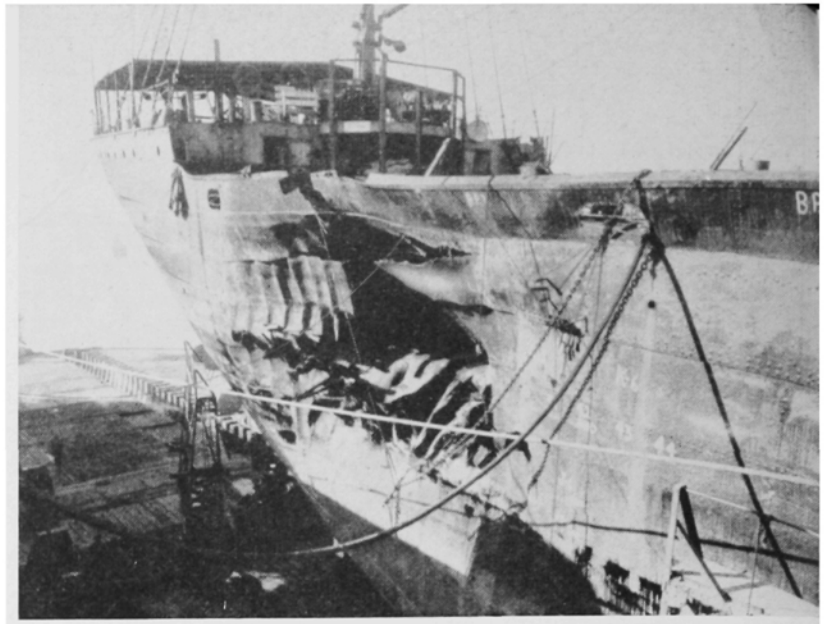




Troops moved out in a hurry at every alert



The S. S. Absoraka in drydock. Force of torpedo blast clearly shown.

**“Japanese On Coast Send Vital Data To Tokyo”
“Japs May Attempt Landing”**

— and many others of similar portent, together with current radio broadcasts, caused public anxiety to run high. Pride mingled with grief over the reports of the heroic struggles, against impossible odds, of our forces on Wake Island and at Bataan. The news of the loss of friends and former comrades, or friendly “enemies” in previous Pacific Coast maneuvers, could not fail to add to the pain and the fury with which the soldiers of the Division waited for the expected attack. Quislings and potential saboteurs from among nationals of all Axis countries (and a few of our own!) were being taken into custody. Hundreds of Japanese were under surveillance. The Governor of California issued a proclamation setting forth a state of emergency—“With 1000 miles of coast line along the Pacific, the geographical position of California places it in the first line of defense against invasion, and this State may at any time become a theater of war.” And on February 24th, 1942 the Japs made the first actual attack on the soil of the United States; apparently anxious to injure American oil production, an enemy submarine shelled the oil fields in the vicinity of Santa Barbara!

Even after the first rush was over, and duties were clearly outlined, the Division took no chances of being

caught off guard. A 24 hour alert was in force seven days a week against any emergency. Full strength was maintained on all posts and in all details during day-light hours, and skeleton crews in each of the various stations of the defense were on duty during the night. All men were required to be able to report to proper post within thirty minutes in the event of an alarm. It was a matter of very real satisfaction to the command that, in despite the general concern over the situation, measures taken by this Division were appreciated to the extent indicated by the following commendation in the “Los Angeles Times”:—“All is calm in California, but beneath that calmness there is the sane, methodical way of doing the things that must be done in an area designated by the Army as a theater of operations. Californians have been made mildly aware of defense preparations by troop movements in their midst. The thoroughness with which defensive action was carried out was accompanied by a minimum of confusion or excitement, and must be an uncomfortable display of efficiency for those reporting to the enemy.”

The mood of sardonic humor, combined with a grim appreciation of reality, which prevailed throughout this period was illustrated in the column of a well-known newspaper man who worked up a brief skit on Hirohito’s familiar act of reporting to his ancestors:—“Jap Emperor

Gun emplacement (French 75) near Santa Barbara following shelling by Jap sub.



