great fear, anxiety and sense of hopelessness that many felt upon learning of the outbreak of war with Japan. Bishop Olano had urged all the faithful gathered to pray fervently and to leave the Cathedral immediately to seek shelter and refuge.

I recall how terribly afraid my parents felt. On the calming assurances of my father, we immediately found refuge for our family at our ranch in Maite. You see, Mr. Chairman, the experience of my people, the Chamorros, was one which all peoples are subjected to when occupied by enemy forces. We were proud nationals of the United States. The Japanese knew this and because of it, it began their desperate attempt to subjugate and change our people. Despite the Japanese oppressiveness, our people remained obstinate, refusing to succumb to the pressures the Japanese imposed upon us. It is for this reason that many of our people were brutally punished and executed during the period beginning December 8, 1941 to July 21st, 1944.

Mr. Chairman, the Chamorro people were stripped of their dignity, subjected to cruel and inhumane punishments, forced labor, forced internment, torture, rape and execution. What many of you, on the U.S. mainland, may read about in books depicting wars and its atrocities, or might have watched a war movie, or learned about it in history books, our people, the Chamorros, witnessed firsthand and unfortunately experienced all of this terrible injustices.

I, personally, had a taste of it myself when my sensei, teacher, slapped and kicked me for forgetting to remove my shoes upon entering the classroom, which was my last day at school. I didn't come back.

I came here today as a living witness, who lived and experienced these atrocities every single day of the Japanese occupation. Throughout this time, our people remained vigilant, ever hopeful and confident that the United States, our mother country, would return. We love the United States of America and because of this fact, many of our people were openly defiant to the Japanese and were punished.

My father and his brother's short wave radio enabled us to keep abreast of America's activities in the Pacific. In 1944 we received news of America's impending rescue of Guam. We were elated. I recall many of us humming and singing the classic song that enabled us to remain strong and faithful, the "Uncle Sam, Sam, my dear Uncle Sam, won't you please come back to Guam?" I memorized all those verses and I can still say it, but it's too long.

I recall the great anticipation of many of us during this time. I recall the day my family and thousands of our fellow people were subjected to the long and exhaustive march to Manenggon. I might say that, from a distance, I could see a gathering of people when the, what Ms. Hannah Torres mentioned about her mother being pushed. I can't say I was right there, but I can see it from a distance in Manenggon. I recall the anxiousness and fear that many of us have during the march. I recall the sound of cries of infants being told to keep quiet.

I watched in great horror, the beating of some of our people by the Japanese on the way. I remember the terrible stench of death as we passed their bodies, this was when we were being taken from Manenggon. I recall seeing the sick being forced to remain behind and the crying of the family that were told that they could not take with them. Many men, women and children were subjected to every imaginable and horrible human indignity during this terrible march.

I recall learning of the awful atrocities submitted by the Japanese against people in Malesso', the Faha' and the Tinta massacre. In Agat, the Fenna massacre, in Tai, in Yigo and even in Manenggon.

I recall how terrible we felt, we all felt, when we learned of the torture and beheading of our own beloved Chamorro marcher, an uncle of my wife, Father Jesus Baza Duenas, who suffered so terribly at the hands of the Japanese.

Mr. Chairman, many of our people will come before you today to tell you their stories of their suffering and their pain, reliving the nightmare is a painful task. The pain is even more accentuated because our people have never been given the opportunity for closure. If this hearing is the first step towards that end, then we welcome it. But, I humbly urge this Commission to restore justice for our people, to restore our faith in the America we have always known and have always loved. When justice is rendered for the Chamorro people, then I am confident that all our suffering, all our pain, all of our people who have died for their loyalty to America, that all of these indignities will not have been in vain. I thank you, Mr. Chairman and members of this Commission.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Governor. Thank you very much. I'd like to acknowledge the presence in the chamber of Senator Rory Respicio and Senator Tina Muna Barnes. They were both here yesterday and they're both here again today. Thank you very much, for the use of your chamber. Thank you very much. We'll now hear from witness Joaquin San Nicholas. Thank you.

Mr. San Nicholas: Good day, lady and gentlemen. I am Joaquin San Nicolas from Inarajan. I was 5 years old at that time. When I left once to my house, because my house is in Inarajan. My father's name is Jose Lujan San Nicolas. My mother's name is Josefina Paulino San Nicolas. My house was turned into an office by the Japanese because it was a two-story building. When we were sent to Umafet, I went, out of habit, to my house in Inarajan. One day, I saw a line of women in front of my house being punished and interrogated about Father Jesus Baza Duenas. This I saw where I stood near the second pillar supporting my house. I returned back to where I was supposed to be. On the second night, we were taken from Umafet and all the women were separated from us, their parents, and the young. We, the young children and the women were made to march to Mogfog from Umafet and this began in front of my house in Inarajan to the entrance of the village. At the entrance, we were told to rest because we were thirsty and hungry. At dawn, we were told to return back to Umafet, back to the camp and then over to the school in Malesso'. We stayed there for the night then there was nothing to be heard but gunfire, cannons, and gunshots. The next morning, the door swung open and there was a Japanese soldier leaning on it and he was dead. We left again to go up to Inarajan. Then, I will make my story short, that night, I needed to urinate so I left to do just that. When I was urinating, a woman next to me said she was wounded from a gunshot. At dawn again, I said I didn't know what to do because I couldn't go anywhere but we continued on to Inarajan again and made it there on the third day. As they say in English, I could forgive, but I can not forget. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Do you recall if your family had any experience with the former Naval Claims Commission?

Mr. San Nicholas: No, not that I know.

Chairman Tamargo: Over property or injuries?

Mr. San Nicholas: Not that I know.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We will now hear from Mary Flores. Please go ahead.

Mary Flores: Good morning to everyone here, and to you, Mr. Chairman and the members of the Commission. A huge thank you very much to all of you for listening to us. I will like to say that my name is Mary Taitano Flores, born here, near this place in Agana. I am now 74 years old. I was 12 when the war broke out. The liberation, I was 15 years old. Excuse me.

I want to just recall what I had written down in the questionnaire so that we can be brief. I want to be counted because I'm one of the survivors of the war. I'm glad that I'm still around to go through this, not really very happy that it took this long to come to this stage. I wonder whether I will be around when it is finalized. But, so be it.

My personal experience is very mild compared to the most of these people that have gone through. But, I think, there's no doubt that we all suffered the same. No matter what age that would be. We all went through the same thing. The way I feel, we are like a family here in Guam. What we went through, we are a family. I feel that everyone here maybe feel the same way.

Now we're hearing from descendents from most of the people that experienced the war. These are our children now, who would have to listen, not experience and we pray that they will never experience what we have experienced here. We pray that that will not happen. I am going to go through the listing of the questionnaire, so to be brief and I hope I will do it in the five minutes allotted. Okay?

In the question of whether anyone in our family was hurt, my brother, Jose had his head pushed down several times in a bucket full of water, beaten so many times until he blacked out. The reason was that being a Navy man, he was suspected of knowing where Mr. Tweed was, although he didn't know.

The next question, we were compelled by the Japanese to work. I was 13 years old at that time. We were made to clear fields for planting corn and taro. We were made, the women, the girls would be taken to certain areas to weave the coconut leaves for shelters for the Japanese.

In my case, we were made to go up to almost Anderson Air Force Base location, where the men would cut logs and we would have to carry them out. The girls would have to carry out the logs to the truck. The men will carry the logs to as far as where the Japanese would not see them because they didn't want the men to carry the logs for the girls. They want us.

We were told these logs were four, five feet long. We were told it was for the beaches, to place mines, to have barbed wire around them. This we did in Manenggon. We were made to fill gunny sacks with dirt to cover the dug-out of the Japanese for their shelter and for their food supplies.

In our march, the next questionnaire, number eight. We were made to march from Yigo to Dededo, Barrigada, Mangilao, Maimai, Yona and ending in Manenggon, where we were camped. We were interned in a building in Yigo before we were marched to Manenggon because our families, about six families who were living up in Santa Rosa. We were, I see that the time...

Chairman Tamargo: Continue.

Mary Flores: I thought I would be able to finish it. But, I suppose I should stop.

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead please. Finish the form.

Mary Flores: We were made to stay there because the heads of family members, and you know the families in Mount Santa Rosa, decided when the planes started to come in, decided to hide in the boonies, away from the Japanese. We were able to do that for a while. But, then, one of the retired Navy man, got up on a banyan tree and signaled the plane that was flying over. It so happened to be a Japanese plane, instead of an American plane. Thinking it was going to be an American plane, it was a Japanese plane.

The next day, a group of Japanese soldiers came up the mountain and caught the boys who were supposed to be lookouts for the Japanese coming up. They were caught playing...
(End of Tape 1)

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(Tape 2)

Ms. Flores: ..and the next day, a group of Japanese soldiers came up the mountain and caught the boys who were supposed to be lookouts for the Japanese coming up. They were caught playing and so we were rounded up and housed in a long barracks for the military there. We were not permitted to talk to anyone unless we get permission from the Japanese. When we were marched to Manenggon, we were kept as a group. We thought we were going to be executed because of what had happened up at the mountain.

I have here, on number ten, should I continue?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, please. Please go ahead.

Ms. Flores: All right. The number ten was, what is it that we find we would like the Committee to know. One, we were made to attend school to learn Japanese. Every morning before classes, we would face north and bow to the Emperor of Japan. I didn't attend long enough because we moved from Yigo to Agana.

The other incident that happened. One soldier guarding our group of workers took out his sword and raised it up and told me to stand at attention. At that time, I saw my head rolling on the ground, because I believed that he was going to cut my head off because I answered back to him. I was stupid. So, I answered back.

You don't answer back to a Japanese. You accept what he decides. Anyway, he lowered, the girls were crying and were saying, "Mary, tell him you're joking." But, I couldn't say anything. I was shaking. So, the Japanese, I guess, maybe he was just scaring me, but he lowered the sword and laughed, I guess.

At another work place, one of the girls, we were clearing the field and one of the girls loved to whistle. She was whistling while she was hoeing. One of the guards was irritated, got up and took a club. He carried that club around with him. We knew what it was for. He hit the back of this girl for several times and had her hold up her hoe and every time she lowered her arm, he would hit her again.

For several times, he did that until then, we saw her throw down the hoe and run and came back later with the head of the Japanese, but nothing was done. But, from that day on, we were not made to work at that place again.

We were taken to a work place in Dededo. Girls had that, we would weave coconut leaves and then, one day we were loaded in a truck. We were brought close to a camp, a military camp. We went past soldiers who were out standing. I don't know if they were waiting for us or what. They were all naked and they were laughing. We were taken all the way in to the furthest place.

We were taken down from the truck and were given shots. But, we never found out what that was for. We felt it was something that we had no question for. We accepted it. Should I go on?

Chairman Tamargo: If you could summarize.

Ms. Flores: One thing that happened that I would like to mention here, not miss it. When we were coming into Manenggon, we know we were in Maimai. We were marching at night. The children were thirsty. We wanted to give them water to drink. The Japanese would not let us get water from the water drums around a Chamorro house. So, when we got down to Maimai, in the valley, there was a big karabao mud hole, or water hole I would call it. The two Japanese went in and swished it around, muddied it up and then pointed to that and said, "That you drink."

So, my sister who was a nurse told me to get a can, fill it up and she built a fire and boiled the water, kept boiling it, scooping the scum from the top until it went down about half way. Then she took it off the fire and laid it to cool off. That's when she said we would give the kids the drink. By that time, the Japanese decided to have the men get the coconut for the children to drink.

I was hit by a Japanese as we were coming in to Manenggon. The karabao cart was stuck in the mud. They were calling the men to come out to help. I was sitting under a coconut tree, when all I heard was cussing. Then, it lifted me up. He hit me with a coconut leaf, or frond, on the back end and lifted me over a coconut tree that was lying on the ground. When he realized it was a girl he hit, he just laughed.

We had gone through a lot to enumerate them would take weeks, maybe. But, just to say that we all suffered, no matter what. We all, all of us, suffered. We would like, I for one, I'm not thinking of compensation. I'm thinking of being recognized because we were not, the way I feel about this is that we are not a people to the Americans. I love America, but I feel like a relative of a rich person that you may claim to be related to. But, this rich person does not acknowledge it. It's embarrassing.

I'm very proud to be part of America, but I am embarrassed sometimes to say that I am. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Let me ask. You indicated in the form that you did not file a claim?

Ms. Flores: No.

Chairman Tamargo: You did not know about it. Do you know if any members of your family were aware of the Naval Meritorious Claims Commission?

Ms. Flores: I don't think so. I can not say. But, as to my family, itself, because my parents were dead and my older brother was the head of the family.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you very much.

Ms. Flores: Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: We'll now hear from Lourdes Uncangco. Thank you very much.

Ms. Uncangco: I am Lourdes T. Uncangco. I came to witness the problems from the Japanese. I was 6 years old when the Japanese came. I was raised by my uncle. Then, when I was at home with the rest of the children, my aunt was at the church on December 8. We burned a candle and kept pacing around praying about the arrival of the Japanese not knowing where we would be living at. Then, when my aunt came, they did the same thing again. After awhile, we went up to Maite to a ranch owned by my uncle. We planted and harvested. Then the Japanese came and we were so scared. The Japanese did as they pleased, took our food, and we were left with nothing. My uncle worked as a blacksmith making machetes, knives, irons, and then he'd exchange them for food and some money. We went about our lives like this then when it came time for us to leave, the Japanese took us. I was only 6 and very obedient because my elders taught me to be that way. When it came time for us to go to Manenggon, we were all directed to walk from Agana to Manenggon. When one child

complained of being tired because she was so young herself, my aunt and uncle pleaded for us to be patient and we will soon be there. I understand that we were all herded together to be killed but that was their disposition. That was what we knew. When we continue to pray, as I believe, then we will be spared because God will be with us. But, there were people killed including my father. I was innocent because of my age and I didn't know any better. When I felt bad because of starvation, not like today, there was so much fear and we needed to render respect to the Japanese. Whatever was found to be eaten, it would be eaten. I took it all in, learned to be accommodating because of my being young, my innocence, and I was trusting of my aunt and uncle. As time went on, and we heard that the Americans would be coming, I knew that help was on the way. At my age, I understood that part. But, before they came, life with the Japanese was hard and full of punishment for the Chamorro people. Us, Chamorros, we are humble, patient, and we learn to swallow everything but think of God all the time as he is always with us. All that we need is our spirit and our lives being in the hands of God. He gives and takes away. That's all I have to say. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. You indicate, do you understand me?

Ms. Uncangco: Um-hm.

Chairman Tamargo: You indicate that your mother made a claim?

Ms. Uncangco: Not that I know.

Chairman Tamargo: Oh, I see. Let me ask you then, do you know if your mother made a claim? Do you know if your mother, or your family was aware of the opportunity?

Ms. Uncangco: No, no sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. We'll now hear from Jesus Naputi. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Naputi: Buenas dihas, Chairman Tamargo, Commissioner Van Cleve, Vice Chair Unpingco, Benjamin Cruz and Commissioner Robert Lagomarsino. To begin with, and to be honest with you, I don't envy your job. You sit there and listen to stories. But, I hope that we don't have to tell these sad stories again. I hope that we'll close this chapter in the history of our people and the history of Guam.

My name is Jesus Chargualaf Naputi. I was born on January 1st, 1940. At the time Japan bombed Sumay in other parts of Guam, I was 1 year and 11 months old. My family suffered food shortage because Japanese soldiers confiscated crops, poultry and livestock for their own consumptions. Later on, around 1943, I was involved in a forced march, internment, hunger and other atrocities associated with confinement.

I recall vividly, one evening some Japanese soldiers rounded up the residents of Molojloj, this is a municipality of Inarajan. We started the march under concealment of darkness and strict control of the soldiers. At first, we were marching on unpaved, gravel road, for what I figure, later on in my life, to be about two hours. As a three-year old boy, I held onto my dad's back pocket in order to keep the family intact during the march. My mom was taking care of my two older siblings. Afterwards, we were led into a jungle trail where trees blocked off the light from the stars, making visibility nearly impossible.

My dad told me to hold onto his pocket even tighter, for we were walking in deep mud. At times I had to let go of my hold of my dad because the mosquitoes were attacking me left and right. My dad would turn back to see if I was still trailing him. He would encourage me to keep on going, not to give up hopes, we would reach our destination before too long. "Where are we going?" I asked my dad. "I don't know", he replied. "We just have to keep following them or we'll get tortured or even get killed by the soldiers", my dad added.

That statement told me something real bad was taking place. I remained silent the rest of the way. But, I was horrified. After a long and tedious walk into the jungle, we came to a cave called Liyang Payesyes. Payesyes is an extinct bird. They're real tiny birds, so they reside in caves. Inside the cave was hot and humid. The mosquitoes were ceaselessly biting all over. Several occasions, I swallowed a couple just by breathing. Still sweating from the long walk, my body itched. My clothes were muddy. I didn't even have extra clothes. I was thirsty. I asked dad for water. There was no water. I was hungry. I asked dad for food. There was no food.

I remembered though, that my mom made chicken soup earlier that afternoon. I didn't remember anyone in the family eating any of that soup. But, I went to sleep hungry, thirsty and muddy, not to mention the mosquito attacks. In my sleep, I felt someone yanking my shoulder. It was my dad. He woke me up and said, "Here son. Have something to eat." He handed me two shoots from a sprouting coconut. I masticated the shoot just to show him I appreciated his effort in sneaking out of the cave, risking the soldiers' apprehension that could easily cost him his life.

"Where's the chicken soup?" I asked my dad. Like it was all his fault, he took me into his arm and apologetically said, "I'm sorry son. I was instructed not to take anything from home. The soldiers said that everything to be provided for when we reach our destination." Liyang Payesyes was the destination, as well as our home for over a year.

The food we ate was whatever the work detail could loot in nearby farms and ranches. However, most of it went to the soldiers' consumption. A meager ration or haikyu as my parents

called it, went to the prisoners of the Legion of Justice. The water we drank was fetched directly out of the stream nearby.

I have never received any compensation for forced march, neither compensation for imprisonment, nor am I aware of Meritorious War Claims Act of 1945. Both of my parents are no longer with us today. A lot of my older siblings have also passed on.

I am now 63 years old. In a few weeks, I'll be 64. My family read about a compensation received by Northern Marianas residence from the Japanese government. We read about Japanese-Americans receiving compensation from U.S. government for internment as a security measure.

But, my family never expressed any want and desire for any compensation from atrocities caused by our occupiers. After more than six decades, we perhaps, don't even care. We were able to go back to the fields, go back to the ranches and go on with our lives.

The agonizing pain, however, exists for two years and counting. After Pearl Harbor, the United States realized that Japan had tremendous empire, from Indo-China to Manchuria and out into the Pacific, except Guam. But, Guam was already secured by the Japanese. U.S. military strategists decided that in order to defeat Japan, the United States must bring Japan back to its own shores. Indeed, it happened. Guam was used as a stepping-stone for that operation. It was never intended, entirely, to liberate the people of Guam from the brutal occupation of Japan. We just happened to be in the way.

The treaty that ended the war between the United States and Japan absolved Japanese government of liabilities from loss of lives and damages of properties. The Chamorros were treated like a bunch of cattle, herded over to the U.S. by Japan. Japan said, "Here. I've slaughtered some, but the remainder is yours."

The Chamorros at that time were intelligent enough to see that the world was at war. But, they would never be able to comprehend that at peace time, a nation so powerful, a nation so blessed with democratic principle and human rights, can ignore the dignity and respect to human beings. The pain doesn't lie at the lap of monetary compensation, but the lap of acknowledgement and recognition.

When others were given, we were forsaken. This was the pain that lived and died in the heart of the deceased. This is the pain that nestles in the hearts of the survivors. God bless you. God bless America. God bless Guam.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. I think you answered this, but let me ask anyway. Do you recall your family discussing any claims process?

Mr. Naputi: I did answer that, but I will say it again, no.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, thank you. We'll now hear from Juanita Cruz. Please go ahead.

Ms. Cruz: Good morning. I'm here to present my, with this, my mother and my brother, my mother and myself. My mother's name Maria Pangelinan Naputi Ignacio Perez and myself of Juanita Perez Cruz.

When the Japanese came to Guam, they came to our ranch and turned their horses loose into our farm. They ate all our cornfields and everything. My mom come running out and saying, "Hey, that's food." So, they beat her up and then they tied her on the coconut tree and started beating her up. I was struggling because I was, the taicho' was holding me. I was struggling to help my mom, but I can't.

So, they turned her loose. She fell to the ground. They turned her over and raped her. All the soldiers that were there. Me, I'm still struggling to try and help my mom. I could just stare and the soldiers just turned right around. He took out his bayonet, he was cut, chop my head off. Instead went on my right legs. The tip of the bayonet sticks there until the American came into Guam. My mom took me to Agana, to the hospital. The doctor said I got gangrene. I carried that on until the American got here.

Chairman Tamargo: Take your time.

Ms. Cruz: Again, it hurts. We went to Manenggon. They told us that the Japanese are going to go and bring rice to Guam, food for the Chamorro. We're marching up there. They put us in prison camp and my mother ran away from prison camp, went to catch some fish for us to eat. They caught my brother eating fish, so they slapped him, cut his tongue out. At the time, he was only five years old. So, I carry him home, until we get back to Mongmong. We bury him right underneath the avocado tree.

I'm sorry, sir. I can't continue. I never mentioned this to anybody.

Chairman Tamargo: I appreciate you going through how difficult this is. Thank you so much. The Commission appreciates you coming here and doing this. Can I ask, do you recall if your family made a claim?

Ms. Cruz: Never. My mother don't even know how to read and write.

Chairman Tamargo: All right. Thank you very much. Thank you all very much. We will now take a five-minute recess. But, the next panel can go ahead and take their seats, please.

Memo: Recess break in recording.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next speaker will be Josephina Selvedge. Please go ahead.

Josephina Selvedge: I am Josephina Meno Selvedge. I was 15 years old when the Japanese came. There was so much suffering when they came. There was no food and then they took me to go to school. They forced us to run and to bow then a Japanese followed me and tied my hands like a dog. He dragged me to a manmade cave and he said that if I didn't keep quiet he will follow me and cut off my head with a bayonet. It was then the beginning of my torment, one mile away from my ranch. Then, he did take out his bayonet and he told me to take off my panties. He slapped me and hit me until I fainted and that was when he did what he wanted with my body. I felt like a pig that was slaughtered because afterwards I could not even walk or stand but he picked me up. When I returned to my ranch, I told my father what was done to me, why I appeared that way to him. I was a bloody mess. I told my father that the Japanese told me that if I didn't allow him to do what he wanted, I would be beheaded and subsequently my family, too. That Japanese would then follow me and everyday he'd take me to the manmade cave and did what he wanted with me and the time he stopped was when word of the Americans started bombing Agana. They then took us to the camp in Umafet and there was no food and they took my father to Malesso' to kill him but when they got there, they let him go. When my father returned to the camp, he found that his father (my grandfather) was already killed and he then buried him on the hillside. There was no food and then we were taken again to Malesso' and my father found rice in the Japanese camp there and then, because of that, we were able to eat.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much for coming and testifying. Are you aware of whether your family was aware of the Naval Meritorious Claims Commission and whether they filed a claim?

Josephina Selvedge: Yes.

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, they filed a claim?

Ms. Selvedge: (Through a Translator): They were not. The Japanese were the bosses, so there was nobody to tell.

Chairman Tamargo: After the Americans came. Thank you very much. We'll now hear from Ben Garrido. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Garrido: I will speak in Chamorro.

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Garrido: My name is Vicente Ulloa Garrido. I am a Chamorro and a proud one at that. For me, I believe that this public hearing is for all of you up there. In my opinion, you are here to know how many are alive today and those who have passed us who have testified in previous hearing in Hawaii and Washington, D.C. That, I believe is the essence of this public hearing. You should know how many are alive today because the questionnaire is implying that survivors are the ones answering the questions on them. There have been many public hearings on war reparations; one in Hawaii, and one in Washington. The stories of our elders-Beatrice Emsley and Tun Pedro Cruz and others who have testified about the stories of the sufferings of the Chamorros during and after the Japanese occupation on our island, a war which was not ours. How much evidence do you need to prove to the Americans that the Chamorros have suffered during the occupation of the Japanese. How much more evidence do you need? Yesterday, the news have reported that we have not even begun on the public hearings but yet, stories are circulating that several months or years will pass before a decision will be made before the Chamorros will be compensated. Are we going to wait another sixty years. You, members of the War Claims Review Commission, tell us now how much time are you giving us before you can tell us or decide whether the Chamorros will be compensated or not and for those who are now descendents as their parents and elders before them died in a war not of their choosing?

For me, I cannot see any reason why we continue to testify about our sufferings with the War Claims now. Yes, this is historical because we are making this happen today on our island's soil but what about the Chamorros who testified in Hawaii and Washington? Are we going to forget about them? That was also historical because the Chamorros suffered. Beatrice Emsley has died and we keep playing around about the War Claims. The time has come and I am not being disrespectful or that I am attacking each one of you, but the time has come for the Chamorros to be given just compensation because they deserve this and I believe that they deserve this much more than what is implied by the War Reparation. As you listen to this and as you are defining this, the story is indeed bad. Every year, Liberation is celebrated here on Guam. Every year in July, stories are recounted about war experiences and the Japanese occupation. How many stories do you need to hear? The monument in Manenggon where more than a thousand names of Chamorros are listed, what evidence do you need? The time has come when this hearing is about awarding war claims. There are too many past hearings in the past and look at it now, we are still testifying about the sufferings of the elders during the Japanese occupation. And the only big word that we can define is "atrocities." You want to know about war experiences, I'm only 3 or 4 years old so I cannot tell you much about me but ask me about Vietnam because I am a combat infantry man in Vietnam and I saw combat in

Vietnam. I'm wearing two hearing aids right now from the war in Vietnam. I'm only being paid a little of it but I know I suffered more. So I know what it's like about being in a war, about being in the jungle because I wore a combat infantry badge. So Chamorros deserve no less and they should not be compared with the others who received in Japan or other islands and all that. Why should we be compared? It's really sad for me to see my elder Chamorros continue to testify. How much more evidence do you people need to see? That's all I have to say.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you for testifying. Our next witness will be Rosa Castro. Please, ma'am, go ahead.

Ms. Castro: May I read from here, then outside of this, I'll tell my very own. What I did not put down here, is over here.

Chairman Tamargo: That's fine, ma'am. Yes.

Ms. Castro: So, I'll just read this according to what I did because it's a testimony. My name is Castro Rosa Tenorio. My current address is P.O. Box 2995, Agana, Guam 96932. My telephone number is 632-5895. My date of birth and place of birth was August 23, 1932 at Agana, Guam. The place of my residence in 1941 to '44 was Chalan Pago, Guam on a thatched-roof ranch.

The question, was there any member of your family killed in the occupation personnel, no. Were there any members of your family injured by the Japanese occupation? Personnel, yes. My brother, Ignacio was beaten by the Japanese and died.

Now, another question, were you compelled with the Japanese occupation to perform forced labor? If yes, please give details. My whole family was forced to march to Manenggon. Mother was sickly and finally she died. Her name is Maria Tenorio Castro.

The question, again, it says re-enter your name. Rosa Tenorio Castro. Were you compelled by the Japanese occupation to take part in forced march? The answer is yes. If I did not march, they will kill me. Also, they will make me work in hot sun with no food and water and even though it's raining or not raining. It's a forced labor for a child. You don't have any democracy. There's no say so, "I beg your pardon." "Do it or else the end it be of you." In other words, they were very cruel to us Chamorros.

Were you forced in your resident by Japanese occupation personnel and interned in the camp or other facility? Yes. We were forced to march to Manenggon. The Japanese will kill my whole family if we did not. Whole family and my clan is very big. The Castros and the Tenorios, Blas and Iglesias. If we didn't do it, then, my whole clan will go.

The other question says, "Please provide any information relating to your experiences during the Japanese occupation that you will be interested to the Commission. We did not have any right over any of our property or farm, especially we were only living by farm. They took that privilege from us because everything that we own, our land, our food, water, we didn't have anything. It all belongs to the Emperor of Japan or the Japanese. Even if you have a pig and we like to raise that pig and multiply, or chicken, we can not do it because the Japanese would hit us.

There's nothing in our hand that we can say is ours. When you're going to eat something like that, killing chicken or killing pig, it looks like we were doing an act of stealing. When the Japanese were sleeping, because we were living in the ranch and you kill the pig and then go and then eat as much as you can because the next time you won't find it. That's cruelty under a food law.

Then, again, it says here about the claim. I was not aware about it. My name is Rosa Tenorio Castro. Now, I remember when us, Agana people. But, on December 8, 1941, the Catholic, we're talking about the Catholic Church. December 8 is a Holy Day of obligation. Everyone was supposed to go to church. That's our Catholic. What happened at the time when Sumay and Piti were under bombardment, the bishop received a note "Please release the people because the Piti Power Plant is already under bombardment by the Japanese."

So what happened, the Bishop told the people to go home, leave Agana and go somewhere to hide. I will finish the mass, the Catholic mass. So, everybody went crazy. So, what happened? We went to our ranch over there near Sinajana. So we stayed there for quite a while.

Then, all of my other relatives tried to accommodate themselves under a little ranch thatched-house. We call it guma' is house, lancho is ranch. So, we call it our guma', our house, even though it's only a thatch roof. Then what happened? We stayed there and the Japanese, 1941, '42, '43, '44. It's kind of a little piece.

I was tired and yet I was forced to go to Japanese school. I didn't know how to speak Japanese. I remember the sensei was saying that and it's true, before you enter the building of any building on the Japanese line, take your shoes off. You better take it off. If you don't take it off, something will happen to you. Sure enough. I'm not so used to taking my shoes off before going into the Japanese school. I did not.

Boy, you know what happened. I got something else. I lucky that they didn't kill me. But, the Japanese people disagree with that because...

End of Side A, Tape 2.

Start Side B, Tape 2.

Ms. Castro: After that, we stopped the school because the Americans were coming. So, we went back to our ranch and left Sinajana and we went to Chalan Pago. From there on, we went to Manenggon. Then, the marching on Manenggon, I thought, being a child, my understanding is only a child's understanding. But, now it's not. It's the opposite way around. What I heard as a child, that we were going to go to Manenggon, where's there a camp to be preserved from the American bombing.

But, that is not true. They put us there so that the Japanese collect the Chamorro and give a big bomb. One bomb is enough for many people. That's what they intended to do, but God did not permit them to do it because the American came in 1944, July 21. So, we were still in hot rod.

So, at least I live to see that. I am very glad to the American people. In fact, as a child, you pick up words here and there. We made up a song, "Uncle Sam". (Sings part of song). You heard that. So, to me, God is number one, America is number two. The American people and the Chamorros we are just national at the time.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Castro: But, we are so, I consider myself an American too. But, my blood is not American. But, I consider myself because I'm American citizen, I believe in God and I believe in the American democracy forever.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Ms. Castro, can I ask you a question?

Ms. Castro: Yes, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if your family was aware of the Naval Claims program and did they file any claim?

Ms. Castro: No, sir. Not at all.

Chairman Tamargo: You never heard them talking about it?

Ms. Castro: No, no, no.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Well, thank you very much.

Ms. Castro: You're welcome, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness will be Victor Toves. Thank you, sir. Go ahead.

Mr. Toves: Good afternoon, worthy panel. I personally live in Santa Rita, Guam. But, I was born in the Susana Hospital in Agana. That was back in '33. The places of residence, the first one was, of course, the cable station annex in Suma, Guam. The second was the Toves Ranch in Almagossa Springs in the Fenna Valley. The third one was what we call the Arestao Camp. There has only been one other instance that that was ever mentioned. Yesterday, a lady mentioned that they put the arrested ones in Fenna. These were the pro-American lords. That was when they finally took my father for the last time.

Then my family moved on to the Manenggon Camp. Father was arrested and re-arrested so many times. He was often tied to a post and blindfolded. They paraded him naked. This was a warning to the local populace that they should show loyalty to Japan and not to America. He wouldn't reveal the whereabouts of radioman George Tweed or give up the guns. The guns were hunting guns that we had previous to the war. We used that in our farm, but we had quite a few firearms that were left over when the Marines stayed with us at our farm. These were ways, supplied the Marines with turkeys, oranges, lemons, before the war.

So, we befriended a lot of them. So, they knew where the farm was. They came. When they surrendered, we heard the thing on the radio three days later. They left their rifles with us, the pistols and quite a few of their so-called cooking tents.

Members of the family, of course, that were injured by the Japanese. This happened because the raids to the farm often occurred at night, from midnight until morning. Father was often beaten, tortured, imprisoned and ultimately, beheaded. Mother would often get slapped and made to watch my father's cruel beatings, tortures, before fainting.

My oldest brother, Harry, had to endure having both his hands burned by having to physically hold the hot, smoking can of smoldering coconut husk with chunks of burning coconut meat and citronella grass, which we used to keep the mosquitoes away.

