

NOTE BOOK

E. V. Lilly, Jr
Col., 57th Inf. (P S)

April 27, 1945 —

April 27 '45 (Fri) 3yrs + 19 (1115)

1237th Day of War

Woke this morning with Jack vs. Phil Fry and Ed Aldridge. They really seemed us - were 30 points up on us after the fourth rubber.

This afternoon, we were allotted the period 3:45-4:00 for bathing. I took one bath, on the way back to barracks I noticed quite a lot of fecal piles high on two small carts. Each had two pneumatically tired wheels and was drawn by three small Manchurian ponies - one in the shafts and two abreast out in front. Speaking of the bath, the water in the small tank was cool but I got all the warm water I needed from the big tub whose level was about knee deep. On the whole it was a satisfactory bath but not as good as heretofore.

Yesterday I went down to the library and got George Rogers to give me a hair cut in the morning. On return, I gave him a couple of sticks of chewing gum. George is a retired Marine & lives in Shropshire - quite an interesting person. I happened to remark that about one could see quite a few pretty shoots of green grass outside. George in his broad British accent said: "Yes, after several weeks at sea with all its bleakness, the sight of a few blades of green grass is a lovely thing." Several days ago one of the Nip hospital men brought a couple of heavily budged sprigs of some kind of fruit tree and put them in a bottle of water in Floyd Madsen's room. Yesterday, when I was out there, the buds had popped wide open and were in full bloom - beautiful pink blossoms. The most cheerful thing I've seen in a long while. Yesterday afternoon I returned "The Kid from Tompkinsville" by John R. Tunis - a very good baseball story - and drew "Smoky" by Will James. Now instead of reading "Smoky" I've been dipping into "Sense & Sensibility" by Jane Austen. Last night I got to playing around with a little melody that wouldn't stay out of my head. This morning it was complete, but finally came back, so I got Dick Mattoni to write it down for me here it is:

Home, home I'm goin' home, home I want long to be - Home, home I'm goin' home, home I want long to be - Home, home I'm goin' home, home I want long to be

Waits for me - It's cozy in side, doors open with reference to the recent bombings of Macassar - though they have not been heavy, they make one wonder if the U.S. is not planning to bring troops from Europe to the Pacific by way of the Suez Canal. This would have many advantages. I don't know how the distances compare - I believe it is shorter that way and it will have the added advantage of avoiding the family objections back home - that is, having the boys back home and then sending them away again.

The other day while the enlisted men were breaking up the ground out front with the flimsy trip tools, a large percentage were broken. The officer - I don't know which one - objected to this and took a Kuwa to show the boys how it was done. Everyone, I hear, was very much amused when the Kuwa came apart in his hands after a few blows. I know it tickled me when I heard about it. These life fellows know it all!

April 28 '45 (Sat) 3 yrs + 19 (1116)

1238th Day of War

"Boppin" has started again! Danielson, the young Marine who accompanied Governor McMillen from Guam, was on Vigilance Guard last night and left his post for some reason or other. The nip sentry found him in the bunk and "bopped" him. Danielson talked back to the sentry and got a second and harsher "bop" that time.

This afternoon the camp commandant inspected quarters at 2:30. Special stress was laid on the position of the pillows. They always seem to have one thing in mind - two or top money - and that was at this time. Of course some irregularities were noted and we learned about them through Troth later on. They're not worth mentioning anyway.

We played - our mandarin group - in Station's room tonight as usual.

When I got back to my room the sirens were going full blast. The warm long continuous blast. This was about 5 minutes long. Now, at about 10 after, the real thing is going on - not an air raid as far as I know, but the sirens are sounding intermittent, which means danger! Tomorrow is the Emperor's birthday and it looks as if our boys are going to give him a real celebration. It sure will, so!

April 29 '45 (Sun) 3 yrs + 20 (1117)

1239th Day of War

Our double quartette sang "When Peace Time Comes" at church service this morning - which was conducted by Col "Poppy" Sellick, Col. Hillman and Johnson read the lessons.

Yesterday, after inspection the Camp Commandant complained to Prof. Troth about how dirty the barracks were. Troth said "When we arrived here we found these barracks in a filthy condition. The filthiest I personally have seen in 30 years. To show the C.C. respect, do you mean to insinuate that the Nipponese troops left them filthy?" Troth said "I insinuate nothing. I merely state a fact that there the conversation ended."

There was another air raid alarm last night after we went to bed - about 9:30 I should say. It still sounds rather fantastic.

Just as we were beginning the noon meal today, one of the sentries came through and caught Col. Bradbrook eating while seated on his bunk. He had something to say to Nipponese, which possibly Bradbrook (who speaks the language) understood, but certainly no one else did. Any way he had spoken to Bradbrook once before for doing the same thing. This time he looked a little grumpy. Then he passed on down the hall and saw Eddie O'Connor eating his lunch while seated on his bunk. He spoke to Eddie who replied that he had a sore back. Then the sentry proceeded to get Bob Hoffman and Stan Wood, as interpreters. Later Gillespie, a camp medic was called in. Finally, after a lengthy conversation, Wood said "You have never told us that we could not eat while sitting on our bunks." The sentry is alleged to have replied to this "You are lying. And you can tell this officer" - pointing to Eddie "that the next time I catch him eating while seated on his bunk, I'll hit him even if he is a Colonel!" Phil + I played Bishop and Shingwenburg at bridge tonight and won by 11 points.

April 30 '45 (Mon) 3 yrs + 21 (1118)

1240th Day of War

St. Mother, were living she would be 75 years old today. She was so close to the world's news and all that was happening around her that I am sorry she is missing these interesting times. I hope my girls will be as good and lovely as she was. I never heard her say an unkind word about anyone.

No cigarettes, candy - or anything yesterday, even though it was the Emperor's birthday. Heretofore, even though the heat was on in the West they have made some sort of a gesture - candy or cigarettes or even the soap. This time, I understand they're getting pretty short on many commodities. Maybe they're running a little short on Bushido, too.

For a couple of days now we've been getting rolls made out of this millet (3) flour instead of the evening cornmeal. For the past two weeks the food has been short and very poor in quality - little if any seasoning. The morning mush is, to me, the best meal of the day. On Wednesday there is the faintest trace of sugar. Phil + I have been pooling our raisins and using them with the breakfast mush. In the evening, I put a half-gallon in a cup and pour them with hot water. By morning they have swollen all up and the water is very sweet. Mush with the mush, they were a great improvement.

I went out to see Floyd yesterday afternoon and found him about the same to see appearance, but his morale was better. He says he feels perceptibly stinger and believes he is putting on a little weight. Apparently the new schedule of Red Cross issues doesn't affect him. He is getting the issues just as we are, and, in addition, issues of meat, etc. from a hospital reserve which was very wisely set up before we got our first issue. Pat Callahan won his monthly cribbage battle from Ed Ataniga while Ed derived consolation out of winning his monthly Pinochle match from Phil Fay. The cribbage always takes place between supper and tergo, while the pinochle takes place between tergo and "lights out".

May 1 '45 (Tue) 3 yrs + 22 (1119)

1241st Day of War

Jack and I hot our periodic bridge game against Shingwenburg and Scudder this morning. They won. The leaves are just popping out on the trees out front and today we hot our first real hard rain of the year. It was coming down pretty hard when I went out for my bath at 4:30, but the sun was shining brightly when I came out. The big tub (on tank) was full of lukewarm, dirty water so I didn't get in it. The small tank was as right. I washed thoroughly and took five or six basins of cold water - a practice I've followed ever since we've been here, and I came back to barracks in a rosy glow. The evening soup, or whatever you want to call it, was fantastic and, as has been the case for the past few weeks, filled with (or composed chiefly of) Kopir corn and partly rotten dense potatoes & carrots. I understood that the Nips took away about 30 sacks of corn meal from the Kitchen storeroom today and replaced them with a like number of sacks of this millet flour.

The enlisted men worked out in the "garden" today, continuing to break ground. I notice that no one, or our sergeant with them, and no one seemed to be checking up on who, or how many, turned out. Shorty MacD. saw Floyd today and gave me a very encouraging report on him when he returned.

May 2 '45 (Wed) 3 yrs + 23 (1120)

1242nd Day of War

Phil + I didn't put any raisins to soak last night, as we usually do when we have them, since we usually get a little sugar in the Wednesday mush. Sure enough, it was there - just the faintest trace. I'm getting a few raisins ready for tomorrow morning though. I'm about out of cigarettes, but Phil has traded his milk for 3 packages (He can, that is) and has made a deal to take all the cigarettes Jack Keenan gets after the 18th of this month (8 packs in all) for his next juice can of beer and his next issue of sugar. That means that I'll make the deal too, for he eats my sugar & drinks my milk - and I smoke his cigarettes.

4/25-29 The Americans and Russians have made another junction just south of Berlin (about 20 km). The Russians are closing in on Berlin from the N, E and S. They have the Tempelhoff androme which (according to the Dutch here) is 4 miles from the heart of Berlin. Hitler has appealed

to the German Army to do as the Russians did in '42 - break through the enemy in small groups. He has signed his intention to "stand guard" in Berlin and declares that Gorbels will assist. He declares that when Berlin and Prague are occupied by the allies, Europe's fate will be sealed.

According to the Nips our losses so far amount to 929,373 (Army - 829,001 and Navy 100,372) - and that we have lost 17,173 in the last month.

The San Francisco Conference is awaiting the arrival of the Russian representative. Potent was refused a seat due to the objection of Russia. The Nips say the Conference is "arrived" at them.

There is a good deal of activity in Burma. I didn't get the names of the places involved, but Nips claim to have conquered air attacks on several areas there.

On 21st 20 B24's attacked Marcus Island E of the Bonins
The Nips hit a transport North of Ogunawa

23 In daylight B5 bombers and 30 fighters from P.I. hit Taiwan - Taichow

24th 128 B29's bombed Shizuoka and some other town just South of Tokyo. Nips claim - 6 downed 20 damaged.

27th 7 or 8 large bombers hit Taichow (Taiwan)

The sun rose this morning gave promise of a beautiful day, and this morning was lovely and sunshiny - but this afternoon it was windy and cloudy - and, consequently, there was a penetrating chill in the air.

I am reading "Mr Standfast" by J.R. Buckan

May 3 '45 (Thur) 3yrs + 24 (1121)

1243rd Day of War

This is "Little Sister Alice's" 53rd birthday. It has been damp and cool all day - generally unpleasant. I spent the morning playing bridge with Jack against Phil Fry and Al Balsam. We took them for a good cleaning. Late this afternoon there was an inverted rain bow which could be seen by sticking your head out the window. Wee, today, the 3rd of May 1945 - or as the Nips express it "The 20th year of Showa". The camp Commandant really barks his teeth. He issued an order requiring all prisoners of war to salute officers - also NCOs and privates of the guard - a thing they have not regarded us to do since we've been here. I was beginning to think we had left that behind us in Taiwan. The order is a rare piece of Nippin-ese workmanship - with a place in anybody's notes, so tomorrow, I am going down and make a copy. This ought to afford a smile to any one back home who wants a bit of light, frothy reading.

May 4 '45 (Fri) 3yrs + 25 (1122)

1244th Day of War

The call came around today for \$2.50 - for a very good reason. It has been swishing all morning, but cold and raw with it all. We got Danielson, our room orderly, to wash off the walls and scrub the floor - we all moved our bunks into the hall while he was doing it. I also took a short walk. Went over to see Floyd and told him he owed Ed. a dollar \$2.50 which was very much O.K. with him when he learned what it was for. Incidentally Phil Fry came to A. who put up \$20.00 for the 8 guys, \$7.50 for himself. Al Balsam done - so I owe Phil \$2.50 more - or \$8.50 in all. I found Floyd in good spirits and feeling better all around - He was encouraged by what Gillespie has been saying to him. On my walk, I counted 26

rock nests - most of them inside the compound - only one or two (5) being 10 or 15 yards outside.

This morning Bill Brady announced that our food would be cut - the chief cut being in our flour which has been reduced from 4 1/2 bags a day to 2 1/2. The result will be 2 rolls instead of 3 as heretofore - and the 2 we get will be smaller. The subtlety when it was food than we do because they work and we don't. So it looks as though the Camp Commandant is really putting on the pressure. But I think this first we can face anything he would have to dish out at this time.

Last night Col Kent Hughes came down and we had quite a visit with him on my bunk. He told me of a good many of his experiences in Malaya - also some of the things that happened after the surrender - the soldier that almost got his head cut off - another who was shot with the forehead - and still another who survived a wholesale machine gunning followed by a petrol cremation.

Today is Al Stowell's 50th and Ed. Conell's 53rd birthday. Our maintenance group played in Ed's room. K.L. Berry lived Ed. out side until we were ready - and we opened up on "Happy Birthday to You" when he came in - we did the same for Al Stowell. Then the group gave you truly a surprise by playing my own "Woe above the Goli" and getting Hersch to sing it. I really got a thrill - didn't know it could sound so pretty. Then Dick Hollonie gave me a copy of the words & music. Done on a special sheet of paper and auto graphed by all the members of our group. It will be a very interesting souvenir to take home with me.

We got butter and cigarettes today. I turned my butter over to Longhis - who will give me his next coffee when it's served in accordance with the rules we made months ago. Sent Floyd's over by Sgt Johnson.

May 5 '45 (Sat) 3yrs + 26 (1123)

1245th Day of War

Went down this morning and copied two prisoner orders which are posted on our bulletin board. One had to do with the saluting regulations and the other contained the instructions for the "VIGILANT GUARD".

There is a rumor that the Nips here have been put on half rations. The Nips over at the hospital have been glad to have left our potatoes and soup of the patients.

Brig Young came up tonight and said he received a radiogram day before yesterday dated Oct 16 '44. That's quite a long time for a radiogram to be on its way. He got word of the death of his mother who was in her 80's.

This morning Jack & I played bridge with Phil & Shufmanberg. We held pretty good cards and really took them for a trimming - a thing we don't do too often.

It is interesting to see how some of the pipe smokers stretch out their tobacco. Of course the source of all of it is the Red Cross cigarettes. One I know takes some used tea leaves (when he can get them - we've not been furnished any since we've been here) dries them out, then mixes some millet husks with them, and then breaks up a few cigarettes to give all this a faint tobacco flavor. At least, they say there is a tobacco flavor. Just by the odor there is. I cannot tell. The mixture must be dampened slightly - or it will burn too fast.

Of course, we cigarette smokers have to adopt drastic measures too. Last night, I lit a cigarette and got a few puffs - then ground out the fire. This morning I got a few puffs before breakfast. I did the same. After breakfast I put it in my Carabao horn holder and smoked it until it refused to respond any further - even a little past the first taste of the burning holder.

We don't get any more cigarettes until Friday after next. The morning a pack last a whole week sometime - particularly if you enjoy your cigarettes as much as I do. The 250 one I bought in yesterday is expected to produce results soon - probably tomorrow morning.

Ed Gedridge has been suffering with a partially paralyzed face (right side) since this morning. For several days he has had trouble with his right leg. Now he says the paralysis extends to his tongue part of it at least - and around to the right half of his legs. Gillespie told him he thought the sac or membrane through which the main stream of the nerve which branches out all over that side of his face had become inflamed and partially pinched off this nerve. Gillespie gave him some sort of a vitamin injection and told him not to be discouraged if it took 6 months to clear up, but reassured him by saying these things almost always clear up in time.

