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PHILIPPINES & JAPAN

1941-1946

INTRODUCTION

In February 1997 I asked my father to record his memories of his experiences during World War II, from the time he arrived in the Philippines until he arrived back and reentered civilian life in 1945. He talked and I asked questions for clarification. In 1997 he was 76 years old and it had been 52 years since he returned home, 55 years since he was captured. We filled eight microcassettes on both sides. He readily acknowledged that his memory might not be as good as it used to be and that some details might be confused, some dates might be wrong or events out of order. There are a few inconsistencies in the account.

I transcribed all the tapes and by that time had found some additional material in the form of letters sent to and from him during the war, stories and time lines written down in the next few years after the end of the war, and a binder full of stories written in approximately 1985. There was also a box of souvenir items which included some other material, like the letter written while he was at UCLA. I incorporated these into the transcribed material as best I could, and made the assumption that earlier memories were more accurate than later ones, where there was a conflict. Also my spelling of proper names may not be correct, as I had to guess from the way they were pronounced. It has taken me this long to put it all together, edit it, and put it in a form to be distributed to those who might be interested.

My father has always consistently downplayed and understated what he went through, so his story seems at times like a simple recitation of facts rather than a re-creation of the times and feelings, and there is very little detail of such events as beatings or other punishments, and practically no description of his thoughts and feelings at the time. In part I think this is because it was just so very emotionally difficult to bring back those memories, and in part it was his attitude that it does no good to bring all that up again, as it was in the past.

Karen Brady Smith
January 2002

BEFORE THE WAR

Before the war I was doing all sorts of things but I was originally supposed to be setting up the teletypewriter net over the Islands. However, since there were no teletypes I was put into the Signal Depot and I was made the clerk for the accountable officer. That was the whole Philippine Islands, the whole archipelago. Being a clerk meant that I was pretty well established in an office, which was fine as far as I was concerned because the hours before the war, up until just a short time before the war, were very very nice. We got to bed somewhere around maybe 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. We got up around 5 o'clock in the morning, had breakfast, went to work for a few hours, knocked off about noon, had our siesta, and then went back to work around 2 or 2:30 or 3, and worked until around 5 or 6, and then knocked off for supper, and the rest of the time was ours. This was in Manila. I never actually got out of Manila except on sightseeing trips before the war, which I think was pretty nice because there was plenty of time for sightseeing trips. There was always a three-day pass and maybe even in some cases I just took off for a day without any problem. There was never any problem getting a pass. In fact I had a permanent pass while I was in Manila. I didn't do any extended trips. For instance, I went down south to Lake Taal. I got into the Bataan peninsula once or twice on duty but only because I had to get down in there because there was a question about some of the equipment for which my boss was accountable, and I had to go down there and count it and make sure it was there. So that was not exactly a sightseeing trip.

I know that I got to the Philippines after Christmas of 1940 because in the picture that was taken of the outfit just shortly after Christmas of that year, I'm not in it, so I'm pretty sure that I was not there at that time. However, I was there not too long after that because I was among about the last group that moved into the barracks in the Cuartel de Espana. That's in the old walled city. Among the gates that went into it was the main gate, which was the Cuartel, and there was another gate by the Pony Corral, as it was known, and there was another gate on the opposite side of the Pony Corral. The fourth gate into the place was at Fort Santiago, which was on the river and that was a pretty good-sized area itself. It was the old fort that guarded the whole area when the Spaniards had it. I imagine it was somewhere in January or February, but the boats ran every three months, so if I wasn't there at Christmas, it must have been no earlier than March. and if I didn't get there in March, then I didn't get there until June. I just don't remember when I got there. I know that I went over on a ship that was not yet converted to a troop ship. It was a president liner and it was not yet converted to a troop ship because, as a PFC, I was one of the ranking enlisted men. Almost everybody was over there as a private except for the sergeants and the officers, of course, who went over as whatever rank they happened to be. Because of the way that I had been picked to go over there, I went over as a PFC, and so that gave me certain privileges along with about 10 or 12 other people who were going over there under the same set of circumstances to set up that teletype network. So there was no question about my rank. I had all kinds of rank by comparison with the others; they were brand new recruits and I had already had a year in the states, so I was classified as what is generally called a prior service man.

I imagine there was some thought on someone's part that we could get into the war, but there was certainly no thought on my part that we were going to get into a war.

About three months before the war started, we had been put on sort of a heavy-duty schedule. Instead of the schedule where we had a siesta and all those kinds of things, the work schedule had been changed so that we were working from 6 in the morning to noon, then we had two hours for lunch, no siesta time. We went back to work about 2 o'clock and we worked straight through until somewhere in the neighborhood of 5, and then we had supper, and went back to work somewhere around 6 or 6:30. We worked through until about 7. The reason for that was that we were getting all kinds of stuff in, equipment and supplies of all sorts, and of course it went into the signal depot to be distributed throughout the islands, and it was my job to keep track of it, as the accountable officer's clerk. That was my reason for being there at that time, because otherwise, without those teletypes, there was absolutely no reason for me to be there.

I got tired of that business of working all the time so the Sunday before the war started (remember this is on the other side of the date line) I decided I wanted to get some time off so I went to the First Sergeant, who was Harry Kulas, one of the best sergeants I think anyone could possibly hope for. He was a really good man. I asked for a pass to go into the city. I wanted to see if there was a picture, *Sergeant York*, playing at the Times Theater, which is about a mile and a half or two miles from the barracks. I wanted to go see it and Kulas gave me the pass, said nothing further, just handed me the pass, that was it, and off I went. Coming back, the air raid alarm sounded. I knew for a fact that at that time it was a real alarm. I ran that mile and a half or two miles back to the barracks. When I got there Kulas was laughing all over himself. He thought that was one of the best jokes he had ever played on me because he hadn't bothered to tell me there was going to be a practice alarm.

The next morning, along about 4 or 5 o'clock, the supply sergeant, Sergeant Hawken, came to the bay that we were sleeping in, and right next to me was a man by the name of Don Green. He woke Don up and said, "Don, go down to the supply room and draw a pistol and ammunition and a rifle and ammunition, and go down to the transmitter and start guarding it. We're at war with Japan. They just bombed Pearl Harbor." I heard it and I just laughed and I told Don after Sergeant Hawken left not to pay too much attention, he was just being a jokester again. So Don was in no hurry to get down there because of that, and in fact he was kind of cursing Hawken all the time for doing it, but he didn't dare not go, so he went down there. I turned over and went back to sleep. When I woke up somewhere around 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning I hadn't had breakfast. Usually someone, the CQ or someone, would come around and wake people up when it was time to get up. I couldn't figure out what in the world was going on. I went wandering down through the barracks. Nobody was there, not even Kulas. There were no bunk boys around, no one in the latrines, and clothes were thrown all over the place, barracks bags were half packed, field equipment was all missing. The whole barracks was in an uproar. Instead of the early morning disorder, everything was very quiet. I leisurely proceeded to get dressed, cleaned up and go eat breakfast. When I got back to the barracks there still wasn't anyone there, so I went down to the supply room and there were people down there all right; they were drawing all kinds of equipment. So I asked what was going on, and somebody told me that we were at war with Japan, that Peal Harbor had been bombed. That's when it dawned on me that maybe Hawken wasn't joking with Don Green.

At that time the only guns or ammunition that were in the company amounted to six 45-caliber automatic pistols and about 100 rounds of ammunition dated 1921 which nobody was certain would go off. Details had been sent to the ordnance depot to draw the required materiel. They came back with enough pistols for all but six men and they were armed with model M191 Springfield rifles. Hawken passed out the guns and a box of ammunition for each man together with two extra magazines. When I got my pistol the Cosmolene was so thick on it that I couldn't pull the trigger. Since we hadn't had any guns before we didn't have anything to clean them with so another detail was sent to the gasoline dump for about five gallons of gasoline and another detail was sent back to the ordnance depot to get some gun oil, patches and cleaning rods, brushes, thongs and other cleaning equipment. The state of training in that outfit, as far as arms were concerned, was absolutely deplorable. There were only about eight or ten of us in that whole outfit who knew anything at all about pistols and rifles, machine guns and those kinds of things. Of those of us who did there was Tom O'Shea, Hawken who was an acting supply sergeant, and I can't think of everyone's name but there were four or five of us put to work taking those rifles and pistols apart, cleaning them, getting rid of all the Cosmolene and preservative that was on there, and then putting them back together again. That was what we did at least for a day or two, just getting all those weapons in working order and putting them back together and making sure they were oiled. After we finished that we had to go and instruct several of the people in that outfit how to do the same thing because they really didn't know. Every year they had been going out on the range to fire them but they never took them apart, they never cleaned them. They had the Filipino bunk boys, who took care of everything there, do all the cleaning of the weapons, all the laundry. They even made the beds and shined the shoes and everything else, and the men in the outfit did none of that, so we had to go through and tell them. In fact, a couple of the Filipinos were doing some of the instructing too. They got, from each man, a peso and a half a month, and that was it. There were four or five bunk boys. It was two pesos to a dollar, so that was about 75 cents. They were well paid by comparison with the civilians outside, but they weren't very well paid for all the jobs that they did for us, because they did everything. They even came around at night and pulled the mosquito bars down and they made sure that the cans that the legs of the bunks were in were filled with kerosene each night. That kept the bedbugs out. You made sure that there was no part of the bunk leg that was touching the side of the can.

I was eventually told that I could go back to Fort Santiago property office, which had been my peacetime job, and await further orders there. Fort Santiago is in the walled city next to the Pasig River and was the headquarters of the Philippine department. The office in which I worked handled the property as far as the signal corps was concerned for the entire Philippine department, the 10th signal service company, 253rd signal construction company, Philippine Scout and the 283rd signal maintenance company. The Property Office, the man who was both accountable and responsible for the property account, was an ex-enlisted man who was now a 2nd lieutenant by the name of Boyd Hansen. He knew property and supply thoroughly and was the best man that could be found for that type of work. We also had a man from the 2nd signal service company, Sgt. Hightower, who was awaiting his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant. Although Hansen knew his work completely, his predecessor in that office had left the accounts in such shape that try as we might we couldn't make up more than about $10,000 of about $14-15,000 of signal property that the man before Hansen had allowed to be drawn without

receiving his signature. Therefore, because Hansen was the responsible officer, unless that property was made up, Hansen would be required to pay for the loss, which would take quite a while on a 2nd lieutenant's pay. After about half an hour Lt. Hansen showed up with Capt. Hankins from the Signal office. As usual they were both slightly drunk, in fact, Hansen couldn't find a chair. The first thing he said was "Tear 'em up, tear 'em up. We don't need them any more. There are no more property accounts. We are now in a theater of operations and everything is expendable." At which Hankins replied "Including second lieutenants." After getting the accounts mixed up completely in a handy wire wastepaper basket, ready to set fire to them, Hansen changed his mind and decided they should go back in the proper folders and be kept as a souvenir so that he could tell what he would have had to pay for if the war hadn't started. Later on I heard that Hankins and Hansen at the first news of the War had decided to celebrate by getting thoroughly drunk. They did this and went riding down Dewey Blvd putting bottles on the sea wall and seeing if they could knock them off by shooting at them while riding past. The MPs were forced to take action to prevent murder.

The rest of the day I spent with other men from the telephone maintenance section waiting around a radio for news. At 3 o'clock Capt. Wing telephoned me and gave me a verbal order to report to the USAFFE message center for duty at the Pony Corral.

The Pony Corral was, in peacetime, the non-commissioned officers quarters and occupied a position next to the Cuartel De Espana. This is inside the Walled City, or Intramuros. Next to the Pony Corral was the Santa Lucia Barracks, which was occupied by the Service Company, 31st Infantry. The 31st had been called to the Gulf of Lingayen. The mess had been left intact as well as the maintenance supplies.

THE FIRST FEW DAYS

Finally, I guess it was about the third, fourth or fifth day, O'Shea, Don Green and I were sent down to the actual Pony Corral together with about ten, maybe a dozen, men from the 200th Coast Artillery. That was a New Mexico National Guard outfit that had been sent over as a complete unit just before the war started. The only name I can think of is a man by the name of Leo Padilla, who after the war became a big dealer in liquor in Albuquerque. He had a monopoly practically and became fairly rich. We also had about five or six of their Jeeps, because we had almost no Jeeps at all in the 10th Signal, which by that time had become the 228th Signal Operations Company. They had split us up and made three or four different cadres out of us. I stayed with the 228th and then there was a cadre formed for the 5th Signal Maintenance and the 10th Signal Service. There were also a few men from the 31st infantry who for various reasons were considered unfit for service on the front line. For instance, there was one man who had feet so large that, if he had worn out his shoes, they could not have been replaced. Another man was assigned to us because he couldn't control his temper and might endanger the lives of others. There were also some Philippine Scouts, three of them who, in spite of handicaps because of their color and lack of education, were considered the best men in their work, which was intelligence, patrol, scouting, etc. These men's names were Callueng, Santana and Fernandez. For officers, we had only three infantry men, the best of whom was Lt. MacShane, who was in charge of the dispatch of the messages and the administration. Soon we were assigned eight Air Corps officers who, owing to the lack of planes, had nothing with which to fight. These officers were used as couriers for messages which were considered too important for lowly enlisted men to handle.

For motorized vehicles, we had the Jeeps, one 1½ ton truck, and two command reconnaissance cars. Since these were not enough for us we commandeered some civilian cars, but we picked the best we could get. We went to a concern called Bachrach Motors and picked out two or three of their newest sedans and several of their trucks. We also had a few of the colesas and their drivers for some message runs inside the city limits. Colesas were small cars used as taxis around Manila.

Tom O'Shea and a man named Ford, who was later killed on Corregidor, were with me. Tom and I first met when I initially reported for duty in Manila, and he took advantage of the situation to tell us of the horrors of being in the army in the Philippines, and otherwise to acquaint us with various peculiarities of army life in general and fill us full of bull. This didn't appeal to me at all, particularly as he was using my bunk space to do it in, so I was forced to take measures to move him and his audience so I could get some rest, as even at that time I was perpetually tired. Since then he and I had never gotten along very well, and here we were to be working together. At first we didn't like the arrangement but as time went on we became very good friends and I still consider that he is the only real friend I have ever been lucky enough to have had.

Our job was to run a messenger service for all the outfits that were going up to the South Luzon force and the North Luzon force. We had some scheduled runs and more unscheduled runs.

The regular runs were to Ft. Stotsenberg, the headquarters of the North Luzon forces, General Wainwright in command, and to Binan, the HQ of the South Luzon forces, and to Ft. William McKinley. As needed, we made runs to the radio stations and the telegraph stations, the switchboards, and the other associated minor M.C. (message centers).

We also had officers assigned to us. First time I ever gave orders to an officer as a private. We had five officers, mostly second lieutenants who had lost their planes. There was a Lt. Miller, and Lt. Cane. Those were the two I remember the most. They served as officer couriers because some of the messages were so highly classified they wouldn't trust them to an enlisted man, they had to have an officer. So we had a driver and a guard each time that one of those officers went out. Otherwise it was just a driver who carried the message; he acted as both driver and messenger. It was an awful waste of people but we had officers to spare then because the planes were shut off and they couldn't fly and there was nothing else for the officers to do. The planes had been left on the ground for the Japs to get at them at Clark Field. There was a first lieutenant in charge of that group, and he had all these people, none of whom had ever worked together before except for the officers who had been assigned to one squadron of planes, and the three of us from the 228th had worked together, and then I guess the people from the 200th had worked together also, but not with all the rest of them, so it was really a hodgepodge of people just thrown together and told to work together. That doesn't always work but in this case it seemed to work because we all got along well. Nobody got much sleep. If you got any sleep at all you got maybe an hour or two at one stretch. Otherwise you were constantly awakened by something going on, either somebody coming in or going out, or coming in with a bunch of messages that had to go out and we had to quickly get somebody to get in their Jeep and take off to deliver the messages, and it was really a mess.

Our food at that time consisted of sandwiches and coffee. I think we lived primarily on canned corned beef, or sometimes we had corned beef hash which had been sliced and put between a couple slices of bread. We also had peanut butter. There was no time for any cooking at all. If you weren't doing something else you were sleeping. Sleep was really at a premium. There was nobody available to cook. We were just fortunate that we were able to get things somewhat organized. That was the first time in my life that I ever had a job that I can say I did real well, that I thought was fairly important. The messages had to go to the South Luzon force and to the North Luzon force. The North Luzon force was General Wainwright. The South Luzon force was, I think, General Parker.

The Pony Corral was lousy with mosquitoes. There were mosquitoes all over the place. One time the lieutenant in charge Lt. Kerry, was stretched out on one of the benches. Where we had set up our headquarters for that group was in the mess hall and the mess hall was a Filipino mess hall and they had benches instead of chairs which we had in the American mess. Actually the chairs we had weren't much good, either, but anyway they were chairs and the Filipinos had benches. Lt. Kerry had not had much sleep for two days and he had just stretched out on one of the benches, just a narrow bench, without any of the usual mosquito precautions, and he was there half asleep, swatting mosquitoes in his sleep. His arms were waving constantly. Someone came in and woke him up and told him that there was a very urgent message that the South Luzon force had done something. He woke up just enough to wave his arms around his head, and say "What's that you said? South Luzon force was attacked? By mosquitoes? By

mosquitoes. Oh, yeah. Mosquitoes. Oh, yeah, South Luzon force attacked by mosquitoes. Who's to get that message? Oh, yeah." And then he went back to sleep. The fellow who woke him up, a Filipino, didn't know what in the world to do, and I was awake at the time so I went over and I just shook him, which the Filipino didn't dare do. I finally got him awake. He was embarrassed as he could be when I told him what he had done and said.

On one run, which took place in a blackout, one of our crews was in the middle of a convoy which was being bombed. Filipino drivers, never very good, were not at their best when under fire without any cover. This caused a severe accident in which one of our drivers lost one leg above the ankle and the other leg above the knee. He was taken to the Philippine General Hospital and classified as a charity patient, which made us very angry as we figured that since he had gotten hurt trying to protect the Philippine Islands he should be classified as better than a charity patient. However, later we were able to send a hospital ship to Australia and he was lucky enough to be on it.

One time an Air Corps officer named Cave and I were on an unscheduled run to Ft. McKinley. We were on a road called the Carabao Road which leads to the main entrance of the fort. For about four miles this road goes through fields of rice, cane and other high grasses which make excellent concealment. As we were leaving the fort someone, whom we believed to be gooks, started to shoot at us. Not wishing to be heroes at this early stage in the war, we traveled at a high rate of speed to Dewey Blvd, and still I continued at a very fast rate, which I assumed to have been no less than 80 mph, which is the fastest the speedometers on the Jeeps would register. Cave later swore that I would never drive him anywhere again. He would rather be shot at than killed in a Jeep accident.

Another time that gooks shot at a car was in front of our barracks in Port Area. These Filipinos, however, were caught and handed over to the MPs, who were also Filipinos, but were Scouts. I don't believe the ones who shot at us ever even reached a guard post.

On the day before Christmas we had sent everybody that was available out delivering messages to one headquarters or another and we had some very urgent messages that had to go out so O'Shea and I, or Bryant and I, I'm not sure, had to go out and try to deliver the messages to the North Luzon force. We were looking for Wainwright. We went all over that place looking for Wainwright, who had moved his headquarters. On the way we passed Clark Field. There was an MP at the road that led to it and he waved us on saying we had better get the hell out of there and very quickly because very soon they were going to blow it up. We told him that we had no intentions of staying there anyway, but we were glad to get the idea that we really were not welcome around there because we didn't want to get blown up. Finally we found Wainwright at Ft. Stotsenberg, right next to Clark Field, and it was a little too late because the messages dealt with something that had already happened and he already knew about it and it was too late to do anything about it. So it was a mess. We got stuck there for a while and had Christmas dinner at Wainwright's headquarters, which consisted of a cold pork chop, which we hadn't seen for I don't know how long, and a couple of real hard biscuits with nothing on them.

That was our Christmas dinner. I remember Wainwright had a favorite song. He had a Filipino who played it almost all the time. I think it was La Paloma. Wainwright was up on the porch and the Filipino was down on the ground walking back and forth playing on his guitar playing and singing that song. He had a real nice voice, too. That was his job; he was Wainwright's troubadour.

We had found Wainwright about five km in front of what were supposed to be our front lines. After giving him the messages, having dinner, and getting our receipts we again made tracks. Backtracks, and fast. However, we got mixed up in our directions and in a short time, instead of going in the direction of our lines, we were paralleling them. The first thing we knew of this was when a captain called to us from the grass in which he was hiding and wanted to know "what the hell do you think you're doing with a goddamn Jeep up here?" When we told him we were looking for the front lines, he told us to get out and walk, it would probably be much safer. The Japs were supposed to be about 1000 yards ahead of him and to the right of the line which we had been traveling. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, we agreed that we would let the Jeep stay where it was and we started walking. In about five more minutes, the Japs opened fire on the spot where the captain had stopped us, and from that time on we were on foot and on our own. We then decided to stay with the captain's outfit until the morning. However, during the night the Japs got between us and other outfits and we were left alone by the other retreating American forces. On December 27, after three days of practically no water and absolutely no food, we got back to our own forces through the efforts of the captain, Bill Biancchi, who was at one time an enlisted man in the 31st infantry. Later he said that had he known the effects of the wounds he received, we could all have gone to hell as far as he was concerned. Later, he was killed while a POW by the action of American planes, on what is now known as the "Ship of Death."

On my 13th birthday my folks gave me a watch. It was a very good watch. At the time they didn't have money to buy anything that was very expensive but they got it for me and I was very proud of it. On one of the messenger runs before the war, O'Shea and I went to Fort Stotsenberg to deliver some messages. On the way we got stuck in one of the bombing raids. During the bombing raid we got out of the Jeep and went to the rice paddies and lay down in the rice paddies to make ourselves a little bit less exposed. One of the things that happened was that a bomb landed not too far away from us, but it didn't seem like it was very, very close. We could hear the pieces of shrapnel coming all around us and over us. I had my arms stretched out in front of me over my head. As I went to get up, for some reason I decided to find out what time it was, but when I looked at my wrist I didn't have my watch. Apparently a piece of shrapnel had come along and just taken that watch off my wrist. I have no recollection of feeling it. I know I didn't feel anything. I did have a red welt along my wrist where the watch had been. It didn't hurt my wrist at all. I guess I was too frightened to notice it.

From the start of the War Filipino fifth column activities had been going on at a good pace and seemed to be very well organized. When the Japanese were on their way to bomb anywhere in the Islands, flares were lit to show them the way. Isolated guards were shot from ambush, radio messages on the extent of the damage done by planes were sent from hidden stations. Telephone wires, telegraph lines and other communication centers and activities were cut or hindered in their operations. Information of the most accurate and complete nature was known

to the enemy. For that matter, even before the war, information the soldiers and sailors had in regard to their own movements was largely obtained through the waiters and waitresses in the bars and cafes in Manila, most of which were run by the Japanese. Most of the Filipinos did not know whether to favor the US or Japan, and of those who did have an opinion, half favored Japan. The only Filipinos who definitely favored the US were the Philippine Scouts, the Negritos and the Igorots, and about half the Constabulary, but we didn't know which half, so they were considered not safe to trust at all.

On November 20 or 23rd, thereabouts, the Philippine Department had been given a general alert, so the officers of the 200th CAC and the 192nd and the 194th Tank Battalion had asked permission to move their commands from Fort Stotsenberg and go to Lingayen Gulf, which was the suspected point of attack. However, Gen. Wainwright's headquarters disapproved, for what reason no one ever figured out. Consequently, they were caught with their pants down, and so was everyone else. The Japs were landed almost as soon as we were able to get our positions in that area readied for defense. The same thing happened at other points the Japs picked out for landings, although we know now that the landing at Aparri was merely a feint. Even the feint was successful. "The gallant Fil-Americans," according to MacArthur, fought until they could fight no longer, or until it was mealtime, at which point they would all take time off for chow. The 72nd Division had to be completely re-equipped three times because they lost everything they had whenever they came in contact with the enemy. They were able to keep their mess kits though. I guess in a way they were not to blame. They hadn't even seen anything to fight with other than a bolo up until two months before the war started, and most of them didn't even know how to load a gun, much less use one effectively.

To add to this, when we retreated into Bataan, most of our equipment and supplies which were stored in Manila when the war started were left where they were, due mostly to orders direct from MacArthur's Headquarters. We figured out later that since it was impossible to get help to us, Mac thought that if we didn't put up too much resistance, maybe the Japs wouldn't get too mad at us and try to hurt us. Although the logic is false, it was the best reason we could think of for the orders which left our planes, loaded with bombs and warmed up, on the ground for the Japs to destroy at their leisure, or for food left for the invaders which was so sorely needed in Bataan and Corregidor, or arms and munitions left which, although we had no use for it, they could use against us and which was superior to their own equipment. Even after all these years it is still the only reason which fits all the orders and memorandums issued.

Our naval bases at Cavite and Olongapo had been bombed and demolished. Camp John Hay at Baguio, Fort Stotsenberg, Fort William McKinley, Clark Field, Nichols Field, Nielsen Field, and the air bases established for emergency use at Iba and Del Monte had all been bombed and nullified. Landings had been effected by the Japanese at Aparri, Lingayen, Legaspi, and other points on Luzon, and on Mindanao in the south at Davao, with the result that the Japs were closing in relentlessly on Manila.

When the war started the signal operations were carried on for the entire Department by the 228th signal operations company, with other companies carrying on operations for their respective commands. This necessitated scattering the company all over the islands. There were not more than six men in any one place at one time doing the work, taking pictures, receiving

and delivering messages, encoding and decoding, repairing and otherwise maintaining lines of communication, etc. To make matters worse, we were steadily losing men and had no way of getting replacements. We lost two photographers in the first week of the war, followed immediately by two radio maintenance men. Some of our operators were sent to take positions on the inter-island steamers used by the Army, which somehow or other always seemed to be in the way of the Japanese bombs.

One of the greatest catastrophes committed in the P.I. at the start of the war was the destruction of the ship S.S. Corregidor, which was taking Philippine troops, refugees, and supplies to the defenders of the southern islands. The channels at the entrance to the bay between Corregidor and the shores of Cavite and Bataan had been mined with shore-controlled mines. The captain of the ship was suspected to be a Jap sympathizer. He had been told to wait until daytime to go through the channel, but he went through at night. The observations posts reported an unidentified ship and touched off a mine directly underneath it. About 2000 people were killed. About 200 or so survived.

A little later we were given orders to pack up and go to Bataan. This was on December 26, 1941. Someone came in with a message and the lieutenant passed it to us. I don't know who issued the orders originally. We weren't told where to go, we were just told to get there. The only thing we were told is that we would go to someplace that was called Mudhole, which was just above Mariveles. Everybody got packed up, although there wasn't much to pack up except for our dispatch board where we kept track of who was on what Jeep and what shift and what run.

ON BATAAN

Everybody and his brother was on the road to Bataan. Everybody had been sent to Bataan who could get out of Manila and the surrounding area because the North Luzon force and the South Luzon force were converging on that one road that led into Bataan. There was only one road. The Japanese were taking the northern part of the island bit by bit. There was supposed to be a masterpiece of delaying actions along there. Anyway the road into Bataan was a mess.

After about ten or 12 days Manila was declared an open city. That was about January 2. The Japanese declared that they had captured Manila and were in control of most of Luzon.

There was quite a bit of confusion in Manila at this time for no orders were in any express terms, and anyone who did anything at all had to do it on his own initiative, and it was quite possible that he would be liable for it later. On the other hand, if anything was left undone, he might be court-martialed for inefficiency. Consequently no one wanted to give definite orders. For example, when we wanted to take food and supplies with us into Bataan and approached an officer to give us permission to use a truck, he informed us that he could not do it as he had no orders to that effect. However, if we wanted to steal one from him, he would not look while we did so. This hesitation and lack of assertive leadership did much even in that early time to undermine our faith in our officers, and later developments turned that lack of faith into absolute hatred for some of them.

One of the most disgusting things that happened was the case of the barges of food being sent from Manila to Corregidor in the care of the Navy. When the food arrived at the docks at Corregidor it was confiscated by the Army, as the Navy was at that time under the jurisdiction of the Army. Then the Navy and the Army started to wrangle over who was responsible for unloading and storing the food. As a result of the arguments the food was left on the barge until December 29, at which time the Japs ended all argument by sinking the barges and setting fire to them. Besides the loss of the food on the barges, it also caused the loss of other food in Manila which the barges could have transported to Corregidor had the first load been taken off and the barges returned to Manila.

At the time that this was going on, we at the message center also were making preparations for our move to Bataan. A section of men under two officers had been sent to pick out a suitable site for operations and set up a center which could be in operation at the time the center in Manila was closed. At the same time, several trucks of personal belongings and government property were taken so that there would no loss occasioned by the hasty evacuation. About this time, we were being chased all over by the Japs and our lines of communication were constantly threatened.

One incident that I remember is that somewhere along that road one of the 2½ ton trucks had somehow or other gotten turned over and for some reason, I don't know why, with all those people there, nobody made any attempt to get it either on its wheels or off the road. The Japs,

for some reason, didn't do much bombing along that road. They could have done a lot of damage if they had just done that, but occasionally one of the planes would come over and do some strafing. Well, they decided at this particular place and time that they would do some strafing, and every time they would come over everybody, instead of trying to get that truck out of the way so they could get moving again, everybody would just scatter into the fields, and leave the driver and his helper and a couple of other people there to try to take care of that truck all by themselves. In that Jeep we had O'Shea and Bryant and two other people whose names I can't think of. When we got to that point we couldn't move either so we decided we were going to help them, and it is amazing what kind of energy and such you get when somebody is shooting at you and you gotta get out of the way fast. Between the driver and his helper on that truck, and O'Shea and Bryant and me, and a couple of other people, I guess altogether there were about six of us, we got that 2½ ton truck off its side, on its wheels, and ready to go again, and I don't think it would be possible to do it without all that adrenaline flowing. But we did get it up there and going, and the plane didn't do anything, it just flew overhead and didn't do any strafing at all, but it certainly made us rush a bit. That was the only incident that happened on the way into Bataan.

We finally got to where we were going, which was Mudhole. We had to stop in Mariveles and get directions to Mudhole, and we were lucky because we came across somebody who had just left Mudhole and knew where to go to get there. So we got there. Mudhole was a bivouac area up above Mariveles on Mariveles mountain. That's where, when we showed up, Kulas was very unhappy because he had dropped me and O'Shea and Bryant from his morning report because he was told that we had been killed, and he was very unhappy because he had to do all that paperwork to pick us up again. Actually, I think he was kind of glad to see us, he just didn't like all the paperwork.

We asked to have something to eat, as we hadn't eaten for two and a half days. For the three of us, they prepared a 6½ lb can of hash, a #10 can of green peas, a similar can of peaches, 2 qts of coffee, and a large platter of biscuits. The others had sense enough to eat lightly. Not I. About two hours later I was so sick with stomach cramps, nausea without being able to vomit, that I wished I could die, but I was afraid I wouldn't.

One of the things that we did when we left Manila, we had a 2½ ton truck that we had commandeered along the way, and a couple people from the 200th were driving that, and we stopped off at one of the food warehouses and we loaded up that 2½ ton truck with food. There was case after case after case. We didn't care what it was, we just put it on there. It was mostly food, but some of it was boots, as it turned out. How we got those mixed in there I don't know because they were two entirely different warehouses. When we got into Bataan and got into the outfit, that was a real good addition to our mess fare there because nobody brought in very much in the way of food. They didn't have time, and MacArthur, of course, left it all behind anyway. That stupid son-of-a-bitch. Oh, well, he's a hero. Well, anyway, we got the stuff and unloaded it there in Mudhole, so I guess Kulas forgave us for not being dead after all.

On one ration run, very early on December 29, I was with Kulas and he wanted us to go around to all the switchboards and see what was going on. This was two or three days after I got back to the company, I think. We were up on the trail, or road, delivering rations, and we could see

Corregidor from there. They were being bombed terribly. There was just a big cloud of dust over there on Corregidor. We could hear it from where we were. In fact, it drowned out the noise of the plane that was coming down on us. Fortunately the trail that we were on twisted and made all kinds of turns and when the pilot of the plane finally gave up and shoved off and went ahead in a straight line, in the bed of the truck there was a line of bullet holes on either side of the bed that stopped about a yard in back of the cab. That was a real close one for us. We were in the cab. Kulas was the passenger and I was the driver.