My second oldest brother, Johnny, who was heavier than Harry, was clubbed and knocked out by a rifle butt to the head. Later on, he was killed with my cousin, Frankie down in Bangngi. They were wounded by in-coming shells and then the Japanese buried them alive. To this day, we don't know where my brother's grave is, or my father's.

My older brother, Bob, my cousin Herbert, whom we raised as a member of the family and myself, and my brother Charlie, often surrounded by other Japanese soldiers and with bayonets mounted and pointed at our stomachs, slapping us and forcing us to watch and not to move. My baby

sister, Nancy, who was only 5 years old at that time, was thoroughly traumatized and crying while viewing such cruel brutalities and atrocities.

Forced labor? Yes. We were forced to work for the Japanese. My father, of course, at the Sumay air field and my two older brother. My brothers Harry and Johnny, had to both work at the air fields, both Sumay and Tiyan. My older brother, Bob, and my cousin Herbert, mom and Nancy and I, tend to the chores of the farm, taking care of the crops, cows, water buffalos, goats, pigs and chickens.

Little brother, Charlie, had to attend the Japanese school at Agat. He was the only one allowed to attend the Japanese school because my father didn't want the rest of us getting any Japanese influences.

After our forced march to the Arestao Camp, during the island's re-invasion, I later on had to join my brother, Harry and Johnny, cousins Frankie, Joseph and Arthur, to work with them at the Fenna caves, which later on was referred to as the Fenna Massacre Caves, located at the present Fenna Reservoir.

Because I knew how to handle our big bull water buffalo, I had to drive a bull cart to carry coconut logs and Japanese ammunition boxes and carry gasoline drums, which we had to unload on the side of the road, where some of the local men were detailed to half bury them for use by the Japanese. They have to camouflage these with leaves and branches.

Our train consisted of four small drivers, four carts and four water buffalos, with one-armed Japanese guard. We couldn't take off for lunch or anything. We just had to eat what we could find. But, we would often take what food we had and this Japanese guard would slap us around for good measure.

Number 8 and 9. Yes, we were forced march from our residence in Sumay. Force marched not so much as force marched, really it's hurry up, as fast as you can get out, march while the Japanese planes dive in Sumay. later on, we went to our farm in the Fenna Valley with my aunts and uncles and their large families moving in with us.

The next few days at the farm were quite eventful in as much as dad's brothers and sisters were there. But, when they set up the camp for the Marines, they moved in just a few blocks away. We heard on the radio that the island had been surrendered by the Governor. So, after that, while my dad was still incarcerated by the Japanese, while the island's re-invasion bombardment was occurring daily, we were forced to march to the Arestao Camp.

The next one, of course, was the last one, which was the Manenggon Camp. But, the reason why I didn't go to the Manenggon Camp first was we were driving the water buffalo trains. It wasn't until the Japanese guard was killed that we took the water buffalos away from the carts and ran. But, by that time, the reason why we could run was he was stood up to shoot at the American planes that were strafing our water buffalo trains.

When we looked, there was a great big hole in his chest. We ran and we went back to our old farm, which, at that later time, somebody referred to as the country club, which was the Arestao Camp.

The other information relating to the Japanese occupation, there are few would be of interest to the Commission is this. The atrocities, brutalities, cruelties, treacheries, lingering, deep anger suffered by our people have never been fully addressed, or quite fully appreciated by the liberating United States government and to erase or expropriate the searing, deep hurts, neglect and betrayal, as we all carried heavily in our hearts. Also, that the American government took such a long time to fully address this and, of course, to the ones who have passed away already, we will soon follow them, we will perhaps never see any compensation. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. You indicate in your statement here that you don't think your mother filed a claim at the time because she was not aware of it.

Mr. Toves: She not only was not aware of it, my mom can barely read or write.

Chairman Tamargo: None of the Naval staff went out of their way to inform her of this opportunity?

Mr. Toves: One came, supposedly, after the war and told her that they would give us a \$1 a year for our farm in the Fenna Valley, which is now the Naval Ammunition Depot. They would give us \$1 a year. So, mom told them that they can keep it, but they have to return it when the war was over. That's been 62 years ago. We haven't been back.

Chairman Tamargo: Is that in the statement also? You mentioned, the land?

Mr. Toves: Not..

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, well, thank you for noting it now. Thank you all for coming to testify. Please go ahead. Thank you for coming. Our first witness will be Jose Garrido. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Garrido: Muchas gracias. Hello to all of you, members of the commission who have come to Guam. Thank you for coming. I will try to be a brave soldier and a brave warrior today. I represent those who are not here, those who can not be here and all the babies and small children who died as a result of the brutality of the war.

The right to war reparation for all victims of war atrocities is a recognized and established principle of international law. It also becomes an obligation in respect to international human rights and humanitarian law. This fundamental obligation in affirming the recognition of the right of providing reparation to victims of human rights violation have been reaffirmed and ratified time and time again through treaties and declaration, many by UN members, the States.

Guam and the Chamorros, all those citizens by law of the U.S. Congress are a non-self governing people and territory listed by the U.S. as a colonial territory attested by UN declaration as not having yet exercised the human right of self-determination. To this day, since 1946, the United States has yet to live up to her UN treaty obligation as the administrating power to de-colonize Guam and its people and treat them with dignity and respect as free members of humanity.

The correlation to this political treatment is the issue of Chamorro war reparation, which has been mistreated or ignored by Americans in general since 1946 and blatantly violated as an opposite treaty obligation created by the United States waiving of U.S. war claims against Japan in the Treaty of San Francisco in 1951.

The brutalization of the Chamorro people and the thousands of atrocities and murders committed by the Japanese Imperial Army were simply written away as an aside issue and not to obstruct the important business of the U.S. foreign policy at the time and the Cold War. The U.S. treatment of Chamorro war claims against Japan and her own indiscriminate abuse against the human rights of the Chamorro people in the aftermath of the war was a disgrace to the United States and a crime against humanity.

Your presence here today, ladies and gentlemen, may have been a welcome sight to the few survivors present here today, and perhaps a glimmer of hope that justice is on the horizon. But, for the many thousands who have since passed away, they found peace with their maker, they found no redress to their sufferings.

I am a survivor who has since aged. Born in Jalaguak, near Barrigada in March, 1944. But, I was also in Manenggon. Manenggon is misspelled, as you noticed. In the arms of my mother, Maria Aquiningoc Ulloa Garrido, now 89, a victim of the war. My father, Vicente Pangelinan Garrido, passed away in 1991, a victim of the war. My grandparents, Magdalena Duenas Pangelinan and Ignacio Deleon Garrido, have also died without justice. My older sister, Julia, 12 at the time, now forever burdened with the memories of the brutality of the Japanese.

My father was a forced labor, was forced to labor in Tiyan and forced to labor in mine laying for the Japanese. It was a miracle that he survived. He died in 1991. There were, my other sisters and brothers, all born before me, Ignacia Magdalena Vicente, Maria Conchita, who almost died. My father had already made a wooden coffin for her. They're all victims of war. The thousands of Chamorros who were here during the war, they were all victims of war.

One was a huge concentration camp, guarded and controlled by Japanese soldiers, filled with hopeless brutality and ready to die for their Emperor. The Chamorros had nowhere to go. They were frightened, scared, beaten, tortured, raped, forced into slave labor, beheaded, massacred by the Japanese for almost three years. Now, 60 years, and now after 60 years, the United States wants to find out if the U.S. citizen had similar treatment of brutality as a result of Japanese occupation during the war.

War reparation, as I've said, is payments or other compensation offered us, indemnity for loss and damage. I would like to skip that paragraph and if you allow me to say this one paragraph.

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Garrido: There are many disparities in the settlements of war reparation. Americans who were imprisoned in Nazi concentration camp will receive an average of \$100,000 through an agreement in September 1995 between U.S. and Germany. In 1988, 125,000 Japanese-Americans were awarded \$20,000 each with an apology from the U.S. government for suffering internment during World War II.

Aleuts of the Aleutian Islands were lumped together with the Japanese-Americans. Japanese-Americans with whom 49 come from Hawaii. Eligible persons were given 10 years to apply for this compensation. By 1998, \$1.6 billion had been given out to the survivors of the Japanese-American. 181 of Japanese descent were removed from Latin America and suffered similar treatment in the U.S., were awarded \$5,000 each.

Japan had paid nearly \$940 billion in reparation and other payments to Asian countries, plus gave up \$2.8 billion in assets abroad after the war. Japanese assets in the U.S. had been used to pay personal claims of U.S. citizens against Japan. None of these assets were used to pay personal claims of Chamorros against Japan.

These hearing is focused only on war reparation against Japan. But, there is a Chamorro war reparation issue against the United States. This must be recognized and addressed in the immediate future so that it not be forgotten. There are many issues that must be addressed, such as post-traumatic stress disorder. PTSD, as you have noticed. That children and babies were as much a part of the total suffering that took place. Everything must be addressed to bring this issue to an honorable and just ending. To fail this, would be a crime against humanity.

Sir, one request. There must be a full accountability of the number of deaths of Chamorro men, women and children, killed by the Japanese as a result, and as a result of the Japanese occupation and by American forces. To this date, there has never been a full accountability. Thank you very much, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Do you know if your family made a claim or was aware of the opportunity to make a claim about Manenggon or any of the beatings or personal injuries you suffered?

Mr. Garrido: No, sir. I don't.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you. Our next witness will be Joseph Taitague.

Mr. Taitague: Buenos and good morning. Hello to all of you, Chairman, members of the Commission. My name is Joseph Taitague, from the Village of Inarajan. I was 17 years old at the start of the Japanese occupation.

Personal injury. I experienced incident when I was slapped on the face because I didn't bow to a Japanese soldier. I often experienced being beaten by a Japanese soldier, pointing a gun at my forehead.

Forced march. I was forced to march starting from Inarajan to Yona to receive from task. I was ordered to do this for three consecutive days, from Inarajan to Sinajana, return for ammunition, rise and seek Japanese soldier with the help of karabao bull cart where members of our group got killed by a mine in Talofoyo.

Forced labor. I was taken deep into the grassy front area and was ordered to cart and plow the area. After plowing, I was ordered to use a steel rake to break up the soil until the soil was fine. We spread fertilizer and plant rice. When the rice is nearing harvesting, I put water on the rice squares section in the morning hours. We put nicotine and added water after lunch. I will return back in the evening hours to chase the insects from the rice plant. I assisted on an annual removal of pagoo trees to enlarge the farmland.

I was taken to Jalaguak or called Tiyan. Every evening, we would dig up dirt, coral with a pick and shovel it into a wheelbarrow called bago'on. After that field was completed, I was taken to another location to dig and load coral onto a truck to transport it either to Jalaguak or called Tiyan.

There are evenings when I would dig bunkers and the Japanese Army troops would have me dig up trenches along toward the seashore. I would cut, sharpen and erect bamboo sticks. I also cut coconut trees to rig them on the seashore. This they call barricade for tanks.

Internment. I was forced to stay in the concentration camp at Umafet. I'm experiencing hardship with a lack of food, poor sleeping condition and dirty environment. I thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Do you know if you made a claim, or since you were 17 at the time, do you recall the Navy personnel on the island going, interviewing people for claims?

Mr. Taitague: No, there's no Navy man approach me about that. But, during the Commissioners office, I put in a claim, but they never did anything about it.

Chairman Tamargo: What was the claim for?

Mr. Taitague: For the war.

Chairman Tamargo: Personal injury? Forced labor? Forced march?

Mr. Taitague: Yes.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Wait, wait.

Mr. Unpingco: Did you receive any money after the war? How much?

Mr. Taitague: None, whatsoever.

Mr. Unpingco: He did not receive any compensation.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. We'll now hear from Jose Pinaula. Thank you, sir.

Mr. Pinaula: Good morning. Buenos. Hello, Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission. My name is Jose Afaisen Pinaula. I'm from Inarajan or Malojloj, Inarajan. I was 11 years old at the time, a little bit more than 11 years. I was born in August 13, 1930.

The original submission of my claim, is modified a little bit from this one here because the one that I submitted was kind of long. But, I don't think it changed the body of the intent, I mean, the problem.

For personal injury, there were no physical mark or scars. To show injury by the Japanese occupation personnel, but the physical trauma I received, and others alike here on Guam, shares the same feeling which our rights and our freedom was taken away.

The only thing that matters to the Japanese people was what was good for the Japanese Imperial Army forces. We were treated and traumatized by the frequent formation and meeting reminding us that if we did not obey the Japanese Imperial order, we would be punished or killed by the firing squad. In addition, they frequently search our bodies and homes for weapons and other U.S. made goods or items.

The work schedules were meant for their convenience and never the same. Many times, we were want to be on time as the changes in our schedule were being announced. If we fail to be prompt, we would face punishment and be watched or guarded with an armed Japanese soldier, with a rifle fixed with bayonet, pistol and sword. In short, we're prisoners of war, here in Guam, which was not, at that time, considered our war.

At one time, a Japanese soldier had slapped me six times, more time because he had claim that an order he received from the Japanese officer in charge was to inform the people working at the coral pit to stop and prepare to return to the camp before daybreak. He had passed along to me and stated that I failed to execute. He lied about the whole thing. But, he was obvious, they believe the Japanese soldier because I received the punishment.

There were another time at this coral pit in Barrigada Heights, that's just now known, where I had suffered painful burn to both of my hands that lasted at least three days, while I was assigned to keep the diesel oil torchlight burning all night. It was the only source of light for the people who work at night. I had to make sure that all the torches were placed around the coral pit was filled.

While I was refilling the torches, the diesel oil had spilled on my hands. I had no glove for protection, no water to wash it off, my hand burns as a result of the bust.

I become nervous wreck. My morale was at its lowest breaking point. I was frightened and scared for my life, that I did anything the Japanese soldier just to survive and be alive. There was a time I became extremely ill with a fever, temperature, cough and cold, however, I was forced to continue working because the Japanese had no regard of my health and well being.

There was absolutely no excuse not to work, unless you on the verge of dying. Then, you would be allowed time to recuperate without a doctor, medicine to treat your illness. We had to take care of our sickness the best way we know how and hope that we will recover.

I reach a breaking point in my life when I did not care what happened to me. If I had a weapon, I would kill the Japanese guard and hope that I would be able to run away and hide afterward.

Forced march. Yes, we were compelled to take part in forced march to our internment camp, known as Camp One, or in Malojloj, Liyang Payesyes. We were put in formation, answered role call, line up according to family and march out, heading north to toward Talofofu Bay. We were ordered to follow the senior member of the family and line up behind one another and march out from our camp.

Halfway from our camp toward Talofofu Bay, we were ordered to stop by the side of the road and wait there for about an hour and a half. During the time of delay, the Japanese soldier in charge, at that point, ordered us all to return back to our camp for reasons unknown to me. I understand later that because it's going to be daybreak and it will catch us on the way, so we return back. But, that I didn't know.

Forced labor. Yes, of course. Everything we do at this time is forced labor. I was compelled by the Japanese occupation personnel to perform forced labor. My first assignment was to chauffeur the Japanese officer in charge, better known as a taicho', in Japanese. You've seen the confiscated horse and carriage, which belongs to my uncle, Francisco Cruz. The purpose of this assignment was to make the Japanese officer inspection, round inspecting the barriers, gun emplacements, tunnels and bunkers.

Later, I was transferred to work at the Inarajan rice paddy. I did not know how to plant rice, but I was forced to learn in a hurry. While working there, I was allowed a 15 minute break in the morning and the same in the afternoon.

I don't remember the hours we begin to work, when we ended, but I can surely say from sun up to sun down. We would leave from work after dark.

Chairman Tamargo: Sir, if you could summarize. Please.

Mr. Pinaula: I was transferred to the air field, Artero Farm, where we cleared the field, field soil, plant corn and other different vegetable product for the Japanese. All this produce are not for us, or any benefit for the local people.

The blessing, of course, is our coconut tree, which give us, I think, as far as I'm concerned, it's just a tree of life.

Then, I was transferred to Tiyan air field. As we arrive there, of course, we were assigned a bedding place in the ground. That's our sleeping and resting place. While a lot of people in Tiyan were assigned to work night shift working with pick and shovel, breaking coral, carrying coral on our back in a fiber sack, dumping the coral on the runway and stomping on the coral to pack it before the roller came around to finish it up.

One of the coral pit I remember working behind the Palomo's Store in Barrigada on Route 8 and the others are from the Barrigada Heights and down at the Asan coral pit. The internment, of course, is everyone of us in the Malojloj are all family interned into this camp known as Liyang Payesyeyes in Malojloj.

My final remarks are this: I, myself, having the spirit of forgiveness as Christian, for a long time forgiven the Japanese people for their unfair treatment that I have personally received. The forced labor, that we work without pay, the unsanitary conditions we were forced to live in and the hunger we suffer for lack of food. We endured for a lack of compassion, medicine or doctor, nurse and unsympatheticness of well being, I have forgiven.

But, on vindictive term, will never forget. For me, personally, we came to welcome to our island, we were not even American citizen at the time, only an American possession from 1898 to 1941. Being patriotic to the American principle of democracy, believer of freedom, liberty and justice for all, made my patriotism to American democracy a meaningful way of life. I joined the United States Air Force in 1951, after being a U.S. citizen in 1950 and defended the American principle of democracy which was worth even more and when called upon, worth dying for.

Because I believe in the American system of democracy, I say this, when the Japanese-American incarcerated in World War II, they were treated under the American control, good shelters built for them, furnished with water and electrical part and bathroom. They were well fed and cared for, yet after the war, they were compensated \$20,000 as I understand it.

But, here, now in comparison to the people of Guam, we were not U.S. citizen, yet suffered and defended the U.S. principle, unjustly treated, forced labor, forced encampment and forced march. Worked without compensation, illness without doctor or medicine, hunger most of the time, restricted freedom of movement and being scrutinized frequently. In short, no freedom at all, no right at all, no choice at all.

The people of Guam are seeking the correctness in justice. Consider us equal U.S. citizen here on Guam as in the United States of America. I don't believe there is a second class U.S. citizen, yet that is what we are made to believe. So, let justice be served. Thank you.

In closing, it is now my honor to testify on behalf of my people of Guam. I am fortunate to have survived the era and lived to tell the story at this age now, 73 years old and 3 months. Those who have died during the period and those who lived and then died later, may their soul rest in peace. Thank you. Yours truly.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Can I ask you if you are aware, if your family made a claim with the Naval Commission?

Mr. Pinaula: It was vaguely, I heard my father say that, but his word was that, "Son, there's no payment for the joy we felt after we were liberated." That is what I heard of him say. But, I did not know about any compensation.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Okay, before I call the next witness, I'd like to remind everyone that is still to speak, and there's quite a lengthy list, if you could please limit your remarks to five minutes. The entire statement you have prepared, if you have one, can be inserted in the record, but it doesn't need to be actually spoken at the hearing, so that we can hear everybody at the microphone.

So, my next, our next witness is Eduardo Paulino. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Paulino: Buenos and good morning, top of the day to Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission. My name is Eduardo Paulino. At the time I am 10 years and 8 months old when the Japanese took over Guam.

Okay, now, I'm not going to go into all the details on this because it's going to take us time. That's my intention, to come to the point.

For injury, I don't suffer any injury.

Now, I'm going to move to the forced march. Yes. I did suffer forced march all over Guam, right from where in the vicinity of the village where I live, which is in the south, in Inarajan, the Japanese will be forcing us to march from one weapon emplacement to the other. That is for a

forced march, as far as I'm concerned. But, at the same time, they use us as their donkeys. We haul their ammunition and other equipments to different site of their gun emplacement.

Now, I move to the organized forced march. That is when they assemble all the family, childrens, elderlies and everybody. We assemble in that place, in the Village of Inarajan and then we start out, forced march. Our destination is unknown. I am not going to say to Manenggon, to Sinajana, because we don't know. But, half way of our march, and we did this at night time, by the way.

Half way, they told us to stop. We waiting there for about half hour. Then, finally they came out, the Japanese came out and said, "All right. We march back to our concentration camp." I like to use the term prison camp. That's a prison camp because we're there under guard, under security. No one can leave that place. So, that's a prison camp, no less.

Now, I move to the forced labor. I am just barely making 13 years old, maybe less. But, at that time, the Japanese want from 15 years old up to be taken down to Jalaguak, that's the airport now, here in Guam. So, actually, my brother is more or less 15, or close to 15 years old, but he's handicap. My mother started to cry because my handicapped brother is going to be taken to the airport so he can be used there as forced labor.

So, since my mother's begging the Japanese not to take my handicapped brother, she asked if I could be exchanged, to change my brother. Of course, I agree with that because I don't like to see my handicapped brother to be taken for a forced labor.

So, a couple of the Japanese soldiers, they grabbed me and tossed me right into the flatbed like a dog. 13, or barely 13 years old, just a young boy. They took me out there and then they put me on various detail, not only on one site, various sites, which is now you can see, right down here in Agana, right across the Department for Education main office.

You see that there's a bunker there, or a tunnel? I work there. This little boy at that time worked there. This little boy also helped constructed the air base now, which is now the Guam International Air Base. I also worked on the various coral pit here in Guam, right down here in Agana, in Piti and all that.

Now, moving back again to the concentration camp, I call that a prison camp because that's where they kept us under guard. No one leaves that area except for a few that was selected by the Japanese to seek food for us, for the people that stayed in that camp. But, no one else is allowed to go there.

I guess I have to close. I thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir, for coming to testify. Can I ask if you are aware if your family made a claim or was a aware of the opportunity to make a claim for personal injury?

Mr. Paulino: No, sir. Nothing at all.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you. Our next witness is Dolores Meno.

Mrs. Meno: Buenos dihas. Good morning. Chairman and members of the Commission. My name is Dolores Cruz Meno. I am from Inarajan, Malojloj. I was born in Merizo. I was a residence of Merizo in 1941.

It happens that the airplane is zooming around on the Merizo area. I did not know what is going on, so, when it passes Merizo area, it goes through the other side of the island, where they started the bombing. We didn't know what's happening. It was on a Monday morning when it happens. It's the same time as the holiday for yesterday, Santa Maria day.

So, it happened that we ran away from our home in Merizo because we know something is going on wrong. They announce it on the radio that the American and the Japanese are on war. When we know that that's the Japanese bombing, we ran to the jungle where we had a ranch in the jungle, where the Japanese would not reach it because there is no way to go there, only by foot. We had a very thick forest there. Our family lives by my father, my mother was still alive. There were 10 children in the family. I was the youngest one.
(End Side B, Tape 2)

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(Tape 3)

Mrs. Meno: ...feet and my hands are all bleeding. When I came home, my mother looked at me and she was crying, "What's happened to you, my daughter?" I said, "I'm sorry, mom, but I was being dragged by the truck. They didn't know that I was hanging on the truck. When I dropped down myself, nobody saw me because they're already far away." We were from the school over to my house. The house is way up on the mountainside. We were being dropped next to the road on the farmlands, or the ranches they're called. It was about one mile from the school to where they're dropping us. But, it happened that I'm all bleeding when I came home. I walked all the way home.

My mother said, "What's wrong?" I said, "I was being dragged by the truck. That's what happened to me." She said to me, "From now on, my daughter, you don't go back to school. So, the Japanese found out about that, that I was dropping out of school because my mother don't allow me to go to school because of that incident. Then my mother said, "You have to stay home." But, then the Japanese call us because I was already 10 years old and I was able to do something instead of just staying home. So, my mother said, "You go ahead and follow what it is they're commanding you to do."

So, I was a farm labor, by that time. I was only 10 years old, 3 months. They make me work the farm. I cut down grasses. We clean it up and then we planted a lot of vegetable. When we were harvesting the vegetable, it happens that the old people weave a basket made out of coconut leaves, and we collected all the produces from that farm. We took it out to the Manganese they call the Manganese the headquarters for the Japanese in Merizo. So, we deliver it.

There's two of us girls, because I was so fragile, I was so skinny. My parents are very poor, I am the youngest one in the family. So, there's two of us girls to carry that with the bamboo. We put the bamboo on the basket, we slid it into the farthest part of the basket and we carry it on our back out to the Manganese to deliver it to the Japanese people for their supplies. We do not have anything for us. They all get it for themselves [sic]. I was always going, every day, every day I go from my home up in the mountainside to the village next to where the Japanese are staying.

We were farming there, too much problem with me because we were getting water from the river to water the plants that we're growing because there's no pipe there, nothing. We just get the bucket and go down to the river and get water. Then we start watering the plants there so we could grow it.

That is the marched labor I am talking about, marched labor and the marched force is when we were being assembled on a, there is a valley called Ge'us Valley. One night all the old people and the young people were assembled, one night. It's a rainy day. It was on the 15 of July, '44.

We were assembled there, we don't know what's the reason. But, that night, by 10:00, something explode. We heard explosion, on the 15th of July. We were waiting for the Japanese because they're watching us closely with guns and flashlight. It's a very rainy night. When it already past 12:00, they release us because they already killed my two brothers, my two oldest brothers on the mountainside. There's a trench there on the mountainside where they killed my two oldest brother, Jose and Antonio Cruz from Merizo.

We were released that night and then we went to Manenggon, by two days. On the first day we went back home because we were afraid that the airplane is going to shoot us down because we are going on the road. The following day, they make us go back again to Manenggon. But, this time, we go through the jungle, not through the road. When we reach Manenggon, we were camped there for, I don't know how many days. But, we were still there when the Japanese and the Chamorro people were shooting each other.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Meno. Let me ask you a question. How old were you at this time?

Mrs. Meno: I was 10 years when the Japanese arrived. I was 13 years when the American came back.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you recall if your family was aware of the claims opportunity? Claims program opportunity they could have filed through the Navy Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mrs. Meno: I don't think so because my parents are already too old and they don't notify us. There's no notification about it, made in the process.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you all very much.

Mrs. Meno: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: We'll now hear from the Honorable Joseph Ada. I'd like to also note the presence in the hall of Senator Ray Tenorio, Mayor Franklin Taitague and Mayor Paul McDonald Thank you.

Hon. Ada: Thank you, Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission. Thank you for the invitation. Before I start I'd like to extend my deepest appreciation on behalf of the people of Guam for the many contribution and help that you have given us, former Congressman Lagomarsino, for all the years that I've known and worked with you, you've been very helpful to our people, very understanding. I'd just like to let you know that. Although its years later, but, I'd like for you to know that our people are forever grateful for you.

You too, my old friend, Ruth Van Cleve, Deputy Secretary of Interior. I used to work with. You've been very helpful to our people. You understand, appreciate the plight of our people. You were there also to secure fundings for our local people. I thank you for that again. I'd also like to thank you, although I didn't accept the invitation to journey with you to one part in

Micronesia for a function. It was very unfortunate that you had to be rescued as a result of the plane crash on your way back.

I'm very glad that you did survive. I know that that had been a very memorable experience that I know you will never forget. But, again, you overcame adversity and we're very glad that you're here to, again, see what you can do to help our people.

Several years ago, when I was Governor of Guam, and Congressman Lagomarsino was a member of the House. I had the pleasure and honor to escort several of our people who were victims of the Second World War, to Washington, DC, so that they may testify before Congress about the atrocities that they not only witnessed, but endured during the conflict some 60 years ago. Among those who testified was a woman we can never forget, Tan Beatrice Emsley.

Before an attentive Congressional Committee, Tan Beatrice told her story. She told of how she had been brutally struck at the neck by the sword that left her with life threatening wounds. How, as a young girl, she was buried in a shallow grave with other victims, some beheaded and left for dead by her attackers. Tan Beatrice told Congress of how she had regained consciousness hours later and how she had dug herself out of the ground in great pain, how she had wandered in the jungle for days until finally stumbling upon an American patrol. Despite her terrible wounds, so severe that her attackers assumed the young girl had to have been dead. Tan Beatrice clung to life and survived.

She survived as others who were brutalized with her did not, so that one day, years later, she could tell not just her story but the story of thousands of Chamorros before Congress, so that she could tell not just what happened to her, but to all of her people. Tan Beatrice testified hoping that something could have been done to recognize what had happened to her and thousands of other Chamorros during the Second World War.

Today, in 2003, Tan Beatrice can not testify. She is no longer with us. She has passed on to the Promised Land. I remember that day, years later, when her story in her own words touched so many hearts in Congress. There was scarcely a dry eye in that room when she had finished. Now, she can not tell her story any more. Those who so brutally attacked her as a young girl, failed to silent her. But, time eventually did. Now, her story can be told by her descendents, and those who knew her and respected her so much.

There are so few left, honorable members of this Committee, who can tell the stories, and you heard so many of those stories yesterday and today. So many of our people suffered during the Second World War have left us. So few with us today. For those who are still with us and for those who are now watching us from heaven, I ask you to do everything in your power to bring this issue to a close and to give our wartime generation the recognition they deserve.

For those who did not survive the war and for those who lived for many years thereafter, watching other people around the world, the people of Micronesia, our brothers and sisters in Northern Marianas, Japanese-American internees, and Aleutians, all receive recognition and compensation. I ask you to do everything you can to help our people.

I know that your time is very precious. You have given our people supposedly this one day for hearing. But, within your hearts, you extended that to two days. You have given us three to five minutes. Our people greatly appreciate the gesture and the compassion that you think that this is a very important case. But, our people have waited for 60 years. 60 years for justice. I know this Commission cannot itself order compensation for our people or official recognition for their sacrifice. But, you can be our voice. You can raise your voices in the hall of Congress and tell our story, asking for justice to be done, justice too long delayed, justice out live us all. Honorable members, and the need for justice is eternal. Let us all work together until justice is done. Thank you very much for the opportunity.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Governor. If we could have a copy of your statement for the record, I would appreciate it.

Hon. Ada: Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. If the next panel would please take their seats. (Pause while panel members take their places). Thank you for coming. Our first witness will be former Senator John Anderson. Thank you, sir.

Senator Anderson: The grandeur of the United States of America and the glory that is Guam, but, Guam is no longer glory and it's not glorified during the past and during these days. War is, there's nothing good about war, there's no war that is good. When Guam is hell and war has hit Guam, hell has hit Guam.

Mr. Chairman, members of the Committee, before I start my testimony, I wish to pray. God didn't struck the hearts of the faithful. By the light of the Holy Spirit, grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things and ever to rejoice in His consolation, through Christ, our Lord. Amen. I repeat, to have a right judgment in all things and ever to rejoice in His consolation, through Christ, our Lord. Amen. This is what I ask the members of this Committee.

Mr. Chairman and members of this Committee, I didn't come here to beg for money. I come here because it is one of God's commandments. When God handed down the testimony, the laws of God to Moses, it contains the civil, moral and ritual laws of God. This hearing here is a ritual, to

me, is an ordeal for the people of Guam that have been tortured and have gone through the atrocities of war.

Let me say this, that the United States of America, that God is the master of destiny. God, the United States of America and Guam, is under the destiny and the dictate of God. But, Guam has been neglected by the United States of America. Man's search for soul in order to find a peace of mind. That's what the people of Guam is searching right now, a peace of mind, for justification for the atrocities committed by the Japanese and the United States of America.

Guam was invaded by Japan, was ruthlessly attacked and invaded by the United States and Japan. The Japanese Imperialistic Army occupied Guam two years, seven months and 13 days and have committed rape, sex slaves, slave labor, torture, execution and finally, massacre. The United States of America, upon the re-taking of Guam, have bombarded and destroyed and burned down the homes, burned down our homes in Guam, to the ground. They have destroyed our forests, the 16-inch guns from the Naval battleships destroyed our forests, the birds and the bees, the sanctuaries of the birds and the bees and the animals are gone. Today, that sets back Guam about 100 years back.

The two most important laws of God are social justice and economic equilibrium. It is something that Guam has never enjoyed from Japan or from the United States of America.

Let me ask the panel here, Mr. Chairman, have you ever heard of the American Civil Act of 1994? Any one of you can answer that? No? You have never heard? I will talk to you about that later. Have you ever heard that an American citizen can sue a foreign nation because of the atrocities, because of the torture committed against an American citizen? Do you know of that law? You, Mr. Justice, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, do you know of that law? You don't know? Not sometimes. Not sometimes.

Now that's a new law, that an American citizen can sue a foreign nation because of the atrocities, because of the torture that is inflicted against an American nation, just recently. This was last year. The federal court in Washington handed down a \$2 billion \$700 million in favor of 17 war casualties from the Desert Storm War, against Saddam Hussein. This is the judgment that was handed down to them.

There are three aspects of the war that I can talk about, about my fighting, my rebellion against the Japanese and one against the torture that I incurred, and the other one which I will read to the members of the Committee, which I have prepared.

Commission on War Claims Review. What happened here on Guam 62 years ago today is about a sad and tearful memory. The United States of America unprecedentedly [sic] continue to turn a deaf ear, refusing to recognize the political rights that the people of Guam have, the unalienable rights under God, human rights, deserve to be treated as human beings. Whereas, relative under the Meritorious Claim Act of 1945, the people of Guam were never compensated for displacement, relocation and rebuilding costs and damages incurred due to the dictatorial and mandatory declaration imposed by the armed forces of the United States of America.