The result of the cut in flour - from 4 1/2 sacks to 2 1/2 sacks a day is that we get 2 bins a day instead of 3 - and that the bins are smaller - so to the pan whereas there were 16 formerly. The enlisted men get 4 bins instead of three or fewer, because they are working. There are 64 E.M. and 256 officers here (all nationalities) - so it means that 1/5 of our number are getting 1/3 the bread - that is, 256 pans to the larger groups 512

May 6 '45 (Sun) 3 yrs + 27 (1124)

1246th Day of War

Four years ago today my family sailed for New York from Manila on the USAT Republic. I think I have commented before on how well I was doing, keeping the old chum up and all that, until my little Booby Hatch grabbed me around the knees and broke out crying. I think that, next to what happened on April 9 '42, was one of the toughest moments of my life. Anyway, they got back to safety, for which I thank God.

It's one o'clock and no dividends yet from my \$2.50 investment. Hope it turns something interesting.

The enlisted men were informed this morning that there was no exemption from Sunday work - and a little later I saw a number of them out in front of the barracks with tools.

Morning service was conducted by Brig. Gen. Chynoweth, Brig. Polakowski (A) + Gen. McMillin read the lessons. Gen. C's service varied from the usual form - and was short and sweet.

This morning I woke up with the feeling that an elephant had stepped in the middle of my back. I shook all over and could hardly stand up straight. My head felt as though it would burst. I had no cold though and am sure I had no temperature. So I decided to go on as though I felt all right and apparently it worked, for as I write this - right after Togo - I feel much better, though far from "top hole". Phil + I played bridge with Jack and Ben Chastaine this afternoon and gave them a good beating. Did the same for Bishop + Struening (our regular Sunday night opponents) tonight.

I have had a lot of favorable comments on my "Moon about the Gold" - so many that I am convinced it was appreciated. It has a sort of a "No-tactic" note which I think met a sympathetic response. This afternoon, Bill Stator (the big British Air Commodore who plays the mandolin in our "gang") fixed up a copy of my song, wrote out music, and got me to autograph it. Phil has asked me to do the same thing for him - which I shall be pleased to do.

All the dope seems to point to Germany's demise early this month. The Russians have over run Berlin and are within a stone's throw of Hitler's headquarters. Several Marshalls and one Ad-

miral have been "arrested" at their homes - the admiral was Horthy. The Americans under Essenlow have with drawn to the Elbe. They won't let them do this, one can be sure of the fighting hot between pretty well under control of the Russians. The San Francisco Conference is over - the controlling participants were, America, Britain, Russia and China (the last is quite insignificant, I think). Both Molotov (R) and Eden (B) have left. I think it's a safe bet that little Japan received the principal attention of them all - and I predict that some real "turkey" will be talked with Japan - and then anything can happen. As someone expressed it, Japan is like the June bride - knows she's going to get it, but doesn't know just when.

"Severe fighting" is claimed on Oginawa. Several Fascist officials have been executed in Italy. This happened 4/28-29. The British 8th Army has entered Ordisio, Italy, 40 mi NE of Trieste and joined with Tito's Yugoslav army. It all looks as though Germany has gone the way of Italy - and that Japan is without an ally. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the next few months. It would be interesting to know how Tokyo's taking all this. Well, the next few months are filled with interesting possibilities. Anyway, the days are in a hell of a fix.

May 7 '45 (Mon) 3 yrs + 28 (1125)

1247th Day of War

Woke this morning with Phil against Jack Keltner + Ben Chastaine. In won. This afternoon we lost a close bridge match to Webb's team - 9 to 7. I think Jack + I played Sam Howard + Webb up in our room, Al Belsam + Ed Gedridge played Lyle Roberts + Ken Lowman down in theirs.

This is Col. Paul Bunker's 64th birthday - rather, he would have been 64 today had he not died back there in Karenko.

After the bridge match I went down to see Gillespie, for I had been shivering all afternoon. He said I probably had a recurrence of malaria, found I had some temperature, which was very high as he said when he took it again at 6 o'clock, and put me to bed. This is the first time I've been officially "shushin" (sick in bed). When I had malaria in the fall of '43 at Shira-Kawa, I stood all formations - just didn't work.

I've been trying rather unsuccessfully to cook up some words to the tune I wrote down in this diary on April 27 (this book). Here is the rather poor and unoriginal lyric I wrote tonight:

Home, home, I'm goin' home
Home where I long to be
Home, home, I'm hurryin' home
Where someone waits for me
It's cozy inside, the doors open wide
There's a table with places for three
Home, home, I'm hurryin' home
Home where I long to be.

May 8 '45 (Tue) 3 yrs + 29 (1126) (Germany Falls!!!)

1248th Day of War

My temperature was 104 at 6 o'clock last night when Gillespie came down to see me. I felt rather at supper time, ate about half my patty and gave my beans to Phil. Didn't even bother the cigarette butt I had so carefully coiled on my shelf earlier in the day. This morning, after a rather tiresome night during which I rolled and tossed and perspired a great deal, I couldn't even finish my mush - gave a good third of it to Phil. I did manage to eat a bun a little later in the morning. Finished "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight - a pleasant dog story suitable for any age, and got Phil

to return it to the library for me & get me something else. He was turning in "Gone with the Wind" which he had read for the third time. When he came back he had "The Heart of a Goof" - a goof story by P. G. Woodhouse, and "My Ten Years in a Quaidy" - and how they grew" by no other than Robert Benchley. It's read the former - and been strongly advised against the latter. After reading several of the "humorous" Benchley fragments I decide that a second reading of the Woodhouse book might not be such a bad idea.

On the whole I've had a good day. Last night Gillespie gave me 3 guinine pills and 3 atabrine pills with orders to take one of each right away about 4 pm - the same dose at 9 pm and the remainder pills early this morning. Gillespie came in this morning, gave me 3 more doses of the same to be taken at 1 pm, 4 pm today - and the third early tomorrow morning.

Several days ago - I don't know whether or not I mentioned it - the three senior officers here directed two letters to the Senior Camps Commandant, through the local C.C. & canteen. One had to do with the present schedule of Red Cross issues. It was a protest from a soldier on the ground that it would be preferable to issue as formerly planned - due to the fact that later on we will be getting something from this golden. The other was a protest too, covering the working of our men on Sundays, the working of M.C.O.s in other than our own camp, copying, corporal punishment and other forms of the "beat" including saluting every Tom, Dick & Harry.

Today, the Camp Commandant sent for Tratt who met him in the office at 11 am. It was the second letter he wanted to talk about - and the conference lasted until 1:30 pm. They took up the letter paragraph by paragraph.

May 9 '45 (Wed) 3483 + 30 (1127)

1249th Day of War

Had a good day today, ate my much which had no sugar in it. The noon meal was a concoction of rice, vegetable soup, decayed vegetables - a little Kaffir corn, quite a few carrots, and a piece of Irish potatoes here and there. This from men who eat 56th birthday, so not being able to go up there, being ordered to stay in bed by Gillespie. I sent word for him to come down when he had a chance. About 11 am he showed up and I wished him a happy birthday. About that time I decided I wanted to smoke and was just lighting a cigarette when a little slow-spy fellow carrying a rifle and bayonet came through the door and saw me. He then proceeded to ball me out saying "DAMEE" (no good) over and over again. Of course I stopped smoking and put the cigarette out.

This afternoon the three senior officers got together and decided to ask the Camp Commandant for an interview. Bing Tratt spoke to the C.C. and he said "Certainly. When do they wish to see me?" Tratt's reply to this was "At your convenience." Very tactful of him, I thought.

May 10 '45 (Thur) 3484 + 31 (1128)

1250th Day of War

Today is Phil's 18th wedding anniversary, and he is receiving the usual congratulations and assurances that this is positively the last one till he separates from his wife - by captivity, at least.

The conference was held this morning and I hear it was calm throughout, no talk pounding on either side. The matters contained in the May 6th letter were reopened and discussed further. Also a letter which was written prior to the present C.C.'s advice was read to him and he was informed that no answer to it had been received. Of course, he knew nothing of this and asked them to submit another letter covering all the points that have not already been disposed of. (The letter he heard read covered many points - among them food, sanitation, additional orderly service, dental & medical treatment as well as some suggestions regarding the operation of the so-called Post-Exchange (Shuh-o). The result was that they now have delegated the preparation of a second letter to Maj. Gen. Kay (15) and Brig. Gen. Beebe (15) - all the points previously covered to be set forth including a statement in appropriate cases that certain of the points have been satisfactorily settled already - just to be sure the Chief Camp Commandant knows of the recurrence of "bopping" and other things not in accordance with International Custom. I am glad to see our senior officers hammering away at the Nips in the interest of better living conditions.

Manchurian
Vidat.

Al Balsam
returned from
his walk this
morning (5/9).
Gave it to me
and said "It's not
much of a house
but it's the best I
could do." Good
or Al!

As I write this (6 pm) I feel that I have a slight temperature, the first time since the first day. This atabrine and guinine combination is wonderful stuff.

Tonight at suppertime, Bing Tratt came in and informed me that the interpreter had given him my number and told him I had been caught by a sentry while I was smoking in bed. Tratt said he explained that I was "Shushin" to which the interpreter replied "It was unfortunate that the sentry happened along at the time." So that's that.

Bill Bess came in a minute ago with the cheering news that we will get Millet every other morning in future. (I guess he means the stuff I have been calling Kaffir corn) - and that there will be as much millet in the soy and we get no more patties. I don't know that this makes a great deal of difference. As bad as it is, the food is infinitely better than the stuff we got at Karewaka.

This morning we got tooth powder, 1 cake of soap, toilet paper, 2 packs of Nips cigarettes, and a bag of Gita fried cake (looked like thin strips of doughnut patty fried in deep fat, then coated with sugar - good and crunchy).

The Camp Commandant took "tengo" tonight. Hereafter there will be no leaving the room after the bell rings until "tengo" is over. One other thing, instead of emptying ashtrays in the trash box as heretofore, each room orderly must empty them in a bucket which is located in the "benjo".

May 11 '45 (Fri) 3485 + 32 (1129)

1251st Day of War

To day the AVM had a conference with the Camp Commandant. A protest was made about food - and it was suggested that there might be some leaks. The C.C. promised to investigate - went right over to the warehouse and found it full with the same as in charge. This ought to produce favorable results. There are rumors of a move.

May 12 '45 (Sat) 3486 + 33 (1130)

1252nd Day of War

Many indications of an impending - and many indications of the evacuation of this country by the Nips - also indications of great pleasure for some reason or part of Nips. It can't be because Germany has been crushed. What can it be? Lately came up and told Phil that the Nips are acting as though a great weight has been lifted from their minds. Possibly the decision not to fight on alone - there are many here who believe that. It is generally known I think that many of these soldiers are sick of this thing and anxious to get home. We are expecting a visit by a couple of Staff officers - presumably from Moscow - on Monday and the C.C. & all camps on Tuesday. All here agree that it looks as though something big is in the air. I wonder what it can be.

May 13 '45 (Sun) 3487 + 34 (1131)

1253rd Day of War

The cat seems to be out of the bag. A mp. told one of the men "You are moving your camp." We are all wondering what this means and where the new camp will be. There is a strong feeling that we are on our way. Another mp said "You are on your way home?" Still another "You are going to a seaport city two days distant." Two strange mp officers came through the barracks this morning while I was over keeping Floyd prepare his answers to a questionnaire which all prisoners must submit. Cannot believe the end has come but feel sure it is near. There is a rumor that all remaining Red Cross will be issued on Wednesday. Flash! We have

just received notice to be ready "about the 20th" for a move that would take 6 or 7 hours. Looks like Menden to most of us. A hip soldier told one of our soldiers that President Roosevelt died on the 12th of April. This may, we fear, be true since on the 14th of last month one of the hipps stated that there was some sad news for us that would be divulged later. We were told nothing more.

One of the editions in a recent paper has been translated - It says "The death of President may, be used as a trump card for securing control of the world"

May 14th 45 (Mon) 3yrs + 35 (1132)

1254th Day of War

Turning in tonight this morning. Every one in high spirits. We have been told unofficially that we go for about an 18 hr train trip and that our destination is a place south of Menden - some say Daito, some Chergen - take your choice. Anyway it seems it is a large prison camp and I am eager to know if Johnnie Olson, Freddie Jorgensen, Mark Herbst and others of the old 5th are there. We heard that had been moved from Cabanatuan to Japan sometime ago.

It seems that in spite of our tendency to doubt such a report that President Roosevelt is dead. I hear he was assassinated in San Francisco. We hope this move is the first step on our homeward journey. It certainly looks as if it could be just that.

Has Russia given notice on Japan to evacuate Manchoukuo? She has been stripping this country for months. Also have the Tokyo powers decided to take in the towel and take what terms the Americans, British & Russians offer? It is our opinion that she stands to lose the following, Khabarovsk, Manchoukuo, Korea, Taiwan - and of course, all the islands in the Pacific which passed from Germany to her after World War I.

Six months ago today we arrived here.

This morning we turn in between 8:30. Dobby Boxes 9:00, Bench 9:30, Tables 10:20. It doesn't look as if we're going to be here many more days. I am reasonably well packed but will go out here looking like a moving van. I'll have my guitar, two gross bags, and a small canvas training gas mask cover - in which will be my surplus food & chocolate bars, 2 cans butter, 1 pkg cheese, and a coffee can about 7/3 full.

There is no Armistice - this comes from a "reliable" source. Russia is massing troops on Siberian border. Japan is evacuating supplies by day and moving troops up by night. There is a conference in Washington Italy, U.S., Britain, Russia being represented. We go to a Italian Camp.

2:41 PM May 7 German High Command surrendered unconditionally their land, sea and air forces - effective 11:01 am May 8th 45.

Another set of words for the time on page 1 - might be a catchy doughboy marching song -

Here here, swinging along

Here comes the Infantry

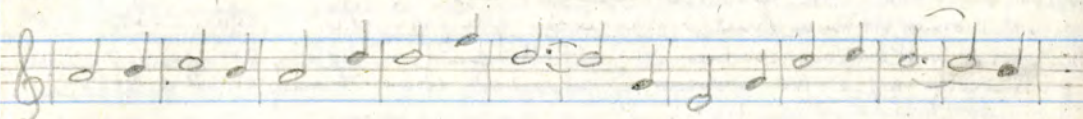
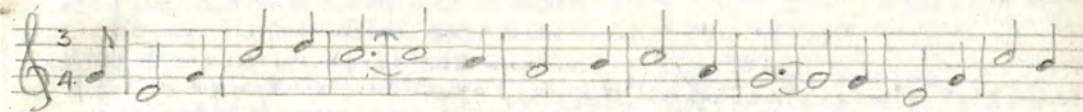
Here here, singing a song

Fighting for Liberty

Ready to fight By day or by night

Wherever the fracas may be

High 110 - our we go - Follow the Infantry!



May 15th 45 (Tue) 3yrs + 36 (1133)

1255th Day of War

Many plausible rumors running the rounds. Will try to keep up with all reasonable ones as they make their appearance, and list everything here as they happen. We are busy taking furniture etc. downstairs for moving. At 3 pm we turn in our heavy baggage for shipment. I have two Red Cross cartons full of odds and ends, some of which I don't want to lose - the rest of it makes little difference - a few recipes and souvenirs. The number one story this morning is: Japan tried to get terms and failed. Russia is massing troops on the Manchurian border. Japan is evacuating all property and civilians and reinforcing her troops there. We are being moved - the 20th seems to be the date - to conform to the evacuation. Official: Germany surrendered her land, sea and air forces unconditionally at Rheims on May 7th 45 (2:41 pm) effective at 11:01 am May 8th 45. Our heavy baggage has been turned in for shipment and left out doors. Trett had a few words with the hip lieutenant about it. Told him if he had a lieutenant under his command as stupid as this one appears to be, he'd get rid of him.

