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Master Thesis for the Institute of Austronesian Studies at National Taitung University

The Life History of a *Takasago Giyutai* Survivor in Taitung, Taiwan

臺東縣高砂義勇隊一位倖存者的生命史

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摘要

本論文的目的在於透過臺東縣一位高砂義勇隊員倖存者與另一位隊員仍在世妻子的對話，探討「高砂義勇隊員」至今仍對昔日的日本深感懷念與忠誠，甚至目前引起原住民之間的爭論。「高砂族」，在日文字面上的意思是「台灣原住民族」。而「義勇隊」則是「志願軍」兩者合起來就是「高砂義勇隊」，指的就是「自願從軍的台灣原住民。」太平洋戰爭期間，台灣仍是日本的殖民地，四千兩百名高砂義勇隊被分成七梯次派遣至太平洋各島嶼。他們為日本與盟軍做戰。大多數人死於砲火、疾病與缺糧。據報告，只有十分之一的人生還。他們於 1945 年陸續被遣送回台灣。回到家時，他們才發現台灣已經不再是日本所屬地了，而是由國民黨所統治的中華民國。當他們回到家鄉時就聽到人們譴責他們是日本的走狗，由於這些苦衷，導致他們不得不隱藏自己的身分或對打戰一事絕口不提。高砂義勇隊的歷史被塵封六十多年，鮮為人知。

本論文的內容針對台東縣境內一位倖存者與遺族的訪談田野工作，尋求人們常問問題的解答：他們是否全然自願獻身、離鄉到數千里外的異國為日本打戰？為什麼？

田野工作是將被訪談者的參戰經驗，以他們「自我」的觀點口述紀錄下來，而非「他者」的觀點。在下結論前，加入分析與詮釋。透過屢次的訪談，這些倖存者以及遺族們的回答，千篇一律皆為否定。顯然他們還是比較喜歡日本的。戰爭結束至今，這些僅剩十分之一的倖存者陸續過世，甚至每年繼續減少。為數不明的倖存者仍不知身在何處。即使仍健在，也都是九十歲以上的高齡。一旦錯失這個機會，這些寶貴的歷史資料將永遠消失，想要紀錄就更困難了。

無論他們是自願還是非自願，最終目的在於讓塵封在他們心中的記憶重現。

關鍵詞：高砂義勇隊、志願、帝國主義、太平洋戰爭、虛構的回憶

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Abstract

The purpose of this investigation is to explore factors that affect the *Takasago Giyutai* to remain patriotic, loyal and nostalgic to the war time Japan even though there remains a contentious issue for the indigenous peoples. The term *Takasago Giyutai* literally means ‘an army composed of voluntary indigenous peoples.’

During the Pacific War, 1941—1945, while Taiwan was still under the colonization of Japanese Imperialism, 4200 *Takasago Giyutais* were dispatched to the Pacific Islands in seven rounds respectively to fight the Allied Forces alongside the Japanese army. Most of them died under the bombs, or of diseases and even of hunger. Consequently Japan lost the war and surrendered. Only one tenth of *Takasago Giyutai* survived and was repatriated to Taiwan at the end of the war in 1945.

Upon returning home, they were shocked by a nasty surprise to see that Taiwan was no longer under the Japanese rule. Instead, the KMT Government had taken it over after the Pacific War. Many public workers and police officers and *abingo* were dressed in different uniforms; the new residents around looked unfamiliar and spoke in a different language they never heard of. Out of their expectation, they were not given a hero's welcome; instead, a cold satire. No sooner had they met people in hometown than they heard severe condemnation that they had fought alongside the enemy. As a result, they chose to reveal little or no information about the actions in the war. Thus the *Takasago Giyutai*'s history has long been tightly wrapped up and made blank for the past over 60 years because of the unspeakable political reasons.

The content of this paper is focused on the research in the practical fieldwork with the survivors and the families of the deceased soldiers residing in Taitung County as well as documentary works. The study proves that they joined *Takasago Giyutai* of their own volition and an enormous sense of honor in being one.

The fieldwork was recorded and written about the oral history of the war

experience from the viewpoints of ‘himself’ instead of ‘other’s’ point of view, intervening with analyses and interpretation.

Ever since the end of the war, many of the survived one tenth have passed away and still more are gone each year. Even if still alive, each of them, a history keeper, is surely over ninety years old, and once lost the chance, it will certainly make the research work even more difficult.

Whether it is a matter of compulsion or volunteer, our common goal is to elicit the true history that each *Takasago Giyutai* has kept in secret since it is clearly an integral part of the whole history.

Key words: *Takasago Giyutai*, Volunteer, Imperialism, The Pacific War, Imaginative Recollection

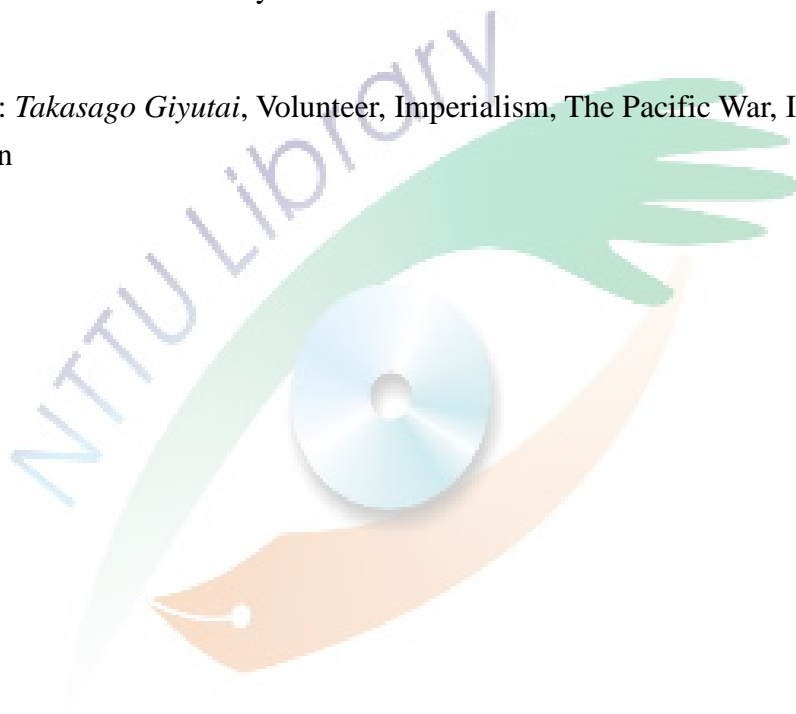


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Chapter One: Introduction

Definition

The term *Takasago Giyutai* (高砂義勇隊) literally means “a volunteer troop composed of indigenous young men serving for the war.” *Takasago zoku* (高砂族), Japanese terminology, refers particularly to the indigenous peoples of Taiwan. *Zoku* (族) means an ethnic tribe. *Giyuta* (義勇隊) means a troop composed of volunteers to serve for the war. *Takasago Giyutai* forms the meaning of “a volunteer troop composed of indigenous young men to serve for the war.” In this thesis *Takasago Giyutai* may stand for a specific individual or can be a collective noun.

The Great East-Asian War On December 12, 1941, four days after the Pearl Harbor attack, Tojo Cabinet of Japan decided to call the war against Allied Forces including Sino-Japanese War as *the Great East-Asian War* (大東亜戦争). However, after the war ended, the main center of military organization, the GHQ (General Headquarters), of Allied Forces prohibited the use of the *Great East-Asian War* by keeping strict vigilance over all the mass media. Eventually it was replaced by *the Pacific War*. Since then the term the *Great East-Asian War*, which was actually used during the war time only, has entirely disappeared. (Sekigawa 2013)

Historical Background

This study begins with a brief history of Taiwan prior to the Pacific War until the end of the war and a little afterwards. It traces back to 1895 when Taiwan was alienated from Ching Dynasty to Japan as the result of Sino-Japanese War.

From then on Taiwan would be part of a Japanese territory for as long as 50 years. During this period of time, the Japanese led Taiwan to marvelous development in agriculture and education. In 1941, the Pacific War broke out. Here *Takasago Giyutai* was pragmatically born. During the Pacific War (December, 1941—August, 1945), 4200 *Takasago Giyutai* were selected and dispatched to the front lines such as the Philippines and as far as New Guinea in eight rounds. They were non-combatants but engaged in labor force carrying weapons, ammunition, food supplies and the like from the seashore to the Provision Depot, and from there to wherever the units needed them. They had, no doubt, the harshest and the most unbelievably unbearable time accomplishing their role. They even took the responsibility for repairing and constructing roads, airfield runways and bridges. However, as the war got more and more intensified, they played a critically important role in guerrilla warfare. Many of them lost their lives under the bombs, and even died of diseases and hunger. Only estimated one tenth of them survived at the end of the war.

Takasago Giyutai were repatriated to Taiwan only to find a nasty surprise that Taiwan was no longer under the Japanese control. Instead, the Chiang Kaishek's KMT Government took it over. The first thing they felt upset about was that the new master spoke Mandarin Chinese which they had never heard of. They had no chances or schools to learn it. What was worse, they heard condemnation that they had fought alongside the enemy Japanese against the Allied Forces. As a result, rarely did they show up and spoke out no information about the actions in the war. Therefore *Takasago Giyutai's* history has long been tightly wrapped up in their memory for the past 60 years because of the unspeakable political reasons. None of *Takasago Giyutai's* history has been treated officially in Taiwan until very recently; very few people have paid attention to it. Actually through various interviews, it is revealed that the

Takasago Giyutai remains patriotic, loyal and nostalgic to the war time Japan so much. Today the number of *Takasago Giyutai* still living now has been drastically dropping and only a handful can be counted in Taitung County. They are over 90 years of age.

Research Questions

Here arise unavoidable questions: Did those enlisted as volunteers in the army prior to 1943 and after indeed volunteer or were they coerced? Did they really “volunteer” without the slightest compulsion of the Japanese authority? Did they ever regret? Did their parents, grandparents or wives consent? Did any police officer try hard to convince them into volunteering? These are the questions people constantly ask about.

This study focuses on two questions: Did the *Takasago Giyutai* virtually volunteer for service on their own volition without any slightest coercion? What are the main factors that have made *Takasago Giyutai* remain patriotic, loyal and nostalgic to the war time Japan so much? Besides, what happened to the family after they had been dispatched to the battlefield because they were supposed to hold responsibility for working outside and making the living for the family? What influence did they exert on the *niyaro*? How about the operation of age hierarchical system during their absence? So on and so forth.

Motivation

Ever since the end of the war, nearly seventy years have elapsed, during which period of time many more of the one tenth alive passed away and still the number is drastically declining each year. They joined the war at their twenties more and less and now are almost over nineties, from the peak to the bottom of

life. A doubtful number of them may be hidden in some unknown places, if still alive. Fortunately it happened more than once that I chanced to encounter a few elderly indigenous people at MacKay Hospital and Christian Hospital in Taitung. They ARE physically feeble, but when asked of *Takasago Giyutai* that they once were decades ago, they suddenly came to life and were willing to share their extraordinary experience with me.



Figure 1. Three Takasago Giyutai from Taitung were posed with their families who came to see them off on the departure day. None of them returned. **(left).** **Down left** An Amis also of Taitung is with his Father and brothers before the departure day. **Down right** A Bunun man wears his traditional costume with *funus* before the departure day. (Source: Hayashi 1998:6)

I myself was a prewar child.¹ The scene of *Takasago Giyutai*'s departure

¹ I was born in 1933.

for the frontline, when I was at an early primary school age, impressed me so deeply. On that day, the whole village, young and old, gathered at the bus depot. Each of the fresh *Takasago Giyutai* wearing a soldier's uniform with *funus* (Amis' traditional indigenous sword regarded as a man's second life, also a superb symbol of *Takasago Giyutai*) at his side, looking so brave and awesome, lifted up a white cup of wine, said cheers and bid farewell to their families, friends and the crowd. Since the *Takasago Giyutai* volunteered for service with their parents' blessing, they all appeared so excited. In return, the whole crowd of villagers yelled and roared, "BANZAI! BANZAI! GAMBARE (cheer up)!" We began to sing military songs repeatedly, waving the sunrise national flags, and lingering and seeing them off until the bus was completely out of sight. What their future would be like, only God knew! This past impression has long been vividly alive in my memory.

The past memory of the young *Takasago Giyutai* overlapped with these living elderly veterans has geared my intention to learn more about them. Talking to them warmly, one could excavate tons of untold adventurous memories.