Once the war started accountability ceased. There was no such thing as accountability, so there was no reason for me to have a job anymore, which suited me fine except that there was nothing for me to do and I didn't want to go to the infantry. That would have been disgusting and besides, I might have gotten hurt that way. So I was given a job in supply and I helped out our supply sergeant, whose name was Hawken. He was the active supply sergeant. Before the war, as a sort of gesture of good will, when I wasn't busy with accountable records I went over and helped Hawken in the company supply just to give him a hand. He was as busy as he could be trying to get the records straightened out because the previous sergeant left in quite a hurry. He was going back to the States to be commissioned. So his job became pretty burdensome. When the war started he had very little job to do either because nobody was held responsible for anything after that. That is one of the things in the army, when you're in a combat zone, you are not held responsible or accountable for any of the property that you might have. The only thing you really have to be careful of is the weapons. You don't want to mess with those.

MacArthur was on Corregidor by that time. Wainwright and the other general were on Bataan. When they finally got into Bataan, Wainwright was given the sector on the east and the other general the one on the west, 1st and 2nd corps areas.

For two years or so before the war the Army had spent about a million dollars preparing this place for having to defend it. For the signal corps, they had built telephone lines and centers, switching centers and switchboards. Cables had been laid from point to point and from Mariveles to Corregidor. Bodegas had been built for storing materiel and supplies, and the one and only road on the peninsula had been more or less improved as far as Balangas, which was about 12 km from Limay. Another trail, which was called a road by courtesy only, went across the peninsula from Bagac on the west to Pilar on the bay side. However, when the war started, all this preparation and effort going into Bataan suddenly stopped. The navy had built two bases, one a construction base and the other a personnel base, at Sisimin Point and at Mariveles.

Starting from Mariveles and going up the bay side of the peninsula, there were Mariveles, Cabcaben, Lamao, Limay, Lubao, Balangas, Orani, and Abucay. On the ocean side there were only Bagac and Moron. At scattered points throughout the province there were farms and farmers whose main crops were coconuts and bananas. The rest was covered with a thick, almost impenetrable jungle, which contained the usual inhabitants in the way of snakes, lizards, bugs and four-legged mammals, of which the largest number by far were pigs, with a few monkeys and domesticated carabao. The entire area was very mountainous, with a few peaks. The peaks were Mount Sumat, Limay, and Mount of our Lady of Mariveles.

When the Army moved into Bataan, the place had to be fixed up and made habitable. The 803rd Engineers built roads and air fields for our nonexistent air force, and the men of various units cut their way through the jungle to clear space for themselves. Of course, clearing the jungle meant giving up something in the way of camouflage, but for health purposes it was essential.

When we arrived at Mudhole and learned of the lack of all types of supplies, plans formed for attempts to get back to Manila to get some of the things we so sorely needed. The main items were food and tobacco, although even soap, clothing, arms and toilet paper were scarce. The toilet paper shortage got so bad at the last that peso bills, leaves, and even shavings from the shops were used.

A group of us, about ten men, including Tom O'Shea, Earl Bryant, Don Green, and a sailor, among others, decided to go back to Manila every night we could get trucks. Permission to go was very easily arranged, but permission to use the trucks was not so easy. No one was willing to accept the responsibility of authorizing the use of the trucks for such a purpose. Finally, we stole the trucks from the motor pool or anywhere else we could find one, and made several trips back to bring in supplies. On making an illegal run like that, it is necessary to avoid several things. Not the least of these was the MP control posts. These traffic control posts were set up mainly to prevent traffic from blocking the roads. However, another use of the posts was to prevent unnecessary use of vehicles in order to conserve gasoline. Usually we got around that by forging our trip tickets. One time we got back from Manila as far as a little barrio named Guagua, south of San Fernando, when the MPs stopped us and wanted to know what we had in the truck. Thinking it was just a routine check, we told them food and tobacco. Instead of asking us for our trip tickets, he directed us down a side street where an officer told us to dump everything we had in the truck and take the truck to the railroad depot. At the railroad depot we unloaded ammunition from the boxcars and took it across the river to load it onto another train, because the railroad bridge across the river had been blown up. Eventually we were allowed to take the truck and some of the food we had gotten back to Mudhole, but not the boots and a lot of the other stuff.

The organization of the outfit once we got into Bataan was a little bit different, but not much different, from what it was back in the garrison area back in Manila. There was the headquarters group, of which I was part, and then we had the working group, that is, the switchboards, the radio people, the construction people, the message center. We even had a pigeoneer. I think his name was Solyer. We had a few people, some of them kind of strange. One of them in particular, a man by the name of Garrett who, during peacetime, was always trying to pick a fight with somebody. Once the war started he went around with a submachine gun, a rifle, a pistol, a couple grenades. He was really well armed. You could very seldom get him out of his hole there at Mudhole. The only time he was out of his hole was when he absolutely had to be out, and there weren't many occasions because he was a messenger and there was almost no occasion that he could be coaxed out of his hole. Everybody had to dig a hole there in Mudhole, but nobody stayed in them except for Garrett. He was scared of his shadow. I don't know what he was scared of because we certainly had no particular problem with the Japs in Mudhole. We had a little bit of problem with them once, but that's where Lt. Cave came in. He dug a hole with his helmet no less. He had already dug a hole but he was very unwilling to dig any further. He got in just enough to get his body below the level of the

ground and then we had this little bit of a bombing raid down in Mariveles and the bombs that they were using kept getting closer and closer to us because we were on Mariveles mountain and they were bombing the whole area. I guess they made sort of a walking barrage out of bombs. Every time that they bombed, Lt Cave would dig that hole of his a little bit deeper. He came across a rock that he had to dig around and get out, and he dug around it and got it out and then later on when he tried to get it back to get the hole that he was in filled in a little bit so he would be more comfortable with it, it took three of us to move that damned rock into that hole. We used crowbars and everything else, and he had gotten it out all by himself. He had lifted it up and put it on the side of that hole and that was an amazing feat of strength getting that thing out. How in the world he did it I don't know, but fear will do wonders for your strength. He really had a tremendous fear of bombs. He really was not a very encouraging person to be around at times like that.

We all slept outside. There were no buildings, no nothing. We slept on the ground or in a hammock or something like that. The only tent we had was actually a fly that was raised in order to protect what little chow we had. The stoves were out in the open. The food that was served was out in the open. We had absolutely no shelter of any kind, but we didn't need it either. The rainy season didn't start until a couple weeks after the surrender. The rainy season was not a very pleasant time there because the mosquitoes are all over. At one time we were told that there were a bunch of Japanese snipers in the area. We were all warned that when we went to bed we were not to bother to get undressed. We were simply to be sure that our pistols were handy and that we were able to get out of bed and get hold of our sidearms as quickly as we possibly could and be ready to use them. I followed the instructions. During the night my pistol in its holster, belt and all, slipped around somehow and got underneath me so I couldn't really get it out in a hurry. I woke up hearing this strange noise like footsteps at the tree in back of the hammock that I had rigged up with a shelter half. These footsteps sort of stopped right at the tree just behind it and I just barely turned my head enough to see the tree. I was turned on my side a little bit but the damned pistol was underneath me and I couldn't get at it. Finally, I don't know how, I was able to wiggle that pistol out of the holster and get it into position so I could cock it. All I had to do was pull the slide back and let it go forward. Finally, when I did this, I let the slide go forward and it made an awful racket. Those things are noisy, especially when everything is quiet, they make more noise than a freight train traveling through a tunnel. This, unfortunately, sort of startled the thing that was on the other side of the tree, and it was the most devilish looking thing I had ever seen. It scared the daylights out of me. He was sticking his head out on the side of that tree, and he stuck his head out, and I stuck my head out, and we met. I fired at the thing. I let every single round I had in that pistol go at that thing. Talk about being scared, I was scared! Actually, I was panic stricken. I certainly roused the whole camp, though, with those seven rounds from the 45. After that everybody made fun of me. I know I didn't hit it because the Filipinos caught it the next morning. It turned out to be an iguana, which is undoubtedly one of the ugliest things on earth. They turned it over to the cooks and we were able to get a reasonably good facsimile of something to eat the next day, because iguana is fairly good eating. We ate anything we could there, anything and everything.

The job I was given at Mudhole was that from time to time I would accompany whoever was distributing the rations. We had various switchboard crews consisting of anywhere from three to five men each in various parts of the Bataan peninsula, and they of course would have to be

supplied with rations, which was not very much at that time. Rations were very very skimpy. In January our rations were cut down to two thirds rations. Then in February the rations were cut a little further to 1/2 rations. Then starting in March our rations were cut a little farther to 1/4 rations, and then in April of course we didn't last much longer, which was just as well because we had run out of food in April. There was no food coming in, which was one of the reasons why the stuff that we took was so welcome. Incidentally, we gave up half of it because they sent out a call for every outfit to provide all the extra spare rations that they had in order to divide it up more evenly. I think everybody in the outfit took a couple cans of whatever they wanted and just stashed it with their own gear and we turned the rest of it in.

If you were to look at the records they would show the rations as having been issued equally to the men, with no distinction made as to officer, enlisted or Filipino. However, owing to the greater authority of the officers, the enlisted men received nothing but rice from about the time of the second cut in rations. This was not enough to keep the men from being hungry. Imagine cooking rice until it looks about the consistency of catsup, and getting half of an old-style mess kit twice a day each day for three months. Add to this that we could see our officers eating such things as canned salmon, sardines, hash and stew, together with some bread, and one can easily see that the attitude of the enlisted men would be one that the officers would not appreciate if they could read minds. In some cases, the officers didn't have to read minds. Enough men told them what they thought, and showed them in such innocuous ways as shooting at them, that they were able to demonstrate their feelings very effectively.

The boots we had brought were especially welcome, because I don't believe very many people had boots. The boots that I'm talking about were not really boots, they were high-top shoes but they were called boots. We also had a bunch of leggings. The signal corps's leggings were different from other's leggings because we had leggings that had leather on the inside of the calf. That was for riding motorcycles and horses and also for climbing poles, whereas other people's leggings were canvas all around. I had a pair of them which I didn't use very often because I had no reason to. So I was put on the job of distributing rations to our switchboard crews and our radio crews. We didn't dare, by the way, have the radios in the camps because after about 10-15 minutes of broadcasting they had to dismantle their antennas and get away from wherever they were in order to keep from being bombed. The people who stayed around to get bombed were not very smart and they didn't last very long. We had three radio crews. Dick Francies had one of the trucks.

From Mudhole we could go up a little rise and look down and see Mariveles. When we moved we moved to a post that was very close to Manila Bay. It was decided that we should have a cable going over to Corregidor. So we moved to a new location, and part of the job we had was to dig a trench, a cable trench, going from where we were down to the shoreline so that when we got around to it we could lay the cable in there and continue it on across the bay to Corregidor. We did get some of it dug. After the surrender took place the Japs saw that cable trench and the cable that had been laid in there and they were very unhappy that we didn't have a cable that went all the way to Corregidor because they wanted to be able to talk to

Corregidor over it. We told them that there was no cable but they didn't believe us and they beat several of the officers very badly because they simply did not believe that there was no cable going over to Corregidor. We never did get the cable laid and I don't think there was any way we could have.

Our company commanding officer was a man by the name of Richard Wing. He first came to the company not too long before the war started. Almost every new company commander introduces himself to the company, and his introduction of himself to the company consisted of having the people who were there at the headquarters area, which was only about 60-75 people at any one time, called out in formation. He said "I am Paul Richard Wing, the father of Toby and the even more beautiful Polly" and then he turned around and went on into the barracks. Toby Wing was without doubt one of the most beautiful starlets of the movies before World War II started. She was a very very beautiful girl. But that was his introduction to the company.

This was a man who couldn't seem to get it through his head that there was a war on. He thought he was still in Hollywood. He ordered the huts which the men built for themselves built on a straight line. Paths were lad out and kept free from all leaves, and bordered with large stones. A large space was cleared, trees cut down, and this space was also kept clean by daily sweepings with brooms made of bamboo and branches. At a time when gasoline was so scarce that it was cut with kerosene for use in motorized equipment, and generators were run on a schedule to conserve fuel, he had gasoline-operated pumps set up so that he could have running water for baths and a flush toilet, for the officers only, of course.

As a supply clerk I got to know him even better than most because he told me several things. One of the things he told us was that during World War I he had been a pilot. He was a photographer and a pilot. In fact before he was a pilot he was primarily a photographer and an observer. So one time before the United States entered World War I, and before there were machine guns on planes, he and an observer in a German plane were shooting at each other with 45s. The German plane went underneath the plane that Wing was in and Wing was following him around and as the pilot passed underneath Wing was simply firing away and eventually Wing shot himself in the foot.

Another time he had a chair that he didn't like. He walked into the supply room where I was working alone. "I want a new chair" he said.
"Sir, the one you have now is brand new. It's only about three weeks old," I told him.
"I can tell that," he said, "but it just isn't my type of chair."
"Yes, sir, what kind of chair would you like?" I asked.
"I want one something like the Chief has. Even yours is better than mine."
"Well, sir, this one's pretty old," I pointed out. "It doesn't have a cushioned seat or armrests, or anything, it's just plain wood."
"I can see that, Sergeant."
"PFC, sir."
"But my chair is just a plain office chair." With that, he abruptly squatted on his heels, rocked back and forth, and simultaneously turned from side to side. "See! In your chair you can do this. My chair is just plain wood. It's got four legs, and all I can do is sit." I could hear tears in

his voice, and I expected to see tears in his eyes at any time. 'I don't want to just sit, I want to rock and go up and down and spin around." His actions and words matched. He grasped the edge of my desk for support. I sat and stared. I had never seen anything like it. I couldn't laugh because I was just a PFC and he was a major. "I want springs in it, too, Then I can bounce up and down as well, like this -- " and the Old Man bounced on his heels hard enough to lose his balance. He grabbed a stack of desk trays, which gave no support. As he fell to the floor, the trays and their contents were scattered over him, the desk, and the whole office.
I ran around to help him up. "Are you hurt, sir? Are you okay?" I asked.
"No, dammit" he shouted. "I want a chair like yours! I'm the company Commander! What good is being a company Commander if I can't have what I want? You hear me? Get me a chair like yours! And that's an order!" With that, he turned and walked with great dignity out of the office.
As soon as I could I had my chair taken to the COs office and had his chair brought to me. A couple of days later, he saw me and said, "I want to congratulate you on your efficiency, Sergeant."
"PFC, sir" I replied. "Thank you."

He made it back, by the way. He had written several checks to a Japanese guard and the Jap guard lived also long enough to claim them when he got back. I have an article that tells about that.

Most of the Company's equipment had been successfully transported to Bataan but, except for what could be packed into a single musette bag, and the clothes they wore, personal belongings had been abandoned to the Japs in Manila. Except for Col. Wing. Among his personal belongings was a director's chair that had his name written in big block letters across the back. It was always set up so its occupant had a commanding view of important events in the bivouac area. No one else was allowed to occupy the chair.

The Chief Signal Officer, Spencer B. Akins, had been promoted to Brigadier General. One day in late January Akins was visiting the bivouac area. I was returning Col. Wing from an inspection tour of some of our outlying switchboard and construction sites. I parked the car after Col. Wing got out at his tent. He was approaching the orderly tent from his quarters as I approached it from the motor pool. Col. Wing's face registered a mixture of shock, disbelief, and anger when he saw someone sitting in his chair. With a rush, he reached his chair from behind and roughly grabbed the occupant's shoulder. "That's MY chair you're sitting in," he stormed, and then, to his horror, he saw the single star of General Akins. His heavy grasp changed to a gentle pat. "But that's all right, General," he cooed, "you just sit right there if you want to." General Akins later left with MacArthur for Australia. Col. Wing eventually went to Corregidor.

In addition to all this, Wing, because our camp was the headquarters camp for the signal outfit on Bataan, came across all the makings for a flush toilet, and of course, nobody in that area had a flush toilet except for Wing. He wanted one and he was going to get it. We had to build a tank and use our gasoline, which normally would be used for our generators, to put water in that tank so he could have a flush toilet, which made everyone just a little bit unhappy, including, I think, Akins, but he still was able to use it and made no particular bones about using it when he was in the area.

At one point, even before Wing had shown up, I was assigned as a driver for General Akins. Another man, named McGee, was also assigned to this job with me, in order that we could alternate between driver and guard. We finally received word that the general was going to land at Sisimin Point and we drove down to meet him. General Akins was the Chief Signal Officer of the USAFFE and he was one man who knew signal work from one end to the other and back again. There was nothing he could not do himself and nothing he himself did not know. In spite of this, he was beyond a doubt one of the most petty of the officers. Some of the things he did were more childish than children. The petty things he did were to show everyone that his was the authority and the will to use it. He removed anyone capable of giving him the slightest competition in any way. He delegated authority to his favorites. He was cordially hated by everyone connected with the Signal Corps.

He did have a lot of personal courage or, in some cases, foolhardiness in his makeup. He never, that I knew him, which was until he left with MacArthur, showed any sign of fear under conditions which should have produced fear in anyone with feelings. He never gave a thought to what he might encounter in the way of enemy troops, roads, or any lesser difficulties that may have lain in his way. As far as he himself was concerned, I didn't care, but he insisted on dragging his driver and guard with him, and it was this that I objected to.

One time we were on our way to San Fernando, and we passed through a little barrio which was at the time under bombardment and strafing by Japanese planes. Instead of turning around and waiting for the attack to end, he had us go to within 500 or 600 yards of the barrio and, without getting out of the car, watch the planes while they reduced the barrio to splinters and ashes. As soon as the planes looked like they were leaving, McGee and I went to try to clear the road of the burning and wrecked trucks. McGee went to try to find another way around, while I tried to help the men who had survived the attack to clear the road. After about 3-4 hours, the road was cleared, the MPs had taken charge, and McGee had found a detour for traffic. All the time that this was going on, Akins remained in the car and watched us from a distance. Not once did he get out or even offer any suggestions. A couple weeks later a special order was published citing General Akins for the work which McGee and I did, and awarding him the Distinguished Service Cross. McGee and I received a letter of commendation which amounted to nothing since all our records were destroyed on the surrender of the peninsula.

Another time Akins decided that communications at the front lines were far from satisfactory and decided to go and see for himself what the trouble was. He took us with him, and we stayed for three nights and two days, while Akins followed the lines of W-110b wire, checking on how much of all lines was spliced to ordinary fence wire, which was used as a substitute when there was no standard wire.

Another time, the Japanese had control of Subic Bay, but no enemy troops had been seen in that area for some time, so Akins decided that he would try to see if a substitute line of communications could be established there for contact with the troops there who were still trying to effect a delaying action. Taking a command car, a Jeep, and a ton and a half truck with ten men and three officers, we made a tour of the territory, which was assumed to be held by the enemy. When that was over I, for one, breathed a deep sigh of relief.

On the morning of December 29, Akins informed me that he was going to a conference on Corregidor. We took him to Cabcaben and started back to Mudhole. On the Mariveles Cutoff we heard planes, and since we knew we had none, we stopped to see what they were going to bomb. We had a very nice view of the bay and the fortified islands, together with the opposite side of the bay, which was Japanese. The Cavite side was wreathed in a mist which hid the details but allowed us to see the mountains. We were parked on a horseshoe curve with one side against a cliff and the other leading to a banana grove about 40 feet below us. Finally, we located the planes. They were coming in over the entrance of the bay, heading directly for the islands. Up to this time, Corregidor had had no bombing at all. This day they got enough to make up for it. The Japanese bombers came over in flights of nine, three flights at a time, in what seemed to be an infinite series. They seemed to be at about 10-15,000 feet. It seemed to us as we watched that there would never be an end to them. From the beginning of the raid until about three or four hours after, the entire island was covered with a haze of smoke which permitted no accurate observation of the damage being done from where we were. Watching, it seemed impossible that anyone could have escaped the rain of shrapnel which must be hitting the island. The anti-aircraft batteries on the rock did a fine job. We saw a number of Japanese planes on fire and a couple that seemed to fold up and then fall apart in midair. Most of their shells were equipped with powder-train fuses with a 21-second limit and did not get the necessary height to reach most of the bombers. When a plane came low enough, though, it was good-bye, for American gunners are among the best.

General Akins decided to try to put into operation the three teletypes we had brought from Manila. As I had been an operator in the United States I was selected, with two others, Miller and Funston, to try to set up this communication between Corregidor and the main message center at the bivouac of the Headquarters of the Philippine Department. After a while, it was decided to send three Army men to Corregidor to set up that end, and two civilians were assigned to the Bataan side. Since the cables were full and there were no other lines going over to the Rock, Funston was also sent over to try to arrange to get a line free for the teletypes. All three teletypes could run off the same pair. However, all efforts were in vain, and after a short time on the island another soldier and I left. Funston and the third soldier stayed.

One time the Japanese started shelling Corregidor from the Cavite shore. Shortly before the bombing started, Tokyo Rose, over station KZRH in Manila, announced that the next piece played was dedicated to the men on Corregidor, as in a short time the place would be under constant bombardment by field guns placed on the south shore of the bay. They played "Nearer My God to Thee." Another time a song was dedicated by Tokyo Rose to the men on Corregidor and Bataan was just after the President had made a speech which informed us that there was no possible way for any help to reach us, and we would have to be a sacrifice to allow the Allied forces to gather strength for a defense against the expected enemy assault of more southern islands, Australia, and Hawaii. This song was "Waiting for Ships That Never Came In." It can never be said that the Japs don't have a sense of humor.

When I reached Bataan after being at Corregidor, on January 18, Mudhole was no longer the center of the Signal Operations. We had moved to a spot designated as Rock, which was on a place known as Bayakaguin Point and was near the place two tank battalions, or what was left

of them, had chosen as their bivouac. We were placed fairly well in the middle of things, which was good for ease of handling messages, etc. I was at this time assigned to the ration run to supply rations for the line crews maintaining the various switchboards. This was fairly easy since the rations were usually nothing but rice, and very little of that. This is the last assignment I ever received, as there were no more changes in location before the surrender.

The Rock was the place where I got one of my Purple Hearts. They were bombing Corregidor at the time and one of the bombs got hung up or something. The guy was able to shake the bomb loose, unfortunately right about the time where it would hit our camp at The Rock. I got a whole bunch of little pieces of shrapnel and little pieces of rock all over me, or all into me. I went up to the hospital to get them to pick them out and I got a Purple Heart for that.

The second one I got very strangely. Sometime in January, I think, I had gone up very close to the front line. There was nothing at all going on. There was a latrine very close to this place and I decided I was going to use it. That was a mistake, because along about the time I was headed for it the Japs cut loose with a bunch of shells. One of them hit that latrine and it knocked the door off and it came flying towards me and I couldn't duck at all. It hit me right in the head. I always say I got my Purple Heart by getting hit in the head by a shithouse door. I've made up several stories about that second Purple Heart but this is the true one. It hit me just above the eyebrow and knocked me out. I was conscious but I couldn't move. It took me a while before I could move again, and I had blood all over my face. I went back to the hospital for that, too.

We stayed at The Rock until the surrender took place. We had dug a pit to put the cans into, after they were empty, of course, in order to bury them. We made it large enough for at least a ten-year supply of cans if we had a full ration, but of course we didn't so the pit was almost totally empty by the time the surrender came. After the surrender all the ammunition in the dump, which was just above us on the other side of the road, was being fired, and a lot of the ammunition was going off, with tremendous explosions and tremendous fireworks. As you know, anything that goes up has to come down. So there was shrapnel, you could see it, coming down through the trees all over the place. O'Shea and I decided that pit would be a good place to stay because it had a reasonable layer of dirt and such on top of it that we figured it would stop the shrapnel. Those explosions made the whole pit rumble and roar like an earthquake. We decided we didn't want that at all so we got out and got between the roots of a tree that grows in the Philippines very commonly and has tremendous roots that look like wings growing out of this tree on the side and going down into the ground. Anyway, O'Shea and I got between those and that's where we stayed for the rest of the night. However, also along about daybreak there was an earthquake, a real earthquake this time, and we thought that was one hell of an explosion over at the ordnance dump to create such a tremendous roar and earth shaking. When the earthquake happened we were very much shaken up and we decided to get out from where we were and just join whoever we could find, wherever they were. That's where we stayed until the Japs came and picked us up.

SURRENDER AND MARCH

The next morning the Japs hadn't shown up yet, so we finished up whatever chow we had in the mess hall, which was good we did, because we didn't get any more for some time. It wasn't long before the Japs came down the path to the bivouac area and they lined us up. Before that we got rid of all of our weapons. We didn't get rid of the weapons because we knew that the Japs would want those, but we did do things to keep them from being used, like breaking the firing pin, or bending them, anyway, or just taking them out and tossing them into the jungle.

We knew the night before that the surrender was coming. The surrender was on April 9. We knew at the beginning of the 8th, about midmorning, that the surrender was going to take place. We didn't know exactly when but we knew that it would be probably that night or the next night. When our first sergeant, Kulas, came back with the word that we were to get rid of our weapons we knew for a fact that was the surrender. I think everybody pretty much suspected it. There were a few people who took off with their weapons and any ammunition they could gather. That morning, before the actual surrender took place, the cooks cooked up all the rest of the food we had, not very much really, but we did have a decent breakfast, and that was the last food we had until we got to San Fernando, which was quite a while.

We had been told by some of the people who apparently had been with other outfits that had surrendered before we did, who slipped away from their units and came back through the jungle and joined any outfit that they could, that we had to get rid of anything that had any Japanese on it or anything that was valuable, to get rid of everything. So I did. I got rid of my class ring from L.A. High. I took it off. I had a devil of a time taking it off but I am glad I got it off before the Japs got around to it. I threw it away as far away as I could in the jungle and I am hoping that nobody ever found it, because I certainly wouldn't want a Jap to have it. It wasn't very valuable but nevertheless I wouldn't want a Jap to be wearing it. It was a plain ordinary silver ring, with a black enamel top, and then set on it was the class emblem. No initials, just the class emblem in silver.

In the meantime, I had picked up one of the ordnance watches, between the time I lost mine, which was practically at the beginning of the war, and the time of the surrender. It was a very good watch but of course the Japs wanted that too. That was another of the things I took off and tossed into the bushes. First of all I stepped on it to make sure it was broken because even if they found it I didn't want them to have the use of it.

About midmorning, when the Japs came down the trail to collect us we lined up and that was the first of the searches. They took just about everything and anything they wanted and they wanted just about everything. We weren't left with very much. The only thing that I had left that I figured I might want to keep was a couple dollar bills which I folded up very carefully and put in the waistband of my trousers, but that was about all I was able to keep. I had cut a slit in the waistband and put the bills inside the waistband. They didn't find those. I had those until we got to O'Donnell, when I used them to buy food from the Filipinos, a couple cans of corned beef and a can of stewed tomatoes.

The Japs who picked us up were in very poor shape themselves. Many of them had malaria, I guess, which was very common in the peninsula there. Next to dysentery it was the most common disease of all. Until I got to O'Donnell I did not have any of those diseases, so I was in pretty good shape.

Up until this time, none of the men had died from diseases or malnutrition. The whole outfit was in fairly decent shape with regard to any of the diseases. There were some who had just begun to start the first symptoms of malaria. It was in general pretty mild. It was later that those things got worse. It takes a while for them to build up. Malaria was not one of the problems we had before the surrender.

The Japs apparently didn't have any canteens, at least they didn't have any water in theirs, so they were taking just about all the canteens and drinking the water and then throwing the canteens away. Later we were able to retrieve the canteens. We didn't always get the same one we had but in my case I did get my canteen back. I know it was mine because it had my initials on it.

They took just about anything they wanted. They took all the toilet articles. They took money, of course. They took anything and everything in the way of jewelry. Fountain pens. They took pencils, automatic pencils. Some of the officers were very well educated here in the States. Most of them had a pretty good education and a pretty good knowledge of English, which made it necessary to be very careful what you said around them, because they could be very nasty if they overheard you saying the wrong thing.

We were there until early to midafternoon, and then we went up to the highway at kilometer post 69, or maybe 169. That was where all the depots were and the hospital. Little Baguio was the name of the place. We all were gathered up just a little ways from where the trail led to our bivouac area, and the hospital entrance. There is a picture that was taken there and the picture was picked up later from the Japs, I guess, after their surrender. We walked down to Cabcaben, and that is about five, six, seven miles, I'm not sure. That's where we gathered for the night. It was a good thing we gathered there that night instead of a few nights later because a few nights later Corregidor started shelling the place. There was an airfield that had been built there by us before our part of the war ended. We gathered at the airfield while the Japs were setting up their artillery on the other side of the airfield back in the jungle, what little bit of jungle was left there. There wasn't much jungle left. There wasn't much of anything left. In fact, it was hard to recognize the place when we were going through there because things had changed so much from the shelling and destruction that what we used to see and what we used to think we knew just didn't match up anymore. It just wasn't there.

Kulas was a real hero on that hike. He kept us together as much as he could, tried to get everybody to stay together as a unit and to help each other out as much as we could. He said that it would always be better to stick with people you know, and that is true. You always have a better chance in anything if you stick with people you know, even if you don't like them. One of the things that Kulas did was to have a sort of a roll call every time we stopped, just to make sure that nobody got really separated. If they were a few feet away from the closest member of the company, they were gathered in to join up with the company again. We had no officers left there. They were all separated from us and taken somewhere else.

The next day we went to another place and again Kulas was instrumental in keeping the company as much together as possible with a little bit of, not exactly coercion, but a little bit of persuasion. Some of the people were almost required to rejoin the company. It was not necessarily an easy thing to do because people were still individuals and they wanted to do what they wanted to do themselves, so I don't know how Kulas did it but he managed. He was really one of the best sergeants I've ever known.

The next night we were in a field that had been sown with onions and some of the onions had not been picked up. They were left to rot. Well, those onions were a lifesaver to me. I thought they were really kind of delicious. Even though most of an onion was pretty well rotted, there was still some part of it that was good to eat, so I ate three of those like that. Not the rotted part, but the good part, and they weren't bad. They were actually kind of a sweet onion. Some of the people thought that was just absolutely terrible, to eat something that was partially rotted, and they didn't think of throwing that part away. I guess they figured you had to eat that along with the good stuff, which is kind of stupid.

The second day we were coming down out of the mountains and there was one spot in particular that sticks in my mind. We took a rest break and all of us were lying down under a single lone tree. As the road turns around a long hill there was a sort of a very small group of trees. One tree in particular was separated from all the rest. This group of five of us who swore we were going to stick together no matter what, all gathered around that tree for a short time, mostly because two or three of the five of us had developed some cramps in our legs and we had to do something to get out of the sun and get rid of those cramps. Well, it turns out that somebody or other said that it was salt that we needed so somebody in the group had fortunately thought to bring salt along, so we mixed up some salt with our saliva and we just took it in our hands and licked it. Just a little bit of salt seemed to do it. A Jap guard started harassing us, shooting at us and using the bayonet. He hit several of us, and the rest of us picked up as many men as we could and carried them the rest of the way, but we couldn't carry everyone. We had to leave several men behind, and never saw them again.

After we got back on the road we had a devil of a time catching up with the rest of the outfit because they were a little bit further ahead, but we did manage to keep up with them. We finished up that night together.

Incidentally, going back to that group of five, there were Tom O'Shea, Hawkins, Don Green, Earl Bryant, and me. We were all going to stick together regardless of anything else. Well, it turned out that we weren't able to stick together.

I think it was the next day, as we were being lined up to start the hike again, one of the Japs came along and pulled O'Shea out and made him a truck driver. He drove for the Japs for several weeks until finally he was driven, or drove, to O'Donnell and rejoined us there. That was about two weeks before we left O'Donnell, so he missed all of that.