May 16th 45 (Wed) 3yrs + 37 (1134)

1256th Day of War

Our heavy baggage, minus some post-board cartons which have been moved inside out of the weather, is still sitting outside. It is amusing to see the amount of baggage some of our number have - and they are the ones who have screamed loudest about how little they have. We are all wondering, naturally, whether or not Japan will continue the fight. She is getting the hell kicked out of her from the air. Luis tells of the large incendiary bombs which break up in descent and scatter havoc all around. They complain that they cause many devastating fires which are difficult to extinguish. The general opinion - partly based on wishful thinking perhaps - but largely on an effort to wipe Japan's hopes of gain by fighting against her loss by that course of action. Most of you feel sure that it will take only a very few weeks to convince Japan of the futility of fighting on. There is another dust storm in progress. The C.O. gall captain is expected here tomorrow. Sugar in the morning must!

May 17 '45 (Thurs) 3 yrs + 38 (1135)

1257th Day of War

No change - the C.O. of all prison camps is not coming today, but tomorrow instead. He will address us we hope - and probably caution us to guard our health. Stop! he reveals some things else, though I suppose that is too much to hope for. Know one seems to know where we are going - even the baggage tags - sometimes a fruitless source of information - reveal nothing. My guess is Korea - where we shall find a bare, congested camp. Conditions will be worse, if possible, than here. Must suffer. Corn for breakfast, light!

May 18 '45 (Fri) 3 yrs + 39 (1136)

1258th Day of War

Rumor - a place about 30 km south of Berlin - evidently the Eastern headquarters - was discovered by the Russians - or at least quarters many pictures of Hitler - some clothing that might have been his - but no Hitler. Where is he? Another rumor - an American tank force was bombed by the wild eagles of the air in the vicinity of Okunskia and moved north. Seeking refuge in the waters just south of Kyushu. The Manchurian papers have been preparing the population of this country for heavy bombings.

The Camp Commandant with many cohorts make an inspection of all supplies tonight - locate many caches of food - most particularly disturbed by finding large stores of buns and some PW's possessions - Nick Carter, for one, I hear. He put into everything - the busy little fingers are over a can. Looked through everything I had - dumped stuff all over the bunk - found 4 bars of chocolate, 2 cans butter, 1/2 pound of cheese - but no buns. Didn't take anything, but even over pieces were due for a real shake down tomorrow. Phil and I and I gathered 3 cans of butter - and are splitting a box of raisins 3 ways tomorrow morning. We turn in bunks, blankets etc in the morning - get up at 4 am, breakfast at 7. Don't know when we move out but it is rumored we eat the noon meal here - then embark on an 18 hour train ride - stopping off at Muxden for the evening meal - from which place we head south for some place called Cheing-chi (Tchah).

May 25 '45 (Fri) 3 yrs + 46 (1143)

1265th Day of War

We left Cheing-chi at 2 pm May 20 '45. Fell in at 12:30 pm and went through the checking and "bango" my things we are so used to by now. We learned at the last minute that three guys who had our "heavy" stuff packed in Red Cross boxes would either have to leave them behind or carry them to the train ourselves and put them in the cars with us. Luckily, one of my boxes was taken to the train, but the other (the heavier) I had to make do with myself - which after some debating, I did. I was already loaded with two gross bags, two canteens, one small foxglove pouch (tramping) in which I had put a few edible items such as 1/2 lb. cheese, and 4 cones of chocolate. Phil helped me with one gross bag and Al Balsam with the other - so I got there all right. They finally packed us in - 120 to a car. Each pair of seats had 4 people in it - making 8 on both sides of the aisle - plus an average of 2 sitting in the aisle waiting a turn in the seats. I sat on one of my boxes on end and sat on that for a while. It was surprisingly comfortable - and with the individuals in the seats I was reasonably comfortable most of the way. It has been our experience

henceforward that the meals en route - even in spite of our miserable (13 accommodations - have been better than at other times, so I was rather looking forward to the box lunches, such as the ones we received on our way up from Fusan. This did not work out as I had hoped it would, there were no box lunches. Instead we got 1 bun for each of the 4 meals we were on the train. Not one drop of water was issued en route. In addition, we were compelled to shut the windows at all stops and to keep them shut at night. This made the already crowded car very close. Finally, AVM Marley made a protest about air, food, and water. All he got was authority to keep the doors and doors open for ventilation. As for the food, he was told that our kitchen had assured the Nijis that 1 bun per meal for the trip would be adequate. We were told the trip would be about 18-19 hours in duration - and this did not prove to be far wrong - but we had not counted on the hours and hours we were to spend at stationary or sidings. We actually arrived at this place - The Main Station Prisoning War Camp (Muxden) at about 2 pm May 21 '45. I ached in every joint. After a wait of about 15 minutes - taken very slowly - we got inside the compound. Here there were many officers (Nijis) and soldiers running hither and yon. After a while, one "dog face" came out and stood upon a platform and made us (or rather read to us) a very perfunctory address. That over, we were grouped by PW number and banded with a big building which was provided with two decks on either side of a lateral hallway. A long hall went through the entire building and there were about 6 of these cross halls which separated the floor into as many bays. I found my number (1668) plastered over on the first floor which is raised about 8" above the main floor - and which was the top floor about 4'-4 1/2" above it. Fortunately, I was next to a window. I can get no view, however, due to a very curiously placed wooden screen which is set just far enough out to enable me to see the sky and the ground, but to prevent my seeing anything else except by leaning far out and almost placing my eye against the cracks. The physical environment here is not so attractive even as that at Cheung-chi-tan (it was beginning to take on a rather spring-like appearance there). However, this place has its advantages. The food is about the same in quantity, but much more palatable prepared. There is a fair library - and the hospital, I hear, is almost worthy of the name. I have had several good reports on Floyd Marshall. Before we left the last camp he was given some sort of a hypodermic which quieted him down a good deal - he was beginning to worry about the move. On the way out the gate I passed Floyd lying there on a stretcher and he waved to me - looked very cheerful. I didn't see him on the trip however, so was glad to hear he'd made the journey in good shape.

On arriving here - and after we were somewhat settled in our new "quarters" we began getting calls. The first two I saw were Capt E. L. Brown "Browny" who did quite a fine job with "C" Co. during the war and Weremuth who also turned in a fine performance. The latter, I hear, has received more than his share of favorable publicity back in the States. He has been informed that his mother was called to Washington where she was presented with the award President Roosevelt used when the U.S. declared war upon Germany and Japan. Quite an honor! and all on account of the reports of her son's work in the battle of the Philippines. It is all very gratifying - and I am hoping - and feel sure - that the 57th Div (AS) and the scouts got their share of credit. Weremuth was quite a showman and attracted the attention of a couple of U.S. newspaper men who collected for the States - and it is undoubtedly through them that he received his favorable notoriety. That and the fact that he was promoted as a recognition for good work, as well as his purple heart, silver star citation, and Distinguished Service Cross - and his three wounds. Although he has somewhat over shadowed Browny

in the publicity he has received, I wouldn't take one Browne for a couple dozen Wermuths.

I have talked at length with both these youngsters as well as many others we left in the Philippines. They certainly have an interesting and heart-breaking story to tell - and in spite of that they've been through not one single mortal's son of them is the least bit sorry for himself. The left the P.S. on Dec 13 '44 on the Oryoku Maru - the same ship that, the previous October had brought us to Japan from Taiwan. The only difference was that our twice our number were placed in a space very little larger, one deck farther down - and had none of the consideration that we received. On the 14th they were bombed twice again on the 15th when the Oryoku Maru was sunk. They (or what was left of them) got ashore on reefs and remained for 4 days on some lower coasts at Otzopo - the sinking occurred at the entrance to Subic Bay. There they received about 3 meager spoonfuls of dry (uncooked) rice, twice a day and a very meager amount of water. From there they were taken to San Fernando, Pampanga where they were "quarantined" in the court yard of the city jail. From there they were transported - packed and jammed in box cars - to San Fernando hallways, from which place they finally were loaded on a ship and set sail for Taiwan. This ship was sunk in Takao harbor. Browne and Wermuth paint a much more gruesome picture of this than I can. Many of their comrades slaughtered by our own bombs + the Japs would not give them the slightest bit of medical attention. Browne was wounded twice - once in the knee and once in the head. He still has a fragment of a bomb under his skull and of course he lost some pieces of bone out of his skull. He will need another operation when he gets home. There is danger as it is of this fragment getting loose and injuring his brain tissue. The Marine doctor who took care of him said he did all he could to do it himself with the equipment and under the conditions, as there was danger of destroying brain tissue.

Other members and former members of the 57th Div (PS) who are here are - See just list them down so as to have a complete list. Capt. Brown, Wermuth, Max G. Herbst, and 1 Lt. Otis E. Saalman and Harry J. Steupin. All these served with the 57th during the war. Others here who formerly belonged to the 57th in addition to Gen. Briggs, Burke, Funk, Colo. Fry, Aldridge, Rodman, Slote, Thompson, Browne and myself - (our group) are Capt. Groves, Richards, Eugene Hickey and Lts. M.A. Booth and William R. Parks.

Many old acquaintances are here, whom it's a sight to see again. Lt. Colo. O.O. (Zoro) Wilson, Tam Tarpley, Trapnell, Major Van Cotten - also others whose names I'll think of later. Of the Shirasawa group there are Tom Dorsey, Bob Browne, and dozens of others. I've met many of the British group. I knew Brock at Shikoku. They, I understand, had a pretty tough time after we left - as did all the others. Johnnie Pugh is here in the hospital.

From the above, it is easy to see that the time since our arrival here has been filled with interesting and happy reunions on all sides. Speaking from the 57th Div (PS) viewpoint, I think the morale of our youngsters has been immeasurably boosted up by seeing us all again - I know Phil & I have felt that way about it. So many deaths among the old crowd that if I would let myself I could bury my head in my pillow and weep a few tears. The following are dead - in addition to those we already knew about: Hal Granberg, Bob Seiders, Herman Galt, Eldridge "Suk" Kendall, Frank Proctor, Lew Doss, "Jack" Newirth, Clark Keneel, Tom Chilcote, Bill Priestly, Hannissay, Dick Hall, Boots Brown, Goetshap, Al Peyton, Joe Sallee, Brian Wynne, Bruce Summeyer, Martin Mosso, Marvin Noble, Ronald MacDonald, Freddie Saint, Charlie Newirth,

Tom Smothers, Herman G. Ramsey, Shelby Newman and many others - all (15) wantonly sacrificed due to the negligence of the Jap command.

Frank Newirth heard me say it been trying to get hold of a regimental insignia. So while I was taking my siesta after lunch today, he brought one that he been able to rustle and left it for me with a nice little note. Wermuth gave me a miniature regimental insignia today - made by some Russian he says, in the Philippines. It was made out of some of the silver in a U.S. 50¢ piece. On the reverse side are Arnold Farn's name and mine along with the names of some of the places such as Abucay, Agoloma, etc. which any member of the 57th will always remember.

May 26 '45 (Sat) 3 yrs + 47 (1144)

1266th Day of war

Teddy is 17 years old today. I hope - and feel sure - he is a fine young man and a joy and stay to his mother. See never forget our parting on the deck of the U.S. Republic, on May 6 '41. He was not quite 13 then. Previously, we had been talking and making a sort of gentleman's agreement, on which we solemnly shook hands, that neither of us would ever do anything knowingly which would make the other ashamed. At this time he reminded me of our bargain and we renewed the agreement with another hand clasp. I was deeply moved and hope I have lived up to my part of the bargain. I feel sure he has lived up to his. Well, Ted, old man, here's wishing you all that's good, with a heartfelt love from your Dad! May we all be reunited before long.

Today, I understand, is also Vic Cottier's birthday.

I heard today of many presents which will be given to the "Heroes of Bataan" on their return home - discounts on automobiles, radios etc. Gil Bee, who was telling me about it over in the bath after supper tonight, said there were some 60 items in all. This information has been gleaned from various letters received and is by no means official. Also, I heard Congress has enacted legislation providing for three months leave of absence with full pay in addition to regular pay accrued leave. Also the bill provides for a flat "rehabilitation" allowance graduated upward according to grades, to be paid to us immediately upon our return home. I feel sure this will eventually be deducted from the amounts allowed on our claims for lost property. All this, of course, is in the form of one of our wildest dreams - but all indications as far as I can hear from letters received here by individuals are that the people who did the best they could with what they had against an enemy greatly superior in numbers in Bataan are far from forgotten in the States. Young Wermuth as I have said before has already received a great deal of fortunate and timely publicity and is apt to be received when he gets home as quite a hero. One thing that indicates this to me is that in reading our other comments by the various U.S. newspapers on the fall of Bataan there is an item about this Arthur Wermuth. Apparently, the editor asked to send a message to the troops in Bataan. This obviously would not have been done had Wermuth not come into the public eye.

The Japs gave us 1 piece of cigarettes and a box of caramels each today.

May 27 '45 (Sun) 3 yrs + 48 (1145)

1267th Day of war

This, being the Sunday nearest to our Memorial Day, will be observed here as Memorial Sunday. Both Protestants and Catholics have been invited to participate. I had a brainstorm and mentioned it to Gen. Briggs & Phil. It was that all former members of the 57th Div (PS) who are here now attend this service if possible and, with out any idea of disloyalty to any organs, give a special place in their prayers and hearts to those former members of the 57th whom we won't see any more. Gen. Briggs, characteristically, has the idea of marching to the service in a group - an idea which is rather ridiculous to most of us - and then wishing a reception or something after the war. This antagonized a number and at first it looked as though the

idea would fail, but by some fort talking, I managed to allay any adverse feelings - so, as I write this (7:45 am - the service is at 9 am and doors) every thing seems to be all right again. Even Phil didn't want to attend under the circumstances, but he finally came around all right. Later - we had our Memorial Service as planned. Every body was there. There was no formation - we just wandered over and stood in a group. Gen. Funt, Brown, & Barber were there - also Colo Fry, Robman, Aldridge, Selma Thompson, Brown - myself; Capt. Brown, Stumpin, Warrent, Richards and the 1st. Boatman and Sashman. I think that was all. A nice service - stood out to the point. I understand that Special Trip permission was secured for this one service. As for future Sunday services, I hear the ship's chaplain, they say. I was under the impression that Chap. Kennedy, British R.C. would offer the closing prayer - many of our R.C. friends were present - but somehow he failed to perform and I don't know why. Some Chaplain - out of the 31st Regt (US) I understand - conducted the service. I was hoping our first little Australian chaplain Birdman would take some part, but if he did I didn't notice. We were pretty far back in the congregation and during the service, two hip fighter planes took that time to put on a little aerial circus directly over head - so you had to cock your ear very close to hear the words over the din and roar of the motors. After the service we stood around a few minutes and talked. Then Phil & Brownie - and Warrent and I - took a few turns around the compound - then Warrent & I went by his truck. He gave me a piece of "Chocolate Cane". It seems that he had a few other enterprising youngsters got hold of some of the dough from which our buses are made, put into it some sugar, chocolate, butter and milk, then got it baked at the kitchen. It tasted very good. He also gave me a few pieces of candy - said that was his "third love" - so I don't know about taking it. On the way out I saw Porvane talking to an ordinance enlisted man who is going to make me a pair of shoulder straps. I can get a couple of eagles in him to use in making the mould. Don't know where I can borrow any but am going to try. On returning to barracks I found Phil in conversation with a Scout (Ensign) Bruce Langdon (USN) who is from Fayetteville - his father has some farm land out near a brick kiln out just Fayetteville at a little place called "Stocom" on the Raleigh road. Of course he is much younger than Phil & I but we managed to dig up enough things to talk about to make a very interesting visit. 5:00 pm. I just came from the hospital where I had a nice visit with Flagg Marshall. His old chestnut about his service is high, and he seems much improved. I also saw Johnnie Pugh and got a ray of sunshine from him. He ran across Johnnie Johnson in Fusan. I think I was - any way, he ran into him and reports that Johnnie looks a bit whippet down, but in all important respects is all right. I couldn't find out anything from him about Johnnie Olson - hopes that Johnnie Johnson might have given him some news - but no luck. However, I feel hopeful that Johnnie O. got to Japan early enough to have made it safely. I also saw a young officer named Francis, who was MTO, 2nd FA - just recovering from pneumonia. Then there was a Capt. Speck, CA, whom I know at Georgia Tech. He told me that Tech had had a couple of good football seasons after I left - went to one of the "bowls" in '41, and had a '42 season with no losses that year until they were beaten by Uga who went on to the Rose Bowl - while Tech played in the Orange Bowl. Speck is a fine youngster - had 2 years college before coming to Georgia Tech - got his degree in Mechanical as well as Electrical Engineering in '39 - went with GE and later with some bond company on Wall Street where he was studying law when he came into the service. He now has no other idea than to return to Arkansas after the war - when his father owns several thousand acres and a couple of cotton gins - and go on in farming. I stopped in to see Jack G. Isham, who seems to be getting along all right. Okey, Speck told me that my old friend Joe Stensland who had gotten his majority, was killed on the trip to Japan - in fact he

gave me the date and place of his death - Dec 16 '44 at Olongapo, P.I. I also ran across a Capt. Meade, formerly of the 31st Div (US) who told me he was nothing next to McKinley when he was killed (didn't say where or when) - said "Mac's" head was taken off clean - and that his body just sat there for a moment or two in its original position. I also got confirmation of Leimbach's and Packard's death on the same tip - both were with us in the 1st Bn., 24th FA, as C.O. and executive officer, respectively.