The Purpose

The purpose of this paper is to present the result of visiting and talking with witnesses and record as much oral history and experience as possible, and what is the most important, to explore how they thought about the life events both during the war time and after, and how they built up their national identity to dedicate their lives to "their country." Eventually this will lead to the discussion and conclusion of whether they had truly volunteered to join the war.

People would be shocked to learn how few *Takasago Giyutai* hate the

war experience, how they are in favor of the Japanese instead, how they felt proud to be Japanese soldiers, and how they feel nostalgic for their young age while Taiwan was under the control of the Japanese Imperialism.

Many people can not fathom why anyone like *Takasago Giyutai* would have such an affectionate feeling for their teenage nostalgia in spite of the ‘insignificant’ dedication (other’s view) of their lives in the exotic islands thousands of miles away from their homes. For whom did they volunteer to dedicate their precious youth? Did they really “volunteer” without the slightest compulsion of the Japanese authority? Did they ever regret? People today constantly ask these sorts of questions.

Takasago Giyutai returned, not only sacrificing for so little, unworthy of comparison with that the Japanese soldiers gained from their government but also being looked upon coldly by the KMT government because the fact that they had intended to dedicate their lives in order to fight for the ‘mother country in the past’ turned into the result that they had fought on the enemy’s side against the ‘mother country at present.’ Who would have known that?

Many years later, the *Takasago Giyutai* was informed that their Japanese comrades who collaborated at the same frontline, dead or alive together, received from the Japanese government a considerable amount of money, as much as 30- 40 million Yen for compensation while *Takasago Giyutai* in Taiwan got hopelessly none. It is where this discrimination creates the ambivalence in *Takasago Giyutai*. Later a sequence of legal suits, although lost and only 30- 40 thousand dollars were allowed to the families of *Takasago Giyutai*, is perseveringly being proceeded. The arguments for and against the authoritarian judgment should be left for public discussion.

Nevertheless, they have only one legacy left untold and only hidden in

their collective memory. Every *Takasago Giyutai* I spoke to has one thing in common: not a single man complained about his past history. They deem it pride and honor instead. Should this precious past of theirs not be integrated in our Taiwan's history?

Little attention has been given to this paradoxical phenomenon. It is, therefore, the purpose of this paper that is to investigate what factors have made *Takasago Giyutai* in favor of Japan so much.

Introduction to the Informants

Alianus: A second round Takasago Giyutai

Table 1. Introduction to Alianus

Indigenous name	Alianus
Ethnicity	Amis tribe
Japanese name	Yoshinobu Sugiyama
Chinese name	Lo Jingron
Birth	1921
Residence	Tongho Township, Taitung

Like ordinary other indigenous people, this informant was born to be named Alianus, an an indigenous name. Later when he volunteered to join *Takasago Giyutai* for the Pacific War, he was given a Japanese name (every *Takasago Giyutain* had one), Yoshinobu Sugiyama (杉山良信). After he returned from the battlefield at the end of the war, he was given a Chinese name, Lo Jingrong (羅景容). Three names of a person, as a matter of fact, may imply a complex history of the indigenous peoples of Taiwan. (Suenari 1983)

Alianus is a resident of Meilan, Peiyuan Village, Tongho Township,

Taitung, about 70 kilometers to the north of Taitung. It takes approximately 40 minutes' drive from Taitung City along Taiwan Highway 11 northward to come to a big gas station. That is the turning point to make a left turn. You will immediately come upon a century old tunnel. Through the tunnel, the road turns and twists a good deal for 6 kilometers, passing through a quiet village, and makes a sharp turn at the highest point. There are two old grocery stores contiguous to each other with a local bus stop standing just in between. From there concrete open fliers of thirty-three very steep steps lead to a spacious front yard of Alianus's one-story house, which looks down over a nice view, a deep valley and a winding river. The Alianus family has lived here for several decades as a pomelo and orange farmer since he was young and strong. In the rear of the house is also a big vegetable garden which is likely to be imagined that it used to produce various kinds of seasonal vegetables each year even much more than enough for the family of a dozen. But today like the aged couple, it has obviously long been deserted and left nothing but dried weeds. All nine of his children, six of them alive, were born and brought up here, and then have mounted on the trend of lifetime migration moving northward to urban districts such as Taipei and Taoyuan and settled down there. However, they do return home for a family reunion a few times a year.



Figure 2. At his nineties, this senior veteran Alianus still stays in good shape, vivid and clear in his interview. He holds infinite war stories untold in his memories. (Photo by HC Liu.)

Alianus was born in Shoma (Xiaoma now), attended school for four years at Harapawan Kogakko (Taiyuan Elementary School now) which was the maximum years for the primary school then. Moreover, it was the time of *Kominka Undo*. Later through a strict military training of *Seinen-dan*, Youth Corps, they were offered a chance to be Japanese soldiers. Alianus together with his younger brother Hatsuo volunteered for the Second Round *Takasago Giyutai*, when he was 22 years old. When asked if he petitioned on his own volition, he said, “The leader, a Japanese police officer, advised, ‘How about taking this chance to be a soldier? It’s a golden opportunity.’ I agreed at once and replied the police officer confidently, ‘That’s what I’ve been expecting and that’s what I’m here for.’” He laughed wildly, and continued, “I passed. Never was I so excited. My father was, too.” By that time the concept of taking a pride in having a son become a Japanese soldier was broadly accepted by the general indigenous society. This fact reveals that the once ruled were now treated as equally as the ruler. It is also clear how the young men wished to show the counterparts their prowess and bravery at the battlefield.

They were first sent to Manila in different units, and then to New Guinea via Palau. Both of them returned safe, but his brother died here at 63 years of age.

Alianus’ wife Sra(89), Lai Showsha (賴秀霞) in Chinese name, is also an Amis woman of Tomiac tribe (Chungan now). Sra and Alianus have now six children—used to have nine but three died--three sons and as many daughters all working in Taipei, Kaohsiung, Kinmen and other places except Taiyuan. She

is said to have been an outstanding runner at school days. She kept the record of the fastest woman in Chengkoun Township area. One year, Sra took part in the 100- and 200- meter-dash at the local sports meeting and beat all other contestants even she was with six months pregnant, which fact made her well-known as the fastest woman in the village.

Accidental Encounter

My first encounter with Alianus's was at Taitung MacKay Hospital two years ago (2012). I happened to open the conversation in Japanese by asking him if he could speak Japanese, and how old he was. His brief answer was enough for me to decide that he was in a great spirit apart from his clumsiness because of his age. But it was immediately discovered that he was blind with utterly white pupil in the right eye. And the left eye was only extremely slightly open, but also blind. Surprisingly, he became excited when asked if he had volunteered for *Takasago Giyutai*. The conversation was interrupted abruptly when his wife came along and spurred for the Hospital's courtesy bus bound for Taiyuan. Seeing that no time could be wasted, I briefly asked where I could see him again. I only heard, "Peiyuan Tzun," and away the couple rushed for the courtesy bus waiting across the street.

Peiyuan Tzun, what a familiar name of a place! It is famous for producing good quality of pomelos in the early autumn each year, well associated with the moon festival. Three weeks passed. My wife and I ventured to pay a visit at Peiyuan and look for this veteran and see if I was lucky enough to meet him again.

Thanks to great help of an official of the Household Registration Office in Tonghe, I had less difficulty than expected locating the place where we found this man at home. What a surprise! Upon hearing my first greeting, he recognized my voice. His vigilance melted away instantly and he began to feel relaxed.



Figure 3. The aged couple lives in the house built by themselves.

Kulian: A first round Takasago Giyutai's wife

Table 2. Introduction to Kulian

Tribal name	Kulian Kaburugan
Ethnicity	Paiwan
Japanese Name	Natsuko Takada
Chinese name	Kao Yuying
Husband (First round <i>Takasago Giyutai</i> Member)	Takurigeru (Japanese name: Sinichi Takada, Chinese Name: Kao Hsin-liang)
Birth	1925
Residence	Jinfeng Township, Taitung



Figure 4. Who is going to dig out innumerable stories concealed in Kulian's brain? Photo: H.C. Liu.

Kaburugan Kulian, bereaved of husband, aged 87, lives at No. 86, Liwei Street, Jinfeng Township, Taitung County. She looks a little older than her age, but rather healthy and open-minded. Never stopping munching betel nuts, this aged lady gives me the first impression that she is amiable and hospitable.

Kulian, an aboriginal name, was named Natsuko Takada (高田夏子), Japanese, and Kao Yuying (高玉英), Chinese. She was born to the family of Kaburugan Kulio (father) and Kabrugan Ciyoko (mother) as the eldest child of seven.

A great surprise

I intended to make a short visit with a translator, but it turned out unnecessary. At 10 o'clock, I saw Kulian at her home. At the first glance, I was aware that she was well advanced in age, seeming in the habit of keeping herself clean and neat and healthy. She was wearing a dark purple turtle-neck sweater and black pants smartly matched her gray hair and dark brown facial skin, so she looked even more graceful and elegant. This senior lady was alone, sitting at the door

with a stick standing within an arm's reach against the door. "Good day," I tentatively started in Japanese because I knew senior tribal people over seventy generally spoke Japanese properly.

"Good, day. Welcome to my humble home. Please have a seat." Sure enough, she spoke to me all straight in decent Japanese, remaining in her chair, and showing me to the vacant chair a little way in front of her,. Suddenly our psychological obstacles were cleared off. "Thank you very much indeed. It's very kind of you," saying, I took my seat.

I was briefly introduced by his son about 40 years old in Paiwan. When I responded to her in Japanese, I immediately realized that we, she and I, could converse completely in Japanese. So our conversation started, with no translation.

Childhood Education

Kulian was born on October 20, 1925, as the oldest child in the family of Kaburugan Kulio and Kaburugan Ciyoko, living at Taryutaryun up in the mountains for 50 years, and then they were kind of forced to move down to Tsuarabi at the foot of the mountain by the Japanese police when she was just a kid of eight.

She received the Japanese elementary schooling at Kanaron Primary School from Year One through Year Four, and got No. 2 prize when graduated. Kulian must have been a smart and hard working girl, so she was loved by her Japanese school master, Mr. Nishino, who she has still remembered so well until today. The elementary education was said to be only four years as a maximum instead of six probably because of the teacher and classroom

shortage at the early Japanese colonization period in Taiwan. However, the Japanese educational influence would last as long as her lifetime.

Since smart, active and good at singing, Kulian was appointed as team captain of *Josi seinenkai*, Young Women's Society, equivalent of local Women's Association today. One year she was awarded No. 1 prize of 20 Yen at *Kokugo* (national language) *Enshukai* (speech contest), which she stated with pride.

Marriage

At 16, she got married. Traditionally, her husband, the third child in his family, married to Kulian, the first child in hers. When they got married, they had five cows and some rice paddies for their own.

"My Man, Sinici Takada, was 17," Kulian began to describe her husband. "A Japanese police officer talked him into taking the entrance test for Taitung ex-Agricultural School. A few days after wedding, he got the notification of passing the test. He had to walk all the way from Kanarun to Taitung, which took him two days to get to the school. He stayed at the dormitory and studied for four months with everything provided by the government, as an indigenous elite under the Japanese education program. The next year my Man volunteered as Takasago Giyutai, and was sent to New Guinea until the war ended."

When asked how she felt about her Man's volunteerism, she remarked slowly, "He did petition on his own like a few friends of his. A woman's withstanding what her man decided to do was a kind of betraying behavior, not to mention Takasago Giyutai."

'Triumphant' Return

Finally the “Japanese” military were carried on an American warship to return to Kaohsiung Port. Once they were on shore, they were completely dismissed. No transportation. No money. This hero had no other thought than to go home. He had to walk all the way, day and night, to Kanarun, arriving at home after midnight. When I saw my Man appearing at the front door, I just couldn't believe my eyes. Both stood dumfounded for a long time. My village people and I were enormously shocked and sad when we learned four others had died on the remote island of New Guinea. My Man was the only blessed. The legendary hero had never left me and his homeland for the rest of his life.

Takurigeru, her man, was elected a representative of the township for 8 years, and died at the age of 83. During his tenure of being the township representative, it may be considered a mystery whether Takurigeru spoke in public at the meeting Paiwanese (aboriginal languages were politically discouraged at that time), Japanese (definitely prohibited), or Mandarin Chinese (if only he had willingly volunteered to learn it). There was no way of knowing it.