The people were forcibly evicted from their private properties, homes, farms and fishing grounds. Whereas, the Japanese-Hawaiian Americans and the Japanese-Americans in the U.S. mainland were provided with decent homes. They were given hot coffees, nutritious meal and they were paid \$20,000 each. Whereas, we people here on Guam had to work 12 hours a day. On the weekend, we had to go to the jungle to get supplies for our food.

Whereas the Chamorro land on Guam was seized and unjustly compensated on the legal term land pickings by the United States Armed Forces of America. The courts, Guam proceedings were not instituted.

Lands were taken without due process, called eminent domain, as embodied within the Constitution of the United States of America. Landowners were coerced to sign the documents of land takings. They were told that if they did not sign, they will be considered enemies of the United States of America and then they'd be arrested and put in jail. Whereas all land seized by the military were completely fenced, declaration signs were posted stating, "This land is under the jurisdiction and authority of the United States of America. Anyone gets caught trespassing is punishable by fine and/or imprisonment or both."

Whereas, U.S. military war surplus on Guam that were declared valuable resources were shipped to China and Japan under the foreign aid program called AID, Agency of International Development, a form of economic assistance designed by the United States of America to provide surplus war equipment, materials, supplies and other essentials necessary to support China and to aid in the rebuilding of Japan.

Chairman Tamargo: I'm sorry, Senator, could you summarize, please?

Senator Anderson: This is my statement and I wish to read it. I didn't come here to beg for money. This is an information and I want you to take this with you and know that your Commission here is nothing but a conduit to the...

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead, sir.

Senator Anderson: So, we can argue about that, if you...

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead.

Senator Anderson: Don't start with me. You're talking to the wrong person. I've been through hell and high water, my friend. I didn't come here to beg you for money because I know your operation here, you're nothing but a conduit to the United States Congress. But, I'm trying to give you an informed information. That's why I pray to you to have the right judgment in all things.

Chairman Tamargo: I understand, Senator. It's just that we have many witnesses.

Senator Anderson: I understand, but there are a lot of people here that talk, you know? Not relevant. The previous speaker here, the Governor said nothing about...

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead, sir.

Senator Anderson: You let him talk for about 15 minutes and you want me to stop talking in about 5 minutes. No. I'm a combat soldier, my friend. All I need is four feet apart with anybody. I'll let you choose whether you have a .45 or a bowie knife. All right. We don't have to talk about that. You let me finish here because you need to know about this and you need to take this to the United States Congress. This is not all that you're going to hear from me. I'm going to write to the United States. I have a letter here from President Bush, I will read to you.

Chairman Tamargo: We will insert it into the record, sir. Go ahead.

Senator Anderson: All right. Whereas, the Chamorros of Guam were caught in the cross-fire between the guns of the USA and Japan, while wallowing in military dungs, pillaging food supplies and salvaging building materials disposed by the military to build makeshift shelters for their homes.

Whereas, the Chamorros of Guam who were under enemy occupation, absolute and dictatorial oppression, imprisoned on their own island by the sadistic and brutal Japanese Imperialistic Armed Forces, committed against the Chamorros rape, sex slaves, forced labor, torture, execution and finally, massacres. Until this day, compensation for the Chamorros of Guam have been completely denied by the United States and Japan.

Whereas, notwithstanding the Hawaiian-Japanese-Americans and the Japanese-Americans USA, mainland, were confined on the convenient facility called internment during the foreign in the Pacific, war between Japan and the United States of America, were kept under safe, secured and comfortable environment. They were provided with decent shelters, warm blankets, hot coffee and nutritional meals. They were compensated \$20,000 each.

Whereas, the people of Micronesia and the Chamorros of Northern Marianas were completely compensated by Japan. Whereas the treaty between Japan and the United States of America completely forgive Japan from paying all liabilities against the USA, including territories and possessions. Just last year, the Japanese parliament appropriated \$6 billion for war restitution to pay the Koreans for sex slaves, for death incurred through forced labors and slave labors.

We cannot sue Japan, because if we can, I will sue them \$3 billion for war, to repay the people of Guam.

Whereas, from July 1944 and up to August 1960, Guam was absolutely placed under some kind of marshal law by the United States Armed Forces of America. A strict security clearance was imposed on the island against the Chamorros. In reality, it is fundamentally a severe economic strangulation. No one moved without security clearance when leaving and re-entering the island. Economic development was completely stagnated.

Whereas, by any measure, human or divine, the Chamorros of Guam were unjustly compensated. The contemporary claims settlement under the Guam Meritorious Claim Act of 1945, was inadequately explained on short order. War damages were inequitably adjudicated arising out of loss of lives, destruction of private properties and personal injuries inflicted during the war between the Japanese Imperialistic Army and the Armed Forces of the United States of America.

The home of the Chamorros on Guam were completely destroyed and burned to the ground. The birds, the bees, the animals and the forests of Guam were widely destroyed by incendiary bombs and 16-inch cannons from the Navy battleship. You talk about destruction of the World Trade Center, you haven't seen nothing if you had seen Guam after the war. That is a surface you haven't seen.

Whereas, the destruction on Guam brought about by the war was worse than when it was hit by three 200 mile wind typhoons. It sets the progress, rebuilding and economic advancement of the people of Guam 100 years back. No form of economic assistance from the United States of America was ever given or decided for Guam and its people.

Whereas, the recovery, reconstruction and finance program under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, miraculously benefited the American industries in their rebuilding and economic redevelopment period. The recovery, reconstruction and finance program aided Japan to become a global industrial giant. This program was never extended to Guam to rehabilitate the island from war damages.

Whereas, under the basic human rights, the Chamorros of Guam are entitled to a fair and just compensation for the traumatic suffering inflicted by the foreign war, the war between Japan and the United States of America in the Pacific.

Therefore, for the love of God and country, this statement is heretofore rendered in behalf of the victims and their survivors of the people of Guam, of the war between Japan and the United States of America, to aid them in their claims and pleadings for a just and fair compensation, that it be settled equitably and promptly. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Senator. Our next witness will be Pilar Lujan.

Mrs. Lujan: A warm hello, Mr. Chairman and members of the Commission on War Claims Review. I am Pilar Diaz Cruz Lujan. I was 11 years, 2 months old on December 8th, 1941.

The mass of the Immaculate Conception was just celebrated in the Santa Cruz Church in Agana. As we were coming out of the Church, we heard and saw planes overhead. Instantly, we waved and cheered as if we were watching an aerial show. Little did we know that those same planes had bombed Sumay. Within minutes of the bombing, people went berserk and scattered in all directions trying to gather their family together. They ran home, grabbed as many possessions and provisions as they could and fled to the jungles of Guam.

That was the end of the peaceful island paradise of Guam. A few days later, the people of Guam were captured by the Japanese and that was the beginning of the reign of terror that was forced upon the inhabitants of Guam.

I listed all my responses required. However, the questionnaire seemed inadequate in that it was calling for concrete evidence of forced labor, march and internment, injury and death. I suppose the questionnaire was formulated that way to simplify the levels of force the Chamorros experienced. As far as I'm concerned, the trauma and the lasting negative psychological impact of the people cannot be measured.

From the ships, I for one, I'm 73 years old, but to date, although I know that the end result of the blasting of firecrackers may be pretty and sometimes spectacular, the sound of the blast makes me tremble with fear as if there were shelling from the ships and bombardment from the air. I am also terribly afraid of the rat-a-tat-tat sound even from toy machine guns. The flickering of light reminds me of incendiary bombs exploding around me as I try to dodge them. I'm even reluctant to watch violent movies. It doesn't matter whether they were Academy Award winners or not.

I have physical scars all over my body, from the cuts by twigs and thorns inflicted while fleeing into the jungle. The sores were untreated for the lack of first aid supplies and materials. Sometimes they got infected and took months to heal.

Mr. Chairman and members, just delight in the deep emotions elicited by the atrocities of the war. I have to say that the scars were of the nature that they would have immediately disqualified me from bathing suit contests, even if Justice Cruz and Speaker Unpingco and Congresswoman Bordallo were the judges. I would have been disqualified immediately.

The point is, the physical scars can never measure up to the fear that I carry today, even as old as I am now. The subject of war experience is not a subject that is easily passed on from one generation to the next. It is painful and horrifying experience that many people want to discuss, but most are unable to express without outward signs of emotional release.

I want to thank you, Mr. Chairman and members of this Commission, for coming out here to listen and gather information and evidence of what the World War II dissidents and survivors experienced. I hope and pray that justice and closure to the issue of war reparation will finally be achieved. I just want to call your attention that I did submit my response to the questionnaire.

I thought, when I was listening to one of the witnesses yesterday, of the uniqueness of his job in forced labor, where he had to collect manures of any kind. In my case, in that forced labor, I had to collect flies. Remember that the Japanese brought in their horses and with the horses, there were thousands and thousands of big flies that swarmed all over Agana.

So, the children then were forced to collect them, bottle them and turn them in to Japanese officials. It was a tedious, disgusting and repulsive work, which was done without antiseptic, gloves or sanitizing agent. The task took many months in an attempt to control the pesky insects. My health was severely affected to the point that I vomited frequently, I could not eat and I became very sickly. Thank you, Mr. Chairman, I see that my time is up. So...

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mrs. Luhan. Can I ask you, do you recall if your family filed a claim or was aware of the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission at the time?

Mrs. Lujan: It was too early on. I believe that was in 1945. My parents had not informed me or any of my siblings. However, knowing the selflessness of my parents and the gratitude that they had because of the liberation, they probably would have dismissed it and say, "Oh, well. We are so grateful that we have been liberated." Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mrs. Lujan. We will now hear from Jose Nededog.

Former Senator John Anderson: Mr. Chairman, I have a letter in which I want, from President Bush. Can I just...

Chairman Tamargo: Senator, I can insert that in the record without any objection from any of the Commission.

Mr. Anderson: Just one second. I just want to read it.

Chairman Tamargo: All right, Senator.

Senator Anderson: November 27th, the year 2002. The Honorable John L. Anderson, Post Office Box 747 Agat, Guam. Dear Honorable Anderson, thank you for sharing your views and your kind words of support. I appreciate your concerns and welcome your suggestions. As my administration continues to work on issues that are important to all Americans, I am grateful for your support. Sincerely, George W. Bush.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Thank you, Senator. If you could pass the mike to Jose Nededog. Thank you, sir. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Nededog: Thank you. Chairman Tamargo and Council members. My name is Jose Terlaje Nededog, born April 4, 1934. Because of the limited time allowed, my testimony is focused on very brief traumatic experiences and observations that I can remember, rather than detailed hardships endured during two and a half years of Japanese occupation. Nor can I take time to explain my philosophy and belief that the U.S. has seriously failed in its commitment and promises to the people of Guam as documented in history.

My traumatic experience and horrifying observations developed during the last seven months of the Japanese occupation on Guam. I was about 10 years old. I was forced to watch two Japanese soldiers and an interpreter, took turns kicking and stepping on my father after one of the soldiers knock him down with his rifle. Someone had told the Japanese that my father has a gun in the house, a gun that was never found. As a ten year old, I was scared, terrified and horrified, as I watched my father groan and scream in pain each time the soldiers kicked and stepped on him. Each time I turn my face away, I was slapped and told to look at what seemed to be an endless torture.

The Japanese soldiers and interpreter left, taking everything that they could carry with them. Miraculously, I was able to muster enough strength and found the means to carry what appears to be a lifeless body that was my father. I took him to Fenna, where my mother was relocated. My mother tried to nurse him back to health, but to no avail. A few weeks later, he died.

On the day before the forced march to Manenggon, my oldest brother, Juan, was helping us prepare for the travel when he and my sister, Rita, were summoned by Japanese soldiers to return to the labor camp. That was the last time I saw my brother Juan. I later learned that while he was among the group who was forced into a cave in Fenna and massacred. My sister, Rita, returned late that evening, distraught and crying. She told my mother that she was molested by Japanese soldiers and was taken to a place with other girls to be killed. But, she was able to escape and found her way home through the jungle in the darkness of the night.

The following day, we were forced to march to Manenggon. The trail was through the mountain, through tall sword grasses. The heat of the sun, by mid afternoon became so unbearable that my mother suffered from heat exhaustion. I remember arriving in Manenggon late in the evening. The place was crowded with people, confused and disarrayed. My mother found an unoccupied space, under a grapefruit tree. There we stayed for days, it seems like an eternity, with no food and no water.

The grapefruit leaves served as our shelter from the rain and cold nights. It was the Borja family that gave us food to survive. Whenever we were thirsty, we drank the dirty and muddy-like water from the river that flows through Manenggon.

End Side A, Tape 3
Start Side B, Tape 3.

Mr. Nededog: Yes, the Americans came and re-occupied Guam and took us from Manenggon to Agat where we were given a small tent to live in. Our home in Apla was totally damaged and could not return there. The horrifying experience ended, but the hardships and the dreadful memories of the atrocities of the Imperial Japanese Forces inflicted upon myself and members of my family, lingers on.

Mr. Chairman, if I could precede your question. I would like to say that I do not know whether my mother has received any compensation under any War Claims program. But, I want it understood that my testimony is not to seek monetary restitution. There is no price tag for the death and the suffering endured by my family. Rather, my testimony is to let the United States realize and recognize that we suffered, tortured and died under the hands of the Imperial Forces because we believe in the United States, we believe and are loyal to the American flag.

That belief and loyalty extend through me because I have served the United States Armed Forces for 30 years. I fought in Vietnam, not to defend the flag of Guam, but to defend the United States flag. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Our next witness is Lucia McDonald. Thank you. Go ahead.

Mrs. McDonald: Hello to our off-island and local dignitaries and members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission. My name is Lucia McDonald. My family lives Toggai, Agana. My father was a Hispanic-American Navy man who married a local Chamorro woman when he was stationed on Guam. He had relocated to California years before the war and he was waiting for his family to join him when the Japanese invaded Guam.

I was 14 years old when the Japanese bombed Sumay. My mother told us to pack whatever we could hold with our two arms and walked to our relative, Ranson Jr. We never returned home because Agana was off limits. During the liberation of Guam, the Americans bombed and bulldoze our home, so we could never come back.

Once the Japanese soldiers found out through the interpreter that our father was an American Navy man, they tortured us on a daily basis. We would get punched, kicked and poked by bayonets and a head choke. On one occasion, my three brothers were in prison and beaten badly. One brother was beaten so badly on his leg that when they release him months later, he could not walk anymore.

We were forced to work in the fields and clear jungle areas in Ta'i, Sinajana and Tiyan Air Field, from morning to night. After our work in the field, we were forced to go to Japanese school at night. Throughout the day we had to find our own food as we work. Sometimes, we ate only one coconut among many of us. We had to hide our food so we wouldn't get beaten. On one of our work days, we were forced to circle around and witness the execution of three men. One was beheaded and the others shot. We were told not to cry or yell or else we also would be killed.

That was the end, Monday. I was afraid to report to the fields because of the plane dogfights that morning. The next day, along with three other girls, we were escorted and questioned about our accidents at the field that day. I was slapped repeatedly and sword was placed on my shoulder. The interpreter told me that I was going to be killed if I lied about my absence. I begged for my life. Later, he asked if I wanted to be drowned in the big drum of a container of water. Two girls were told to clean the wounds of the Japanese soldiers. One girl was taken into the sleeping quarters of the Japanese official and I was told to grind coconut for the soldiers.

Three of us were released that night. One girl, who was taken into the sleeping quarters was kept there for a couple of days before they returned her home. But, then her father hung himself because he could not bear to see his daughter suffering and what she went through.

We were forced to march to Manenggon. We could not stop along the way. There were many old people who collapsed along the way. At the camp, we could not cook or else we would be beaten or killed. The Japanese did not want us to let the Americans know where we were if fires were lit. We were forced to take our water from the dirty river. The river was dirty because of the dead bodies that were rotting along the riverbanks. We all got sick from the water. Many children and old people died from diarrhea.

My husband, Charles McDonald, also had a father in the Marines and a Chamorro mother, who we hide in the jungle because of his white skin and green eyes. He would have been killed if they found him. He would only come to get water at night. But, he would have to cover his skin with mud. He was wounded by Japanese sniper. He was the first Chamorro to greet the Marines and guide them around the island. He was deputized as an insular patrolman, given M-1 carbine and told to capture Japanese soldiers.

I want to thank you today for giving us the opportunity to tell you our story. It is too late for my husband since he died seven years ago. If he was here, he could tell you more sufferings. But, he would also tell you how proud he is to be an American. Thank you and God bless you all.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Can I ask you if you recall if your family made a claim through the old Navy Meritorious Claims Commission? Or, were they even aware that it was in existence?

Mrs. MacDonald: My mother never referred as what's going on. So, we never did.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is Antonio Artero. Please go ahead, sir.

Mr. Artero: Thank you, Mr. Chairman and distinguished members of the panel. My name is Antonio T. Artero. In a nutshell, the United States of America is one country. Therefore, all its citizens must be treated equally, and justice for all. The people of Guam, in particular, have been waiting since 1898, the year the U.S. flag first flown over our island, for the day when we on Guam will be treated as equal. More, in earnest, in the past 60 years, since World War II.

Guam's human rights downturn under the U.S. flag goes back to the day when the word 'protectorate' was approved to describe Guam's relationship with the United States of America. Our mistreatment under the U.S. flag intensified, however, after World War II, when the sanctity of

private property was blatantly desecrated. For whatever reason, it was a fundamentally wrong thing to do and it was for a wrong reason.

For us, it had always been one thing to have a U.S. passport or to join the U.S. military. Quite another, to actually feel you're, in fact, an American. Although the denial of our individual's economic freedoms is camouflaged by the easy life under government handouts of all sorts, it leaves Guam looking like some poor girl dealing with men, hasn't learned yet what it all adds up to or what it all doesn't add up to. In other words, we have been taken for fools.

One only has to look at the provisions of the World War II peace treaty with Japan to see that the U.S. had ignored the people of Guam, totally. The U.S. had absolved Japan of all war crimes against the people of Guam without a single word from any of us. The U.S. granted total pardon to Japan for the brutalities, deaths, rapes and murders they committed. Then, one despicable and mind boggling action followed, one after another.

Political correctness of post-World War II, for over 50 years, has fashioned a monumental ingratitude of the sacrifices made by the founding fathers of our country, the working class and particularly, those in uniform. Had the people of Guam, during World War II were in uniform, they would all have received or been entitled to some meritorious award, beyond Good Conduct and perhaps, maybe, including Purple Heart and Medal of Honors.

But, look at the hell made exclusively for the people. With too much government, confusion is now the state of affair. After the war, money motivated everything to the extreme, that it even closed eyes to corruption. Here we are, in this new millennium, under a new world order, being subjected once again to revisit and re-live the most horrible experience of World War II. I am moved by the numbers of my fellow residents of Guam, willing to put up with it and are here to present to you what they are willing to do.

In the interest of time, Mr. Chairman, I'll leave it there. I do have a presentation to make to at least three members of the panel. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Go ahead, sir. We will insert your entire statement in the record.

Mr. Artero: Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mr. Artero: What I have here is the book entitled, "Robinson Crusoe, USN". It is a story about Guam during World War II. It's a story of human interest and it is germane to the issue.

Chairman Tamargo: We're familiar with the book and thank you very much. Thank you all very much. I appreciate the book. Thank you. We'll now have the next panel of witnesses. Please take your seats. Thank you very much. Our first witness will be Maria Roberto.

Ms. Roberto: If I may, I'm going to speak for her.

Chairman Tamargo: Certainly. Could you give your name too, as well, please?

Ms. Roberto: My name is Bernice Roberto. I am the daughter of Maria. I'm here today to read to you her testimony. Hello, Guam War Reparations Committee members, Honorable Congresswoman Madeleine Bordallo and fellow people of Guam. My name is Maria Babauta Sarmiento Roberto. I was born and raised in Sumay, Guam. I was 15 years old when the Japanese forces invaded and occupied Guam. I am now 77 years old. We have heard horrific accounts of atrocities under the hands of the Japanese forces. I share the testimonies of most of those who have come before this panel.

It has been 59 years since the liberation of Guam from the Japanese invasion and occupation, but I have not spoken of the invasion, occupation at great length, even to my own children. As is the majority of those who have spoken before the panel, re-living the atrocities is a rather painful experience. I do realize that in order to bring closure to our people, we who have suffered at the brutal hands of the Japanese forces must try to get the message across to those oblivious to the facts. I am here now to speak of and from my own, personal experiences, that I am able to relate during the invasion and occupation of the Japanese forces.

My father, Juan Perez Sarmiento, who was a retired U.S. Navy sailor was the Commissioner of Sumay when the Japanese forces invaded and occupied Guam. We lived in a large two story home with a wrap-around lanai and indoor plumbing, built by my father and uncle, not far from the Sumay marina and the Pan American Hotel. At 15, I was the one who answered the telephone call to my father that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, where my eldest brother, Juan Babauta Sarmiento was stationed as a Navy sailor.

We were then informed that the Japanese forces were already bombing Sumay. My parents and uncle took us to our family's corn field and made us lay face down in an effort to prevent injury. When it was evident that the Japanese forces were, in fact, in Sumay, my father, my mother Soledad Babauta Sarmiento and uncle, Felix Cruz Babauta, took our families to this huge grapefruit tree with an extra large canopy, completely surrounded by what is commonly called lemon dechina shrubs, riddled with thorns. We crawled beneath the shrubs while the thorns ripped through our skins. We were instructed to be completely silent, since we could already hear loud commotion coming our way.

I was horrified as I watched huge horses ride through the dense lemon dechina shrubs with Japanese personnel on horseback. The terror made me feel as though my heart was beating outside of my body. We knew we dared not move a muscle for fear of discovery, until the Japanese forces had gone. When the Japanese had settled and started accounting for the Guam population, we could not return to our home by the Sumay marina because our home had been destroyed by the Japanese bombing.

We stayed at our uncle's house, which is on the family estate in Madao for a week or two. We then went to Apla, a big ranch home my father had built prior to the Japanese invasion. The highest Japanese officer, taicho', decided he liked our home and forced my family to vacate the upper level of our home. We were forced to live in the lower level of the house as more Japanese personnel moved into our home. We were then forced out and assigned to live in another family's home, by force. This lasted a couple of weeks.

The Japanese forces built a school a short distance from our home. At sunrise, I was forced to attend Japanese school. When school was out, I was ordered to perform forced labor under the watchful eye of Japanese forces.

I worked in the rice fields with mud up to my knees with no breaks and no food. When the rice plantation started to flower, we were forced to report to the rice fields at night to light fires and fan the smoke to prevent the insects from eating the blooms. We were not released until way after 9:00 PM.

When not at work in the rice fields, I was forced to work at the Jalaguak-Tiyan area. We cut trees, shrubs and bushes and pulled weeds to clear a runway for Japanese forces. We picked up rocks by hand and moved them as instructed. That air strip was to be the future Guam Airport at NAS, Agana.

Although I was not beaten severely or maimed in a manner that many of our people suffered, horrific memories are embedded in my soul that haunts me to this day. I remember seeing my father being slapped by the Japanese, be it an open hand or a leather slipper. The Japanese forces suspected and accused my father of knowing the whereabouts of one Pedro Dumanal, a man sought by the Japanese because an informer told the Japanese that Mr. Dumanal owned firearms. So, each time my father was interrogated and my father did not have the answer they were looking for, the Japanese officers slapped him again and again, while talking loudly in Japanese to my father.

I also recall my mother mending my father's shirtsleeve over and over to prevent the Japanese from seeing my father's tattoo of a U.S. flag on his right upper arm and an American Red Cross nurse on the left upper arm. Had the Japanese seen the tattoos, my father surely would have been killed. A Japanese officer saw the tattoos on both of my father's forearms and was asked where he got the tattoos. My father told them that he got them done in Japan, although he had never been to Japan.

I remember being slapped, yelled at and cussed at because I wasn't fast enough in obeying their commands, or just because someone else made them angry. I remember the extreme fear after our parents told us a female friend and neighbors were raped by the Japanese forces at will. I can still vividly see myself being hoisted up into the attic like ceiling of our home, with my sisters and female cousins at night and told to remain silent without movement. Visits by the Japanese forces to our home in the evenings created a terror almost equal to actual beatings.

I remember seeing Japanese forces place a lit cigarette onto a neighbor's neck and facial area over and over, while the person howled in agony. When the cigarette went out or was all gone, another cigarette would be lit and the process repeated again. I remember seeing Japanese forces with big buckets of pig slop infested with worms, they would shove people's faces into the pig slop yelling "buta, buta", pig, while some Japanese forces laughed. I remember seeing Japanese turn water hoses on full blast then shoving the nozzle into a person's nostril while the person howled in pain. When it seemed that the person was drowning, they would stop, turn around and do it all over again.

The Japanese forces were not selective, they did this to women too. I remember seeing men tied and hung by their hands to trees or beams while they are beaten with rope, sticks and sometimes even stones. I remember being forced to march to Fenna, then later on to Manenggon concentration camp. Day and not in the hot sun, and even during hard rain through mud. Steep muddy hills and valleys filled with sword grass and reeds and insects that bit us through our clothing. We carried equipment and supplies for the Japanese without breaks or food or drink.

We were not allowed to help each other. If you got caught helping, you were subjected to slapping at the very least, and beheading, if it suited the Japanese personnel who caught you. I remember talking about the community, that some people had seen large sized holes dug at the Manenggon concentration camp grounds. The Japanese forces put out the word that it was their intention to kill everyone at the camp and that the holes would serve as a mass gravesite. The Japanese openly taunted that, when the Americans would finally arrive, they would only find flies, not actual people.

I remember seeing a Japanese airplane and an American airplane dog fight in the air, making sure Japanese personnel did not see me witness the event. Being caught would surely mean death, as occurred to others. Then, I remember setting equipment down at the Manenggon concentration camp and looking up the hill only to see three United States Marines, with firearms, looking down at us.

What a wonderful sight those three men were to us as they moved down the hill. I vividly remember their smiling faces, but I never knew their names.

It has been 59 years since the U.S. Marines liberated Guam from their atrocities at the brutal hands of the Japanese forces. It is my prayer that my children, my grandchildren, great grandchildren and future generations never, ever witness such atrocities as we and our parents have. Thank you for the opportunity to speak on this matter. Thank you and may God bless you throughout your journey with us and our plight to closure.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Could you ask her if she recalls if her family made a claim or was aware that there was a Navy Meritorious Claims Commission? Okay. Thank you very much. Our next witness is Paul Bordallo. Thank you, sir. Go ahead.

Mr. Bordallo: Honorable members of this Commission. The day the Japanese invaded, they took my father to the office of the Governor and he was brutalized. He was told that the Bordallo farm, which contained thousands of cattle, pigs, chickens and pigeons, his business, his stores were all confiscated. With 13 little children, he had absolutely nothing to live on.

Immediately, Guam, at that time, fell into two, under two leadership. My father preached survival. The other leaders preached patriotism, not in a resistance because there was nothing to resist. We had no means of resistance but patriotism.

No, I was part of this pattern. My older brother, Ricky Bordallo, told my dad that there are thousands of gallons of gasoline in our gas station and they've taken all the pump. He asked my dad, "If you ask the Japanese to give him one jitney." He had 10 cars that confiscated. So, the Japanese, probably figuring he didn't have any gas, gave him the truck. Ricky, at 14 would drive that, would take 20 fisherman and Tembat, 20 fisherman and take them to Ipan. See, all the fishermen in Tumon and Agana would harvest it, Tamuning, Tumon and even Pago. People in Malessos had Cocos Island. Inarajan had no lagoon. Umatac had. Agat had a lot of fisherman. But, the 10,000 people of Agana, Ricky would take Tembat and 20 fisherman to Ipan and they'll come back with 500 or 1,000 pounds of fish.

This was the worst time during the Japanese occupation, when people were actually starving. And this happened because of that, again, my dad. Three boats were brought by the Japanese, brought from Saipan, Okinawa fishing boats. Ricky and I had to unload thousands of tuna that we sell to the people of Agana. This what we mean by survival.

Besides, my father had prepared 400 drums, 55 gallon drums, boiling pitch we would put inside. He was bringing gasoline. By the first summer of '42, 10,000 Chamorro people were planting corn among other things, and they had tons and tons and tons of corn, but nowhere to store and protect them from the insects. So, my dad, of course, would trade, I remember, one sack of corn for one drum. Anyway, it's a matter of survival again.

I, myself, my father had a machete. I was 11 years old. Made a machete for me and a small cart. I would go through Agana, probably many people here may remember, I would pick up the slops from about 300 houses and took it where Citibank is now. There's a small plot of land given to my dad by his friends, Mr. Salas and Tun Josen Angnga. We'll cook that and we will feed our pigs and cattle.

Then my father, uncle went to Lamlam. They stole 10 of the 3,000 cattle we have. Over the mountains, Mt. Makahna. See? From Agat, Santa Rita, Agat you can go to Yona and down Mt. Makahna and gave that to me. I took five cows, I was 11 years old, milkers. My uncle, Carlos and his sons, another five and we have the golf course.

The second part is this, that was the people of survival that lasted until the summer of '43. Then, at midnight on the 15th of August in '43 there was a loud knocking in the door. My dad went to see who it was. He was whisked away. We're not to see him til September. Taken to jail and he was whipped continuously day and night. He survived. In other words, his cellmate would put cold water on his wounds.

My dad later told my sister, Barbara, who married Mr. Siguenza, Peter Siguenza, "Bobbie, if ever you see this gentleman, he's in Vallejo, California. Please help him in everyway because he saved my life."

My dad told me himself, when he couldn't stand the punishment, he's a very creative man, he said to the Japanese to give him 30 days to look for Tweed. If he doesn't find him, then they can execute him. So, my dad was released. He wandered around the island in his cane and clothes. Not really wanting to find Tweed. He had many friends in Guam, people that were helping Tweed. One was a Japanese lady, Mrs. Dejima, she pure Japanese and Mrs. Johnston, they were the ones feeding, all the time, the six Americans were being hunted. They were feeding the Japanese. But, my dad did see the six, not just Tweed, six men in Chalan Pago in 1942. But, he just figured that with 14 children, again, survival.

The Japanese took my mother and 13 children. We were lined up. We marched single file through the streets of Agana to the dungeon. This was an underground shell at the prison. From the time it came it, there was a lady screaming. She'd go from screaming to pleading. "Please, please." All the time I was there. We were put in a cell. Sat on the ground, all of us. My younger sister was two-weeks old, carried by my mother. Then, three Japanese came and interpreter,

of course, a Saipanese interpreter. They said, "Paul". They had to ask three times, I wouldn't get up. I looked at my mom. She just looked at me.

I got up. I was taken to where the Pope's statue is now, right in front of the prison. I was held down by seven men; two men on my legs, two men on my stomach, two men on my arms and my head. I was spread eagle by seven men.

Then, of course, interrogated. "Your dad has done wrong. We will execute your entire family. We already know all about what he's done wrong. But, tell us and maybe we won't execute your family." But, I have nothing to tell. So, I decided right then and there, that no. For myself and my father there's no hope. Always thinking of just my mother and my younger sisters and brothers. I went for three days. With my father, it went on for over two weeks, day and night. Every time I fainted, they'll get cold water, they'll continue again.

So, the first night, after four or five hours, I slept, after two, three hours, you just don't feel pain. It's living in a mist. I knew, my brain was still clear though because the Japanese got very angry, he straddle me and he choke me. He didn't do that before, just beating. Beating with a big, heavy, a Japanese baton. I just hold my breath, pretend I was dead.

The third ordeal, I tell you, is in 1944 when things really went bad. We were hauled to the concentration camp to work, march and whatever. With that, thank you honorable members of this Commission. We really greatly appreciate you being here.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Bordallo. Can you tell me if, I'm familiar with a property claim that your family made. Do you know if there was any other kind of claim that was made for your family, like a personal injury or a death claim?

Mr. Bordallo: Mr. Chairman, my father was president of the Guam Congress, since 1930. He would meet with the Governor every week, meet with the chief Japanese Civil Affairs every week. When the Americans came, he would meet with all the Naval officers of Civic Affairs every day. So, on that matter, I'm very familiar. We never left Agana during the war. I used to play right next to the quonset hut where they had the claims. So, let me explain, please, Mr. Chairman. Give me a little time.

One day my father said, "Paul, let's go file a claim. Come with me." We got close to the quonset, he met a cousin, a relative, whose daughter died. He said, "How much do they owe for you?" He said, "About \$800." Mr. Chairman, we went in there. When I got to the counter, there was a very nice, well-groomed American lady. Came right up to me and said, "You know, you can sign a waiver." So, I signed. I don't know. In my questionnaire, did you make a claim or not? I don't know if that's a claim. I did not know what my father was doing.

Anyway, Mr. Chairman, we never left Agana. I was there all the time. We lived and work Pedro's Plaza is. This place is where Bradley, Skinner's Plaza is where the headquarters was. There was never any crowd of people to file a claim. I don't know where the 22,000 Chamorros were. But, I can tell you just a little trickle of people going in there.

The reason, I think, is this. The main issue is the land taking for military bases. People were coming to my father all the time. On bayonet, they would be taking out the property because it was still wartime. They were taken off their land, driven off their land.