Another emplacement near Santa Barbara

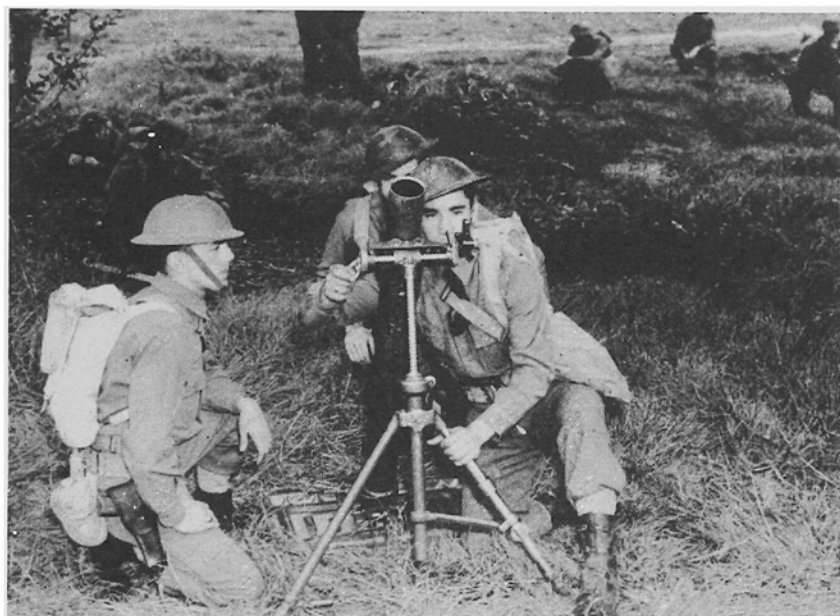




Artillery observer personnel ready to give instant data for the laying of guns where they would do the most good.



Not much company for this soldier, but he was ready to cover a lot of ground if the Japs tried to move in.



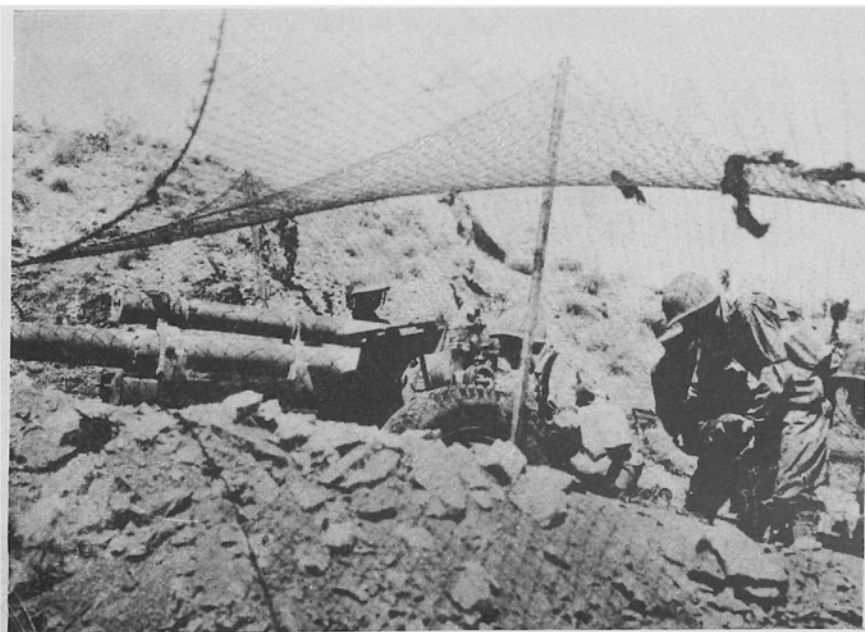
No far behind the coast line, mortars like this one were constantly ready to drop their fires on enemy landing attempts.