From anthropological point of view, it is extremely interesting to learn the informant Kulian's oral history, which must have been accumulated in person from her husband at random repeatedly, day by day, year by year until he passed away. I could imagine Takurigeru, the Man in the story, telling his personal saga of fighting hunger, diseases and jungle beasts as well as enemies on the Austronesian islands. It would not have been possible for me to record the personal history here unless this fieldwork had been practiced on this particular person and particular place. Presumably more numerous stories remain concealed somewhere in the brains of this aged indigenous lady. If not

dug out, the historical treasure would vanish from this earth in no time.

The attractiveness of the oral history is utterly attributed to the incidental encounter with Kulian, who knows all about it and still keep more about it in her mind so precisely and well. Anthropologists must put it the first rank to capture such ethnographic riches like Kulian's before the precious evidences vanish. It would depend on the skills of questioning for the researcher to elicit them thoroughly. Like Dr. Lin Poyer's significant studies on Chuuku Island implies that the similar wartime data are certainly concealed in many brains of senior aboriginals like Kulian in Taitung areas. How to dig them out and preserve in the history remains to be solved by the anthropologists. (Poyer 2004, 2008)

Dr. Lin Poyer (ibid.) points out that she started the fieldwork without learning a word of Chuukise but mostly depended on recording and translation. What a great task she had done! So did Dr. Yuping Chen on Palau—she started with only 20 words when she first set her foot there. It does make sense for anthropologists to make enormous efforts to reveal more precious data right in our own county.

The two-story house is built of reinforced concrete, looks safe enough to protect from typhoons and earthquakes. Kulian regularly sits in the front veranda, easy to be seen from the narrow street. This aging lady really enjoys sitting there doing nothing except sometimes watching her grandchildren playing and chasing in the street, most of the time probably engaged in recalling the past repeatedly from time to time.

Kulian has two golden front teeth implanted when she was 14. They have been there ever since while some others were already decayed and pulled out without re-implantation. They all turned black except the gold ones because she

has been chewing *binro* betel nuts for lifelong. All through our conversation, she kept chain chewing one after another, and occasionally she takes out her self-made long pipe and smoke. The smoke leaves are self planted so they are organic, meaning free from agricultural chemicals, she said proudly.

When she was a kid, the Japanese doctor told her father that Kulian's stomach was particularly allergic to food of strong flavor. So she chews *binro* betel nut just plainly, meaning it is needless to put anything to strengthen the flavor. In her own way Kulian fully enjoys the original juicy flavor. She keeps moving her jaws so rhythmically that she keeps pace to her heart beat. This is her only way of keeping herself in shape and health, so slim and healthy except weakness in her knees which is something she could hardly do anything about. She needs a stick to help stand and walk. This aging lady, I doubt, needs no doctor, no medicine. I just wonder if she ever touches her health insurance card which seems entirely of no use at all in the long run.

I invited Kulian to sing some Japanese children's songs together. We started with "*Haru ga kita*" Spring Has Come, and "*Yuyake koyakete*" The Sunset Glow. Immediately she was reminded of songs of wartime.

Wakawashi (Yokaren) no uta

Saraba Rabauruyo, Farewell Rabaul 'til We Meet Again

Karoranko de At the Karoran Port

She sang with perfect tune and pitch so well that you cannot but think she used to be a great singer in her youth. She made me think, "How many times had these songs come up to her lips and thought of her Man in the frontlines fighting against the enemies?" The verses are extremely likely to make people feel so sentimental and nostalgic. I never heard or sang those songs without

feeling sympathetic with the warriors who had died at the battlefield for their country.

Kulian, while talking, is constantly soothing her hair with her left hand. At first I neglected the action, but it kept popping back into my head. I began to feel a strange urge to comb her hair. I offered the hairbrush—lovely and handy—which I had happened to prepare as a part of gifts.

“This is for you,” I offered.

“Whas-sat?”

“A hair comb,” saying, I tore open the plastic bag, took the comb out and combed her almost 80 percent gray fumbled hair twice for her.

“Oh, *arigato*.” Accepting it from my hand, she began to comb herself. “Very kind of you. So comfy.”

A muffled exclamation flowed throughout her wrinkled lines on her face. A feeling of pleasure needed no translation.

“In the ancient times,” Kulian, curiously looking into the flexible comb, said, “people never used this kind of stuff.”

“Today is Sunday. Do you go to church?” I interrupted.

“No,” she replied. “Later in the afternoon, Shimpusan Catholic Father will come here and tell me stories about Yesusama Jesus. They will also sing hymnals for me. I love ‘em.”

It was far past noontime. I left quite reluctantly, with a feeling that I had been with a great friend and ancient person. “I’ve never met an indigenous woman who is so proficient in speaking decent Japanese like Kulian,” I exclaimed.

Literature Review

General accounts of the Pacific War are abundant in many books published in Japan. The fullest accounts of the Pacific War are in Hayashe Eidai's *Testimonies--Taiwan Takasago Giyutai*.(1998). It covers twelve interviews, as the result of six times of visits to Taiwan, of *Takasago Giyutai* from different tribes, such as Bunun, Paiwan, Amis, Atayal, etc. respectively as well as their commanders and leaders in different places in Japan who had combated together and returned alive. Most of the testimonies reveal their volunteerism, patriotism and loyalty to the Emperor of Japan. Their commanders lavish high praise and admiration on *Takasago Giyutai*. Here is a short excerpt: (Hayashi 1998: 7, 43-45)

These men were gifted warriors. They had superb hearing which enabled them to tell enemy's approach from passing wild animals. They could see meters ahead at the pitch dark night. Aside from this, they could move silently through the clumps of bushes in the jungle, which proved to be extremely advantageous for guerilla warfare. They were capable of amazing feats of physical endurance.

The Testimonies is the thickest book in *Takasago Giyutai's* history, and the most thought-provoking book as the evidence of the author's interest in the field of *Takasago Giyutai's* life history. Hayashi is unquestionably one of the pioneers in the field study of *Takasago Giyutai* and his firm belief in *Takasago Giyutai's* contribution is expressed in the following statement: (ibid.: 302-303)

Rarely is there anyone who could not be moved by their ultimate

sense of responsibility and spirit of fight. Whether in Munda or Wewak, their exploits erected like the Pyramids which would last forever, would be handed down generation after generation in Japan's history for ever and ever.

After reading many parts of the *Testimonies*, one may be led to wonder if it would be possible for the whole profile of *Takasago Giyutai* to represent the authority to have it incorporated in the history textbooks in Taiwan as well as in Japan.

There are general histories of the war partly depicting *Takasago Giyutai's* fabulous actions by Ishibashi Takashi, Kadowaki Tomohide, Tsuchibashi Kazunori, etc., stressing *Takasago Giyutai's* volunteerism in addition to various exploits.

All about the Pacific War (Taiheiyo Senso no Subete) by the Research Institute of the Pacific War, Tokyo, Japan (2012), reveals crucial battles on land and sea many of which *Takasago Giyutai's* virtual supports and daring actions were worthy of acclamation.

Churetsu Batsugun, Distinguished Loyalty (Tsuchibashi Kazunori 1976), uncovers dramatic accounts of *Takasago Giyutai* on diverse coasts, jungles and battlefronts.

A candid description of cannibal feast in *From A'tolan to New Guinea* by Futuru Tsai (2011) should be one of the rare accounts about the war. It is Ro'eng's, the author's grandfather, true life history. Ro'eng thought it "unfortunate" to be selected among many to be the Fifth Round *Takasago Giyutai* simply because he was exceedingly outstanding. He had a great doubt why the guys from other tribes volunteered and were selected to go to the job

which obviously meant death. It was not until he got to know one Amis, Haruta, from Ikegami, who also volunteered and selected to be *Takasago Giyutai* that his worry and fear began to vanish. Ultimately he became pleased to accept volunteerism. Ro'eng and Haruta became good friends in the battlefield. Many a section reveals the skill of 'thick description' (Clifford Geertz: 1973). For example, the keen observation and the gentle humor with which the small affair of cannibalism is described in a dialogue style makes *From A'tolan to New Guinea* one of the most delightful stories in the realm of anthropological studies.

Suzuki, Akira, *Takasago-Zoku ni Sasageru, Dedicated to Takasago-Zoku*, and Sato Aiko (1984), *Sunion no Issho, Sunion's Life*, give details of *Takasago Giyutai's* life both at war and at home until death.

Chou Wan yao (2013), *Taiwan no Rekishi, History of Taiwan* (Japanese edition), shows *Takasago Giyutai's* background, volunteerism and loyalty in favor of aborigines. She touches the *Takasago Giyutai's* volunteerism under the political background paralleled by the Conscription System enacted shortly later. She reflects much sympathy by condemning the Japanese government's postwar cold and discriminative attitude toward *Takasago Giyutai*.

An opposite interpretation permeates such indigenous studies as Sun Dachuan (2005) points out that *Takasago Giyutai* was "coerced to concede their bodies" to Japan. Sun strongly states his conflicting opinions on how willing these young men were to leave Taiwan and go to support their colonial masters.

After the outbreak of the war, Japan required men between the age of 18 and 45 to register for military service. The nation actually drafted all men eligible into the army, not solely aborigines but Taiwanese and Japanese in

Taiwan as well as in Japan under the policy of National Mobilization (April 1, 1938). At the time they received *Akagami Shoshurei* (赤紙召集令), no reluctant actions were allowed otherwise they were to be scorned as slackers or enemy sympathizers (Tsuchibashi 1994; Hayashi 1995). For example, I know two of my teachers in the same elementary school, and a few fathers of my schoolmates, all of them Japanese, were equally called up for service in the army—there were almost no draft exemptions to any ethnic groups, that is, aborigines, Taiwanese and Japanese. Even if the volunteerism or draft was called coercion at all, it was fairly exerted nationwide, not spotlighted upon the aborigines only.

Almost all of the contents of the literature about the history of *Takasago Giyutai* is favorable to them in many ways. (Chou 2013:190)

In 1941, General Governor of Taiwan and Military Commander-in-Chief had the Army Volunteerism System enacted. In appreciation of the past benevolent colonial policies despite the sad conflicts, people all over Taiwan held celebration after celebration that young men were allowed to serve for the Japanese army. Instantly volunteerism caused an enormous sensation throughout Taiwan. It was amazing that many applied by submitting blood pledge to oath their passion, enthusiasm and loyalty. It is by no means easy to understand this sort of social phenomena of that time. Nevertheless, it would be considered a terrible way of thinking if it were taken for granted that the Taiwanese young males were coerced to volunteer. (Tsuchihashi 1976: 132)

At the first recruitment of Army Volunteers, over 420,000 applicants swarmed up and it made the policemen in charge extremely difficult to select 1000 altogether. To them, being involved in the Japanese Imperial Army meant the highest honor of at once the family and the whole tribe. (Chou 2013)

When National Mobilization was enacted in 1938 (April 1), Taiwanese males thought they were fulfilling their duty as loyal subjects and later citizens of the Japanese realm. They were taught, “All Taiwanese, as loyal subjects, are equal to the Japanese.” Recruitment was voluntary and the number of applicants greatly exceeded the number required. (Miyazaki 1944)

One survivor, who joined the Third Round of *Takasago Giyutai*, which was said to have nearly 1000 aboriginal youths, said:

“We virtually had an extremely hard time but never did we hate the Japanese. We were shouted and yelled at and beaten, but hard punishments were equally given to everybody whether you were aborigines or Japanese. I mean when it comes to the crisis of the bitterest and the most intolerable, nothing like discrimination was seen. At the very front, fighting was really hard and dangerous work; and the hard work and danger fell on everyone of us no matter you were Giyutai or not. Death under the fire came to all equally because bullets and bombs had no eyes. The harder, and the more dangerous, the more tightly we were united. At home, our life was made easier and better than our parents’ time. So there is nothing to complain about (the Japanese colonization).”

(Suzuki, 1976; Sato, 1987).

In response to the question, “Do you think *Takasago Giyutai* was brave and strong?” Kamimura of Bunun said, “Strong or weak would turn out to be nothing before such fierce weapons of America. I can only say that I’m lucky to be back alive.” (Suzuki 1976: 205)

Takasago Giyutai’s spontaneous prowess and bravery cannot be

overpraised. There are compliments given to *Takasago Giyutai* by Japanese commanders as follows (Hayashi 1998):

1. They all communicated in one common language—Japanese. *Takasago Giyutai* are composed of diverse ethnic groups, e.g. Puyuma, Paiwan, Amis, Bunun, Atyal and so on, and fatally those languages are utterly unintelligible to each other. So it is essential to have a common language to rely on. That is Japanese. Fortunately they had learned it before they became *Takasago Giyutai*. It surely was the most powerful thing to tie them together.
2. They had a strong sense of responsibility in accomplishing missions without fail.
3. Nothing would prevent them from finding the accurate direction and location however primitive and entangled the jungle might appear. They were able to see in the pitch dark at night, and therefore advantageous for night guerilla warfare.
4. They performed as excellent hunters when the other soldiers desperately fell in need of food.
5. Accustomed to walking barefooted by nature, they were fitted for moving in silence beyond belief. They turned out to be a most advantageous for night guerilla warfare.
6. Their tremendous physical stamina made them capable of discharging arduous duties with conspicuous ability. They were a most wonderful guys.
7. They were always friendly and collaborative with comrades at any time, while absolutely obedient to officers.