This afternoon, just before going over to the hospital, I stopped in the bay occupied by the Germans and listened to some music being supplied by a group of the American enlisted men. They had a guitar (made here), a bass violin (also made here), a cornet, and a violin - also there was a quartette of youngsters who could really sing - and the remarkable part of it was that over 50% of the songs they sang were composed by men right here in Camp. I honestly believe those boys would get by on any radio program local in the States. They were plenty good. Two of them played guitars (the bull fiddle) player was really better on the guitar - and could really make them talk. I got so disgusted with my feeble state at singing and playing the guitar that I had half a notion to chuck them both.

May 28 '45 (Mon) 3yrs + 49 (1146)

1268th Day of War

Nothing much of interest today. Phil got knowing to write up an account of the operations of his company (L) from Jan 11-13 '42 - I read it and made a copy of it last night. It was interesting and very thrilling. Brownie was a real fighting man throughout the war - and turned in one of the many fine performances. He was, as he expressed it, "just a pink sheet of tin" when we came over on the Grant - and now it is a glorified veteran with many harrowing experiences. He likes me. Gen. Brown has asked him to become his AGC on returning to the States. Also he asked my advice - also Phil - about trying to get a regular commission. He has been first of all, thought to be damn sure that's what he wants more than anything else - and if he still wants it when we get home, will both do our utmost to see that he gets it. The Army could do with a few men like him. Had a walk and talk with Warrent this morning - also with Brownie and Mark Herbst. There is a strong rumor going "shake down" by the tips on the 30th. This is the second time that one has made its appearance - so maybe there's something to it. There is also a rumor that we have landed on the most northern island of the Luchow group which is about 150 miles south of Kyushu. A little before this afternoon with just a Lynch against Dick Mallonee and McConarty. They beat us.

May 29 '45 (Tue) 3yrs + 50 (1147)

1269th Day of War

Well, this is the day - if the rumors are true - when Japan will have to decide the momentous question: To fight or not to fight. I'd like to be in a position to offer what I think is rather sound advice on the subject. She has every thing to gain (little though it may be) and everything to lose by continuing the struggle. She is whipped and must realize it. Of course, if the Military clique is still in power, they are through anyway and probably have less to lose by fighting than any others. I visualize a situation in case of landing on the Japanese mainland that will make the fleeing Belgians look like the invading German army in 1914. Look like a well ordered withdrawal. There is no doubt in my mind that the civilians fleeing before our troops will not only form an effective screen for them, but will also prove a decided handicap to the defenders. I have always been an unqualified optimist but now I'm really riding high. I cannot hope, particularly, for Japan to throw in the sponge - unless, of course, they do so unconditionally. What happened in the case of Germany may have taken a little longer, but it was worth it - should have been done in 1918 but, for some reason wasn't. And now Japan may ask for it - in which case she should be given the full impact of all our armed forces with no holds barred. God knows, she's bad at none in dealing with her enemies in

Combat or as prisoners of war.

On May 12 '45, 8 days before we left Chang-chia-tun, we were allowed to send a 100 word letter. I intended to record the best of mine, but have forgotten it up to now. Here it is - just for Tori's information in case this diary ever reaches her.

Mrs. Victoria B. Lilly -
167 Steadman St., Fayetteville, N.C., USA.

My Darling: Am well. Don't worry. Before we know it we will be back on the old basis. There is chance this is here and I forgive.

Interesting thought anyway. Oh to see you and children. Hope Betty Ann is well and Jack safe. Teddy, I know, is fine young man, like Tori real young lady. Hope piano and composing progressing. Take care of your dear self. Know children in good hands. Love to Mother, Fran and all - especially you, my Darling. Implore you see doctor if necessary - and follow advice. Glad George found again, Helen and Harry married.

Ted

What I meant by the "harsh & tortoise" reference is obvious and betrays my optimism - about the war - as well as my pessimism about the mail service for us PW's. Ned Gray is 51 today -

May 30 '45 (Wed) 3yrs + 51 (1198)

1270th Day of War

30 years ago today I was 21 - it was Sunday as I remember - anyway I listened to my graduation baccalaureate sermon at Chapel Hill, NC. Today I am an old man in years, but strangely enough, and in spite of some of the things I have thought the past few years, I feel rather spry. Good for a good many more rounds of golf. Shops. In taking stock of my blessings, of course I immediately think of my fine family - Tori and the children (maybe grand children! who knows?) Next my good health. Also, far from the bottom of my blessing list, I put my privilege of serving with and for part of the time commanding, a fine combat infantry regiment (the 1st Airborne Div (P.S.) in some combat at all critical times as our company has been called upon to face - but strange of that. Ray O'Day (first of Ray!) was the first, as usual, to wish me a happy birthday - he gave me a package of 100 cigarettes which was most welcome. Phil, and some of the others who heard him, also wished me the best. There is no reason in my mind for this not being one of my happier birthdays. With definite winning this war on a quiet way - and my family has lived in a good safe place ever since June '41. A man couldn't ask for much more.

I hear that Col. Gargan Clarke is now a B.G. in charge of certain ROTC activities in Georgia and Alabama. More power to him - I look back on our association now after mature thought with more gratitude to him than otherwise. After all the man was true to character through our contact - a friendly, expansive individual who, I sincerely believe, did the very best he could - and if any one was to blame for what he did, or didn't do, it was those who, knowing him and his record, put him where he was in the first place and kept him there as long as they did in the second.

This is the day of the predicted "shock down" - well it won't be the first one and perhaps it won't be the last. I haven't got much to gripe about already taken. So what! Later. The shock down didn't take place. A few enlisted men got it but not many - a few who had been working outside and suspected of being in contact with the enemy. Well, these boys have been suspected and treated by experts and are really post workers at the apt. So I don't think a small thing like a shock down has many terrors for them.

Here I am in a hippopotamus prison camp ten thousand miles away from my family and yet if the truth were told, I have just had one of the happiest birthdays of my life. Here are some of the presents I got: Ray O'Day's pack of 100 cigarettes, a Camel cigarette from Swampy - also one from Mervin Herbst, 3 pieces of candy from Jack Keltner. In addition to these, Browne gave

me one eagle, made of tin, made for me by a young friend of his named Hanson, an Ordnance enlisted man. After it was made, Hanson, put some black lacquer on it and then rubbed it down so the raised portions were bright and a little of the lacquer remained in the crevices - giving the appearance of an old piece of silver. It's very pretty. The note to this one will be coming along and here too, within a day or two. These will make a very nice souvenir for me when I get out of here. In addition to these, Browne got another of his friends to make me a Birthday card - on the outside of which was painted, very cleverly, a 5th Airborne (P.S.) regimental insignia in color. Then Phil got by here to make me a Birthday card too. Evidently Phil had passed the word around so most of the youngsters managed to get around individually during the day and wish me a happy birthday. Many of my friends did the same many more than I expected. A bunch of about 20 gathered around me this morning while I was sitting on my bunk writing and sang "Happy Birthday to you" - so it is easy to see how this is a very happy day for me.

Browne has told me many times since we have been together here, how wonderful these American enlisted men were to him and how proud of young officers when they reached here at the end of the war. They shared everything - even to their highly prized Red Cross - this last was one of the finest things I think I ever heard of. They gave clothing, and many other things which made these fellows feel how sincerely glad they were of their safe arrival. It's all very wonderful to me and gives one a strong renewal of his faith in human nature.

Yesterday I got a little box of narrative poems from the library - I happened to be browsing through it before I decided to borrow it, and saw the words to an old song that Mother had sung to me many, many times when I was a small boy, and I loved it - used to make her to sing "Jack o' the Riddle" over and over again. I was not surprised to learn that the words were written by Sir. Walter Scott.

Bill Parley and a number of other P.W.s (15 in all) were allowed to go out to the PW cemetery and participate in a memorial service. Bill said it was about 25 min. by a charcoal burning truck. There are a total of 238 graves there, including two British. The place is fairly well kept - two aisles divide the 8 rows of 30 graves each (with two blank spaces in the last row) into three equal parts. He says it is grassy and, of course, at this season, the grass is green. That's about all I can learn. Most of these associations occurred among the young enlisted group who came up here from the P.I. in the fall (142 I think) and were given no additional clothing in the Siberian weather - fires accounted only part time. With these factors & many others, it is not surprising that so many of them died.

July 15 '45 (Sun) 3yrs + 97 (1194)

1316th Day of War

The living conditions here are terrible - 20 guys (Colonels as well as generals) live in one room about 20' x 45' - probably a little less. Ours is an interior room on the second floor of a long building. Our room extends all the way across the block. There are two windows at each end - but between them is a "pachica" for winter heating. I was lucky enough to be put on the lower side next to a window. My window, being near the prison wall, which has been electrified wire running along the top, has a board screen set out about 1 1/2' to keep us from seeing too much. We sleep on the floor, on mattresses filled with corn stalks (not chucks). Downstairs we have about 4 ft. to the next deck. They can stand up upstairs and get up and down on ladders. We have to keep our shoes on the floor - our sleeping space being raised about 1' off the main floor. All the news we get here, which

Brown - previous wt = 175-180
 weight 75 on receipt of Jozam Jan '45
 weight 110 June '45

6/26 Tue - 3:00 PM (12:25)
 9 AM - Shidley inspection by some General for Jozam
 He thought out to be a bit Green - also
 interested.

6/28 Thur - Put with the woman - before called on well
 at the photo on Jan 1 '46. Herbert, G. Green & Ray were
 witnesses, H. B. & a couple other people

6-29 Fri. Capt. West came on + showed him picture of
 B. B. & Jack -

July 2. Air rail drill discontinue

June 30 Black out curtains!

Show tomorrow - this practice song
 last night - singing song on 32.

July 3 - we get to camp. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)
 July 4 - about 10:00 AM. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)
 July 4 - about 10:00 AM. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)

July 6 4:00 AM Col. Pigeon died - her brain tumor -
 July 8 8:30 AM " " " " " " " " " " " "

July 8. Pract. Ch. course 8:15 - because of Wp. B. & D.
 meeting of Camp Staff

July 16 in Red Cross news (for USPW) Oct 1 '43 Vol 1 No 2
 Phil Woodcut of G. B. & D. was dated Pass of NC. B. & D.
 Am. " all also (at Red Cross Nov 1 '43 & June 1 '44
 G. B. & D. off in must be clear.

July 13 (Fri) Test Fray's team in tournament

Got a package from Toni (last Aug 23 '43) contents: Com
 on G. B. & D. Others who read pgs - G. B. & D. Whitehead

Huffman rail some clothing from G. B. & D. in Taiwan. Col. Bennett
 (Mc. B. & D.) said on 8:00 AM from Taiwan - contents of my pgs

2 W. shirts 1 pgs booklets 1 1st class shirt 1 pgs
 3 shorts 1 shirt other from 1 pgs
 2 Socks 2 B. & D. G. B. & D. 1 pgs
 3 H. B. & D. 1 B. & D. G. B. & D. 1 pgs

1 (30) white shirt 1 B. & D. G. B. & D. 1 pgs
 1 B. & D. G. B. & D. 1 pgs

July 3 Yasame Bay. Arrived on
 Am. facing General cleanup by men.
 Right of the lunch - 1/2 Can 3 pgs
 inside g. B. & D. Com. H. B. & D. was the tomorrow.
 Show us afternoon 2:30. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)
 Don't go to the song. M. B. & D. Women R. & D.
 + Col. B. & D. America. The B. & D. R. & D.
 "Filaminica" from the B. & D. which gave
 me a gift of the B. & D. +
 also "Show" + "Show" + "Show"

B. & D. & D. played "Populardatum"
 + "More in my fingers" - "dame font"

57th Dry R. & D. D. & D. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)
 716 Gen. B. & D. of the 57th D. & D. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)

714 B. & D. of the 57th D. & D. (the 1/4 day in 5:19 AM)

Gracie Javor
 714 Am. & D.

isn't much, indicates that Japan is taking an awful beating from the air. They say the word "B-29" makes them jittery. But to continue about our room, there are four long tables on each side of the hall, which extends the whole length of the building. They are of the crudest material - as are the benches ("forms" to the British). There is a sort of enclosed porch at each end of the building from which stairs lead down. These have 3 exposures and plenty of gunbrows - two sides being boarded up. We can move tables out there and play bridge and other games. I am wondering when the Japs will get wise to that and stop it. We eat and sleep in the same room. As we've always done since Tarlac (Nap for him). Soap is brought over in buckets - when we had rice the same thing applied there, but since arriving in Japan (except for the "bento" or box lunches we received while traveling) we've had no rice. The meal here consists of 3 bowls a day made from millet flour and corn meal. Those at Chang chiao contain millet flour and are quite sour - that one here, though smaller, are much better. We get two at breakfast and one at supper. The Red Cross we brought with us has been pooled with what we found here and we get such issues as 1/2 can butter (1/8 oz) one day, then about 3 days later 1/4 can spam or corned beef. For the first half dozen issues we got something like 2 dumplings sized with this. We got 1/4 can C.B. last night - the last of the current box. Then will be about a month now before we start the next issue. Don't ask me why. Japanese perversity is my guess.

"Bonnie" was 27 on the 10th of June. We made much of him, but that was all we could do.

Jackie another bit that we would be out of Jap control by Jan '45 with Ken Lowman - it was even and the amount was \$100.00 (he owes me that much now). Antenna to this bit were Phil Fay, Eddie & Connor and Frank Norbit.

The days are hot now but the nights are very pleasant. There are many rumors (or reports from prisoner mail) that a lot of gifts are in store for the B-29 - credits for automobiles, electric refrigerators, cigarettes, \$100 worth of beer from two concerns etc etc. She believes all that when I actually remember mine.

