

**STAR-SPANGLED  
MIKADO**

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Star-spangled mikado by Frank Kelley & Cornelius Ryan

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**FRANK KELLEY & CORNELIUS RYAN**

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# STAR-SPANGLED MIKADO

By  
FRANK KELLEY  
and  
CORNELIUS RYAN



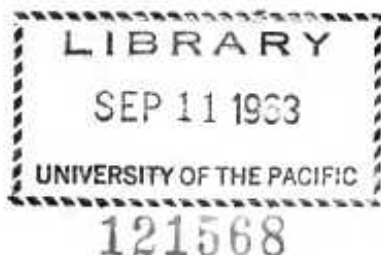
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*Dedicated to the late Ogden Reid and to Lord Camrose,  
our editors, without whom this book would  
not have been possible.*

## THE JAPANESE<sup>1</sup>

How courteous is the Japanese;  
He always says, "Excuse it, please."  
He climbs into his neighbor's garden,  
And smiles, and says, "I beg your pardon";  
He bows and grins a friendly grin,  
And calls his hungry family in;  
He grins, and bows a friendly bow;  
"So sorry, this my garden now."

—OGDEN NASH

<sup>1</sup>From *The Face Is Familiar*, by Ogden Nash. Copyright 1931, 1933, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1940. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.



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## STAR-SPANGLED MIKADO

## CHAPTER ONE

### INTO THE UNKNOWN

THE NEW MIKADO sat back in his overstuffed chair, lit the famous corn-cob pipe, stabbed the air with a half-filled matchbox and said:

"Gentlemen, even after fifty years among the Orientals, I still do not understand these people."

The speaker was General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. The place was Tokyo. The time was January, 1946, six months after his invasion of the unknown.

On September 2, 1945, on the broad deck of the *Missouri*, he had sternly bade the Japanese to write an end to fifteen years of aggression. His voice was firm, but his hands shook—perhaps betraying advancing years. A stumpy-legged Japanese, looking slightly ridiculous and out of place amid all the freshly starched khaki and shining gold braid, stepped up to the table in top hat, cutaway, striped trousers. The Japanese scratched his name on the dotted line. The formalities of surrender were complete.

For MacArthur, it was the end of the road, the long road back from Bataan and Corregidor. For the Japanese, it was defeat, their first in two thousand years of history. For the Allies,