8. They gave top priority to honor and share adversity, never shaking it off.
9. There was not the slightest trace of selfishness or unreliability in their characteristics.
10. They feared no death, yet pursued death of glory for the “mother country.”

In addition, *Takasago Giyutai* left with them indelible impressions of the Japanese leaders and soldiers:

1. We had really hard time, but it fell not only upon us but upon the Japanese as well. The leaders absolutely never chose only *Takasago Giyutai* to head forward for danger or hardships. It is entirely true that we are of one family (people of the Emperor). Now at home our life has become much better-off than our father’s time. So how come the hell I should say I hate Japan?
2. The Japanese and *Takasago Giyutai* were united tightly together until the last minute. “United, we stand. Divided, we fall.” It became our everyday motto. We now and then sang in chorus TAIWAN TAKASAGO GIYUTAI, and TAIWAN-GUN (Taiwanese Troops) in excitement with the commander among us. Everyone was greatly encouraged, cheered up and fell in ecstasy. All that was formerly taught, such as the Japanese language, and the Japanese way of life as well, paid off at the battlefield, and it has even been lasting up to present. Only the fluency in speaking Japanese may account for it.
3. When asked what his last impressive scene of the war time was, an Amis *Takasago Giyutai* replied, “It is my last recall that I bid farewell to my Japanese comrades when I disembarked at the Keelung Port. It was very

hard and sad to say farewell to my comrades with whom I had had the hardest times in my life.” (Ishikawa 1999)

The following are the results of participant observation and they may offer some implications for interpreting why *Takasago Giyutai* responds invariably in appreciation of the Japanese.

1. They discern an affectionate sense of nostalgia instead of hatred to the Japanese.
2. They have planted in them a feeling of being treated with rigid impartiality.
3. Their patriotism is based on the philosophy of life that they traditionally had a native spirit of obligation to protect their own homeland from enemies, no matter who they worked for.
4. The *Takasago Giyutai* is definitely keeping precious memories rarely talked.
5. The society should not isolate their collective memory. It is the anthropologists and historians that are obliged to be responsible for bridging the gap between *Takasago Giyutai* and the society.
6. They are now increasingly advancing in age. Once they disappear, the chance will never return forever.

The above points 4, 5 and 6 may be worth discussing from the viewpoints of history and anthropology.

Method

Subjects

More than 10 aborigines are involved in this study: Man A, Paiwan, Taxi; Woman B, Bunun, Yenping; Couple, Paiwan, Tanyao; Woman D, Amis, Malan; Man E, Pailang, Chishang; Woman F, Amis, Taitung Bridge; Woman G, Amis, Harapawan; Kulian, Paiwan, Kanarung; Alianus, Amis, Meilan, and others. Except Alianus, who is *Takasago Giyutai* himself and still alive, a few are widows of *Takasago Giyutai*, the others are relatives of the ones who died at the battlefields.

All the participants are considered equivalent because they all look similar in age, over eighties, and by appearance they sure are Takasago Zoku, indigenous. You do not get chances very often. When you do, they must be seized.

Even though they speak languages utterly unintelligible to each other (I do speak a bit of Amis but none of others), they all speak Japanese appropriately about the same level. Yet they were not selected by strict randomization. Moderate factors such as age, name, the relationship with *Takasago Giyutai*, etc. were omitted here because all happened in an accidental encounter and not convenient to record. Here are a handful of informants who were able to provide a bit of info at the encounter.

Man A	Paiwan	80+	Taxi
Woman B	Bunun	80+	Taniao
Couple C	Paiwan	85, 86	Taxi
Woman D	Amis	85	Malan

Man E	Pairan	88	Chishang
Woman F	Amis	--	Taitung Great Bridge
Woman G	Amis	88	Harapawan

Procedures

A diagnostic set of questions was constructed to shape a figure of the *Takasago Giyutai* they know in mind. Like piano-trio, **Quest-trio** was designed. It is composed of three parts:

WHO—Do you know anybody who once was *Takasago Giyutai*? If yes, who?

WHERE—Where was he dispatched to?

HOW—Did he volunteer? Did his family support the thought?

If more time is permitted, each item of the Quest-trio can be continued with subquestions. For instance, WHO: What age was he when he became *Takasago Giyutai*? Did he return alive? How many went from his *nyaro*? etc. so that the description of the target *Takasago Giyutai* get more and more specific and perfect. The most critical question should be the last item to get the info about his willingness to volunteer. Each of the questions was asked in random order within an ultra-short time.

The total interviewing time for each person at the hospital lobby was approximately 3 to 6 minutes. Occasionally, if lucky enough, she would be glad to stay longer to answer your questions. But mostly they were in a hurry to

leave the hospital to be taken home in the courtesy van of the hospital waiting right at the front keeping the engine running or on a wheelchair aided by an alien helper.

Couple C live in Taxi and on Mahengheng Avenue, Taitung City alternately. The husband's older brother was the Third Round *Takasago Giyutai*. When he volunteered for service, his mother was sad but he sent letters (postcards) home three times. He died when his ship was attacked by the US planes and sunk on the way back to Taiwan. When asked if I could see the letters, he said the letters were buried with his mother when she died because they were his brother's only keepsakes left at home.

Alianus is the only exception that I have paid several visits with a camera, a tape recorder, a notebook, etc. and even keeping in close touch sometimes by calling. He is the main informant of this thesis.

The data gained by interviewing the casual and regular informants are put into words according to many facets of experiences, synthesis, integration and interpretation which lead to general comments.

Apart from the publications in both Chinese and Japanese as well as informants, a DVD entitled "To Unforgettable Friends—*Takasago Giyutai*" (Director Hayashi Eidai, June 23, 2006) borrowed from Lifok's house library--provides strong verbal evidences of the war history.

Chapter Two: Before the War

Initial period of Japanese Colonization

The Conflict between the Natives and the Invader

In 1895, Taiwan was alienated from Qing Dynasty to Japan and became Japanese territory as the result of Sino-Japanese War. Most people in Taiwan were totally unaware of what was going on outside their world. Particularly in the indigenous sphere, there was no way to learn about such political and geographical warfare.

For the natives, just the Japanese showed up one day and began to take control of their land and lives. It was natural that many Taiwanese, Han and indigenous people as well, resent the invasive force and feel a sense of objection and resistance. From the new ruler's viewpoint, the Japanese took it for granted that all Taiwanese settlers, despite Han or indigenous people, must obey Japanese rules. The Japanese police thought they were the absolute power and authority. They wanted the ruled under their control, and expected no repellent attitudes of the natives.

On the contrary, it was more than reasonable for the natives of Taiwan to think that they suffered unjustifiable invasion of Japan. Repelling the invasion clearly meant the natives' exasperation and demeanor of protecting their own land at all cost of their lives and souls. (Haruyama 2008)

The Musha Event

Almost all of the tribes and towns assumed defiant attitudes against the

invasive power but in vain because of their poorly equipped arms and not organized crowds of villagers. Among the most well-known was Musha Event (by Sediq People, 霧社事件) on October 27, 1930, which is regarded as the ultimate manifestation of the indigenous outrageous exasperation. With serious toll of casualties on both sides, the Event was consequently suppressed by the Japanese military.

The indigenous people were gradually enforced by the new rulers to move down from the mountain for easier control. If any tribal chief had a move of resistance, he would be arrested, put in hand cuffs and leg chains, and brought down to walk the street. I remember the indigenous chiefs looked fierce; they had wild hair like a lion's head, a stout body with steel-like muscles and skin in ultra-simple clothing. He walked barefooted showing huge feet and toes and stared at people with piercing eyes which literally scared children away. The Japanese needed to gain control over these dogged chiefs to maintain order of the whole indigenous peoples. After several stubborn rebel leaders were prosecuted, resistance began to cool down.

Kominka Undo : All-out Assimilation Movement

Since the disastrous event of Musha, the Japanese government has changed its policies in much moderate ways (Haruyama 2008: 68-71). Now they began to put more emphasis on local infrastructure and indigenous people's education by implementing *Kominka undo* 皇民化運動 (1936--1940), aiming at 1) Renovation of religion, 2) National language (Japanese) movement, 3) Change of names into the Japanese style, and 4) Conscription system.

The indigenous people should learn a lesson: He who resists authority shall never gain authority. (Kojima 1990)

The Japanization of the Taiwan Population through Assimilation

Inauguration of the Imperial Rescript (Mandate) of Education

In 1890, the Imperial Rescript of Education (教育勅語) was mandated in Japan. Imperialized education took a start in schools all over Taiwan. Here is a part of the Imperial Rescript of Education cited as follows:

Our subjects ever united in loyalty and filial piety have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of Our Empire.

Whether at highlands or on the plain, students were taught ‘loyalty to the Emperor and obedience to their parents.’ Since it was regarded as dominant codes of behavior, students of elementary schools up were required to recite the Imperial Rescript of Education. It is fantastic to learn that many senior indigenous people, let alone aging *Takasago Giyutai*, are still able to recite it any time and anywhere today.

Due to the severe shortage of classrooms and teachers, villagers were compelled into labor service to build very simple thatched classrooms temporarily to meet the urgent use; the police officers at every police station in every village took the role of teaching. Even their wives also practically participated in the teaching job.

A retired educational inspector, Akiyoshi Suzuki, said about the “Essence of rules over Taiwan,” that is, “*Be impartial; Love universal brotherhood*,” which was clearly indicated in the Rescript of Education. (Watanabe, 1981)

***Bando Kyoiku* 番童教育**

On the beginning stage, those schools were called *bando kyoikusho* (番童教育所) putting emphasis on the Japanese language training and acquiring Japanese ways of life such as encouragement on using chopsticks and bowls to eat meals, regular haircuts and baths, proper dressing—some girls were given Japanese kimono in person—hygiene and sanitation other than *shushin* (修身) Moral and Manners Education which inevitably covered such domains as honesty, filial piety, friendliness, interdependence, loyalty, and eventually patriotism. (Watanabe 1981)

Ultimately they were trying to infuse the thought of *nihon seishin* (日本精神) into every child. For instance, Alianus has always been in the habit of saying, “My teacher always stressed the never-tell-a-lie lesson to me.” Also, “Whatever we do is for the sake of the country.” One can imagine how influential the effect of primary education has been to a child like Alianus to keep practicing lifelong.

Primary Education

The primary schooling was basically given a period of four years which was compulsory to all school age children, putting emphasis on the language acquisition and moral education. If the children could afford to continue further, they were recommended to the regular school in bigger town or city where they were enrolled in the fifth and sixth years to complete elementary school education. In general, there were two tracks of elementary school: 1) *Sho gakko* 小学校, and 2) *Kou gakko* 公学校. On the one hand, *Sho gakko* was

designed only for Japanese children. It was so well staffed and equipped that the content of teaching was exactly the same as that enjoyed by the children in Japan. On the other hand, in the other type of school, *Ko gakko* was for both Han and indigenous children where majority of the staff were Taiwanese teachers, except the principal and the dean, and a few Japanese teachers. The content of their texts was pretty much easier and for more daily use in comparison than that of *Sho gakko*, accentuating local circumstances for the Taiwanese children to acclimate.

Like Alianus, the main informant in this thesis, finishing the fourth year at Shoma *Ko gakko*, he transferred to Harapawan *Ko gakko* for the fifth and sixth years and then went on the next stage, *seinen dan*.

In 1941, all primary schools, *kougakko* and *shougakkao*, were unified to be called *kokumin Gakko* 国民学校. It was to superficially eliminate discrimination under the name of *Kominka* only to keep the original two parallel tracks. (Watanabe 1981)

***Kotoka* 高等科**

The Japanese had a strict language policy to teach every Taiwanese, both children and adults. It took decades to implement. Some elite Taiwanese including Han and indigenous youths were inducted for extra two years of more intensive advanced schooling after six years of regular elementary school. It was called *kotoka* (高等科) which was special and unique to Taiwan and it can be found nowhere else. Those *kotoka* graduates were qualified to be substitute teachers to make up for the teacher shortage, especially in rural areas. They were also held responsible for teaching illiterate indigenous adults outside schools in the villages. I remember my father was teaching at Torek *Kogakko*

when I was six. Nearly every evening he took me on his bicycle to nearby villages like Shouma and Pangwong where he taught Japanese to indigenous adults at *yagaku* night school. I still remember our bicycle had a small light powered by the bicycle's generator to illuminate our way back home in the darkness after the night school.