Everything we hear indicates Japan is getting tattered. Much as I'd like to get out of here and back where I belong, my only fear is that Japan will fall before she gets what she deserves. That isn't exactly accurate - see just it isn't. The thing that worries this imprisoned war slave bearable is the knowledge that we're going to burn in a big way, and that the larger Japan hangs on, the greater will be her downfall. 1,189,000 bombs destroyed and 500,000 tons in big cities only, by end of May. This place has been bombed - along in Opie (may be it was March) of this year. A big crater can be seen in the south corner of the compound - also the ruins of no. 2 barracks was hit. There a 5 young aviators and 9 (I think) c.m., from some planes that were shot down or put to land, imprisoned near by. They are being held in common cells - have been here one or a few months. Don't like to get their story. Our morale is high - and I mean HIGH!

There were over 1500 planes of all types over Japan last month. Just heard a gloomy rumor which I hope isn't true - American prisoners were moved over here from Japan - 600 were all that remained of an original group of 6000.

After the disaster of the Oregon Maru (sunk with Amer. prisoners on board at Okinawa) and the second ship with the same (or remnants of the same) group which was sunk in Sakao Bay - then the destruction ship up from Taiwan on which so many died from exposure - that would be a terrible climax. There is a persistent rumor that Japs looking up - that one landed somewhere on the Jap mainland on July 6. I want to check that out on. Our foot has been greatly reduced since we came here - even

the boys now are about the size of an ordinary recruit. (21)
We had our first air raid drill July 2. At the warning, we had to go to the corresponding room downstairs - then, at the alarm, scurry out - side and get into trenches. They discovered that the trenches aren't all quite and are having some of them extended. There are a good many cases of dependency - mostly bacillary, I hear.

I must tell of the show the Japs did on July 3rd. Our camp orchestra broke the drum quit and did fine work. I did two versions of "Group Singing" and got by all right (I hope). Our double quartette sang a medley (in the evening by the night club etc). Home on the Range, and Got Blown American Bandstand and "Shen" Johnson played "Music in My Fingers" and "Perpetual Motion" - they are plenty good. Then they played and the American Trio, composed of Lowry, Mosely, Mulligan sang my "Moon about the Gobi" and made it sound beautiful (to me at least) - they also sang several others - "El America" among them - and "Shanty and Shanty Town". Phil and I became and a young Ordinance Private (Grah. U.S. 4040) and a very fine young gentleman) were there and heard the program. There was more on July 3rd but I didn't get any. Phil got 9 letters. The flies are terrible - all over the place and no matter how many we kill they come by the thousands - fly poison has done some good, but it gets stale and then one slows them down and we have them crawling all over us. The weather is really hot now, but the night air is cool and, fortunately, there is almost always a breeze coming in through the windows.

At 4:10 AM July 6, Col. Pegdon (Aust. medic) died of brain tumor - a highly respected P.W. His funeral was held at 9 AM the following morning. All the camp staff (AMP) was there and as "dog face" humbly (Camp Commandant) walked over to the bare pine board coffin and made a deep bow.

We have received copies of the Red Cross issues for Oct + Nov '43 + June '44. There are others but I haven't seen them yet. There is an issue in the Oct '43 number (Vol. 1 No. 2). Philip Woodcott of Asheville was elected Pres. of the NC Prisoners' Assoc.

On July 13 (Friday, at that), I was playing bridge on the porch in the afternoon when Joe Worthington came out and said "I had your hat, Ted, you've got a package". I almost jumped at the sight up in the air. 13 guys have called up. Cols. Hoffman, Nelson, maness, Enos, Hammett, Gachette, DeCane + D (all Amer.) + Bennett (British) - also Whitehurst, Parsons, Seale, Huntley (all Amer. c.m.). All got parcels except Hoffman + Bennett who need clothing forwarded from Taiwan. It was pathetic to see the contents of everything - all parcels had been looted and looted by many Japs. I can't help visualizing the looting bands that had pocketed them all, and thinking with what feather case and awakens thought they had been assembled - and now this destruction by a bunch of heathen apes.

Well - in my package were the following items: 2 undershirts, 3 pr drawers, 2 pr cotton t-shirts, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 cotton CD shirt, 1 pr moccasins, 1 pr 25 vitamin tablets (ABDO), 1 pr boulder socks, 1 stock chewing gum, 2 cigs, NEKO gummi candy, 1 box M&M's milk tablets (milk mass), 1 auto. Count pencil, 1 Tex Nylon Toothbrush, 1 pipe, 1 1/2 oz Edgewood pipe tobacco, 1 book Rylee's Coy. cigs. papers. Everything was covered with what looked like cocoa chocolate, soluble coffee or all three. I had the clothing laundered and, except for a few stains, they turned out all right. Also on July 13th our bridge (duplicate) team led Phil Fay + Diney Ames's team in the tournament - a moral victory for us. They won the next morning.

She had a visit from Capt. Tony Med, 31st Inf, who was on the Oregon Maru - he knew Jack Dale and remembers B.A. from the Grant. I showed him my picture of Jack + B.A. He was sitting next to me - kindly on the Oregon when a bomb completely decapitated "Mec". Glad he was spared a lot of suffering any way. I thought a lot of "Mec". He was so interested in "B.A." and so nice to her.

Bonnie told me his present weight was 175-180th. When he got to Japan in Jan '45 he weighed 95th. He is looking OK now though

greatly underweight. He has been having some trouble with infected pores on his foot, but it is improving. Browne knew foot very well and has been saying his promises to me, which makes me very happy. Also he is an ardent admirer of PAs - and thinks they ought to make a wonderful couple.

My old friend Sanford Shront, WTIC, US Navy, gave me a smile the other day when I asked him how he enjoyed his spam - this was on June 4. The day after was each man's 1/2 can spam. I asked him if he had done any of it. He said "No Sir. I never 'Corregido' any of my foot."

Capt. Arthur Wermuth gave me a miniature 57th Div insignia in exchange for a week or two ago. I was awfully glad to get it. It will prove a very valuable souvenir to me when I get home.

On June 26 a trip to General's office for an inspection of this camp. He walked through our barracks after we had cleaned up for him and done all the usual things. As most of the higher ranking officers, he seemed, or looked, intelligent (this however is a very deceptive veneer in most cases) and could be trusted. I had hoped that he might call for an interview some of our senior officers, but that was not done - rather was an interview requested as far as I know.

We have been allowed to write one letter - or post card - since we have been here. I wrote mine - soon after arriving here - it was typed and posted and I signed it (being called over to the HQ for that purpose) on June 14.

A few weeks ago one of the litters. Lathams was constructing a "dry run" a "evening" stage. Capt. Cooper was standing up as erect as the little "stump" thought he should, so he went over, pulled Cooper's shoulder down, lifted up his (Cooper's) chin and said "Sit up."

Since arriving here, I have learned that the 57th Div colors were destroyed by burning on Surabak as I had planned. Somehow, they reached the "Room" and at Corregido's surrender, they were sent into a pillow by some soldier (don't know who) who carried the pillow into Bilidit and jolted with it on the plea that he had something wrong with his stomach and needed something soft to sit on. Well, I understand, the colors were secretly somewhere in the walls of Bilidit. I hope they can be recovered somehow.

I was so sorry to learn from one of the British Officers who came up from Shirakawa, that Capt. Anderson who sang here in our Chorus had died before departure.

In addition to Brown, Wermuth, Herbert, Soalman and Skempin who served during the war with the 57th Div, the following who went to the PA with the 57th Div just before the war are here: Hicks, Booth, Porter and Richards. H. Cole Tappin (who was with the 26th Col) Tarpley, and "Zero" Wilson are also here - as is Major Rolston who used to Command Co C 12th Div Regt (part of 57th Div).

Ernest Richards has a very moving letter to tell about "The 4 Companions" of whom he is probably the only survivor. The others were Don Childers (who came to Japan or left for Japan - in Oct '44 on a ship that was rumored sunk with only 4 survivors), Jack Ellis and Phil Mear (both of whom died on the Japanese trip when began in Manila in Dec '44).

July 24/45 (Tue) 3yrs + 106 (1203)

1325th Day of War

About a week or ten days ago, word came around that the ship would permit a radiogram to be sent bearing the names of all PAs who would be paid a gratuity pay sent into Government Bank which would be paid in interest-free and were based on units of \$18.75. I put my name down for 2 units (\$37.50) per month beginning Dec 1/44. Hope the radiogram goes through.

Last night I had a pair of drawers and one of the shirts I got in my parcel of the 13th to a young A.C. Staff Sgt named S. E. Diller. He is to give me 25 items (1 each day for 5 days beginning today at supper - then 2 each day for the next 10 days - the last payment to be made August 7th). He wants over a "M.K.K." and assures me that he gets plenty to eat but will not be depriving himself.

Deaves with "The 21st" - Pursuit Sqdn, Dismounted - on Quinapan Point. Capt. Geo. 23 Moore, a PW here, who commanded Co I, 45th Div (P.C.) during war, knew him there & was intermediary on the truck. Apart from this, Moore knew some light on what has long been an unexplained mystery to me. He said we had long visit yesterday afternoon. When Co B 57th Div came out of the Quinapan Point fight on Feb 7/42, one gets problems (strength less than 30) that depend about 19 casualties. The Co Commander (Capt. Anthony) and the 1st Sgt (with stars in his eyes) told me that we had not been properly trained, but had been driven forward too rapidly by some officer at the point of his pistol. Now Moore tells me he had a platoon of Co B with him and that he led me there, but this on Co I but suffered severe casualties (Co I 65%). But Moore puts this aside and when the 2nd Bn 45th Div (Maj. Dadey, Stricker, Comd) went in, they were informed that there were one about 30-40 ships on the point and that they were to be cleared quickly. For that reason, and without checking on every strength (which was probably based on estimates of the A.C. and Philippine troops they retained) they began firing in force - and, as the result, suffered tremendous losses. Moore didn't apologize for driving my men forward - simply said he used no gun to do it, but was carrying out orders - making his own men do the same thing, but was going forward with them. Well, that's that and I guess there's nothing to be done about it. Stricker is dead - and proud himself a gallant and courageous soldier through out the war. I don't wish to say anything against him. However, I knew the man personally and know a lot about him in addition. He was fearless, but impulsive. I fear that it was this impulsiveness, the desire to clear out the enemy quickly, that caused his failure to "pick out" the enemy cautiously, thereby finding out his true strength and dispositions, and driving his men forward against an entrenched, well equipped, specially selected force of enemy troops, whose numbers he greatly underestimated.

We have had many rumors - about the Emperor's coming over the ruins of God and asking us for peace terms - Prince Kono's relieving Suzuki or Premier. But this we do know, if we can be said to know anything - our air force is pouring it on - with H.E. and incendiary bombs - and doing a lot of mowing in the waters adjacent to Japan. Still, anything there are many homes destroyed and many homes less in Japan too - perhaps there were 1,189,000 homes destroyed and about 5,000,000 homeless in the large cities by end of May. If that is true, I wonder what the scene is now. Our planes are going over Japan by the hundreds daily and it is my guess that the tempo of these bombings is on the increase. With a part of the Philippines captured now on Okinawa, the Marines sending in thousands of bombs and propaganda discs, and the dive bombers from our carriers bombing and strafing everything that moves, their people are in one hell of a fix. As hot as the life of a P.W. may be, there are many things much worse. Our task force with their carrier based planes are doing a lot of north eastern Honshu & I can well imagine. Now do I think we are idle in the Aleutians. It would surprise me very little if I heard we had bases in the Chishima (Kuriles). We don't know, of course, where this area with get its war time pun on carriers, but I don't see how we can take very long to wait. - Good soup tonight with a few sheets of meat in it - I found two pieces - each about the size of a lead pencil eraser - in mine. Also a bean patty with the patty and bean mixed in it, it made a very fair meal. We weighed today. I weighed 60.5 Kgm - a loss of 2.3 Kgm (5.06%) since June 23 last. Ernie and I played Charlie Stank and Doc Warrington bridge this morning. They won. My play is coming back some, but still not so good. Capt. Berman (P.W.) former aide de camp to Maj Gen Beckwith - Smith made a scratch game yesterday and brought I around this morning - got something of a kick (I fear). Though I did desert my overstuffed, he put it on and put a finger in my hand for further identification. Back to the weighing, nearly every one has lost from 2 to 5 pounds.

I have just read and enjoyed very much Lloyd C. Douglas's "Mysterious Ob-secure" I am now reading "The Doctor Mayo" by Helen Clapesattle. It is very interesting so far.

July 26 '45 (Thurs) 3yrs + 102 (1205)

Last night's rumors - 2500 planes over Honshu the day before. Gen MacArthur lived out an announcement that all ships who have had anything to do with the mistreatment of prisoners of war will be killed. - British have retaken 3/5 of Malayan Peninsula and are 200 mi from Singapore. - One of the English speaking ships from MKK who was called to the colors, was found with his wife, both hanging by their necks - and his body was literally thrown to the dogs. A Chinaman over at MKK has been porting a map with the flags indicating the nation occupying various countries - well (this is a bit wild) there is a small spot on his map of Honshu - just south of Tokyo - bearing a tiny American flag.

July 27 '45 (Fri) 3yrs + 109 (1206)

Last night, Stumpin brought young air Corps lieutenant named Bill Parsons (who is from Ely, Nevada, and went to College in Reno with McKinley) over to see me yesterday afternoon. Parsons graduated with Jack Dale from flying school and came to the P.I. on the USAT "ETOLIN" with him on Feb 10, just 10 days before our GRANT. We had a nice visit. I showed him the snapshot of Jack & Jack. He seemed so sincere, indeed that I read him part of Bob's letter. He was on the fateful journey from Manila to Japan which began Dec 13. He was in the forward hold of the ship which was bombed in Poreo harbor. Out of 475, he said only 200 were present at Poreo afterwards & he was one of them. He was stationed at Clark Field & was one of every few there who were not wounded. His car, too, was there, one of 7 or 8 which would run after the attack was over. He and Jack were very good friends and he spoke highly of him. Said he thought the distinction Jack received in the P.I. was Flying Cross.

July 29 '45 (Sun) 3yrs + 111 (1208)

We have a new Camp Superintendent - a Lt. Hayashi who is superintending it. Wakazawa. He served as the Camp Supt. for about a year at some time in the past. One of his first acts was to summon the senior officers yesterday - his first day on the new job. His attitude, I hear, was most impressive. He was quite open (or rather, O.D.) last night and night after tonight, summoned all section leaders and in front of barracks number 2 for a Conference. Though he speaks very good English and called the conference in English himself, he conducted the Conference with the aid of Cpl. Wako, the interpreter. Told them that he had been a sergeant before and knew "all the angles." Continued about sleeping with hats turned around and keeping windows open - also complained that several privs had robbed him without halting and said that in future, no matter whether the offender was a private or a general officer, corrective measures would be taken. He also cancelled all authority to half-bunch sleepers for today only. He will look into the matter and give a decision about future services. This morning we learned that the British Conservative Party had failed to secure a vote of confidence by Parliament - and that Churchill had resigned. Atlee, Labor leader, was then asked to form a Cabinet, and to succeed Prime Minister. This will undoubtedly please the Japs immensely as Atlee may have decidedly different ideas about Britain's participation in the Pacific war. The tempo of bombing is going up by leaps and bounds. My feeling is that Japan is nearly in a chaotic state now - whatever be the effect when she really begins to get it and when cold weather, exposure, disease and food shortage begin to take their toll. It appears that Wake (which I had assumed to be in our hands for some time) was bombed by us not long ago. During the 4th week in this month Japan felt the effects of 2000 planes over Honshu in one day. The waters in the vicinity of Fusan have been mined.

Yesterday, Gen Bingham gave me a pair of 500 yd. crossed rifles without the two little push-on fasteners. Fortunately, Hough, Chuck Lawrence had a couple of extras and found them for me. I have read on my O.D. that now and feel very pleased up, we get 2 pieces against the other morning. Jack and I played bridge with Jack Vance and Bill Evans this morning. Cards are just about even. They were by a small margin.