Along the hike, Hawkins was in worse shape than anybody. Hawkins was a strange character. He had gone to Stanford; he had a Bachelor's degree from Stanford in oriental languages. He enlisted in the army to go over to the Philippines so he could study the languages in the Philippines and get his master's on that basis. So that's what he did. He didn't have the money

otherwise to go to the Philippines. He didn't speak Japanese, but by the time the surrender came around he spoke Tagalog and just about every other language in the Philippines. He spoke it well enough so that he fooled the Japs into thinking that he was a Filipino. He spoke Tagalog; he spoke Lusayan; spoke Ilikinese. There were two others he spoke. He spoke them all reasonably well, good enough to fool all the Japanese and quite a few of the Filipinos, thinking that he was speaking the language as a foreign Filipino would speak their language, so he was able to get by very well during the time that we were there. On this hike he collapsed finally. So we carried him as long as we could but it finally got to the point where the Japs wouldn't let us carry him anymore. In fact, if you tried to help anybody they would bayonet you or shoot you just like they would the one you were trying to help. Before that, we tried to help Hawkins along. We were forced to leave him and the last we saw of him there was some Jap poking at him with a bayonet. So were pretty sure that he was going to be killed. After the war was over O'Shea and I decided to go visit his folks. They lived in Burlingame and we were in the hospital at Menlo Park in California right along that highway there that goes along the bay. We decided to go visit his folks and tell them that we knew him and tell them what happened. So we went to Burlingame and looked him up. When we went to the door and rang the bell, he answered the door. The Japs had just left him lying there and the Filipinos had pulled him off on the side. He was able to finish out the war as a guerrilla for a while, but then he was pulled out on one of the submarines and he made it down to Australia some time in early 1944. He was back in the States by Christmas of 1944, so he met us there at the door, bigger than we knew him before. We were downright angry with him. I don't know what happened to him after that. He did tell us that he had been married three times and divorced or separated twice, all to the same woman, between 1944 and 1947. We never did meet his wife, she was out shopping or something. He was a very small person, dark complexioned, and I guess if you didn't know any better, he could easily pass for a Filipino. He made us very unhappy for a while, thinking he was dead, and then he shocked us actually.

The Japs had taken almost everything we had. I started out with a blanket and what is called a musette bag. I still have the musette bag. I carried that but it was empty because the Japs had taken everything that was in it and they didn't want it because it had two holes in it. There were a couple of civilians that had joined us and were working for Mackey radio. They joined us on Bataan. I was teaching them about 45s. When one of them, named Funston, had the 45 just about put together, in fact it was put together, I told him to go ahead and put the magazine in. So he put the magazine in and he turned around and said "Like this?" and pointed that thing at me, and I dove off the cot that I was sitting on. Fortunately I did because the thing went off just as I dove off. There was a single flap of canvas on one side of the musette bag, which was worn like a backpack, and that flap of canvas goes next to the body. The bullet went across my back between the flap of canvas and my back, tearing a hole in the flap of the bag and missing me altogether. Scared the daylights out of me, though.

Coming down out of the mountains, when you hit the plains, there are a whole bunch of artesian wells there. That was my undoing. Along about that time I was getting pretty thirsty because we hadn't had anything to eat or drink all that time. The only thing I had to eat was those onions. There was no such thing as water anywhere. Seeing all that water just going to waste coming out of those artesian wells, every time I hear the song "Cool Water" I can see those artesian wells. They were only about maybe 50-60 yards away. They have those pipes just standing there gushing all that nice clear cool water, and that water is so pure you didn't have

to do anything with it to purify it. I was among the group who made a dash for the things, which seemed to irritate the Japs no end, and some of them opened fire on the group, and others came up real close and used their rifles and bayonets. One of them used a butt on me and got me between the shoulder blades high up close to my neck. I don't know what he did with the bayonet but I think he probably stabbed the guy next to me. I was really scooted back to the line of march trying to get away from him. He followed me for a while but he lost me in the crowd and I was very happy to be lost under those conditions. It was very painful and I paid more attention to that pain than I did anything else all the rest of that hike, so I don't really remember an awful lot. There were just a few things that stand out.

One of them is one night we were put into a big metal building. There must have been thousands, maybe more, maybe less, so many that there was no room to lie down. You could sit down but you had to lean back against the legs of the one in back of you, and he would be leaning against the wall or another one of the prisoners. That was the way we spent the night. Sometimes it would be possible to doze off, sometimes it wasn't.

At one point we walked for a distance. We stopped and sat down in the middle of the road for a while in that hot sun and then we got up and marched back the way we had come for about the same distance we had marched in the first place. All the time Kulas was there trying to get us to stay together. We stayed together as much as we could. There wasn't a good opportunity to stay together, as they kept breaking us up into smaller groups.

One of the officers on that hike was a man who had been assigned to the 228th, sort of detached, a fellow by the name of McShane. He was a product of CMTC, Civilian Military Training Camp. These were camps set up to give certain civilians the benefit of military training, and once they finished it they became second lieutenants. In most cases they became commissioned in the engineers. McShane was an engineering officer, which is probably one of the reasons he was assigned to us because the signal corps needed engineering officers as well as signal officers. The way he joined us I am not quite sure, but I know he wasn't with us when we started out, and he wasn't with us when we finished, but he was with us for part of the way along the way, and he helped us carry some of the people who couldn't make it. In fact, he helped to carry one of the men who was just having a horrible time, for as long as he could, and then finally he had to leave him and we don't know what happened to him but we didn't see him at O'Donnell so apparently he was killed or else the Filipinos were able to drag him away like they did Hawkins.

Just before we got to San Fernando, Filipinos started tossing stuff to us. I remember catching one of them which turned out to be a baloute. Before the war I couldn't possibly even imagine myself eating a baloute, which is an almost hatched duck egg. But I ate that one and thought it was delicious. Then when we got into San Fernando the Japs had set up some halves of 55 gallon drums in which they were cooking rice. They gave us a scoop of rice as we went by those drums. If you didn't have anything to put it in they put it in your hands. It scalded your hands but it was food. I had something to put it in. I used the side of my canteen. There wasn't any water in it anyway. Also at San Fernando, this was a school yard I think, there was a fountain which was running and we could line up and get water from the fountain. So after I finished the rice I got in the line and filled the canteen with water. It was a good thing I did because the next day we were loaded onto those trains.

I think altogether it was five or six days on the hike, but I'm not sure of that. We had been five or six days without water. According to doctors' thinking you can't do that, but there were people who went eight or nine or ten days without water, and they also went many, many, many days without food.

I mentioned that we had no water, but at the same time that had no bearing on the fact that we still had to urinate. Our kidneys and bladder were still working. The only thing was that in most cases the urine became so concentrated that when you did urinate it burnt very, very severely. It really burnt. In addition, if we did have to urinate the Japs wouldn't let us stop anyway, so you had to go ahead and urinate as you walked, which made it a little difficult. If you did accidentally hit the guy in front of you he became very angry, which was understandable, but it didn't hurt him, it didn't burn him.

The Japs were tacking up some notices all along the way about what we could or couldn't do. I was able to get one of those and folded it up very carefully and kept it and I still have the original. (See copy in appendix).

At San Fernando, which we reached on April 15, we got all the water we wanted if you were able to stand in line long enough to keep getting in there and filling your canteen and going back again. I drank only one and a half canteens of water. That would be a quart and a half, but I then filled it up so that I had it full the next day. That was one thing that Kulas insisted on too, was that we all do that. We all drank our fill of water since there seemed to be so much of it and there was no question about being able to get it, and then we ended up with a full canteen the next day. By that time there were only about ten or twelve of the company still left together. I have no idea what happened to all the rest of them, except we were pretty sure about what happened to Hawkins.

The Japs did their best to try to stop the Filipinos from throwing food to us. They didn't want us to get anything. In fact, I have heard many horror stories about what they did to some of the Filipinos. I didn't see anything, but as I said I was more concerned with the pain in my back and my neck than I was with much of anything else. Everything I did was hurting my neck and shoulders and back. According to the current X-rays the only thing that was done was the vertebrae were apparently cracked. They weren't really broken, they were just cracked. But cracked or broken, they hurt.

When we went to get on the train they divided us up into groups of 100 or so and they marched us off to the train yard, which wasn't a very far distance, maybe six or eight blocks, and they loaded us onto boxcars, the 40 and 8 type boxcars. The Filipinos had two or three different sizes, so I'm not sure what type they were really. The one that we were loaded into was a metal one and we were fortunate that there were so many shrapnel holes in that thing that there was almost a breeze coming through. At least if there had been a breeze, there would have been a breeze coming through. Otherwise it would have been unbearable in there. The metal, with the sun beating down on it, gets awfully hot. I was again fortunate in that I was one of those shoved fairly close to the back but I also practically had my face outside the guard because of the large shrapnel hole in the side of the car, so I was getting fresh air most of the time. It wasn't a very far trip that we made then, but they put about 110 to 120 in that boxcar. When we ended up five people had died from suffocation or something. As they died we tried to get them out of the car

and up on the roof because the Japs didn't want us to just toss the bodies over the side because the Japs would have to account for them at the end of the trip, I guess. I don't know. It was just as well, I guess, because at least we could bury them when we got to O'Donnell. It's amazing when you see so many dead people you stop feeling very much about it one way or the other. They're dead, so that's it, unless they happen to be somebody you know and know well, a friend of yours or something. There was none of that among the group that Kulas had herded. He made sure that we had water and he also made sure that we hoarded it as much as we could and didn't drink any more than we had to. It was hard to convince some people that you shouldn't drink very much but he managed to do that. He was instrumental in keeping a lot of the people alive, I think.

CAMP O'DONNELL

On April 16, when we got to Capas, we were unloaded from those boxcars and we were lined up again in groups of about 100 and marched off down the road to Camp O'Donnell. Camp O'Donnell was a place that was built primarily for the Filipino army regiment, which I guess is about 1300-1600 men. The camp was set up in such a fashion that each company in the regiment would have its own area. Of course we were not organized in anything like that and there were many more people than were planned for that setup so we had people in the shacks or sheds and we also had people on the ground underneath them, and we had people sleeping outside close to the shacks. As we got to O'Donnell there was a Jap who ran a bicycle shop in Manila before the war. It turned out he was an officer in the Japanese army, so he was telling us all about the things that he would or wouldn't do, and he wouldn't talk to us himself, although he spoke very good English. He spoke to us through an interpreter who didn't speak English nearly so well as he did, and that made it kind of difficult.

Among the odds and ends of things I do remember his telling us was that it was his job to see to it that we didn't leave that camp alive. He did a pretty good job of that.

As soon as he got finished with his welcoming speech and telling us we would never leave there alive we were again searched and relieved of anything we hadn't been relieved of before. Then we were marched into the gate. As we passed through the gate there was a fellow from the 228th Signal Company at the gate telling us where to go if he recognized us. That man was Dick Francies. We were all gathered together once again and those people who were able to stick together during the hike were able to stick together still. What we were doing was we went in through that gate and to the barracks, or shack, that Francies directed us all to. It turned out that quite a few people from the 228th made it through that hike and quite a few didn't. Tom O'Shea did not make the hike. However, he joined us about three weeks later. He had been driving a truck all that time and the Japs had been feeding him very nicely all that time so he came into O'Donnell fat as a hog, which made all the rest of us very jealous indeed.

We did end up with about six or eight of the group that I was in when we went into O'Donnell. Then of course when we got into O'Donnell and gathered together in, under or around that shack that Francies had been able to stake out for us, he was able to gather together about 60-80 people there, and that was quite an accomplishment. The Japs split out a large number of people on Bataan to do some cleanup work before they ever made that hike, so there were a lot of people who were late getting on that hike and they were obviously later getting in, but they were also eating while they were on Bataan on those cleanup details, which gave them a little bit more body, more muscle, more ability to make the hike than the people who hadn't been eating and were making the hike.

There were several strange things that happened there at O'Donnell. There was a single water pipe, about 1/2", that was running most of the time, to supply the entire group of men on either side. That is approximately 12-13,000 Americans and about 60-65,000 Filipinos. Both got the same amount of water, but obviously the Filipinos suffered more. There was one pipe on either

side, both fed by the same pump. Sometimes the pump was working and sometimes it wasn't. It depended on how kindly the Japs felt with their doling out the ration of gasoline to operate the pump, I guess. As a consequence you stood in line for maybe four or five hours, you got up to that pipe, and you could get half a canteen cup of water, anywhere from a third to a half, and then you were required to move aside and let somebody else get some. Well, that was quite a chore in itself, getting water. It was almost impossible to get enough to drink, and you certainly couldn't get enough to do any washing or cleaning up of any kind, even if you had soap. The only time you could do anything like that was when it rained. It started to rain off and on before we left. It was beginning to get into the rainy season. We left in the early part of June in order to go to Cabanatuan, and the rainy season had started then, so we were able to clean up once in a while. Even in the tropics, rain is cold, especially when you aren't accustomed to anything like it. Even if you didn't have soap you still got out there in the rain, stripped down, and did the best you could to clean up.

Kulas, sometime or other during that time, had disappeared. Nobody knew where he was. Finally, O'Shea found him and he was out among those lying around the hospital, too weak to move from dysentery. The stench of the hospital was even worse than the rest of the camp. The decaying bodies of those left too long unburied, the excrement of all those who had long since died of dysentery and not cleaned up, for there was nothing to clean them with, the smell of bodies unbathed for weeks, all combined to make the whole unbearable odor which was worse here at the "hospital" than anywhere else in camp.

Kulas was almost unrecognizable. His usual dark sharp features were more pronounced because he had lost his muscles and flesh. Every bone in his body and face stood out sharply and distinctly. He was covered with his own and others' bloody mucus from dysentery. Over everything crawled the maggots and the flies.

Kulas was obviously glad to see us, but even then he couldn't relax his usual gruff tone. "I thought you guys were long dead," he told us. "I thought I was going to die here with all these people I don't even know." We assured him there were even more of the company at the camp and told him how we had searched for him. After 10 or 15 minutes of talk, he said "Look, I know I'm going to die pretty soon, but I'd like you to do me one last favor. Get me out of here where I can get cleaned up. I don't want to die in all this filth. When I go, I want to go as clean as I can." We promised, and then left to round up the others from the company and make our plans.

Each of us would contribute our half cup of water to a five-gallon can that O'Shea had acquired. It took the dozen or so of us until some time the next afternoon to fill that can about half full. Taking turns by pairs, each pair carrying the can between them until they were exhausted, and then letting the next pair take over for another 10-15 yards, we succeeded in getting the water to a reasonably clean space. Leaving a couple to guard the water, we proceeded to go get Kulas. On the way we picked up a bamboo door to carry him on. Finally, we had Kulas and the water together. Using a small piece of shirt and no soap, we painstakingly cleaned him up.

That night, as we gathered around Kulas with our supper ration of rice, he looked like so many corpses, except that once in a while we could see his chest and stomach move. Finally, he opened his eyes. "Did any of you get my rice?" he asked, his voice very faint and weak. "I think

I'd like to eat something." Each of us supplied a spoonful from our ration, carefully covering it between our cup and his mouth to keep the flies from covering it, and waving them away before the rice entered his mouth. Finally, Kulas slept and we slept around him that night. The next day we repeated the process. That afternoon, Kulas sat up. Our next job was finding something for him to wear, for all this time he was naked. I don't remember who "found" what, but we got a pair of shorts, a can, a spoon, and a piece of shelter half to use for a blanket. All this time, Kulas had not had a single one of the terrible gripping pains of dysentery or one of the uncontrollable bowel spasms.

On the second day after we had found him, Kulas stood up and, with support, took a few steps. From then on, his recovery was fairly rapid. When we left O'Donnell about a month later, he was in about the same condition as the rest of us. I never saw Sgt. Kulas again, as he stayed in O'Donnell when I went to Cabanatuan. I heard that he finally died in the early 1950s, in the northern Midwest.

From Little Baguio to San Fernando was about five or six days, maybe seven days. There was a day at San Fernando. Then there was a day on the train. From the train we went directly to O'Donnell. Once we got off at Capas we went directly to O'Donnell, all in the same day. We walked from Capas to O'Donnell; it's only about five or at the most ten miles. So we got to O'Donnell on April 16. We were at O'Donnell for about six weeks, until about the first week of June.

At O'Donnell there were about ten rows of bamboo sheds (see diagram) about six in a row. Then there was a wide area of about 100 yards, and on the other side of that was another group of the same sheds. The only building in the whole complex made of wood and nails was a large, sprawling, single story cruciform structure at one end of the large wide area. At the other end of the open area was a dirt road that ran the entire length of the complex, and on the other side of the road the entire complex was duplicated, like a mirror image. Each half was surrounded by barbed wire and concertina, except for two gates wide enough for a truck.

The road ran to a group of wooden buildings well away from the rest of the complex, and they were on the only high ground, a small hill about 20-30 feet high and very long. Past those buildings the road was straight and led to the tiny village of Capas about five miles away. On the other side of our complex the road gradually dipped as it came to a stream. Between the village and the stream the ground was used for growing rice and sugar cane. The ground was a hard clay at this time, baked by five months of blazing sun during the dry season. What wasn't hard clay was a fine dust, lifted by the slightest breeze.

After Kulas joined us it wasn't very long before the Japs came through and separated everybody according to their particular specialty, or MOS. They had the linemen in one group, they had the radio operators in one group. Since I was in supply they classed me as a clerk, and that was the largest group. O'Shea, Bryant, Green and I and a couple others were all in the clerks. They made the clerks into laborers.

There were three or four primary details that were involved at O'Donnell. One of them, of course, was the burial detail, because we were burying anywhere up to about 50 people a day. That took an awful lot of people to get the bodies from O'Donnell out to the burying grounds.

We used doors primarily to carry them. When I say doors they were doors made out of woven slats, mostly grass, I think, and then put on a wooden frame, so the doors weren't very heavy. By that time, the corpses weren't very heavy either. They were pretty light. The heaviest ones were those where beri-beri had already shown up and they had swollen tremendously. They were pretty heavy. We started out with individual graves. Then we went from individual graves to group graves with first five men to a grave, then ten men to a grave. That was ten enlisted men to a grave. We still continued with individual graves for the officers. But it got to the point where that was a little bit too much and so we just dumped everybody into a common grave and started burying them 20 to a grave because we couldn't keep up with the gravedigging. There was a detail to dig graves and there was a detail to bury them. It took an awful lot of people. We had a group that carried the bodies out. It took eight men to carry a body out. It wasn't very far and it didn't take very long, about 15 or 20 minutes, but nobody could carry them very far because everybody was so weak. We used four men at a time and we would switch off every hundred feet or so. There was a group that dug graves. There was a group that dumped the bodies in the graves. There was another group that covered the bodies up with whatever was available to cover them with, and then there was a group that reburied the ones that had floated to the top. The rainy season had started in earnest then. We weren't burying people very deeply then, anyway, nothing like six feet. I guess four feet was more likely, but when you put two layers of bodies it doesn't leave an awful lot of dirt on top. In addition to that the stuff that we were burying them with was clay and when it came out it came out in slabs about an inch to two inches thick and weighing about 10-15 pounds, so we had a bunch of these slabs that we put on top of the bodies. They were too heavy and compact to break up. Then when the rains came and melted those slabs this clay went down in between the bodies and left them exposed. Then during the night the dogs would come around and they would chew on the bodies that were exposed. When we arrived the next morning, we would find arms, legs, pieces of torso, on top of the ground, and covered with flies.

There was also a small detail of about four or five people who did nothing but try to keep track of the bodies, who was in what grave, sort of a graves registration detail. They did a fairly good job but there was no way to keep track of all the people who were dying because a lot of people didn't have their dog tags and a lot of them didn't have anybody around who knew them. Some of the dog tags, the Japs thought they were toys or something and they took them.

No one was exempt from the burial detail, even those who were sick. I wasn't sick but I was still having neck problems from the blow I had gotten on the march.

The Filipinos used a method where they would tie the body into a blanket and sling the blanket over a pole and two men at a time would carry the pole between them. Sometimes you'll see a picture of the Filipinos carrying their dead like that and the caption says that they are carrying their sick and wounded, but actually they're carrying the dead to the burying ground. There were separate burying grounds for the Filipinos and the Americans.

Almost every night there would be somebody who died in one of the shacks or outside of them. In fact, one night I was underneath the shack and I was talking to the people on either side of me. I finally went off to sleep. Next morning I woke up and nudged the guy on one side of me to see if he was awake. He didn't answer, so I looked over, and he had died during the night. So I punched the guy on the other side of me and said "Hey, this guy over here is dead." There

wasn't any motion over there either, so I looked over on the other side and he had died during the night, too. I got out of there. I don't know what they died from. They just died. There were a lot of people who just died for no good reason that was discernible, nothing you could put your finger on. In fact, I remember one time in the water line, a fellow named John was just standing there, talking to someone, and suddenly he said "I don't feel well." He keeled over and died right there in the water line.

Once someone had died they were taken to a particular shack that was off to the side of what was called the hospital, which was a misnomer, because there was no such thing as a hospital in O'Donnell. They were put on the ground where the burial detail picked them up to take them to the burial ground. Almost every shack, barracks or group had at least one dead during the night. Generally speaking there was more than just the one, because as I said we were burying about 50 a day. The Filipinos were burying about ten Filipinos to every one American. There was a constant flow out to the burying grounds of the Filipinos, day and night. In fact there was a picture that says the Filipinos are carrying their wounded comrades. They're not wounded, they're dead, and they're going out to the burying grounds at O'Donnell. Nobody was carried to O'Donnell. You notice I don't call it a cemetery. There was no such thing as a cemetery. It was just a burial ground. All we did was mark out the boundaries of each grave, so we wouldn't dig into the previously dug graves.

Then there was the wood gathering detail. That was a choice detail. You went out in the morning, about four or five of us to one Jap, on a cart, and there would be maybe eight or ten carts, a regular caravan of carts. Apparently the Filipino prisoners would be gathering wood, chopping wood, and so on, in various locations that the Japs knew about, and they would take us to those locations and we would load the wood up on the cart, and we would break it up or cut it up with axes. We would cut it into pieces small enough so that they would go in the cart and not be too much of a problem getting it back into the camp so that they could again be cut up into smaller pieces to feed into the stoves.

There was also a water detail. That was a real murderous detail. There was a river or creek that was about half a mile or three quarters of a mile away from the camp on the side away from the main road. We had details that took four men to carry one of the 55-gallon drums that was filled with water. It actually took more than four men because four men couldn't carry a full drum very far. There were actually eight or 12 prisoners to each drum, and after just a very few feet of carrying it, we would switch off with another group of four men. There were poles attached to the drums so that we could carry them on our shoulders and we had to be very careful that you did not try to keep in step because the water would then slosh around and you would lose an awful lot of it. It was a real chore to keep from being in step. We would go down to the river, fill the drums, and get them back into the camp. That was a constant parade of drums going back and forth, all day long, carrying those drums. One of the problems with the water was that it was loaded with germs, mostly dysentery, but it could have been almost everything else because we were getting almost every kind of disease imaginable in the camp then. Most of the time the kitchens would boil the water, primarily for cooking, but every now and then they would also boil up some more for drinking because that water pipe that I mentioned earlier just wasn't supplying enough water to drink, or for anything else. There was absolutely nothing other than drinking that that water was used for, both the water from the pipes and also the water that the cooks boiled up.

Those were the primary details that we had. I worked in all the details, rotating from one to another. Nobody worked on that burial detail more than one day at a time. There were too many other details to take care of, too.

When the men out on details returned, those who had been left behind gathered around and asked for the latest scrap of information the men might have been able to pick up from the occasional Filipino. There was also the possibility of meeting a friend who had been lucky enough to steal something of value, especially food, or maybe had a cigarette. There were others who hoped to find a friend from whom they had been separated, or at least find out where he had been buried.

This gathering slowly dissolved, some satisfied, some unhappy, some sad or disappointed. They drifted back to their huts. Smaller groups formed at the huts. Anything was a suitable topic for conversation or argument, or even a fight. Two men, arguing over nothing of importance, each one so tired and weak he couldn't stand for more than 10-15 minutes without support, would suddenly start swinging at each other. Seldom was anyone hurt, for both usually collapsed before either one could land a blow.

For most, at first, the topics were of food, family, friends (especially girl friends), sports, and rumors. Soon, the only topic of importance was food, and of secondary importance, rumors. Food was by far the most popular topic. Memories of past Thanksgivings, birthdays or other food-associated events became an obsession. Food had been a topic of conversation even before the surrender, but there is a sufficient distance between semi-starvation and starvation to affect the thoughts of even the strongest. The menus discussed were imaginary, I'm sure, for no one could have cooked, much less eaten, some of the quantities and concoctions which filled the minds of the men, but the hope of being without hunger pangs again seemed all that kept some men going. Their hopes of eventual release, dreams of home and desire to see their family again, rumors of relief on the way, and the will to live kept most of this group going against almost certain death by disease or starvation.

Another group of men thought only of their present situation, how hopeless it was. This group gradually grew fewer in number. They were the ones who died the fastest. Some of them simply lay down and refused to move. They died very quickly. Others went mad. They died, too, but it was usually a week or more before their bodies were found. This group caused a lot of trouble. Usually when a man knew that he was about to die he used what strength he had, or called on others to help, to get himself to the hospital area. They were usually very light in weight. But the second group, those who had gone mad, usually had conserved their muscle by doing nothing. They weighed more and when they died, they died in the sheds, or near them. Then someone had to pick them up and carry them to the hospital area. It usually took eight men, carrying in relays, about half a day to get a body from the sheds to the hospital area.

In the shack that I was in, after the Japs broke us up and we were no longer with our company, there was a Lt. O'Brien and a corporal O'Brien. They hated each other's guts, why I don't know. Finally this Lt. O'Brien did something to the corporal, and the corporal got very very angry, and he said "Lieutenant, I'm going to bury you and piss on your grave." I guess it was about two or three weeks later, Lt. O'Brien died, and Corporal O'Brien did what he said. That was still at the time when we were digging individual graves for the officers. So O'Brien pissed on O'Brien's

grave. He dug the grave all by himself, by the way. He wouldn't let anyone else help him. He went back to the barracks and a couple weeks later Corporal O'Brien died.

After the war most of the people who were buried in those graves are now in the cemetery in what was Fort McKinley. It is pretty well marked. There were a bunch of people who were not identified, of course, and those names are all on the walls of that cemetery.

One of the problems that I had was that with so many people with diarrhea or dysentery I had not had a bowel movement for well over a month. Of course, I hadn't had anything to eat for a while either. So, I went on sick call. There was a doctor there by the name of Schabert. Everybody else was going up there and complaining about having dysentery or diarrhea, mostly dysentery at that time. I told him my complaint, that I was constipated and hadn't had a bowel movement for well over a month (that was even before the hike out of Bataan). Schabert looked at me and he looked at the orderly sitting next to him, and he looked at me again. He said "The only thing you need to do is eat regularly. I suggest you get milk and eggs and meat and eat a steady diet of those things, and you'll take a crap. Now get the hell out of here!" I guess now it's funny, but at the time I was angry. I wasn't uncomfortable with it, but I just didn't think having no bowel movements was natural, and it isn't natural. It isn't natural to eat so little for so long a period of time, either. That was the only medical problem I had at O'Donnell.

I didn't have problems like the other people had except I started getting a very mild case of malaria, at Cabanatuan, I think. Later I started getting a touch of hepatitis, but nobody knew what kind of hepatitis it was. A large number of people had it and the only thing that was done was somehow or other somebody was able to bring in what is called pony sugar. It's a loaf of sugar that is about 4-5" in diameter on the base, and then it builds up to a peak about 3" high. The problem with that was that there was no way at all of knowing how sanitary that sugar was because generally it was fed to the ponies, which is why we called it pony sugar. But that was what the people who had hepatitis, or jaundice, anyway, were given, a little block of sugar, and that was their food instead of what we had been given before. I don't know the reason. I don't recall if that was in addition to the rice or if it was in lieu of the rice.

The food we had consisted primarily, of course, of rice and I think it was just the sweepings from the floor of the rice mills, because there was all sorts of stuff in the rice. By all sorts of stuff I mean there were little bits of wood, twigs, leaves, and of course the ubiquitous rice weevils, which we didn't object to because at least it was protein. We ate those along with the rice without any problem after the first couple days or so. We were a little squeamish at first about them. We had two meals a day. The breakfast rice was rice that had been boiled with a tremendous amount of water. It was boiled into a sort of a liquid paste, and that was it. We actually had quite a bit of it. It was one of the dippers which just about filled a mess kit when it was dished out, and that was our breakfast meal. We lined up at the kitchen, each shack would take its turn, and then we would go back to our shack and eat it. For supper it was a little bit drier. The breakfast rice was called lugao, and the supper rice was called kainen. The supper rice was a much drier version of the breakfast rice and we even occasionally had some salt in that. Once in a while, this was towards the end of my stay in O'Donnell, we would get some green stuff which we called whistle weed, because if you stripped the leaves off the stems, you could make whistles from the stems. They were boiled enough to make them somewhat tender,

and all you had to do was chew enough to make it small enough to swallow, and you could get it down without an awful lot of trouble, but once in your intestines it was terrible. That would give you diarrhea if nothing else would. But nonetheless it was food and you could get something from it, anyway. That was our primary food ration.

Once the Japs gave us a carabao to split. The American side got half the carabao and the Filipinos got half, which was a ridiculous division because there were so many more Filipinos than Americans it wasn't fair at all. The Japs were a little bit more angry with the Filipinos than they were with us because they figured that the Filipinos were traitors to their Asiatic brothers, or something like that. Anyway, I don't recall ever getting anything other than that. Oh, yes, once in a while we got some camotes, a little Filipino-style sweet potato. We would get one of those each. They are about the size of a golf ball, maybe a little bit bigger, maybe a handball. We would get one of those very rarely but when we did it was very welcome, and we ate those things skin and all. The cooks, prisoners, would put those in the coals of the fire after the fire had died down from the morning meal and that is how they were cooked. Then we would get them for supper. Once in a while we would get salt which the cooks would put in the rice they were cooking.

The main problem, even in O'Donnell, was water. There was just no way of getting a decent drink at O'Donnell and there certainly was no way of getting clean, except when it was raining, and then we didn't have any soap, so it was just a water bath. Everybody stripped down and used their hands to rub as much dirt off as they could.

I started losing all my hair at O'Donnell, and I mean all my hair, all over my body. I used to be kind of hairy up until then. In fact, as a freshman at UCLA I was Second Hairiest Freshman in the class. Anybody who wanted to compete could compete, and all you had to do was bare your chest. The one who won, anyone who saw him automatically withdrew, and I was about to, but they called me back. I was the second hairiest. At O'Donnell I was totally bald. I lost even my eyebrows and all the hair on my body. When we got to Cabanatuan I started getting it back.

Once in a while, just after we got to O'Donnell, there were still some bushes there that had some leaves left on them, and we stripped those leaves and put them in with our food and boiled them. We were able to get some wood, twigs, and get something in the way of a fire going, and we would boil those leaves until they were fairly tender. They never did get tender, but it was certainly better than just being raw. If nothing else we got a sort of a very bitter tea out of those leaves. I have no idea what they were, but they didn't last more than a week.

I'll never forget the flies. There must be some name for the number of flies at O'Donnell. There were enough flies so that when you carried your food from the mess shack to the shack where you lived you had to keep your food covered in order to keep the flies from eating it first. Then when you were eating it you had to quickly get a spoonful of that stuff into your mouth before the flies could get to it, and get it again. Sometimes you would get a fly in your mouth because they would follow it right on down into your mouth. Then you also had to be very quick and cover the rest of the food up with something to keep the flies from getting to it. It was really a kind of a race between the flies and the eater to see who was going to get most of that food. These were those big old blowflies, mean and blue blowflies. They were terrible. The roofs on

those shacks were thatch and there would be occasionally a loose straw hanging down and at night when they would settle down the flies would settle on that in such quantities that they would finish pulling it off the roof. Sometimes they would settle on those bushes I was talking about, with the leaves, and they would be so heavy with so many flies on this thing they would bend the branch right down to the ground. It was a hell of a bunch of flies, more than anyone would want to see in their lifetime, and they were everywhere, everywhere. The only time you got any relief from those flies was at night when they settled down somewhere, but even then sometimes you didn't get any sleep because if you were outside, for example, and you had something that wasn't covered, like maybe a toe would stick out from underneath the blanket or shelter half, the flies would settle on that toe. It was just terrible. The old saying that "If Noah had been truly wise, he would have slaughtered those two damn flies," that is absolutely true. I think they would drive people nuts after a while. The flies would frequently get into your mouth because you just weren't fast enough getting your spoon from the mess kit to your mouth without getting the flies in there too. The worst part of it was that those were the same flies that were hovering around the latrines where all the people with dysentery had to relieve themselves. So obviously dysentery was absolutely rampant all over the place.