Zettzai Fukuju 絶対服従 and Kinro Hoshi 勤勞奉仕

Under the Japanese colonization, three main ethnical hierarchies emerged in Taiwan's society. In the order of privilege, they were: 1) Japanese, 2) Han Chinese, and 3) Indigenous people. There was a strict separation between the ruling and the ruled. The Japanese police had power and authority. *Kinro hoshi*, "Labor service"--without pay always--was forced to every family to construct the public infrastructure. Under such a system, "Absolute Obedience" was strictly carried out. In other words, Japanese Police expected the indigenous people, then Han and Japanese as well of free service. (Shung Ye Taiwan Indigenous People Research 1998)

As mentioned above, the Japanese tried to infuse *nihon seishin* or Japanese spirit into Taiwanese children. They were substantially taught: "We are citizens of the Emperor. Everybody must be loyal and patriotic to the mother country." The National Mobilization (April 1, 1938) and *Kominka Undo* (皇民化運動 1936--1940) were launched with the implementation of the Imperial Rescript of Education. *Kominka Undo* was assimilation projects of "becoming citizens of the emperor." Every pupil was urged to memorize the Imperial Rescript of Education by heart.

Seinendan 青年團

After *Kotoka* young men and women were encouraged to be members of men and women *seinendan*, receiving military training. Alianus was born in 1921. Like those peers born in 1920s, Alianus was receiving *seinendan* military training in Taitung, Hualien and Pingtung, and they were just the fittest persons for becoming soldiers at the outbreak of the Pacific War; the chance of serving for the country had come. No wonder multitudes of young *seinendan* volunteered for this sacred service for the “motherland.”

Seinendan’s motto was: Responsibility. Honor. Country. Emperor. It was there that they received a kind of education enhancing the thought of patriotism. At the end of *seinendan*’s three-month training, everybody was “encouraged” to join the volunteer corps. By this time it was right time for them to dedicate themselves to their mother country because they were taught that they were citizens of the Emperor of Japan, and that Japan was their mother country. Seeing that many aspects of their life had been greatly improved, they began to think that those benefits would not have been possible but for Japanese benevolence.

How the Teenagers Were Prepared to Perform Their Patriotism to the Country

Three different generations are clearly observed: 1) Adults in 1895 when Taiwan was alienated to Japan; 2) born in 1895; 3) born in 1920—30. The first group only spoke native language. The second group might pick up some Japanese and Taiwanese. They could just barely make themselves understood in case of need. Third group had proper schooling in all-time Japanese. They could handle it so well they could even read and write and sing Japanese songs;

could memorize the Emperor's Rescript of Education (which was a part of compulsory teaching material). What is more valuable, they have kept the language skills using them lifelong. The third group was approximately twenty years of age at the outbreak of the Pacific and it was the right time for them to volunteer for the service. It can be said that the chance to manifest their loyalty, bravery and patriotism was brought to the young men. (Sekigawa 2013)

Atturtaukin (Atayal) volunteered as Army Special Volunteers and was dispatched to the Morotai Island. Before the outbreak of the war, he was a police assistant at Musha Tribe. As the only son, his father strongly insisted on his son's rejecting a volunteer, and so did the police officer. But as for Atturtaukin himself, admiring the gesture of a *Takasago Giyutai* in the attractive uniform, he cut his finger, and wrote a blood pledge on a white handkerchief in his blood, which read: "For the sake of the Emperor, I want to devote myself to serve the country." He battled and survived on the Morotai Island. (Hayashi 1998)

"What I learned by heart from my teacher is," Alianus points out, "Never tell a lie. Keep your promise by all means." He added, "*Seinendan*'s training made us hold in mind 'Responsibility, Honor, Country, and Emperor' as the motto." During the training period, every attendee was infused with *Zettai Fukuju*, that is, Absolute obedience. 「上官の命令は、すなわち朕の命令である。」 *Superior's order is OUR (the Emperor's) order.*

They were taught that the highest honor was to dedicate their lives in order to serve for the country. When Aboriginal Volunteer Corps 高砂挺身報国隊 (later was called the First Round of *Takasago Giyutai*) was called for in March, 1942, that multitudes of them applied to volunteer. The applicants outnumbered (42,000) the required number (500). It cannot be denied that their

training and education were rendered very successful. Alianus said, “We are taught: The Great Imperial Japan (大日本帝国) fights in the cause of justice. Japan is God’s country with an Emperor over us, so we will never be defeated. Japan will definitely win.” He recited these words with excitement, and continued, “We all have faith in conviction of ultimate victory.”



Chapter Three: In the Battlefields

Why Was *Takasago Giyutai* Born?

It traces back to the beginning of the great war. During Miji Restoration Era, Japan announced her national policy: *Hakko Ichiu* 八紘一宇 that means “The Universe Is One Family.” It was under this thought that Japan created the *Great East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere*, 大東亜共栄圏, with the purpose of liberating Asian peoples of the Western Powers: of American Philippines, British Malaya, French Indo-China (Viet Nam), Holland’s East Indies (Indonesia), Australian New Guinea, and so on.

In 1941, Japan began to wage the war, called *the Great East Asian War*. After the end of the war, while occupying Japan, the US GHQ (General Headquarters) declared that *the Great East Asian War* printed in all documents be entirely abolished and replaced by the Pacific War. Ever since this new term has appeared on all the pages of the world history.

Japan waged the war by attacking the United States at Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1941. Americans called it a stealth attack. Japanese Admiral Yamamoto initially intended to destroy the American Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor in expectation of depressing American people’s will to fight, and eventually leading to negotiation bringing favorable conditions onto the Japan’s side so that Japan would be able to carry out her ambitious plans—to have a whole control over the oil, cotton, rubber and other resources in the southern areas of the Pacific Islands.

Just on the contrary, a completely reverse effect was the case. The United States did not fall into the Japanese pitfall. The stealth attack pragmatically

geared the whole nation in unison to retaliate by declaring war against Japan.

In reality, the Pacific War was initiated by Japanese army that landed and invaded Malaya, almost simultaneously when the navy paralyzed the American Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor. It was only one hour and fifty minutes earlier, to be exact. A subsequent surrenders after furious battle followed: (Hayashi 2013)

The Philippines—December 8, 1941-May 7, 1942;

Guam—December 8-10, 1941;

Malay Peninsula (landed)—December 8, 1941—February 15, 1942;

Singapore (surrendered)—February 7-15, 1942;

Borneo—January 11-March 9, 1942;

Holland's Indies—March 1-9, 1942;

Rabaul (Bismarck Archipelago)—January 20-23, 1942;

Guadalcanal (landed)—August 7, 1942;

New Guinea (landed)—November 16, 1942, etc. (Sekigawa 2013; Wakitani 2013)

The news of Japanese army's victory after victory led the whole country to wild ecstasy.

All kinds of festivities people could think of were held to celebrate the Japanese army's victory which was marking the expansion of Japanese territory. For instance, upon the conquest of Singapore, the school children and villagers joined a parade of victory along all the streets, a flag parade in the daytime, and a lantern parade at night. Every school child was given two tennis balls by the local government, saying that they were made from Malaysian rubber. Under

such a passionate circumstance, there was no reason that young men just remained silent. On the same day, a crowd of those *seinendan* trainees vied with one another at the police station in order to be enlisted for volunteers. I heard one of them say excitedly, “It’s a golden opportunity to join the Japanese army.”

Today, from the battle schedule above, it is very clear to see that Japan had been casting a covetous stare at the Southern Pacific way in advance. She originally contemplated securing the oil resources of the Southeast Asia by occupying British Malaya, American Philippines, Holland’s East Indies and Australian New Guinea.

It was regarded as Japan’s national principle, *Hakko Ichiu*, or “the Universe is one family.” So it was taught to her people that the war was Sacred War. It is needless to say that on such a vast scale of battle front, the need of *Takasago Giyutai*’s labor force was great.

Alianus’ War Experience

Believe in Fate

Nothing is so mysterious as a man’s fate. The fact that Alianus returned home safely from New Guinea after the Pacific War is a mystery itself. He volunteered for the second *Takasago Giyutai* at 22. At departure, his father urged him never ever to deprive any enemy of their lives. This gave him an enormous confusion. “Is it possible not to kill the enemy?” He doubted it. “If you don’t kill him, he’ll kill you.” Fortunately there were very few chances to contact enemies close enough to kill directly during the war time. And he was consciously confident that he would not die in this war.

One day his reconnaissance unit was assaulted by the US troops, and his squad leader got shot in his breast. He instantly made a stretcher out of branches, and with the help of another guy, carried him on it and hurried to the field hospital. Several times, he heard his leader crying in agony in a weak voice, “Oka—san! Oka—san! (Mother! Mother!)” This made Alianus miss his mother so much, too. Although he cheered up the wounded leader from under from time to time on the way, by the time they got to the field hospital, alas, there was no trace of life on the leader any more. Probably that calling of his mother, Alianus recalled, had been the leader’s utmost effort of the last breath—his last breath on this earth. With the help of the other guy, he dug a hole to bury the leader’s body right away to keep it from being infected by maggots. He covered the tomb with taro leaves and left. He simply could not but feel shedding tears in torrents down the cheeks for a long while. To kill or to be killed, that was all but a matter of luck. The more he thought of his leader’s death, the more he would want to take revenge on the enemy.

Alianus began to think what a war was: a war is to kill the enemy who you do not know at all and has done no harm to you. It was so in the ancient times; so it is now; and so it will be in the future.

The Worst of the Time

「精神一到何事か成らざらん!」“Nothing is impossible to a determined mind.” “Practice makes impossible possible!” recounted Alianus. “These were our mottos while every *Takasago Giyutai* was getting well prepared before going to the war.” But in the long run, nobody would deny that in front of forceful charges of the US troops with endless supply of rations, modern weapons and wave after wave of human sources, the Japanese force, not to

mention of *Takasago Giyutai*, turned out to be like hitting an egg against a rock. (Shinmyo 2010)

“What was the worst enemy you encountered at the battlefield?” I asked. “Dysentery, malaria and mosquitoes were the most commonplace,” he recounted. Now and then they cupped their hands to drink water from marsh after a long dry thirst. Marsh water was always so harmful that one who drank it had got to suffer from diarrhea or dysentery. The worst of all, there was no medication to cure it. So if anyone was to suffer from either of them, he would repeat evacuation of bowels, say, twenty times a day or even as many times an hour. In the end, nobody could help and it would be all up with him. This was the case with numerous soldiers on the Pacific Islands. It does not need much imagination to realize that troop after troop of the Japanese army was collapsed without fighting.

“How did you make it out yourself?” I wanted to know the secret of avoiding death like that. He explained: Alianus and other *Takasago Giyutai* alike instinctively can discern drinkable from harmful. They know what plant, fruit, and root are edible, and how to climb and pluck coconuts from the trees and get water. These skills are something they have acquired since childhood in the mountains of homeland. And that was what the Japanese soldiers have to rely on *Takasago Giyutai* to live on. There are too many kinds of plants and fruits that are fatally poisonous. Once mistaken, he will be doomed to death. One of the best ways to get safe water from is rattan. “Many times I found rattan vines, cut in one end and got dripping water, clean, safe and sufficient. I saved my combat mates several times,” said Alianus proudly.

Coconuts were a very good source of drinking water. Usually they belonged to the tribal people. So it was critically important for the Japanese

troops to develop a strong feeling of kinship with the natives. The Japanese troops were strictly requested of 3 No's—No stealth; no robbery; No offending. (Hayashi 1998; Tsuchibashi 1976.) Here *Takasago Giyutai*'s role came in. They looked quite alike in appearance. Although not 100 %, their languages sounded common in many phases. Alianus remembers some Amis vocabulary resembled that of a few tribes in New Guinea. He gave a couple of instance: *tulu* (three), *lima* (five), *mata* (eye), etc. As for more others he has forgotten. Yet he made great friends with one of the chiefs, who supported and stood along side with the Japanese because of the simple communication through their verbal and body language.

Human or Inhuman?