We have reason to believe that the U.S. is demobilizing its armed forces at the rate of 4,000 per day. For some time, I have been thinking a good deal about Teddy and this war - not simply in connection with the way I feel about it, but I have tried to look at it from his point of view. Of course, unless the minimum age limit of 18 has been lowered, he won't be eligible for conscription until next May. However, he is a big boy and probably could pass for 18 now easily. I know he wants to get in, but I feel sure his mother would resist it bitterly. I may be wrong, though. Personally, I am swinging around from a feeling of relief that he won't have to get in, to one of

1327th Day of War

1328th Day of War

1330th Day of War

Some disappointment that he's going to miss it. After all, it's one of the greatest experiences a man could have & I realize though it is. It brings out the best and the worst in a man, but I believe Teddy has enough cool in him to consider it the best. At any rate, I don't think he's been getting his military training and high school. He should have graduated last June and be going to college this fall. From something Bob said in one of his letters, I gathered that he might have had his eye on the Military Academy - any way, he'll be going somewhere, that is if he hasn't already talked his mother in letting him enlist. Well, it's something I can't do anything about.

August 1 '45 (Wed) 3yrs + 114 (1211)

Mr. B. 2.50 is really hearing faint these days - which makes the life of P.O. much less unbearable.

Monday was Parsons' (Williamson) Hadden's birth day. Yesterday there were group rumors about Red Cross (1) that there were lots of new parcels in the hold. (2) that the islands would be resumed today. In fact, the rumors were persistent enough to reach Lt. Murata who called in Lt. Thompson - whose exact status I don't know, but who is general body man and in constant contact with the Japs. Tom asked T. about the parcels and got no satisfaction - then referred to us as a "branch of things" and "wiping" at every rumor of the possibility of food. Thompson still remained silent. Then Mr. derided T. to turn in to him the P.W. No. going one who asked about Red Cross. These people are really sore at us. We are bombing the hell out of them, however, and causing untold suffering among their people. Although there is plenty of food here in Manchuria and little or none at all in Japan, we are now on a diet which approaches but doesn't quite equal that of Japanese starvation days. This can only mean one thing - we are being punished. The Japs are probably saying themselves "Why should we give these P.W. a living ration when many of our own people are practically starving back in Japan?" And we are getting the answer now.

Last night I had a "man" looking at the pipe that came in my box. I may be able to get 20-25 buns for it. I know. Tom will not mind when she learns of the shortage of our food. Then, I made a deal with two young marines for two cotton O.D. shirts I had. We dickered a little after I assured myself that both were getting plenty to eat - and that neither of them worked in the kitchen. Finally, I took a 30 bun for each shirt. The buns I'm getting for the shirt and pair of drawers I traded to Sgt. Sepler will run out on the 6th of this month, so they will pay me 2 buns per day for 30 days beginning then - and my buns ought to last me until 5 or 6 of Sept. - and anything can happen between now and then. I "imagine" our food - a pretty England & China with us - has already served notice on the Japs that if they don't surrender, we'll "destroy them completely and quickly." We ought to be in a position to "take tanks" with them by now. And I wonder if the Japs will, like the "Red" Captain, say "Come and get me." If so they are asking for an experience they will never forget.

August 4 '45 (Sat) 3yrs + 117 (1214)

Since I've been at this camp, I have been getting the stories of the officers here who fought the war with the 50th Inf. Yesterday I went over to talk to Harry Stumpin about some parcels in his store. We mutually gave me a couple of nap cigarettes while I was waiting for Stumpin - and when I finally saw Stumpin he gave me a cup of tea and a Camel cigarette to smoke with it. On the whole I had a very pleasant morning. I think I'm going to get some buns for the pipe that came in my package last month. The two buns a day I'm getting on my pipes make a very welcome addition to the rather slim ration. I eat my morning meal as is, but then have two buns with my noon soup, and the same for supper. One of the buns I had 2, I saw Major Eugene C. Jacobs, M.C. who was with the 21st Inf. 57th while I was in charge of schools at McKinley. Then went to Borneo where he was at the outbreak of war. He came up on the fateful Oryok Maru and has retained most of his impressions which he has repeated in the form of pencil sketches, using paper like this. His sketches were so good and so highly thought of by many of the officers who were also assignments to most of the scenes he depicts, that I cannot resist giving him a couple of sheets of my drawing paper. He says he does work in oils and plans to reproduce all these drawings in that medium when he gets home - and submit them to Life (and I think Life would be lucky to have them).

August 5 '45 (Sun) 3yrs + 118 (1215)

To-day Betty Ann (Mrs. Jack Dalman Dale, if you please) is 21 years gone. I can't believe it. No, it can't be true. She is just a baby, wasn't it just a

1336th Day of War

1337th Day of War

ago
few days that her mother and I spent a while in Ft. Sheridan, Ill. for the purpose of finding out what the story would bring us? But I know it is really true. The little baby became a lovely girl - and the lovely girl who sailed away from me into Manila Bay on May 6 '41 is now a beautiful woman - a nurse - and, for all I know, a mother (if I'm not a grandfather now, I'm going to try to find out how she's been spending her time for the past 2 1/2 months). But enough of these speculations. God bless her on her birthday and grant me an early reunion with her and the rest of my family.

The "rumors" about Russia's coming in and the landings - period. I believe them. I am sure the tempo of bombings is increasing. The 60 ton B-32 is now being used and will probably replace the 67 ton B-29. We have plenty of planes with their wings bent by landing up to a landing tempo until we're ready to land. The 5th Army (from Italian front) supply installations are on Okinawa - a San Francisco in command. The British are muddling around in Burma and Malaya but I doubt if they will do much of anything in the landings on the Japanese mainland. There must be millions (10 or 15 million) of bombers in Japan. Soon, if not already, conditions will be so insupportable that disaster will be hard to control. Before winter is over, even if there is no landing, the "Four Horsemen" will be riding the land.

Aug 10 '45 (Fri) 3yo + 123 (1220)

Many rumors of Red Cross. Some how it in downtown warehouses, others arriving in 4 carload lots. Well, they're not filling as anything we don't know. The stuff is here. So is plenty of food. The Nips just don't want us to have it. So, as long as we're their prisoners, that's all there is to it. Their people in Japan are suffering and catching hell, so why should they give us enough to eat? And, believe me, they don't. A Swiss representative of the International Red Cross was here a few days ago enroute to Tokyo. She was taken into the 1 barracks where all the Red Cross reports were sent to work. The Nips let them see what they wanted them to see as usual. He did interview some here. Here cases in the hospital, but I don't think anyone but the gals or a presence of mind to tell him mine being robbed but he didn't. On the Red Cross. Were supposed to get a parcel a week - I've been a PW now for 40 months - over 160 weeks. I've received about 10 parcels in that time. The first one on April 9, 1942, exactly one year after the surrender. I wonder where the other 150 are!! The way these people have been dealing it out here, its fairly well fooling with - all's well but here, a 1/2 can span there. They're 2x4 people and they're doing this as they do everything else - on a 2x4 scale. They have impressed me as people who are absolutely incapable of doing with an emergency. Numerous experiences have proved this. Along this line - Max Nordhoff tells me that after the Dec 7 '44 bombing here when a number of PWs were killed and a great many wounded, they absolutely faked out of the picture at the hospital were got apparently to have the Americans take full and complete charge, when they all but in about a week, all the staff was called together and told that they had been acting as though they were in charge - that the Nips were in charge and the Americans should not forget it. Bring the emergency was over. Saw the Nips were in charge of it. Other stories indicate the same sort thing. In the case of the Chicago and Tokyo bombings - there was much interference, but the inability to rise to an emergency was evident there too.

Yesterday morning about 4 the others started up at a great rate. Most of the machine kept in from work at MKK and TKK. There is no doubt that an air raid drill was planned from 8 to 11:30 am, but why the sirens so early. All hell broke loose - and now the "all clear" was sounded - even a large loud bell was rung for a while. There is no doubt in my mind that something happened last night - something of national importance. Yesterday morning, one of the junior officers - a reds expert - was called over to headquarters at 6 am and asked to begin a reds unit in time for a 6:30 am breakfast. We had an air raid drill at about 10:30 last night - got up & put our clothes on and went out to the fore holes - didn't advance, occupy them. After it was over, I came on up and went back to sleep. Others, thinking it was not yet over, waited around - others still lay down with their shoes on. I got quite a jump on them. I have a very sore throat this morning and feel quite miserable - think I may have some temperature. I feel I should go down by suppertime. See so to sick call and see what they can

do for me. Some very interesting rumors floating around. 12:20 AM, Aug 9 '45 27
may be reported as one of the important dates of the war - along with Dec 8 '41 or May 8 '45. Who knows? There is no doubt in my mind. So I've said elsewhere, that the whole Japanese nation was affected by that date, maybe the Bear growled, or something!!
Kurei comes in!!

Aug 11 '45 (Sat) 3yo + 124 (1221)

Spent a miserable night last night - both sides going nuts absolutely. Stopped up! And dripping all night too. Expected, for some reason, an air raid drive but nothing happened. I heard many tales so that was the air raid "protest" night before last, he got out side early and distinctly heard some very distant detonations to the north. Rumor that 4 planes over the harbor.

6 PM - The men are back from work. There was a speech to the native workers about 3 pm - after which everybody seemed to go into a toilet spin. High and spirited discussion began literally to run around. Later another speech from which the PW workers were separated by guards. Then about 4:45 they went back home. But this is what they got before they left: there's a big Russian parachute landing 200 km south of the Siberian border - on which about 5 years that Japanese are concerned. Also a parachute landing (American) somewhere. But definitely not Russians in Northern Korea. This means a landing because only a few scattered large numbers of paratroops take that. The whole idea is to put them back in the swampy districts - then break through to them - with their help, of course. This afternoon was passed at the camp hospital here - and included all was excitement - among one doctoring papers and writing things down and files, and in the morning and Hsienyang (this from MKK) - 4 words each!!

Aug 13 '45 (Mon) 3yo + 126 (1223)

No church yesterday. We don't know why. However a pig was killed today - before yesterday - and there was a very, very little skin, fat, and gristle in the soup of that night and last night. I was fortunate enough to get a couple of small tidbits both times - and there was a good flavor in it. I've had such a cold the past three days I haven't been able to taste anything. Lots of rumors and reports. One of the MKK workers reports that more than 100 Japans passed the factory yesterday - probably headed toward Hsienyang and Harbin town which one or more of these spearhead attacks may be directed. Reports of a landing in Korea just south of the Russian border on the Japan side. "Deep popping up." One of the young Koreans at MKK - after listening to one of the speeches yesterday, said to one of our soldiers "your friends are at my home! There is another rumor of a parachute landing on the KARA-KTUNG Peninsula.

There is much conjecture as to whether these people will attempt to ship us out of here. Personally, I feel the odds if possible. I wouldn't put it past them to jam us into the hold of some boat. 5 or 6 deep and send us toward Japan - even if the Kurei we wouldn't get there - rather than allow us to fall into Russian hands. I do feel that the time element is in our favor, however. After all, the rotten stock has got to be made available in order to move us. Freight cars would hinder if available - but where would they ship us from? The Yellow Sea, I cannot imagine, I would have to provide the port - and there is some likelihood that that would be impossible.

It's fairly definite that the Russians have landed many paratroops inside Manchoung, and are coming in from three directions, NE, NW and N. These towns that were reported passing MKK may be held for the railroad for loading on flat cars with the hope of getting them to Hsienyang or Harbin in time to offer some resistance to the Russians.

I just had a late news of "Moca" (Capt John M. Colbrant). A Captain Stockton D. Bruns, formerly of the 54th EA (at Hughes, I think) and a Texan, came to the PI with Moca in Dec '40 and to Japan with him, leaving the P.I. on Dec 6 '42. They went to Camp Tanagawa in Honshu. This Camp Moca was on March 29, 1945 and Bruns hasn't seen Moca since. B. said he was PW Camp Commander at the Tanagawa Camp until he (B.) hit a nip and got released. Then Moca took over and did a good job.

Aug. 14 '45 (Tue) 3yrs + 127 (1224)

1346 "Day of War"

All of those who were Commissioned from the First Officers Training Camp on Aug 15 '17 are completing 28 years service today - that includes me. Two more years to go for 30 years.

Yesterday, 198 or 199 men were laid off at MKK and will not return to work. They were given the impression it was a temporary lay-off but most of them feel they won't go back. This is absurd to those who were let out of the Fed Corps with it the chance for many contacts with friends - and opportunities to get special foods - eggs, melons, mature beef. Tobacco is also available - an inferior grade - a grade called "purple poison" and other complimentary names. None of this tobacco is supposed to come into our compound, but neither to say, some guy does find it way in. I had a pack of the hip cigarettes, used by me last, for a small blue coffee can, much full of "purple poison". This P.R. is very strong, an intake from a cigarette making it will show your tan start shagging up - but I took mine out on the advice of someone, I forget who, I wonder I don't. That is, I rinsed it in seawater, squeezing out a black liquid about 5 or 6 times, then I laid it out on Church Avenue, the plate in the sun until it was dry enough to smoke. It was mild and I actually prefer it to the hip cigarettes.

This afternoon there is a rumor that - nothing the T.K.K. women will return tomorrow - and only 20 to MKK. Also rumors that when going to Japan (which God forbid) and an equal number of rumors that were not.

One of the hip doctors is responsible for a remark to Dr. Shabert to the effect that Muehlen will not be bombed - (How does that know is more than I do. Also this same fellow is credited with saying we're not going to be moved. If troops are in Korea (ours, I mean) there can only be one place for which it would be possible to ship us - and that is the Kwantung peninsula (Hainan or Port Arthur). And there is a rumor that our troops have landed on the K. Peninsula. I hope that's true, for then I believe it will be impossible for them to send us to Japan. Of course it's bound possible that the paragraph in the ultimatum about the high gun emplacements may have some influence.

Aug 15 '45 (Wed) 3yrs + 128 (1225)

1347 "Day of War"

Well, what I have feared for some time has happened. Floyd Marshall whose condition has grown worse for the past few days - died shortly after noon today. I lost Arnold Fama Swadlow to have some part in the funeral ceremony, pall-bearer, a govt. to the graveyard, anything. So he asked me to give a brief outline of Floyd's career (biographical sketch) would do for him (Karlson). The time of funeral has not been determined. There is what I've jotted down -

"Colonel Floyd Marshall GSC, USA, died shortly after noon Aug 15 '45, after a prolonged illness characterized by a stubborn determination to live. None of us who were intimately associated with him will ever forget his valiant fight for life at our last camp in December 44."

Floyd Marshall was born in Russellville, Ind., on March 31 '95. He was a graduate of the U.S. Army and attended the 150th Training Camp, Ft. Benning, Ga., receiving his commission in the Infantry on Aug 15 '17. (Just 28 yrs prior to his death).

"News gradually from the Co. off. Comm. The 1st. Battalion, Ft. Benning Co., in 1926, and from the Co. GSS, Ft. Leavenworth, Kas., in 1939.

"He came to the P.I. in Nov 41 and was assigned to duty as G-1 Philippine Dist. During the Philippine Campaign he served as G-1 Service Command and G-1 Luzon Force."

"He was a 3rd degree Master, a member of the A.T.O. College Fraternity."

"He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Betty Marshall, his mother, ^{one sister} and one brother. There are no children."

"The U.S. has lost an able and conscientious officer."

"His brother officers have lost a loyal friend."