This was the main issue in Guam. I can say this for a fact. There are 14 children of us that suffered. I'm the only one that my dad asked to go with him. It's simply this, Mr. Chairman. I know absolutely, if you had someone killed in your family, or grievously wounded, you got something, like this lady got \$800. There was absolutely no mention about forced march or concentration camp.

I agree with the earlier speaker. Mr. Chairman, there were thousands of forced marches. Like everybody you had to hide your food from the Japanese. You work all day and you go to get that food so you can feed your family, isn't that a forced march by the Japanese? Also, I want to mention a work gang. There were armed Japanese soldiers with bayonets all around you, isn't that a prison?

The people of Guam, everyone was brutalized, was wounded emotionally, if not physically. Everyone was in a concentration camp and everyone was in a forced march. So, Mr. Chairman, already, that, I think, is the distinction I want to make here. I know, I was there. It was strictly, if someone was killed in your family, or you're grievously wounded, at the same time the lands were being taken, many forcibly. Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much, Mr. Bordallo, that was very good information. Our next witness will be Jose Pangelinan. Go ahead sir.

Mr. Pangelinan: Congresswoman Bordallo, Guam Senators and members of this Committee, thank you for giving the opportunity to provide information on the death of my father, Juan Unpingco Pangelinan, aka Juan Pangelinan Unpingco, who was killed by the Japanese.

My father was born in 1893 on Guam. As a young man, he joined the United States Navy. He served the United States Navy with pride and honor for 16 years. He served in the First World War. During his Navy career, he married Maria Castro Dela Torre. Together, they raised four children.

Their names are Regina T. Pangelinan, Delphina T. Pangelinan, Jesus T. Pangelinan and Jose T. Pangelinan. Later, my mother died and my father re-married, Maria Castro, who give birth to Severa C. Pangelinan and Teresita C. Pangelinan.

During his Navy term, he became naturalized U.S. citizen and he came back to Guam as a war veteran. My mother, brother and sister was in Agana. My father purchased a land known as A'gi in 1917. For several years he farmed and ran at this location until the time of his death. The time of invasion of Guam by the Japanese, our home in Agana was taken by the Japanese. We were forced to live in our farm in A'gi as farmer and rancher by my father.

Mostly, they gave 50% of what it produced of crop and farm animals to the Japanese. Near the end of the war, my father left the farm one day and was back at the farm late in the evening. A Navy enlisted man named George Tweed, he stayed with us for three to four months because of increased Japanese activities in the area, we forced to move to live with Antonio Artero, who had a farm in Gugaguan. Artero was our neighbor to the north and transferred Tweed to the Artero farm was kept a secret by us from the Japanese up to the end of the war.

During the recapture of the island by the Americans, my father was told to report to Dededo by the Japanese, where he was arrested, confined and tortured. He was transferred to Ta'i, Sinajana, where he was beheaded with two other men. One of the men was Father Duenas. Because my father did not return home, I had to take the family and relatives to a cliff cave at A'gi to hide from the Japanese.

From the cannon fire of the American ship, we finally never participated in the forced march or forced internment. I believe that my father was killed by the Japanese as, one, his U.S. citizenship, his retirement from U.S. Navy, as an involvement in hiding George Tweed. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Do you know if your family filed a claim or was aware of the Navy's...?

Mr. Pangelinan: I think my step-mother have few gratuities from the Navy, from little chickens. But, we don't really get paid for this. Normally, we have a big land in A'gi, over 50 hectares of land, maybe 100, we don't know. But, we give the Navy a chance. I don't think so. We have some limited, few things that I give my step-mother, but I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: I was thinking about personal injury or death claim, for your father.

Mr. Pangelinan: That's why they kill my dad.

Chairman Tamargo: Was there a claim? Was your mother aware of the opportunity to file a claim? Maybe you don't remember?

Mr. Pangelinan: Maybe, or maybe whatever, sir. But, I'm just telling the... Maybe you could find out about it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Mr. Pangelinan: For you Senators to do, please treat my father accordingly, whatever is right for him. Okay? Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Now we will hear from Eugenio Santos. Thank you, sir. Go ahead.

Mr. Santos: Thank you, sir. My name's Eugenio T. Santos. I live in Dededo. I'm 17 years old when the Japanese invaded Guam. My father's a barber in Agana. I used to help him, during that war. When the Japanese plane passing through, we were preparing for Church that morning. We saw a Japanese plane driving so low in Agana. So, we wave. I thought at the time, an American plane. We never see a plane going that low.

We heard that there's a bomb. The Japanese invade Guam and they drop bomb. My brother came with a truck. I tell to go to the ranch and hide. So, my father stayed behind and my mother, my sister and my brother went with my other brother to the ranch. My mother is a rancher. She is doing all the farm work and my father's a barber. So, we rode up in the truck and some other people that ride with us, because they don't know where to go, they go crazy. Some of the people stay behind in Dededo, in their ranch. My mother, they cooking food for the people that ride with us.

The Japanese truck came by and they asking where's these people. We don't know - they just come with us.

End Side B, Tape 3.

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[Tape 4]
(beginning of Side A, Tape 4; in progress)

Mr. Santos: -- 1980, we finally pray for them to go and have (indiscernible) because they're scared to go somewhere because there's no place to go. They didn't have no ride or relative in that area, so they stay behind with us. So my mother feed them, so they were very happy because they live there. So some Japanese came and the one that used our place, we have a small garage inside the main building and we used that for chapel.

So they made the chapel -- the Japanese made the chapel -- for, how do you call that, a station for Japanese. So they stayed there also the Japanese. So they tried to investigate us, what we're doing. So my father said I'm a barber, and they take my father to Agana and they said, we have a barber shop in Agana. We were running a business in Agana.

They take my father to Agana. My father worked for forced labor there. All haircuts for the Japanese with no pay. So my father asked me work and help him because he saw a lot of people want to have a haircut. So I helped my father, too, in cutting hair. I was about 18 years old that time, when I'm helping my father. As far as that, they take me also to help doing some gardening. So I go and work and help. So in the evening, when we came back, my mother feed me and they changed my position to go to base, to work in the air base.

So they take me for the air base to clear up the area, so all the people that were there in that area, we are together there in group. So we have to do all the excavation for the planes to make it level. There's a hill, and they give us chance to dig that hill to make it level.

So that time, we did. So the next day that we come again for doing the work, we did the pick and shovel, and all we did, we had to get all this gravel and they call it muko' and they have to carry it all over the hill and throw it on the other side. Then we come back. They say, I'm real tired. So I have my cousin next to me, and I'm real tired. I looked like fatigued. She said, let me take over and you go and rest.

When she take over and say, you go and rest, when they see me resting, one Japanese came by and hit me in the back. Why you sitting down? I say, I don't feel good. I have to rest because I don't feel -- I have not eaten yet. So I forced myself to get up and start doing the work because I'm scared to be beaten up. So in that day my cousin said, go ahead and do it because when they have a chance they might kill us.

So my intention, I got bad intention, I tried to run away. I tell my cousin, I'd like to run away from this place. She said, don't because they might kill you or the family. So I stay behind. So that evening, we went home. The next following morning, we went again. The same job, they give us a chance to mark the ground, how far we can dig for a contract. If we finish the area to make it level, we can go home anytime. So, he ask each one of us to agree but I don't agree because I don't feel like doing the work because we will stay behind if we don't finish that. Most of the guys agree to go ahead so we can go home early. So they go ahead and I just follow them. I don't want to go against them so they start digging with the pick and shovel. As they start digging with the pick and shovel they told me to take the same gravel that I take, they want me to carry the gravel and throw it on the other side of the cliff. After that, we came back. The same thing. So they changed my position to go and cut the tree down, coconut tree. Well, we cut down this tree, clear all the branches.

After the tree fall down, they tell us to carry that one big tree. It's about maybe 10 feet long. Four guys have to carry that. So finally we got it up on our shoulder and we go to one Japanese people following us. When he see me trembling, he hit me in the back. Go ahead. I cannot make it. It's too heavy for me. This kind of tree is too heavy. We need more people to carry this. He said, go ahead. He kept on whipping me and sticking me with the stick in the back. I was crying. So I liked to throw it down and run away.

So I was thinking that they might shoot me because they gun with them. So I'm afraid to do that, so I continued. I had to hope, pray God can help me to go ahead and continue. After that, we did it. And we throw that then we went back. When we went back they started again. They made me dig with the pick in the ground. So the same gravel again they made me throw on the other side of the hill but it was kind of hard to ask for some kind of help because they didn't give me no help. So my father make me a box like a wheelbarrow so I told to my father what they did to me.

Chairman Tamargo: Mr. Santos? Can I ask you a question, Mr. Santos?

Mr. Santos: Yes, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you recall if your family filed a claim or was aware that there was this Navy Meritorious Claims Program back then?

Mr. Santos: As far as I know, I don't think so. We don't have no claim in there. I was now 79 years, and I don't think so. I remember during the Japanese time all they did to me. They're very cruel people. They're very mean. I've never seen people like that. They treat us like an animal. I don't know why. Every time they see me, even though I go and line up for to eat, they whip me. They say "fall in line."

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir.

Mr. Santos: Thank you, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Mr. Santos: I very apologize for speaking our language here. Thank you for coming and listening to us.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much for coming. It's much harder for you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness will be Evelina Calaguas. Thank you.

Ms. Calaguas: I am here for the behalf of my belated father and mother. I'm going to let my son do the reading.

Chairman Tamargo: That would be fine.

Mr. Calaguas: Hello and buenas dihas, Chairman and Committee. I'm standing in behalf for my grandfather and my mother, who is the daughter. I'm the first generation of the grandson of Joaquin Muna Muna, my grandmother, Maria Fejeran Muna. The testimony that I'm going to give today is out of the questions that you gave us to answer.

To summarize it, on question number six, was any member of your family killed by Japanese occupation personnel, the answer is yes. My grandfather's brother, who is Ramon Muna, which I have been named after him, he was beheaded by the Japanese. My grandfather, I recall when we were talking -- I was only 13 that time -- was telling me the story, and he was very reluctant because there was so much emotion when he was thinking about his brother. But he was telling me that they took him by force to some unknown place, and, through his friends that he found out what happened, they told him that he was beheaded.

The other question is number seven, were you compelled by Japanese occupation personnel to perform forced labor? The answer is yes. My grandfather, Joaquin Muna, was taken by force to do hard labor to plant rice in field. And they beat him up during that time of his hard labor. My grandfather, which I recall, was telling me that they were doing unhumane things to them. He was not the only one, but also other Chamorros.

The one I recall is that he was always getting beaten up, even with a rifle, the rifle butt, getting smashed right across the face, just because he did not bow to the Japanese or speak Japanese to them. Because if you did not speak Japanese to them, the Japanese soldiers are, what Mr. Santos here testified today, they were very mean, which my father said also. Anything that you do during that time, the Japanese was just so mean to the Chamorro people.

On number eight, were you compelled by Japanese occupation forces to take part in a forced march? You heard testimony that all the Chamorros were forced to take on a forced march. I don't know, my grandfather never mentioned if he did but I'm pretty sure he did because, like I said, he was very emotional not til most of his story at that time so forced to leave their place when the Japanese came and started occupying the island of Guam who were forced to leave their domicile place, leaving everything behind. My granddfather recalled that there was time they were hiding from the Japanese. My mother's oldest brother and sister, whose name is Francisco, who was two years old at that time, and Ana, my auntie, who was only one years old at that time, while they were always hiding at night in the jungle. They were just little kids during that time. They were scared, hungry, thirsty, cold. You name it.

My grandmother, Maria Muna, was sometimes trying to keep them quiet so that they will not be heard from the Japanese. There were times when my grandfather and my grandmother would tell me, my grandmother, Maria Muna, would tell me she was one time walking with her cousin in the jungle, in a so-called trail with the kids. They ran into Japanese soldiers, and they were talking to them.

When they got caught, they were talking to them in Japanese. Didn't know what -- they didn't understand what they were saying. They got a hold of my grandmother's cousin and raped her. My grandmother was going to be raped also at that time, but she was fighting off the Japanese. When she resisted, they already put her in the position to kneel down to chop her head off. But, by the grace of God, during that time there was a higher ranking Japanese radioed in on that Japanese soldiers that was there to tell them that they need to go to this certain area because there was a fighting going on. And my grandmother was spared from being beheaded at that time. And number 11, did you claim for compensation under the Guam Meritorious Claims Act of 1945? Yes, but it's not in related to the Guam Meritorious Claim Act. It is -- my grandparents filed for, when the former George Bamba, Cecilia Bamba) was still in office, but there was no document. I don't know what happened to those documents.

Chairman Tamargo: Let me repeat the question. That last question has to do with the Navy, though, the Navy Meritorious Claims Program. Do you know if your grandparents or her parents made any claim?

Mr. Calaguas: No. My grandparents -

Chairman Tamargo: It would be right after the liberation by the Americans.

Mr. Calaguas: No.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, thank you very much.

Ms. Calaguas: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Alright, our next witness, Mr. Juan Roberto. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Roberto: Mr. Chairman, members of the Board, I am going to try and make it very, very short. *Time is running out. If I had known* it's going to be like this, I would have written my name in every tunnels along Marine Drive, along the East and West O'Brien Drive, tunnels in Fanma, the coral pits in Nimitz Hills and every ten feet. In the airstrips, I would write my name down so that I don't have to be here to testify. I'll take you along and I'll show you where I were. Everything is said already, said and done.

March, we marched from Manenggon -- from Mangilao rather, to Manenggon, and I thought it's going to be a little bit easier. Instead, it's worse. Worse. I was beaten in Manenggon and moved ammunition from tunnel to tunnel all over the island. Ended up in Yigo where we arrived there maybe midnight. We stacked the ammunition boxes in the cave, and we were told to lay down on the side of the road. Half stomach up to the head in the grassy area. Stomach down to the leg on the road.

How long we lay down there, we do not know. But it was later on somebody whispered we got to get up and run because we're all going to get killed. So we started to run. We took off. Before daybreak, my uncle and I, we cut across the Naval air station. The runway, the international terminal now, and we know it is -- it is demolished by the bombs that was dropped.

We cut across and we hid in a wooded area waiting for the sun to go down. When the sun disappeared, we started walking to Manenggon. On the way, we heard shooting, rat-tat-tat and everything somewhere down in Sumay, maybe Agat area. We figure out maybe we were liberated. We ended up in Manenggon. I went over to the camp, asked my mom for something to eat, and there was nothing. I went down the river and I hide.

The following day, I returned. Still nothing to eat. I went down to the Aguon Ranch, where there supposed to be rice hidden in there. I met the Commissioner, Mr. Flores, from Mangilao, asked me what I'm doing. By that time, we turn to the right and we saw all the Marines down in the valley.

He opened up the ranch and says, take what you want. I took a sack of rice, and I ran down to the camp and gave it to my mom. How she cooked it, I don't know, but we ate rice on that day. It was after that that we then marched back to our own land again, back to Mangilao.

The war was over. I went to school and, at the age of 18, I applied to join the Guam Police Department, and I was accepted. I worked for the Police Department up to 1976. I retired. We went back to Florida and lived there with my wife, who also retired from the Department of Education. It was in the late 70s or early 80s when we were given a questionnaire form similar to this, indicating on the form that we have to write our name, what happened during the Japanese time, and forward it back to Senator Cecilia -- late Senator Cecilia C. Bamba.

We did that, and that was it. Not too long after that, another form, same form, came to Florida again, requesting again the same question. We filled it and sent it back. Up to now, nothing happened. Sir, the wound heals, but the scar is still there. Forgot about it.

What brings me here or what prompted me to come here and talk is that somewhere on the 80s, a group of Japanese that were corralled and put in a dorm in California, somewhere in California, filed a claim to the federal government, and their claim was that we were treated as a prisoner of war because every time, every morning, we look out the window, we saw a man walking on the yard, on the compound, with a rifle on his shoulder.

Very simple. We look out the window, and we saw a man walking around the compound with a rifle on his soldier. That was in the world news. Not too long ago after that, it came out on the world news again that this group of Japanese were compensated \$20,000 each. \$20,000 each.

Sir, Mr. Chairman, and members of the Board, please weigh this. They claim that we were treated like prisoner of war. If there's TV at that time, perhaps maybe they're watching TVs. They never claimed that they were forced labor or some harsh work. Never. That's the only thing that came out in the news. These man worked. This man was beat up by the Japanese. Suffer almost everything. All kind of punishment. And I was 10 years old. Like I said, the wound heals, but the scar becomes bigger. Thank you very much.

(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Okay, thank you very much. Can I ask you the question? Just a moment, sir. Okay, just a moment. Do you recall if your family filed a claim with the Navy's Meritorious Claims Program?

Mr. Roberto: No, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: You don't recall? Okay, well thank you.

Mr. Roberto: No, no claim was ever filed.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you think it's because they weren't aware of it at the time?

Mr. Roberto: I don't know, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Alright, thank you. I'm sorry, Mr. Bordallo. Go ahead, real quick please.

Mr. Bordallo: We now show what was my father and I, and he was being thrown to the concrete wall. And he survived the war, and he died shortly after, spitting blood all that time. So I simply say that this matter of compensation for those who were killed by the Japanese, please count Mr. Ignacio and countless others like it who died very shortly after the war because of the brutal treatment by the Japanese. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Bordallo. We will recess now for 45 minutes. Thank you all.
(break in session)

Chairman Tamargo: The hearing is called back to order. Our next witness will be Cesaria Arce. Go ahead please.

Ms. Arce: My name is Cesaria Cruz Arce. I came to speak about my suffering during the time of the Japanese. When the Japanese came, I and my children suffered because when we cooked something to eat, the Japanese would just come and take it. We could do nothing or else they will cut our heads off. Afterwards, when they told us to leave Canada. All the people in Canada were already gone except for me because I had just given birth to my child Rosa within a week's time. The people were already in Mangilao but there were still Japanese roaming around Canada checking to make sure there were no people. There was my brother-in-law Juan and the late Mr. Antonio Gaga. When my brother-in-law discovered that his family was gone, aside from my family, he asked Mr. Antonio Gaga if he could speak to the Japanese teacher so that they could both go to look for us. It was really raining with thunder and lightning so my brother-in-law borrowed a car and went to Canada where they took us. At dusk, we got out of our homes and then they told me, my husband and my children to line up and we were told that we would be beheaded because we have become spies. That's why we never left Canada. The late Mr. Antonio Gaga and my brother-in-law Juan spoke to the Japanese teacher and they asked if we could be forgiven and excused because I had just given birth and there was no vehicle available for me to be transported together with my small children. Then, the teacher agreed. At dusk, we were told that we were going to Manenggon to be camped there. Then we went there. When we got to Manenggon, we ended up right next to the river and it became such a hardship and the place where we were at, palm fronds were cut and laid on the ground for us to sleep on. There was not much food and so I would send my husband to pawn off my jewelry just to buy food. When he left us, he'd keep his eye on on starchy crops such as bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, and tapioca. After that, when the people were being rounded up to head for Yigo with Japanese items to carry, my husband had tried going there three nights in a row. On the fourth day, I heard that some people had already been killed. So, on this fourth night, I said to my husband to try to pretend that he had a stomachache so that he wouldn't go. So my husband obeyed me and he was excused from not going. Then my mother who was working in the Japanese garden, decided not to go to work one day because she didn't feel well and she was punished for it. She was whipped with the rope that was used to tie a flag to its pole. When they were done, we were told to dig holes for our graves. When we did this, they just wasted time and pretty soon, the Americans came. When the Americans came, the fence was ready. This fence was completed with the intention of gathering all the children by enticing them with candy and they would be herded into this fence area and be killed with exploding hand grenades. Then, when this

was to be done, we were told that whomever was not listening to the Japanese, we would be slapped. The next day, we were again told that we were to be sent to Agana, to Pigo' Cemetery. Then we walked from Manenggon to Agana to the cemetery and we stayed there for two weeks. That's it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Ms. Arce: Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you remember if your family filed a claim under the Navy's Meritorious Claims Program?

Ms. Arce: What's that? I could not hear.
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Arce: Oh, no. Not even a penny. We have never been given anything, why lie about it?
(discussion off microphone)

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if your family was aware that there was an opportunity to file a claim?
(discussion off microphone)

Ms. Arce: Nobody knows about it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Thank you very much.

Ms. Arce: That's it?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, that's it. Thank you. Just a moment. Thank you for coming and telling us your memories of that incident.

Ms. Arce: I can go now?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, you can, if you wish. Thank you. Our next witness will be Rita Cruz. Thank you.

Ms. Cruz: Hello to all of you, members of the commission. My name is Rita Santos Cruz and I was born in Talofoto on July 4, 1937. I was six years old when the Japanese came. My mother was the only one supporting the family and I witness her punishment by the Japanese. She was kicked and hit many times on the head because she refused to go to work for them many times. Now, I am the one obligated to testify on behalf of my two siblings who were also punished, Luis and Gonzalo. There were numerous punishments given to them including being hit on the head and they suffered alongside us. Our family was forced to farm for the Japanese, to support the Japanese. I was small at that time but my mind was sharp because I believed that the person who suffers a lot will understand what one goes through. I was that person and I believe that there is no amount of money will ever equal the horror and pain of such an experience. We have not come today to ask for money. There is no value to suffering, hunger, and cruel punishment and that no million will suffice to satisfy that indignity.

If there is ever any compensation, then perhaps I hope that it comes to us before this, and my generation, leave this world. Many have died and many have left us and nothing has ever been given in the name of war reparation. This has been a tremendous hurt and this is a huge area of doubt for us Chamorros of Guam because this was not recognized or acknowledged anywhere by anyone on this earth here in the Pacific. We have not been acknowledged as a nation of people and also that we have suffered under the hands of the Japanese. Many have been raped, many endured forced labor and I was forced to pick papaya and coconuts for the Japanese soldiers. We may have been small but we were ordered to walk over to the cliffside to hand over our collection of papayas and coconuts. We suffered, we were barefoot and we stepped on sharp things and sharp rocks and our hands would bleed whenever we would slip and fall. Through this harrowing experience, I speak loudly today to you members of the commission. Please take back to the United States Congress our concerns and cries and seek what can be remedied in the form of compensation to the people who deserve no less. Furthermore, I plead of you to come, please, wear our shoes so you can feel what we have felt: the suffering, the hunger, the punishment, and the hardship. The money will be spent but our experiences will never leave us until we die no matter that I was just a child but I will never forget. I will die down but I will never ever forget all of these.

One midnight, we were roused from sleep and told to march to an area at As Lucas in Talofoto. When we got there, we were again told to move to another side of that village of Talofoto. When we arrived there, we saw a long and huge hole that was dug up but we had no idea what it was for and then we marched again down to Manenggon and so, my mother said, "let me hug you because the Japanese did not kill us. It is good that we have not been beheaded." Because this was the intention of the Japanese. My mother was a strong woman even though she was a widow. She urged us to move on and she told us to be strong in our hearts and to stand up for our dignity. To all of you, I am giving you the deepest thanks from the bottom of our hearts. Years from now, before many more have died, I hope you return as a form of consolation and listen to some more of our sufferings. Thank you very much.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you remember if your family filed a claim with the Navy's Meritorious Claims Program?

Ms. Cruz: Sir, I did not know because I was young, and my mother doesn't -- my mother is not well educated, so she is more or less probably just playing it by ear. If she receive anything, I did not know. I'm sorry, I did not know.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next witness will be Antonio Cruz.

Mr. Cruz: Good afternoon. My name is Antonio Sablan Cruz, and I am here to just share a couple of things in my mind about how my family suffered. On December 8, we were eating breakfast when something happened in Agana. I was five years old. And we saw a lot of people running on the street. My mother gathered the four of us little kids, and we started running, too. And we were supposed to go out of town and into the farm in Yigo, my grandfather's farm in Yigo.

My father was not at home. He is a foreman at the hospital, and he was at the hospital at the time. We were walking towards Yigo and somewhere in Tamuning area, my father caught up with us driving a car, took us up to Liguán, Dededo, drop us there at an uncle's ranch, and then he had to return to where he works at the hospital. So he did, and we continued walking up to Yigo day and night, and we were waiting for my dad to come back because he said he will be back with us soon.

Two days later -- no, it was December 10 -- yeah, December 10, 1941, my father was the first victim of the Japanese invading the island in 1941. He was shot and bayoneted in Tamuning between 0400 and 0600 a.m. during the Japanese invasion. And we were up at Yigo waiting for him for two days when one of my uncles, my mother's brother, came and told us that he saw my dad and he -- I think he took part in helping bury the dead people in the mass grave in Tamuning. And my mother was crying, brothers and sisters was crying. I was crying, too.

But he never came back. He never came back. That was the last time we saw him. I'll just skip the rest. I'll go into the 1944 event. In July 1944, we were informed to gather in a certain area at Yigo for that road march to Ta'i, and from there, in Ta'i, I witnessed a couple events that happened there. But I can't -- I was too young a guy to know.

But from there, we traveled to Manenggon, but somewhere in between Manenggon -- Ta'i and Manenggon -- my mom was clubbed for walking too slow in camp. I mean on the road march. And you know how it is with four kids. And she was carrying a baby. Carrying a baby and four kids, small kids tagging along. It's hard to travel fast, but she got clubbed. But she managed to make it to Manenggon, and that's where we end up.

After that, my mother died after the war, sometime in 1945. My youngest sister also died from malnutrition in 1945. Well, it's written in my -- the claim request, if you want to go to that. But thank you for -

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Do you recall if your mother filed a claim or ever mentioned -- well, she died right after the war.

Mr. Cruz: Yeah, my father died. My mother was too sick to even know anything or do anything after the war. She was bedridden. She died right after the war. I mean, not too long after the war. We were still little kids. I don't know what happened. I don't know.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you very much. Our next witness is Juan Guzman. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Guzman: Mr. Chairman, Commission members, welcome to Guam, USA, where America's Day begins and politics never ends. My name is Juan T. Guzman. I was born in Sumay, Guam at this Naval station on April 7, 1934. That makes me seven years, eight months and one day, right?

Anyway, I witnessed the bombing of Sumay on December 8, 1941, and there was a Saint Mary's fiesta or novena. And when the bombs start falling, people were running everywhere. We fled to my -- for safety, we went up to Apra, then from Apra up to Fenna Valley. I believe we spent in Fenna Valley the next day when the Japanese invasion.

We're the first one who came out to Fenna. My dad was stubborn. He said, hey, let's go out. Whatever happen will happen. Because we were joined then by the Agat villagers from Sumay and Agat together into Fenna. And I remember we were the first ones to come out from the place. And there was checkpoint right by the Naval Magazine area now. The main gate, that was a checkpoint for the people coming out because they were afraid.

And I remember that this old man, Mr. Okiyama was sent by the Japanese to tell the people to come out and nothing will happen. So we were the first ones who came out. We went down to Apra, and we settled there. And then by 1943, I witnessed they took my father and four of his friends because they were accused of aiding the fugitives

They were taken to the Commissioner's office in front. You know, they have coconut tree. They were tied up for the whole night, and I believe later on, I found out that that was the lesson for the other villagers not to aid those fugitives or these suspect spies. There's a few in Apra that were held by the Japanese. In fact, they were put in a certain concentration camp because they were suspected of being pro-American and spies. I don't want to mention the name of everybody, but a few here are relatives of those.

Anyway, by 1944, when the U.S. Armed Forces start the bombardment, we were told by the Commissioner at that time, Commissioner, not mayor, and the Japanese told us to pack up and move to Fenna. That's when we started the forced march. We went to, from Apra to Fenna, and then from Fenna to Manenggon, and I believe that -- I remember that.

There was no road from Fenna to Manenggon. We make our own road. And what I was really surprised -- I mean, at that time, I was 10 years old. On our way to Manenggon, there was elderly, senior citizen, were left behind. Really. And as I grew up, I was thinking that maybe during those days to each his own. They cannot help their elders. And as we passed by, I seen a few elderly were left behind by the family. When we got to Manenggon and the concentration camp, the hardest part I really was very inconvenienced is the Japanese ordered us not to build fires sometimes, to cook, because they say that it will -- you know, the American forces will locate the fires and drop their bombs.

And then, right after Manenggon, when the American forces came, we marched again to Tenjo Vista. And then before I close this, one of my uncles was killed in the Merizo massacre. His name is still there on that memorial plaque, my father's brother. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(audience applause)

Mr. Guzman: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you remember if your family was aware of the claim program the Navy had, and did they file a claim for any of that?

Mr. Guzman: No, I don't remember.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mr. Guzman: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness is Manuel Sablan. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Sablan: Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman and Commissioners. My name is Manuel L. G. Sablan. I was born in December 14, 1937. I was about six years old at that time during the war. The only thing I can tell you is what I remember during the war. And what my father told me is that he was telling me that he was working at that time during the war in NAS Agana. He was, when the American was bombing the NAS Agana,

the Japanese took him and put him to work there. I think he worked there with a bunch of group of guys maybe about 30 or 40 Chamorro men, filling up all the bombs holes in NAS.

We were living in Mangilao at that time, and he was telling me that for that four days they worked there after they fill up, some of them ran and went home and stayed home for a while. And at the time when he was telling us that we better find a place to hide because the Japanese are running about Mangilao residents to take and to order forced march someplace. And then, he was -- after he run us, he marched us at nighttime down to the Price School area in Mangilao.

And that's the only time I remember that we marched from Mangilao to Ordot, and then from Ordot to Manenggon area. We were passing by rivers, and I asked my father, I said, Pop, where's my brother, Frank? He said, the Japanese took him. And they took him because he had a bullcart. They took him and used him as a labor, forced labor, carrying supplies, ammunition for the Japanese. And then, after that, we were waiting for him for about three or four days and he never did show up. So the Japanese killed him, and they were telling me after the war, my father told me, that my brother died when he was going up to a hill up there in Manenggon area with his Japanese supply.

When the American saw the Japanese, they bombed and my brother got caught in the bomb. So that's about -- when he told us that we'd never see him again, my sister, Luisa, was very small. She was lack of nutrition. She had high flu, got diarrhea. We keep on marching to Manenggon night and days.

Then after that, we stop by for a while alongside the river there and I remember my father put my sister down and he told me to keep an eye on her.

And I said, where are you going, dad? He said, I'm going to get some water for her. So he went over to the little puddle of water, took some water on her hand and put it in her mouth. And she just went to sleep and she never did wake up.

We buried her alongside the road. Then after that, we were, I remember, marching to Manenggon, and I see on the horizon smoking in Agat and Asan area. When America was coming in, they found us with a bunch of groups, the hill up there someplace. They give us a ride on a six-pack truck, and we went to Agat. When we went to Agat, that's when we start receiving C-ration from the U.S. Marine Corps that came in there. Then after that, my memories, I remember, we were going back to Mangilao to see on our house in BPM area. There was nothing left. The Japanese burn it all down and everything. That's about all. That's it, sir. Thank you for coming to Guam and listening to us.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you remember if your family filed a claim with the Navy?

Mr. Sablan: No, sir. My father never mentioned anything about a claim because I was -- after the war. I don't know if they receive it or not, but I never remember anything like that.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you

Mr. Sablan: You're welcom
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness, Therese Borja. Thank you.

Ms. Borja: Excuse me. I think I'm kind of nervous because I'm 74 years old today, and in the Japanese time I'm only 12 years old. So the first time in my life I come up here to testify. So I'm sorry. I am kind of nervous. I think I'm going to speak English so I can speak short.
(audience laughter)

Ms. Borja: During the Japanese time, I'm 12 years old, and all I know, all I remember, is we hide in the jungle and then, after that, when everything is settled, they send us -- my mother is very crippled, and that's why I'm too painful right now because I'm the only survivor. My six brothers, my two sisters, my mother are all passed away, so I'm very sad and painful right now. That's why -- and I'm nervous right now.

So all I remember is when they start making us go out to work, we beg the Japanese for my mother not to make her go out to work because she's crippled. But still, they want her to go out and work. That's a very sad and painful for me right now. So they force us to march. They force us labor and everything. And one of my brother was beaten up and, after that, they take him and then they kill him.

That's very painful for me right now. Sometimes I don't remember what I'm going to say, but right now I'm going to say it again. They tied me to the coconut tree like a karabao or a cow. That's a very sad. And right now, like only a couple of months back when they tie me there for almost one day, they tie me to the coconut tree and they almost killed us. I hope to God people from Merizo so they can know what I'm saying and it's true. And it's very painful for me when I think about that.

Only I know that the karabao and the cow are tied not the human being, but that time I was tied up for almost one day when I'm 12 years old. It's so sad. And then, my mother telling us to tell the Japanese if they can make her stay home. Instead, not home because home is house, but the ranch -- if they can make her stay in the ranch, but they cannot. They force my mother to go out and work, and she's crippled. That's why it's very painful. Right now, I'm the only survivor.

That's why it's very hard for me. I don't want to testify, but I force myself to testify right now. I got only my children, my grandchildren, and my great-grandchildren right now. Nine of us in the family, and only me. I'm the only survivor right now. I know what's going to happen, when I come up here I'm going to be nervous, but I forced myself to come up here to testify. This is very hard. They make us march for I don't know how many miles in the jungle, jungle by jungle.