When one faces starvation, one would do anything to get anything available at hand. Almost close to the end of the war, there was very little trace of fight spirit among the Japanese soldiers. Every dawn the first thing in the morning was to think what to eat. Because food supply was hopelessly out of sight, everyone had got to keep himself alive. Eating seemed to be absolutely more important than fighting. Since they were hiding from the enemies in the deep jungle, it was *Takasago Giyutai*'s job to find food, such as edible wild leaves, flowers, roots, and wild animals. (Kadowaki 1993.) One day with his troop of seven Alianus came upon a hill side where they saw some soldiers' dead bodies here and there, nothing but white bones. Apparently the flesh part had been cut off to appease hunger. Later he came across the similar scene many, many times. When asked if he had joined the action, he hesitated but said, "To survive, yes," but immediately added, "I've never mentioned it to my family. I didn't dare to." I promised I would not, either.

It is extremely hard to imagine what it is like to be ‘starved to death.’ I surely wonder whether I would insist on human act were I faced with the crucial circumstance of inhuman cannibalism. (Shinmyo 2009.)

Manifestation of Defeat

Once Alianus and other *Takasago Giyutai* were leading a group of comrades along a large marsh where he saw quite a few corps in Japanese soldier’s uniform lying here and there dead for at least a couple of days. Evidently they died of starvation. They must have been left behind unattended by their fellowmen because they were too hungry or sick to walk any farther. The sick fell down on the roadside and were never able to get up again. He saw swarms of maggots moving on the face, arms and body. One guy approached a corpse, knelt down by it, raked in the maggots with fingers of one hand onto the palm of the other hand, and then put them into his mouth. Another and another followed. You can imagine how starved this guys were.

This plight accounted for the soldiers’ last struggle for survival, not for fight. Had they bumped into the enemy, they would have inevitably raised hands high up and surrendered, which act would have been deemed as a Japanese soldier’s humiliation, though. Alianus had learned that *kuwanakya ikusa wa dekinu*, meaning “if you don’t eat, you simply can not afford to fight.” It implies the emphasis of sufficient food supply for the warriors the commander must take into consideration. That is one of well-known Japanese warriors’ sayings, too. (Wakitani 2013.)

Alianus at this time could not but perceive the manifestation of Japanese defeat, only deep in his mind. He was reminded of one of the soldiers’

admonitions: if ever any mate is unavailable to follow the troop, and even any helping action may influence the advancement of the troop, he should be neglected and left behind. At this point Alianus was quite accustomed to seeing such plights.

The Last Drop of Water

Dry days continued. One sultry afternoon, Alianus was following a team of men marching onward. Among dead bodies lying along the jungle path he heard a faint voice calling, “*Mizu. Mizu.*Water. Water.” Nobody in his front cared him as if nothing were heard. He deliberately passed like the others ahead. But something stopped him and he moved a few steps backward and saw a foot- soldier in a Japanese uniform lying and panting there hopelessly. Alianus took out his water bottle, knelt down beside the soldier and began to pour the last few drops of water which he intended to drink later at the destination. Drop by drop into the mouth Alianus dripped until it came to the precious last drop. Then he licked the mouth of the bottle for himself. The man looked satisfied, and then closed his eyes for good. Alianus cut a taro leaf with his *funus* to cover the face, and on he went, thinking that this guy was also a beloved son of his mother. What would she feel if she were to know even a little about how her son died in that unknown land? Alianus could not press his tears streaming down his cheeks incessantly. “This very scene has been frequently appearing in his mind. I feel as though one of my family were suffering starvation,” Alianus said, looking so deeply sympathetic.

The War Ended

At the Frontline

One day an avalanche of bills were falling down from the sky. Bills—white pieces of paper—were everywhere over the valleys, in the fields, on the branches of trees of the woods, even floating on the rivers. On the bill were written in plain Japanese *katakana* which read, “*Senso wa owatta. Mo tatakawanai.* The war is over. No more fight.”

No one would want to believe that Japan lost the war. One *Takasago Giyutai* yelled, “*Takasago Giyutai* is never defeated. The Great Imperial Japan will definitely win. *Tenno heika banzai* Long Live the Emperor of Japan!” Another shouted, “We’re not defeated in the war. The US troops only defeated our weapons and provisions. That’s that!”

Later of the day, it was proved true: the war was over. One higher rank officer did not say that Japan was defeated, but only confirmed that the war was over. He added in sad words, “We’ll no longer fight.” Later it was proved that Japan surrendered. Many of the Japanese high rank officials, upon hearing the Emperor’s sacred announcement about the end of the war, burst out crying, and some even committed suicide with grenades. Some of them began to get busy burning and destroying all the paper documentaries to ashes partly because there was no point leaving them any longer, and partly because by doing so might reduce the weight of the burden. (Ikema, 2005.) The burning of papers made smoke into the sky but no enemy’s attack was heard. The war really ended. The news spread wide very quickly. More and more soldiers did come out of underground trenches. (Watanabe 1981)

All the troops had an order to rendezvous at Wewak to wait for ships for repatriation. On the way Alianus spotted many foot soldiers stagger and fall one by one. They were too weak and starved to move any farther. Some lay dead

here and there. It was easily observed that they were suffering from dysentery which was killing them on the last homeward journey. The corpses had maggots swarming on the face, around the neck so soon. Alianus saw most of the soldiers discarded the rifles which were supposed to be the sacred symbols Japanese soldiers' souls bestowed by the Emperor of Japan. Now that the war ended, those rifles turned out to be nuisance. The thought that might have resulted in a disastrous punishment was completely overlooked. Carrying it might waste their precious energy and might prevent them from getting to the destination. Not only rifles, even backpacks, helmets, empty water bottles and so on were cast away. By the time they reached the venue, many of the warriors appeared half-naked, or poor in rags.

At the POW Camp

Kulian put it: "The war ended. The survived were captured and packed in the American detention camp (Prisoner of War Camp). A number of Japanese high rank officers were called by name, brought out of the camp to the martial court and sentenced. Some were said to be executed by shooting. Everybody of them was down in spirit. One low rank officer consoled my Man, 'There's nothing to worry about. We'll sure meet again somewhere in the future.' The next day he was called out and never returned.

Kulian continued, "My Man told me they were given American food full of cheese and butter, which he had never tasted before. Bread, meat, milk and water were nice and plenty and smelt good but hardly could he swallow them when he thought of his poor comrades and tribal men who had died of mortal wounds or starvation only a few days ago. If only they had struggled a little more to reach the camp!"

One can imagine what differences the survived *Takasago Giyutai* experienced before and after the end of the war. Besides food, they were also dressed in new US-army uniforms, dark green in extra large size with huge three English letters POW printed on the back so that it was very clear to distinguish the prisoners of war from GI's. The combat cap was unique in its design, which the Japanese soldiers were not used to appreciating at first. The most grateful things were the boots and socks. Almost all of those prisoners had barely endured their barefooted days. Quite a few of them got alternatives from dead soldiers' feet when his had been worn out at the field. Now they were allowed to take all those accessories home.

Extravagant Bath

At the bath time, the Japanese prisoners were greatly surprised that the enormously plenty of water was "wasted" daily. The shower place was in the open field, no roof, no bath tubs, and no doors. Soldiers took turns having a shower. There were about twenty shower heads in a line on one side and as many on the opposite side. The prisoners made a line and entered at the entrance; after washing, they went out from the exit. Since most of Japanese Giyutai and soldiers were only accustomed to the Japanese way of *furo* bathtub bathing, or just jumping into the river; they had never seen a shower before. "Everybody felt revived," said Alianus., and continued, "The shower is so strong, and you can take it as long as six maximum minutes. The faucet is controlled by a tap, not a screw. Soap and shampoo—oh, what an aroma!—are provided free." Alilanus said that everybody just out of the jungle was extraordinarily amazed at the American invention and their extravagant lifestyle. "What a different world!" exclaimed Alianus several times.

To them, showering was quite unfamiliar but more fun. Occasionally

some GI's synchronized the shower time with that of the prisoners and dropped in and join them. Like other *Takasago Giyutai*, Alianus was surprised to observe for the first time in life to see the GI's milky white skin, hairy body and the eel so long and rude. One of *Takasago Giyutai* joked in a body language, meaning, "How come your eel is so long and big? You surely have trouble finding a hole big and deep enough for your eel to comfort in." The GI gave him tit for tat, saying, "Yours is too small and too short to win the game (war) because it has little *bariki* horse power." This was something that reminded Alianus what he had been taught and infused with—a strong faith in conviction of ultimate victory before coming to the battlefield:

1. Japan will definitely win. The Great Imperial Japan is absolutely justified.
2. The Great Imperial Japan is God's Country with the Emperor above us, so we can never be defeated.
3. The victory will be ours.

In addition, Alianus observed that nearly one year, starving in the jungle, every ex-combat mate prisoner appeared incomparably skinny and rib-protruding. Alianus would never believe *Takasago Giyutai* was defeated by Americans. He stubbornly believed they would have won had they been equal in weapons and food. I could not help stretching my heart-felt sympathy to his sour grapes.

They became Prisoners of War confined in the POW camp for about a month. It was there that Alianus saw every American soldier, who was once ferocious enemy killing each other at the battlefields, become so kind and friendly to them. To him, a war was nothing but a game completely trying to ruin and destroy each other. Once the fearful war came to an end, no one

seemed to bear any grudge against the past enemy whatsoever. Alianus observed that the American soldier always smiled at him. He thought that international friendships were easily made, not to mention in the shower place. It is indeed that smiles need no translation.

“Did you pick up some American words while in the camp?” I asked with curiosity.

“Ah,” he pondered a long while, and then smiled as if something had flashed into his mind. “Gaddem, Gaddem. Dammit. Boosheh.” I burst into loud laughter, and he himself, too. “Oh, my Gosh! You learned a wonderful thing,” I murmured sarcastically. It is incredible he still remembers the funny American trash.

All of the prisoners at the POW camp including both the Japanese and the Taiwanese were repatriated home on the US warships. When he recalls the hard times in New Guinea, it sounds like a never-ending nightmare. The accounts of the POW on this topic are, for a certain reason, very much virgin territory in Taiwan’s history.

“Did you hate the Japanese commanders,” I interrupted, “who constantly gave you guys forceful orders to accomplish dangerous missions?” Alianus replied without hesitation that it was nothing of the kind. “The song, *TAKASAGO GIYUTAI NO UTA*, always comes up to my mind. I have sung it repeatedly all my life at my leisure time at home, or even at work,” saying, he began to sing, “*Warera, warera, Takasago Giyutai* (We’re, we’re *Takasago Giyutai*).” In my close observation, Alianus remains a loyal and patriotic personality throughout to his nineties.

Kulian’s Interviews

Life and Struggles at the Battle Field

When asked to tell me about her husband at war, Kulian said, “At the war time, my Man volunteered for the first round *Takasago Giyutai* and was sent to New Guinea. Only ten out 400 aborigines returned alive. From his village five went, and thank God, only one came back safe. That’s my Man.”

Kulian was told that his men in New Guinea had a terrible time fighting hunger and diseases as well as enemies. No rifles or guns were given to the Takasago Giyutai nor orders to fight directly, but they used their own *funus* indigenous sword as the weapon. They cut open paths for soldiers to proceed in the jungle. They were ordered to hide from the enemies in the deep jungle in the day time to avoid immediate conflict, and worked in the dark night secretly lest their noise should wake up or be heard by the enemies. Their main task was to carry ammunition and provisions, and to build runways for the planes, tolerating extreme hunger and fatigue only supported by *Nippon Seishin* Japanese Spirit, namely, “every effort for the sake of the Emperor of Japan,”

One day unfortunately they were found by the enemies and assaulted. Her Man saw many of his fellows killed by bombs and machineguns. He thought Japanese Spirit turned out nothing before the sweeping fire of enemy’s machineguns. As the end of the war was drawing near, supplies of ammunitions for the Japanese military were getting scarce, let alone food or medicine because the main sea lane and many islands occupied by Japan were cut off and isolated by the US fleet. It was the hardest time for not merely *Takasago Giyutai* but Japanese soldiers as well.

Wisdom to Survive

Thanks to being an indigenous man growing up in the mountains when young, Kulian's man was born to have skills of surviving in the primitive forests. It was these surviving skills that saved him in New Guinea jungles. He ate wild plants and roots which he knew intuitively were edible. He sometimes had to eat foot-long earthworms raw when extremely starving. He saw his combat mates die of hunger, diseases like malaria and dysentery, and wounds, but he was lucky to be immune with these diseases.