The sleeping arrangements were a bit peculiar too. The shacks had two floors, if you want to call them that, two levels of shelves, I guess. There was a strip that we called the rat pit. Actually we didn't call it that there, until we got to Japan where all the rats were. There was one shelf on the bottom on either side, which had about six to eight inch clearance from the floor, and that shelf was made of strips of bamboo, and the joints, of course, made it very uneven. Then about four or five feet above that was another shelf, again made of strips of bamboo, which was reached by a sort of a ladder, actually a few strips of bamboo nailed or fastened with rice straw rope to an upright. You climbed up that to get to the second shelf. I was on the second shelf at O'Donnell. There was a man from the air warning company named Kitsock up there, and another by the name of Pacer, both from air warning. There were about 80-100. It was a fairly long building, but not very long. There were three layers of people, one on the bottom shelf, one on the top shelf, and one underneath on the ground. Those people who were on the ground were probably the luckiest of the bunch, although we didn't know it at the time, especially when it rained they were not particularly lucky, but at least they were not crowded to the extent that the people inside were crowded. We were pretty much squashed together. And then, of course, there was the fact that those shelves were very rough. The Japs made no attempt to smooth out the joints so we had those to contend with and it was very difficult to get a reasonable night's sleep because we were just too uncomfortable.

Don Green, Earl Bryant and I from the 228th, together with Pacer and Kitsock from the air warning company, and it seems to me there was someone else, we were all together as a group. We had another man by the name of Fenix, I think he was from Ordnance, he was just absolutely, beyond question, the most obnoxious character I have ever met. He was constantly harping on the fact that he was certain that we were all going to die there and he could see no reason at all for us to keep on living and working for the Japs. I don't think he had a friend in that camp. Somehow or other he managed to get to Cabanatuan and I don't know what happened to him after that because we were split up again at Cabanatuan.

CABANATUAN

After we had been at O'Donnell for about six or seven weeks we were moved up to Cabanatuan. To do this we had to walk back to Capas, get on those railroad cars again, and then go to Cabanatuan and walk a few miles to the actual camps. There were three camps at Cabanatuan. Camps 1 and 3 were camps for the prisoners, and Camp 2 was where the Japs had their setup. Of course there were Jap camps on the sides of our camps as well. There was a road separating the Jap camp from the ones we were in. I believe I was in Camp 3 and arrived there on June 3.

When we got to Cabanatuan somehow or other O'Shea had gotten there before us; I don't know how. He had been selected by one of the Jap kitchens to be their KP. It turned out to be a very fortunate deal because he convinced the main Jap cook that he needed some help and he picked, of course, me. So I was able to get over into the Jap camp and work in their kitchen as well, which meant that I was able to have access to quite a bit more food than average. As a matter of fact, between O'Shea and me we convinced the Jap cook that there was not nearly enough food cooked and we always had a lot left over. So we took that over into the barracks that we were assigned to sleep in at Camp 3. He knew what we were doing and sort of winked at the whole idea. There was no such thing, as far as I am aware, of an actual ration so far as the Japs were concerned. They just cooked whatever they thought they would use for themselves, and if they cooked a little bit extra, that was all right. They really loaded us up, the Japs that is, with all the extra rice and things that they were cooking, and it was much more than just rice. There was soy sauce to season it with, and occasionally there would be a few bits and pieces of chicken in there, and a few bits and pieces of pork. It was really a big deal, all that extra rice and food. There would also be several bits and pieces of vegetables in there as well. It was on account of all that stuff that I was getting at Cabanatuan that I started getting my hair back. In fact, I started getting a lot of things back in Cabanatuan.

One of the things that came out of that was that I got credit, by taking the extra stuff over to the barracks, from a man by the name of Alexander, or Alec, Matthews, for saving his life by getting him all that extra food, which is very nice but I don't really believe I saved his life, but he's still a very nice guy. He's an Indian. Actually the extra food amounted to a couple of five-gallon tins after a while, for the entire barracks. It didn't amount to an awful lot per person, but nevertheless it was certainly a welcome addition to whatever they were given. Besides which we were not eating our rations, so they were getting that additional as well. It amounted to quite a bit of additional help for the people in the barracks. The food they were given from the mess was pretty much the same as what we had been getting at O'Donnell. One of the Jap cooks (there were three cooks in that particular group) would make regular runs into Cabanatuan city to get things, various odds and ends of things, and we finally were able to talk him into getting things like canned meat, especially corned beef and some canned vegetables, canned fruit. He was getting them for the Japanese but we persuaded him to get some for us as well. All we had to do was provide the money. In the barracks there were a few people who had some money, and I had those two dollar bills, so I used those two dollars and got a couple of cans of things. It is amazing how little you got for money even then. Inflation had really hit the place, but American money was still better than occupation money, so with my two dollars in American

money we were able to get four cans of something or other. I was able to get those over to the barracks and the people in the barracks provided more money so we were able to get quite a bit of stuff from time to time, but not all at once. After a few of those trips, the American commander of the camp, a guy by the name of Jasper Brady, called me over and said that he wanted to get some of that stuff for the officers. I told him that there wasn't enough, that I couldn't get enough for the officers and the people in the barracks as well and he said, "Okay I can understand that, but you had better get some for the officers." I figured the officers had their own contacts and they could get their own anyway, so I refused, and Jasper Brady decided that I was a menace to the camp, and as a consequence not too long after that there was a draft going up to Japan, and I was on it.

In the meantime I was still getting stuff for the enlisted men, and there was one in particular who wanted to get for his barracks a sack of that brown sugar that was so available as pony sugar. I was finally able to get that for him and his barracks. That really was the finishing touch as far as Jasper Brady was concerned. He was a colonel by the way, and his nickname was Jack. So he was Jack Brady, too.

One of the people I made friends with because of that sack of sugar that we got was a master sergeant in the Marines, I think he was a gunnery sergeant, by the name of Charles Farrell. Everyone called him Gunner. He later became a captain, I think. We have been friends ever since.

There was a Jap officer connected to that kitchen who decided that I would make a very fine lavandero. So he would give me his shirts to wash for them. They were white shirts and I soon cured him of having me do his white shirts for him because I wore them out for him, especially the collars, trying to get them cleaned. He was very unhappy about the fact that his collars frayed very quickly. I didn't do it on purpose but I didn't know any better. What I did was take a brush to them and he thought that was very bad, which I guess it was, because it did wear the things out pretty quickly. I still don't know how he expected me to get them clean except by beating them on a rock. He would give me a bar of soap and I would generally, but not always, take that bar and cut about a half inch off one end of it and then use that end to scrub the collars with so that they would be rounded off just like all the rest of the soap and it wouldn't be so noticeable that some was missing. There was also a very good possibility that whenever it was raining I could take a soap shower. Between O'Shea and me we were able to get decent showers from that half inch or so of soap that came from that Jap colonel's bar of soap. Of course it would have been very disastrous if he had found out that I was doing that, but it was also was very difficult to cut the soap. It was a hard soap and it would frequently crumble and I would end up with a bunch of slivers rather than a single piece, which made it difficult to use.

Among the various odds and ends of things I taught the Japs in that kitchen was to make a pretty good substitute for candied sweet potatoes, which they thought were absolutely marvelous, out of this world. So they let me do that frequently and I would always make quite a bit of them and take those over to the people in the barracks, and I think that was the first semblance of something sweet and cooked, similar to candy, that they had had for I don't know how long. They certainly seemed to appreciate it.

In Cabanatuan I started getting the ulcers that were so common. These were external ulcers that just ate away at what little flesh we had and sometimes they would go as far as about the first joint of my thumb into the calf of my leg, my thigh, my feet, anywhere at all that there was any flesh to get into. One of the things that I was able to get from the Japs was a can of what I think was either carbolic or phenolic acid, which I used to paint those ulcers with. It hurt like hell but it cleared them up, and I then gave it to anybody and everybody else who wanted it, and they were very grateful for that because almost every other person in that camp had them. I finally ran out of it, but just before I was shipped out my ulcers cleared up.

We still had those same horrible statistics as far as death was concerned, although they started to go down. We probably were burying no more than 25 or 30 a day from Cabanatuan at that time. The people in Cabanatuan who were there first were the ones from Corregidor and when we arrived, we thought they looked like very well-fed people. They weren't by any normal standard but by our standards they were very well fed and they looked it. They thought we were skeletons, and we were, I guess.

One of the men in the barracks after we were all split up there was a man by the name of Fenicks. He was a very strange character. Despite all the problems we were having with food and other things the only thing on that man's mind seemed to be sex. In fact, one of the men said that if he ever had his head split open the only thing that would be found in there were two stiff cocks fighting each other. He seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of talking about it but I don't know whether he was able to do anything about it or not. People occupied their minds with all sorts of things.

At Cabanatuan there were Wilson Jones and Alec Matthews and another man, another Indian named House, and Cecil Malden who was a cousin of the Malden who drew the cartoons. When I left for Japan Jones and I had nothing to give each other to remember each other by so he gave me a fountain pen which somehow he was able to hang onto. I don't remember what it was I gave him, but I had that fountain pen for many months in Japan. Finally, one of the Japs took it from me. After the war we got in touch with each other fairly early. He and his wife, Claudine, became very good friends of ours. They even ended up in Taiwan with us and we visited there several times. Cecil Malden made it back too but he was not quite the same when he got back; he was a bit off his rocker.

O'Shea and I also had nothing to swap so he gave me his pass from port area, so we switched passes. I have his pass and he had mine. O'Shea eventually ended up in Japan too and went through Omori for a very short time, just in transit.

There was Pacer, whom I never came across again. Kitsock I came across again when we were stationed at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. He was from Mahanoy Plains, PA, which is not very far from Mt. Pocono.

Along came the draft to go to Japan. This was the second draft. One was to go to someplace down south and the other was to go to Japan, and I think that Jasper Brady thought that he was doing me a great disservice by putting me on the one to Japan. It turned out that he did me a great service, because, for one thing, in Japan we got better food than we had in the Philippines.

Secondly, we were able to beat the time that the US Navy decided that the torpedoes they were using weren't really much good, and so when the Navy shot torpedoes at the ship we were on, they missed, whereas later on they were hitting very frequently, so in that respect that Brady did this Brady a wonderful service.

GOING TO JAPAN

When the draft was finally selected and assembled it turned out that there were 1500 of us, approximately. We went to Manila using the same general route that we had taken to get to Cabanatuan, except that we didn't stop off at San Fernando, we just went from Capas directly into Manila. We walked back to Capas, got on a train and went to Manila, and then walked to Bilibid, the main prison in Manila. The people in Bilibid were in very, very poor shape. We were glad we weren't going to be there very long. We actually picked up another 100-200 people from Bilibid and added them to our group. The people who joined us were mostly from the southern Islands. We were there for about two or three days, and this was in early October, the 7th. On the second or third day, early in the morning, we were marched out of Bilibid and down to the dock where we were to get on the ships to take us to Japan. The name of the ship was the Tottori Maru. That had been a British coastal steamer, very small, with two small holds, one in the front and one in the rear. We were divided between the two holds. The top of the top deck had a large number of boxes, crates of something or other, and at that time people were constantly getting shifted around, and I hooked up with someone, I think he was a Marine, by the name of Timms. We more or less stuck together for the duration of that trip. None of the people I had known were on that ship. Before we got on the ship, as we were getting on, there was a barrel of some salted dried fish, little tiny things, not quite the size of a minnow. We were allowed to take as many of those as we could handle, and I took a whole mess of them. Everybody took a whole mess of them. We were also given a small bag of what I guess was the equivalent of the oyster crackers that you can get in the United States. In that little packet there were about 30 of those little crackers, and there was another little packet of candy which had about ten little things about the size of an M&M but it was a hard candy. I don't know what flavor it was, but it was kind of sweet. That was what we had, those fish and crackers, to last us for approximately three days, although we didn't know it at the time.

So we got on board that ship, and Timms and I did not go down in the hold like we were supposed to, which was fortunate for us, because we were able to get into those boxes that were stacked up on the deck and we made our own little cubbyhole there. We got out from time to time just to collect food, which was given us topside after the first three days. During those first three days Timms and I decided to open up one of those crates on deck, and it turned out that they were loaded with canned stuff. We had no idea what it was except that it had a picture of a fish on it, which meant to us that it was canned fish. The problem was getting the cans open. Somehow or other Timms was able to get hold of a can opener, not a real one, but it certainly worked. We got one of them open and it turned out to be actually fish; it could have been salmon or anything, and it was perfectly edible. We didn't know what to do with the empty can when we finished so we put it back in the crate. I don't know what the Japs thought when they unloaded it, but they didn't unload it in front of us, fortunately. They didn't know we were there; we stayed hidden all the time. If they had known we were there they probably would have given us a hell of a beating.

One of the problems of being on deck was that we could see everything on one side of the ship, on the water on that side. We were on the ship for about four or five days before it got under way. Then we went only to Formosa and we went to what is now Gaochung. At that time it was

called Tachao. We were unloaded, given a cold sea water bath and they checked us all for dysentery. Then I think we got back on the ship; I don't think we stayed in Formosa at all.

When we got back on the ship Timms and I had a devil of a time getting back to our cubby hole because there were Japs all over the place, and where we could see out very well, the Japs could see in very well. So we got in there and we were able to squeeze in other boxes that we were able to work loose from the stack, to make sort of a shield between us and the rail on the ship. Again Timms came to the rescue. He was able to wrestle all those cases and get us shielded. We got under way again after another day or two. In the meantime we didn't want to empty a whole case of that fish. For one thing we had a devil of a time opening the case, and we didn't want to go through that again. For another thing it made a lot of racket and we didn't want to call attention to what we were doing.

It turns out from the rumors we heard that there had been several submarine attacks in the strait leading up to, I think, Okinawa. So we didn't go to Okinawa; we went to what we thought was Shanghai. In the meantime, the trip took a few days and there were several people who had died on that ship, so we were able to get rid of those bodies in Shanghai. After that we hung around in the open waters for a few days and joined up with a whole bunch of other ships in a sort of convoy.

The ship got under way with this convoy and we were in the open ocean for a while headed for, I think, Okinawa. Along about that same time there was a typhoon that precluded anyone going anywhere, so we turned around and went back to Formosa instead of going back to Shanghai, which was closer. We didn't get off the ship that time. We just stayed on the ship.

Somehow or other, Timms and I got hold of some onions and carrots, which we ate raw.

Eventually, in early November 1942, we got up to what was then Pusan, Korea. We were taken off the ship. Most were sent on to Manchuria but a group of about 400-500 who were too sick to go on to Manchuria stayed behind.

They lined us up on the dock and gave us all a salt water shower, spraying us. I was pretty much blind at this point. Those of us who were too sick to go on were put back on the ship to go on to Japan. The others were put on trains to Manchuria. This time we were in the hold. There was no way to get around that, and anyway there was more room now. The hold was full of lice. It sounded like rain drops; there were so many that they fell off the beams up above and hit the bamboo shelf that we slept on. Of course we were all lousy when we got to Shinagawa. We got one fairly decent meal on the ship, of fish and vegetable stew, with carrots, cabbage, onions, and fish and we got to eat our fill of that. This trip wasn't long, as we landed at Osaka and were off loaded.

I don't know exactly when we got to Japan but it was dark, very late at night and we just lay out in the harbor until it was light. As we got off we were given a number which became our number from then on as long as we were in Tokyo, and my number was 387. I still remember the Japanese for that because it was used frequently. The first thing we did when we got off the boat was just line up along some railroad tracks, on the track itself. There were approximately

500 of us there. We were divided into three groups. When we got to Osaka there was a miserable drizzle that was cold. We had what was left of our khakis. What I had was a pair of shorts made from a pair of khaki trousers.

It was dark and raining, but I was blind so I'm not sure really what time of day it was. I think that was November 10 or 11. We spent that cold, rainy night next to the railroad tracks. When it started getting light, fresh guards arrived and loaded us onto railroad cars. We found what seemed to be luxurious accommodations. There were enough wooden seats that almost everyone could sit. The windows were painted over but still light came through, unlike the hold of the ship. A hundred soaking wet people in a small railroad car soon warmed the air, but the humidity rose and with it the stench of bodies unwashed for over a month. While in the hold our nostrils had become immune to the smell of sour perspiration and stale urine mixed with the stink of dysentery and other diseases, but several hours in the fresh air had resensitized our noses. After a short ride, during which a little fresh air came in from cracks in the siding of the car, the train stopped, and the guards got off and brought back a box for each of us, a bento box for breakfast. It had rice, boiled potato, dried fish, and I think it had two of the little salted plums, and we got hot tea. This was our first food in over 24 hours. When we were done the trash was collected, but there wasn't much because by then we had learned that everything had a use, so every toothpick, every pair or chopsticks, the paper, even the wood from the boxes, became treasured possessions.

On the train we sat and mostly talked. People described to me what they saw. One of the things they described was a huge statue of Buddha which I know is still there.

After about four hours of travel, the train stopped and, we learned later, two of the cars were uncoupled and left behind with their guards.

About three hours after that, another car was left behind along with about half the prisoners from the fourth car. This, we learned later, was Kawasaki.

After another two or three hours the remainder of us got off at Shinagawa station in Tokyo. We were marched about an hour down the streets of Tokyo to the gates of Shinagawa Prison Camp.

SHINAGAWA PRISON CAMP

When we got to the Shinagawa station we had to get off the train. We lined up again and were loaded onto some trucks, about a 3/4 - 1 ton size flatbed with a rack up each side for support. One person at a time would get into the truck and they would line up four across. At a given signal we would sit down. The first man in each row sat with his back to the back of the cab and drew his knees up. Then the next man got in and sat with his back against the other man's knees, and in that way they got 38 men into each truck, with one guard. One space was taken by the charcoal burner that operated the truck. It was also part of the duty of the guard to keep shoveling the little blocks of wood into the charcoal burner. The person sitting in front of the guard had a particularly difficult time because he had nothing to lean against. The guard certainly wasn't going to have a prisoner leaning on him and it would make him very angry if the prisoner leaned against him. One other would have his back against the charcoal burner. There were about 150 of us who went to Shinagawa that way.

When we got to the camp we were greeted by a bunch of British prisoners. There were a few Canadians, but they were mostly British. They helped us off the trucks, because by that time we were too weak to get off the trucks by ourselves. The British got us settled in and then we got some rice they had cooked.

Shinagawa had a wall about 8 to 10 feet high made of very flimsy wood. Inside there were some barracks which were much better built than the ones we had in the Philippines. The barracks were built so that there were about four or five little rooms off a main passageway going the length of the barracks. There was no flooring on the passageway, just dirt. As you went in, on the right was just the wall with a series of windows in it. On the left were the rooms. You stepped up one step onto a platform and there was a wooden floor in the room. We were divided off 20 men to a room, all Americans in that barracks. The Japs came around later and they gave us one straw mat which was about four feet long, maybe five feet, because it was just about long enough for us to lie down on and be stretched out with the mat still underneath us. There was a shelf going around each room, about a 5-5½' shelf in the shape of a U. We slept on that shelf. The dirt floor we later called the rat pit because every night that was where the rats congregated. There was a smaller shelf above each of the larger shelves on which we slept, and on that smaller shelf is where we kept the eating utensils that the Japs gave us and the clothing that they later dished out to us. First thing, though, was that we had to do something to get rid of the lice we had picked up on that ship. The lice were so heavy there that you could hear them dropping; it sounded just like rain, I was told. I was not in the hold so I didn't hear it. But I did pick up lice in my clothing after I got off and started mixing in with the rest of the men. The way we got rid of them was that they started a huge fire and boiled a 55 gallon drum of water. All of our clothing, regardless of what the outside temperature was, and leaving us stark naked, was put in that drum and steamed for about ten minutes. There was a platform in the bottom of the drum to keep the clothing out of the water. After that the clothing was pulled out and we went through the stack to pick out our own and put it back on. It felt good at first because it was nice and warm, and we were practically freezing. This was in November, almost December. We put it on wet and hot. It didn't take long to get cold, but it was good while it lasted. Obviously they had had a lot of experience with lice and knew exactly what to do.

I mentioned that they gave us a stove, but for a long time they didn't give us anything to put in it, so we just sat there and looked at the stove and imagined there was a fire, and got warm that way. Imagination can do wonderful things. The stoves were regular pot-bellied stoves.

This is another instance where I really lucked out because, since I couldn't see very well, the Japs decided I would make a fine cook, and they put me in the kitchen. The British that were there were stealing some of the Japs' food, and they were giving me some of that, which consisted of a lot of vegetables, so I was getting a much better diet than the rest of the prisoners who were not in the kitchen. As a consequence, I gradually started getting my sight back. The British gave me some of the food they had stolen because I couldn't see to steal for myself. It was in late January or February that I did finally get enough sight back so that I could see more or less as well as the rest of the prisoners.

One of the British was a Lowland Scot. He came up and talked to me in some foreign language, which later turned out to Lowland Scottish, and I couldn't understand a word he was saying, except that every now and then I would get the word "race," which turned out to be "rice." He got a bang out of my ignorance, and sort of latched himself onto me, and after about five or six months I could actually understand him. He was a short man, I don't think he was even 5' tall, but stocky. He was built like, as the saying goes, a brick shithouse, and he was just about as square. It was all muscle, and how he kept it up on that diet, I don't know. Of course, he was stealing a lot.

That was where we first came in contact with the Wily Bird. The British called him that. The story we got about the Wily Bird was that he had flunked out of the Japanese equivalent of West Point. All the rest of his family from way back had gone through with no problem so he delighted in taking it out on us. He was like a master sergeant or a junior grade warrant officer, or something like that. He made life miserable for the British, he made life miserable for the Americans, he just made life miserable for everybody, including the other Japs who came in there. They were deathly afraid of him because he could just beat the daylights out of them, and there would be nothing at all said. That was one of the strange things about the Jap army. They had one star, two star and three star privates. A two star private could beat the daylights out of a one star private, and no questions asked. The same way with the three star privates, who could beat the daylights out of a one or a two star private, and no questions would be asked. Of course, everyone in a higher rank could beat anybody of a lower rank. I don't know if they still have that system or not, but if they do it serves them right.

My first introduction to the Wily Bird was from the British, who warned us about him. We were very happy to have the warning but it didn't do a lot of good, because we couldn't do very much about his flare-ups. When you went into the barracks you had to bow in the direction of his office, whether he was there or not. When you came out of the barracks you also had to bow in the direction of his office. In fact, anytime you came across a Jap, or if there was a Jap anywhere outside and you could see him, you bowed in his direction. It didn't make any difference how far away he was. If you couldn't see him, then you would bow in the direction of his office. Watanabe was the actual name of the Wily Bird. Watanabe and the actual camp commandant had their offices, unfortunately, very close to our barracks, so anytime we went in or out we always made sure to bow in the direction of their offices.

He went around beating anyone within reach with the flat of his sword. One time he made me clean out the latrine and, because I didn't do a thorough enough job, he made me do 100 pushups. I had no idea I could do that many. After that I couldn't use my arms for a few days, even my fingers.

After the war the Wily Bird escaped by using his wife's family name. He escaped all the war crimes trials by hiding out under that name in the mountains. He eventually became a millionaire, in American dollars, in Japan.

We had three bowls. There was a large bowl which was supposed to be for soup. Then we had a smaller bowl that was supposed to be for the rice. Then, of course, the smallest bowl was for tea. There was practically no problem with getting tea. Any time of the day or night, if the stove was hot, you could get tea. We were also given a wooden spoon. I made one like it. The spoon they gave us was made of wood and was very flat. I made one of bamboo with a little more of a bowl, and I still have it. We also had a pair of chopsticks. Some of the men had been able to hang onto their GI mess kits.

The Japs dished out the food in large buckets, a certain amount for each barracks. If you weren't there, then God help you, because you didn't get your food that day. The buckets with the food were divided inside the barracks into the bowls that belonged to the prisoners. The soup was dished up with a wooden ladle which consisted of a small bucket attached to a wooden handle. The rice was dished up with the help of a rice paddle. Once in a while we would get some of those salted plums like we had before, which were very good. It was about the only salt we saw. Most of us did not see any other fruit besides those salted plums for a long time.

Sometime the Wily Bird would come into the barracks and mess up the food, sometimes by digging in it with his dirty fingers, and laugh. We had to eat it anyway, of course.

Sometime during those first few days we were issued clothing which the Japs had picked up from the British at Hong Kong or Shanghai or Singapore or somewhere. In fact, that's the clothing that I'm wearing in the picture that I have. It's a British army uniform picked up from somewhere. However, we were not allowed to wear them, except for some summer stuff that was all ragged. That we could wear. But the good stuff for the winter they told us to save until it was winter time. As far as we were concerned it was already winter, but not so far as the Japs were concerned. We also got some sandals. We got two pairs of shoes. One of them was sandals. These were held in place by a strap that went between the big toe and the next toe. It had a straw sole and that strap went from the sole between the toes and then over to the side, just like a pair of zoris, except that they were made of straw. The straw between our toes was very painful at first. It wasn't until we developed some pretty thick calluses that they didn't hurt. We also were given a pair of shoes which were also from the British. Now, the British shoes were never made for right and left feet. They were made for feet, period. The shoes were all the same size. They were a little bit large for me, but they were better than nothing at all. It didn't matter much, because we were not allowed to wear them. We had to mark our clothing, and for this we used charcoal, I think, or something like candle black, greasy and dark. We would get some of it into a stick and mark it into our clothing, and it never washed out. Even during the winter we weren't allowed to wear the winter weight clothing, only the lightweight clothing.

The picture that I have several copies of, including one I carry in my wallet, was taken at Shinagawa. I look fat in it but that was from the beriberi. We were told on one of our yasume days that they were going to take these pictures, which were supposed to be for identification, and they wanted us to get dressed up in those British uniforms, which were supposed to be a dress uniform. We wore those whenever the Red Cross made an inspection, which they did on a fairly regular basis at Shinagawa. Not at Omori, but they did at Shinagawa. The pictures were taken out by the washstands between each pair of barracks. The Japs put these pictures out on sort of a bulletin board in front of the barracks so that each bulletin board had the pictures of the prisoners in that barracks. When we moved to Sendai camp toward the end of 1943, then those pictures went with us. When the war was over, I simply picked mine up and took it with me. I think almost everybody did the same thing. I don't know if the other camps did the same thing. They made two copies, and they charged us a yen for each copy.

When we first got to Shinagawa there was a stove that heats at the base in the barracks. However, if we wanted to have any heat we had to pick up whatever we could find along the route that we traveled to get to the job. Also, on the job where the lumber was, there were a lot of pieces of broken lumber and we could always bring those back in and use those in the barracks. Also, they would give us one shovelful, a large shovel but not a scoop shovel, just an ordinary shovel, of coal each night, for heat. That was only during the period of time that they considered that it was very cold, so it wasn't every night. But we had just come up from the tropics and we thought every night was cold.

Also during that first week we were given name tags which consisted of a piece of cloth with our name and number on it. We had to sew them on our clothing. This was a neat trick because the Japs didn't give us any thread or needles. Finally, one of the men came up with the idea of using a nail which he ground down on a stone, and he would make a hole in the cloth, and then push the thread through. His name was Bierstadt. He later became a camp tailor for us. He got back to the States and went to Ft. Monmouth and I was there at the time. This is very disgusting because he was there for just a short time, had a heart attack and died. At least he got back to the States.

One of the men with me in Shinagawa was Bill Reynolds, who is living here in Tacoma. He is now a total loss; he has become a drunkard. I was able to get him dried out three times; he did it once himself. I got him dried out once at Retsil, one at Orting, and once at the VA. He went right back to drinking. He said "But I like it, I just don't want to live without it." I made a mistake in being able to get him more money by guiding him into getting the Social Security that he was entitled to, and after he got the Social Security he did nothing but spend it on whisky and beer. He was a lush from way back. But he went through that whole thing with me, from Shinagawa to Omori, to Wakasenin. I came across him again in Retsil.

The food at Shinagawa was a pleasant surprise compared with what we had been getting in the Philippines. The food in Japan consisted primarily of rice for breakfast, which was fairly good rice. It certainly wasn't the weevilly stuff we had been getting in the Philippines. We also got some soup. In the morning it was miso soup, which consisted of about a kilo of miso for the approximately 400-500 prisoners, watered down enough to make it suitable for that many people. It didn't have much flavor but there was some miso in there. For lunch, and we did get

three meals in Japan to start with, we had rice again and usually some sort of pickled, salted fruit. Salted daikon, salted plum, salted cabbage, or something like that. Not very much, but some. For supper we got rice again and we had maybe some dried and salted fish, not quite as big as a sardine. We would get maybe two or three of those. Also was the fact that we didn't have nearly so many flies as we had in the Philippines. There were still flies but not so many. Then we had a little bit of a chore to get all the dishes cleaned up for the next day. You had to clean them up almost immediately, or the rice and such would sour and it would taste miserable.

The kitchen building was divided into two rooms. The smaller room was the storeroom. All supplies and metal utensils, especially the knives, were kept in that room until they were needed. It was locked at all times. The other room was divided by a table in the middle. Stoves were along the outside walls. On one stove was a large iron plate, a hole about 18 inches in diameter, and a larger hole about 24 inches across. Each section had its own firebox and door. The plate served as a large griddle. The holes accepted very large woks. That side was for the Japs.

The other stove had only two large holes, about 30 inches across, over their associated fire boxes. This was for the prisoners. Since we received only grains and soup, there was no need for a griddle. Fires for both stoves were either wood or brown coal. Sometimes some coke or charcoal was available, but only rarely.

Utensils were mostly wooden. Spoons, chopsticks, scoops, ladles, buckets and basins were all wooden. Only the shovels and rakes for tending the fires, and the knives, were metal.

According to the doctors there, we were getting about 800 calories a day. Because the Japanese looked on salt as unnecessary flavoring, the food was usually tasteless. The only exception was the morning miso soup. However, only about two quarts of miso were used to make soup for about 350 men, so it was pretty tasteless.

My chores at first were carrying things back and forth from the kitchen, either food, or wood for the fires. At this time I still couldn't see.

In February, when my eyes started to get better, my chores in the kitchen consisted of chopping up the vegetables for soup, which was not very difficult because they made sure we didn't have too many vegetables. We had some of the strangest looking vegetables I've ever seen. One was called gobo; we called them walking sticks. They were about three or four feet long and covered with sort of a hair skin which we washed off a little bit. We didn't wash it too much because that would wash all the nutrients out too. When we could get them we had some of the most enormous carrots I have ever seen in my life. These were maybe two or three feet long and about an inch and a half in diameter at the top, going down to about a little less than an inch at the far end. Also we had some cabbage that was huge. Some of the cabbages would be large enough to cover a dinner plate, big enough so that one was all we got for the entire camp. Also we had something that looked like a bulb that had five compartments in it. It was shaped like an onion but the compartments were separated by a membrane. The whole thing was edible. Somebody said it was a nasturtium bulb but I don't know whether it was or not.

We never got very much of any of these. The most common thing was to cut it up into very small pieces and then toss it into the soup. Well, you don't get very much of anything in soup like that.

By this time most of us had become excellent thieves, pickpockets and lock-pickers so from time to time someone was able to pick the lock on the storeroom and steal a bucket of salt, miso, soy sauce, or some other flavoring. This was a risky business because a strict control was kept on inventory, and being caught meant a severe beating or worse. However, because many of the Japanese also stole from the stores, there was usually a question as to the identity of the thief. What the Japanese stole was sold to civilians outside the camp, and the loss was made up by shorting our rations.

I mentioned the shelf that we put dishes and extra clothing on. We had one extra set of clothing. We also had a rather large number of rats that played around with our things, especially at night while we were sleeping. One night we heard a tremendous commotion. One of the men had apparently left some food in one of his bowls and the rats were up there trying to get at it. They knocked the dishes off the shelf and onto his face and broke his nose. The dishes were very heavy china; it would almost take a sledgehammer to break them. The doctors at the camp set his nose. After that he was very careful to wash his dishes. Those rats were not small. They could take on a good-sized cat anytime. The rats were too fast to catch for food. I don't think anybody ever got them, or at least I didn't know about it.

Another thing the rats did was to get into our hidden panels where we stored our stores of stolen rice, barley and other edibles. Not that they ate so much but they would eat holes in our containers and scatter the grains all over, and leave their dropping in it, causing us the additional work of separating out the grain from the droppings, providing the owner was a finicky sort. If there was just enough for a brew (as we called the amount it took to get a full canteen cup of cooked rice) then perhaps he would just forget the droppings and leave them there.