And the Japanese almost catch us because my mother cannot walk fast. My brothers, they taking turns to carry her in the jungle. So we keep on walking I don't know how many miles to hide in the deep jungle. That's very painful for me. So when my brother -- I said already about one of my brothers. They beat him up, and then, after that, they take him and they kill him. So sometimes I don't even know what to say.

It's a long story, and I think the people that came here today, what they say, it's true. And I don't want to say. It's a long story to say everything what the Japanese did to us, to me and all my family. So I'm glad I'm still living right now, and I'm the only survivor. I hope one of my brothers and my sisters is going to be here and to help me what I'm going to say, but I'm the only survivor right now.

I have to do it myself. My name is Theresa Borja. I didn't even say in the beginning my name, but my name is Theresa Borja. I'm sorry I'm nervous right now.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Do you remember if your family made a claim with the Navy Meritorious Commission?

Ms. Borja: No. No, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you all.

Ms. Borja: You're welcome.
(break in session)

Chairman Tamargo: Our first witness will be Julia Garcia. Go ahead please.

Ms. Garcia: My name is Julia San Miguel Garcia. I am here to read the testimony of my sister, Katalina San Miguel Blas, who is sitting here beside me. This is Katalina's testimony. Chairman Tamargo, Mrs. Van Cleve, former Congressman Lagomarcino, former Speaker Unpingco, and retired Justice B.J. Cruz, good afternoon. My name is Katalina Sablan San Miguel Blas. On December 8, 1941, my whole family were in Sumay in my grandmother's house Guadalupe Perry Sablan, celebrating Saint Mary's novena.

My father, the late Juan Quintanilla San Miguel, born in Agana, and my mother, the late Thomasa Sablan San Miguel, born in Sumay, both deceased. There were seven of us children during the Japanese occupation. On the morning of December 8, 1941, the Japanese planes were bombing Sumay first, I presume, starting with the oil tank farm, Marine barracks, Pan American and so forth. Our grandmother's house was not far from the oil tank farm. With the very first explosion, we all panic and we all started running up Sumay Hill, past Sumay Cemetery.

Running up the Hill of Sumay, I saw a lot of dead people on the road, killed by the Japanese. Four of us children got lost. My father went around days and nights for weeks looking for his lost children. My mother and grandmother, with our two baby sisters, prayed and cried days and nights until my father brought us all back together again.

We stayed in Apra, not far from Sumay in one of our relatives farm for several months. We then moved to Mongmong to our house, we stayed there for several months. Then some Japanese soldiers came and threw all our things out and forced us out of our house. We seek shelter from neighbors, one neighbors house to another.

We then went to Yigo to my grandfather's ranch leaving our father behind in the Agana Power Plant. He was forced by the Japanese, told not to leave that plant if he didn't want to be killed. He was further threatened that, if he ever left that plant, he and his whole family would be killed.

Without our father, we were left hungry all the time. We survived by eating coconuts. We were only in Yigo for several months when the Japanese soldiers forced us to march to Manenggon, Yona with instructions not to bring anything. On our way to Manenggon, Yona, I saw children, babies and old people being wrapped with blankets or mats, buried only in shallow graves because the Japanese would not allow family members enough time to give their loved ones a decent burial. Children were crying because they were wet, thirsty and hungry. Old people were fainting because they were forced to always be on the front line. Whoever fainted, the Japanese killed them by having the heaviest soldier jumping on top of the old person until that person finally stopped breathing.

I saw people being whipped for one reason or another. There are no food in Manenggon. We suffered hunger for days. When the American Marines came to Manenggon, Yona they took us to Agat. On the way to Agat, I saw a lot of dead Japanese almost everywhere. We stayed in Agat for several days, then we moved to Mongmong. We found out that the American armed forces were using our house as a military barracks, the second floor as their kitchen or galley and the first floor for their sleeping quarters.

It appeared that there were thousands and thousands of American armed forces, military men, living around our place in Mongmong. When the military found that we owned the place, they gave us the biggest tent they had. We stayed in that tent for several months until the American armed forces left for their next assignment.

What happened to two of my sisters are among those who got lost must be horrible and terrible because, after the war, they started getting depressed, crying and not eating or sleeping for days. Both of them were on anti-depression medication until the day they died. It is a very painful experience seeing your loved ones in that condition.

I believe that my father never received any money from the U.S. government for what we went through during the Japanese occupation. My father was a very proud man. He would not accept any money that he knew was very little for all the pain and suffering we went through. The U.S. government took a piece of my father's land in Yigo for what we call now the back road to Anderson. The U.S. government wrote a letter to my father telling him he has money in court. My father died, but he never touched that money because, he said, that money was very little for what he believed his land was worth. For my grandmother's land in Sumay that the U.S. armed forces took right after the war, we just recently received not even enough for all the gas money I spent attending land taking meetings by the U.S. government. Where is the U.S. justice? Please let us know before we die.

Thank you, and may God bless Guam and America and may God be with you always. And have a safe trip home. This is the end of Katalina's testimony, but I would like to thank you, the visiting Commission members who came all the way out here to our beautiful island Guam leaving your home.

Thank you very much, and we hope and pray that, from the testimonies that you read and the testimonies that you most likely will continue to read, the written testimonies and the verbal testimonies that you hear, and will continue to hear throughout the day, that these testimonies will greatly help you in finally determining that there is a great disparity in the War Claims Act treatment for your fellow Americans here in Guam, as compared to other U.S. citizens in other islands under the same circumstances.

Thank you very much. And to you, former Speaker Unpingco and Justice B.J. Cruz, to you and your staff, thank you very much for the long hours of volunteered work that you have done. And happy holidays to all of you. Thank you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We will now hear from Jesus Sablan. Thank you.

Mr. Sablan: Good afternoon, members of the panel, ladies and gentlemen. I was deeply touched by the last speaker. She was the youngest daughter of my sister.

Chairman Tamargo: Take your time.

Mr. Sablan: These are my two nieces, the daughters of my sister, Thomasa Sablan San Miguel. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I'll try to continue. My testimony will be short and simple, as intended to be. I will just read my answers as written on the survivor's questionnaire. All you members have copies of these. I do not want to elaborate details by details. I get too emotional, and would ruin the substance of my testimony. Several years ago, I was asked to talk to two schools about my experience during World War II.

At Notre Dame High School in Talofofo, when I was speaking, and everything that I was saying, went through, and it just bring back all memories during the war. My eyes were watery and I just choked. I couldn't talk. It took a while for me to get my composure and continue talking. The third time that happened, my eyes cleared and I looked out at the children. They were young teenagers, some of them with tears running down their cheeks.

Please allow me to continue. I forgot to even mention that my name is Jesus T. Sablan from Santa Rita, Guam. I was born in 23 January 1927. I was 14 years old when the war broke out. Place of birth, Sumay, Guam, place of residence, in 1941 through 1944, Sumay, Apra, Mongmong and Yigo. On number six, was any member of your family by Japanese occupation was killed by the Japanese occupation? No. (B), were you or any member of your family injured by Japanese personnel, occupation personnel? Yes.

Please see attached sheet, six, endured a Japanese occupation, occupation personnel. Forced labor at Harmon Air Strip. I was one of the Yigo forced labor work crew who were working at a construction site preparing it for use as airfield by the Japanese planes at Jalaguak airfield, which by air mile was not too far away. We clearly heard the sound of anti-aircraft firepower and saw dogfights between U.S. and Japanese fighter planes. All my co-workers ran into the boonies away from the construction site and were lying flat faced down, except me, who remained standing, furiously pecking through the open sky watching the dogfights.

My standing revealed our location, and the guarding Japanese many tanks fired in our direction. The shell hit Guam's most solid rock and a fragment of the speeding projectile almost completely become embedded in my right buttock. One was not treated and became infected and could hardly walk.

Number seven, were you compelled by Japanese occupation personnel to perform forced labor? Yes. Again, on the attached sheet, compelled forced labor. When I was living in Mongmong, I was recruited to work at the Jalaguak airfield.

Then one day, the Japanese Army personnel forced us out of the house and took it for their own use. We moved to Gayinero Road in Yigo. I was then recruited to perform forced labor without pay at upper Tumon area at the early stage of construction. It was at Harmon where I was wounded. See six above.

Number eight, forced labor. Forced march, rather. In 1944, we were forced to vacate without prior notice of the intended move. We did not know the reason or how long we would be away. We journeyed to the old Salisbury School in the middle of Yigo. It was there that we found out that we were to be sent to a concentration camp in Manenggon.

We arrived in Manenggon without water, food or shelter. We hurriedly installed a lean-to temporary shelter using vegetation branches for our bedding. Believe me, war is hell.

How I managed to journey, to complete the journey, with my partially crippled dragging my leg with eventual healing was a mystery. I could only - attribute it to faith, the will to survive, and, more importantly, the will of God. And I swear, that the above remarks were the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness will be Mr. Eddie Cruz.

Mr. Cruz: Thank you, Mr. Chairman and Commissioners. Hello. My name is Eddie J. Cruz. I was born in 1931. That makes me 10 years old when the Japanese start to bomb. I was very fortunate that I was in Yigo when the Japanese planes went by, but my family, my father, my mother and siblings, were in Sumay. They ran away at the first bomb that hit the Standard Oil Company, and they hid in a cave. All the people at Sumay left and they hid in a cave by now where Naval Station is, next to Agat along the beach.

Three days later when the Japanese came in, they were found there and they were told to go because he claims that his wife's family is in Yigo. So he took his six kids and sent to Yigo. He was given a badge so that, as soon as he reach Yigo he will go back and work for the Navy yard, which he did.

A week later, he came back again, the Japanese told him to come back and relocate to Agana because he is an essential person for the island, working over at the Navy yard. We relocated to Agana where we stayed. We relocated a couple of times. We stayed in Agana all through the war. We stayed in an island, a very small island. There was a house there in the middle of the swamp now located as the Agana Shopping Center, surrounded by water and reeds.

We stayed there until the first bombardment from the United States. But before that, we went to school. I was abused. They hit me on the head with chairs and slapped me and kicked me while we're going to school. Then we had to go up at times to the now Tiyan to work on the runway. You've heard testimonies on how they moved dirt with muko' and all that. We did that.

It's very sad because people come in here to testify now, and I'm very emotional. When people come over here crying because some of them got killed, some of them got beheaded, we experienced some of those although none of my immediate family was beheaded, except cousins, uncles and whatnot, and we were in an area where they got beheaded next to us.

We were hiding. The first bomb that hit the Navy yard, my father ran away. And we hid him in the swamp, and every now and then we had to relocate. When the Japanese start moving in there, they found that place, moving their wounded and so forth, we relocated to a point of land right in the swamp, a little bit further up. We stayed there for about a week.

We witnessed the Marianas turkey shoot, and I see planes went down. A Japanese plane went down maybe 100 feet from us, and we were still hiding until the bombardment gets so bad that the caves we were hiding starts breaking. So we ran into another place called Agana Spring. That is where we hid there, and we'd go out in the daytime, and me and my brothers, there were seven of us siblings, young, I was second to the oldest, we were picking breadfruit. Breadfruit that just come out.

They're not ready for picking yet, but the only thing that kind of saved us is the planes go in the daytime and they start going up towards NAS, which is Tiyan, and the pilots knew that we are natives. They're even waving. So we stayed there. But my father never was exposed because he is what they call a wanted man by the Japanese. They have beheaded people next to us, but we hid there until the invasion day.

We were in Agana when somebody came over and said the invasion end, the Americans. Here's the Lucky Strike to prove that they're here. Then we ran. We ran there up the hill and we met the Marines, and they took us to a small place in Tipungan. We were one of the first Chamorros that came out, and we are very lucky because we would have been all beheaded if they would have found us.

So my father nor my family, we never go to Manenggon. We can't afford it. The minute he goes there, he's dead. So you hear the stories about these people being raped and a lot of things about being brutally beaten. I get very emotional, and I hope that, with this Committee, we can take this into a turn where we can close it because the people have waited long enough.

It's not the money. It's the parity of some got compensated and some are not. The Chamorros weren't really asking for money, but since other people were paid, the Japanese, the Aleuts, the Saipanese and all that, what's good for them should be good for these people. And believe me, the Chamorros are very proud people.

You never hear them talk about rape. They kind of cover it up because they feel they don't want to talk about it. But you see them now; they come out. And most of them, I'd say 65 percent of the people that were here, are gone now. You wait another 10 years, and you don't have to worry about it.

So I hope that you people will look into it and take this door closed because this cat has been stuck now and it's wounded and it's bleeding. So let's cover it up, get it over with, whether we're going to get something or not or what, but we don't want to hear this thing 10 more years from now. I won't be here 10 more years from now probably. So please consider this. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(audience applause)

Chairman Tamargo: We will now hear from Magdalena Bahani and Nicolasa Huihui [phonetic].

Ms. Bahani: My name is Magdalena San Nicolas Bayani. At that time in 1941, Dec. 8, I was 26 years old. Now, I am 88 years old. On that morning when Sumay was being bombarded, I was at the church attending mass. Father stopped the mass and instructed us to leave church and go home because bombing had already started in Sumay. When I left, my sister and my brother-in-law were waiting for me. They took me to Talofoto that morning and while on our way past Ylig, the bridge was already on fire. Then, we stayed in Talofoto for one week then we returned to Agana and stayed at our house. In a matter of months, the Japanese entered our home and they stayed. Then we left and went up to Mongmong. We were then told to leave again and so we stayed in Congnga. When we stayed there that was when we were obligated to work. We worked in Ta'i and every morning we'd go through the swamp all the way up to Ta'i morning and night. We'd leave at 5 in the morning and return at 8 at night. All day, we'd plant, dig, gather rocks, and pull weeds. We'd rarely eat during the day. One day, we were told to stop work, stand in line and we stood there without knowing what was going to happen. We were warned that whomever whines, cries, or call out, we'd all be killed.

There were three men who were standing there while some people were digging a hole in front of them. When the hole was dug, three Japanese with raised bayonets approached and told the men to kneel down with their hands tied behind their backs. They were told to bow their heads with their necks fully exposed. The three Japanese counted to three and the three were then beheaded right in front of us. The heads rolled down into the hole.

They then took us to Tiyan and we worked there. We did the same thing as before: plant, dig, gather rocks, and pull weeds. Not long after, one week later, we were called and sent to Merizo. Our stay there lasted about two weeks. We were not fed nor told about what we were told to do. We did the same thing again. At 5pm, we were released. At night in Merizo, we would weave thatched roofing. They didn't feed us or anything but we weren't hungry because of our fear. Again, two weeks later, the Japanese told us to go home. They took us in their trucks and would take us home. When we arrived home in Sinajana, we were greeted by a line of people on the side of the road. They left us there and we met up with our family members. No one spoke because of fear that our talking may result in our deaths. We would then whisper that we were then going to Manenggon. It began raining and it wasn't until midnight that we all proceeded towards Manenggon. We didn't get there until the crack of dawn.

When we got to Manenggon there was no place for us. There was no ranch so we slept on the ground or under whatever trees were available. Again, we didn't eat much because no one was allowed to cook. Coconuts were the only things we could eat because that was all available. The Japanese told us we were not allowed to cook anything and so, everyone obeyed for fear of being killed. Then, the American soldiers came and they told us that we were leaving. They took us through the mountains and down to Libugon and over to the Pigo' Cemetery in Agana. This, (Mrs. Huihui), was taken over to Agat. That's all I have to say.

And, my brother Juan was killed and two of Mrs. Huihui's siblings were taken to work and they ran away. They were lucky to have run away but my brother was too scared to run for fear of being killed. So, he was killed, my brother Juan Santos San Nicolas.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mrs. Bayani: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.
(end of Tape 4)

Guam War Claims Review Commission

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(Tape 5)

Chairman Tamargo: Ask her if she knew why, her paper indicates she doesn't think they filed a claim because she doesn't think they were aware of the opportunity. Is that so?

Female Voice: I don't know. At that time, we don't know anything about that, that's why.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you all. We'll now have our next witnesses. Our first witness will be Joseph Cruz. Go ahead, please, sir.

Mr. Cruz: Good afternoon. My name is Joseph Cruz. I'm U.S. Army retiree. I'm here to file a claim on behalf of my parents, Francisco Taijeron Cruz and Teresa Aguon Cruz, residents of Agana. I'm also here for all the deceased persons, all the people that are deceased, residents of the island of Guam, no matter what color, creed or race, either on their own free will, or forced labor that was residing here on Guam during this era of war.

War creates total disrespect and destruction to all environment, which is our plants, buildings, structures and homes. It's total violation of human rights, personal properties, physical and emotional human beings. It also creates chaos, total disarrangement and death injuries. All these people that were here, on the island, during this war, the American, Spanish-American War and Japanese-American War have suffered the injuries, death and pain. It's total violation of basic human rights. These wars were brought on by foreigners and outsiders. We, the people of Guam, didn't ask any country to come here and rule us and change our way of life and our culture. Yet, we, the people of Guam, are the ones that are stuck with all the losses, meaning our home, and lives. President Bush, himself, was on national TV and announced to the whole world that the United States of America declares war on your country. Any destruction caused by war, it is the responsibility of the United States of America to reconstruct the destruction.

What happened to Guam? Guam is a territory of the United States of America. We are also a possession. That means we are children of the United States of America. It is only right that you treat us right. It is only right. We are very trustworthy people. We are loyal. We are Americans. We are proud Americans. We are not here and asking for any handouts. We are merely asking for what's due to us. That's all I got to say. I hope you guys take that into heed.

I, for one, as a soldier, God bless America and all the soldiers that are fighting that war right now. I'm the man that will not forget about the killed in action, missing in action and prisoners of war. Nothing in this world is free. God bless America and please bless all those soldiers that are fighting that war right now. I thank the United States for educating me and taking me around the world. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, Mr. Cruz. We'll now hear from our next witness, Frank Guevara. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Guevara: You almost hit that right. It's Guevara. Well, panel, what I'm about to say hurts me. I'll try not to get too emotional about it. You have a copy of my testimony before you.

Members of the Guam War Claims Review Commission, and the local staff who worked so hard and long to make this important war claims testimonial hearing a success. At the onset of my testimony before this august body, I must state my strong position that I object to, and I am grossly disillusioned by the mere fact that we, the people of Guam, who were there before, during and after the war are now compelled, after 62 years, to give proof and specificity of the death and sufferings our big brothers and sisters, our parents, our grandparents and our aunts and uncles, as well as the hunger and harsh living conditions our young children and infants were made to endure. As casualties of war, everyone, young and old, was victimized, enslaved and their freedom abruptly taken away for two and a half years. Everyone lived in fear and were constantly brutalized. As the reward to the conquerors, the occupying Japanese Imperial Army made it their routine daily activities to rape our young mothers, our young sisters, mass killing and publicly executed many of our men folks and enslaved all our people, young and old.

For example, my mother's brother, Jesus Torres Namauleg Tenorio, who went out on his own, after the bombing, like Rambo, sabotaging Japanese camps, killing Japanese soldiers and burning ammunition stock piles. In 1941, he was captured by the Japanese and was beheaded. His head was chopped off in a public execution, as an example to other Chamorros who did not conform to the wishes, the desires and wants and needs of the ruling Japanese soldiers.

My mother, my father and their four boys, including myself and my grandparents, were forced to march from San Ramon in Agana to the Manenggon concentration camp in Yona, a distance of approximately four to five miles, through tall vegetation, mosquito infested areas, jungles, mud,

ponds and hills and in the rain. During the march, my mother had slipped and fell once. If it wasn't for my oldest brother's quick action, Ricardo, who helped my mother to her feet, she would have been bayoneted by a Japanese soldier. The rules of the forced march issued by the top ranked Japanese officers was, if anyone stops, slipped, tripped or fall, will be stabbed to death with the bayonet of the soldier's rifle.

During our stay at the Manenggon concentration camp, my mother was home alone with me, as a little boy, occasionally was visited in the early afternoon, by one or two Japanese officers called taicho or sensei. After the taichos leave, I will go in the house and see my mother with a black eye and redness on her face and neck. Needless to say what had happened there or what had taken place. This I remember vividly. My mother, for your information, board, was a beautiful, young woman, light skinned, light brown hair, almost like our good Senator, Madeleine Bordallo, and hazel eyes. Maybe this was the reason why they were targeting my mom.

I remember vividly my mother would frequently be forced to go to the Japanese camps to cook and/or to clean the barracks and to wash the soldiers dirty uniforms. This forced labor, she performed along with other Chamorro ladies. All through the Japanese occupation, my mother lived in constant fear of being brutalized, victimized or violated by Japanese soldiers. This all occurred when my father is doing his farm for the Japanese.

My beautiful mother died on August 1947 at the age of 34. Bless her soul. My father, Mercario Delgado Guevara, so the entire trek of the forced march to the concentration camp at Manenggon, marched behind my mother and her four young boys, including me, making sure that the boys do not stray away from the family. My father fared out very well all through the march.

My father was a farmer by trade. The Japanese soldiers used him to farm and to provide fruits and vegetables, as well as meat for their table. During the Japanese occupation, my father was forced to work long hours at his farm for the sole benefit of the Japanese soldiers and their families. He was oftentimes forced to harvest his season fruits and vegetables under the hot sun, in a stormy weather and in the rain. Even when he was feeling bad or when he was stricken with the flu, runny nose, coughing and feverish.

On at least one occasion, I remember vividly, my father, at the end of the day, gave me a palm leaf woven basket called guagua', with one small, round striped watermelon, several pipinus, these are small, very sweet melons and a small bundle of green beans to carry home for the family. A couple of Japanese soldiers in a jeep, or jeep-like vehicle, arrived at the farm to pick up the large harvest. The soldiers saw me carrying the small guagua' of fruits and vegetables, when one of the two soldiers grabbed the guagua' and took it away from me, while the other soldier began hollering at my father, slapped him around and then hit my father on his stomach with the butt of his rifle. Often times, after the war, at the dinner table, my father and mother would give account of being beaten or slapped hard for simply not bowing to the Japanese taichos as they passed by them individually, or in a group.

On November 21st, 1946, just a year after World War II ended, my father died at the young age of 37. My mother, my grandfather, my grandmother have said that my father died of pneumonia and cardiac arrest. After my father and mother passed away, they had seven young children, five boys, including myself and two girls. During the war, they only had us, four boys and my other sister who was just an infant then.

We live with our grandfather and grandmother at my father's house in Ordot. It was then that I learned about the beatings they suffered, my grandfather and grandmother, during the war. My grandfather and grandmother died in the early 1950's. My grandfather died at the age of 84. I don't know exactly my grandmother's age. But, she died a year before my grandfather.

My third, and last, vivid memory of my life and time at the Manenggon concentration camp, was on the day of our liberation from the Japanese. Myself and several other boys my age, 6 going on 7, were playing, climbing the pagu trees on the river banks when I saw rolls of people with helmets and guns, laying on their stomach on the river bank on the concentration side. It was then that my godfather, Santiago Dimas, also called Augo' Dimas, stood outside his camp shouting out to the Japanese soldiers with a U.S. Marine bayonet raised up. I found out later from my father, that the reason why the Japanese did not respond to my godfather's challenge was because the Japanese soldier had learned about the U.S. Marines had landed on Guam and were closing in on the Manenggon concentration camp. So, the Japanese soldiers have exited the camp into the jungle.

Except for the two vivid memories of atrocities which I had witnessed on my father, and the black eye and bruises upon my mother's face, all other accounts I have attained from my family, friends and relatives of my parents and my grandparents as I was growing up.

In closing, may I give tribute to my brave and heroic uncle, Jesus Namauleg Tenorio, Rambo, I call him. He was also named Jesus Thunderbolt before the war. He was beheaded by the Japanese. Before the war, he was a ring boxer by trade. He had a reputation that when he got in the boxing ring, with one punch, he will knock out his opponent. When he threw his first punch and his opponent did not hit the canvas, he will just simply exit the ring and go home. I did not know my uncle, but I am very proud of him. I wish to God he is still alive today so that I can tell him that he is my hero.

I wish to thank the members of the Guam War Claims Commission and its staff for giving me the opportunity to testify before this august body. Although I strongly feel that this hearing is

not necessary, it was enough that the people of Guam who lived through the Japanese occupation on Guam were casualties of war, incumbent with atrocities of rampant rape, beating and killing of our people. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is former Senator Edward Duenas. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Duenas: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. First of all, let me thank you and the other members for coming to Guam to conduct this long awaited hearing. I sincerely appreciate this opportunity to testify on the heart rendering issue for the people of Guam and more particularly, for those of us who were subjected to 30 months of cruel and inhuman atrocities at the hands of an occupying enemy.

At the outset, let me clarify that I was only five years old on December 8, 1941, when the war broke out in the Pacific. I was eight by the time the U.S. liberated Guam on July 21st, 1944.

I saw the ravages of war through the eyes of a young, but yet impressionable lad. Yet, despite my youthfulness, I was able to comprehend what happened to our people under captivity. My extended family, and similarly with hundreds of other families on Guam, suffered the trauma of enemy atrocities long after the last enemy soldier was killed or captured by the U.S. forces.

Father Jesus Baza Duenas, he's my grandfather's brother and a priest, and my father's brother Eduardo Duenas, my namesake and also my Godfather, were brutally tortured beyond recognition and then executed by beheading. They went to their graves rather than give the enemy any information on the whereabouts of a Navy man, George Tweed, who, with the help of other Chamorros, was able to elude capture throughout his 30 months of hiding in Guam's jungle.

For sure, you will be hearing, or have heard, many harrowing experiences related by other witnesses in this hearing. You wonder how such cruelty and atrocities could have happened in this 20th century. But, it did happen on Guam. Our people were beaten and physically maimed for life. Many were tortured beyond recognition and ultimately, summarily executed for any or no reason at all.

Men, women and children were forced to labor under the hot sun or in the rain to build air fields, military fortifications and grow crops, among other things, all for the benefit of their captors. In the waning days of the war, Chamorro families were vacated from their farms, against their will, and were forced to march to concentration camps, which some say, were a prelude, to mass extinction.

My father, Jesus Camacho Duenas, was in the U.S. Navy, but died five months before the war broke out. My mother was presented the U.S. flag upon his burial. She kept it throughout the occupation years, despite the fact that it would be certain death to the family, should the enemy discover it in our possession. That was taking extreme risk because there were Japanese spies and some sympathizers lurking all over the island.

There's no question that the people of Guam deserve to receive war claims compensation. The U.S. Congress has recognized it when it enacted the Guam Meritorious Claims Act of 1945 to compensate the Chamorros for pain and suffering inflicted upon them. This magnanimous act was a testimonial of the United States moral obligation to help the subjugated people of Guam, who were brought into the war before their own choosing. Guam was, and still is, of strategic importance for the defense of our nation. The island was occupied by the Japanese military forces at the start of World War II.

In years past, the U.S. Justice Department opposed efforts in Congress to provide war claims from Guam, arguing that the Guam Meritorious Claims Act of 1945 had provided sufficient and adequate compensation. But, this Act had a one year window of opportunity to apply and most people were not aware of this fact before the deadline. There were no free press or free media at the time to inform the inhabitants. There were no civilian lawyers to help them file their claims. The claims were administered by the Navy on Guam who, at that time themselves, were too preoccupied with building military bases for the final assault at the Japanese homeland.

But, most significantly, the Meritorious Claims Act provided funds for death, injury and property damage, but not for forced labor, forced march and internment in concentration camps where practically all Chamorros were interned during the occupation.

Then, in the 1951 peace treaty, the U.S. absolved Japan from any obligation of paying war reparation to Guam. That closed the door for Guam to seek war claims against Japan. The Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, a drafter of the treaty, alluded in his report that, and I quote, "American nationals whose claims are not covered by the treaty provisions or by legislature of other allied powers, must look for relief to the Congress of the United States." It is said that justice delayed is justice denied. In the case of Guam, this is true. After all, 58 years have passed since the Guam Meritorious Claims Act was enacted. The majority of people have yet to receive one dime. I will venture to say that the vast majority of those who were eligible for compensation back in 1945-'46 have already passed away. They waited uncomplainingly and in good faith, that Uncle Sam would make good one of these days, hopefully soon and within their lifetime.

But the delay lingers on and many of them are no longer around to receive their just due. If total justice is to be served in the Guam war claims issue, then I recommend that this

Commission include payment for those who have died since, after the war, and pass on the financial benefits to the surviving heirs. The Meritorious Claims Act, as I understand, provided for survivors of those who were killed during the occupation period to file claims on behalf of the deceased. That being the case, it stands to reason that it's only right and just to likewise allow survivors of those eligible claimants who subsequently passed away, after the war, to file compensation on behalf of the deceased family members. After all, if the Guam Meritorious Claims Act had been completely and adequately administered back in 1945, 1946, this eligible claimants would have received just compensation, but they're no longer around today.

The Guam Meritorious Claims Act, as I understand, also covered the period of December 8, 1941 to July 21, 1944, the day the U.S. forces landed on Guam to liberate the island from the Japanese forces. But, for a year or so, there was a mop-up operation, spearheaded by the Guam Combat Patrol, a para-military group comprising of young Chamorro men recruited and trained by a Marine officer. Their mission was to search and flush out Japanese snipers who took to the jungles of Guam. A number of them were killed or wounded in action. I strongly recommend that the qualifying period for the war claims be extended to August 1945, the date of Japan's unconditional surrender to end the war.

I understand that the mission of this Commission is, among other things, to determine the parity between the amount of claims paid to the Chamorros under the Guam Meritorious Claims Act. I need not elaborate on this. The federal government should have the record of claims paid then. Suffice to say, the survivors of about 500 Guamanians who were killed had received varying sums of compensation, from a low of \$221 to a high of \$3,500. How the Naval government on Guam, which administered the war claims payment, arrived at these figures is anyone's guess. Now compare that to the Japanese-Americans who were paid \$20,000 each for being detained in concentration camps in the U.S. mainland because of security concerns immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack. Or, compare that to the \$12,000 which I understand was paid to each native of the Aleutian Islands, who were evacuated from their homes in the face of advancing enemy invasion and occupation.

You don't need a calculator to figure out the disparity. It's too obvious. The big difference between \$20,000 and \$12,000 awarded to the Japanese-American internees and the native Aleutians versus the less than \$3,500 to some of the Chamorros killed during occupation.

For whatever reason, the war claims settlement has lingered on for over five decades now. Today, the leaders of Guam are resurrecting the issue and asking this Commission, the President of the United States and the U.S. Congress, to once and for all provide for its full settlement. To continue to ignore this issue until the very last one of the war victim passes away would be a travesty of justice.

Mr. Chairman, it also should be noted that Guam was the only U.S. territory in the Western Pacific that was occupied by the enemy during World War II. Ironically, our sister island to the north and the other neighbor island nations in Micronesia, which were Japanese administered since 1918, have had their war claim approved and compensated by Congress. Many of Guam's war victims could not understand why all others have been compensated while they, who remain loyal to the U.S. despite inhuman cruelty and torture inflicted on them by the enemy have yet to be fully compensated.

I would be remiss if I didn't take this opportunity to laud the people of Guam for their unyielding desire to settle the war claims and to the leadership of Delegate Antonio Wonpat, Delegate Ben Blaz, Delegate Robert Underwood and now Delegate Madeleine Bordallo and the other Guam political and community leaders for their untiring efforts to convince Congress once and for all to settle this issue. I might add, as a Senator in the Guam legislature, I and other fellow members have testified before Congressional hearing regarding this matter. My passion to have justice done has not diminished through the years despite many disappointments that we encountered from the federal government.

Mr. Chairman, I hope and pray that your Commission will finally bring a closure to this trauma in Guam's history. We have waited for too long, too long, too long, and like I said earlier, justice delayed is justice denied. Thank you.

Mr. Guevara: Mr. Chairman, may I? For the record?

Chairman Tamargo: Yes, sir.

Mr. Guevara: I made a mistake. My uncle Jesus Namauleg Tenorio, was captured and beheaded in 1943, not '41. My name is Francisco Guevara, or Frank Guevara. I was born on September 12, 1938. I am now 65 years old. Thank you, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Mr. Guevara, when we finish, could you come and change your testimony in our copy, here? Our next witness is Mr. Jose Chargualaf. Thank you.

Mr. Chargualaf: Thank you for at least pronouncing it. That's credit to your part. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mauricio Tamargo, Mr. Antonio Unpingco, Vice Chairman, Ms. Ruth Van Cleve, Mr. Robert Lagomarsina and former Chief Justice of the Guam Supreme Court, Mr. BJ Cruz.

Indeed, it is a good afternoon and a great important historically for me and many people who came yesterday and are also here today in hopes that the injustice in recognizing and reevaluating the war reparation to the Chamorros and others affected on Guam will not be a life

long struggle for thousands of survivors of war waged between the United States and Japan 62 years ago.