Her Man was extremely skilled at trapping birds at his childhood. This skill benefited him to survive in the jungle of New Guinea. It virtually saved many Japanese soldiers from getting starved to death. Every time he caught birds by traps, he ate the intestines. He was sure that anything the birds can eat is safe for man, too. Once with the help of a Bunun combat pal, his Man captured a wild boar. The Bunun was quite expert at slaughtering it. He cut the brawn for everybody. They fed the tired and hungry troop for a couple of days.

Kulian remembers her Man say, "If the enemy's telephone line was cut off by us, their reconnaissance squad would inevitably come to repair it. They were always well equipped with auto-rifles and machineguns. But if they bumped into our ambush, they would give up their weapons and flee. We captured the enemy's weapons as war booty because we had for a quite while run out of ammunition."

"Did you ever write any letters to your Man?" I interrupted. She said, "Positive," and added, "But it was only in the first year. No *cubukuro* envelopes were allowed. Only post cards. The letters I wrote to him, written in simple Japanese words *katakana*, were kept in his pocket. Only once in a while he took them out and read under the moonlight unnoticed whenever feeling

nostalgic.”

It was amazing that the mail service proved its efficiency at the wartime. But the correspondence lasted only a short period of time. It was about this time that Japanese troop ships were frequently sunk by the US submarines. And she began to worry about him because no more letters were received.

The End of War

The war, which at the tremendous cost of suffering and losses of young soldiers' lives on the Pacific islands had lasted almost four years, was over. The survivors were captured and packed in the Prisoner of War Camp.

Later the Japanese soldiers and *Takasago Giyutai* were completely separated in different detention camps. In the *Takasago Giyutai*'s camp were about sixty of them from different tribes—Paiwan, Amis, Puyuma, Bunun and so on. Some served for the navy and the others for the army. But the army apparently had had incredibly more miserable time than the navy.

They were given American food and clothes. The food was mostly Western like our grandchildren eat today. They looked good and smelt delicious. There were plenty of them, but he could never eat it without thinking of his poor combat Guinea. Not much else was talked about the life in the POW camp.

Chapter Four: Back in Home

Home Again

New Life Started

Returning to Irapinan (Meilan now), Alianus got married and became an assistant of Catholic Father Rodriguez, helping with missionary work in those villages along the eastern coast such as Changpin, Chungan, Tomiats, Misaro, etc. because at that time the Spanish Father was not able to speak in Amis except for Japanese. He wanted someone who could handle both Amis and Japanese for elderly villagers properly. Here Alianus came in for help. Later he could not resist the temptation to work for a Japanese otter trawler under a term of two years of contract. They sailed as far as Montevideo, Uruguay. “If I worked as a crewman and sail across the Pacific Ocean,” he recalled, “I might run into the souls of my comrades who had died somewhere in battlefields. I miss them so much.”

House Builders

When Alilanus returned, he received 1.5 million dollars for his wages. With this chunk of money, he invited his wife and cousin to labor together to build a farm house on his own on top of a hill where it is now. “While constructing the bones of the roof, there was a series of earthquakes,” said his wife, Sra, recalling her house building days. “We were so scared that we did not dare to move an inch. We remained on the roof sometimes while shaking. The earthquakes occurred day and night for a month. It was very frightening.” Sra

took me out of the living room and showed what was so funny about the house of her own. “You see the five pillars in support of the veranda look slanting a little,” saying, she pointed to one of the pillars. It was true that each pillar painted in light blue was slanting inwardly. They would not add any extra support. They simply let it go. Sra looked proud of this “my home” of hand-manipulated concrete brick walls and tiled roof. Despite its awkward appearance, the house of white and light blue in lovely contrast, surrounded by hibiscus hedges, stands on top of a plateau and commands a breathtaking view from the pillared veranda.

It is a one-story house, roofed of scale-like tiles, containing the spacious living room in the middle where most of my fieldwork conversation takes place, and four bedrooms on both sides. Alianus and Sra occupy one of each adjoining room. The other two rooms accommodate approximately twelve people at their family reunion. The front veranda leads to the kitchen and dining room and beyond that is the bathroom. The house has no longer copied the structure of the Amis traditional style, which used to be of thatched roof with no windows except the main door in the middle. Since there were no walls for separation but a fire place in the inner part, no privacy was kept. The spacious space which occupies the largest area in the house usual serves as multipurpose function (Suenari 1983). The traditional styled houses are not common today. Alianus had formed an ideal style of dwelling place in his mind. He said it is more like Taiwanese house. Sra said, “While we were building the house, looking down from the beam, I was already dreaming of enjoying TV with my family in the living room spacious enough and with plenty of light. Now I’m glad my dream has come true.” Alianus interrupted, “When the house was completed, my wife and I were sitting here in the sofa watching Japanese movie videos. I felt like a rich boss. Ha, ha!” Apparently he prefers

globalization in his own house to a traditional house in which he was brought up before eight years old.

A unique feature of the house is the large kitchen and dining room. The floor is beautifully paved with white tiles that make the whole place brilliant even in the daytime. “On the Chinese New Year’s Eve, we have about thirty family members dining here,” said Sra, showing off the huge dining room, and went on. “Two of my daughters-in-law are terrific at cooking. So I have the greatest helpers at the busiest time. After dinner, the dining room turns into a bedroom for a dozen persons of three families.” One can imagine how noisy and happy when all those families squeeze in one. That is merely a temporary excitement. Alianus and Sra cannot help but feel a sense of tranquility when the children and grandchildren go back to work and leave them alone.

The elderly couple has been living in it and they are quite pleased to. They have nine children; three of them have past away, and the rest of them are working in different cities with their own children. They were all brought up under the same roof on this piece of land. Theirs must be a considerably big family in the village. It is in this house built by this elderly couple that the happy and warm family reunion has taken place year after year for the past few decades. Alianus owns a farm and an orchard at a distance from where he lives but he is too weak to work any longer.

Surviving a Fatal Accident

One year Alianus got involved in a car accident at Turek. He was seriously injured and carried to a hospital in Taitung. Sra was not with him when the accident occurred. She was notified about his accident that Alianus was taken

to Taitung Hospital. She hurried to Taitung from Chungan, where they had been invited to one of the relatives' wedding banquet. It took about five long hours to get to the hospital where she thought him taken for treatment. But she was upset when she found her husband was not there. So she spent more time looking for her man, from hospital to hospital, because she had been given wrong information. Finally she found his name on the list of casualties in MacKay Hospital. He was found in the ICU.

Alianus could neither see nor speak, just lying in agony with arms and legs all bound to the iron bed. He only stretched his right hand and seemed to ask for something. Sra knew instinctively what he was demanding. She took a piece of betel nut out of her bag and squeezed it into his mouth. Alianus said, "I was dying for betel nuts but I simply couldn't talk then. The moment I felt a piece in my mouth, I began to chew. I instantly revived to talk. Ha, ha, ha!" Sra interrupted, "I kept it stealthily from the doctor. I didn't let the doctor aware of it." Then Alianus added, "It was sort of magic cure-all. Ha, ha, ha." Betel nut is called *icep* in Amis. He remarked, "I saw natives in New Guinea also in the habit of chewing it, but they simply chewed and chewed it without any seasonings as we do. Indigenous people in Taiwan seem to be enjoying betel nuts in by far more 'civilized' way than those in New Guinea because ours are more particular about the flavor and aroma in each bite and even care about how to treat with blood-like spits into plastic bags to keep up the level of sanitation."

Ever since he was involved in the car accident at Turek, when he lost both eye sights, he has never watched Japanese movie on DVD. But time and again, he would sing Japanese songs on Karaoke because he is still strongly nostalgic to Japan. He knows that his hearing and singing work well except for his eyesight.

The aged couple has no willing to learn Mandarin Chinese. When their grandchildren come back for holidays, they hold responsible for teaching the mother tongue of Amis only to fail partly because they are not teachers, and partly because the grandchildren have no chance at all to use it. In their daily life Mandarin is absolutely dominant. To the kids, it seems that there is little room for Amis culture. Alianus feels frustrated in unable to hand down his own heritage. Though visually handicapped, he is talkative with much sense of humor as ever.

Solitary Life

Blind as Alianus is, he is quite accustomed to doing chores alone at home while his wife is out. For example, I dropped by without previously notifying him and happened to see Alianus taking out the clothes out of the washing machine in the rear of the house, carrying them in a plastic basket to the front yard, and drying them on the clothes line. He managed it just like an ordinary seeing man does, terribly slow in motion, though. As a man of over ninety with blindness, it is amazing that he has a clear mind and is capable of doing most of housework by himself during his wife Sra's absence. Blind as he is, he seems to 'see' the locations of all the furniture precisely just like he saw through the darkness when raiding the Australian army tent in New Guinea.

Lying on the front veranda is a wooden stool, wide enough for two persons to sit on side by side. This is where the aging couple rest in their leisure time. As usual, Alilanus was taking a rest on that stool when I greeted and offered a bag of betel nuts which he accepted with thanks. The betel nut looks green. It is wrapped up in a green leaf with a tiny bit of lime powder appearing like mashed potato. When chewed together, they make the whole mouth and

lips red with bloody juice. Precisely like a chain smoker, Alianus, holding a plastic bag close to his face, spit into it making a high pitch tone, and instantaneously let the second fresh one crammed into his mouth, so skillfully that it was extremely enjoyable to watch the “from-hand-to-mouth” feat going on.

Wedding Night

Alianus has a fine and clear memory of the past. For example, he remembers all about his wedding party. Everybody who came to join the banquet wished him happiness by cheering up with glass after glass of wine until over midnight. It was customary with Amis tribal wedding in which all seniors and juniors were invited to join to make the atmosphere merry and animated. When the bridegroom noticed that the bride was not there, he began to look for her with his cousins. They looked every possible place but in vain. Nobody noticed her leaving the party, either. The search went on until dawn. All of them were worried about her whereabouts. Then Sra interrupted, explaining it herself, “I just escaped because I was afraid, afraid of being with a man. That’s all.” Alianus added, “My wife thought that I could not catch up with her at a race ‘cause she was a well-known fast runner.” How did she show up the next day? Neither of the couple gave an answer to that question yet. It is not hard to imagine how their married life resumed. They have had, however, nine children in the long run.

In the living room there is a set of old sofa on one side, and a TV set is on the opposite side with piles of DVDs and CDs on both sides. All of these are of Japanese movies and pop song by Hibari Mizora, Yujiro Ishihara, etc., popular Japanese singers of 1950s and 60s. The couple used to enjoy watching

and listening to them at their leisure time, but since he became blind in his eye in an accident, he said, these DVDs or CDs have rarely been touched any longer.

Trouble in Inheriting Mother Tongue

Alianus finds that in the Amis language there are a lot of loaned words, dominantly from in the Japanese colonization rather than in Qin Dynasty and KMT era. Alianus like Livok of Taitung believes that the indigenous Amis can hardly exist without these loan words in their daily life.

From Alianus's dialogues a list of words are collected as follows:

Sinsi (teacher), *kuchusinsi* (principal), *shokakko* (elementary school)

Tinsia (bicycle), *tusia* (automobile), *tintu* (battery flash)

Sufitai or *safitai* (soldier), *tuki* or *puki* (clock, time)

Mari (baseball), *kuranto* (playground), *untukai* (sports meeting), *ichipan* (first)

Hikuki (airplane), *pasu* (bus), *turaku* (truck), *miuntingai* (driver, with prefix *mi* and suffix *ai* added), *haiya* (hire)

Tamaku (tobacco), *nasu* (egg-plant), *tamana* (cabbage).

In the pronunciation system of Amis, the sounds such as /b/, /d/, and /g/ never occur in any syllables, but they are recognized as high frequency

consonants in Japanese. So when it comes to speaking Japanese, average Amis are likely to have these voiced sounds substituted by their voiceless, unaspirated counterparts, e.g., /p/, /t/, and /k/.

For example,

Japanese *go* (five) is pronounced by Amis as *ko*;

bai (double) is pronounced by Amis as *pai*;

den (electricity) is pronounced by Amis as *ten*.

Although these phonological phenomena make great differences phonetically, they are predictable and acceptable socially. If one gets used to it, it brings no difficulty understanding what is said.

These phenomena are true of other voiced consonants. Like average Amis mates, Alianus appears to be no exception. But as far as the usage of the language is concerned, he is extremely careful to add honorific expression in the end of each sentence to sound politer more respectful, e.g., *degozaimasu, desu, deska? itashimasu*, etc.