The nicknames of the cooks at Shinagawa were Daddy, Jock, Millard Gunner, and Sassie, all of whom were British. Ski, Mac and I were the American contingent. Gunner was the chief of the cooking detail and had a better opportunity to steal. He was very successful and seldom got caught. The others were found out on the average of about once a month.

All this time the Japs were very reluctant to give us any salt. We would, in the kitchen, do our best to steal some salt and put it in the soup. One time this backfired on us. Gunner was able to steal some salt which he promptly dumped into the soup, but he wasn't able to tell anybody about it because you weren't supposed to talk in the kitchen. It turned out that after a while, one of the other cooks stole a bucket of salt and wasn't able to tell anybody about it. It ended up that of the five people, three of us in there put a bucket of salt in the soup. I was one. We were very certain we had done a good deed. The only problem was that nobody could eat that soup. We dumped it out, and the Japs then cut our rations because they figured if we weren't hungry enough to eat the stuff, we were obviously getting too much. They didn't give us our usual quantity again until the camp doctors were able to convince them that the food had been spoiled. Everybody was angry with us and I don't blame them one bit, except that we were

trying to do something good and it backfired on us. The cooks came up with a system where anyone who stole salt for the soup made a mark by the vat he put it in.

The majority of people were put to work in two different details. One was a glove-making detail, where they took the skins of cats or dogs and they were sewn into gloves with the fur side on the inside. That was where we got the needles we could steal eventually. We also got a little bit of thread from there, but one of the main sources of thread was from something that had been totally worn out. Then we would very carefully take the thing apart, thread by thread, and turn it over to Bierstadt for his repair work. He was a very accomplished seamster, or tailor. Of course, we never got to wear any of these gloves; I understand they all went to Manchuria, but I doubt the prisoners in Manchuria got to wear them either.

We got a very well-known miler, a runner named Zamporini, in the camp; he was the number two miler in the United States. He was shot down somewhere and ended up with us. He went to Omori with us, too. He was a crocheter. He could crochet a mean stitch.

We got our first Red Cross package December 25, 1942. That was at Shinagawa. It consisted of a can of corned beef, a can of curried mutton (it had to be curried because that mutton was so strong you could smell it all over, but it still tasted good). There was a can of cocoa, a small can of KLIM (milk spelled backwards; it was dried whole milk). There was also a small can of butter. The butter was so processed and so condensed that we had a little trouble spreading it. You could cut it out of the can and it was solid, like a chunk of cheese. You just couldn't spread it. This was the only time we got a whole package to ourselves. From then on we got a portion. But these British parcels were much smaller than the American parcels. The American parcels had enough in them on a regular three-meal-a-day basis, to last one person one week. The first package came from the British, and they were tasty, but the quantity was a little shy of what we were hoping for. The British parcels also had salt and pepper and chutney. That was the first time I had chutney and I liked it. The British Red Cross also supplied us with packages of black tea. The Japs had green tea, and we got enough for a pot every morning, but by evening it got thinner and thinner until it was just water The black tea we got one about every week or less. We would use that to supplement the green tea. Because everyone was having trouble with loose bowels by that time, once the tea was out of the leaves, we would eat the leaves, which seemed to help. (See Red Cross parcel list).

Shinagawa was where we came across George. George was a Japanese, born in Japan, who was taken to the States when he was two or three years old, and raised there until he was a senior in high school. Once he became a senior he was sent back to Japan by his parents to get a last year in school in Japan. Unfortunately for him, as soon as he got off the boat in Japan, he was immediately put into the army, and from then on he was a soldier in the Japanese army. One of the men in our bays was Bill Kruger, with whom I still am in contact from time to time. One time we were getting ready to go out and Bill was putting on his shoes, the ones from the captured British, and this Jap was standing in the doorway watching him. Finally Bill looked up, saw him and said in a very loud voice "I wonder what that son-of-a-bitch is after now?" So this Jap, after a few more minutes, came in and looked at all of our name tags, and when he came to Kruger's, he looked at Kruger very seriously and said "By the way, Kruger, my name is George. I'm not really a son-of-a-bitch," and then he went on. Kruger's face was something to see! George turned to be one of those who was a good guy. He let us get away with almost

everything he possibly could and more probably than he should have. One of the problems with that was that he didn't last long. He lasted only about six to eight weeks, as opposed to the normal almost six months that the Japs left a guard in place at a camp.

One time we asked him why he wasn't an interpreter. He said, "Oh, hell, I don't speak Japanese that well." He did speak wonderful American English. I think he probably had a pretty rough time in the Japanese Army. We really felt sorry for him. When we were out on a job, George would point out to us things that were worth stealing, so when we got an opportunity to steal it, he would go over and stand by it while we did what we could to pick up whatever we could, and then he would move on. When we were searched he would make sure that the ones that had the stuff were not searched too thoroughly and would be able to get in the camp. The Japs must have caught on to him eventually, and that's probably why he was transferred out.

Another thing George did for us was to point out the spots on the body that other Japs normally did not search very thoroughly, so that when we had stuff to get into the camp, he would almost invariably stand by and make sure that the guards who were doing the searching would skip over those particular parts. In fact, he would ensure that they were lined up among the last ones to be searched, because the Japs became very careless toward the end. The first ones to be searched the Japs were very thorough about. At the end of the detail they weren't very thorough. Actually, they had no reason to be thorough in the first place, because trying to build that island there was nothing much to steal except rocks and sand.

We were taken to our work details on trucks, getting on the trucks and sitting the way I described before in getting to Shinagawa. The drive to where we were working was about 25-30 minutes. We got up sometimes while it was still dark and by the time we got on that truck it was just beginning to get light. Then when we came back it was just beginning to get dark, and it was dark by the time we got into the barracks. The actual transport itself was not particularly difficult, but once we got to the job we were searched. When we lined up to get back into the trucks we were searched again. When we got into the camp we were searched one more time. So it really made it pretty difficult to get contraband into the camp. That's where George really came in handy. He was able to see to it that in most cases the people who had anything to get into the camp were able to do it without any problem.

They never took the sideboards off the trucks and we never could figure out why. The way we got off was they would take the rear board of the truck off, and we could get off any way we could. There were always a bunch of guards where we got off, either at the work site or at the camp, so they didn't care then. The reason there were always a bunch of guards at Shinagawa was that first of all there were a bunch of cooks to be left behind, and there was the sewing detail, which was at least the officers and any spare doctor. As doctors, they did a pretty good job of sewing. Most of the others did a very poor job of sewing, and that made the Japs pretty unhappy, too, because sometimes in sewing gloves there would be a big hole left that had no stitches where there should have been. When they got around to putting the gloves on there would be a hole.

I don't know how many guards there were, but there were plenty of them. Even if we could get out of the camp there was no place to go. I don't know why they had so many guards on us.

Once in a while we could get a real good haul from the kitchen, but that was very rare. Among the things that were sometimes available were a bit of extra rice, sometimes a kind of grain, a very small, pinkish type of grain, like maybe Kaffir corn or millet. We never found out. But rice was always in big demand. In fact we even made a rice whistle, which consisted of a short piece of bamboo, tapered at one end, and the joint was hollowed out, so that when you stuck it into a sack of rice, the rice would come out in a steady stream, and we would put it into a sock. Then the problem was to hide it somewhere on our body so we could get it back into the camp reasonably safely. We used those all through the time we were in prison. Some of the people made actual whistles out of them so that they could convince the Japs they were really whistles. Not all the Japs were so gullible but most of them were.

One of the places the Japs didn't search very thoroughly was in our crotch, and sometimes we would hide the sock underneath our belts. We could stretch the sock out and put it under the belt. They very seldom stripped us, but every once in a while they would conduct a strip search. Usually it was when it was cold and would be the most uncomfortable. Some of the hiding places were in the legs of our trousers. Most people, when they had them, wore two pairs of trousers, and the inner pair would be stopped at the bottom by a string, and whatever we were stealing would be put between the bottom pair of trousers and our skin, so that we would walk with what looked like swollen legs, which wasn't uncommon anyway. They very seldom touched us there because they knew that beri-beri was painful. Some of them, of course, would touch us there because they wanted to make life as miserable as possible, but not all of them were quite that bad.

Some of the things we were able to get away with were dried fish. The only dried fish we got at Shinagawa was stuff that looked like little minnows, dried and salted. Once in a while they would give us one in our lunch, in our bento box. That was a box about 1½" deep on the inside and maybe about 5" wide and about 8-11" long. They would give us rice to fill up the box, and some additional thing for lunch would be put in one corner of it. Sometimes those little fish would be given to us and we would each get three or four of those little dried minnows. Sometimes we got salted plums, or a little piece of pickled daikon or pickled cabbage, and sometimes pickled eggplant. Whatever vegetable we got was always salted, which was about the only salt we got. If I remember correctly it was Kruger who was a marvelous thief when it came to getting things from the kitchen. Things that were out in plain sight, or weren't in plain sight, would disappear when he was around. I don't believe he ever got caught, except once in Omori.

While I was still working in the kitchen at Shinagawa there was a British cook named Millard, and a Welsh helper nicknamed Jock Jones. All the Welsh seemed to be named Jock Jones. There was also a lowland Scot who was totally unintelligible for my first six months there. I and one other American were the only Americans in the kitchen crew. There was a South African, and another I can't remember. There wasn't enough work for all of us, so when I could see I was taken out, and so was one of the British.

That was the place I found out that the British weren't quite as clean as desired, even back in Britain. We were talking one time in the evening about bay leaf, and one of the British mentioned that his house was the only one in the village to have a bathtub. So I mentioned that their house must have been awfully busy on Saturday evening. Afterwards he said "Why do

you say that?" and I said, "Well, didn't everybody come to your house to take a bath on Saturday evening?" He said, "Oh, no, we kept coal in ours." Obviously they didn't take a bath in it.

All the other groups had a thorough dislike for the English in general. They didn't mind the individual Englishman, but they didn't like them in large numbers. The Welsh were fine, the Scots were fine, and so were those from Cornwall. A lot of people didn't like the Irish, but the Irish didn't like the English, and they certainly didn't like the Scots either.

One of the things I admired about the British was that they had a knack for entertainment. They could entertain themselves for hours simply by beating two spoons together rhythmically. They also made up lyrics to go with various tunes. Most of the lyrics are some I can't repeat now, mostly because I can't remember them, but even if I could they couldn't be repeated in company. One I remember was " ham and eggs we never see, we get no sugar for our tea, and we are gradually fading away. " That was sung to the tune of Old Soldiers Never Die, because the last line of that was "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away," which was later used by the son-of-a-bitch MacArthur in his farewell speech, which came much too late for me. He should have had his farewell speech about 1940.

Another line from a song was "roll me over in the clover, roll me over and do it again" and that had some awfully dirty lyrics to it. They had lots of fun coming up with those. Another one was "Let's all sing the char-a-banc song. ..... Pull up, Bill, at the bottom of the hill. Let's have another on the way." All of this was sung to the beat of two spoons being beaten together between a man's knee and his hand. I tried to do it but I never could get the knack.

They also thought some things were hilarious that I never did think were funny. One of them was around the fact that almost everybody had diarrhea, or dysentery. Bacillary dysentery would kill in about three or four days, and amebic dysentery you could have for years. The only thing you would have was a very loose stool and you couldn't get much from your food, so if you had amebic dysentery, you would eventually just starve to death. The British even made up jokes and songs about that. The Americans were very poor in coming up with that type of thing, but the British entertained us all quite well. Even the Canadians couldn't match the British. Later on when we got to Omori the Canadians didn't want to be called British either. They didn't want to have any connection at all with the British; they were definitely a separate country. And the French Canadians wanted to be simply French. They didn't like the idea that they were connected with Canada in any way.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF OMORI

In the meantime the Japs had some sort of a dredge deal going where they were digging up Tokyo bay on either side of a walkway and dumping that into the enclosed area. The area was enclosed by some fairly large blocks of cement which were picked up by a crane and then dumped in to form a sort of a breakwater. That was the boundary of the island of Omori. The walkway eventually had to be extended, and the way they did that was to take one of those large blocks of cement that was loaded onto a barge that had a crane at one end, and about two of those blocks on the other end, and they would then put those blocks down, move the whole walkway over, and then start dumping the gravel at that point. Then later, as we got the thing surrounded with the blocks, the walkway was extended, and finally the walkway was extended clear across to where the island was eventually going to end, in the bay itself. One of the things they had was a sort of a pumping dredge that, instead of scooping the stuff up from the bottom of the bay and putting it onto a barge and carrying it over, they simply put a pipe down and sucked it off the bottom and then dumped it over in the area. This was strange for the Japs because they almost never had anything that was labor-saving, especially when they had us to do their labor for them.

To construct the island of Omori, the Japanese had used a floating crane to tow into position huge cement foundation blocks. These were carefully positioned on the bottom of the bay. Eventually, except for two large openings opposite each other, there was a large, almost square, area enclosed by the blocks, but all that could be seen were the top couple of feet, for they were almost completely below the water's surface.

Next, barges laden with rocks were brought in. Some of the rocks weighed 200 pounds or more. Men tugged, pushed, and pried at the rocks until they went over the sides of the barges and into the water with a splash. After a few weeks, that enclosed part of the bay was so filled with rocks there was no place left to anchor the barges.

After that, a pipeline was built which opened into the enclosure. The pipes were 18-24 inches in diameter and supported by a bamboo scaffolding. Mud dredged from other sections of Tokyo Bay was piped in along with many gallons of water, and put over the rocks. After more weeks enough mud and water had been piped in that there was a plot of dry ground standing above the water of the bay.

The footbridges were built across the 50 yard span to the foot of a street that ended at the sea wall of Tokyo itself. The bridges consisted of single planks about 18 inches wide supported by bamboo scaffolding. They provided two springy one-way paths over the water.

The men would go out carrying what we called an idiot stick, a timbii, which is a pole slung over your shoulder with a little basket on either end, and each basket would hold a shovel full or two. You would go trucking off down the road with it and dump it, and then go back for another two shovels full of dirt and gravel, or whatever. What they were doing was going out to a spot which later turned out to be the island on which Omori is built. They would be trucked

out there. There were two groups on the detail. One group was carrying the stuff out to be dumped. The other group would be shoveling the stuff into the baskets. Once in a while, from what I understand, the people out there would get a little bit of a break in the form of a little rice ball, for doing extra good work. That was better than doing a detail inside where they made the gloves from the dog and cat skins.

There was a walkway that was on stilts built out into the bay. There were two of them, one going and one coming. When you went out on the one, you dumped whatever you were carrying in the baskets over the side, and then came back on the other one. That was done over and over. The British were very happy with that; they thought it was as good a job as they could get. It wasn't too difficult; all they had to do was walk. But the Americans found it kind of boring so they did their best to make it a little more interesting by doing things like dumping some of the stuff in a place where it shouldn't be. Anything to make the Japs mad. Of course that backfired on us, but not too badly. I think actually the Japs were too dumb to catch onto a lot of it. After several months of this, the island on which Omori was built was finally finished.

Men moved in an unending line from the shore to the spot of dry land. At each step the idiot stick would bow and rebound and the baskets would swing a little, so that the men had to keep in step with the bouncing, swaying baskets as they walked across the bouncing, swaying footbridges. If the lost their balance they would fall into the water. At first, there would be as many as half a dozen men in the water at any one time. Eventually they got used to it, and the walk became called "the coolie shuffle."

At the dry spot of land, each man hesitated just a little and the baskets swung forward. He gave a tug at the rope which kept the baskets level and spilled the contents onto the ground. Without stopping, he turned and went back to the mainland over the other plank bridge, for another load. At the other end was a detail shoveling dirt into the baskets. On the Omori end was a detail spreading out the dirt to make the dry spot longer and higher.

On February 23, 1943 I was relieved from the kitchen because my sight had improved to the point where I could see again, so I had no excuse for not going out on that walkway,

This went on for weeks. The only change in routine was to change jobs, from carrier to shoveler or spreader. Finally, in spring of 1943, the island was finished. Everywhere it stood about two feet above the water at high tide, and was about five acres in area, black, sandy, bare of vegetation, and entirely fit for what it was intended.

Construction crews began building the barracks, a cook house, a bathhouse, a guard house, an administration building, latrines and wash racks. The final touch was a 12 foot high wooden barricade topped with three strands of barbed wire which surrounded the buildings, and a lower fence inside to separate the guard house and the administration building from the others.

The two foot bridges were replaced by a stronger and wider bridge, still wooden but now a truck could pass over, or men could walk four abreast.

OMORI PRISON CAMP

When we finished with what we could to build the island, and before it dried out and we moved there, we were all kept in the camp, and it became a miserable place. We had a doctor we called Fujiyama because he was constantly threatening to blow up, and occasionally would. He would give all sorts of commands which we couldn't understand, and that would make him even angrier. We also had a group of American doctors there who would try to calm him down, but once he got started he just got angrier and angrier because no one could understand him. He made our lives miserable because he wanted to do experiments on us. The only thing that kept him from us was that we had a few doctors in the camp who were able to convince our camp commandant to let them handle the care of the prisoners, which made Fujiyama pretty unhappy. I can't remember the names of any of the other doctors, but Dr. Weinstein wrote a book about his experiences. I'm not sure if he was the one who operated on a man there with appendicitis but the operation was done without anesthetic, with a mess-kit knife and a mess-kit spoon which were both sharpened by someone to provide a cutting edge. And the man lived. In fact, when one of the Japs had appendicitis, Weinstein volunteered to do the operation on him, but the Japs turned him down. Weinstein was a wonderful man. When he got back, he built an apartment building in Atlanta, where he was from, and his first priority for tenants was former prisoners of war, then veterans, and then anyone else.

After Omori island had dried out, the Japs built a bunch of barracks over there and that's where we stayed for the rest of the war except for a short time after Tokyo was burnt out. Omori when we got there in July of 1943 consisted of about seven or nine barracks. While we were there they kept building, and there would be five buildings in one grouping and five in another. There were two facing each other with a sort of street between them. Then there was an open space and two more, another open space, two more, another open space, then a single one. Then there was a very large open space with the kitchen building in it, and a bath house. There was also one building for the Japs, which consisted of their sleeping quarters and the guard house. Then there was one building for the kitchen and one building for a bath house. There was a fairly wide open space, about 20 yards wide, the width of the camp.

When we got back to the camp on the last day before we went to Omori, we were packing up every single thing we owned, which was not much. We had a pair of shoes, the British type of shoes. We had a pair of canvas and rubber shoes with a split toe. We had one pair of straw sandals which we normally wore on the job, unless there was a smooth surface, and then we went barefoot. We had a winter uniform which was good wool, but the Japs would never let us wear them. We also had a British uniform made of cotton. We had two hats, one of which was wool, and the other was made of cotton, and that was the one the Jap army used, but we weren't allowed to wear those either. So what we wore was whatever we could fashion in the way of a hat. Most of us used simply two pieces of cloth which we sewed together to form a cap. We had a set of three bowls, our spoon and chopsticks.

We went to Omori in July 1943. On the way to Omori we did not walk. We were put into trucks. This time we did not load up 38 to a truck. I know the trucks made two trips. One trip they

carried about half the people along with a lot of the kitchen equipment. The bridge to Omori was about one truck wide plus a small strip for a single file of foot traffic. We had to walk across the bridge; they wouldn't take us in the trucks across the bridge. Even though the trucks weren't on the bridge, we still had to cross single file on the walkway. The trucks went on across and then we got into the camp.

When we got in we were lined up in front of the guard house, and the guards searched us. Then the camp commandant came out of his office and walked in front of the Jap barracks. All the Japs came out and stood at attention while he walked by them, followed by the Wily Bird. The Japs on guard detail stood at attention, and then they walked out and inspected us , and then we were assigned to the barracks. The Americans were assigned to the three farthest barracks. Then next to them, I think, were the English, and then next to them were the Canadians. The Canadians were a small group and they occupied only one of the barracks. The other barracks was occupied by a bunch of Norwegians or Swedes or something like that who had been picked up by a German raider, and when the ship got full they turned the prisoners over to the Japs who put them to work on the docks in Yokohama or somewhere. The Norwegians were very unhappy with their fate and decided to set the shipyards on fire. The Japs were never able to actually prove that the Norwegians had done it, but they were pretty sure, so they gave them the same kind of name tag they gave to Americans. We were considered extremely dangerous so we had a red stripe on our name tags and so did the Norwegians. They were put in the barracks first to the rear, closer to the fence. We couldn't enter the barracks right away, until the Jap officer had come down and inspected the barracks, inspected us, and finally we were allowed to enter. I think there were about 60-80 men in each barracks. There were some other prisoners who had been sent to Omori with us; I think they were Filipino.

Inside the barracks there were two small rooms on either end of each of the barracks, and in those small rooms they put two officers, except for one barracks that was filled up with nothing but officers. They had a really rough time. As officers they were not supposed to work. However, the Wily Bird wanted them to work and they refused, so he made it very, very rough on them. One of them in particular was Peter P. Perkins. For some reason the Wily Bird picked on him. There were good-guy officers and bad-guy officers. Peter Perkins was an officer who had everyone's respect because of the way he stood up to the Japs. He was a tall man, about 6'2-3" and that, of course, made the Japs even more unhappy with him. He had more beatings, I think, than any other prisoner, with one exception.

The exception was a Japanese American prisoner who was repeatedly asked by the Japs why he was a traitor. He replied, "I'm not a traitor, I'm an American." For this reason, he was beaten more often than anyone.

Barracks #7 had a group of prisoners who were considered extreme risks. I don't know why, but they were. They were watched day and night by a guard at each end of the building. If they wanted to go to the latrine they had to get the guard's permission, the guard had to accompany them, and then go back. I never saw them mixed with any of the other prisoners. They even went on separate details. There was another group like this in Barracks #2. They were the Norwegians who had tried to set fire to all the ships in one of the harbors. They did a lot of damage, so they were being punished by being kept separate.

Between the barracks there was a wash rack that had water piped into it. There was an unlimited supply of water, all cold. We washed in it, and washed our clothing in it.

Omori barracks had one of the dimensions of a tatami mat, so they fit perfectly end to end and side to side. There was a ridge about every second or third mat, separating it from the rest, to hold the mats more or less in place. Two or three would be turned in one direction, and then two or three in another direction. I don't know why they did that.

There was just a dirt floor. The shelves on each side were raised about a foot and a half. Then about four feet above the top of that shelf was another shelf. On the end were two rooms, one on each side of that rat pit. Omori, being on an island and build of sand, was loaded with sand flies, which we didn't have at Shinagawa. Sand flies are a little smaller than a house fly and they eat a lot of blood. We didn't have bedbugs, though. We had rats everywhere. When we were sleeping they would wander all over us. In the middle of the rat pit, in the middle of the barracks, was the stove. There was just room on either side for one person to squeeze by. It was set into a pit of its own, which had a bunch of rocks that the legs sat in. We burned scrap wood or coal and that was our heat for the winter. They didn't furnish any fuel for the stoves at any time. There was a short table to the side of the stove and that was where we would dish out the food. The food was brought from the kitchen in large buckets for the rice and soup, and a small bucket for whatever pickled or salted condiment there might be. We also had a kettle of green tea.

The rice was not completely rice, it was a mixture of about five parts of a reddish grain the men believed was millet, three parts barley, and two parts rice. In the morning there was enough of that for a tea bowl full per man, and a bowl of miso soup. In the evening there was the same grain mixture but usually enough to fill the rice bowl almost half full, and a soup made from a vegetable, just one kind, sometimes cabbage, onions, carrots, eggplant, daikon, or whatever was available, but just enough to give the water an off flavor.

At Omori one time I was standing at the urinal and standing next to me was a priest by the name of Father Braun. As I look back now, I can only reflect on how fortunate I was that at the time I was healthy enough to urinate in the usual standing position. My usual condition, in common with all but a very few of the men at any given time, was that it was impossible to urinate without at the same time expelling some fecal matter. It was a well-known fact of camp medicine that if a man could urinate or pass gas without assuming the squatting position or soiling himself, then he was indeed a healthy man.

When I had just gotten into the Army I had been transferred to Hamilton Field in California, just north of San Francisco between Novato and San Rafael. I was stationed in the 319th Signal Aviation Company and in there was another man by the name of Knecht, I think it was Frank. (Apparently it was actually Louis.) He had all kinds of trouble because the first sergeant simply could not pronounce Knecht. Finally he got so exasperated he said from now on any time you hear a name you don't recognize, you say "Here!"

Father Braun asked all kinds of questions and in particular he wanted to know what I had done in the States, so I told him that I had been in the Signal Corps in the states at Hamilton Field. He

asked what company I was in and I told him the 319th Signal Aviation, and he asked if I knew someone by the name of Louis Knecht. I said, "Oh, yes, I knew him. In fact we were pretty good friends." Well it turns out that Louis Knecht and his sister had been raised by Father Braun because their parents had died during some sort of an epidemic and he had raised them in a sort of an orphanage on an Indian reservation that he was a missionary to in Arizona. Because of that contact Father Braun and I became very good friends and we stayed that way from then on. Anytime we moved, from Omori to Wakasennin, to camp D10 near Sendai, Father Braun was there also. Louis Knecht later on seemed to have completely deserted Father Braun. Father Braun became a little disappointed in him. Knecht became a labor lawyer working out of D.C. and when Father Braun was very sick Knecht wouldn't even go out to New Mexico to see him. He was in a convent being taken care of by nuns, the Little Sisters of the Poor. I don't know what ever happened to his sister. Father Braun was loved by everybody who ever came in contact with him. He was just one of those people that everybody, as soon as you met him, knew he was someone you wanted to know better.

At Omori we were given the opportunity to have one bath every ten days. What they did was to heat up the bath house and get the water going. Then we would go into the bath house, strip down, put our clothing in a pile, get a small wooden bucket. We would use the water in the bucket to soap down and rinse off, and then we would get into the bathtub which would hold about 40-60 at a time if you didn't sit. We could rinse off very thoroughly with that clean water. Unfortunately, by the time the last of the 60 or so people got a bath, if they weren't thoroughly rinsed by the time they got in, the water wasn't very clean, and there were still three or four more barracks to use that water. So, our baths were not getting us very clean.

The same English and Canadians from Shinagawa who cooked there were doing the cooking at Omori, plus a couple more.

We were divided up into groups of five for working and then they were combined into groups of up to 40 to go to the jobs. As soon as any one of the group was caught with something, everybody in the group automatically got a beating, especially the one who was considered to be the leader of the group. What we did was to divide up the leadership of the group, so it was rotated and eventually everybody got to be a leader, and eventually everybody got one of the more severe beatings. We would rotate about twice every ten-day period. Some people got more beatings than others, but the system was fair and everyone took their chances.

Sometime in February the Japs called us out about one or two in the morning and it had been snowing very lightly, and it was very cold. When they had us all lined up, and we hadn't had a chance to put anything warm on, so we had nothing on except for maybe our sandals and our fanducci, we were counted off and they wouldn't tell us what was going on except that we were going to be searched. Since we were wearing only a fanducci, it didn't take much to search us, so they spent most of their time inside searching the barracks. Some of the men did have some things the Japs considered contraband, but on the whole they found nothing. I was getting so cold, and I got to thinking about the times at home when I was very young, that anytime I wanted to go out and play in the snow my parents would make me get all dressed up into all kinds of clothes, and I started to laugh. I guess I got hysterical. I started laughing and laughing and no one could figure out what I was laughing about. Finally the Japs decided I was crazy. Well, the Japs had very much respect for someone who was crazy. They took me in the barracks

and put hot water bottles all over me and warmed me up, for which I was grateful, but at the same time I couldn't keep from laughing. Finally I quit laughing but I was able to keep the hot water bottles for all the next day while everyone else went out to work. Of course, that meant I didn't get anything to eat that day, but I didn't have to go to work either.

They didn't need any work details on Omori itself except that the officers were used to do some gardening outside the gate of the walled portion of the camp. We had one detail of 20-30 men who claimed to be auto mechanics, who were assigned to work on the fleet of trucks the Japs had in Tokyo. When they started out the Japs had a reasonably sized fleet of trucks. By the time they finished up they had very few that would still run. The mechanics were able to fix them so that they would run in excellent condition for three or four days before they broke down. Because it was practically impossible to get parts, they were out of service indefinitely.

There was another group of mechanics who were assigned to work on the engines in the rail yards. They were able to do quite a bit of damage too because they would do things like use sand in the journal boxes. We took lessons from them and we were able to ruin quite a few of the rail cars using sand in the journal boxes.

Then there was a crew in the lumber yard unloading logs from ships, and then reloading them onto a bunch of barges, which were then taken inland to mills. We also had crews unloading ships, anywhere from 40 to 50 people, divided into crews of five. Each crew of five was assigned one Jap foreman.

The group I was with consisted of Bill Krueger, Bill Reynolds, Kacekovich (The Mad Russian). He ended up in Valley Forge Veterans Hospital. Your mother and I got him out for one day and took him to see his mother, who was both glad and not glad to see him. She could speak no English and he had forgotten most of his Russian. There was also Curtis Bryant, who is now dead, and Dakin, who is also now dead. There were never more than five on a crew, so we must have switched off at some point. There was also Northup. Maybe eventually we were broken up and reformed somehow; I don't remember. We would go out primarily working in the rail yards, and that was where we had access to almost unlimited supplies of food if we could just get it back into the camp.

In our barracks we had a Navy lieutenant who didn't get much respect from the prisoners because he seemed to kowtow to the Japs too much. He was in charge of my barracks, which was #5. After we had been there for about a year, for some reason Watanabe became very angry with him, and tried to get him to do something, I can't remember what it was, and the lieutenant would not do it. Watanabe threatened him with a bare sword, he was going to cut his head off, which Watanabe had been known to do, as I understand it, at some of the other camps he had been in. I never saw it happen in either Shinagawa or Omori, or the other camp at Wakasennin. He threatened to kill him, and the lieutenant simply stood there and stared at him. Watanabe kept knocking him down, and the lieutenant kept getting up. Finally, the lieutenant was incapable of getting up, and he was a bloody mess. Absolutely disgusting the way Watanabe kept going after him. That lieutenant stood up to Watanabe and gained the respect of everybody in camp from then on. It was a complete turnaround in attitude.

One time when our crew was unloading a flatcar of cages, the guard we had looked very much like an ape. We persuaded him to get into one of the cages and act like an ape by jumping up and down and scratching under his arms, and beating with his hands on the ground. Around the corner came a honcho for the guards, we called him Four-Eyes, and saw this and was horrified. He got this honcho of ours separated from us and chewed him up and down. Then he chewed us up and down. Then he got hold of the #1 guard, who was with us, and told him, and chewed him up and down. Eventually, when we got back to Omori, the Wily Bird was informed. We were lined up in front of the guard house and we were worked over very thoroughly for I don't know how long. I was told it was two or three days, but I don't remember anything after the first 10 or 15 minutes of it. I have no idea how long I was unconscious after that. We were stood up and tied to a bunch of stakes in front of the guard house and we were worked on for that length of time, two or three days. I don't know what happened to our honcho; he never showed up again. After three or four days we went back to the job. When I woke up I was in the lunch shack eating my bento, and that was when I woke up. I had no idea where I was, how I got there, or anything else. It was a sort of a gradual process that took place over about the half hour or 20 minutes that we were allowed to eat lunch. I remembered having been worked on, and I suddenly became sore all over. I was hardly able to do anything, I was so sore. One of the men died; I don't remember which one. That must be why we had replacements on the crew.

One of the men who went crazy was named Arceneaux. He spent the rest of the war sitting in front of the barracks by the door, refusing to get up, refusing to bow to the Japs, refusing to do any of the things we were supposed to do. He did nothing but sit in front of that door except to go to the latrine. The Japs refused to give him anything to eat so we split up our chow to include him in it, because we couldn't let him starve to death. With 40 or so of us, it didn't make much difference to us. After the war I was told by someone else that he was as sane as anyone, but he never had to go out to work.

Once someone was sick and couldn't work his rations were cut in half. They should have been increased but the Japs didn't figure it that way. So the rest of us chipped in to make up the difference there, too. It didn't make a lot of difference to us unless there were a lot of sick men at one time.

Once every ten days, when we got our bath or shower, we got a bar of soap, which was about as hard as a block of wood, and about as useful. We saved the soap and were able to wash our clothing. I still have a piece of that soap.