August 16 '45 (Thur) 3yrs + 129 (1226)

1348 "Day of War"

29

Floyd's funeral, scheduled for 8 am, was postponed for a brief hour. It was very impressive. Conducted by Chaplain Bondeman. A group of officers - all Messiaen - went to the cemetery headed by Chaplain Bondeman and Roscoe Bohman vice of the Masonic Group. I really feel blue - some people do not go to Floyd's funeral. Now that the war is practically "in the bag" he has to miss the thrills of victory - but maybe his victory is the greater of the two. I did so want him to get back to Betty and spirit his remaining years among his friends.

This morning 12 red parachutes were seen descending several miles south of the compound. A few hours later six people - not treated like prisoners and definitely not allies of the Japs, who brought into the compound. Incidentally, there were 6 yellow parachutes. I suspect to opportunity and people to 6 com. equipment. Several people observed these individuals and claim that the Japs treat them in a very friendly manner (or they sometimes have some when trying to obtain information from prisoners) - but their side arms were not taken from them.

Let's see, last two (2) prisoners were released. Also about 50 of the 150 p.w.s. at one of the three (Tanner) Camps (No. 1) was brought in. From service independent forces.

ARMISTICE TODAY BETWEEN AMERICANS, DUTCH AND BRITISH ON THE ONE HAND AND JAPAN ON THE OTHER. RUSSIANS CONTINUE ATTACK ON ALL MANCHURIAN FRONTS.

Use P.W.s remain under Top control until such time as an occupying force arrives - This presumption for an "protection"

We of the Bataan Force have been P.W.s now for 3 years 4 mos 8 days including today.

Has lasted 3 years 8 mos 9 days !!!

Letters received from Tom (Sr) 10, BA 4 Teddy 1 Tom (Sr) 1
Frances 4 Uncle Jimmie 1 Albert Lee, 1
Maxwell Phil 1 Charlie Baldwin (Karlson) 1
Total 23 Letters 1 Xmas Card.

Red Cross parcels received British 3 1/2 Canadian 4 American 11
Total 15 (approx)

Also book British - Sugar, corn, beef, cocoa + sugar
American clothing - Green work suit.

14x 10 mo 10 days or more -

Personal parcel received 1 (shipped Aug 23 '45 - Rec'd July 13 '45)
Tom spent a handful by every Top who wanted to do so

Contents - 2 under shirts 1 pipe 5 brown eggs
3 for dresses 1 1/2 oz Edgecomb tobacco 2 pr cotton knit socks
1 60 ctn shirt 1 1/2 oz Edgecomb tobacco 2 pr cotton knit socks
1 pr Colman's must. 1 pr cf. paper
1 box 25 Atodor endom. pills Part 2 Little Softy, yrn
1 box Malt & Milk Tablets - malted
1 stick chewing gum
1 TEK tooth brush

Everything being covered with cocoa, soluble coffee - either a lot. Had not received even reasonable care. Probably came on BRISBOLM + reached Taiwan a good while before we left. Near-breaking to see the things which had been left out of the house, kept and packed with such loving care. I may be super sensitive, but it seemed a horrible decoration.

August 21 '45 (Tue)

Things have been happening rather fast these last few days. Sunday we got a source of Thanksgiving - and we were able to reach, thankful. No one could doubt it. Chaplain, Taylor (US) and Bondeman (Australian) participated in the service and both made addresses. Taylor's address was an example, hyperbole forensics - rather like in nature. Reminded me some what of Helen

opened a small time politico. But don't pay any attention to me. The people went wild over what he said. Personally, I could have insisted for a different American representative before that cosmopolitan gathering. Chaplain Bindeman was just the reverse. So clearly on Fort Harkness the theme is that God has given us peace and we must thank him for it. Now what are we going to do with it. How would you feel if we gave someone a wonderful gift and he thanked us and then threw it away? How are we going to show our appreciation to God for this priceless gift of peace. We're going to show by our deeds and actions of peace and culture whether we're really grateful or not.

Last night the Russian representative came into the compound and at 7:20 PM (8-20-45) proclaimed his free men in the name of the Soviet Republic. It was a very impressive meeting. I got a good view from the corner of the pyram - there was much cheering.

We settled down to a show last night. General Powers & Sten and A.M. Mackley advised - we sang the 3 national anthems - each being led by some officer of the respective countries. I liked the Star Spangled Banner best and gave a third. Later on just as Sten was leading the crowd in "Hail Hail the Gaieties" we were called over to where the Russian models were. After this we went back & tried to remember the show. We sang "Hail Hail" again and then just finished "Show me the way to go home". When we were ordered into barracks. Then the trip forward including all officers - was provided and we were allowed to come outside. Unfortunately it was falling too dark to see very much. However, the trip lost down their arms, then a private American guard, took our own weapons and paraded them entire group before the assembled prisoners - Talk about poetic justice!! It was what we'd all been waiting for. There was some cheering but it was quickly hushed - Most of us stood and watched in silence.

Some high spots in the news - General Tolstoy will move a family unit into Tokyo - when the preliminaries are taken care of. Gas rationing in US has been suspended. \$29,000,000,000 in war contracts has been cancelled by Army and Navy.

Gen. Petain sentenced to death - sentence commuted to life imprisonment due to advanced age.

American Camerons - 1,070,138. General Arnold announced the development of a bomber larger than B-29 with flying radius of 3000 miles - also that atomic power weapons are an accomplished fact. On 8/18 attempted to contact Japs in Burma but failed - also there was fighting in northern Luzon.

After armistice, Japs bombed 6 allied hospitals - this caused for another receipt.

Yesterday one of our B-29's flew in and acknowledged our cheers and hums and whistles by rocking on its wings. Some leaflets were dropped. Joe Washington went up on the roof with some other officers. He got 3 and gave me one. This was the biggest that was dropped before the "murder" (Lansing, Homaney etc) came in Aug 16. There came in side the compound boundary, so this was the first time I saw them.

Chinese MacArthur has promised "Bataan" as the code word to be used by the Japs including the Manila Conference. Japs have been

at this but have been "sharply warned" by NCA. The 3rd Japanese Army in Manchuria surrendered to Russians 8/19. Love and Quisling are being held for treason.

4000 German prisoners being taken to Belgian Coal mine. Red Cross is furnishing 6,000,000 tons coal to Europe - were being taken via Korea & then through if necessary, but no help to Japan. General MacArthur is in a place called SUWA - about 100 km South of here (1000 prisoners with him). He will be flown to Chungking. We will go home on hospital ships.

8/21 The Nip envoys are attempting to shift the blame for the war onto the shoulders of the people.

5,000,000 Amer. Soldiers will be demobilized in 12 mos - first 250,000 to be sent home by 38. The final surrender ceremony in the PTI has been postponed. Truman calls emergency session to consider reconversion measures.

The latest news sweeping operations in history will be conducted in Japanese waters prior to landing of Amer. occupation forces. Naval Committee recommends that 7 former Jap warships be retained. England will retain 1000,000 man peace time army. August 22/45 (Wed)

Since we were officially proclaimed free by a representative of the Russian Army - the liberating power - I suppose this is the second day of our freedom - since the proclamation was made at 7:25 PM August 20/45.

Chuck Lawrence tells me Gen. Powers is in command here - would not allow anyone to go outside the compound for the purpose of buying eggs, meat etc for our mess, as he considered the food adequate and about there how the Russians would regard such activities on our part. Chick also tells me that Gen. Powers appointed a board a day or two ago to determine the equity of the Japs in the pygs - all this before any of our pygs could be killed.

I hear the Russians have given the Germans three days to leave their flag in surrender. After that time, looting will be punishable by death. The B-29 which came in a jet before last as being this morning. All the letters we wrote are in the plane now, clean. The eleven (11) hospital patients (including Jim Hester, Chaplain Duffy, & Gus Francis) are going to leave the hospital for the air field at 9 AM today. The plane, I understand leaves at 10 AM today.

Last night at the regular singing show, my song was sung again. It sounded rather pretty but not too bad. The man who sang it (a Sgt Hugley) wasn't released it didn't sound too very well - was disappointed with both sides and time - which didn't help too much. I was rather disappointed. Hugley was assisted by the trio, Hester, Loney, & Milligan.

The news this morning speaks of a bill introduced in Congress by the President - this bill provides for the control of the development of the atomic bomb. It seems that certain radioactive minerals are used in the atom - our war man power board predicts a strategic use in medical personnel training for the enemy. (see ahead: Aug 10,000, Navy 3,000, and 1st Bureau 10,000) but for civilian activities as well. This news was received 8/21 and 8:00 PM Chungking.

August 23/45 (Thurs) 3rd Day of Freedom

A bulletin was published today inaugurating an air mail service to the U.S. Letters (no limit on them apparently) must be in by 4 PM local. Col. Helmsman received quite a thrice today. Tacked onto the end of a radio-gram from a plane which was coming in from China was the upmost of him that his son - a Captain of infantry - was on it. Later just before supper time, he came in. I can imagine what a thrice it must have been for both of them. - Chuck Lawrence has been

down town nearly all day in his capacity as Camp Procurement officer. He went out to the airport where a damaged tire had kept up the departing the B-24 with the hospital patients. He said the Russian officer in charge apologized most profusely - and said the officer immediately in charge of the fuel had been placed under arrest and was being court-martialed. It seems some drunken Russian soldiers punctured it with their bayonet. And the Russians want us replacing it. He said he accepted the apology but wished there was no necessity of trying the officer. However, his words had no effect. He went to the Russian HQ down town and met the General's female secretary - the General was down town supervising the execution of several Chinese who had abused the visiting privileges. He said he had quite a chat with this secretary - She said it would take the Russians at least 15 years to square accounts with the Germans. There were 4 P.W. camps. They refer to a "death camp" where the Germans would subject groups of 100 P.W.s at a time to various concentrations of a lethal gas - then state the effect by post-mortems - then repeat the operation. Also she said they would allow their medical students to practice vivisection on certain P.W.s - then while they were still alive (the P.W.s) either bury or cremate them. This barbarism was practical on Polish and Russian prisoners - she didn't say about Americans.

Chuck said he was driving along with his Russian interpreter when they saw a Jap fire truck coming. It was driven by a Jap and there were two Japs sitting in the rear beside a Jap. Sitting on top with several boxes were several Russian soldiers. They halted Chuck's car at the point of a Tommy gun (their version of machine gun) - and asked them if they had any beer that morning - then insisted on giving each of them a glass bottle - rocking the top of on the little tin gutter just over the car door. Chuck said he had a fine getting rid of them amicably - but they finally did.

I wrote four letters this afternoon - one to Tom, one to BA - and one each to Little Tom and Teddy.

Last night we had chicken soup - tonight we had rice and a mix version of canned corn beef. Also there were several pieces of fat pork for each group.

August 25 '45 (Sat) 5th Day of Freedom
Yesterday morning, Gen Beebe made talks to the enlisted men and the officers each group separately. The gist of the talk was that we are now for outside the camp - no definite limit placed - all groups put on our feet tomorrow and asked to exercise our best judgment. Right after the talk, Gen Blumenthal and I went over to "MKK" with a Sgt Wilson as a guide. We spent a couple of hours very pleasantly. At the factory, we saw an armoured car (made made in USA) manned by a couple of Russian soldiers. They appeared very pretty. Since the end of the war, the whole place has been better cleaned. I did, however, manage to get

several very interesting war posters.
Yesterday afternoon I took about a 3 mile walk toward Mukden with Phil Fox, K. Barry, and Don Hilton. We passed through many very "squalid" districts, where the Chinese were bordering among themselves for vegetables. Most of them seemed very dirty and very happy. The streets were filthy - and all the refuse in the locality seems to be thrown into the muddy "gutters" - everything stinks to the high heaven. All forms of transportation are being taken over by the inmates of this place - mostly men - bicycles, wheelbarrows, carts, and even handcarts, but all kinds of carts.

Aug 26 '45 (Sun) 6th Day of Freedom
After many conflicting orders issued from Camp headquarters we were finally issued passes - officers being authorized to visit Mukden daily from 7:30 am to 9 pm. General Blumenthal and I got our passes and started out immediately after lunch. We walked a mile or two in the direction of Mukden and got a short ride (about a mile and a half) when we began walking again. Then when we got to the entrance to the walled city we were overtaken by "Shack" (Robert E.) Johnson - the water guitarist - and a bunch of his friends in some sort of a consequence they had borrowed from a Chinese man. Riding in front of them was a marine sergeant on a horse - which made it easy on the driver of the Chinese "drosky" - as his horse would follow the other without steering or encouraging. We went on through the walled city, turning right just before reaching the railroad station. The streets were filled with tank traps - most of them being filled with overturned cars and tanks - a few dead bodies were lying around in varying stages of decomposition - and above. We finally passed the old lumber yard where the men of camp No. 3 worked - some of the men in our "drosky" had worked there and pointed out the various places of interest. After a while we reached our destination - the Asahi Brewery. There we ran into some Russians in a Pub. Gen Blumenthal explained to one of them in Spanish what we had come for - and he showed us in and we got 6 cups of beer, drank several bottles - and then began to return our path. Gen Blumenthal and I got off as we passed the Yamada Hotel. At the hotel we ran into a few people we knew. It used to be quite a nice place - this hotel - but was beyond repair now.

August 31 '45 (Fri) 11th Day of Freedom
On Aug 27 an American and British Major General & corresponding ranks (AVM) left for Chungking via Hsian by plane - also American B.G. down through Peking - Buchanan (He was General Wright, C.G.). Also went too - Pugh, Dudley Brown, Paul Phelps (vsan's co-thin) also to Gen Stape got ready with the brand from within. We left yesterday morning with Gen Blumenthal & Gen Blumenthal - a bunch of six - and several others (one) Douglas, Cooper, Brown, O'Connor, ^{Richard} Terleth, Davis, McMillan, Howard (Samuel) is a B.G. USMC. Yesterday we were interviewed by the medical aspect in each group according to our physical condition. My classification was "A-P-A" which means the best physical condition. There were one two other categories. From now on officers will not be awarded at by name - according to physical condition only - and a proportion of officers & e.m. will be sent out in each group. Last night at the movie (my first in 40 months - Humphrey Bogart in "To have and have not" by Ernest Hemingway) Lt Col Donovan the C.O. of

Sept 4 '45 (Tue)

Quite a number of our group were evacuated by B-24 and (I think) some transport ships this morning - anyway, four ships in all. The number was about 30. Included judges Lynch & Courtner, Col de Caris, Sledge, Garfunkel, Gross, Richards, Ewart, Brown, "Bowie", Col Hopkins (Post) Briggs, Mori & Blackburn - a number of others (Col of the 1st Air Corps, FA). Hanson and Mosley were snapping pictures with cameras. Zass - I know him to N. by the way. Pendant of MKK. Yesterday Hanson brought his letter his friend Haba-haba out to camp. Haba-haba has consistently been friendly to the Poles who worked at MCK & as the result he is receiving special consideration. Gen. Bauer, I hear, has given him a letter requesting consideration for him in appreciation of his consistent good treatment of Poles - this letter I understand, has been translated into Russian.

Sept 5 '45 (Wed)

The movie last night - something wrong with projector. At 7 pm, a Mr. Sgt. Friendly of the United News Service made a very interesting talk on the early phases of the war in Europe. It seems he was in Germany when the Americans and Russians met. Very interesting - many (too many) interesting letters, but a typical newspaper man's account. He talked of several of the horrible internment camps and his picture was not a pretty one. Maybe we've been luckier than we know. American and Russian Poles were not confined in these camps according to Sgt. Friendly, until the situation got so bad that they had no other place for them.

78 "recovered" personnel went out yesterday morning - and 20 stayed out this morning. Chet Elmes, Murphy, St. George and Haba-haba. The only US officers - but due to engine trouble somewhat they were back in camp for lunch. They're going to go again this afternoon. Bessa, Home and Capt. Moss (with Pauline) also left.