My name, for the record, is Jose S. N. Chargualaf. I am married and have four children and two granddaughters who are very fortunate not to have been brought up fearing constantly that their parents might not be alive for another day, as did parents back then when the Japanese were here 62 years ago. The agony and the suffering of the people, Chamorros in general, became hostages and reduced from decent, respecting and loving people to nothing more than slaves and personal properties of the Japanese soldiers for three hard, long years. The reason I state this comment is based on my father's personal account of how brutal and unforgiving the Japanese soldiers who punished, tortured and treated him to no more than a slave during the Japanese occupation of Guam.

Today, I find the courage and I'm standing tall, not from my physical stature, but most importantly for my father, Jose S. N. Chargualaf, deceased, because he endured the inhumane treatment and kept us alive and made it possible to appear before this Commission today. I am very, very sure that my father can do a better job representing himself today if he was alive to deliver a very clear and graphic account of how he was brutally punished by the Japanese soldiers for picking breadfruits and coconuts in the jungle just to provide us, his family, a decent meal for that one day.

He knew the risk he was taking when he sneak out from the concentration camp at Payesyes, hoping that he and one of my uncles will be back at the camp before head count. Luck was not in their favor as they were not accounted for at the camp and found missing. Several Japanese soldiers started hunting them down and were eventually found picking breadfruits and coconut and brought back to the camp. At the camp, all the people, including my mother, two brothers and a sister, were ordered to watch the beating of my father. My father was ordered to kneel before the crowd of people at the camp, including my mother and other members of our families. The Japanese soldiers then ordered Pedro C. San Nicholas, and I might add, deceased, ordered to start slapping pintai, in Japanese language, my father 20 or more times to the left and right side of his face. This type of punishment was just a few of the many humiliating injustices my father endured during the reign of terror by the Japanese soldiers on Guam.

My father was tortured by the Japanese after the 20 slap was completed. He was ordered to kneel in the mud by the river bank, near the camp, all night with millions of mosquitoes biting him until the following morning. As his punishment for his disobedience to the Japanese by picking breadfruit and coconut, he was ordered to be filling the water containers at the camp for the interned, for the people interned at Payesyes. My father carried water on a bamboo stem containing six or more sections. He did this for the whole day, from morning until sunset.

The Japanese ordered my father and several other children and men from our village in Inarajan to forced labor at Jalaguak known as NAS airfield, now known as the Antonio Wonpat International Airport at Barrigada. My father, like many other workers at this labor site, were fed a handful of rice a day. Many times he had to eat spoiled rice containing maggots or else he would starve.

My father also told us that too many times he slept at night, after working at the airfield, without showering, as water was not readily abundant. He slept with his dirty, soiled clothes, after long, hard hours of work in the sun. I can only imagine the extreme hardship my father had to and must endure, treated simply as one of the many men and children put to slavery at Jalaguak by the Japanese soldiers. According to his account, many of the men and young children became ill, too sick and died eventually.

My father told me and other members of our family of how he escaped from Jalaguak as the invasion by the United States began. He made it back to Inarajan with my uncle and reunited with other members of our family.

As I mentioned earlier in my testimony, I am also appearing at this hearing on behalf of my mother, Rosa S. N. Chargualaf, who is 86 years old, bed ridden and could not attend this very important event. So, on her behalf, I would like to present her story as she told me when she was forced to work and interned by the Japanese soldiers.

Before December 8, 1941, my mother had a two year old daughter and myself, barely 6 months old, as Guam was invaded and was occupied by Japan. My mother and all of us became prisoners of war for three long years. She remembered being ordered to work in the rice field in Inarajan, together with hundreds of young men, women and children cultivating rice for the Japanese soldiers, six days a week from sunrise to sunset.

She told us that she and other families, living in Malojloj, before the Americans started invading Guam, of how we were forced to march to a concentration camp called Payesyes. This camp is located deep in the jungles within Talofofu and Malojloj, in the vicinity of the Talofofu Falls. This site is also the area where Yokoi, the Japanese soldier of World War II, hide out for 30 years until his capture by local men from Talofofu.

I had an opportunity to visit and explore this internment site. I am, to this very day, shocked and felt sorry for how miserable my mother and other families who were forced to live in this part of the jungles. This site is approximately four miles due west of Malojloj, where I now reside with my family. From my own perspective, I can assure you that this internment site was a single cave-like tunnel along one side of a hill is suitable only for wild pigs and other animals who roam that part of the jungle.

From December 8, 1941 and before July 1944, before Guam was liberated by the Americans, my family suffered and were traumatized by the brutal and unforgiving treatment by the Japanese soldiers. This were their stories they would have told you as if they were present today.

Today, I concluded my testimony hoping that the Commission will and should do everything humanly possible to make good and do the only right thing for a just cause in reviewing the thousands of claims submitted by the survivors. I am equally grateful for the opportunity in submitting my written testimony, not for the single reason that monetary compensation will be realized immediately, but most importantly, that I have presented personal accounts of my mother, father and a little of myself. The traumatic episodes I have been having for many, many years are experience I truly want to put to rest. I urge the Commission members to accept my testimony at face value and without censorship. We are the innocent victims of a war between the United States of America and Japan, who were punished, tortured, killed. Our families and homes devastated during the Japanese occupation of Guam. Remember today and make right the injustices for a better tomorrow for the remaining survivors who struggle for an equal, if not greater, consideration as claimants of a war that ended 60 years ago and still counting.

Thank you and in good faith. In God we trust. Thank you, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We will now hear from Maria Martinez.

Mrs. Martinez: I am Maria Santos Martinez. I was 14 years old when the Japanese came on Dec. 8, 1941. When the Japanese came, they made us run into the jungle right near St. Johns. Our family hid there and it was so dark and we couldn't find each other because we were near a cave by St. John's. In the morning, my father left us to cut his tuba and when he climbed down from the coconut tree, he saw a battalion of Japanese coming from the direction of Gun Beach. They stopped at the house of my aunt and found a young woman by the name of Maria Camacho whom they dragged out and raped. They held on to her father and while a bayonet was pointed at him, the battalion took turns on the young woman. My father ran back to us in the jungle and told us about what he saw. He urged us to flee to Tiyan just to be far away from the battalion. Later that afternoon, Saipanese Chamorros yelled at us to come out of the cave and for us to go and get passes. The next day, we got out and went to the school in Tumon and we saw lots of Japanese, many of them wearing loin clothes. I was scared and I hung on to my mother because I didn't know what to make of them and their appearance in their loin clothes. They then took us down to Agana and as we were passing by East Agana, we saw many dead Chamorros that were bloody and lying on the side of the road. Many of us wept. We were taken to Agana to get our passes then we were sent back up to Tumon. We ended up staying at our house. This was in 1941. They sent me to school. I am now standing on behalf of my parents, my siblings, and my grandmother as well as myself because at that time, I was 14 years old. As I was attending school in Dededo, I would walk far to Mataguak from Tumon. My sibling and I always found ourselves walking in the dark as it would be night and we'd still be walking on the road. Every morning, the Japanese would send us off to work. When I didn't work, I would then be told to make sure to clean my neck because I would be cut off at the neck if I didn't work. I would always cry out of fear. I would tell my mother that I didn't feel like working because I was always so hungry and sick but a Japanese would always remind me that if I refused, I would be killed by being beheaded. Then, I would go. Everytime I was hungry, I'd go and pick young coconuts. Because of my skinny body, it was fairly easy to climb the tree. I would share the coconuts with my companions and we'd always drink the juice from the fruit and then eat the young, soft meat of the green coconut called manha. We'd work at a flooded area where we'd sharpen hoes that were used as tools. We were assigned to clean these and there were a lot of us girls who worked there. When the American planes came they would shoot at us from the air because they thought we were the Japanese. We would all run into the jungle where we'd pray the Lord's Prayer. We even tried sticking our heads into holes in the ground out of our fear of being hit. When my companions become thirsty and they ask to drink, the Japanese would then take their guns and hit them with it. My father was forced to work at Jalaguak. My mother stayed at home and took care of my younger siblings. When we were hungry, my sibling and I would ride on an available cow and we'd go to A'gi to find and bring back food. When we'd see grape tomatoes, we'd beg for it and then we'd bring these home to our house in Yigo where my mother would cook these together with the young seedlings of the breadfruit called dokdok. In 1943, we were sent to march to Maimai because the forced labor was already completed. My mother's stomach was big and she almost died because an American cannon was shot and it almost hit her. At night, we were so thirsty and there was nothing to drink but the slippery strings of tadpole embryos. There were no coconuts that we could have and we were not allowed to climb trees as the Japanese would punish us. Then, we were herded off to Yona. We marched from Maimai to Yona and from there to Manenggon at the concentration camp alongside the river bank. Soon, the American airplanes would start flying overhead in the morning and then they'd shoot down at us and we'd all scatter and hide. The Japanese told us to go into the tunnel but my father warned us not to because he felt that that was how we would meet our end with a hand grenade thrown in at us. He reasoned that if we were to die, we'd be shot by the Japanese one at a time but not altogether at once. Then, the Americans came and they took us up to the mountains and I got separated from my parents. The Americans took us then to Bradley in Asan where they fed us. That is all I have to say for now. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mrs. Martinez: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: How old were you?

Mrs. Martinez: I was 14.

Chairman Tamargo: 14. Do you remember if your family filed a claim with the Navy Commission?

Mrs. Martinez: No. We don't know nothing about that. We never know because it's only 1945. We never heard about it.

Chairman Tamargo: To everyone, thank you. We'll now hear the next panel, next witnesses, please. Our first witness will be Arthur Toves.

Mr. Toves: My name is Arthur Benjamin Toves, born and raised in Sumay now residing in Agat. On December 8, when they start bombing Sumay, that's right after the mass. My father's still at work at the cable station. My mother gathers us up and we ran to Agat, taking anything that we can handle. We went to Agat and stayed there, below the mango trees. We waited for our father because he's still at work. So, finally he came. At nighttime, he went to Sumay to bring clothing for us. Three days, two days later, the Japanese landed and we were found right below the mango tree. They checked each and every inch of the area to find anything in that area.

Early in the morning my mother, because she came from Agat, early in the morning she went to the oldest brother, for us to stay in the house belonging to her grandfather. We stayed there for at least a week. Then, an announcement came out that all abled bodies were to report at this time to work. The following morning I reported myself. I was assigned to build, and to help down at the Orote Point air strip. Day in and day out, day in and day out, we worked under the sun.

One afternoon, this Japanese came to me and called me and said, "Kochi koi." Come here. "Koski", "stand at attention." I stood at attention and he whacked me, closed his two fists. I do not know what's happening. He closed his two fists and whacked me all over my face, my nose, the blood is coming down on me. I begged him, "Gomen kudasai." "Excuse me." "Sorry." He went to the truck and picked up his baseball bat to hit me. So, I keep on hollering, "Gomen kudasai, gomen kudasai." God saved me. He didn't whack me. But, I got to work every day, every day, every day.

Before you go to work in the morning, you have to go and see somebody, where are you going to be placed at. So, this morning I was placed at the rice field, working in trenches, preparing for the rice, planting the rice. At night we put medicine in the rice field. I worked there for months and months, under the sun, rain. Then, they bring the bodies to mind the animals, pigs, cows. So, we have to put fences and feed the pigs. So, I was the one to go out in the boonies, the jungle, to pick up grapefruit, wild papaya, all kinds, so I could cook and feed the pigs for the army.

When I got to my house one day, my father was missing. I asked my mother, "Where's my father?" The Japanese came because they thought that he was a spy because he worked for the cable station. He knows radios, he knows about cable. So, they took him to prison. Okay. I still go to work. My father's not at the house.

So, all of us were put in the concentration camp in Fenna. A Japanese truck will come and pick us up to work in Agat. One afternoon, I was assigned to dig a trench, fox hole. One of the highest Japanese in Agat. I did that for one week, digging holes, fox holes. One afternoon, he ordered me and said to me, "Get one shovel and go to the cemetery and dig this hole for two." I did that because it's very soft, sandy part. I finished what they told me to do. I hid under the banana tree and wait for them. Sooner or later the truck came with the two local prisoner and the mother. They followed behind the car with the two Japanese, armed with swords and .45 pistol. When they got into the cemetery, they tied the hands of the prisoner. They ordered them to kneel down, face one another. "Look down at the hole and bend your neck." Ladies and gentlemen, sooner or later, that sword was flying, whacking the neck. One was next to the lady, the other was not, because they used the .45 to kill the guy.

But, what makes me feel so bad that day, is that the mother was standing right next to the grave, watching all the things that being done to her son. I feel so bad, but I can not do anything, or else, I'll be in the hole also.

They left and my superior officer told me, the one in charge of me, "You stay and put back all the dirt." I did. It was getting dark. So, I left the cemetery, started going to the ranch in Fenna. Two weeks later, my father's still in prison. They came to the ranch, armed with bayonets, looking for anything to prove that we are spy. They didn't find anything. They brought us to Agana, my two oldest brothers, my two oldest cousins and myself. They bring up the recent account. My father was on top of that.

Nine o'clock in the morning, I noticed the executioner in the window, the one who beheaded the two fellow that I knew in the concentration camp. I said to my brother, "That's the guy." He said, "Shut up. Sit down." So, we sat and we waited. When he came out, he let us stand, all of us five, attention. He touches my brother's neck, the oldest one. He said, "This is no good because this is kind of hard." Going down the line, they came to me. He touches my neck and exactly, this is what he said, "This is very good." One time, meaning to say the sword would just go through all the way because I was the youngest one. Six o'clock in the evening, God spares us again. We didn't eat breakfast, we didn't eat lunch. Six o'clock they send us from Agana, walk up to Fenna.

Later on, a month, my father got spared and joined us at the ranch. Then, the bombing was there already. The Americans are planning to land, bomb different places. They're all shipped up. So, the orders are to march from Fenna to Manenggon. We hit our destination, no food, nothing. The younger ones, they go in the boonies and fetch for wild, anything that we can eat to survive.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a proud American. I thank the U.S. Forces when they landed because I got spared and I was alive. I didn't claim any war reparation for the longest time. I never did because I was happy and strong. I'm a proud American because I want to be free, the freedom of America. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Let me ask you a question first, sir. Do you recall if your family made a claim or was aware of the Naval Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mr. Toves: Not that I know of, sir. Maybe my father or mother, I don't know. I was the age of 13 when the war broke up. When it was finished, 16 years old. I was 16 years old after the war.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness, Roman Quinata. Thank you, sir.

Mr. Quinata: Thank you. Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman and members of the War Claims Commission. We, the people of Guam, thank the Lord for enlightening the compassionate heart of the Committee in Washington. We thank the previous Congressman and now the Congresswoman for bringing light to this matter. To the Committee in the U.S. Congress, for giving us your time to come to Guam to hear what we have to say and what we have gone through during the Japanese occupation.

My name is Roman L. G. Quinata, Sr., son of Cayetano and Anna Quinata. Currently I'm residing in Ipan, Talofofo. My residence when the Japanese invaded Guam is in Inarajan. I am number four of the 12 of Cayetano and Anna Quinata. I was born in August 9, 1929. This makes me 12 years, boy still, starting to grow to teenager.

I choose to testify today, not because of hatred, not because of being complaining, but because of the unjustly and cruel treatment that we were made to bear by the Japanese. What can we do? This is done. It's done. According to our Almighty, be it done unto me according to the will. One is be it done according to their instruction and wishes.

Up to now, I do not understand why the animosity and suffering imposed on us by Japanese. Imagine, I was only 12 years old, with no knowledge and experience of hard labor. I was made to do all these things. I was forced to work in the rice field, after several month of schooling. But, of course, the Japanese ambition is not to educate us, but to force us to do hard work, hard labor for their interest in combating this war.

No matter what it takes, no matter what it costs, as long as their interest is served. Sometimes I ask myself, "What have we done to make them hit us so much?" The Chamorros are a kind, loving and generous people. They don't even respect the elderly. My mother recently had a baby, was forced to work in the rice field. Incidentally, the baby that was born just before the war, died during the war, after contracting pneumonia. Nothing matters to them.

Not only did I suffer from hot sun from morning to sun down in the rice field, I was forced to be in a group of various assignments. I was forced to do carpentry work in huts, for office, supplies, storage and ammunition hideout. After two or three years, I was forced to go and work at the air base, air field. This place is now called Tiyan, where the Guam International Airport now. This is nothing compared to my previous assignment. This is really hard labor, with only basic tools that are dull. No adequate bathroom facility. No living quarters to sleep. The food ration that was served every day was prepared somewhere else. Our ration consisted of miso and rice that looked brownish and lots of small worms or insects. We were forced to eat it otherwise you will be punished, to leave, to die of hunger.

The Japanese do not care as long as their instruction and work order are carried out. This ordeal goes on for several months and finally breaks came true. Further in the air field a UFO was observed. This observation kept the guards busy and lo and behold, it is an opportunity for us, laborers, to find our escape. Among us worker, we share whatever means, we will leave the airfield. There are bushes not far from where we were working. Through those bushes, by foot, we made our escape. We are bare footed. The only clothes we had was what we have on.

My parents are elated to see me. But, they are not happy of how the Japanese treated us. We look like a lost child, hunger and skinny with long hair, dirty clothes. All of us experience lice on our head, but what can we do? There is no soap to wash ourselves and hardly any water. I told my mom we were like slaves.

Even more, after escaping from the airfield another assignment was instituted. We are forced to build concentration camp, several areas. We do not know why different camps. Later we found out that we are going to be shepherded and killed. Again, what can we do? We are under their mercy. We have to follow orders or suffer the consequence.

We march to various camps, going back to our huts at nighttime. We cook our food at daytime, bring it to the camp. The cooking is in the daytime, was that we are not allowed to cook at night because of the fire. It is very obvious that we are all, the Chamorro, they are afraid that the U.S. soldier will detect the lights and will find us.

Back from Jalaguak, or the air base, I was again put to hard labor, digging trenches, foxhole, tank traps on seashores. From the digging, our next assignment was to build hut for the concentration camp for shelter. This goes on for about three weeks, after they force us to march to Ipan, supposedly the plan was to have everybody in one place, easy enough to kill us. The plan did not work out and everybody returned to the concentration camp.

The Japanese have another plan to us. That evening, we were told that there is going to be a big celebration. Guess what? The celebration in store for us was there was going to be a mass killing. That plan didn't work either. The U.S. Army Rangers patrol surprised them. They had a very important mission to locate all the concentration camp, to direct all the Chamorros where to go for safety. I was made to scout the area on where the Japanese were coming from. It did not go for safety. I was made to scout the area on where the Japanese were coming from. It did not take long, however. There are still Japanese around and they force us to march to Merizo. Again, the plan is to do a mass killing. The designated place for us to be together is in Merizo Elementary School. We stayed over night. Before dawn, the Japanese start targeting us with hand grenades. They're not satisfied with hand grenades, they start shooting us with submachine gun. Nobody got killed among the group, but we have one wounded.

Later we force ourselves to march back to Inarajan in a hill called Sabanas As Ma'gas. We stayed there until the U.S. Marine rescue us and guide us back to safety. It's such a very dramatic experience that will live with us forever.

I will summarize this ordeal as one that I will never forget. The pain, the suffering, the hunger and the beating is beyond my expectation. I am praying that it will not happen again, and none of my kids or grandkids will ever experience what I have gone through. It is only through a lot of prayers that we are safe. Our belief in the Almighty power give us willpower to go forward. Never for a moment that ever think that we will be in the Japanese authority forever. We always believe that there's God and that God will send Uncle Sam to rescue us. Although we did suffer loss, like my schooling, loss of a brother and other material loss, we bear no hatred or animosity to anyone. I believe that what we lost will be repaid abundantly. How can someone compensate a life? No amount of compensation can equal the value of a person. We prayed harder for business, for the person or persons that make those decisions for us to suffer.

Once again, our profound thanks to all for the efforts and consideration given to the people of Guam. Our prayers for everyone for a safe journey back to Washington. When the time comes to testify on our behalf, my dear Lord, enlighten your mind, clear all cloudy permission and may the testimony you will deliver to our fellow U.S. Senate be a worth and considerate on our behalf. Have a nice trip and from the people of Guam, warm hello. Thank you. I have an area of correction accepted. I put it on. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: I know you were 12 years old at the time, sir, but do you remember if your family filed a claim or if they were aware of a claim?

Mr. Quinata: To the best of my knowledge, sir, Mr. Chairman, I don't know any.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness. Antonio Quidachay. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Quidachay: My name is Antonio Arceo Quidachay. I was only seven years old when these things happened. First of all, I will say this, no matter how much compensation the American people will give us, I will never forget what I experience to my family, especially to my father, my mother.

It all happens one day, when five person, three Japanese and two Saipanese came to my resident, calling out, everyone in my resident to come out so that they can talk to us. We all came out. One Saipanese went over to my dad and asked my dad, "Where are all your boys and your girls? The oldest ones, I want to see them." My father told the Saipanese individual, "My oldest son is not here at the moment. He's out looking for food." The Saipanese individual turned back and told the Japanese what my father told him. One Japanese came over and told us, told my father something that I do not understand. He was speaking in Japanese. Right away, he start slapping my father, my mother, my brother, even myself.

So, what happened? They start slapping my father. My father keeps saying something that it's very hard for me to understand. Finally, he fell and the Japanese kicked him. One Japanese told the four other individuals to take my father and tie him to the coconut tree. They took my father and they tie him to the coconut tree and they start beating him up. They keep beating him up. One of my brother, the second oldest, tried to help my father, but then one Japanese slapped him, kicked him and he fell down. When he started to get up, one Japanese hit him with the butt of his rifle and open a big cut on his head. He fell down, he was shaking. We thought he'll be dead.

We all stand up, watching them. One Japanese went over to my sister, my oldest sister and start touching her. My other brother, that's older than me, a year, went over and tried to help my sister. But, the Japanese, again, slapped him, kicked him and he fell. What happened? He ran away.

The Japanese keep doing something to my sister, tore my sister's dress. I wanted to help her. I tried to step out, but when I stepped out, see I was too young. I was only seven years old. I don't remember being kicked, but I was slapped so many times. My sister managed to run away. As soon as she ran away, the Japanese follow her, in the direction where my brother run.

Half an hour later, he came back. They were still beating my father. Half an hour later, he came back, wiping his bayonet on the front of his rifle, laughing. He went over to talk to, he was talking to the rest of the Japanese and the two Saipanese. Then, one Japanese went over to my mother, who was holding my youngest sister. He took my youngest sister and threw her to the ground.

What really hurts, and I will never forget, he start raping my mother right in front of us. From that day on, I tell myself once I grew up, I'm going to start killing Japanese. After he finished raping my mother, he went over again and started beating on my father. Then, one of the Japanese told the rest to untie my father from the coconut tree. They untie my father and they put him in the barrel of water, head down. Keep pulling my father up and down in the barrel of water. Finally, a kompadre of my father, namely Luis Yamashita, came. He called the Japanese and the two Saipanese. He was talking to them. I guess he was telling them that the American troops are getting closer and they better leave.

So, the three Japanese and the two Saipanese left. That's when Yamashita called us to help my father, take him out from the barrel. I said, miracle came when Luis Yamashita came and he helped my father. But, if it's not for him, my father would be dead.

Once again, I will say this. I do not care how much compensation you give me and my family, we will never forget.

After the war, I went to school. But, what I was thinking did not help me at school. I did not even my school because all I wanted to do is join the service and fight a war that include the Japanese so I can kill Japanese. But, I couldn't do that. I enlisted in the U.S. Navy. I was in a ship when they anchor in Japan. We anchor there for 15 days. But, I'm afraid to go out on liberty because I was afraid that if I meet any Japanese, I will do something that I shouldn't be doing. It's not wrong. I don't know which Japanese is the one that killed my brother. Because, the brother of mine that ran away, never came back, only my sister.

I never get revenge with the Japanese. I wanted to, but something holds me back. Like I said, I don't care how much compensation the American people give me and my family, I will never forget what happened. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you remember if your family filed claims?

Mr. Quidachay: No, sir.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if they were aware of it at the time?

Mr. Quidachay: No, I don't believe so. My parents, they never went to school.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is Simon Cruz.

Mr. Cruz: Good afternoon, Chairman Tamargo and Commissioners. This off the record, could I just explain something here before I start my testimony on this. This is a symbolic that my family carried all through the war time, which is in front of me. It's blue and white and red and stars that we carried all along during the time of war. Now, I would like for you to start my time. Thank you.

I am Simon Kamminga Cruz. I am testifying on behalf of my grandfather, Simon Roberto Kamminga, my grandmother, Felicita San Nicolas Kamminga and their children, my mother Greteri Kamminga Cruz, my father, Juan San Nicholas Cruz, my mother's sister, Pilar San Nicholas Kamminga and Juana Kamminga Rae and Vincenta Kamminga Manderez. The two surviving is my mother Greteri and my auntie Pilar, which is bedridden at this time.

My parents, my aunt, all sacrifice through the forced march, all hours of the day and night with no rest and no food. Forced labor, farming, construction. The punishment when caught eating the food that they plant, harvest and cook. The human rights and indignities of being forced to watch loved ones beaten, raped and killed. The indignities continues today and will continue if we can not put a closure either in the way of apology and/or compensation. My story's about liberty to the United States of America.

My grandfather was an active member of the United States Navy, retired and died before the war. He was the recipient of an award and my mother was given the American flag in his burial, which is in front of me.

When Guam was occupied by the Japanese, because my grandmother understood who the enemy was and understood that if any American with any relics or symbols that was found, that people would lose their life. So, understanding this and driven by the loyalty to the American government, her daughter, my auntie Juana, the seamstress, took the American flag and made a pillow and hid the flag in that pillow, which is in front of me. My family carried this pillow on their forced march from Piti to Manenggon.

They stayed in the concentration camp in Manenggon. During their forced labor, I was born in 1942 at the height of the war. I was the baby who carried and sleep on this pillow in front of me. This flag you see before you, remain in our family and personify not just my family's loyalty and belief in the United States of America, but the people of Guam believe in the United States of

America. The fight to preserve the dignity and the human rights of all people through the world, the people of Guam are asking for recognition, the apology, the compensation of human rights atrocities that we, a people, suffered during World War II under the Japanese occupation.

I, and we, believe, we know that this Commission will submit the facts and the facts will speak for themselves 60 years later. Albert Einstein said, "The problem that exists in the world today can not be solved by the same level of thinking that create them." This Commission will rise to that occasion and submit a report that will be resolved by the thinkers of this generation to correct the mistake of the generation 60 years ago. I will show you a demonstration in the flag of the United States of America that was carried by my family during the war.

This flag was folded in four different ways so my auntie can make a pillow out of it. So we could hide it and carry it all through the war. But, it was wrong. It was opened three times during that time that the flag was opened after the Marines came in on this island. My uncle, Gaily Kamminga, opening that people and show it to the Marines of the United States of America. Now, before I leave, I would like to have my wife hold one end and I will fold it the right way, because I think we're doing this thing the right way of how we're going to do it. I'll show you how we're going to fold it. Over 61 years old, belongs to the United States of America, given to my grandfather, Simon Kamminga Cruz. I'm going to fold it the right way.

I would like to have my wife say something too, while I'm folding this flag.

Mrs. Mr. Cruz: I think it's this folding the flag, this symbolic gesture is for 60 years, the flag was folded the wrong way. For 60 years, injustice has been leveled on the indigenous people of Guam. I think this symbolism is that today, we're going to fold it the right way, hoping that this Commission will end the injustice against the Chamorro people.

Mr. Cruz: This is the right way that the United States of America fold its flag. I, myself, since I was five years old, I pledge allegiance to this flag of the United States. I served the United States of America. I still pledge allegiance to this great red, white and blue and stars at the time that my grandfather received this, I was only four years old. That's what I have here. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Let me ask you. Do you...

Mr. Cruz: No, sir. Sorry to say this. When I did brief my auntie that's laying on that bed and I talked to my mother that's 89 years old, what they were and what they were thinking at that time, they said, "No, my son, I did not receive any because I was thankful to United States of America that we got our liberty back instead of those small, small Japanese that are quick and they are brutal to my family." Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We'll now hear from Juan San Agustin.

Mr. San Agustin: Good afternoon, members of this War Claims Commission. My name is Juan C. San Agustin. I'm from Dededo. I'm here to testify against the atrocities, cruelties and perhaps other human atrocities that have been imposed on us by the Japanese.

First of all, I want to say that I am primarily testifying here on my own, personal behalf. I will not be speaking for the benefit of other survivors. I think most of them are here. Before I forget, I would like to mention first the specific or the famous march to the concentration camp or to the march to Manenggon.

I did not participate in that march. But, I believe that the anticipation that I feel, I'm also a part of it, was the not march to the concentration camp but indeed it's a run, a run, and run for my life to reach my house in Dededo which is now Harmon Field.

This episode began on a clear Monday morning, Dec. 8, 1941 when I was at my work in Cabras which is now the Commercial Port. We were working there under a private company supposedly to be doing some defense work. We knew long before that, that Saipan was heavily fortified and I believe that this project was in connection with the defense.

(End of Tape 5)

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(Tape 6)

At about 9:00 that morning, as we were going about our duties and work, all of a sudden, about three, some say five, airplanes were flying overhead at a great altitude. We don't know their identity. But, we didn't have an hour's time. They started flying somewhat separately and at a lower level. This incident began after, I said, half an hour. They started to bomb what is now the Sumay village. Bombings have taken place at that very moment, followed by explosions that we can very clearly hear and heavy smoke would rise up after the bombing.

Words, I suppose, reach us very early, within about one hour's time and confirm that in fact Sumay village was being bombed. The Marine barracks was one of the airplane's target. As soon as we heard this, that's the time we started running, and running and running for our lives. That is why I say that I did not march to the concentration camp, but indeed, I ran and ran and ran. As I did, the airplanes were coming from the Sumay area and they were strafing Cabras Island. As I ran and ran, thousands, perhaps, of strafe bullets were falling in front of me. I was so afraid. I was just totally at a loss of what was happening.

Besides that, there were ammunition sheds that line up the way to Cabras. They were exploding, probably because some of the bullets, stray bullets hit the ammunition sheds and that started the explosion. I even started running faster and faster and faster.

I reached Piti, a city that was very important at that time, but not a human person could I see. I started running and running again, past Asan, the same thing. I ran and ran again, up to Agana. Agana was a bustling city at that time, the capital of Guam. But, I could not see any person or any vehicle moving around.

So, I started running again from there, up to my house in Dededo. My family greeted me because they been waiting for me to ask me where was my father. I said I didn't know. A day later on, we were told that my father died on a traffic accident, as he too, fled his job site somewhere here in Aguada, where also a defense project was being done at that time.

There on, the so-called forced labor took place. I worked at Piti farm where the Japanese ordered us to raise all kinds of crops for them, including rice planting. That was a hard job because you had to go through a knee-high mud. There you would push the rice seedlings to finish your work. That was a job that I had for about three to four months.

After that, there was another forced job. This was the airfield in Jalaguak. I worked there for about three to six months, I believe. It was really, really a hard job. Some of the people there that testified mentioned that kind of job. Then I got sick from that job because of the hardness, the job being very, very hard. What we used was just shovels and pick to make an air base.

Later on, after I quit from that job because of sickness, I was also put in a concentration camp, up in our own village, somewhere in Dededo. The Japanese became more atrocious, more cruel and more inhuman as the American were closing in and defeating the Japanese.

I was in my foxhole, at about 6:00 in the evening. As I got out to observe and observation plane that was scouting around, immediately I was closed in with three Japanese. Each one of them carrying their own kind of equipment, a bayonet, a hand grenade and a sword. The one with the hand grenade, place the hand grenade over the side of my face. The one with the bayonet, putting it on my side. The other one, with the sword, in this position. I know I was going to die. That's what in my mind. But, my silent prayer that time was, "God, save me."

After that, I heard them mention and they asked me to lead them up to a place called Kita Mura. Knowing what Kita Mura means, I decided right then and there, not to take them there. I know that Kita Mura, which is Yigo, was supposed to be the last stand for the Japanese fighting forces.

I decided to take them across the jungle and place them where NCS Road now, leading up to Machananao. There was no fighting at that time. I spend about the whole night crossing the jungle to get them to the NCS Road and finally for them to go to Machananao.

I turn back and got to my house about 6:00 in the morning. That's when I said that the Americans were already on Guam. I told my family that we will try to leave this place, if we could, and go back and be picked up by the Americans. I told my family about that. I said, "I will go first", as kind of a scout. But, in fact, the Americans were there.

When I got out from the jungle, I went to a certain area and I did see Americans crossing the road, back and forth. I took out a towel, over my shoulder, and I waved at the Americans. As soon as I waved at them, they answered, they're with me. But, as I started to leave there was a Japanese right beside me. He was kneeling over his gun and was looking down there. He pointed at me and he ordered me to come to him.

As soon as that happened, the Americans started machine-gunning us. At that point, the Japanese started to flee, to run away. I got the freedom also to move around. I went up to my family and said, "Let's go."

I took them from our camp. We went down to a place close to where these Americans were. I just said, "Stay back and I will scout, see whether we can really go through." When I went forward, closer to them, they saw me. They ran over to me and hugged me and carried me and everything. I said, "I got my family about 50 feet from here." So, they went back and picked up my family and from there, we were taken over to the Plaza, the cemetery, for our temporary stay until all clear has been mentioned.