We also were given, about every month or two, a pair of socks, the likes of which I hadn't seen until then, but they're now fairly common. They were simply linen sacks and had no heel shape. We used them primarily for stealing. They had no split toes so we couldn't wear them with the sandals. We also got another fanducci, the G-string-type thing. It's a piece of cloth about three feet long which was tied around your waist with the long piece hanging down behind us. We would pass the long end up between our legs, between the string that was in front, and our body, and then let the excess hang loose in front. We were also given a rough towel, about like sandpaper, probably made of jute, something like a burlap sack. We used a piece of it to scrub with in the shower. It was difficult to get a small piece cut to use as a wash cloth and still leave enough for a towel. Fortunately we had developed very tough skin by then.

In Omori I developed a very severe toothache, so I went to get the dentist in the camp to pull it. He refused to pull it until the swelling went down in my jaw. Well, the swelling wasn't going to go down unless he pulled it. I finally couldn't stand it any more so I went to one of the British prisoners who happened to have a pair of slip-joint pliers. With his help and the help of enough other prisoners to have one on each leg, one on each arm, and one holding my head against one of the uprights in the barracks, he pulled the tooth. It hurt like the devil until he got it out, but once he pulled it, there was a gush of pus and blood, and a tremendous sense of relief. I still have that tooth. It was totally decayed almost all the way through. I told the dentist about it and told him that from then on he could go fly a kite as far as his dental care was concerned. I don't know why he wouldn't pull it.

One time I developed a very painful little finger on my left hand and it swelled up a lot. I still have the scar from that. A doctor named Goad opened that up and sewed it up with thread made from strands of cloth. He would soak the thread in some alcohol, and use an ordinary sewing needle, also soaked in alcohol. We met Goad later at one of the conventions and he was very interested in seeing the result of his operation.

One of the other doctors at the camp was Berry. He later became a general and the CO at Madigan. At one time I had something go wrong with my stomach and I had pains like appendicitis, only it wasn't. He finally decided that it might be helped by icing. He persuaded the Japs to provide ice and also some bottles like hot water bottles to put it in. I was wrapped up in those things for two or three days and seemed to get better. I came across him later at Holabird Signal Supply School. At that time I was having trouble with my feet. I had been sent to see a psychiatrist. This was shortly after 1947 when Audrey and I were married. This psychiatrist insisted on probing into my sex life, which I thought was ridiculous, and told him so. I ended up by knocking everything on his desk onto the floor and telling him I thought he was a quack. He called the MPs, who escorted me back to see my boss, who was Harold G. Miller. I came across Berry at that time and he knew exactly what was wrong with my feet because he had the same trouble. He prescribed a B vitamin in huge quantities, megadoses. I was taking ten of them three times a day, and after about a week to ten days, it cleared up and I had no more trouble with my feet as long as I was able to get the pills. Unfortunately, Dr. Berry transferred and when I tried to get some more the doctors wouldn't believe me, so I couldn't get any more. Fortunately, Dr. Berry had told me that to avoid the pains I simply had to stop drinking. So, from that time on I have had very little alcohol to drink, at the most about one a day, and my feet have given me very little trouble since. They still do give me trouble, but not very much, and I drink very little.

The quantity of food was extremely small except for what we could steal. Once in a while we came across some fairly good loot on the cars that we were unloading in the railroad yards. Whatever we could, we stole. We weren't always successful; sometimes we got caught. I tied the legs on the inside pair of the pants I was wearing, and stuffed all kinds of things between the two pairs of trousers. Frequently I was searched and naturally I got caught frequently. Each time I was caught there was a beating. Of course there were beatings even if I wasn't caught, because if anyone was caught, we were all beaten. Many of the prisoners were very successful at hiding what they stole. For instance one time I stole a whole bunch of tangerines. Normally I would eat the whole thing; we all ate the whole thing when we could. We would get something like one or two eaten while we were working, skin and all, seeds and all.

This probably helped us avoid scurvy. The honcho, Ho San, would pick out the cars for us and tell us what was good to eat and what wasn't.

Once we came across a car with five-gallon tins with oil in them that smelled like fried bacon. Naturally we decided it was good to eat. Ho San warned us it wasn't edible but we didn't believe him, of course, so we went ahead and ate it anyway. It turned out it wasn't edible. It gave us diarrhea that would not be believable under normal circumstances. Turns out it was some sort of waterproofing oil that they used on raincoats and canvas and such. We tossed the rest of it into the benjos in back of the barracks.

Ho San had had two sons killed in war, one in China and one somewhere else. He thought war was a horrible thing and was against all war. Once he brought us a boiled egg for the five of us. The Japanese weren't allowed to have eggs; they were only for very sick people, so I don't know how he got it.

What food we could get back to the barracks we split up among everyone. So once in a while we had a reasonable diet. Mostly we had very poor quality and quantity of food. It's not possible, I think, to come up with anything so miserable as being constantly hungry, so hungry, in fact, that some of the men in there actually cried themselves to sleep because they were so hungry. When we got things like rice back into the barracks, that needed to be cooked, if it were in the winter we had access to the stove which we could heat up provided we could bring in enough fuel. We got one stove for each barracks. In the summer it wasn't possible to do that because they wouldn't allow us to have the heat going. One of the men was able to get into the attic and have access to the wires which went to the light bulbs. We had one light bulb on each end of the barracks. It was a three-wire system. With that and what we were able to steal, he was able to rig up a hot plate of sorts. There were a lot of hot plates in the barracks, probably more hot plates than men. As a consequence we used a tremendous amount of electricity, which had the Japs going wild trying to find all those leaks. We were almost foolproof hiding them. For contacts on the hot plates we used a couple of nails which were hooked up to the hot wires. Then we had a coil of wire which was very poor heating wire because it had too little resistance, but it just took a while and a lot of electricity. It was very seldom that we got anything hot enough to boil, but occasionally after a long time, a really long time, the water would boil and we could cook rice. Most of the things we tried to steal were things that didn't need to be cooked. Once in a while we got stuck with things like rice.

Once I got hold of a slab of whale meat, whale steak, that was frozen. I wrapped the thing around my stomach, with my belly band, and before we got back to the barracks it started to melt a little. I was dripping blood from the inside of my trousers down my leg. With two pairs of trousers it didn't quite soak through but I was certainly a mess when I got back. I had to have a bath but it wasn't our turn and I had no way of getting one, so I ended up with some hot water heated on the lousy hot plate. The steak eventually was cooked and we were hungry enough that it was reasonably tasty.

Another time one of the men got hold of a salted salmon, a whole side including the head and tail. I don't know what happened to the other half. We ate it, bones and all, breaking them up into very small pieces and swallowing them.

Another time out on the job we came across a car that had long flat boxes of canned salmon. They were wooden boxes about two feet long and about six inches wide and about seven or eight inches deep. It held about 24 cans. We would pry open a box, which was wrapped with rice straw rope, enough so that we could get one of the cans out. Eventually everyone got wind of the fact that there was salmon on the dock, and everyone hit the pile for at least a couple cans. Eventually one of the guards found the pile and became very suspicious when he found a bunch of the cans missing. We were all lined up and searched. The guards didn't find a single can. We stayed in formation and finally one of the English decided, after consultation with everyone, that he would give up his cans providing that everybody else would split with him when we got back. That was agreeable to everyone so he gave up his cans. The only problem was that the box that he was filling up didn't hold all the cans he had so we went through the process again, but eventually we got the right number of cans and we filled the right number of boxes. One of the saving features of this was that the Koreans also were in on the salmon. We had a working agreement with the Korean indentured laborers that we would not hijack anything that they stole and they would not hijack anything that we stole. The Japs finally were convinced that the Koreans must have the rest of it and they left us alone. We ended up getting into the camp with some cans of salmon that were split up among the Americans and the British. We had salmon for one night. If we had been able to hang onto all the cans we would have had salmon for several nights. None of us were beaten that time because we didn't try to get any in the first day. The days after, we were able to get a lot in.

We had a yasume shack, a lunch shack, where we kept our jackets, and we could hide things in there until we were ready to try to get them into the camp. There were several places around the yard we could hide things until then. It seemed that after the first person was caught, it was a good idea to try to get as much as possible in the very next time, because they somehow figured that it was a lesson for one to be beaten up, and nobody else would dare try, so they never searched us very thoroughly for the next few days after that. That was the time when we got a lot of stuff in. Of course, it was rough on the one who was caught. One time there was an Englishman who deliberately got himself caught so that everyone else would have a chance to get their stuff in. I can't remember what we were trying to get in.

There were stacks of material on the dock. Once something was unloaded from the cars it would be several days before the Japs would get it onto trucks to ship it out. We would hide things among the most recently unloaded stacks. One time the crew I was in stole a large sack of sugar. It was a 100 kilo sack, 220 lbs. Their sugar is almost powdered, finer than granulated, and not mixed with starch to keep it from sticking, so it would stick together, which made it very nice to steal. We hid the sugar in with a whole lot of lumber that had just been unloaded. It had been there for maybe a week or so and every day we would get a little bit, eat it, and take some back into camp. After a while the Japs started moving the stack of lumber and we had to get rid of the rest of that sugar. We had eaten only about half of it. We had to get rid of the rest of it. They were very sticky about sugar because that was a commodity they didn't get very much of. We ate all we possibly could as quickly as we could, enough so that we would get ourselves sick, vomit, and go back and eat some more. I was absolutely sick of sugar by the time we finished. In fact, it was several years after I got back before I could eat sugar or anything sweet. Everyone was very curious why I didn't like sweet things. I couldn't even eat the icing on a cake. We would take a clean pair of socks (I still have a pair) fill it with sugar, take it to the benjo and dump it. It was absolutely heartbreaking, all that good food going down the benjos,

but it was the only way to be safe. We were still taking some of it back but not nearly as much as we wanted to. We told other people where the sugar was hidden so they could get some back in, too, but by the time we got to the point where the lumber was almost gone, there were about 20 to 25 lbs of sugar still there, and we had to get rid of it plus the burlap sack it was in. That went to the benjo as well.

The Koreans hated the Japs at least as much as we did. We got along very well with the Koreans because they were in essentially the same boat we were. I don't know where they went at night. They were lined up and marched off the same as we were, to trucks. But they didn't sleep anywhere near the railroad yard.

The Taiwanese were not prisoners at all; they served as guards.

There were several railroad yards we worked in. The one I was just referring to was called Onagigawa and it handled mostly fruit, canned goods, yard goods, furniture, rolls of paper. Once there was a shipment of perfectly good whisky. We got hold of some of that and we filled our canteens with it. Sometimes they searched our canteens and sometimes they didn't. This time we were lucky. We split it among the others. We couldn't keep it for long because the odor is so distinctive that the Japs would have found it. We gave a lot of it to people who were sick.

They also shipped things like coal, salt, alcohol in five-gallon tins. This was almost pure alcohol, 95%. When you swallowed it, it burned all the way down. After the first one, though, it didn't make any difference. Diluted a little bit with water it became drinkable. If we happened to get tangerines at the same time as the alcohol we would mix them and it made a wonderful drink. Once in a while we got hold of some apples and we used apple juice to mix with the alcohol. I don't know what the Japs used it for but I think it was fuel for the trucks, but all the trucks I saw ran on charcoal.

One time I became very greedy and I had been able to steal a couple of eggs. Eggs were something that the Japs just never got enough of. In fact, I don't believe an adult Jap got any eggs at all. It had to be a sick child, then they could get an egg once in a while. But in the car we were unloading there were some eggs. I put one in each one of the breast pockets of the shirt I was wearing. I mentioned I was wearing two pairs of trousers; I also wore two pairs of shirts, because the pockets came in very handy, and also the fact that then the belt was tight around my waist and it was handy to put things between the shirt and my skin, and leave the outside shirt hanging loose so it didn't show too many bulges. With the eggs in my pockets, I got greedy and I stole a couple carrots. I was caught with the carrots. The Fu man stood me up and poked at me with his Fu stick. They were called Fu men because they wore arm bands with the sign of Fu on it. The Fu stick, as we called it, was a club that they carried. The Fu men were Manchurian veterans acting as guards. Anyway he was jabbing at me with his Fu stick and unfortunately he broke both of those eggs. Somehow or other he was so angry he never noticed that the eggs were broken. However, I did because they were running down on the inside. The cloth of the shirt wasn't enough to hold it in, so it was dripping, and fortunately it didn't show through. I never have been unable to understand how he was so oblivious to the fact that he had broken those eggs. I was fortunate, but I still didn't get the carrots. He took the carrots and stomped them and smashed them on the floor. Then when we went to get on the truck he didn't

bother to search me again, which made me very unhappy because I could have taken some of the other stuff back into the camps if I had known he wasn't going to search me again.

Among the food that we did not have to steal was a batch of pork that we got. The Japs were very unhappy over some of the stuff that had to be wasted because it was rotten, so rotten that nobody could eat it. So they brought in a couple of pigs, a sow with about four or five shoats. They were going to feed those off the scraps. But they lasted about a month or six weeks and then they died of malnutrition, so we ate them. The Japs didn't want them; that's the only reason we got them.

Once in a while we would get a little bit of strands of meat in the soup. It was boiled until it was falling apart, and then everybody could get some. Once in a very long while we would get a piece of fish. It would be about 1/4" thick and perhaps 1" square. That would usually be in our bento box, for those who were working. Those who were not working outside the camp would not get any of the extras from the Japs, the dried fish, the salted plums, the pickled eggplant and radish, that type of thing.

On the other side, away from the barracks, the Japs built a couple more barracks. We didn't know at the time, but it turned out they were for some other prisoners that were being brought in. One of the groups was Javanese and Dutch. They kept them totally separate from the rest of us. Eventually they also brought in a bunch of Navy Italians. When the Italians quit the war they were given a choice of either continuing on with the Nazis or going to prison. Most of them took the prison. Some, I think, probably went to the Nazis, but they had an admiral who definitely did not like the Nazis, and he was a subject of the king and was not going to swear allegiance to anyone else. He was the highest-ranking officer of that group but he stayed strictly to himself.

We didn't like the Javanese very much and didn't have much use for them. There were about five Dutch prisoners kept in with the Javanese. There was a Dutch doctor and several officers. The Javanese were not very clean, that was the main thing we didn't like about them. I mean, we were dirty, really filthy, but they were more so. They were called the 111 boys, because they used no toilet paper. They would use their fingers instead and then they would wipe their fingers on the wall of the latrines, and left three marks, like a 111. That was where they got the name. From what I understand, they would have a bucket of water and they would dip their fingers in that and then wipe themselves, and then dry their fingers on the wall. I never went with them in the latrine, so I don't know for sure, but I did go into their latrines from time to time, because I was detailed to.

We were issued a batch of toilet paper about every 10, 20, 30 days. Those toilet paper sheets were about 6 or 8 inches square and they were very, very coarse. They were really still raw wood. We used to tear it into four pieces to stretch it out. They were small pieces, but they worked. Better than using the Javanese system.

Once every ten days we were issued one razor blade for every ten men. I would get a shave one time during that ten days, and it left my face pretty raw. Consequently I had a beard. I swore I would never have a beard again. A beard that is ten days old is not very pleasant to have.

The spigots on the washstands were made entirely of wood.

We were allowed to write out but I don't remember ever getting any mail in. I do remember when I got back that Bernard told me that they had sent a package to me, but I never did get the package. We were allowed a letter out about every week to ten days. My parents saved every one of my letters. Mail sent to Japan had to be on special forms. They specified "Limit mail to Japan to 24 words. Type or block print only. Do not write in script." That is very similar to the instructions that we had for sending mail.

There was one man who got a postcard from his former fiancee, who said that she did not want to be engaged to a coward so she was breaking it off.

On Hollywood Boulevard there was a bar that was known as the longest bar in the world. A postcard from that bar showed it very heavily loaded with all sorts of food. Everything imaginable was loaded on that bar. One man got that postcard from a friend, if you want to call him a friend, who had written on the message side "Hope you like rice." I don't know that they stayed friends after that. We got a big bang out of it, but I don't think he did.

One of the things we did receive from time to time were Red Cross parcels. Mostly we never got a whole parcel to ourselves. That was out of the question. I understand that prisoners in Germany and Italy did get one every week to themselves. We got one about every Japanese holiday, and it was divided among anywhere from five to ten men. We got part of one on the Emperor's birthday, Christmas, and Easter. There was a big difference between the British parcels and the American. The British ones had one or two cans of meat or fish, one of vegetables, one of curried mutton. The American ones almost always had a can of corned beef, a can of Spam, a can of Klim (powdered whole milk), a small can of peanut butter, a small can of cheese, a can of butter, a very small can of jam, a couple of little cans of crackers which were supposed to be loaded with vitamins. There was one chocolate bar, similar to chocolate flavored paraffin. It wasn't too bad, it just took a long time to chew and swallow. It was called Tropical Chocolate. There was a slab of some kind of fruit bar, about the size of a pack of cigarettes. There were four packs of cigarettes and four books of matches. Unfortunately, the Japs took the matches. I don't know how they expected us to light the cigarettes. What we did to light them was to find a piece of flint and steel in the junkyard. There was lots of flint on the ground there. We would get a piece of cloth and set it on fire with the flint and steel. When it burned down to charcoal then we would cap the tin, close it, and then we would have the charcoal in the tin. Then when we wanted a cigarette we would light a spark into that, it would glow and we would light a cigarette from that. There was a packet of sugar cubes, and a can of coffee, Nescafe. There was a can of sardines or in some cases tuna or salmon.

When we had to split a parcel we would either all gather together and eat the package communally, or we split it up by dealing a deck of cards or dice and come up with a system for dividing it by gambling. If someone didn't like the system they could go join another group. We tried to keep the men who were working together in a group.

Some of the men worked at Onakigawa, the primary freight depot. Shiyodome was another freight yard but it handled almost wholly food or clothing. There was another one that handled a lot of dried coconut. Some people came back from that detail smelling just like coconut. They

would bring coconut back with them, and the Japs didn't seem to mind, so everyone was able to get coconut. We would have to trade for it, of course. The coconut would create large quantities of gas, so the Japs didn't want to get near us for a while.

Towards the end of our time at Omori we were finally able to get a little more solid stool, and we could get a little bit farther away from the latrines at that point.

We also worked at the docks unloading coal and salt in bulk from the holds. When we finished unloading coal we would be covered with the coal dust. On the ship we wore only sandals because it would be impossible to get clothes clean afterwards. So the Japs would march us down the streets of Tokyo to a bathhouse maybe a mile or two from the docks. They would kick everybody who was in there out, then we would go in, wash, and get out again, still naked and go back to where the trucks were waiting for us. All the Japs would stand around watching us, laughing and pointing at us. After a while it got to where it made no difference to us. We simply ignored them.

One day while we were walking back to the trucks, there was a fire that had broken out in a house two or three blocks away, off to the side. The Japs ran us over there to try to help put the fire out. We passed buckets of water, but that was all we could do, and it wasn't much. The Japs had some of the most antiquated firefighting equipment imaginable. In order to get any motorized equipment going, they had to wait until the wood chips they were using had generated enough gas for the engines to turn over. Other than that, they were pushed along the streets to where they could load up with water, then they were pushed to the fire. By that time the engine might have started, and then they could use the pump on the engine to pump the water.

Sometimes we unloaded rice from the ships. They came in rice straw bags which weighed about 50 kilos each. The rice would be loaded on the nets, then the nets would be swung over the side and dumped onto a lighter and then taken ashore where another group of prisoners would take it off the lighter onto the dock. From the dock it would be loaded onto trucks by yet another group of prisoners, and then eventually taken to a railroad yard and unloaded into boxcars, all by prisoners. All of this was not necessarily on the same day.

Sometimes we unloaded scrap iron, copper. These were the Mitsubishi docks. Once in a while we would go to the Mitsubishi shipyards to work.

Also, once in a while we went to the Mitsubishi sugar warehouse, which was inside the camp. There was a standard group of prisoners who usually worked there, and they didn't like to get any other prisoners in there because it cut down on the amount of sugar they could steal. The Jap sugar was not quite like our powdered sugar and not like granulated sugar. It could be molded like clay and it was sort of damp. It would fit very nicely against any part of the body, so it was fairly easy to get back into the camp, even though we were searched.

There was a warehouse inside the camp where the Japs stored things, including Red Cross parcels, sugar, etc. One time the Japs discovered that some of the sugar that had been shipped in by the Red Cross for distribution to the prisoners, but never distributed of course, was

missing from the warehouse. They conducted a search of the entire camp. In the midst of the search they came across a whole bunch of the sugar that had been stolen from the Mitsubishi warehouse. The men told the Japs that this wasn't the Red Cross sugar, it was from the Mitsubishi warehouse, so the Japs ignored it and kept on looking for the Red Cross sugar. During the middle of the night sometime, it suddenly occurred to the Japs that the prisoners shouldn't have had the Mitsubishi sugar either. They woke us all up and wanted to know where that sugar was and, of course, by that time it couldn't be found. They were very unhappy, lined us up outside, and searched high and low for it. They turned the whole camp out, stark naked in the cold. They finally gave up searching, about time for daybreak, and let us go.

In the barracks we were divided by partitions into groups. I was surrounded by Texans. I never got so sick and tired of hearing "Beautiful, beautiful, Texas, the land where the blue bonnets grow, the land of our forefathers, who fought at the Alamo..." See, I can still remember it, that's how often I heard it.

I think the Japs thought there was a hidden message from the Red Cross in the decks of cards the Red Cross provided, so they wouldn't give them to us. Some people were able to make cards from the containers that came with the Red Cross parcels. They would collect enough pieces of cardboard to make a deck. They lasted long enough that by the time one set wore out there was enough cardboard to make another deck. The game played mostly was cribbage, which was where I learned how to play. There was a sailor there who was a little bit older than most of us, so we called him Pappy. He was a very good cribbage player. We also played dominoes, and I also learned to play that in the camp. The dominoes were made of pieces of wood that somebody had laboriously collected and shaped by rubbing them on a stone. They were practically equal in size. They were marked with a pencil. After a while someone would always have the little imperfections on each piece memorized and they would be able to cheat very successfully. This wasn't a particular problem since we had nothing to gamble for.

We were paid, strangely enough, ten sen a day. It takes 100 sen to make a yen. The Japs ran a canteen in the camp. We never got the money, but they brought the payroll in and whoever happened to be in the barracks signed for everybody. One time the Japs complained that everyone's signature looked alike, and the fellow explained it away by saying "Well, certainly, everybody uses the same pen." That satisfied them for quite a while. Finally one of them got smart and after that a Jap came into the camp and watched everybody sign for his pay. We would get our pay three months at a time. The only things in the canteen were some red pepper and a bundle of tea bags. The tea bags were made of paper and once you put it in the water the paper disintegrated, so then it was loose tea. The paper had a horrible taste to it so we took the tea out of the bag before we brewed it. We could get no sugar. We could get a sort of a paste that was kind of sweet and was something like marzipan. The first few months we could buy a fairly sweet roll. The flour had weevils in it, which was why they let us have them, but after they were baked, you couldn't tell the difference between a nut and a weevil. There was a little bit of something that looked like a bean and it was sweet. They charged exorbitant prices, of course.

Along about a month or two before Tokyo was burned we got a whole bunch of books and records, together with a record player. This was very surprising, since usually they did things

like they gave us tennis racquets but no ball, and they gave us badminton birds but no racquets, things of that sort. We also got a bunch of baseball gloves but no baseball. We eventually got one baseball for the 300-400 of us. We also got a bunch of wartime paperbacks. One book in particular that I remember was called, I think "Song of Bernadette." They were rationed out at the library. I think for all of us we had maybe 50 books, but that was all right because a large number of the limeys didn't read, and the Dutch and Italians didn't read English very well, except for a few highly educated Dutch.

At first when we got to Japan they let us have newspapers, I think the Nippon Times. That was one of the few papers that was in English. Every now and then there would be something in there they didn't want us to see so they would come through after they had distributed the papers, and pick them up and collect them. We would get one or two papers for each barracks. One of the things we were very careful to do was to cut one up into very small pieces and hide each piece separately, so if they did get part of it they wouldn't get it all. Then after it was safe we would put it all together again, like a jigsaw puzzle. One time they came through before we had a chance to do that and they were very anxious to get it, so we never did find out that time what it was they didn't want us to see.

Among the various articles we collected were some that were hilarious. One was about a Japanese pilot who ran out of ammunition and was able to bring down an American plane by throwing his rice ball at it, which apparently got mixed up in the propeller and wrecked the plane. Another very interesting article was where the Japanese had a tremendous victory at Midway, after we surrendered, of course. In fact, almost every time they claimed a great victory anywhere, we knew for a fact that they had lost a large amount of planes, ships, and people. It became a good way for us to judge how the war was going. We knew they were lies because their "victories" kept getting closer and closer to Japan. If they had been getting closer to somewhere like Australia, we might have been worried. One of the men had an old atlas, something like "Goode's Scholastic Atlas." The book had to be taken apart and each page given to a different person in order to keep it out of the hands of the Japs.

There are several parts of the body that are very painful when they are swollen with beriberi. The most painful was the genitals, so much so that you really couldn't touch them at all, or anywhere in that area. People would simply scream if anyone even came close. The next most painful was the stomach. If you were swollen up just the mere thought that somebody might jostle you would be enough to elicit a scream of pain. Then there was what the British called electric feet, and we called hot feet. This was always at night that your feet became very painful, so that some people would get a pail or some container and put cold water in it and soak their feet in it just to cool them off from that hot, hot sensation. Sometimes it would affect their hands. Many people lost toes or fingers to frostbite from the very cold water, and this was in winter. One man lost one foot back to his ankle and the other foot about halfway to his ankle. I was fortunate in that I developed hot feet but they weren't nearly so bad as that.

In Las Vegas or Reno around 1989 or 1990 at an ex-POW convention, I got hot feet again. They come around and feed you those very weak drinks constantly. I had been playing the slot machines for a couple hours and kept drinking. I had been warned by Dr. North that I could not drink alcohol if I expected to be able to walk. I didn't even consider those drinks because they were so weak, but when we got to the room and I tried to sleep, I couldn't. My feet were

hurting so much I couldn't even close my eyes. We finally figured out it was the drinks. I must have had eight to ten or so of those drinks. I couldn't stand to have anything on my feet, even the covers. That was the only possible explanation.

It went back to right after we were married that I developed these hot feet, and that was because I was drinking quite a bit then, but I didn't know it was the alcohol causing it. I still can't drink very much. In fact, Colonel North limited me to one drink a day, and that's what I've been having at the most. I also now take B vitamins, but there are times when my feet hurt regardless. I don't know what causes it and no one seems to know. Early on after the war when I tried to find out what was happening with my feet, they sent me to a psychiatrist, and he only wanted to know about my sex life. This was when we lived in Baltimore, and I was first married. As I remember, Dr. North was at the station hospital at Fort Muehlenberg, Maryland. We found that we had both been in the Philippines, and he was having the same kind of problem with his hands that I was having with my feet. We got together and had a nice long talk and he then told me what the cause was. He gave me this huge amount of vitamin complex, four boxes of 25 bottles, each of which contained something like 100 pills of B vitamins. I took, instead of the normal one a day, ten pills three times a day until the first box was gone. After that I cut it back to one pill three times a day. When I finished what he had given me, I couldn't convince any other doctor to give me the vitamins in that quantity, and apparently Dr. North had not made any kind of notation in my records about it, because he wasn't the doctor who was supposed to be taking care of me. I never was able to get another doctor to prescribe them for me. I had to go out and buy them, which I did gladly, and still do. Many years later when I started having problems with my feet again, I started taking more vitamins. Eventually I was prescribed Tegretol. That has made quite a difference; my feet aren't quite so tender, but I still take the vitamins. The whole thing made my wife pretty unhappy, since she had cold feet, and she couldn't get her feet and my feet together because my feet were so tender.

I also had a similar problem in my fingertips, but that was from the chilblains. That seems to be a common problem in anyone who has been frostbitten. My feet were never frostbitten. The Tegretol has gotten rid of the problem in my hands, and I have very little problem in my feet now. It wasn't designed for that, though.

One time on a trip away from home I hadn't taken enough of one of the medicines. I could not convince the doctor I saw that I needed this medicine, and he would not renew my prescription even to give me enough to hold me until I could get back to American Lake. When I got back I went to see the director of American Lake and complained to him.

Early morning was the most peaceful time in the camp. By 1 o'clock or so the guards were too tired and sleepy to make life miserable for the men in the barracks. One morning was different, though. It seemed that the camp had just settled down when guards came through rousing the men. In the distance we heard the faint sound of sirens, coming closer and louder by the minute. Then thin shafts of light appeared one after another, most blooming into pillows as they lit the clouds. Then, from far off and faintly, the sounds of explosions as anti-aircraft artillery fired, followed by the secondary, fainter sounds as the shells burst.

As all this was going on, the guards hustled the men into the huge shallow covered pits dug into the sand of the island. These pits were supposed to serve as air raid shelters but since they were left uncovered and the island was only a few feet above sea level, there was always water in the bottom of the pits. Consequently, as the guards went from pit to pit, the men left just as quickly as the guards were out of sight and went back into the barracks where it was more comfortable. From past experience the men knew that the guards would be in their own well-constructed shelters and would not come back to check on us. The guards were gone until the all-clear sounded. Then they would come back and take their revenge for the air raid.

The first faint orange glow finally appeared in the sky near the horizon. Then came the rumble of engines. At first it was faint. Then the noise came from nowhere and from everywhere, from the air, from the ground, in front, in back, and from all sides. Finally, a few miles away, a searchlight picked up a plane. Almost as one, the men on the ground groaned. Despite the anti-aircraft fire, the plane came on. Finally, as the plane neared the camp, the men gasped in disbelief. The plane was not alone! There were three, six, no, nine of them flying at no more than 1000-1500 feet. They were the largest planes we had ever seen. The men got very excited. Flight after flight of the big planes now came overhead. The orange glow, at first far away, came closer to the camp. Flames, red and orange, lit the sky and revealed what seemed to be hundreds of the planes. The sky was filled with them.

The men could see, coming from the bellies of the planes, what looked like 55-gallon drums tumbling end over end as they fell. A few hundred feet above the ground they would burst apart with a faint burp sound and scatter long silvery tubes in all directions. Wherever a tube landed there was a raging fire in just a few minutes.

Now, about three hours after the first sirens, the fires had reached the city just across the canal from the camp. It was light, but not daylight. The men's constant cheering as the planes flew by, the bombs dropped, and the fires started, had made their voices hoarse. The next day, there were few who could speak above a whisper.

Finally, the planes disappeared. The men wandered around the camp, no thought for the guards, half of whom had been taken from the camp during the raid. Smoke was everywhere.

The guards were not their normal selves after a raid. There were no thrusts with a rifle butt or bayonet, no wild swinging of sabers, no indiscriminate clubbings. They seemed subdued, solemn, and dispirited.

As I said, that was a beautiful sight. It was so bright that if we had had a newspaper we could have read it without any other light. It was a bright orange light. It was really an amazing sight. If you looked in the direction of Tokyo, which was just across the canal from Omori, you could see the flames coming through the smoke. We did get a pretty good laugh out of their pitiful attempts at putting the fire out. Their fire equipment, as I mentioned, consisted of some hand-drawn carts with a tank on it to hold water. A crew of about four to eight pushed and pulled the cart through the streets to the fire. When they got there, the pump was manned by all eight, like a railroad pump cart. Even their fire engines had to be pushed for quite a while until the engine got enough wood vapor to get started, and then it could be driven by engine power. They also had bucket brigades, maybe at least 100 to 150 yards or more long, and passed

buckets hand to hand to the fire. At that point there weren't many people left in Tokyo who were able to do that kind of work, so they were pulling people from all over to fight the fire.

The day after, the camp cooks were called into the kitchen and the men were given about half of the usual ration. We were then lined up and marched over the bridge into the city. We were astonished at the damage. It seemed that nothing had been left unburned. Here and there a wall or a corner of a brick building still stood. Everywhere was the odor of burnt wood, hot metal and, frequently, burnt meat. We remembered that there were old men and woman, children and babies who had lived there. We were put to work cleaning debris from the streets. Towards the end of 1945 (May), after Tokyo was bombed into extinction, and that was a beautiful sight, they split us up into smaller groups. One fairly large group went to the camp at Simenagawa. The small group of about 250 that I was in went to Sendai, actually Wakasennin Sendai Camp D-10. Then about 100 or fewer went to another camp Shiyabara (Shiyodomi). A group stayed at Omori, and one group stayed at the shipyards, which was very unpleasant because there were so many rotting bodies around. Omori was surrounded by water, too, and there were a bunch of rotting bodies that washed up on the banks there, too. They were from the bombing of Tokyo. Omori became practically uninhabitable because of the bodies. The Japs just pushed them off into the bay and hoped, I guess, that the fish would eat them. I don't think a single body was brought on shore, at least while I was there. It started about two days after Tokyo was burned.

