

YANK

OCTOBER 19, 1945: P. 5

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TOKYO—Soon after the “occupation” of this city by American newsmen, the legendary character called Tokyo Rose became the most sought-after woman in Japan.

In the first few days after our entrance into Tokyo, practically every story was a rat-race of newspaper correspondents, photographers, magazine writers and assorted trained seals seeking “exclusives.” But the search for Tokyo Rose had a different, novel twist. Tokyo Rose simply didn’t exist. She had no more reality than Paul Bunyan.

That made finding a reasonable facsimile a pretty difficult matter. No Jap woman radio commentator had ever called herself Tokyo Rose. The origin of the name lies buried somewhere in the mists of the early days of the Pacific War, when it was used by homesick GIs as a label for any feminine Radio Tokyo voice.

The cumulative effect of all the ballyhoo Tokyo Rose received was such that one of the chief objectives of American correspondents landing in Japan was Radio Tokyo. There they hoped to find someone to pass off as the one-and-only Rose and scoop their colleagues.

When information had been sifted a little, a girl named Iva Toguri emerged as the only candidate who came close to filling the bill. For three years she had played records, interspersed with snappy comments, beamed to Allied soldiers on the Zero Hour (6 to 7 p.m., Japanese time). Her own name for herself was Orphan Ann, and recent publications in the U. S. had tagged Orphan Ann as the original Rose. The radio

Second-Hand ROSE

people claimed to know no more about her than that she had been bombed out of her home. They had no address. But the rat-race started.

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The bad news came before we got back to her. Representatives of Hearst’s *Cosmopolitan*, with the help of a sockful of folding money, had pulled a scoop in the movie-newspaperman tradition. They had hired a reporter for Domei, the Jap news agency, to locate Iva and had signed her to a \$2,000 exclusive contract.

The Hearst people believed that YANK, since it is a soldier publication and the Tokyo Rose myth had been created by soldiers, would be allowed to pick up some stuff from Iva’s signed story in *Cosmopolitan* when it hit the news stands in a couple of months.

We decided to see if we could get something a little less second-hand.

WHEN we first saw Iva Toguri she was bending over a small open-hearth stove, placing green vegetables in a cooking pot. Her husband, a youthful, serious-faced Portuguese, wearing the brown-peaked cap customary even among civilians in Japan, was with us, and he kicked off his shoes, stepped up on the straw mat of the small room and introduced his wife.

The GI nickname, Tokyo Rose, just meant a radio voice, but newsmen in Japan found a girl to fit it.

The individual who comes closest to the GI's conception of the mythical Tokyo Rose is a slight Japanese girl about 5 feet 2 inches tall, with a wide face and lively black eyes. She wears her hair in short, thick pigtailed to her shoulder. She had on dark slacks and a red suede jacket over a blouse.

We explained YANK's status as the soldiers' magazine. Since she had directed her program to the troops, we said, we thought it a good idea to interview her, but we had no money to pay for such things. Miss Toguri was silent for a moment. Her hands were folded on her lap and her eyes rested on her hands. Then she looked up and cleared her throat.

"If I'm Tokyo Rose, which it seems I am, let me tell about it from the beginning."

She said that in 1941 she had come to Japan from Los Angeles, her birthplace, as a sort of family delegate to visit a sick aunt. The war had caught her. When the police asked if she wanted to renounce her U.S. citizenship, she said no.

Last April she had married Philip Daquino, a Portuguese national and a linotype operator for Domei. At first she had worked for Radio Tokyo as a monitor, recording Allied broadcasts, then, after a voice test, had switched to the Zero Hour.

For her work Miss Toguri received, after deductions, about 100 yen a month. Later the figure was raised to 150, about the wage of a typist. Her reason for staying on, she declared, was her desire to become proficient in broadcasting. She doubted that her programs did Allied soldiers much harm, no more anyhow than if she had made bullets in a munitions factory.

When tales of Tokyo Rose began to appear in the foreign press and found their way to Japan, the people around the studio tried to figure out Tokyo Rose's identity. One possibility was that a girl who actually called herself Tokyo Rose was broadcasting from some secret Japanese station in a manner the Americans could pick up while the Japs could not.

But the possibility that the mythical Rose originated from Radio Tokyo was not ignored, and Miss Toguri seemed the likely candidate. Consequently, when the surrender came she went to the higher-ups in the station and asked what the score was. They told her, she said, that she would have to take any consequences there might be. The station washed its hands of her.

"I heard that newspapermen had been to Radio Tokyo and that my name had been given out as Tokyo Rose," Miss Toguri said. "The station people didn't get in touch with me, though they knew where I was, and I figured they were trying to fix it up for me to take the rap, clearing themselves. Then this fellow from Domei came around offering money. I knew I would have to give an interview some time, and I thought I'd get it over with. And I figured some one was going to get the money and I might as well be her."

The day after her YANK interview, the CIC picked up Miss Toguri. They released her in custody of her husband, but there was talk of a treason trial. No doubt existed that she had worked on a program designed to lower the morale of Allied troops.

At a press conference, an Australian correspondent charged that Tokyo Rose had once told Aussie soldiers they'd better go home because Americans were sleeping with their wives. Miss Toguri denied having made the statement or any like it. She denied having made cracks about the U. S., but admitted having described herself to troops as "your favorite enemy."

No one in Japan was in a position to give an answer. Radio Tokyo had burned its files. Miss Toguri and her husband scurried around their house trying to find a few old scripts.

But, ironically, Tokyo Rose was depending chiefly on the U. S. for any defense she might be required to make. She hoped recordings of her program made in San Francisco would, if not actually clear her of the charge of working for the enemy, at least keep her in a lower war-crime category than that of, say, Hideki Tojo.