The little 37's were expected to fill in gaps which the larger weapons could not reach.

One of the first positions ever set up with the artillery's new pride and joy, the 105 Howitzer.

A strong patrol, well dispersed and ready for action behind the beaches.



has just told his ancestors that there is a war—he must have figured maybe it is *too hot* to read the newspapers where they are! Emperor says, ‘Hon. Mr. Bones, this are Hirohito, with blood on my hands. It are innocent blood, Hon. Ancestor, in best Japanese tradition—we sneak up on enemy in dark while he think we are at peace with him, and we kill him in cold blood before he know there is a war—it amuses us very much, Hon. Ancestor. We lie, and bow, and scrape like decent human beings in Washington—they believe we in earnest. We carry on Samurai tradition, Hon. Mr. Bones, only now instead of dripping sword we use sneaking planes to murder women and children thousands of miles away—it are much more efficient than sword. Hon. Adolph promise us half the world—what you think, Hon. Ancestor, are he on level? Sometimes we believe he almost as big a liar as we are—that are saying hon. mouthful. Save me a spot, Mr. Bones—those Americans don’t seem to know when they are licked—maybe I’ll be seeing you soon’ ”.

A novel form of school was undertaken in January of 1942; novel in the experience of the Division. At the instance of General Dawley, and accompanied by his constant interest, the 40th Division Officers School was developed in an old C. C. C. camp in Griffith Park, Los Angeles. It was promptly dubbed “Dawley Tech”—and thus it will remain in the affectionate remembrance of all who were there. Under the direction of Lt. Col. Daniel Hudelson this school operated for approximately six weeks as a refresher and “speeder-upper” course for the large group of officers inducted into the Division immediately after the commencement of the war. The fire and drive which characterized Col. Hudelson were instantly injected into every phase of the school’s activities. Basic training was the order of business, and time was of the essence! In a word:—Benning in six weeks, with Spartan quarters and mess! Seldom has any collection of young men learned so much, so hard, so fast! Yet at “commencement” the concensus of opinion (even among those who found the going roughest) seemed to be that while life in general was no bed of roses around that place, it was still a mighty fine institution of which to have been

The C. O. of “Dawley Tech”



an “inmate”. EDITOR’S NOTE:—Most of the faculty studied most of every night in order to stay out in front of the students!

Early in February the evacuation of alien Japanese from the Pacific Coast commenced with the movement from Terminal Island, Los Angeles Harbor. An important Navy base, this spot had long been the location of a large Japanese fishing colony. Such a combination was obviously impossible. And throughout the Western Defense Command the movement of Japanese to internment camps was under way. Among the first of such camps were those at Arvin and Delano. On 21 February the President gave approval to proposed action on the evacuation of *all* Japanese, regardless of citizenship, from the Pacific Coast. Several States, following the leadership of Colorado, had offered to care for them. Under the direction of Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, commanding the Western Defense Command, this operation was vigorously, yet humanely, carried out. As the majority of the displaced people realized, with conditions as they were, the course pursued by the Army was actually for the best interest of all concerned. Much of the responsibility for the movement of these thousands, and for the guarding of their effects, devolved upon the 40th Division. Such responsibility was carefully and thoroughly discharged, and no untoward incident occurred.

Near the end of February the 40th Division Replacement Training Center was put into operation at Camp Haan, California. Organized as a provisional regiment, the center was under command of Lt. Col. William B. Zeller. Since several officers assigned to duty there, including Col. Zeller, had been on the faculty at the 40th Division Officers School, and nearly all the provisional company officers had been students there, it was at once clear that the same urgency and intensity in training would be in effect. Of the thousands of men reporting to Camp Haan for training as members of the 40th Division, the overwhelming majority had but the vaguest of ideas as to what soldiering meant (nor were they, initially, particularly frantic to acquire such knowledge). But they were Americans, they knew their country’s need, and they

Facilities for policing up the person were a trifle primitive in some posts.