Sir, this concludes my oral testimony. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you to you all. That'll be it for this panel. Thank you. We will now have our next panel take their seats and we will break for 15 minutes.

Memo: Recording stopped for break.

Chairman Tamargo: The hearing is called back to order. Our first witness will be Francisco Sablan. Thank you. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Sablan: Chairman Tamargo and Commission members. My name is Francisco Perez Sablan. Good afternoon and good evening. I'm here today and tonight to testify on what my grandmother told me about how my parents got killed during the Japanese war and how I got hurt.

First of all, my grandmother told me that my father was beaten up and was punished, brutal. They hit him with sticks and they break almost every bone in his body. My mother, they grabbed me from my mother, they threw me in the fire. They slapped my mother. They kicked my mother. Now, I got about maybe 15% or 30% of my back body burned.

So, I'm just here today to tell you that it's a hard life, to grow up with no parents, no father, no mother. I didn't even finish my education because I have nobody to support me in my education. I grew up eating bananas, breadfruit, taros, lucky if I eat Spam or corned beef in a month or week. It's a hard life. That's all. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Can you tell me how old you were?

Mr. Sablan: I was born in 1940. I do not know what year when I was thrown in the fire. My grandmother only told me that I was thrown in the fire and my back part, it's all burned. So, I do not know how old I am, maybe one year old or two years old.

Chairman Tamargo: I see. Thank you.

Mr. Sablan: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Our next witness will be Lourdes Perez.

Ms. Perez: Good evening. Chairman Tamargo and Commission members, thank you for coming to Guam. First of all, five minutes is not enough for me. But, I'll just do the short cut. I'll just tell you what happened to my families.

First of all, when the Japanese came, we went to Barrigada, that is Tiyan now. We were hiding there. Then, they move up to Finaguayan, that is NCS now. It is called Finaguayan, but it's NCS. We'll go back again to Tiyan. I will start from Tiyan, at the beginning.

When the Japanese were there, my mother had a nervous breakdown. My brother, Carlos, had infection. He almost died. My brother, Jose, had bronchial pneumonia. My brother, Jesus, died. He went to the dentist. He had tooth extraction. But, when he went back to the farm, he was taken to work immediately after he was taken from the dentist.

The reason why we moved to NCS is the Japanese were accusing my parents that we are harboring George Tweed, which my parents did not know. But, my father will go to the cave, a cave now in Tiyan. I know that there's a cave that belongs to my father. He owns the Tiyan land.

My father will wake up every morning to check where George Tweed was usually hiding and make sure that there will be no evidence. He wanted to remove the evidence. If they found the evidence, we'll be killed. The Japanese usually, I will say they or our. I'll use more than one, because the Japanese is never one. Not one Japanese will be arriving. It's only like one, or two, or three. They will be coming over to the house, to the farm. Then, they will tell my father that if they found the George Tweed, they will kill everybody in the family and also the neighbors, north, south, east, west. That is both four sides. That's why my mother had nervous breakdown. I have to stay in the farm to watch my mother because I was the oldest among the girls.

My brothers were taken to work, sick or not sick. That's how they became almost dead. We moved to NCS. When we moved to NCS, the same problem was happening. My father planted taro, corn and tapioca and sweet potatoes. So, the Japanese again were still there. They came to the farm and they told us... In other words, the farm belongs to my father's sister, because my father owns Tiyan. So, we went and followed my aunties.

When they came to the farm, they told my father not to touch anything. My father have to steal. Imagine to steal our own food. Father will get up in the middle of the night and went out to collect things and take back to the farm. But, we have to hide because if the Japanese will see those things, they'll do something to us. That's what my father was afraid too.

My father will take the cow and slaughter the cow with the help of a brother. Imagine, my brothers are only like three years older than myself. In other words, I was 11 when the Japanese came and when the Americans came, I was 15.

But, I will remember and I will never forget, do what was going on. When my father took the cow to slaughter the cow in the jungle with my brothers, he has to bury the unwanted meat. He has to dry the meat in the jungle so that the Japanese won't find any trace of the blood.

We went back and after the meat was dry, my father has to put the meat in the sack. Imagine, again, that. He has to put the meat in the sack to hide. Then, they carry back to the farm. When they came back to the farm, we have to hide again the meat. In the farm there was no

locked door. As soon as the Japanese came, they can see what's in the farm. So, we have to hide very far in the farm so that they won't see it.

Later on, every nighttime, my father has to get up, in the middle of the night again, and pick something like potatoes, tapioca and corn because wherever we go, my father planted. He's a very energetic man. He's a very husky man. Also, when my father went out at night he has to bring a bag again, food and hide in the farm.

I watched my aunties, my father's sisters whipped when their three kamas were lost when they were going out. So, the Japanese rounded up all the old people first. They started whipping them. The Japanese were taking turns whipping the old people first. They were very strong because they started first. Then, when they went to the younger people, they were kind of weak. But, I watched my aunties cry but they have to hold their breath because if they cry more, or if we cry because I watch them, you'll get beaten more and you'll get whipping more.

Later on, I got married. My husband and I were 47 years of married life. He never outgrow the dream that he has. He always has a nightmare. Every night he has a nightmare. He always scared me because I have to wake up in the middle of the night and shook him, or I pat his face or I kiss him. I ask him, "Wake up and tell me what was wrong." He said, "The Japanese are coming here to kill me." So, my husband died and he took his nightmare to his grave. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you know if your family filed a claim?

Ms. Perez: Absolutely not.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you know if they knew about the claim?

Ms. Perez: No, I don't think so.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. The next witness is Antonio Sablan. Go ahead, Mr. Sablan.

Mr. A. Sablan: Hello. Buenos noches. Thank you for your presence here. It hurts me and it irks me to have to speak your language so I could hear you guys understand what the cries and the pain of what my people have to go through. Quite frankly, I would like, first of all, to thank Congresswoman Madeleine Bordallo for making this possible. I wonder, your presence here today, if it would do any difference if the Consulate from Japan to Guam would be present in this room, would it do any different for my people? What impact would that be during international negotiation, if they hear that we continue to cry because 60 years later nothing has been done about what America forgave the Japanese in a 1957 treaty?

What really insults me too is that this questions about the 1945 Navy Meritorious Claim, was there any writing in that claim where it says, I, a Chamorro hereby forgive the Japanese in what your intent to forgive them 12 years later from now?

I lost the life of my father, for example, my brother. You make a Chamorro man sign that Meritorious. Is that supposed to fairly, fully compensate the people of Guam if they did receive that? I wonder why that question continues to be asked. I also wonder why this beeping thing, when my people endured three years of atrocities and plunder to them and we got five minutes to tell you about it? It really is not fair.

What we do is that, it hurts me yesterday because one of the very astute gentlemen, a Chamorro, a very intelligent person, talk about a compensation of \$40,000. Others mention to you that the Japanese receive \$20,000. I think a Chamorro deserve over \$1 million each. Why is that? If anybody gets bombed on the Pan American Airline, Libya has to come out and fork over \$1 million, \$1.5 million for every American life that's lost.

The hostages of Iran were paid by the millions. The 9/11 people were paid by the millions. Why is that? I know you're not placing this figure, but are we so colonized that our mentality says that we're so little and we don't deserve the respect and the full honor?

I am really undeserving to be on this table now, because I'm sitting amongst the heroes, the veterans of World War II. Fortunately, I was too young. I wasn't born even. That's why I say I'm undeserving. But, every night that I massage my mom in her bed, her aching body, from the atrocities of World War II, I get to hear the story told and retold over, and over, and over again.

From the march to Manenggon, from providing the slave labor that they need to provide for food for the Japanese to the slapping because they don't bow too small. But, let me point out further, it almost kind of scares me because there were a handful of Saipanese people, I believe there were less than ten of them that were the interpreters of the Japanese when they came. Obviously, the Japanese was in Saipan since 1914.

So, the Saipanese were taught how to speak Japanese and they were the interpreters to the Chamorros and also some of them have done some of the atrocities. I'm very ashamed and I'm sad and I apologize to the people of Guam because I am also a Saipanese. I am also a Chamorron Guam.

My dad was born on Saipan. His parents were both born in Guam. My mom was from Guam. My dad started courting my mom in 1934 here in Guam. They eventually got married. But, right immediately after the war, the Americans, my dad was dodging bullet from the Japanese and, you

know? The Americans took my parents, my mom and dad, and put them in a stockade and later deported them to Saipan. They were imprisoned by the Americans.

While in the prison, the stockade, my mom was pregnant. There wasn't any rape, an American soldier that kicked my mom. She was carrying, supposed to be my oldest brother. She lost that baby.

So, the atrocities... This is a war game between the two super powers. It is not just the Japanese. The Americans are just as equally guilty and they should be ashamed of themselves in reference to playing this game, making the small people, the island people, the islanders of Guam, the Chamorros, to be the victims. You use our land and my people as your pawns on your playing field, your war fields.

Now, we are waiting 60 years and 60 years is too long. Obviously, you have heard many, many patriotic Chamorros that have expressed themselves in how proud they are to be Americans. Let me tell you, there's a growing number of us out there that thinks like me.

I think otherwise. I think we have been abused, used and squandered in every manner that you could name for the benefit of the military, imperialism of the United States and for the economic benefits because we are such a strategic location that we really get educated as to what is the real value of Guam strategically.

We protect the entire economy of the United States. Guam is here, the military is here, oil passes through Japan, and Toyota, pick up is complete. That Toyota get shipped to the United States and millions and millions of Americans are employed because of that Toyota delivery there. The economic circle goes in a domino effect.

What have we been receiving here on Guam? We get to sit in front of you for five minutes and tell our story. We get to buy water from the U.S. Navy so we could drink, the civilian people. Man, I know that you guys are the Commission, but when you go back, I know you have contacts of people back in the States, people with means, people with power. Please listen to our Congresswoman when she talks because we are crying over here.

I'm a disabled American vet, but for God's sake, I'm tired of being pushed around. Every time I go out for my disability, to see a doctor, guess what? I need to line up and pick an ID card, I mean a pass for my card every time, even the time when I could barely walk. I need to park my car away from that thing.

But, you're not here to listen to my cries, but listen to my people. I think they have talked enough. Get this moving quickly. Tomorrow is not too early to start compensating the Chamorros, at least a million each. This is just a token because there's really no price for a human life. There's no price.

What would you be satisfied to be compensated if your mother gets raped in front of you, or your young sister gets raped in front of you? Or, your father gets beheaded in front of you? What is a fair compensation? Listen to my people cry because we cried for too long. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is Diana Aflague Brown.

Mrs. Brown: Good evening, Chairman Tamargo and Commission members and Madeleine. We're thankful so much for helping all the Chamorros.

I am 72 years old now. During the war, I was 10 and a half. I remember one morning, when all the people are blowing their horns saying, "War! War!" Everybody was so panicked, "What is that war?"

I grabbed my cousin, I have a four year old sister, my grandmother can not see and my mother, we all ran to the jungle. The next day, I crawl down to my house to see what kind of food I can take back to my family because I'm the oldest one. As long as I can remember, we stayed in the jungle all the time, until the war was over.

I had malnutrition. My grandmother died right after the, when we're all going to Agat and the Marine took us. I really felt so bad because I want to try the best I could to take care of my family because my mom was almost raped by one of the soldiers and we were right there watching. The guy was touching my mom. My grandmother was praying. My grandmother, was answered her prayers because one soldier came in running in our house and grabbed that gentleman out from my mom. Since that time, my mom disguised herself as an old lady. She was born in 1904 and that time was 1941. So, she must have been in her 40's, something like that.

I start working in the rice field. They take us everywhere. They tell us to catch grasshoppers. As a matter of fact, I had fun catching grasshoppers. They ask me, "What are these for?" I say, "I don't know. We just have to do what they tell us to do." Because that's what it is now, it's war time. We even went to help in the air field up in Tiyan, everybody was mentioning it over here.

So, every day I go home at 5:00 in the afternoon. One day, there's three Japanese soldiers came up to my house in the jungle. We're living in a shack built with coconut leaves. I don't

know who built that for us because there's no man in our house, but it happened. We had that house there. I call it a house because we sleep in it and everything.

My mom took something to bandage my head to tell the soldier that, "My daughter can not come with you because she has a headache." I didn't have a headache, but you know how mom is. The Japanese said, "Oh, we have medicines." So, they took me and we climb up the mountain and then go down the hill. They put me inside that house and I help in the kitchen. Forced to help them.

After that, they tell me to go home because it's already the closing time, you have to go home at 5:00. I walk home, I hear this motorcycle coming. I'm scared of motorcycle even up to now. I have that fear. I'm scared because I can not see their face. just a teeny look in the road. So, I throw myself inside the bushes until that motorcycle go away. Then, I get up again and my mom was hunting for me everywhere.

Every day that's going on until they took me, ten of us ladies, to witness, you know, when they were kicking those guys, the Americans, inside the weapons carrier. They told us if any one of us make any complaint. So, nobody complained about anything. After that, they send us back to work, where we're working. They even take me around to plant sweet potatoes in Camp Asan over there. I'm originally from Asan. I don't remember all those places they're taking me and other ladies.

Then the march to the concentration camp. We march from Asan all the way to Yona. They camp us over there in As Inan. Then, later on, they put me in Manenggon. That is the last destination that I stayed. Then, all of a sudden, we're staying in a fox hole. As far as I remember, I don't remember using a blanket in that fox hole or anything. It was so hard because you don't even notice where you're laying. Nowadays I'm so scared of these things in the ground. But, those days, you don't know those things because it's just the way it is. It's wartime.

Then, I go and get my bamboos. Somebody fix me a bamboo thing. I put it on my shoulder and I go get some water for my family and take it over there to the foxhole where we're staying. My mom had to make me a dress, it's like an American flag, red, white, because my dress is already old. She made it by hand because she's a seamstress. I wear that.

I can see the pilot way over around the bamboo tree looking for all the Chamorros. There was no Japanese no more. We didn't even know it. Then, we hear that microphone, real loud, "All the people come this way." I run over there and I look. I say, "Oh, those are handsome people there. Americans. Let's go." I took my grandmother, my sister's only four years old, my mom. I go over there. The Americans had to pick me up because I was so weak already. I had malnutrition too because the food we eat and stuff like that, the water.

They pick me up and I just look. I say, "Oh, thank God for saving us." Every time they see me, they ask me why I'm white complexioned. I told them the truth. I said, "Because my father's White. My mother's Chamorro."

That's all I'm going to say. I am so thankful. I'm happy now and everybody is fine. God bless America. I thank you for everything. That's all.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you remember if your parents were aware of the claims program run by the Navy and did they make a claim?

Mrs. Brown: No, sir. Matter of fact, I noticed that yesterday. That is the first time, when I hear you. I keep looking where that noise is coming from and I saw the TV over there. I said, "Oh, I don't understand that. I never knew about that."

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Our next witness, former Mayor of Merizo, Ignacio Buck Cruz. Thank you.

Mr. IB Cruz: Members of the Guam War Claims Commission, hello day and buenos noches. I wrote that word in here first, when I start this. Now, buenos noches. I've been here now for almost six hours. But, it's going to be worthwhile.

My name is Ignacio Buck Santiago Cruz. I want to thank you for giving me this opportunity to testify and be heard by your Committee on my personal experience during the Japanese occupation of our island, Guam, from December 1941 to July 1944. How we endured the unbearable atrocities of our captors.

If I were to recount all the punishments, brutalities and killing of our people by the Japanese, even in our small village of Merizo alone, it would take me hours and maybe days to do so. So, I will try and make it brief and focus mainly on the happenings of our village by the Japanese.

The youngest of six children in the family of four boys and two girls. I was 14 and-a-half years old when the Japanese Imperial soldiers landed on Guam. They wasted no time in taking full control of our land and personal properties, even our lives. The conditioned us to be fearful of them at all times.

They had us build bunkers, trenches and caves for the military fortifications. We were loading and unloading ships at the harbors, day and night, under the strict and watchful eyes and had us install land mines along the seashore in Merizo. We knew that we were handling explosive

war materials, but what could we do? We dare not disobey them, with bayonets and rifles pointing at us all times. They wasted no time in either having us to cultivate more land and rice, taro, tapioca, corn fields. This is the Japanese staple food that sustained them during their stay on Guam, when their supplies from Japan was completely cut off by U.S. ships in the Pacific.

As the war progressed and the island was completely surrounded by U. S. ships sailing the island with their big guns and constant air attack. First, they assembled thirty of the village's most influential leaders: school principals, commissioners, military men and because my father, Ramon P. Cruz was a former commissioner, councilman, schoolteacher, captain in the Guam militia and had two sons and two sons-in-law in the military, he was one of the first to be picked along with my brother Felipe and brother-in-law Joaquin Barcinas who are in the navy, stationed in Guam. They marched these people, twenty-five men and five women under the guard to the cave half-mile inland. They told them to get in the cave where they will be safe from air and sea attacks by the U. S. Once in the cave, they threw grenades and fired machineguns at them. Later, they entered the cave and if they found bodies moving, they poked them with their bayonets. Moments later, it started to rain heavily. The soldiers left the cave to seek shelter at the nearby ranch. That was when the fourteen survivors, twelve men and two women, escaped and to this day, only one is still alive and that is Mr. Jesus C. Anderson who is now 89 years old.

On the following day, July 16, they again assembled thirty of Merizo's biggest and most muscular men and took them to the hills some eight hundred yards behind the cemetery. They were told that they were needed to help do some work at the site. Once they reached the site, they were told to get into a trench to avoid getting hit by U. S. bombardments. Once in the trench, they too, were unmercifully killed by hand grenades and machineguns. There were no survivors this time. They all got killed. The Japanese must be afraid to have these awesome men around when performing their mass killing intention of the five hundred plus villagers. Having gotten rid of the Merizo influential leaders and the most powerful men, the soldiers assembled all the people of the village except those who were bedridden and marched us to Aktrison three miles inland where we camped there for several days. This was to be our final resting place as planned by our captors.

Once there, the Japanese immediately ordered us to construct makeshift shelters made out of coconut leaves and wooden materials. We put up canvas tents for the guards to live in. Next, they ordered us to get rid of all of our pet dogs. There was this huge hole on the campsite that no one was allowed to go to. It was heavily guarded. All the time, one could only surmise that this hole was dug, intended for us to be dumped into. When some of our men that they killed forty-six of our people at Tinta and Faha Caves, under the leadership of the late Pop Tongko' Reyes, we killed all of the Japanese guarding us and returned to our village. Mr. Reyes is our God-given man. He saved us from being mass massacred. Presently, only two of us are left. Me and my sister who is 78 years old, the rest died natural death in our family.

War is hell. Our mother, who lost her husband during the war, always told us, "while we cannot forget what the Japanese did to us, we can certainly forgive them." The end of my presentation.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Mr. Cruz, do you remember if your family filed a claim or were aware that there was this Naval Commission?

Mr. IB Cruz: Not to my recollection, sir. They have never mentioned it.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Tony Artero Sablan: Just a quick note, please. Just for starter for healing, may I suggest that you suggested the super powers of this war to at least apologize to the people of Guam who were the victims.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. We'll have the next panel of witnesses, please. Please take your seats. Our first witness will be Dr. Joe Cruz. Thank you.

Dr. Joe Cruz: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I come here really with a bit of a hesitation. I cannot measure to the atrocities that have been reported or that have been experienced. However, I come on behalf of the spirit of my grandmother, Librada Cruz Quinene, my mother and my father, Anna Quinene Cruz and Jose Quinene Cruz. If I have time, I will probably tell you about my own father-in-law and mother-in-law who refused, or hesitate really, to talk about the war. But, I have experienced them experiencing the nightmare.

My name is Dr. Jose Quinene Cruz. I hail from Malesso', but I'm now living in Barrigada Heights. I am married to Teofila Sholing Perez and I have four children. I come as a child, or actually, the recollection of a child. The only recollection that I have because my mother and my father and my grandmother refused to talk about the war years, they really, truly believed that God will forgive and that God will bring justice.

That, I thought, was very interesting. But I was always bothered that they befriended the Japanese when they later came to their home. I was the one who was experiencing the injustice because I saw that there really was, as part of my own upbringing and my own thinking. But, my mother and my father would always say, "Shut up. Do not say anything. It is done."

My only recollection from my grandmother and my father and my mother was one morning, when I was playing out in the rain, it was raining real hard and I told my mother, "I wish God would

stop this rain." She told me, "Son, if the rain didn't stop, you would not be born." That's the only time when she spoke about the war. With further query, I said, "Mom, why, what happened?" She said, "I was in a firing squad with Nana," my grandmother, "and your father and two other siblings. We were there because when the taicho came," because my grandmother was the one who was massaging the taicho.

Well, the taicho came and Nonna was not there, they burned their house because they were out in the ranch. They burned their house. When they came back, they found out that their house was burned. Then, they were actually corralled to go to the river right next to where the Malesso' Church is. They were lined up to be killed.

It rained and it rained and it rained. Because of the meticulousness of the Japanese, they actually did not kill them. My mom said we just slowly slipped out because they were enjoying themselves probably thinking that they'll kill them. So, that is my major recollection.

The other recollection that I have is really living in Malesso' and going and pasturing my cows right near where Faha is. You probably saw that. But, I always wondered how come there was a cross. When I asked, my father would say, "It's finished." You know? Let bygones be gone.

I further was an emcee for some of the celebrations in the Tinta and the Faha celebrations on July 15 and 16 in Maleso. To this day, I remember that the greatest feeling that I have was we were honoring the Americans for liberating us. It was never instilled in me that we were actually honoring the bravery of the people of Guam who were killed.

I had an uncle who was killed, my father's oldest brother. The memory that my father told me was only that he was a handsome dude. He was a handsome man. That was not the word of my father, that's my modern word. That he was really a very industrious person. I wanted to ask my dad, "Tell me some more." I could not meet him. My father again said, "He is dead. Let him rest." I was deprived of my uncle.

I come here because I think the deprivation that I feel is really the deprivation of some of our loved ones. My uncle would've probably gotten me really, really advancing with a confidence that he actually had to the family. He was killed because of his stature. He was killed because he was a tall man, he was a big man. I'm a big person and my father's smaller than I am. I always told him, "Gee, if I only known Uncle Kin, I probably would actually measured up to him."

My other recollection is that I always saw my uncle Kin's children, who were without father and mother when I was growing up. No one ever told us really what happened. They continue to actually, my cousin, Jose, continue to be there representing his father. But, as a child, I actually then asked how come they don't have any mother and father. Again, my parents say, "Well, they were killed in the Japanese time and that's all that we know." Any recollection, or any memory really, of any fond memories that I had, I was really deprived of that.

In addition, I think one of the things I can say about my mother is that my mother subsequently bore her oldest daughter on September 1944. But, subsequent to that, she had two miscarriages. I believe that was part of really the impact of war. Because Nana was forced to work for the Japanese. But, again, Nana would never talk about it. In that working, Nana, I think, was affected. But, she did not want to talk about it.

So, it's now my recollection. I'm sorry Nana is dead, and I can not actually ask this. But, as I look at the atrocity and I hear the atrocities that are really bought, I actually say that there are other hidden atrocities, continuing atrocities that even to this day.

The atrocity that I bring is really the atrocity of being deprived of the memories of all of our heroes, all of my people, all of my elderly and all of the people who have merited.

I close really with a nightmare that my mother-in-law and father-in-law actually had. That one, I vividly experience. When Papa is about 80, 79 years old, he was starting to have Alzheimer's. When he leaves the house, there was one time when it was really a heavy rain. I think it's part of the recollection of the war, Papa, we found him hiding under one of the bushes. We asked him, "Pop, what are you doing?" He said, "The Japanese are coming." That is a recollection that I could not... Pop, we just have to, don't even talk about it.

My mother-in-law, who is still living, who is 93 years old, the only recollection that I have was that she was marched to Barrigada with her newly born son and forced to march, to carry the son who is just newly born. He was born on July 3rd, I think, 1943. Momma now refuses to talk about it. But, we hear it in the nightmare that she sometimes experiences. We hear it when she tells us she's afraid because the Japanese are coming.

Those are memories of the living. But, the memories of the dead I carry. I carry the deprivation of the memories that actually was not shared with me. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Dr. Joe Cruz: No, my grandmother and my father and my parents, I think, never had a chance to look out for war claims. They were living way out in Malesso'. Malesso' is too far. I think Agana was the only one that we really could come. For that matter, I think they were just too busy.

A final note was really the only other memory that I had. Our burned bushes, right around my house and then bullets would be firing. Then, my father would say, "You better watch out." I stopped burning bushes because I knew that any of those, because there was a place actually, where I think the Japanese used. If I burned anything around that place, it was, the embankment really had that. So, that was the other memory that I had.

But, I love doing it. But, it was because I really didn't experience the atrocities of war and only thought of it as really John Wayne and all of those things that I see on the TV. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Okay. Our next witness is Jesusa A. Cruz.

Mr. JA Cruz: Good evening. My name is Jesusa A. Cruz. I was born on December 26, 1932. I was nine years old when the Japanese bombed Sumay. My grandmother went, after the mass, she went to her cousin, Sanchez. That is when she heard from the radio that the Japanese is coming to invade Guam.

She came rushing to my house and called my father, "Take your family and go to the jungle and hide." So, my father ran over to his friend and actually pari, too and ask them if they can take us to our property in Gumagao right next to the old Commercial Port right next to Camp Covington. So, we hide there. There's families that are coming with us. But, we're the first ones to be there, at the ranch.

Then, about seven families were all in the jungle. My father was the one that are cooking for all the families and all the husbands. When I was attending school half day, they took us to the old commercial port. Now, it's no longer commercial port. That is when we're harvesting clam. Then, half day, school then half day harvesting clam.

The next time, we have to go to the rice field and pull weeds. The next time, they took us to Dadi. Now, Dadi is right behind the commissary now. I don't know what they call that now. We start picking cotton. We cleaning it, the seeds, remove the seeds. They give us one sack, each one of us. After that, they took us to Apra. The boys will digging the ground so we can plant vegetable, or anything for the Japanese. Us girl, we have to squat down and start breaking the hard dirt. It's dry. It's like a clay. If you don't do it, well, they're going to slap you.

All my hands are bruises. My mother have to give me something and fold it from the coconut tree, it's wrapped from when the coconut flowers. She told me how to do it. So, all my hands are bruises.

Later on, they took us to Agat, to harvest sugar cane. That is where Bordallo's place. The boys would cut the sugar cane. Us girl will take out where the truck can pick it up.

After the Japanese, now I'll go to my father. When my father was accused that he has machine gun, the Japanese came and upside down everything in my ranch to find the machine gun. But, there's no machine gun. That came from Pedro Dumanal because he was caught taking the canoe and it was my father's canoe. So, they assumed that it was my father. My father was taken away from us. My mother has a baby at that time.

Somebody came and told my mother that your husband is in jail. My mother have to go, the following day, and look for my father. Within a week, my father was so skinny because they spread his arms with a log, back and forth, salute the taicho. Then, my mother will cook every day and have to walk from Apra to Agana to feed my father. But, my father never receive the food. The Japanese taking it away. They can talk, but he cannot receive the food.

Then, when we're in our ranch, the Japanese was putting under our ranch their duffel bag. We're in the, I don't know whether that's what they call foxhole. My father dig the ground and that's where we're hiding, right behind Camp Covington. Then my father, all the husbands are, went to cook, were in the hole. All of a sudden, my father was beaten up by the Japanese. It's a Choseng. I don't know what they call the Choseng. Maybe it's like private, no raid at all.

He accused that my father stole those duffel bag from the Japanese, which is not. My brother has to call his friend and tell them that my father was beaten up by the Japanese. They even broke the sake bottle on his head. My father was down, keep on kicking. The Japanese came and told him that they are the one that put that there.

That will be all. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you recall if the Navy, if your family filed a claim with the Navy Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mrs. JA Cruz: No. I never have the idea of my father claim about it. Nothing at all.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next witness is Juan Baza. Go ahead, Mr. Baza.

Mr. Baza: Thank you, Mr. Chairman, Commission members. God bless President Bush. God bless America and God bless Guam. May the United States continue to lead the world towards democracy, peace and justice.

I'd like to preempt your question. I don't recall that my family ever made a claim. My father was a federal employee, mechanic before the war. He did get back paid. We were so happy about that. I'd like to tell you about my father first.

We were living in Maite, when the Japanese started working on the airfield, which is NAS Agana International or Guam International Airport. Somehow the Japanese found out that he was a mechanic, could fix equipment. He was working there day and night practically. I recall his telling me some of the nights he didn't have any rest. But, some nights he would sit under a coconut tree, 2:00, 3:00 in the morning, sleep. When the Japanese would find him sleeping, they would hit him in the head with a stick. "Get going. Go to work."

Soon after, the airfield, I believe, was operational. Around our house in Maite, under breadfruit trees, the Japanese were storing their torpedo bombs. My mother was always so frightened. We eventually moved to Maimai, below the DOC right now. Before we moved to Maimai, somehow I got to the Japanese school, the Jalaguak School.

We were supposed to be going to school, I believe we only had maybe two or three hours of ichi, ni, san, shi, go (1,2,3,4), we were being taught Japanese. The rest of the time, we were weeding the fields for them to plant radishes. Incidentally, we used to go to school without anything to eat, just like my dad. He was never fed, that I recall his telling me.

One day, we were all standing facing the East. I didn't even know what we were doing. But, we were supposed to bow to the East, to the Emperor, the god of Japan, and the world, supposedly. I didn't bow quickly enough. I'll never forget. Nakase Sensei kicked me, slapped me first and then kicked me. Kicked my feet and I fell down. Needless to say, I was kind of afraid to go to school.

Eventually, we moved to Maimai, because there were too many bombs around our little farm, farmhouse. At Maimai, we were informed that any able bodied person had to go to work at Ta'i, present Father Duenas' school. My sister and I, we leave early in the morning, climb up the hill over to Ta'i. We'd go to the Kaikuntai headquarters.

Kaikuntai is Japanese marines. From there, we were apportioned to various parts of the Ta'i, Mangilao and Maga area, Chalan Pago, crossroads to Yona, Agana and over, what is it now? Veterans Highway? From there, all the way to Lalo, Mangilao. We would clean, pull grass, pull weeds, whatever. Bare hands. We had to feed ourselves with whatever we could bring from home.

Later on, of course, I recall that they had a night shift. I don't recall what the night shift was for. But, we were all asked to bring our dogs to Ta'i. Later on, I found out that the Japanese were cooking dogs for the night shift. Needless to say, if there was any offer to eat, I don't like dog meat. I probably would never have eaten, even if I were hungry, starving.

At any rate, one morning, coming to work, we saw three men under the mango tree. Mango tree's not at Father Duenas any more. Somehow it's been bulldozed away. But, there were three men digging. I said, doing something. We were all gathered and then we were apportioned to different areas to work. In the afternoon, around 1:30, 2:00 in the afternoon, we were all called. "Itsumari," that's a Japanese word for gather, and brought to the mango tree. We circle around the mango tree.

Japanese Kaikuntai holding rifles with bayonets fixed. The officers had handguns. We were told to watch, or if we didn't watch, we would be next to suffer the fate of these three men, who, found out at that time, that they were digging their graves. Their hands behind their back, tied. The Japanese, all handguns, looking at us. I couldn't see anything. Everything was dark, black. I felt so hot. All I could see was these three men. I was so scared.

One of them was allowed to speak. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we're going to be executed. We have not committed any crime, any crime. But, if we have offended or hurt any of you, please forgive us." He started to say the "Our Father, who art in heaven..." in Chamorro. Then they were pushed down to kneel. Three Japanese men, officers, with Samurai swords, each had water poured on the sword. Pushed the men down. Then he cut their heads off. (Crying from the audience). It's my sister. She saw it too. I heard later that one of the Japanese officers took one of the heads and was giving it to the neighbors to cook it. I don't recall. But, I went back to work.

Soon after, one morning, people were gathered around our place in Maimai. A lot of people were gathered there. Japanese guards all over. That evening, we're all told to get ready to leave. We marched over to the crossroads in Chalan Pago. Down in the valley, we were all gathered. People from Yigo, Dededo, Mangilao, all over, all gathered there.

In the early morning, before then, my father sat beside me and said, "Son, I don't know what's going to happen, but you're the oldest." I was barely 11 years old. "If anything happens to me," he said, "you take care of the family."

That morning, we were all marched towards Pago Bay, Pago River, all the way up Yona and Manenggon, the concentration camp. We barely brought enough food for the family. Could only bring so much. We had no place to go. My father dug into the riverbank. That's where we stayed. No food. At night, my father would steal away to Yona and forage for food at his uncle, Tun Ramon Tito Baza. That's what fed us, whatever he could get from his uncle's place in Yona, leaving at

night. Or, I would swim across the river, climb coconut trees, bring coconuts. That's what we eat.

I don't want to say how my mother would cook in the morning. If there is too much smoke, Japanese would come. I remember one time, Japanese had his sword. I thought he was going to cut my mother's head off. I had seen them cut heads off.