Our inoculations began this afternoon. In all, I hear we're to get immunized against Smallpox, Typhus, Plague, Typhoid and Cholera. It will take about 2 weeks. Typhoid and Typhus (3 times) requiring 3 shots a week apart.

On page 7 of Newsweek for May 14 '45, the word "Snafu" appears twice. - Situation that went wrong came on Portico - it means "situation normal, all fogged up!"

Sept 7 '45 (Fri)

Chet Elmes and his group got out yesterday - so did Phil Fry and a number of others.

Sept 10 '45 (Mon)

Laughinghouse, Don Butler, Dode Wilson and one or two other Colonels got out by plane this morning. Col Donovan (Lt Col James - FA) came back from Berlin by plane last night. The dope now is that there are ships enroute there to take care of 750 gus whenever we can get rail transportation to take us there. This will have to be arranged through the Russians, of course.

We have been ordered to leave Hohen Camp at 2 pm.

Sept. 13 '45 (Thur)

We left Hohen Camp at about 2 pm by truck. Came down to the main Munden station where we waited until about 6 pm to load onto a train. I was fortunate enough to get into one of the two First Class Coaches. Churchill (the senior American officer) assigned officers by name to one of these, and announced

15th Day of Freedom

16th Day of Freedom

that "all other officers would fill the remaining coaches - In all there were ten (10) coaches - 2 First Class, the other 8 being Second & Third Class. I got into a space (2 double seats) with Ausmer, Glen Townsend and Ed Atkinson - three very pleasant traveling companions. Before we left the Munden Station we were issued three meals of K. Rations - one marked B, one D and one S (Breakfast, Dinner, Supper). Each consisted of a can of something or other, Cornmeal porridge, chess + bacon etc) some crackers, soluble coffee, bouillon powder, or a powdered fruit drink, chocolate, a piece of candy, and a little woman's soap - also 'cantaloup chewing gum' and cigarettes. These boxes each took up very little space and were designed for paratroopers, and feeding troops during aerial stages of landing operation. After our prison fare it tasted like manna from heaven (actually did drop out of the sky to us). After a few minutes after 8 pm we moved out of the Munden Station for Gort - and it really looked as if we were free men. The distance from Munden to Gort is about 400 Km (250 miles) and we were told it was about an 8 hour trip normally, but that we probably took 12 hours. I don't know what our running time was, but for the time we got about (4 pm 9-10 '45) and the time we got off (9 pm 9-11 '45) it was exactly 29 hours. However, we were willing to put up with anything. Our car was a queue-man type - the upper berth was pulled down by benefit of pulleys and a little work on our part. There was nothing above with which to make up the berths, but it provided storage space for baggage and was soft enough to enable us to get some sleep. I snored up and the whole room below for the others to stretch out. We all managed to get some sleep. I probably found better than the others but at about 2 am when I woke up and volunteered to change with someone below, there was no "taxis". The country we passed through was beautiful and quite fertile - all sorts of crops were to be seen along the way - corn, Kogi, corn, buckwheat, fruit trees, various kinds (apples, peaches) grapes etc. a few low hills broke the monotony and were very pretty to see. There were wondrous good kinds at the stations - HSU-CHIA-TUN, WAN-CHIA-LING, etc. They sold fruit, eggs, milk - We passed many train loads of Russians coming north with equipment - mule, rolling stock. It is picturesque to see the way the Russian women accompany the men everywhere - some in uniform and many not - all with the wordy colored babushka - a scarf tied around their heads. Many of the women and nearly all of the men wear medals (not just ribbons, but medals) - many of the women are in the army - but most of them were just following their men. They say the Russian woman is the only one who is allowed to "enjoy" all the romance of warfare - she also suffers all the hardships, dirt, etc. These women - some pretty, but most given stoical and homesick - Cook for their men and provide for their comfort in every conceivable way. They are all dirt and campfire. They seem to have heart (work or play, it makes no difference). They don't seem to be careful about anything. Run all over the train.

way or every where - even crawl under it when it isn't moving too fast. I never saw one get hurt.

Last Tuesday, Jim Thompson, Frank Nelson & I decided to take a walk. We got a little bit lost - were a little disoriented and found ourselves on one of the main thoroughfares heading into Mukden from the North - and near the Wall of the City. We sat down on some fallen telephone poles to rest for a few minutes. When we saw coming toward us a very drunken Russian Soldier. He was staggering all over the place and carried three bolts of silk in his arms. When he saw us he came on and threw his arms about us, shouting "Amerikanski To-van-shi". Soon it became clear to us that he wanted us to go some where with him and have a drink (their signal for drinking is to tap their throats on one side just under the ear). We thought it would be simpler to comply - as he was very persistent and I had heard that if a Russian wanted you to drink with him, you'd soon have a lot of trouble if you didn't. We started off with him. He did all the talking, and we understood none of it. He came to a roadside stand selling cheap Cognac and other things. He gave each of us a bottle, took one himself, and then laid his arms down and began unwrapping several yards from me of the bolts. When he thought he'd reached the end he started the tear with his teeth and fingers tearing it off with his hands. It made no difference whether or not the roadside vendor wanted that particular silk - a any silk at all - that's what he got and he could take it or leave it. There was no bargaining. Then the same procedure was followed in acquiring eggs, apples, etc. He looked for some sort of a place - restaurant or tea shop - where we could have our drinks but failed to find anything he might tolerate. But then he spotted a Chinese cart approaching - and it was 14 or 15 Chinese passengers. He asked it to stop - signalled the passengers to get off, and the driver to turn around. As this was done, then he signalled us on and we started up the road. He was very much in charge. Finally we came to the place he was looking for - or had a place that suited him. We got off and he signalled the driver to wait. We went inside and he got a table & ordered food. Soon we were served with a plateful of "Towzers" - a rather tasty Chinese dish consisting of meat & spices inside a pretty covering and boiled (sometimes they're fried in deep fat. I like the latter much better). Also a plate of hot pork was set before us. I've heard the Russians like to eat for pork while they're doing serious drinking. The glasses we had had about 2 1/2 - 3 jiggers and this fellow began filling them up and saying

something in Russian which must have meant "bottoms up". I turned the first two up - and then decided I couldn't do that very many more times. I was fortunate enough to be able to get out of a part of each glass by the second by pouring it out. I didn't want the Russian to see me doing it - or to myself be affected. He was armed of course, and seemed to have his intentions till took out his pistol and waved it around. It wasn't till some surprise me if I had fired a few shots. My chief concern, of course, was not to get in the way of one of the bullets. That would have been a very nice opportunity to get hit, I thought. So about halfway down when we'd polished off nearly 3 glasses the Russian began to get out of glassy eyes - and seemed to have lost his zest for drinking. Soon he got up and left us. We remained seated for a while and then, quite casually, reconnected us part of the coffee we made our escape. It was an interesting experience and one I'm glad to have had, but I don't want to do it again.

We arrived at Dairen and debarked at about 9 pm Sept. 11. The officers of the U.S. Hospital Ship Relief were ready for us. Most of our baggage was checked before we went aboard the Relief. Some "lost" all their baggage by accident. I was lucky - or fortunate (I don't know which) to retain my suitcase (I bought from Dick McLeod) so I managed to keep my gear for toilet articles & change quite all right with me. This was met, on boarding the "Relief" by a battery of typewriters & some one names and pertinent data - then we were escorted to the staterooms - the smallest of which accommodated 2 in a double-deck bunk - the room I got into has 6 double-deckers. The others in this stateroom (E) are Maher, Hensie, Townsend, Moore, Nelson, Colbrook, Stowell, Collier, Callahan, Bell & Bootwright.

On Sept 9th, I think it was, most of us received mail. Most of the news was good - mine coming via. Tom, Mother, & Tom Jr. were at Mantel Field, Ft. Riley, Kansas on Aug 17th (the date of Tom's letter). Bob had a son on Aug 9 - and all was well. Tom will remain here until the train leaves on Sunday to look. Al Stowell lost his one by "Bobby", Gilbell lost his younger son, and Ray O'Day lost his wife. Since coming aboard the Relief I hear that Lyle Rebell's foot isn't too bad. Those things make us feel, of course, but by far the greatest part of the news was good. I certainly feel grateful for mine. There is a foreman at the Citadel. One of the first things I plan to do when I get a chance is to see if I can't get an appointment to visit him - and, if so, to do my best to get one for him. We hear we are to be sent for KINAWA and are due in there sometime on Saturday, Sept 15th (Tom's only 22nd birthday anniversary). The Relief has about 12 1/2 knots I hear or more so a maximum of 17.

Everyone aboard has been very nice to me. Yesterday we received a basket of shoes from the personnel of the "Ship" in the Ship's Store. Last night there was a movie

which we enjoy very much in spite of the fact it was trying to rain all during the show.

Sgt. Hone came up to see me yesterday afternoon and I gave him some of his personal belongings that Phil had turned over to me before he got out by plane.

The meals have been good about - Breakfast this morning consisted of an orange - scramble eggs & fruit - spam, bread & butter, coffee.

On the night we came aboard, we had a late supper which included a delicious steak. It was a pleasure to see a number of very pretty and competent nurses - all with naval rank. They have been wonderful to us - and by now, I think, are used to having us stare at them. One given a Lt Bernatitus I think was on Corregidor and got out by sub about May 31/42. She knew a good many of our number, Borch, Hirsch etc and has been around to look them up.

Sept 14/45 (Fri)

Last night a very pretty young navy nurse came into the room where I've been living since coming aboard - and asked for "Col. Kelly". I admitted my identity and we introduced ourselves. She is Miss (Lt JG) Ogburn of Winston Salem N.C. It seems strange that she had her Swos a North Carolinian - and this far from home it means a lot to meet someone from your own state. We had quite a nice chat. Not much to talk about as we have no mutual friends - I told her of having gone to OHC with some people named Haines from W-S. She knew who they were - as I understand they're quite wealthy & prominent. This is a night duty and came by early this morning just before retiring - to leave me "good night". That a conversation with this (Lt) Bernatitus this morning. She went out for Corregidor on May 31/42 by submarine - the same sub, incidentally, which carried Doyle, Clarke & Dravin and others. Master Hise was not aboard, she said.

On the train coming down to Davao from Marikina, Col Gellinger told me that from his wife that Roy Reynolds (Maj Reynolds L-5-3, 57th) was all right - reunited to US Control when the US retore the P.D.

Along this time, Glen Townsend showed me a copy of a letter for June 23/45 referring to Lt Col Valtman, Barnett - Parker Cabaret, and Arthur Murphy who were back under the Stars & Stripes again after some guerrilla warfare in the P.D. Murphy was a 1st Lt 57th Inf when he went to Baguio before war broke. Pat Moran told me Murphy had left his force at CARANGON on 12/3/41 in an effort to start enemy flour and reform N.I.F. He was not heard from again.

Since leaving Davao early in the morning of the 11th we have been escorted by two destroyers. Most of the waters through which we are passing - have been heavily mined. These destroyers keep a sharp look-out for floating mines and when they spot one they explode it by gun fire. Four times - once yesterday and three times today - on this trip the announcement has come over the ship's public address

system that the destroyer on the port or starboard bow will turn on its course to destroy a mine - and warning that the explosion told that will be that of the mine. I saw two mines suspected today - both of starboard bow. The destroyer fired with 50 cal. tracers and they look very beautiful as some given ricochet from the water and go high into the air. Then after a few bursts, the ship is registered and we see a big geyser followed by a loud explosion. Then the little destroyer turns out to report and takes her place out in front again. While one is setting off a mine, the other moves over directly in front of us out to take care of the lost out in both directions. Usually, an Alcocky spent while this is being done.

Ice cream at 2 pm as usual - the third day now we've had it. I hear we're due to reach Okinawa at about 4 pm tomorrow - how supper about the Relief - and possibly, spend tomorrow night aboard.

Sept. 15/45 (Sat)

This is Toris and my 22nd wedding anniversary. I'm so happy about being free - and the war being over that I can't be sad, as I have been on previous anniversaries, at being separated. I'm on my way home to Tori and my "babies", so what more could I ask? We got into Bicol Bay, Okinawa this afternoon. It looks as if the whole U.S. fleet is here, the bay is so full of naval craft of all kinds. I'm not sure there are any battle ships, but there's everything else - cruisers (light and heavy), destroyers, airplane carriers - and lots of small boats were running all over the place. A number of landing boats, Captain's gigs etc. Some time during the movie tonight a warning was issued about an approaching typhoon. The officers on deck were ordered below - and I hear it was planned to take some of us off onto other ships. It wouldn't have affected me anyway as I'm inside. However later word was issued cancelling the move. Don't know why, but evidently the typhoon information has developed that we won't get a very severe taste of it after all.

I saw a copy of a San Francisco paper of Monday March 12/45 tonight. It seems that a good many released prisoners from the Philippines had arrived in S.F. on the preceding Thursday. Chaplain Olsen was among them - so was Jim Thompson's wife. This afternoon I wrote three letters - one to Ba, one to Tori, and one to Tobby - and managed to get 3 airmail stamps for them. For a man with out a dime - and who hasn't had a dime for months, I've done pretty well in spending on my friends. I've gone everywhere and done everything that somebody else has paid for it.

The bay here tonight looks like some carnival. The lights are so bright. All ships seem to be blinking messages back and forth to each other.

We are on the east coast, I understand - Came down along the west coast and turned east under the southern tip of Okinawa to get here.

I understand this ship is about 25 years old - that our \$200,000 was spent on her to modernize her several years ago. She made a number of trips, with wounded during the Okinawa fighting - and that a narrow escape at least once from a Kamikaze plane.

Sept 16 '45 (Sun)

Spent the night about the "Relief". This morning it began to blow a little and the "Relief" began to roll. Lots of funny accidents happened at breakfast - trays dropped and dishes broken. While I was eating breakfast on deck I had to catch my knee several times as it kept sliding off my tray. Once a pitcher of coffee sitting in front of me, slid off the opposite side & spilled all over some of my. Richard & I had all clothes that were under his hand.

Latest instructions - were getting under way & going around to West Coast where we'll disembark about 10 am. Then what? At a place called Machinato.

6:30 pm - the latest development. All passengers living on deck have been moved inside - two into our "stateroom" - others into every available vacant space, some even being put into the operating room. Supper was scheduled for 4:30 pm and then postponed "until further notice". When I got down there decks below I found I was too late - so missed out on supper. However, I ate some nothing but sat and sleep, so I guess it won't hurt me to miss one meal. I have a couple of boxes of Clon D chocolate - if I get too hungry. We're headed for the open sea now to ride out the storm. The ship is rolling a foot or so and everything that isn't fastened down is sliding around all over the place. No ice cream this afternoon! This morning when we thought we would disembark at 10, this afternoon came in to say good-bye. I gathered our things and one of these days I'll send her a post card and remind her of this trip.

Sept 17 '45 (Mon)

Mother & Dad's 55th wedding Anniversary - according to the Relief's "Plan of the Day for 17 Sept 45" - Sunrise 6:18 Sunset 18:33. There's no deck - "Get Going" (Saw it right before last - for). Note - "It is expected to return to Machinato during the morning or early afternoon."

Ray O'Day told me about a paper that Hoyt Gibbons had been killed in Europe - that his promotion to B.C. had gone through but he hadn't received it at the time of his death. This was odd because I've been thinking about Hoyt a good deal today. Of course I've often thought of him and wondered what he was doing - knew whenever it was that he was turning in a splendid performance. He was one of the younger officers I knew would get his star.

According to an announcement, we are returning to Machinato tomorrow sometime.

Saw a copy of the New York Times - of August 19 '45 - today. Very interesting.

MACHINATO