As the bombing of Tokyo became very intense, the Japs kept asking us what they were doing. So we told them all about the B29s, what we knew, and we told them that there was an even bigger plane and they should be watching out for it. That was the B92. That was the B29 backwards but they didn't figure that out. We told them that it was run on charcoal like their trucks. They believed us. We also told them it had an armament besides the bombs, of small cannon. This was true of the B29s, but we didn't know that. We told them the cannon were automatic and had all sorts of dangerous things that they were armed with and they really should be careful of the B92s because they were so much bigger and had so much more armament than the B29s. They drank it all in.

Omori now has a grandstand on it for viewing hydroplane races on the bay.

At Sendai there was an iron smelter with three electric furnaces where we were put to work. The fuel was charcoal, which was mixed with the iron ore in the furnace. Air was blown through to heat it up and the iron would separate from the slag. It came out the bottom of the furnace into a mold. Those pieces would be loaded onto railroad flatcars and shipped to the steel mill. In July one of the groups of men, and fortunately nobody knew who they were, managed to blow up one of the furnaces. I say fortunately because then we couldn't be forced to tell who they were. It not only blew up the one they tried to blow up, but the ones on either side, so all three of the furnaces were out of commission for a week or ten days, which made the Japs very unhappy, and of course we all cheered. We weren't sure how it was done.

One time at a convention, a man came up to me and said something like, "There's the man who ruined my leg!" What happened was that somehow one of the pigs was dropped on my foot, which gave me a broken bone in my foot. I was relieved from that detail for a while. Another man took my place, which he said was the cause of his having something go wrong with his leg,

and so he blamed me for the whole thing. I couldn't remember him at all until he told me the story again.

One man had broken his leg on the job. Unfortunately he lived on the upper floor, so everyone for a long time was carrying his food up there for him and doing everything they could to make him comfortable. When the bombing raid started, he was one of the first ones down into the shelter on the side of the barracks. He was quicker on his feet than most of us were. After that, he had to get his own food.

At Sendai we were weighed almost every week. We were losing weight at such a rate that somebody came up with the saying "Frisco dive in '45" and then everyone would yell back "Or stiff as sticks in '46." Everybody would laugh like that was funny, even though it was true. We figured that if we didn't get home by the end of the year, we would simply have disappeared, we were losing weight so fast.

The deaths had pretty much leveled off from the time we left Shinagawa until the end of the war. At Omori we had a maximum of about one death every month or so. At Sendai there was one death the whole time we were there. But we were certainly approaching the point where the deaths would be at a much higher rate, because we weren't getting enough food. At first we got a bowl of rice and barley twice a day, and a small cup of soy beans in the evening. In the morning we had the usual miso soup. As the Japanese defeat became a certainty, we started to receive only a rice bowl of rice, barley and beans mixed, and at the end it wasn't even a full bowl. Actually, I guess the Japs didn't have the food, because when the war ended we took over their warehouse in the village of Wakasennin and there wasn't much there. There were some beans and some rice in 50-kilo sacks. I can't think of anything else.

I know that when we went out on the job we would walk to some railroad cars, and then ride the cars to the job site at the smelter. On the way to the railroad cars, we passed an area of wild rhubarb (which is why I can't stand rhubarb to this day) and wild asparagus and a couple other plants. We would pick them and either eat them on the job or take them back to the camp. That was the only supplement we got to the issued ration, which was not very much. After we took over the warehouse there was a lot more for us to eat, but a lot less for the Japs. I really felt kind of sorry for the Japs because they were in pretty sad shape too.

We worked three shifts a day at the smelter. The working shift would return, and only after all had been accounted for would the next shift be marched to the work site. The rail lines were bombed twice and the mill once, and always the planes bombed when we were in camp. Whether the pilots had information about our shifts or it was just a happy coincidence we never knew.

When the railroad was bombed the tracks were repaired almost the same day. But when the mill was bombed, about the beginning of August, it was never put back into operation. The Japs went up there to clean away debris, though. Toward the end of the clean-up, one of the Jap workers told us about the bombing at Hiroshima. "One plane, one bomb. No city. Japan is finished." This was in the Japanese local dialect and so we weren't sure we understood and couldn't ask for details. Eventually the Japanese interpreter gave us the same news,

accompanied by the usual comments about the unfair tactics the Americans had constantly used, what barbarians we were, etc. We finally believed him.

We had thought they were giving us the same line of bull we had been giving them about the B92. It wasn't until we got back to the camp and the commandant was berating us because we obviously had something to do with dropping that bomb on their homeland, that we decided it probably was true. We just didn't know how it could possibly be. After Japan surrendered, all the guards, except for the camp commandant, took off, including the Wily Bird. He had followed us, by the way, up to Sendai, and he disappeared along with all the guards and the interpreter. The interpreter was a black bastard who is the one who ended every set of rules with the statement "Anyone who foregoes these rules will be shooted to death by a bayoneted guard," which we thought was hilarious and we used to laugh every time, which made him madder and madder until finally at the end he was red with rage, which made us laugh even harder. He was Japanese, but very dark skinned. One of the things we found out was that underneath their clothing, most of the Japs had very light skin, almost pink.

There were many smaller fires and smaller bombings before that. In one of the bombings that we had an incendiary landed in the camp, but fortunately it landed right in the middle of the parade ground. We buried it in sand to let it burn itself out. They were about two feet long, multi-sided, and almost like an automobile flare except when they went off they would scatter stuff all over.

RELEASE

When the war ended we heard on the radio, the one the guards had had, that we were supposed to stay put until we were informed to get down into Sendai, and what day we were to leave. They mentioned all the camps except ours! We waited for a few days but then finally a lieutenant named Lucia and a sergeant decided to go into Sendai and see. After that we were mentioned on the radio, and we also had some drops. The camp was located about 40-50 feet from the edge of a very steep ravine, at the bottom of which was a fairly fast-flowing river.

When the planes came over and dropped stuff, they tried to drop it in the parade ground but it was just a little too close for them so occasionally they would land outside the compound. Sometimes they would land down in that ravine. Fortunately they missed the barracks. It was dropped in 55-gallon drums. In one case, in another camp, they dropped one through the roof of the barracks and killed a couple people inside. They had gone through all that crap for three and a half years and then were killed after the war ended. A group of people would go down the ravine to get what had dropped there, but many times the Japs had gotten there long before we were able to get there. We were pretty unhappy about that.

Anyway we got word back to Sendai that the things were landing in the ravine and so we would like for them to try to aim better. We got such things as clothing. We got fuel, jackets and trousers and shirts, shoes, socks. We also got hats, sweaters, everything imaginable.

For food we got K-rations. They came in packages about the size of a carton of cigarettes. In there is a small can of some kind of canned meat, a small package of crackers, a bar of candy and a bar of pressed fruit. There was chewing gum, cigarettes, matches, a knife, fork and spoon, a package of instant coffee, a packet of sugar and of creamer, toilet paper. We got those by the hundreds. We also got what was called 10-in-1 rations which had enough for ten people for one meal. You were supposed to add water and boil it on a little stove which was also dropped. There might be meat and potatoes and vegetables.

Finally, after a while we got tired of waiting for word to get down into Sendai. This next part may just be my imagination, because nobody else from that camp seems to remember this. But I seem to recall an attempt to get down into Sendai where we all got onto a train. One of the men claimed to know how to run the train and so he was put in charge. As it turned out, he knew very well how to get it started, he just didn't know how to stop. When we ran out of track because the rails hadn't been repaired, we ran off the track. It didn't turn over, it just stopped. We had to walk back to the camp and wait until we found a Japanese engineer who actually knew how to operate the trains. By that time the tracks had been repaired and we got into Sendai. When we got there we saw people who looked like Marines but who had peculiar green uniforms like the German gray-green that we had heard about, they had helmets that looked like German helmets. They had short carbines which we had never seen before. In fact, we thought they were Germans and we almost started the war over again because we had the rifles from the Jap guards at Omori and we weren't about to become prisoners again. Finally, as we were just about to start the war again, Lt. Lucia came running up the tracks and told us that these were Marines and we shouldn't shoot them.

Once off the train we got onto an amphibian landing craft and they took us out to a hospital ship which I believe, but am not sure, was the Rescue, or maybe the Benevolent. We got to Sendai on September 17, as I remember. The reason I remember that is that it was also Yom Kippur.

It wasn't that far to walk into Sendai; it would take about half a day, and some people did walk it. But there were many of us who just couldn't walk that far, and I was one of them. I was still having problems with my foot. When we went on board the hospital ship I was limping on board the ship. As soon as we got on board they took our blood pressure, temperature and those things, and it turns out they couldn't get a blood pressure reading on me, so they made me lie down on a litter. I was carried by a couple sailors and we were greeted by a whole bunch of nurses, one of whom was trying to get some blood out of me. She stuck me at least 14 times. She stopped after about seven or eight tries, took a break, and then kept on trying. Finally, she said "I don't think I can do this," and she went out the door and she got out in the fresh air and keeled over. I wasn't feeling anything; she just thought she was hurting me.

After that, somebody came in and got some blood from me, and then I got up and went to take a shower. They didn't particularly want me wandering around the ship the way I was, but I got my shower. They got rid of the clothing I had; I think they tossed it overboard. When I looked over the side of the ship the bay was littered with clothing, all clothing that the prisoners had been wearing.

I had carried from Omori all that money that I had stolen from the payroll. There were five of us, during one of the air raids in Tokyo, who made a detour going to the bomb shelter by going to the headquarters of the railroad, and on one of the tables there was a whole mess of money still neatly bound up in packages. As we were going through we scooped up a whole lot of it and then got one of the big bottles of ink and poured ink over all the rest of it. The Japs knew that it had to have been either Americans or Koreans who did it, so they created a whole mess of problems for us for a long time. In the meantime we had taken the money into one of the bomb shelters on the railroad ground and had stashed it inside. We were able to keep the knowledge of that away from even the other prisoners, because we didn't trust them either. We didn't trust anybody, not with that kind of money. As it turned out, we each had about a million yen. We found out later that it could have been exchanged on the hospital ship for 15 to one, which would have been a lot of money. Unfortunately before we left Wakasenin, I and the other men had taken the money, broken the bands, stuck it down in the benjos and stirred it up very thoroughly so that the Japs couldn't use it. The only thing I kept was one bill of each denomination. Then, when we got up to Sendai, that's all I had. It really hurt me to find that when I got on board the hospital ship, one of the first things I saw was a desk with an officer sitting behind it exchanging yen at the rate of 15 to 1, no questions asked. That really hurt.

We had used some of the money, using it to light cigarettes and things like that. We also had some tobacco that we had stolen, and made cigarettes or cigars with it. The papers we used were from some Bibles. The paper was good quality and it made good cigarettes.

After we had showers, with lots of clean, hot water and lots of soap, and had clean uniforms on, we were taken to the dining room and we were allowed to order anything we wanted to eat. I don't know what other people had but my first meal consisted of a big can, about a quart, of

orange juice. Then I had a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon, a loaf of bread, and a can of butter. The butter had the consistency of Velveeta cheese; I'm sure it would never melt. It was also almost impossible to spread. The bread came in 2-lb round loaves. There was milk in pitchers on the table. I got about halfway through those eggs, scrambled by the way, bacon, and bread, and my stomach revolted. I vomited all that I had eaten. They took everything I hadn't eaten and tossed it away, which really hurt because it was a crime to throw food away. It still is, to my mind. But after that I went back to the dining hall and this time I was a little more cautious and so I ordered four eggs, and bacon, bread, butter, jam and milk. After that I got a big dish of ice cream.

After that we were taken to another room where we were interviewed to find out what we wanted to do, where we wanted to go, what had happened to us. I gave as much as I could in the way of information, which I found out later was not nearly enough, but at the time it was sufficient. They wanted to know all the little details of what happened to us, what we did, what the Japs did. As far as I was concerned, the fact that I was out of their hands and on that ship was enough. It later turned out that as far as the VA was concerned, the information I gave was too skimpy, and it took a lot of explanation four or five or six months later, about April or May 1946. At that time, of course, they wouldn't believe me. It would have been much better to have gotten it right the first time they asked. It was too skimpy because I was claiming disability, and they said, well you didn't say anything about that the first time, why are you claiming it now? The only explanation that I had was that I didn't think of it then, and besides I wasn't interested in it then, I was just interested in getting back home and getting discharged. That didn't sit very well with them and they denied everything. Some people were a lot smarter than I was, they gave a lot more detailed information, and they had no trouble with the VA.

After the interview, early in the afternoon, as far as I was concerned it was time to eat again. We went back to the mess hall and this time we had lunch. I remember that part of the lunch was a steak, and more ice cream.

After that we went to get loaded onto the ship that was going to take us to Yokohama. It was a tank landing ship, LST. It is flat-bottomed which made it very rocky. At Yokohama we didn't go on shore. They put us directly onto a passenger ship, I think it was an LSV (V for vehicle) but it also had a large area for troops where we went. The vehicle area was empty. We thought we would be going directly home, but we stayed at Yokohama for at least overnight, I think a couple of days. We got off the ship for a short time because we received word of a typhoon that was hitting. Then they put us on another ship, a troop carrier. We ate K-rations on shore and we could have as many as we wanted. I ate two of them and then took another just to have in case they didn't feed us again. But that wasn't something I had to worry about because they weren't about to let us go hungry now.

There were a bunch of Jap ex-soldiers doing a lot of labor on shore and they were very friendly. Most Japs were very friendly at that time. I guess they finally realized that the war had been lost and they couldn't be such bastards any more.

After the typhoon passed, in two or three days, we got underway. The sailors on the troop carrier were very curious about us. One of the problems that we had was that we had picked up a lot of Jap words so when we talked we were using half Jap and half English, so they couldn't

understand us and we couldn't figure out why they were so damned stupid. They showed us some of the brand-new weapons that they had. They showed us a "grease gun" which was a 45 caliber submachine gun, with a magazine of about 25 rounds. They also showed us the Carvings (?) which we had never seen before.

We told them some of what had happened to us, some of which I'm sure they didn't believe. We got to Manila in a few days, I don't remember how many. In Manila we were trucked to a place just outside Manila, about 20-25 miles, to the 29th Replacement Depot. There we had the run of the place, and in fact we were told we could do anything and everything we were strong enough to do which, in some cases, led to some extremely excessive acts on the part of some people. One of the men saw a group of Jap prisoners working and he talked one of the guards into letting him look at a grease gun he was carrying. As soon as he got it he aimed it at the Jap prisoners and opened fire. Before they could take it away he hit several prisoners. That was a rotten thing to do no matter how rotten the Japs had been.

A lot of us, including me, took off for Manila. I found a ride with a truck. First of all I wanted to find the Hellmans. At that time I couldn't find them. The Hellmans were a family who had befriended every Jew in Manila before the war and I wanted to see how they had fared. I did find them later on, on one of my other trips into Manila. I don't know the father's name but the Japs had bayoneted him. He was recovering still at the end of the war. There were three children, one of them named Sigmund, a daughter one or two years younger, and another daughter about 7 or 8 at that time.

The Red Cross set up stations all throughout the 29th Replacement Depot and anytime we wanted to we could go there and get coffee, doughnuts, peanuts, candy bars, anything else we wanted that they had. The mess hall operated 24 hours a day and we could go to the mess hall and get anything they had any time of the day or night. A lot of people made themselves sick by eating so much. I was very near to doing the same thing myself and if it hadn't been for the fact that I was still trying to locate the people I had known before the war, by going into Manila so frequently, I probably would have done exactly the same thing. But these people were so nice to me before the war that I just had to find out what had happened to them.

The Hellmans were refugees. The father had been in the Austrian army when Hitler took over and as a Jew, of course, he was not welcome at all. He immediately picked up his family and left and went to Czechoslovakia. Then when the Germans took over it they escaped again, this time to China and hooked up with the White Russian colony of Jews there. From there they went to Shanghai, I think, and when the Japs got there they went to Manila. The father's name was August and in Manila he established a catering business. He became so successful that he had a contract with the officer's clubs all throughout the islands. He was a baker primarily but he also did other cooking. He had a whole crew of Filipinos he had trained. In fact, during the war when he could still do something, he had a code name of "chocolate cake." He was noted for his chocolate cake. It was probably a very poor choice of code name. He needed a code name because he was supplying the prisoners with food and medical supplies and also he was trying to operate a radio, sending information to the Americans down south, which is why the Japs were so unhappy with him. He also supplied information to the guerrillas. That's why he was bayoneted. The family was broken up for quite a while and then finally, just before the war ended, they were able to get together again.

There was a bar mitzvah for his son and he put on a tremendous feast, with every food you could imagine. The two families, the Hellmans and the Bachrechs, provided transportation for all of us Jews in all the companies, to get to the bar mitzvah. That was the last really good meal I had before the war started.

There was another family named Bachrech. Before the war they had an automobile agency. Of course, during the war the Japs confiscated everything they had in the way of rolling stock and they were pretty much ruined during the war. They were Americans; I think they were from Los Angeles. They had been in the Philippines for a long time. I didn't know them as well as the Hellmans. There were eight to ten large Jewish families there who took in pretty much all the Jews in the Philippines for the high holidays and other occasions.

After the war started I lost contact with all of the Jewish families. There was no rabbi there so we had lay persons conducting services. There was a temple in Manila and we all went there for services. Most of the Jews there were either conservative or orthodox. One of the Jews there was named Gartner; he was a photographer and he died in prison. One was the man who sent the last message off Corregidor; he made it home.

When I went into Manila I went with Tom O'Shea. I think that Tom later convinced himself that our experiences were more elaborate and exciting than they were, and he made us into heroes, which certainly was not the case. Tom and I bunked in the same tent at the 29th Replacement Depot.

During our search for the Hellmans we went looking for Tom Dixie's kitchen. Tom Dixie was a colored man who had retired from the army and set up a restaurant in Manila which served delicious meals. We went looking for it and found it had become a bar and Tom Dixie was nowhere around. The store had no front to it. It had very small round tables with four stools around each table. Tom and I went in and looked for anyone we knew. There wasn't anyone we knew, and there wasn't anyplace to sit. But there was a table with only two people, so we asked if we could join them. They said sure, so we sat down and we started asking each other questions. One of the questions we asked them was what they did during the war. One told us that both of them drove ducks. Tom and I looked at each other and started laughing hysterically because we could just imagine somebody in the army driving a herd of ducks down the street, and they couldn't understand why we were laughing. When we told them why we were laughing, they told us that the ducks they drove were actually ships that went from ship to shore carrying supplies and people to unload the ships. They had a hard time understanding why we didn't know what a duck was, but we had uniforms with nothing on them, no insignia at all. At that time Tom was a staff sergeant and I was a buck sergeant, but they couldn't tell anything about us from our uniforms. They asked us how long we had been there and we thought they meant right then, so we told them we had just arrived and been there for about four or five days. I guess they thought we were brand new recruits, so they started telling us what they had done to win the war. I can still remember how angry they were at our laughing because they thought they had won the war by driving ducks down the street somewhere. Finally the MPs came in; they saw us with our bare uniforms, and asked us for our passes. When the MPs saw our passes they became very respectful because, as I said, we were allowed to go anywhere and do anything that we were big and strong enough to do, and they were not very respectful to these two people we

were talking with. When the MPs left the men asked us who we were and after that they became much friendlier and a lot more respectful than they were before.

After a while we left and went back to the 29th Replacement Depot. How we got back is we saw a Jeep outside with the keys in it, and we simply took it and went back. Driving that Jeep we had no idea who had signed it out. When we got back we turned it over and we were told we shouldn't have done that.

Another time we went to Manila we made contact with some people in the transportation corps and they were running the trains and wanted to know who wanted a ride. Well, sure we would take a ride on the train. We'd do anything at that time. So we got in the cab of the engine with them. It was a very short train, about four or five cars, and we went up to Angeles. We had some whiskey and that was one of the times I became drunk. I remember getting to Angeles but I don't remember the ride back. I do remember when I got into the tent, I woke up on the wooden floor, shrouded in my mosquito bar. I was told by the people there that when I came in I had claimed I had the upper bunk on that train, and tried to climb into the mosquito bar which wouldn't hold me, and so I ended up on the floor.

Tom and I had become separated in the Philippines. When I arrived at the 29th Replacement Depot, Tom had been there several days before me. He had been AWOL several days because he was looking for people he knew. There was a routine everyone had to go through which was that they had two of the tents with stations set up so we went down one side of the tent and back up the other side. At each of these stations we received an injection, a shot, of some kind. At the last station we got a shot of whisky. They gave us a little shot glass. Tom and I both decided that wasn't enough so instead of reaching for the shot glass we reached for the bottle. We both had the same idea at the same time and we both reached for the same bottle. They didn't like the idea and tried to stop us but someone else, one of the corpsmen, reminded them that we could have anything we wanted, so they quit trying to stop and us and we each walked out of there with about half a bottle. Somehow or other we ended up in tents next to each other, so we simply picked up our belonging and moved to the same tent.

Sylvia's husband was on a hospital ship, in the Navy, in the harbor in Manila, so I visited him on the ship. Irving was an officer and I was enlisted, and he was questioned several times about why I was there, an enlisted man in the officer's mess. After they found out, they all crowded around and started asking me questions and I didn't have any time to talk with Irving. After a while we finally left and went somewhere we could talk. Irving was interested because he was something like an EMT so he was especially interested in the blindness I had had.

Eventually I decided it was time to report in to the shipping clerk to make arrangements to get back to the States. They had been wondering where I had disappeared to because I had missed two or three shipments by being AWOL. I had been back in the tent most nights so I don't know why they said I was AWOL, but they weren't very happy with me. Anyway, I ended up on a roster for a ship. The ships were a cross between a transport and a hospital ship because we were all considered to be sick. I think it was called the Maroon Shark. Before we got started the crew got drunk and let one of the boilers go dry, so for two or three days we were drifting, and there was very little hot water. Finally, the boiler was partially fixed and we got under way, but

very slowly. We went to Hawaii where we stayed for a few days while they did a good repair on the boiler. It turned out they changed our destination several times. We were first supposed to go to Seattle, then to San Pedro, then to San Francisco. Each time they notified our parents of the change so Mother and Dad went back and forth several times, up and down the coast, which depleted their gasoline ration stamps. Finally we were told we would go to San Francisco.
In the meantime I had been gaining weight at the rate of about 15 lbs a week, which necessitated brand new uniforms every week. They took the ones I had been issued and simply tossed them over the side and issued new ones. My shoe and hat size stayed the same.

Mother and Dad were there when I arrived and walked down the gangplank. When I arrived I looked so healthy that the only thing Mother could comment on was, she said "Look at that poor boy's shoes!" Mother was so disappointed that she had no reason to do anything special for me because I was so healthy-looking. Sylvia was there, Gus was there. I think they were the only ones but I can't remember for sure.

We were separated from our families and put on a bus and taken to an annex of Letterman General Hospital which had been Crissey Field. The family followed the bus and we all went together to the mess hall. We were separated again from the family to go through the chow line. I noticed that the people serving us were prisoners of war, Germans or Italians. I was given a spoonful of mashed potatoes and I wanted more so I motioned to the guy to give me more and he refused. I told him again and he refused, and again and he still refused. So I reached over the counter and I was going to get some on my own. He objected and was going to stop me, so I took my tray and hit him with it, which dumped food all over and created a commotion. When the commotion was finally settled I went through the line again and this time when I told him I wanted more potatoes, I got them. I had a very short temper at that time.

After eating we again joined our families and then had two or three hours together. They separated us again. Gus was at Treasure Island and he had to get back to his post. I think Sylvia took my parents back to her place in San Jose. We were again interviewed about what all had happened while we were prisoners and at that time I really had no particular interest in what they were after, so I made my answers as short as possible. In fact, I was getting anxious to get it over with, get out of the Army, and get back to what I was doing before.

We went back to the buses and back to Letterman. At that point it was about 5 o'clock. We were assigned a bed and given red hospital pajamas. I think that meant that we were dangerous and we weren't supposed to go anywhere. The next morning Gus showed up again along with Mother and Dad and we were going to go off the grounds but we were told that I couldn't leave. I decided that was ridiculous. Gus and Sylvia decided there was no reason for me to be in the hospital, so I crouched down in the rear seat and they drove out the front gate. We went to a restaurant. I hadn't yet received even a partial pay, so they had to pay. We were able then to have a very long talk.

After a few hours we went to Sylvia's house in San Jose and I finally got back to Letterman and it turned out that nobody had missed me anyway, so there was no problem. I think I left there each day. I was there for about five or six days. I finally got a partial pay of about $500.

Bernard was working on the newspaper and he couldn't get away. Gus was stationed at Treasure Island with the Navy, and Ed was at Oakridge, Tennessee, with the Manhattan Project, and he couldn't get away.

Eventually I ended up at Menlo Park at Dibble Hospital. The main reason for that was that I could not yet see very well. People with head and facial injuries went there, or who needed plastic surgery. Some of the people there were in very, very bad shape. One of the men there was named Admiral Halsey. Whenever he gave his name people thought he was putting them on. One time he was questioned by police, and when he gave them his name, they were going to arrest him right there. Finally, he was able to show them an ID card from the hospital and convinced them that was really his name.

This man named Admiral had had a brand new car stored for him by his parents and he was a little leery of his eyesight so he wanted me to go with him to pick up the car and drive it back to the hospital. So I went with him and I drove the car back to the hospital. A few days after that we went to get our driver's license, because neither of us had them, even though I drove the car back. During the eye exam, neither of us passed it. We had to go back to the hospital and get our glasses changed. It turned out that my eyesight was worse than his. Mine couldn't be corrected better than 20/40. He got his license, but I had trouble getting mine. When the examiner asked Admiral for his name, they absolutely refused to talk to him until he brought out his ID card. They were not amused.

Together we made a couple trips, one to San Jose and one to Sylvia's. We were absolutely amazed by the hospitality we received. They were all glad to see someone in uniform, unlike before the war. It was difficult to get accustomed to. It was a very pleasant time.

In the hospital we were in a locked ward. There was a guard on the door who had nothing to do but sit there. We had our own kitchen on the ward and we were able to order anything we wanted for any meal we had. The only thing was, they wanted us in bed to eat our meals. Any other time we could wander anywhere, but we had to be in bed to eat our meals, which was very strange. Our meals were peculiar. Anytime during the day we could order anything at all, and some of the people really went overboard. I had stopped gaining weight at about 220 or 230, which is a little hefty for me.

One time I went to a bar with another former prisoner. There was a song being played, I think it was "Lay That Pistol Down." So I asked this bartender, "Is that a new song?" and he looked at me rather strangely, and cut me off! He wouldn't serve me any more drinks. I guess it wasn't a new song.

When I was on leave one time I was again in a bar and the only other person in the bar was a WAC who was rather large, and I do mean large. She was leaning over the bar, drunk as she could be, and in an obviously drunken, hoarse voice, was singing White Christmas. So I asked the bartender about that song, was it a new song? He, too, looked at me rather strangely, because I think it came out in 1942 or 1943. He, too, thought I was too drunk to be served any more.

Two other songs I hadn't heard before that I liked were "I Got Spurs that Jingle Jangle Jingle" and another one, but after a while I learned not to ask questions about the songs.

One time I went into a bar in San Francisco near Letterman and I was in my red hospital pajamas. I ordered what I thought was a reasonable dinner, a shrimp dinner. First of all, I didn't like the price but it was what I wanted and I had all kinds of money. When I got the shrimp dinner, I got something like five or six very small breaded shrimp, a bunch of french fries, etc. During the meal I wanted a slice of bread and butter. The waiter said that it would cost additional, so I said okay. Then I got another cup of coffee but they weren't going to give me any more sugar to go with it, because it was rationed. Everything was rationed and I didn't have a ration book. In fact, the bartender had leaned over backward to let me have the first batch of sugar and butter. Well, I was pretty unhappy. Also, the fork I had been using was so thin that it bent one tine. Finally, when I got the bill and got my change there were some of those steel pennies in it. I accused them of being so damn cheap that they even counterfeited the pennies. That didn't go over so well and I was ready to take the whole place apart. Of course, I was in no condition to do that, but fortunately, just outside the door to the restaurant was one of the three-man patrols, which consisted of the Shore Patrol, an MP and a civilian police officer. The manager stepped out the door and called them in, and they picked me up and took me back to Letterman. Again, I was fortunate, though, because the word was out that anyone who had that special pass was allowed to do anything we were big enough and strong enough to do. That followed us all the way to the time I was discharged.

About every two weeks I took off without bothering to get a pass because there wasn't anything they could do to stop me, anyway, and went to Los Angeles to see Mother and Dad. I had bought a car, a used one. Before the war you could get a new car for about $800-900. After the war I think you could get a used car, not in great condition, for $1500-1800. That was about what I paid. By that time I had collected all my back pay from December 1941 through about January 1946. I had my PFC pay first. After we were captured we had a grade change and mine was converted to a corporal until we were released. At that time I got another promotion to sergeant. I should have been a staff sergeant, and it took me until I reenlisted to get that straightened out, and then I had to go see the IG in the Pentagon. Along with the promotions were the regular pay raises. It amounted to several thousand dollars which was more money than I had ever seen in my life.

At Letterman I finally decided I needed a watch, so I went to the Exchange. They had watches that were out of this world in price. I paid an exorbitant price for a Timex, about $25. I was accustomed to paying about $2 for a watch before the war. No matter what I bought the price was a shock.

After I was discharged from the Army, in April 1946, I could collect and use my accumulated leave. I had a total of 105 days leave. I spent that time going down to LA and spending it with my parents, who were living on Detroit Street. Before I was discharged from the service, I decided to try to go back to school under the GI bill but I couldn't because I was still in the service and the GI bill was only for veterans. So I enrolled in UCLA for a semester and paid my own way. Then the school didn't want to accept me because I was still in the service.

Tuition was up to $50 a semester; before the war it had been $25. Under the GI bill the books were paid for, too, but I paid for my own. I should never have tried to go back at that time. I simply was not ready for school.

I remember I was taking some classes I simply wasn't ready for. One was college algebra, one was physics, one was chemistry, and one was French. The chemistry class was taught by one of the men with whom I had graduated from high school, one of a pair of twins, both of whom were teaching chemistry at UCLA. The algebra class was taught by Angus something or other. The physics was taught by another man I had graduated from high school with. That made me a little unhappy because they were so far ahead of me, and I was absolutely determined that I was going to catch up with them. That didn't work out, of course.

While I was at UCLA I made a few bad choices.

Angus, who taught the algebra class, was a very large man who closely resembled an ape except taller, ugly as he could be. I was sitting next to a man who had been, I think, a captain in the Marines. At that time there were a large number of airplanes being tested and flying over the campus at regular intervals. The planes sounded an awful lot to us like artillery shells coming over. Every time they came over, the captain and I would duck, which seemed to amuse a couple of people in the back row. They thought it was very funny and they would laugh. That got the captain and me very, very unhappy with them. Finally, the captain turned to me and said "The next time they laugh at us, why don't you get up and walk back to the guy in back of you, and I'll walk back to the one in back of me, and you and I will take care of the whole situation." So the next time it happened that's exactly what we did, which made Angus pretty mad and we were then called into the office of the Dean of Men to explain ourselves. It ended up by our being reprimanded by him. That was the third time for me and the second for the captain. I was given a choice of either voluntarily removing myself from the school with the opportunity of returning at some later date, or I would simply be dropped from the school with no opportunity of returning. At that point I decided it was time to withdraw from the school.

One of the two times before that I had been called in to the Dean's office there had been a time on campus when everyone was supposed to grow a beard. Since I had been growing a beard in the prison camps involuntarily, I had decided on my repatriation that I would never have another beard again, so I refused to grow a beard. This made a couple people upset with me. At one point, in the student union building, there were two or three of them who were trying to enforce the beard growing, who were talking about me and my smooth-shaven face. They were going to pants me. I always at that time carried a Boy Scout knife, so I pulled it out, opened it up, and turned to them and said "I don't know what the results of your conversation will be but I can tell you that the first one who touches me, I'm going to kill." That didn't go over well with them and they reported me to the Dean of Men, that I was dangerous.