One will be surprised to see that there are no such words as thank-you, sorry, good-bye and even cursing remarks in the Amis language. “What do you do then when you want to express gratitude, apology and so on?” Alianus replied, “None of these has been occurring in our life. They are something that only happens in the sophisticated occasions. If he or she has received the Japanese education, then she may respond with loaned words such as *arigato gozaimasu, sumimasen desita*, or *sayanara*, etc. in Japanese because these are a must taught in Japanese schools when social manners are infused to children.”

Later Alianus confessed that the relations of the grandparent generation

and grandchildren generation are more like a kite flying in the sky with a string broken from the child's hand. This means: the grandparents do not know Mandarin Chinese which is grandchildren's main language of daily life; and grandchildren speak neither Amis nor Japanese which are grandparents' mother tongue. In other words, there is no common language to combine the both generations together with.

Sra says that she has great trouble communicating with her grandchildren in schooling age. She always makes a serious effort to have the kids pick up *maranam-marahok-marafe* (to have breakfast, lunch, dinner) type of action words, and *nanom-futing-itini-itira* (water, fish, here, there) kind of content-word vocabulary, while they are home for vacation. The kids also make enormous efforts learning them. "But," Sra says with regret, "it's very frustrating to see them come home again forgetting all they learned in the previous vacation."

A little episode Alianus told me is worth mentioning here. While in New Guinea, every time his troop came to pass a native village, it was his job to communicate with the chief. With his darker skin, native-like outlook, and Amis language, Alianus found it quite easy to make friends with the chiefs and their people and get support such as providing some food, or knowledge of geography. He succeeded several times in inducing them to be engaged in espionage on the Japanese side because he could speak Amis, a kind of Austronesian language somewhat similar to the native languages in New Guinea.

Imaginative Recollections

The Military Saber

“When I returned home from the battlefield, I brought home a military saber,” Alianus said proudly.

“Really? Can I have a look at it?” I asked out of great curiosity.

“Well, I threw it away from the bus window while it was creeping slowly up the long slope near Kalolang Port.”

“Oh, what a pity! How come you did that? It’s so precious.”

“I was simply afraid,” he continued, “that it might cause me and my family much trouble later because it was a Japanese army stuff.”

“Do you think I might be able to find it if went there and seek it?”

“No way! It was long, long ago,” said Alianus discouragingly.

A military saber was one of the really rare things bestowed—under the name of the Emperor—on army high rank officers as ultra top honor. Symbolizing overwhelming authority and dignity, it made an officer look so awesome and majestic. Alianus, as a *Takasago Giyutai* with no such rank at all, must have admired wearing it on his waist as side arms. The officer’s saber must have been his favorite icon while in action at the war time. It was clear that Alianus was making up a fiction of false consciousness. I would rather lavish my sympathy on him for obviously unrealistic depiction of the dream once he had.

The Combat cap

Alianus promised me to show up in his military uniform in reply to my request to pose for a photo at the next visit. Actually what he wore that day was merely

an ordinary Savile Row suit in navy blue over a white shirt matched by a red necktie. He was also wearing a combat cap, not a helmet but a casual kind the soldiers wore at leisure hours. It was a baseball cap in dark blue with an unknown flower marks embroidered on the surface of the front brim. Probably he selected it at random as his icon. He explained that there used to be two silver lines sewn on the left arm sleeve, symbolizing a rank. He said that he had had them removed on purpose in order to eliminate a clear evidence of Japanese military.

Dressed in false conscious military uniform but looking exuberant, now this 93-year-old veteran stood upright in attention just like standing in front of an officer and made a serious gesture of hand-raising salute. "What a graceful figure! A standard feature!" I said in appreciation. It has been an unattainable scene to see ever since the demobilization so many decades ago. As the age was telling him, his upper body was a bit bending forward, but so what? Who cared? "Yoroshii Excellent." I responded in a high rank officer's tone. I quickly snapped a few photos. He was relaxed looking quite satisfied and sat back to his seat, full of smile across the wrinkled face.

Again he was using another imagination of wearing a navy's uniform, in reality he had served in the army, looking so extraordinary. He is entirely blind, but all he performed was nothing but a false consciousness, allowing only himself to remain in the past of his world no other fellow had ever entered.



Figure 5. Alianus dreams of wearing a combat cap and a military officer's uniform in his false consciousness. "I had all the buttons changed and the two silver ranking lines removed," he said.

Tons of events did happen to everybody in his past, but nobody can memorize everything as clearly and precisely as they occurred for good. It is out of the question. They are often kept in mind selectively because they are particularly enchanting or significant to him. The same is true of Alianus. If only you have an access to Alianus, he would be extremely happy to share with you the events that he had particular idiosyncrasies with.

Shamanism

"While in the second year in New Guinea, the families of two *Takasago*

Giyutai from my village were notified to be dead,” said Alianus. So his mother began to worry about Alianus’s safety. His father went to ask a *cikawasay* shamaness in the village if Alianus was all right. The *cikawasay* said with certainty, “Your son is still alive.” His father asked her three times altogether, and all got positive answers. “My father was sure of his son’s returning home alive,” he said.

Alianus remembers what his father emphasized to him: “Whatever happens, don’t kill any enemy. You may cut his arm or leg, but not head off ‘cause arms or legs will be healed quickly, but the head never will.” Alianus always brought to mind this admonition of his father’s very seriously at the front.

Alianus recalled, “Foodless for several weeks, the commander had a weird idea: Have *Takasago Giyutai* sneak into an Australian field storehouse composed of tents and get” Six of *Takasago Giyutai* were ordered to pirate foodstuffs from the Australian storehouse. Alianus was among them. When they began wriggling along through the dark night in access to the tents, they saw a guard. Swiftly the Bunun brother killed the guard with his *funus*. The others, approaching inch by inch, sneaked into the tent, carried as many cans as possible in the backpack and fled successfully. The next morning his troop enjoyed beef corn for the first time in their lives. “We were really lucky,” Alianus remarked. “Weeks later, the other guys tried the same trick, but alas, they were discovered and encountered auto-machinegun attack and all of them got killed before they were able to leave the tent.” The enemy had already been in much stricter vigilance.

My commander would often have me follow him no matter where he went. I was ahead of him only when there was need to cut open a pass through

bushes. “Quite often I have thought of my commander, fellow comrades and the scenes in the battlefields, so many”

“Alianus, now that you have missed your commander so much. What do you think is the most memorable thing about him?” I asked.

“Ah,” smiling at me, he said, “he would often say to me at the front lines, ‘Avoid danger. Do not take unnecessary risks.’ He taught me how to survive in the battlefield and live long back in the homeland as well. Once he privately talked with no one else. He said to me what has been always staying in my mind, “At any war, if one dies, he’s the loser. Only when he kills the enemy does he win. So if you’re not sure of victory, don’t take a risk.” That is all I learned from him about the philosophy of life.

The thoughts of the past flash back and forth endlessly in his dark world of this 93-year old veteran—Alianus.

Chapter Five: Conclusion

Through the unique oral history of Alianus's personal life as well as many other *Takasago Giyutai*'s in the literature reviews, we have come to face the conclusions, which have to respond the two questions arisen at the outset.

1. They are volunteers, willing to fight for the Japanese Emperor.
(Corresponding to the question "Are they volunteers?")
2. They are volunteers because of their changing national identity, which is never static, but constructed in social and historic contexts.
(Corresponding to the question "Why did they fight for the Imperial Japan?")

Under the 1st conclusion, the following restatements might suffice to assure that there was little coercion, that is, they were entirely on their own volition. In all the literature concerning *Takasago Giyutai*'s volunteerism, there is little trace of coercion found, or being forced to volunteer by intimidation, nor words of concession used in any articles.

Musha Event happened because the indigenous people had felt coerced in so many ways by the Japanese Police at that time that spontaneously they could not but resist and eventually resulted in disastrous tragedy on both sides. Had volunteerism had the slightest atmosphere of compulsion or coercion, *Musha Event II* must have consequently taken place. But, paradoxically, only

from Musha Tribe would count thirty-three men who applied for and volunteered as the First Round *Takasago Giyutai* , which was a number incredibly over what was required.

Many indigenous males petitioned with a blood pledge to show the resolution to serve for the Japanese army, and loyalty to the Emperor of Japan and the fatherland. What the single men and just married husbands envisaged as an enormous honor of life was performing exploits at the battlefield as a Japanese soldier and receiving affirmation and applause.

In the battlefield, the fearless *Takasago Giyutai* would try their best, even at the risk of lives to pursue exploits essentially for the purpose of gaining **the Order of the Golden Kite** (金鵒勲章)—the highest honor bestowed by the Emperor of Japan on the soldiers who performed distinguishing exploits at the front. It was the soldier's most favorite icon paralleled with the military saber (the latter is only for high ranks). No one of *Takasago Giyutai*, in fact, seemed to be awarded although countless certificates of merits similar to diplomas of honor were bestowed on. The petitioners at each police station throughout Taiwan always outnumbered so many that those police officers in charge of aboriginal villages were greatly troubled to decide the priority.

During the recruitment period, *Seinendan* youth corps felt extraordinarily embarrassed and even humiliated not to be selected as *Takasago Giyutai*. Those failures would view themselves as unmanly and eventually considered that they would not be welcomed by ladies. For the purpose of eliminating such a sense of self-reproach, they would train and harden themselves by extra drills and exercise to attain the physical requirement on the next test.

There undoubtedly had existed the complicated relations of Japanese and the indigenous people, of the rulers and the ruled, of official and nonofficial,

and of those in authority and those who had to obey. The colonial policy had a drastic change after the Musha Event in 1930, and after the enactment of *Kominka Undo*, emphasizing the prevailing of the national language (Japanese), change of names in the Japanese style, and Japanese way of education. All of these can be said to be critically important factors for the youths to be volunteers.

After the Pacific War, the foreigner (Americans at the POW camp) saw *Takasago Giyutai* function as Chinese (ROC); KMT Chinese saw *Takasago Giyutai* function as Taiwanese; Taiwanese (Han) saw *Takasago Giyutai* function as Japanese (fought on the Japan's side); the Japanese saw *Takasago Giyutai* function as Japanese; and *Takasago Giyutai* saw themselves function as aborigines and, if I may say so, also Japanese; at least Alianus is pleased to be both. This is one of the factors that made Alianus volunteer.

Takasago Giyutai would hesitate to urge compensation for the service. Alianus points out: "Since I petitioned on my own volition to be selected a volunteer, there is no point asking for any compensation for what I had done. If there were any amount of that given by the government of Japan with gratitude, I would like to accept it. That's all. There was only one concept, that is, patriotism. (I thought of) Nothing else." He said so confidently.

As to the 2nd conclusion, the complexity of Taiwan history and ethnicity has led *Takasago Giyutai* to hold changing national identity. Nationalism itself has a different meaning for *Takasago Giyutai*, aborigines, and the generation born in the era of the KMT government. *Takasago Giyutai* feel confused and scared of expressing their own voice. This is a good example to show how individual is constructed by the society or structure. The current government or society for

the reason of national glory, constructs these *Takasago Giyutai* as victim of the colonialism, but in another way, they become victim of nationalism constructed by KMT government, because their own different national identity, belonging to Japan, was stigmatized and suppressed. (Chou, 2013) In this way, they can only keep silence, as a kind of resistance to the societal discourse, which tell them they are Chinese, but not Japanese.

Takasago Giyutai found their own identity as Japanese because they were taught so in schools. Masanori Ishii, who engaged himself in teaching primary and middle schools in Taitung, Taiwan (1912--47) later as educational inspector, put it: "I have done with all my enthusiasm and passion with the Emperor's concern in mind, e.g., *Isshi Dojin* (一視同仁) ; *Doho soai*(同胞相愛). My students and I had sincere contact from mind to mind. Many years after I had left Taiwan, numerous ex-students cordially invited me to visit them in Taiwan. I do believe it is 'Reap as one has sown.'" (Kadowaki, 1993) They were thus admitted to have the same national identity as Japanese.

It was a moving scene that on the very day of departure the *Takasago Giyutai*, one by one, urging to be worshipped at *Yasukuni Shirine* (靖国神社) in case they die at the battlefield. Every *Takasago Giyutai* would be resolved to defy death, by performing distinguished exploits in order to pursue a death of honor. It is the proof that those young men had been invariably imperialized in their nationalism.

Alianus's isolated past, reflected in his multitudes of wrinkles in his face, holds few clues to the future. Now he mingles the past exotic adventures in his memories with idyllic life in reality. It has been a long way—almost seventy years—that Alianus has shut himself out of the society all because of the

complex changes in identity.

Today what Alianus remains in exquisitely reflects the image of the West Point soldier of the ballad that Douglas MacArthur and his buddies used to sing: “Old soldiers never die; they just fade away.”



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