Then, after that, bombardments continued. Sometimes a plane would come down. I think they were trying to tell us, "We're going to take over the island soon." Because the planes would turn up and shoot machine guns into the air. Soon after that, Japanese soldiers all left.

The military, U.S. forces came to the camp. They killed the only guard. I saw that because, my dad used to hit me in the head, "You could get killed." But, I went up and I saw them shoot at a coconut tree behind which was the guard, Japanese guard. Shot. I went to look. It was the guard, killed. From there, we were marched to Bradley Park, Pigo Cemetery. Thank you very much.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next witness Eloy Hara. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Hara: Thank you, Mr. Chairman and Commission members. Before I read my outline, I apologize. At first I didn't intend on testifying. But, after over an hour sitting yesterday and hearing my fellow countrymen and people would testify, and again this morning, I was easily talked into coming before you to narrate what some of my own personal experiences, even though I was very young.

So, this really, was supposed to be just my note to see if I can maintain continuity here. Five minutes is very short to try to detail this very much. But, I plan on submitting a well written testimony. So, this will just be my outline.

First of all, I am quarter blood Japanese. My father is half Japanese. I'm a retired Navy Yeoman. I served in some of the highest admiral staffs in the Pacific, SINCPAC, SINCPAC FLEET, COMNAVAIRPAC and other Naval installations. So, one of the proudest moments that I ever heard is when I have a flag officer beat a general or an admiral saying, "You Guamanians, you Chamorros, make some of the finest soldiers and sailors in the United States Armed Forces." Those are the proudest moments I've ever had. I thought that's important that I preface because of some of the things I wanted to say later on pertains to that. Let me now, at least briefly read my note.

My name is Eloy Perez Hara and I was born in Agana, Guam in 1938. I want to thank you folks for being here to try to close this terrible chapter for the people of Guam during World War II. Like I said, I didn't plan on testifying because I wasn't sure really to what extent this, I've been through many hearings before, but it didn't seem to do much for Guam. But, I believe now, especially through the assistance, our esteem delegate, Madeleine Bordallo, I'm sure she will not let you guys in peace until our story is told and heard where it matters.

We all know that no amount of money can pay the death and suffering of those who underwent those atrocities. However, I believe that recognizing that we truly suffered and died because we Guamanians were truly Americans, even before the Organic Act of Guam in 1950, would put a closure to those of us who are still alive today, who has underwent the process.

Again, a note to the side, even the little thing about the, the not so little thing about our fellow countrymen that are now finally honored during the bombing of Pearl Harbor, who died. There's 12 of our people that died there. I didn't even know and I was stationed right there in SINCPAC and SINCPAC FLEET, right outside Pearl. But, I didn't know that 12 of my own people were part of the casualties of the 1941 incident.

Although I was too young to understand all the bad things going on around. But, I know enough that these things are terrible. Just to, again, summarize it. Some of the atrocities that actually we undertook, was we were forced out of our home. Forced to live, in my case, I guess because my father's half Japanese, he got word to move his family and hide because he knew that the rest of the Chamorros were intended to be concentrated for annihilation, if necessary. One of the words that I've heard for many years is that the Japanese have commented that when the Americans return, the only thing they'll find in Guam are flies. So, that tells me that they intended to annihilate our people.

My father was tortured himself, because he's half Japanese, but yet, he didn't side with the Japanese when they were here. He sided with his people here. Consequently, because of that, he was tortured. When he was warned, he took our family and some of our neighbors and we hid in, back there, what we call today, Congha, we were living at Agana Spring. We took some of our neighbors, more especially the Eclaveas, which are my relatives. Several of them have died during the shelling, one of those shells from the American bombardment hit their camp. We were lucky enough that our camp was not hit. We survive. Our house was destroyed. After we were let loose from the concentration camp, we went back there to find that it was burned to the ground.

My wife, who refused to testify, is one of those that Mr. Baza, right here next door, mentioned. My wife is one of those workers. She was only 12 years old, a girl. But, she was one of the workers in Ta'i, who witnessed those beheadings. I love war movies, every time I turn one war movies, John Wayne and all that stuff, she just gets up and goes to the bedroom. She can't stand it. It was only when I mentioned about this incident, this things going on, when she really

told me why she didn't like shootings and anything that's violent. So, she witnessed those tortures and beheading in Ta'i as well.

When the Americans found us in the jungle, they took us, we ended up in, again what Mr. Baza reiterated, right here, what we call Pigo Cemetery now. I think they call that Camp Bradley area before. We ended up there, still in concentration. When they realized that my father was Japanese, they segregated us and took us up on top of the hill, in Agana Heights and put us along with the Japanese prisoners and Japanese families.

One of the bad things I witnessed there is one of the child fell in the outhouse and drowned. So, those things leave a very impressionable memories, even a young six year old that I was.

After we were released from concentration camp, we ended in Sinajana because our home in Agana Spring, as I mentioned before, was burned to the ground. By the way, one of the things I want to mention is that when the Japanese were here, because we were Japanese and didn't side with them, my father was tortured. Then, when the good old Americans came and saved us from the Japanese, then we were put in concentration camp because we were Japanese. So, it was sort of like we were a family without a country. I thought that that was ironic.

In anticipation of the questions that you ask everyone of us, yes, I completely recollected my family being awarded to the tune of \$7,000. But, my understanding also, was that money was really more or less for the destruction of both our residence in Agana Spring and our store in Agana itself, proper. But, I believe nothing there was part of paying for any torture or emotional or death or anything of that matter.

Sir, just one more thing again. One of the reasons why I wanted to testify because after I hear all of my people crying and crying, you know, that here we are 60 years later and supposedly justice is not yet served. I wanted to reiterate again that we, Chamorros, are still really one of the most loyal Americans the United States could ever have. Even statistics would prove that, even through Korea, Guam, per capita, had the most number of members in the Armed Forces.

Vietnam. We also sustained the highest per capita rate death in Vietnam. We lost about 78 of our boys there. Hawaii comes very close second. Per capita also, even in the Gulf War. We lost some of our own armed forces members.
(End of Tape 6)

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(Tape 7)

Mr. Hara: We, who are actually Americans, if not by birth, we are Americans by association. We are Americans at heart. I think that it's time that the United States of America really give us the justice that is due us. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. I know you're going to file a more complete statement later on for the record, but could you state your father's full name?

Mr. Hara: My father's full name is Manuel Cruz Hara, H-A-R-A. He was born in May 30, 1908. He just passed away about a year and a half ago, at 94.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is Manuel Cruz. Go ahead, Mr. Cruz.

Mr. M. Cruz: Thank you, Mr. Chairman, Mauricio Tamargo, Vice Chair, Antonio Unpingco, Commissioner Ruth Van Cleve, Congressman Lagomarsino and, of course, our former Chief Justice, B. J. Cruz.

I know it's very late at night now, for us. Anyway, I still want to welcome you, buenos and hello. Welcome to Guam. I am very honored to be here this evening to testify before this very august body of the Guam War Claims Review Committee.

I have to admit though, that with the exception or you, Mr. Chairman, I seem to know most of you. Mrs. Van Cleve used to be my boss when I used to work at the old Office of Territorial Affairs. Congressman Lagomarsino, there were many times when we had Congressional hearings up at Capitol Hill, when the late Congressman Phil Burton and, of course, the late Congressman Tony Wonpat, we used to do a lot of lobbying. So, in a sense, this is a very good group. I'm sure that you people will really help us here on this island.

My name is Manuel Q. Cruz. I'm better known as Manny Cruz. I am a survivor of the Japanese occupation. I was born in 1938. I was only three years old when the island was invaded by the Japanese. I was just six years old when the Americans re-took the island. So, in a sense, for those two and half years or three years, I grew up very, very fast.

At the same time, I have to admit, that I was traumatized as a young boy, of all the happenings here on the island, especially when my father, Manuel Borja Cruz, was one of those who

hid George Tweed. We will never forget what happened as a result of that. We went through living hell as a result of this.

But, for tonight, because of the interest of time, I would like to shorten, and not read my presentation to you. I would like to present that to you, though, at a later date. So, for now, I would like to highlight what I want to present to you tonight. There are three things that I want to point out for your consideration.

First of all, it is my understanding that only the testimony of survivors will be considered by the Commission and only the events between the period of December 8, 1941 and July 21st, 1944 will be considered. I believe that this is not fair and does not really do justice to all those claimants who are no longer with us.

Chairman Tamargo: Sir, that's... You are wrong on both counts.

Mr. M. Cruz: Oh, okay.

Chairman Tamargo: We will include all testimony of everyone who submits and we include incidents outside those dates.

Mr. M. Cruz: Okay. Thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the correction. So, with that, then, I guess that take care of that portion where I thought that only the people who passed away or were killed during the war are entitled to compensation.

Also it is my understanding that the population of Guam at that time is recorded because of the Census of 1940. There were only 22,290 people here on this island in 1940. With additional births, I guess, between 1940 to 1944, we're looking at a grand total of possibly 23,000 people, Chamorros and other nationalities that will be affected by this bill.

As you know, since 1941 to the present, thousands of these claimants have since passed away. But, I'm glad that you made the correction. That at least the descendents of these claimants will now have a chance to partake of what is justly due them. Thank you.

Secondly, public law 107-333 limited the period of the war claims to the time that Guam was attacked on December 8, 1941 until the liberation of the island on July 21st, 1944. Yet, from liberation day until the island was secured by the American military forces on August 10, 1944, a lot of events were happening then that were actually part of the war effort. In fact, there were some deaths recorded of civilians that were shot by Japanese snipers on patrol or otherwise. What is the possibility, then, of amending public law 107-333 to extend the time frame from July 21st, 1944 to August 10, 1944?

Lastly, the Guam War Claims Review Committee, under public law 107-333, is tasked to hear and record only the atrocities suffered by the Guam residents in the hands of the Japanese Imperial Forces during the two and a half years of Japanese occupation. What about the damages to personal and real properties that were caused by the U.S. military forces before and during the liberation of Guam? How about the deaths of persons who were killed by friendly fire, so to speak?

The island of Guam was destroyed and razed to the ground, not by Japanese bombardment, but by the mighty forces of the U.S. military forces. For 17 days before liberation day, Guam was subjected to heavy bombardment by carrier planes and the heavy guns of the American armada just off the coast of Guam. Will the Commission consider these damages as mere casualties of war? Or, are they compensable for the sake of argument? Thank you for the opportunity to present my testimony.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Let me ask you the same question. Do you know if your family was aware of the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission and did they file a claim?

Mr. M. Cruz: Mr. Chairman, when the Japanese forces are out of our land and our homes in Yona, the U.S. military came back and occupied the very same places that were taken from us. So, in a sense, I'm very sure that my parents were not even informed of that Meritorious Act. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: To complete my, restate my answer I gave you earlier, yes, we consider testimony submitted for our report for this Review Commission outside of those dates.

Mr. M. Cruz: The only thing I brought it up, Mr. Chairman...

Chairman Tamargo: I'm speaking of our mission here, to come up with a review of the previous program. That is our mission here.

Mr. M. Cruz: Okay. My understanding is that for the longest time, only the living, the survivors will be considered. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you all. Next panel, please. Our next witness is Jonathan Sinoben. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Sinoben: Hi, sir. Hi, panel. My name is Jonathan Dennis Charfauros Sinoben. My stepfather is Filipino, but I'm basically Chamorro. My real father is Pedro Unpingco Salas, from Agana Heights. He has his own war problem up there. Right here, the CIA stands for Chamorros In

Action. I'm sorry to say that I'm the new president of the United States, candidate. I know how to fight a war, even though I don't go to war college. I'll fight it the spiritual, ninja way and win the war.

I just want to speak for my girlfriend, Carmen Carbullido Chaco families and for my mother, Tomasa Cruz Charfauros. She's an old lady right now. She's not able to make it here. She lives all the way down in Agat. My girlfriend live all the way down in Agat. She's 59 years old. I'm 45 caliber.

I'm a young generation of my forefathers and ancestors. There's a lot of, I can't understand about war things. I comprehend stories from my mother, uncle, aunties, so forth. Excuse me.

As for my girlfriend, Carmen Carbullido Chaco, she was born January 8, 1943. That's in the high peak of the war in Guam, I think. I'll say she suffered malnutrition because she's a baby. No food. Especially a lot of Chamorros have a hard time finding clean, good water around. I understand things because I'm a disabled American veteran. I've never been to war, but my prayers are the one that get me through. Carmen, the family always have to relocate or hide in the jungles.

My mom don't really suffer much. But, she suffer in a way, no food or less food, no water maybe. What else? Her older brother, Felix Cruz Charfauros, he was whipped so many times to pick up a huge rock. The Japanese himself cannot lift it up himself, too. He whipped my uncle, my mother's older brother. My uncle was about 18 years old at the time. He got sick from that and he died. A lot of relatives of my parents, in Merizo. A lot of my relatives suffered and died, sacrifice.

My mom was in the village of Umatac. I think Umatac was like a concentration camp. But, they kept most of the Chamorros in the area, similar to what I do in the Army. No fence around it, but there's strict circumstances. I think my grandfather's land in the jungle area, they use it for a rice field.

A lot of Chamorros have a variety of talents. That uncle of mine that died from the whipping, he can tap dance, he can climb the flag pole and sit down on top of the flag pole. Nobody can really do that. A lot of Chamorros are talented in a variety of ways.

In those days, there's not much cars. In today's time, there's a lot of cars out there. But, in the old days, there's no cars. The communication is hard. It's hard for the word to get out for the compensation thing. Still, in my own opinion, the compensation in those days is nothing compared to what the Chamorros have to endure and suffer, sacrifice and so forth.

I don't know what else to say. I'll just end it. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Sir...

Mr. Sinoben: As far as I know and remember, I don't think either family side of mine receive compensation, otherwise I'm a smart kid. I'll know where to get the stuff from or where that money come from. I'll figure it out. But, as far as I know from my parents, they never got compensated. They live so far from the north. They live in Umatac. My girlfriend live in Agat. My mom is in Umatac.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you, sir. Okay, our next witness, Concepcion Judicpa. Thank you.

Mrs. Judipah: Good evening and buenos noches, Chairman and all the Commissioners. As you have mentioned, my name is Concepcion Judicpa. I was born on December 9, 1943. (Crying). I'm sorry. I'm getting emotional right away. But, I'm thinking of my mother, who passed back in 1983 and did not live to see this day. I'm not here to testify on her behalf. I'm testifying on my behalf.

I was a baby back then. I don't have any emotional, or firsthand, in other words, I don't have any emotional experience back then. I was too young to understand what went on. But, based on what my mother had told me, I had an accident. I had a third degree burn on my hand. Up until I was nine years old, I always thought that I was born with this hand. It had some kind of a social impact on me, women, girls being so vain. I used to hide my hand.

Even to this day, when I'm at work and someone is behind me, immediately I'll turn my hand. It's a physical reminder of the war. I believe now, I consider it emotional, although I was too young to remember. I was less than six months then.

But, from what I understand, I was in the camp. My older sister, who was seven years old at the time, was carrying me while my mother was taking care of my other brother, who is older than I am. What had happened is I roll onto the campfire and my hand was in the fire. Apparently, there were some good Japanese there because the doctors took care of my hand. So, not all Japanese soldiers were bad. There were some that were good.

Anyway, going back as far as marching, I didn't march. But, I believe that my mother had a hard time marching, carrying me and trying to keep me quiet. From what I understood, if the children make noise, the parents also get punished for that.

I wasn't forced into labor, again, I was too young to be forced into any labor. But, I did remember back in 1946, '47, my mother would talk about Tiempon Chapanes (Time of the Japanese). I always wonder how come it's a favorite subject of the elderly. What is Tiempon Chapanes? I have no inkling what is Tiempon Chapanes. It's Japanese times. At that time, I just took for granted that that's the favorite subject of the old folks. I never really bothered, because I was too busy playing around.

Until months later on in life, when I start inquiring, I asked my mom what happened. Was I born this way? She said, "No. It's just a result of that accident in the camp, in Manenggon." That's where we were interned.

Although I did not put in my testimony, I would like to, and maybe I will revise that later, but, in my testimony, my sister, up to this point, my sister's only about 80 pounds. It's because she lived during those days. She had, like all the other testimonies, there was malnutrition and so on. I, when I got married, I was only 85 pounds. Thank God I had five kids and was able to gain some weight. But, I believe that was as a result of the times when there was hardly any food to go around.

I would also like to speak in behalf of... Okay, my time is up. But, anyway...

Chairman Tamargo: Go ahead, finish your thought.

Mrs. Judicpa: All right. I would like to also speak for all those babies who were born in 1943. Some of classmate have passed on. We just had a class reunion and quite a number of my classmates have passed on. But, I hope and pray, and this is a message I'm getting out to the audience out there, that if any descendents of those born in 1943, to please come forward because although their parents did not remember what had happened, they had certainly suffered.

I'm glad that I did not remember like what I've been hearing on the other testimonies. The gentleman who sat right in this very place, I was very thought about those beheadings and so on. I'm calling out all those descendents of the 1943, to come out in the memory of their parents. That's all.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mrs. Judicpa: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you remember if your family filed a claim with the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mrs. Judicpa: Sir, I don't remember. In fact, that was quite a surprise when I fill out the form and I saw that question there. I said, "Oh, my gosh. What is this?" I never heard my parents ever mention anything of that nature.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Mrs. Judicpa: You're welcome.

Mr. Sinoben: Sir, I just want to mention, this is very important. They use, my mother's older brother, Antonio C. Charfauros, he's a veteran. He's a retired U.S. Air Force. He was used in the Umatac village to be interpreter. He's also learning to speak Japanese. He's talented in speaking Japanese, so he was teaching the Chamorro people how to speak Japanese. Maybe that's why the Chamorro people are well behaved, the best they can, around the Japanese soldiers.

Chairman Tamargo: All right. Thank you. Our next witness is Francisco Castro. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Castro: Thank you, Mr. Chairman, members of the Commission, for being here and for affording me the opportunity to come forth and make a summarized testimony. Incidentally, I have submitted my written testimony. I want to summarize my personal experiences in the forced labor movement, the personal witnesses that I have made in the brutalities that I have seen done to Chamorros and to one U.S., American pilot, whose plane was downed in the Machananao area, the arrest of Jose Leon Guerrero Cruz, the natural father of the late Senator Cecilia Bamba was arrested and killed, subsequently, because of his efforts in attempting to assist the U.S. pilot escape and the hardship that I and my family members have endured as a result of the Japanese order for a forced march to a concentration camp.

My name is Francisco Leon Guerrero Castro. I am 73 years old. During the invasion of the Japanese in Guam, I was barely over 11 years old when they enforced the forced labor from 10 to 60. I was barely over 13 years old and when the Americans finally came, I was barely 14 years old.

Summarized statement on the order that I have written and that is, my first assignment with the forced labor matter was to work on what they called the Jalaguak-Tiyan air field site. I got involved majorly in clearing sites with machetes and piling up loose rocks and whatever else that I could do. During which times, of course, I have witness and I have escaped death, many a times, from the attacks of the American aircrafts. I have seen Japanese as well as Chamorros get hit. Fortunately, I got out of it unscratched. Sometimes I wondered how.

My second assignment on the forced labor was to a saw mill in Fafaluk and Alakunao area, which is what is now known as the North West Field area, up north. There, I was assigned to pile up strip lumber and to gather feed for the cattle. Incidentally, cattle then were used to haul out the timbers that were cut down by the older men, from the jungle to the sawmill. So, that was my jobs, piling up strip lumbers and feeding the cattle.

Then, my last forced assignment was a detail to the widening of the Bullcart Trail, connecting Machananao, Pigua', Chagui'an and what is now known as the Japanese Memorial Park in Yigo. The Japanese Memorial Park was the last stronghold of the Japanese commanding general in Guam. Obviously, at that time, they intended to widen the road from Yigo to Machananao through these areas that I had mentioned. In working in the widening of that road, there was this one day when an American aircraft was approaching our area. As it got closer to us, it keep decreasing in altitude. Finally, it went down in a coconut plantation area, in Machananao.

I was close by. I was in one of the groups working close by. So, we all ran to the aircraft site. It was then when I saw Jose Cruz, better known in Guam as Josen Papa. Like I said, he was the natural father of the late Senator Cecilia Bamba. Him and another person attempted to rescue the U.S. pilot. Unfortunately, before they got to the ground, the Japanese troops came. I witnessed the brutality that that pilot went through. I witnessed also the brutality when Jose Cruz was arrested for trying to assist the pilot.

Subsequent to those days, we then had the order for a forced march to concentration camp in Manenggon. Because of my father's fear of what the Japanese might have intended... One person that testified here, I also recollected that during the Japanese occupation, a Japanese national who was living in Guam, way before the war and during the war, had circulated the rumor when they started seeing Uncle Sam come back to Guam, she started circulating the rumor that when the Americans gets back to Guam, they won't find nothing but flies. That statement was very true.

When my father suspected what the forced march is all about, he gathered us and told us that instead of going to march to Manenggon, we will go out and hide in the jungles, which we did. We hid in an area of what is now known, the Anderson Air Force Base bomb storage area, in northern Guam. We hid there. Through those ordeals, we have come across so many times to being captured. We have come across so many incidences of getting thirsty and hungry because of the food. We limited our trips to our venture of getting food and water because of the possibility that we might get caught.

Because of that, there are times when we went for days without too much food to eat and, of course, water was the most important. We save most of it for the little, there were six little children at that time in our family.

Several weeks went by. I'll shorten my testimony by saying that several weeks went by when we finally met with the U.S. forces that pull us out of the jungle. They took us to Bradley Park, which is, you heard that all over, time and time again, I guess, today and yesterday. Bradley Park is right by the Pigo Cemetery where they put us, some people call it concentration camp. I don't call it concentration camp. I call it they put us there for our safety until the island was secured. That is exactly what that was all about.

I know that we're limited with time. I will cut right there, Mr. Chairman. If I could answer any question, I will be glad to try.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. I have the question.

Mr. Castro: Yes, go ahead.

Chairman Tamargo: Do you remember if your family filed a claim with the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission, or were they even aware of it as an opportunity?

Mr. Castro: The only claim that my family have filed was for property damages claim. We call it the War Claims in Guam, because of our house being destroyed in Agana. But, I was never aware of a Meritorious Claims Rights. So, no, sir. We did not file for a Meritorious Claim.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Our next witness is Angel Santos. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. Santos: My name is Angel Santos and I was born in June 6, 1934. Good evening, Mr. Chairman and Commissioners. I'm very sorry to hear the people, that happened to them during the Second World War, when the Japanese came to Guam. It really surprised me, with the testimony that I've heard yesterday and today.

In my family part, my father was the only one that was taken for hard labor work from the Japanese. Us children, we never encountered such thing that I heard today and yesterday. We enjoyed the work that we're doing on the farm in Mongmong. Sometime we see soldiers running around in the area, but we didn't see any like what I heard.

Then, we move up to Mataguak in Yigo, where my grandfather has a property. We were in the very deep jungle, where like what's happening in Mongmong when we were there.

The Japanese soldier came over to my grandfather's house, or ranch, inform us that we were to prepare to move from where we at to Manenggon. We were supposed to meet at the road outside of,

where it leads from Agana to Yigo. People will meet there and start their movement up to Ta'i. But, we only move from nighttime. We never move daytime.

When we reach the Ta'i, Mrs. Leon Guerrero, the sister of Mr. Francisco Leon Guerrero, told us to move, to find a place to cook for the family. We went over to the Baza family ranch. That's where we cook. Then, the Japanese soldier came to us, found me and my sister cooking. That's the time the Japanese took us to the area where we concentrated at. They call all the people out to watch the beating of my sister, 15 years old. At the same time, my father was caught in the jungle, carrying water to the family.

That's the only time we encountered what has been happening to the other people, to the Chamorro people. Like I said, we never encountered what I heard yesterday and today, until we reach the internment camp in Ta'i.

They gathered all the people to watch the beating of my sister and my father. They pick up anything that they could hit my sister bad. She was vomiting. Blood was coming out from her mouth. My father too.

Then, the next day, we were moved from Ta'i to Manenggon. From there, maybe about one week when we were there, the American came to the camp. Then we were moved over to Agat from Manenggon. That's all I can remember.

But, as for my sister that was beaten up, she became sick and then she died in 1951. She was only 15 years old when she got beaten up. My father and the whole family, we forgave what the Japanese did to us and we forget. We don't have any hatred from the Japanese and any forces that invaded the island.

So, as for compensation, I don't think we get anything from anybody. That's all I can say.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you all. We'll have our next panel, please. Step forward. Our next witness is Doris Charfauros. Go ahead, please.

Ms. Charfauros: Good evening, Mr. Chairman, members of the Commission and hopefully, Congresswoman Madeliene Bordallo and the people of Guam.

I come before you in honor of my father. My name is Doris Carriaga Charfauros, daughter of the late Juan Perez Carriaga and Estella Aguon Quintanilla Carriaga, granddaughter of Felix Santos Carriaga and Carmen Perez Carriaga. In respect of my father and the people of Guam, I like to welcome you with honor and loyalty. Thank you ever so much to the President and the Department of Interior, who send you here with the wings of love and love of America, and you, as legal guardians of its Constitution. On behalf of my father I would like to recollect all he has chosen to share with us.

My father met the war at the age of 22. He was the only son and had one sister. He was with his parents when their farm home was raided by the Japanese forces. There were many of them, he said. They came like pack of wolves. They broke down the doors, start beating the family with the bayonets. The sister was so traumatized, she became very disoriented and became ill and bed ridden a year after the war until her death in 1974. They were farmers, and so, they were stripped of their livelihood.

They were force marched to Manenggon and was not allowed to bring any of their food or livestock. In Manenggon, they were forced to work on rice fields and to cook meals, yet deprived of food for days at a time.

When the Americans landed, my father escaped from the Japanese and remain in hiding until he met the 3rd Marine Division and was drafted to join the Guam Combat Patrol. Over the year of exchange gun fire, my father got injured on his right arm. Scars and scrap metal still remain with him and painful sufferings until his death. Flashback seemed to most affect him at times, for he would never allow us to go anywhere in Tumon, or wherever there is Japanese.

My mother was 14 at the time. Her father got killed and tortured with gas and fire before his death during the Japanese occupation. She was the second oldest out of seven children. She then had to quit school to support the family, making illegal moonshines of aguayente. They were also run off their homes, which was used to be a sub-station.

They were marched to Manenggon, where she had to do the laundry for the soldiers. She had to boil the clothes over an open fire and then scrub them at the river. My mother was petite light complexion and reddish-brown hair. As a daily vigil, she would urinate and splash it on her body and clothes and apply dry mud on her face to keep soldiers away. But, even then, she would be slapped daily for having such a foul smell.

As a witness with deeper knowledge of the war, my heart is as heavy as a tombstone. I'm compelled and feel the broken spirits and broken hearts of my people. Yet, I come before you with courage, with the spirit and silent eyes of my people. No amount of currency or compensation will heal the wounds oppressed upon them and the unheard heroes. With benediction, we embrace peace to forgive, if asked to be forgiven. As a blessing, we wish you a safe journey and ask that you not forget our friendship and us in your prayers and works of humanity. God bless America and all its children in the nation. Thank you. With respect, I am Doris Carriaga Charfauros.

I would like to present to you the picture of my father while he was serving in the Guam Combat Patrol.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you.

Ms. Charfauros: This is that Guam Combat Patrol.

MV: Which one is your father.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. I have the same question about the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission. Do you recall if your family filed a claim or was aware of the program?

Ms. Charfauros: I don't recall any claim being received.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much. Our next witness is Rosalia Charfauros.

Mrs. R. Charfarous: Good evening, Guam War Claims Review Commission members and to all distinguished guests. My people and I, here in Guam and elsewhere in the U.S. really appreciate you all coming here, taking the time to listen to our testimonial and story of the atrocity that went on during World War II. Thank you very much.

I represent myself, my husband, his father and my father, my mother. December 8, 1941, the Japanese Imperial Forces attacked and bombed the island. They succeeded, the invasion to our island. During that over, we were all rounded up and interrogate, punished severely for not answering their questions during the whereabouts of the Americans soldiers or any associate or married to them.

They would beat us up with their stick and their guns, bayonet. Some were beheaded and died. All this chaos was done in front of all the villagers. All this time, all this happening, I hope that they help... My father-in-law was cut by the neck. My father was beaten up and he died the next day. (Crying). Thank you very much. That's all I can say. I can't say anymore. That's okay.

I got the heart surgery. I can't take anymore. I tried to talk to you people because I'm glad that somebody is still thinking of the people that are beaten up or killed by the Japanese. Those people are just like animals.

I was just eight years old when they hang up a certain person because he was standing on the beach, looking at the sea with a thrownet. They collect them all and they hang them and they hit them with a stick. When they're already fainted, they throw them down on one corner. I was so scared. I went to my mother and my father and I told them. They said, "Don't say a word. Don't go over there to witness all those people." Some of them are dead. But, I always go out and sneak among the Japanese, who are they killing, who are they beating?

I'm just a little girl, but I'm so anxious to know whether that's my family. Thank you.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Do you recall if your family filed a claim or was aware of the Navy's Meritorious Claims Commission?

Mrs. R. Charfauros: I'm not sure because my mother and father died. My father was buried Sunday, in the States. I did not attend the funeral because of what's going to happen here. He's my stepfather. My real father was beaten up and was killed, 1943.

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you very much.

Mrs. R. Charfauros: You're welcome.

Chairman Tamargo: Next we will hear from Senator Carmen Fernandez.

Senator Fernandez: Thank you, Mr. Chairman. After spending two whole days with here, I feel compelled to say just a few words. I'll be very brief. I thank you for this opportunity.

My body is heavy and my head is spinning as it feels like it is drowning from the blood of those who suffered and died. My heart is aching from the stabs of every story that was told. I try to be very strong for this presentation and (crying) after crying for these last two days, I thought I was finished, but I guess it's never finished until we bring this to closure.

I think we've heard enough in the last two days. The evidence is abundantly conclusive that my people of Guam have been gravely mistreated. First we have heard from all the people about beheading, suicide, rape of women and girls, slave labor, forced labor, child labor, mass killing, starvation and malnutrition, forced march, brutality, indoctrination, torture, living in constant fear, killing of oldest children. We've heard of those who were buried alive, severing of body parts, child beating and abuse. We've heard of threats of execution, massacres, mothers losing their babies and Whites, or anyone looking like an American being beaten and killed.

Second, it is clear, very clear, that the claims process was inconsistently applied, uneven and inequitable. It appears that more than 90% of our people that have come before us today have

testified that they were uninformed and not given the opportunity to apply. The people of Guam are strong in mind and body. They are resilient, respectful, disciplined, sympathetic, apologetic, courageous, people of great faith, loving, giving and forgiving.

We are people that represent the highest levels of patriotism and sacrifice for America. As we represent with pride the highest per capita members in the U.S. military. Today, our high school Army ROTC program and our University of Guam Army ROTC program have always been best in the nation.

War reparations is not about money. It's about justice. Justice for our people who deserve to be treated just like any other American and who deserve to be recognized for their sacrifices. Dear Chairman and Commissioners, you have nine months to complete your report. The people of Guam have suffered over 60 years. I beg you to find in your hearts and your minds to act with great speed. In addition to the parity in individual compensation, please include in your recommendations funding for healthcare to provide for special assistance for all those who have suffered trauma.

December 8, 1941 was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, Mother of God. September 8, 2004, nine months later, is the celebration of the birth of Mary, Mother of God. Let it also be the birth of a new life for Guam.

Let it be the day that we celebrate the law passed by Congress and signed by President Bush that provides just compensation for Guam. It is little to ask in return for the blood that was shed and the lives that were taken. This is little to ask for justice, the very basic foundation on which America stands.

Dear Commissioners, please help to set my people free, now. (Speaks Chamorro).

Chairman Tamargo: Thank you. Thank you all. Now, I would like to take a moment to thank Speaker Pangelinan and the legislative staff for all their assistance and help in making this hearing possible, and for the use of the legislative hall. We'd also like to give our appreciation to Delegate Bordallo and her staff for her assistance, the Governor and his office for his assistance. Peter Onedera of the University of Guam and all of the Chamorro interpreters, the YMLG, the LLO, Chamorro class under Peter Onedera. The Guam fire department, EMT, the Marianas Cablevision for the live coverage on TV.

I'd like to announce, also, the Commission will continue to receive questionnaires until the end of the month, as well as hold the record for this hearing open for one month from now for additional statements of survivors, as well as revisions and additional statements of survivors.

Lastly, on behalf of the Commission, I would like to say many witnesses have thanked us for coming here to hear this oral testimony. I must say, though, that it is us who must thank you for coming here and giving your testimony, re-living these horrific memories. We are humbled by your bravery and dignity, that you give by coming here and testifying. We value the oral testimony that you have given. We will give it our full consideration and inclusion in our Review Commission Report that we'll present to the Congress and to the Secretary of Interior. Thank you very much.

This hearing is adjourned.

(End of Tape 7)