The other time was when all of the freshman were supposed to wear little green beanies. I didn't care to wear one so I didn't. Again there was a group, upperclassmen in this case, who were going to pants me and run my trousers up the flagpole. Again, I told the people that I didn't know who would be first, but whoever it was had better prepare to die because whoever touched me first I was going to kill him. Again I was reported to the Dean of Men, and again he gave me a reprimand.

By the third time, I had decided it would be better to withdraw and maybe go back after I was discharged from the Army. While I was at UCLA, in the French class, I had met Audrey. We decided we liked each other considerably, so I finally proposed to her and we were married on February 3, 1947. In the meantime I had decided to reenlist. I got my rank of sergeant back even though the 30-day time limit had passed.

After I had reenlisted, in December 1946, and been back in the Army for quite a while I was stationed at Ben Hill Farms near Warrenton, Virginia, and that's just a few miles from Washington, so I wanted to go in to the Pentagon and get my grade straightened out, because I was very unhappy that I wasn't a staff sergeant. The first sergeant sent me to the sergeant major of the post who told me that he could not give me a pass because the passes were all locked up, and since they were all locked up he couldn't get one and have the proper officer sign it. So I asked him if I could get one of those passes, would he give me one and have it signed. He said, sure he could, because he was absolutely positive I couldn't get at the passes. As a prisoner, I had learned how to pick almost any kind of lock available, so I picked the lock where the passes were held. That was a mistake, believe me. I got him a pass. He had it signed, and I went to see the IG in the Pentagon. When I said it was a mistake, what I mean is that after that, any time anything was missing anywhere on Post, I was the first one they came to check on to see whether I had taken whatever was missing. I swore after that I would never pick another lock, and now I've lost the skill.

Anyway, I went to the Pentagon. I had to drive around it four or five times before I could find a place where I could park and get in to the building. To find my way out, I had to drive around four or five times again. Once I got in the Pentagon I had a little trouble finding the IG. The Pentagon is not an easy place to find your way around. I found the signal office and told my story. He summoned the warrant officer to take me to the IG. The warrant officer was guiding me around and finally he turned to me and said, "You'll have to excuse this. I've only been here for six months and I haven't yet found my way around. I'm not sure I know where I'm going." We had already walked for miles, it felt like. We finally found the IG. The warrant officer was dismissed, and as he was dismissed, he turned to me and said "I hope I can find my way back. If not, I'll be wandering around here until Christmas."

The IG, after he had heard my story, said "Well, this shouldn't take long." He made a couple phone calls and that was it. He said "You can go back to your post now. Everything's squared away." So, I tried to find my way out. I could not find my way out. Finally, I found a major or a lieutenant colonel and asked him how I got out. He looked at me and said "Sergeant, if you can find your way out of here, and you just got here, you're a better man than anyone else has ever been. All I can do is tell you that you go to one of these offices and see if they can provide a guide for you." So that's what I did. He guided me to one of the concourses. Then another guide guided me to the parking lot. From the parking lot I was guided to where Audrey was waiting in the car. In the meantime Audrey had gone through all the shops on the concourse, and gone back to the car and waited for me. Trying to leave the Pentagon we went around and around four or five times trying to find a way out. On the way in all we could find were exits, and on the way out all we could find were entrances. Finally, we asked an MP and found our way out.

Proclamation

February 1, 1942

Dear Mother, Dad and Ed:

This is about the first opportunity I have had to write to you since I was suddenly and very rudely forced out of Manila and into Bataan province, which is just opposite Corregidor on the north side. It isn't that I haven't had time, I haven't had paper.

I guess you want to know what part I am taking in this war, and to know what is going on. I am very sorry to inform you that so far my part has been nothing but a partial vacation. I told you when I enlisted that I wasn't going to get in any branch where I might get killed. There is always a tunnel within a couple of hundred feet of me under a hundred feet or so of rock into which I can duck along with the rest of Dug-Out Doug MacArthur's army on Corregidor.

By the way, I get a lot of laughs out of the report which came here from the States regarding Dug-Out Doug and his "magnificents" as some writer termed us. Sounds good though.

Can you all back there hear any of the Japanese propaganda first hand? If not, write your nearest Domei representative for a complete script. It will be furnished with the best Japanese apologies, and a trial size bomb, made with the latest type jalop metal, absolutely free. (I hope the above gets by the censor, I'm rather proud of it). It, the Jap advertising I mean, is good for more laughs than Bob Hope's program. For instance, about the 28th of December, Corregidor had fallen, and all American soldiers had been annihilated. Two days later, they expected to take Corregidor, and the American's lines were still giving them trouble. Another one, and I will quote as much as I can, "The Japanese would appreciate all radiomen, electricians, carpenters, etc, to report to such and such a police station in Manila at so and so. If any of you listening in have friends doing the above work please let them know, as those not reporting will be severely dealt with." There was even an announcement to the effect that if "Filipinos do not quit shooting and killing soldiers of the Imperial Japanese Army, the Japanese High Command must consider their attitude as being definitely hostile." (I think the Japs must be rather on the intelligent side, although it is rumored that an American who was captured gave them a hint to figure that out).

Now for what I have been doing during this war, if it passes the censor. Up until December 25th I was in Manila at the USAFFE message center, at which time I was sent up to the North Front, and from there to the Bataan Peninsula, where I was given the job of riding guard for General Akins until about January 7, when Akins got a wild idea in his head about setting up some teletypes. Being an ex-operator, I was put in the so-called teletype section, and sent to Corregidor, where I haven't done a thing but loaf around.

You probably also want to know about some of the experiences I have had. Well, here goes. On Christmas Day, when I was sent to the North Front, I was supposed to report to

General Wainwright's Headquarters, which was supposed to be at Ft. Stotsenburg. So, there we went, Lt. Miller, OIC, Pvts. McGee and Brady. (By the way, I had been invited to Christmas dinner at the Hellman's house, the family I wrote you so much about. P.S. I didn't get it.) We noticed that the little cut-off leading to Stots seemed deserted, so we stopped a car coming out of the Fort to find out why. The conversation ran something like this:
OIC - Why is this place so deserted? Is Wainwright still here?
Driver of car - Headquarters moved out this morning. Stotsenburg and Clark Field are due to be blown up in about five minutes.

Immediately following this conversation we took our feet in our hands and we were 18 miles off when it did go up. (It was actually about 20 minutes before we heard the explosion.)

Here's another that I <u>saw</u>: I was at a certain place in Bataan when Jap planes started bombing and strafing the place. There was an Air Corps Lieutenant there who, when he heard the hiss of the bombs coming down, was on a flat piece of land. When the bomb burst, the only part showing was that portion of the body most prominent when one is lying prone. That was with his hands and feet alone. Between flights, about ten or 15 minutes interval, he got a shovel and dug. Within two hours, he had a hole about 4 ft deep, 4 ft wide, and about six long, and lifted out a small boulder which afterwards he couldn't even budge, and took two of us to get out of the way, just rolling it along.

It doesn't take very long to recognize the "histle and whiss" of one of our old jalopies in its new streamlined form. For instance, the first time I heard it I was in a car, lying down on the cushions. It took me approximately point three seconds to acquire my new knowledge, point two seconds to get myself out of the car, and point four seconds to find a hole, and point one second to fit myself in it comfortably and completely When I got out and then took a look at the hole, I found it was no bigger than a good-sized platter and about as deep, yet I swear there wasn't a bit of my body above the level of the ground.

I'll give you what I think is my address, in case you can write letters here, if they are accepted, providing the censor lets it go through, just in case this letter gets there. (If all four of the above conditions are satisfied, I'll expect an answer by the first of July.)

Jack E. Brady
USAFFE, Prov Sig Operations Co
In the field
Philippine Islands

I guess that's all for now folks, so, so long.

Jack

Undated - Addressed "For Ed only"

Dear Ed

This is for you only unless you feel that it is OK to show it to the folks. The reason for this is that I don't want them to know exactly how I feel about this place in that it isn't so good.

Alright, now, I'll first of all describe the beauties of this place. It is daytime, a glorious sun is in a cloudless sky. (The sky is the brightest blue you can imagine.) You lay under a coconut palm on a thick carpet of green grass and look out over a peaceful, blue ocean, and take breaths of the air bearing beautiful scents & smells of tropical flowers & ripe fruits.

Then the sun goes down, of course, and you witness a beautiful sunset over Manila bay, or maybe it is Subic bay. Then the cool, tropical ocean breeze hits you, and you get the clean fresh scent of the open sea. Ah, it's wonderful (The above is according to fiction writers, and believe me it's all fiction).

The sun is in the sky all right, beating down on you from a sky that is a dull gray in color except for the white clouds floating around for everybody to see, that is, if you can keep the sweat out of your eyes long enough to focus. The coconut palms are around alright and you can lay on a bunch of fine stones like gravel if you want to, and let the damn bugs eat your flesh and suck your blood, and if you have a deodorizer, you can probably stand the tropical smells of balouts, rotting vegetation, rotting animals (dead, but not buried), and human and animal taye. When the sun goes down you can see a beautiful sunset, providing the clouds of mosquitos and other assorted night-flying bugs leave a pathway for you.

(By the way, balouts are eggs these Filipinos eat. They are put in an incubator until they are two days from being chickens, then go around the streets and sell them to other gooks. They eat them right in front of everybody and they eat them raw. The chicken is more than half formed, with blood, bones, feathers, and the most nauseating smell you can imagine.) (Taye is pronounced tie-eeee and is what is politely known as feces.)

That is what the mortal sees and feels and smells providing he isn't in the hospital with 1. Dengue fever, guaranteed not to be fatal, altho I am told the victims wish it were, 2. Tropical blisters, caused by heat, starts out as a small bump, gradually filling up with water and getting deeper and deeper. If it is broken and any of the water gets on any other skin area, causes another to form, sometimes known to get 3/8 inch deep in the <u>flesh</u> (not skin) and 2 inches across, also not fatal, altho some have committed suicide because of them (from what I am told, may be a snow job), and have to be burnt out individually with nitric acid, as when a cut is cauterized, 3. Prickly heat which gets so bad some cases have to be hospitalized, 4. Dhobie itch, which is something like athlete's foot only it also has to be burnt out (with silver nitrate), 5. Bed-bugs, fleas, lice, flying cockroaches, and crabs are rampant. They seem to come from nowhere.

By the way, it is said that 88% of the gooks have syphilis, 65% have chancroids (soft chancre) and they are all born with gonorrhea.

It is also said that the gooks were not civilized before the Americans came, that they used to piss out of their windows into the streets. But the Americans civilized them, they piss in a pot, then throw it into the street.

However, that is a bunch of bull, they still piss in the streets.

I guess the above is enough for a while. Use your own discretion about showing it to the folks.

Jack.

February 26, 1942

"Today I am a man, and boy what a twenty-first birthday. Not too bad, but I was certainly wishing I could have gotten two pursuit wings, one attack wing and one bombing wing for a birthday present.

P.S. Could you tell me what my Christmas presents were? I would like to know what the Japs cheated me out of and how much they owe me."

November 12, 1942(?)

Today I copied this message to you. It was read by a Japanese announcer via Radio Tokyo.

"Jack Emerson Brady, age 22, U.S. Army, Corregidor:

Dear Mother, Dad and brothers:

Thank God! We are again allowed to tell you we are well and so far in fairly good condition. How are you all getting along? It has been 18 months since I heard from you or anyone at home. Have you received the post card and letter I sent? Please remember me to all interested friends and relatives, Forrest Rosenbloom, Edmund Klugman, Walter Edminsten, Eleanor Wallace, and to others whom you know. I pray to God you all are well in every respect. I send all my love and affection to Mother and Dad. May God bless and keep you all in His care. I hope you wish the same for everyone who is a prisoner in this Far Eastern War.

Your devoted son and brother,
Jack Emerson Brady.

March 19, 1944 (Received December 21, 1944)

Dear Mother, Dad and Brothers:

I am still fairly healthy and in fair shape, but I am getting very hungry for sight and sound of you. I have not as yet received the parcel you sent me; However, I will not cease to expect it as anything can happen. Remember me to all concerned. All my love to you.

Your devoted son and brother,

Jack E. Brady

Letter Received Saturday September 29, 1945

"Dear Mother, Dad, and all,

The American Flag again is flying over me, and I wish I had a sufficient command of the American language to express adequately the sensation I have. However, to my knowledge, no one, except in legend or myth, has ever been a beast to find himself suddenly transformed into a man.

The War Department, no doubt, has already sent the messages informing you that I am one of the few captured in the Philippines whom God in His wisdom saw fit to allow to live. Why this is so, I cannot imagine, for men who were much better than I He allowed to die. This, so I am told, is Yom Kippur, so besides being a Day of Atonement, this is also a Day of Thanksgiving.

There are many things to say, so many explanations, and so many things to do, that I cannot write them down; so I will not try. I will be home probably in less than a month, so I will not write again.

Once again I say, praise the Lord, who created and accomplishes all things in His infinite wisdom, although He certainly played Hell when He made the Japs.

Your devoted son (and I hope soon to be able to prove it)

Jack

Second page of above letter.

September 27, 1945

Dear Mother and Dad:

This letter is to let you know how I have progressed so far.

I was landed at what used to be Pier 10, Manila yesterday, and was brought to a Replacement Depot for "processing" (the third time) and transportation. This depot is fairly large and the ex-POWs are treated pretty good. Here, you can't do any work if you want to, and nobody wants to; and anything you want, you ask for and it is given you. Money is no good as far as we are concerned, for everything is free of charge. All regulations and military laws don't apply to us. I expect to stay here about ten days and then board a transport for home.

I hope everything is going smoothly in the States now, especially for you all, and that everyone is O.K. and happy.

It is very hard to write anything of interest because it has been four years and I just can't think of anything in common now.

As I said, the after effects of being a P.O.W. are pretty good, but I for one would rather have skipped the experience. There were 33,000 men captured in the P.I., of which about 3500 have been recovered.

Please save this letter for me when I get back.

Love to all.

Jack.

Telegram received Friday September 28, 1945

"The Secretary of War has asked me to inform you that your son PFC Jack E. Brady was returned to military control Sept. 16, 1945 and is being returned to the United States in the near future. He will be given an opportunity to communicate with you upon arrival if he has not already done so.

(Signed) E. F. Witsell, Acting Adjutant General

October 1, 1945

The following message was received in the War Department from your son Private First Class Jack E. Brady Quote: Everything OK. Have been released. No Japs, No Limeys. Home soon. Love. Unquote.

Robert H. Dunlop, Acting Adjutant General

October 7, 1945

Dear Mother and Dad:

Transportation facilities seem to be sadly lacking. There are only about 700 empty ships sitting in the bay so there is room for 1500 ex-P.O.W.s. Of course, one ship left for the States with only 11 passengers aboard, but there were no facilities for the 1000 that it carried before the war ended.

I was able to locate some of the people I met in Manila before the war started, and I have been having a fairly good time, but I still want to leave for the States.

My brothers and friends and others can wait for letters until I get back, so if you see any of them, please tell them I said so.

Love to all, Your devoted son, Jack.

October 17, 1945

Telegram from the Adjutant General of the Army:

"The following message was received in the War Department from your son PFC Jack E. Brady Quote Am in good health now. Will be home before October ends God permitting. Love, Jack. Unquote.

Jingle written after 3½ years in a Japanese P.O.W. camp

Oh, Mother dear,
Have no fear
For the future of my soul.
I know I'll go to heaven.
I do not know the pleasures
of the place where angels dwell,
but Mother dear, believe me,
I know the horrors of hell.

The devil doesn't have a tail,
He doesn't have a fork.
No one hears the doomed man wail.
It isn't always dark.
It isn't even underground,
(I'm certain of what I tell
Because I did my hitch in hell).

The devil wears a uniform.
His shoes are soled with nails.
He shaves his head and wears a hat
And at authority he quails.
On his arm he has a 'Fu."
And, Mother dear, believe me,
"Fu" plus "Fu" is hell.

The soul he torments is not wicked,
And neither is he a saint.
But bugs and fleas, and even lice
Cannot compare with the horrors of rice.
Oh, Mother dear, believe me
If to you I try to tell
That I know I'm going to heaven,
For I put three years in hell.

FROM A DIARY KEPT AFTER THE WAR ENDED
BUT BEFORE BEING PICKED UP AT THE CAMP

Information given by representative of Swiss government, August 27, 1945:

1. One bomb of new type killed 50,000 people in 6 mile radius.
2. All Japan in chaos. Every big city is ashes and rubbish. All harbor facilities destroyed.
3. Because of #2, possibly another two weeks will be spent here by us.
4. Supplies may be dropped by plane to us.
5. Up until five days ago no one knew this camp was here.
6. 140,000 prisoners taken by Japan, approximately 40,000 American. Approximately 6000 still living.

August 28, 1945

Some American planes flew over camp about 11 am, dipping wings, etc. About 12 noon eight sea bags were dropped in camp with type K rations (breakfast) cigarettes, chocolate, matches, papers. Each man got one can of type K, a piece of fruit bar, I pk cigarettes, a book of matches, two caramels, four crackers, one stick of gum.

August 29, 1945

A large bomber dropped more supplies today. Each man was issued three packs of cigarettes, 2 packs of gum, one box of matches, one male 1¼ oz chocolate Hershey bar one female 1 oz chocolate bar, 1/6 of a "Hi-Mac" candy bar. After a complete issue, we ended with a hell of a lot of gum, cigarettes, clothing, etc, and a lot of food through the mess.

September 10

Word was sent that ship bound for Shiogama to pick us up left Yokohama at 6:00 am today.

September 11, 1945

Ship arrived at Shiogama at 9:00 am. We are supposed to leave on the 13th, at 1:00 am.

Drawing of sleeping shack

Contents of average food parcel:

1/2 lb cheese
l lb powdered milk
15 oz butter
8 oz chocolate
160 cigarettes
24 oz corned beef
24 oz lunch meat
7½ oz salmon
6 oz liver paste
15 oz raisins
1/2 lb sugar
6 oz jam
two small soap
8 oz coffee.

Invalid parcel included above plus:

12 oz corned pork loaf
7 oz ham and eggs
80 g vegetable bouillon
12 vitamin C pills
4 oz sweetened cocoa.

Parcels received:

<u>Food issues</u>	
December 25, 1942	1 British food parcel
March 1943	4 12 oz cans corned beef, 1 8 oz can corned beef, 4 lbs mixed dried fruit, 3 lbs Mabela.
July 1943	4 lbs sugar, 1/2 lb salt, 4 oz cocoa.
December 24, 1943	1/2 American food parcel
December 25, 1943	2/5 American food parcel
May 6, 1944	2/5 American food parcel
December 24, 1944	1 American food parcel
January 15, 1945	1 American food parcel
February 25, 1945	1 American food parcel
March 5, 1945	5/11 American food parcel
<u>Other issues</u>	
April 1943	1 pair socks, 1 pair pajamas, 1 shirt, 1 razor, 1 blade.
March 1944	1 pair socks, 1 handkerchief, 1/2 bar soap, 1 tube brushless shaving cream, 3 razor blades.
	One issue Union Leader Tobacco 1 3/4 oz.
	2 packs Old Gold cigarettes
	1/2 pack Old Gold cigarettes
	1 bar P&G soap.

Make complaint against Franckom, Teasdale (Majors), Storey (Lt) British Army, Lucia (Lt, USAC). 1) mishandling of US Govt Prop. 2) Fraternizing, 3) disobedience to orders known to have been given.

Details: 1) On the issue of clothing and other items dropped in camp on Aug 27 and 29 by men of USS Hancock and an army plane, some certain men were completely equipped and others completely ignored, without regard to necessity of all men. 2) US Govt food was given to Japanese Lt, Sgt, and soldiers, etc, attached this camp on evening of 27, 29 and 31. 3) Disregarding orders dropped w/ supplies from plane (stating nothing was to be given Japanese) on August 29, food was given them on 29, 31. 4)All four officers have associated with Japanese in camp on terms other than called for, buying kimonos, etc, to be used for souvenirs, furnishing tobacco, coffee, milk, sugar, for "tea parties." Having cook staff prepare breads, cake, etc, for such activities, after orders against such activities had been announced. Orders announced August 19, 1945, activities in general proceeding from that date, in particular parties on evenings of 30, 27. 5) An explanation corroborated by witnesses is wanted of Maj Franckom's actions on night of September 2 when, carrying a bundle of unknown contents, he left the camp accompanied by a Jap civilian at approximately 7:15 pm. About ten minutes later the civilian returned alone. At 8:45 pm the major had not returned (fraternization).

The following was apparently written while Jack was at UCLA after the war. I don't know if it was ever published, or ever sent to anyone.

"In the Friday March 22 issue of the Daily Bruin appeared an article entitled The Word of God. The author seemed to take exception to a statement by Dr. Rolfe that "missionary ventures in Asia and Africa (are) the crowning act of national and racial arrogance."

It may be that the author has put an incorrect interpretation on the phrase. It may be that he has looked only at the factor that brings what we so blithely term our "Western civilization" to the poor, illiterate natives of the Far East. The facts that I gathered from a somewhat prolonged and involuntary stay among one group of Far Easterners was that the Occidental peoples were barbarians, intent upon forcing their ways upon the older and more settled cultural life of the Orient. White men who came to try to convert the Orient to a transplanted Western nation were looked on with contempt. Missionary and businessman alike were held to be slightly insane, or else too blind to see the benefits which could be his if he were to adopt the ways of the "civilized nation" he was then residing. The fact that he used a knife, fork and spoon at his meals were symbols that he was barbaric and thus in no condition to appreciate the finer things of life in a civilized country. (He used a knife as a symbol of his power, a fork as a sign of pride, and a spoon symbolized his greed.)

However, we may let that stand as it will for a time.

The author used as an example to illustrate his point: a religious community in Japan nursing victims of the bomb that smashed Hiroshima. Perhaps it was just an unfortunate choice, but has the author witnessed the treatment accorded wounded Japanese by Japanese corpsmen? Has he ever seen a playful dog taken by four husky Japanese who beat it unmercifully and then slit its stomach from chest to tail? Has he ever seen men beaten to death over a period of five days? Did he ever see men buried unconscious but still alive? Was he ever given a "water cure?" Was he ever beaten to unconsciousness, revived, and beaten again, and again, with pick handles, for three consecutive days? Has he ever seen helpless people, men, women and children bayoneted?

Yes, I agree with Dr. Rolfe. It is "the crowning act of national and racial arrogance" to believe that we can ever force, or persuade acceptance of, our softer, barbaric ideas of mercy, health, sanitation, and love of fellow man on the people of Asia.

Some of the best laughs that we had came from the Japanese themselves by way of their interpreters, their propaganda, the manner in which their minds work, their wanderings, and the logic that they used. An example of their propaganda is the story put in their newspapers about the Japanese aviator who was made a hero posthumously for bringing down a fighter plane by throwing two rice balls at him. It seems that he had run out of ammunition while fighting the American, and the cowardly American refused to quit fighting even though it was very unsportsmanlike of him. The Japanese aviator got very angry at him, picked up his lunch, which consisted of two rice balls, and threw it at the American. Much to the Jap airman's amazement, he watched the plane go into a dive and crash.

Another article that appeared in one of their papers was the story of the Japanese solder who was endowed with the body of a superman. He was able to keep tanks from firing their guns by keeping his mouth over their muzzle.

Some of the stories they printed to make the Japanese hate the Americans more than they already did. One was about the prodigal waste of the Americans who indiscriminately threw bombs and shells at the slightest trace of any movement, thereby wasting a great amount of material and causing no harm whatsoever, except to make the Japanese withdraw from their positions. Another story of the "brutality" of the Americans is the fact that at the sign of a kitchen fire the Americans would send planes to bomb and strafe, thereby causing the poor Japanese to leave their kitchen fires and not be able to finish cooking their food, or else the food would burn and be wasted.

When one of our camps became unbearably full of fleas, one of the Japanese officers had a brainstorm. He had a stray dog brought into one of the barracks and tied to a post. About two hours later he returned with two privates of the guard. They solemnly untied the dog, took him outside, shook him thoroughly, and then returned him to the barracks and tied him up again.

Our entire camp was punished one time by being forced to stand in the snow, naked except for a G-string. The weather was very cold and a piercing wind was blowing, which seemed to cut right through us and drove falling snowflakes with stinging force against our bodies. Soon one of our men began to laugh. He was almost hysterical. The Japs became frightened with the thought that possibly he had gone insane, and allowed him to return to the barracks, where he was supplied with blankets and the Jap style of hot water bottle. He later explained, "I just happened to think how, when I was smaller, my mother used to be so careful that I wore good warm clothing, had my rubbers on, and didn't get either very cold or overheated. The thought of what she would have said if she could only have seen me was just too much for me."

FLIES

We had flies on Bataan but with the proper sanitation procedures they were not overwhelming. Of course, if bodies were left unburied because they could not be recovered, or wounds were left uncovered or untended, it would take the flies only a short time to swarm over the bodies or the wounds and soon they would be totally covered with a writhing mass of milky maggots. The same was true of garbage pits and latrines.

When we first arrived on the peninsula sanitation was of prime importance and it was among the first chores tended to after lines were set up. Proper latrines were dug. Garbage pits were excavated. Covers, dirt, lime, and shovels were readily accessible at every location. As the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, as the food and medicines dwindled slowly from scarce to paltry to nothing, as the fevers and starvation drained the strength remaining in bodies weakened by a diet of 700 calories or fewer of plain starch, the strength required to maintain proper levels of sanitation simply wasn't available. All efforts went to combat and the support of combat. The flies increased.

After the surrender of Bataan, as we trudged, staggered and stumbled our way toward San Fernando on the first part of our path to the prison camps, we frequently saw bodies on the sides of the road. There was no attempt to bury them. The Japs wouldn't let us bury the dead, and they certainly weren't going to. Frequently we would see a dog, or several dogs, tearing at a body. Buzzards and crows did their part to rid the route of rotting remains. It was not nearly enough. Flies found the residues. Mounds of maggots marked almost every corpse as we neared San Fernando.

When we reached Camp O'Donnell we were the second group of inhabitants. The flies were the first. The latrines were simply open slit trenches. The death rate was too great to bury all our dead immediately, and the flies swarmed.

These were not just ordinary houseflies, although those were also present. These were huge flies whose bite was as bad as a bee sting. There were also large and small blue bottle and green bottle flies, at least that's what we called them. After just a few days we found we had to compete with the flies for everything. Usually the flies won.

At night, when the flies settled down, the vertical members of the shacks in which we slept were at least an inch thick with flies. The thatch of the roof had an occasional loose strand hanging over the side. This, too, would be heavy with flies. If we stood still while the flies were settling, our bodies would soon be covered with them.

It was worse during the day. When we lined up to get our morning lugao we immediately covered it as best we could with whatever we had, a lid, a piece of cloth, or even a hand. The cooks did their best to keep the pots covered so that the flies wouldn't eat it before they could dish it out. Often the flies would land on the food in our spoon before we could get it into our mouths, and we ate the fly, too.

In the latrine there was a boiling mass of flies, maggots, urine and feces. The weakest prisoners, who had amebic or bacillary dysentery, lay on the ground nearby. If they stopped twitching for long they, too, were covered by a swarm of flies.

In, around and near the hospital building lay the very sick, the dying, and the unburied dead. Here the flies were so numerous they couldn't all find a place to land, and the air resembled a low, dark mist.

As I write this some 40 years after the experience, I wonder if my memory is true. Others who were there mention the flies as just one of the many torments. But my recollection seems sharper, more detailed. Even today I cannot easily sit still in a room which I must share with a fly. And I still awake from nightmares in which I am covered with the dreadful creatures.

I am not an author of prose, neither am I a writer of poetry, nor do I have an imagination which supplies me with a easy flow of phrases and sentences which, in words pleasing to the eye and beautiful to the mid of a reader, can recreate a scene of beauty or horror, as the case might be. Therefore, I am of necessity forced to be content with standard, well-worn clichés and trite expressions to convey to a reader what I wish him to understand.

So, I say I am living on borrowed time. From whom I borrowed it I do not care. To whom I must repay it does not interest me. For me, the only thing that counts is I am alive. I feet heat and cold. I am either contented or discontented. I breathe, my heart beats, I hear, with the aid of glasses I may see as clearly as anyone else, I have the power of locomotion and, above all, I appreciate more fully than most the simple, ordinary luxuries and necessities which I, as an American possess, and I am not alone. To the ordinary human, the ability to be uncomfortable is not pleasant. The sense of sight is taken for granted. The foot he eats is his due. I am more fortunate than he. For a period of time it is not pleasant to dwell upon I had no sense of feeling, I was blind, in total darkness. I went for days with no food and just the smallest amounts of water, water which to an ordinary man would be undrinkable. Therefore, I am more fortunate than the average man.

Who, you might ask yourself, is this person?

I am one of the few (there are about 4000 of us left) who took part in the most hopeless campaign in American military history and lived through the terrible days to follow until August 15, 1945, when life again seemed to have some meaning to it. The chances were eight to one against my ever seeing anything of the United States again.

World War II started on December 8, 1941 for those of us who were in the American Army, Navy, and Marine Corps in the Philippine Islands. At that time there was still some hope that relief would reach us to help stave off the threatened invasion and defeat which was certain to follow if the Imperial Japanese Army gained a foothold. The realization of the impossibility of succor made the way Americans carried on, although almost certain death and possible torture awaited them, in sickness, hunger, and despair, damaging the Japanese war machine even as prisoners of war in camps of horror, enough to rank every one as a hero together with Nathan Hale, the defenders of the Alamo, the army at Valley Forge, and others who fought against impossible odds for the defense of their country.

I am living on borrowed time, for I have been returned to the land of the living from the land of the dead, and yes, that star-spangled banner does still wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, the only land and the only home I pray to God I shall ever know.

LEADERSHIP

We were unfortunate in our officers for several reasons. The Philippine Islands, together with other foreign departments, had long been an exile station for officers in the Regular Army who would not or could not make themselves compatible with the social organization in existence in the continental U.S., who were in general "eight-balls" and for some reason or other could not be forced to resign their commissions, and officers who would refuse to play politics with their superior officers at their respective stations in the United States. I do not wish to say that all officers in the Philippine Department were not real leaders of men or did not know their job, for we did have several who, under any given set of circumstances, were very good. They were not by any means "officers and gentlemen," they were "officers and men," men who were given commissions because they had the rare ability to make men follow where they led. Of this type of officer, we had only too few. Of the other type, "officers and gentlemen" by an act of Congress only, we had too many.

As an example of our two types of commission-holders, there was a lieutenant colonel who was able to get anything done by simply asking for volunteers to do it. He was well liked by all men with whom he came in contact, and it was considered a privilege to be a part of his section in any type of work. However, he made a very sad mistake. He told a general of a mistake the general had made, and pointed out how the error could be rectified. The general proceeded to correct the mistake, but shortly thereafter, the colonel was transferred to a position formerly held by a private first class, and later, when nearly all officers got a promotion of one grade, he was one of the few who did not.

Another group of men who made fairly good leaders was a set of men who in peacetime, whether officers or enlisted men, were considered good "section eight" material. Several were in the guardhouse awaiting court-martial. Some had been broken down as low as possible and still others were given jobs of no responsibility, such as day-room orderly, because they were considered unable to hold any other job. However, one of the peacetime officers under the above classification, who was awaiting a court martial when the war started, was given the Medal of Honor, was a national hero, and given a nickname which is known all over the United States to this day, even after all the four years of hero-making which have elapsed.

Several other "eight-balls" started as privates who were sent to the front in the hopes that they would be killed and no one would have to bother with them further. Six of these men ended as officers, one a major, two first lieutenants, and the other three as second lieutenants. One of these men was known to the Japanese very well by the name of "Frenchy," and when faced by "Frenchy's" men, would call in English, "Frenchy, Frenchy, not much longer now!" or "We'll get you soon, Frenchy."

Of course, the best known, the most beloved by everyone, and the man to whom we who were there owe most, is General Jonathan Wainwright. He was and still is the hero worshipped by every one of the men who ever served under "Skinny." He is a strict military man and sticks to regulations to the letter, but he is still a man, and our boss, and there is no better in the world today.

THE STORY OF JACK E. BRADY

FORMER PRISONER OF WAR